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G. A. McBain & Co.
Real Estate Brokers
Nanaimo, B. C.

The Weekly News.

G. A. McBain & Co.
Real Estate Brokers
Nanaimo, B. C.

NO. 92. COURTENAY, COMOX DISTRICT, B. C. WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 15, 1894. $2.00 PER YEAR

McKim's Store.

UNION, B. C.

IMPORTER and DEALER

—IN—

Groceries, Hardware, Paints
Clothing, Crockery, Boots
Gent's Furnishing, Tobacco's, Shoes

Orders Taken for Custom Made Suits.

INSURNACE — REAL ESTATE

MARCUS WOLFE,
Financial and General Commission Broker,
P. O. DRAWER 17, JOHNSTON BLOCK, NANAIMO, B. C.

Canada Permanent Loan and Savings Company, Toronto.
Citizens' Building Society of Nanaimo,
Scottish Union and National Insurance Company.
Hartford Fire Insurance Company.
Union Fire Insurance Company of London, England.
Eastern Fire Assurance Company, of Halifax.
Phœnix Fire Assurance Co., of London, England.
Sun Life Assurance Co., of Canada.
Great Northern Railway.

Money to Loan on Improved Farm Property.

D. W. KARN AND CO'S

Organs and Pianos stand without a rival; have received the last gold medal given by the Dominion of Canada, and the last gold medal given by the Toronto Industrial Exhibition.

For further information and catalogue apply to

JOHN MAY,
Nanaimo
Agent for Vancouver Island.

Or Grant & McGregor,
Union, B. C.

Union Meat Market.

Choicest meats always on hand. Fresh Fish Weekly.
Vegetables etc.
Vessels supplied on the shortest notice.
Simon Leiser, Prop.

Puntledge Bottling Works.

DAVID JONES, - - PROP.

— MANUFACTURER OF —

SODA WATER, LEMONADE, GINGER ALE,
Sarsaparalla and Champagne Cider, Iron Phosphates, Syrup
Bottler of Different Brands of Lager Beer Steam Beer and Porter.
Agent for the Union Brewery Company.
KEG BEER SOLD FOR CASH ONLY.
Courtenay B. C.

UNION STORE

Largest Stock of General Merchandise in the PROVINCE

—ALSO—

View and Complete Stock of Household Furniture, Splendid line of Carpets, Window Shades and Japanese Matting.

We Invite inspection of our stock of Spring and Summer Dress Goods, Hats, Laces, Flowers, etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc. etc

Gents Furnishings a specialty.

Mrs. Mary Riley, (Late of Boston is now in charge of our Dressmaking Department.
Best Styles and Satisfaction guaranteed.
Simon Leiser, Prop.

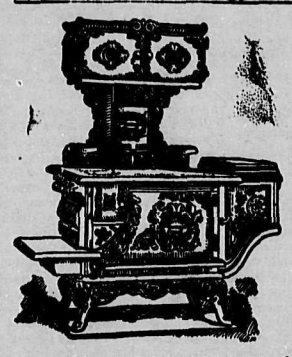
McPhee & Moore.

COMOX, BC.

Importers & Dealers in

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

Sportsmens Supplies a Speciality



Union Mines Furniture Store.

A Full Line of Everything. Including Granite and Hardware.

CONTRACTORS AND BUILDERS.

UNDERTAKING IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

Grant & McGregor Props

Ice Cream Parlors.

UNION, B. C.

Soda Water, Candies, Stationery and Books,
FRUIT A SPECIALTY.
Presided over by Miss Knapp.

TOBACCOS.

Imported and Domestic Cigars. Briar and Meerschaum Goods.
The Above Stores Adjoin, Where Everything of the best in their Respective lines will be found.

A. W. McIntyre, Prop.

E. Pimbury & Co.

Has Opened at Cumberland in the
NEW WILLIAMS BLOCK
—A—
DRUG AND STATIONERY STORE.
Where the Best of Everything in Their Line is Kept.
GIVE THEM A CALL

Latest Novelties.

—IN—
Suitings, Coatings and Trouserings.
—BY—
Thos. C. Morgan,
The Tailor.
Office (At Present,)
First Floor, Cumberland Hotel.
UNION B. C.

J. A. Cathew
ARCHITECT and BUILDER,
UNION, B. C.

Union Clothing Store.
Goods At Cost.

For the next thirty days you can purchase at the Union Clothing Store Clothing, Hats, Boots, Shoes, White and Colord Shirts, Collars, Cuffs, Gents under Clothing, Socks, Overalls, Cordigan Jackets at cost. The above goods all new. Please call and inspect goods. Suits made to order at the lowest possible price

County Court of Nanaimo.

A sitting of the above court will be holden at Comox on Wednesday the 29th day of August 1894 at the hour of 3 in the afternoon at the Court House, Comox.

Nanaimo, 10th July 1894. H. Stanton, Deputy Register.

Notice.

During my temporary absence from the Province, Mr. T. Bowness holds my power of attorney.

J. B. Holmes.

FOR SALE.

"BLUE BLOOD YET." 29686 A.S.R.

The Sweepstakes Yearling Shropshire Ram of 1891. Winner of First Prize at Shropshire and West Midland Show in England, 1891. Also First Prize in his class everywhere exhibited in America. Also Sweepstakes Winner over all Down Breeds at Minnesota and Dakota State Fairs, 1891, and Winner of Silver Medal at Dakota State Fair, Sioux Falls, 1891, for best Ram any age or breed with four Ewes.

Selected in England by A. O. Fox and now standing at the head of Woodside Flock.

Having imported a son (Top Pick) of the above celebrated Ram in 1892, and bred him to some fine Half Breed "Shropshire" Ewes. I have now for sale some Extra Fine Yearling Rams and Ram Lambs, at $20.00 each. I also have some good land improved or unimproved, in lots from 40 acres to 200 at from $10 an acre up and on terms to suit purchasers.

Apply to Geo. Heatherbell, Hornby Island.

Robert Sanderson.
Joiner & Cartwright
Courtenay. B. C.

Your Attention.

I beg to inform the Residents of Union Comox and Courtenay that I have removed my place of business, formerly in the Cumberland Hotel to the fine large store in the Williams Block. I will offer great inducements for the next month, from my large and well assorted stock of Scotch, English and Irish tweeds and serges, and also from endless variety of panting. Satisfaction guaranteed or no sale.

Thos. C. Morgan,
Importer of Fine Woolens.

Union Flashes

The San Mateo left last Wednesday noon with 4,500 tons of coal for Los Angelos, Cal.

The tug Tepic left Wednesday for Vancouver with coke and coal.

The steamer Lottie left Friday for Victoria taking coal to the Northwestern Steamship Co.

The steamer Mineola left Monday for San Francisco with 3300 tons of coal.

The Waverly House has a new sign painted by Tom Erwin of Victoria.

The order for the lumber for the new Catholic church is in the mill.

Mrs. Sam Davis has been quite ill for a few days.

Mrs. J. Piket left on the Joan for Victoria on Wednesday.

In July there were six days slightly showery. The total rain fall for the month was 40/100th of an inch

J. Piket received last week a heavy consignment of ice from the Union Brewery Co, of Nanaimo.

The Cumberland Hall is being plastered. Look out for a big time when it is finished.

The boiler and hoisting machine for sinking the new shaft have been taken to the place by Grant & Mounce.

Peter Muer, a miner, got a severe scalp wound on the side of the head, requiring five or six stiches. It was caused by falling coal.

McPhee & Moore's store and market building is being rapidly pushed towards completion by Grant & Mounce, the contractors.

Messrs Ennis & Garrison were awarded the contract for building the addition to the school house. The ell will be 19 by 32ft.

No. 3 locomotive is being repainted and a set of new wheels supplied. The latter are from the Baldwin Locomotive Works, Philadelphia, and weigh 13,900 lbs.

Miss Nash, the fashionable milliner has removed into her new building, corner of Dunsmuir ave, and Third street. She is doing a fine business and is desirous of securing the services of a young girl.

Grant & Mounce have secured this years crop of the Mathewson farm. Mr. J. P. Davis, the gardener will look after the vegetables. Mr. Mathewson and family will pay a visit to California.

The Nixons of Denman Island have bought five lots in block VIII on Derwent ave. between Second and Third streets and will erect 10 houses. Two of these houses are to be built immediately by Grant & McGregor.

There is great rivalry between the ice cream saloons. They are on opposite sides of the streets, and give you heaped up plates of wonderfully fine cream. The plan is to patronize one and walk across the street and try the other. Usually this is so satisfactory that the operation is repeated. This is carried to such extent that the hotel tables are neglected. Living steadily on ice cream gives a certain interesting pale expression which it is popular for the young people to affect.

The Social Event.

Mr. and Mrs. Lindsay gave a social party at The Waverly on Friday night. About 100 were present, representing the elite of the town; Courtenay and the outside towns were also represented. The large dining hall and sitting room adjoining were thrown into one constituting a magnificent dancing hall, the floor of which was in splendid condition. The music, under the charge of Mr. D. McAllister, ably assisted by Messrs Roy, —— and Jones was first class. An excellent supper was sat down to, to which ample justice was done.

The guests left at 4 a. m. after first congratulating the Lindsays on the unqualified success of what they were pleased to denominate as the most delightful party of the season.

A Public Greviance.

Editor News:

Mr. S. Creech, the Gov. agent, continues to progress steadily for the worst, and if the Government had been thoroughly acquainted with his unfair way of doing things they surely would never have allowed him to act the tyrant as long as he has done. A short time ago he put out public notice inviting tenders for work to be done on Tsolum River and Black Creek roads. The first half mile on Tsolum River road was not freshly blazed nor marked in any way so that a stranger could find it or follow it,—very probably for the purpose of preventing anybody from tendering who was not in his circle. But finding himself defeated in his unfair purpose, he resorted to another device. On the evening of the 9th instant I went to his house in company with another gentleman, to see him and as the time for the tenders was already up I ventured to ask him whether he intended to open the tenders that evening as I felt anxious to learn my luck, but he said he could not open them that night as he had a lot of writing to do He further told me that word would be sent to the tenderers some time next week concerning the result. But that same night after I left his house he opened the tenders and some of his favorites were telling it early the next morning that he made known to certain ones that he only opened the tenders to know the figures or the tenderers' price, and had sent these prices to Headquarters. He did not send the sealed tenders below which would have been an honorable way. No doubt there was something rotten in this matter by the way he acted from the beginning. Now why was he not frank and truthful with me that night when I asked him about the tenders? You see he opened the tenders that night after I went away and did not let me know anything about the tenders needing to go below to Headquarters for further consideration. Why should Mr. Creech open the tenders at all, seeing that the figures had to go below before the work would be decided upon? Every man in that case should have sent his tenders direct to Victoria where there would be nothing to fear. Mr. Creech has acted very unfairly ever since he has been in office and his pecular ways are provoking to the public. I am one of the many in this district who have no confidence in Mr. Creech. It would require more than a newspaper to find room enough to mention the full details of the many instances of Mr. Creech's pecular ways of doing things.

John Johnston,

Now is Your Chance.

J. Abrams has received a large consignment of suitings which have been delayed on the road. They will go cheap. Suits for $20 and upwards.

Wanderings From Comox.

No. VIII.

I kept on the look out for a job. At last I struck one; it was short and sweet like the girl I know of up in Union.—One day I got a dollar just the same. By this time I noticed the girl that slung letters at the post office address me as "Georgie" which I didn't like. The gal that slung papers was nearly as forward so I came to the conclusion that I had better send some one else for my mail. I could, I saw, get either, but was afraid of one disfiguring the other, but whether that happened I'm not prepared to say, but rather guess they did not go so far. One day at the letter window, I had trouble in changing a $20 bill. I was lazy for a good while, in fact didn't feel like working at all. It was the only time I ever remember to have felt lazy.

One day I was rambling along chewing a tooth pick and sporting a tiny cane when the boss of the B. C. Cooperage and Jute Works asked me if I wanted a job. My first impulse was to feel insulted, and ask him what he took me for, but after a little consideration I thought I had better take it. I only worked five hours that month being as it was the last end of it. I drew my pay. The statement read thus:

B. C. Cooperage and Jute Works.
To George Finley Dr.
For 5 hours labor at 7 cents per hour ..... $0.35.

I rushed in on him and unloaded myself of the storm of oaths I had pent up in the proceeding 2 minutes, then finished up with, "What do you take me for—A Chinaman?" He said, "There is a slight resemblance." I disappeared muttering something about suing for libel.

Well, I soon made a raise and got along all right for a few days. When as I was walking along with a big block in my arms I tripped and fell on my face giving one of my eyes an African color. The boss made great sport of it, and the boys followed suit while the eye kept its color, which was for 21 days 21 hours 21 minutes and 21 seconds, and something like 21 more. Soon the boss got a better opinion of me and so promoted me; that is he put two gentlemen of the land of vice and rice in my care. You can imagine my feelings.

Pretty soon after the boys started a fire brigade and for some reason or other choose me as Fire Chief. We were provided with hose, buckets, etc. About a week after this we were upstairs eating, an alarm of fire was raised and like the true chief I was, I mustered my men and took the lead. We got the buckets and started for the fire. Of course, I got there first and found the hose of another brigade playing on it from below. I proceeded to empty my bucket of water. Some of it in falling, happened to light on the hose man, and he seeing he had the fire under control turned his attention to me, also his hose. The result was that I had a collision with the water, and with the floor soon after, such was the force of the water. The upshot of it was I lost my position. As to my Chinamen they were willing to work, but there was too much, "No sarve" to suit me, and one fellow in particular was absolutely cultus; so I did my best to get rid of him. He couldn't stand the heat in the drying kiln, and he wasn't near as strong as I was, and that's saying plaguy little, besides the boss was always complimenting me for keeping the machines busy. So if I didn't get a better Chinaman I wouldn't keep up; therefore one day my gang was sent outside to file bolts. I told them there was no two men's sticks there, though I must confess I rather doubted my word. The cultus Chinaman did anything and mighty sudden too; so he departed, but soon returned with the boss. I explained. The boss picked up the biggest bolt in sight and trotted off with it. I took the smallest I could see and triumphantly followed him. The result was the Mongolian got his walking papers and I got another Chinaman with all the latest improvements. I put him to severe test which he withstood wonderfully.

About this time I came to pay my bill at the hotel. The boss tried to cheat me out of $2.50 and got me so rattled that he got the best of me. Never mind said I, "I'll do the same at the end of the month." So he reckoned it up and as I still owed him something, it came to $25; so he made me give him an order on the company I was working for. I told him to come along on pay-day and collect it. Well, pay-day arrived in due time, so did Washburn's circus. My landlord being an absent minded kind of a fellow forgot to draw my pay, so I did it myself. It amounted to $37.50. I blowed the $7.50 in on the circus and Dominion Day. Then it bothered me a good deal as what I would do with the remaining $30.

While watching the soldiers drilling on Cordova street I came in contact with J. B. Bennett escorting a brace of females. He gave me a good deal of friendly advice, but I won't argue as to the quality of it. In my humble opinion the two feminines kept him pretty busy.

Geo. Finley.

[To be Continued.]

What Does It Mean?

A survey party of seven under surveyor Going came up on last week's steamer, Joan and were taken up Oyster River way by Messrs Smith & McKenzie. Their headquarters will be at Joe Stewart's. Young Miller and Williams back of the Bay were added to the party. Going with one or two of the party came back in a day or two and were engaged in some work with their instruments not far from the mouth of the Courtenay River. Going and the members of the party are very reticent about the purpose of their work, and hence all sorts of inferences are drawn.

Notice.

Having sold out The Riverside to Mr. W. Sharp, I desire to close up all matters connected with my business here as speedily as possible.

Persons indebted to me are requested to make payment without delay and those having accounts against me to present the same promptly.

J. J. Grant.

Federal Voters.

Instructions have been sent out from Ottowa to the revising officers so that the Federal voters lists shall be made complete. The revising officer for Vancouver district is Judge Crease.

Fir logs have advanced $1 per thousand.

Local Brevities.

Harry Martin's cottage by the river is finished.

Mr. Geo. Howe, proprietor of the Nelson House was up this way on Monday.

The civil war in Samoa still drags along.

Caesario Santo, who murdered President Carnot, will be guillotined.

Princess Charlotte, ex-empress of Mexico, is slowly dying.

F. W. Robbins has taken the school at Denman Island.

On Saturday, Aug. 4th the Empress of China ran aground on the bar at Shanghai.

Two vessels have left England to be transferred to Japan on the high seas. They were flying the Spanish flag.

Gladstone declines the invitation to visit America owing to the infirmities of age.

The great railroald strike in the United States inflicted a loss estimated at $100,000,000

C. Wesley Price, representing D. M. Ferry & Co. Windsor and Detroit, was up on last steamer and left on Friday.

A party of six left the settlement for Texada Island to prospect and do work on claims belonging to them.

J. J. Grant has sold the hotel, Courtenay, to W. Sharp, who formerly was lessee of The Elk, at the Bay

Mr. Kenneth Grant stepped upon a nail from which he is quite lame, He is on the mend.

FOR SALE.—A Jersey bull, full pedigree. Apply to John Piket, Cumberland Hotel, Union

Mr. J. S. Wilson has sold his stage wagon to A. C. Fulton of Union, and discontinued the stage business.

Messrs Proctor and Hawkes of the sloop Restless have contracted with Mr. Isaac Davis to clear up ten acres of his Lake trail ranch.

On Friday the little son of Wm. Parkin, up the Settlement, fell into a pail of boiling milk and was badly scalded.

Mr. John Masson has sold off of his homestead in Courtenay a quarter of an acre of land. Mr. Perry will build at once.

A Mr. Robinson, of Steveston, was fined $30 and costs in the District court, Westminster, yesterday, for unlawfully practicing medicine.

The Urquhart Bros. have secured the milling timber of a large area of the neighboring forest, and have given C. B. Rabson a large contract for getting out logs.

The stone walls of the basement of J. McPhee's new store at Courtenay will soon be completed and upon them without any unnecessary delay will rise the superstructure of the new trade building.

Rumor has it that a handsome young bachelor has bought a couple of lots on the Piercy road beyond the school house in Courtenay, and that he will build at once. Is it to be a bachelor's hall or the mansion of a Benedict?

The party, consisting of P. Scharschmidt, W. C. Pierce and A. Lindsay, jr. who went in a sail boat to Oyster River, on a fishing excursion, returned last Wednesday. They caught 180lbs of fine fish, but had a rough time in getting them

The Miowera owned by the Canadian and Australian Line struck on an unknown rock off the coast of Norway and has been greatly damaged. She was intending soon to resume her monthly trips between Vancouver and Sidney.

Squamish Charlie has been arrested for the murder of James McRory on Sea Island. The murder was committed on the 6th inst at Sea Island for money. Squamish Charlie is a bad Indian and when found there were blood stains on his clothes.

Next to the giant young town of Cumberland, Courtenay is growing, on account, probably, of its beauty, fine fishing magnificent scenery, and of its being the gateway between the Mines which irrigates with showers of gold the surrounding country, and the most generous valley lands of the island.

W. Sharp, formerly of The The Elk took possession of the Riverside Hotel on Monday. The cuisine will be under the charge of Mrs Sharp which is a guarantee that it will be first class. Jack O'Brien, the popular bar tender will be missed, but he will be heard from further on at Union. By his unvarying courtesy and attention to customers he has made a host of friends in a compartively short time.

Birth.

ROE.—At Courtenay, August, the 10th Mrs, Geo. Henry Roe, of a son.

Butter,

Highest price paid for fresh Ranch Butter and Eggs. Apply to box 28, Wellington, B. C.

Diseased Animals.

Tuberculosis is quite prevalent in the cattle on the Lower Fraser and the Provincial Inspector of Live Stock is pretty busy. The dairy business is of course suffering heavily in that section.

Resident Physician.

Dr. John Westwood has received the appointment of Resident Physician for Comox District, dating from the 6th inst. With the appointment is a grant of $300 per annum. The appointment has been expected for some time, and is quite popular.

Clean Health Bill.

F. S. Roper, V. S., Victoria, was up this way last week. His business was to enquire into any contagious diseases of animals which might exist. He was well received by the farmers he visited but he found no stock having any contagious desease. He spoke of the contagious diseases prevailing on the Lower Fraser valley and advised that care should be exercised in procuring stock from that section at present. So far as known the trouble south of Vancouver may be very extensive, but some cattle have been condemed and milk from some dairies prohibited. If any case should occur in this district it should be reported at once to Mr. Roper, Victoria.

PRACTICAL FARMING.

Preparing Plums for Market.

In most cases experience has proven that plums, if shipped to market in ten-pound grape baskets, provided with handles, and put up in neat, presentable shape, will bring the producer a greater per cent. of profit than if shipped in half-bushel, or bushel crates, or packages. A careful picker can fill the basket direct from the tree; but the usual plan is to pick into large receptacles, then, carefully sorting the plums, to place them in packages ready for market. This frequent handling removes a great deal of the bloom from the fruit, which removal should be avoided as much as possible. By the use of a single table, similar to the one shown in the engraving, plums and other similar fruits are easily sorted. The top of the table should not be over three feet long and two and one-half feet wide. The sides and back, *r,r,r*, may be eight inches wide at the back, tapering to three inches in front; the front guards, *e e*, should be less than three inches high, leaving a six-inch space between the inner ends; the slanting board, *g*, is six inches wide. To operate it, place the fruit carefully upon

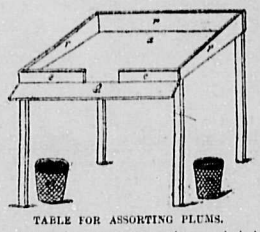


TABLE FOR ASSORTING PLUMS.

the table, the sorter occupying a chair in front of the table, with a basket on his lap. Both hands can then be used in removing the leaves, limbs, damaged or imperfect fruit, throwing the refuse into baskets, *m, m*, located upon the floor, at a convenient point upon each side. The perfect fruit, or that intended for shipping, is rolled in front and passes over the incline, *g*, into the basket. This table need cost but little, and may be made in as crude or elaborate a form as wished. In working, the elbows can rest upon the guards, *e e*, which will make the operation much easier. An ordinary table can be fitted with these simple appliances, and quickly removed after the shipping season is passed.

Relation of Butter Flavor And Color.

The Rural New Yorker recently asked several experts whether butter flavor is dependent on the color. The following is an abstract of some of the replies:

H. H. Dean, Ontario agricultural college: Generally speaking white butter lacks flavor, although it is possible to have naturally white butter of good flavor by ripening cream properly.

L. L. Van Slyke, New York experiment station:—When cows are turned out to grass, the butter becomes higher in color and flavor, but who can show that this is not a mere coincidence, or that the increase of color has anything to do with increase of flavor?

S. M. Babcock, Wisconsin experiment station: It is a well established fact that the butter from the Guernseys and Jerseys has a higher color than that from the Holsteins, Ayrshires and Shorthorns. If the above question be true, I would expect that the Jersey and Guernsey butter would have a higher flavor than that from the other breeds mentioned. This, however, does not appear to be the case.

C. D. Smith, Michigan agricultural college: There is absolutely no connection whatever between high color and high flavor. Between color and flavor there is no relation of cause and effect.

A. L. Wales: I do not think color has any influence on flavor which is determined by feed and management in manufacturing the product.

J. L. Hills, Vermont experiment station: As butter is usually made, color and flavor go, to some extent, hand in hand.

John Gould: As color in butter is largely an individual peculiarity of cows, and what the market calls flavor is a creation of the butter maker secured through the agency of ferments working on the sugar and casein of the milk and not the fats, it is hard to see how, conditions being similar, the natural color of milk has very much to do with the flavor of the butter.

Prof. H. W. Conn, Middletown, Conn.: Butter flavor and color are entirely distinct, and it is possible to produce high flavor without color.

Sheep Ticks.

Some farmers seem satisfied to raise 50 per cent. of lambs. Others appear content if they winter their sheep without losing any, no matter how poor and weak they may have become by spring, owing to insufficient nourishment, exposure to storms, or the fact that parasites have existed in large and increasing numbers.

No good caretaker fails to see the value of furnishing an abundance of nourishing food or to provide suitable shelter from storms. By dipping at seasonable times all trouble and loss from parasitic pests is done away with.

Dipping our sheep for parasites has become as regular a feature of caring for our flock as shearing. It not only destroys the pests if present but it insures the flock, so to speak, from future outbreaks of scab, etc.

Some men say that it pays if for nothing, else than the improvement in the quality and quantity of the fleece. This, of course, can only be said of dips, which do not stain the wool or injure the quality of the fibre. Lime and sulphur preparations should be strenuously avoided. Arsenical dips, while perhaps it is necessary to use them with more care, are giving most general satisfaction. We have used prepared dips, we have tried compounding our own dips, among other things we have tried kerosene emulsion but found it little, if any, cheaper than those already prepared, while the inconvenience of making it was not a small item.

Farmers are sometimes careless in using dips; that is, instead of following the directions of the manufacturers, they amend them to suit their own fancy and convenience. If you wish to be good to the flock remember that nothing can cause much greater misery to the sheep than the presence of ticks, lice or scab.

When is a Cow at Her Best?

Prof. Wall discusses this question and comes to this conclusion: That maximum annual production and the greatest profits come at five to eight years, and that young animals give richer milk than older ones. On the question, how long to keep a cow, he says:

Keep her as long as she pays for her board, and some more. In individual cases it is not seldom to find very old cows that are still very profitable, while on the other hand we also find cows that are worth but little when over 10-12 years old. (A good many cows do not have to grow twelve years old to be worth little, either.) There are examples that cows have given large quantities of milk up to the twentieth year or above, but such are exceptional cases. What is a cow worth when beyond ten or twelve years of age and in fact at any time, will of course depend on a great many conditions; constitution, feeding, length and number of her past periods of lactation, treatment received, etc. The cow, Lady Bright, 16½ years old, gave over a pound of fat a day during the ninety-day breed test, and was still a good and profitable cow, but she had doubtless long ago passed her, highest mark. The better a cow is cared for and the better the system of feeding and the general conditions surrounding her, the longer will she be apt to give a good flow of milk; it furthermore seems reasonable to suppose that prolonged lactation periods, especially if the cow is milked up to calving time year after year, will tend to shorten her period of profitableness.

SHIPMENT OF GOLD.

A Fabulous Amount of Gold Carried to Europe Since the Beginning of the Year.

The quantity of treasure carried across the Atlantic when Spain was robbing Mexico, Central America, and South America, though supposed to be fabulous, is small compared with that which passes between this continent and Europe now a days. The rich freight of a returning Spanish galleon would seldom run into the millions as do the gold shipments on board some of the fast Atlantic steamers on their outward trip from New York. Since the beginning of the year these steamers have carried from the United States to Europe more than forty million dollars' worth of gold. Last year nearly seventy million dollars' worth was shipped abroad during the gold-exporting season. On a single vessel there will often be as much as

THREE MILLION DOLLARS' WORTH

of the yellow metal. The buccaneers had rarely such a prize as that to lie in wait for in the gilded, gorgeous days of the sixteenth century. Also in those times there were fewer treasureships crossing. A few galleons sufficed to carry the yearly spoil to Cadiz. Of course, the gold shipments, great as they are, are but a small fraction of the total wealth coming and going on the Atlantic. But the very magnitude of this commerce has done away with piracy. Navies have grown up to protect shipping. Other modern circumstances have assisted in the decay of piracy on the high seas. Steam and the development of a high rate of speed made the merchantmen hard to catch; steam also led to the changing of the trade route, and the gradual quitting of the path of the trade winds, near which the buccaneers had their lurking places in the mazes of the West Indies. But the powerful protection marine commerce now enjoys is enough to render piracy on the high seas impossible. The only risk now a days is loss by shipwreck, and that risk shippers transfer to the shoulders of insurance companies. But the cost of insurance, the freight, and the loss of interest, are a check to gold exportation, and are only overcome when remittance by bills of exchange are still more expensive. Above all these expenses there is always the danger of losing the cargo.

IF THE VESSEL WENT DOWN

the insurance could not prevent the gold from being lost, though it could throw the loss of it off the exporter. Also, the exportation of gold is frequently injurious to the country which parts with it. The condition of the United States last year is an example of such injury. Therefore, though there is no longer any danger from pirates, the trading countries have good reasons for preferring to pay their adverse balances in some other way than by gold shipments. It would seem that they should be able to make their settlements without shipping gold to Europe in the spring and then back to America in the fall. There is waste in this method. Britain would not be importing gold if there was anything else that could possibly be done with her foreign balances. She has now more than she knows what to do with. If her capitalists had confidence in business in the United States her balances would be left there, as all spare commercial bills would be bought up against drafts on English investors.

ARREST OF THE LEADER.

Debs Indicted by the Grand Jury—Says He is Not a Dipsomaniac.

At Chicago, Judge Grosscup on Tuesday morning charged the special grand jury as to its duties in regard to the big strike. The charge was sweeping enough to cover offences of all kinds. Judge Grosscup said labor unions were necessary, and that their purpose was good, but when they interfered with rights of others they exceeded their prerogatives. Judge Grosscup said if 10 men met and agreed to injure the business of a road it was conspiracy, but if one man controlled the actions of the 10 and ordered them out, it could hardly be defined as such.

The jury indicted Debs, Howard, Rogers, Kelleher and several other strike leaders for conspiracy and they were arrested.

They are indicted for conspiracy, which is punishable by a fine of from $1,000 to $5,000 or imprisonment for not more than two years, and also for hindering the execution of the laws of the United States, which is a much more serious offence, punishable by a fine of from $3,000 to $5,000, or imprisonment for not more than six years.

DEBS A DIPSOMANIAC.

President Debs says regarding the charges made by Dr. Robinson that he was a dipsomaniac, that the doctor's talk was not worrying him much.

"I was a drunkard once, I admit," said Mr. Debs, "but I went to Dwight and took the Keeley cure. I am a drunkard no longer, and liquor has no more fascination for me."

Notwithstanding Mr. Debs' statement it is claimed that when it was reported last Friday that he had gone to Buffalo he was so drunk he could not talk intelligibly. On Friday afternoon and evening he could not be found, and several people say they saw him at Englewood much the worse for liquor. This Mr. Debs emphatically denies.

Watches of Parisian Swells.

The latest fad of the Parisian swells is the aluminum timepiece. They are very light in weight, but a trifle more than the works. The cases are in a dull black color—very effective. Some are open-faced, some are often in a small 2-inch disc in the centre, with small gilt hands on the black face of the watch, but they are in all sorts of inlaid decoration in colorings, and the best of it is they are very reasonable in price.

It is the custom at the capital for the gentry to carry this timepiece in the right-hand trousers pocket, along with the keys, *coin, matchbox, and other paraphernalia* of the masculine pocket. It is, moreover, the wont of the owners to rush the hand down in the pocket with great show of devil-may-care and bring forth the watch, of which the material is unscratchable, from among the other articles, glance at the time, and carelessly replace it with an air of certainty in its infallibility.

Since Denmark established dairy schools and made a science of butter-making 100,000,000 pounds of butter have been exported from the country annually.

Household.

A Mother's Duty.

There is no part of a woman's duty to her child that a young mother should so soon make it her business to study as the voice of her infant, and the language conveyed in its cry. The study is neither hard nor difficult, close attention to its tone and the expression of the baby's features are the two most important points demanding attention. The key to both the mother will find in her own heart.

It is of the greatest importance that young children should be carefully protected from the practices of unprincipled nurses who, while calming the mother's mind with false statements as to the character of the baby's cries, rather than lose their rest, or devote that time which would remove the cause of suffering, administer behind the curtains those deadly narcotics which, while stupifying nature into sleep, insure for herself a night of many unbroken hours. Many nurses have not the hardihood to dose their infant charges, but they do not hesitate to employ other means to still the constant and reproachful cry. The most frequent means employed for this purpose is giving the babe something to suck—something easily concealed from the mother, or, when that is impossible, under the plea of keeping it warm, the nurse covers it in her lap with a shawl, and under this blind inserts a finger between the parched lips which possibly moan for drink. Under this delusion the infant is pacified, and drops into a troubled sleep.

We again urge mothers to put themselves sympathetically in communication with their children so that they will be able to recognize the various shades of expression in the infantile voice.

Best Modes of Preserving Food.

A correspondent writes:—I live in the country and find it impossible to secure a daily supply of ice. Last year I made up my mind to dispense with ice altogether. I will state for the benefit of other housekeepers, what I consider the best modes of preserving food.

Meat should be carefully examined every day in summer, wiped dry, and such parts as are beginning or seem liable to taint, particularly kernels, removed. In hot weather it may be kept for several days more than it otherwise would by wrapping around it a linen cloth moistened with vinegar, or equal parts of vinegar and water. The acid vapor keeps off flies, and the moisture causes cold by evaporation. Fresh charcoal bruised to powder will also prevent meat from spoiling for some time. Meat, when slightly tainted, may be freshened by boiling it for some minutes with several pieces of fresh charcoal.

Fish should be kept in a very cool place—a spring-house if possible; but if that is not available, they should be laid upon a stone floor or shelf, and dipped in cold salt water every night and morning. If it be necessary to keep them for a few days, immerse them in a *pickle of vinegar* and water.

Cabbages and other vegetables should be kept in a cool, shady and damp place, not in water, as that injures their flavor. The best way to refresh them is to cut off a portion of the stem and set the cut part in water. They should not be laid together in a heap.

I gather my fruit before it is quite ripe, place straw upon my shelves and lay the fruit on them in such a way that there is at least an inch space between each piece of fruit. I cover my poultry and game with a muslin net and hang it in the cellar.

Hygienic Summer Dishes.

The close, sultry mornings and the hot, uncomfortable nights of July make the ordinary bill of fare appear very unappetizing. There are people (one shudders to think what digestions and constitutions they are imparting to their children by such a course) on whose tables appear an unvarying course of hot, fried or baked meats, indigestible pastries and fried doughnuts the year round. The stomach is a much abused organ and stands a good deal, but your children, even "to the third and fourth generations," must pay for your misuse of yourself. There is not the slightest doubt but that, as a general thing, people eat too much. It is most often the child with the small appetite who weathers successfully many a storm of illness. A small appetite does not mean a dainty one. The dainty appetite looks for means of stimulation which too often include unhealthful dishes. If ever the housewife and mother needs to study hygienic cooking it is in summer. If ever there is an excuse for vegetarianism it is in summer, but this I do not urge other than that there shall be a free use of vegetables and fruit.

Spanish Ragout.—Fry in butter a minced Spanish onion or an equal amount of white *onions*; add a green pepper minced fine without the seeds, and sprinkle these over six large tomatoes that have been sliced and fried. Put a poached egg for each person on top and pour around a cream sauce, made by adding cream or milk thickened with flour to the butter, in the pan in which the tomatoes were fired. There is no more delightful hot weather appetizer than this.

Potato Omelet.—Take a pint of cold mashed potatoes and heat over the fire with two tablespoonfuls of sweet cream, beating with a fork until smooth and light. Add four beaten eggs, pepper, salt, and a little nutmeg and press through a sieve; heat one tablespoonful of butter in a saucepan and cook half of this mixture like an omelet. It is delightful with bacon or ham cut in thin rashers and fried crisp.

Chopped Omelet and Egg.—Have your round steak chopped very fine and freed from skin and sinews; season with salt, cayenne, and minced parsley and onion (a teaspoonful of each of the two latter to a pound of steak), add the beaten yolk of an egg, and make into small flat cakes. Fry *in drippings until cooked through* and browned on both sides; pour over the gravy, and crown each with a poached egg.

Lobster Cutlets.—Mince a pound of lobster small (the canned may be used), season with salt, white pepper, two ounces of melted butter, two beaten eggs and enough fine, sifted breadcrumbs to make it cling together. Shape in the form of cutlets; dip in crumbs, then in egg and again in crumbs, and fry in hot drippings. These are very palatable with green peas or tomato sauce.

Not A Drunkard's Paradise.

Renowned though Switzerland be for the freedom and democracy of its institutions, there is no country in the world that is so drastic and severe in its treatment of inebriates. The laws vary in detail in the 22 cantons, but in their essential principles they are very simple, and provide for the punishment not only of those persons who indulge in strong drink to excess, but also for the people who supply the liquor in question. Drunkards are visited with penalties amounting to a maximum of a year's imprisonment with hard labor and three years' interdiction from exercising the franchise and from the purchase of any alcoholic drink, while the dealers and innkeepers who permit their customers to become intoxicated or who furnish liquor to "interdicted" persons are likewise sentenced to the payment of heavy fines, imprisonment, and forfeiture of license. Altogether Switzerland can scarcely be considered as a drunkard's paradise.

"Too Good a Gun."

When Mr. Charles Montague was hunting in Africa a young native was importunate to be allowed to shoot for him, and Mr. Montague at last let him have an old single-barrelled gun. The fellow was delighted. As the Englishman says, "He put in a small handful of powder and about a quarter of a newspaper on top of it and then a ball, and then rammed the whole charge tightly down." Then he departed.

He returned in the evening in a woeful plight. His nose and mouth were split, and his face was swollen like a balloon.

He approached me and squatting on the ground announced that he had no talent for hunting, and would return home the following morning.

"Good gracious?" I said, "what have you done to your face?" And he answered as follows:

"A little after noon I found the track of elands. I followed it till I found them feeding. I crept up to one of them. He was about twenty yards off. I rested the *barrel of the gun on a stone, placed the* butt against my nose, directed the muzzle towards the eland, and pulled the trigger.

"I do not know what happened for I seemed to be deaf and blind for some short time, but when I came to, I found myself lying at the bottom of the gully, and the gun was behind me. My face was as you now see it, and I was bleeding. The elands had gone away.

"Son of a white man, it was very kind of you to lend me the gun, but it is too good a gun for me,—it is a powerful gun,—too strong for me. It needs the wisdom of a white man. Farewell!"

No Salmon in New-Zealand.

The true salmon has never yet been successfully domiciled in New-Zealand waters. Why not? Because, it is said, the New Zealand seas do so abound in voracious fish, barracouta, sharks, and the like, that the salmon has no chance of returning un*devoured from his first* visit to the salt water. But if trout can pass through such an ordeal unscathed, why cannot salmon? It is possible that the trout do not venture to sea so early as the salmon, but only when they have attained to years of discretion and are able to take care of themselves.

There must be some reason, could one but discover it. A few years ago there was much talk of trying to solve this problem in New-Zealand by an experiment on a grand scale; to wit, by turning down a quarter of a million salmon-fry at once into an unstocked river, and awaiting results. Whether this plan has been put in practice or not we are unable to say; the experiment would be interesting, though expensive, and should lead to some decisive conclusion.

But whatever the fate of the true salmon, it seems to be possible, nay, likely, that the English trout in New-Zealand may develop, so to speak, salmonhood of their own.

Not so Easy as it Looks.

Lay a chair on the floor in the manner shown by the picture. Ask some one to kneel on the back bar and take up with his mouth a piece of sugar laid on the forward end.

This is apparently an easy thing to do, but if the person who tries it does not take care to kneel in such a way that the centre of gravity of his body is kept behind the *seat, the chair will infallibly tip over,* to the great amusement of the spectators.—[Chums.

The Largest Baloon.

The largest baloon in the world has recently been built in England. Its capacity exceeds 100,000 cubic feet, and it will lift a ton, in addition to its own weight of one and a quarter tons. It is a sphere with a diameter at 57.24 feet, and is inclosed by 120 gores of silk, each eighteen inches wide, sewn together by four miles of stitching. One object in building the baloon has been to enable continuous observations to be made over six days without descending, and to enable this to be done, the bag is a double envelope of silk with a layer of varnish between, and uniting the two skins. The cost of construction has been $12,500. The baloon made its maiden trip from the Crystal Palace grounds on Wednesday, and after remaining up for four and a half hours in a comparative calm, descended at Hersham. *It is proposed to undertake several scientific* trips, after which it will be worked as a captive baloon.

A Canine Crusade.

A crusade is about to be begun against the canine race, says a Paris letter. It has been discovered that whereas there are nearly 500,000 dogs in Paris there are only some 80,000 that are licensed. Should the authorities carry out their intention of making a hecatomb of all dogs for whom licenses have been procured a profitable industry will be overtaken by ruin. For the 500,000 dogs cost, according to official statistics, over $5,000,000 per annum for specially prepared food. There are twenty-five manufacturers of dog collars and muzzles, who employ considerably over 1,000 hands; there are five dog bakers, six manufacturers of dog biscuits, 150 dog barbers, three pharmacies stocked with canine medicines, two dozen canine infirmaries, and two great dog hospitals, all of which will have to close up if the government proceeds with the contemplated slaughter of these canine innocents.

An Awkward Mistake.

Citiman—"If there is anything I hate, it's a little bit of a village where the shopkeepers spend half the time loafing around outside waiting for customers."

Friend—"What's the objection?"

"I took a house for the summer in a place like that, and moved there yesterday. In the afternoon I went out for provisions, and seeing a man standing in the door-way of a small grocery, I told him I would like to see his hams."

"Well?"

"He wasn't the grocer. He was the manager of a traveling minstrel show."

Love is a creature of circumstances.

It's Dangerous Ground

that you stand on—with a cough or a cold, and your blood impure. Out of just these conditions comes Consumption.

You must do something. In the earlier stages of Consumption, and in all the conditions that lead to it, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is a certain remedy. This scrofulous affection of the lungs like every other form of Scrofula, can be cured by it. In severe, lingering Coughs, all Bronchial, Throat, and Lung Affections, and every disease that can be reached through the blood, it is the only medicine so effective that it can be guaranteed. If it doesn't benefit or cure, you have your money back. Nervous prostration and debility are conquered by it.

AFTER DOCTORS FAILED.

THE EXPERIENCE OF MR. FRANK A. FERGUSON, OF MERRICKVILLE.

Attacked by Malarial Fever. Followed by Decline—Two Physicians Failed to Help Him—The Means of Cure Discovered by Taking the Advice of a Friend.

From the Smith's Falls Record.

Mr. Frank A. Ferguson, partner of Mr. Richard Smith in the marble buisness at Merrickville, is well known to most residents of that vicinity. He went through on illness that nearly brought him to death's door, and in an interesting chat with a reporter of she Record told of the means by which his remarkable recovery was brought about. "While engaged in my business as marble cutter at Kingston," said Mr. Ferguson, "I was taken ill in May, 1893, with malarial fever. After the fever was broken I continued to have a bad cough, followed by vomiting and excruciating pains in the stomach. I was under the treatment of two different physicians but their medicine did me no good, and I continued to grow weaker and weaker, and it seemed as if I had gone into a decline. About the middle of September I was strongly urged by a friend to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial. I had not much hope that they would help me but from the time I commenced the Pink Pills I found myself beginning to improve, the vomiting ceased and finally left me altogether. I grew stronger each day, until now I weigh 180 pounds. At the time I was taken ill I weighed 197 pounds, and when I began using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills illness had reduced me to 123 pounds, so that you will see how much the Pink Pills have done for me. I never felt better in my life than I do now, although I occasionally take a pill yet, and am never without a part of a box in my pocket. I believe that had I not been induced to take Pink Pills I would be in my grave to-day, and I am equally convinced that there is no other medicine can equal them as a blood builder and restorer of shattered systems. Five boxes cured me when the skill of two of the ablest doctors in Ontario failed, and when I look back to *the middle of last September* and remember that I was not able to stand on my feet, I consider the change brought about by Pink Pills simply miraculous."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills strike at the root of the disease, driving it from the system and restoring the patient to health and strength. In cases of paralysis, spinal troubles, locomotor ataxia, sciatica, rheumatism, erysipelas, scrofulous troubles, etc., these pills are superior to all other treatment. They are also a specific for the troubles which make the lives of so many women a burden, and speedily restore the rich glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. Men broken down by overwork, worry or excesses, will find in Pink Pills a certain cure. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail postpaid, at 50c. a box, or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y. Beware of imitations and substitutes alleged to be "just as good."

ODDS AND ENDS.

The women of the middle ages always parted their hair with a small dagger. When not in use it was carried in the girdle.

Railway employes in England are now instructed in first aid to the injured under the auspices of the St. John's Ambulance Association.

A young Kentucky woman killed a steer the other day with a stone. What makes this feat the more remarkable is the fact that the steer that was killed was the one aimed at by the young woman.

A secret society of Chinamen, in San Francisco, discovered that one of the members had been treacherous to the order. A midnight council was held, and the offender was doomed to imprisonment between air-tight brick walls.

The lion's roar can be heard at a greater distance than the sound of any other living creature. Next comes the hyena, then the screech owl, the panther, and the jackal in succession. The donkey can be heard fifty times farther off than the horse.

Miss Grace Chisholm, of Cambridge University, England; Miss Maltby, of Wellesley College, and Miss Mary F. Winston, of Chicago, have received special permission from the German Government to enter the University of Goettingen, with the same privileges enjoyed by men.

There was a mock marriage at a church entertainment in Steubenville, Ohio. The principles were a maiden lady of the advanced age of eighty and a man of sixty-five. Now the bride claims the man is her real husband, and he has become so scared that he appears as old as she.

A new form of delirium tremens has attacked a New York toper. While under the influence of a lively jag, he was shocked by an electric wire. Now, when he has taken too much whiskey he fancies he sees sputtering electric wires, and writhing snakes, which shower him with sparks.

A race between a kangaroo and an ostrich is to be run in Sydney, N. S. W., in July. It will be a handicap. The course is one mile, and the kangaroo will have two hundred yards start. The ostrich is now being fed on a light diet of broken oyster shells and glass to get her in condition.

The latest theory concerning the cause of the aurora borealis has been deduced from a careful analysis of that light thrown through a spectroscope. This unique experiment clearly establishes the fact that it is caused by an electrical discharge among the particles of meteoric iron dust contained in the atmosphere.

A four-legged chicken came into the family of Dave Myler, of Johnson City, Mo. As two of the legs were for forward locomotion, and the other two always insisted on walking backward, that unfortunate chicken found it difficult to advance in the world and gave up the effort in despair.

Dogs are becoming scarce in Evanston, Ill. There is a certain iron post belonging to the North Shore Electric Railroad Campany which becomes occasionally charged with electricty. Several dogs within a few days playfully fooled with this post, and were at once shocked into lifelessness.

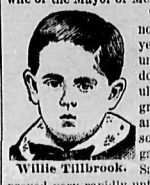
Cheap, Efficient, Prompt.

A marvel of cheapness, of efficacy, and promptitude is contained in a bottle of that famous remedy, Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. It goes right to the root of the trouble, there acts quickly but so painlessly that nothing is known of its operation until the corn is shelled. Beware of substitutes offered for Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor—safe, sure, and painless. Sold at druggists'.

A P. 720.

Scrofula in the Neck

The following is from Mrs. J. W. Tillbrook, wife of the Mayor of McKeesport, Penn.:



Willie Tillbrook.

"My little boy Willie, now six years old, two years ago had a bunch under one ear which the doctor said was Scrofula. As it continued to grow he finally lanced it and it discharged for some time. We then began giving him Hood's Sarsaparilla and he improved very rapidly until the sore healed up. Last winter it broke out again, followed by **Erysipelas.** We again gave him Hood's Sarsaparilla with most excellent results and he has had no further trouble. His cure is due to

Hood's Sarsaparilla

He has never been very robust, but now seems healthy and **daily growing stronger.**"

HOOD'S PILLS do not weaken, but aid digestion and tone the stomach. Try them. 25c.

Rheumatic Pains

Require no description, since, with rare exception, all at some time have experienced their twinges. Rheumatism is not easily dislodged, only the most powerfully penetrating remedies reach to its very foundations. The most successful treatment known, and it is now frequently resorted to by medical men, is the application of that now famous remedy for pain—Polson's Nerviline. It is safe to say that nothing yet discovered has afforded equal satisfaction to the suffering, and no matter how bad the case may be Nerviline is sure to cure it. Sold by druggists and country dealers.

The potato crop in the neighborhood of Kingston is expected to be three times as large as that of last year.

Ladies' Journal for July.

With weather up in the nineties it is difficult to keep anything moving except butter and tourists, but the publishers of the LADIES' JOURNAL, Toronto, believe in keeping their paper moving and are making extra efforts to have the present number one of the most spicy yet published.

"Through Toronto and Suburbs with a Kodak," is a seasonable article and one well calculated to enhance the interest of intending tourists to our lovely Queen City. The sketch will be profusely illustrated with beautiful half-tone photos.

There are many pet charities in this philanthropic city, and some that are equally deserving but not quite so well-known. Among the latter may be mentioned The Girls' Home. The July number contains an interesting sketch of the workings of that institution.

The Teachers' page contains an excellent photograph and biographical sketch of Miss Mills, of the Ottawa Model School, together with an important paper on "Keeping the Children off the Street." "What to do for a Living," is the third of the series of most interesting papers by Georgina Fraser Newhall the well-known Canadian writer now a resident of Omaha, Nebraska.

The Fashion and Fancy Work Departments are freely illustrated with numerous line engavings. The other departments such as Home, Mothers', Culinary, Hygiene, Elocution, Boys', Girls', etc., are filled with choice matter appropriate to their headings.

During the summer months the paper will be supplied for 50c a year, just half price. Subscribe now and make one more in our rapidly increasing army of subscribers.

Millinery Item.

"You seem worn," observed the bluebird.

"No," replied the redbird. Everything is flowers this season."

The Keiffer Pear receives much abuse but still people plant it for it is probably the best market pear on the market. Brown Bros. Co., Toronto, Ont., tell us that 216 Keifler trees yielded a crop that brought $1,358.31. This company wish a representative here. Write them for terms.

At Billingsgate, the famous London fish market, 163 tons of fish were destroyed as unfit for food last month.

Recipe.—For Making a Delicious Health Drink at Small Cost.

Adams' Root Beer Extract	one bottle
Fleischmann's Yeast	half a cake
Sugar	two pounds
Lukewarm Water	two gallons

Dissolve the sugar and yeast in the water add the extract, and bottle; place in a warm place for twenty-four hours until it ferments, then place on ice, when it will open sparkling and delicious.

The root beer can be obtained in all drug and grocery stores in 10 and 25 cent bottles to make two and five gallons.

In Stuttgart there is a rosebush which overs a space of 230 square feet.

Mr. W. M. Carman, Champion Bicyclist of Canada writes that he considers St. Leon the very best thing to drink while in general training.

CURE THAT COUGH WITH SHILOH'S CURE

TAKE THE BEST

25cts., 50cts. and $1.00 Bottle. One cent a dose.

It is sold on a guarantee by all druggists. It cures Incipient Consumption and is the best Cough and Croup Cure.

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Subscribed Capital	$ 5,000,000
Paid up Capital	2,000,000
Reserved Funds	1,554,000
Total Assets	12,000,000

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J. HERBERT MASON, Managing Director.

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Arises from obstruction or sluggish action of the Bowels, Kidneys or Liver. Headaches, Boils, Ulcers, Pimples, and a host of other complications are sure to follow. St. Leon Mineral Water acts DIRECTLY on these organs—removing all filthy obstructions—and gives Health and Vigor to the whole system.

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Hotel at Springs opens June 15th.

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OLD, CHRONIC PAINS SUCCUMB TO ST. JACOBS OIL IT HITS THE SPOT AND CURES.

Do You Cough?

It is a *sure sign of weakness.* You need more than a tonic. You need

Scott's Emulsion

the Cream of Cod-liver Oil and Hypophosphites, not only to cure the Cough but to give your system real strength. *Physicians,* the world over, endorse it.

Don't be deceived by Substitutes!

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You are all right IF!

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THE DEAN AND HIS DAUGHTER

CHAPTER XX.

After the pitiful defection of my little curate, there was evidently nothing to be done but to leave Leamington, and to leave it at its best, in the very height of the hunting season.

Then arose the question where to go next. I had begun a semi-nautical habit of consulting maps. So I took down my atlas, and turned over the map of England.

My choice was somewhat narrowed, as I had resolved not to try the sea, except in the very last resource. The sea now only reminded me of George Sabine, and I hated the very sight of it as passionately as I had once loved it.

Untimately I fixed on the Cathedral town of Salchester Salchester is of immense antiquity. Its last two syllables point to its having once been an old Roman garrison. Its first, probably to the existence of salt works there; although upon this point antiquarians and county historians are divided.

I decided to stop at the principal hotel for a few days, and then to take lodgings, the best that could be got in the Close itself, or at any rate, as near to the Cathedral as possible; to engage a maid in the town, who would go about telling everybody exactly what I chose to let her see or imagine; and to attend the Cathedral services regularly.

Always think out your plans thoroughly. You thus save an immense amount of time and friction afterwards. And if circumstances baffle your plns, you have only lost an hour or so of quiet thought, which, after all, is in itself a useful mental gymnastic.

Having thought out my plans, I went down to Salchester, stopped for the night at the "Bull," and the next morning secured the very lodgings I wanted, my landlady being no less a person than the wife of one of the lay clerks, or, as they are profanely termed, singing men.

My conduct was method and circumspection itself. I breakfasted at eight. I attended the Cathedral service at ten. I had my little dinner at two. At four, I attended the afternoon service Then I had tea, and was careful to go to bed at the orthodox and respectable British hour of ten to the minute.

My landlady was charmed with me, and was too well satisfied with the way in which things went on, to make herself at all inquisitive. Even the most uneducated Englishwoman has a certain amount of tact and savoir faire, if you give her as little trouble as possible, and wink at her pretty deviations from the strict paths of rectitude and honesty.

This is why, as a rule, a man in furnished lodgings never quarrels with his landlady, and a woman always invariably manages to do so.

Well, things went on smoothly enough. Before a fortnight was over the wife of one of the Minor Canons called upon me. I had forgotten, by the way, to state that I was passing as Mrs. Allen, and had resolved, instead of risking troublesome falsehoods, to evade or else entirely decline any conversation as to my past life. As I paid my way in current money of the realm, my task was comparatively easy.

Before long I was in the magic circle of the Close, and had actually dined at the Deanery itself, where the Dean, who, unlike my own very reverend father, was really a learned man, and without a grain of worldliness in his composition, was charmed with me.

I was particularly careful not to irritate the women by my dress. I wore always the plainest frocks, of a very simple and ordinary kind I also, although my hair was as luxuriant as ever, adopted a most discreet little cap. My rustic Abigail always came early to fetch me home. When any of the grandes dames par le monde ecclesiastique honored me with a call, I regaled them with tea which I knew they could not match, as I got it from Twining's, and with the best cake and hot-house fruit that the town offorded.

If the men came, I would have claret on the table. Parsons are, as a rule, good judges of claret, and you are seldom amiss in offering them a large glass of Tanqueray's Larose, and pressing them to take a second.

Claret, I explained, was ordered me; and I had indeed been recommended a variety called Haut Brion, which proved, however, I found, to be beyond the range of my somewhat limited purse. Of champagne there was not a trace, and I found life perfectly possible without it. I think what pleased the men most was my undoniabaly good wine. The women were charmed when they discovered that I had among my effects very valuable jewels which I never wore, although, of course, there was no reason why I should not do so; and they were still more charmed when they found that I did not set my cap at their husband's and lovers.

Within a few weeks I had established my footing securely. The men all swore by me, in so far and after such fashion as swearing is permissible to ecclesiastical dignitaries. The women had ceased to be jealous, and, if anything, exhorted me to vary the monotony of my seclusion by a little harmless dissipation, some of them going so far as to suggest croquet. Lawn tennis was not as yet considered sufficiently serene and sedate for an old-going Cathedral town.

My rise at last reached its culmination in an invitation to dine at the Palace, where I found the Bishop and his wife all smiles and affability, and had actually the honor of being taken down to dinner by the Archdeacon, a very worthy old gentleman, whose conversation was garrulous, and his manners, to borrow from Sydney Smith, "absolutely and purely archidiaconal."

The Bishop was a dull, well-meaning pompous man. He had been a college tutor at one of the very smallest Cambridge Colleges for the whole of his life, and had managed to forget nearly all the mathematics, which in the days of his full youthful vigor and intellectual force, had landed him triumphantly as bracketed twenty-ninth among the Wranglers.

He had edited Newton's "Principia" and the "Epistle to the Hebrews," preached a number of indifferent University sermons, and, after a brief visit to Palestine with a "personally conducted tour," written a volume called "Galilee and Gennesareth," which reviewers had not even condescended to tear in pieces.

People said that if he lived long enough he would probably be Archbishop, as he was in every way so eminently safe. By which they meant that whatever his opinions might be, religious, political, or social, he kept them profoundly to himself.

His wife I can deal with almost in a sentence. Mrs. Johnson was one of the numerous daughters of a poor Irish peer. She was vivacious and agreeable, and had evidently once been extremely good-looking. Beyond this one could only say of her what the stranger told Sam Smiley of his frog—that he could see no more points in him than in any other frog.

The conversation was extremely dull and monotonous. The women talked scandal, or, to do them justice, that comparatively harmless, irrelevant, and discursive kind of scandal known as gossip.

The clergy, and the few country gentlemen who were present, deplored the alarming spread of revolutionary principles; but I could not help noticing the church militant was, as a body, much more truculent than were most laymen.

It was a Bishop, now that I remember, who once got up at a public dinner and declared the satisfaction it would give him to see Mr. Joseph Arch dragged through a horsepond.

The Bishop presently did me the honor of addressing me.

"I hope, Mrs. Allen," he observed paternally, and with a gesture of the hands which seemed to indicate an irrational desire to commence the confirmation service at once upon the whole body of his guests, "that you find the air of Salchester suits what is I fear, and have indeed heard, a delicate constitution."

"Salchester, My lord, suits me in every way. I have actually not had to call in a medical man. I find the air from over the downs as bracing and exhilarating as that of Brighton itself, and the scenery is delightful. I manage to get little drives, and am learning to know the neighborhood."

"It is a very beautiful neighborhood," he remarked. "Most of our Cathedrals have been most happily placed, although I fear, the credit must be given to the Monks who chose the localities long before the Reformation.

Having delivered himself of this astounding piece of ecclesiastical history, he continued:

"A river was necessary to them to provide fish for their fast days, and a sense of duty also impelled them to seek busy centres. It is the necessity of the iron road, and nothing else that has compelled us to give a bishopric to—let us say—Manchester. We must, of course, move with the times."

With this profound remark he ran himself down like a clock, and waited helplessly for me to wind him up.

This was by no means a difficult task as I had pretty well got his measure. I talked to him about anything that came first—about the architecture of the Cathedral, about Tintern Abbey and a still more wonderful Abbey, which, as a matter of fact, I only knew from photographs.

Then I paid a tribute to the memory of Bishop Selwyn and asked his lordship, gazing critically at his chest and shoulders, whether he in his time had rowed in the University eight, or whether his studies had made it impossible for him to so aid his Alma Mater.

He replied, of course, that he had been warmly pressed to take a thwart in the middle of the boat, but that more serious pursuits had compelled him, like Cæsar, to thrice refuse the crown of laurel.

When you once get a man who is well past fifty to chatter to you about his physical powers, you have pretty accurately ascertained the length of his tether, and I in my own mind finished my reckoning up of his lordship by putting him in my mental museum of busts as being at any rate capable of giving my very reverend parent what poor George used to call a stone and a half, and a thorough beating over four miles flat.

So far then everything was in my favor; the days passed very pleasantly. I procured an old sure-footed pony and a small basket carriage, just such another as I had at Leamington, only more ecclesiastical in its ensemble and with less suspicion in its appearance of any sinister intention to go and see the hounds thrown off. This I kept on the famous "gig-manity" principle, and was most careful to let it always be at the disposal of any of the ladies at the Close. The pony was not one at all likely to run away with them. And they were welcome to let him down for all that I cared, as his knees were badly broken already.

And by these and other similar little devices I managed to get on famously. After all I was doing no wrong. I was leading my own life—a simple harmless life enough, and being asked no questions had no occasion to tell any lies.

On the whole I think I really enjoyed my life. I mounted fern cases in my windows, procured myself a piping bull-finch and a magnificent collie, hired a good serviceable piano, and began at last to find the spring returning to my step and the roses to my face, and to think dreamily about those pleasant and lovely places so exquisitely described to me by poor George Sabine, and even to plan a visit to some of them.

To one or two ladies, who were rather curious about my antecedents, I replied that my husband had been in the consular service and had died abroad under very painful circumstances. And then I would bring out my pocket-handkerchief.

Some of them inclined to the view that he had killed himself with drink; others were in favor of a fatal duel; others of suicide. They fought the matter out among themselves with some waste of time and loss of temper, but none of them came to me a second time begging me to determine the dispute in her favor.

I did not meddle with them in any way. I did not try to eclipse them or to compete with their unmarried sisters or their elder daughters. So they unanimously came to the conclusion that my life had been a very sad one, and that the manner in which I bore up against my sorrows, together with my unostentatious mode of life, spoke volumes for my resignation, my humility, and my other Christian virtues.

Women are easily managed enough if you will only abstain religiously from anything calculated in the slightest degree to make them jealous.

Thus, then, I became insensibly an institution in the town—a sort of Jack dawess of Rheims. The life was lazy and monotonous, but not, as my life with Sir Henry had been, tedious. And I almost began to wonder whether I might not possibly "long live the pride of that country side, and at last in the order of sanctity" peacefully depart this life.

And yet, up to now, I had had so much of the vie orageuse that Salchester was beginning to weary me almost as thoroughly as Ossulston had ever done, and, as I felt myself growing stronger and more resolute, I began, as do birds of passage, to feel an indefinite craving for motion and freedom.

After all, I could return to Salchester at any time I pleased. I had been economizing, not as a virtue, but because my income was far beyond the few expenses incurred. Had I lived up to my means I should probably have excited suspicion.

Why then should I not give myself a holiday, pleading that unanswerable plea, a craving for sea air?

We had reached that time of the year—

When a blanket wraps the day,
When the rotting woodland drips,
And the leaf is stamped in clay.

The birds of passage had long left; the days were dismal; and yet I, absolute mistress of myself, had been loitering and hesitating instead of turning straight to the Sunny South.

I had my boxes packed, left P.P.C. cards, adroitly catching all my friends out, and felt thoroughly happy when I found myself alone in the train being rapidly whirled towards London.

Of course I had written to Ethel to announce my determination, and I had paid my maid two months' wages and given her three or four old dresses. Nothing could have been better arranged; and I felt at last recklessly free and triumphant as I toasted my feet before the fire of my little room in Rawlings' Hotel.

That evening I actually took a small private box, and went in one of the hotel broughams to the theater. I wonder if bad habits are hereditary. When I got back to my quarters, I actually found myself ordering a pint of Perrier Jouet and a plate of dry biscuits.

(TO BE CONTINUED).

Willing to Compromise.

Friend—"Practicing on bass-horn, eh? Don't your neighbors object?"

Von Teutor—"Yah, but I haf offered a gompromise."

"What did you propose to them?"

"I bromised if day vould kill dere squally pabies, I vould smash mein bass-horn."

Hard to Please.

Mother—"Why do you so object to having your photograph taken?"

Little Son—"Oh, they always pinch me up and twist me around until I get mad, and then they tell me to look pleasant."

THE RUSSIAN STORM CLOUD.

The Perilous Position of the Czar of Russia—Since Peter the Great Four Czars Have Been Murdered.

The persevering attempts of Russian conspirators during the last 13 years to assassinate the Emperor—several of which conspiracies have been within an ace of success—vividly show his perilous position. They also bode mischief to the peace of Europe. It is impossible to foretell what would occur if any such catastrophe happened. Would the policy of the future Government be—as now—one of armed peace, or would it imitate the French revolutionists of 1792, and by plunging Russia into foreign war, divert people's attention from home affairs?

Since Peter the Great four Czars have been murdered, but there is no accurate record of baffled conspiracies. It is 13 years since Alexander II. was assassinated, and since then

DOZENS OF PLOTS

have been unearthed, and the Emperor's life has been repeatedly attempted, but great care has always been taken to prevent the full truth becoming known. The recent discoveries of railways being mined over which the Emperor would have to pass, and of public buildings being also mined which it was known he intended to visit, show the imminence of the danger; and also that the conspirators must be comparatively numerous and possess funds. Danger threatens from different directions: (1) the old Nihilists, who are practically Anarchists. Although these, from their adventurous hardihood, are very dangerous, they are not numerically strong; (2) the old-time type of conspirators, men of the upper and middle classes, who are greatly dissatisfied with the present cast-iron system of rule and standstillism, and who are determined, at any risk, to bring about a change; (3) other so-called conspirators, but who outside Russia would not be classed as such; men who abhor assassination, but who seek more or less legally to bring about reforms. In other countries these latter would form legal associations for peacefully effecting reforms, but this cannot be done under that semi-Asiastic despotism. The Russian police often purposely mix them up with the genuine plotters, with whom they have nothing to do.

As showing the extreme peril of the Emperor's position officers of the army and navy and officials of good standing have been discovered among those plotting against his life. The Czar has been so

IMPRESSED WITH HIS DANGER

that he has created a special Department of state—with its own Minister and police—exempt from all control except his own. Its special object is to safeguard the palace, and also the Emperor during journies. But unless he can be sure of the fidelity of those about him these extra precautions will be of little use. The assassination of the French President has vastly increased the Czar's danger, for one specialty of the native Russians—to some extent a stumbling block—is that they are an imitative race, more so than any other in Europe. One of two things is reasonably certain to happen within a measurable period: (1) either he will somewhat relax his iron rule of repression and initiate sorely-needed reforms, or (2) he will share the fate of his father. Such a crime will probably start the avalanche over-hanging Europe.

A Remarkable Cure for Diphtheria

The Pall Mall Gazette has a note about a new diphtheria cure, about which very little has been heard, but which, it is said, has been so firmly established as a sound and trustworthy remedy that it is about to be introduced at once in one of the large London fever hospitals. The history of this cure is, roughly speaking, as follows:—Diphtheria was first studied as a zymotic disease, and its characteristic bacillus was isolated by Loffler, in Berlin, and afterwards by Dr Roux of the Pasteur Institute. Roux found that the symptoms of the disease were produced by a specific poison, secreted by the diphtheria bacillus. The matter was taken up afresh by Professor Behring, of Berlin, who discovered the remarkable fact that blood from any animal which had been rendered immune would actually cure diphtheria and extirpate the noxious bacillus. This result is one of the most startling in the whole range of dacteriology. It seems incredible, first, that by injecting weak cultures of a disease into living animals the animals do not become infected with the disease, but simply become immune to it so that one can inject without harm, into a guinea pig as much poison as would have otherwise sufficed to kill whole colony of guinea pigs; and secondly, that a few drops of blood from that animal injected into a human child suffering from diphtheria will arrest and often cure the disease. Usually it is a horse that is made immune, and the process of bleeding is so simple and painless that it will not even look up from the carrot it is munching to see what the operator is doing at its jugular vein. By and by, in all probability, a means will be found of obtaining the necessary serum without having recourse to living animals at all, and then the cure will have reached its highest attainment.

THE CAUTIOUS ELEPHANT.

An Amount of Sagacity Which is Positively Marvellous.

One elephant, which the officer commanding 6-11 Battery of the Royal Artillery lent to assist in extricating some camels which were being engulfed in the quicksands, showed an amount of sagacity which was positively marvellous, writes Major A. G. Leonard. It was with the utmost difficulty that we could get him to go near enough to attach a drag rope to one camel I wanted to rescue. In spite of our being about 50 yards from the bank of the river, he evinced the greatest anxiety, while his movements were made with extreme caution.

Despite coaxing, persuasive remonstrance, and at last a shower of heavy blows dealt upon his head by the exasperated mahout, this elephant stubbornly refused to go where he was wanted, but, with his trunk shoved out in front of him, kept feeling his way with his ponderons feet, placing them before him slowly, deliberately, and methodically, threading all the while with the velvety softness of a cat and taking only one step at a time. Then suddenly he would break out into a suppressed kind of shriek and retreat backward in great haste.

When the animal had nearly completed a circuit of the ground with the same caution and deliberation, he advanced to within 10 yards of the poor camel, but not another inch would he move, though several men were walking between him and the camel without any signs of the ground giving way.

JUSTICE IN RUSSIA.

A Story That Shows That it Is Not Extinct.

Gen. Van Wahl, chief constable of the police at St Petersburg, when he was governor at Kieff, received a visit one day from a poor woman, the widow of a police agent who had fallen a victim to his duty. For a long time she had solicited the pension which was her due. The head of the police to whom she had addressed her demand sent her always brutally away. What was to become of her and her children? She took the resolution to go and see the governor and told him all her story. "Sit down there and write," replied the General, pointing to a writing-table. The trembling woman took her seat and wrote from the General's dictation a long supplication. "Now address it, and wait for me in the next room."

Two or three minutes afterward the woman was recalled, and the General gave into her hands a sealed letter, saying to her: "Take this letter to the head constable, take care not to open it, and come back to me as soon as you have the reply. A week passed, at the end of which the woman went to the palace again, but this time joyfully; her pension had been granted to her, and she thanked the Governor with joy. "It is useless to thank me; I am nothing in the affair," and he immediately gave the following order; "The head of the police at Kieff is dismissed from his post and sent into exile! The reason, because he granted a demand after having received a sum of money for so doing." In the letter which the widow had written to the head of the police, General Wahl had, unknown to her, slipped a bank note for 25 roubles, which accounted for her supplication being granted!

ECHOES OF THE GREAT STRIKE.

The Arrest of Debs—Organized Labor Strikers at Federal Authority.

Organized labor was prompt to strike back at the latest manifestation of Federal power and authority. Hardly had the word been flashed across the half mile of the intervening ground between the Government building and labor headquarters that indictment should be returned and warrants for Debs and his associates placed in the hands of the officers when the committee appointed by the Trades and Labor Associations of the city to urge upon the Pullman Company the desirability of submitting the dispute with its employes to arbitration attached its signs to the order calling out every union man in the city from midnight.

Almost before the ink was dry on this document, General Master Workman Sovereign of the Knights of Labor placed the official seal of the order upon a manifesto appealing to the order and through it to the whole people to lay down the implements of toil. This order, request, or whatever it might properly be designated was wired at once to the officers of every district assembly throughout the country with instructions looking to its immediate transmission to the executive head of each local assembly. The organization of the Knights and its means of communicating with the individual members is so perfect that it was the opinion at headquarters that every Knight of Labor in the land would be made acquainted with the ultimatum by midnight. District Assembly No. 24, representing every local assembly in Chicago and surrounding towns, was the first to respond to the Executive appeal and it has by formal resolution declared it the duty of all members within its jurisdiction to carry out the suggestions of Grand Master Workman Sovereign. Around town the news of the arrests, while it intensified the strained feeling already referred to, failed to produce any prolonged manifestations either of approval or indignation.

CONVICT'S MUTINY.

A Concerted Movement Against Authority in Boston House of Correction.

The prisoners in the House of Correction at South Boston, Mass., mutinied the other forenoon and refused to work. The trouble broke out in shop No. 1, where the men threw down their tools and stopped work, and began to make a noise and threaten the lives of the officers. The prisoners in shop 2 and 3 quickly followed their example, and in a few moments all the shops were in a state of wild tumult. The officers in charge of the shops endeavored to suppress the disturbance, but without effect, and the officials drew their clubs and charged on the prisoners. The men resisted and attacked the officers with their tools, stools, and anything they could lay their hands on. Unable to drive them into their cells the officers finally drew their revolvers and fired several shots at the convicts. Only one shot took effect. This struck a convict in the cheek, and effectually frightened the mutineers. Superintendent Whitten states that the wound is not a serious one. He says that the prisoner shot had seized a tailor's goose, and attacked the officer, who, in self-defence, shot at him. The superintendent refuses to give the name of the man shot or of the officer who fired at him, but states that the wounded man was one of the leaders in the outbreak. The men have been restless for some days, and threatened trouble. After the shooting the prisoners fell back, and were driven into their cells. Several of the convicts were severely clubbed.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.

Not the Gay, Vivacious Man He was—His Arrival in New York.

On the deck of the Majestic when she drew in at her pier in New York harbor stood a middle-aged man, wearing a striped yachting suit, a yachting cap and white canvas shoes. He was restless and nervous and from time to time spoke to a rather dark, handsome woman at his side. Before the gang-plank was run out the couple left the deck. They were Lord and Lady Randolph Churchill, the latter not greatly changed from the time when, as Jenny Jerome, and the reigning belle of New York city, she broke the hearts of Manhattan bachelors by marrying the young English nobleman.

He, however, is very greatly changed from the gay, clever and vivacious young man who gained wide popularity at New York and at Newport some years ago, when he came to visit the Jeromes. As he came down the gang plank, he walked rather feebly and with jerky steps, like a man who is not certain where he is putting his feet. In fact his whole manner and appearance indicated a painful nervousness, from the querulous tones of his voice to his compressed lips, drawn over the teeth in an apparent effort to control their trembling. There were rings under his eyes, and altogether he looked as a man might look who had been for nights without sound sleep. It was said that he had stood the voyage poorly and that his unhealthy appearance arose from this. Lady Randolph looked very well.

SLAUGHTER OF INNOCENTS.

Causes of Montreal's Immense Infant Mortality.

In view of the heavy mortality of infants in Montreal, Dr. Laberge thinks that it is the duty of the Dominion Government to appoint a commission of enquiry into the causes. The mortality, he points out, is nearly all amongst infants. Out of 259 fatal cases, 103 were children under six months, and 76 between six months and one year. Moreover, 207 of the 259 were children under five years. He lays the blame on soothing syrups, impure milk, over-feeding and want of fresh air. He advocates numerous small breathing places (squares) similar to those of London, where the mortality considering the immense population, is very low.

A COSTLY DEBT.

An only daughter comprises the family of Mr. Peter Princetown, a retired merchant and a widower.

He is a very important man; and now, as we behold him, in his dining-room, awaiting the arrival of his daughter Charlotte, to begin dinner, his importance and hunger have so overmastered him that he is holding his evening paper upside down, and probably thinks he is reading it.

"Here, Gertrude!" he snaps out at last, addressing his servant, "take away the soup and keep it warm. I cannot understand what has detained Charlotte at her music-lesson. Bring me my boots at once. I am going to meet her."

"Gertrude, still trembling, removes the souptureen; and is returning with the boots, when the door-bell peals out joyously.

"That is Charlotte, at last!" exclaims the father, who has just taken off his slippers.

"It is the young lady," repeats Gertrude, who, in her haste to open the door, drops the boots on her master's plate.

Charlotte enters like a miniature whirlwind. She is small and graceful, with laughing eyes and fluffy hair; is eighteen years old, has little feet, with arched insteps, and pretty hands, perfectly gloved, besides a thousand other charming details; there are dimples in her cheeks, and she has a clean-cut little chin, and a softly-rounded form. In a word, she is an adorable little creature, a butterfly, all ribbons and lace; flowers and furbelows.

"You have come at last," announces the father, ironically, as he seats himself at the table, and unfolds his napkin.

"Oh, papa, I was just going to tell you!"

"Sit down, sit down first; you can explain while eating, and I will understand you better then. Great heavens! I have waited long enough, already. Gertrude—the soup."

"But, papa, you can't think! I've had a real adventure."

"An adventure?" cries Mr. Princetown, starting up in alarm.

"Yes, papa, an adventure, in the omnibus, with a young man."

"In the omnibus, with a young man? great heavens!"

At this juncture Gertrude discreetly retires, in obedience to an imperious gesture from her master.

"Oh, papa, an adventure with a young man who was altogether too nice, I assure you."

"I would have you know, my dear, that a young man who is nice never has an adventure with a young lady—above all, in an omnibus. Explain yourself."

"Oh, it's a trifling matter, papa, and, really, it isn't of the least use to make such big eyes at me, and talk to me in such a voice. I had forgotten my pocket-book—a thing that is likely to happen any day——"

"Oh, yes, yes—especially to those who haven't one. Go on."

"I didn't discover it until the conductor demanded the fare. What was I do to? I turned red as a peony, then I felt my face pale. Happily as the conductor held out his hand, a young man at my side placed a quarter in it, and said, 'For two.' This gentleman had understood the cause of my embarrassment, and paid for me."

"So, young lady, you accept a dime from an unknown man! Better a thousand times to have explained the circumstances to the conductor—the driver—to anybody. One does not forget one's pocket-book when going in an omnibus; or, better still, one does not go in an omnibus after having forgotten one's pocket-book. How do you propose to return this dime to this young man? For I hope you do not intend keeping it?"

"But, papa, I have his card. See here: 'Mr. Wm. Mason, No. 4 Willow street, Melrose.'"

The father, without waiting to hear more, snatches the bit of pasteboard from the girl, and cries:

"What, not content with lending you money in violation of all the proprieties, this gentleman gives you his card besides! He is the pettiest intriguer, the lowest of the low—your young man who is altogether too nice."

"Now, papa, be reasonable. To return the money, it was, of course, necessary to know his address."

The ex-merchant finds no suitable reply to this ingenious reasoning; but with a gesture indicative of decided ill-humor throws his napkin upon the table.

"I am fated not to dine to-day. Gertrude, go engage me a cab by the hour. I wish to return this young adventurer his money at once, and tell him a few plain truths besides."

"Oh, papa, papa, you won't do that? It would be base ingratitude. Only think of it. This young man has extricated me from a very unpleasant situation."

"Unpleasant situation! Let me alone! Shut up! I don't care to be lectured, especially by a rattle-brain, who loses her pocket-book."

The irate parent puts on his boots and takes his cane and hat, all the while growing more and more morose. Gertrude enters.

"The cabman is below, but he only promises to take you there, not to wait for you."

"Very well, I can get another cab to bring me back."

Mr. Peter departs, after slamming the door, while Charlotte, blushing and trembling, recounts to her old friend Gertrude, how she is much better acquainted with Mr. Mason than she dares to confess to her father. That for a mouth at least she and he have taken the omnibus at the same time each evening, and that, without seeming to do so, she, Charlotte, has noticed his evident admiration for her, etc., etc.

"A fine affair, indeed," exclaims the astonished servant, all in a tremor of excitement.

William Mason is in his bachelor apartments, and, in a sentimental mood, is gazing at the hand that his charming neighbor in the omnibus has touched while taking the card he gave her.

Suddenly there comes a knock at the door, which opens abruptly. A large man, out of breath, his hat over his ears, his cane in his fist, enters unceremoniously.

"Sir," he exclaims, "to say the least of it your conduct is unworthy of a gentleman. A gentleman does not take advantage of the innocence, the inexperience, the artlessness, the embarrassment of a young girl. To profit by the absence of a father, and a pocket book, to brutally offer to a young person who is alone, not only a dime, but a visiting card, may be a good investment, but it is very bad manners. But here is your dime, sir. My daughter and I wish nothing further to do with you."

And the large man, after perorating with much volubility, begins to search in his pockets; but before Mason, who is literally dumfounded, can utter a word, a new actor appears on the scene. It is the cabman, who comes in furiously, brandishing his whip.

"This is fine! I tell you I will bring you here, and not wait for you, and you accept the terms. You even order me to make haste, and when we arrive you shoot off like a zebra, as slippery as an eel, without paying me, and calling out to me to wait. That won't go down, I tell you! I mean what I say. One trip means one trip and nothing else. Come, hurry up, if you please. I want my dollar and be quick about it!"

Mason does not understand; but the large gentleman, who has precipitately dived into each pocket, then successively turned them all wrong side out, without appreciable result, grows pink and white, then crimson, then violet, and now shades off into green—a rainbow in a silk hat and overcoat.

"I have forgotten—my—pocket-book!"

"That's an old trick," roars the cabman; "but you can't tell that to the police. It won't answer with me," and he prepares to seize the arm of the unfortunate man, who, in despair, on the verge of apoplexy, meekly submits. But Mason, a veritable providence to the family, gives the cabman the necessary amount and orders him away.

"Permit me," the young man says, with politeness, to the ex-merchant, who barely has strength to articulate.

"Certainly, my dear sir, with pleasure, but give him only one dollar—not a cent more."

The father of Miss Charlotte, who but recently could not understand that a person has not always in his pocket as much as a dime to pay in an omnibus, now admits that he is very happy to have some one to advance the sum of a dollar to stop the mouth of a pitiless cabman.

Thus, notwithstanding the diverse and unusual emotions he has just experienced, it is with an almost gracious smile that he says to Mason:

"Sir, that makes a dollar and ten cents that I owe you, I believe. If you will do me the pleasure of dining with me this evening, we will settle this little affair. A merchant does not like old debts—besides, short reckonings make good friends."

A quarter of an hour later Gertrude places an extra plate at the table. It is still placed there every day for the next month, the engagement of Miss Charlotte Princetown and Mr. William Mason is announced, and the ex-merchant still says to any one who cares to listen:

"Never borrow, oh, ye fathers of families it costs too dear. I once owed a debt of a dollar and ten cents, and in order to pay it, I had not only to give away my daughter, but $25,000 as her dowry.

DEBS UNDER ARREST.

Business of all Kinds in Chicago in a State of Paralysis.

A Chicago despatch says:—There is no disguising the fact that the local situation in the labor troubles is more grave now than it has been at any time. This is not the view of alarmist or biased Radicals among the strike element, but rather the opinion entertained among all classes of the community which are looking forward with fear and apprehension to what the night or another day may bring forth. There were three times as many people in the streets to-day as were to be seen any day for many months past. Nine-tenths of them, men and women alike, displayed some emblem. The majority wore the white ribbon, emblematic of sympathy with the strikers. Silken miniatures of the Stars and Stripes, too, made their appearance this morning and before noon, they were to be seen in thousands. In many instances this emblem of loyalty to the National Government was fastened with the significant bronze button of the Grand Army of the Republic. It was significant also that the Stars and Stripes were hoisted on scores of flag-poles both in the business and residential districts that are generally bare, except on Fourth of July, Decoration Day and similar national or local holidays.

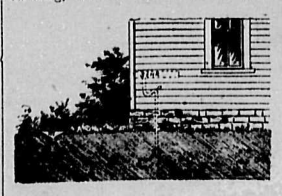
The people in the streets keep moving. There was no congregation of crowds except about the military camps on the lake front and the Government building, and in the region of various headquarters of the labor organizations. In commercial circles there were lamentations loud and deep, for retail business of all kinds is in a state of paralysis, and the wholesale trade is faring but little if any better.

DEBS UNDER ARREST.

Although to some extent it has been anticipated, the arrest of President Debs and his associates was the sensation of the day. The president of the A.R.U. and his colleagues were brought in quietly and without any outbursts of popular indignation that sensationalists had predicted. The Federal grand jury occupied less time than had been expected in reaching the decision that the evidence presented for its consideration was sufficient to justify the return of true bills against the leaders of the union. Judge Grosscup's charge, although denounced with fury at the headquarters of the various labor organizations to-night, is generally commented upon in commercial and professional circles as a masterly exposition of the line between the legal and justifiable methods of trades' organizations and defiance of the laws or rebellion against authority of the United States.

A Combined Sink and Slop Drain.

How to dispose of the sink and slops water in a safe and expeditious manner is what greatly perplexes many residents in the country. In cities where there is the benefit of water works and sewers, this is an easy matter. A simple plan whereby this may be accomplished is shown in the illustration herewith. The dotted lines indicate the location of the sink. The common outlet pipe passes downward in the usual manner, but immediately underneath the sink or under the floor, as most convenient, a foul air trap is made by simply bending the lead pipe in the form shown at *a*; it should extend upward at the bend a little more than the diameter of the pipe, so that the pipe at the lowest point of the bend will always remain full of water. This, of course, prevents the sewer gas from escaping into the room. Every time the sink is used the water remaining in the pipe is forced out by the weight of the new addition. This is one of the most simple lessons in hydraulics, and of great value when rightly put in practice. It is well also to flush the sink pipe occasionally with strong washing soda, letting it stand in the trap all night. The refuse water from the weekly wash, mopping or scrubbing, may be emptied into the funnel at *m*, and be carried off by the drain. This funnel is of wood one foot square at the top, tapering to the diameter of pipe. The drain pipe should be at least four inches in diameter and placed below frost, and discharged five or six rods from the dwelling, so that the water will spread



SAFE METHOD OF DISPOSING OF SLOPS.

over a large area and quickly evaporate The sink outlet pipe should be one inch in diameter, either of lead or iron. The funnel also acts as a ventilator for the drain, and should not be located nearer than fifteen feet from the building. Cast iron pipe is best for the drain, as sewer pipe or wood, unless the joints are cemented, is liable to leak, which will prove dangerous to the well and cellar.

Not Afraid

First Boy—"You're 'fraid to fight, that's what."

Second Boy—"No I ain't; but if I fight you, my mother'll lick me."

"How will she find it out, eh?"

"She'll see the doctor goin' to your house."

Poets' Corner.

The Little Room.

This is the little room where she
Walked beautiful for love of me:
Here, on the window sill her flowers
Woo all the winds in daylight hours;
And sweetly breathe, when breezes stir,
Of the dear, lovely face of her!

This is the little room—so lone!
My soul, into the silence grown,
Starts at each leaf that taps the pane,
Low-listening for her step again!
How creaks the stairway and the gate!
Why lingereth my love so late?

Here, on the little fireplace mat,
Lie two blown ribbons from her hat;
And there—a messenger of love—
A tinted, tapered, scented glove!
What tender memories cluster o'er it!
For I have kissed the hand that wore it.

From dawn until the shadows fall,
I dream before the lonely wall
Where hangs her picture; and I yearn
To kiss the golden curls that burn
Above her womanly, sweet brow—
Would she could come and kiss me now!

All things speak of her—all the place
Hath a remembrance of her face;
The last flower that she wore—the last
Dim pathway where her footstep passed,
The morning-glories near the door
Seem whispering: "Will she come no more?"

This is the little room where she
Walked beautiful for love of me!
But oh! the utter loneliness!
The flowers that miss her sweet caress!
Only the night-wind creaks the gate—
Why lingereth my love so late?

The Daisy's Secret.

Tell me, little pale-face,
With the heart of gold,
Hast thou ever to mortal
Thy sweet story told?

Why thy heart is golden,
And thy face is bright,
Dost thou tell to fairies
In the pale moonlight?

Or when on thy bosom
Rests a butterfly,
Doth he hear thy story
When there's no one nigh?

Why so bright thy heart is,
And thy face so pale,
Hath the faithful violet
Ever heard the tale?

All thy pretty secret,
When alone at night
Hast thou told the poppy
With the color bright?

. . . . . .

No mortal e'er hath heard the tale
Nor have the fairies bright;
I would not tell the butterfly,
He holds all trusts so light;
Nor have I told the violet,
Whose constancy I own;
The poppy talks so in his sleep—
I trust in God alone.

Before Sleeping.

Now is the dead of night, and I must sleep;
But first my soul, if thou dost aught recall
Wherein thou hast done ill, I bid thee weep,
And pray God's tender mercy on thee fall;
Purge thyself clean of whatso bitter hate
Thou hast for them that wrong thee; sink thy pride,
Nor deem thou standest in a higher state
Than those whom God thy happier chance denied.
Be all for heaven; think life draws near the close;
Give to repentance thy last conscious breath;
For more and more this mortal weakness grows
That pledges thee to take the form of death,
And sleep a while. What if in dreams the door
Of life should shut, and thou return no more!

A Parson's Mistake.

A Presbyterian minister, residing in a Sydney suburb (says the Herald), when in York street met an old acquaintance, who appeared to have just emerged from a wholesale drapery warehouse, outside which stood a horse and buggy. The acquaintance, a draper in a country town, made known his desire to get a cheque cashed, and inquired whether the clergyman could introduce him to some one who would oblige him, the banks having closed. The minister said, "We will go at once, if you'll drive," concluding that the turnout belonged to the visitor. The visitor, fancying that the trap was the clergyman's, said, "All right," seized the reins and drove to a shop in King street where the paper was negotiated. It was only natural that the success achieved should be duly celebrated, so the companions drove on to the Oxford, where both slighted They were about to enter the hotel when the clergyman asked his friend whether the horse would stand. "Stand?" exclaimed the draper, "isn't it your trap?" "No," responded the minister with emphasis; "isn't it yours?" Another answer in the negative knocked the proposed rejoicings on the head and brought consternation to the speakers. They determined to drive back to York street as speedily as possible and make restitution of the property which they had appropriated. Unfortunately for them, the owner, a carrier, had missed his trap, and had already reported the matter to the police. At the corner of Pitt street the carrier espied his vehicle, with the minister and the draper in it. He at once demanded of a constable who was on the scene that they should be locked up. Explanations were attempted, but it was considered that a police station, if not a police court, would be the best place in which to settle the difficulty. The parties accordingly went to the lock-up in Clarence street, followed by a crowd. The affair was then discussed and satisfactorily disposed of, the minister and his friend making their apologies. The clergyman afterwards explained the facts to the crowd, who cheered him when he took his departure.

A Curious Table.

The "Independance Belge" publishes a curious table respecting the accidents to working men for which indemnity claims were made in 1893. Classified according to the days of the week on which they occurred, these accidents were distributed as follows:—

	Cases.
Mondays	840
Tuesdays	759
Wednesdays	734
Thursdays	691
Fridays	712
Saturdays	811
Sundays	316

The striking thing is the great number of Monday victims, a consequence, the "Independence" thinks, "non du repos, mais de l'alcool dominical." By Thursday the effect of Sunday libations has been reduced to a minimum, and even unlucky Friday has a far better percentage of immunity than blue Monday. Saturday accidents are numerous, but this fact is said by the Belgian Labor Bureau to be due to the unusual number of falls from stairways and windows and ladders incident to the Saturday cleaning-up. Taking the country through, the "Independance" estimates that upwards of six hundred accidents happened to workingmen on Mondays and Tuesdays, due solely to the influence of Sunday drink. This is an important consideration bearing upon the question of employer's liability for such accidents. Must they indemnify the intemperate as well as the abstemious? If they are bound to pay for accidents should they not have the right of supervising the habits of their workingmen so as to guard their safety and their own pockets?

To frighten burglars, Edward Jenkins, of Louisville, kept a savage canine, and displayed this sign: "Look out for the dog." Some thieves poiso

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L. P. FISHER, NEWSPAPER ADvertising Agent, 21 Merchants' Exchange, San Francisco, is our authorized agent. This paper is kept on file in his office.

Wednesday, August 15, 1894.

Not His Own Way.

The Government agent is not to have his own way about the extension of the Tsolum River road up near the unoccupied ranches in which he and his brother are interested. The first calls for tenders were withdrawn on the order of the Department, and the second calls which were only advertised in a dark lantern sort of way—well, we are yet to see what will be done about them. Of one thing we may be sure, the Department will never consent to any large expenditure of money this year on the road in question, and that the matter will be carefully looked into, and controlled at the Victoria office. Let us have a little patience for there may be in the final outcome little cause of complaint. In the meantime, it would be well for the government agent to remember that persons who put in tenders are entitled to proper information, and courteous treatment even if they do not belong to his "set".

A Better Outlook.

The prospect of times is better in the United States. The tariff bill will pass. The Senate will have to yield somewhat to the House on the question of free raw material. The people are with the President, and there will be no adjournment until the tariff is settled. Then business will accommodate itself to it and industries will revive. The great strike is over and we are not likely to see another of equal proportions—perhaps never. The war between China and Japan, however deplorable it may be in itself, will do much to bring "good times". Already is there a demand for canned meats and other food; and of course all kinds of munitions of war will be called for, including war vessels. That war materials are contraband, is not material, as they will be delivered in mid-ocean, if need be. The vigor which war gives to the business of commercial nations, is wonderful. England as well as the United States will be greatly benefited, and Canada both directly and through the sympathetic effect of the parent country and its southern neighbor will feel the quickening pulsations of business revival.

Spirit of the Press

COMPARATIVE STRENGTH OF CHINA AND JAPAN.

The Japanese navy consists of 5 armoured cruisers; 9 second-class, and 22 third-class cruisers; with a flotila of one first class and forty second class boats. The sister ship, Hashidate, Itsukushima and Matsushima, are protected crusiers of special construction, each displacing 4277 tons, being 205 feet in length and measuring 50 feet 6 inches in beam, with a formidable quick-firing armament and a gun of 12½ inches making up their features of equipment. Among the boats of great speed is the Yoshino and its companion, recently built, having each a capacity of 22½ knots and 15,000 horse-power, with slightly different tonnage. As for China, it may be said that she has a navy of one first class, one second class, and three third class battleships; 9 fort defence vessels; 9 second class, and 47 third class cruisers and 2 first class, 26 second class, and 13 third class torpedo boats; and also 2 smaller boats. But Corea has no navy whatever.

Japan's army on a peace footing consists of 3,662 officers; 62,441 non-commissioned officers and men, with 314 field guns; 156 mounted guns and 8,791 horses. She also has 6 battalions of gendarmes of 51 officers, 1,007 non-commissioned officers and men, 88 horses; and 4 battalions of Yeomanry with 80 officers 3,210 non-commissioned officers and men. And the reserve has a strength of 99,554 and the Roku-min-gun or landwehr, of 99,176.

Corea, it is said, has only about 12,000 men available for military duties. But China according to official statistics, claims to possess a strength of 323,000 (total Imperial guards) and 650,000, (National Army); the numbers represent ing peace footing of which the national army can be doubled

IN TIME OF EMERGENCY.

This practically means that Japan with her maximum force of say 269,000, has to fight China and Corea with something like 1,635,000 war footings, or about 1 to 6.

IDA LEWIS.

The Providence Journal says: The yearly salary of Ida Lewis, the famous keeper of Lime Rock Lighthouse, at the south end of Newport harbor, is $750 and two tons of coal. She is past 50 now, her hair slightly streaked with grey, and her face somewhat rugged and weatherbeaten, but she is still alert and strong, and can man her boat in the roughest weather as quickly and well as when, at 16, she began her wonderful record of life saving with the rescue of four small boys, whose boat capsized in the harbor before her. She is the only women lighthouse keeper in this country and the Government does not intend to duplicate her or appoint a successor to her when her work is done, but freely admits that no light is cared for by any other employe along the coast as that of Lime Rock is looked after by its woman keeper, Ida Lewis.

CHINA AND JAPAN.

From Montreal Star.

This is not the first time that China and Japan have come to blows. The feud between these two Oriental nations is hereditary. For centuries they have hated each other and there have been several great wars between them. About five hundred years ago, the Chinese invaded Japan with a great fleet and an army of one hundred thousand fighting men. This great Chinese army was completely annihilated by the Japanese and the fleet was utterly destroyed. This was the only occasion on which any organized attempt was made by China to invade Japan, but the two nations have often fought each other in Corea. In former wars in Corea nearly all the battles were won by the Japanese, but the numbers of the Chinese were so preponderating that they could not be conquered or driven out of the peninsular. When the victorious army annihilated one army of Chinamen another always rose up in its place and so these wars never came to any practical issue.

THE CANADIAN PEOPLE.

From Victoria Colonist.

Sir Charles Mills, the South African statesman who attended the Intercolonial Conference, expressed himself struck with the fine appearance of Canadian men and women. He admired particularly the manliness of the boys and the beauty of the girly. We are not surprised that the South African stranger should find in Canada splendid specimens of the human race. There is nothing to hinder Canadians being physically and intellectully as well developed as the finest people to be found on the surface of the earth.

* * * * *

They have, in the first place, come of a good stock. * * *

The climate is invigorating. It is not so cold as to stunt growth and not so warm as to be enervating. * *

They had plenty of excercise for their minds as well as their bodies in clearing and cultivating their lands, in building their houses, in disposing of their produce and in managing their public affairs The Canadian settler was in a good sense everything by starts. To-day he was a carpenter, tomorrow a shoemaker, the next day a horse-dealer and the next again found him driving a hard bargain with the village store-keeper for some of the produce of his farm. All these occupations brightened the man and made him shrewd, intelligent and resourceful.

* *

The days of roughing it have passed away in most parts of Canada, but decendanls of the pioneers have inherited the grand physique of their forefathers and their strength and activity of brain. We wonder if the merchants and professional men and the lovely women of Canadian cities think of the debt they owe the men and who made the country what it is.

Recognized the Keys.

The proprietor of a traveling circus announced that on a certain night a trained elephant would play the Russian hymn on a piano with its trunk. When the evening came, the circus was crowded to the roof with an expectant public. After the usual performances had been gone through four men carried in a cottage piano, which they placed in the center of the arena. When the intelligent animal was brought in, he walked slowly three times around the ring, and then amid the keenest excitement advanced to the piano.

With a slight movement of his trunk he opened the keyboard, but scarce had he done so when a sudden change came over his appearance. His eye dilated with rage and fear, he lifted his trunk in the air, and then with a wild scream of terror he rushed out of the arena. The proprietor of the circus and the elephant's keeper held a short and hurried consultation, and then they, too, left the ring.

After a few moments the circus proprietor entered again and announced with regret that the performance could not take place. The fact was, he said, that the elephant had recognized in the keyboard of the instrument a portion of the tusks of his long lost mother, who had fallen a prey to the ivory hunters of Africa.—London Million.

Covering Up Truth.

A certain man in Detroit, who goes fishing two or three times a year and brings home more stories than fish, was talking to a friend not long after his last trip.

"And what did your wife say," inquired the friend, "when you told her you had caught 47 fish, none less than a pound weight?"

"That wife of mine is a queer woman," was the reflective response. "You know that statue of truth we have there in the parlor without any clothes on?"

"Yes."

"Well, do you know, when I told her what I had caught, she didn't say a word, but went right over to that statue with tears in her eyes and wrapped a rug around it. Now, what in thunder do you suppose she meant by that?" and his friend assured him that it was entirely beyond his explanation.—Detroit Free Press.

WAYSIDE GLEANINGS.

Good players of the harp are said to be the scarcest of all musical performers.

Out of 9,654 bodies taken to the morgues of New York last year, but 107 remained unidentified.

Jay-Eye-See, 2:06¼, is 15 years old and never paced until last season. His trotting record is 2:10.

Flying Jib, 2:05¾, is looked upon as a probable champion this year. At the beginning of last season he had no record.

The 5-year-old gray stallion Manager, 2:09¾, will undoubtedly prove one of the most formidable championship candidates this year.

Henry III, the son of Catherine of Medicis, had such a horror of cats that he could not remain in the same room with one of these animals.

The Chevalier d'Alcantara became sick at the sound of the word "lana" (wool), and yet he did not object to wearing woolen clothes.—Eugene Favre.

Keeping the Congregation Awake.

Lapenius, chaplain to the Danish court (1692), noticing that a large part of the congregation fell asleep during the sermon, suddenly stopped, and pulling from his pocket a shuttlecock commenced to play with it. This strange device, we are assured, had the effect desired.—Temple Bar.

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My farm of 113 acres, with coal right, also stock and farm implements.
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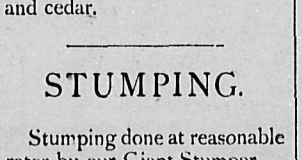

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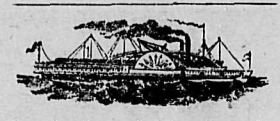

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Steamer Joan
J. E. BUTLER, MASTER.
On and after Mar. 22nd, 1893
The Steamer JOAN will sail as follows
CALLING AT WAY PORTS as passengers and freight may offer
Leave Victoria, Tuesday, 7 a. m.
" Nanaimo for Comox, Wednesday, 7 a. m
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For 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. 20,

To take effect at 8.00 a. m. on Friday April 27th, 1894. Trains run on Pacific Standard Time.

SOUTH BOUND READ UP

Miles from Victoria	Stations	No. 1 Passenger Daily	No. 3 Passenger Fri. Sat. Sundays.
		Ar P.M.	Ar 8 00 P.M.
	VICTORIA	12 20	12 20
3	RUSSELL	12 29	12 29
6	ESQUIMALT	12 36	12 36
7	GOLDSTREAM	11 45	12 45
9	SUMMIT SIDING	11 15	1 15
11	COBBLE HILL	10 55	1 55
14	McPHERSON'S	10 47	2 07
17	KOKSILAH	10 37	2 17
20	DUNCANS	10 12	2 42
25	CHEMAINUS	9 36	3 25
29	OYSTER BAY	9 15	3 41
32	NANAIMO	Ar 8 50	Ar 3 50
73	WELLINGTON	Ar 10 AM	Ar 4 30

NORTH BOUND READ DOWN

Miles from Victoria	Stations	No. 2 Passenger Daily.	No. 4 Passenger Fri. Sat. Sundays
		Ar 8 00 A.M.	Ar 3 00 P.M.
	WELLINGTON	8 06	3 06
41	NANAIMO	8 30	3 30
44	OYSTER BAY	8 39	3 39
48	CHEMAINUS	9 04	4 04
53	DUNCANS	9 34	4 34
56	KOKSILAH	9 47	4 47
59	McPHERSON'S	9 57	4 57
62	COBBLE HILL	10 07	5 07
64	SUMMIT SIDING	10 13	5 13
67	GOLDSTREAM	10 23	5 23
68	ESQUIMALT	10 45	5 45
70	RUSSELL	10 49	5 49
73	VICTORIA	Ar 11 00	Ar 5 00
		Dep 12 10 P.M.	Dep 6 32
		Ar 12 15 P.M.	Ar 6 34

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.

Mileage and Commution Tickets can be obtained on application to Ticket Agent, Victoria Station.

A. DUNSMUIR, President. JOSEPH HUNTER, Gen'l Supt.
H. K. PRIOR, Gen. Freight and Passenger Agt

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.

Yarwood & Young,
Barristers, Solicitors, &c. Office Cor. Baston and Commercial St., Nanaimo, B. C

HILBERT & SON
FUNERAL DIRECTORS and EMBALMERS
Graduates of the Oriental, Eureka, and United States Colleges of Embalming
Nanaimo, B. C.

A Snap.
80 acres of fine land for sale or exchange or property at Courtenay, Union or Union Wharf.
Apply at this office.

The Nanaimo Pharmacy
Nanaimo B. C.
W. E. Mc Cartney Chemist, Manager.
Pure Drugs Chemicals and Patent Medicines.
Physicans Presciptions and all orders filled with care and dispatch. P. O. box 11

McKenzie & McDonald,
Courtenay, B. C.
CARRIAGE MAKERS
—AND—
General Blacksmiths.
—CUT PRICES.—
Bring on Your Work

UNION Bakery
UNION B. C.
Best of Bread, Cakes and Pies always on hand.
The Bread Cart will be at Courtenay and Comox Tuesdays and Fridays.
Adderton & Rowbotham, Prop

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.

Cumberland Meat Market
All Kinds of
Fresh Meat, Hams and Bacon
and
All Kinds of Vegetables and Farmers Produce,
Orders from surrounding country promptly filled.
A. C. Fulton, Prop.

PEDIGREE
—OF—
EARL OF MORAY Jr.,
FOALED JULY 5TH, 1887.
First Dam, by Scotchman. Second Dam by Bay Wallace. Third Dam by Waxwork, etc.
The Earl of Moray, Jr., is a Drappled Brown in color, three white feet, with beautiful action and the finest quality of bone, and like his sire has a great constitution. He is rising four years old, Foaled July 5th, 1887, and weighs 1400 lbs. He was imported by John Hetherington, from Bruce County, Ontario, and will make the season of 1894 on his farm, Comox.
Earl of Moray; is by Earl of Moray, (4354,) registered in the Clydesdale Stud Book, Vol. VIII, page 423 with his dam Nance of Inchstelly, as it appears in his pedigree.—D. McINTOSH.
Terms— To insure for the season, $12.
" For single service, $5.
" Groom fees, $1.50.

Insurance Sale.
—AT—
Sloan & Scott's Nanaimo.
What is an Insurance Sale?
So many people ask the question. We shall explain:—
After the late disasterous fire in Nanaimo the Insurance Companies cancelled a large number of policies in some blocks. We have just $10,000.00 to place just at present in any other Company.
Now we cannot afford to carry over large stock without sufficient insurance. Consequently we are compelled to unload. To do this quickly we have put the prices lower on everything in our immense stock—than Dry Goods have ever been bought before—less than cost in nearly every instance. See price lists which we have sent out.
SLOAN & SCOTT.

J. ABRAMS
Union Clothing Store
Union, B. C.
Have Just received a fine Assortment of English Worsteds for Suitings. Also Keep Ready Made Clothing, Hats, Shoes and
GENTS FURNISHINGS.
The Tailoring Department is in charge of D. McLeod, which is a guarantee of perfectly fitting garments and the best of workmanship.

Stage and Livery,
COURTENAY, B. C.
Fine Rigs at Reasonable Rates Always on Hand,
Teaming Promptly Done,
McQUILLAN & GILMORE.

Job Printing.
We are now Prepared to take Orders
FOR
All kinds of JOB PRINTING in all its Various Branches.
Posters, Dodgers, Cards, Bill-Heads, Letter-Heads, Notices, Circulars, Pamphlets, Society By-Laws, Badges and Ball Programmes, etc.
Orders by mail promptly attended to. Call and get prices.

Get Suited.
J. Abrams, the clothier of Union has a fine of 1400 samples to choose from for suitings, ranging from $22 per suit upwards. Perfect fit guaranteed

C. H. Beevor-Potts
Solicitor, Notary Public. Conveyancing in all its branches. Office Comercial St, Nanaimo.

Society Cards
I. O. O. F., No 11
Union Lodge, I. O. O. F., meets every Friday night at 8 o'clock. Visiting brethren cordially invited to attend.
Wm. Wright, R. S.

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.
R. S. McConnell, 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.

C. O. O. F.
Loyal Sunbeam Lodge No. 100, C. O O. F. meet in the old North Comox school house every second Monday at 8 p. m. Visiting brethren cordially invited to attend.
J. B. Bennett, Sec.

H A Simpson
Barrister and Solicitor. Office in 2nd flat, Green's Block, Nanaimo, B. C
Will be in Union every Wednesday and Courtenay on Thursday.

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?

Home Made BoysSuits.
Suits for boys from two to ten years of age made to order, at reasonable rates.
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Shop: Late Drug store.
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Paper Hanger and Kalsominer.
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Jeweler, Bookseller and Dealer in
Organs, Pianos, Music Stationery, and Notions of all kinds.
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