Printing Office 13

The Weekly News.

NO16. COURTENAY, COMOX DISTRICT, B. C. WEDNESDAY, FEB. 22, 1893. $2.00 PER YEAR

McKIM

has opened up a

Dry Goods

Grocery &

Boot and Shoe Store

IN COURTENAY.

A full stock of goods will always be car-ied.

A share of your trade is solicited.

McPHEE & MOORE

COMOX, B. C.

We call attention to our large stock of wallpaper also 8 case. Boots and Shoes just opened up. A carload Ogilvie's Hungarian flour just in

J. B. HOLMES

Importer and General Merchant

THE WHARF ÷–× COMOX, B. C.

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

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

COURTENAY PHARMACY.

PURE DRUGS & PATENT MEDICINES

Also Fancy Toilet Articles

TOBACCO AND CIGARS.

OPPORTUNITY ARRIVED

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

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

Directly Through The Property

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

Office at Courtenay. Wm Cheney, Real EstateAgt

Dr. W. J. Young

Physician & Surgeon

OFFICE & RESIDNCE.

Courtenay Pharmacy

COURTENAY, B. C

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.

UNION BAKERY

And Restaurant

— OF —

E. F. CLAY,

Courtenay B. C.

Best of everything in his line Always on hand.

Fraser & Thomas

Stage and Livery Business

Stage connects with all steamers at the Bay.

Also do a general

Teaming Business

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

F. W. Hart

Manufacturer, Importer, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

FURNITURE

CARPETS, LINOLEUM, OIL CLOTH AND – HOUSE FURINISHING –

☞ Largest Establishment of its kind.

21-24 Cordova St. Vancouver, B. C

Riverside Hotel

Courtenay B C

J. J. Grant, Propritor

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

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

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

McCann & Cessford

Carpenters *

And Builders

General Job Work

☞ UNDERTAKERS.

Courtenay B. C.

Nob Hill Property.

Six and One Half Acres on Nob Hill facing the Gulf.

Splendid Fruit Land

free from wind and frost and suitable for a Gentleman's Residence

Four Acres are in grass and the rest slashed. Price $600, balance three and six months.

Enquire at News Office.

SHOEMAKER

A Good shoemaker is needed at Courtenay He should be able to mend harnesses; A married man prefered. This is a snap for the right man.

UNION MINES FURNITURE ESTABLISHMENT

A Full Line of Everything

BUILDERS and CONTRACTORS

☞ UNDERTAKING IN ALL ITS BRANCHES

Grant and McGregor Props.

... George Howe. ...

COMOX and UNION B. C.

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

Orders Filled on Short Notice.

The Courtenay Hotel

Leading hotel of Comox District

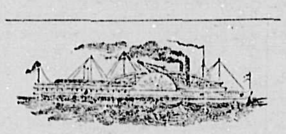
Everything first class.

Rates from $1.00 to $2.00

Bar supplied with choicest liquors

This section is the Paradise for Hunters and Fishermen, and a favorite resort for visitors from the cities.

R. Graham, Propr.



Esquimalt and Nanaimo Ry.

Steamer Joan

J. E. BUTLER, MASTER.

On and after Aug. 23rd, 1892

The Steamer JOAN will sail as follows

CALLING AT WAY PORTS;

Leave Victoria, Tuesday, 5 a. m.
" Nanaimo for Comox, Wednesday, 7 a m
" Comox for Valdez Island, Thursday 7 a.m. (Returning same day.)
Leave Comox for Nanaimo, Fridays, 7 a.m.
" Nanaimo for Victoria, Saturday, 7 a.m

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

Esquimalt & Nanaimo R'y.

Time Table No. 17,

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

GOING NORTH READ DOWN: No. 2 Passenger Daily.	No. 4 Passenger Saturdays Sundays	Miles fm Vic	Stations	Miles fm W'l'n	GOING SOUTH READ UP: No. 1 Passenger Daily	No. 3 Passenger Saturdays Sundays
De 8 00 AM	De 3 00 PM	[illegible]	VICTORIA	78	Ar 12 20 PM	Ar 5 38
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	RUSSELL'S	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	ESQUIMALT	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	GOLDSTREAM	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	SUMMIT SIDING	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	SHAWNIGAN LAKE	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	COBBLE HILL	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	McPHERSON'S	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	KOKSILAH	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	DUNCAN'S	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	SOMENOS	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	CHEMAINUS	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	OYSTER BAY S G	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Ar 11 50	6 11	72	NANAIMO	[illegible]	De 8 [illegible]	2 11
De 11 [illegible]					Ar 8 [illegible]	
Ar 12 15 PM	Ar 6 29	78	WELLINGTON	[illegible]	De 8 20 AM	De 1 [illegible] PM

On Saturdays and Sundays

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

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

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

Through rates between Victoria and Comox

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

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

Society Cards

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

Ernest A. Holliday
Recorder.

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

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

Visiting Brothers cordially requested to attend.

W. J. Young
Secretary.

K. of P.

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

John Baird,
K. R. S.

STAGE LINE

McArdle's fine stage will leave COURTENAY for COMOX at 1 p. m. on WEDNESDAYS, returning after mail hour.

On SATURDAY the stage will leave COURTENAY for COMOX at 8 a. m. Returning leave COMOX for UNION MINES at 10 a. m., returning to Comox same evening.

Duncan Bros.

Farmers and General Merchants

This season, as usual, we shall supply farm seeds of the best quality at the lowest possible figures.

T. C. Woods

Comox B. C.

Conducts a General Teaming and Livery Business

His Stage Runs to Union and Returns Thursdays and Saturdays.

For Sale

At Cairns' Octagonal Farm House, Sweet cured Bacon, Hams, Eggs, Poultry, Potatoes, Parsnips, Onions Carrots, Cabbage, and

Prices reasonable, delivered or otherwise.

Thos. Cairns.

For Sale

Grain, Produce,

And Cattle

Also a fine farm.

Apply to

Adam McKelvey

Union Steamship Co. B.C. Ltd.

HEAD OFFICE and Wharf, Vancouver. B.C.

Vancouver and Nanaimo—SS. Cutch Leaves C. P. R. Wharf daily at 1.00 p. m. returning from Nanaimo at 7 a. m. Cargo at Company's wharf until noon.

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

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

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

WM. WEBESTER, Manager.

Telephone 94 P. O. Box 217

J. W. McKenzie

Courtenay, B. C.

General Blacksmithing and Horse Shoeing.

Loggers' Work a Specialty.

Chas R Hardy & Co

Real Estate

And Financial Broker

Notary Public, Conveyancer.

Nanaimo, B. C.

The Human Ox.

Our Enterprising Reporter, Truthful James, Goes on a Mission in Search of Mr. Ox, Passes through Leagues of Forest, and Sleeps with a Swarm of Bees in a Hollow Tree.

In accordance with instructions received at THE NEWS office at Courtenay, on Monday, January, 2nd, I at once commenced to make my preparations for an extended journey in search of the Human Ox. The management *was satisfied of its existence, and I* fully shared in that belief, and was anxious to learn his whereabouts feeling certain that most important revelations would follow. The task assigned me *was most important and the journey* sure to entail much fatigue, and peril, but it was surrounded by so much mystery, and withal so novel, and in case of success promised no little fame that I did not for a moment hesitate. I was fond of adventure, a good marksman and used to frontier life.

In the matter of an outfit, I was very careful. A good rifle with plenty of ammunition was my first purchase. Next a double heavy blanket, with water proof protection cover, a compass, patent lighting machine, a small but powerful glass, paper, pencils, knife, small metal dish a few simple remedies, and a liberal supply of concentrated food, was all I cared to encumber myself with

On the following Wednesday I made a start, in accordance with a theory that Bos governed by human intelligence would move into a section of the country infrequented by man, if as I believed he desired to escape observation. I therefore went directly from the mouth of the Courtenay River, by the nearest line, to the mountains. For the first three or four miles I simply kept an eye out but moved on without any attempt at detailed examination of the ground. I passed through a portion of the forest which surprised me by its giant cedars, and by 3 o'clock came to a hollow tree near the foot of *a mountain ridge, where I determined* to remain until morning I gathered some dry wood and soon had a roaring fire, partook of a light supper, wrapped my blanket about me, and assuming a half reclining position was soon lost in slumber.

My mind had been full of my strange quest, and in my dreams I moved rapidly through the woods passing out by Comox Lake and up into the gorge, which I followed through the mountains, turned up to the right, a few miles following the low benches, until, as I passed around between two huge boulders, I suddenly stood before an opening in the rock of very large dimensions, out of which a small stream of water poured. Then I awoke.

Every step of my journey in my sleep was clearly impressed on my memory, all seemed so real; and I at once determined to be guided by the vision. The sun was already up I found some water near, and after eating some hardtack and smoked fish, I was on the point of resuming my journey, when I heard a strange humming sound above my head. A little examination showed me I had slept in the lower berth of a bee hive. With a little effort I soon obtained a fine supply of comb honey. After eating almost to repletion I filled my dish, marked the tree as well as I could and moved on.

It may seem strange, but I had no difficulty in following along the route which I had passed in my dream. I recognized here a large tree, and there *a burnt stump, and passed along*, as rapidly as my feet would carry me, over logs, under half fallen trees, and around giant boulders. By noon I had passed out of sight of Comox Lake and was *in the well known mountain pass* which will some day be utilized for a railway between Comox valley and Alberni.

To be Continued.

Lyric Club Entertainment.

The entertainment under the auspices of this club given at the Pythian Hall, on Monday evening, of last week was well attended. The day was exceptionably fine, and the evening was lit up by the radiant light of innumerable stars. The sleighing was superb, and the boys were all out accompanied of course, each one with the reigning belle of his heart. There *was a big contingent from Union, Bob* Grant's teams being utilized for the occasion. Courtenay and the settlement were also well represented.

THE PROGRAMME

Opened with an instrumental performance by Baird, Anderson and Hardy. A song was well rendered by the Misses McDonalds. A flute solo by F. Dorman gave a pleasing variety. Then D. McMinn sang so acceptably that the audience demaded a repetition. J.B.Holmes illustrated a good deal of the humerous in a recitation, and received an encore. Alf Pearce, who has a fine voice was also called upon for "another". Mrs. J.B. Holmes as usual sang most acceptably, and little Miss McDonald, gave a recitation in a manner which gave promise of high histrionic talent. A farce by Ryan Bros. Clark and Higgins, set everybody laughing. Mrs. W.B. Anderson's song received much praise. Then followed a song by W.B. Anderson, band music, and last but not least appreciated, refreshments.

After the entertainment many remained to take part in the pleasures of the dance.

Two Votes.

The member from New Westminster City has introduced a bill into the legislature providing that a vote shall be given to "every person BOTH male and female" Why not give such persons two votes?

Annual Meeting

Of the Presbyterian Congregation.

The annual meeting of the Presbyterian congregation was held in the church on Friday evening the 10th inst.

There was a fair representative attendance present, considering the weather and the state of the roads.

The Rev. Mr. Fraser occupied the chair; Wm. Duncan, Secretary read minutes of previous meeting which were adopted.

The Treasurer John Mundell, read the balance sheet of receipts and expenditures showing that the sum of $933.05 was raised and expended during the year for church purposes The *reports of S.S. work at Comox, Courte*nay, and the Bay were given and approved of.

The amount of collections in Courtenay S.S. was 16.50 during the year. *Out of his sum hymn books*, catechisms, tickets, and library books were purchased and a special collection for missions amounting to $2.05.

The S.S. is held in the school house which was kindly given by the trustees free of charge, and Mr. Leonard Davis generously provides the fire wood.

The following gentlemen were elected on the Board of Management for 1893: Messers J.A. Halliday, Wm Grieve, Alex. Urquhart, Jos. McPhee, Sam. J. Piercy, A. Salmond, John Mundell, Treasurer, and Wm. Duncan, Secetary.

Votes of thanks were given to the Ladies Aid Society, and others for services rendered in connection with the church.

The meeting closed with the doxology and the benediction.

Union Items.

Feb.16—Times have been dull up here this month This has been owing to the extreme cold weather (now happily past) and the trouble with the Union sailors below, which combined to keep away the colliery ships, thus leaving the cars and bunkers full of coal. As a matter of course the mining stopt until these were unloaded.

The snow is gradually settling down and we begin to look forward to spring when we expect pretty lively times.

There was quite a delegation went down to visit Bateman lodge at the old north Comox school house, and they speak highly of the manner in which they were entertained The sleigh ride too, was enjoyable and every one is enthusiastic over his trip.

We are expecting a rich treat next Saturday when the Rev P McLeod is to lecture on "That young man." He is spoken of as a very eloquent man and no doubt there will be a large turn out to hear him.

Last Monday was a delightful day and there were quite a number over from Courtenay and the valley beyond to enjoy a sleigh ride. Among others we noticed on McArdle's fine rig. Mrs. Wm. Lewis, Miss Sarah Lewis, and Miss Maggie McDonald. There was also a little party who came over in their own rigs, made up of Mr. George Grieve and wife, Mrs. Lucy Jones, *Mrs. Garnett and her two daughters*, and Mrs. H. Piercy and her three children.

LATER—The lecture on A Model Boy by the Rev. Mr. Robson on Thursday was well attended, and gave great satisfaction

The lecture Saturday evening by the Rev. Mr. McLeod was a great treat, and is we understand to be repeated at Presbyterian Church in Comox valley on Tuesday.

There is now at *the wharf loading, the* San Mateo, Forest Queen, and the Umatilla is expected the first of the week.

The SS. Joan after reaching Nanaimo, last Friday turned back for the purpose of conveying some instructions to those in charge of Union Mines. What a convenience the telegraph will be when we get it

Nearly all of Union turned out to the funeral of the late Mr. Gilchrist. He *taught school here for years, and was uni*versally liked. The Odd Fellows and Knights of Pythias turned out in a body.

Today (Monday is pay-day in Union. The pay-roll is a heavy one and the miners are again in comfortable circumstances

The Presbyterians of Union are moving to have themselves separated from Comox, and have a resident minister. As at present there is too much work for Rev. Mr. Fraser to attend to, it is to be hoped they will be successful.

W. B. Walker and Thomas Russell have been appointed elders in the Presbyterian Church and will be ordained in March.

The death of W. A. Gilchrist will be *the subject of a sermon by the Rev. Mr.* Fraser on Sunday March 12th.

W. A. Gilchrist's Death.

The intelligence of the death of W. A Gilchrist, *although expected, will be* received with unfeigned sorrow. He had a large circle of friends, being of a generous and social disposition. His constitution was not strong, and his health delicate. About three months ago he was observed to be failing, and for the last six weeks he has been growing weaker, until the end came at 1 o'clock Saturday morning, at the Elk Hotel, Comox, where he had received the most careful attention. His *two brothers, Malcolm and Duncan Gil*christ, who reside at or near Ladner's Landing, had been with him for some days.

He came from Puslinch, Ont., had no parents living and was 23 years of age and beloged to two or more fraternal societies.

His remains were taken to the Pythian Hall, where on Monday a short service was held, at the close of which the procession formed and moved to the Presbyterian church, above the Mission, where a service appropriate to the occasion was conducted by the Revs. McLeod and Fraser. At the grave, in the Presbyterian cemetry, the beautiful and impressive *rituals of the Odd Fellows and Pythians* were read.

Local Brevities

What's new? Cubb's Cough Cure is new, effectual and speedy.

There is nothing the matter with the weather. It's all right.

A weather prophet is of no account in this country.

Wild geese have been very plentiful of late.

McPhee & Moore are enterprising merchants. They keep Cubb's Cough Cure.

The snow is a "goner."

Mrs. W. R. Robb of the Bay is reported to be very low.

Last week was the Chinese New Year's celebration, and there was no "washee" An intelligent Chinaman says it was the the 19th year of the present dynasty

Rev. Mr. McLeod, pastor of the St. Andrews Presbyterian Church, Victoria, came up last week on the SS. Joan, and will probably return on Friday.

Miss Sybil Brown arrived on the SS. Joan last Wednesday from Chemainus, and is stopping with her sister Mrs. E. F. Clay.

It is reported that Tom Leask and his companion of Valdez Island, who were supposed to be drowned are still alive and kicking.

There was a surprise party at Thos. Cairns, quite a number coming from the Mines. As McAlister's orchestra was along it is safe to presume that dancing was in order. The sleighs were going back at about 2 o'clok in the morning.

Bells are a pleasant adjunct to a sleigh ride. We noticed two improvised sleighs going by last week with cow bells attached to the front.

Last Saturday Fraser & Thomas took a load of hay up to McIver's on Oyster River.

Anderson of the logging camp at Oyster Bay, and who has been stopping at River side for some time, has returned. He says he will resume operations by April 1st, provided he can get a fair price for his logs.

We receive orders for Brownlee's com*mercial map of the Province. It is a fine* map and will answer all the purpose of the fifteen dollar one, and is a home production Can be seen at our office.

Cubb's Cough Cure is leading in the *cities as the safest, surest, and speediest* remedy for Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough and kindred ailments.

The Comox Athletic Club will hold a special business meeting at it's Club *Rooms, near the bridge, Courtenay.* The meeting is important and a full attendance of the members is desired, including those at the Bay and Union.

The Rev. Mr. Fraser will leave on the SS. Joan on Friday to attend the Presbyterian Synod at Nanaimo. He will be absent two Sundays.

Breaking a horse is always exciting sport, but breaking in a young bull for logging work creates often lots of fun. We dont know whether Archie is given to dancing when McAlister's practiced hand draws the bow or not, but we know from occular demonstration, that tie one end of a stout rope around a wild bull's *horns, and give the other to Archie*, that he can dance as lively as as anybody.

On Monday while Mr. T.D. McLean was at Courtenay he invested in a very large salmon. On his way home the *sleigh in which* he was one of the occupants stopped at the Riverside hotel, and the salmon by some mysterious means, unknown to Mr. McLean found its way to the kitchen of that popular resort. Every body stopped to dinner, and the secret of the salmon having leaked out was greatly enjoyed. Each one was asked to have a piece of the McLean's brand, and it proved so delicious, that there is no doubt but that when that worthy gentleman has *a fresh supply, it will be in great* **demand.**

Methodist Services, Feb. 26th.

Union. 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.
Courtenay, 2.30 p.m.
All are invited to attend

Rev. John Robson. B.A.
Pastor

Ball Postponed.

Owing to the funeral of W.A. Gilchrist taking place on Monday, the Knights of Pythias Ball was postponed from that date until tonight (Wednesday.) The annual balls of the Knights are always gotten up *in first class style and looked forward to as the most important event of the kind* of the year. The music is certain to be good, and the refreshments unexcelled.

Puntledge School for January.

Pupils enrolled number 38, and the av*erage attendance* 30

The following pupils stand at the head of their respective classes: Eliza Milligan, 5th class; Adelaide Williams, 4th class; Lucile Halliday, 3rd class; Sophia Garrett, second class; Lilian Bridges, first class

Shipping News.

The SS. Joan came in last Wednesday at about the usual time with consignments for McPhee & Moore, D. Stuart J.B. Holmes, W.R.Robb, S.J.Cliffe, J. McKim, G. G. McDonald, Young & Scharschmidt, A. Urquhart, S.J. Piercy, A. Cesford, Fraser, Smith, Creech, and Lawrence.

The Forest Queen is at Union Wharf.

Social and Entertainment.

The members and friends of the Methodist Church of Union intend giving a Social and Novel Entertainment in the Old School House, Saturday, Feb., 25th. The entertainment will consist of a good assortment of Magic Lantern views; also *of feats of skill. Prizes will be given to* the most successful, as well as a consolation prize for the least. Everyone should attend this unique affair. Friends from Comox and Courtenay invited.

Doors open at 7.30. Chair taken at 8. Proceedings in aid of church funds.

HOUSEHOLD.

My Baby.

My baby must have gone away;
Here, in my arms but yesterday,
Or scarce so long ago,
His golden head upon my breast,
His weary little limbs at rest,
I rocked him to and fro.

The little darling's roguish eyes
Are bright and blue as summer skies,
Or Scottish bells so fair,
But sleep does veil with lids like snow,
And like the summer's sunshine glow
His waves of golden hair.

And so my baby sleeps, and I
Am guarding o'er with watchful eye
My fount of pride and joy.
. . . . But changes came and baby grew
So fast and strong, that e'er I knew
My baby was a boy.

A child, in boyish blouse and skirt,
Who rides a broom and delves in dirt,
Whose cheeks are dark with tan,
Comes romping in with noisy shout,
To see what mamma is about,
My sturdy little man.

But oh, with head upon my breast,
No baby nestles close to rest;
I have him still, I know,
My boy fills all my heart, but I
Oft bow my head, and murmuring sigh
"I miss my baby so."

Don't be Ill-natured.

An ill-natured word spoken without reflection fastens the charge of impropriety on a pretty woman guilty of nothing worse than high spirits of youth, and that want of caution which so often accompanies these high spirits mated with innocence. Want of reflection is the undoing on her side, as well as on that of the ill-nature which destroys her for want of thought rather than for overplus of malice. Because she is brisk and bright, she is, therefore, assumed to be light and fast. Her frankness is made to look like impudence, her gayety like immodesty. *When she is good tempered* she is coarse; and her very courage is insensitive rather than brave. As for her manners to men, they are shameless, and no other word is to be said. From all which the poor young woman, whose worse crime is a certain heedlessness—a certain want of prevision as to where appearances are against her and leave her reputation vulneable—is convicted by general gossip set afoot by one thoughtlessly ill-natured chatterer and for ever after goes through life with a mildewed name and a rusted character.

All small societies are infested by this kind of plague. Human nature has its imperative instincts, whatever the theatre on which they are enacted. The stage may be as wide as the world's greatest tragedies, or as narrow as the enmities in the old woman's ward of a workhouse, but the instincts are the same; and this of unfriendly interpretation is one of them. It is a kind of inverted form of the dramatic instinct as well as that curious combativeness which seeks to destroy for the mere pleasure of destroying—even as a man will shoot gulls on the sea, for no good to anyone but the fishes which feed on flesh, and the gratification of his own pride as a marksman. The moral world is an analogue of the material; and in this careless ill-nature we see the thoughtless narksman who shoots seagulls, which he can neither bag nor eat, for the mere pleasure of the sport. And in restricted societies, where big events are rare and heroic tragedies almost impossible, the dramatic instinct gets its gratification out of mean and petty quarrels, mean and petty slanders, and the wildfire flung about by substantially good-natured, but also mentally blind and thoughtless chatterers.

A death, with the will to follow, is fertile ground for this kind of thoughtless ill-nature; and subordination, perjury, undue influences, a later will destroyed, frustrated intentions, and all the rest of it, wander about the talk of the place like so many sooty little imps wandering through an enchanted wood wherein they are set fast, and whence they cannot get loose into the open day. These imps of speech and foul surmise never reach the light of open accusation. They wander hither and thither, and are handed on in *whispers from* one to another, and no one pauses to take heed of the words which imply so much more than is known, and accuse of crimes no one could verify under pain of his life. Even relatives will say these terrible things of one another; and a foolish, irresponsible chatterer of this kind did not hesitate to charge her sisters and brothers with the crime of undue influence, because she was dissatisfied with the father's will, which was simply just in its impartiality, and did not make specialized provision for her. Here, her charges were thoughtless, only inasmuch as, being a fool, she did not realize the magnitude of the offense she assumed had been committed. But there was none of the carelessness we have spoken of above; and what she said, she meant, and the arrows she let fly she wished and intended should stick.

In some houses gossip of this kind abounds. The talk is all of people, never of things; and when you get into the habit of talking about people, you necessarily slip into that of ill-nature and slanderous insinuation. It is so much easier to dispraise than to praise; and ill-natured criticism can be made amusing, while encomiums are apt to be heavy when not cloying. Besides, ill-nature reacts in a kind of reflected light on one's own person. When we condemn our dear friend for this fault and that, naturally the corollary is that we ourselves are free of that special sin, and look at the world *so far* with clear eyes. The pot calling the kettle black is a very silly performance; and when Satan and Sin fall out, the little demons laugh for joy. So that, unless we think to hide our own ill-doing by exaggerating that of another, we are supposed to stand free from those moral troubles by which we say our neighbours have been scored and scratched. And even the careless and good-natured, who give themselves up to the fatal habit of slanderous insinuation and ill-natured commentary, are not quite without a conception of self in their lives, are not quite ignorant of that inner glow which accompanies the sharp speech against another—do not disdain the thankfulness of the cleanly-living Pharisee that he was not as that sinful Publican yonder, whose living was made out of the sufferings of others and whose soul was therefore *spotted* with guilt, even as a leopard's skin is spotted with stains unchangeable.

What the Lips Tell.

The rosy lips of lovely woman have been sung about by poets of all ages. The Cupid's bow in dainty curves has always been symbolical of a perfect mouth, and lips most kissable have never been represented as other than pink and perfect.

No other portion of the face, however, so quickly responds to symptoms of ill health in the body as do the lips. Fever blisters are the disfiguring reminders of a cold; dry, broken, or bloodless lips show that one is out of sorts, even more certainly than heavy eyes or dejected mien, and it is a woman's duty to endeavor to restore them to their soft, rich redness, which is the outward and visible sign of good health.

To do this the general system must be toned up, diet regulated, and a regular house-cleaning gone into; but there are certain defects of the lips that can be overcome without all this trouble, because they arise from a woman's own fault. Many of us, from nervousness or habit, have a way of biting our lips which will surely result in swelling, bruise or dryness that is both uncomfortable and unpleasant to look at. Therefore, the first step is, to break off so pernicious a practice by watching oneself very carefully. Next, anoint the poor, bruised members with some healing salve of a pure make.

Do not, however, think to cure chapped lips by anointing them after being out in the air. The time for treatment is before the mischief is done, putting on a little cold cream every time you start out for a walk which you will find highly beneficial and will keep your lips in winter just as sweet and rosy as when the milder zephyrs of summer rule the air.

A writer whose knowledge of such subjects is beyond question says that glycerine and rose water should never be used to soften the lips, as this remedy has one great drawback, namely, that it induces the growth of superfluous hair, a warning which all women will gladly heed, for no one desires to pose as a bearded lady. When cold sores appear rub them with cold cream, being careful not to break them, and they will soon disappear. The reason that they usually cling so long is, that they are tampered with by rubbing or biting, and therefore cannot have a chance to heal properly, as they would if left alone. The same writer who warns us against glycerine and rose water is a strong advocate of hot water, and affirms that there is scarcely any ailment that will not succumb to its healing virtues. Therefore, with cold cream and hot water one should be able to present to the world a pair of rosy lips free from any unsightly blemishes.

Men and Their Ideals.

The notion that men have of their own worth, says George McDonald, and of claims founded thereon, is amazing; most amazing of all is what a man will set up to himself as the standard of the woman he will marry. What the woman may have a right to claim never enters his thought. He never doubts the right or righteousness of aspiring to wed *a woman between whose nature and his lies* a gulf, wide as between an angel praising God and a devil taking refuge from him in a swine. Never a shadow of compunction crosses the leprous soul as he stretches forth his arms to enfold the clean woman. Ah, white dove, thou must lie for a while among the pots! If only thy mother be not more to blame than the wretch that but acts after his kind. He does not die of self loathing! how, then, could he imagine the horror of disgust with which a glimpse of him such as he is would blast the soul of the woman? Yet has he—what is it, the virtue, the pride, or the cruel insolence?—to shrink with rudest abhorrence from one who is, in nature and history and ruin, his *fitting and proper mate! To see only how* a man will be content to be himself what he scorns another for being, might well be enough to send anyone crying to the God there may be to come between him and himself. Lord, what a turning of things upside down there will be one day! What a setting of lasts first and firsts last.

Tested Recipes.

Ribbon Cake.—Cream one cup butter, add gradually two cups of sugar and beat well, then add four eggs well beaten; mix together three and one-half cups flour and three teaspoonfuls baking powder, add this to the first mixture alternately with one cup milk. To half of the batter add one cup raisins stoned, cut and floured, one half pound figs chopped very fine and floured, one tablespoonful of molasses, one-half teaspoon of cinnamon and one-half teaspoon of clove, mace and allspice mixed equally, one-quarter of a grated nutmeg, the spices to be mixed with one tablespoonful of flour. Bake in buttered pans in a moderate oven about thirty minutes and put together with a thin layer of jelly. This is a good recipe for general use, and the rule makes two cakes each of dark and white cake. Spread the jelly on while the cake is yet warm. It may be put together with frosting if liked but this makes it too sweet for some tastes. Apple jelly is a good kind to use as it has less flavour and detracts less from the fine flavour of the cake. In making this cake about eight spoonfuls of the batter will make one of the layers. Frost with a boiled icing. Boil together until it threads one cup sugar and one-third cup water; beat the white of one egg to a froth, pour on the hot syrup and beat five minutes or until cool enough to spread. Flavor with one-half teaspoonful of vanilla. Stir the sugar and water together until they are mixed then do not stir again. After a few minutes try the syrup to see if it will thread; use a cold spoon and do not leave it in the hot sugar and then expect to make an accurate test. *Do not beat the white of the egg too* much for this kind of frosting.

Gold Leaf Cake.—Cream one scant half cup of butter, add one cup sugar and cream together; beat the yolks of eight eggs to a cream and add to the first mixture. To this add one-half cup milk and one and one-half cups flour mixed with two teaspoonfuls baking powder; flavor with one teaspoonful orange extract and bake in a moderate oven about forty-five minutes. This is a good rule for using the yolks of eggs and makes a cake of fine texture. Bake it in a single loaf and frost.

Orange Icing.—To the grated rind of one orange add two tablespoonfuls of orange juice and one teaspoonful of lemon juice, let stand one hour, strain and add to the unbeaten yolk of one egg. To this add confectioners' sugar to make it stiff enough to spread. Be careful to grate the yellow outside rind without taking any of the white peel. The flavor of the orange lies in the rind and not in the juice, and the rind also gives color. This is one of the easiest kind of frostings to make. Water or cream may be used instead of the orange juice and any flavor preferred. But be sure to use xxxx confectioners' sugar. This frosting may be thinned if it is too thick to spread easily, but these quickly made frostings are to be spread, not poured on a cake like a boiled icing. Another frosting is made with the white of an egg and confectioners' sugar or with the white of an egg, a tablespoonful of water and the sugar.

Sponge Cake.—In making this kind of cake always start with the yolks of the eggs; beat them until light, add the powdered sugar gradually and continue beating. Now add the flavoring, after that the whitse of the eggs beaten stiff. Add a part of the eggs at a time cutting and folding them in as in making an omelet. Now add a part of the flour in the same way and then the rest of the egg and finally the last of the flour. Remember not to stir but to fold it over. Bake in a moderate oven. Five eggs, one cup of powdered sugar, one cup of flour is a good rule. Paper the pan and butter it very slightly; to remove the cake turn the pan on one side then on the other and let the weight of the cake assist in its removal. Turn out on to a napkin or a wire cooler but as a delicate cake sometimes takes the impression of the wires the napkin is to be preferred.

Soft Gingerbread.—Put one cup of molasses and one-quarter cup butter into a saucepan, place over the fire and remove as soon as it reaches the boiling point. Add one and one-half teaspoonfuls of soda and beat well; add one beaten egg with one-half cup of sour milk and two cups of flour mixed with one teaspoonful each of ginger and salt; beat again, turn into buttered pans and bake in a rather quick oven twenty minutes. This gingerbread bakes well in a large sheet but better in individual pans. As the soda is added to the hot molasses the effervescence must be caught quickly and hence better results with small cakes that are baked quickly.

A Cat's Objection to India.

A good cat story, comes from Bombay. In August a Liverpool resident proceeding to Bombay took out with him a cat, which he intended to present to a friend in India. Some days after the arrival of the steamer in Bombay pussy was missed, and though she was searched for high and low she was nowhere to be found. Her owner had quite given her up for lost when he received intelligence from England that the cat had made her appearance at her old Liverpool home on the 25th October, as calm and collected as though a trip to India and back was quite in the ordinary course of her life. The facts are vouched for by a Bombay paper, and there is no reason to doubt their substantial accuracy, but it is not made clear whether the cat was stowed away in the steamer in which she went out to India, and carried back on its return voyage in the ordinary course.

When a man realizes that he cannot be famous there is some hope that he will settle down and be useful.

YOUNG FOLKS.

Puss in Corner.

From four bright corners in a room
Look out eight roguish eyes,
The beauteous sparkle of which e'en
An Angelo would prize.

The roses bloom on childish cheeks,
Their brows are white and fair,
Their feet are nimble for the race—
The race for corners there.

Their faces are illum'ed with smiles,
Rippling like some fair lake,
Which perfumed breezes haste to kiss
For beauty's precious sake.

Sweet childhood's overflowing joy
Springs from such scenes as this;
Such beckoning with finger tips—
And lips just made to kiss.

It seems but yesterday that I,
An old man, thin and gray,
Did, with a troop of little ones,
"Puss in the corner" play.

Your prancing, dancing feet awake
Some long forgotten strain,
And make me feel, though I am old,
Just like a child again.

Play on! the witchery of your spell,
Alas, I would not break,
For those who play the most and well
Grand men and women make.

Lost Love.

Little children, be kind to the motherless. Those of us who were unfortunate enough to lose our mothers in infancy often find ourselves wondering what the beautiful feeling is between a child and its mother. They call it affection, but this hardly seems to describe this beautiful, holy feeling in little children's hearts. We read of it, we hear it discussed, we see it enacted before our eyes, but we have never felt it! We have often longed to taste that morsel of love, for it must be deeper, purer and more honeyed than what we render to a father. So powerful has the desire become at times that we have been tempted to envy (only tempted) those who are enjoying this *precious boon. One may possess dear friends,* a rich inheritance, and the adulations of society, but these cannot compensate for the loss of a fond mother to love. More particularly is the bereavement felt in childhood. We can well remember, when a schoolgirl, how astonished we were to view the little kindnesses and fond caresses that were bestowed on our little mates by their affectionate mammas. We felt that they were enjoying something that had never come into our life! There seemed a beautiful fountain opened for them at which we had never quaffed.

The word motherless has a far deeper meaning than any other word. It embraces not only the loss of a mother's love and care, but it means the total extinguishment of *that filial feeling* that is so natural between the child's love for its mother and the mother's love for the child. These can only die with her last breath. They are blessed factors for good in youth, but when this sweet, yet strong, barrier is removed, oh! the breaches that invite the various tides of evil to enter.

The trust of a child to its mother should be as true as the sun-rise to the morning, or the star to beauty. Oh, life would be a desert but for mother-love! Cherish the love of a mother, ye who may call it yours. It is the fairest jewel earth can bestow. Other blessings may come, but guard this well. Well we know, those of us that never uttered the sweet, endearing word mamma, that never in the flesh can come to our robbed hearts, though they search the universe for that breathing beauty, a child's love for mother.

The Little Runaway.

Tommy was a little runaway. He was always missing. True he did not go far, but the distance he put between himself and mamma was enough to cause uneasines. His mamma was young and thought all little boys possessed the same tendency—that it was merely the overflow of his bright, joyous nature, that overleaped the bounds of her small rooms, for as quick as the outside door was open out went Tommy. He was only four years old. *One morning* when he came in running and foaming after his unusual exercise his mother said: "Tommy, where have you been. I do not see why you slip off so, before I have time to miss you you are away out of sight."

"Oh, mamma, I have been out hunting for spring this morning, do not you know that papa said he was on his way here, for he smelled his breath in the air, but I do not see him."

His mother could not repress a smile. She knew that Tommy would not venture far, for as soon as he found himself alone he felt so strange that he would turn about and run home again—by the aid of a policeman. Tommy would come strutting along between two of these officials chattering *in his boyish* way until he came to his home, then he would start and run, crying: "There's my house, where I live." But this morning, it seems he had a special motive for roaming; he was in search of spring. "I couldn't find him," he said, "not yet, but I will some day; he wears such a beautiful cloak of bloom and carries fresh flowers. Oh, I shall know him just as soon as I see him. They say he wakes up all the little germs, and while the birds are coming to breakfast he prepares their toilets. He must be very nice—oh, I will find him some day."

Dick Summers And Cousin George.

Perhaps no sweeter gift ever comes to the human heart than a pretty, artless, bona fide country cousin. In her presence one can doff all conventionalities, and appear in his own true colors. Her laugh is so sweet, her smile warms while it cheers. Such a girl was Helen Moulton; she was sparkling with mirth and beauty, yet free from coquetry.

She was only sixteen, and was visiting her cousin, George Elwood, at his city home. He had grown to love her—in a cousinly way, to be sure! But one evening during her visit he entered his mother's sitting-room, and after glancing furtively around in a vain endeavor to find something that was evidently missing, there was a vacancy, and it was quickly revealed to him.

"Where is Helen?" he inquired.

"She has gone home," replied his mother.

"Gone! Why did she leave so suddenly?"

"A telegram came, saying little Eddie was very ill, and she hurried off."

George silently asked himself how he was to fill up the time his cousin had made pass so delightfully. He sat down to tea, but could not eat. He was listening for a familiar footstep at his side. Everything seemed to speak of her. He retired to his study; there lay the unfinished book, with the leaf turned down by Helen's fingers. He resolved to write to her, and did so. This relieved his loneliness a little; and then he read till midnight the book they had commenced together. A few days elapsed; then came the following note:

"Dear Cousin George—Your letter must have been written in great haste, and under the impulse of momentary excitement. By the time this reaches you I know my cousin will endorse all that his Cousin Helen says. The memory of those pleasant hours passed with you and dear Auntie will ever afford me many delightful thoughts, as I review them in the solitude of my secluded home; but, dear cousin, I must repeat what I have so often said to your appeals—that no fonder feelings must ever be permitted between us than a pure, sweet, cousinly affection.

"Yours, lovingly, Helen."

"The same words," he exclaimed, "that she is always ringing in my ears, Cousin, cousin, cousin! that death-blow to all my hopes."

Uncertainty was tugging at this young man's heart. The future seemed drawn with intersecting lines. No oasis invited him through the labyrinth of doubt to a certain goal. His banner star refused to shine, and George was unhappy. Young men sometimes go to the club when in trouble; sometimes they plunge into dissipation, grasping the wine cup for relief. But George Elwood, in this case, went to his mother, and sweet were his dreams after that twilight interview. He did not reveal the story of his love. Oh, no! But that mother revealed to him in a pleasant conversational tete-a-tete, instituted for a definite purpose by himself, certain facts, which he hugged as a miser hugs his gold—tenaciously, for very love of it.

On the following morning our hero stood on the threshold of his beloved home saying adieu to the inmates. He was about to take a journey. Already could be heard in the distance the shrill sound of an engine's whistle.

"Now, George, remember me to Helena, kiss the dear children for me; good bye."

"Good-bye, mother," came in response.

The morning sun had reached the zenith of its glory; beautiful September was hastening to a close. Already the summer foliage was loosening its hold on the summer branches which had so gladly sheltered the tired traveller on his dusty march through the little village of M——. Fruit still clung to the old trees of the orchard, beside which nestled a low white cottage. Silence reigned about it, and the gentle flutter of a white dress among the flowers in the garden betrayed the only sign around that pretty parsonage. Helena was gathering some late blossoms, when the click of the gate caused her to turn suddenly and *find herself face to face with "Cousin George."* A blush, beautiful as the morning suffused her cheeks and brow as she exclaimed,—"Dear Cousin George!"

A frown disfigured her friend's white brow for a moment at the word "Cousin," then taking both her little hands in his, he looked down into the pure depths of those dark eyes.

"What brought you down?" she asked. "I hope all are well?"

"I can tell you who brought me down," he said, laughingly.

But George Elwood, brave as he thought himself to be, could not muster courage, now that he was in the presence of her he loved, to tell her so. It was sweet to *breathe the same air, drink in the loved* tones, revel in the pure sunshine of Helena's smile; to watch her footsteps, ride by her side, read with her, in fact, dream the days away like one in a trance.

A week rolled by. One day, as the two pleasure-seekers were returning from a drive, Helena beheld, as they neared home, Dick Summers, whom she greeted, George was inclined to think, rather warmly. But her gentle manner won all hearts, and why not his? The two gentlemen shook hands and were soon in friendly conversation, for they were acquainted.

The presence of Dick Summers decided George to learn his fate on the morrow. Descending to the dining room the following *morning he was greeted with:*

"Good morning, Cousin George. How did you rest?"

"Very well, thank you. But, Helena, no more cousining, please. We are only third cousins anyway, and I love you as only a true man can love a beautiful woman. Will you be my wife?"

Helen, remembering her obligations to her father's family, looked up through glistening tears saying:

"How can I marry and deprive the little ones of my care."

"Ah, then, your father has not told you he is to bring home a wife?"

"No, but I can trust papa and know he has chosen wisely, and since you love me and papa does not need me, why I don't see why you should not have me."

He kissed her blushing cheeks and lips as they walked out on to the porch, when lo, in front of them was Dick Summers in the act of dismounting. After the greeting, he said:

"Well, I'm off for New York."

"What's your hurry?" said George.

"Well, to tell the truth, I came down to propose to your cousin, and you are the last person I suspected of being a rival. But since Charley and I," patting his horse's neck, "witnessed the little by-play in the porch just now, I wish you joy!"

Dick left as he said he would, and George soon followed, having won his cousin for a wife.

A BOY IN THE ROLE OF JONAH.

Lowered Into an Elephant's Stomach to Remove An Indigestible Iron Bar.

Apropos to the incident related recently of the death of Zipp, the big elephant at Barboo, Wis., from having swallowed a chain weighing 90 pounds, a reminder was called up and related by Dr. Hume of Denver.

"Just prior to the demise of the much lamented Phineas T. Barnum I was touring in Connecticut and called upon the great showman at Bridgeport, who invited me to see the circus animals in winter quarters. On arriving at the great caravansary where the wonders that tour the country year after year are stored, the illustrious owner was informed that Beta, the prize trick elephant, was ailing. All the symptoms of the poor beast pointed to the fact that she was suffering from acute gastralgia and means had been tried to relieve her without avail.

"It was finally discovered that Beta had by some means wrenched off an iron bar from her stall, and as it could not be found it was surmised that she had swallowed it, and which accounted for the gastric irritation of the valuable pachyderm.

"Mr. Barnum saw that poor Beta must soon succunb to the inflammation caused by such a large foreign body and with ready wit resolved on a unique plan to remove it. Attached to his large winter hotel was a small colored boy who went by the name of Nigger Joe. He was but little larger than a full-grown possum, and P. T. sent for him and explained that he must take a rubber tube in his mouth to breath through, and, with a rope round his waist, must go down into the elephant's stomach and get out that bar of iron.

"Joe rolled his eyes and demurred, but he knew his employer too well to refuse. Accordingly Joe was anointed with a pound of vaseline and, Beta being safely gagged, he was gently pushed down the giant œsophagus head first, a smooth stick well oiled landing him at the bottom. According to instructions the boy soon gave three tugs at the rope to be pulled out again, and sure enough, tightly clasped in Joe's hands was the offending and indigestible iron bar. It is needless to say that Beta's life was saved and that Nigger Joe was handsomely rewarded for his cure of the valuable elephant's indigestion."

A Curious Marriage Custom.

The marriage customs in some parts of Brittany are very curious. In Cornuille the village tailor is the important personage to whom the candidate for matrimony applies for a list of eligible girls. Having selected one, the tailor at once proceeds to the maiden's father, carrying a wand of broom. He is dressed for the occasion in official stockings, one of which is of violet color and the other red, and with him is the suitor and his nearest relative. While the family chiefs are making their arrangements the lovers retire to the other end of the house and discourse their own "sweet music." It is necessary that the engaged pair should put an end themselves to the term of negotiation. They approach, holding each other by the hand, to the table where their parents or relatives are seated, when bread wine, and brandy are brought in. The young man and the maiden eat with the same knife and fork and drink out of the same cup, and the day for the union is then agreed upon.

The subject of men's hats is engaging the attention of a number of London newspapers and their readers. Mr. Labouchere has headed a crusade against the "top hat," and speaks in favor of some kind of a soft felt hat as a substitute. One correspondent urges the adoption of a three-cornered variety, as combining in the highest degree all the qualities required in a hat. "It is becoming to everybody," he says, "smart looking, compact, handy, warm, weather-proof, and is not easily blown off." The Prince of Walesi s anxiously looked to for a sign on the proper thing.

IMPORTS AND EXPORTS.

Trade With the Old Country is Growing Rapidly.

An interesting and encouraging series of tables showing the trend and volume of Canadian trade has been issued by Mr. N. Clarke Wallace, Controller of Customs, and submitted to his Excellency. Exports show an increase of $15,500,000, and imports increased $8,500,000. The year 1882 was, up to the past year the "high water mark" of our exports—the value being $102,137,203. In 1892, however, they were $113,963,375. The excess of imports over exports since Confederation is $511,118,981, or a yearly average of $20,444,759.

The course of trade has changed during the past year—it has trended steadily from the United States to the Mother-land—but at the same time it has grown to a gratifying degree with the West Indies, China and Japan, showing that the Government's efforts in these directions to find markets are meeting with success.

The following table shows the imports by provinces with the amount of duty collected thereon:—

	Value.	Duty.
Ontario	$45,962,291	$8,295,786 79
Quebec	56,239,869	7,591,866 46
Nova Scotia	9,788,609	1,293,614 67
New Brunswick	5,542,551	1,010,579 65
Manitoba	3,017,140	775,923 18
British Columbia	6,358,976	1,412,878 27
P. E. Island	440,286	153,197 55
N. W. Territories	86,316	16,626 16
	$127,406,068	$20,550,173, 53

Owing to the abolition of the sugar duties the importation of this commodity shows a large increase compared with 1890.

With reference to the exports, Canada sent to England in 1890 3,600 dozen of eggs, valued at $820; last year the record was 3,987,655 dozen, valued at $592,218. In these same years there was a great falling off in the shipment of eggs to the United States. The exports of butter also show a gratifying increase.

INLAND REVENUE REPORT.

The figures in the report of the Controller of Inland Revenue for 1892 are most encouraging, being considerably in excess of the previous year. In 1892 the total amount of inland revenue accrued was $8,076,526 as against $6,905,005 in 1891. A decrease is noted in the quantity of malt taken for consumption to the extent of about 20 per cent., as compared with 1890-91, and 12½ per cent., as compared with the average of the preceding four years. The total quantity was 46,425,882 pounds. This is doubtless owing to decreased production of malt liquors, on account of the increase of the duty upon malt from one to two cents per *pound.*

The following table shows the annual consumption per head of population of the articles mentioned:

Year.	Spirits.	Beer.	Wine.	Tobacco
1889	.776	3.263	.097	2.153
1890	.883	3.360	.104	2.141
1891	.745	3.790	.111	2.292
1892	.701	3.516	.101	2.293

Better than Nothing.

Servant—"Please, sir, the coal is all out."

Mr. Wearie—"Well, here's a big pile of dunning letters for that last ton. Burn them."

Women are not slow to comprehend. They're quick. They're alive, and yet it was a man who discovered the *one* remedy for their *peculiar* ailments. The man was Dr. Pierce.

The discovery was his "Favorite Prescription"—the boon of delicate women. Why go round "with one foot in the grave," suffering in silence—misunderstood—when there's a remedy at hand that isn't an experiment, but which is sold under the *guarantee* that if you are disappointed in any way in it, you can get your money back by applying to its makers.

We can hardly imagine a woman's not trying it. Possibly it may be true of one or two—but we doubt it. Women are ripe for it. They must have it. Think of a prescription and nine out of ten waiting for it. Carry the news to them!

The seat of sick headache is not in the brain. Regulate the stomach and you cure it. Dr. Pierce's Pellets are the Little Regulators.

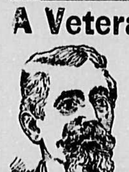
"It is always best to lie on the right side," remarked the stump speaker when he heard of the election of the man he had been advocating.

Signs of Spring.

All lovers of gardening will revel in the handsome catalogue of seeds, bulbs, roses, plants, etc., just issued by the Steele, Briggs, Marcon Seed Co., of Toronto. This firm stands at the head of their profession in the Dominion, and are noted for the reliability of the seeds they sell and for fair dealing. This year they have added Greenhouses to their already immense business and offer for '93 everything new in roses, carnations, palms and other plants. Novelties offered by American Seedsmen can be procured from this firm and so save express and duty. The latest novelty, "Datura" or "Horn of Plenty," a grand flower, is illustrated on front cover of their catalogue and it is a marvel of beauty. We recommend our farmers and gardening friends to write for a copy and to be particular in mentioning this paper.

The socialist is generally a man you would not like to have on your socialist.

A Veteran's Story



Jos. Hemmerich.

Mr. Joseph Hemmerich, an old soldier, 529 E. 146th St., N. Y. City, writes us voluntarily. In 1862, at the battle of Fair Oaks, he was stricken with **typhoid fever,** and after a long struggle in hospitals, lasting several years, was discharged as incurable with **Consumption.** Doctors said both lungs were affected and he could not live long, but a comrade urged him to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. Before he had finished one bottle his cough began to get loose, the choking sensation left, and night sweats grew less and less. He is now in good health and cordially recommends

Hood's Sarsaparilla

as a general blood purifier and **tonic medicine,** especially to his comrades in the G. A. R.

Hood's Pills are hand made, and are perfect in composition, proportion and appearance.

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Agents everywhere.

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

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

Silencing Complaints

Servant—"Please, mum, the boarders complained that the steak was tough this morning."

Mrs. Slimdiet—"Too bad. Give them liver to-morrow."

Servant—"And they want maple sirup for their griddle cakes."

Mrs. Slimdiet—"Omit the griddle cakes."

Have You Asthma?

Dr. R. Schiffmann, St. Paul, Minn., will mail a trial package of Schiffmann's Asthma Cure *free* to any sufferer. Gives instant relief in worst cases, and cures where others fail. Name this paper and send address.

If the conceit was taken out of some people there wouldn't be enough of 'em left to hang clothes on.

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

Kate Field asks: "How many women marry a good man?" One at a time, Kate, except in Utah.

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

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A. P. 645.

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

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become listless, fretful, without energy, thin and weak. Fortify and build them up, by the use of

SCOTT'S EMULSION

OF PURE COD LIVER OIL AND HYPOPHOSPHITES Of Lime and Soda.

Palatable as Milk. AS A PREVENTIVE OR CURE OF COUGHS OR COLDS, IN BOTH THE OLD AND YOUNG, IT IS UNEQUALLED. Genuine made by Scott & Bowne, Belleville. Salmon Wrapper; at all Druggists, 50c. and $1.00.

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

I CURE FITS!
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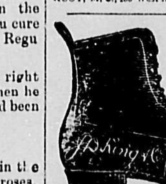

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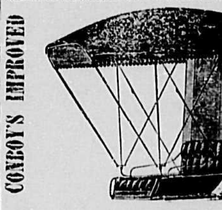

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If so, USE Dr. CLARK'S CATARRH CURE. It never fails. IT CURES CATARRH IN THE HEAD THROAT AND NOSE, COLD IN THE HEAD, HAY FEVER, INFLAMED PALATE AND TONSILS, restores the sense of smell, and drives away the DULL HEADACHE experienced by all who have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

"German Syrup"

Croup. We have selected two or three lines from letters freshly received from parents who have given German Syrup to their children in the emergencies of Croup. You will credit these, because they come from good, substantial people, happy in finding what so many families lack—a medicine containing no evil drug, which mother can administer with confidence to the little ones in their most critical hours, safe and sure that it will carry them through.

Ed. L. Willits, of Alma, Neb. I give it to my children when troubled with Croup and never saw any preparation act like it. It is simply miraculous.

Mrs. Jas. W. Kirk, Daughters' College, Harrodsburg, Ky. I have depended upon it in attacks of Croup with my little daughter, and find it an invaluable remedy.

Fully one-half of our customers are mothers who use Boschee's German Syrup among their children. A medicine to be successful with the little folks must be a treatment for the sudden and terrible foes of childhood, whooping cough, croup, diphtheria and the dangerous inflammations of delicate throats and lungs.

IMPORTANT.

The preparation of delicious and wholesome food is necessary to our happiness. To accomplish this fine materials must be used. We recommend
EMPIRE BAKING POWDER
as containing strength, purity and safety Guaranteed to give satisfaction. Manufactured only by ELLIS & KEIGHLEY, Toronto Sold a 25cts pound tin. Ask your grocer for i

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

GET ONLY CHAS. CLUTHE'S TRUSS
IMPROVED THE LAST 20 YEARS NOTHING BETTER UNDER THE SUN
FOR **RUPTURE**
SEND FOR QUESTION SHEET. ON RECEIPT OF ANSWERS, LET ME SELECT WHAT IS REQUIRED. WILL SEND YOU PRICE. GOODS ARE SENT BY MAIL, REGISTERED, CORRECT AND CHEAP.
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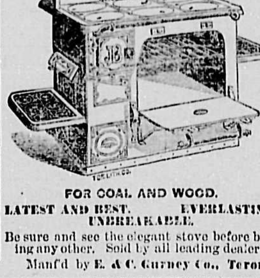

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Great Discounts allowed for 1893.

Rennie's Famous Seeds At extremely low prices for "1893."
PARCEL "A" . . for . . 25c.—Rennie's Illustrated Guide, 100 pages, and 1 pkge. each Wonderful Japanese Climbing Cucumber, (15c.); Famous Giant Prize-Taker Onion, (10c.); New Winter Pineapple Musk Melon, (10c.); Rennie's New Queen Pea, (10c.) Postpaid 25c.

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WM. RENNIE, Toronto, Ont.

AGRICULTURAL.

How Farmers Should Combine Capital.

In the January issue we urged the importance of farmers, with small farms, combining capital so as to be able to purchase with greatest economy all such machines as really save labor and cheapen cost of production, and, also, to purchase such seed animals as are necessary to improve their domestic animals and render them really profitable. In this article we purpose to give a few hints on the best methods of combining capital and using labor-saving machinery and seed animals of improved blood.

We would say here, that we have long been of the opinion that the ideal farmer of this country, the one who is to elevate the vocation and afford the best illustration of the intelligent, prosperous, successful farmer and citizen, will be the small farmer of 100 acres, or under, who cultivates his land thoroughly, and surrounds his dwelling with beauty, convenience, comfort and even luxury, especially such luxuries as are produced from the soil. The greatest obstacle in the way of realizing this ideal is the inability of the small farmer to stock his farm with such machinery as will enable him to produce at as low cost as the large farmer, and thus successfully compete with him. We have held, in opposition to the theories of those who deny that there can be any rightful ownership of land, that the farmer who comes in legal possession of so much land as is necessary to employ his mental and physical capacities for labor and enable him to support his family, has as just claim to ownership of that land as any other property owner has to his property, but when a man takes possession of large tracts of land, which he does not need and does not properly cultivate, keeping others from entering and cultivating it, we are not moved to say anything in advocacy of such claims.

We are aware that it is not an easy matter to indicate a plan by which a number of farmers can form a partnership or joint stock association for the purchase and ownership of machines and blood stock, that shall operate with justice and equity to all the members and give no cause for complaint. In the first place, we would recommend no loose association of neighbors, verbally agreeing to purchase, own and use certain property jointly. Such associations are pretty certain to result in misunderstandings, disagreements, heart burnings and, probably, ligitations. Our idea would be to organize legal joint stock corporations, for well and clearly defined purposes, everything to be well understood and in writing. A dozen near neighbors, working from 1000 to 1500 acres of land, in as nearly a square body as possible, could meet together and talk the matter over. They could determine what machines it would be economical for them to own jointly, which would be, probably, such as they would want to use for a short time only, in certain seasons, say a drill for seeding, spring and autumn; possibly a roller, corn planter and perhaps a disk harrow, and mower, harvestor and threshing machine. Whenever a practicable husking machine shall be invented that would, likely, be included, and a potato digger whenever we have one that is really labor-saving and economical. Perhaps a large cutting machine would also be wanted and a traction steam-engine to operate threshing machine, cutting-machine, possibly buzz-saw in some localities where wood is still plentiful.

Then, they might include such seed animals as a stallion, a bull, a ram, a boar, all of best blood, or, perhaps, a stallion might profitably cover a larger territory. It could easily be estimated how much would be required to make all necessary purchases and then 25 to 50 per cent. added for repairs and other necessary expenses. This would constitute the capital stock, which should be divided into shares of convenient size, $25, $50 or $100 each. This stock should be taken by the neighbors, exclusively, and in proportion to the number of acres each member has under cultivation. It would not be necessary to pay down the full amount of all the shares at once. A certain percentage could be paid at organization and future assessments made as funds were required to make further purchases.

Some of the most reliable men should be chosen as trustees, and a president, secretary and treasurer-elect. The treasurer should expend the money, and the secretary keep the accounts and have custody of property. A building suitable for housing all the property, should be erected at the home of the secretary to be leased to the association. The secretary should be located as near the centre of the area covered by the stockholders, as practicable.

In the bylaws it should be stated, how much should be charged for use, per day or per acre, for every machine, and how much for service of every animal and such charges should be entered against every stockholder using machines and animals. At the end of the year the company should be credited with the value of earnings of property which should be divided among the shares of stock. If any stockholder has had more than his share of use he would fall in debt to the company, and if any had less his credits would exceed his debts.

The by-laws should explicitly state the rules of precedence in use of machines, as there the greatest danger of trouble would arise. Those who should first get ready to use the machines should enter their names and use them in order of record, and as soon as done return to secretary. The secretary should carefully examine each machine before and after each member should use it, and any damage appearing, not necessarily resulting from wear, charged to the one who caused it.

We are aware that we have only hinted at the details that would be necessary in such joint stock operations, but we are confident that such organizations are feasible, if farmers will enter them and conduct them on ordinary business principles, and we believe that they would result in great pecuniary benefit to those engaging in them. We ask our readers to discuss the question, offering such objections, if any, as they may think would operate to render them impracticable.

Make Early Preparation.

An experience of over half a century has taught us that few things connected with the farm give greater enjoyment to the entire family of the farmer than a well-arranged, well-stocked, well-tilled, garden. It is well arranged when located adjoining the dooryard in such a way as to augment the beauty of the landscape, and to be of easy access from both sitting-room and kitchen. If difficult of access it will not be visited so frequently in those spare moments of time snatched from the busy lives of those engaged in carrying on a farm, whether indoors or out; for, be it known that we regard the housekeepers, the cooks, who prepare the food for supplying the energy required to perform the outdoor labor and make everything pleasant, restful and comfortable in the indoor life of the farmer, quite as really the workers on the farm as those who till and sow and reap the harvests.

The second requisite in a garden is that it be well stocked; that is, that it grows those species of vegetables and fruits most enjoyed by the members of the family. Tastes differ greatly, even in children of the same parents as well as in the parents. It is a waste of time to grow kinds that none of the family care for, while any decided predeliction of any member, however humble, should be respected. A free discussion of the matter around the evening lamp, will soon settle what varieties it is best to cultivate. In the meantime do not forget the ornamental. Feed ideality as well as the physical. Have flowers somewhere, either on the lawn or in the garden.,

The third point mentioned was well tilled. A neglected garden is repulsive to every one who sees it. If you cannot resolve to give it good culture, whatever betides you had better never commence a garden. A neglected garden will react upon the characters of the growing children and of the parents, too. You know very well that where there is a will to do a thing, to carry out any plan, a way will be found.

Now, we know very well, both from experience and observation, that a farmer will be much more likely to have a good garden the following season if he begins preparations early. An important preparation is to secure the seeds. This can be done by your winter fireside, when old Boreas is sweeping down from the north with greatest velocity and hurling upon earth his sharp snow crystals. Order a few seed catalogues from the most reputable seedsmen, study them well, make your selections and send on your orders. When you get your seeds it may be well to test them and see how reliable they are. A dozen of each kind, kept moist in earth or bran, or moss or even in cotton flannel, and kept warm under the stove, will begin to sprout in a few days, and you can judge of the vitality of the seeds by the percentage that germinates.

Then, again, you may think it advisable to start some kinds of vegetable and flower seeds in boxes, so as to have good strong plants to transplant into the garden as soon as the soil is well warmed up in the spring. If you do not care to bother with hotbed, you will want to start some tomato plants, at least, for to wait for tomatoes to grow in the open ground, from seed, is to shorten the season of fruitage wonderfully.

The following annual flowers may be started in the house and will bear transplanting well: Antirrhinum (or snap dragon) asters, balsams, dianthus, portulacca, petunias, phlox drummondii, salvia, stock ten weeks and zinnia. Shallow boxes, with from two to three inches in depth of soil, will answer every purpose in forwarding plants.

Another preparation that can be made to good advantage in winter is manuring. Select some of the finest, most rotten manure that you can find about the stables and spread over the survace of your garden immediately. If the ground is covered with snow all the better. When the snow melts and the rains fall the manure will be dissolved and soak into the soil, ready to feed the plants as soon as the seed is sown and germinates.

If these preliminary operations are attended to in winter you will be likely to plant a garden in the spring, if not, you will probably be too busy to attend to it and go another year with nothing worthy of the name garden on your premises.

A GREAT LONDON INSTITUTION.

The Origin of Lloyd's and the Way in Which It Transacts Business.

A1 at Lloyd's. How few of the people who use this expressian know really all it means, that the ships and steamers which reach the highest class, 100A1 for iron and A1 for wooden vessels, have to undergo a severe examination and careful survey of all their principal parts. It is a kindred association called Lloyd's register of British and foreign shipping which does the surveying and classing. Its office is in White Lion court, Cornhill, London, and, for the benefit of the underwriters at Lloyd's especially and the community at large, it publishes every year a book showing every detail of each vessel, and it is from this book, called "Lloyd's Register," that the underwriter knows whether the vessel is a good or bad one, and in some cases knows more than the captain who commands her.

"What is Lloyd's?" The great institution, with 570 members, about 620 subscribers, and an equal number of substitutes, began in a very small way. In the latter part of the seventeenth century an Edward Lloyd kept a coffee house in Tower street, and later in Pope's Head alley, and to this coffee house flocked the merchants and brokers of London to talk over business. There they used to agree to share with each other their marine risks, and started a newspaper called Lloyd's List, giving all the latest intelligence of their maritime ventures, and so this small body grew in its limited surroundings for almost 100 years, till 1774, when with seventy-nine members, it migrated, taking with it the old name, to the first floor of the Royal Exchange, where it has remained ever since, and besides its members and subscribers, has now over 1,500 agents at all the different seaports who take charge of the underwriters' interests.

These agents are chosen from the most trustworthy of the merchants at each place and the appointment is much coveted, for although there is no fixed remuneration, yet there are a number of emoluments in the way of fees, besides the prestige which helps to bring more business. The "Room," as habitues call it, is guarded by a barrier, at which stands a red-coated janitor to see that no stranger passes through, for no one but members or subscribers is allowed to enter. These, however, can introduce strangers. You ask for the person you wish to see, and, after a name quite unintelligible to you has been called out, your friend appears and you walk in at his invitation and see before you a long room with three rows of desks, at which the underwriters and their substitutes sit. The gangways are filled with brokers and their clerks, showing the underwriters' ships on which the nature of the risk is written, and, should he like the risk, he writes down the amount he wishes to run the risk of losing should the vessel be lost or damaged, and his initials. So from desk to desk the broker goes, until he has completed the amount he wishes to insure, after which a policy is made out, to which the underwriters affix their names and respective "lines."

At the end of the large room there is a small apartment where some more underwriters sit. As you go past the barrier you will be struck with the fearful noise going on, and marvel that the mortals rushing here and there should be able to catch their respective names when called, yet so accustomed do they get to the buzz and so clearly and distinctly does Farrant, the jovial crier, call them out that they very seldom have to be repeated. On the left as you enter is the superintendent's room, beside which is the "loss book," in which is written all the serious casualties. At this book all the underwriters and brokers look first in the morning and then pass on to what is called the "chamber of horrors." This is a small room, on the walls of which all the casualties, great and small, are posted, also notices of the committee and all the telegrams announcing the welcome news of the safe arrival, the speaking or the departure of vessels, or the disastrous tidings of a loss.

The arrivals are posted into large books in the order they are telegraphed before being posted into large alphabetical index books in which the initiated can trace the movement of any vessel on any particular date with ease. These books are on sloping desks in the reading room and are constantly being posted by a staff of clerks who are kept busy night and day. In this reading room are kept books in which the record of every captain from the time he gets his master's certificate is written. There are also all the directories of the principal towns in the world, which are religiously filed and kept for reference, and a host of other books, etc., necessary for the information of those doing business there.

A Little Too Polite.

Strange Lady—"I beg your pardon, but I heard you mention Mrs. Upperten's name, and I know she has been very sick. Can you tell me how she is?"

Gentleman—"She is dead."

Strange Lady—"Thank you."

Lady's Friend (in a whisper)—"Horrors! You should not have said 'thank you.' That gentleman is Mrs. Upperten's physician."

Enough to Kill.

Doctor—"I see what the matter is. It's dyspepsia. All you have to do is to laugh heartily before and after each meal."

Mrs. Binks—"Impossible. I get them myself, and wash the dishes."

PEARLS OF TRUTH.

Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.

When flattery is unsuccessful, it is but the fault of the flatterer.

One cannot live to be a hero, but one can always be a man.

If God bears with the worst of us, we can surely endure each other.

Give what you have. To some one it may be better than you dare to think.

Many a smiling face hides a mourning heart; but grief alone teaches what we are.

Where there is much pretension, much has been borrowed; nature never pretends

The feathered arrow of satire has often been wet with the heart's blood of its victim.

We are our own worst and most dangerous society when we are in trouble.

A kind heart is a fountain of gladness making everything in its vicinity freshen into smiles.

The chains of habit are generally too small to be felt until they are too strong to be broken.

Our grand business is not to see what lies dimly at a distance, but to see what lies clearly at hand.

Those who pay their employes good wages are more truly philanthropists than those who cut wages and give largely to chapels for the poor.

Unlimited good humor is one of the chief requisites of all good government, whether of one's self, a nursery, or a country.

Philanthropy, like religion, wants, first of all, the gift of the heart and soul of those who would do good to others. Unless you give yourself you can not help others.

How much trouble he avoids who does not look to see what his neighbor says or does or thinks, but only to what he does himself that it may be just and pure.

Luxury is materialistic and selfish; it retards the mental and spiritual development of a people and tends to impoverish a nation. Luxury breeds luxury as sin begets sin.

Hope spiritualizes the earth. Hope makes it always new, and even in the earth's best and brightest aspect, hope shows it to be only the shadow of an infinite bliss hereafter.

Science has done much for us, but it is a poor science that would hide from us the great, deep, sacred infinitude of nescience, whither we can never penetrate, on which all science swims as a mere superficial film. This world, after all our science and sciences, is still a miracle; wonderful, inscrutable magical and more to whosoever will think of it.

APPALLIN G DEPTHS OF SPACE.

Stellar Distances That Stun the Mind and Baffle Comprehension.

Sir Robert Bell, at the Royal Institution on Saturday afternoon, delivered the last of his lectures on astronomy. He took for his subject "The Stars," those orbs which, though appearing so small to us, because of their immense distance, are, in reality, great and shining suns. If, he said, we were to escape from the earth into space, the moon, Jupiter, Saturn, and eventually the sun would become invisible; but, far as we are from the stars, they still shine brightly to us. Many of these stars are heavier than our sun. For example, Mizar, the middle star in the tail of the Great Bear, is forty times as heavy as the sun. To the naked eye there are five or six thousands of these heavenly bodies visible. In all probability there are worlds revolving round them.

Sixty-one Cygni is the nearest star to us in this part of the sky. Alpha Centauri, in the constellation Centaur, in the southern hemisphere, is the nearest of all the stars. The sun is a long way off, 93,000,000 miles. Now, multiply this by 200,000, and the result is, roughly speaking, 20,000,000,000,000, and this is the distance we are from Alpha Centauri. Take the speed of an electric current, which is nearly the same as that of light, 180,000 miles per second—suppose a message to be sent at this speed from a point on the earth's surface, it would go seven times around the earth in one second. Again, let it be supposed that messages were sent off to the different heavenly bodies. To reach the moon at this rate it would take about one second. In eight minutes a message would get to the sun, and, allowing for a couple of minutes' delay, one could send a message to the sun and get an answer all within twenty minutes. But to reach Alpha Centauri it would take three years; and as this is the nearest of the stars, what time must it take to get to the others? If, when Wellington won the battle of Waterloo in 1815, the news had been telegraphed off immediately, there are some stars so remote that it would not yet have reached them. To go a step further, if in 1066 the result of the Conquest had been wired to some of these stars, the message would still be on its way. If the tidings of the first Christmastide in Bethlehem had been sent to the stars, there are some orbs, situated in the furthermost depths of space, which could not receive the message for a long time yet.

Great Britain at the Fair.

The total space occupied by Great Britain and the Colonies at Chicago will in all probability be more than 500,000 square feet, exceeding the amount occupied in Paris in 1878, viz., 360,000 square feet, the largest space before filled by the British Section at any exhibition. In Vienna 170,000 square feet were occupied, at Philadelphia 195,000, at Paris, in 1889, 233,000. At Paris in 1889, Belgium occupied 120,000, the United States 113,000, square feet. No other country had more than 65,000. Of the total area, allotted to Great Britain and the Colonies at the Chicago Exhibition it is probable that Great Britain alone will occupy about 300,000 square feet. While the remaining 200,000 will be occupied by contributions from the British Colonies, the great countries which, practically independent and self-governing, lend, on such an occasion as the present, so much strength to the Empire, and enable it to hold a position that without such aid it could never pretend to occupy. This is an advantage which no other one possesses, and one of which we Britons may surely with some justice be proud. It is not very easy to ascertain accurately the way in which space was divided between the mother country and the Colonies in previous exhibitions. At Paris in 1889 the Colonies and India only took up 38,000 square feet of the total area of 230,000. At Philadelphia the proportion was very much larger, and the Colonies seem to have occupied more than a third of the whole space.—[Henry Trueman Wood, in North American Review.

The Feeding of Schoolgirls.

In the feeding of schoolgirls, says the Hospital, the first thing to do is to provide them with an appetite; and this can always be done if intelligence is at the head of affairs. The girls should have a liberal supply of fresh, well-cooked meat at least twice a day. In addition to this they should have eggs and fish three or four days a week. A great variety of thoroughly nourishing puddings should be provided for them; and plenty of vegetables of the freshest and best. Milk should be abundant and fresh fruit plentiful. They should have four good meals in the day. They should never study within an hour and a half after one meal, and half an hour before the next. Four hours a day of thoroughly diligent study is as much as the average girl can well stand. Five hours are too long for many girls, and six too much for all but the very strongest. We have purposely avoided the laying down of minute rules, but we hope that enough has been said to show parents what ought to be done for their daughters during school life, and to persuade them to insist that it shall be done.

The Whole Story.

Kind Lady—"Why is it that boys like to stone cats?"

Bad Boy—"'Cause cats can't stone back."

CATS ARE MALIGNED.

Some of Them, However, Are Not so Very Bad.

There is not in all zoology a more maligned animal than the cat. It has even been stated that the unpleasant traits attributed to the vampire bat are wholly mythical. Yet no one has arisen to vindicate the cat. There are still rural communities—those not yet penetrated by the railroad and the telegraph—where they carry nutmegs for rheumatism and plant their gardens in the light of the moon, where the cat is carefully put out of doors every night lest he should suck the baby's breath. An authenticated example of this terrible habit on the part of poor puss has never been produced. It is like seeing a ghost. It always appears to somebody's second cousin, who told his great-aunt, who passed the legend down to the succeeding generation.

A cat's lack of attachment to its benefactor is another crime charged against the poor animal. Cats are not the only creatures who do not like their benefactors; there are hundreds of folks who hate 'em. As for pilfering, another fault, what man or woman is there who has not surreptitiously helped himself to some coveted dainty, and said nothing about it? People who have studied the ways of the cat species are surprised to find how many different types of character there are among them; the dull and the intelligent; the lazy and the industrious; the affectionate and the indifferent; the sober and the dignified, and the veritable harlequin.

A family who have always had a large collection tell many stories of the idiosyncrasies of their pets.

A BLACK AND WHITE.

Among them probably the queerest of all was a black and white female who had been denied the joys of motherhood. Never was the longing for offspring more strongly shown in a human being. She had a passionate interest in the kittens of all other cats more highly favored than herself. Not only would she watch their frisking and playing with wistful interest, but she was a hardened and persistent kidnapper. She was an incorrigible kitten-stealer that no punishment could cure. She would watch her opportunity when the real parent had slipped away for a breath of air, make a descent in the box or basket where her family had been left, and carry them away, one by one, until the whole litter had been abducted. She had all sorts of hiding places for the stolen babies—in the clothes-press, on the shelves of the store-room and between the blankets of the children's trundle-bed, and when the defrauded mother returned she witnessed her grief and lamentations with the utmost complacency, seeming to cherish her guilty secret.

Another cat was a mighty hunter—also a female with six kittens. Her master's house adjoined a wood, and before her kittens' eyes were opened she began to sally forth in search of prey which she considered adapted to their tender stomachs. Small moles, wood-mice, chipmunks, and flying squirrels were ruthlessly slaughtered, the family box being surrounded by their mangled remains. No amount of beating or other means of discipline could curb her bloodthirsty propensities.

A BORN CLOWN.

Another cat was a born clown. It could run and leap and turn somersaults like a trained poodle, and learned of its self a clever trick of opening doors. The house was an old-fashioned one, and many of the doors were supplied with ancient latches. The cat would spring up, thrust one paw through the curved piece of metal and tap the finger of the latch with the other until the door would fly open. Then she would walk in with pronounced pride in the achievement. The cellar of the house would occasionally get flooded with water. The entrance was through a pantry, upon the shelves of which kitchen supplies were kept. There was a pane of glass broken in the cellar and this Madame Puss discovered, using it as a means of ingress and egress. She was usually put out at night, having been provided with a snug box in the barn. But she very much preferred the rug in front of the grate, or better still, to curl up in bed with the children. One spring the rains were unusually heavy and the cellar was flooded. The cat went down the cellar steps and discovered it, experimented gingerly, and then retreated. While the flood was still at its height she was turned out to go to her own quarters, as usual, which she showed decided unwillingness to do.

In a little while there was heard a tap, tap on the latch and in walked the cat, not only dripping, but covered with flour. She had braved the waters, crawled through the hole in the window, swam the flood, and wound up the performance by knocking down a pan of flour from the shelf, with which her wet fur was coated from the ears to the tip of the tail. The family laughed immoderately and if ever there was a grin of sympathy depicted upon an animal's face it appeared upon that cat's. She seemed perfectly conscious of her ridiculous appearance and of what she had done.

A lady had a very beautiful Maltese tom, an animal of great size and sagacity. While he was yet a young kitten a spaniel puppy was added to the collection of family pets. Between the dog, which had the incongruous name of Phantom, and the cat, which was christened Timothy, there sprang up an immediate friendship. They had many a stirring romp and ate out of the same dish with the utmost amiability. When their mistress went to the meat market Phantom and Timothy both accompanied her, walking sedately by her side. It was only a short distance and when the place was reached Phantom went inside for his accustomed bone and Timothy ran up a tree by the door and perched on one of the lower branches, out of reach of alien dogs whom he had not converted to peace and good will. When his mistress and Phantom reappeared he gravely descended and trotted home again, sure of a choice tid-bid, which was never forgotten.

And the Maltese Tom and a small k ye terrier were also great chums, and played together constantly. They raced through and through the house over chairs and sofas, and even across the piano, but the cat had the advantage. The terrier was never permitted to go up stairs. When the play began a little too fast and furious the cat would dart up the steps and lie down on the upper landing, panting with exhaustion, while the dog squatted in the hall below waiting for her to descend. He was generally quiet, patient, watching his playmate eagerly, but politely refraining from any barking or yelping that might indicate her movements. When the cat had rested sufficiently she would rise, steal down the stairs with the utmost caution, and when within four or five steps from the bottom would leap upon the dog's back and away they would go again, racing through the rooms until the cat grew tired, when she would again take refuge on the stairs. This was the regular programme for the evening's entertainment.

CAT AND PIGEON.

The pigeon was a pet and was accustomed to come into the kitchen every morning to be fed. The cat was usually waiting for it and after it had eaten and it begun to coo and strut about the cat would seize it in its paw, roll over and over with it,, and kick it gently with his hind feet. The pigeon submitted good-naturedly, never seeming to realize that he was literally in the clutches of his natural enemy. They played together in this way for many months, the cat never attempting to harm his feathered friend, until the poor pigeon had to be sent away because of a very disagreeable and hopeless habit it had of roosting on the back and disturbing the slumbers of the family horse. Cats that have been bereaved of their kittens sometimes adopt strange foster children. One cat suckled a flying squirrel, caressing it with great affection. Another, and more remarkable still, brought home a family of young rats to take the place of the nurslings which had been drowned. She hid the adopted young ones very cunningly until they were pretty well grown. When they were told off for slaughter she evinced the greatest sorrow. One escaped and months afterward a rat caught in a wire trap was turned over to her to be killed. She sprang at it, then suddenly showed signs of recognition and refused to touch it. It was without doubt one of the family that she had taken to her heart when her kittens were drowned.

QUEER THEORY CONCERNING LEPROSY.

It Is Believed to Be Propagated by Cannibalism in Oceanica.

Mr. Boyle visited Burmah, the Malay native States, Sumatra, Siam, Borneo, Java, Australia, New Zealand, Samoa, the Sandwich Islands, and America. Of all the facts noted by him as a sanitarian the most remarkable are those relating to leprosy, a disease which he believes to be spreading to an alarming extent all over the world.

He was particularly struck by the gigantic proportions the evil has assumed in Burmah. The steps of the great Shwedagon pagoda at Rangoon, the Mecca of the Indo-Chinese Buddhists, he found to be "closely lined from top to bottom with lepers, suffering from that loathsome disease in its worst forms and most advanced stages." A number of the victims examined by Mr. Boyle "presented a most sickening and awful spectacle." Yet no provision worthy of the name appears to be made for the maintenance or treatment of these poor lepers, who are thus compelled to resort to begging to keep themselves in existence.

At Mandalay Mr. Boyle came in contact with horrors of a similar nature. During times of high festival the entrances of the great Arakan pagoda in that city are crowded by hundreds of lepers, so that the visitor has to pick his way carefully among them. In the Sandwich Islands, also, Mr. Boyle was strongly impressed by the terrible effects of the curse of leprosy, which, he says, has nearly decimated the native population.

He has a curious theory to the effect that the propagation of leprosy has been to a large extent connected with cannibalism, the disease "being spread wholesale through the eating of infected bodies." He has frequently seen in New Caledonia and the South Sea Islands human bodies "hanging up in the native huts, intended for future repasts, though then in an advanced stage of decomposition and exhaling a sickening odor."

Sir Richard Owen's Ghost Story.

The late Sir Richard Owen used to relate a remarkable ghost story. In his early days when he held the post of surgeon to the prison at Lancaster a negro died in the jail, and a postmortem as well as an inquest were necessary. After the inquest the young surgeon saw the body put in the coffin and the lid screwed down, to be ready for the funeral next day. Owen had at the time been already attracted to the study of comparative anatomy and negroes' heads were not plentiful; so he made up his mind that this one should not be lost to the cause of science. In the evening he returned to the prison with a black bag containing a brick—from his official position he had no difficulty in getting admittance to the mortuary, where the coffin lid was unscrewed and screwed down again. During this process the brick and the negro's dead changed places. The ground outside the principal entrance to the jail has a considerable descent, and the time being winter, with snow and frost, Owen had scarcely passed out when he slipped and fell all his length—the bag went from his hand, and the head tumbled out and rolled down the paved way. He jumped up, caught the bag, and following the head clutched it just as it finished its career in a small shop where tobacco was sold. Pushing it into the bag again, he vanished out of the shop with all the speed he was capable of.

Next morning when Owen was going to his usual duties at the prison, he was called in by the woman at the shop where the accident had occurred on the previous evening, She wished him to see her husband, who was very ill. He had had, she said, a fright the night before that caused him to look wild and dazed like. The man it turned out, was a retired sea captain, who had been in many adventures, among the west India Islands, when many deeds were done that did not at that time require to be accounted for. Among these had been the killing of a negro in which he had a hand, and the transaction had left a touch of trouble on his conscience. After giving the details, the old captain told of the horrible event that took place the night before. He was sitting in his shop, all was quiet, and it so chanced that he had been thinking of the negro, when suddenly he saw his very head roll into the shop in front of the counter, and it was followed by the devil, all in black, with a black bag in his hand. The devil snatched up the head, and both disappeared through the earth like a flash of lightning. The description was perhaps not quite complimentary to the young anatomist, but it was satisfactory so far that it showed that his identity had not been recognized.

The Tragic Side of Alpine Life.

These heavy crosses, each covered with a narrow, pointed roof and decorated with a rude picture, standing beside the path, or on the bridge, or near the mill—what do they mean? They mark the place where a human life has been lost, or where some poor peasant has been delivered from a great peril and has set up a memorial of his gratitude. They tell of the danger that lurks on the steep slopes of grass where the mowers have to go down with ropes around they waists, and in the beds of the streams where the floods sweep through in the spring, and in the forests where the great trees fall and crush men like flies, and on the icy bridges where a slip is fatal, and on the high passes where the winter snow storm blinds the eyes and benumbs the limbs of the traveler, and under the cliffs from which avalanches slide and rocks roll. They show you men and women falling from wagons and swept away by waters and overwhelmed in landslips. In the corner of the picture you may see a peasant with the black cross above his head—that means death. Or, perhaps, it is deliverance that the tablet commemorates—and then you see the miller kneeling beside a mill with a flood rushing down upon it, or a peasant kneeling in his harvest field under an inky-black cloud; or a landlord beside his inn in flames; or a mother praying beside her sick children; and above appears an angel or a saint, or the Virgin with her child.

A TERRIBLE WRECK.

Collision of a Passenger Train With a Cattle Train in Hungary.

A Buda Pesth, telegram says:—A passenger way train and a cattle train collided near Grau to-day. The cattle train was heavily loaded and its impetus forced the locomotive over the locomotive of the passenger train and into the first and second carriages. The other carriages of the passenger train were partially smashed. In the first carriages three persons were killed instantly and 10 more were severely, perhaps fatally injured. In the second carriage 15 persons were injured two so seriously that they are expected to die. In the other carriages 18 persons were cut or bruised, but none dangerously. The engine drivers of both trains were terribly burned, but may recover. Three hundred head of cattle were killed. Most of the injured who could be moved have been taken to the Grau hospital. The misplacement of a switch is supposed to have caused the accident.

Gave Him Warning.

Western Judge—"Why did you kill Long Jack?"

Hair-Trigger Ike—"He was a bad man, y'r Honor, an' it was a case o' chaw or be chawed."

Judge—"Did you give him any warning before you shot him?"

Hair-Trigger Ike—"O, yes, y'r Honor. I told him to hold up his hands."

ONE ENGINEER'S EXPERIENCES.

He Has Killed Twenty-two Persons, But Is Regarded as a Safe Man.

"Lafayette Truman, engineer of the Erie train that ran into the Eastern Illinois train Friday night, has killed twenty-two men." said C. R. McCullough, a brother engineer of the Chicago and Erie road, at the Clifton last night. "But," he continued, "in no case was he to blame, and in every case he has been exonerated by the jury. Most of these killings were at railroad crossings and in other similar accidents where the engineer could not be held responsible. He is only a young man, but I want to relate two experiences of his which show him to be possessed of a marvellous presence of mind.

"In October, 1890, he was engineer of a train that was dashing through burning forests near Lima, O., at the rate of sixty miles an hour. That night the sky was concealed by black storm clouds, and before the burning district was reached the darkness from the windows of the cars seemed impenetrable. Then, as the train proceeded, the horizon became hazily red. As the train sped on nearer, the blood-red clouds appeared to be tumbling about tumultuously as if it were a sea of fire buffeted by angry winds. At length the train seemingly plunged into the heart of this forest of fire.

"There was a straight stretch of track continuing for seven miles. As the train dashed along the fire sprang up in sheets from crackling, falling trees on either side, and above was a canopy of shifting, eddying, red smoke. Down the track, beyond the reach of the headlight, there was only a red blur. A bridge spanning a deep river was ahead somewhere. Suddenly, immediately in front, Truman saw a shower of big sparks fly upward. In an instant he was reversing his engine, and the train was brought to a standstill just on the edge of the river. It had flashed over him when he saw the sparks that the bridge was burning, and that a spar had fallen, sending up, as it went down, a show of light. He saved the train and the lives of 300 passengers. There is not one engineer in a thousand who would have arrived at the conclusion so quickly that the additional transitory light was from the bridge burning. They would have supposed it was an inconsequential part of the phenomena, and plunged on to destruction.

"The other incident, while not surrounded by the popular hero-like aspect lent by the forest fire and the run through it, was no less heroic, and showed a far greater presence of mind. This was in Ohio too, near Hepburn. His train this time was running at about the same rate, sixty miles an hour, when the rods on each side of the engine broke, instantly killing the fireman and wrecking the cab. Truman, to save himself, jumped into the tender. And there he was isolated, and it were, for the train was going sixty miles an hour, and the broken rods were flying madly and beating deafeningly, and it was impossible for him to reach an airbrake with the train going at that speed. He is only a young man, but he did something then that many old engineers have since told me they would never have thought of. He got out his pocket knife and cut the hose, thereby applying the automatic brake, and succeeded in stopping the train. I would rather ride behind that man," concluded Mr. McCullough, "than any engineer in the United States."

DEATH FROM FRIGHT.

Authentic Cases in Which It Has Been Known to Occur.

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

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

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

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

An Extraordinary Story.

An extraordinary story—one of the reality-beating-romance style—reaches us from Kieff. The news reads like a shilling-shocker or a Porte St. Martin drama, and, without entering into all the unsavoury details on which our correspondent dwells, we may summarise his narrative briefly, as follows: —It seems that, by the orders of the Central Revolutionary Committee, one of the affiliated was entrusted last October with the strange mission of eloping with the wife of one of the chiefs of the famous Third Section of the Imperial Chancellery, the object of the proceeding being to extort from Madam la Generale some information about a fresh system of reprisals against Nihilists, as planned by the High Police. The mission it appears was not one of extreme difficulty, for on the 10th of November the couple were travelling in Italy under the respective descriptions of Anna Ritter, vocalist, and Richard Werner, impresario, and several voluminous reports had been despatched to St. Petersburg. In the meantime, the escapade had been made known in every detail to the police all over the Empire, and when the couple returned on the 12th of December to Russia, and repaired to Kieff, that hot-bed of Nihilism, it was only to meet a speedy doom. Man and woman were recognised immediately, and his Excellency, telegraphed for from St. Petersburg, started without delay, and surprised his wife with her paramour in an hotel. Before the gendarmes who were following him could interfere, the General, drawing his sword, began to hack about, decapitating his wife with a tremendous blow, and mortally wounding the man. The body of the woman was buried the same night, and the wretched man thrown into prison, where every care will be taken that he does not die before he speaks out. So eager is the Russian Government to know every particular of this story that a special emissary has been despatched to retrace the route journeyed by the two overs.

Why He Stayed In.

Mother—"This is Saturday. Why don't you go out and play?"

Small Son—"I'm afraid I'll get too tired to sit still in church to-morrow."

Mother—"Well, if you are tired, you need not go to church. You need exercise, and should take it to-day. Two boys have been waiting for you out here for the past hour."

Small Son—"Y-e-s, they're waiting to lick me."

A Green Foreigner.

First Boy—"The paper says that when some train-robbers started to rob the passengers out West, a man jumped up an' knocked 'em down, and kicked 'em out."

Second Boy—"Guess he must a-been some immigrant wot hadn't been livin' in a free country long enough to get scared."

ONE OF THE OLD SONGS.

How the Indisposed Singer Conquered.

The immense hall was crowded with "all sorts and conditions of men," all impatient and eager to hear the much advertised new singer. The orchestra had played nearly all its repertoire, in order to prevent the audience from noticing the long wait, and still she did not come. When at last she did appear she was accompanied by her manager, who explained that the artist was suffering from a very unpleasant sore throat, and that, though rather than disappoint her kind friends she would try to sing, her selection would not be the brilliant aria on the programme, but a simple, old ballad. With a sweeping bow he retired, and the prelude began. A moment later the singer's voice fully proved that the sore throat was a stern reality, and not a deep-laid advertising scheme, as the wise ones of the audience had begun to suspect. She was quite hoarse, and when she reached the high note her voice almost "cracked," but still the worse she sung and the more nervous she became the more intently the people listened and the more interested they seemed.

But in truth, the majority of her hearers were far away in mind, though present in the flesh, and the sounds they heard were distant ones. The fat man in the corner who looked so intently at the singer's feet was thinking of the far away time when somebody had sung the very song to him, and the face at which he mentally gazed was a very different one from that of his wife, now sound asleep at home. The old maid by his side had a pleasant memory connected with that song, too, and the thought of it brightened her face and made her look so young and pretty that her old admirer across the aisle lost his heart all over again, and the "wedding bells" in his left ear came true soon after.

The servant girl sitting with her "feller" in the "nigger-heaven" grinned and tossed her head when the refrain began and hummed it softly to herself. "Sure, yer vice is sweeter'n her'n," whispered the "feller," and two people were in a state of blissful enjoyment for the next half hour. The gray-haired wrinkled old singing teacher in the parquette sighed and groaned and laughed all at once as he recalled his varied experiences with the well-worn music, and in front of him two pretty vocal students thought exultantly how beautifully they would be able to sing that song "next term." Alas! their teacher, might have told a different story, and that kindly old tyrant Time did so eventually, for one of them entered the heavenly college very soon and the other married a plumber. Up in the gallery two shabbily dressed women glanced sadly at one another, and one wiped away a tear, while not far from them the angry frown on one face and the bitter expression of the other told as plainly as words of a domestic tragedy.

MUSIC AND THE MUSICIAN.

Down in the orchestra seats the first violinist's face lighted up with a heavenly smile as he listened to the tender tune, for it was associated in his mind with a happy courtship, a merry wedding day, and thirty-five years of perfect married life.

In the first row a young man leaned back in his seat, and softly, unconsciously whispered: "Good-night, mother." as he thought of the long-dead woman who had so often sung him to sleep with that very air. She had intended him to become a Baptist minister, he remembered, with an amusing smile, and last night he had been sent to interview a gambling-house keeper, to-night he sat in the music hall (she had regarded all such places with holy horror, as wiles of the evil one,) and he blushed to think of where to-morrow might see him. Beside him another journalist sat smiling in a half-sad, half-happy way—a bright young woman about to give up the work she loved for the sake of the chubby little urchin whose golden head had nestled in her loving arms the last time she had heard that ballad.

And so, the song went on, the theatre was crowded with ghosts and spirits, ghastly skeletons, and pleasant visions. Wedding marches and merry dance tunes, funeral dirges jangled in soundless melody; people and dreams and hopes long dead came back to life again; babies that had never lived were cradled in loving, lonely arms; gold mines were discovered, difficulties surmounted, disagreements settled, mountains climbed, and oceans crossed. To some it murmured of still, pleasant country places; to others of the moaning sea, while not a few felt for the moment a breath of the fresh wind, which, in childhood, had seemed to blow all troubles away.

In some ears and hearts it sung a psalm of thanksgiving, in others it wailed a dreary despairing dirge; to others again it was the stirring call of a battle trumpet, but more than all it whispered of the hope and cheer which underlie all human sorrow. And so it came to pass that when the song was ended the applause was deafening and the singer felt obliged to return. Her next selection, a brilliant gavotte, was very well rendered, but the applause was faint and perfunctory, and the astonished artiste wondered why such a musical audience should show so little discrimination. If for a moment she could have looked back of the flowers and congratulations she recieved, the manager's delightful approbation, and the faces of her many new made friends she would have seen that the memories awakened, had pleased all hearts.

The Kangaroo as a Prize Fighter.

Among the recent developments in the world of sports, in Australia, is the training of a kangaroo to stand up and spar or box with a human antagonist. An exhibition of this curious kind of combat now takes place regularly at the Royal Aquarium, London, and it attracts many spectators.

The way in which the natural kangaroo spars in the bush, his birthplace, is peculiar. He places his front paws gently—almost lovingly—upon the shoulders of his antagonist, and then proceeds to disembowel him with a sudden and energetic movement of one of his hind feet. From this ingenious method of practicing the noble art of self-defense the kangaroo at the Royal Aquarium has been weaned. The clever instructor of this ingenious marsupial has trained it to conduct a contest under the conditions known as the Marquis of Queensberry's rules. It cannot be said that it adheres to these regulations quite so rigidly as the combatants who pummel one another at the National Sporting Club are required to do, On the contrary, it cannot wholly disabuse itself of the idea, favored by the French, though discountenanced by the English, that those who are attacked have as good a right, to defend themselves with their feet as with their fists. It affects *la savate* in preference to *le boxe*, a predilection which, considering the force with which a kangaroo can kick, might quite conceivably cause an injury to his antagonist. However, no harm, has as yet been done, and the encounter between human and marsurpial is spirited and novel, and admirably illustrates the power of man to bend the brute creation to his will.

A writer in a recent number of the Overland Monthly advocates the importation and domestication of the kangaroo in this country. He gives authorities showing the feasibility of the project, and believes the animal could be introduced and raised here with profit. The flesh of the kangaroo is highly esteemed as a food, and from the hides a valuable leather is made. These are legitimate uses of the animal. But it is shocking to think of degrading so useful a creature down to the level and equal of a brutal human prize fighter.

Emin Pasha is not dead, if latest report be true, and it is beginning to be felt that all future rumors of his decease will need discounting unless he comes to the front and confirms them.

The City of St. Petersburg is preparing to build a bridge over the Neva to cost $14,000,000. The plans and specifications were drawn by M. Eiffel, the distinguished French architect and engineer.

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Local notices, per line	20

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

No Advertisment inserted for less than 50 cents.

Wednesday, FEB. 22, 1893

Ridings.

In the matter of redistribution we trust the Government will adopt the principle of dividing up districts into ridings, or which would be the same thing cut up the larger districts into smaller ones. The blanket system is unjust, and most unsatisfactory. The cities should be treated in the same way. In the states no more than one member is ever elected from the same district, to legislative bodies, no matter whether state or national. In this respect we would do well to follow their example.

Labor and Arbitration Bills.

We are glad to see measures introduced looking to the settlement of disputes between labor and capital. We perceive that a portion of the press think the bills as framed do not go far enough. Well, they are certainly in the right direction, and as such leglislation is more or less experimental, it is best not to go too fast. The test of experience will quickly show in what way they can be best modified, to meet the difficulties which they are intended to overcome.

We do not desire to frighten away capital which is so much needed for the development of our natural resources, and to give employment to labor. Our laws should be so framed as to encourage and protect both the employer and the employees. In doing this we must be careful not to go too far in the direction of paternal government. The largest liberty consistent with protection is desirable. We do not wish to feel the touch of law beyond what is necessary. Individual freedom is entitled to safeguards. So far as the public interest will permit, the citizen should have the right to do as he pleases. Nevertheless entirely consistent with this, are measures for the speedy and pacific settlement of diputes and the people are to be congratulated that legislation is now looking in this direction

Bill.

Introduced by the Attorney General.

An Act to amend the "Homestead Act"

HER MAJESTY, by and with the advice and consent of the Legislative Assembly of the Province of British Columbia, enacts as follows:—

1. This Act may be cited as the "Homestead Act Amendment Act, 1893."

2. Section 10 of the "Homestead Act" is hereby amended by adding thereto the following words: "provided that nothing herein contained shall be construed to exempt any goods or chattels from seizure in satisfaction of a debt contracted for or in respect of such identical goods or chattels."

Bill.

Introduced by the Attorney General

An Act to amend "Bills of Sale Act."

HER MAJESTY, by and with the advice and consent of the Legislative Assembly of the Province of British Columbia, enacts as follows:—

1. This act may be cited as the "Bills of Sale Act Amendment Act, 1893."

2. Section 2 of the "Bills of Sale Act" is hereby amended by inserting after the word "thereof," in the ninth line of sub-section (a) of the said section the words "transfers or assignments of the rolling stock or other moveable property of any railway company, if by the said instrument of transfer or assignment any real property of such company is included."

3 Section 9 of the said "Bills of Sale Act" is hereby amended by striking out the words "on Vancouver Island" in the third line of said section.

Bill.

Introduced by the Attorney General.

An Act to amend the "Registration of Births, Deaths, and Marriages Act"

HER MAJESTY, by and with the advice and consent of the Legislative Assembly of the Province of British Columbia, enacts as follows:—

1. This Act may be cited as the Registration of Births, Deaths, and Marriages Act Amendment Act, 1893"

2. Section 9 of the "Registration of Births, Deaths, and Marriages Act" is hereby amended by adding thereto the words "provided, always, that the District Registrar may register any birth at any time upon satisfactory proof to him of the date of any birth by a solemn declaration made in accordance with the provisions of the "Oaths Act, 1892," by the father or mother of the child, or by a nurse or physician, or other person present at the time of such birth."

Bill.

Introduced by the Attorny General.

An Act respecting Foreign Companies.

WHEREAS doubts have arisen as to rights of companies incorporated elsewhere than in British Columbia to assume the status of mortgagees:

Therefore, for the avoidance of such doubt, Her Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Legislative Assembly of the Province of British Columbia, enacts as follows:—

1. This Act may be cited as the "Companies Act Amendment Act, 1893"

2. Nothwithstanding any doubt to the contrary or anything appearing in any law in force in this Province, any company which has been or shall hereafter be incorporated elsewhere than in British Columbia, for the porpose of carrying on any business having for its object the acquisition of profit or gain, and registered, shall whether registered in the office of the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies in the Province or not, have, and be deemed to have heretofore had, the right to acquire the status of mortgagees of property, both real and personal, and to exercise all rights and remedies as such mortgagees.

Bill.

Introduced by Mr. Brown.

An Act to further amend the "Provincial Voters' Act."

HER MAJESTY by and with the advice and consent of the Legislative Assembly of the Province of British Columbia, enacts as follows:—

1. This Act may be cited as the "Female Franchise Act."

2. Section two of the "Provincial Voters' Act" *is hereby struck out and* the following section substituted in place thereof:—

"2. Every person, both male and female, of the age of twenty-one years, and who is not disqualified by this Act, or by any other law in force in this Province, who is entitled within this Province to the privileges of a naturalborn British subject, who has resided in this Province for twelve months, and in the electoral district in which he or she claims to vote for two months of that period immediately previous to sending in his or her claim to vote as hereinafter mentioned, and being duly registered under the provisions of this Act, shall be entitled to vote at the election of a member or members of the Legislative Assembly: Provided that no person shall be entitled to be registered as aforesaid who shall have been convicted of any treason, felony, or other infamous offence, unless he or she shall have received a free or conditional pardon for such offence, or have undergone the sentence passed upon him or her for such offence."

3. Section three of the said "Provincial Voters' Act" is hereby amended by stricking out, in the first and fifth lines thereof, the word "Chinaman," and substituting therefor the word "Chinese."

4. Section five of the said Act, is hereby amended by inserting between the words "shall" and "during," in the third line thereof, the words "being a male;" and by inserting between the words "also" and "be," on the fifth line thereof, the words "whether male or female, shall for the same period."

5. Wherever in the said Act, or in the "Provincial Voters' Act Amendment Act, 1890," the word "he" or "his" occurs, the same shall, from and after the passing of this Act, be construed to include and mean "she" and "her," unless such construction shall be antagonistic to the meaning of the context.

The Rev. Dr. Henry Van Dyke, pastor of the brick Presbyterian Church New York declares that if the theory of the origional scriptures was to be set up as a test of his orthodoxy, he would be driven from the Presbyterian Church.

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