The Weekly News.

NO29. COURTENAY, COMOX DISTRICT, B. C. WEDNESDAY, MAY 24, 1893. $2.00 PER YEAR

McKim's Stores

— at —

UNION & COURTENAY

carry a fine assortment of

General Merchandise

including

Boots, Shoes, Clothing and Gents Furnishings

Eureka Bottling Works,

LOUIS LAWRENCE, PROPRIETOR,

— MANUFACTURER OF —

SODA WATER, LEMONADE, GINGER ALE,

Sarsaparalla and Champagne Cider, Iron Phosphates, Syrups.

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

Nanaimo and Courtenay B. C.

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

COURTENAY PHARMACY.

PURE DRUGS & PATENT MEDICINES

Also Fancy Toilet Articles

TOBACCO AND CIGARS.

UNION MINES FURNITURE ESTABLISHMENT

A Full Line of Everything

BUILDERS and CONTRACTOR

UNDERTAKING IN ALL ITS BRANCHES

Grant and McGregor Props.

... George Howe. ...

COMOX and UNION B, C.

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

Orders Filled on Short Notice.

OPPORTUNITY ARRIVED

Ihave for sale some plended Lots and Blocks a mile EAST OF COURTENAY VILLAGE.

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

Directly Through The Property

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

Office at Courtenay. Wm Cheney, Real EstateAgt

THE BEST PLACE IN B. C.

to buy

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

is

NICHOLLES and RENOUF

Victoria, B C

P O Box 86 S E Corner Yates and Broad

Correspondence solicited.

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
Farm Produce
Fancy Groceries
Crockery & Glassware

Dry Goods
Boots & Shoes
Hardware
Paint & Oils

Gents Furnishings
Patient Medicines
Stationery
Wallpaper

Sportsmens Supplies a Speciality

Riverside Hotel

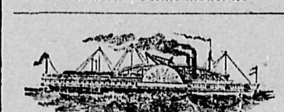
Courtenay B C

J. J. Grant, Proprietor

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

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

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



Esquimalt and Nanaimo Ry.

Steamer Joan

J. E. BUTLER, MASTER.

On and after Mar. 22nd, 1893

The Steamer JOAN will sail as follows

CALLING AT WAY PORTS as passengers and freight may offer

Leave Victoria, Tuesday, 5 a. m.
" Nanaimo for Comox, Wednesday, 7 a. m
" Comox for Valdez Island, every alternate Thursday 7 a.m.(Returning same day.)
Leave Comox for Nanaimo, Fridays, 7 a.m
" Nanaimo for Victoria, Saturdey, 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 DONW No. 2 Passenger Daily.	No. 4 Passenger Saturdays Sundays	Miles f'm Vic	Stations	Mls f'm W'gt'n	GOING SOUTH. READ UP No. 1 Passenger Daily	No. 3 Passenger Saturdays Sundays.
8 00 AM	De 2 30 PM		VICTORIA	78	Ar 12 21	Ar 5 58
8 04	2 34	1	RUSSELL'S	77	12 20	5 51
8 14	2 41	4	ESQUIMALT	74	12 10 PM	5 44
8 39	3 03	11	GOLDSTREAM	67	11 45 AM	5 19
9 14	3 35	20	SUMMIT SIDING	58	11 10	4 50
9 34	4 01	25	SHAWNIGAN LAKE	53	10 50	4 24
9 44	4 11	31	COBBLE HILL	47	10 40	4 11
9 57	4 25	35	McPHERSON'S	43	10 27	3 52
10 07	4 30	38	KOKSILAH	40	10 17	3 49
10 12	4 44	40	DUNCAN'S	38	10 12	3 44
10 22	4 51	43	SOMENOS	35	10 02	3 34
10 48	5 16	52	CHEMAINUS	26	9 36	3 12
11 05	5 33	59	OYSTER BAY S G	19	9 15	2 55
Ar 11 50 / De 11 59	6 11	73	NANAIMO	5	De 8 34 / Ar 8 25	2 14
Ar 12 14 PM	Ar 6 29	78	WELLINGTON		De 8 10 AM	De 1 30 PM

On Saturdays and Sundays

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

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

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

Through rates between Victoria and Comox.

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

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

Society Cards

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

Ernest A. Holliday
Recorder.

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

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

Visiting Brothers cordially requested to attend.

W. J. Young
Secretary.

K. of P.

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

John Baird,
K. R.S.

COURTENAY HOUSE.

COURTENAY, B.C.

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

R. Graham, Propr.

T. C. Woods

Comox B. C.

Conducts a General Teaming and Livery Business

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

For Sale

521 Acres of Choice Land,

— and —

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

Title deeds can be seen in my possession.

Adam McKelvey

NEW SHOES

From our Old Makers, C. C. Co., of Montreal.

Always Satisfactory.

Duncan Bros.

For Sale.

A thorougbred, three year old, Jersey Bull.

Apply at this Office.

Real Estate Snaps.

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

---

Wm Mathewson

will deliver daily at

UNION

and during warm weather twice a day Pure Milk from His Ranch

And also will deliver to his custome daily Fresh Eggs, Butter, Vegeta Poultry, etc.

Farmers having above for sale or delivery should consult him.

Passengers carried to and from Union.

Notice to Contractors.

Sealed tenders will be received by the undersigned up to noon of Saturday, June 3rd, 1893, for certain work to be done on Union Mine road, Lower Prairie road, Black Creek road, McKelvie's road, John Piercy's road, Little River road, and Lake Road.

Plans and specifications can be seen at the office of the undersigned on and after Monday, May 29th from 9 a. m. till 12 m. and from 1 p. m. till 5 p. m.

Tenders must be made upon the printed form which will be supplied for that purpose. The lowest, or any tender not necessarily accepted.

S. Creech, Gov. Agent

Grand Concert.

The concert given Monday evening by the Union Presbyterian choir at Sandwick was a meritorious one, a full account of which will appear next week. Below is an original poem, written by W. H. Davidson and sung by him at concert.

Milk Brigade

About six miles from Courtenay
High up upon a knoll,
There is a camp called Union
Where miners dig for coal,—
A great conglomeration
From China and Japan
Belgium, Sweden, Scotland and
The Nova Scotian man.
The miners live in cabins
Which are not of the best,
And if the one is useless
Its no more than the rest.
They like both milk and honey,
Of cash they're not afraid;
So Thomas and Jack Fraser
Commenced the milk brigade.

Chorus:

Oh, 'tis the same old story,
You'll hear it everywhere,
How Mathewson and Crawford
Are dealing on the square;
But Harrigan, the farmer,
His fame forever made
When he hung up the harrow
And joined the milk brigade.

With Mathewson they bargained
(That enterprising man)
To take the business over
And fill the Union can.
But Crawford stated likewise
(And being on the make)
He'd give far better measure,
So customers did take.
The baker brought the message:
Says Bill, "If it is true
I must compete with Crawford
For failure will not do;
I'll sell both eggs and butter
And well my plans I'll choose,
So put an advertisement
In Courtenay's Weekly News.

— Chorus.

Well, everything went lovely,
Until one pleasant day
Bold Harrigan, the farmer,
With horse and cart so gay,
Came trotting through the forest
With thoughts as fine as silk
Some first class eggs and butter
And several cans of milk.
The horse was somewhat fractious
And somehow got a start,
So ran far in the forest
And upset milk and cart.
But soon he got another,
And though somewhat delayed,
You'll find him every morning
In the famous milk brigade.

— Chorus.

(In response to an encore)

Now I forgot to mention
The great Tug Wilson's name,
And must apologise, sir,
For leaving out the same;
A pet of all the ladies,
Polite and always gay
He's honest as they go, sir,
That's what the ladies say.
Now don't think that I'm flattering,
That's one thing I don't do;
Don't that young man deserve it?
I'll leave it girls, to you;
So jolly and so loving
You'll always find the blade,
And he's both fat and pretty
Since of the milk brigade.

Decided Hit.

The Methodist Ladies Aid Society gave on Saturday at the Reading Room hall, Union, an entertainment of unusual merit. The hall was filled, before the curtain rose, and at 50 cents a head must have netted a very handsome sum. The hall stage was tastefully draped, and the flowers, the gift of Mrs. F. D. Little, indicated that the affair was managed by ladies who realized the worth of these children of beauty: and to Mrs. Freeman President, Mrs. Collis vice-President, Mrs. Clinton, Treasurer, Mrs Robson, Secretary, and Mrs. F. D. Little, who ably assisted them, the success of the evening is due.

The stage managers, James B. McLean, assisted by Mr. H. P. Collis and Geo. Robertson deserve credit for the smoothness with which the charades, tableaux and scenes were put on. Mr. G. W. Clinton performed the duties of chairman with an easy dignity indicating experience. The programme was sufficiently varied to suit all tastes, including as it did, overtures by the band, solos, trios, quartettes, tableaux, charades, recitations and a tambourine drill. The music was satisfactory and the singing good. The accompanist, Mrs. Little, was noticably helpful to the singers rather than in an attempt at display, which is too often the case, and sufficiently demonstrated her merit as a musician. The "golden wedding" was well rendered by all and gave ample scope to Mr. Alfred Pearse's peculiar power of facial expression which in the comic wonderfully re-enforces his vocal gifts. In the song, "My Bonnie," the solo was sweetly sung while the quartette came up to the height of a spirited rendering. In another college song the part of Levi was given with considerable dramatic effect. Mr. Howell has a sweet cultivated voice and sang most acceptably. Rev. Mr. Robson's recitation was effectively done. The recitation of Mrs. Collis showed a cultivated voice, and by judicious emphasis and delicate modulation all the beauties of the piece were brought out.

The gem, however, was the

TAMBUORINE DRILL

This was well worth the price of admission. As the curtain rose, twelve young girls of the average age of about a dozen years, perhaps less, marched to the platform, stepping to music with the precision of soldiers. They were pretty girls too, and prettily uniformed, wearing light blue skirts, with white waists, their hair woven into two braids, hanging down gracefully upon either shoulder and tied with white and blue silk ribbons, while a similiar display of ribbons floated from the crown of the head, and formed an attractive knot on the top of the beautiful tambourines which the young misses handled with grace and skill. Mrs. Collis stood fronting the stage and was evidently the drill officer and leader, swinging her musical wand with the perfection and grace which reminds one of the celebrated leader, Theodore Thomas. Guided by her motions, but without apparently watching her, the blue ribboned misses marched and countermarched, circling out and in, but never confused or making a wrong movement in all their various evolutions.

Next to the drill in interest was the garden scene. The gorgeous sunflowers were well executed on a large curtain, with the centres cut out to make room for the handsome features and bright eyes of a few of the drill brigade who were standing behind the curtain, while seated amid the flowers in front were others of them, forming a charming picture. But we cannot enter further into details. It is hoped that the ladies may be induced to give the entertainment in this locality, and thus afford our peole an opportunity of attending it.

Denman Snaps.

The matrimonial market here is quiet at present, but business is liable to be brisk at any moment.

Accidents, or mishaps rather, still happen to our fair ones in going too and fro from the temperance lodge. Mr. Piercy the other evening, when driving a fair sister home unceremoniously dumped her out by over turning the rig. Whether it was the darkness of the night or the nervousness attending upon the exciting position of being charioteer for one of Denman's fair daughters, that made him act the part of Jehu badly, I know not, but I might suggest to him the necessity of keeping cool under such trying circumstances.

Our mutual friend Mr. Cheney is still to the foreground of his fame as the champion of public rights'

The genial master of Mt. Pleasant and its shrewd mistress are making great changes on their estate. If all the improvements which they show you on paper are carried out, Mt. Pleasant bids fair to be the pleasantest spot on our fair island.

The genial good humored face of Mr. Thomas Piercy is seen no more among local politicians as he has resigned from all the public offices which he of late so ably filled.

One of Denman's fair daughters intends leaving for other scenes. Curiosity is wide awake wandering why the marriage in which she was expected to play a principal part has not taken place.

Genial Mrs. D. Pickles is still to the front, acting on her old adage, "making the most of all things". Were all our bachelors blessed with such a shrewd business wife their life would indeed be blessed.

Mr. James Graham has built a new house commanding a better view of Bayne Sound, and by the improvements he is making, we hope soon to see a fair mistress installed therein.

Mr. W. Keenan does not seem to believe in the progressiveness of the age, as he discards the mode of carriage and hauls his hay and other produce in the old way, viz: by panniers accross the back of his horse.

Mr. Graham, senior, has at last awakened to the fact that the way to enjoy life is to have plesant surroundings. He to is erecting a more commodious dwelling house.

Mr. R. Swan in spite of the late spring has taken matters in his own hand and is to the front by having completed all of his seeding in. It is generally thought as he has a new barn, he was in a hurry to have it filled to overflowing so, therefore took nature by the forelock.

Mrs. King, mother of our fair instructress to the young, is at present paying a visit to Denman and is the guest of Mrs. McMillan.

Mr. Barkie is coming rapidly to the front as a local polititian and will in all probability fill the vacant places caused by the resignation from public office, of our esteemed mutual friend, Mr Piercy.

Mr. Nelson has invested in an incubator and spends most of his time in bringing chickens to the light, while his better half looks after the other affairs.

Others than our fair daughters can get stuck in the mud. Mr. J. V. Nicholls, who is the guest of Mr. Piket, at Mt. Pleasant, the other evening in his eagerness to assist a fair one over — got badly stuck in a mud hole, and looked as he laughingly explained very much like one who had been dumped into a brick mill. I guess our mud cooled his chivalric ardour, and he in the future will condscend to the use of a lantern while strolling our lanes on moonless nights

Islander.

"To Brighter Chimes"

Mr. and Mrs. J. Piket of Denman Island met with a sad affliction on Monday evening of last week in the accidental drowning of their little child, Cecil, aged two years and six months. It was between 5 and 6 o'clock in the evening, and the little fellow had been playing about the new building which its parents were erecting which was at the time unenclosed. The house covered a spring which flowed into a barrel partly set over it in the ground. The child was found by his little brother in search of a hammer, with his face in the water, dead. He had evidently fallen from some point above, over the edge of the barrel, and stunned or hurt, lay there face downward until discovered, which could not have been over three or four minutes, as he was seen shortly before in the house. The funeral took place on Wednesday.

Sleep on in thy beauty
Thou sweet angel child,
By sorrow unblighted
By sin undefiled.

Valdes Island Siftings.

May 10th- There is very little news of any importance in this part of the world at present. The weather is so damp that there is scacely any travel.

Hugh Grant cut his foot very badly today; while cutting a small limb the axe glanced and went into his ankle making a cut about two inches long and striking the bone pretty hard. He will be forced to move around on crutches for some time.

Messrs Brown & Crawford will have new potatoes on their farm in Duncan Bay about the middle of the month. They intend sending a sample to the World's Fair. They have also a small quantity of buckwheat sowed which is doing remarkably well.

Rev. Mr. Gallowy put up a house in the Indian village of Cape Mudge so that he might be among the natives to civilize them. It was not long, however, before the Siwashes got tired of him and began to move farther north, until at last about a month after he came to live there, all he had left to civilize were two blind klootchmen and fourteen dogs. The others had made their escape, some to Nanaimo and some up through Seymour Narrows. Soon after Mr. Galloway "turned up missing." Which way he went is not known, and the Siwashes live in hopes he will he will not return.

Lucifer

Local Brevities

The San Mateo arrived yesterday.

The Masonic lodge will meet at its hall in Courtenay next Saturday evening.

Mrs. C.C. Westwood returned last Wednesday from a visit to Nanaimo.

Michael Donahue of Point Holmes has had an increase of family. The mother is doing well.

We understand that public memorial services will be held by the Knights of Pythias at their hall in Comox, Sunday, June 18th.

The new Cumberland furniture store is already occupied by Grant & McGregor. A large consignment of furniture will be up to day for them on the Joan.

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

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

We notice by the last number of B. C. Gazette that T. H. Piercy of Denmau Island has resigned as justice of the peace

Out at Point Holmes the prospect is bright for a big yeild of fruit, especially apples, pears, cherries, grapes, currants, strawberries and gooseberries. The peaches however have suffered badly from the frost.

Last Wednesday, while a Chinaman was carrying a mattress up the incline at Union Wharf, the corner struck the bridge timbers, and precipitated him into the water below, a distance of about 30 feet. He was badly jarred but is doing well under Dr. Lawrence's care.

Last Thursday Her Royal Majesty's war steamer, the Nymph, was out practicing in front of the beach opposite John J. R. Miller's place from which point their evolutions could be plainly seen by the family. On leaving, a salvo was given in honor, it is supposed, of the famous gardener.

James Derbyshire, who lives at Little River, when he returned home last week found some one had pried open his tool box and removed his carpenter's kit. There was another box tied up with a rope containing clothing, which had been opened, the clothing taken out and put back. Hence it is inferred that Indians are not the culprits.

An Important Sale.

The magnificent farm of Wm. Mathewson on the Bay road is reported sold with all the cattle, horses, sheep and farm implements to R. Grant & Co. of Union. The place comprises something over 400 acres, but we understand the pre-emption claim has been reserved out of this.

Notice.

Notice is hereby given that any person found cutting timber on or removing material from the seven acre block recently occupied by Wm. Jones on the Union mine road now deceased, will be prosecuted according to law.

Robert Grant.
W. Sharp

Notice.

Notice is hereby given that a County Court of Nanaimo will be held at Comox on Thursday the 22nd day of June 1893 at 10 o'clock in the forenoon.

Suiters wishing to enter plaints for said Court must send particulars of same in duplicate with the fees to the undersigned on or before the 6th day of June next.

By Order
M. Bray
Registrar of
County Court.

Nanaimo, B. C.
May 10th., 1893.

Bay Gleanings.

Mrs. Maginnis arrived on the Coquitlam the other day from Canmore, N.W.T. to join her husband who is running the Roy ranch on the Bay.

Mr. Geo. Leighton, the popular blacksmith, has bought a lot of Mr. McKelvey next to his old stand where he will build It is whispered that he will take a partner in his house keeping department. Good for him.

Mr. Jack Roan has secured the piece of land at the Indian ranch where he is living. He is an enterprising fellow and we would like to see him do well.

Last Wednesday was a red letter day at Comox. Several thousand dollars worth of government contracts were let for work on roads, and no doubt the Gov't. Agent's good nature was thoroughly tested or will be before the kickers are through. Take one thing with another the life of a Gov't agent is not a happy one.

Mr. Charles Baker and Mrs. Ellen Carnent of Hernando Island were united in marriage at the English Church, Comox, last Thursday night. The Rev. Mr. Willemar officiated, Capt. Manson acted as witness, and Commodore Cliffe gave the bride away.

The SS. Stella owned by Capt. Manson of Cortes Island made a special trip to bring down the marriage party. She returned the same evening. Your correspondent wishes the happy couple a pleasant trip across the matrimonial sea.

The passengers by last week's trip of the Mail steamer Joan were A. Summerhase, R. Cessford and wife, Mrs. R. Graham, Mr. and Mrs. Lund, and Mrs. Westwood, Miss Piercy, and Miss Davis. The Joan took down on Friday Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Grieve, Wm. Cessford, Wm. Swan, Mr. Whalen and two children and a large amount of freight.

The Coquitlam arrived Monday evening with a fair amount of freight.

Blue Mud

HEALTH.

How Diphtheria is Diffused.

There are few country towns, says the *New York Independent*, where there cannot be seen a flourishing currant bush growing in the earth that has been gradually deposited in the cleft of an elm or maple tree, by the subsidence of the dust of the air; and we have heard of a sizeable maple tree, growing in the cleft whence the cement had fallen out, between two stones of the cornice of a lofty church. Would it ever occur to anybody to imagine that these growths are anything other than the result of a currant seed and an elm seed, planted in the respective localities where they are found? The first was probably carried by a bird, the second borne on the wings of the wind, till each found its soil, and thenceforth proceeded to grow. Some seeds seem *to follow certain races. The common plantain* is so sure to be found in the wake of the European peoples, that the Indians call it "the white man's footstep;" and it is surprising how many towns have, growing within their limits, some flowering plant that was once a garden favorite, which has been displaced by a more popular blossom, but which has taken its revenge by sowing itself, far and wide, till it has come to be regarded as a weed, if not a nuisance; and the uniformity in a great number of places with which its prevalence is attributed to some spinster "who went on a journey and brought back the seed of a flower that is now a genuine plague" is commended to the myth chasers.

It is now perfectly understood that the zymotic, that is, the "catching" diseases, are produced by the growth within our bodies of plants from microscopical seeds; and that one of the most hopeful ways of extirpating these diseases is to destroy and prevent the diffusion of the seeds.

When, in 1861, Napoleon the Little reached out to found a new empire sustained by French bayonets in Mexico, his army had in it men who were suffering from diphtheria and who brought the disease into a country where it had never been seen or *heard of before. The evanescent glories of* Maximilian soon faded, the remnant of the French soldiers went back, leaving behind them the evil legacy of this disease, which *one of the foremost of Mexican doctors lately* testified, in the American Public Health Association, it is impossible to dislodge or conquer, so very unintelligent are the common people, and so very inefficient in taking proper steps for disinfection.

Of all the diseases produced by these infinitesimal bacilli, this is the most to be dreaded, from the ease with which it passes from person to person, the great percentage of deaths, and the formidable injuries it often leaves behind in survivors.

Nearly every one can recall instances of "*mysterious*" attacks *of diphtheria; and* the relation of one or two recent experiences in New York will perhaps lead house buyers and apartment renters to inquire a little more closely than they usually do into the previous history of the health of the families who have been the occupants of the buildings in which they purpose to locate.

In November, 1891, Dr. Louis Fischer, a diligent observer and student of bacteriological diseases, was called to see a child, living in an apartment house, who had had no exposure, apparently, but who certainly had the disease. In trying to fathom the mystery of how this only and preciously guarded child had been thus smitten, it was learned that in the previous winter a child had had diphtheria in this apartment, that another case occurred within a few days on the floor above, and another on the floor below on the same side of the hall *while on the other side it did not break* out. There is not lacking evidence that it is carried from floor to floor by the sewer-pipe; but in the case under consideration the apartment consisted of a sitting room, a kitchen and a bedroom—the kitchen between the other two, and supplied with a pump to serve fresh water and a sink to catch all soiled water. Underneath this sink was a trap, which, while a partial barrier, may be reasonably supposed to absorb noxious gases coming from the sewer. A plumber showed to Dr. Fischer a trap that had greasy mud three-quarters of an inch deep in it, that was, of course, formed by the precipitation from the waste-laden streams that are constantly passing through *it. Of course, the kitchen is always warm,* and this trap sediment becomes a culture medium for any germs that may find lodgment there, and the heat of the stove will likely develop them, and in winter, when windows are closed, and the fresh air cannot get at them, they will find out their victim, if perchance there is a child or a person who has the slightest abrasion of the throat, or who is at the time physically below par. So Dr. Fischer makes the following *precis* of the situation:—

1. A sudden development of diphtheria in a previously healthy child.

2. The existence of a stench arising from sewer gas in the same room wherein our patient sleeps and lives, especially on *stormy days, and co-existing with poor* ventilation.

3. The fact that cases of diphtheria have previously developed at different times in *the same house on different floors.*

Of course, the sewer pipes receive all the rinsings from brushes, garments, cuspidors, etc., and equally of course in ninety-five cases out of a hundred they have had no proper disinfection—*e.g.*, a child with septic diphtheria had been ordered local applications of tanno-glycerin, put on with a camel's hair brush; the brush always removed pieces of the membrane swarming with these virulent bacilli, and the brush was taken to the water pump and plenty of water was allowed to run through the fibres, to "thoroughly cleanse it," the doctor in charge said. Dr. Fischer took a few hairs from the brush after washing, and found them full of bacteria—diphtheria bacilli and others; and he justly says it taught him two things—the uselessness of tannin against diphtheria, and the fresh danger arising from swabbing a diphtheritic throat with a camel's hair brush; and we ask, Did the bits of membrane go off sewer-borne to the ocean, or did they lodge in a filthy trap to be warmed into new activity at some later date? Bits of membrane have been *found alive with the bacillus seven months'* after being coughed up, and nobody knows that this is the limit. So vigilantly inquire what diseases have infested the premises you propose *to occupy, and do not feel that* because the case above described was in a small tenement it does not touch your case. There are some pretentious apartments bearing high rents that are by no means above suspicion; and we recall one of the medium class where diphtheria has claimed victims annually for four years, once sweeping off four out of five unusually robust children; and where from appearances the "disinfecting corps" did their work in a very slighting and perfunctory manner.

Infectious Diseases.

The nature of the infectious diseases, chief of which are Asiatic cholera, yellow fever smallpox, diphtheria, scarlet fever measles, typhus fever, typhoid fever and others, are not generally understood by those who so much dread them. While cholera and yellow fever when they break out in an epidemic are the most virulent and deadly for a time, they do not on the average cause as many deaths as diphtheria, which stands at the head of infectious *diseases for its fatality. This disease is* especially fatal to children, and is one of the most difficult to prevent from spreading. This disease is carried around easily in clothes, food and air, and its spread is very difficult to stop. It will even spread from corpses, and from burial places where the bodies have not been properly interred. Next to this disease typhoid fever stands as the most fatal, and as a rule half as many die from this annually as from diphtheria. Typhoid is not so infectious, but it is very deadly in its attack. It is communicated more through food and drinking water. Scarlet fever stands pretty close to typhoid fever in its fatality, and their relative death rate is about four to five. In this disease as well as *diphtheria, typhus fever,* and small-pox, funerals in a church should never be permitted, as this will frequently spread the disease rapidly. The Whooping cough comes next in its deadliness, followed closely by measles. Smallpox is really a very rare disease owing to prevention by vaccination. Its relative death rate is extremely small compared with the other diseases. Of late consumption has been placed among infectious diseases, and the *death rate from this disease is one and a* half times greater than from diphtheria, more than three times as great as typhoid, over four times as great as scarlet fever, ten times as great as whooping cough, thirteen times as great as measles, and thirty-five times as great as smallpox, or nearly equal to all of the other diseases combined.

FOREIGNERS HAVE LA GRIPPE.

Natives of Warm Climes Catching It at Chicago.

A Chicago, Ill., despatch says:—Visitors from the tropics who are not accustomed to snow and sleet and chilling rains have had *a rough experience this week. Many of* them came here late in order to escape the early spring, and were somewhat surprised to find that they had dropped into town almost in midwinter. There is not a native of the warm countries now at Jackson Park, with the possible exception of the Arabs, who is not sick, either with la grippe or bronchitis, and the only reason these sons of the desert are exempt from the ills that beset the other warm blooded people is that they are full of beer all the time. They have taken very kindly to the Chicago brew. In fact they drink it at every opportunity and are very quarrelsome in consequence. The most pitiable objects at Jackson Park are the Cingalese, who left *the sunny clime of far away Ceylon to build* the Cingalese Court on the lake front, not far from the warship, and Cingalese pavilions in the agricultural, woman's and other buildings. The court is to be a magnificent affair, but the thin-blooded workmen cannot finish it in the face of the Michigan breezes that blow from off the big lake of that name. Nearly every workman is utterly incapacitated, while not one of them is well enough to do a fair day's work. They sit in their quarters,

HOLLOW-EYED AND AS GHASTLY

as their coffee complexions will permit, and gravely cough the time away. The inhabitants of Java, Sumatra and Borneo are quite as badly off. They cannot work either, most of them being down with la grippe. It is as much as the most hardened Chicagoan can do to keep in good condition in such weather, while it is an utter *impossibility for these sons of the sun to* get up steam enough to work. A few warm, sunny days might bring them around all right, but they are not the sort of days *we are having now.* It was warm enough up to Wednesday, but it turned very cold then and has been chilly ever since. The Japanese want to complete their bamboo village as soon as possible, but they can't work on it while they are so sick. The Japanese, who went through the winter all right so bundled up that not even the tips of their noses could be seen, are shivering now and many of them can do nothing. They thought that when spring came it would stay, but it didn't. These subjects of the Mikado, who count every day they are *absent from home as a day absolutely lost,* are heartily sick of Chicago and everything connected with it. The giant Zulus who are guarding the precious clay from *the mines of Kimberly are not only heart*-sick, but sick in body as well. The clay is said to contain diamonds in the rough valued at $250,000, and when the Fair opens the Zulus will proceed to dig them out for the edification of visitors. Tiffany is to set the diamonds when they are produced. But the Zulus feel as though they would not live to perform the task allotted them, although the doctor says they are all right, it being nothing more nor less than a case of la grippe. Hamsech, the native police man of the the "Street in Cairo," was in a bad humor to-day. The chilly wind whistled about his baggy calico trousers and his pink and black blouse. Then he drew his dirty brown blanket closer about *his shoulders and swore strange Egyptian* oaths at people who tried to push past him through the gate in the wall which encloses the tapering minaret and the mosque and all the horde of picturesque and

SHIVERING ARABS AND EGYPTIANS.

He was guarding the consignment of donkeys, camels and other beasts being un*loaded from the cars. The men who did* the unloading on the contrary were "loaded." They wore bare legs and slippers down at the heel, a costume eminently unsuited to the uncertain glory of an April day in Chicago. The bare, brown limbs of the trees swayed in the blast; the bare, brown limbs of the Arabs offered a wide surface for the unkindly caress; only unlimited glasses of beer kept the Arabs up. The Egyptians are down with colds and la grippe, women particularly. A ceremony that has never taken place outside of Tur*key will be the dedication of the Turkish* mosque in the midway plaisance, on Friday, April 28. The ceremonies will be conducted under the auspices of the An*cient Arabic Order of Nobles of the Mystic* Shrine, an organization which has flourished in Turkey many years before it gained a foothold in this country. Noble Robert Levy, of Constantinople, who is the concessioner of the Sultan of Turkey, has invited all the members of the Medinah Temple, of this city, and all visting Shriners, to be present in a body at the dedication of the mosque, and to partake of a Turkish lunch within its walls.

A Narrow Escape.

Travellers in the uncivilized regions of South America have to face many perils from intense heat, poisonous reptiles and *savage men. M. Thouar, who explored the* Pilcomayo delta for the Argentine Government, describes an experience which prompted him to eternal vigilance in regard to snakes. He was lying in *his hammock; the* sergeant of his guard was asleep under a tree close by. Suddenly he noticed an immense serpent coiled around the sergeant's leg and extending its head toward his bare chest. What should he do? To wake the man meant certain death to him, but how could the snake be killed or driven away without rousing the sleeping soldier? Then he recalled a method of capturing the cobra of India. He prepared a slip-knot, and by stealthy, almost imperceptible movements, he attracted the serpent's attention. It *turned its head. Then M. Thouar leaned* from the hammock, and tickled the snake gently on the throat. It raised its head, and as it did so the noose was drawn tight around its neck. Just then the sergeant awoke and almost fainted with fright. But the danger was past, the slip-knot had saved him, and the stroke of a sabre had cut off the serpent's head.

Bridal Wreaths For All Nations.

The German bride wears the myrtle for her bridal wreath, while the girl of the Black Forest adorns herself with the flower of the hawthorne. In France and England and in the United States the orange flower is *in vogue, while the maidens of Italy and* the French provinces of Switzerland use white roses. Pinks, carnations, and red roses are worn by Spanish brides. In Lithuania the bridal wreath is wound of the Syrian rue, on the Ionian Islands the grape vine, in Bohemia, Carinthia, and the Krain districts of rosemary, and in Hesse of artificial flowers, to which ribbons are added. In Norway, Sweden, and Servia bridal crowns are made of silver, in Bavaria and Silesia of gold wire, glass beads, and tinsel; among the Fins, the Wends, and the peasants of *Altenburg* of paper, and in Athens of costly filigree. Bridal wreaths were in vogue among the pagans and were introduced among Christian brides during the *fourth century.*

There is a clock in Brussels which is never wound by human hands. Wind power *does it.*

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

There are 6,000 intoxicants.

One-tenth of the world is still unexplored.

It has been estimated that it would take a man 3,000 years to read all the standard works.

In Italian cities the cleaning of streets *is sold to the highest bidder at a public* auction.

The first post office opened its doors in Paris in 1462; in England in 1581; in *America in 1710.*

It takes eight times the strength to go upstairs that is required for the same distance on the level,

The pressure of the atmosphere on the man of average stature is about fifteen tons yet it is not felt.

The Manx cat is not the only tailless variety. *In the Crimea is found another kind* of cat which has no tail.

Elections in France are always held on Sundays, in order to suit the convenience *of workingmen and peasants.*

In the wine districts of France, Spain and Italy grapes are still trodden with the bare feet, the idea prevailing that this *makes wine better.*

The flying foxes of Australia are multiplying so rapidly that it is feared they will soon become as great a pest as the rabbits.

An ice-cave, in which icicles can be seen at any time of the year, is in a bluff of the Iowa River, less than a mile from Decorah.

During a rain-storm in Millersburg, Ky., a shower of live fishes fell from the clouds. They ranged from one to three inches in length.

James Dewey, of Hillside, Mich., has a cow which for some days declined to chew her cud. He examined her tongue, and found a needle lodged in it.

A Troy policeman is about to take a long rest from police duty. His name is P. H. Coughlin, and he has been declared heir to an estate in England valued at $3,000,000.

A Fitchburg (Wis.) reporter tried to vary his occupation by engaging in theft. He is now in jail, but coolly declares "there is more money in larceny than in literature."

A sheep ranch in the counties of Webb and Dimmet, Texas, gives pasture to about 1,500,000 sheep. It contains over 400,000 acres and is considered the largest in *the world.*

The Suez Canal, the greatest work of marine engineering, is 88 miles long, and reduces the distance from Europe to India *from 11,379 miles to 7,628 miles.*

The number of languages spoken by mankind at present is estimated at 3,000. The Bible has been translated into 200 only, but *these 200 are spoken by about two-thirds* of the whole population of the globe.

A scientist who has investigated the matter states that the men who are employed *in the Paris sewers are as healthy as the* average person, and no other 800 men in that city are so free from zymotic diseases.

Bald-heads are rare in China. A Mon*golian genius, years ago, discovered a* method of sticking in hairs in the bald spots, and his secret was soon learned by his imitative countrymen.

A young lady in Pottsville, Pa., was so delighted at receiving her engagement ring that she rapturously kissed it. Her ecstacy suddenly ceased when she accidentally swallowed it.

A cane with a concealed "clip" at the end is the latest implement of a thief's outfit. The clip is operated by a spring in the handle, and the tool is used by shop lifters to clutch things apparently beyond their reach.

The income of the Chinese physician, Li-Po Tai, who died recently in San Francisco, where he had long resided, was over $40,000 a year. He had many white patients. His speciality was asthma, and to this malady he succumbed.

Mrs. Lovejoy Aldrich, of Seattle, Washington, is the widow of two soldiers. Her first husband was in the Revolutionary war, and the other in the war of 1812. She is the *only person known to the Pension Office* who stands in this position.

In an advertisement of a railroad company, summoning the owners of unclaimed *freight to remove their merchandise, the* letter "l" was dropped from the word "lawful" in the notice, which ended thus, "and pay the awful charges on the same."

We are accustomed to think of metals as incombustible; but the contrary is the case. With the exception of the so-called noble metals—gold, silver, platinum and a few others—all metals burn, or absorb oxygen when heated sufficiently in the air.

The royal crown of Great Britain is composed almost entirely of diamonds, pearls and rubies, weighs thirty-nine ounces and five pennyweights, Troy, and is valued at $1,200,000. When the Kohinoor was first brought to Europe it weighed 186 carats, but by cutting has been reduced to 102.

Of the $12,000,000,000 of life insurance written in the world, $5,500,000,000 is placed in the United States. Between the years of 1880 and 1890 there was $2,500,000,000 new life insurance written in that country, and but $1,000,000,000 in the whole British Empire.

There is a marked difference between a fort and a fortress, according to the definitions rendered by a little schoolgirl in Washington. She defined a fort to be a "strong place where they put men in," and a fortress a "similar place where they put women in."

A medical gentleman in Kansas has succeeded in an agricultural experiment which will interest all classes. He has crossed the tomato with the potato, and he has produced a vegetable which possesses some of the qualities of both articles. He calls it the "potomato"

John Young was serving a term of seven years in the prison at Carthage, N. C., for stealing a hog. A few days ago he made an attempt to escape, and was fatally shot. The next day the pardon arrived from the Governor. "Why didn't it come yesterday?" *said the dying man.*

An earnest hand-clasp caused the death of Dennis O'Leary, of Bristol, Pa. He was walking in a Boston park, where he met a *robust friend. The latter squeezed his hand* so forcibly that the nails entered O'Leary's palm causing a slight wound from which a few drops of blood issued. Blood-poisoning resulted and in a few days O'Leary was a corpse.

A Doctor's Joke.

"Which side should I sleep on, doctor?" he inquired.

"In winter or summer?" asked the doctor, rubbing his chin thoughtfully.

"What's that got to do with it?" exclaimed the patient, half angrily.

"A great deal," responded the doctor, mysteriously.

"*I don't see it.*"

"Of course you don't," said the imperturbable; "if you did you wouldn't be here asking me questions about it."

"Go ahead then," said the patient, sitting back resignedly.

"Well," continued the doctor, "in winter, when it is cold, you should sleep on the inside, but in such weather as this you should sleep on the outside, in a hammock, with a draught all around it and a piece of ice for a pillow. Two dollars, please."

An Irishman's Clock.

Mike was one day taking his usual walk, when he met his friend Pat, and asked: "Phwat toime moight it be now?"

Pat, having a short stick in his hand, gave Mike a sharp crack over his head, and said: "It's just shtruck wan."

Mike looking up a little surprised, but always ready, said: "Troth, and it's a lucky job I wasn't here an hour sooner."

Mr. Gladstone's rate of speech averages 150 words per minute.

ENGINEERING FEATS.

Cases Where Precaution Has Been Better Than Skill.

There are a few points in regard to the Umbria breakdown, from an engineering point of view, which might not appear to the ordinary observer. Engineer Tomlinson got a great deal of credit for repairing the shaft, whereas a considerable part of *the credit was due him and his assistants* for their cautious watchfulness of the machinery. Reports show that the shaft was not entirely broken off—the fracture was not complete. It had been noticed that it was not working smoothly, and the cap was taken off the thrust bearing and the flaw discovered. The mending consisted of strengthening the parts so that the fracture could not become any greater, and this was practicable, while if the break had been complete, and the solid part had made one revolution against the broken-off end of the other part, repairs would have become almost, if not quite, impossible with the facilities on board the ship. Our engineer friends, who in the future may stand in *danger of being called upon to mend a* broken shaft, may well bear in mind, therefore, that to discover a fracture before the shaft breaks goes a long way towards successful repair.

There have been some wonderful things done by engineers at sea, however,—feats more difficult than that of Mr. Tomlinson —which have been lost sight of. One is called to mind by a friend, and the hero is still alive to attest to the particulars. Richard Peck was at one time engineer of the City of Vera Cruz. This vessel had only a single engine, and while coming up the coast south of Hatteras on one of her trips from Havana the piston broke in three pieces. This was a disaster that would have *made many men consider their ship helpless,* but Mr. Peck succeeded after twenty-four hours' work in patching up that piston so that it was strong enough and true enough to connect with the machinery and bring the ship into port at the rate of six miles an hour.

Speaking of broken shafts, by the way, a correspondent of one of the daily papers suggests that shafts might be made octagonal or hexagonal instead of round, outside of bearings, and a number of sleeves in half sections could be carried to be applied to cover any *break and bolted together,* which would make a strong joint. The idea seems founded upon solid sense.

The Conversation of Serpents.

A writer in Macmillian's Magazine in the course of an article says:—"As a boy I had a great dread of snakes, as others had and have. I was of a nervous timid temperament, and snakes were abundant about us. Sometimes they intruded into the dwelling-rooms, and at all seasons a nest of snakes existed in the thick old foundations of the house and under the old flooring. In winter they hibernated there, tangled together in a cluster, no doubt; and in summer nights, when they were at home, coiled at their ease or gliding ghost-like about their subterranean apartments. I would lie awake and listen to them by the *hour. For serpents are not all so mute as we* think them. At all events, this kind—a beautiful and harmless columbine snake, about three feet long, marked all over with inky black on a vivid green ground—not only emitted a sound when lying undisturbed in his den, but several individuals would hold a conversation together, which seemed endless, for I generally fell asleep before it finished. A hissing conversation, it is true, but not unmodulated, and with considerable variety in it: a long sibilation would be followed by distinctly heard ticking sounds, as of a clock, and after ten or twenty or thirty ticks, another hiss, like an expiring sigh, something with a tremble in it as of a dry leaf swiftly vibrating in the wind. *No sooner would one cease than another* would begin, and so it would go on, demand and response, strophe and antistrophe; and at intervals several voices would unite in a kind of low mysterious chorus, death-watch and flutter, and hiss: while I, lying awake in my bed, listened and trembled. It was dark in the room, and to my excited imagination, the serpents were no longer under the floor, but out and gliding hither and thither over it, with uplifted heads in a kind of mystic dance; and I often shivered to think what my bare feet might touch if I were to step out of bed. *In the dark* one fears the cold living coil and deadly fang."

An Unfair Advantage.

Jess: "I thought that you hated Jack, and yet you have accepted him."

Bess: "I did hate him; but he proposed under an umbrella, and said if I refused he would let the rain drop on my new hat."

A Society Mother.

Nurse—"Excuse me, Madam, but little Mabel insisted on seeing you and I have taken the liberty to bring her in."

Madam—"*What do you wish, Mabel?*"

Mabel—"Won't mamma please let Mabel come sit on her lap a little while?"

Madam—"Why, what are you thinking *of! It was only last week I granted you* that privilege and it will never do for me to become too indulgent."

Mabel—"But won't mamma please kiss Mabel?"

Madam—"Nurse will do that for mamma run along now! You must not interfere with my Delsarte Studies."

Good old Pat.

Master: "I thought I told you to answer the door?"

Irish Servant: "So you did, sorr, but begorra, its nivver spoken a word to me at all—at all."

Last year:
Her eyes were rheumy, and weak and red,
Her breath—you could smell it afar.
She had ringing and dizziness oft in her head,
And the cause of it all was catarrh.

This year:—
Her breath is as sweet as the new meadow hay,
Her eyes are as bright as a star,
And the cause of the change she is ready to say,
Was the Dr. Sage Cure for Catarrh.

Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy will positively cure catarrh in the head, no matter how bad or of how long standing. Fifty cents, *by all druggists.*

In small hotels in Russia each guest is expected to find his own bed clothing.

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

The treasury vaults of the United States now contain about $475,000,000 of silver including bars, dollars and subsidiary coin.

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

In China a man can not by will dispose of his land in favor of any one person, whether relative or stranger; *it must be* distributed among all his male children without exception.

Our Mineral Wealth.

At the annual meeting of the St. Leon Mineral Water Co., held Saturday 22nd inst., amongst other pleasing features of the year's business, the president, in submitting his report, stated that the consumption of Water from their Springs during the year, exceeded two million bottles. According to the best obtainable information this exceeds the consumption of any other mineral water on the American continent and puts the combined sales of all the other Canadian springs completely in the shade. After mutual congratulations on the constantly increasing sales from year to year the following officers were re-elected for the ensuing year: Mr. James Good, president; Mr. J. F. Eby, vice-president, Mr. H. Blain, secretary; Mr. C. E. A. Langlois, general manager.

The Romans had no hinges; all their doors turned on pivots.

NEW YORK STATE MIRACLE.

A Young Lady's Grateful Acknowledgement of a Timely Rescue.

Miss Lillian Sparks Restored to Health and Strength After Medical Aid had Failed —Her Condition That of Thousands of *Other Ladies Who May take Hope From Her Story.*

From the Hornellsville, N. Y., Times.

Painted Post is the name of a pretty little village of one thousand inhabitants, situated on the line of the Erie Railroad, in Steuben county, two miles from Corning, N. Y. The name seems an odd one until one learns *the circumstances from which it was deriv*ed. When the first settlers came here from Pennsylvania, all this beautiful valley was heavily wooded, and abounded in many kinds of game, and was a favorite hunting ground for the Indians who then claimed exclusive right to the territory. An object which attracted the attention of the first settlers and excited their curiosity, was a painted post which stood prominently in a small clearing skirted by great spreading trees. It was stained red, as some supposed with blood, and evidently commemorated some notable event in Indian life. And so from this incident the place naturally took its name. The city of Baton Rouge (which means "painted post,") La., also *took its name from a similar circumstance.*

But the main purpose for which your correspondent came here was to learn the particulars of a notable, indeed miraculous, cure of a young lady and her rescue from death by the efficacious use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Your correspondent only knew that the name of the young lady was Lillian Sparks, daughter of Mr. James W. Sparks. On enquiring at the post office for her father's residence we learned that he lived on the road to Hornby, five miles from Painted Post village. "And," said a young man who overheard the conversation with the postmaster, "it is his daughter who was so sick that the doctors gave her up and she was cured by *Pink Pills." And the young man volun*teered to guide me to Mr. Spark's home. The courteous young man was Mr. Willie Covet, a resident of the place, organist in the Methodist church, and formerly organist for the Young Men's Christian Association of Rochester. So getting a horse we started in the storm, with the mercury ranging at zero, for a five-mile ride over the snow-drifted road of Hornby Hills. When we reached our destination we found a very comfortably housed family, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Sparks, one son and five daughters. The oldest of the daughters, Miss Lillian, twenty-two years old, is the one whose reported wonderful cure by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale *People, your correspondent had gone out* there expressly to verify by actual knowledge. This is the story told by Miss Sparks to your correspondent in presence *of her grateful* and approving father and mother, and is given in her own language.

"Yes, sir, it is with pleasure I give my testimony to the great value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I was ill for four years, doctoring nearly all the time but without any benefit. I had six different doctors; Dr. Hedden, Dr. Purdy and Dr. Hoar of Corning, Dr. Butler of Hornby, Dr. Remmington, of Painted Post, and Dr. Bell of Monterey. They said my blood had all turned to water.

"I was as pale as a corpse, weak and short of breath. *I could hardly walk, I was* so dizzy, and there was a ringing noise in my head. My hands and feet were cold all the time. My limbs were swollen, my feet so *much so that I could not wear my shoes.* My appetite was very poor. I had lost all hope of ever getting well, but still I kept doctoring or taking patent medicines, but grew worse all the time. Last September I read in the Elmira Gazette of a wonderful cure through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and I thought I would try them. I did so, giving up all other medicines and following the directions closely. By the time I had taken the first box I I was feeling better than I had been in a long time, and I continued their use until now as you can see, *and as my father and* mother know, and as I know I am perfectly well. I don't look the same person, and I can now enjoy myself with other young *people. Indeed I can't say too much for* Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, for I am sure they saved my life. I have recommended them to others who are using them with much benefit, and I earnestly recommend them to any who may be sick, for I am sure there is no medicine like them. I am entirely willing you should make any proper use of this statement of my sickness and cure by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills." In further conversation Miss Sparks said she fell away during her sickness so much that she only weighed 80 pounds, while now she weighs 107.

"I suppose," said her father, "that it was overwork that made her sick. You see we have 400 acres of land, keep 35 cows, and there is a great deal to be done *and Lillian was always a great worker and* every ambitious until she overdid it and was taken down."

The facts narrated in the above state*ment* were corroborated by a number of neighbors, who all express their astonishment at the great improvement Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have worked in Miss Sparks.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a perfect blood builder and nerve restorer, curing such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' Dance, nervous prostration and the tired feeling therefrom, the after effects of la grippe, diseases depending on humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. *Pink Pills give a healthy glow* to pale and sallow complexions and are a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system and 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 manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, of Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark (printed in red ink) and wrapper, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50. 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, no matter what name may be given them. They are all imitations whose makers hope to reap a pecuniary advantage *from the wonderful reputation* achieved by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Ask your dealer for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and refuse all *imitations and substitutes.*

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

More powder was burned in making the Hoosac tunnel than in the War of the Rebellion. A large coal mine uses almost as much.

A.P. 657.

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. INJECTOR

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.

King's Evil is another name for **SCROFULA**, and yields to

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Of Pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites.

Impoverished and impure blood is always effectively restored to vigorous condition by this wonderful remedy. Cures Coughs, Colds and all Wasting Diseases. Almost as palatable as Milk.

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

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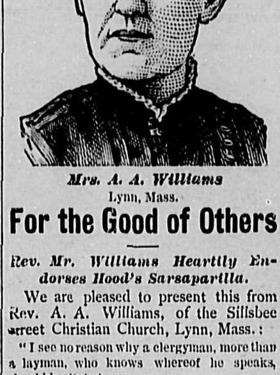

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Lynn, Mass.

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Article of Merit

and worth, from which he or his family have been signally benefited, and whose commendation may serve to extend those benefits to others by increasing their confidence. My wife has for many years been a sufferer from severe

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I have no hesitation in endorsing **its merits.**"
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THE BANK OF TORONTO.

DIVIDEND NO. 74.

NOTICE is hereby given that a Dividend of FIVE PER CENT. for the current half year being at the rate of TEN PER CENT PER ANNUM upon the paid up capital of the Bank has this day been declared, and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its branches on and after Thursday, the first day of June next.

THE TRANSFER BOOKS will be closed from the Seventeenth to the Thirty first days of May, both days included.

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING OF SHAREHOLDERS will be held at the Banking House of the institution on Wednesday, the Twenty-first day of June next. The chair to be taken at noon.

By order of the board.
(Signed) D. COULSON,
General Manager

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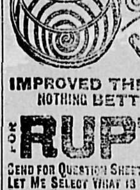

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HIS HEIRESS;

OR, LOVE IS ALWAYS THE SAME.

CHAPTER IV.

'Oh! thou hast set my busy brain at work,
And now she musters up a train of things,
Which to preserve my peace, I'd cast aside
And sink in deep oblivion."

There is a silence that lasts for quite a minute, as Margery embraces Mrs. Billy while they sit at the window of the room the latter so much admires; then, "I love you," says Margery, simply, a little tremor in her voice.

"That's all right. Quite right. That is just as it should be," sweetly. And now we are real sisters without any law about it."

"And we—we thought we should have to leave the Manor," begins Margery, a little guilty, full confession on the tip of her tongue, but Mrs. Billy will not listen.

"Rubbish" she cried gayly, "as if this dear old shed isn't big enough to hold a garrison! Why, if we do come to loggerhead or a pitch battle there's plenty of room herein which to fight it out; that's one comfort. Why so serious, Meg?"

"I was thinking May's thoughts. How well it is for us that you married Billy!" Her eyes are full of tears.

"And doubly well for me. By the bye, there is one of you I seem to hear very little about—Lady Branksmere, Muriel." Margery getting up from the crazy old seat goes somewhat abruptly to the window.

We don't as a rule talk much of each other," she says after a slight pause.

"Well do you know I think you do, a considerable lot at times," returns Mrs. Billy with a quaint candor. "But of her—never! I knew her marriage was a surprise to you all, because Billy was so taken aback by it. We heard of it when on our tour. But why? That is what I want to know. Tell me about it."

"About it?" Miss Daryl, colors faintly, hesitates and looks confused. "About what?"

"Look here," says Mrs. Billy, good-naturedly, "if it is anything that requires you to think before answering, of what will sound well, don't mind it at all. I would far rather you didn't answer me."

"Yet, I should like to speak to you of her. It would be a relief—a comfort," exclaims Margery, eagerly, "though, indeed, I hardly know what it is I want to say. You are one of us now—her sister as much as mine—why then should I be silent about her? My manner," impatiently, "is absurd. One would think by it there was some mystery in the background, but in reality there is nothing."

"Things often look like that."

"It was all terribly sudden, terribly unexpected. The marriage with Branksmere, I mean. She had always avoided him, as I thought—had—had, in fact"— with a little rush—"given us the idea that she rather disliked him than otherwise, so that when one morning she came into the school room and said in her pretty, slow, indifferent way that she was going to marry him in a month, we were all so thunderstruck that I don't believe one of us opened our lips."

"A wise precaution."

"I'm not so sure of that. I doubt our silence offended her. 'Your congratulations are warm,' she said, with that queer little laugh of hers you will come to understand in time. It was cruel of us, but we were all so taken aback."

"It was startling, of course. Tell me," tooping toward Margery, and speaking very clearly, "was the other fellow desirable?"

"The—the other f—"

"Why, naturally, my dear child. It would be altogether out of the possibilities not to think of him. When a woman gets engaged and married, all in one second, as it were, to a man whom she appeared to dislike very cordially, the mind as a rule is alive to the knowledge that there is another man hidden away somewhere."

"I know so little, I imagine so much," says Margery, with quick distress, "that I am half afraid to speak. But I always thought, until she declared her engagement to Lord Branksmere, that she liked some one—a great contrast to Branksmere—who had been staying down here with some friends of ours for several months in the autumn. Whether he and she quarreled, or whether she threw him over, or whether he tired, I know nothing."

"Pity I wasn't there just then. I'd have seen through it all in the twinkling of an eye," declared Mrs. Billy, naively.

"Muriel is difficult, you must understand. One can not read her, quite. Yet I did fancy she was in love with Captain Staines."

"Staines, Staines?"

"That was his name. He was staying with the Blounts, who live two or three miles from this. Know him?"

"It is quite a usual name, no doubt," says Mrs. Daryl, in a tone that might almost suggest the idea that she has recovered herself. "Yet it gave to me a train of thought. Know him? Well—one can't be sure. Short, little man. Eh?"

"Oh, no. Tall, very tall."

"Stout?"

"Meager, if anything. A handsome figure, I suppose," doubtfully, "but too much of the hair-pin order to suit me. But, at all events, I know he could lay claim to be called distinguished-looking."

"Most dark men look distinguished."

"He isn't dark. Fair if anything."

"Fair, and tall, and slender. Ah! he can't be the man I mean," said Mrs. Billy, slowly. Then, "When do you expect Lady Branksmere home?"

"To the castle, you mean? I don't know. She has never, during all her wedding-trip, written so much as a post-card to one of us. Odd, isn't it?"

"Suggestive, at least."

"Of what? Happiness?"

"Let us hope so. But what a long time to maintain a settled silence."

"Too long. She is coming home, we hear—through the Branksmere steward."

"When?"

"Any day—any hour, in fact. They have received word to have the castle in order to receive the new Lady Branksmere at a moment's notice."

"I see," says Mrs. Daryl, thoughtfully. She had walked to the window a few minutes ago, and is now staring out into the shrubberies that guard the garden paths. Presently her gaze grows concentrated upon one spot.

"Margery, come here!" she says, in a low tone. "Within the last minute or two I have become aware that there is a strange man in the garden! He is gazing about him in a most suspicious manner. What can he want? See! there he is. Ah! now you've lost him again. He appears to me to keep most artfully behind the bushes. Can he be a burglar taking the bearings of the house with intent to rob and murder us all in our beds?"

Margery, coming nearer, peers excitedly over her shoulder at the suspicious-looking person in question. As she does so her face grows hot. The bushes may hide his individuality from a stranger, but to her that gray coat, those broad shoulders are unmistakable; she gives way to a smothered ejaculation.

"You know him? It is true, then. He is a person of bad character in the neighborhood," exclaimed Mrs. Daryl, looking round at her.

"Oh! as to that, no! I don't think it is a burglar," says Margery, temporizing disgracefully. "It's—it's nobody in fact. I fancy, as well as I can see, that it is a Mr. Bellew!"

"Ah!" Mrs. Billy grows even more thoughtful. "Mr. Bellew seems rather struck with the house! An architect, perhaps?"

"No. Only a neighbor. A friend of the boys, in fact. He comes here to see them very often."

"That's kind of him," says Mrs. Billy. She laughs a little. "One would think it was the house he came to see," she goes on, meditatively; "at least, that portion of it where the school-room windows begin. By the bye, Meg, it is there you sit, as a rule, eh? I'd keep my eye on that young man, if I were you. He is up to something; I hope it isn't theft."

"I hope not," returns Miss Daryl, with an attempt at indifference. Then she gives way as she catches the other's eye, and breaks into petulant laughter. "He is a thorough nuisance," she says, in a vexed tone. "He is never off the premises."

"The boys are *so* attractive," adds Mrs. Billy. "At that rate, I expect the sooner I become acquainted with him the better. Take me down, Meg, and bring me face to face with him. As you evidently can't bear him, I suppose I had better begin well and rout him with great slaughter at this our first meeting. Shall I exterminate him with a blow, or—"

"Do anything you like to him," says Meg, who is evidently full of rage when she thinks of the invader.

When they get to the small armory door, however, that leads directly into the garden, she comes to a sudden halt.

"I think if you will walk rather slowly, I will just run on and tell him you are coming," she says rather jerkily, looking askance at her companion as if a little bit ashamed of her suggestion, and then without waiting for an answer, speeds away from her, swift as an arrow from the bow.

"Just warn him that I'm coming—and so is his last hour," calls out Mrs. Billy after her, convulsed with laughter. But Miss Daryl refuses to hear. She hurries on through the old-fashioned garden, full of its quaint flowerbeds, and odd yew hedges cut in fantastic shapes—past a moss-grown sun-dial, and the strutting peacocks and their discordant scream, until she runs almost into Mr. Bellew's willing arms.

"Ah! here you are at last," cries the young man in an accent of undisturbed delight as she comes up to him breathless. "I thought you'd *never* come! Such a century as it has seemed. Three weeks in town and not a line from you. You might have written one, I think! I got back an hour ago, and hurried over here to—"

"Make an ass of yourself!" interrupts Miss Daryl, wrathfully, who unconsciously adopted a good many of her brother's pretty phrases. "And *here!*" looking round her, "is this the only place you could think of? Is there no drawing-room in the house that you must needs be found prowling about the shrubberies? Anything more outrageous than your behavior could hardly be imagined!"

"Why, what on earth have I been doing now?" demands Mr. Bellew, in a bewildered tone.

"Mrs. Daryl has been gazing at you through an upper window for the last ten minutes, and very naturally came to the conclusion that you were a person of no character whatsoever. She was nearer the mark than she knew?" puts in Miss Daryl, viciously. "I didn't betray you."

"Mrs. Daryl? What! The new woman," anxiously.

"New? One would think she was a purchase. What an extraordinary way we speak of one's sister-in-law," exclaims Meg, who is determined to give quarter nowhere. "Yes," she was so annoyed by your prowling that she is coming round presently to give you a bit of her mind."

"Bless me! I hope not!" says Mr. Bellew, who probably had never known fear until this moment. "I—I think I'll go," he says, falteringly.

You can't. She's coming. Why on earth couldn't you have called at the hall door like any other decent Christian?"

"Well, so I did," indignantly. "I did the regulation thing right through. Knocked at the 'front door;' asked for Mr. Daryl; heard he was out; left my card, and then thought I'd come round here to look for you."

"Well, I won't have it!"—decisively. "I won't be followed about by anything but my own terrier, and I distinctly refuse to be made by you the laughing-stock of the world. She was dying with laughter. I could see that. I tell you she thought first you had designs of the house. I had to explain you away. I had"—angrily—"to assure her you weren't a burglar, but only a person called Curzon Bellew."

This contemptuously, and as though Curzon Bellew was a person distinctly inferior to the burglar.

"I won't come here at all if it displeases you," says Mr. Bellew, in a white heat. "Say the word, and I go forever!" There is something tragic about this.

"Go, and joy go with you!" returns she, scornfully.

"That is a kinder wish than you mean," says the young man, clasping her hands. "No. I won't go. Would I take joy from you? And do your words mean that if I went joy would of necessity go too?"

"Go, too," repeats Miss Daryl, but in a very different tone, and then, as though impelled to it by the glad youth within them, they both burst out laughing.

After a while Mr. Bellew grows grave again.

"Well," asks he, confidentially, "what do you think of her?"

"Her? You should speak more respectfully of such a dragon as she has proved herself, if, indeed, you mean Mrs. Daryl. But why ask me for a photograph? She will be here in a moment to—"

"Yes, yes, I know," hastily. "That is why I want to be prepared. What is she like, eh?"

"All the rest of the world. She has a nose, two eyes, and a mouth—quite ordinary. Disappointing, isn't it?"

"Then she isn't—"

"No, she isn't!" saucily. "What did you expect? An ogress?"

"Why, that was what you expected," says Mr. Bellew, very justly incensed. "You said—"

He is stricken dumb by the sight of a pretty little plump person who has emerged apparently from the laurel close by.

"You will introduce me, Meg," says the vision, smiling friendly wise at the disconcerted young man. "Is this the ogress? the tyrant? the—"

"Certainly! This is Mr. Bellew, a very old friend of ours," says Margery, in the tone of one who evidently deems the Mr. Bellew in question of no account whatsoever.

"So glad to meet you, Mr. Bellew," says Mr. Daryl, with the sweetest smile. "Margery tells me you are quite an old friend with all here, so I hope by and by we, you and I, shall be friends too."

Where is the ogress in all this? Mr. Bellew feels his heart go out to this pretty, smiling, gracious little thing upon the graveled path.

"You are very good," he stammers, feeling still somewhat insecure, the revulsion of feeling being extreme.

"Billy was out then? I am so sorry. One of the servants told me on my way here that you wished to see him. Never mind. Perhaps—what do you think, Margery? Perhaps your friend, Mr. Bellew, will dine with us without ceremony to-morrow evening?"

The two words "your friend" does it. From that moment Curzon Bellew is her slave. Margery murmurs something civil, and presently Mrs. Daryl, with another honeyed word or two, disappears between the branches.

"Well?" says Meg.

"Well?"

"She isn't quite the ogress you imagined, eh?"

"Why, it was you who used to call her that," exclaims Curzon, with some righteous wrath. "And now you try to put it upon me. It is the most unfair thing I ever heard of. You have forgotten, you know."

"Unfair?"

"Yes. You said you were miserable at the thought of having to live with an ill-tempered—"

"That's right. Put it all upon me by all means. I'm only a woman. Ill-tempered! Why, she is weet. How can you so malign her?"

"A voice comes to them through the twilight:

"Margery! Margery Daw! Where are you? Come in. The dew is falling."

Miss Daryl makes a step towards the house.

"Oh, Meg, to leave me without one kind word after three weeks. How can you?" cries Bellew, in a subdued tone that is full of grief.

"Well, there," says Meg, extending to him her little slender, white hand, with all the haughty graciousness of a queen.

"If I come to dinner to-morrow night, you will be glad?"

"Glad? It won't put me out in the least, if you mean that," says Miss Daryl, slipping from him through the dewy branches.

* * * * *

The day has waned; night—a dark, damp, spring night—has fallen upon the earth. There is an extreme closeness in the air that speaks of a coming storm. The shadow of a starless night is thrown over the world that lies sleeping uneasily beneath its weight, and from the small rivers in the distance comes the sound of rushing, that goes before the swelling of the floods. Storm and rain, and passionate wind, may be predicted for the coming morn.

Dinner long since has come to an end; it is now close on ten o'clock. Margery and Mrs. Daryl are sitting together in the library, before a blazing fire—rather silent, rather depressed in spite of themselves—a little imbued unconsciously by the electric fluid with which the air seems charged. The windows leading on to the balcony are thrown wide open. The fire has been lighted as usual, but the night is almost suffocating, so dense and heavy is the still, hot atmosphere without.

"One feels uncanny, somehow, as if strange things were about," says Mrs. Billy presently, with a rather nervous little laugh. "I can't bear lightning, can you? And there is sure to be plenty of it before the morning. What a weird night. Look how dark it is without. Ah! what is that—?"

"What?" cries Margery in turn, springing to her feet. There is a sound of light, ghostly footsteps on the balcony beyond, and from the sullen mist a tall figure emerges clothed from head to heel in somber garments. It comes quickly toward them through the open window, the face hidden by a black hood, until almost within a yard or two of them. Then it comes to an abrupt stand-still and flings back the covering from its face.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Terrible Predicament of Miners.

A remarkable instance of bravery amid the dangers of coalmining has come to light at St Helens. A couple of the new shafts are being sunk at the Lea Green Collieries, and the solid rock is destroyed by blasting operations. A day or two ago this work was being superintended by George Atkinson, a young man residing in Boundary Road, St. Helens. Four blasting cartridges had been "ramned" home, and all the men, with the exception of Atkinson and an assistant, were taken up the shaft before the shots were fired. When everthing was completed Atkinson signalled up the shaft and received a reply that all was right and ready for winding up the hoppet—the large iron bucket used in sinking operations. Atkinson accordingly lit the fuse attached to the shots and jumped into the hoppet. To the intense horror of Atkinson and his companions, however, the "hoppet" remained at the bottom of the shaft, some 260 yards from the surface, and within a few feet of the four shots, rammed "home' in the rock, which were expected to go off in the course of a few seconds. To remain there meant almost certain death under terrible circumstances. Atkinson leapt from the "hoppet," however, and extinguished the fuse attached to one cartridge, but at that moment the "hoppet" moved upwards. Atkinson, as quick as thought, sprang forward, grasped the edge of the "hoppet" with both hands, and in that terrible position, with his body and legs hanging down, he was rapidly wound up the shaft. A few moments after they had left the bottom of the shaft, the three shots exploded with terrific force, and the men escaped the danger which had threatened from that quarter. Whilst ascending the shaft Atkinson, by a supreme effort, raised himself sufficiently to rest one arm upon the edge of the "hoppet," and in that position finally reached the surface after a frightful ascent. As may naturally be imagined his life literally depended upon his keen grasp of the iron "hoppet" and his fellow-workmen warmly congratulated him upon his escape from a terrible death. Atkinson's assistant, who remained in the "hoppet," was so overcome by terror that, notwithstanding Atkinson's appeal for help, he was unable to render the slightest assistance to Atkinson during the ascent.

Another English Settlement in Africa

The advance portion of an expedition left London on Saturday for Mozambique, where it is proposed to form an English settlement. It is proposed to colonise nearly 300 square miles of territory between the rivers Zambesi and Sabi, acquired by the Premier Concessions of Mozambique Company, and confirmed by the Anglo-Portuguese Convention of 1891. Captain L. F. Spring, the chief of the expedition, in an interview said—"I propose to form a township as near as possible to the Beira Railway, to which a road will be speedily constructed, and an English community will soon be located upon the spot where Gungunhana once had his kraal. Farms are to be laid out at once by our surveyor, Mr. Garrard, and exploration parties will be formed to prospect for gold and other precious metals with which the district abounds. I know the whole country, and have no fear for the health of the expedition, otherwise I should not be taking my wife with me. The coast at certain points is not inviting, but the elevated plateaus inland are especially salubrious. As a matter of fact this new settlement will be in better touch with England than many of the more widely-known South African settlements, and I confidently expect a great influx of white population into this favoured land within a very short period. I am convinced that it will become industrially and commercially important." Captain Spring has been appointed Civil Commissioner and Resident Magistrate for the district. The remaining portion of the expedition, with all the necessary equipments for pioneer life, will sail within a few days.

Adrift For Seven Days.

The mate and crew of the Nova Scotia steamer Annie, who have just returned to Canada from England, tell a terrible tale of the sea. The vessel was on her way from Nova Scotia to Havana with a cargo of timber, when she sprang a leak and capsized. The mate and crew of four men were thrown into the sea, which was rough at the time, but the deck-load falling overboard the vessel partially righted herself, and the men were able to lash themselves to a rail on the steamer's side. In this position they remained for seven days, the sea often up to their waist, and without a particle of food or a drop of water. "There were some biscuits," said the mate, "but they were salt-water soaked, and would have made us crazy. As it is, we shall carry the marks of that seven days to our graves. Eventually they were sighted by the German steamer Gutheil, and were with much difficulty dragged from the capsized vessel, and taken to Bremerhaven.

A Source of Supply.

Young wife—"Oh, dear, this recipe for chicken salad says four cloves and I haven't one in the house. What shall I do?"

Cook—"Didn't you go to the theatre last night, mum?"

Young Wife—"Why, yes, Bridget."

Cook—"Well, the master's coat is up stairs. I guess you'll find some in it."

About twice as much power is required to stop an express train as to start one.

AGRICULTURAL.

Sheep and Swine.

Many make the mistake of feeding breeding ewes corn. A slight ration of corn once a day, with clover hay and good scope of exercise, may not prove injurious, but a full ration continued for any period of time during gestation is sure to be disastrous to the lambs. Oats or barley, with a small portion of shelled corn or corn meal, is best adapted to the wants of the flock, and strong, vigorous lambs will be the result. After lambing, or even before, a little oil cake meal may be added to the ration with advantage, as it will increase the flow of milk and add tone and vigor to the system.

Our farmers can afford to buy full bred rams to cross with our common sheep. This is the first great step; good care and liberal feeding will do the rest.

During the lambing season care and attention must be bestowed. The young lambs are delicate and easily chilled, but if carefully watched for three or four days the danger period is passed.

There are instances where a breeding sow has been kept a dozen years or more, but, as a rule, it is believed that seven years is the limit of usefulness as a breeder. When she holds up her head like a cow in feeding it shows that she is losing her teeth and not to be kept longer for breeding purposes.

Good wethers will give you every year for four years wool enough to half pay for themselves, and at five years old they are just old enough to make the best of mutton.

It pays to feed lambs before they are weaned all the grain they will eat when on good blue grass or clover pasture with their dams, and it pays equally well when on dry feed. Any certain amount of grain will put more weight upon sucking lambs than upon any other animals.

A good grain for fattening sheep is shelled corn one-half, barley or rye one-quarter, all by weight, or, still better, substitute one-fourth of the corn with cotton-seed meal.

To the majority of farmers corn is the most available feed, and corn may be fed to good advantage alone, provided a sufficient amount of cooling and laxative, coarse feed is given with it, such as clover hay. After several trials we do not think it is profitable to crush or grind any kind of grain for sheep young enough to made good feeders, though it is advisable in the case of old ewes with poor teeth. It is wasteful to throw out corn unhusked. There need be no fear of overdoing the mutton business. Its consumption is increasing each year, and with the rapidly increasing population the prospects for the mutton raisers are exceedingly bright.

The New Agriculture.

New methods must be adopted in order to get back to old results. When the timbered portions of the country were first "cleared" and put into crops there was large yields of all farm crops. When the great western prairie regions were first "broken" and put into crops there were large and abundant yields of crops; but now in both these regions, which include the entire country, there are small yields and a constantly diminishing yield of all the farm crops grown. The methods first adopted must have been defective. It is not only true that the yields of crops are falling short, but the soil itself is losing its fertility, both of which results are caused by the same thing, namely, the attempt to cultivate a larger area than could be properly cultivated.

When the country was new and lands cheap a great temptation to acquire a large portion of land led to the practice of cultivating too many acres. A change for the better requires an abandonment of the first error—no more than can be cultivated in the best manner must be undertaken. This will give an opportunity to do well all that is undertaken. Shallow plowing and insufficient cultivation permits the fertility to run to waste, thus depleting the soil and lessening the yield of crops.

Time taken to plow deep and with great care will be time well spent. Nothing is so important as properly plowing the ground. It is not enough to plow deep, but narrow furrows should be made in order to break up the soil as much as possible—making it mellow as deep down as possible.

After plowing there is commonly a great neglect. Generally the whole field, large or small, is plowed before there is any harrowing done, and by the time this is commenced the ground is baked into clods so that it is impossible to get the soil mellow or fine, and this single item often causes the loss of one-half the crop.

It is important to have the soil as fine as possible, and the best way to do this is to harrow thoroughly immediately after the plowing is done; that is harrow just before noon what has been plowed before noon, and that which has been plowed in the afternoon should be harrowed in the evening. This keeps the work up evenly and prepares the ground for the best results. Too much importance can not be placed upon the matter of thoroughly preparing the soil for the crop. To have the soil very fine deep down will insure the best results. The soil must be put in such condition as will preserve moisture during the entire period of crop growth. If the soil dries out the joint action of the earth and air in the elaboration of plant food will be prevented and the crop will be cut short.

The single condition which the cultivation must supply is a sufficient degree of mellowness of the surface soil. All else follows by the action of nature's laws. The vast growth of timber forests well illustrates nature's methods, and clearly and forcibly teaches the cultivator what he must do to obtain like results. The shade of the forest and the roots penetrating the earth to great depths preserve a moist and mellow condition of the soil so that the moisture and plant food deposited deep down in the earth are brought to the surface when needed by the capillary action of the earth. The air also performs its essential part in the distribution of moisture and fertility, while the surface soil is moist and mellow. The increasing demands of a constantly increasing growth are supplied from the boundless stores of fertility contained in the earth and the air, which truth clearly shows that the fertility needed for the production of the fruits of the earth for the sustenance of human and animal life is absolutely unlimited.

If then the Creator has given ample supplies of fertility, men, by false cultivation should not allow the soil to lose its capacity for production. Diminished fertility and low and lowering yields of crops show clearly and conclusively that nature's methods have not been followed by the cultivator. Intensive rather than extensive farming meets the demands of natural law. Make each acre do its best and you save the expense of having an acre go to waste. Exact the largest returns and by so doing the fertility of the soil is increased while producing the largest yields of farm crops.

A good farmer always continues to grow good crops. His lands are not depleted by growing large crops because the laws of production supplies "more and more" according to the demands made by the adoption of true methods.

"Plow deep while sluggards sleep
And you will have crops to sell and keep."

Stock.

One advantage in having pure bred stock is that it leads one to practice pure bred feeding. Did it ever occur to you there is scrub feeding as well as scrub stock? Well, there is.

White corn is considered as coming nearer to oats than yellow corn, and is, therefore, better for working animals. So far as the results of analysis are known white corn has about 1 per cent. more of the muscle-forming elements than yellow corn.

Keep the stables clean and use whitewash liberally as a disinfectant. It is easier to keep disease away than to drive it away after it has once got among the stock, and cleanliness is one of the best means for accomplishing it.

One advantage in stock farming is that incidental expenses for labor, implements, etc., are less than where diversified crops are grown, harvested and sown. Much of the harvesting is done by the animals, and they also carry the crops to market.

Home production of food and the feeding farm products to good stock is a remunerative branch of agriculture. One who follows it steadily and intelligently rarely has reason to complain that farming does not pay, and this business is not overdone.

By giving young stock heavy food in such quantity as to surfeit them the digestive power is often permanently impaired. Never over-feed the young animals, and give such food as is most easily digested. That is the way to make them thrifty.

Liberal feeding is always best, but wasteful feeding is a loss. Animals will thrive better, keep healthier and make a better gain in proportion to the amount of food supplied if well fed, but not over-fed.

The Young of Animals.

"They come out spring poor," was a proverb among farmers fifty years ago in reference to domestic animals. To feed stock through the winter just sufficient to maintain them and keep the breath of life in their bodies until grass should start, was considered by many farmers economy. Why should they work all summer to store up fodder and feed to keep stock growing and thriving through the winter when they can so soon regain all loss after they are turned out to fresh pasture, which requires no labor to prepare it for their consumption?

Such pleas, or rather excuses, for neglect hardly merit an answer in the light which experience has thrown upon such slack, thriftless, not to say barbarous theories of stock feeding. Not only the fact that it takes a large portion of summer for them to regain what they have lost on scanty rations of straw, stalks and hay, condemns any such practice, but also the fact that most of the increase in numbers occurs in the spring-time. To properly develop their young during gestation animals need an abundance of the most nourishing food, and to continue that nourishment after birth all mammals must eat for their offspring as well as for themselves. Think of a lean, slab-sided sow giving milk to sustain ten or a dozen pigs with less than twice the amount of food requisite to keep her in good condition when there are no pigs to provide for.

We cannot too strongly impress upon the minds of all stock breeders that, to succeed in their business they must begin with the ancestors of the young animals they intend to breed and rear. They must assure themselves that their ancestors, through many generations, are models of those qualities, characteristics than they wish the young animals to possess, and hat they should see to it that the mothers are well nourished through gestation and so long as they suckle their young.

But we set out to write of the proper care the young, especially while of tender age. No greater mistake can be made than to neglect or maltreat them at this age. It will result in a check upon their growth that never can be overcome by after treatment. A young animal, stunted, never recovers, however correct the subsequent treatment.

A mare that is to foal in May or June, the most common foaling season for mares, should not be worked down thin in doing the spring work. If she must work let her feed be of the most generous nature, enough to fully supply all expenditure of energy and all waste of tissue. Then she will probably be able to furnish her colt an abundant supply of rich milk that will give him a good start off in life. Perhaps the direct relation of the cow to her offspring terminates sooner after its birth, with the prevalent practice of removing calf when two or three days old and feeding it with milk, than that of any other of our domestic animals. Yet its supply of food must come from some cow and what one is, or should be, better adapted to that purpose than its mother. A great many seem to think it good policy to use in the household a good portion of the cow's milk and keep the calf alive on the remainder, yet with such practice the calf's supply is quite likely to be greatly curtailed to its permanent disadvantage. If there is to be any stinting it had better be the family than the calf, at least, during the first three or four weeks of its existence. The family can make up the deficiency in nutriment in other kinds of ingesta, but the calf has no substitute until it gets old enough to masticate and digest a little solid food. In a few weeks a little corn meal, bran, middlings or oil meal can be very gradually added to its milk and a little of the milk gradually withdrawn.

During the months of April and May ewes are rapidly dropping their lambs and the economical farmer will not only see that the ewes are properly supplied with an abundance of milk forming food, but the careful shepherd will closely observe every individual mother and her lamb and see whether she is fully meeting its wants. A lamb, before it has nursed, will very easily chill down and if no assistance is rendered soon perish. We have many times picked up lambs that were chilled down and unable to stand, taken them in by the kitchen fire, warmed them and poured warm milk down their throats until they could run around the room, then taken them out again to their dams. Sometimes when the lamb has been kept too long away from its dam she will refuse to own it and it may be necessary to shut her up and assist the lamb in nursing.

An elderly lady, who was born and brought up on a farm, although for many years a resident of this city, informs us that she used to succeed, when a girl, in recuperating lambs that were so far gone as to be stiff and their jaws set, by rolling them in hot ashes and wrapping them in flannel and then feeding them, with a spoon, hot milk into which pepper has been sprinkled. She says she has saved them when so far gone that she had hard work to pry open their jaws.

No one can succeed in breeding animals who neglects to give them the best of care and feed in every stage of their existence and especially when they are very young.

Christy's Revenge.

A Scotchwoman was returning by train from a market town where she had made a few purchases. Just as the last bell rang, a fussy gentleman elegantly dressed, and with a man-mind-thyself-looking face rushed into the compartment, flung himself hastily into a corner, pulled out an evening paper, and proceeded to devour its contents. Hardly had he become seated when the woman timidly addressed him: "I'm vera sorry, sir, but——"

"I never listen to beggars," fiercely interrupted the gentleman. "If you annoy me further I'll report you."

Christy's eyes flashed, and then twinkled; she said no more, and the choleric gentleman retired with an angry frown behind his paper.

All went merry as a dinner bell until the train arrived at Cromlade, when Christy, stepping out, again addressed the churlish individual in the corner: "I carena, sir, whether you report me or no, but I want that pun' o' butter you hove been sittin' on for the last sax mile."—[Spare Moments.

Finance.

Dinklebaum—Vat are you und Mees Cohen standing here so long for, lisdening to dot hant-organ?

Cohen (taking him to one side)—S-s-s-h! Don'dt say a vort! Mein daughter learns der ladest music in dot vay, undt zaves der brice of lessons. See?

Against the Rules.

Two cabmen a short time ago had a fishing match for half-a-sovereign and drinks.

Suddenly one of the jarvies fancied he had a bite, and being over anxious, had the misfortune to fall into the river.

On his regaining the shore his rival shouted out: "All bets off, Jim; none of your diving in after them."

THE HAWAIIAN PANTHEON.

Strange and Terrible Gods once Worshipped by the Natives.

The Washington Bureau of Ethnology has received from the Hawaiian Islands a quantity of information respecting the traditions and religious beliefs of the natives inhabiting that group which just at this time possesses a great deal of interest. Their pilgrim fathers, according to the accepted story, first reached this paradise of the Pacific in canoes with mat sails, bringing with them a few household idols, a live pig or two, some emaciated chickens, a bread-fruit plant, and some seeds. There were women as well as men in the company, but the little children had succumbed to the hardships of the voyage. These people were survivors of a party defeated in tribal warfare on some ocean isle in Polynesia.

Coming upon the refuge in the midst of a watery waste, they gladly took possession of it. No inhabitants had preceded them. They found fish and shrimps in the streams, while the ocean afforded shellfish, crabs and other provender. Fruits, some of them unfamiliar to the new-comers, were plentiful. They hit upon the "kapa" plant, from the bark of which they knew how to make cloth, and with it they renewed their scanty wardrobes. A delight to them was the discovery of the taro, growing wild in the mountain streams, which they hailed as an old friend. They knew it as a dry land crop, and generations passed before they learned to adopt the present method of cultivating it in permanent patches of standing water.

Under these happy conditions arts and industries prospered. The manufacture of "kapa" bark flourished and made progress in the direction of variety of fabric and æsthetic finish. Royal garments of wonrous beauty were woven out of birds' feathers. Tools of stone and wood were invented and improved. Great engineering enterprises were undertaken, such as irrigating systems and great sea walls inclosing bays and reefs for fish ponds. The antiquity of some of these works is so great that even tradition fails to account for their origin. The deep water fish pond on the Island of Kauai is said to have been built by a fabled race of dwarfs, remarkable for their cunning and engineering skill.

The average Hawaiian still regards the old gods of his nation as living and active beings, even though he may not worship them. Though Christianity has become the ostensible religion of the Sandwich Islands, there has been a very marked renewal of the old heathen faith within the last few years. It sleeps, but it is not dead. There are plenty of gods in the native pantheon.

Fiercest of them and most universally dreaded is the lizard-god. She is represented as a mermaid—a woman above with long flowing tresses, while below she is a lizard. Usually she lives in the water, but at times she comes on land and appears as a beautiful girl. Every one who is well acquainted with the Hawaiians know the dread, even terror, which they feel at the sight of a lizard. "Oh, the lizard!" is a familiar exclamation of fear. The introduction of small-pox and leprosy among them is attributed by the native sorcerers to the implacable malice of the lizard-god, who afflicts people with painful ulcers, eruptions and general wasting of the system. When a person is taken with a chill on leaving the water, it is said to be due to her ill-will.

Another powerful divinity is the fire goddess Pele—she who makes her abode in the crater of the terrific volcano Kilauea. She is the genius of the burning mountain. At times she assumes the appearance of a handsome young woman, but usually she shows herself in her true form as a hideous hag, with a tattered and fire-burnt garment scarcely concealing the filth and nakedness of her person. Her bloodshot eyes and fiendish countenance paralyze the beholder, but her touch turns him to stone. She is a jealous and vindictive monster, delighting in cruelty, and at the slightest provocation overwhelming the victims of her rage. A painful deformity of the eyelid not uncommon in the Sandwich groups is attributed to the malice of this female fiend, who is herself represented as suffering from the most exaggerated ophthalmia.

The shark has been perhaps the most universally worshipped of all the Hawaiian gods. Strange to say, the fish is regarded as peculiarly the friend and protector of all those who pay him devout attention. Each locality along the coasts of the islands used to have its special patron shark, whose name, history, place of abode and appearance were well known to all frequenters of the shore line. The largest and most celebrated of these shark divinities was a male whose mouth was said to be as large as an ordinary grass-house, and who could swallow two or three common sharks with ease. Most of the channels around the islands of Maui and Oahu were too shallow for his huge bulk. To avoid getting aground he spent most of his time in deep waters.

Second to him in size and power was a shark which was an elder brother of the goddess Pele. Like many of the other shark gods he was able at pleasure to assume the human form. From time to time he walked among men. In his fish form he is still said to roam in the deep waters about the island of Maui and is claimed by many as their special divinity and protector. One reason for the affection displayed toward the shark gods was that many of them were supposed to be of human parentage. For example, two of them, who inhabited the Ewa lagoon, were originally Hawaiian children. One day the children disappeared, and their parents were informed that they had been transformed into sharks. As such they became special objects of worship for the people in that vicinity, with which they maintained the most agreeable relations. When one considers the amphibious habits of the Hawaiians, and their familiarity with the dangers of the sea, it is not so very surprising that they should propitiate certain sharks and even maintain the most pleasant relations with them, as a defense against other sharks with whom they may not be on friendly terms.

The worm is another divinity regarded with dread by these islanders. Once upon a time, as the story goes, a monster in this disagreeable shape lived in a cave at the base of a hill in the district of Kau, on Hawaii. By day he carefully kept out of sight, but at night he assumed the form of a man and made love to the daughter of a prominent chief in that neighborhood. The fraud being discovered, the creature was tracked to his den and slain by the angered relatives of his lady-love. But from his body sprang all the worms which are so destructive to vegetation, as well as the sea cucumbers and allied forms of marine life.

Large mammals being unknown to the islanders of the Pacific, the early Hawaiians regarded the pig as the most powerful of all land animals. In one of their legends, which requires sixteen hours to repeat, the hero is a gigantic hog who was able for a time to defy the power of the mighty Pele. Like so many of the demi-gods of native mythology this unruly beast was born of human parents, and could appear as a handsome young man, a fish or a tree. The owl and the rat are regarded as most beneficent divinities. When the god Makalii attempted to rob mankind of food by putting all the taro, potatoes, yams, bananas, etc., into a net, which he hung up in the sky out of reach, it was a rat, hidden in the net, which bit a hole in it and let all the provender fall to earth. The "cat's cradles," which the Hawaiians are so expert in weaving on fingers with loops of string, serve to illustrate the making and the breaking of the net of Makalii.

Of all the familiar spirits which an Hawaiian sorcerer summons to execute his wishes the most dreadful is an "unihipili." To secure the services of a demon of this sort the magician takes the corpse of a dead child and removes the flesh from the bones. The latter, together with the hair, he does up in a bundle. Over these remains he performs elaborate ceremonies, until at length he feels a strange supernatural power coming upon him, enabling him to see into the mysteries of the unseen world and to do many wonderful things. To increase this power to a still greater degree he divides the remains of the infant into four parts. One portion he throws into the burning Lake of Kilanca, a second he casts into the sea, a third he commits to a river or lake, and the fourth he preserves and hides away. The sorcerer is now invested with a power most infernal. The shark in the sea, the lizard on the land and the spirit of the air are his remorseless agents to pursue, torment and destroy his victims. The fiend which takes these varied shapes has no kindness nor compassion for any one. There are lesser demons of a similar kind which are of a milder disposition. A little infant cast into the ocean may become a shark; another thrown into fresh water may become a lizard. The Hawaiian magicians teach that the decay of their race is the result of the vengeance of the ancient deities, who are offended at being supplanted by the white man's God, who was brought over the water in a book—i. e., the Bible.

WATER AS A DEADENER OF PAIN.

As an Anæsthetic it is Declared Preferable to Cocaine or Chloroform.

A discovery in the domain of anæsthetics is being a good deal talked about in medical circles in Vienna, which, if it bears the severe tests which it is proposed to apply to it, will prove an inestimable boon to suffering humanity. Neither of the two agencies heretofore employed by surgeons to deaden or minimize physical pain during serious operations, chloroform and cocaine, is wholly free from danger. Chloroform can not be administered to persons suffering from heart disease, poverty of blood, etc., and cocaine injections under the skin have more than once had exceedingly deleterious effects.

The new discovery, which is credited to Dr. K. L. Schleisch, determines the fact that absolute local immunity from pain, even during protracted operations, can be obtained without resorting to general narcosis of the patient, so that a sufferer may remain perfectly conscious during the amputation of his hand or foot without undergoing the torture usually associated with such operations, or exposing himself to danger of syncope ever present in the operating room. It appears that subcutaneous injections of a solution of salt, and even of simple cold distilled water, will produce exactly the same local anæsthetic effects as cocaine.

The explanation of the phenomenon is simple. Local insensibility to pain is caused in the case of cocaine by purely chemical changes; while cold water acts mechanically—by means of high pressure and low temperature. Under the influence of high pressure and sudden lowering of temperature the blood and lymph are driven from the region operated upon to places where the pressure is less. The tissue is thus deprived of its supply of blood and temporary paralysis of the nerves results.

It is stated on the authority of one of the first physicians of Europe that the importance of this discovery is all the more undoubted seeing that if, in a given case, cold water should fail to produce the needful degree of insensibility, a weak and absolutely harmless solution of cocaine would prove certainly efficacious.—[Chicago Times.

A Cloud of Monkeys Over Him.

T. Gasser, a civil engineer of Vienna, Austria, who for two or three years has been travelling constantly, is now in this country. In an interview the other day he said:

"A most singular thing befell me near Paradena, Ceylon. "I had gone with a friend into the great botanical garden there. This is probably the finest botanical garden in the world. You hear many compliments about one or two other gardens. but I believe none of them is so large or so entirely unique as this. In this great garden, oddly enough, there were many wild animals. As a rule, they are not supposed to be savage, however.

"Well, one day it was extremely warm—hot, you may say, even for Ceylon. I at length became tired and stretched myself on the ground under some India rubber trees. My friend meantime left me, and I gazed for a time up through the leaves of the trees, catching a glint once in a while of the sun, till a relaxed and a lazy feeling overcame me, and I fell asleep. I must have slept an hour, when suddenly I was awakened by a queer, uncanny feeling and opened my eyes.

"Judge of my surprise when I saw perched upon my feet, body and even upon my shoulders, a lot of little monkeys, while al about me and beaming down upon me from the trees were monkeys of all sizes and ages. It seemed to me there were myriads of them. I was frightened, for I knew these monkeys were wild, and in their wild state I did not know what so many of them might do.

"I gave one leg a twitch, however, and then the other, and bounded to my feet, throwing off all that were gambolling over and about me. In a second the monkeys vanished, and only peering from the tops of the tall bamboo and rubber trees could I see any at all. Even these did not remain long. In a few minutes they were all gone. I was much alarmed, for the appearance of so many of them was entirely unexpected. It was a week before I got over my fright.

"It appears, however, that the queer animals had meant no harm to me. The congress had been called, and their examination of me as I lay upon the ground was merely out of curiosity to divine what kind of an object I was. I suppose if I had been addicted to intoxicants I might have received such a shock from the cloud of monkeys that I might never have recovered from it.

"As it was, I voted myself in luck, and vowed never to go to sleep again in a wild tropical forest, even if it was called a botanical garden."

Electric Heating.

A striking illustration of the flexibility of electric-heating application has been given in Norway. The Norwegian iron trade required a furnace for the equal heating of the iron rods for the manufacture of horse-shoe nails, and Alexander Siemens, who stands among the first of European electricians, was commissioned to construct such a furnace. When completed it consisted of a huge core of carbon, rendered incandescent by the passage of a large current at low voltage. The core was imbedded in sand to prevent escape of heat, and was itself hollow. An iron rod passed slowly through this became red-hot at once, the heat being regulated by the speed of pulling through. For tempering springs it also proved excellent, and the same kind of furnace was utilized for heating rivets. Beyond this it had the signal advantages of portability and ease of manipulation.

She Would Call Again.

"Can I have my husband punished for slapping me in the face?" said Mrs. Rafferty to the magistrate.

"Certainly," said the magistrate, "That is assault and battery."

"Well, I'll come around in about a month and make the charge," said Mrs. Rafferty.

"Why not have him arrested at once?" said the magistrate.

"Why, you see, when he slapped me, I hit him on the head with the rolling-pin? and he's now in the hospital, where the doctor says he won't be able to leave for a month yet."

Badly Dishevelled.

She—"This is an awful wind. Am I badly dishevelled?"

He—"Dishevelled is not the word for it; you look positively disreputable."

She (indignantly)—"We part at the end of the bridge."

He—"Please don't I shall get used to your appearance by the time we get across. You are like vice, you know.

She—"Like vice? What do you mean?

He—"Why, 'Seen too oft, familiar with your face, we first endure, then pity, then embrace.'"

She—"Oh, do you? How delightful!"

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EditorialNotes.

The appointment of the Earl of Aberdeen as Governor General of Canada is well received. We know, indeed, of no name that would arouse the same degree of enthusiasm. Both the earl and his noble countess have many friends and admirers in this Province where the earl has large landed possessions, and has taken a lively interest in horticulture. They are both democratic in their sympathies, and not hedged about by a dignity that conceals them from the masses.

This appears to be a peroid of financial depression. New York is having its bank troubles, and in Australia the banks are having a stormy time. This depression is everywhere Times are dull is the universal cry. There is always at such times a safe course to pursue. Those with little cash should curtail expenses, and those having money should endeavor to use it judiciously. Communities which like ours produce mostly what is required, and have for sale sufficient to purchase what they can't produce, are the best off. They are, indeed, independent. But it is a clear loss to spend money in times of general stringency in traveling about in a wild chase for better times. The financial world is like a human being with arteries leading to every part. When one part suffers the whole suffers.

The Supreme Court of the United States has affirmed the constitutionality of the Geary exclusion and registration act. The result will be that the law will now probably be enforced, and the Chinese will either have to register or leave. The States have learned that unrestricted immigration is not desirable and are determined to be no longer a dumping ground for the world's paupers and criminals. As a community may protect itsself or a neighborhood, so may a nation. One of the advantages which Canada possesses is that it has not a large ignorant or pauper element. If the Geary law is strictly enforced Chinamen cannot be landed on our shores and make their way across the line into the States.

We hear already more or less about extortion at Chicago but not much attention should be paid to such rumours. Some will be fleeced anywhere, and its generally their own fault. Persons who arrange for what they desire in a business way will not be likely to be charged more than should reasonably be expected in so large a gathering. People who cannot afford liberal expenses had best remain away. For those who can afford it, the Fair will be well worth a visit. It is undoubtedly on a grander scale than any previous exhibition, and will require weeks to obtain a thorough knowledge of all its various departments.

Those who can't go have no especial call to shed tears. They can obtain a very fair idea of it through the papers and magazines, and besides many of earth's most favored class will be unable to attend. There will also be an infinite number of things to see and study near home, things of beauty and things of value which it is likely will escape our attention though it would cost little or nothing to investigate them.

People are beginning to ask whether any attention is to be paid to their wishes with respect to building an embankment in place of a bridge. Is the government entirely indifferent to the risk which our citizens incur in travelling over a structure which has been pronounced unsafe by a committee appointed to examine it? Is the report of the committee to be ignored and the recommendation of our citizens, in public meeting assembled, to be treated with contempt? These are pertinent questions and should be answered in a practical manner. Silence on the part of the authorities will create an unfavorable impression. It will not do to wait until just before the next election before doing that which should be done now It is easier to keep friends than to win them back after they are once alienated Some so-salled friends of the government declare that petitions and meetings are useless and will not be listened to. We cannot believe it, and yet it will look that way unless some action is had to contradict reports that reach us from below. We started out with the determination to support the government in all matters where we thought it was acting for the best interest of the people. In the main we have been able to support its measures, but we cannot sit quietly by and see travel on our main thoroughfare rendered dangerous without raising our voice in protest.

EXPORTING GOLD TO EUROPE.

The Method Adopted for the Packing and Handling of the Coin.

Another half million of gold went abroad yesterday on La Normandie, of the French line, bound for Havre, Kuhn, Loeb & Co. being the shippers. It was claimed that this gold was on an old order, but at the Sub-Treasury the officials said that nothing was known about its being wanted until Friday, when it was bought.

So much has been written of late about gold exports that the method of shipping the coin may interest those who read about the numerous purchases of gold for Europe. The gold coin is kept in stout canvas bags in the vaults of the Sub-Treasury, each bag containing $5,000. The denominations are kept separate. When a broker receives an order from Europe for a certain amount of gold coin, he buys it at the Sub-Treasury, paying for it in treasury notes, gold certificates or greenbacks. Silver certificates are not taken at the Treasury in exchange for gold.

All the carting of specie or bullion in this city is done by one express firm—*J. C. Barkley & Son. Barkley* is known to every banker and broker in Wall street, and it is his proud boast that he never lost a dollar intrusted to his care. While he has drivers and helpers on his wagons to handle the bullion, he or his son is always present to superintend the loading. Then they walk beside the wagon to its destination and see that the load is safely delivered. While the gold is being loaded on the truck several men may always be seen standing close by, apparently watching the men at work. They are really watching, and watching sharply, too, to see that no attempt at robbery is made. They are in Berkley's employ and are all heavily armed.

At the broker's office the coin, still in the canvas bags, is placed in kegs resembling those in which white lead is packed. They are made of stout oak staves and are heavily hooped with iron. A keg will hold $50,000 in gold, or 5,000 silver dollars. A $50,000 keg of gold weighs about 197 pounds, and, if filled with silver dollars, 315 pounds. The kegs are then loaded on the truck and taken to the steamship dock, generally just a short time before the hour set for the vessel to sail. It is taken on board and placed in the "specie room," a small steel-walled compartment, well down in the hold. There it remains until unloaded *on the other side of the ocean.* Once the coin is placed in the specie room on the ship Barkley's responsibility ceases. —New York World.

Cold Puts a Lustre Upon Silk.

In one of the large cold storage warehouses in New York, according to the Sun, several vaults are filled with made-up woolen goods. The low temperature has been found to be the best preventive against moths yet discovered. In the same storehouse is a quantity of raw silk. The commodity is sold by weight, and when stored in ordinary warehouses the silk dries, and naturally decreases in value. *By storing it in a cold vault the* moisture is preserved, and the silk keeps its weight. There is another curious fact in regard to the cold storage of silk. Many large dealers in silks and ribbons keep their bales and bolts in cold storage with the temperature reduced below the freezing point. It was discovered some years ago that silk in winter usually had a finer luster than in summer. The cold air was supposed to be accountable for the change, and an experiment was tried in keeping bales of silk in cold rooms for comparison with others on the store counters. The cold silk then appeared to be of a much finer quality, when in reality it was from the same loom. As *soon as this fact became generally recog*nized the large silk dealers went to the cold storage warehouses and had their silks placed in freezing vaults. In some cases the thermometer is kept as low as 10 degrees, and when the bales are taken out they feel like blocks of ice. Some firms keep most of their stock in storage, and only take silk out in quanties equal to the anticipated sales of the day, for the lustre acquired by freezing soon disappears after exposure on the bargain counter

The Great Chinese Wall.

The wandering, pitching, clambering line stood close before us, and here, by the irony of history, was seen that vast structure which was intended to keep out that race—the Eastern or Mantchou Tartars—one of whom now occupies the imperial throne of China. We of course dismounted and climbed on the serpentine monster. The evening light and shade lent great effect to the surrounding scene.

We therefore wandered and pondered at our leisure, and walked on the top up the declivity to our left for some little distance, until brought to by a huge and ruinous fall of the structure, which made further passage impossible. This stupendous structure, said to have been completed *some 200 years B C., appears to* be composed, as the walls of Pekin, of a huge mound of earth in the middle, built in and supported on both sides by walls of mixed brick and stone.

It begins with a mass of stone at the seaside, and runs over hill and dale some 1,500 miles, varying in height all through; and at short intervals it is fortified with large square towers, perhaps thirty feet high. Where we saw it the wall itself might be twenty feet high, and its width at the top perhaps fifteen feet. You cannot see any great length of it at one time, because of the great and sudden irregularities of the ground. It shoots down upon you, runs by you, mounts and disappears, and then gives you a glimpse on a yet more distant apex.—J. J Aubertin.

WARNING

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

S. Creech
Gov. Agent.

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

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

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

Orders promptly executed.

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

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At the Bay, Comox, B. C.
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A complete stock of Rough and Dressed Lumber always on hand; also Shingles, Laths, Pickets, Doors, Windows and Blinds, Moulding, Scroll sawing, Turning and all kinds of wood finishing furnished Cedar, White Pine, Redwood.
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Stage connects with all steamers at the Bay.

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

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

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

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