G. A McBain Co
Real EState Brokers
Nanaimo, B. C.

The Weekly News.

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

NO. 70. COURTENAY, COMOX DISTRICT, B. C. WEDNESDAY, MAR. 14, 1894. $2.00 PER YEAR

LEGISLATIVE LIBRARY, MAR 18 1894 VICTORIA, B.C.

McKims' Store
— at —
UNION, B. C.
has a fine assortment of

Oils,	Boots,
Paints,	Shoes,
Crockery,	Tobacco,
Hardware,	Clothing,
Glassware,	Groceries,
Gentlemen's	Furnishings

—— And so on ——

We also take orders for custom made suits.
Give us a call and we will try and please you.

INSURNACE REAL ESTATE

MARCUS WOLFE,
Financial and General Commission Broker,
ROOM 11, JOHNSTON BLOCK, NANAIMO, B. C.

AGENCIES REPRESENTED,
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.
Great West Life Assurance Co., of Winnipeg, Man.
Money to Loan on Improved Farm Property.

The Equitable Life Assurance Society.
120 Broadway, New York.
The largest and strongest Company in the World.

Assets	$ 153,060,052.00
Surplus over all Liabilities	31,189,815.00

INSURES THE LIVES OF MINERS.

n event of death under any circumstances, the heirs receive full face value of policy. At the end of 10, 15 or 20 years, the money paid is returned with large interest.

A. W. Taylor. Victoria, B. C. Special Executive.
Charles St. Morris, Victoria, B C. Provincial Manager.

Sun Life Assurance Co
HEAD OFFICE, MONTREAL.
One of the Largest and Strongest Companies in Canada
Gives the Most Liberal Contract and Pays the Largest Dividens

Assets	$3,403,700.20
Reserve for the Security of Policy Holders	$2,988,320.08
Surplus over all Liabilities	$307,428.77

J E. Crane, Gen'l Agent, Victoria, B. C. L. W. Fauquier, Special Agent

UNION STORE
We Carry the Largest Stock
— of —
General Merchandise
in British Columbia.
Simon Leiser, Proprietor,

Miss M. Roy has charge of our dress Department. All work done in this Department guaranteed to give satisfaction.

McPhee & Moore.
COMOX, BC.
Importers & Dealers in

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

Sportsmens Supplies a Speciality

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.

Look at This
Baynes' Sound Harbour { best north of Nanaimo. Opposite Garvins Ranch the largest vessels can float.
The Marriage of Iron and Coal will here result in
EXTENSIVE IRON WORKS.
The great Kings highway between Nanaimo and Courtenay will pass through here and also the extension of the Esquimalt and Nanaimo Railway.
Lots will NOW be sold on Easy Terms Title perfect.
G. F. Drabble, sole agent,
Comox, B. C.

Wm. K. Leighton.
Fire and Life Insurance Agent.
Royal London and Canadian — London and Lancashire
Phenix of Hartford — Confederation Life.
Green Block, Nanaimo.

Dr W J Curry
(DENTIST.)
Green's Block—near Post Office—Nanaimo. Any number of teeth removed without pain and without the use of Ether or Chloroform.

Rams for Sale.

FOR SALE two fine young Rams (South Downs).
Apply to
Geo. Howe,
Comox, B. C.

CURIOUS CULLINGS.

In Norway persons who have not been vaccinated are not allowed to vote at any election.

There is said to be an oil well in Venango county, Pa., which spouts on Sunday and doesn't any other day.

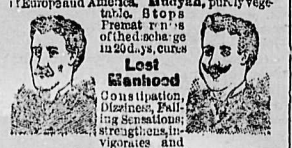
Spanish Hebrews always pour out all the water contained in the vessels of a house wherein a person has died, fearing that the angel of death may have washed his sword in some of it.

In South Africa the Kaffir servants have formed a union to which the members have to give a "character" for their mistresses. No member is allowed to enter upon a situation unless the registered character of the mistress of the house is satisfactory.

On an American 25 cent piece there are 13 stars, 13 letters in the scroll held in the eagle's beak, 13 marginal feathers in each wing, 13 tail feathers, 13 parallel lines in the shield, 13 horizontal bars, 13 arrow heads and 13 letters in the word "quarter dollar."

There is an unknown quantity of silver in the bay of Rio de Janeiro, Brazil—a silver mine, in fact, of, comparatively speaking, unlimited dimencions, and every ship that drops anchor there cuts into the bed of ore.—Exchange.

Hudyan.
The Great Hudyan is the most wonderful discovery of the age. Endorsed by scientific men of Europe and America. Hudyan, purely vegetable. Stops Premature Discharge in 20 days, cures Lost Manhood Constipation, Dizziness, Falling Sensations; strengthens, invigorates and



RESTORES tones the entire system. AFTER Hudyan cures Debility, Nervousness, Emissions, and developes and restores weak organs. Pains in the back, losses by day or night are stopped quickly. Over 2,000 private endorsements.
Prematureness means impotency in the first stage. It can be stopped in 20 days by the use of Hudyan.
The new discovery was made by the Specialists of the old famous Hudson Medical Institute. It is the strongest vitalizer made. It is very powerful, but harmless. Sold for $1.00 a package or 6 packages for $5.00 (plain sealed boxes). Written guarantee given for a cure. If you buy six boxes and are not entirely cured, six more will be sent to you free of all charges.
Send for circulars and testimonials. Address
HUDSON MEDICAL INSTITUTE,
1032 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

Union Flashes.

Pay-day on Saturday.

Richard Third left Saturday with 1650 tons of coal for San Francisco.

The Tepic in charge of a barge will be here tomorrow for coal for the British Columbia Sugar Refinery at Vancouver.

The ship Oriental, Capt. Parker, bound for San Francisco, is loading for the American navy.

The San Mateo is due to day (Wednesday.(

The Glory of the Seas is due this week

The ship America, Capt. Harding, is due this week.

There is another sailing ship enroute for this place

Ship J. D. Porter has left San Francisco for Union wharf. She will take coal for the whaling fleet.

The ship Mineola will be due next week.

Last Friday Sam McKinnon got his foot hurt out at the lake.

Thursday a Chinaman got bumped with a piece of coal—not muchee hurt.

Another Chinaman got his knees injured, but will have them in working order in a day or two.

On Wednesday last a train of small cars at the lake mine broke their cable, and the hind part started back on a rampage like wild steers. Nobody hurt but as much cannot be said of the cars.

One day last week a Chinese baby made its eventful appearance. It claims the Chinese baker's wife for a mother.

Geo. Howe has rented the restaurant part of his hotel to Mr. McCartney of Nanaimo whose wife is in charge of it.

Mrs. Anthony is expecting a piano up on the Joan this week.

Mr. T. W. Jones, brother of D. Jones, telegraph operator, and formerly Secretary of the Nanaimo Water Works, is expected up on Wednesdy on a visit.

Great preparations are being made for the the entertainment in aid of the Methodist church. It will take place on the 17th inst., and will be a drawing card.

Mr. J. Abrams, the clothing merchant, went below last Wednesday on the Joan.

Mr. Robt. Grant was a passenger on the Joan on her last trip down.

About five inches of snow fell here last Saturday.

Mr. James McKim left here Saturday evening to spend the Sunday with his wife in Courtenay.

Fair and Other Topics.

From Our Own Correspondent.

'Frisco, Feb. 7. The fair is doing well considering the hard times, weather, and the admission fee. There is still a good deal of talk concerning the entrance fee which will undoubtedly be reduced one half in the near future. Washington's birth day was celebrated in due style, with a very large attendance; but the Children's Day put the aforesaid Washington and his birthday in the shade. Fully 30,000 of "younguns" of all sizes and colors took charge of the grounds on that particular day. They took no notice of the sign, "Don't touch the fruit"—as your correspondent did but got outside of as much as possible. There was a new feature for them in the fireworks (say fireworks) which to judge from what I saw and heard pleased them greatly. They threw stones, orange peels, etc. at the bears, kankas, lions, and other animals, damaged the exhibits, the guard's morals, and everything else within reach. The next day twenty men had a hard days work putting things to rights, gathering up paper bags, etc. There was also a number of underground railways discovered which served the purpose of gates for the time being.

Visitors are pouring in from all points and a railway war is looked for soon.

Boone's lion tamer, Carl Thiemann, was killed by a lion about a week agy.

King's county stands a small show now of getting the golden cup and Solano Co is far in the lead, but all are trying to win.

Cris Evans is not Cris Evans any more but No. 3,055.

There was a half million dollar fire in the business center of this city last night—no fatalities.

American Traveler.

Hornby Island News.

March, 7.— Miss Blake, the former teacher, is expected on today's boat. She is again in good health, and intends to resume her duties in place of her sister who will leave for Victoria.

Mr H. Beadnell one of Denman's enthusiastic sportsmen, came over on Saturday for a regular brant sport. He had plenty of ammunition with him and by remarks made, was going to make some of them feel pretty sore before he got through with them. And, well he kept his word; for one day this week in Tribune Bay, the incessant roar of his fowling piece in the bombardment against the feathered tribe was something appalling.

On the previous trip the following were were passengers on the Joan, bound for Nanaimo:—Mr. Thomas Williams and Michel Watts. The latter gentleman returned on the last boat.

Mr. Graham of Sidney Island, came up last calling trip of the Joan and thinks of purchasing a sheep and fruit ranch on Hornby. The Island has become favorably known for its fruit and sheep ranches especially the former.

Denman Island News

Mr. R. Grant of Union has made a gift of twenty dollars towards the new hall.

A young son of Mr. Piercy's is very sick and is thought to be in a rather precarious condition.

Spring plowing has commenced, in good earnest, and the frogs are making a great row in the marshes.

Messrs McFarlane Bros have the grist mill in running order, and samples of ground feed and flour some of which is from grain raised here, are excellent.

Latest by Wire

London, March 12.— Parliament met today. The Queen's speech was read.

Victoria, March 12—Chief Justice Begbie is dangerously ill.

Nanaimo, March 12.—The Northfield Telegraph line is completed and as soon as the instrument arrives Mrs. W. Young will take her place at the operating table.

The str. Danube arrived at Vancouver this morning with the Savary island murderers on board.

It is reported this afternoon that the San Francisco passenger steamer, City of Puebla, met with a serious accident, and is being towed into port by an American tug. It is believed that her propellor shaft is broken.

Nanaimo, March 13—A dastardly attempt was made early this morning to blow up Mr Alex Sharp's residence in Wellington by dymanite by some unknown persons All of one corner of front of the house was blown away Fortunately Mr Sharp and his family were the other part of the house and thus escaped injury The police are investigating, but so far no arrests have been made

Railroad Meeting.

The meeting last Saturday evening at Courtenay to consider the question of railway facilities was largely attended and representative of all parts of the district. The feeling was that the time was now ripe for action, and that we should demand, with no uncertain sound, that having had our lands taken for railway purposes we should be provided with rail way facilities.

The meeting was called to order by Mr. Whitney, who nominated Mr. John Mundell for chairman. The motion was seconded and carried. Mr. Whitney was then elected secretary. The purpose of the meeting having been stated a discussion arose which was participated in by quite a number when the following resolutions were adopted amid great enthusiasm.

Resolved, That it is desirable that the Esquimalt & Nanaimo Railway should be extended north to the Courtenay River or beyond, so as to tap the heart of the heart of the agricultural section of this district, with its surrounding mineral and timber wealth.

2. That such extension would develope resources of vast extent and promote the settlement of a section hitherto neglected, but which would yield an abundant return for the outlay.

3. That the Provincial Government should aid and encourage, to such an extent as would promote such extension, and be just and fair, having due regard to grants of land and money to similiar enterprises in other portions of the Province, conditioned nevertheless upon the said railway being extended and operated as far north as said river and into the heart of the settlement so as to accommodate the people of the valley.

4. That our member, Mr. Joseph Hunter, is requested to promote to the best of his ability the objects expressed in these resolutions.

5. That the Secretary of this meeting mail a copy of these resolutions and proceedings to Hon. Edgar Dewdney, Lieut Governor; the Hon. Theo. Davie, Premier; and to Joseph Hunter, M. P. P.

A Creamery.

Mr. W. H. Hayward who came up on the Joan last Wednesday is working up quite an interest in the project of a creamery. As we go to press there is a gather of farmers in the drug store building in consultation with Mr. Hayward and it is hoped that arrangements will be made to establish this new industry in our midst.

The Dairy Business.

The business of dairying has advantages over all other kinds of farming. By it the land is not only preserved from early exhaustion, as is the case where grain and hay are sold off; but in places where the price of land is high and labor scarce and correspondingly high also, it is by all odds the most proffitable. By it farms become less of a speculation and less of the nature of mines whose virtue is being shipped to unknown lands. In dairying as in everything else co-operation is for the good of each and all and it is on this account that creameries and cheese factories have become a necessity. In the making of 500 lbs of butter it is common for 30 or 40 farmer's wives to have toiled whereas in the creamery a manufacturer will make the same amount with greater care and of a greater uniformity. In Ontario and the provinces there are now over 1 00 cheese and butter factories, the majority being cheese factories. Land has risen in price around them in comparison to those farms situated farther away. It has been the common experience that the butter, taken as a whole (and there are always exceptions) has been better, has fetched a higher price, has been more uniform and in consequence fills a ready demand. They are essentially the dairyman's friend and his wife's blessing.

For Sale.

My farm of 113 acres, with coal right, also stock and farm implements.
James Clark.
Comox, B.C.

Now is your time to get a first class suit made to order and a perfect fit guaranteed.

Just received at the Union Clothing Store a large and well selected stock of English Cloths for suitings. Why send east for your clothing when you can do better at home?

As the Tailoring Department is under the able management of D. McLeod we will guarantee every suit we turn out a perfect fit, or no sale.

We also have in stock a fine line of Gent's furnishings, Boots and Shoes, Hats, Blankets in fact everything that is required in a first class furnishing store. Give us a call and be convinced you can do as well with us as with any other house.

James Abrams.

Local Brevities

A. Haslam, M. P. left for Ottawa last Wednesday.

A. W. Taylor of the Equitable Life of New York will be up on the 14th.

Mr. W. Sharp of the Elk was up here Friday.

Last Saturday, was the worst storm we have had for some time.

Mr. E. Muschamp has gone to Bayne Sound to recuperate for a few days.

Mr. A. Urquhart left on the Joan for Victoria on Friday.

Dr. Millard came up from Victoria on the Joan and was shown round the settlement by Dr. Scharschmidt.

The Calico ball in aid of the Episcopeel Manse is to come off on the 28th. instant.

Mrs. James McKim, of Union has been visiting at Courtenay and in the Settlement during the past week.

The mail at Courtenay closes on Thursday promptly at 6 p. m. and the money order department at 5 p. m. on same day

There will be a raffle at the Riverside Hotel on the 19th of March for a new singer sewing machine. Tickets $1.

Dr. Westwood and family came up to Courtenay on Friday last and are staying for the present at the Riverside Hotel

The Victoria Times issued a pictorial supplement last week that was a credit to journalism.

Inspector of schools, William Burns, of Victoria has been here visiting the schools during the week.

Comox, hovering over the Gulf spreads one wing over the mainland and the other over the island and commands peace.

Notwithstanding the legislative decision that a man may wipe his nose with his finger, the country still clings to the bandana.

The Commercial of Winnipeg has issued its ninth annual supplement. It is a magnificent number. The Commercial is at the head of journals of this class.

Comox Lodge No. 5 K. of P. has the reputation of giving first class entertainments, and the coming calico ball promises to be the leading event of the season.

Notice the advertisement of sale of lots of Garvin's ranch, Baynes' Sound. Terms easy, title perfect.
G. F. Drabble, sole agent

The fine residence of Kenneth Grant, in Courtenay, will be finished in about a fortnight. It is understood that Mr. G. has also secured the adjoining lot.

Mr. J. W. McCann has the contract for the erection of a new cottage on the river bank in Courtenay. It is located on the acre of ground being cleared by Charley Hooper.

Mr. W. H. Hayward, who arrived, on the Joan on Wednesday remained over for a week. He appeared interested and delighted in what he was able to see of the district.

Mr. J. McKenzie, who has been ill for some days, though still sick, his friends will be glad to learn, is now on the upward grade and may soon, if no relapse takes place be expected out.

The committee having charge of the Calico Ball in aid of the Benefit Fund of the K of P lodge are highly pleased with the interest the general public are taking in it, as is evinced by the number of tickets being disposed of

On Saturday Mr. Jack McKim of Union was over with his fishing tackle and coaxed about 100 of the finny tribe from their native element Other lines were dangling in the water near with attractive bait but without avail Jack must have some charm for the speckled beauties.

Last Wednesday, Oscar Kingsbury and C. R. Miller started in an open boat for Texada Island. When out but a short distance beyond the sand spit, the boat was overturned. Both men being good swimmers, it was soon righted again, and they slowly paddled back to the shore, wetter if not wiser than before.

I R. Johnstone and another gentleman are canvassing for photos to enlarge. As they were strangers some became suspicious and to quiet their fears a message was sent to the chief of police at Nanaimo, from which they hailed. The answer was deemed satisfactory.

Grand Calico Ball.

March 28th 1894

At Club Hall, Courtenay.

Refreshments served during the evening Tickets for admission, including refreshments. $1.00 Ladies free.

Proceeds in aid of a new rectory.

FIN, FEATHER AND FUR.

Pigeons were employed in the mail service in Bible times.

During last year 1,046 elk were killed in Norway and 1,072 in Sweden, about the average number.

A rat of the mountain streams of central Peru enjoys the distinction of being the only rodent that utterly discards a vegetable diet and lives wholly on fish.

The water spider, which spends most of its time under water, carries a bubble of air for breathing on the under side of its body, and when this air is exhausted it comes to the surface for more.

The physalia, or galley, is a curiously shaped fish. It resembles a miniature Portuguese man-of-war in full sail. If fishes come in contact with one of these creatures, excitement, by a movement as rapid as a flash of light, seizes and benumbs them.

Saddle on the Wrong Horse.

An emaciated dude applied to a Harlem livery stable and wanted to hire a horse, but a deposit was demanded.

"You want a deposit. Do you think I am going to run off with the horse?" asked the dude.

"No, but I'm afraid the horse will run off with you," rejoinded the livery stableman.—Texas Siftings.

Grand Calico Ball.

under the auspices of Knights of Pythias of Comox Lodge No. 5

at K of P. Hall

on Wednesday evening March 21st 1894.

Tickets— 75 cents for each, including refreshments.

Notice.

To the readers of the "Weekly News": Mr. A. Uptaker, the Jeweller, late of Vancourer, B. C. has opened up an establishment in McKelvey's house at Courtenay, B. C., with a choice stock of "Watches, Jewellry, Musical Instruments, Stationery, Tobaccos, Cigars, and smoker's articles as well as notions, etc., etc. Mr. Uptaker otherwise known by his popular nickname as "Barney" is well known in this locality and the Union Mines.

Watch and Jewellry repairing promptly and neatly done.

Entertainment Directory.

March 24th at Union— Grand Musical and Literary entertainment in aid of the Prebyterian church.

March. 17, at Union—Grand Dramatic performance in aid of the Methodist church.

March, 21, at Comox—Grand Calico ball under auspices of Comox lodge No 5 K of P.

March 28th—Grand Calico ball in aid of Episcopal rectory, Sandwick at Club Hall, Courtenay, B. C.

PRACTICAL FARMING

How to Preserve Potatoes.

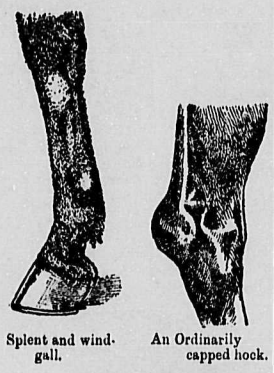
A correspondent asks what causes worms to eat potatoes after they aredug. He says, "I keep the potatoes in a dry, dark store room. They look all right from the outside, but when cut open are full of small worms. If you can suggest some remedy I would be glad to try it, and you would greatly oblige a suffering fellow farmer."

The analysis of the earth shows the soil to contain millions of testilines to the square foot. In some soils they are much more numerous than others. Their existence and future life depend largely upon the treatment or preparation of the soil for seeding. I have had the same trouble in my early experience in growing potatoes. I have stored potatoes that were largely infested with grub worms that had buried themselves in the heart of the tubers. Usually the largest potatoes are the ones chosen by the grub. My remedy for this, which has always proved effective, was 25 bushels of lime per acre, spread evenly or sowed broadcast by hand over the surface of fresh plowed soil, and thoroughly worked in just before planting.

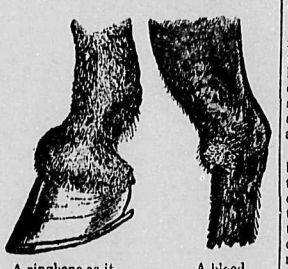
After potatoes are stored, a sure and effective disinfectant, which is death to all vermin and fungus, and which brings forth all tubers in the spring in the best possible shape, is fresh unslacked lime. Keep it in boxes or kegs. Common nail kegs, I find, do the work very well. Keep them replenished as fast as the lime is slacked. This absorbs all the moisture,and keeps the potatoes dry and fresh. I also every ten days or two weeks close the cellar tightly and fumigate with sulphur by using an old kettle with shavings in it, and the sulphur sifted over the shavings. Firing this will so penetrate every part of the cellar and store room as to destroy every living thing and will also add largely to the keeping qualities of the potatoes.—[S. E. Dewee.

Blemishes of the Horse.

For the benefit of our readers who are not familiar with the name, location and appearance of the ordinary blemishes commonly afflicting horses and mules we present below several illustrations that will be of assistance in describing and locating them :—



Splent and wind-gall. An Ordinarily capped hock.



A ringbone as it generally appears. A blood spavin.

A hock unsound, showing a bone spavin. A sound and good shaped hock.

A thoroughpin. A curb.

Poultry Pointers.

Start out with good stock.

Endeavor to have your flocks uniform.

Keep everything clean—it will pay you.

An extra dollar or two for a superior breeding bird is money well spent.

A good supply of road dust or dry earth and fine gravel are worth a good many dollars to a poultry buyer during the winter.

Do not neglect the water fountains. Keep them filled with fresh, sweet, clear water. In rainy weather keep the yards drained so that no impure water will be where the fowls may drink it.

Don't begin with too many breeds. Select the one that best suits your surroundings and stick to it. By careful selection you can then build up a strain that will be satisfactory to yourself and patrons.

Although a damp roosting place is an abomination, fowls prefer a wet roost free from vermin to a dry one that is infested with them. This may explain why some chickens perfer to roost on trees.

Do not destroy eggs that have been deserted by the hen, or in cases where the incubator lamp has gone out and they have become cold. They often hatch a good percentage of strong chicks.

It may be taken as a very good rule that short legged fowls will fatten more rapidly than fowls "well up on their pins." This is important to the broiler raiser,whose object it is to get nice,plump birds as soon as possible.

Always keep shells and grit before your fowls,and for confined birds straw or refuse hay, cut about one-third inch length,should be furnished them. Besides the much-needed exercise obtained by scratching in it for seeds and grain, they will eat a large portion of it.

Keep thoroughbred fowls only. There are enough breeds and enough sizes, shapes and colors for any purpose. With a mixed flock one cannot lay down any set of feeding rules or glean any reliable information from his statistics. In other words he never knows where he is at.

The turkey is an industrious forager and picks up the greater portion of its food, therefore the difference in the weight of a large and small bird is an important matter, bringing the actual cost of production down to a low sum when large and small weights are compared.

More profit will be made from the poultry business if poultrymen would find special customers who would take their eggs regularly, say two or three times a week,so as to get them while they are perfectly fresh. Such customers are not hard to find in almost any town or even in small villages, and they are usually willing to pay a little more than the regular store prices in order to get just what they want.

Stabling Cows.

How to keep cows clean in the stable has been an unsolved problem. Drops, stanchions of various kinds and a variety of stalls have one and all proved themselves useless in this respect. Latterly, however, I have been using a rack and a floor which seem perfect. With Watts, I can say :

"This is the way I long have sought ;
And mourned because I found it not."

In place of the manger is a rack for hay, slanting towards the cow at an angle of 45 degrees. The other side of the rack is boarded up 4 feet high. Into this all the coarse fodder is thrown. The cut and ground feed is given the animal in a strong box, placed under this rack. The cow is held by a halter to which is snapped a rope. This is tied to a ring in the rack and gives her perfect liberty of motion so she can rub and lick herself at pleasure. The floor, unlike most modern floors, many of which damage dairy cows, is planked level. As the cow stands feeding at the rack a 2x3 inch scantling is laid down just forward of her hind feet and spiked firmly. Between this scantling and the rack a little dry bedding is placed. The cow in lying down soon learns to step forward and not lie across the scantling, but occupy only the dry, clean and comfortable portion of the floor. When she rises the sloping rack forces her to step back and there the manure is dropped. The bedding inside the scantling will remain dry until ground to powder.

The bottom of the rack is 26 inches from the floor and its top 26 inches from the partition. The latter is frequently criticised, because it prevents visitors from passing along and looking at the faces of the stock; but the cows seem satisfied. Our stables are too frequently made for the comfort of man instead of beast. This stable is pre-eminently adapted to the comfort of the cow. I use two snaps on the ropes which fasten my cows. In this way if one gets loose the other is sure to hold her. —[Ex-Gov. Hoard.

General Notes.

It is generally safe to invest money in improving your farm.

Use odd spells in putting harnesses and other things in repair.

Study the easiest, speediest and cheapest way of doing things.

The planning on the farm can be done in winter as well as in summer.

Have a regular system of doing chores so that nothing will be forgotten.

Over 12,000 000 bushels of buckwheat were last year manufactured into cakes.

Study the secret of growing good crops when others fail. Prices are then good.

One of the most important points connected with advanced practical agriculture is to be able to specify what particular plants take from the soil, and what can be supplied at the least expense to restore the deficiency. It is in this that agricultural chemistry must come to our aid.

The increasing value of farm lands will be a factor in the profits of the farmer in the near future. This is quite as likely to come in the older settled districts as in the newer country. The exhaustion of the free public domain is one of the agencies which will bring it about, and better roads is another.

Probably one-half of the $20,000,000 a year which the U.S. government spends on rivers and harbors goes into unnecessary roadsteads and streams, the main use of which is to float sawlogs down during a freshet. The Kansas Farmer thinks that if this amount could be devoted to improving the common roads of the country, the good effect would be felt in every township.

Use every available day now for hauling out the manure and placing it where it will do the most good. It will not waste any more in the field than it will in the unprotected barnyard—to say the least. In placing it on the land, however it would be well to avoid hilly or sloping places, as it will wash away. Put the manure on these just when you are ready to plow it under. Green manuring is perhaps a better method for such lands than any other.

Excessive warmth causes potatoes to rot in pits, and the warmth is induced by fermentation in the potato, induced in turn by moisture. For this reason potatoes should be well dried when pitted, and kept dry until they have passed through this fermentation, or sweating. Any fresh fruit or vegetable needs the best of ventilation, that the moisture and heat may pass off. Otherwise they will decay. It is well, too, to keep them near the freezing point. There is no danger of freezing at a point two or three degrees below the freezing point of water.

Prince Bismarck's Training.

While the subject of athletics is paramount in the public mind it should be said that Bismarck, about whom all Europe is talking to-day, would never have been able to meet the Emperor in the effort at reconciliation if it had not been for the systematic training to which he had been subjected by his physician. We have this on the authority of Bismarck himself, followed by exhaustive explanations from the doctor, who said that when he took Bismarck in hand the latter was nearly 70 years of age, and he feared that it would be unwise to give him much medicine. The Chancellor then weighed 260 pounds, had given up horseback exercise and walking, except for short distances, and was troubled with numerous ills. He was put through a course of dieting and training of the same style, with certain modifications as that followed by Corbett, and gradually the superfluous flesh melted away, the stomach gained tone, the blood became generally circulated, and in his 72nd year the Chancellor turned out as fine a looking General of his age as the German army could boast of. He weighed 180 pounds, rode ten or twelve miles every morning in the park, and was a picture of sturdy manhood of which the Berliners are never weary of talking. All this was accomplished without medicine of any sort.

A Patron Saint's Statue Robbed.

Thieves have lately relieved the staute of the Virgin of Attocha, the patron saint of Madrid, of the magnificent jewelry with which it was covered. The robbery took place in the Madrilene Church del Buen Sucheso, where the statue had been temporarily placed, and among the treasures stolen was a valuable opal and diamond ring which had been presented by the queen regent,and which is popularly believed to have brought death and misfortune to Queen Mercedes, the Infanto Pilar and the late King Alfonso,to each of whom it in turn belonged.

Substantially the Usual Thing.

Police Magistrate—"What's the charge against this man?"

Officer—"Beating his wife, your Honor, but here's an affidavit from his wife that he didn't hurt her any."

Police Magistrate—"Why isn't she here to testify in person?"

Officer—"She doesn't like to come into court with two black eyes and a broken nose, your Honor."

CROSSING THE CHANNEL.

An Englishman Would Rather Go to the Cape Any Time.

It has always struck me, writes Luke Sharp, in the Detroit Free Press, as rather funny, that while England collectively claims to rule the waves, all Englishmen individually hate to cross the channel. He thinks nothing of taking a voyage to the Cape, to India, to Australia, to America or any other part of the world, but every Englishman abhors the channel.

There are five methods of crossing the channel from England to the continent,and I name them, beginning with the shortest and ending with the longest. First, from Dover to Calais ; second from Folkestone to Boulogne ; third, from Newhaven to Dieppe ; fourth, from Dover to Ostend, and fifth, from Southampton to Havre or St. Malo.

The Dover-Calais route is often unreasonably long because of the wretched boats that sometimes make the crossing. This famous route is a standing exemplification of the greatest patience of Englishmen. It is the highest-priced route,and the one that has the worst boats. I crossed the other Sunday in a little tub that would not be allowed to act as a ferry boat on the Detroit river. Some of the boats crossing from Calais to Dover are not so bad, but in taking a ticket a man never knows whether he is to cross in a tub or in one of the better boats. The company has the monopoly and the patient public stand it. When one thinks of a Fall River line from New York to Fall River or Newport, and the comfort, elegance and luxury of the boats, as well as the cheapness of the fare from New York to Boston, one wonders at the patience of the Englishman who puts up with such wretched accommodation and pays such a high price for it.

The line between London and Paris ought to be one of the most valuable routes in the world, and doubtless it would be, if it were properly managed. As it is, the Dover-Calais route is a disgrace to civilizationand, is, in my opinion, the second worst of those crossing the channel.

The Boulogne and Folkestone route I should class as the best. The boats are good, and they practically consume but little more than is taken by going via Dover and Calais. Then, too, Boulogne is a picturesque town, while Calais is a flat, stale and unprofitable village, and not worth looking at.

The worst route of all is that between Newhaven and Dieppe. The steamers are reasonably large and powerful, but the first-class accommodation on them is beneath contempt. Half the night is consumed in making the crossing and no adequate accommodation is provided for even the first-class passenger. He is compelled to sleep on a series of shelves in one large cabin, unless he is willing to pay an exorbitant price for a stateroom holding four persons, and if one person alone occupies a stateroom he has to pay four prices for it. But the staterooms are few, and often when a man is willing to pay the exorbitant charge he is compelled to rest his weary head on the benches and greasy plush pillows provided in the main cabin.

The boats, too, have an uncomfortable habit of missing the tide and keeping the passengers out in the channel until the water is deep enough in the harbor to allow them to get in, and as this usually happens when a storm is on, the experience of lying to, in a rough sea in sight of port, is one of the most exasperating things that a man can be called upon to endure.

The Southampton route to Havreor St. Malo is really a most comfortable trip for one who does not mind a night voyage. The boats are the largest and most powerful on the channel. Two first-class cabins are provided, and those who wish it can get a comfortable sleeping bunk, similar to those in a Pullman car, where they can undress comfortably and get a good night's sleep, and this without any extra charge above first-class fare. Unfortunately, as a Paris route, the boats run only three times a week. If they ran every night I am convinced that this would be a most popular road to Paris, for the journey from London to Southampton is but two hours by good trains, and the journey from Havre to Paris is the shortest and most interesting, as it passes along the Seine through the most picturesque scenery of northern France It is the route taken by French transatlantic travelers to reach Paris. Compared with the long and uninteresting route from Calais to Paris the route from Havre is much to be preferred.

The line of boats running from Dover to Ostend belongs to the Belgian government, and is the only line crossing the channel that is not English. The boats are splendid vessels, Clyde-built and powerful, and they do the journey in about four hours. The trouble with the Ostend boats, however, is that they are too big for the men who work them. The Belgian engineers, captains, and officers are apparently not the men to operate such fine steamers. More accidents occur on the Dover-Ostend line than on any other route crossing the channel, although some very serious disasters have happened on the French coast near Dieppe, as, for instance, when the fine steamer Victoria was lost through the negligence of the Frenchman who operated the fog signal on that iron-bound coast. The signalman went to bed, and the fog arose while he was asleep. His wife woke him when the fog came up, and he started a fire under the boiler, which supplied steam for the fog-whistle, but with the first toot of the horn the steamer Victoria went on the rocks,and a number of her passengers were drowned in attempting to reach the land.

For the American passengers coming by the Inman line, or the North German Lloyd to Southampton, the route by Havre is the best to Paris. From London the best route is undoubtedly that by Folkestone and Boulogne.

Climbing Stairs.

The manner in which people go upstairs is productive of many ailments, and a careful observer who understands the anatomy of the body would not wonder that it is so. Notice how much of the "dead lift" there is about it; we bend the body nearly double, cramping the weight of the body up, but the feet and legs are also the additional weight, which is the result of inertia. Instead of raising the chest and animating the body to lift its own weight, we bend the body nearly double, cramping the organs, hindering free circulation, and consequently easy breathing. Panting for breath, we reach the top, but in the effort what a spectacle we present! Going upstairs is easy and healthful when properly done. We will not say that it will not quicken the pulse, for in this as in any other exercise the rapidity and force of muscular action determine the rate with which the blood is forced to and fro from the heart.

The Way of the World.

See that man? He is broke. He was not always so. He used to hold his head high in the air and as far above his fellow men as he possibly could. He doesn't do so now, because he hasn't got the wherewith. The people with whom he used to associate still know him, but their greetings are not as warm and cordial as they used to be. You may have money to-day and you will have friends. When the former goes the latter soon follow. If the latter goes first they will invariably have the former in their possession. The moral of all this is, not to speculate.

Vagaries of the Weather.

Little Johnny—"It's queer how things go."

Mother—"In what way?"

Little Johnny—"Las' Christmas I got a sled, an' there wasn't any snow; and the Christmas before that I got skates, and there wasn't any ice; but this Christmas I got new skates, and a new sled too, and there wasn't a thing I could do all day unless I went fishing, but I didn't get any pole."

THE LION AND THE CARPENTER

Waiter! Beefsteak, Ham and Eggs, for One.

"God gave us meat, but the devil sent us cooks,"is a trite saying. From bad cooking, fast eating and overeating, comes a whole train of diseases—indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, catarrh of the stomach, headache, dizziness, and the like. God also gave us a brainy man who compounded the "Golden Medical Discovery," a corrective of all the ills resulting from overeating and bad blood. Dr. Pierce, of Buffalo,has furnished in the "Discovery," a great desideratum in America, where everybody are in such a hurry to make money, they have no time to eat, and scarcely any time to live. It invigorates the liver, cleanses the blood and tones up the system.

Delicate diseases of either sex, however induced, speadily and permanently cured. Book of particulars 10 cents in stamps, mailed sealed in plain envelope. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main St. Buffalo N. Y.

The war of the Spanish succession cost the British taxpayer £23,000,000; the Seven Years' war, £58,000,000; the American war of 1776, £116,000,000; the Napoleonic wars, £620,000,000; the Crimean war, £39,000,000.

St. Leon's "keeping" properties are unequalled. It is just as good in bulk as in bottle and much less expensive.

IT'S NEVER TOO LATE.

A Story With a Moral for Those Who Have Given up Hope.

A Mount Forest Man Thought His Case Hopeless—Urged by a Friend, He Made One More Trial For Health—The Happy Result.

From the Mt. Forest Confederate.

Mr. Geo. Friday is a well known resident of Mount Forest, and among those acquainted with him it is known that he has been a great sufferer from chronic bronchitis, accompanied by a bad cough that used to leave him so weak that he would lie down for hours at a time. Mr. Friday's friends have noticed latterly that he has regained his old time vigor, and in conversation with a representative of the Confederate a few days ago, he was asked to what agency he owed his renewed health. "To the same agency," said Mr. Friday, "that has accomplished so many wonderful cures throughout the country—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. For the past three years I have been so ill I have been able to do but little work. I doctored and tried many remedies with but little or no benefit,and at last I went to the hospital at Brantford, where I remained for some time,and while there I felt somewhat better. The improvement, however, was only temporary, for scarcely had I returned home when I was again as ill as before. I had spent a great deal of money in doctoring without benefit and I felt discouraged and began to look upon my condition as hopeless. A friend advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but I had already tried so many alleged 'sure cures' that I did not feel like spending any more money on medicines. Finally, however, I was persuaded to give Pink Pills a trial, and as you can see have reason to be thankful that I did. I purchased a box and began using them with grim hope of recovery. To my intense satisfaction I noticed that they were doing me good, and you may be sure it required no further persuasion to continue their use After I had taken a number of boxes the cough, which had troubled me so much, entirely ceased, and I could eat a workingman's hearty meal, and before long I was able to go to work. I am now in excellent health, and I believe that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have saved my life. I would not be without a supply in the house and I warmly recommend them to others who may be ailing

The reporter called upon Mr. Wm. Colcleugh, the well known druggist, who said he was aquainted with Mr. Friday's case and had every confidence in the statements made. Interrogated as to the sale of this remedy about which everybody is talking, Mr. Colcleugh said that so far as his experience went, he knew the sales to be very large, and that the remedy gave general satisfaction. In fact, although he handled all the best proprietary medicines, he finds Dr. Williams' Pink Pills the best selling remedy on his shelves.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are an unfailing specific for all diseases arising from an impoverished condition of the blood, or from an impairment of the nervous system, such as loss of appetite, depression of spirits anæmia, chlorosis or green sickness, general muscular weakness, dizziness, loss of memory,locomotor ataxia, paralysis, sciatica, rheumatism, St. Vitus' dance, the after effects of la grippe, all diseases depending upon a vitiated condition of the blood,such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, correcting irregularities, suppressions and all forms of female weakness, building anew the blood and restoring the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of any nature. These pills are not a purgative medicine. They contain only life-giving properties, and nothing that could injure the most delicate system.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper, (printed in red ink). Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you and should be avoided. The public are also cautioned against all other so-called blood builders and nerve tonics, put up in similar form intended to deceive. They are all imitations, whose makers hope to reap a pecuniary advantage from the wonderful reputation achieved by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from either address, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

The Spring of Thought.

"I have been drinking from the spring of thought," remarked the very prosy caller to the sharp young woman.

"Um," she responded; "it must have been dry."

What! Limping Yet?.

Why should you go limping around when Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor will remove your corns in a few days? It will give almost instant relief and a guaranteed cure in the end. Be sure you get the genuine Putnam's Corn Extractor,made by Polson & Co., Kingston, for many substitutes are being offered, and it is always better to get the best. Safe, sure, painless. A.P. 698.

25 DOSES 25c. THE GREAT TAKE THE BEST COUGH CURE 25c 50c & $1.00 **SHILOH'S CURE.**

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

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY.

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

SIGNS OF HEALTH . .

are bright eyes and clear complexion from the use of Dr. Slocum's Oxygenized Emulsion of

Pure Cod Liver Oil !

Easy to take, and a Great Flesh Producer. Ask your druggist for it, and take no other.

MANUFACTURED BY

T. A. SLOCUM & CO., TORONTO

Have you the Blues ?

Do you ever get worn out with business troubles or mental exhaustion? Do you ever have the blues? If you do there is nothing that will refresh and cheer you like a good tumbler of St. Leon Water. Its action is directly on the liver, which explains its cheering and exhilarating effect. Every physician of note recommends it. Next time you have the blues try it.

St. Leon Mineral Water Co'y, Ltd

Head Office—King St. W., Toronto

All druggists, grocers and hotels.

Nerve Pain Cure.

Polson's Nerviline cures flatulence, chills, and spasms. Nerviline cures vomiting, diarrhœa, cholera, and dysentery. Nerviline cures headache, sea sickness and summer complaint. Nerviline cures neuralgia, toothache, lumbago, and sciatica. Nerviline cures sprains, bruises, cuts, &c. Polson's Nerviline is the best remedy in the world, and only costs 10 and 25 cents to try it. Sample and large bottles at any drug store. Try Polson's Nerviline.

Wild Beast Life.

An interesting incident of wild-beast life was witnessed by a hunter in Asotin county, Washington, recently. A deer came bounding down the steep side of a bare, rocky hill on the edge of the Snake river, just above the mouth of the Grande Ronde, closely followed by a big mountain lion. The buck plunged headlong into the river and swam for dear life toward the further shore. The big cat stopped short at the waters' edge, put its paw angrily but gingerly into the water, and then drew back and watched the deer gain the opposite bank in safety and disappear in the woods. With a disappointed snarl the lion bounded away.

Better than Ever for 1891.

Economy is the order of the day, and yet it is false economy to use anything except the very best, especially when it comes to a question of quality in seeds.

The most noted house in the Dominion is "THE STERLE, BRIGGS, MARCON SEED CO.," Toronto, and their handsome Catalogue for the year is now to hand. It is brimful of all new and reliable varieties in Flowers, Fruits, Vegetable and Seed Grains, as well as Potatoes and all accessories for farm or garden, it contains 500 illustrations, and is mailed free to all intending buyers, and we recommend you to send for a copy. The firm are reliable and their seeds grow.

NO USE Denying There is no Remedy the equal of **ST. JACOBS OIL** for the Prompt and Permanent Cure of Pains and Aches

Kill The Cold.

Kill it by feeding it with Scott's Emulsion. It is remarkable how

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Of Pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites will stop a Cough, cure a Cold, and check Consumption in its earlier stages as well as all forms of Wasting Diseases, Scrofua and Bronchitis. *It is almost as palatable as milk.*

Prepared only by Scott & Bowne, Belleville.

ATTENTION—IF YOU ARE AN AGENT—if you are not an agent, but would like to be one—if you want to make money—send for our illustrated list. William Briggs, publisher, Toronto.

LADIES,

DR. SLOCUM'S COMPOUND PENNYROYAL TEA

Gives Health, Strength & Beauty.

Cures all diseases and irregularities peculiar to women. As a tonic no better can be had. Take it. Samples free. Sold by all druggists in 25 cent packages, or mailed to any address on receipt of price. T. A. SLOCUM & CO. 186 Adelaide St. W., Toronto, Ont

1,000,000 ACRES OF LAND for sale by the SAINT PAUL & DULUTH RAILROAD COMPANY in Minnesota. Send for Maps and Circulars. They will be sent to you

FREE.

Address HOPEWELL CLARKE, Land Commissioner, St. Paul, Minn.

The High Speed Family Knitter

Price $8 Will knit 10 pairs socks per day. Will do all work any plain circular knitting machine will do, from homespun or factory yarn. The most practical family knitter on the market. A child can operate it. Strong, Durable, Simple, Rapid. We guarantee every machine to do good work. Beware of imitations. Agents wanted. Write for particulars.

Dundas Knitting Machine Co., Dundas, Ontario.

CLARK'S Catarrh CURE The greatest preparation on earth for speedy and permanent cure of Catarrh in all its Stages.

One bottle will work wonders. If your druggist does not keep it address,

Price 50c. **T. A. Slocum & Co.,** 186 Adelaide St. W., Toronto.

"August Flower"

What Is It For? This is the query perpetually on your little boy's lips. And he is no worse than the bigger, older, balder-headed boys. Life is an interrogation point. "What is it for?" we continually cry from the cradle to the grave. So with this little introductory sermon we turn and ask: "What is AUGUST FLOWER FOR?" As easily answered as asked: It is for Dyspepsia. It is a special remedy for the Stomach and Liver. Nothing more than this; but this brimful. We believe August Flower cures Dyspepsia. We know it will. We have reasons for knowing it. Twenty years ago it started in a small country town. To-day it has an honored place in every city and country store, possesses one of the largest manufacturing plants in the country and sells everywhere. Why is this? The reason is as simple as a child's thought. It is honest, does one thing, and does it right along—it cures Dyspepsia.

G. G. GREEN, Sole Man'fr, Woodbury, N.J.

AGENTS WANTED, male and female, to sell our new Kettle Cleaner. Entirely new; sells to every housekeeper. Also our Bread, Cake and Paring Knives, Carver, and Knife and Scissors Sharpener. No capital required. Easy sellers, big profits. CLAUSS SHEAR CO., Lock Box 964, Toronto, Ont.

SHINGLE MILLS

AND SHINGLE MACHINERY

The best can be procured from

WATEROUS, Brantford, Canada.

MILLER'S TICK DESTROYER

Operates promptly and effectually in destroying Ticks and other vermin pests, as well as in eradicating all affections of the skin to which Sheep are subject No Sheep-owner should be without it. As a certain cure it has hitherto proved infallible. Price 35 cents, 70 cents and $1 per Box. A 35 cent box will clean about 20 sheep. Sold by all druggists. HUGH MILLER & CO. Manufacturers, Toronto.

WHITE SWELLING.

This is to certify that MR. CHAS. CLUTHE, of 134 King Street West, Toronto, completely cured me of white swelling in the left knee in less than six months. I was able to attend to my business three days after he had placed the machine on. (I had been confined to my bed constantly for four months previously.) The doctors decided that nothing but amputation would save my life, but on May 15th, 1890, a friend persuaded me to let MR. CLUTHE make a machine for me. I consented, but I confess I had no faith in it. I suffer now no pain whatever, and can walk ten miles without the aid of a stick or crutch. I give this testimonial simply to help anyone who may be suffering as I did, and to convince them, if possible, that there is only one cure and that is extension as applied by MR. CLUTHE, of 134 King Street West, Toronto.

George Giles 320 Markham St, Toronto.

OXFORD HOG Improved **CAULDRON FURNACE**

ADAPTED FOR EITHER

Wood, Hard or Soft Coal.

HAS INDIRECT DRAFT

Heats Quick.

Made in 5 Sizes, 20, 30, 40, 50 and 60 Gallons.

The Gurney Foundry Co., Ltd TORONTO.

The Gurney, Massey Co., Ltd., Montreal

GRANBY RUBBERS.

They give perfect satisfaction in fit, style and finish, and it has become a by word that

"GRANBY RUBBERS wear like iron,"

USE **WIDE AWAKE SOAP.**

"SHURE MAM IT BATES THIM ALL"

IT TAKES THE DIRT BUT LEAVES THE COLOR.

Manufactured only by

DAVID MORTON & SONS

HAMILTON, ONT.

A TROUBLESOME LADY.

CHAPTER II.

Though fifty miles from a railroad, the valley of the Troublesome was well settled by ranchmen, and the little village of Parkville, a few miles from Oliver's cabin, was the meeting place for a large section of country. Here gathered miners from the distant peaks, prospectors, cow-boys and sheep-herders from ranches, with the drift around such a place, gamblers and men with no visible means of support. In the rough mob that congregated in the two saloons at Parkville Oliver often saw the Frenchman. He was generally intoxicated, always the wildest of the merrymakers. He met him and Louis riding late at night at a mad pace with other vagabonds invited from the town, and he heard of orgies at De Restaud's home that reeked of city slums. Oliver himself never ventured towards De Restaud's house; the road was a private one, and he had no wish to come in contact with the owner. Sometimes he pitied the young wife when he thought of her, but as the days wore on her image faded. He had never mentioned her but the once to Doctor John, yet he hoped before he went away from the Troublesome to see her again. He had promised to be her friend.

Mike had told him the story in the valley was that she had come to Colorado Springs with a consumptive mother, and that the Frenchman, who was more careful then, and boarded at the hotel with them, wormed himself into the mother's confidence to such an extent that on her death-bed she desired to leave her daughter in De Restaud's care and prevailed upon her to be married then. A sentimental little creature like the girl could not refuse; Oliver had an uncomfortable feeling that she would be too easily led. De Restaud had brought his wife to the lonely ranch after her mother's death, and had kept her a prisoner. He was madly jealous of her, his crazed brain imagining all sorts of things she never dreamed of doing. Then it was also thought that, as he had entire control of her money, he kept her away from her friends for fear they might question his guardianship.

Oliver was thinking of her one night two weeks after his strange visit. He was alone by the fire, for Doctor John had gone to see the sick wife of a ranchman: the doctor said he felt the errand hopeless, as the man had told his wife's condition, but if they thought he might help he would go.

"He is a good old chap," Oliver said, aloud. The shepherd dog, thinking the compliment intended for him, gently thumped his tail on the floor. "There's his gown and cap: he'll make an old guy of himself because his old landlady made them for him. I wish I had told him more about the girl at the ranch; he might have suggested something. Perhaps she can't get letters to her old aunt. If half the stories I hear are true, she ought never to stay there. The man is crazy."

Mac whined uneasily, and went to the door, standing listening, his head down.

"Watching for the doctor, Mac? He won't be back for hours yet. Hark!"

The dog growled, then barked loudly. There was the sound of hurrying footsteps on the hard ground, and the door was opened without ceremony. In her yellow gown, bareheaded and dust-stained, her little dog held to her breast, De Restaud's wife staggered into the room, her face ghastly in its pallor, her eyes red with weeping, even the dog cowering with fright and pain.

"My God!" cried Oliver, leaping to his feet. "Is he out there?"

"No, no; I am alone."

"Child, how could you come here? how could you come?" hecried, vexedly. "Why, he would murder you, if he knew."

"Don't send me away!" she screamed, "oh, please, Mr. Oliver! I thought all the way you were kind and would help me. Look at the marks on my throat; he choked me; and there are welts on my arms, paining me dreadfully; and he—he kicked my dog. I think its leg is broken. Don't mind me. Look at Skye: is he badly hurt?"

Oliver took the shivering little beast in his arms.

"Only bruised," he said, gently; "but you——" He was sick with the horror of it! to strike that child! "You look so ill. Sit here in the big chair. Indeed you shall not go back; Doctor John and I will take care of that; and if he comes, you know," with that sweet smile of his, "your husband is a little man."

"I don't know what I did," she said, dazedly. "Maybe because I rode my pony down past here, and Louis told him, or Annette. He was drunk and ugly when he struck me and kicked Skye out of the way. Skye tried to bite him, and I interfered. Then I think I fainted, for I woke on my bed all hurt and bewildered. Annette came creeping in, sort of scared, and said he was sorry and had gone off to the village, but I pushed her out and locked the door. When he came back and they were playing cards I climbed down over the roof and ran here across the fields, not in the road,—a long, dreadful way. Now you seem as if you were sorry I came!" She reached down, lifted her dog to her lap, and hid her face in its coat.

"I only cared for your sake," he answered, softly. When she bent her head he could see the cruel marks on her throat, and she still sobbed as she spoke. Was ever man so placed? He almost wished the coward who had struck her would come, that he could meet him; then reason told him he had no right to settle this woman's quarrel. He wished she were his sister; but did he in his heart? How girlish and fair she was in the firelit room! For a moment a fierce desire to keep her there, to defend her, swept over him. Then he said, almost coldly,—

"Will they not miss you, Mrs. de Restaud?"

"Not that!" she cried, piteously. "Call me Minny. I don't want to hear his name! He never comes to my room when he has them there, you know, and he has told me never to open my door: so I am safe until morning. I prayed all the way you'd be here and alone. I knew you could tell me how to get to the railroad. I saw away across the hills your light, and how I ran then! I knew your dog would not hurt me, but I was afraid of cows; there were some lying down, and they got up as I ran past, and I screamed right out, I was so scared. I watched you sitting here through the window, your dog at your feet. You looked so good and kind, I felt I could go right in and tell you; perhaps you had a sister who died, or some one you loved; you would hate to think they should go back to that dreadful place, and you would think of me alone and friendless, and help me."

She went to him and clung to his arm, trembling and sobbing. "You will not send me back? You will not send me back?"

"You know I will not; but what shall I do, if any one should see you here? Don't cry like that; I can't think what to do. Try to be brave."

She lifted her tear-wet face. "If you knew my life for two years, Mr. Oliver, you would think I had been brave. It is not fear that makes me cry now, only that you are kind and there is some one in the wide world who will help me."

"Now sit down again," he said, drawing the chair up for her. "Let us plan what todo. Where is your aunt now?"

"In Newcastle, Maine, my dear old home. She is my father's sister, and lives there all alone. She was out to visit me, but she and Henri quarrelled; she is a great big woman, and she slapped him—oh, I was so glad!" vindictively,—"and he just went into fits about it, the insult to the family honor. She thought, though, because I was married I must make the best of things; she's a member of the Orthodox church back there, and they are very particular. I thought you could take me to the railroad and lend me the money to pay my fare; he has all my money, you know, and never gives me any,—for fear, I suppose, I would run away. But Aunt Hannah will pay you: she's awfully honest, but she wants her due to the last farthing; that's New England, you know."

She half smiled, and leaned back in the chair comfortably. The ridiculous dog was fast asleep after his trials. Oliver thought it not unlikely Mrs. de Restaud would take a nap too.

He went swiftly and woke up Mike and sent him for his horses and the buckboard. Mike looked out of the corner of his eye at the young woman; he knew who she was, for he was an observing youth, an I he whistled softly to himself while he harnessed the mettlesome horses. Oliver saw the look, and felt the first cold water of the world's criticism.

"Now, the money question need not bother you at all," he said, coming back to her side. "You see, I'm a well-to-do old bachelor, with no demands upon me. When you get to Maine you send it back or not, just as you please. I owe you something for that supper, you know."

"That supper you had to gobble for fear of Henri? Wasn't it funny?"

"A case of boy and frogs: what was fun to you was death to me."

"You were not afraid a bit," she said, looking up with admiring eyes. "I have thought of you so much since that day, and I always pictured you afraid of nothing and doing all sorts of brave acts."

Oliver had a very uncomfortable feeling that he was decidedly afraid this moment of what the world would say. He could even fancy Doctor John's cool incredulous glance, and his "Craig, haven't you had lessons enough in the past?" and "It's a dangerous path, old boy."

"You are very kind to think of me at all," he said distantly. "And, now, haven't you a hat?"

"No, nor a shawl. I'll be a queer-looking traveller."

"That Turkish dressing-gown of the doctor's,—could that be used as an ulster?"

"It might, by a lunatic. Perhaps I could play that," she said hopefully.

"Leave that for me, Mrs. Minny," laughed Oliver: "Doctor John will think after this I need not play it. That cap of his,—he don't look human in it, but you might try ——"

"I have been looking at it. Does it do?" putting it coquettishly over her curls.

"Very becoming. You could be eccentric, you know, and prefer to make your own hats; for that has a home-made look. There, I believe he has a shawl. Doctor John is a regular old maid, luckily for us."

He brought her a thick gray shawl, which he draped over her shoulders. It quite covered her, and she looked very small and odd.

"You look like a child in its big sister's clothes." Oliver said, abruptly leaving her. He was not made of iron, and she kept looking at him with happy affectionate eyes. "Haven't you a shawl-pin?"

"How could I, when I had no shawl?" she laughed. "Do you think women are pin-cushions?"

He departed and rummaged around in his room; then he returned in triumph with a diamond scarf-pin.

"Some woman gave me that atrocity: it will do well for the shawl."

"I am glad to take it away because a woman gave it to you. I hate to think of anybody else liking you. Is Doctor John a young man?"

Oliver thought she was either an experienced flirt or the most innocent of young persons, but her liking was so honest and apparent he felt the better for it.

"No, Mrs. Minny: he is an old chap, like me."

"I do not think you old," with a tender glance. "Besides, I'm twenty myself."

He put on his overcoat in silence, and turned out the lamp. "Must the dog go?" he asked, resignedly.

"Of course. I would die without him."

Mike was waiting with the horses. "Where will I be after tellin' the doctor ye've gone, sor?" he asked, calmly as if a midnight elopement was not unusual.

"Tell him," said Oliver, thoughtfully, "that Mrs. de Restaud came to me for assistance to get to the railroad, and I took her there: there was nothing else to do. He must say nothing if De Restaud comes, and keep him from finding out, if possible, that I helped his wife. I trust to your Irish wit, Mike, to send him away from the cabin in the dark. If I can make it I will be back here by noon to-morrow."

"The greaser livin' foreninst the wather tank have a good harse, sor," said Mike, as he cautiously released the horses' heads and they started down the road on a gallop.

The night was warm and pleasant; the chinook blew from far sun-warmed plains, and myriads of stars pierced the darkness. The road was fairly good, though seldom travelled, and lay mostly on an incline towards the plains. It took all Oliver's strength to hold the horses, shut in for a day or two and headed for Denver, where they keenly remembered the comforts of oats and a city stable. Mrs. de Restaud as the buckboard swung around often touched him; she caught his arm once with a little cry as they plunged into a hollow; but he talked distantly of her journey, restraining any affectionate confidences on her part with references to the absent Aunt Hannah.

She would go to Colorado Springs; the train passed through there; she had a friend,—a poor woman—well, their washerwoman when she and mamma lived there that winter; and this washerwoman was really a nice lady, who could buy her some proper clothes.

"But the money!" she cried, in dismay. "Have you got any with you?"

They were going up a hill, the horses panting heavily. Oliver took a roll of bills and put them in her hand. As his fingers met hers, every nerve in his frame thrilled.

"This seems a great deal," she said, timidly. "Perhaps Aunt Hannah would not like to pay so much."

"You need not spend it all, Mrs. Minny, then; and, besides, the bills are small: that's what makes them seem so many. Now please put them carefully in your pocket, and don't let the dog chew them."

She laughed merrily. "Of course not, you goose! Oh, this ride is lovely! I never saw horses go so fast. Even if he should follow us you would not let him take me." She clung to his arm then, but he freed himself gently.

"I have to drive, you know," he said, coldly. He meant to do or to say nothing that the whole world should not know, but it was very hard to be distant, she seemed such a child. He felt she cowered away from him at his words, hurt and frightened, but he forced himself to be silent. At last she said, timidly,—

"I know you hate me, and I seem to realize all at once you are almost a stranger; and I have asked of you more than one should even require from an old, old friend."

"Please, Mrs. Minny, don't. I am silent because I'm thinking of your journey, if we should miss the train, if the washerwoman should be dead or moved,—for washerwomen are migratory,—if even Aunt Hannah should fail you."

"But the town will be there, and Mr. Perkins, the depot-master, is a neighbor; his wife takes care of Aunt Hannah's cat and parrot when she goes visiting."

"That, of course, alters things."

"The only thing I fear from Aunt Hannah," she said, dubiously, "is a long moral lecture about the duties of married women and their having chosen a path—she says parth; they do down there—and ought to walk in it. She wouldn't let me run away with her."

"Show her your bruises," Oliver said hoarsely.

"I will; for she told me if he struck me I could come to her; and sometimes, honestly, Mr. Oliver, I used to tease him so he would and I might have my chance."

Oliver whistled softly under his breath: he would not have liked Doctor John to hear that speech. "You must not tell her, he said, quickly, "about this ride and coming to my house."

"Why not? I would like her to know how good you were."

There was no need, but he lashed his horses angrily; then he said, curtly, "I am so sorry you cannot understand. Could you explain it satisfactorily to Mr. de Restaud?"

"How cross you are! and I know you look just as you did when I talked mean about him,—a sort of disgusted impatience. But he is not a reasonable being. Other people may be."

"Would you have gone to those amiable friends of his for assistance to get to the railroad?"

"Of course not. You know that."

"Well, how is the world to know that I am any better?"

"I suppose being a lawyer makes you so smart," she said, in a melancholy tone; she assured her dog in a whisper he was the only being who loved her, her only friend; that she was silly and frivolous, Aunt Hannah said, and seemed to be a great trouble to mere strangers of good dispositions. Oliver said never a word; a little smile curved his lips, but he did not turn his head. Soon she grew quiet, and her head dropped against his shoulder, the soft wind lifting her curls to blow across his cheek. The dog, ornamented with the doctor's cap, slept in her lap.

Across the level land before them crept the gray glimmer of the dawn. Rose-colored light flamed in the far east, reflecting on the new snow on distant mountain-peaks. Prairie-dogs hopped out of their holes and sat on their hind legs discussing local politics and happenings, the bill to abolish free rents for rattlesnakes, and the extortions of horned owls. The Skye terrier disgustedly flung off the doctor's cap and barked angrily at the small dogs. Mrs. de Restaud lifted her head with a little start, blushed and slapped the Skye terrier:

"Do be quiet, Skye.—I am afraid I tired you, Mr. Oliver."

He would have liked to say a sweet thing to her,—to most women he would,—but his role now was that of benevolent friend; so he only answered vaguely, "Not at all," as if he did not know to what she referred. The horses dragged themselves wearily forward; it was six o'clock, and they had come fifty miles over a difficult road in less than seven hours. Two parallel lines of iron stretched far in the distance: the clumsy outline of a water-tank loomed up just ahead. The goal was reached, and away in the north a ribbon of smoke outlined on the sky proclaimed the coming train. Oliver lifted Mrs. de Restaud down. Skye rushed madly to the hole of a venturesome prairie dog who had taken up a residence near the tank and was out enjoying the morning air. The terrier found only a vanishing, and vented his annoyance at this and all the other vagrant dogs in shrill barks. His mistress was vastly amused; the strangeness of her undertaking had quite gone out of her head.

Oliver, in some concern, gave her advice regarding her journey; he was uncertain of his horses about the train, and had to stand by their heads: so Mrs. Minny frisked about with her dog, entirely confident her difficulties were over.

"You must send me word to Denver when you get to Maine," he said, "and be sure and make no acquaintances on the cars."

"One would think I was just out of boarding-school."

"The primary department," he said, crossly. "I wish you would be reasonable and listen a moment. I shall tell the conductor you are one of a camping-party and your mother is ill at Colorado Springs,—that you had to leave in such a hurry to catch the train you had no time to get ready. If I must tell wrong stories for you Mrs. Minny, please don't make me out in a lie the first thing."

"How good you are!" she said, softly. "I shall never, never forget what you have done for me. I shall say to myself, Minny you may be frivolous,—Aunt Hannah says as unstable as water,—but one big handsome man is your friend and always will be."

"Always, Mrs. Minny, to the end of my life."

The rush of the near train terrified his horses almost beyond control, and he was obliged to send her for the conductor when the train stopped for water. The obliging official showed no surprise at Oliver's ingenious story: he was used to camping-parties. He imparted the welcome news that the state-room was vacant,—she could have that,—and accepted two fine cigars.

"My daughter is unused to travelling alone," Oliver said, gravely: "so you will telegraph for a carriage to meet her at the Springs, and see that she gets out at the right place?"

The conductor would be very happy to oblige. Then the young lady asked meekly if a dog, a very little one, might also ride in the state-room.

"He might," said the official, "if hidden under a shawl; for if this precaution is not taken, on the next trip all the women in the train will be bringing along their dogs. And I guess it's time to get aboard."

"Good-by," said Oliver, holding out his hand.

Mrs. Minny picked up her dog; with it under one arm, she took Oliver's hand, reached up, and shamelessly kissed him, a ghost of a kiss touching his cheek.

"Good-by, papa," she called, running to the car, and from the step waved farewell until the train vanished in the distance.

Oliver, as he drove along the road by the track in search of the Mexican who had the good horse, was almost dazed. He could not forget that farewell. He was haunted by the presence of the little lady of the Troublesome. He had not returned the kiss,—well, there was no time,—but how thoughtless, in front of the train! and was there ever another woman like her? He had never seen one. Trying as she was all that long way, could any man have played the role of honest friend better? "Not even Doctor John," said Oliver.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Knew When and What to Pray.

At the weekly prayer meeting in the Methodist Episcopal church at Elwood, Ind., the other night the third person to offer up his tribute was a stranger who was seated near the door and whose petition to the throne of grace nearly paralyzed the good people who were present. He prayed as follows:

"Lord, thou knowest I am a stranger here. Thou knowest I do not live here, but reside in a neighboring town. Thou knowest I have relatives in another town whom I am on my way to see. Lord, thou knowest why I am here instead of there. Thou knowest why I can't get there. Lord, thou knowest just what I want. I want 40 cents. Amen."

As the last words were ended there was a commotion in the church. They all rose up and went down in their pocket-books, and the man soon had 40 cents and several more. His name could not be learned, but he lives at Lynn and was on his way to Center. His funds gave out when he reached there, and so he went to prayer meeting and startled the Christian brethren by asking the Lord for what he wanted.

Where all Religions Figured.

The polyglot character of the Austrian army was abundantly shown the other day when the ancient custom of solemnly swearing in the recruits in the presence of the troops was revived, after having been discontinued since 1888. In Vienna alone the formula of oath to the colors had to be administered and read out in nine languages, to-wit, German, Hungarian, Croatian, Bohemian, Polish, Ruthenian, Roumanian, Servian and Turkish, while the religious part of the ceremony was conducted by Roman Catholic and Greek orthodox priests, Protestant pastors, Jewish rabbis and Mohammedan ulema.

The Jerusalem time-table is to appear henceforth in the Continental Bradshaw.

DIAMONDS BY THE TON

Monte Cristo Find in Australia.

The Story of a Miner Which, if True, Will Prove Him the Owner of the Richest Diggings on Earth—Report of a Commissioner.

Australia is a prodigious lucky bag, out of which somebody is always fishing up some surprise. There is scarcely a nomadic who has not a hoard of red and blue and green stones which he cannot make up his mind to sell for the trifle offered by the jewelers. He means to go home some day, and then he will get a price for them. Meanwhile he carries them about in a little gold dust bag, sometimes getting wheedled out of one or two by a barmaid, or "going on the tangle" and losing the lot. Occasionally one sees in a breastpin or a ring a fine sapphire, vouched for as native; but the emeralds, rubies, spinels and almandines found are mostly of small size. All the world knows the magnificent opal from the White Cliffs and all the world will soon have an opportunity to admire the superb turquoise found at Herdi, in Victoria, says an Australian correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. We have pearl fisheries; we have the biggest silver mine in the world and gold reefs so rich that a drive is sometimes described as a "jeweler's shop," but surely we have hit upon the gnomes' treasure-house when we talk coolly of a mine with "a ton of diamonds in sight!" There have been such sentimental rumors of late concerning the diamond fields of Bingara, on the Horton, in New South Wales, that we had grown callously incredulous, and are the more astonished to find from the report of a special commissioner just returned to Sydney that these rumors were less than the truth. The diamondiferous tract is some thousands of acres in extent, and the mine, the Monte Cristo, already opened up, belongs to one man. He has been working it by himself, determined to prove it before taking the public into his confidence, and that is why we have heard so little of what was going on there. Before describing the field some account of his career is due to this Australian Counte of Monte Cristo.

WAITING PATIENTLY FOR HIS OPPORTUNITY.

Mr. (Captain by mining courtesy) Rogers is a Cornishman, active and resolute, but now over 80 years of age. After opening up tin mines in Tava, Penang and elsewhere, he came to Victoria in the first flush of its gold fever and gained his colonial experience in several rushes. His practical shrewdness was early demonstrated. He argued that instead of following the alluvial the gold should be traced to its matrix. Acting on this conviction in 1853 he opened in Wattle Gully, Forest Creek, the first quartz reef in Victoria, being jeered as a madman for expecting to find gold in a lode. His example was, however, quickly followed, and then came the difficulty of extracting the gold from the cruelly hard quartz. The captain claims to have erected the first quartz crushing battery in Australia. By the by, home people cannot imagine what a dazzling beautiful thing in the sun is pure white quartz crushed. The streets of Ballarat are metalled with it, and make one think of that little surprise the French king prepared for his mistress when he had the park avenues spread with salt.

Captain Rogers acted as manager to various mining companies, till in 1876 he was appointed expert to a Sydney syndicate. He was sent to report on Bingara as a gold field. It struck him the country was likely for gems, and he resolved to return at his leisure and prospect it. It was not for eight years that this "leisure" moment came, but he had not forgotten. He came all the way from Ballarat in the adjoining colony, and after two months' prospecting found a lead which averaged three carats to the load. Although at this time there was uncertainty as to the market value of Australian diamonds (so called), some speculators at once offered $17,500 for his claim. It was probably this want of definite knowledge about the stone found here that induced Rogers to accept the offer—a proceeding he soon regretted, as the purchasers made a ring and took up every acre of diamondiferous country in the district.

Here again the Cornishman's innate shrewdness stood him in good stead. He alone knew the trend of the country and the dead work needed to develop it. He argued that some of these mining leases would inevitably be forfeited owing to non-compliance with labor conditions. So he waited. His foresight had not deceived him. As the leases fell through he lodged his application and secured them, always keeping his eye steadily on that big plumb, the Monte Cristo block. He waited five years before this last lease was obtained.

FABULOUS RICHNESS OF THE FIND.

Then he went to work all alone, sometimes not seeing another human being for months. He sunk a shaft, timbered it, filled bags with the dirt below, climbed to the surface and hauled them up. He drove and crosscut on two levels, and sunk again through about fifty feet of very hard oxidized cement. How a man of his age could have done this work unaided is a marvel; but of this drive he washed fifteen loads for a yield of 2,189 diamonds, and proved the drift to be the commencement of a deep lead. After this he sunk an air shaft, which was destroyed by flood, and before he could get another one completed he succumbed to bad air and was laid up for six months. As soon as he was able to work again he followed up this drive with a tunnel 200 feet to test the extent of the drift, sunk a third shaft, and from this one opened up a shallow level so rich that he christened it the Bonanza.

So far, although sending parcels of gems to London, Captain Rogers has kept his own counsel, but now, having proved his property, he invited experts to visit it, and very much astonished they were. They found that this dauntless octogenarian had with his own hand accomplished the work of opening up a great mine, displaying such consummate judgment that the upper level offered room for 200 men to start blocking; that the drift had been traced to within 150 feet of its matrix (which crops out on an adjacent hill), and sufficient of the forty feet laid bare to yield a ton of diamonds! The whole of this drift is diamond-bearing; it is found to average 200 stones to a one-horse load of twenty-seven cubic feet, and in one part yields 2,500 stones of the load. This one lease is for twenty acres.

The Monte Cristo mine itself is a veritable mountain of diamonds, pronounced by experts the richest mine ever known in the world. The stones are declared in London, Amsterdam and New York equal to the best Brazilian gems, but of so adamantine a hardness that special machinery has had to be erected in London for cutting them. Its output must influence, if not govern the diamond market, which has already had to be nursed because of the influx of Cape stones. Should the matrix prove as rich as the surrounding country indicates, the mine will be worth a kingdom. The quite recent dispatch to England of twenty sample bags of wash dirt taken from all parts of the mine has strengthened the report that Captain Rogers has received overtures from a great house, believed to be the Rothschilds. His advanced age and partial blindness—which latter now compels him to have an assistant at the sorting table—are strong arguments in favor of realizing; but the plucky old fellow says if he were 20 years younger or had a son to take his place he would not accept $10,000,000 for the property. In spite of this bit of bluff he will have to deal, and as money is still scarce here the Monte Cristo mine will probably become the property of capitalists.

OTHER PRECIOUS STONES AND METALS.

The commissioner, from whose report we glean these particulars, says the wash, when seen underground, is of an uninteresting grayish color and all water-worn material. A dark green pebble, shaded like a kidney bean, runs through it like plums in pudding and wherever the pebbles are thick the diamonds are thick also. Like that in the diamond mines of India and Brazil, the wash dirt contains jaspers, quartz, agate, sandstone discolored by oxides, manganite, trimonite, conglomerate, quantities of small gems, rubies, garnett, sapphires, zircons, tourmaline and topazes; also gold and plating in sufficient quantities to contribute materially toward the working expenses. In passing through the drives the commissioner noticed in parts of the face of the lead disturbed "as if the rabbits had been scratching there.

"That's where the ladies have been," said the captain, who gallantly permits lady visitors (and you will not be surprised to hear he has a good many) to carry away souvenirs. The Bingara diamonds are white or yellow, but mostly white. Some red ones have been found, and one rare green one, which, unfortunately, some one took a fancy to. The largest as a rule, are about two carats, but one of eleven carats has been found. It is believed that large stones will be unearthed when the matrix is driven on. The price received up to the present is about $7 per carat for white stones and about $2 per carat for small and off-color diamonds. The excessive hardness of the Bingara stones, which increases the cost of cutting, affects their price. A curious characteristic of some of the diamonds is a cobweb formation in the stone, and twin diamonds have also been found. Warden Lawson, recently sent by the mines department to inspect the Monte Cristo, broke down sixty-five pounds of wash dirt, washed it in the presence of a party, and obtained from it sixty-five very nice stones. He broke down and sent unwashed a similar quantity of dirt to the Chicago exhibition, together with a number of diamonds. From the commissioner's account it is evident that Captain Rogers' methods of washing, sorting, etc., are primitive, and not adapted to deal economically with large bodies of the drift. He is just now inundated with visitors, and no doubt it is an interesting spot. A story is told of a learned professor who went to spend a day; on the ninth day he had to be dragged away.

An African King.

After Emin Pasha had learned of the fall of Khartoum and the conquest of the Soudan by the Mahdists, he gave up hope of being able to defend the Equatorial Province with the force at his disposal. To rescue the Egyptians who garrisoned the various posts was now his first duty, and he began to make his plans for a march to the sea. The only practical route appeared to lie through the kingdom of Unyoro, which bounds the Province on the southeast. Accordingly he sent his medical officer, Vita Hassan, with valuable presents of ivory and other things, to the king of the country to obtain permission for the passage of the troops through his dominions.

This African monarch, who was named Kabarega, though in outward appearance a mere savage, showed that he possessed some of the qualities of a successful ruler.

Among the presents sent to him was a little box which had come from Mambettu, a country in the extreme western part of the province. When the king noticed that it was made of a single piece of wood, he was very much pleased with it, and asked the envoy whether he thought that his subjects were capable of imitating such work.

"I answered him," says Vita Hassan, "that the Wanyoro had no experience in such work, and that it would be very difficult for them to do it as well as the Mambettu, who were skilled in fashioning out of a block of wood the most varied and difficult objects. In a really artistic manner they are able to make dishes, plates, bowls, stands, and even Turkish jugs with their long and crooked necks.

"The Wanyoro, on the other hand, understand the preparation of skins. This is their speciality, as wood-working is that of the Mambettu. My words aroused the jealousy of Kabarega, and he counted on his fingers to five, and then said, 'On this day,' pointing to the fifth finger, 'come here again, and I will show you whether or not my people can make a box like this.'

"On the fifth day the Wanyoro had succeeded, under the most frightful threats of the king, in manufacturing a similar box of perhaps even better construction. Full of pride, Kabarega showed it to me with the words, 'What use is it being a king if I cannot get my subjects to make everything which I wish?'

"But what if you desire something which is beyond their ability or their knowledge?"

"'There is no need of that, for I have not lost my head; I shall never bid them fetch me the moon, but if it is a thing which is not beyond our power, I cannot permit, that they should give up at the first difficulty.

"For a negro king this seemed to be very reasonable, and I bowed my assent."

Wolfe and Quebec.

A very interesting and carefully prepared article appeared recently in The Week, written by Mr. G. Sherwood of Huron College, London, Ont., on "How Wolfe took Quebec;" it is well worth perusal. Mr. Sherwood concludes as follows:—The change from the old regime to the new was a blessing to an abused people. They were encouraged in every department of industry—their earnings were safe from official rapacity. The price of their produce was governed by the laws of supply and demand. Even the laws they preferred were granted them. Though vanquished, they were victors of the field. It may be wondered at that a people benefited so much by a change of government should ever show uneasiness under it of a desire to return to the old rule. But who dare state it is a sign of depravity in an individual or even a nation to refuse to pay material prosperity the homage that is due only to the noblest historical associations. Great names and great deeds cast their glory over the history of New France. One of her warriors at least will never be forgotten. Her explorers penetrated mighty forests, disclosed great lakes and traced the course of lordly rivers. Over the broad continent their names everywhere mark their journeyings. But it was in missionary enterprise New France attained her highest glory. There was no forest so dense that missionaries did not penetrate—no tribe so remote as to be uncared for. The field of their labours was a vast one. Their feet trod the bleak Labrador coast and the rich prairies of the West; they imperilled their lives by the lovely Lake of Onondaga and where the many winds ruffle the bright surface of the Couchiching. It is these associations that inflame the minds of French Canadians and make them forget the tyranny and misery of the Old Regime."

Return of a Long-Lost Son.

An English paper records the romantic return of a long-lost son to his mother which has occurred in Newcastle-on-Tyne. About 12 years ago a boy named Ralph Swailes, five years of age, strayed from his parents, people in humble circumstances, who, despite all their efforts, failed to recover him, and concluded that he had fallen into the river and been drowned. Years passed, the father died, and the mother moved to another part of the city. On Wednesday a strapping youth, in a uniform of the 5th Fusiliers, entered the house and stated that inquiries he had made led him to believe that she was his mother. The woman quickly and joyfully indentified him by means of marks on his body. The man's account of his disappearance was that he had been found wandering by the police in a neighbouring borough, and sent to the workhouse, where he remained for some years. Subsequently he worked on a farm, then went to sea in a fishing smack, and finally enlisted. Hearing incidentally from a recruit that people bearing his own name had lost a son, he made inquiries, with the above result. To the mother's sorrow the son expects shortly to be sent to India. Mrs. Swailes, however, has determined to petition the authorities, under the peculiar circumstances of the case, to allow her son to remain in the district.

The British Museum has twenty-five miles of books, and the largest collection of curiosities in the world.

SEASONABLE SMILES.

When a man marries he fully intends to be No. One in the family, but often the period drops out and he lapses into no one.

Priscilla—"A girl never marries her first love." Prunella—"No; she's lucky indeed, if she can marry her twenty-first, nowadays."

A farmer in Colorado being unable to write when receipting a bill used to draw the sketch of a man with a rope around his neck. This meant settled.

Teacher—"Do you understand the meaning of the word remorse?" Bad boy—"Yes'm" "Define it." "It's bein' sorry you forgot to put your g'ography in your pants."

Magistrate—"If you were there for no dishonest purposes, why were you in your stocking feet?" Burglar—"I heard there was sickness in the family, your honor."

Freddie—"Ma, didn't the missionary say that the savages didn't wear any clothes?" Mother—"Yes, my boy." "Then why did pa put a button in the missionary box?"

Eugene—"Marfa, you is sweeter dan a marshmiller." Martha—"You bettah call me yo' chocolate drop. Say, Euge, don't yo' go foolin' me like yo' do yo' soft white trash."

Jack—"So you knew I loved you?" Ada—"Yes, I have known it for some time." Jack—"Ah, I presume your womanly intuition told you?" Ada—"No; your sister, Jennie."

After the dinner at the cafe, Robby noticed with bulging eyes the heaping pile of change which the waiter brought back to his father. "Oh, papa!" he exclaimed; "Oh, papa! I'd like a plate of that, too!"

She—"The Letters of Junius I regard as the most wonderful compositions in the language." He—"They don't compare with Jack Hardy's. Why, he wrote a letter of condolence to a widow, and she took off her mourning immediately."

They were arguing about the sinful use of tobacco. "What would you think," said the minister, impressively, "if you met an angel coming down the street with a cigar in his mouth?" "What," retorted the sinner, "would you think if you saw one in a plug hat and a pair of ear muffs coming up the street?"

Charming widow: "Oh, no, Mr. Hathaway, say no more, I—I could not marry you—oh, I would not give up my poor—dear—dead—Charlie's name—that is all I have—left to me—I cannot—I—" Mr. Hathaway: "Oh, but darling, I'd have mine changed and you could keep it—easy enough—there—there—why certainly."

Wearied Father—"They say that no matter how one suffers some one has suffered more. All the same they couldn't beat me in this business, for I have walked this child the entire night for fully six hours." Mother (calmly)—"Yes, Henry, dear, but suppose you lived up near the pole where the nights are six months long!"

SCIENCE NOTES.

Pathologists now incline to believe that certain cases of ulcer of the stomach are due to microbes.

Japan has one of the best engineering schools in the world, and is beginning to manufacture creditable electrical machinery.

The Pasteur Institute in Paris treated last November one hundred and twenty-nine persons, the great majority of whom were French.

A comparison of the cost of gas and electric lighting in seven German cities shows that the latter is from 25 to 75 per cent. higher.

It has heretofore been almost impossible to make large castings of aluminum, but the difficulty has now been so far overcome that pure aluminum bathtubs are now made in a single piece.

A man in Birmingham, Ala., has been arrested for manipulating an ingenious gambling device in which a current of electricity under the operator's control could be used to determine the way in which the dice should fall.

Underground photography has recently made such progress that mining engineers are now able to illustrate their reports with pictures showing the exact appearance of ledges, ore bodies, and other features of importance.

The simplest way to tell iron from steel is to pour on the metal a drop of nitric acid, and allow it to act for one minute. On rinsing with water a greyish-white stain will be seen if the metal is iron; a black one, if it is steel.

Excavations in Oiseau-le-Petit, France, have revealed the remains of a Gallo-Roman city, including a great temple, a theatre, and monuments. The city, which must have numbered about 30,000 inhabitants, seems to have been destroyed by an earthquake.

Do Bees and Wasps Get Drunk?

I have just been reading something about this in a periodical, though it has taught me nothing I did not know before. The reply is "Of course they do." The fact is, they cannot well help it. Rotting fruit is the sweetest, and these they attack with great avidity; but many sweet, juicy fruits, while decaying, develop alcohol, and it is interesting and amusing to watch the scrambling and fighting of the wasps around these when thoroughly "boozed." Mr. Wasp has the good sense to crawl away into some quiet corner to sleep it off. But, like some human beings, when better he goes straight for the drink again. A sting from a drunken wasp is far more venomous than one from a sober wasp—a Good Templar wasp, let us call him. Ordinary bees, I am convinced, get drunk with the juice of some flowers, notably thistles, and don't go home till morning. You may find them on these thistles early in the summer morning. If you put a finger near them they hold up a fore leg beseechingly, as much as to say, "Oh, do go away, and let a fellow sleep. I'll be all right in an hour or two." This is an example of the queer side of nature, but it is all as true as the Gospel. It proves, I think, that man is not the only animal whom the demon drink can lead by the nose. I have known drunken dogs, especially a Newfoundland and a bull-terrier, who were never sober when they could get beer or gin, who went to public-houses of their own accord, because they knew people would stand treat for the fun of the thing, and who went home needing all the breadth of the pavement, if not the street. The Newfoundland, when half-seas over, would exhibit great affection. She would sit down beside one and insist upon shaking hands about three times a minute. By-and-by she would go to sleep on her broad back, and snore. Very human, isn't it?

That's Nothing.

The judge and the colonel entered a half of Bacchus and ranged up along the counter.

"What will you have, colonel?" asked the judge.

"Nothing, judge, thanks," responded the colonel.

The barkeeper set out a bottle and each gentleman filled his glass to the brim, bowed, poured it down and walked out.

"Great scot," gasped a stranger, "what do they mean by saying they'll have nothing and then take a bath like that?"

"Oh," replied the barkeeper, with a shrug of indifference, "they call a drink like that nothing."—[Detroit Free Press.

Proving Her False.

Spoiled Boy—"Mrs. Nexblock says I'm the most spoiled boy in town."

Mother—"She does, does she? I'd just have her know you are trained as much as her brats any day. Let me know next time she passes the house."

Spoiled Boy (delighted)—"Yes'm."

Mother—"Now don't forget, I want her to hear me spanking you."

PIRATES OF THE DESERT.

They Number 400,000 Souls and Their Encampments Spread Clear Across the Sahara.

A Caravan Route Destroyed, and a City Almost Depopulated.

Within the past few weeks white men, for the first time, have walked, undisguised, among the mosques and market places of Timbuctoo. The French now hold the town by force of arms. They have already had a fight with the fierce Tuaregs, who have long been a potent element among the populace, and, indeed, had met them in that neighborhood before. Within the past four years French gunboats have twice anchored at Koriume on the Niger, the port of Timbuctoo, and nine miles from that city. Hundreds of Tuareg tents were scattered over the plain, and the French did not attempt to reach the town. They did not retreat up the river before having severe fights with the nomads, who blazed away from the banks, their flintlocks charged with gunpowder made in the town.

In stronger force the French have now been able to occupy Timbuctoo. They knew the enemy they would meet again when they should finally seize the most famous town in the western Soudan. Since the gunboat Mage returned from the neighborhood of Timbuctoo in 1890, the French have been planning to plant their flag in

THE FORBIDDEN CITY.

It is not likely that they have now taken the final steps without providing adequate means, not only to occupy the town, but also to establish themselves firmly in possession. The recent fight with the Tuaregs occurred on the river, south of Timbuctoo, and Lieut. Jaime's survey of the river in 1890 shows that the Tuaregs then held the banks for about fifty miles above the town.

By agreement with England, France's sphere of influence extends over nearly all of the Sahara desert. Her soldiers at their Algerian outposts have long looked southward over the sandy plains. At last from the southern edge, they are looking north over the great waste that nominally belongs to France. The French now occupy both the northern and southern frontiers of their Saharan domain.

Timbuctoo to-day is only the shadow of its former self. The time was when the town did a large trade

THE WEEKLY NEWS

Published Every Wednesday
At Courtenay, B. C.
By Whitney & Co.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

IN ADVANCE.

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

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

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

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

No Advertisment inserted for less than cents.

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

Wednesday, Mar. 14, 1894

In looking over our books we find that many of our subscribers are in arrears, some of them for many months. Newspapers can not be run on credit, and we must urge all who know themselves to be indebted to us to at once forward the amount.

Our subscribers on Valdes Island will please pay amount due from them to this paper o Mr. Robert Hall, storekeeper and postmaster, who is authorized to receive and receipt therefor.

Gladstone.

The retirement of Gladstone from public life is an event of which the whole world will take notice. For more than fifty years his has been a conspicuous figure and within the last few years he had reached a prominence far above any of his contemporaries. As a scholar, orator, leader and statesman he is equally great. These combined with an integrity which never unbent leaves himwithout a peer. Many there be who do not accept his views, but none who will not pay homage to his wonderful ability and great moral worth. With failing hearing and sight, he still maintains at his great age, in all its plenitude, his intellectual vigor, and to a remarkable degree his physical force. He will cease his political activity, but as the greatest Englishman of his times he will not cease to occupy public attention. He "stands on an eminence and glory covers him", and his fame will shine through the ages with increasing brightness.

Bump on a Log.

The man of push, the man of enterprise, the useful man, has for a guide this homely motto—"Some things can be done as well as others". But for him the world would stand still, or perhaps retrograde. The class who wish progres is larger than is generally admitted, and the numbers who are willing to do their share of the pushing are by no means small. The reason why things do not move faster is because of a different element which is to be found in every community. This constitute the inertia that keeps things back. It believes in letting things take their course, and it has no faith in any effort which may be put forth in the public behalf. The government will do what it likes, and there is no use in saying anything, and this notwithstanding the Government is constantly endeavoring to oblige the people. Its motto is directly the reverse of the other. Not content with doing nothing, it discourages others from doing anything. It sits by like a bump on a log and is an insufferable exscrescence upon the community.

Let Us Have a Railway.

We want a railway, and the most practicable scheme is that of the extension of the Esquimalt & Nanaimo Railway into this valley. The line is easily built, there being no high elevations, or devides to be overcome, nor any large streams to bridge. The road bed will be comparatively level, and the grades not heavy. The extension can also be operated without greatly additional expense, as no additional general officers will be required, and as we will be but a day's ride from the Capital, it will require no additional rolling stock unless it be freight cars, and but little additional help. Once built, the line would come nearer paying expenses than now, but these are considerations for the Company rather than the public, and they are only adverted to here for the purpose of showing that the extension is feasible.

The enormous benefit to be derived by rapid transit between our now isolated section and the Capital is incalculable, and it seems strange that there should be any apathy upon the subject. Why Nanaimo and Victoria are not more deeply stirred in view of the great advantage it would be to have this section developed and made more directly tributary to them is the strangest thing of all. The time is not far distant when the coal output at Union will reach a figure equaling the output around the Black Diamond City, and when that time arrives we shall have a correspondingly large population. A railroad now will hasten the time. All, we are satisfied, that is needed is a little government encouragement. Let that be given, as it should be, and the dirt will be flying between here and Wellington. With a railroad we should make a wonderful advance. Our coal measures are inexhaustable, and of the highest quality, our timber has been but barely touched, and not one acre in a hundred of the lands in this valley, which may be set down as arable, has been tilled. Our resources are unbounded, and when once fairly developed, the results will be simply amazing. Let us have the railroad.

Poor Yet Rich.

Written for the News.

I am poor, very poor; my credit is bad,
I can scarcely get trust for a meal.
I am out of employment, and work I can't get;—
I can't beg, nor borrow— wont steal.

I can scarce make ends meet, let me do as I will
The wolf still comes nearer my door.
I have nothing to hope for but all things to fear,—
I am poor, yes indeed, I am poor.

It gives me the blues to think over my lot,
My heart is as heavy as lead,
When I think of my wife and my dear little ones,
That may soon be crying for bread.

Let me sum up my wealth, it is very soon done:
Of cash I have but a small store,
My clothing is shabby, my shoes want repairs;—
I can see, I can feel I am poor.

But there is I am sure a far different side
And truth in the story that's told,
How the cloud's silver line that the shield may look black
While the opposite side is pure gold.

Let me look at the blessings of which I am possessed,
Of which I have got a full store,
And see if the shield has a gold side for me,
Although in world's goods I am poor

I have health, I have strength, a fair measure of youth,
My habits domestic and kind;
With a dear little wife, my helpmate and friend,
Who is to my faults always blind.

She's among my assets, and a rich one at that:
The wealth of the world could not buy
From me her sweet smile, her bright winning way,
Or a glance of her kind loving eye.

Then I've two little children, a fairy like girl,
A sturdy and frolicsome boy;
He's his own mother's pet, while the dear little girl
Makes my evenings brim over with joy.

Can I call myself poor with treasures like these,—
Wife, children, and health a fair share?
No, no, I am rich; no richer on earth;—
I'm a twenty times told milionaire.

Nanaimo, March 7. J. B.

THE JESTER.

That Broad Rimmed Hat.

The autumn days are here again.
From stately trees and small
The faded leaves drop one by one.
The nuts begin to fall.
The summer girl will call a halt
To trysting in the shade,
And roasted chestnuts soothe the taste
For lunes and lemonade.
The man behind the office desk
Will sigh untold relief.
His shiny pate will have respite
From flies a season brief.
Yet, though the fleecy clouds adorn
A cool September sky,
We'll drop a tear to summer in
Her green robes going by,
For she's taking them away with her,
That treasured baseball bat,
Lawn tennis, racket, russet shoes
And
That
Broad
Rimmed
Hat.
—Boston Globe.

Additional Knowledge.

Cholly Summerboard—What is the matter, Mr. Grayneck? You look dreadfully tired and worried.

Farmer Grayneck—I'm all out o' patience tryin to make the old brindle cow give down.

Cholly—Down? Why, good gracious! I never knew before that cows produced down; always supposed it was plucked from poultry. By Jove! That is a good one on me, isn't it?—Brooklyn Life.

THE SOUBRETTE.

Henri Lynn has been engaged by Hyde & Behman to appear in "Comrades."

Edward Vernon, an English actor, has been engaged to support Rosina Vokes.

Olive Berkeley has been specially engaged to play Rose in "The Masked Ball."

Marie Burress has been engaged by L. R. Stockwell for his stock company at San Francisco.

Fred Frear will originate the part of Bi-Kloride in "Shing-Ching," Richard Stahl's new comic opera.

Fannie Bernard has signed with Frazer Coulter to play Shakespeare Jarvis in "The Lights o' London."

Jeannie Winston, the opera singer, will retire from the stage and take up residence in Italy, where she has property.

George B. McClellan will present Fay Templeton in a new opera after she has appeared in a revival of "Mme. Favart."

Irene Everett, a member of "The Girl I Left Behind Me" company, is a daughter of State Senator Everett of California.

Joseph Arthur is putting in all his spare time on "The Corncracker," which he says, by the way, will be a wonderful production.

Lucius B. Jackson has signed to go with "The Little Tycoon." He will play Knickerbocker, the part made famous by R. E. Graham.

A man with a large thumb should never marry a woman with a similar characteristic. There will in such case be a constant struggle for the mastery.

Happy are they that hear their detractions and can put them to mending.—Shakespeare.

"Ono ob de penalties ob greatness," said Uncle Eben, "is tor be specially conspicuous ebery time yer makes er fool ob yerself."—Washington Star.

The gate of heaven is love; there is no other. When generous act blooms from unselfish thought, the Lord is with us, though we know it not.—Lucy Larcom.

Union Saw Mill

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

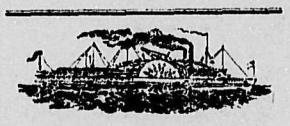
Also all kinds of Mouldings Sawn and Split Shingles Dressed Pine and Cedar

Stumping Coal

For Domestic Purposes delivered at short notice.

Done at Reasonabe Rates by OUR GIANT STUMPER

R. GRANT & CO. UNION, B. C,



Esquimalt and Nanaimo Ry.

Steamer Joan

J. E. BUTLER, MASTER.

On and after Mar. 22nd, 1893

The Steamer JOAN will sail as follows

CALLING AT WAY PORTS as passengers and freight may offer

Leave Victoria, Tuesday, 7 a. m.
" Nanaimo for Comox, Wednesday, 7 a. m
Leave Comox for Nanaimo, Fridays, 7 a.m.
" Nanaimo for Victoria Saturday, 7 a.m

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

Esquimalt & Nanaimo R'y.

Time Table No. 17,

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

| GOING NORTH READ DOWN | | |