Provincial Library
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The Weekly News.

NO. 158. UNION, COMOX DISTRICT, B. C., TUESDAY, NOV. 19, 1895. $2.00 PER YEAR

JAMES McKIM

Has just received a large consignment of Staple Dry Goods, Imported Direct from Stewart & McDodald's, Glasgow.

These goods are of the LATEST STYLES AND PATTERNS, and being of the BEST MANUFACTURE, are WARRENTED TO GIVE SATISFACTION.

The General Grocery business will be conducted as usual at ROCK BOTTOM figures and every effort will be made by the undersigned to cater to the requirements of his numerous customers.

JAMES McKIM.

ICE CREAM PARLORS

Union, B. C.

Soda Water, Candies, Stationery and Books.

FRUIT A SPECIALTY.

TOBACCOS

Imported and Domestic Cigars Briar and Meerschaum Goods.

The Above Stores Adjoin, Where Everything of the Best in their Respective lines will be found.

A. W. McIntyre Prop.

Fall Neckwear

in all the Latest Styles

Fall Shirts

in Endless Variety

Fall Suiting

in all the Newest Styles

LAWSON & CO., DUNNE BLOCK.

Tailors and Gents Furnishers

McPhee & Moore

GENERAL MERCHANTS AND BUTCHERS

UNION & COURTENAY

Choicest Meats, Fresh Eggs and Vegetabl

A full line of Staple and Fancy Grocerie

Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes, etc., etc., et

MONEY

I have an unlimited supply of money for loans on the security of farming property at low rates of interest. Loans put through expeditiously.

Mortgages purchased. Insurance effected.

MARCUS WOLFE

NANAIMO, B. C

P. O. Drawer 17

his tableaux will appear at the joint school concert at Courtenay Hall, Nov. 21. You want to be there with every member of your family.

UNION SHIPPING

The Tepic left on the 13th with 415 tons of coal for the Australian boats.

The Comet was in and took 33 tons of fuel.

The Mineola, Capt. Pillsbury, left on the 14th with 3,350 tons of coal for the Southern Pacific at San Francisco.

Str. Dunsmuir was in on the 16th with 20 tons of hay for Simon Leiser.

The whaleback Progressist while on her way here—due last Wednesday turned back on account of some accident. She is due here now anytime.

The Minneola will be due next Sunday, and San Mateo next Tuesday.

NOTICE

Mr. M. Kelly of Tacoma and W. C Pierce of the Elite Studio, Nanaimo, will stop at Union with a Photo tent for a short time.

All parties wishing Photo's taken should call early, as we shall not stop over, one month.

Cloudy days preferred for sittings.

KELLY & PIERCE.

WHARF NOTES

Correspondence

Nov. 18th.—T. Cliffe, the carpenter injured at the washer last week, is getting along first rate and will soon be able to get around again.

There are 20 men, whites and japs, working on the masonry and brick work, between 25 and 30 on the washer building, 6 with W. Laughlin on the wharf and A. Pare has himself and two giants at the trestle work. J. Harwood too, and his gang of track-men are laying track, putting in switches etc. T. Piercy is busy hauling earth and filling in along the masonry. Altogetner it is a busy camp just now, and all are anxious for a continuation of fine weather; but the sky is lowering and the mountains to the sou' west are covered with mist and rain clouds so that we are, as it were, on the ragged edge of work and idleness. No man how ever need starve at Union Bay for there is a fine clam bed available at low water. The bay and creeks are full of fish which can be killed with pitchforks and clubs; and for those who can eat crow, any number of these sable thieves abound.

Mr. Russell a Presbyterian student, located at Denman Island, is now holding service here every other Sunday evening.

THANKSGIVING SERVICE

Rev. Mr. Baer will preach at Grace Methodist church Thursday, Nov, 21, at 11 a.m.

HOME AFFAIRS.

Cupid Throws His Gauntlet into the Ring—A Lively Letter on Reciprocity between Husband and Wife—A Happy Medium Advised—Youug Ladies of Eighteen Should be Sent Away for Supplemental Training.

THE HAPPY MEDIUM

To the Editor, Weekly News:—
Sir:

The articles on household labor, in your paper, have demonstrated the fact, that the housekeepers of Union are at least progressive. Such a number of practical ideas are not the passing thought of a moment but the intelligent outcome of years

The one thing, emphazied in each article is method, and this is the one thing needful, the foundation of all good housekeeping. And each one must make her own system and keep constantly planning how to save both time and labor, by having things more convenient. And even with all this planning in a household where there are little folks, the time for recreation and improvement will often be an unknown quantity. Still we must make time to enjoy our little ones and to go out as much as possible, keeping in touch with the outer world. The time spent in this way will really return to us in renewed energy, and we will accomplish more in half the time.

I cannot understand the terms slavery and drudgery as applied to housekeeping any more than occurs every day in office, store, schoolroom or pulpit. All have unpleasant tasks to perform, and often for those, for whom they care little; while the housekeepers do them for those they love. Surely duty ought not to be slavery.

I knew one home where three fourths, or four fifths of the time was spent in music, outside work, etc. A cold, comfortless looking place it was—no unnecessary scrubbing or scouring as everything testified. You never got a whiff of the commingling flavors of soup, roast beef, and apple dumpling. The cooking was simplified to the last degree. There is a happy medium; let us stand on solid ground.

RAMAH.

THE WOMAN QUESTION

Editor, Weekly News:—

Since the subject is fairly under way in your columns, it may not be out of place for other views to be presented with respect to household labor.

This woman of of ours is one of the greatest enigmas of nature—a strange mixture of the lovable and unlovable, of the beautiful and the uncomely, in short a combination of contradictions. At times she seems to lead the van of civilization and correct the highest standards of moral and political rectitude; at other times she falls back into the semi-barbarism of three centuries ago. It has been truthfully said of her that "when the Lord painted the features of Eve, he either used all the paint he had or some jealous angel stole the remainder" for nowhere in all the realm of nature do we find such heavenly beauty as sparkles in the smile that bespeaks the love of a gentle woman's heart. Beauty is not the only endowment by which she surpasses all beings in this creation of ours. She has a voice and a heart that can sway the opinions and change the intentions of man, directing to its best issue the ultimate success of our civilization. But she is far from being her truest self when she complains of servility and oppression by the hand of her consor, bemoaning her duties as household drudgery and slavery. The fact of the matter is that her own stupid conservatism stands in the way of her progress. Nature's true noblemen have given her all possible assistance, and with many splendid inventions have already reduced her work to one tenth of its former amount. In almost every house hold contrivance, we trace the work to this worthy brother.

When her fingers were weary with weaving, sewing, and knitting, he came to the rescue, and gave her relaxation from these labors, and harnessing the flowing rivers, the energy of the flames, and the lightning of heaven, bade them in obedience relieve his fair consort of these duties.

More than this, he is her instructor in dressmaking, cooking, and other things belonging to her departments of life.. And I fear that he may be forced to invent washing and dressing, bed making, house cleaning, child governing, novel reading and gossiping machines in order to obtain the quietness his soul desires.

CUPID.

Note.—We hope that some lady will answer Cupid as he deserves to be.—Ed.

GRANDMOTHER TALKS

Editor of the Weekly News:—

I have read with much interest the various communications on "Household Duties," published in the last two issues of your valuable paper. The writers, though offering some useful suggestions do not strike at the root of the difficulties. If they do not directly assert, they at least assume that each and every woman knows almost all that is neccessary for the proper management of a household, but that she is prevented from putting this knowledge into practice by the unruly children and a greedy indifferent husband. Now I do not think that such assumption is warranted by actual facts.

How many of our girls who consider themselves not only eligible for marriage, but even great prizes in the matrimonial market, could unassisted prepare a simple dinner of four courses without spoiling two of them? How many could go into the poultry yard, take a chicken in its raw state and make an appetising broth for an invalid? How many with all the resources of an orchard and a kitchen-garden at their disposal could lay up a store of palatable jams, jelleys, pickles, etc?

Is it any wonder then that these young women on taking charge of homes of their own find themselves continually worried and perplexed by duties which to a properly trained person would appear but trifling? Many young wives bravely attack these early troubles and with an indomitable spirit finally succeed in conquering them, but too often their health and temper suffer very materially in the conflict.

Mothers are greatly to blame for this condition of affairs. Solicitous that their daughters shall always present a lady-like appearance, they do no allow them to soil their hands by any kind of rough word.

No small benefit might result from adopting a custom prevalent in England during the last century. Girls on attaining their eighteenth birthday were sent to the home of some trusty worthy friend to supplement their home training, and no matter what their rank might be, they were expected to take a part in all kinds of work.

GRANDMOTHER.

HOUSEHOLD CORRESPONDENCE

Dear Editor:—I've been reading as many have, the admirable articles in your paper lately upon Household Duties. I just think they are nice! Nearly all think there is a chance for improvement; that lets in a bright ray of hope. One, however, thinks that certain things MUST be done, "simplified or not."

Well, of course; but bless her heart! wouldnt they be easier done if simplified?

And then this same correspondent closes with this bit of advice which she calls good: "Dont ask your mother or wife to wait on you if you are able to wait on yourself," and she adds. "This will lessen the housewife's labor 80 per cent."

Well, did you ever!

I quite agree that children should be taught to be helpful and to wait on their mamas to a reasonable extent, but the very little ones have to be indulged.

I delight to wait on my husband!

I manage without any great difficulty to get him to wait upon me, So we have established a little reciprocity. When he comes home tired I have everything ready so he can wash and change his garments, and in the fall and winter I make it a point to have a bright fire, and the big arm chair is waiting and his slippers which I have worked are placed near. And he likes to get home! If he comes home from a shift at 11 p.m. in addition there is always a light in the front window as a sort of welcoming smile.

And he appreciates it!

He does the heavy lifting, brings the water, sees that there is plenty of it as well as wood and kindling on hand to last until he returns. In fact he is watchful to save my strength But if I did not wait on him in some light matters which touch the great big heart that beats beneath his waistcoat would I get so much help?

A wife, I think who cannot teach her husband how to wait on her without his knowing what she is about hasn't much finesse.

I used to drop my handkerchief!

I would look at him so helplessly and with such a pleading smile that he would rush quickly to my side stooping to pick it up and presenting it to me with as much gallantry as any cavalier. It was but a step further to get him to help me on with my cloak and wait upon me in many delightful ways.

Oh, we have never ceased courting!

And we are happy, helpful to each other and so get lots of time to be out together. Our home is not neglected, but everything is kept clean and tidy and comfortable.

And we keep prim too!

I make it a point, whether at home or going out to have on a suitable dress, well fitting and try to look my best, and "hubby" does just the same, changing his miner's clothes just as quickly as possible after reaching home.

There is no drudgery.

The reason is because we manage to get everything done according to a system, and have time for intercourse with others. I am not a slave to house-keeping and that is not neglected, or home rendered comfortless or unhomelike.

I am trying to make the most out of life.

I think home is the sweetest word in the language as it implies all other sweet words, and things. But a wife who does not know anything but housekeeping can't make a happy home. She's a drudge, and that is'nt I believe, what a sensible man wants. He should have a mate, a companion as well, and where the wife is sensible and gifted with tact, and the husband isn't a born brute, as he sometimes is, there should be a happy home.

Ida.

Goodness gracious! Why don't Cholly invite me to Baer's Lime Light Illustrations of British Columbia? I've got a new hat at Mrs. Kendall's and if I'm disappointed will cry my eyes out.

LECTURE AT COURTENAY

Rev. Mr. Baer of Vancouver will lecture at The Courtenay Hall on Wednesday evening, the 20th at 8 p.m. Admission 25 cents. The subject will be, A Trip Through British Columbia, which will be illustrated with lime lights.

LECTURE

The Rev. Mr. Young will lecture in the Presbyterian church on Tuesday evening, Nov. 19th on The theology of inventions and discoveries. Admission free. At the close of the lecture there will be a collection taken.

PIGEON SHOOT

Thanksgiving day— Nov. 21— there will be a pigeon shoot under the management of Archie McCallam near the Courtenay House.

METHODIST CHURCH

Thanksgiving service on Thursday, at 11 a. m. Sermon by Rev. W. W. Baer of Vancouver.

Sunday service as usual by pastor. Subject for morning—"A man of God." Evening—"Was it best for that young man to go grouse shooting last Sunday?"

AUCTION

Smith & McKenzie's stock of horses, buggies, wagons, stage, harnesses, cows, pigs ploughs, harrows, implements, hay, oats, vegetables, etc will be sold at auction on their premises at the Bay at 2 p. m. Thursday Nov. 21. All amounts over $25 at 6 months on approved endorsed notes. M. Cheney auctioneer.

HOSPITAL GIFTS

The matron of the Hospital acknowledges the receipt of raspberry trees for the garden from a friend at Nanaimo, and literature and window plants from T.D. McLean, the jeweller. Thanks are also due to Mr. E. Rowland for repairing without charge the fire grate in the north east room.

BULB PLANTING TIME.

This is the Season to Prepare for Spring Blooms.

Hints for City Amateurs—What to Order, How to Grow and How to Protect—The Selection of Bulbs—The Winter Beds.

It is all very well to have tulips and hyacinths associated in the mind with spring breezes, and bird songs, and strolls through the parks; but now is the time to think about the ordering and the planting if we would enjoy these beauties in the early spring. It's the same old story every year! We are enthusiastic over the bulb blooms throughout the entire spring, ride long distances to admire magnificent bulb beds in the parks and on suburban lawns, firmly resolve that we will cultivate the beauties in our own yards another spring, and then straightway forget all about the fact that the bulbs must be planted in the fall, until another spring brings its usual round of admiration, and longing and regret. From the middle of September to the last of November it should be considered the duty of every flower lover to constantly remind the public that the season of bulb planting has come. Every small yard and tiny garden space can grow bulbs quite as successfully and handsomely as the most carefully cultivated and extensive lawn, and if this fall reminder is brought before every newspaper reader, what a wealth of beauty would greet us every spring!

WHAT TO PLANT.

Bulbs of all kinds are now so inexpensive that the humblest homes may be brightened and gladdened by the flowers of the early springtime. Many amateur flower growers have an idea that the bulbous plants are more difficult of cultivation than plants grown from seeds. That this is a mistaken idea a little study and experience will prove. Tulips and hyacinths are as easy of cultivation as sweet peas and nasturtiums, and they offer special rewards to those who cultivate them. They are in full and gorgeous bloom before the seeds of other flowers are planted. The first cost of the bulbs is greater than of seeds, but the bulbs increase so fast that one may in a few seasons have a fine collection of bulbs from a small outlay. Besides the standbys (tulips and hyacinths) there are the crocus, narcissus, jonquils, snowdrops, lilies, and many others splendidly adapted for outdoor planting, and all inexpensive as well as of easy cultivation.

FOR A SUCCESSION OF BLOOM.

Of course it is impossible for the beginner to stock the garden beds the first season with every variety of hardy bulbs, but it is possible to choose enough different sorts to keep up the supply of flowers from earliest spring until late in the season. Having a bulb or two of different sorts the love of certain varieties will grow upon us as we become acquainted with them and successful in their culture, and it will be easy enough to increase the colors and kinds of our special favorites as the seasons come and go. Out of the cold and the snow of the spring will gleam the exquisite purity of the snowdrop, the dainty blue and white of the scilla Siberica, and its very near relative, "Glory of the Snow," or Chionydoxa Lucilica. Side by side with these and quite as early, clusters of crocus, will appear—mammoth yellow, blue, white, royal purple, striped, feathered and plain. These are followed by the brilliant early flowering tulips, hardy narcissus and hyacinths, and these in turn by the gorgeous later blooming tulips, the magnificent display of iris, and beautiful stately lilies of all sorts then keep up the supply of bloom during the greater part of the summer.

PROPER SOIL AND PLANTING.

Bulbs will do well in any good garden soil if properly planted, but they attain the highest degree of perfection in light, rich and well-drained soil. While they may be planted at any time between September and the time the ground freezes, September and the early part of October is for several reasons the best time to set the bulbs. The soil in the bulb beds should be made light and fine and free from stones. Large bulbs should be set into the ground with their crowns four or five inches below the surface. Smaller bulbs need not be set quite so deep. See to it in selecting the bulbs that they are firm and heavy rather than light and soft. Scoop out with the hand a little bottom for the bulb, and put in a little sand. Then set the bulb in and cover without pressing the soil down firm and hard as when setting out plants with roots already started. The bulb should be set in the soil, not pressed into it. For it is quite as important to see that the soil is not packed beneath the bulb as above. When pressed into the soil this is packed beneath them, and when the roots start they are lifted high up in the soil; sometimes nearly out of it, and are liable to be injured by the frost.

DEPTH AND DISTANCE APART.

If the bulbs are allowed to remain in the ground from year to year it is especially important to plant them far enough apart to allow for increase as well as successful cultivation. The large lily bulbs should be planted from six to eight inches deep, according to the size, and about fourteen inches apart. The narcissus, which will soon form large clumps, should be set about a foot apart and four inches deep. Jonquils, three inches deep and six inches apart. Tulips and hyacinths, about four inches deep and from five to seven inches apart. The snowdrops, anemones, crocuses, scillas and other small bulbs may be planted from one to three inches deep and about three inches apart.

GROWN UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

The city flower lover with only a small back yard, shaded by the tall houses and high fences surrounding, will doubtless decide that the bulbs will not thrive in such a situation. It is especially discouraging if the tiny yard is entirely paved with brick, as is often the case. They will thrive in these conditions, and will also live and bloom and increase year after year if the bed is carefully made at the start. Remove the bricks to form a square or circular bed, or any shape or size desired. Dig up the soil beneath, fully two feet in depth. If the ground is packed and is not well drained, remove this soil to the depth of two feet or more and arrange a good drainage by placing in a quantity of stones, oyster shells, broken crockery or anything of the sort convenient. Old bones will be especially good, as they will supply fertilizer as well as drainage. Above this drainage material place six or ten inches of manure or well-fertilized soil or street sweepings, and then the soil that was removed from the bed, if it is sufficiently light and rich. Then plant the bulbs with the tall growing varieties in the centre and edged with the crocuses, snowdrops and small varieties, and that small back yard will display a surprising transformation next spring.

THE HARDINESS OF HARDY BULBS

We must not overestimate the hardiness of some of these bulbous plants. Though the Dutch bulbs will all do well without protection, they will do still better with a covering of leaves or other coarse litter, especially during the first winter, to prevent the bulbs from being injured by successive thawing and freezing. The covering should not be placed on the bulb beds until quite late in the season, and should not be removed in the spring until the bulbs begin to push from the soil.

WEAK AND WEARY WOMEN FIND A REAL FRIEND IN SOUTH AMERICAN NERVINE.

Despaired of by All Her Friends, and Her Case Pronounced Hopeless by Doctors, Miss Annie Patterson, of Sackville, N. B., Was Restored to Perfect Health.

PERHAPS he was a cynic, but some one has said that in this age there are no healthy women. Let us be generous and discount the statement. The age has many women, strong and noble physically, as they are mentally and morally; but it is true, nevertheless, that a large percentage of the women of the country suffer from nervousness and general debility. They drag out a weary existence, and each day is a day of pain and suffering. This was the case with Miss Annie Patterson, of Sackville, N. B., a lady widely known in those parts. She was weak and showed symptoms of entering a decline. She suffered terribly from indigestion and nervousness. Having tried practically all sorts of remedies, and called in the assistance of the cleverest physicians, and, these doing her no good, she was influenced by some one, somehow, to try South American Nervine. Of course, it was like hoping against hope — another patent medicine. But she had taken only one bottle when her system began to take on the health of earliest years, and after using three bottles she was completely cured. No wonder she is strong in her conviction that there is no remedy like South American Nervine.

This remedy is a remarkable health builder; it removes disease, strengthens the nerves, and puts on flesh. Miss Patterson's case is only one of thousands that have been chronicled in these columns at different times.

GOOD COUGH SYRUP.

Five tablespoonfuls of tar, on which pour one pint of boiling water; stir well and often and let stand twenty-four hours; a large, double-handful of wild cherry bark, on which put one pint of cold water, and let stand twenty-four hours. One handful of elecompane, put in three-quarters pint of cold water, and after standing twenty-four hours boil down to half the quantity. Strain all well, then add two pounds of granulated sugar, and boil altogether into a syrup. Bottle and keep in a cool place. Dose, one tablespoonful four times a day.

NICOTINIZED NERVES.

Men old at thirty. Chew and smoke, eat little, drink, or want to, all the time. Nerves tingle; never satisfied; nothing's beautiful; happiness gone; a tobacco-saturated system tells the story. There's an easy way out. No-To-Bac will kill the nerve-craving effects for tobacco and make you strong, vigorous and manly. Sold and guaranteed to cure by Druggists everywhere. Book, "Don't Tobacco Spit or Smoke Your Life Away," free. Address Sterling Remedy Company, 374 St. Paul street, Montreal.

A WOMAN'S DRESS.

A lady's dress is like the binding of a book—it ought to be suggestive of her character. Indeed, she can make it a tasteful expression of her self. Neither you nor I believe in the people who value books for the sake of their covers only. A book must have a soul and life of its own as truly as you or I; and the costliest wealth of a kingdom cannot make a true book any more than a perfect costume and the most exquisite combination of flesh and blood can make a true woman.—E. P. Roe.

JOSH BILLING SAID

Next to a clear conscience for solid comfort give me an old shoe. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor removes the worst corns in 24 hours. Putnam's is the only sure, safe and painless corn extractor.

The revenue cutter Constance has seized a schooner with twenty-five casks of contraband spirits on board and has towed her into Rimouski.

A SKEPTIC CONVINCED.

He Had No Faith in Any Advertised Medicine.

Attacked With a Bad Cold, His Trouble Went From Bad to Worse Until He Was Threatened With Locomotor Ataxia—Then Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Cured After Other Medicines Had Failed.

[From the Yarmouth, N. S., Times.]

The remarkable cures effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have long been a matter of newspaper notoriety, and many of them—well described as miracles—have been in our own province, but we believe so far none have been published from Yarmouth. A Times representative enquired in a quarter where such matters would likely be known, and learned that there were several remarkable cases of restoration to health directly traceable to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, right in our midst. Curious to ascertain the facts in relation thereto, our representative called on Mr. Charles E. Trask, who had been known to have experienced a long illness, and now was apparently in excellent health, his cure, being attributed to Pink Pills. Mr. Trask, who has been an accountant in Yarmouth for many years, was in his office on John street when the reporter waited on him.

FOUND MR. TRASK IN HIS OFFICE

"Yes," he said, "there can be no possible doubt of the efficacy of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in my case, and I will be pleased if the publication of the facts helps some other sufferer back to health. I caught cold, was careless and caught more cold. The first thing I knew I was seriously ill. I could not walk. All strength seemed to have left my legs and the weakness increased. From being obliged to remain in the house I became obliged to remain in bed, but still supposed it was but a very bad cold. I became so helpless I could not move in bed without help. I had good attendance and the best of care and nursing, but as week succeeded week I seemed to grow worse instead of better, till I was worn to a mere shadow and began to care very little if I ever recovered. A hint that I was threatened with something called locomotor ataxia reminded a friend that my case seemed somewhat similar to some of those described in the Times, which had been cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and this first drew attention to them as a possible aid to me. I admit that I was skeptical—very skeptical—there are so many medicines being advertised just now, and I was never much of a believer in them. Well, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were purchased and I took them, as I suppose I would have taken anything else, simply as the routine of a sick-room. The first box seemed to show little effect, and by the time I had got through with the third box there could be no doubt my condition showed a marked improvement, and I was correspondingly encouraged. The pills were continued and I became rapidly better, so that I was able to sit up and go about the house, and occasionally go out if the weather was fine. Day by day I grew stronger, and, to make a long story short, I feel I am to-day in as good health as ever I was in my life, and I can hardly realize I am the same man who suffered for six months, a helpless, despondent being, who never expected to be on his feet again. While I have no desire for publicity I am quite willing these facts should be made known for the benefit of others, and am ready at any time to bear hearty testimony to the genuine worth of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They restored me to health when I never expected to be about again."

Mr. Trask certainly looks the picture of health, and remembering the long period when he had been laid up, our representative left, fully convinced that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have well deserved all that was said of them elsewhere. When such cases can be pointed to in our own midst there can no longer be any doubt of the reliability of the many statements of wonderful cures effected throughout the country.

TINY CHURCHES IN ENGLAND.

The following are the six smallest churches in England, with their measurements: Lullington Church, Sussex, 16 square feet, and seats 30 people; Watsdale Head, Cumberland, 14 feet by 36 feet, and seats about 40 people; St. Peter's Church, Cambridge, 25 by 16 feet; Tilham, near Gainsborough, 26 by 17 feet; Culbone, near Porlock, 33 by 12 feet; Chilcombe Church, 35 by 13 feet.

THE POWER OF ELECTRICITY.

By this agency Nerviline is made to penetrate to the most remote nerve—every bone, muscle and ligament is made to feel its beneficent power. Nerviline is a wonderful remedy, pleasant to even the youngest child, yet so powerfully far reaching in its work that the most agonizing internal or external pain yields as if by magic.

WIT AND HUMOR.

"Mother," said a little 3-year-old, "why is Brother Tom so cross?"

"Indeed, my dear, I don't know."

"Mother, I think God made Tom the same way that Ellen made our cake—He forgot to put the sugar in him!"

The judge: "You have a right to challenge any of the jurys now being impanneled." "Well, thin, Your Honor, I will fight the small man in the corner wid the wan eye."

"Bloomers seem to be spreading," said Maud.

"Is that so?" returned Marie, disappointedly. "And I only have five yards of material in mine!"

The Candy Butcher—The glass eater's got cholera morbus.

The Zulu Chieftain—Serves him right. He ought to know enough to let green bottles alone this time of year.

"No," said the very advanced woman, "I shall not wear bloomers any more."

"Why not?"

"The pockets are so easy to find that my husband has gotten into the habit of going through them when I'm asleep."

"Jane," said the mistress to the new girl, "what burned that large hole in the rug?"

"Fire," answered Jane laconically, and there the dialogue ended.

Johnny—Sailors named the Rock of Gibraltar, didn't they, pa?

Pa—What makes you think so, sonny?

Johnny—Cause, when they sailed near it they had to haul in their jib-er-after their course.

Pa—Go and tell your mother to put you to bed.

"There's one good thing about the melancholy days of autumn," said Sneerby.

"What is that?"

"When a man gets a plain, ordinary cold he can't go about calling it 'hay fever.'"

"Don't you think you would better make him wait a year?"

"Dear me, no! Why, at the end of the year I might not want to marry him."

WHAT A WORD WILL DO.

Byron reminds us that a word is enough to arouse mankind to mutual slaughter. Yes, there is power in a word—Marathon, for instance, Waterloo, Gettysburg, Appomatox. Great battles these, but what a great battle is going on in many a sick and suffering body. In yours, perhaps. Take courage. You can win. Call to your aid Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It acts powerfully upon the liver, cleanses the system of all blood-taints and impurities; cures all humors from a common Blotch or Eruption to the worst Scrofula, Saltrheum, "Fever Sores," Scaly or Rough Skin, in short, all diseases caused by bad blood. Great Eating Ulcers rapidly heal under its benign influence. Especially potent in curing Tetter, Eczema, Erysipelas, Boils, Carbuncles, Sore Eyes, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Hip-joint Disease, "White Swellings" and Enlarged Glands.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets cure permanently constipation, biliousness, sick headache and indigestion.

A fine young man died the other day in the person of Mr. Samuel A. McLeod, of Glen Nevis, near Cornwall. He was very tall, even among the brawny Highlanders of Glengarry, being 6 feet 9 3-4 inches in height. He was said to be the tallest man in the united counties, and was only 26 years of age.

The Queen will return to Windsor Castle from Balmoral on November 16th.

A GREAT WORK SOON TO BE ISSUED.

"Samantha in Europe," by Josiah Allen's Wife,

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ISSUE NO. 44 1895.

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Such a preparation is Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda. The uses of Scott's Emulsion are not confined to wasting diseases, like consumption, scrofula or anæmia. They embrace nearly all those minor ailments associated with *loss of flesh.*

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MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP
FOR CHILDREN TEETHING
For sale by all Druggists. 25 Cents a bottle.

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FARM AND GARDEN.

AGRICULTURE.

During the hot period of the year cattle show their preference for elevated points in the pasture, where they can have the breeze, to the brush thickets in the low grounds. They like the breeze more, and not the shade less. Cater to their needs, and plant trees upon these high points.

An early corn planted somewhat late makes the best fodder, as it attains the right stage for cutting when the weather begins to cool, and it is better to commence a little early than rather late. A good time to cut is when the husks turn a little white, or the grains are well dented, or the lower blades are turning color.

A shredder or fodder cutter will give more satisfaction than any other machine on the farm. It will pay its first cost, often, in one winter. The advantages are that one can store five times as much cut fodder as uncut, and it can be fed more easily and quickly to all kinds of stock, and it avoids the old abominable waste.

About one-fourth sheaf oats run through the cutter with the fodder makes an excellently balanced ration and will make the latter keep better in bulk when cut a little green, and solve the problem of early gathering. In the spring this feed can be wetted and mixed with bran, and make a feed equal to ensilage.

Do not sow sorghum before May 20th. Do not cut too soon; wait until the seed is out of the milk. If cut too soon the cane is green and bitter, but if the seed is almost ripe there is sugar in the stock, and it is the best feed.

Sorghum will yield from six to ten tons of fodder an acre. Cut and dry and put in shocks of from half a ton to a ton, and let it stand until winter. It will not take water. If too hard to handle at feeding time, take a large knife and cut into three or four lengths, and it can be pitched on the wagon easily.

On the next rainy day muster your forces and clean up and prepare your stables and sheds for winter occupancy. Sweep down the cobwebs Wash the windows, reglaze them where needed, and then give them a coat of paint. You will be surprised at the change, and the additional amount of light received.

A destructive acid fermentation takes place even in seemingly dry fodder. The Colorado station has proved that fodder in large shocks, thoroughly cured, lost 31 per cent. of its feeding value, in small shocks 43 per cent., and that thrown upon the ground 55 per cent. This the same corn, properly ensilaged, will not do.

SHEEP.

It is to wrong treatment that is due the frequent disappointment of farmers who expect sheep to live on briars and weeds; for thus neglected, they miserably perish. There must be profit in the right kind rightly kept. While the lambs are doubling the flock the wool will pay for good keeping.

What does the future promise? Let it be borne in mind that for the last two years the number of sheep in the country has been reduced by many millions, while the population has increased. Exportation of mutton carcasses has but just begun, and is certain to grow to great proportions.

Wool manufacturing establishments are nearly bare of wool, they having lived on the hand to mouth plan. Since wool has been so low people have worn more woollen clothing, and they will be slow to ever go back to cotton or shoddy.

Of all meats mutton is least affected with infectious diseases, is the most easily digested of all, and all over the world people are eating more of it. Not taking account of the wool, mutton can be grown cheaper than beef. They must pay, or flock masters would not keep them.

In some regions the docking of sheep is becoming abandoned. It is cruel, harmful and useless. Sheep need their tails or they would not have been given them. It is claimed that grub in the head is caused by insects, from which whole flocks die. Now, the sheep must keep these insects away from his nose with his fore feet; but we are learning.

Littering the pens in which sheep are housed with burnt clay is practiced in England as a preventive of foot trouble. The clay, which acts as an exorbent for the excrement, makes a valuable fertilizer, and one which is easily handled.

If you expect to grow early lambs for the market next season, make up your minds now at what time you want the ewes to lamb, and turn the buck into the flock accordingly. The period of gestation runs from 145 to 160 days, and the lambing season will, therefore, begin in 22 or 23 weeks.

With all the ups and downs in wool, there is yet a profit in sheep raising, and this profit is from more than two or three sources. The wool makes a good return, and so does the mutton; so do the young lambs. There is no small income from the sales for breeding purposes, if one has a good stock. We must not ignore the value of the droppings, nor the fact that sheep live much upon refuse and weeds.

By stocking the orchard heavily with sheep and feeding large quantities of bran one obtains two values—the feeding value and the manurial value—beside preventing the spread of insects which live in the fallen fruit; but they must be kept out of the young orchards, for they are destructive foragers upon the branches which they can reach.

Perhaps the only remedy worth considering for foot rot in sheep is by cutting off the diseased portion of the hoof, and then rubbing in nitric acid. The fine wool breeds are more subject to this trouble than other sorts. Keep infected flocks off low or wet lands.

DAIRY.

Cut the green oats when in the dough state, and cure it for hay. This makes an almost perfect food for milch cows, and by not threshing or grinding a saving of 15 per cent. is made. Bear this in mind next spring, if you have not already tried it, and put in an extra piece of oats for the purpose.

Because milk does not get thick and curdle during cool weather, it is popularly believed that it can be held for days with impunity, but natural fermentation is arrested and unnatural bacteriological changes occur, which ruin butter quality as thoroughly as sprouting ruins wheat in the bin.

The time is certainly not far distant when the great mass of farmers will use ensilage. Its value is appreciated, and as a feed it has come to stay, despite the difficulties and expense in its making and in its use. It is truly one of the ways to stop "waste" upon the farm.

To use the term properly, a hardy cow is not one which stands exposure best, but one with such a constitution that she can endure large daily dairy work, can take her full rations of food, and do her best continually in the business of yielding milk.

It is not necessary to live with but one idea. First, of course, get cows which yield milk in quantity and quality; but there is such a thing as having an eye for live weight at the same time. Other things being equal, a cow with beef value is to be preferred. Some cows will give a square return in both cream and beef for every pound of feed given them.

When the dairy business is dull, and not paying, Shorthorns and like breeds can be fattened for market in a short time, and by this means the farmer has two strings to his bow. Such plans are certainly not bad practice; but such procedure would be almost profitless with the little breeds.

It is a valuable characteristic in cows that their milk yields butter quickly and easily, and a herd can be built up with this characteristic in view. Some cows show a lamentable tendency the other way. Almost any trait can be bred in or out of cattle.

A careful person will hardly consider it sufficient that his milk has been strained through a wire sieve. A few layers of cheese cloth fastened over the mouth of the strainer with a ring is certainly to be preferred. Much of the usual assortment of filth can be kept out of the bucket by previously wiping from the udders all straw, hair and dirt.

In every dairy the number and weight of the calves produced is an important item. Only the choicest of these are kept for milking purposes, and the others are sold as soon as large enough.

Those who advocate the larger breeds in preference to the Jersey have certainly the advantage at this point.

POULTRY.

Experience is a better teacher than precept in poultry raising, but it is not every one who turns his misfortune to experience. It is the wise poultry man who avoids making the same mistake twice; but there are those who will learn no lessons from any source whatever.

If chicks roost upon narrow perches before their breasts become firm and hardened, it is likely that they will have crooked breast bones. Therefore, while they are young, let them stick to their boxes, or have a coop without any poles.

Milk in any form is good for laying hens; it contains all the elements of egg food in almost the proper proportions; and no food will make hens lay like wheat in some shape, with a regular ration of green cut bones. Then keep them comfortable and busy.

The days are at hand when the early pullets and the hens which moulted first will begin their song of production, a song which is ever music to the poultryman. See that they have the combustible material to raise sufficient steam to keep the machinery at work and bring forth the product.

In the variety of farm products poultry may become a source of income at all seasons of the year; but, aside from this, the farmer should have more chickens to save the butcher's bills, and to afford him a change from pork and salt meats. We do not produce enough; the city markets are rapidly growing.

Ask the average farmer if he gives any time or attention to his poultry, and he will tell you, no; the women folks gather the eggs and raise a few young ones, but they do not pay. Of course, they do not, nor would the cattle, horses or pigs, if looked after in the same slipshod manner; but they will never listen to your preaching.

Fowls need lime, but it is the better way to give them foods rich in this material. Chopped clover contains both lime and nitrogenous matter. Peas are also rich with it, and wheat is a lime food The wheat should be given after clover, lest it be too concentrated, and fattens the fowls, instead of making them lay.

Old time ideas are hard to down, but it is waste of food keeping a cock with hens from which it is not desired to breed. They will lay and thrive better without his attentions, and sterile eggs will keep better than fertile ones, which fact is especially important if pickling is resorted to.

We shall not contend that a flock of poultry would be the salvation of these depressed times, but when English farmers are convinced that there is more to be made from their fowls than the provision of pin money for their wives and daughters, it is time we were giving the subject more consideration.

THE MINISTER'S MISTAKE.

There is a story of a Scotch minister whose physician ordered him to drink beef tea. The next day when the doctor called the patient complained that the new drink made him sick. "Why, sir," said the doctor, "that can't be. I'll try it myself." As he spoke he poured some of the tea into a skillet and set it on the fire. Then, having warmed it, he tasted it, smacked his lips and said: "Excellent, excellent!" "Man!" said the minister, "is that the way ye sup it?" "Of course; what other way should it be suppit? It's excellent." "It may be gude that way, doctor; but try it wi' cream and sugar, man. Try it wi' that and see hoo ye like it."—Argonaut.

SUNDAY IN SCOTLAND.

How the Day is Observed in the Highlands at This Time.

In the course of an article on "The Sabbath" in the London Queen Mrs. Alec. Tweedie gives a pleasant description of "The Highland Free Kirk, with its square pews as big as rooms, containing a table in the middle, and the walls so high that no one outside the pew can be seen except the precentor, tuning fork in hand, in his box, or the 'meenister' in the box above. In the finer churches of Edinburgh and Glasgow," she says, "there are organs; but in many parts there are not even harmonious."

"At the Highland kirk the collie dogs attend the service, going under the seat and sleeping peacefully until the benediction, when they rise, shake themselves, and calmly make for the door. Their masters, after the service is over, enjoy their chat at the porch, for half the pleasure of coming to church is to discuss the sermon with friends, and have a bit of gossip before wending their way over the hills—perhaps ten miles—to their humble crofts. It is very amusing sometimes to see these shepherds dressed in top hats, and they, as well as their women folk, invariably wear black if they can afford it, and carry a small library of Bibles and psalm-books under their arms. Their books are very rarely left in the church, this carrying to and fro appearing to be part of the ceremony.

"At the kirk door it is the fashion to place a small table covered with a white cloth, on which stands a plate, into which every one coming to the service puts a penny or a half-penny. Silver is almost unknown. This contribution is strictly guarded by two elders of the kirk, whose duties are manifold, for they really hold the position of minor curates. The Gaelic service is generally from eleven to one, and the English from one to three. Many of the good people stay for both, and on their way home discuss whether the minister was 'better in the Gaelic or the English the dee.' The minister has a bad time on the Sabbath; not only has he these two services right on end, but he has to preach extemporarily, great indignation being evinced 'at the paper.' He has to read the chapters from the Bible and the prayers by himself, as well as giving his sermon, a little singing being the only interlude. In the remoter parts of Scotland the congregation still stand up to pray and sit down to sing.

"In some places they do not draw up the blinds, and there is no sign of life in the streets, until just before kirk time. For instance, a certain house in Sutherlandshire is let every year, and in the agreement is a clause 'that the piano shall not be opened for any reason whatever on the Sabbath,' and there are hundreds of houses where no cooking is done, and the fires are raked out on Saturday night and laid ready for Sunday, and the doorstep washed over-night."

CONCENTRATED EXTRACT.

"Lift up your feet, turn out your toes,
Throw back your shoulders and breathe through your nose."

The lines contain a goodly amount of instruction, and can be remembered by most pedestrians with advantage.

Miss Alta Rockefeller, who is heiress to about $40,000,000, and who will be richer than any of the Vanderbilts, spends her summer at the magnificent estate her father has recently bought on the Hudson. She is quite as retiring as Miss Gould, and does almost as much good in a quiet and unobtrusive manner.

It is said that one of the features of the Paris Exposition of 1900 will be another World's Congress of Religions. Report has it that the chief Protestant and Jewish authorities of France have agreed to co-operate in the affair, while two French Cardinals and other Catholic dignitaries likewise favor the proposition.

The jewelry found recently in an excavation near one of the pyramids of old Memphis, Egypt, exhibits about as much skill in working gold and precious stones as now exists, although the articles found were made 4,300 years ago. The figures cut on amethyst and carnelian are described as exquisite and anatomically correct. The gold is skillfully worked, and precious stones are let into it so as to give the effect of enameling.

CORRECTING THE PARSON.

A novel method of correcting a clergyman's mistakes in reading is reported by the Church Review. During the collection after a sermon one Sunday, a gentleman in the congregation quietly took off his spectacles and put them on the plate. The churchwarden courteously handed them back, supposing them to have been put there in absence of mind, but the donor again deposited them on the plate, and, not wishing to make a scene, the official finished his duties, and the spectacles were duly presented with the other alms. However, after the close of the service, he took them down to the donor—a stranger—and said he feared they were given by mistake. Judge of his surprise on being assured it was no mistake—that the clergyman who read the prayers had made so many blunders in reading that he presumed he could not see, and so he presented him with a pair of spectacles.

"Where did these infernally ugly neckties come from?" she asked.

"Why, Mary," he responded, tearfully, "I thought they were so pretty and you would like them. I bought them for 24 cents, at Mindorff, Nicholson & Bangs, reduced from 25."

United States immigration statistics show that in the expired nine months of 1895 the number of immigrants entering the United States was 249,332 against 191,485 in the corresponding period of 1894.

He—You would be shocked if I were to take you to such a play, my dear.

She—Perhaps; but I want you to prove that I would—by taking me.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Since February the United States have exported $100,000,000 of securities, which in a measure has restored the gold equilibrium. And Marlborough's cargo has not yet been shipped.

A New York man, who had engaged in a warm political discussion yesterday, gesticulated so vigorously as to dislocate his right arm at the shoulder. And the campaign has hardly opened yet.

It begins to look as if the Yankee speculators in Venezuela who inspire the Washington Monroe doctrine liar won't get enough out of their venture to pay for a new dress for that diplomatic scarecrow. British statesmen have called the bluffer.

Judge King, of Buffalo, has decided that husbands in that city must support their wives, even if the latter have inherited property in their own right. One by one the prerogatives of the lords of creation are going the way of all the earth.

The shrinkage in "Kaffirs," as the South African gold mining stocks have come to be known, was $80,000,000 in the last two weeks. The insane rush of wealth into such investments has been somewhat checked, and there are indications that the crash is near.

Speaking of the Windsor meeting in favor of Canadian independence, which was attended by 14 persons, the Buffalo Express says: "Windsor is the Canadian hotbed of annexation with the United States. It is not independence she wants. It is separation from Great Britain and unity with the United States." Go away! The Yankee fondness for Canadian whiskey has something to do with the prevalence of that opinion in certain minds in border cities. That is the only place where the sentiment is found.

London Aldermen, at the request of the Trades and Labor Council had 4,000 copies of the assessment rolls printed at a cost of $1,400 and placed in the City Hall for free distribution. One alderman distributed 500 copies and about as many more have been taken out by others; the rest are "last year's bird'snests." Last year 86 appeals were entered; this year only 70. Evidently London has not assessors like Hamilton; and evidently money was wasted in printing the rolls.

The Toronto World alleges that the Hotel-keepers' Protective Association of that city is dying of tencent whiskey. It should have borne in mind that wise physicians take very little of their own medicine. If the World is to be credited the indulgence has led to sad results. It quotes a Yonge street hotel man as saying:

"The organization has lamentably iaed litios ETAOIN SHMHMH BM failed of its purpose."

With which remark our readers will not feel inclined to differ.

An application has been made for the incorporation of the Canadian Electric Railway and Power Company, to build an electric railway from Montreal to Windsor, via Brockville, Kingston, Belleville, Toronto and London, with power to build a branch line from Toronto or other points on the main line to Suspension Bridge, and with power to build branch lines for a radius not exceeding 25 miles from any point or points on the main line. That is a rather ambitious scheme, and involves great possibilities in bonuses, subsidies, charter brokerage, etc., etc.

The Toronto School Trustees have decided that when bad boys refuse to receive chastisement on the hands the teachers may whip "elsewhere." In the good old days when the older generation had occasional feeling interviews with Birch, Ferule, Strap & Co., the pupil's preferences as to objective points were brutally ignored. Sometimes, indeed, it would have puzzled the most expert pedagogue to apply the knowledge inculcator to any particular spot on the gyrating subject. Now that reversion to former methods menaces the good little Toronto boys, the study of padding with scribblers, copy books, etc., will again be in vogue.

Whether Shortis, the Valleyfield murderer, is hanged or locked up in a lunatic asylum to await death, the testimony given at the trial by Dr. Daniel Clark contains a solemn warning against the marriage of the unfit. "I find," said the alienist, "that his grandfather, his uncle, his father's sister and brother, also those on his mother's side, were insane; also that his cousins and members of the family on both sides died of consumption. The degenerate line has focalized upon the prisoner." What a combination—insanity and consumption! How fortunate that only one child resulted from such a union! And how sad that that one should have been shipped to Canada because his father considered him too great a fool to be kept in England!

Ceylon will have the greatest bridge of the world if a scheme now under consideration be carried. It is no less than connecting the island with the mainland 61 miles distant, involving a bridge over Polks Strait 41 miles long. This is the strait over which, according to Cingalese legend, Adami carried Heva on his back, only to find that he had been led by a mirage to disobey his Creator's command, and that the coast was barren and rocky. Unlike the Adam of our Eden, however, the Cingalese Adami took all the blame and asked that he and not Heva be punished, whereupon the good Deity forgave and blessed them both. The water of the strait is very shallow, the channels being few and for long stretches rock bottom is found at a depth of six feet. From the India end a 90-mile road would connect the bridge with Madura, and from the Ceylon end a 145-mile road would connect it with Colombo, the principal port of the island.

Mrs. Douglass, wife of the dead statesman, has selected a number of passages from the speeches of prominent Americans to be placed upon the monument tablets in Rochester. Some of the tablets will bear epigrams from Douglass' own speeches and writings, among them the following:

All true reforms are kindred.

Speech is the lever that moves the world.

In the essential dignity of man as man, I find all necessary incentives to a noble and useful life.

Enforced morality is artificial morality.

A difference of opinion, like a discord in music, sometimes gives the highest effects of harmony.

The limits of tyrants are prescribed by the endurance of those whom they oppress.

It is always a dangerous symptom when men pray to know what is their duty.

Truth is never uncalled for.

Human government is for the protection of rights, and not for the destruction of rights.

The binding quality of law is its reasonableness.

One with God is a majority.

The types of mankind are various. They are many like the waves, but one like the sea.

I know of no rights of race superior to the rights of humanity.

The Philadelphia Record contains two items worth thinking about by those who believe that an abundance of money in a country is the one thing needful to make business good. Here they are:

A champion of the fifty-cent silver dollar in this city (the American) says: "In the silver-using countries, where a bushel of wheat sells for a dollar, the wheat grower can afford to pay more dollars to the farm hand than in a country where he gets fifty cents or less." It would be interesting to learn where is to be found that happy land of silver where a bushel of wheat sells for a dollar, and where the wheat grower can afford to pay so much more to a farm hand than in the gold countries. Is it Mexico, or China, or India, or Japan? If not one of these countries, possibly it is Wonderland which little Alice found in her travels, or it may be in the moon. Certainly it is not to be found anywhere on this planet.

The rise in the price of silver last week, without any corresponding influence upon the prices of cotton, wheat and corn, again upsets the theories of the free silver champions. Like other commodities in the market, silver obeys the law of supply and demand. Not only has there recently been a greater use of silver in the arts and manufactures on account of its cheapness, but there has been a stronger demand for it to meet the Chinese war indemnity to Japan, as well as on account of renewed commercial activity in many lands. At the same time the production has been somewhat checked in consequence of the decline in the price, and the supply has, therefore, not kept pace with the quickened demand. But there is no legislative fiat that can give to a fluctuating commodity like silver a stable relation of 16 to 1 with gold.

WISDOM IN SMALL SLICES.

A dog market is held every Sunday in Paris.

Locomotives use a third of the coal mined in England.

There are at present 700 golf clubs in Great Britain, with about 35,000 members.

London pawnbrokers average 25 per cent. interest on the money borrowed.

The Himalaya Mountains have been seen 224 miles away.

The Cunard line of steamships employs 10,000 hands.

The London and Northwestern Railway Company consumes 3,500 tons of coal a day.

The heart of a Greenland whale is a yard in diameter.

In Brazil there are said to be 300 languages and dialects spoken by the Indians.

At Victoria Docks, London, storerooms for 250,000 carcasses of beef have been provided.

Among the Greeks, breeches indicate slavery. A free man never wore them.

Krupp has made over twenty thousand guns of large calibre for the armies of Europe.

AFTER THE DINNER.

"Look here, old man, it's no use you trying to unlock the door with a cigarette."

"Whatsh that?"

"You're trying to open the door with a cigarette."

"Blesh me! How strange! Wonder whethersh I've smoked the keysh!"

THE WEEKLY NEWS

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M Whitney Editor

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No Advertisment inserted for less than 50 cents.

Tuesday, Nov. 19, 1895.

SOCIAL AND LITERARY

In no one way is there a more noticeable change in the town than in the distinct advance in its social habits. It is rapidly emerging from its condition of simple cabins and small cottages into a town with a fair proportion of handsome roomy dwellings where a generous hospitality is being dispensed. Of course this is not yet very extensive but the movement now begun will increase with the growth of the place. The churches, too, are affording more socially and in the way of healthy entertainment than formerly which is a good sign and will bring them closer to the people, whom they desire to reach. Art is not wholly lost sight of and in music we are not inferior to any town of our size in the province. For literary excellence we need only point to the admirably written articles on "Household Duties" which have brightened our columns for the past two weeks and which would have attracted marked attention in any metropolitan journal, to establish our claim to a high degree of merit in a line not usually prominent in so young a place.

BILL NYE ASSAULTED

The assault on Bill Nye at Patterson, New Jersey with stale eggs on the alleged ground that his lecture was composed of stale jokes was a disgrace to that city which its authorities should in a measure endeavour to remove by the prompt arrest and condign punishment of the conspirators. The attack was premeditated, the eggs having been gathered in advance of Nye's arrival. Of course only the hoodlum element engaged in the dirty business, but the authorities should make such an example of the wretches, that they would never care to engage in egg throwing again.

At the recent concert at the Presbyterian church there were a few hoodlums who somewhat destroyed the pleasure of the entertainment by their noise. We learn that when the attendants repaired to the residence of Mr. Lindsay, across the way for refreshments, these same hoodlums indulged their proclivities for mischief by throwing about grapes and squirting tobacco juice. We regret that Mr. Lindsay declines to give the names of those engaged in this scandalous work as we would be glad to pillorize them in these columns. Hoodlumism must be suppressed in this town.

The council of women which recently met in Victoria indicated by its discussion that there was no Home for Aged Women in this Province, although one had been provided at Kamloops for aged men We have looked up the Act and we find nothing in it to exclude aged women, and we see no good reason why they should not be permitted in the same Home. It would make it more homelike and social. Surely the aged and infirm women must recieve equal consideration and paternal care as the same class of men.

The patriots of Cuba have won recognition as belligerents, and the ordinary laws of civilized war, such as the proper treatment of the captured, and exchange of prisoners, will now follow. The Spanish commander has even recommended his government to grant to Cuba, home rule, a great triumph for the cause of justice

The French Ministry, as lately constituted, is very radical and the statesmen of the world will watch with anxiety its action, but doubtless there is no cause for alarm, as Radicals when charged with the responsibility of power become, as a rule, reasonably conservative.

The Republicans have made nearly a clean sweep in the state elections which have just been held across the line. Without doubt the next president will be a republican.

The papers make altogether too much ado about the Marlborough-Vanderbilt wedding. Its pomp and display are sickening. It was a combination of title and money for which the people can have no sympathy.

THE RENTON COAL CO

We understand that there are about 40 people in Union who hold shares in the Renton Co-operative Coal company. We have accordingly been at some pains to learn about its condition. The mine as many of our readers know is not far from Seattle, Wash. It was once bonded it is said for $3,000,000. At any rate it was operated some years ago, and then was closed down for 11 years. A party of miners bought the property of the original owners for $50,000 to be paid for in installments. Twenty thousand has already been paid, and there is another installment of $10,000 with interest, due in January next. The final payment will *fall due in January 1897, and it is hoped* to realize enough from the sale of coal, the product of the mine, to meet this. The coal is claimed to be of fine quality—a fine lignite, and superior to any coal now mined in the state of Washington. Mining operations are already in progress a slope being driven about 600 feet long. The seam worked is from 7 to 10 feet thick with a 7/12ths of an inch shell in the centre. It maintains a regular thickness so far. The roof near the surface commenced with a slope and is now in good top. They have also driven two counter slopes, and started two levels, one of which will go through to Cedar river with sufficient grade to form a natural drain for the exit of water from the mine, being in the neighbourhood of 1,000 yards long.

The work so far done has not cost the company anything, it is understood, as the miners have undertaken to open the property for the profit on the coal mined.

It is not intended to give any one man or syndicate a control in its management but to distribute the shares among miners themselves; hence the offer of a 'Frisco merchant to take 600 shares, was refused. *Similar offers from Tacoma and Seattle* were for similar reasons declined.

So far the coal is said to have found a ready sale and the demand in Seattle alone will be sufficient to absorb all the product of the mine for the next two years.

The property consists of 886 acres and in this is a bed of clay from 12 to 15 feet thick, and produces a nearly perfect brick a specimen of which we have upon our table, as well as a fine specimen of the coal.

The property has been laid off into a townsite, but will not be put upon the market until there is a sufficent number of miners employed in the works to justify it, it being intended for the shareholders.

The plan is to have no intoxicants sold in the townsite, and to devote a certain per cent of the profits to school purposes.

WHERE TO PAY TAXES

Editor "Weekly News":—

I venture through the medium of your columns to draw attention to a matter of local interest: of no great public moment but perhaps worth discussion viz. How is it, that while there is At the Bay a building, the courthouse, suitable both as to size and central position whereat to pay taxes, the taxpayers are obliged to go for that purpose to a small outhouse inconveniently situated in the back premises of the constable's private house? If there be, as I understand there is a grant of public money for an office, and the courthouse be not available, surely it would be more convenient and creditable to engage one of the numerous unoccupied houses at Comox, and enable the constable to devote his outhouse to purpose more congenial to its position

"Wacht ein Beche"

A THANKSGIVING HYMN

C.Evans, Union.

Eternal Father, to Thy name
Thy thankful childrens' voices rise
For loving mercy still the same,
That never wavers, never dies.

Thy kindness comes in falling rain,
Thy sun his precious brightness yields
Till bounty fills the fruitful plain
And crowns the yellow harvest fields.

The records of another year
Speak forth the blessings of Thy grace,
And fill our hearts with thankful cheer
That bids us seek Thy loving face.

Though we have sinned against Thy love
The Judge's hand that might arrest,
Did kindly for our comfort move,
And all the woes of want repressed.

Our fathers' God, from whom alone
Comes plenty to our earthly store,
May angels echo round Thy throne
Earth's thankful praises evermore.

LIME LIGHTS

The lecture of Rev. Mr. Baer here on the evening of the 21st illustrated as it will be by lime lights will doubtless draw a full house. It will be at Grace Methodist church. Every bachelor should be there with his best girl.

NOTICE

Mr. M. Kelly of Tacoma and W. C Pierce of the Elite Studio, Nanaimo, will stop at Union with a Photo tent for a short time.

All parties wishing Photo's taken should call early, as we shall not stop over, one month.

Cloudy days preferred for sittings.

KELLY & PIERCE.

QUALITY COUNTS.

We have nearly all our New Fall and Winter stuffs in Stock Don't you make a purchase without first taking a look through our store.

We mean to do the business this fall and have marked the goods to sell. Drop in anyhow, when in Nanaimo. We will be more than pleased to show you our stock whether you are buying or not.

49 COMMERCIAL STREET. SLOAN & SCOTT. NANAIMO, B. C.

—— UNION BRICK YARD B. C. ——
W. WALTER & SON.
Manufacturers of Handmade Sand Stock Bricks.

Special Patterns Now On Hand For Chimney Heads, Cornices Etc
GUARANTEED TO BE FROST PROOF

NELSONHOUSE
UNION BAY, B C.
Having taken this house, except the bar, I shall be pleased to receive the patronage of the public.
Board per week, — $5.
Single meals — 25 cents.
T. J. Piercy.

New novels, plain and fancy stationery at Pimbury's

CUMBERLAND CLUB
UNION, B. C.
J. BRUCE, PRES.
W. S. DICKSON, SEC'y & TREAS.
CLUB HOUSE
OPEN FROM 6 A. M. TO 2 A. M.
FOR MEMBERS ONLY.

Drs. Lawrence & Westwood.
Physicians and Surgeons.
UNION B.C.
We have appointed Mr. James Abrams our collector until further notice, to whom all overdue accounts may be paid.
7 Nov. 1895.

Society Cards

I. O. O. F., No 11

Union Lodge, I. O. O. F., meets every Friday night at 8 o'clock. Visiting brethren cordially invited to attend.
Wm. Anthony, R. S.

Hiram Lodge No 14 A.F .& A.M., B.C.R
Courtenay B.C.
Lodge meets on every Saturday on or before the full of the moon
Visiting Brothers cordially requested to attend.
R. S. McConnell,
Secretary.

Loyal Sunbeam Lodge No. 100, C. O. O. F., meet in their lodge room over McPhee's store, Courtenay, every second Saturday at 8 p. m. Visiting brethren cordially invited to attend.
J. M. Fulton, Sec.

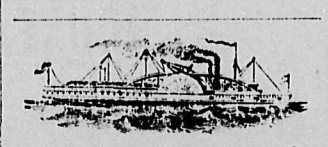
Cumberland Encampment.
No. 6, I. O. O. F., Union.
Meets first and third Wedneseays of each month at 8 o'clock p. m. Visiting Brethren cordially invited to attend.
Wm. Anthony, Scribe.

Nelson Camp No, 44 of the Canadian Order of the Woodmen of the World meets every other Monday evening at 8 p.m. Visiting neighbours cordially invited to attend.
Geo. Hull, Secretary.

Nanaimo Saw Mill.
—AND—
Sash and Door
FACTORY
—o—:o:o—o—
A. HASLAM, Prop
(OFFICE—MILL STREET.)
(P. O. Drawer 30. Telephone Call, 1-9)
NANAIMO, B. C.
☞ A complete stock of Rough and Dressed Lumber always on hand. Also Shingles, laths, Pickets, Doors, Windows and Blinds. Moulding, Scroll Sawing, Turning, and all kinds of wood finishing furnished.
Cedar. White Pine. Redwood.

C. H. TARBELL,
COR. 2ND AND DUNSMUIR AVE.
KEEPS A FULL LINE OF
Gurnsey Tilden Stoves, everywhere famous,
AND DOES ALL KINDS OF
Tin work
Sheet-iron work
Roofing
Job work
AND Repairing

CUMBERLAND MEAT MARKET
CHOICEST FRESH MEATS & FRESH FARM PRODUCE
Lowest CASH Price
A. C. FULTON.



Esquimalt and Nanaimo Ry.
Steamer Joan
L. P. LOCKE, MASTER.
On and after Mar. 22nd, 1893
The Steamer JOAN will sail as follows
CALLING AT WAY PORTS as passengers and freight may offer
Leave Victoria, Tuesday, 7 a. m.
" Nanaimo for Comox, Wednesday, 7 a. m
Leave Comox for Nanaimo, Fridays, 7 a.m.
" Nanaimo for Victoria Saturday, 7 a.m
For freight or state rooms apply on board, or at the Company's ticket office, Victoria Station, Store street.

Esquimalt & Nanaimo R'y

Time Table No. 25,

To take effect at 8 am on Monday, October 28, 1895. Trains run on Pacific Standard time.

GOING NORTH

	Daily.	Sat'dy.
Lv. Victoria for Nanaimo and Wellington	A. M. 8.00	P. M. 3 20
Ar. Nanaimo	11.40	6 38
Ar. Wellington	12.00	6.55

GOING SOUTH

	A M Daily.	P M Sat'dy.
Lv. Wellington for Victoria	8.20	3.30
Lv. Nanaimo for Victoria	8 40	3.45
Ar. Victoria	12.20	7.00

For rates and information apply at Company's offices.
A. DUNSMUIR, President. JOSEPH HUNTER, Gen'l Supt
H. K. PRIOR, Gen. Freight and Passenger Agt.

Miss B. B. Williams,
Teacher of Music, Shorthand and Typewriting
Pupils can have free use of Typewriter and Piano for practice.

Riverside Hotel
Courtenay, B. C.
Geo. Dunbar, Prop.
Best of Liquors
Finest of Cigars
Good Table
and
Courteous Attention

The Famous
DOMINION PANTS CO.
361 & 363 St. James St.
MONTREAL.

SUITS
To order
$13
PANTS
$3
Send for Samples. Prompt delivery. Perfect fit guaranteed.

Union Saw Mill.
LUMBER
All Kinds of Rough and Dressed lumber always on hand and delivered at short notice.
MOULDINGS.
Also all kinds of sawn and split shingles and dressed pine and cedar.
STUMPING.
Stumping done at reasonable rates by our Giant Stumper.
WOOD.
Coal, brick and lime on hand and delivered at short notice.
R.Grant & L. Mounce, Proprs.

LIVERY.
I am prepared to furnish Stylish Rigs and do Teaming
At reasonable rates.
D. Kilpatrick,
Union, B. C.
TEAMING.

158

LOCALS

McPhee & Moore's stock of Family Groceries is now complete.

A man who has a business and no advertising will in the course of time have advertising and no business.

WANTED:—A strong farm horse, at a moderate price. Proposals marked "Horse" may be left at THE NEWS office.
2—158

The long embankment road is closed to team traffic until further notice. The late rains have injuriously affected it. It should be graveled and put in condition at once.

FOR SALE.—8 acres cheap at Comox Terms to suit. Owner going to England.
R. L. Leigh Spencer
P. O. Box 370, Nanaimo, or at Cumberland Club., Union.

FOR SALE.—House and lot on Penrith ave, being 1st house east of Comox road. Will be sold at a bargain. Apply to Mrs. Emma Richards on the premises
4—157

Mr. Bert Creech who has been running the Cumberland Fruit market for some time, having received a advantageous offer from Mr. Simon Leiser has discontinued the market and will be found hereafter at the mammoth store where he will be glad to see all his old friends.

AUCTION SALE.—There will be an auction at the May, Thursday Nov. 21 at 2 p.m. of the stock of Smith & McKenzie consisting of horses, cows, buggies, wagons, stage, harnesses, tools,, pigs, hay, oats, vegetables etc. Look out for posters

Spring medicines for cleansing the system and blood at Pimbury's drug store.

TENDERS

Tenders will be received up to 5 p.m. Saturday Nov. 23 for furnishing the material and erecting a fence around the new cemetery ground.

Specifications may be seen and explanations had by calling on Mr. A. Grant.

Tenders should be left at THE NEWS office, addressed to "Cemetery Committee."

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

CUMBERLAND SHOE SHOP.

I have moved into my new shop on First St. next to the Customs office, where I am prepared to manufacture and repair all kinds of men's, women's, and children's shoes. Give me a call.
Nelson Parks.

MILLINERY

Fall and Winter Goods will be sold for the next 30 days at a reduction of 10 per cent. I have received by last steamer a lot of New Hats and Bonnets for Children which I will sell very cheap.
Mrs. J. S. Kendall.

NOTICE

We the undersigned hereby authorize John Bruce to collect all accounts due the estate of Robert Graham.
E. Grant
H. Hamburger } Trustees.

NOTICE.

All accounts owing to Robert Graham's estate must be paid to the undersigned by Nov. 30 or legal proceedings will be taken.
John Bruce.

LECTURE AT COURTENAY

Rev. Mr. Rier of Vancouver will lecture at The Courtenay Hall on Wednesday evening, the 20th at 8 p.m. Admission 25 cents. The subject will be, A Trip Through British Columbia, which will be illustrated with lime lights.

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.

NOTICE.

Persons using the mules and horses of the Union Colliery Co. without permission will be prosecuted according to law.
F. D. Little, Supt.

RANCH FOR SALE

One mile and a half from Union: contains 160 acres and will be disposed of at a low figure. Enquire of
James Abrams.

NOTICE

Any person or persons destroying or withholding the kegs and barrels of the Union Brewery Company Ltd of Nanaimo, will be prosecuted. A liberal reward will be paid for information leading to conviction.
W. E. Norris, Sec'y

HARNESS SHOP

I have opened a Harness Shop in building corner 3rd st and Dunsmuir Ave, Union, opposite to the THE NEWS, where I will keep in stock and make to order all kinds of harnesses and everything in my line at reasonable prices. Also will neatly and promptly do repairing, and carriage trimming.

The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited.

Wesley Willard

Dave Anthony's
Cigar and Fruit Store
[illegible] and Dunsmuir Ave.
UNION, B. C.
NUTS, CANDIES, NOTIONS,
MINERS SUPPLIES.

JAMES ABRAMS
Notary Public.
Agent for the Alliance Fire Insurance Company of London and the Phoenix of Hartford.....
Agent for the Provincial Building and Loan Association of Toronto.....
Union, B C.

BARKER AND POTTS,
BARRISTERS,
SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, &c.
Office Room 2, McPhee & Moore B'ld'g and at NANAIMO, B. C.
P. O. DRAWER 18.

F. Curran
SCAVENGER
UNION, B C.

WAVERLY HOUSE. UNION, B.C.
W. H. Davidson, Lessee.
NOW READY FOR THE RECEPTION OF GUESTS. FIRST CLASS ACCOMMODATION FOR THE TRAVELLING PUBLIC. RATES REDUCED TO REGULAR BOARDERS
By the month, $25.
By the week, $6.
Single meals, 50 cts.
Tickets for 21 meals, $5.00
EVERY CONVENIENCE FOR MINERS

Cumberland Hotel.
Union, B. C.
The finest hotel building
Fixtures and Bar
North of Victoria,
And the best kept house.
Spacious Billiard Room
and new
Billiard and Pool Tables
Best of Wines and Liquors.
J. Piket, Prop.

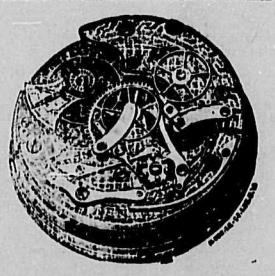
ONE GIVES RELIEF.
R·I·P·A·N·S
The modern standard Family Medicine: Cures the common every-day ills of humanity.
TRADE RIPANS MARK

BIRKBECK
Investment security Savings Co. of TORONTO
Advances money for Building.
Manager for Nanaimo, Wellington and Cumberland.
R L LEIGH-SPENCER
Head office, Commercial Street Nanaimo, B. C.
Miss Leigh-Spencer visits Union from this date on every boat succeeding pay-day, for collecting dues, and advancing the Company's business. Parties call at Cumberland Club
Directors Meeting following Thursday evening at 7.30.
Fire, Life, Accident Insurance, Real Estate.

W. CHENEY & CO.
AUCTIONEERS AND
COMMISSION AGENTS
UNION, B. C.
Will handle all kinds of goods, including
Farmers Produce
Give us a call

A. Pare
PRACTICAL ARCHITECT
—AND—
BRIDGE & WHARF BUILDER.
UNION, B C.

E. J. Theobald,
House and Sign Painter,
Paper-Hanging, Kalsomining and Decorating.
GRAINING A SPECIALTY.
All Orders Promptly Attended to
Union, B. C.

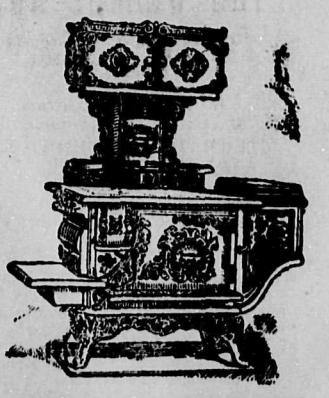


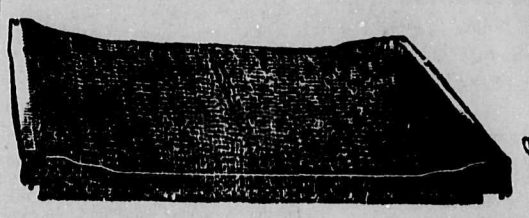
A FINE STOCK
of Clocks, Watches, Books and Stationery.
T. D. McLean
—:JEWELER:—
UNION, B. C.

PUMPS
Manufactured
—and—
Wood Turning
—DONE—
by Bennett & Grant
Union, B.C.

R. B. ANDERSON.
Watchmaker and Jeweler
General worker in Metals
Jobbing of all kinds
Office and Works Third Street, near NEWS office.
UNION B. C.

Union Mines
Furniture Store
A Full Line of Everything Including Curtains, Carpets and Rugs, and our Celebrated woven wire





In Separate Apartment we keep Second Hand Furniture

UNDERTAKING DEPARTMENT.
We conduct every branch of the Undertaking Business including Embalming, and keep all necessary supplies

CONTRACTORS AND BUILDERS
Grant & McGregor

Puntledge Bottling Works.
DAVID JONES, Proprietor,
MANUFACTURER OF
SODA WATER, LEMONADE, GINGER ALE,
Sarsaparalla, Champagne Cider, Iron Phosphates and Syrups.
Bottler of Different Brands of Lager Beer, Steam Beer and Porter
Agent for the Union Brewery Company.
KEG BEER SOLD FOR CASH ONLY
COURTENAY, B. C.

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

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION. The Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by Druggists.
I presume we have used over one hundred bottles of Piso's Cure for Consumption in my family, and I am continually advising others to get it. Undoubtedly it is the
Best Cough Medicine
I ever used.—W. C. MILTENBERGER, Clarion, Pa., Dec. 29, 1894.——I sell Piso's Cure for Consumption, and never have any complaints.—E. SHOREY, Postmaster, Shorey, Kansas, Dec. 21st, 1894.

BLORE & SON.
Wall Paper and Paint Store
PAINTERS —AND— PAPER HANGERS
Tinting and Kalsomining A Specialty
All orders promptly attended to.
Old Drug Store. Union, B. C.

H. A. Simpson
Barrister & Solicitor, No's 2 & 4 Commercial Street.
NANAIMO, B. C.

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

Nanaimo Cigar Factory
Phillip Gable and Co., Prop's
Baston Street — Nanaimo B. C.
Manufactures the finest cigars in employes none but white labor.
Why purchase inferior foreign cigars when you can obtain a SUPERIOR ARTICLE for the same money

NEW MEXICO'S "MESSIAH."

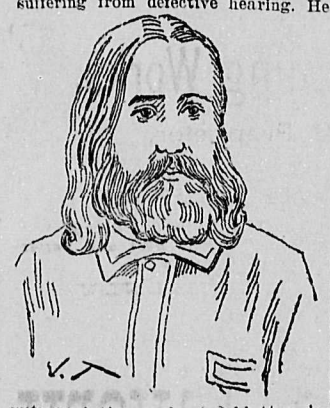
Many Marvellous Cures Claimed for Schlatter.

A REMARKABLE STORY OF TO-DAY.

Makes No Boastful Claim as to His Power to Heal the Afflicted—Story of His Conversion While at the Cobbler's Bench—Heals by a Touch.

Three months ago, says a Denver letter to the New York Sun, a story came from New Mexico of astonishing cures performed by a strange man through some agency which none seemed to comprehend. These stories were believed by the credulous and scoffed at by the intelligent. Day after day passed and the stories of marvelous cures continued to come from the south. Men from New Mexico of undoubted integrity vouched for the astonishing cures of various physical ailments, and people began to wonder if there might not be some truth in the stories.

A few persons so far believed that the strange man, who claimed to be the Messiah, was able to perform miracles that they left their homes to journey down to Albuquerque to see with their own eyes if such things could be. Among these curious visitors was Edward Fox, a fairly intelligent business man of 35 years, who had been an alderman in the town of Highlands, the part of Denver lying over the Platte. Fox said he was suffering from defective hearing. He



witnessed the work of Schlatter in Albuquerque and, believing in him, took the treatment and returned home greatly benefited. So pleased was he with the result of his visit that he secured a promise from the healer that should he ever come to Denver he would accept the hospitality of the Fox home.

HIS EARLY LIFE.

Francis Schlatter was born in Alsace-Lorraine thirty years ago of German parents. He never married. About two years and a half ago he was working at the bench cobbling shoes in this city, when, one day after he had finished his work, a voice called to him that a letter written to a friend living on the northern side of Long Island would result in a cure from paralysis, with which that friend was affected. Schlatter doubted this voice and did not write. Again the voice admonished him to write, and he believed. The letter was written, and in time came a reply telling of a complete recovery. For eight months Schlatter continued at his bench, when the voice came to him again, urging him to go out and heal the afflicted. He closed his shop and set out.

That is the story of his conversion, as told often by himself in response to the questions of reporters and others. Since his reappearance in Denver as a divine healer many people remember him as the "crazy shoemaker," who used to live the life of a recluse out on Welton street. To them he seemed to be daft upon religious subjects. His first journey from here was westward along the line of the Union Pacific, but the details of his journey are not known. He talks little and does not seem inclined to give a detailed narrative of his life. As he travelled alone and entirely on foot, what happened to him during almost two years is known only by occasional incidents related by him in conversation. In June of last year he was healing the afflicted by the roadside near Throckmorton, Tex., when he was arrested as a vagrant and thrown into jail. The judge who tried his case gave him three days to leave town or be sent to jail. He chose the former. In Hot Springs, Ark., he was confined in jail for five months. For his apparent eccentricity the prisoners there "kangarooed" him and gave him fifty lashes. He says he often fasted for many days, once going for seventy-five days without food. In New Mexico he travelled about the desert country in bare feet and without a head covering, administering to the afflicted in many obscure places. After attracting considerable public attention in the neighborhood of Albuquerque he fasted there for forty days. This fast is well authenticated, and when he arrived in Denver his frame showed plainly its effects.

Schlatter makes no boastful claims as to his power to heal the afflicted. He often repeatedly declares that all his power comes from "the Father." Whence its source, how long it will remain, what its nature may be, he declines to say, but contents himself with the one assertion, "I do as Father bids me." To those who appeal to him for relief he replies: "It is as the Father wills. Have faith." To some he promises that relief and a permanent cure will come within certain hours, days or weeks. To others he makes no statements. He takes no thanks to himself, and continues to repeat without variation: "Thank the Father." The New Mexico reports indicate that Schlatter claimed to be the Messiah, the Christ. In Denver he has not asserted that. He prefers not to discuss the subject.,

"I have no use for creeds in my ministrations," he says. "Religious beliefs, caste and all such matters do not figure with me. I minister to all alike. My mission is to cure the afflicted when the Father directs me, but unless they have faith my efforts are useless. The greater the faith the quicker they get well. Some have more disease than others. It doesn't come in a day and it will not go in a day. When the Father doesn't want it they cannot get it. When he sends it I have it. It all depends upon what he sends. God is the giver of all things. I have nothing to do with theology. I am in one church, the Roman Catholic, and I will stay there. If anybody tries to argue with me I have nothing to say. The Father would not let me read the prophets two years ago, but I now know the reason. I could not have understood it then. I have read very little of the teachings of men. The only way is to do the will of the Father. I am always happy. I have no use for money. It would only be a trouble. When Father wants me to have anything I get it. I do his will. It is all healing now. I do not preach. When I pray I repeat the Lord's prayer. It is enough."

Ever since Schlatter appeared before the residence of Mr. Fox, on Witter street, two weeks ago, his manner of treatment has never varied. After the first day, when the crowd appeared in numbers that fairly astonished Mr. Fox, preparations to give all an equal chance to reach him were made. A narrow passageway was built of scantling so that only one person at a time could approach the healer, who stood within the yard and leaned over the plain board fence to reach the applicants for his healing power. There he stands from 9 o'clock until 12 and from 1 to 4 daily, except Sundays, with no other support than the top of a fence post, upon which he rests his left hand while holding the patient's hand with his right. He grasps the hands firmly, and generally a tremor is observed passing over him until often his cheeks are seen to shake. As he holds the patient he often gazes across the street or down the waiting line, while his lips move as if in prayer. Sometimes he gazes full into the faces of his patients, but his face at such times has no expression of recognition. Once a woman handed him the cap of her small child to be blessed. The child cried in fear, and that made the healer smile broadly. Looking down at the child he continued to smile until the cap had been properly blessed, then he adjusted it properly upon the screaming child and turned to the next in line, quite forgetting the incident.

Some hands Schlatter holds only a moment; others he retains from one to five or six minutes. To questions asked by the patients as he holds their hands he gives short replies in a very low tone. He seldom volunteers a word. When his day's work ends he turns and disappears into the cottage, walking as briskly as a strong man can walk, and nothing in his actions indicates that he feels any fatigue for the long hours of ceaseless handshaking.

HIS SABBATH OCCUPATIONS.

On Sunday he rests. On Sunday he attended the service held in the Broadway Theatre, where Rev. Myron Reed, formerly pastor of the First Congregational Church, preaches to a congregation under the auspices of the Broadway Temple Association, composed of admirers of the socialistic clergyman. He has gone to a little Catholic Church in Highlands several times. In his sermon that Sunday, Mr. Reed, talking on the subject of "Modern Miracles," said of Schlatter: "I have been much interested the past week in the spectacle over the bridge—in the people gathered together to take the hand of a man who seems to be absolutely willing to be used as God pleases. He will not be paid and will not be thanked. He says, 'Thank the Father.' I have listened to this man. It does not appear that he chose the work; it appears that he was chosen for it.

"Long he argued with himself for and against strict observance to the voice he heard. It has not been an easy path he has trod from Denver to the Pacific and back again, depending always on what is to him the voice of "the Father." This man has walked across deserts and over mountains, slept in rain and sleet and snow, asked for food when told to ask for it, gone without when told to go without. I do not wonder that people go to get help from him. I believe that he has observed the conditions of power. He has taken no care of himself. He has done what he believes he was told to do. He is the only man of the kind and degree that I ever saw. If people cannot get good from God through him, I do not know why. He has conformed. It is the most literal following of Jesus Christ that I have ever known. It was to be expected that he would be treated harshly. Some people have fully met the expectation. A distinguished clergyman of this city, who is apt to say bright things, is reported to have said that the reason that the clergy did not indorse the man was because if they did the people would expect them to do what he is doing, and they don't know how."

A HEALING MATINEE.

The daily scenes in front of the Fox residence on Witter street are remarkable. A few feet from the corner of the house the healer stands at the fence. A man stationed at his side assists in answering questions and also takes the handkerchiefs one by one as they are passed up through the crowd to be "blessed" by the healer. Outside the fence the line of waiting people in the passageway extends back to the edge of the runway in single file. Beyond the passageway the people cluster in closely gathered groups, two, three, four and five abreast, and this string of afflicted extends down the whole square and around the other side of the block. They stand hour after hour, slowly advancing, but hundreds fail to reach the healer when his time to stop has come. They come before daylight. They bring camp stools and sit in line. They are blind and deaf and lame. Persons so very old that life seems ready to flit away without a moment's warning stand side by side with the young and vigorous who show no symptoms of ill health. Consumptives with racking coughs pitiful to hear stand for hours in the strong sunlight or in the chill morning air, their countenances bearing unmistakable signs of hopelessness and despair. It is a sight that appeals to one's sympathies.

Near the healer a crowd of spectators cluster all day long, a crowd which is seldom the same, always changing, yet always alike in the reverential quiet. Persons there talk in whispers or in a very low tone while gazing curiously at the man and his patients. The men as they give him their hands lift their hats and bow their heads. The women generally gaze into the face of the healer in faith, in questioning attitude or openly doubtful of his powers. Everyone carries a handkerchief, which he blesses as he holds their hands and while so doing other handkerchiefs are passed up to be folded with the one given by each patient.

SOME REMARKABLE CURES.

The Sun correspondent has taken great pains to verify all statements made in a recital of a few cases, leaving the readers to form their own conclusions. The words of the patients must be taken for what they are worth. Enough has been seen and known to satisfy anyone that through this remarkable man many people who have undoubtedly suffered have secured a relief for which they may well be thankful. Whether this relief will be permanent time alone will tell.

A man owning several business buildings and who lives at the Metropole Hotel decided to try Schlatter's powers for relief from rheumatism. Ashamed to be thought by his friends to be doing a foolish act, he arose at 3 o'clock one morning and stood before the residence where the healer was sleeping until 9 o'clock, so as to be treated and away before any of his friends was the wiser. He has not had a touch of rheumatic pain since.

A newspaper reporter secured a handkerchief which had been "blessed" by Schlatter. He has consumption, and the disease in his case is well advanced. For eight years he has rested badly at night, always awaking several times to cough violently. Since he began to wear that handkerchief upon his chest at night he has slept without being once disturbed by attacks of coughing. He is thankful for seven successive nights of perfect comfort and rest—something unknown in his case.

A young woman, the daughter of a well-known physician, has suffered for many months with a most annoying facial eruption which neither her father nor several other physicians were able to cure. She went to Schlatter, and after sleeping a few nights under the handkerchief which had been held by that man her face has recovered its normal condition, and is to-day as smooth as that of a child.

A boy of 6 years, born with a physical defect, was operated upon by one of the best surgeons of the city. The result was the establishment of a weakness most distressing to the mother, who tried clinics of medical schools and many physicians in vain. All said that only another very distressing operation could bring relief, and a permanent cure was even then doubted. She went to Schlatter, and after applying the handkerchief to the boy's head all further trouble ceased. The Sun correspondent has investigated this case, and has the word of both parents that the boy gives them no more trouble, and they cannot be thankful enough for the relief.

A little fellow suffering with a hip disease that was gradually eating up both bone and tissue was taken to Schlatter. His pain was almost incessant both night and day, running sores and diseased flesh and bone had defied the science of the physicians. Since the healer was visited the child complains of no more pain, his wounds are quickly healing, the flesh has assumed a healthy glow and appearances indicate a final cure. This case is open to inspection at any time, and the mother rejoices to tell of the change for the better.

Here is a case the facts of which have all come under the personal observation of the Sun correspondent, and every statement can be vouched for as true. A maiden woman of probably 35 years, the daughter of a Vermont physician of highly cultured family and superior education, has been an invalid in Denver for two years. She was such an invalid that her many friends thought that relief was practically hopeless. Her chief trouble seems to be the failure of the heart to perform its functions properly, resulting in most distressful weakness at times, the stomach absolutely refusing nourishment, the eyes failing, arms practically useless, the whole system very weak. For more than two years this patient had not been able to use her eyes to read. The best oculists of Chicago and Denver have studied her eyes again and again, but nothing brought strength of vision sufficient for her to read. She could not walk any distance; climbing stairs was a most painful effort; to stoop over and pick up anything from the floor has been for months an impossibility. She had remarkable will power. She appeared hopeful enough to the physicians and her friends, but all treatments alike failed to restore circulation to a normal condition. For days she took no food. A little water would be taken without pain, but the moment that a bit of solid food entered the stomach intense distress followed and the heart ceased to beat for what seemed a long time. A trained nurse was in constant attendance upon this patient and the physician's skill was taxed to find a treatment that would benefit her.

On Sept. 25th the patient consented to try the effects of a carriage ride in the sunlight. That day not a morsel of food had been taken. Assisted to an easy-riding phaeton she suffered no distress on the asphalt streets, but as soon as the rough streets were reached her heart ceased to beat properly, and her condition was most pitiful. In this condition, being near the Fox residence, it was suggested that she try Schlatter for relief. When the place was reached it was evident to the bystanders that the patient was very ill, and word was quickly passed to Schlatter, who slipped through the fence and hastened to her side. Taking her hands in his he held them for a long time, probably six or eight minutes.

"All looked black to me and I saw no hope. When he took my hands I felt that something strange was happening. Suddenly I felt a very sharp pain in my right side, in a place where I had never before experienced pain. It seemed to culminate there, and I fancied it left my body at that point. As the pain went, the healer said 'Thanks be to the Father,' and dropped my hands. That was the last trouble I have experienced, and for six days now I have had no pain. To-day I read the newspapers for an hour without glasses and without pain. Yesterday I read a book for two hours. I walk up and down stairs without effort. Yesterday I walked a mile with ease. My appetite immediately returned, and on the very day of my cure I cooked with my own hands a beefsteak and ate plentifully of it, besides drinking three cups of tea. I eat now with a relish and am in every way a new woman. I now see light and happiness ahead where before all was black with despair. My heart is beating regularly, and, though I am still weak, it is the weakness of convalescence, and I know I am now on the road to health and strength."

It can only be said, in conclusion, that the many friends of this woman in Denver listen to her story with astonishment. They are bound to believe her, for she is an unusually intelligent woman.

A TORONTO ROMANCE.

Twice Married, He Wants to be Punished,

SO HE CAN CLAIM $10,000.

Toronto despatch says: H. Shaw, appeared of his own free will yesterday morning before Judge McDougall and pleaded guilty to a charge of bigamy.

The case is a peculiar one. Shaw is the son of the late George Shaw, wholesale grocer. Hugh was the younger son of the merchant, and was rather wild in his youth. His father turned him out of doors and cast him adrift when he was about 12 years of age, lavishing all his wealth and attention on his other son, Dr. Shaw, who subsequently died. Hugh travelled, and had many ups and downs. The business instincts were strong in him, and he was able to live and earn three meals a day. At one time he drove an express wagon, at another time he was running a Chinese laundry. When eighteen years of age he drifted to Winnipeg. This was in 1882, in the palmy days when everything in the western city was booming. At his boarding house there also roomed a handsome young woman of twenty-four, Miss Louisa Hall, and the two became too intimate. One night a man drove up in a buggy and coolly informed Shaw that he would have to marry Miss Hall, as he had been indiscreet with her. He drove Shaw off to a clergyman's and the youth of eighteen and the dashing young woman of twenty-five were married. Next day Shaw disappeared. He subsequently turned up in Toronto, and started a grocery store in East Toronto. This was in 1888. While here he met a young girl named Jessie McCutcheon, and having lost track of his first wife, and believing that she was dead, he married Miss McCutcheon. Rev. James Broughall performed the marriage service, and after a short residence in Toronto they left for Ottawa, where Shaw started a grocery store on Sparks street. After living there for some time, wife No. 1 wrote to his father, saying that she was going to have Hugh arrested for bigamy. Mr. Shaw was very much alarmed, and in company with Mrs. Shaw went to Ottawa, where they had a stormy interview with their son. They said that he would disgrace them forever and other hard words. Mr. Hugh Shaw threw up his hands and said he would quit right there, and he did. He disappeared again, leaving all the assets for his creditors, and not saying much to his second wife. She was left behind to mourn his disappearance. He reached Philadelphia, and got a situation there. He paid up all his debts and continued to live there until a few days ago.

Some time since his father died, and made a will in which he left Hugh $10,000, on condition that he squared himself with society. If he did not do so, the money was to go to charity. Mr. Shaw is here now after his money. He told his story to Mr. Wingfield, J. P., and he was committed for trial. A couple of hours later he appeared before Judge McDougall and repeated it. He was remanded on his own bail to appear before the judge for sentence to-day. His friends are looking for a reconciliation now with his second wife, if such a thing is possible. From all appearances Mr. Shaw has been the victim of circumstances.

EASILY ANSWERED.

In a village smithy in the north of Aberdeenshire a few worthies had forgathered, and the discussion on "A man loving his second wife" was touched upon. "Now, Nyod Smith," said Hillies, "you sud be weel able to gie an opinion on that subject. Ye've haen fower wives. Which o' them a' did ye like best?" "Weel, Hillies, I ha'e nae qualms o' conscience in answerin' that question. I aye liket the livin' ane best."—Dundee News.

The twelve apostles would have a hard time getting into a Fifth avenue church unless they could make some arrangements with a tailor.—Texas Siftings.

To improve the golden moment of opportunity, and catch the good that is within our reach, is the great art of life.—Johnson.

FOR LITTLE PEOPLE.

THE TEN TRAVELLERS.

Ten weary, footsore travellers,
All in a woful plight,
Sought shelter at a wayside inn
One dark and stormy night.

"Nine rooms, no more," the landlord said,
"Have I to offer you;
To each of eight a single bed,
But the ninth must serve for two."

A din arose. The troubled host
Could only scratch his head,
For of these tired men no two
Would occupy one bed.

The puzzled host was soon at ease—
He was a clever man,
And so to please his guests devised
This most ingenious plan:

| A | B | C | D | E | F | G | H | I |

In room marked A two men were placed,
The third was lodged in B,
The fourth to C was then assigned,
The fifth retired to D.

In E the sixth he tucked away,
In F the seventh man,
The eighth and ninth in G and H,
And then to A he ran.

Wherein the host, as I have said,
Had laid two travellers by;
Then taking one, the tenth and last,
He lodged him safe in I.

Nine single rooms, a room for each,
Were made to serve for ten;
And this it is that puzzles me
And many wiser men.

STRIKING AN AVERAGE.

For five minutes the questions were answered clearly, promptly and correctly. Finally Tommy White, the colored boy, was called.

"Now, Tommy," began Miss Smart, smiling benignly, "what is an average?"

"Something you hit," was the ready reply.

The teacher was surprised, but she succeeded in stuttering, "Wh—what did you say?"

"Why, it's something you hit."

"Nonsense, Tommy. What gave you that idea?"

"You, yourself."

"I?"

"Yes, you. I heard you telling the master yesterday that you'd been striking an average and I wondered if you were talking about baseball or a prize fight."

ADVERTISES FOR A NEW MAMMA.

A remarkable advertisement appears in the columns of the Vossiche Zeitung. It is as follows:

A very pretty little boy, aged a year and a half, who has had the misfortune to lose his dear mamma, wishes in this manner—as he seldom comes in contact with ladies—to find a new mamma, who, however, must also be capable, by tenderness and delicacy of sentiment, of affording a faithful companion for life to his papa. "My papa," the advertisement goes on, suddenly forsaking the use of the third person, "is an architect who fills an important social position; therefore, I am unfortunately obliged, besides delicacy of sentiment, to look out for some fortune, so that my papa may be content with my new mamma in every respect. I repulse all go-betweens with all the energy I possess, and beg that communications may be made direct."

A FEW RIDDLES.

How is it you can never get rid of a housemaid? Because even when she is dead she returns to dust.

What proof have we that there was sewing in the time of David? We read that he was hemmed in on every side.

I went to India and stopped there; I came back because I never went there? A clock or watch.

When is a schoolboy like a stamp? When he is licked and put in the corner to make him stick to his letters.

Why is blind man's buff like sympathy? Because it's a fellow feeling for a fellow creature.

To what color does a flogging change a boy? It makes him yell O!

What is it that you must keep after you have given it to another? Your word.—London Lady.

CHIPS OF KNOWLEDGE.

To be perfectly proportioned, a man should weigh 28 pounds for every foot of his height.

In the fourteenth century suits of armor often weighed 175 pounds and over.

In the harem of the Sultan of Turkey the supreme authority is invested in his mother, and she alone is entitled to go to and fro in the harem unveiled.

The Grand Canal of China, extending from Pekin to Canton, a distance of 1,000 miles, is the longest artificial waterway in the world.

Photographs were first taken in England in 1802.

The deepest mining shaft is at Prizdram, in Bohemia. It is 3,280 feet deep.

Cast iron melts at 3,479 degrees F., copper at 2,548 degrees, gold at 2,590 degrees, silver at 2,223 degrees, lead at 617 degrees and cast tin at 442 degrees.

DIMPLE MAKERS.

"Oh, mamma," said little Ethel the first time she met a Chinaman, "look at the gentleman with his eyes cut bias."

Tottie (aged five)—I wonder why babies is always born in de night time. Lottie (aged seven, a little wiser)—Don't you know? It's cos' they wants to make sure of findin' their mothers at home.

Governess—Your little girl is a very skilled arithmetician, madam. Mrs. Parvenew—Really? I am so sorry. For goodness' sake, don't let her become too intimate with those vulgar fractions.

Sunday School Teacher—Tommy, I was shocked to hear you swearing so dreadfully at that strange boy as I came in. Tommy—I couldn't help it, ma'am. He was making fun of our kind of religion.

CHAPTER XII.

"Quixotic folly"; that is what Mr. Motley called the act of heroic sacrifice made by Madge's Philip.

"Why didn't you speak to me about it?" he asked. "I would have done anything to save you from such a blunder."

"It was a subject on which we needed no advice," replied Philip; "we do not repent what we have done, or regard it as a mistake."

"But it is a mistake—a fatal mistake," insisted Motley. "You don't see the results as I do. You don't look ahead, as men of business should. You think only of the present. What was your object? To clear yourself of an imputation made by a set of curs, led on by that scoundrel Thornton. Have you succeeded in doing that? No. Have you silenced that confounded Whip? No. Will the world think better of you for sacrificing your wife's fortune—and your own? No. I tell you they are a set of curs, that have no feeling of gratitude. They'll take no more notice of your sacrifice than if you had not made it. You should let them snarl; they would turn round and lick your hands in a few weeks, when they see that by our firm management we are able to restore them all they have lost."

"It does not matter; our conscience is at rest."

"Conscience—rubbish! Would that not have been satisfied by your paying off the deficit when reason directed? I tell you, Phil, you are more to blame in this than you see. I dare say, for a man of your peculiar notions, it was hard to bear the idea of being suspected. But you knew you were innocent of any dishonest intention, and that ought to have satisfied you. You ought to have borne this unpleasantness for your wife's sake. You have done her a grievous wrong, and I do not see how you will repair it. What have you done for the creditors? Why, you have injured them! With that money to fall back upon, we could have started again, and paid up every farthing; as it is, they must put up with a loss, for I see no way of beginning business again without some capital. Now, you see what you have done. You have thrown away your wife's fortune, and you have, indirectly, injured your creditors, and all for the sake of appeasing some conscientious qualms of the moment. You have done a wrong thing, Phil."

"I don't think so," said Philip.

Mr. Motley tapped his fat fingers on the table, and sat silent and in thought for some minutes, then he said:

"Mrs. Motley is not likely to let us have a penny-piece of her money—a little jade!—not a penny; and without some capital I don't see how we are to start again. Do you?"

"I have no idea of starting again. Our partnership is at an end."

"Not yet. If the creditors accept a composition——"

"Under any conditions I shall dissolve partnership."

"Why?"

"I am not fit for that business. If the firm recovers it will be entirely due to your influence, and I will not take advantage of it. You say the creditors will regain all they have lost by the business being resumed. That is what I want. They will make better terms with you if I retire, and you have the whole affair in your hands. They trust you; they suspect me."

Mr. Motley attempted to pooh-pooh Philip's idea, but he did not seem in any way astonished by it.

Philip instructed a lawyer that day to make immediate arrangements for the dissolution of partnership. Motley was quite right. No one expressed any admiration for Harlowe in the course he had taken; nay, there were some mean enough to suggest that he had made the restitution from fear of being proceeded against for fraud.

On the next day, Wednesday, the Whip had a spitefully humorous report of the meeting of creditors. It was prefaced by the editorial remark: "I predicted that we should get some curious revelations respecting Mr. Harlowe. It has come to light that in June last, when the firm was tottering to its fall, Mr. Harlowe settled £16,000 upon his wife. Hitherto I have done this partner an injustice. I thought he was a fool. I made a mistake. He is nothing of the kind."

Not a word in this villainous paper of the Harlowe's noble sacrifice—not one word.

Yet it was evident that the writer was fully aware of all that had taken place between the meeting and the time of going to press, for prominently displayed at the head of the "Latest Items of News" was the following paragraph:

"Glad Tidings for Creditors—I have just heard that the old firm of Motley & Harlowe, brewers and bankers, stands in a fair way of recovery—thanks to the energetic action and sound principles of Mr. Motley. He has arranged for a dissolution of partnership with Mr. Harlowe. Hinc illae laetitiae. The creditors will now be justified in accepting a composition, for they know Mr. Motley's character sufficiently well to feel assured that under his untrammeled management, and minus the drain upon capital made by a sleeping partner, the business will speedily be restored to its original and flourishing condition, and all arrears will be paid up. Public confidence will be completely restored when the name of Harlowe is removed from the brass plate on the doors of 365 Throgmorton street—and the sooner the better."

That here and there may be found persons sordid and base enough to write such stuff for their own ends, one can understand; but it is to me inconceivable that in this age of civilization and culture, readers with debased tendencies are sufficiently numerous to support such writers.

I had hardly the patience to be civil to Mr. Thornton when we met; and I could not take any interest in the sugestions he made respecting the details of the new opera. My silence annoyed him, for he was a most irritable man; and catching up the score he said, turning to the manager:

"Of course, my work will be done for if Mr. Holderness is hostile."

"If you think that," I replied, "you had better arrange with Mr. Carr (the manager) for another conductor, for I must tell you candidly, Mr. Thornton, that I have the greatest dislike for you personally."

Mr. Carr reconciled us—seldom is a work of this kind produced without a quarrel or jealousy arising between some of the people engaged—and I said that I would do my best for the piece; and so I did. Nevertheless, to my great satisfaction, the thing was a complete failure.

Mrs. Motley was in the stalls, and Mr. Thornton sat beside her during the first part of the act, but towards the end he left her, and went round behind the scenes in case there might be a call for him. I saw him standing at the wing with his hat in his hand, fingering his mustache nervously—it was his first work—as the closing lines were sung. His friends in the theatre called out "Author," and I signalled for him to come forward; but at the cry the critics and unbiased audience began to hiss, and continued to hiss louder and louder until the friends were silenced. I caught a glimpse of him when I left the orchestra, as he was leaving the stalls with Mrs. Motley's hand on his arm, and his ghastly pallor, and the look of shame and humiliation on his face, reminded me of poor Philip on the evening he returned from the creditors' meeting.

"Ah, ah!" thought I, "it is your turn to suffer."

There was more hissing at the end of the second act, and the friends dared not call "Author." In the middle of the third act many people got up and left the house.

My satisfaction was even greater next morning, when I read the newspaper notices. All condemned the book, while praising the music. One said, "the libretto is not wanting in stillness; all that is needed is a little business to render it worthy of a place in the comic scenes of a pantomime." Another spoke of the literary part of the production being "inane chatter turning into irritating doggerel"; a third said it was "dullness robbed of respectability" (a definition which I heartily admired); and a fourth observed that the opera bouffe needed excision, and added that if the whole of the first and third acts were cut out, and the second was re-written by a competent writer, the management might keep it in the bill. Every one had a joke to crack over the unlucky performance. I do not think it deserved such harsh treatment, but Mr. Thornton had earned the dislike of the press by the insolence and bad taste with which he assailed everybody and everything in the pages of the Whip. It was retribution.

The partnership between Philip and Mr. Motley was dissolved.

"I see no way out of it, Phil," said Mr. Motley; "if I did, you may be sure I should oppose such a course. One advantage you get by it—your personal property will not be sold up to pay the debts of the firm."

But there were other debts besides those of the firm. I found poor Madge one day with a pile of bills before her, making an addition of her past extravagance.

"I am putting down what Philip has to pay for my folly," she said bitterly. "It is all my fault." And then in heartbroken tones she cried, "Oh, if I had only been wiser!" She turned away, and covering her face with her hands, burst into tears. She wept, not for her own loss, but for her husband's. I saw her give way only this once. However deeply she suffered—and her suffering must have been very great—she overcame the natural impulse to tears. She would not add to Philip's pain. Her courage was as wonderful as it was beautiful.

"You can give me some practical advice, Holderness," said Philip, when we met and were alone. "We must get away as soon as possible."

I had expected this. It seemed to me that the best thing they could do would be to leave London for a time.

"I am afraid I can be of little service to you, Philip," I replied, "for I have never been out of England."

"Oh, we are not going out of the country," he exclaimed; "we can't afford to do that with all the world against us."

To be sure, that would have seemed cowardly. A man of his spirit could not take the course which one of my kind, for example, would have chosen.

"We shall stay here with our backs to the wall, and face the enemy," he pursued. "But you live in lodgings, and I thought you could tell me something about what I ought to pay."

"Why, there, to be sure, I may be of use," said I. "Where do you think of living? Brixton is a nice airy suburb, and not expensive."

"No," said he; "I don't think we shall like the suburbs after Kensington. Too quiet. We must be somewhere in the rattle and stir of life, where there's plenty to hear and see. One of the streets turning out of the Strand, if the rent is not too heavy."

I promised I would look about, and in a few days I found a suite of three rooms, with a small box-room on one side that might serve as a kitchen, on the top floor of a new house in Bedford street. The rooms were light and lofty, freshly papered and painted, and gay with a glimpse of Covent Garden Market down a side street. But the price was high; £30 a year. Nevertheless they seemed the most suitable in all respects of all that I saw, and off I went to tell Philip.

"Thirty pounds a year? why, that's nothing!" cried Philip, who had not yet learned the real value of money. He seemed to think they could not be good for that price. However, when he and Madge saw them they were quite content. Indeed, Madge was delighted, and her face sparkled with some of its old animation as she arranged where Philip's chair should be and Philip's book case, and Philip's desk. Her husband's comfort was uppermost in her mind, and took precedence in all things.

So they took the chambers—they were not called lodgings in the common way,—and I had the good fortune to find a respectable young woman who had been cook, and was now the wife of one of the carpenters at the theatre, and was willing to come in and do all the household work for Madge at five shillings a week.

They selected what furniture and accessories were necessary, and sent them from Grandison House to Bedford street.

A week afterwards there was a public sale at Grandison House; and when everything was sold, the money realized paid all their personal debts, and left them about twenty pounds in hand.

Twenty pounds! and Philip still took first-class tickets when he travelled with his wife by train, and knew no more than a child how to earn money.

CHAPTER XIII.

It was some weeks before Philip and his wife felt the pinch of real poverty, and during that time it was a pleasure to see them at home and abroad. Madge proved herself an admirable housewife; her sitting-rooms were the picture of neatness and order, and gay with flowers, bought at a quite ridiculously low price in the neighboring market. It was natural to one of her gay temperament to adorn her room with flowers, but her neatness sprang from another source. I think that she was by nature a rather untidy person in a house, from what I remember of Sunnyside Cottage when she had the ordering of it; but here she saw that Philip liked to find things in their proper places, and it ministered to his happiness to know that his wife was not careless of his comfort in anything. Her dinners, too, were quite surprising, considering the space of the kitchen and her ignorance of cookery. With the aid of a cookery-book, she and Mrs. Jelks, the carpenter's wife, contrived such dishes as can only be met with by name in the first-class restaurants. To see the white and spotless table-linen, the glass and cutlery sparkling, and a vase of flowers in the centre of the table, prepared one to enjoy the coming repast. She astonished me one morning, when I went with her to the market, by her shrewdness in discriminating between mushrooms fresh and mushrooms stale, and her ability at getting things at their proper value, and not at the exorbitant charges demanded by unprincipled saleswomen. Mrs. Jelks had taught her to make bargains, and I think she outshone her instructor. For my part I should have felt more disposed to knock off twopence when it was suggested with such winning grace by that beautiful little housewife than if it had been demanded by a plain and sour-faced woman like Mrs. Jelks.

I could always get complimentary tickets for the theatres, and this enabled them to take some pleasure of that kind. When I saw Madge in her plain dress buttoned up to the throat, with no ornament but a little diamond brooch Philip had given her early in the days of their love, I thought I liked her better than in the low evening dress, displaying her arms and neck, glittering with jewels in the brilliant days of their prosperity.

I believe she was quite proud to show herself in this simplicity to her old friends; to make them understand that her loss of fortune had not detracted one jot from their self-esteem. Her dignity as she walked with her hand on the arm of her husband, was worthy of a princess. No one would have guessed by her demeanor that he had lost all his fortune, and been accused of meanness only short of dishonesty. On the contrary, I think no one could look at her on these occasions and believe the charge against him, for surely no woman could thus proudly hold up her head in the face of all the world, knowing her husband to be guilty.

It was the same when they went out in open places. She did not care to go on the Embankment or through streets where he was not likely to be recognized; she preferred to walk through Piccadilly or in the Park, and was just as proud to be seen walking as she had been in her carriage or on horseback.

Philip was not a fool. He saw the necessity of speedily finding some remunerative employment of his time. He advertised for a Secretaryship. Every day he read through the advertisement sheet of the Times, marked those that seemed suitable, and made personal application for the situations. He received not one answer to his advertisements, and his personal applications were as fruitless. His manner and appearance was greatly in his favor, and obtained for him more consideration than was given to most applicants. But his antecedents were all against him. Those who were most kindly disposed towards him could do nothing to help him. What could be done with a gentleman by birth and education, who had been in receipt of an unlimited income? I can understand the feelings of employers who wanted useful servants at a salary of between eighty and a hundred pounds a year.

Philip found that they could manage to live, as they were living in Bedford street, upon two hundred a year. It seemed to him that he ought to get as much as that. His ideas were still impracticable. He had never yet regarded the cloth where his coat was concerned; he had to learn that his coat must be cut according to his cloth. It came to that before long.

One day he asked me if I would lend him twenty pounds.

"With all my heart," I replied. "Fifty, if you will."

"No," said he; "I have made up my mind to limit my debt to twenty."

He spoke in a tone which showed me he was in earnest, and I lent him the money he asked for, hoping that before it was all gone he might have the good fortune to find such an engagement as was necessary to support his present position. He was not wanting in energy or perseverance. Day after day he went from one place of business to another, offering his services in vain, until at length he perceived that if he got what he needed it must be through the indulgence or oversight of the person employing him.

"There are hundreds of men more capable than I am, who would willingly accept for their services half what I ask for mine," he said.

He had kept his anxiety to himself while he thought that it was possible to overcome the difficulties in their path, but now, convinced that they must take another course, he unburdened his mind, and asked Madge what they should do.

Madge, whose heart was like a mirror which lets no light or shadow pass unreflected, was not unprepared for this. Her face had been growing a little thinner, her gaiety a little less spontaneous of late. She had, I fancy, denied herself the pleasure of making daily bargains with the fruit and flower sellers of the market; and, much as she detested needlework, had set herself to remake an old dress, discarded as "too old for anything" the month before. I can imagine how she had conned the difficulty as she sat alone, while Philip was searching for employment; how she hoped he would reveal his troubles to her; and finally, how joyfully she hastened to lay out the designs she had been silently making for their mutual support in case of need.

Philip himself told me how she made light of their misfortune.

"If people live upon a pound a week, and are light-hearted, we can do the same, dear," said she. "Have we not been as happy here as we were at Kensington?"

And then, with some inconsistency, she went on to find fault with the chambers—the noise in the early morning of market-carts passing; the unpleasant smell of vegetable refuse in close weather; the mud and dirt in the adjacent streets when it was wet; and the horrible language of costermongers on Saturday mornings.

"It would be so pleasant to live somewhere out of all this bustle and hubbub—not out of London, because that would be inconvenient when you succeed in getting an appointment. For my own part I like Lambeth, where Mr. Holderness lives, with the Archbishop's palace, and the river, and the Houses of Parliament, and the hospital, and the potteries. I think that would suit us very well." She had heard me say how low rent was there, and how cheap things were in the Westminster Bridge Road.

So one day they went with me to look for lodgings, and after a little search we found a first door to let furnished for no more than Philip paid for the top floor unfurnished in Bedford street. I could not see what great advantage they were to get by the exchange until Philip told me that a friend of his wished to take the chamber and buy the furniture (which was certainly too good for Lambeth.) It was an offer, he said, that he might not get again. So they came to live in the Lambeth Road, and the last of their furniture—the sole remaining vestige of their former splendor—was sold.

That was just after Philip had borrowed the twenty pounds from me. The money he realized by the sale he put away. He was beginning to think of the future. I said nothing, but I was greatly pleased with this act of prudence, though I was not at that time aware of the issue for which he was preparing.

It was more difficult to make their new rooms bright than had been the case with the Bedford street chambers. The furniture was old and shabby, the wall paper was dull and ugly, the bars and smoke-dried boughs of the trees in the fore-court and the miserable sooty evergreens were worse than nothing; the wind when in the bad quarter, blew the smoke from the potteries down in an acrid cloud—especially unpleasant when they were "salting" on Thursdays and Fridays. But they made the best of it by keeping the windows closed, and lighting the gas early; and Madge kept in a prominent place two hyacinths which I had the pleasure of giving her.

Still it was very depressing with so much bad weather and smoke; and I can understand that to people unused to Lambeth, the cats in the empty gardens behind the houses, the street-organs in front, the screaming hucksters and stall-keepers in Lambeth Walk, with the frequent odor of herrings and bacon waiting up from the kitchens on the right and left, conveyed a very unpleasant impression of squalor. Indeed, it surprised me sometimes to see how bravely my friend bore up under adversity.

"It is no good deceiving ourselves with false expectations," said Philip to me; "there are hard times before us; they will be more difficult to meet if we are unprepared. Heaven grant that we have no greater hardships than that of living in the Lambeth Road."

Hitherto Philip had worn a fine mustache with a rather aristocratic twist in it. One morning, to Madge's great regret, he came home with the ends cut off; then he ceased to shave; and his handsome chin and the fine line of his cheek were hidden under a beard. Madge declared that he looked handsomer than ever now. I did not think so, but it certainly gave him a more workman-like appearance, and that was the main thing.

"Now," said he, "employers will not be afraid to offer me work."

"What work are you going to seek?" I asked.

"Any work that requires physical strength and a moderate amount of intelligence."

Then, to my surprise, I learned that he was ready to accept a common laborer's place. I remonstrated with him, for it seemed to me, with my perhaps narrow views, that this was an unnecessary degradation. He laughed at my notion.

"There are better chances for a laborer at fifteen shillings a week than for a clerk at thirty. I don't wish to be permanently perched on a stool, and that's the highest hope of the majority of clerks. Besides, they wouldn't have me in an office. That's a capital argument against trying for a clerkship."

"But a laborer——"

"Not genteel, hey?" and he laughed again. "I don't think I care for gentility. I'm sure I dislike sedentary employment. A good bit of hard physical exercise does a man good; he sits down afterward with cheerful spirits, and that's a good thing." After a few minutes' reflection, he added: "I understand how you feel about it. To most people it would seem a drop-down for a man who has lived an idle life, so we won't talk about it, if you please, before Madge."

I promised I would not be indiscreet.

"You see, Holderness," he said, "I can't afford to wait any longer for a good thing to fall in my way. I must take what I can get, and look out for better at the same time."

The next morning he put on a colored shirt and the oldest suit he had, and presented himself in the office of one of the large potteries. A clerk came forward obsequiously—for despite his beard and dress, he looked every inch a gentleman, and not a bit like a laborer.

"I want employment," Philip began.

"Oh, you will have to go to the art department—you are an artist?"

"No. I know nothing at all about art."

"Ah! you want something in the office?"

"No, I want employment for my arms."

Puzzled by this strange application, the clerk went into an inner office, with an amused expression on his face. Presently an elderly gentleman with white hair came out, and after looking steadily at Philip through his gold-rimmed glasses for a moment or two, said:

"What is it you want, sir?"

Philip stated his case briefly. The gentleman listened with grave attention, and then, in a kindly tone, said:

"In a large factory like ours we can generally find place for a capable and willing hand, but I cannot see how to employ you. A certain amount of technical knowledge and skill is required in every department. A man cannot pack, cannot carry a board of ginger-beer bottles from the bench to the kiln, cannot brick up a fire-hole, cannot even carry clay from the barge to the works, without experience. The hands begin as apprentices. If I were to employ you in any capacity, I should do so to the prejudice of men who have bought their position. That would be unfair; besides which, I should subject you to the ill-treatment of jealous workmen, and certain humiliation. It is harder to refuse work than to give it; but in your own interest what would you have me do?"

Philip could only thank the old gentleman for his consideration, and then he withdrew.

He tried a smaller pottery, where he thought the proprietor might be a little less considerate and conscientious.

"What kin ye do?" asked the master potter, a short man with a pock-marked face. "Kin ye drive a van and groom a horse?"

"I have never groomed a horse," Philip began.

"Kin ye turn a gallon jar?" the potter interrupted.

"No."

"Kin ye drive a engine?"

"No."

"Kin ye stoke a kiln?"

"No."

"Then you ain't no good to me, not a bit."

Philip spent the rest of the week seeking laborer's work, and found it as difficult to get what he wanted in that direction as in higher occupation. His courage began to give way before these persistent reverses. He could not hide the despair that was preying on his mind from Madge; and her tenderness, her disguised solicitude, the furtive means she took to comfort him, could not lessen his sufferings, nor abate his anxiety.

On Monday he renewed his search. Passing down Kennington Road, he came upon a knot of idlers before a ladder-maker's and timber-yard. A workman with a bag of tools over his shoulder was tucking up one corner of his apron, and shouting down the yard at the same time.

"I'm a carpenter, not a hodd-Job man," he called; "and I am quite independent of you and your ladders. If you want your quartering shifted, you can shift it yourself, d'ye see? Good-mornin'!" And with that he walked off, the idlers streaming in a line after him.

(To be Continued.)

A DELICIOUS MORSEL.

How often when feeling slightly out of sorts you have wished for something to give flavor and taste to the mouth. For days at a time nothing seemed to taste right. You were slightly bilious. Sensations of this kind need never bother you again. On their first approach chew a piece of Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum. It will sharpen your appetite and give you a relish for your meals. It imparts a pleasing aroma to the breath and on this account alone is much appreciated by refined people the world over.

By sending your name and address (write plainly) to Adams & Sons Co., 11 and 13 Jarvis street, Toronto, Ont., you will receive one of their paper dolls and a booklet free.

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

LATE LOCALS.

Dan Kilpatrick has a good pump for sale.

The officers of the Salvation army will address a meeting to be held in Grace Methodist church on Wednesday evening.

Mr Simon Leiser, through Mr, Hamburger, has taken over the stock of dry goods of Mr. Davis in the Williams block.

James Haywood was up before Magistrate Abrams on the 12th charged with assaulting Kitty Finley. Found guilty and fined $10 and costs.

Mr. M.D. Hunter is in Nanaimo.

FOR RENT— Three nice,warm rooms. Enquire of R. P. Edwards

The cages commenced working on Saturday at no. 5 shaft, taking out some splendid coal.

There will be a Presbyterian social on Christmas eve. Books for use on the occasion will arrive from Toronto.

The Rapid Transit arrived at the wharf on Monday with a load of feed and oats for Simon Leiser.

Rev. Mr. Young preached last Sunday at the Presbyterian church It is understood he will occupy the pulpit here next Sunday.

Frank Charlton of the Nanaimo Steam Dye works is in town and is considering the feasibility of establishhing a branch here.

McPhee & Moore are now opening up their Fall and Winter stock of Blankets, Quilts, Mens' underwear, Sox, Gloves, Oil clothing, and rubber goods.

Bedroom suites, bedsteads, mattrasses, crockery, &c &c. at half price at Cheney's auction rooms. All kinds of furniture bought or sold on commission.

The teacher and pupils of Union school intended holding a concert at the close of the term, but owing to other festivities, they have decided to postpone it until the middle of January.

The closing examination of the Public schools will be held on Dec. 19th. Any person wishing to cotribute prizes will kindly leave them with the trustees or teacher not later than Dec. 10th.

Mr Simon Leiser is exhibiting his usual enterprise and sagacity by putting down a sidewalk from McKims store to his own mammoth establishments.

Some boys in town seem to think it is manly to have a scrap, as they call it—a fight as we call it. Such things are simply disgraceful. Fighting should stop in all cases with self defence.

The contract for clearing an acre of the new cemetery grounds has been awarded by the committee to Mr. Alex. Henry for $20, that being the lowest tender. There are but a few green trees upon the grounds and most of these will be allowed to remain.

Money to Loan at low rate and easy terms.

Lots for sale in any part of town

Fine acre lots adjoining Cumberland Townsite.

164 acres on water front, near the Trent River; easy terms.

D. McD. Hunter.

Mrs. Isabella Richardson, mother of Mr. James Wilks, from Wellington will reach here on the Joan to-morrow on a visit to her son.

No one should remain away from the Punt dge — Courtenay chool entertainment on Thursday evening, Nov. 21. It will be away up- he event of the season in the Comox valley.

GUN ACCIDENT

Charles Peterson, better known as Jessie James, accidently shot himself recently up near Campbell River. While getting over a log he put the gun down in front of him as a kind of support. The trigger was caught in and pulled by the brush, exploding the gun, blowing off his right thumb, the bullet grazing his cheek. He came down to the Comox settlement for assistance and was attended by Dr. Millard.

BORN

ROGERS.—At Union, Nov. 16 to the wife of John Rogers, a son.

DIED

UMEKICHI—At Union Nov. 17, Umekichi Kobayashi, of typhoid fever. Was buried on Tuesday. He was a member of the Asahi society.

Spring medicines for cleansing the system and blood at Pimbury's drug store.

EPWORTH LEAGUE ENTERTAINMENT

The social and entertainment of the Epworth League connected with Grace Methodist church last Friday was very pleasant. It was well attended, the spacious wing room being crowded. The music was, as is usual in Union, excellent. There was an admirible address by Mr. C. Evans, and interesting speeches by Mr. Ralph Smith and Ensign Mc Donald. The ladies of the league had provided an abundance of refreshments which were evidently much enjoyed.

The next meeting of the League will be on Friday evening the 22nd at which a paper will be read by Mr. Whitney on The relation of the individual and his duties to society. This will be followed by a discussion.

PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY

Mr. Kelly, the photographer, will erect at once on Dunsmuir avenue, on the lot adjoining THE NEWS office on the west a Photographic Gallery. Mr. Kelly has been connected with the Studio of Nanaimo, and was formerly from Tacoma, and is recognized as a first class artist.

POST OFFICE REGULATION

The money order department closes at 7 p.m. Thursdays. Letters may be registered up to 7.30 p.m. on Thursdays. Apply for boxes to arrive next month before they are all taken.

PARTNERSHIP NOTICE

The partnership which has heretofore existed between A.D. Williams and D.M Hunter under the firm name and style of Williams & Hunter is dissolved.

Union, Nov. 1 1895. All claims against the late firm should be presented to Mr. Hunter and all bills due it paid to him.

A.D. Williams.
D.M. Hunter.

SIDEWALK REPORT

The sidewalk from Second street to the bridge north of Grace Methodist church has been completed The upper portion next to the bridge has a neat railing as it is raised up somewhat. The whole work has been substantially done and will be of great benefit.

The contract price and cost of grading amounted to	$93.25
Amount subscribed	82.50
Deficit	*10.75.*

Those who have subscribed and not yet paid will confer a favor by handing the amount to Mr. R P. Edwards at the Magnet store and if there are any who use the sidewalk occasionally or are kindly disposed to help along a public improvement, they may leave their donations also with Mr. Edwards.

DANGEROUS BLASTING

Messrs Piercy & Hunter have a contract at the wharf which calls for a certain amount of rock and this they are procuring at the quarry near the railway in Cumberland townsite. The heavy blasting lately has alarmed the people, as stones of great weight have been thrown up into the air, falling upon the roof of a house in one instance and in another a rock which weighed 45 lb fell near McPhee & Moore's store. Of course this sort of thing is endangering the lives and property of our citizens and we are glad to know that Chief constable Hutchison at once gave notice that more care must be exercised. Probably the men engaged have in one or two instances themselves been surprised at the result and will of their own volition be more careful in future. It is better to take a little more time and use a lighter charge even if it takes longer.

Call at McPhee & Moore's and purchase a package of their splendid brand of "Simla" tea, They are sole agents for the Province.

LABOR UNIONISM

Sunday afternoon at the Cumberland Hall about 200 miners and others gathered to listen to an address on Labor Unionism by Mr. Ralph Smith of Nanaimo. Rev. Mr. Sutherland occupied the chair. In opening the meeting the chairman stated that he was always in sympathy with working men, and believed in unions. Without union there could be no society, no church. He believed in unions for a good purpose but not to invade the rights of others. It was Sunday and this was not what would be called a religious meeting, but any work for the benefit of humanity was in a sense a religious work. He would, however prefer to have had the meeting on a week day, but it seemed a necessity to have it on Sunday or not at all. Could it have been held on any other day he would not have approved of its being held then.

Mr. Ralph Smith upon being introduced was received with cheers. He spoke, with vigor giving his views of trades' unionism. He did not aprove of the past of unionism on this island. Mistakes had been made, but all, having equally a voice in the conduct of affairs should manfully shoulder their share of responsibility and not throw it upon a few. As individuals acting alone they were powerless, but by union they would he thought, be enabled to obtain their full rights. It may not have been so in the past, but surely now in this latter part of 19th century every right ought to be obtained by reason and conciliation. He would not favor a strike except as a last resort when every other means had failed.

This will illustrate the spirit of the lecturer but space forbids even a hint at all the points made.

At the close, questions and discussion were invited. Every one remaining silent, a request was made that all not miners should withdraw. More than half then left including the representative of this paper. It is learned, unofficially that among those remaining an organization was effected. How many members it included we have not learned.

In connection with Mr. Smith's declared position on strikes we publish the following from the annual report of Carroll D. Wright, the U. S. National Commissioner of Labor: "During the period of the past seven and a half years there were 10,488 strikes, which threw out of employment 2,391,203 persons; and 3853 lockouts in anticipation of strikes, which threw 205,867 employees out of work. Fifty six per cent of the strikes occurred in 26 cities, and in these the loss was $64,000,000 of which $35,000,000 fell upon the workmen in the shape of lost wages, while $29,000,000 fell upon the employers. In the same cities the losses involved by lockouts amounted to $18,000,000, $12,000,000 of which fell upon the workmen, and $6,000,000 on the employers."

IF You Wish The LATEST and Most Stylish NEW GOODS take a Look Through Our Different DEPARTMENTS.

IN TWO WEEKS We expect Our Annex to be open for business, when it is, look out for Bargains.

SIMON LEISER.