The Weekly News.

NO 25. COURTENAY, COMOX DISTRICT, B. C. WEDNESDAY, APRIL. 26, 1893. $2.00 PER YEAR

=McKim's= ESTABLISHMENTS, COURTENAY, B. C.

A Large Stock of Boots and Shoes of Cochrane and Cassell's Celebrated make just opened at McKim's Store, every pair warranted to give Satisfaction. Prices moderate.

MILLINERY PARLORS

Just opened by Mrs. McKim at her Residence near the Courtenay House an Extensive Stock of Everything in the Millinery Line. The Trimmings are Simply Elegant.

An invitation is extended to the Ladies to call and examine for themselves.

J. B. HOLMES

Importer and General Merchant

THE WHARF ÷--× COMOX, B. C.

Agent Dominion Pianos and Organs. Giant and Judson Powder Co. B. C. Potter and Terra Cotta Works. A car load of Ogilvie's Hungarian Flour just to hand.

W. J. Young. P. F. Scharschmidt.

COURTENAY PHARMACY.

PURE DRUGS & PATENT MEDICINES

Also Fancy Toilet Articles

TOBACCO AND CIGARS.

UNION MINES FURNITURE ESTABLISHMENT

A Full Line of Everything

BUILDERS and CONTRACTOR

UNDERTAKING IN ALL ITS BRANCHES

Grant and McGregor Props.

... George Howe. ...

COMOX and UNION B, C.

Dealer in All Kinds of Meats, Vegetables, etc.,

Orders Filled on Short Notice.

OPPORTUNITY ARRIVED

I have for sale some plended Lots and Blocks a little EAST OF COURTENAY VILLAGE.

As is now understood, the Canada Western will run its track

Directly Through The Property

in passing from Courtenay to Union Wharf. Figures low and terms reasonable now, but prices will be advanced before long and may be doubled any day. Opportunity is our guest at present, and once neglected NEVER RETURNS

Office at Courtenay. Wm Cheney, Real Estate Agt

THE BEST PLACE IN B. C.

to buy

Agricultural Implements, Farm and Mill Machinery, Mining and mill supplies, Hardware, Belting, Paints and Oils, Plaster, Cordage and Cement

is

NICHOLLES and RENOUF

Victoria, B C

P O Box 86 S E Corner Yates and Broad

Correspondence solicited.

Dr. W J. Young

Physician & Surgeon

OFFICE & RESIDENC.

Courtenay Pharmacy

COURTENAY, B. C

Chas R Hardy & Co

Estate

And Financial Broker

Notary Public, Conveyancer,

Nanaimo, B. C.

UNION BAKERY

Courtenay B. C.

Best of Everything in this Line Constantly on Hand.

Clay & Viles, Props.

Just received from the East

Dress goods, Prints, Mourning Prints, Men's fancy and stout top Shirts, etc.

Also an extensive variety of Hinges, Locks, and General Hardware. No trouble to show goods.

To Let:— The claim below the mill.

Duncan Bros.

J. W. McKenzie

Courtenay, B. C.

General Blacksmithing and Horse Shoeing.

Loggers' Work a Specialty.

McPhee & Moore.

COMOX, BC.

Importers & Dealers in

Flour & Feed, Farm Produce, Fancy Groceries, Crockery & Glassware, Dry Goods, Boots & Shoes, Hardware, Paint & Oils, Gents Furnishings, Patient Medicines, Stationery, Wallpaper

Sportsmens Supplies a Speciality

Riverside Hotel

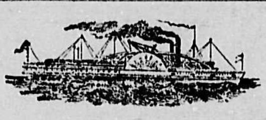
Courtenay B C

J. J. Grant, Proprietor

The Hotel is one of the best equipped on the Pacific Coast, and is situated at the mouth of the Courtenay River, between Union and the large farming settlement of Comox.

Trout are plentiful in the river, and large game abounds in the neighborhood

The Bar connected with the hotel is kept well supplied with the best wines and liquors. Stage connects with all Steamers. Terms moderate



Esquimalt and Nanaimo Ry.

Steamer Joan

J. E. BUTLER, MASTER.

On and after Mar. 22nd, 1893

The Steamer JOAN will sail as follows

CALLING AT WAY PORTS as passengers and freight may offer

Leave Victoria, Tuesday, 5 a. m.

" Nanaimo for Comox, Wednesday, 7 a. m

" Comox for Valdez Island, every alternate Thursday 7 a.m. (Returning same day.)

Leave Comox for Nanaimo, Fridays, 7 a.m.

" Nanaimo for Victoria, Saturday, 7 a.m

For freight or state rooms apply on board, or at the Company's ticket office, Victoria Station, Store street.

Esquimalt & Nanaimo R'y.

Time Table No. 17,

To take effect at 8.00 a. m. on Friday September 30th. 1892. Trains run on Pacific Standard Time.

Stations	Miles fm Vic	GOING NORTH READ DOWN No. 2 Passenger Daily.	No. 4 Passenger Saturdays Sundays	Mils fm Welgtn	GOING SOUTH. READ UP No. 1 Passenger Daily	No. 3 Passenger Saturdays Sundays.
VICTORIA		De 8 00 AM	De 2 30 PM	78	Ar 12 24	Ar 5 58
RUSSELL'S	1	8 04	2 34	77	12 20	5 54
ESQUIMALT	4	8 14	2 41	74	12 10 PM	5 44
GOLDSTREAM	11	8 39	3 09	67	11 45 AM	5 19
SUMMIT SIDING	20	9 14	3 38	58	11 10	4 50
SHAWNIGAN L'E	25	9 34	4 04	53	10 50	4 24
COBBLE HILL	31	9 44	4 14	47	10 40	4 14
McPHERSON'S	35	9 57	4 29	43	10 27	3 53
KOKSILAH	38	10 07	4 39	40	10 17	3 49
DUNCAN'S	40	10 12	4 44	38	10 12	3 44
SOMENOS	43	10 22	4 57	35	10 02	3 34
CHEMAINUS	52	10 48	5 16	26	9 36	3 12
OYSTER BAY S G	59	11 09	5 33	19	9 15	2 55
NANAIMO	73	Ar 11 50 / De 11 59	6 11	5	De 8 34 / Ar 8 25	2 14
WELLINGTON	78	Ar 12 14 PM	Ar 6 29		De 8 10 AM	De 1 39 PM

On Saturdays and Sundays

Return Tickets will be issued between all points for a fare and a quarter, good for return not later than Monday.

Return Tickets for one and a half ordinary fare may be purchased daily to all points, good for seven days, including day of issue.

No Return Tickets issued for a fare and a quarter where the single fare is twenty-five cents.

Through rates between Victoria and Comox.

A. DUNSMUIR, President. JOSEPH HUNTER, Gen'l Supt.

H. K. PRIOR, Gen. Freight and Passenger Agt.

Society Cards

Leiser Lodge No. 13, A. O. U. W. holds regular meetings on alternate Saturday evenings at 7.30 p. m. in the old North Comox School House. Visiting Brethren are cordially invited to attend.

Ernest A. Holliday
Recorder.

Hiram Lodge No 14 A. F. & A. M., B. C. R. Courtenay B. C.

Lodge meets on every Saturday on or before the full of the moon

Visiting Brothers cordially requested to attend.

W. J. Young
Secretary.

K. of P.

Comox Lodge No 5, K. of P., meets every Saturday, after the new and full moon, at 8 p. m. at Castle Hall, Comox. Visiting Knights cordially invited to attend.

John Baird,
K. R.S.

COURTENAY HOUSE.

COURTENAY, B.C.

The leading hotel in Comox district. New and handsomely furnished, excellent hunting and fishing close to town. Tourists can depend on first-class accommodation. Reasonable rates. Bar supplied with the choicest liquors and cigars

R. Graham, Propr.

T. C. Woods

Comox B. C.

Conducts a General Teaming and Livery Business

His Stage Runs to Union and Returns Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays.

For Sale

521 Acres of Choice Land,

— and —

9 Horses, 100 Sheep, and 90 Cows together with 2 Mowing Machines, 1 Steel Roller 1 Reaping Machine, 1 Seed Sower, 1 Drill Sower, 1 Spring wagon, and Double Wagon.

Title deeds can be seen in my possession.

Adam McKelvey

Union Steamship Co. B.C. Ltd.

HEAD OFFICE and Wharf, Vancouver, B.C.

Vancouver and Nanaimo—SS. Cutch Leaves C. P. R. Wharf daily at 1:00 p. m. returning from Nanaimo at 7 a. m. Cargo at Company's wharf until noon.

Vancouver and Comox—SS. Comox leaves Company's wharf every Monday at 8. a. m. for Comox district, returinug on Tuesday.

Vancouver and Northern Logging Camps and Settements — S S. Comox leaves the Companys wharf every Wednesday at 11a. m. for Gibson's Landing, Seechelt, Welcome Pass Land, Cortes, Read Island and returning the same route, and to Port Neville and wayports every alternate week

Steamers and Scows always available for Excursions, Towing, Freighting Business. Ample Storage Accomodation on Co's wharf. Particulars on application to this office.

WM. WEBESTER, Manager

Telephone 94 P. O. Box 217

WARNING

All persons driving over the wharf or bridges in Comox district faster than a walk, will be prosecuted according to law.

S. Creech
Gov. Agent.

McKim's UNION STORE.

New Goods, in the Grocery, Dry Goods, Boot and Shoe, and Ready Made Clothing Line. Give them a call and a share of your patronage.

Dominion Election

To the Electors of Vancouver Island District.

Having been requested by a large number of Electors to allow my name to be placed in nomination as a Candidate for the House of Commons in the Liberal-Conservative interests, I respectfully announce myself as a Candidate for the favor of your support at the coming election.

I will make a personal canvas whereever possible and further explain my opinions politically.

Your obedient Servant,
Andrew Haslam.

From Mr. Hunter.

To the Electors of the Comox Division of the Vancouver Electoral District.

Gentlemen:

I have to thank you for your very kind and flattering requisition asking me to become a candidate at the ensuing election for the District of Vancouver.

I am sorry that matters of a private nature prevent me from complying with your request, and from accepting the support and assistance so spontaneously offered me. I am,

gentlemen,
Yours faithfully,
Joseph Hunter.

Wharf Gleanings.

Comox, April 25.— The mail steamer Joan arrived last Wednesday about 3 p. m. with the following passengers: Mrs. Duncan, Niss E. McDonald, Miss Mitchell, Alex McMillan, G. Howe, A. McMillan, A. Radford, L. Cliffe, W. and R. Duncan, F. Verdie and Alex Leadingham Consignees — McPhee & Moore, J. B. Holmes, J. McKim and Geo. Howe. Alex Leadingham came alone, greatly disappointing me as I fully expected he would make the riffle this time. Frank K. Verdie, knight of the goad stick, goes to D. Anderson's logging camp, Oyster Bay where he will again manipulate the stick.

Alex McMillan of Denman Island who remained over to witness the play of Hercules, returned on Friday morning. He is one of the best farmers on the island.

Our neighbor, Mr. Roy, across the bay, is putting in a crop this spring. He has made great improvements on his place. It affords quite a relief to the monotony of our view, and is the cause of the remark, frequently heard, " What a nice place that is!"

Geo. McDonald says he would like to see his potatoes grow on the sand spit. I see he has put a barb(erous) wire fence around the place. It will be a bad place for the boys to take a rest on.

When the Joan left Friday she took down a big lot of Indians, with their canoes, etc., including the two that were remanded to assize court for trial for housebreaking.

We were very glad to hear of the telephone enterprise. The instruments will be up on the 26th and will be immediately put in position. It will fill a long felt want.

The pheasants which W. B. Anderson imported from below are occasionally seen. They are a pleasant addition to the foresters, and it is hoped that no sportsman will disturb them.

Capt. Jones was over from Vancouver on Sunday in his sloop, the Mary Ann. The captain looks healthy, but time and corroding care have lefttheir mark on his not un wrinkled visage.

On Sunday evening the SS. Rainbow came in on her way down from the north and left at 6 o'clock the next morning. She brought down from Salmon River J. D. McAllen, W. Campbell, J. Balmore, G. W Urquhart, who came after preemption papers. They report having found very good farming lands, plenty for many more settlers. They are located about two miles up the river which is about 80 miles from here. They returned by canoe, Monday afternoon. Wm Cheney sent down word by the steamer that he was all right and doing well— still going north, but expected to return by next trip of the Rainbow.

The Coquitlam (in place of the Comox) arrived Monday evening at 8 o'clock with Rob. Norris, Rennison Bros and Mr. Hasham as passengers, and frieght for McPhee & Moore, J. B. Holmes, J. McKim and Geo. Howe.

Blue Mud.

I O O F Service

Notice is hereby given that the annual sermon to the order of Od 'fellows will be preached next Sabbath (D.V.) by the Rev John Robson, B.A. in the New School House, Union, at 2.30 p. m.

All the members of the Union Lodge No 11 are requested to be present, as well as any members of sister lodges who can make it convenient. Please be on time, and remember the date, April 30th.

All members of the I. O. O. F. are requested to meet at Hall at 2 o'lock, sharp.

Union Lodge, No 11, I.O.O F.

On the 30th of April will occur the anniversary of the Odd-Fellows and Union Lodge proproses to celebrate it in a becoming manner. The procession will form at 2 o'clock, and all brothers from sister lodges are cordially invited.

Wm Anthony, Rec.—Sec.

Telephone Connections.

The telephone instruments will arrive to day on the Joan, and will at once be placed in position. The wire between Comox and Courtenay and Conrtenay and Union has been repaired, and in a day or two there will be telephonic connections between the three places. The telegraph line is in operation as far as Union and as soon as business justifies it will be opened to the Bay. In the mean time the telephone will answer all purposes very well, and messages may be sent by it to Union to be forwarded without extra charge.

Union Flashes

The last week has not been particulaly lively. The bad weather has had a depressing effect, but the march of improvement has been steady. The new store of McKim is now nearly completed and on Monday it had a brisk trade. The furniture store and hall opposite McKim's is nearing completion, and Grant & Mc Gregor are also busy with the new cars for the Colliery Co.

The forces in the milk war are kept well in hand and the hum of preparation for the coming conflict is plainly heard. Harrigan has been buying a new horse, and he's no slouch, I can tell you. He will not do to draw heavy artillery, but for a desperate charge which would flame over the opposing battlements and carry off the colors, he is just the animal. Of course he may get shot, and came near being so the other day when a stray shell broke the whiffletree in two pieces. These repeated disasters must take the profit off of the cream, but probably have not disturbed the enormous revenue from the milk sales which some days amount to nearly a dollar.

The Japs are having a hard time of it. They can't speak English, have little work and are too lazy to do it if they had it. But they have lots of pride, and would starve rather than beg. Of course there are exceptions, and some Japs do well, but in the main they are not steady workers like the Chinese. Last Saturday in some way the Superintendent, F. D. Little, learned that down at the Japs' House they were in distress, for want of provisions. He sent down provisions. Things were found bad enough. The "boss" had cleared out with the money, leaving seven of them there without anything. They had no beds, no furniture of any discription, were half clothed, without food and already famished. The physican was sent to them, and word of their suffering having gotten round (bad news travels fast) ladies came with clothing and food. One of the Japs was so far gone that on Saturday he died, and Sunday it was said two more were in a dying condition. In fact only two or three out of the whole number were strong enough to get about. It was a sad sight. Why they did not apply to their countrymen in the camp who were able to help them is a mystery. But it is notorious that the Japs here have not accommodated themselves to our climate They have worn as little clothing as they were wont to in Japan, and as a consequence there has been a good deal of sickness and deaths among them. In addition to this they are very proud, and so although living where there is an abundance, would not ask for help.

Mr. Wm Gleason had his back injured by a falling rock in No. 4 slope. It is said however that it is not very serious and that in another week he will be all right. It is hoped that this may turn out to be the case.

The opening of the telegraph line to this place is very gratifying to our pride, as well as convenient in many ways. It takes us out of the woods and places us alongside of the great centers.

The J. D. Peters and steamship Jennie arrived at Union wharf on Monday. The J. D. Peters goes to Alaska to supply the whalers with coal. She will take about 2,000 tons. The SS. Jenny is expected to leave Tuesday might for San Francisco. The San Mateo is due next Sunday.

The Courtenay Athletic Club gave a performance here Monday evening presenting the farce entitled Hercules. It was very well done for amateurs, and full of local hits. The amusing feature came when the candidate returned with the girdle of the Amazonion queen commonly denominated a hoop skirt. He was full dressed like a gentleman and this was simply an over garment, but it so horrified a few young ladies that they got up and left, led by one of their number who attended the same performance at the Bay the week before.

The Milky Way

Comox, April 15th.— Editor NEWS: I was much grieved to hear that my friend Don Quixote was terribly hurt by those "Union Flashes". Poor fellow! He or his horse ought to sue somebody for a libel or a breach of promise or a deflamation of character or something. It was no wonder that ROZINANTE took to the woods, ashamed of course, of his master's folly. He was vexed because it was stated he began on the first of April, but I think he had a perfect right to celebrate that day if he wanted to. I think he should feel flattered by those "Union Flashes" as he is said to be pushing; but I do not call it push but unmitigated gall for a man to run up three flights of stairs in succession only to run down again followed by the kind invitation to call again In regard to who is doing the most business, it is pretty hard to tell; almost any one can give away the "pure article" if he is polite about it, but no one likes to be told "You must take it from me" "The rest are going to quit; you'll have to come to me.'. When the mine closed last fall, Mr. Thomas quit and many of the miners applied to Mr. Fulton but as he did not go out every day he and Mr. S. F. Crawford alternately supplied them for several weeks. When the work started again Mr. Thomas sold out his business to Mr. Matherson who claims he did not know his old friend was in the business, but it is said he passed him on the road several times when he went out with Mr. Thomas to visit his customers. On the whole as there is only trade enough for one, and as we believe in the "survival of the fittest" no doubt some of the parties will seek other employment. Mathewson says he'll stick to it. Crawford says he'll never give up, no, never, never, never. What will Harrigan do? I leave Rozinante to tell.

Union.

[We would be glad to hear now from Mr. Harrigan. But let the discussion be kept within proper bounds. Matters having no connection with the milk war must be excluded; and in no case do we hold ourselves responsible for either the views or expressions of correspondents: Ed]

Methodist Service, April 30th.

Rev. Jno. Robson B. A. will preach, as usual, in the new School Union at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. No service at Courtenay

Home Rule Bill.

London, April 22. [Special] The Home Bill passed its second reading to-day by a majority of 43.

Local Brevities

Wm Cheney will sell at public auction one cow and teaming outfit for N. Lambert. See next paper for date and particulars

FOR SALE.—Pure Brown Leghorn hens also eggs for hatching. Price $1,50 per setting of 13. Apply to Mrs. David Pickles, Denman Island.

FOR SALE.— One horse wagon, bolster springs, with seat and box. Enquire of D. Stewart or this office.

Comerford, of Morgan & Comerford. the popular Nanaimo tailors is expected up on the steamer to day. Now is your chance for spring suits.

Mrs. Henery Grieve will move her house and put a new addition to it. Grant is furnishing the lumber.

Adam McKelvey is doing considerable in the way of fencing.

A Good Cart for sale at $50. Enquire of R. Grant & Co., Union.

Potatoes

R. Grant & Co of Union, B. C. have 25 tons of good potatoes for sale.

Real Estate Snaps.

For sale in acre and half acre lots prairie land of best quality, situated on the Tsolum River and within a mile and a half of Courtenay. Railway survey close to it. Splendid shing and hunting near by. Apply at this office or to W. E. Harmston on the premises for price and terms

Hercules.

This play was presented by the members of the Courtenay Athletic Association at the Bay on Thursday last to a very fair and appreciative audience. The weather was quite inclement and under the circumstances the numbers were gratifyingly large. The costumes were in keeping with the best conception of the characters assumed, and judged by an amateur standard the performance reflected great credit on the "boys", and we are glad to know was a financial success. The part of Grand Hiankadink was taken by Dr. J. W. Young who threw into it a good deal of spirit and some local hits which brought down the house. The actor in this was well suited to his part, and it is evident that if he had chosen the stage for a profession he would have made a success. The Laird of Walhalla was a much less conspicuous part and admitted of little opportunity for the display of histrionic ability. Still it was well done, but was no test of what Dr Scharschmidt might have acomplished in a role suited to his talents. Hughy Stewart as the Conscientious Knight was well got ten up. Frank Whitney of THE NEWS as Grand Executioner was ready in his part, and displayed a fierce joy in stringing up the candidate. As Prime Counsellor Millett's costume left nothing to be desired, but he was evidently too bashful and held on to his voice so much that many of the audience didn't get a fair share of it. Charlie Rabson made a capital Custodian of Dispatches, sang with good effect, and operated a telephone like an expert. Robbins as Quartermaster had not a great deal to do but when he doffed the girdle of the queen of the Amazons he became a very interesting charactor. Bennett as the Assiduous Marshall had assiduously learned his part and was correct in its performance as though he expeuted a government examination. His make up was very striking For the part of Principal Musician Alex Graham was a happy selection. His legs and wings were as flexible as his voice and when he became web footed his pedal wings flapped like the feathered appenages of a frightened goose. His "horn" was generally to the front and in many ways he added not a little to the amusement of the evening. As Ammi Smith, the Candidate, Jack McKim filled the bill, and even if badly frightened, looked charming in one of the fashionable hats from the new millinery establishment at Courtenay. Charlie Clay and Young Perkins made trusty sentinels.

We would give some of the local hits which were quite taking but we do not wish to destroy the literary capital of the company. When it is repeated doubtless some of the characters will be changed, and a new list of "home thrusts" be provided.

A Coon Adventure.

Last Thusday night the dog which makes his home with Mr. Lewis "treed" a coon not far from the house. Not being able to capture the animal alone the dog called on Mr. Lewis for help. That gentleman having nothing but the arms which nature had furnished felt unequal to the task. The dog, however, was importunate, and finally Mr. Lewis, took his hat, and while his canine friend stood sentinel at the foot of the tree, came over to McKim's store to get young Nimrod to try his skill as a marksman on the skulking forester. But Nimrod was away at the Bay seeking the girdle of Mrs. Hippolyte. As the best thing to do under the circumstances Mr. Lewis borrowed a gun, bought some powder and shot and started back. It was pitch dark but the lantern lit up the path and he was soon there, and looking up the tree, saw nothing. The dog whose eyes were the sharpest declared he was there, and Ah Sing was sent up to locate the coon, which evidently prefered darkness rather than light. Ah Sing climbed up and the coon not liking his company dashed down, when the dog took after it and soon "treed" it again, but this time on a lower tree with little foliage. "There's your game" said the dog in his native tongue, which was perfectly understood, however, "and now shoot him." The lantern was brought and sure enought there was the coon in plain sight. Mr. Lewis actually patted his gun with a real show of affection and raised it to his shoulder, observing which the coon by all odds the coolest one of the party, shouted out, "Wait a minute, Mr. Lewis and I'll come down." The gun spoke in reply and the poor coon tumbled into the arms of Ah Sing who was allowed to keep it.

"Now that you're done for, What did you come for?"

AGRICULTURAL.

The Farmers' Institutes.

The trend of thought amongst the leading farmers of Ontario as exhibited in the papers, addresses and discussions at the winter's sessions of the Farmers' Institutes augurs well for the prosperity of the country. In truth, one who has followed even superficially the proceedings of the Institutes cannot but be proud of our farmers, and rank them equal in pluck and intellect to the most advanced farming communities anywhere and superior to those of any part of Britain in versatility, in power and inclination to wisely change their plans and methods to meet the changing circumstances in which agriculture is involved from time to time. McKinleyism in the U. S. and the cattle schedule in Britain have piled, as it were, a heavy load of adverse conditions on our farmers. But beyond a passing feeling of discouragement and anxiety there have been no symptoms of lack of heart in our farmers. On the contrary pluck, as exhibited in the cry of "no surrender", and in practical efforts to more than counteract the attempts made to injure Canadian agriculture, is the response which Canada makes to the outside world. In this respect the meetings of the winter surpass those of any previous year. The tone is one of hope, and hope founded upon a determination to take advantage of the superiority of climate and soil which Ontario possesses over almost any other part of the Globe. There has been no excitement about it; no fireworks have been let off; the attitude is that of quiet, common sense men who know the premises upon which they must act and choose deliberately a reasonable course. In the stand taken much credit must be given to a number of practical farmers and professional scientists who with the breadth that comes from a habit of taking a wide outlook, have convincingly indicated the lines on which our agriculture should now move.

Considerable animadversion was indulged in a few years since by some of the party journals on the way in which the institutes took part in politics, and some adverse criticism is still being made. But while individuals here and there have naturally, if improperly, introduced partizan opinions with a partizan object, the common sense of the vast majority has fixed the course of the Institutes in regard to political discussion. Politics are in the institutes, and are in to stay. But the politics are not partizan. The resolutions and discussions show that farmers, in council assembled, view tariff matters and other political questions with a keen sense of the interests of farming, and at the same time with a large measure of consideration for other interests and the relations which Canada may have to maintain in regard to other countries. This is seen in the varied recommendations made as to tariff legislation on different products; and in the "fair trade" resolution carried at the Central Institute. The Institutes are likely to have a decided influence on shaping the course of the government.

In one subject that has received much attention in recent years,—the drift from the country to the towns, a drift of tremendous importance in its effects on the public welfare and on individual happiness—the Institutes show good results. While the causes are numerous for this world-wide drift, and some of them may not disappear until the sad but effective teaching of experience has been given, one important factor in the drift, the bearing of our educational system on the ideas, tastes and ambitions of the rural population, is beginning to be clearly recognised. Summer holiday classes on agriculture at the Guelph College for the benefit, at trifling expense, of such public school teachers as choose to attend, are to be instituted. And as a result of Farmers' Institutes discussions, the announcement is made by Hon. Mr. Dryden, Provincial Minister of Agriculture, that agricultural instruction is to be given in a really practicable, attractive and effective way in our rural schools. The Minister's view, endorsed apparently by the Institutes, is a sound one. The instruction to be given is not of a dry text book kind, it is to be directed to inspiring a love of farm life and its achievements, and is to take the form chiefly of interesting talks and lectures to the pupils. This sound course promises to not only check the flow citywards and to bring about a higher general standard of farming, but may even be the beginning of the breakdown in the various school methods of constant recitation and marking and rigid system so much extolled by prominent devotees of a uniformity that destroys or impairs the valuable quality of individuality in both teachers and pupils.

In practical farm methods rapid changes and marked gains, are indicated by the discussions. Ten years ago the advocacy of winter dairying for instance, was considered a vagary: now it is pronounced by level headed men a distinct success, and which promises much for the country. Ensilage likewise, which was once viewed with more than suspicion, now holds a prominent place in the plans of the farming community, and its general use is expected with good reason to work little short of a revolution in stock raising and farming. An important suggestion is made by Prof. Robertson—the securing of a proper balance of food by the abandonment of expensive meals, and the use as a substitute of ensilage made of Indian corn and horse beans, or Indian corn and sunflower seeds. No doubt, more will be heard of this apparently important innovation next winter. Fields of giant sunflowers everywhere; forests of gold and green; what a striking addition to the lowly and commonplace fields of wheat oats and barley! But we are living in revolutionary times in agriculture, and there are dollars as well as novelties in the fact.

Altogether the proceedings of the winter's Institutes indicate that a wider interest than ever is taken in improved farming, and point to many profitable and well considered changes in the relative attention to be given in the future to different productions of the farm. That there are important economies to be made in production is generally realized and what these economies are is now becoming known, and with care to make our agricultural products excel in foreign markets they promise to do much to restore the old prosperity of the farmers of Ontario and of the Dominion.—[Rural Canadian.

The Canada Thistle.

The Canada thistle (*Cirsium arvense*) is a creeping perennial, which grows to the height of two to four feet, according to the character of the soil. It is so universally known in this country, that nothing more needs to be said in regard to its appearance.

This weed comes up early in May, and continues to grow until the time of severe frosts in autumn. It comes into blossom in July and August, and also matures its seed in these months, but more especially in August.

It is propagated by means of the seeds, and also through the medium of the rootstocks, more especially the latter. The rootstocks, which penetrate the soil horizontally to great distances, are filled with latent buds, which when the roots become broken, as by the disturbing influence of cultivation, at once spring into vigorous life.

The following are some of the modes of dealing with this intruder:

1. Drop out of the rotation so far as practicable all such crops as allow the thistle seeds to ripen before these are cut, until infested fields have been dealt with.

2. Plow the land immediately after harvest. Plow shallow with any kind of Plow that will cut the thistles off clean without breaking off the creeping root-stocks. Keep the thistles from breathing above ground until the late autumn plowing, which should be deep, for the sake of the crop which is to come after. In the spring keep the thistles under by the use of a suitable cultivator, until the time of planting a crop of corn, roots or rape. Give the crop thus planted the horse-hoeing necessary to keep down all weed growth and also keep the thistles out of the rows by hand-hoeing. Go over the crop, if necessary, once or twice after the horse cultivation ceases, and there should not be one thistle left. The most effective part of the work has been done the preceding winter, providing the weather at that time has been dry.

3. Plow the ground deeply in August. Sow rye early in September at the rate of 2½ to 3 bushels per acre, and cut the following spring for winter fodder. Then plow the ground deeply with any kind of plow that will effectually bury the stubbles. The jointer with skimmer will answer very well. Then roll at once to conserve the moisture. Harrow once a week until it is time to drill the ground for rape. Drill about the last of June or first of July by using the double mould board plow. The drills may be 22 to 25 inches apart. Sow at once with rape by using the ordinary turnip drill and then cultivate and care for as described in section 2 above. In our experience at this farm we have found this mode of destroying the Canada thistle to be very effective.

4. Plow under pasture land in June, or land from which a crop of hay has been removed early in July. Work the land thus plowed upon the surface, so that all thistles will be kept under until the time of sowing winter wheat. Sow the wheat with clover and repeat the process if necessary, after having cut one, two or three crops of the clover. This method is applicable to stiff soils, where winter wheat can be grown. In sections where winter wheat will not grow substitute for it rye, spring wheat or barley, as may be desired.

5. Where the land has been sown to clover, cut the crop twice for hay, or once for hay and once for seed. Then follow with a hoed crop properly cultivated. The smothering influence of the two crops of clover in one season, and then two cuttings, are very helpful in reducing the thistle.

6. When the thistles are well brought under they should be kept so by the use of the spud. The grain fields should be gone over before harvest to prevent the thistles from blossoming, and after harvest the meadows and fields sown to grass.

7. In removing thistles from permanent pastures, we must be governed by the character of the soil and subsoil as to our mode of procedure.

Sheep and Silage.

I do not believe that any food is better or cheaper for winter sheep feeding than silage. Breeding ewes especially do well on silage, and they come out through the cold weather in better condition than on any other ration. Breeding ewes have a drain upon their systems through winter that taxes their strength severely, and we help them to bear this by giving them food that is easily digested and assimilated. The amount of waste material from good, sweet silage is very small, and the excrement shows how little there is that cannot be used by the system. There is also very little waste outside, for sheep will eat up silage almost as clean as they will feed or grain. This is a sufficient indication that they relish the succulent food and generally what sheep relish continuously is pretty sure to agree with them.

To compare hay and silage for sheep, the two may be fed at the same time, and invariably the corn silage will be attacked first and devoured before the animal will touch the hay. This is repeated morning after morning. About two and one-half to three pounds of corn silage a day makes a good ration for the sheep. It sharpens their appetite, and acts as a sort of relish to the dry food. Valuable breeding ewes cannot be insured against sickness and danger much better than by adding this watery food to their daily ration.

When we expect to raise early lambs for the spring market nothing can be overdone for the ewes. Every care that is given to them will be repaid in their lambs. Lambs that get a fine start from their mothers are pretty sure to grow rapidly, and be ready for the market early. This is just as essential as good care and feeding after they are born. The mother contributes health and strength that no other feeding can make up for. We must, consequently, feed our breeding ewes well during their bearing period. Now, silage takes largely the place of a grain ration in this work, and the animals do not fatten, but that is not required. They keep their strength and impart to their offspring health and bodily vigor.

I do not recommend the dropping off entirely of grain rations, for in cold weather more or less of this is required to generate heat. But it is just as well to lessen the amount of grain and feed more silage. The latter will cost about one cent a head per day, while the grain ration will be a great deal more. Those who have experimented with sheep breeding are inclined to the belief that a good corn silage increases the flow of milk, and this is also a great benefit to the lambs when young.

Silage is also equally valuable as a ration for fattening wethers. It does not equal the fattening qualities of turnips, but it is better and cheaper than many of our present feeding rations. In feeding silage to sheep, however, it should not be given in such quantities as to make the animals sick of it. To depend too exclusively upon it is injurious.

The Farmer's Wife.

The following letter from a farmer's wife we take from the columns of the New England farmer. The questions propounded in this letter are all live issues in Canada, and the picture of the thrifty New England housewife finds its counterpart in the rural districts of the Dominion. How may we make life easier and pleasanter for the New England farmer's wife? Does she have her financial rights in the home? Does she want the elective franchise?

Taking it for granted that the farmer is the owner of the farm and not his day laborer, we are obliged to infer that the questions as stated imply that the life of the average New England farmer's wife is neither easy nor pleasant, and needs alleviation. To dispute this would be heresy, though contrasted with the surroundings of those who dwell in cities, to many minds life on the farm seems both delightful and desirable. Pure air, inspiring scenery and healthful associations go far toward making life worth the living.

It is a question whether an easy life would be congenial to the ambitious New England housewife, who, inheriting from a long line of energetic ancestors a spirit of independence and a rare executive ability, finds in the overcoming of obstacles one of her chief pleasures.

One Can Die of a Broken Heart.

The late Sir George Paget, in one of his lectures just published, says that in the vast majority of cases popularly described as broken heart there is nothing like an actual rupture of the heart; yet he admits that mental affections will not unfrequently cause real disease of the body, and he mentions an actual case of broken heart cited by Dr. J. K. Mitchell, of the Jefferson College, Philadelphia, in lecturing to his pupils. In an early period of his life Dr. Mitchell accompanied, as a surgeon, a packet that sailed from Liverpool to one of the American ports. The captain frequently conversed with him respecting a lady who had promised to become his bride on his return from that voyage. Upon this subject he evinced great warmth of feeling, and showed some costly jewels and ornaments which he intended to present as bridal gifts. On reaching his destination he was abruptly informed that the lady had married some one else. Instantly the captain was observed to clasp his hand to his breast and fall heavily to the ground. He was taken up and conveyed to his cabin on the vessel. Dr. Mitchell was immediately summoned, but before he reached him the captain was dead. A post-mortem examination revealed the cause. His heart was found literally torn in twain.

Asbestos is found in France, Italy, Corsica, Cornwall, and Scotland.

PERE LEMONNIER'S GUN.

In the midst of fruitful vales and wooded hills a little Norman village lay. Each generation had brought its wars and strife and revolutions, but their hot breath had passed over the face of the land, leaving this green spot in peace, until the "terrible year" of the German invasion, when the enemy had come there, killing, burning, and pillaging all before them, and leaving in their wake a memory of terror and desolation. It was all so very terrible to these quiet, thrifty peasant proprietors, who dwelt in their thatched cottages and farmhouses down yonder in the valley, where the parish church, with its slated roof, green and moss-grown through age, used to peal forth the call to vespers of a summer evening with a sweet, deep tone that seemed the very soul of old-world rest and peace. A poet, it was said, had once hymned those venerable oak trees, which had seen many centuries come and go; but now alas! they had been cut down in order that men might the better see to slay each other.

Old Pere Lemonnier sat in the kitchen of his farmhouse, which was situated in a sequestered spot, and hitherto been respected by the foe.

He was over eighty now and had fought in the great Napoleon's wars, but ever since that time he had tilled those lands which were his very own—albeit a small holding—and, living a healthy, frugal country life, he had come to this ripe old age a hard, honest man—the very soul of uncompromising honour. His only son, Antoine, was away with his regiment, and no news had been heard of him for a long time past so Pere Lemonnier was quite alone now, save for his niece Melanie, who kept house for him.

He could neither read nor write. What good would it it do him? he would say; he could earn his living from the soil without these accomplishments. He, therefore, could not read the newspapers; but even had he been able to do so he would only have swallowed a mass of official lies in which the French journals of 1870 mainly dealt. But the news that passed from mouth to mouth—the news he heard when he went with his cattle to the market-town—had, alas! more truth in it; and he could hardly believe or understand the fearful disaster to his glorious patrie which came on every hand; they seemed to crush him, and to break down his proud old spirit. Now they were forced to realise all the shame and the horrors that were brought upon them by a corrupt and decaying dynasty. The hated Prussians were even now in their very midst, and Pere Lemonnier knew not at what moment he might be driven from that home which had been his father's before him in the dead and gone days when the seigneur ruled over the land.

"Ah, well," he sighed now, as he looked up at his ancient rifle which he kept loaded, hanging from a black oak beam above the ample chimney-piece; "thou hast seen good service, my stout companion, but I am too old to raise thee now for my country. That is Antoine's duty, and please the good God he may do it bravely! But still, who knows? Perhaps I may yet have to take thee down to defend my life, or my honour!"

He raised his eyes towards the window, and there out in the basse-cour, by the fading evening light, he could just decry Melanie in apparently earnest converse with a man in the uniform of a French linesman. The old man called to his niece, whereupon Melanie hastily ran into the house, and the soldier disappeared.

"Who was that thou wert speaking to?" Lemonnier asked. "I thought all our men had been driven away from these parts?"

"It is a poor fellow who fled from Buchy, where there has been a terrible battle."

"A thousand thunders!" cried the farmer, striking the table with his fist. Why didst thou not make him come in?"

"I—I did not like to do that," the girl answered hesitatingly.

"Why not? I am hard enough, God knows—perhaps a miser, as they say—but my door shall never be closed against those brave lads who have been facing the cursed Prussians in defence of their country. Go! bid him come in and rest himself, and have a glass of cider."

"I cannot, my uncle," Melanie replied, seeming strangely embarrassed. "He—he would not come in, I am sure. He is afraid—I mean he has already gone away."

"Well, go; call him back if thou canst still find him."

Lemonnier's niece left the room, as though glad to be released from further questions; but she did not return, and the old farmer, sitting sad and lonely by the side of the great open hearth, forgot all about the matter again. Old age, having no future, lives in the past, and oftentimes the events of the present come and go, making no more impression on the mind than so many fleeting dreams.

The hours passed slowly on. Darkness began to fall around, and the fire cast huge shadows on the ancient, carved-oak cupboards, black with age, which give that quaint, old-world air to Norman farmhouses. Then Pere Lemonnier, who had been fighting the battle of Jena over again in imagination, and wishing those times under the Little Corporal might come back, returning to everyday affairs, bethought him it was nearly time for his evening *gousse*, and began to wonder where that good-for-nothing Melanie could have got to. He rose up and lit the little lamp of colza oil, which he set upon the table, muttering something about the flightiness of youth. Then he determined to go out and look for her, when he was suddenly arrested by the sound of voices speaking in an unknown tongue, and the regular military tramp of many feet, which halted right outside his door. There was a loud knock, and he called out:

"Who is there?"

The intruders did not trouble themselves to answer, but forced the door open, and the next moment the kitchen was full of German soldiers.

"What do you want?" cried the old man, with wonderful courage for his years. "I am past the age for fighting, as you see. If it were not so it would be the worse for some of you. As it is, go, and leave me in peace!"

"We will do that," replied the sergeant commanding the party in excellent French—their linguistic accomplishment was one of the weapons with which his countrymen fought and won—"we will leave you in peace if you will give up our prisoner whom you are hiding."

"What prisoner?" asked Lemonnier, in utter surprise. "I do not know what you mean. I am hiding no one; but if I were and he wore the uniform of the French army, you may rest assured that you might never take him by my consent."

"That is as good as to confess that you are hiding our prisoner."

"No, it is not. I know nothing about him. I would not sully my honour by lying to such dogs as you!"

"That is idle talk. If we were beaten, you would be the dogs, with us. You had better take care what you do and say. Some of your people have had their homes burnt down for less. But there is no good in beating about the bush. It is your son you are hiding, and we mean to have him."

These last words so greatly astonished the old farmer, that he made no resistance when two of the Prussian soldiers held him forcibly down in his chair, whilst the rest filed out of the room to search the house.

"My son is not here, I tell you. He is far away, fighting with the army of the Loire. I wish he were close at hand. He would never allow this indignity to be put upon us while a single drop of blood remained in his body. My son would retreat and fly, if ordered by his officers; but I tell you he would never hide from his enemy!"

"Nevertheless," the sergeant answered brutally, "you shall presently see him shot down before your very eyes as a fugitive prisoner of war."

"That I shall never see!" Lemonnier exclaimed, possessed by a sullen rage.

Now he could hear the soldiers tramping about upstairs, searching and turning over all his secret and sacred hiding-places; breaking, pillaging everything before them. Ah, of course! He had heard these dogs of Prussians were nothing but thieves. This, then, was only an excuse for robbery. Oh, why had he not the strength of forty years ago, or why was not Antoine here to prevent this insult being put upon him?

The sergeant crossed the room, and shouted upstairs in German: "Make haste! If you cannot find him, we must go on. We have other work to do."

But they answered back: "We have him, sergeant. He was hiding under a bed!" and then there was a noise of scuffling and a strange scream.

"It is Melanie!" cried the old farmer, struggling to be free. "Ah the brigands! They make war on women now!"

But it was a French soldier who was being dragged, pale and trembling, down the gloomy staircase.

"*Donnerwetter*, you fools!" swore the sergeant, as the prisoner was brought forward into the lamplight; "who have you got here? This is a girl!"

"Melanie!" exclaimed Lemonnier, this time wrenching himself free; indeed his captors were too much astonished to detain him. "What is the meaning of this senseless masquerading?"

"Oh, forgive me, my uncle; I did it to save Antoine!"

"To save Antoine!"

The words came like a dagger-thrust.

At this moment the outer door was flung open, and two more Germans entered the kitchen with a man of about five-and-thirty, attired in the cap and blouse of a Norman peasant, who walked sullenly between them."

"We have got our man, sergeant," said one of the new comers. "You have been played a fine trick, it seems. He was trying to escape from us in disguise; but I knew his ugly mug directly I set eyes upon it, for I had marked it myself with the butt-end of my gun when he tried to give us the slip before."

The look of shame and agony which was imprinted on the aged farmer's pale features was indeed piteous to behold, as he recognized here before him his own son, Antoine.

"What!" he moaned, bitterly, "You! Is it you who disgrace our honor by casting off your uniform at the bidding of a girl, and sneak and hide away from your enemy, instead of facing them like a man—and worse than all, let a woman meet danger for your sake! But stay, thou shalt escape these cursed Prussians yet, where they can not touch thee!"

And as he spoke these words, before they knew what he was about, or could stir a step to prevent him, old Lemonnier had snatched down his gun and fired it for the first time since the day of Waterloo. There was a tremendous report which echoed through the room, a cloud of smoke rolled up to the black oak beams, and his son Antoine lay dead upon the floor!

Even the hard German sergeant's heart was touched with pity as he looked upon the tragic scene—the old man sunk upon his knees, his white head bowed down; the girl in her strange garb sobbing out a breaking heart over her lover's corpse.

"Forward?" he said very softly to his men; "we can do no good here. One prisoner has escaped us after all!"

DEATH FROM FRIGHT.

Authentic Cases in Which It Has Been Known to Occur.

"I have interested myself somewhat in looking up unusual cases of death," says Dr. Eider, "and have met several well-authenticated instances where fright was the cause. The English Surgeon General Francis tells of a drummer in India across whose legs a harmless lizard crawled while he was half asleep. He was sure that a cobra had bitten him, and it was too much for his nerves and he died.

"Frederick I., of Prussia, was killed by fear. His wife was insane, and one day she escaped from her keepers, and, dabbling her clothes in blood, rushed upon her husband while he was dozing in his chair. King Frederick imagined her to be the white lady, whose ghost was believed to invariably appear whenever the death of a member of the royal family was to occur, and he was thrown into a fever and died in six weeks.

"But perhaps the most remarkable death from fear was that of the Dutch painter, Pentman, who lived in the seventeenth century. One day he went into a room full of anatomical subjects to sketch some death heads and skeletons for a picture he intended to paint. The weather was very sultry, and while sketching he fell asleep. He was aroused by bones dancing around him and the skeletons suspended from the ceiling clashing together.

"In a fit of terror he threw himself out the window and though he sustained no serious injury, and was informed that a slight earthquake had caused the commotion among his ghostly surroundings, he died in a few days in a nervous tremor. I could cite many other cases where the shock to the nervous system, which we know as fright, has produced death."

"YOUR TURN NEXT"

Dream of a Lady and the Tragedy That Followed It.

It is related that a Waterville lady, Mrs. J. M. Cook once had a very remarkable vision. In her dreams she met a man with a very peculiar phisiognomy, who said to her, "Your turn next," and then disappeared. The next morning she remembered the man's face perfectly, but could not recall under what circumstances she met him.

Again she dreamed the same thing. For weeks and months after she would occasionally have the same dream, without the slightest variation. She began to be seriously troubled over the occurrence and at length decided to leave town. She had been in Philadelphia a few days when she had occasion to go into one of the large buildings. Upon the second floor she noticed that there was an elevator, and decided to wait for it. Just at that moment it came down, and as it went by the second-storey landing a voice from within said: "Your turn next."

This startled Mrs. Cook, but she thought it merely accidental that these were the precise words of her dream and resolved to repress her fears. The elevator came up and stopped. She stepped in. When the door closed she looked at the man in charge. She almost fainted when she saw that he was the perfect image of the man of her dream. Her terror can be better imagined than described. She recovered herself quickly, and ordering the elevator to stop at the next landing got out. The elevator went on, but when a short distance from the third story something gave way and the car crashed down to the basement, killing the man instantly.

Scottie's Pride.

Nothing galls the natural pride of a true-blue Scot more than to have Scotland overlooked. A striking instance of this feeling occurred at the battle of Trafalgar. Two Scotchmen, messmates and bosom cronies, happened to be stationed near each other when the celebrated signal was given from Admiral Nelson's ship—"England expects every man to do his duty."

"Not a word about poor Scotland," dolefully remarked Donald.

His friend cocked his eye, turning to his companion, said:

"Man Donald, Scotland kens weel eneuch that nae son needs to be tell't to dae his duty. That's jist a hint to the Englishers."

Envy Rebuked.

Wayside Bill—"Some folks that's as good as the best of 'em I notice is always hard up. Things ain't divided as they ort to be in this world.

Rusty Rufus—"Wot's eatin' you pard? Ef everybody wuz rich how could overseers of the pore make a livin', I'd like to know?"

Ability and not caste, brings fortune and position.

A ROUND DOZEN.

Twelve Ways of Injuring the Health.

Wearing thin shoes and stockings on damp nights and in cool, rainy weather; wearing inefficient clothing, especially when upon the limbs and extremities.

Leading a life of unfeeling, stupid laziness and keeping the mind in an unnatural state of excitement by reading trashy novels. Going to the theatres, parties and balls in all sorts of weather, in thin dresses; dancing until in a complete perspiration, and then going home without sufficient overgarments through the cool, damp night air.

Sleeping on feather beds in seven by nine bedrooms without ventilation at the top of the windows, and especially with two or more persons in the same small room.

Surfeiting on very hot and very stimulating dinners, eating in a hurry without half masticating the food and eating heartily before going to bed, when the mind and body are exhausted by the toils of the day and the excitement of the evening.

Beginning in childhood on strong tea and coffee and going from one step to another through chewing and smoking tobacco and drinking intoxicating liquors; and mental and physical excesses of other kinds.

Marrying in haste and getting an uncongenial companion and living the remainder of life in mental dissatisfaction; cultivating jealousies and domestic broils and always being in a mental ferment.

Keeping children quiet by giving paregoric and cordials; by teaching them to suck candies, and by supplying them with raisins, nuts and rich cakes. When they are sick by giving them mercury, tartar emetic and arsenic, under the mistaken notion that they are medicines, and not irritant poisons.

Allowing the power of gain to absorb our minds, so as to leave no time to attend to our health: following an unhealthy occupation because money can be made by it.

Tempting the appetite with bitters and niceties when the stomach says no, and by forcing food into it when nature does not demand, and even rejects it; gormandizing between meals.

Contriving to keep up a continual worry about something or nothing; giving away to fits of anger.

Being irregular in all habits of sleeping and eating too much, too many kinds of food and that which is too highly seasoned.

Neglecting to take proper care of ourselves and not applying early for medical advice when disease first appears, but by taking quack medicines to a degree of making a drug shop of the body.

Gibraltar and Spain.

The Gibraltar of to-day can only be victualed by the good-will of Spain. If we were, unhappily, at war with Spain and desired to victual the place, we should first have to silence the Spanish batteries round the bay, and if these were constructed as modern science enables them to be constructed, we certainly could not silence them unless we landed, and, by slow and laborious methods, captured them. This would practically involve an invasion of Spain on a comparatively large scale, for until we had fully effected our object, Gibraltar would have to remain unrelieved. In the last century relief from seaward could only be prevented by way of the sea; in the present, it can also be prevented by way of the land. Thus have the modern developments of gunnery altered the situation to our prejudice.

It may, perhaps, be objected that although Gibraltar might be useless to us as against Spain, it would still, in war time, be useful to us as against any other power. It certainly might be useful to a very modified extent. It is, nevertheless, a matter of notoriety than Spain ardently desires to regain possession of the fortress, and it is scarcely conceivable that, unless we were actually fighting for the protection of Spanish interests, Spain would remain rigidly neutral while another power was attempting to expel us from the Rock. In order to secure the more or less active co-operation of Spain, the power would merely have to give some secret pledge that, having once gained possession of Gibraltar, she would hand it over, without charge, to its ancient owners. France, there is no doubt, would, with things standing as they do at present, be very glad to see Spain take our place here, and, though Italy might not like it, he would not spend a single centesimo to revent it.—[The Fortnightly Review.

HOW TO SAVE THE EYES.

Avoid sudden changes from dark to brilliant light.

Avoid the use of stimulants and drugs which affect the nervous system.

Avoid reading when lying down or when mentally and physically exhausted.

When the eyes feel tired, rest them by looking at objects at a long distance.

Pay special attention to the hygiene of the body, for that which tends to promote the general health acts beneficially upon the eyes.

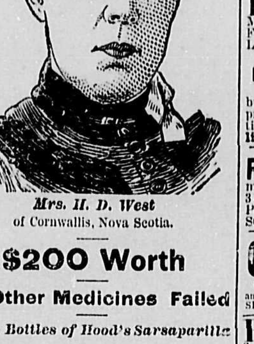
Up to forty years of age bathe the eyes twice daily with cold water.

Do not depend upon your own judgment in selecting spectacles.

Old persons should avoid reading by artificial light, be guarded as to diet, and avoid sitting up late at night.

After fifty, bathe the eyes morning and evening with water so hot that you wonder how you stand it; follow this with cold water, that will make them glow with warmth.

Do not give up in despair when you are informed that a cataract is developing; remember that in these days of advanced surgery it can be removed with little or no danger to the vision.



Mrs. H. D. West
of Cornwallis, Nova Scotia.

$200 Worth

Of Other Medicines Failed

But 4 Bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla Cured.

"It is with pleasure that I tell of the great benefit I derived from Hood's Sarsaparilla. For 6 years I have been badly afflicted with

Erysipelas

breaking out with running sores during hot summer months. I have sometimes not been able to use my limbs for two months at a time. Being induced to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, I got one bottle last spring, commenced using it; felt so much better, got two bottles more; took them during the summer, was able to do my housework, and

Walk Two Miles

which I had not done for six years. Think I am cured of erysipelas, and recommend any person so afflicted to use

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Four bottles has done more for me than $200 worth of other medicine. I think it the best blood purifier known." MRS. H. D. WEST, Church street, Cornwallis, N. S.

HOOD'S PILLS cure liver ills, constipation, biliousness, jaundice, sick headache. 25c.

GARMENTS OF LEATHER.

Edinburgh Ladies in Fancy Skirts Made of Leather Novelties.

I came across at Edinburgh, says a writer some most charming and useful of novelties They took the form of leather jackets for ladies' wear while shooting and for country wear.

They are called Danish coats, and appear to be made of glove kid, being very bright, resembling satin. They are to be had in brown, black, green, blue and gray, and have skirts to match. They are light, perfectly impervious to weather, and the coats display some pretty stitching.

The leather jackets are found to be exceedingly useful for riding in place of covert jackets, as they will stand any amount of wet. They are made with short basques, and are quilted inside.

A useful little novelty is a butter spear, with which you can harpoon balls of butter, often so difficult to secure with an ordinary knife.

Grouse feet brooches always please across the border, and I notice here that cairngorms find their way, not only into the ramshorn snuff-boxes, but into the various silver fittings for the dressing table, and the national thistle has been utilized for pepper, mustard, sugar and other needs.

Edinburgh is rich in jewelers' shops, whose massive silver is shown to the best advantage.

Complimentary.

Rev. Mr. Dragley (who had a stranger to occupy his pulpit the day before)—"Well, Mrs. Dobbins, how did you like the sermon yesterday?"

Mrs. D.—"Well, sir, to tell you the truth it was too plain and simple to suit me. I like best them sermons as jumbles up the judgment and confounds the sense. Oh, sir, there's no one comes up to you for them."

We're not waiting for the bats and moles but for men and women who have eyes and use them, who have brains and reason! There's a new world for them—suffering and sickly as they are—a new world created from the brain of a skillful physician—a discovery—the "Golden Medical Discovery."

Years ago Dr. Pierce found out that the secret of all scrofula, bronchial, throat and lung trouble lay—in the beginning at least—in impure blood and the weak tone of the system; that the way to cure these effects was to remove the cause, that human nature being the same, the same, the same results might be looked for in nearly all cases. So confident was dent was he that the exceptions were uncommon that he took the risk of giving the medicine to those it didn't benefit for nothing, and the results have proved that he was right.

And "Golden Medical Discovery" is the remedy for the million! The only *guaranteed* Liver, Blood and Lung remedy. Your money back if it doesn't help you.

Impure thoughts, habitually indulged, may be revealed by a permanent change in the expression of the countenance.

GIBBONS' TOOTHACHE GUM acts as a temporary filling, and stops toothache instantly Sold by druggists.

Unless thou thinkest that what has happened is an evil, thou art not injured; and it is in thy power not to think so.

Dr. Harvey's Southern Red Pine for coughs and colds is the most reliable and perfect cough medicine in the market. For sale everywhere.

There is no man's mind of so discordant and jarring a temper to which a tunable disposition may not strike a harmony.

A.P. 653.

Cures Consumption, Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat. Sold by all Druggists on a Guarantee. For a Lame Side, Back or Chest Shiloh's Porous Plaster will give great satisfaction.—25 cents.

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY.

Have you Catarrh? This Remedy will relieve and Cure you. Price 50cts. This Injector for its successful treatment, free. Remember, Shiloh's Remedies are sold on a guarantee.

Chronic Coughs

Persons afflicted with these or any throat or lung troubles should resort to that

Most Excellent Remedy,

Scott's Emulsion

of Pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda. No other preparation effects such cures.

"CAUTION."—Beware of substitutes. Genuine prepared by Scott & Bowne, Belleville. Sold by all druggists. 50c. and $1.00.

FOR SUBSCRIPTION BOOKS, BIBLES AND ALBUMS, write to William Briggs, Publisher, Toronto

WANTED—Ladies and young men to take work at their own homes; good price and no canvassing. Address Standard Manufacturing Company, Lock Box 107, South Framingham, Mass. Enclose stamps, mention paper.

PETERBOROUGH CANOE CO'Y., (LTD. Successors to Ontario Canoe Co., (Ltd. Makers of Peterborough Canoes for Hunting Fishing, Shooting Skiffs, Sail Boats, Steam Launches. Send 3 cent stamp for Catalogue

NURSERYMEN—DEALERS—PLANTERS.

You will have money in your pockets if you buy your first class Trees of me at the correct prices I can quote you this Spring on application. **H. S. HURD, Halton Nurseries, Burlington, Ont.**

FREE—Your name and artistic design in fancy colors, from the finest Automatic Shading Pen Artist in the world. Send 3 cent stamp for postage. Complete stock of Penmanship Supplies. Address W. A. THOMPSON, Box 528, Toronto, Ont.

CONSUMPTION.

Valuable treatise and two bottles of medicine sent Free to any Sufferer. Give Express and Post Office address. T. A. SLOCUM & CO., 186 West Adelaide Street, Toronto, Ont.

FOR Breakfast drink Royal Dandelion Coffee. Delicious and nourishing. Purifies the blood and invigorates the system. Highly recommended by the medical faculty. The coffee is put up in half and one pound tins only, and is sold by all enterprising grocers. Be sure and get it. **Ellis & Keighley**, Manufacturers, Toronto.

Have You CATARRH

IF SO, USE Dr. CLARK'S CATARRH CURE. It never fails. IT CURES CATARRH IN THE HEAD THROAT AND NOSE, COLD IN THE HEAD, HAY FEVER, INFLAMED PALATE AND TONSILS, restores the sense of smell, and drives away the DULL HEADACHE experienced by all who have Catarrh. *One bottle will work wonders.* Price 50c. at Druggists. Sent by mail on receipt of price by addressing CLARK CHEMICAL CO., 186 ADELAIDE ST. WEST, TORONTO.

"August Flower"

For Dyspepsia.

A. Bellanger, Propr., Stove Foundry, Montagny, Quebec, writes: "I have used August Flower for Dyspepsia. It gave me great relief. I recommend it to all Dyspeptics as a very good remedy."

Ed. Bergeron, General Dealer, Lauzon, Levis, Quebec, writes: "I have used August Flower with the best possible results for Dyspepsia."

C. A. Barrington, Engineer and General Smith, Sydney, Australia, writes: "August Flower has effected a complete cure in my case. It acted like a miracle."

Geo. Gates, Corinth, Miss., writes: "I consider your August Flower the best remedy in the world for Dyspepsia. I was almost dead with that disease, but used several bottles of August Flower, and now consider myself a well man. I sincerely recommend this medicine to suffering humanity the world over."

G. G. GREEN, Sole Manufacturer, Woodbury, New Jersey, U. S. A.

TORONTO ELECTRICAL WORKS.

Electrical Supplies, Bell Outfits, &c. Repairs prompt and reasonable. School and Experimenters' Supplies and Books.

35 & 37 Adelaide St. W., Toronto.

IF YOU WOULD SAVE TIME AND MONEY BUY A **NEW WILLIAMS SEWING MACHINE** Agents everywhere.

DO YOU IMAGINE

That people would have been regularly using our Toilet Soaps since 1845 (forty-seven long years) if they had not been GOOD? The public are not fools and do not continue to buy goods unless they are satisfactory.

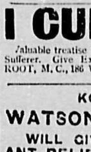
HEARLE.

SEEDS 1893 CATALOGUE

Now ready and mailed free to all applicants. Carefully selected Farm and Garden Seeds, and Seed Grain, Choice Flower Seeds, Clean Grass and Clover Seeds. Special attention paid to Corn for Ensilage.

WM. EWING & CO., 142 McGill St. Montreal.

HORNS MUST GO.



The Leavitt Dehorning Clippers will take them off with less trouble and less pain than any other way.

Send for circular giving price, testimonials, etc.

S. S. KIMBALL,

577 Craig Street, Montreal.

I CURE FITS!

Valuable treatise and bottle of medicine sent Free to any Sufferer. Give Express and Post Office address. H. G. ROOT, M. C., 186 West Adelaide Street, Toronto, Ont

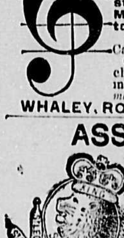
KOFF NO MORE

WATSONS' COUGH DROPS WILL GIVE POSITIVE AND INSTANT RELIEF TO THOSE SUFFERING FROM COLDS, HOARSENESS, SORE THROAT, ETC., AND ARE INVALUABLE TO ORATORS AND VOCALISTS. R. & T. W. STAMPED ON EACH DROP. TRY THEM

—DR. TAFT'S ASTHMALENE Gives a Night's Sweet Sleep and **CURES ASTHMA** so that you need not sit up all night gasping for breath for fear of suffocation. On receipt of name and P.O. Address will mail Trial Bottle **FREE** Dr TAFT BROS. MEDICINE Co., Rochester, N.Y. Canadian Office, 186 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.

WHY BUY a Boot or Shoe that does not fit. Why punish yourself in attempting to form your foot to a boot or shoe. We make our Boots and Shoes from two to six different width's

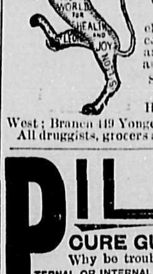
Ask for the J. D. King & Co., Ltd., perfect fitting goods, and be happy.



MUSIC and Music Books of every description. All Kinds of Musical Instruments. Manufacturers of Band Instruments, Drums, &c. Music Engravers, Printers and Publishers. The largest stock in Canada to choose from. Get our prices before purchasing elsewhere, and save money. *Send for Catalogues, mentioning goods required.*

WHALEY, ROYCE & CO., Toronto

ASSURED.



The kidneys, liver, and bowels are the avenues through which waste matter travels from the system. If allowed to get clogged or neglected, disease is sure to follow. Cleanse these organs thoroughly by the liberal use of

ST. LEON MINERAL WATER,

elimination then becomes simple and easy and the climax of health and happiness is assured.

ST. LEON MINERAL WATER CO. (LTD.). Head Office, King Street West; Branch 449 Yonge Street, Toronto. All druggists, grocers and hotels.

PILES CURE GUARANTEED

Why be troubled with PILES, EXTERNAL OR INTERNAL, FISSURES, ULCERATION, ITCHING OR BLEEDING OF THE RECTUM OR ANUS when *Dr. CLARK'S PILE OINTMENT* gives immediate relief? In the hands of THOUSANDS it has proved perfectly invaluable. *It Never Fails*, even in cases of long standing. PRICE $1.00 at Druggists Sent by mail on receipt of price by addressing CLARK CHEMICAL CO., 186 ADELAIDE ST. WEST, TORONTO.

GET ONLY CHAS. CLUTHE'S TRUSS

IMPROVED THE LAST 20 YEARS NOTHING BETTER UNDER THE SUN

FOR **RUPTURE**

SEND FOR QUESTION SHEET. ON RECEIPT OF ANSWERS, LET ME SELECT WHAT IS REQUIRED. WILL SEND YOU PRICE. GOODS ARE SENT BY MAIL, REGISTERED, CORRECT AND CHEAP.

Send Stamp for Illustrated Book

CHAS. CLUTHE

SURGICAL MACHINIST, 134 KING STREET W., TORONTO

THE £1,000,000 BANK-NOTE.

By Mark Twain.

The moment the usual civilities were over, Hastings caught sight of me, and came straight with cordially outstretched hand; then stopped short when about to shake, and said with an embarrassed look:

"I beg your pardon, sir, I thought I knew you."

"Why, you do know me, old fellow."

"No! Are you the—the—"

"Vest-pocket monster? I am, indeed. Don't be afraid to call me by my nickname; I'm used to it."

"Well, well, well, this is a surprise. Once or twice I've seen your name coupled with the nickname, but it never occurred to me that you could be the Henry Adams referred to. *Why, it isn't six months since* you were clerking away for Blake Hopkins in Frisco on a salary, and sitting up nights on an extra allowance, helping me arrange and verify the Gould and Curry Extension papers and statistics. The idea of your being in London, and a vast millionaire, and a colossal celebrity! Why, it's the Arabian Nights come again. Man, I can't take it in at all; can't realize it; give me time to settle the whirl in my head."

"The fact is, Lloyd, you are no worse off than I am. I can't realize it myself."

"Dear me, it is stunning, now is n't it? Why, it's just three months to-day since we went to the Miners' restaurant—"

"No; the What Cheer."

"Right, it was the What Cheer; went there at two in the morning, and had a chop and coffee after a hard six hours' grind over those Extension papers, and I tried to persuade you to come to London with me, and offered to get leave of absence for you and pay all your expenses, and give you something over if I succeeded in making the sale; and you would not listen to me, said I wouldn't succeed, and you could n't afford to lose the run of business and be no end of time getting the hand of things again when you got back home. And yet here you are. How odd it all is! How did you happen to come, and whatever did give you this incredible start?'

"Oh, just an accident. It's a long story—a romance, a body may say. I'll tell you all about it: but not now."

"When?"

"The end of this month."

"That's more than a fortnight yet. It's too much of a strain on a person's curiosity. Make it a week."

"I can't. You'll know why, by and by. But how's the trade getting along?"

His cheerfulness vanished like a breath, and he said with a sigh:

"You were a true prophet, Hal, a true prophet. I wish I had n't come. I don't want to talk about it."

"But you must. You must come and stop with me to-night, when we leave here, and tell me all about it."

"Oh, may I? Are you in earnest?" and the water showed in his eyes.

"Yes; I want to hear the whole story, every word."

"I'm so grateful! Just to find a human interest once more, in some eye, in me and affairs of mine, after what I've been through here—lord! I could go down on my knees for it!"

He gripped my hand hard, and braced up, and was all right and lively after that for the dinner—which didn't come off. No; the usual thing happened, the thing that is *always happening* under that vicious and aggravating English system—the matter of precedence could n't be settled, and so there was no dinner. Englishmen always eat dinner before they go out to dinner, because they know the risks they are running; but nobody ever warns the stranger, and so he walks placidly into the trap. Of course nobody was hurt this time, because we had all been to dinner, none of us being novices except Hastings, and he having been informed by the minister at the time that he invited him that in deference to the English custom he had not provided any dinner. Everybody took a lady and processioned down to the dining room, because it is usual to go through the motions; but there the dispute began. The Duke of Shoreditch wanted to take precedence, and sit at the head of the table, holding that he outranked a minister who represented merely a nation and *not a monarch; but I stood for* my rights, and refused to yield. In the gossip column I ranked all dukes not royal, and said so, and claimed precedence of this one. It couldn't be settled, of course, struggle as we might and did, he finally (and injudiciously) trying to play birth and antiquity, and I "seeing" his Conqueror and "raising" him with Adam, whose direct posterity I was, as shown by my name, while he was of a collateral branch, as shown by his, and by his recent Norman origin; so we all processioned back to the drawing-room again and had a perpendicular lunch—plate of sardines and a strawberry, and you group yourself and stand up and eat it. Here the religion of precedence is not so strenuous; the two persons of highest rank chuck up a shilling, the one that wins has first go at his strawberry, and the loser gets the shilling. The next two chuck up, then the next two, and so on. After refreshment, tables were brought, and we all played cribbage, sixpence a game. The English never play any game for amusement. If they can't make something or lose something—they don't care which,—they won't play.

We had a lovely time; certainly two of us had, Miss Langham and I. I was so bewitched with her that I couldn't count my hands if they went above a double sequence; and when I struck home I never discovered it, and started up the outside row again, and would have lost the game every time, only the girl did the same, she being in just my condition, you see; and consequently neither of us ever got out, or cared to wonder why we didn't wish to know anything else, and didn't want to be interrupted. And I told her—I did indeed—told her I loved her, and she—well, she blushed till her hair turned red, but she liked it; she said she did. Oh, there was never such an evening! Every time I pegged I put on a postscript; every time she pegged she acknowledged receipt of it, counting the hands the same. Why, I couldn't even say "Two for his heels" without adding, "My, how sweet you do look!" and she would say "Fifteen two, fifteen four, fifteen six, and a pair are eight, an I eight are sixteen—do you think so?"—peeping out aslant from under her lashes, you know, so sweet and cunning. Oh, it was just too-too!

Well, I was perfectly honest and square with her; told her I hadn't a cent in the world but just the million-pound note she'd heard so much talk about, and it did n't belong to me; and that started her curiosity, and then I talked low, and told her the whole history right from the start, and it nearly killed her, laughing. What in the nation she could find to laugh about, I could n't see, but there it was; every half minute some new detail would fetch her, and I would have to stop as much as a minute and a half to give her a chance to settle down again. Why, she laughed herself lame, she did indeed; I never saw anything like it. I mean I never saw a painful story—a story of a person's troubles and worries and fears—produce just that kind of effect before. So I loved her all the more, seeing she could be so cheerful when there was n't anything to be cheerful about; for I might soon need that kind of wife, you know, the way things looked. Of course I told her we should have to wait a couple of years, till I could catch up on my salary; but she did n't mind that, only she hoped I would be as careful as possible in the matter of expenses and not let them run the least risk of trenching on our third year's pay. Then she began to get a little worried, and wondered *if we were making any mistake,* and starting the salary on a higher figure for the first year than I would get. This was good sense, and it made me feel a little less confident than I had been feeling before; but it gave me a good idea, and I brought it frankly out.

"Portia, dear, would you mind going with me that day, when I confront those old gentlemen?"

She shrank a little, but said:

"N-o; if my being with you would help hearten you. But—would it be quite proper, do you think?"

"No, I don't know that it would; in fact I'm afraid it would n't: but you see, there's so much dependent upon it that—"

"Then I'll go anyway, proper or improper," she said, with a beautiful and generous enthusiasm. "Oh, I shall be so happy to think I'm helping."

"Helping, dear? Why, you'll be doing it all. You're so beautiful and so lovely and so winning, that with you there I can pile our salary up till I break those good old fellows, and they'll never have the heart to *struggle.*"

Sho! you should have seen the rich blood mount, and her happy eyes shine!

"You wicked flatterer! There is n't a word of truth in what you say, but still I'll go with you. Maybe it will teach you not to expect other people to look with your eyes."

Were my doubts dissipated? Was my confidence restored? You may judge by this fact; privately I raised my salary to twelve hundred the first year on the spot. But didn't tell her; I saved it for a surprise.

All the way home I was in the clouds. Hastings talking, I not hearing a word. When he and I entered my parlor, he brought me to myself with my fervent appreciations of my manifold comforts and luxuries.

"Let me just stand here a little and look my fill! Dear me it's a palace; it's just a palace! And in it everything a body could desire, including cozy coal fire and supper standing ready. Henry, it doesn't merely make me realize how rich you are; it makes me realize, to the bone, to the marrow, how poor I am—how poor I am, and how miserable, how defeated, routed, annihilated!"

Plague take it! this language gave me the cold shudders. It scared me broad awake, and made me comprehend that I was standing on a half-inch crust, with a crater underneath. I didn't know I had been dreaming—that is, I hadn't been allowing myself to know it for a while back; but now—oh, dear! Deep in debt, not a cent in the world, a lovely girl's happiness or woe in my hands, and nothing in front of me but a salary which might never—oh, would never—materialize! Oh, oh, oh, I am ruined past hope; nothing can save me!

"Henry, the mere unconsidered drippings of your daily income would—"

"Oh, my daily income! Here, down with this hot Scotch, and cheer up your soul. Here's with you! Or, no— you're hungry; sit down and—"

"Not a bite for me; I'm past it. I can't eat, these days; but I'll drink with you till I drop. Come!"

"Barrel for barrel, I'm with you! Ready? Here we go! Now, then, Lloyd, unreel your story while I brew."

"Unreel it? What, again?"

"Again? What do you mean by that?"

"Why, I mean do you want to hear it over again?"

"Do I want to hear it over again? This is a puzzler. Wait; don't take any more of that liquid. You don't need it."

"Look here, Henry, you alarm me. Did n't I tell you the whole story on the way here?"

"You?"

"Yes, I."

"I'll be hanged if I heard a word of it."

"Henry, this is a serious thing. It troubles me. What did you take up yonder at the minister's?"

Then it flashed on me, and I owned up, like a man.

"I took the dearest girl in this world—prisoner!"

So then he came with a rush, and we shook, and shook, and shook till our hands ached; and he didn't blame me for not having heard a word of a story which had lasted while we walked three miles. He just sat down then, like the patient, good fellow he was, and told it all over again. Synopsized, it amounted to this: He had come to England with what he thought was a grand opportunity; he had an "option" to sell the Gould and Curry Extension for the "locators" of it, and keep all he could get over a million dollars. He had worked hard, had pulled every wire he knew of, had left no honest expedient untried, had spent nearly all the money he had in the world, had not been able to get a solitary capitalist to listen to him, and his option would run out at the end of the month. In a word, he was ruined. Then he jumped up and cried out:

"Henry, you can save me! You can save me, and you're the only man in the universe that can. Will you do it? Won't you do it?"

"Tell me how. Speak out, my boy."

"Give me a million and my passage home for my 'option'! Don't, don't refuse!"

I was in a kind of agony. I was right on the point of coming out with the words, "Lloyd, I'm a pauper myself—absolutely penniless, and in debt!" But with a white-hot idea came flaming through my head, and I gripped my jaws together, and calmed myself down till I was as cold as a capitalist. Then I said, in a commercial and self-possessed way:

"I will save you, Lloyd—"

"Then I'm already saved! God be merciful to you forever! If ever I—"

"Let me finish, Lloyd. I will save you, but not in that way; for that would not be fair to you, after your hard work, and the risks you've run. I don't need to buy mines; I can keep my capital moving, in a commercial center like London without that; it's what I'm at, all the time; but here is what I'll do. I know all about that mine, of course; I know its immense value, and can swear to it if anybody wishes it. You shall sell out inside of the fort-night for three millions cash, using my name freely, and we'll divide, share and share alike."

Do you know, he would have danced the furniture to kindling-wood in his insane joy, and broken everything on the place, if I hadn't tripped him up and tied him.

Then he lay there, perfectly happy, saying:

"I may use your name! Your name—think of it! Man, they'll flock in droves, these rich Londoners; they'll fight for that stock! I'm a made man, I'm a made man forever, and I'll never forget you as long as I live!"

In less than twenty-four hours London was abuzz! I hadn't anything to do, day after day, but sit at home, and say to all comers:

"Yes; I told him to refer to me. I know the man, and I know the mine. His character is above reproach, and the mine is worth far more than he asks for it."

Meantime I spent all my evenings at the minister's with Portia. I didn't say a word to her about the mine; I saved it for a surprise. We talked salary; never anything but salary and love; sometimes love, sometimes salary, sometimes love and salary together. And my! the interest the minister's wife and daughter took in our little affair, and the endless ingenuities they invented to save us from interruption, and to keep the minister in the dark and unsuspicious—well, it was just lovely of them!

When the month was up, at last, I had a million dollars to my credit in the London and County Bank, and Hastings was fixed in the same way. Dressed at my level best, I drove by the house in Portland Place, judged by the look of things that my birds were home again, went on toward the minister's and got my precious, and we started back, talking salary with all our *might. She was so excited and anxious* that it made her just intolerably beautiful. I said:

"Dearie, the way you're looking it's a crime to strike for a salary a single penny under three thousand a year."

"Henry, Henry, you'll ruin us!"

"Don't you be afraid. Just keep up these looks and trust to me. It'll all come out right."

So as it turned out, I had to keep bolstering up her courage all the way. She kept pleading with me, and saying:

"Oh, please remember that if we ask for too much we may get no salary at all; and then what will become of us, with no way in the world to earn our living?"

We were ushered in by that same servant, and there they were, the two old gentlemen. Of course they were surprised to see that wonderful creature with me, but I said:

"It's all right gentlemen; she is my future stay and helpmate."

And I introduced them to her, and called them by name. It didn't surprise them; they knew I would know enough to consult the directory. They seated us, and were very polite to me, and very solicitous to relieve her from embarrassment, and put her as much at her ease as they could. Then I said:

"*Gentlemen, I am ready to report.*"

"We are glad to hear it," said my man, "for now we can decide the bet which my brother Abel and I made. If you have won for me, you shall have any situation in my gift. Have you the million-pound note?"

"Here it is, sir," and I handed it to him.

"I've won!" he shouted, and slapped Abel on the back. "Now what do you say, brother?"

"I say he did survive, and I've lost twenty thousand pounds, I never would have believed it.

"I've a further report to make," I said, "and a pretty long one. I want you to let me come soon, and detail my whole month's history; and I promise you it's worth hearing. Meantime, take a look at that."

"What, man! Certificate of deposit for £200,000? Is it yours?"

"Mine. I earned it by thirty day's judicious use of that little loan you let me have. And the only use I made of it was to buy trifles and offer the bill in charge."

"Come, this is astonishing! It's incredible, man!"

"Never mind, I'll prove it. Don't take my word unsupported."

But now Portia's turn was come to be surprised. Her eyes were spread wide, and she said:

"Henry, is that really your money? Have you been fibbing to me?"

"I have indeed, dearie. But you'll forgive me, I know."

She put up an arch pout, and said:

"Don't you be so sure. You are a naughty thing to deceive me so!'

"Oh, you'll get over it, sweetheart, you'll get over it; it was only fun, you know. Come, let's be going."

"But wait, wait! The situation, you know. I want to give you the situation," said my man.

"Well," I said, "I'm just as grateful as I can be, but really I don't want one."

"But you can have the very choicest one in my gift."

"Thanks again, with all my heart; but I don't even want that one."

"Henry, I'm ashamed of you. You don't half thank the good gentleman. May I do it for you?"

"Indeed you shall, dear, if you can improve it. Let us see you try."

She walked to my man, got up in his lap, put her arm around his neck, and kissed him right on the mouth. Then the two old gentlemen shouted with laughter, but I was dumfounded, just petrified, as you may say. Portia said:

Papa, he has said you haven't a situation in your gift that he'd take; and I feel just as hurt as—"

"My darling!—is that your papa?"

"Yes; he's my steppapa, and the dearest one that ever was. You understand now, don't you, why I was able to laugh when you told me at the minister's, not knowing my relationships, what trouble and worry papa's and Uncle Abel's scheme was giving you?"

Of course I spoke right up, now, without any fooling, and went straight to the point.

"Oh, my dearest dear sir, I want to take back what I said. You have got a situation open that I want."

"Name it."

"Son-in-law."

"Well, well, well! But you know, if you haven't ever served in that capacity, you of course can't furnish recommendations of a sort to satisfy the conditions of the contract and so—"

"*Try me—oh, do, I beg of you! Only* just try me thirty or forty years, and if—"

"Oh, well, all right; it's but a little thing to ask. Take her along."

Happy, we too? There're not words enough in the unabridged to describe it. And when London got the whole history, a day or two later, of my month's adventures with that bank-note, and how they ended, did London talk, and have a good time? Yes.

My Portia's papa took that friendly and hospitable bill back to the Bank of England and cashed it; then the Bank canceled it and made him a present of it, and he gave it to us at our wedding, and it has always hung in its frame in the sacredest place in our home, ever since. For it gave me my Portia. But for it I could not have remained in London, would not have appeared at the minister's, never should have met her. And so I always say, "Yes, *it's a million*-pounder as you see; but it never made but one purchase in its life, and then got the article for only about a tenth part of its value." --[The Century.

ODDS AND ENDS.

There are 8,000 lighthouses.

England is building a $1,750,000 ship.

Cigarette manufacture is decreasing.

Ostrich farming thrives in California.

St. Louis has the highest water tower.

Of the 69,000 Frenchmen who fought with Napoleon at Waterloo only eight survive.

A new wire, called the Hungarian wire, is covered with three coats of thread and two coats of celluloid.

A rivet in the form of a tube, to be used both as a rivet and as a drainage way, is a recent wrinkle in iron shipbuilding.

The colored congregation of a Florida church has withdrawn its support because the pastor, it is claimed, beats his wife regularly before services.

A fire engine that does away with the use of horses, and forces the water by means of power generated by a storage battery, is a recent electrical invention.

The officers of the German army are to have a new cloak, the novelty of which lies in the fact that by an ingenious device the cloak may be made thick or thin. It is adapted for winter or summer use.

The Bon Marche, Paris, employs a hundred men who do nothing but watch for shoplifters. This one establishment alone arrests on an average from 12,000 to 15,000 *women annually who have been caught* stealing.

The oldest lawsuit on record is one at present being tried in the highest Russian court at St. Petersburg. It was brought 500 years ago against the city of Kaminietz, Podolsk, by the heirs of a dead nobleman to recover many thousand acres of his estate which had been confiscated by the municipality. The written testimony is said to weigh forty-five tons.

Johannisburg in the Transvaal, is a wonderful little town. It is but five years of age and its inhabitants number 40,000. It stands upon a gold reef upon which fifty companies are at work, giving employment to 3,370 white men and over 32,000 natives The town has gas, water, tramways and handsome buildings, while for twenty miles east and west the funnels of mining works can be seen.

Worse and Worse.

Minks—"My wife no sooner reaches Florida before the doctor there orders her North, and as quick as she gets home our doctor here orders her back to Florida."

Jinks—"Hum! I see how it is. The railroad combine as consolidated with the octors' trust."

HOUSEHOLD.

In the Spring.

Softly the western breezes
Are sighing among the flowers,
Fair, as if new created
In this beautiful world of ours,
The violets blue and fragrant
Have waked from their winter sleep;
The cloud shadows flit o'er the pastures,
Where grasses are waving deep;
And over the thorny hedges
A gracious hand has thrown
A mantel of fresh green leaflets,
With starry blossoms strown.

Now leave thy sad communings,
Poor human heart, and say—
"If God so clothe the meadows,
Will he turn from my sorrows away?"
Each trial and pitiful weakness
Thy heart so keenly feels
Each shade of dark despairing
That o'er thy spirit steals,
Are like unto clouds that have gathered
Through a life long winter of pain,
And shall break in showers of blessing
When the spring-time comes again.

Happy Birthdays for Little Ones.

"Now we shall have to give one more party every year," said a mother, looking fondly at the tiny black head of the new baby. "You see," she went on, "we have neither time nor money to spend on very much society for ourselves, but it costs so little to make the children happy that we give each one a birthday party every year."

Happy the children whose parents never fail to remember the birthdays as they come round. Even a baby of three or four years generally has two or three favorite tots whom he or she would like invited. The simplest entertainment is sufficient. A few plain cookies cut into fancy shapes with cake cutters, with a stoned raisin in the center; a plate of thin bread and butter cut in delicate slices and spread with a very little jam; cups of cambric tea, *that is* milk, with warm water and sugar in it, and the real birthday cake, with candles in it, will make up a feast that will send these tiny ones home happy. Even the birthday cake should be a plain one, but there may be a candle on it for eachyear of the child giving the party, and if you stick the candle's pin through a tiny red, white, pink or yellow rose, made of paper the cake will present a very festive appearance. The candles are the kind used on Christmas trees, and are sold by confectioners and bakers. The cutest and most healthful little bon-bons can be made by icing the tiny crackers, shaped like an elongated egg, or the little sticks about an inch long and as thick as a lead pencil now kept by all grocers. Make plain white icing and chocolate icing, color some of the white pink with cochineal and coat the crackers with the different icings.

Older children will require rather more substantial entertainment, but one must avoid stuffing children of any age with food not convenient for them. Most children will like creamed potatoes and chicken in white sauce. This is a convenient way of serving chicken for children, involving no trouble of cutting by guests or hostess. With this, tea or cocoa with cake and a tiny cup of lemon or orange jelly made from gelatine will make a supper nice enough for children between the ages of six and fifteen. Make a plain light cup cake and when cold cut it in slices and these in fancy shapes; cubes, diamonds, stars, crescents and so on, and ice them with plain and colored icings.

No matter how simple the party, to make it a complete success their should be a souvenir *for each child to carry home.* Pop corn tied up in a bag made from a pretty Japanese napkin, or from coarse-meshed white lace, the seams buttonholed with gay zephyrs, or an orange wrapped in bright tissue paper with the ends twisted like motto candies will please the little ones. At a party given by a boy of five, toy whips, costing five cents each, were presented to the youthful guests and as they were all boys it sent them away happy; for his sister's doll party the souvenirs were very small Japanese dolls. Girls of ten, or older, may have pretty little cups and saucers for souvenirs. The little Japanese blue and white affairs, costing five cents each, are charming, while very dainty ones may be bought for twenty-five cents. Better than any sum of money that you may give your children during your lifetime, or leave them after your death will be the remembrances of all such sweet and simple home festivities as shall have endeared home to their childish hearts.

A Plea for Memoranda.

"The horror of that moment", exclaimed the White King, "I shall never forget." "You will though," supplemented the Queen "if you don't make a memorandum of it;" and the White Queen was wiser in her day and generation than many lesser personages who have been born and brought up on this side the "Looking-glass."

It is hard to tell why so many persons are averse to memoranda. Perhaps they think that it weakens the memory. They might as well eat all the dishes on the menu in order to strengthen their stomachs, as to load their minds with things which might better be left to paper. Daudet's hero, Tartarin, remembered so many things that never happened that his biographer was forced to confess at last that he remembered nothing about anything. What a contrast was he to Silas Lapham's carpenter who never forgot his instructions because "he wrote them on a three-cornered block and put it in his pocket and it was so uncomfortable he couldn't help remembering it."

Something of the same theory was put in practice in mediæval France. It was customary to whip children annually at the boundaries of the parish, lest as Lowell suggests, "the true place of them might ever be lost through neglect of so inexpensive a mordant for the memory." And Benvenuto Cellini records that when, in his boyhood, he saw a salamander come out of the fire, his grandfather gave him a sound beating that he might remember so unique a prodigy.

But, to leave the fascinating realm of hearsay, just one day last week a woman spake to me with pride of the wonderful memory of her seven-year-old child, who would carry verbal messages to the houses of her friends, and order long list of supplies from the grocer. Meeting the little fellow as I went out, I asked him about his lessons and received this pitiful reply: "I keep saying over to myself 'first to Mrs. Brown's and then to Mrs. Watson's and then to the grocer's; two pounds of Java and one of Rio mixed four cans of tomatoes and a package of soda' and somehow I can't think how words are spelt."

Poor, smothered little brain, and the mother's pride in his memory! She herself never indulged in a memorandum. The numbers of her friend's houses, the dates of her second cousin's children's birthdays, the persons to whom she is socially indebted, her church and club and society engagements, are registered only in her brain. "But do you never misdirect an envelope, or send a present on the wrong day, or omit some sensitive friend from your dinner list, or forget an errand at the store?" I asked in amazement.

"Sometimes," she confessed, "but that teaches me to be more careful in the future." And I, with my tiny memorandum book in which my day's duties were set down in convenient order, felt for the moment as if I were mentally and morally disabled, that I ought not so to pamper my mind or to regret the painful process of revision; that perhaps the wrinkles on her young face were the lines of wisdom, and that the meat was more than the life, and the raiment more than the body.

Some Candy Receipts.

DARK AND LIGHT CANDY.—Half a pound of chocolate, two pounds of white sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, one teacupful of cream, one teaspoonful of vanilla. Stir this all the while it is cooking. This will be brown. Then butter a flat dish and put a layer on it, let it harden a little, and add a layer of white candy, made as follows: Three cupfuls of white sugar and one of cream, flavored with orange or lemon, and boiled for twenty minutes. Do not stir this very much. After the white layer hardens a little, put another of the brown. Mark off into squares or long pieces, and cut so as to show to advantage the alternating stripes of color. Instead of the brown, one can color the first with poke-berry jelly or other coloring that will give a red tint, and if vanilla is not liked, pineapple will make a nice contrast to the flavor of the white candy.

MARROONS GLACES.—One-half pound of mixed nuts—almonds, pecans and English walnuts. Divide the English walnuts and pecans in half. Two cupfuls of white sugar are put in a stewpan with one cupful of water, or enough to cover it well. It would be advisable to use a stewpan with a lip, so that it will pour easily, and a handle for the protection of the hands. Do not stir with a spoon. In fact, do not touch it with a spoon, except now and then to dip out a little to see when it's done. Drop a little into very cold water, if done, it will form into crinkly little wires, which will sound hard and clear when struck against the side of the bowl. It ought to be cooked twenty minutes. After it is done, pour in drops—the size of a silver quarter of a dollar—on a marble slab and press into each drop one almond, or one half English walnut, or pecan Two persons can make this candy far better than one as the nut must be put in as soon as a drop is poured.

COCOANUT CANDY.—Four cupfuls of white sugar, one cupful of the milk of the cocoanut only in case it is perfectly good; otherwise do not use it. One cocoanut, grated—do not use the desiccated cocoanut. Cook the sugar, either with the milk, if good, or if not, with water, a little less than candy that has to be pulled. Try by dropping into cold water to see if it is done. Take it off the fire, pour in the cocoanut stir until *thoroughly* mixed, pour into a dish, and when cold enough, cut into squares.

CHOCOLATE DROPS.—Dissolve one cake of chocolate in a bowl set in hot water. Boil two cupfuls of white sugar and one cupful of new milk twenty minutes. Season with one teaspoonful of vanilla. Empty this into a dish, and beat until it is a good consistency to make into balls. Lay the balls on buttered paper, and after they are quite hard, dip one by one, into the melted chocolate. Use a fork in dipping and replace the balls on the buttered paper.

One can also use nuts with these balls, taking half of an English walnut to a ball. Children take special delight in nut candy, but it is rather rich, so it might be very well to make both kinds.

In the Kitchen.

Butter is more easily creamed if the bowl is slightly warmed by dipping it for a moment in hot water and then wiping it, but it must not be hot enough to melt the butter.

Try the oven with a piece of white paper. If too hot the paper will blacken or blaze up; if it becomes a light brown it is fit for bread and heavier kinds of cake; if light yellow the oven is ready for sponge cake and the lighter kinds of dessert.

OYSTER LOAF.—Cut a long loaf of bread into slices about two inches thick; (a baker's long five cent loaf will make six). Now trim off the crust and make each piece square. Dig the crumb out of the centre of each piece, leaving sides and bottom like a box; that is, make a square box out of each slice of bread. Brush each box over with melted butter, and put in a quick oven until a light brown. Fill with creamed oysters and serve.

POACHED EGGS.—Take fresh eggs, break one at a time in a saucer and slip from it into the egg-poacher; or, have a pan of boiling water in which to poach the eggs; set over a moderate fire; as soon as the water boils, take the eggs up carefully and serve on slices of buttered toast.

BAKED POTATOES.—Take potatoes of uniform size, wash and rub until clean, put in a pan, set in a very hot oven, and bake until the skin breaks.

CELERY SOUP.—Take four roots of celery, wash and cut into pieces, cover with boiling water, let boil for half an hour and press through a colander. Put a quart of milk on to boil, add the water in which the celery was boiled, with the celery and a slice of onion. Rub an ounce of butter and two tablespoonfuls of flour together and stir into the boiling soup; season with salt and pepper and serve.

HE COULD MAKE MONEY ANY WHERE.

Death of the Most Brilliant Business Man in the Congo Valley.

The career of Camille Delcommune, who died on the Upper Congo in December last, illustrates the fact that some white men are able to make splendid opportunities for themselves even in tropical Africa. Ten years ago he went to the Congo at a small salary to be the agent of a trading company at one of their stations. Nine years later he was the director of the Society of the Upper Congo, had more than forty trading *stations under his direction, and, from a* commercial point of view, was the most important white man on the river. Fourteen steamboats are engaged exclusively in the transportation service of this company, whose stations are scattered along the Congo and its tributaries for thousands of miles. Delcommune established all of these stations on the upper river.

Delcommune went to the Congo when he was 22 years old on a salary of only about $700 and his rations. He died when he was only 33 years old, and the salary he then commanded would be considered as representing brilliant success in any commercial centre of the world.

One reason for his success was his unbounded enthusiasm and his faith in the future of the much-decried Congo country. In one of his letters he wrote: "The trade that can be developed in the Upper Congo Valley is almost incalculable." In another letter he said: "Any degree of success may be attained here by men of enterprising character and of dauntless determination to achieve their purposes."

Delcommune was that sort of a man. Had he lived he would have become wealthy. He had already won a fair competency when he died. Men like him cannot be suppressed. Put them in the desert of Sahara and they would find some way to make money.

He was the first European to buy ivory on the Upper Congo. Somehow or other, not even physical obstacles could defeat him. Explorers had tried in vain to take their steamers through the Zongo rapids of the Mohangi River. He was the first to make the passage when he planted his stations on the Mobangi in 1891. The missionaries say no other man of such activity, push, and vigilance has ever been seen on the Congo. He had great tact in dealing with the natives, and they all liked him. He was a strict disciplinarian, and held his white subordinates to a rigid accountability. They had to make money for the company or get out.

He launched most of the fleet of steamers that he controlled. He did not hesitate, however, to push inland, away from the rivers, when he believed there was a good prospect of opening a profitable ivory and rubber trade. In two months, a while ago, he travelled 900 miles along tortuous and narrow native paths, studying the prospects of commercial development, at a distance from the rivers.

During his ten years' service he visited Europe only once, and was away from his field of work but a few months. His vigor and energy never became impaired, and he knew how to keep well in a trying climate, and yet his death seems to have been due to an indiscretion. *While standing by the* grave of one of his subordinates, he removed his hat to make a few remarks. He received a sunstroke, fever followed, and he died in a few days, lamented by all the white men on the Congo as the most brilliant man of business whose talents had been developed in that region. His brother Alexander is a well-known Congo explorer.

TWENTY-EIGHT DAYS IN A SKIFF.

A Woman One of the Sufferers of a Month of Hardship on the Pacific.

Capt. Peterson of the bark Lady Lampson, his wife, and five seamen arrived in Honolulu recently in an emaciated condition. They came in an open boat only eighteen feet long, and reported that they had been twenty-eight days tossing about on the Pacific. While the occupants of the frail craft were not entirely without provisions during their long battle with the elements, the effects of short commons and lack of sleep and shelter were palpably apparent. Mrs. Peterson, who was clad in a thin black gown, was worn nearly to a shadow, and her strength failed her completely as she was lifted from the boat and taken to an hotel.

The men were sunburned, leaden eyed, *and listless. Their heads drooped, and it* was with difficulty that they would be got to speak, but Capt. Peterson told in a few words that the Lady Lampson had been wrecked at night on a reef near Talmyra Island when forty-four days out from Sydney, and the crew were compelled to take to the boats. He was very weak, and spoke in a whisper, at the same time begging that his wife be taken where she could get nourishment and a little rest.

The Kanakas lent willing hands to help the waifs of the ocean into hacks and carriages, and they were quickly driven to where they could command attention. The little boat in which they had journeyed over 1,000 miles became an object of interest for hundreds of people. It was partly decked with canvas, and strips of the same material had been stretched above the gunwale on either side to prevent her being swamped. In the boat were a couple of nearly empty water kegs and a small quantity of biscuit and canned goods.

"I haven't had my clothes off for twenty-eight days," said Capt. Peterson when seen at the hotel. He was hollow-cheeked and unshaven and looked indeed as if he had suffered both mentally and physically. "The Lady Lampson," he said, "was from Sydney, and we were bound to this port with 600 tons of coal for Wilder & Co. We left Sydney last November and were forty-four days out when the vessel struck. We had had bad weather near Fiji, having been in a hurricane for twenty-four hours, but after that we had fine north-east winds until we got near Palmyra Island, when the weather became dirty. It was 5:30 o'clock on the morning of Jan. 16 when we struck, I had not had an observation for two days. The night had been dark and stormy, but the water was smooth then. I knew I was to the east of the island, and that there was a sunken reef somewhere around. I was on deck myself, and had two men on the lookout aloft. There is a strong westerly current there, and I guess we were going about five knots an hour with all sail set.

"Five minutes after she struck she began to break up, and I ordered the boats out We lowered the two boats. I took charge of one and First Mate Harry Miller took the other. In my boat there were, besides my wife and myself, Second Mate C. Brown and Seaman W. Carloon (both Swedes), Cabin Boy W. Hayden of Liverpool, F. Veller the cook, who is a German, and E. Everson, a Norwegian sailor. The mate's boat contained a German sailor named Snyder, Oscar Magnersen, a Swede: J. Jorgensen, a German, and a seaman named Martin.

"*We started from Palmyra Island in com*pany about 7 in the morning, having only five gallons of water for the two boats. The island is only forty miles from the reef, but the current and tide were so strong that we were trying for nine days to make headway against them, but couldn't. We drifted to the westward, so I resolved to put back to the bark. We suffered greatly through want of water, and we had barely enough to moisten our tongues, which were swollen and dry.

"We found the bark settling down and the water washing over her, so we got aboard quickly and put some canned goods, biscuit, and water into the boats. We rigged the boats with canvas and then started again for Palmyra Island. We tried for two days to make headway, but the heavy swell and wind baffled us. Thinking I would lose sight of the mate's boat, I told him to steer for Honolulu, and I steered for here myself. We lost sight of the other boat and have had heavy gales ever since. I have only had [illegible] hour's sleep at a time during the da[illegible] never lain down. At night the [illegible] over, wetting us all to the ski[illegible] the day we dried our clothes in the sun, if there was any. The men have been quiet and uncomplaining, even though on short allowance of food and water, and, thank goodness! we lost nobody from our boat. It was a terrible experience, though, the worst I have met with during fourteen years of seafaring.

"After we passed the island of Maui we struck a storm and the boat half filled with water. We thought then it was all over after passing through so many other dangers, but we managed to bail her out and keep her right. The first vessel we saw since we struck, twenty-eight days ago, was a steam schooner off Diamond Head this morning. I hope the mate's boat is safe, and if he steered to the eastward I think they are all right."

NEARLY 300 PERISHED.

Russian Convicts on the Way to Siberia Overtaken by a Snowstorm.

Details have been received at St. Petersburg of a sad loss of life among a band of convicts bound for the prisons of Siberia. The band numbered in all three hundred and seventy-four persons, including a large number of persons sentenced to exile for political crimes. In accordance with the custom the convicts were marching to their various destinations. They had spent the night in Tomsk, Western Siberia, and continued their journey early in the morning. A snowstorm was prevailing, and when six hours' march from Tomsk the storm had become so severe that all the roads were obliterated. Chained together, the convicts struggled on until gradually the weaker ones fell in the deep snow, dragging the stronger ones down with them. Despite the efforts of the Cossack guards the exhausted people could make no attempt to save themselves and they were abandoned to freeze to death, while the others were driven forward, those in charge of them hoping to get them in shelter. The storm continued to increase in violence, and the travelling became worse and worse. Now and then prisoners would drop by the wayside, where they would soon be covered by the rapidly falling and drifting snow. When the guards managed to get what few remained of their charges to a place of safety they found that of the 374 persons they had started with only 91 survived. Sixty two of those who had perished were political prisoners. Among those lost were Madame Lazarov, six other women, and four children.

CRUEL BUTCHERY.

A Drunken Miner Murders His Wife and Sister-in-law, and Cuts a Babe.

A despatch from Albia, Ia., says:—A shocking tragedy has just occurred at Hiteman, a mining town near this place. William Frazier was a drunken miner living with his wife and babe at Carbondale. A few days ago, on account of Frazier's drunkenness, his wife, taking her babe, left him and went to Hiteman to stay with her sister, Mrs. Smith. On Monday evening Frazier came to this place and yesterday morning he went to Hiteman. He walked into the Smith house and without a word plunged a knife into his wife's heart, killing her almost instantly. Mrs. Smith, hearing the disturbance in the room, was coming from the kitchen, when Frazier, with the cry of a demon, sprang upon her, driving his knife to the hilt in her breast. She died in a few minutes. Frazier then nearly severed one leg from the body of the child and cut it in other places. Frazier was captured two miles from here and lynched by a mob of miners.

THE LOSS OF THE BIRKENHEAD.

A Tale of British Valor in the face of Certain Death.

In a letter to the Weekly Scotsman of March 4 Mr. James Mure Forbes, of Cape Town, gives some interesting quotations from Bowler's "Kaffir Wars and British Settlers in South Africa" and Thomson's "Comprehensive History of England," which describe the spot and tell the story of the disaster. Bowler says:

"Cape Point the dreadful 'Cape of Storms,' is a scene of wild and desolate grandeur. The African continent property terminates in a low, sandy beach known as the 'Cape Flats,' which have during long ages been thrown up by the two contrary prevailing winds and tides, and stretch out into the sea, connecting what was evidently once an island with the mainland. This island is nothing more than a long, narrow strip of mountainous coast, stretching right across and beyond the Flats, in form not unlike a huge pickaxe, the one arm of which consisting of the Devil's Peak, Table Mountain, and the Lion's Rump, incloses Table Bay, while the other arm, stretching far out into the sea and terminating in the bold, precipitous promontory of Cape Point, forms the one side of the wide inviting, but dangerous False Bay. Cape Point though not the most southerly is generally regarded as the extreme end of the continent. On the summit of the outermost crag, overhanging the sea, a very fine lighthouse, with very powerful revolving reflectors, has been erected.

"Leaning out of one of the windows of the lantern, the awed spectator gazes straight down into an abyss of dark rocks and tumbling waters, and sees the flash of the wings and hears the screams of the sea fowl, wheeling in the horrid gloom a thousand feet below. During a strong south-easter the surf breaks and boils and roars for a mile out to sea, as it dashes with mad fury over the Bellows and other remarkable rocks.

"The Birkenhead, freighted with 500 soldiers on their way to the Kaffir war, steamed past Cape Point in a few hours before she struck on Point Danger. The memory of the fearful ship-wreck, on the 26th of February, 1852, is still fresh in the minds of all who treasure deeds of daring, courage, and devotion. It is a fitting tribute to the gallantry of the British Army to picture here the scene of a brave a battle as was ever fought, against a worse enemy than man."

Thomson says: "This vessel was conveying detachments from several of our regi*ments to the seat of war under Lieut. Col.* Alexander Seton, Seventy-fourth Highlanders, (who had succeeded to the command on the death of Col. Fordyce), and had proceeded on her voyage from Simon's Bay, when she suddenly struck upon a sunken rock near the shore, off Point Danger. The shock was so tremendous that the iron plates of the ship's bottom gave way, the cabin was quickly filled with water, and it was evident that in a few minutes more the ship would be engulfed among the breakers.

"It was yet only 2 o'clock in the morning, with no light but that of the stars; but in an instant the deck was crowded with the alarmed passengers, and while death was imminent, only two of the ship's boats were available for service. To rush into the boats, at the risk of swamping them, would have been the impulse of the selfish; *to fling themselves into the sea in the hope* of reaching the shore, but only to sink each other by their overcrowding and perish in the breakers and by the sharks that were on the alert, would have been the headlong attempt even of the bravest.

"But nothing of the kind in either way was done, and never was the power of military disipline, or the worth of fearless, unflinching courage, or the moral grandeur of self-sacrificing devotedness more conspicuously displayed than in the moment of terrible trial.

"At the word of Col. Seton the soldiers drew up upon the reeling and loosening deck, as if they had been on parade; they obeyed his orders as if they had been executing the usual movements of the drill. The brave, humane heart of the Colonel was first directed to the safety of those who could least help themselves—and whose fate would otherwise have been certain—to the women, the children, and the sick on board, and they were carefully conveyed into the boats, which, in the first instance, were given up for their special benefit; and by this arrangement all the helpless were saved without a single exception. And now only were the strong and vigorous to look to their own safety, after they had so nobly discharged their duty to others, and while several betook themselves to swimming, or committed themselves to a piece of floating timber, the vessel parted amidships and went down with the greater part of the officers and soldiers, with whom self-preservation had been only the latest subject of anxiety.

"In this fatal catastrophe 357 officers and soldiers and 60 seamen perished, while nearly 200 lives were saved, and this, too, in a crisis where, but for these arrangements and the fidelity with which they were executed, nearly all might have been lost. These soldiers also, be it observed, were not veterans, but for the most part young recruits who had never been under fire, and yet they calmly stood in a breach more dismaying than Badajoz or San Sebastian and saw the boats, their last hope of safety, depart from them without a murmur."

A mural tablet was erected by Government at Chelsea Hospital bearing the following inscription: "This monument is erected by command of her Majesty Queen Victoria to record the heroic constancy and unbroken discipline shown by Lieut. Col. Seton, Seventy-fourth Highlanders, and the troops embarked under his command on board the Birkenhead, when that vessel was wrecked off the Cape of Good Hope on the 26th February, 1852, and to preserve the memory of the officers, non-commissioned officers, and men who perished on that occasion."

Bridget's Rebuff.

A lady had been ill and under medical treatment for a long time. As she grew no better all the while, she became distrustful of her physician's skill and did not wish to see him, and yet was not bold enough to tell him so. She communicated her state of mind to her maid.

"Lave 'im to me, mum, lave 'im to me!" said the girl.

By and by the doctor came to the door and Bridget opened it about an inch.

"Sorry, sir," said she, "but ye can't come in the day, docthor!"

"Can't come in? How's that?"

"The misthress do be too ill for to see ye the day, sir!"

The Science of it.

"Arrah, thin, Pat, do yez rally think the wor-r-rld is as round as that?"

"Av coorse I do."

"Thin phwat I can't get t'rough my shkull is, phwhy the folks on the unther soide don't fall into shpace!"

"Yez make me toired!"

"Well, but phwhy is it, I ax yez?"

"God has given them common sense, man aloive, an' they simply howld on!"

Electric Weaving.

A story is going the rounds of a wonderful electric loom which will weave the coarsest carpet or finest linen. It makes no noise in operating, as each shuttle and moving part works independently. The present power looms run 140 to 180 picks per minute, but this contrivance easily picks 250 to 300 a minute. Altogether it is very wonderful, but no details of its construction or data of practical tests of its workings have yet been made public.

Madge—"Do you prefer blonde men?" Beatrice—"No; I prefer o'd gold—very old and plenty of gold!"

THE WEEKLY NEWS

Published By M. Whitney & Son. Every Wednesday. Courtenay, B. C.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

IN ADVANCE.

One Year	$2 00
Six Months	1 25
Single Copy	0 05

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

One inch per year	$ 12 00
" " month	1 50
eighth col. per year	25 00
fourth " "	50 00
week, per line	00 10
Local notices, per line	20

Notices of Births, Marriages and Deaths. 50 cents each insertion.

No Advertisment inserted for less than 50 cents.

Wednesday, April 26, 1893

Peril of Life.

It is generally known by everybody in this community that the long bridge between Courtenay and Comox has been pronounced rotten and unsafe. Not only that but the committee that made the examination and rendered this verdict possess the confidence of our citizens. The caps upon the piles were found rotten and the corbels above the caps were in a like condition, so much so that one of the committee in testing them ran his crowbar down through both into a pile. Of course the piles have nothing to prevent them piercing through the plank where the travel is, and when this takes place a collapse will inevetably follow. This may not take place for some time or it may occur within the next 24 hours. A little examination surficed to reveal the fact that there daily passes over the bridge on an average from 25 to 40 vehicles, carrying from 50 100 persons. It is the main highway in the district and so essential that in spite of the danger it will continue to be used; and by its continued use we become callous to the threatening peril. As men will not hesitate to work in a powder mill provided that wages are a little higher than can be obtained elsewhere, so the heedless public will continue to pass over the bridge, notwithstanding they admit it is unsafe, because not to do so would subject them to great inconvenience and they think that having stood so long it will probably stand a little longer. And in addition to all this to cease its use would be to tie up the main artery of the district system and paralyze business. And so with wilfully closed eyes we move on toward a great tragedy which will surely happen. What is to be done? We have petitioned for a new bridge or an embankment as might be thought best, and this petition we are assured was formally presented by our member, Mr. Hunter, to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works with a strong recomendation that the prayer be granted. No attention being paid to that a public meeting was held and five of our leading citizens appointed to examine the bridge and ascertain its condition. That service has been performed and the result reported to our member, and presumably by him to the Government. There is little now, if anything, for us to do. Each one must judge for himself and family whether he can afford to take the risk of passing over the "Kings highway". The responsibility for allowing this condition of affairs to continue is with the government It is an emergency which requires its prompt action. No argument or coloring could add to the force of the plain, simple statement of facts. They appeal with terrible earnestness to the authorities, and with them the question of whether to do and what to do, is left.

Political Trickery.

It must be said that Mr. F.C.Cotton the leader of the Independents acted very foolishly in his speech in opposition to the extension of time to the Canada Western. It is a shabby trick to pretend to read from a document which you dare not show and to indulge in insinuations where you dare not make any direct charge because of the total lack of proof. We shall have to take back the good words we said of him in a late issue, and we do so with regret. We think on the otherhand that the Premier went a little too far in his reply, although the occasion justified strong language. But it is better to strike straight from the shoulder and call a man a "cur" than to indulge in the stupid trick of which Mr. Cotten was guilty. We are surprised, also, that so astute a politican as Mr. Davie is admitted to be shonld have fallen into the error of speaking of Cotton as "baldheaded" It is bad policy to refer to an opponent's strongest point and most distinguished characteristic.

Our Exhibit.

Canada has been given 100,000 square feet of space at the World's Fair, and will have a magnificent exhibit. In the agricultural department there will be almost every product that a rich agricultural country can produce. The display of mineral wealth will be gratifyingly large. In cotton, wollen, tweed, brass, copper, leather and wood, we will be well represented. The stock of fruits which have been forwarded we may well be proud of. Coming to Comox District, we shall be represented, it is supposed, solely by our wood and mineral. With the finest specimens of coal, coke, cedar, maple, etc., we shall perhaps attract quite as much attraction as the pumpkin and squash sections.

BRINGING GOOD LUCK.

PROTECTION AGAINST EVIL SPIRITS IN MANY LANDS.

A Curious Superstition That Has Many Believers Everywhere—Popular Mythology of England—The Seal of Solomon—Other Superstitions.

The custom of nailing a horseshoe over the door of a house or other building as a protection against evil spirits and as assurance of good luck is widely spread over England and the United States. It also lingers among all the Teutonic and Scandinavian races, and flourishes apace in Hindostan. The horseshoe unites within itself three lucky elements: It is crescent-shaped, is a portion of a horse and is made of iron. Popular superstition has long endowed iron with protecting powers. Such powers attached in some degree to most metals, but since, in most countries, iron has been the metal latest worked, it naturally inherited the virtues of others. The Romans drove nails into the walls of cottages as an antidote to the plague. When Arabs in the desert were overtaken by a simoon they seek to propitiate the Jinns who have raised it by crying "Iron! iron!" The Scandinavian exercises the Neckan, or River spirit, with an open knife in the bottom of his boat, or a nail set in a reed, singing:

Neckan, Nickan, nail in water.
The Virgin Mary casteth steel in water.
Do you sink, I flit.

Celtic, Finnish and Welsh superstitions agree that iron is a guard against witchcraft. It has always been held a good omen to find old iron, and, as horseshoes are the readiest form in which old iron could be found, it is naturally the form to which the remnant of superstion has longest clung.

Horses, in the popular mythology of England, were looked upon as luck-bringers. In Yorkshire it is still thought that disease may be cured by burying a horse alive. A horse's hoof placed under an invalid's bed is a specific for many complaints in rural districts. In Ireland, Camden says, "When a horse dies *his feet and legs are hung up in the* house, and even the hoofs are sacred."

On account of its form, there is no doubt that the qualities anciently ascribed to the crescent have been transferred to the horseshoe. The crescent, like the horseshoe, is semicircular in shape, and ends in two points. From the earliest antiquity ornaments shaped in this way have been popular as representatives against danger, and especially against evil spirits. Hudibras embalms this ancient superstition in the couplet:

Chase evil spirits away by dint
Of sickle, horseshoe and hollow flint,

And Herrick in his "Hesperides," says:

Hang up hooks and shears to scare
Hence the hag that rides the mare.

All these have the curved or forked shape, terminating in two points. The seal of Solomon, infelicitously styled the pentacle, was supposed to have great power, it consisted of two triangles, presenting six forks. In Italy and Spain the evil eye is averted by extending the forefinger and little finger forward like a pair of horns, the two middle fingers being bent down under the thumb.

The Chinese have their tombs built in a semicircular form like a horseshoe, and the Moors are also wont to use that form in their architecture. The fact that the nimbus, or hale, which in old pictures surrounds the heads of saints and angles bears a rude resemblance to a horseshoe is no doubt one of the accidental coincidences that have strengthened this popular superstition.

This belief attained its greatest diffusion at the end of the last century and the beginning of this. Aubrey, in his "Miscellanies," tells us that in his time most of the houses in the West End of London had a horseshoe nailed over the threshold. In 1813 Sir Henry Ellis counted seventeen horseshoes in Monmouth street, but in 1841 only five or six remained. Lord Nelson nailed a horseshoe to the Victory, and "Lucky Dr. James" attributed the success of his fever powders to the finding of a horseshoe, which symbol he adopted as a crest for his carriage.

Labor Saving Baking Machinery.

The ideal loaf depends on the perfection of the leavening process. Baking fixes the air cells and the quicker that is accomplished the better. If dough is placed in the oven before it is sufficiently "proofed," the bread will be close-grained or heavy. If the temperature of the oven is too low, then soggy bread results; if overheated the crust will form too quickly becoming hard, thus preventing the escape of water. The result is an "underbaked" loaf. The right temperature and medium-sized loaves result in such a penetration of the heat through the loaves as to delay the baking of the crust until the necessary changes have been made. To test the oven, throw on its floor a tablespoonful of fresh flour. If it takes fire or burns black quickly the oven is overheated and must be allowed to cool. If the flour remains white after a few seconds the temperature is too low. If the oven is right the flour will turn a blackish or brownish yellow and look slightly scorched.

In the large cities there are immense bakeries where machinery and reel ovens are employed in bread making. This reduces the cost to the consumers, who will ere long be able to buy, if they are not already, bread as cheap as they can make it at home, taking fuel and labor and less from bad bakers of bread in to account. In the large bakeries the dough is mixed in huge oval tubs of oak which hold five barrels or 1,000 pounds of flour made into dough, which is worked by machinery. The tub is elevated on a platform so as to permit the working of revolving steel blades. Three men are thus enabled to work up in one day without touch of hand 150 barrels of flour, which if done in the ordinary or old method by hand would require the services of thirty men. A huge lump of twenty-four pounds of dough is cut by machine in a few seconds into twelve loves. Economy of material, better bread and low cost are the results of these mechanical improvements.—F. N. Barrett in Food.

Preacher and Pugilist Contrasted.

There has been so much moralizing on the sharp contrast between the victorious pugilist who wins $50,000 on a single "battle" and the country minister who toils a year for his $500 salary, that there is danger of forgetting the fact that the bruiser rarely retains any of his ill-gotten booty. "Easy come easy goes seldom has a better illustration," says the Boston Journal, "John Morrissey, who was once worth half a million, died without a cent and heavily in debt. Heenan, who fought with Sayres in the most famous match the world ever saw, like Morrissey turned gambler, and for a brief while rode on the top wave of fortune, but succumbed to consumption, alone and penniless out West somewhere, a few months after his wife had been buried in the Potter's field. Sayres, *his old foe, once the idol of England*, perished in miserable poverty in the London slums, and Billy Perry, the "Tip, ton Slasher," ended his days in a poor-house." We really can not see why these facts should make the five-hundred dollar clergyman feel any easier. The "bruisers" had the money, had the chances to lay-up something for old age; the clergyman has neither money nor chance.

LOOK.

UNION LIVERY

— AND —

FEED STABLE

All Kinds of Teaming Done. Horses and Rigs for Hire at ALL TIMES

LOOK HERE

UNION Saw Mill

All kinds of Rough and Dressed Lumber always on hand and delivered at short notice.

Also all kinds of Moulding, Lath, Sawn and Split Shingles, and dressed Pine and Cedar always on hand.

Orders promptly executed.

NOTICE THIS!

The Giant Stumper

Which we possess will do your stumping speedily, neatly, and at reasonable rates.

IMPROVE Your STOCK

OUR PRIZE STALION

Norman McLeod

The justly celebrated Clydesdale, will travel through the District this season.

R. Grant & L. Mounce, Props. Union, B. C.

G B Leighton

At the Bay, Comox, B. C.

Blacksmithing and Repairing of all kinds

Carriage Work and Horseshoeing a specialty

Nanaimo Saw Mill

— and —

Sash and Door Factory

A Haslam, Prop. Mill St., P O Box 35. Tel. 1-9 Nanaimo B. C.

A complete stock of Rough and Dressed Lumber always on hand; also Shingles, Laths, Pickets, Doors, Windows and Blinds, Moulding, Scroll sawing, Turning and all kinds of wood finishing furnished Cedar, White Pine, Redwood.

All orders accompanied with CASH promptly and carefully attended to.

Steamer Estell

Harbor and ontside towing done at reasonable rates.

F. W. Hart

Manufacturer, Importer, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

FURNITURE

CARPETS, LINOLEUM, OIL CLOTH AND — HOUSE FURINISHING —

☞ Largest Establishment of its kind.

21-24 Cordova St. Vancouver, B. C

J. W. McCann

Carpenter *

And Builder

General Job Work

☞ UNDERTAKER.

Courtenay B. C.

Fraser & Thomas

Stage and Livery Business

Stage connects with all steamers at the Bay.

Also do a general

Teaming Business

Orders may be left at the Courtenay Hotel, or this office.

Dr W J Curry

(DENTIST.)

Green's Block—near Post Office—Nanaimo. Any number of teeth removed without pain and without the use of Ether or Chloroform.

H A Simpson

Barrister and Solicitor. Office in 2nd flat, Green's Block. Nanaimo, B. C.

SPRING MILLENERY

We have received our new Millenery and are very busy filling orders for spring Hats and Bonnets. Come down and see us at once

DRESS GOODS

We have surpassed anything ever attempted before in this line, and the trimmings are simply elegant.

All our New Jackets and Capes are to hand

SLOAN & SCOTT

Commercial Street Nanaimo B. C.

I Make It a Point To Know

THE GOODS I HANDLE.

For the last thirty years having handled Silver Ware, manufactured by the Celebrated firms of Ried and Barton—Rodgers 1847—and Meriden Britannia, I know them to be A 1. In Jewelry, Clocks, Watches, and Spectacles, I Show the Largest Stock in the city, AT HARD TIMES PRICES.

Special attention given to reparing in ALL Branches of the Trade.

Orders by mail will have prompt attention.

M. R. Counter,

Crescent Jewelry Store. Nanaimo B. C.

Vancouver Furniture Warehouse.

Established 1873.

BASTION, WHARF AND FRONT STREETS

JOHN HILBERT.

MANUFACTURER AND DIRECT IMPORTER

— Also Dealer in —

CARPETS BEDDING AND WALL PAPER, GENERAL HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS, AGENT WHITE SEWING MACHINES. UNDERTAKER.

NANAIMO B. C. P. O. box 16.

Nanaimo Cigar Factory.

Philip Gable, Proprietor.

Baston Street — Nanaimo B. C.

Manufactures the finest cigares, employing none but white labor.

Why purchase inferior foreign cigars, when you can obtain a SUPERIOR ARTICLE for the same money?

Raper Raper & Co.

Booksellers, Statiouers,

General News Agents.

Nanaimo. B. C.

Nanaimo Machine Works

OF

Robert J. Wenborn

Fraser Street

Near Bastion Street Bridge

Nanaimo B. C.

All Kinds of Machinery made to order and repaired.

Fruit Trees

Mainland Nursery *

* Ladners Landing B. C.

A large supply of three and four year old

APPLE TREES

Also Pears Plumes, Prunes, and Peaches Ornamental trees for lawns and grass plots. Small fruits, shrubs and evergreens of every variety.

M. R. Gilchrist,

Courtenay

C. B.

The Nanaimo Pharmacy

Nanaimo B. C.

W. E. Mc Cartney Chemist, Manager.

Pure Drugs Chemicals and Patent Medicines.

Physicians Presciptions and all orders filled with care and dispatch. P. O. box 12

Geo. Bevilockway,

Red House

Commercial St. = Nanaimo. B. C.

Dealer in General Merchandise.

Highest cash Price Paid for Furs, Hides, and Country Produce.

Ralph Craig's

Nanaimo Steam

CARRAGE WORKS.

Baston St. Bridge, Nanaimo, B. C.

General Blacksmithing, Horseshoeing Carrage Building, etc.

Wagons and Farming Implements made and repaired. Miners' Auger Drilling Machines made to order on short notice.

J. G. Melvin

Experienced Watchmaker

Manufacturing Jeweler

And Diamond Setter.

Work done for the trade.
Repairing a specialty
A trial solicited
Orders by mail
Box 598, No 208 Abbot St. Vancouver.

Eureka Bottling Works,

LOUIS LAWRENCE, PROPRIETOR,

— MANUFACTURER OF —

SODA WATER, LEMONADE, GINGER ALE,

Sarsaparalla and Champagne Cider, Iron Phosphates, Syrups.

Bottler of Different Brands of Lager Beer Steam Beer and Porter Agent for Union Brewery Company.

Nanaimo and Courtenay B. C.

T. D. McLean

Jeweler, Bookseller

and Dealer in

Organs, Pianos, Music Stationery, and Notions of all kinds.

Union Mines, B. C.

COURTENAY

LOTS.

I have some splended lots for sale, both business and residential.

Now is the time to buy to advantage before the Canada Westain Railway reaches here.

With the advent of the railway, in addition to the other conceded advantages of the place, prices must rule very high.

This town is located in the midst of the largest agricultural settlement on Vancouver Island. It is within six miles of Union Mines affording the farmers of the valley the very best home market, and is situated on the only highway leading from the settlement to the mines. The lumber interests of this section are most extensive and are an important factor in our progress.

The per cent of improvements of this town during the present year is greater than any other place the Coast can boast of, and the march of improvement is still onward.

The prosperity of the town has for its foundations, therefore large mineral, agricultural and timber recources. It may also be added that no section furnishes a better field for the sportsman. Fish and game are always abundant and our hotels of the best.

For particulars address.

Joseph McPhee

Courtenay B.C.

Wm. Cheney

[Office at the bridge]

COURTENAY B. C.

Real Estate Agent and Auctioneer.

Lots sold on easy terms.

SETTLERS SATISFACTORILY LOCATED ON PUBLIC LANDS.

Comox Saw Mills.

Rough and Dressed Lumber

White Pine always in stock.

All orders executed promptly.

Urquhart Bros. Proprs. Comox B.C,