Printing Office

41

The Weekly News.

NO. 176. UNION, COMOX DISTRICT, B. C., TUESDAY, MAR. 24, 1896. $2.00 PER YEAR

JAMES McKIM

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

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

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

JAMES McKIM.

Coal Mines Regulation Act

Examination for Colliery Managers Certificates of Competency

Notice is hereby given that an examination for Managers Certificates of Competency under the above named Act will be held at Nanaimo, on or about the 2nd Thursday of April, 1896. Candidates intending to present themselves at such examination must, on or before the 1st day of April, 1896, notify such intention to the Chairman of the Board from whom all information as to particulars can be obtained.

Applicants for examination must not be less than 23 years of age and must have had at least two years experience underground in a coal mine (or mines). Along with the application they are to send a certificate of service from their present or previous employer.

TAKE NOTICE that there will also be an examination held at Union in August month, 1896. This examination is for the same object as the one above referred to which is to be held in Nanaimo. For particulars apply to

ARCHIBALD DICK,
Chairman of the Board, Nanaimo.
Nanaimo, January 9th, 1896.

YARWOOD & YOUNG

BARRISTERS and SOLICITORS

Corner of Bastion and Commercial Streets, Nanaimo, B. C.
BRANCH OFFICE, Third Street and Dunsmuir Avenue, B. C.

HENRY CUNLIFFE

BAKER OF——

Home Made Bread and First Class Pies, Cakes, Etc.

☞Shop next West of Kelly's Photograph Gallery.

☞TRY HIM

A FINE STOCK OF——

Clocks, watches, books and stationery.

T. D. McLean

——:JEWELER:——

UNION, B. C.

WHOLESALING

Mr. Simon Leiser has taken out a wholesale liquor license and will in future carry in stock a complete line of liquors, both in bulk and case. He will also act as agent for the Victoria Phœnix Brewery, and will keep their celebrated beers constantly on hand.

FARM FOR SALE

Farm of 160 acres 4 miles from Comox wharf for sale. For particulars enquire of Father Durand at the Bay or at the News office.

EXTRACTS FROM CROWN LAND SURVEYS

Between Comox and Otter Cove, Vancouver Island, a distance of 70 miles, there are good agricultural and timber lands, probably not less than 200,000 acres. The clearing of these lands for farming purposes is no doubt expensive, but the result in so good a climate as that of Vancouver Island leaves the farmer who has the enterprise to undertake and carry it through to completion both comfortable and independent. Good lands adjoining the coast are especially valuable, as the logs may be sold when clearing instead of being burned.

* * *

In the Comox District, about 140 miles from Victoria, the soil is spread over a very considerable area of prairie country, commonly designated an opening, extending from the coast up the different branches of the Courtenay River for seven or eight miles. The surface of this district, which is naturally free from timber, with the exception of single trees and stumps, chiefly of oaks and strips of alders in the bottoms, may be some twelve square miles, the scenery of which is picturesque and park-like. Its margin is very irregular in shape, and it is surrounded by a growth of very heavy timber, among which are the Douglas pine, often attaining ten feet in diameter and two hundred feet in height, half of which is free from branches, and the cedar often equally large. The open country in its natural state is mostly covered with a growth of ferns, which sometimes attain a height of ten feet, with stems three-quarters of an inch in diameter, and roots descending to a depth of three feet. The roots the native Indians prepare in some peculiar way for winter food, and excavate deep trenches to obtain them. The farmers are under the necessity of grubbing up the fern roots before the ground is ready for use, and they are often voluntarily assisted by their pigs in this operation; these animals, it is said, relishing the fern root as food. I was informed by Mr. John Robb and Mr. John McFarlan, two partnership settlers of the district, that the average yield of land, after it is cleared and thoroughly under cultivation, is, of wheat from 30 to 35 bushels per acre; barley, 40 to 45 bushels; oats 50 to 60; peas 40 to 45; potatoes 150 to 200; turnips, 20 to 25 tons. Some of the turnips exhibited by Mr. Robb at the agricultural show are said to have been remarkably heavy, but those of the Swedish and yellow varieties seen by me, I consider rather small. The season, however, was said to be an unusually dry one. The yield of timothy hay is said to be about two tons per acre. Clover thrives well, and rye grass is valued for its after crop.

The yield of butter per cow, after calf feeding, is about 150 lbs. annually, the ordinary selling price being 40 cents per pound. Cattle generally require to be home fed from the beginning of December to the middle of April. Snow seldom lies long. Heavy falls sometimes occur; but generally disappear in a few days. Once or twice snow has remained on the ground for two months. Apples, pears, plums, cherries white and red raspberries, red, white, and black currants, and most kinds of fruit thrive remarkably well. Some apples, of which I obtained samples, measured thirteen inches in circumference and weighed nineteen ounces. They were high flavored, and well adapted for eating and cooking. Of the pears, many measured eleven inches in circumference, and were high flavoured and juicy.

A PROGRESSIVE COMPANY

The Union Mutual Life Ins. Company of Portland, Maine, is admittedly among the best incorporations on the American continent. Mr. J. E. Evans, Provincial Manager, who is at present in the town, reports that the business transacted by his company for the first quarter of the year, is highly satisfactory in character. One of the most admirable features in the company's system of life insurance, more particularly from the standpoint of the policy holder, is the operation of the Maine non-forfeiture law.

Mr. T. J. Dalby, local agent, will be pleased to give any information to any one desirous of obtaining life insurance.

FOR SALE—Pure White Plymouth Rock Eggs at T. D. McLean's.

A STRANGER'S IMPRESSION

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEWS—It was a surprise to me to find so thriving and promising a little town away up here nestling at the foot of the Buford mountains, which seem to surround it protectingly.

On the arrival of the train at Union, I caught the first sight of the coal miners standing, a sturdy, strong, brave looking crowd of fellows, waiting to take the train which conveys them to their work.

A picturesque group they were with blackened faces, wearing a pit-lamp attached to the front of their caps, and carrying, each man, his dinner pail.

The miner's life compels one's admirmation, for we realize that each day he faces a probable danger no other work is menaced with. And yet, I am informed almost every accident is the result of individual carelessness, and the Colliery Company surround their employes with every precautionary measure for safety.

The sun was shining brightly when I started to "take in" the town.

You have stores which would be a source of pride and accommodation to many larger places; dry goods stores, where are displayed all the late novelties. The leading ones I found as reasonable in prices as further east.

Simon Leiser's mammoth department store where you can find everything from a paper of pins to a silk dress in the dry goods department, everything in the house furnishing line in their annex, and in the grocery department all that cheers and nourishes the inner man, is an establishment rivalling any in the province. Mr. Leiser keeps a large staff of clerks, who seem always busily hurried.

Grant & McGregor's furniture store and undertaking rooms, are in a commodious business building.

There is a photograph gallery where I saw work which would compare with any.

There are several good hotels, two barber shops, a first class drug store, tin shops, jewelery stores, stationery and millinery stores, harness shop and others which I noted.

There are many pretentious residences for so new a place.

We called on Mr. Whitney, the urbane and bustling editor of the NEWS and found him busy, but with time to spare in which to expatiate on the advantages of being a resident of Union.

The sound of the carpenter's hammers ringing their busy rat-a-tat-tat from every side, evidenced that building is brisk.

Through the camp to the R R. freight offices is about two miles, and the cottages built by the company for the miners and their families extend the entire distance on either side of the road. In many of the windows are plants, evidences of refinement and love of nature.

The Chinese quarter, like that of other places, is dingy and uninviting.

The company, of which Mr. James Dunsmuir is president and chief stockholder, is surveying a location for the new offices they will erect right away.

Mr. Dunsmuir's discriminating judgment, aided by his immense capital, has made Union, a place of business and a home for the industrious sober class of working men; and yet I am told not so very long ago some person or persons, who could not have viewed the situation with good judgment, tried to arouse a feeling of dissatisfaction among the miners. These anarchic influences invariably result most disastrously to the working man himself, and few reason how much capital really helps the many. In the States are hordes of idle men who would flock gladly to fill places where a fair wage is paid.

The people whom I met seemed busy and each man shared with his neighbor a great faith in a prosperous future for Union.

The population is about 3,000, many being Japanese and Chinese and the town is only three years old.

The surrounding country is a farming district, very fertile I am told.

The trip to Union on the Joan is a delightful one.

I was assured there are numbers of lonely bachelors sighing to be benedicts, who are satisfied it is not well for a man to live alone.

The hospital ably conducted, is truly a boon to those who are without homes or family—and among the miners there are many so situated.

There is a brass band here which is very good.

With the most confirmed optimist resident I think Union has not yet reached her acme of size and prosperity.

—A STRANGER.

SIDEWALK STATEMENT

The following statement relating to the building of the sidewalk from Dunsmuir avenue up 2nd street to the bridge leading to Fernwood Heights will be of interest to those who contributed to the enterprise. Amount of contract was $87, and cost of clearing $4 50, making a total cost of $91.50. There was collected by subscription, $82.75, leaving a balance of $8.75 which has been paid by the Epworth League.

McPhee & Moore

FAMILY GROCERS AND MEAT MARKET

—IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN—

Flour, Feed, Field and Garden Seeds, Etc., Etc.

OUR MEAT MARKET

Is well stocked with choice fresh and salt meats, vegetables, butter, eggs, poultry and all kinds of fruits . . .

☞Goods Delivered Promptly

UNION SHIPPING

The tug Muriel called in on the 18th and took 31 tons of coal for vessel's use.

The tug Vancouver with scow left on the 18th with 119 tons of coal for Victoria

The tug Tepic and scow left on the 18th with 400 tons of coal for the C.P.R.

The Rainbow left on the 19th with 242 tons of coal for the C. P. N., Victoria.

The tug Tepic left on the 20th with 424 tons of coal for the C. P. R., Vancouver.

The tug Mischief took on the 20th 44 tons of coal for the vessel's use.

The San Mateo left today (Tuesday 24th) for Port Los Angeles with 4,300 of coal for the Southern Pacific.

The Progressist and Minneola will both be due Wednesday night.

MASQUERADE BALL

The masquerade ball to be given at K. of P. hall, Comox Bay will take place on Thursday the 9th of April. The original date as published in the NEWS was brought to the office from Comox Bay by a gentleman who mistook the date, as we are assured the hall was engaged for the 9th and not the 2nd. It is hoped therefore that any annoyance occasioned by the supposed date will now, that the true date is known, be removed. There will be more time to prepare the make-ups for the ball, and where these are made by, or under the direction of the persons who are to wear them, they show individual taste, and a fitness not otherwise attained.

CREAMERY OR CHEESE FACTORY

A Mr. Lawson of Mt. Pleasant met a few of the Farmers at the Agricultural Hall, Courtenay to consider the subject of starting a cheese factory. Further consideration of the matter was deferred until next Thursday evening when it is hoped that all interested will attend at the Hall. All present were alive to the desirability of a creamery or cheese factory being built. The committee hope all will be present next meeting to give their views.

SECOND DAY OF MAY

On the 2nd of May at Cumberland Hall the Union Brass Band will give their Benefit Concert. The band cleared from $ 90 to $100 at their benefit ball, and hope to make enough at their Benefit Concert to enable them to procure suitable uniforms.

CHANGE OF TIME

The ss. Joan will leave Comox Friday mornings one hour later than heretofore and trains connecting with the Joan will leave Union depot Fridays at 7 a.m. calling at the sawmill at 7.15.

SUNDAY SERVICES

ST. GEORGE'S PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. J. A Logan, pastor. Services at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday School at 2:30. Y P S C E at close of evening service. Communion on the last Sabbath of this month.

METHODIST CHURCH— Services at the usual hours morning and evening. Rev. C. H M. Sutherland, pastor.

TRINITY CHURCH—Services in the evening. Rev. J X. Willemar, rector.

RANCH FOR SALE

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

James Abrams.

FOR RENT.—The butcher shop at Union fitted up ready for business, lately occupied by A. C. Fulton. Call on him or enquire of A. Urquhart, Comox.

SATURDAY NIGHT'S ENTERTAINMENT

The entertainment Saturday night at Cumberland Hall must have netted a very pretty sum as the hall was crowded. Rev. Mr. Logan presided.

We have not space to notice in detail the various pieces, nor is this necessary as the programme was published last week, but reference to two or three may perhaps appropriately be made.

Miss Webster recited "The Curfew shall not ring tonight," with very distinct voice and articulation, giving emphasis where demanded. Perhaps in the parts which required less voice and action she was best. She lost herself to a fair extent in the character assumed, throwing a good deal of feeling into her voice, and was roundly cheered at the close.

The tableaux were well arranged and striking, but the method of throwing a strong bright light upon them so as to make them most effective filled the room with a smoke and odor highly objectionable and shows that a number of these pieces should not be given in succession.

The Delsarte drill was the most ambitious performance and must have cost the young ladies a good deal of study and practice. The ladies themselves were well selected for the purpose being of the right height and figure and naturally making a graceful pose. The attitudes assumed were correct and well expressed the sentiment intended.

It may be suggested in this connection that there can be just a little too much even of a good thing, and that it is always best to close soon enough to leave behind a feeling that it was all too short. But when so much time and labor are bestowed upon a single piece it seems, we know, a pity to hurry it off the stage very quickly.

And now comes the unpleasant part. At such entertainments there are generally a large number of small boys; and we are glad to see this as they may learn much that is elevating as well as being amused and instructed. The tendency is, however, and a growing one in this town, for the boys to be unnecessarily noisy. This should be checked not only for the benefit of those who patronise these entertainments but for the welfare of the boys themselves. It cannot be effectually done always by any appeals from the chairman. Arrangements should in all cases, here as in the cities, be made for the attendance of a policeman. The mere presence of an officer would be a wholesome restraint. Saturday night the boys were not only noisy but amused themselves by tipping or letting down seats, and by throwing shells and nuts at the heads of people. To tolerate or trifle with such offences is to encourage them. Where an officer's attendance can not be secured, a special will be appointed on request. Let the boys attend by all means but make them behave themselves, or it will soon come to this, that no one will attend. Our town is young and it is essential that in the beginning lawlessness shall be sternly repressed.

FAR AWAY FIELDS

The News of Tacoma has this to say of the rush to Alaska:

The News is informed on credible authority that there are quite a number of Tacomans who have started off for Alaska gold fields and as many more contemplating going who are not financially prepared to work the gold mining industry on a basis of much work and small returns but are in expectation of striking it rich before their grub stake pans out. To all such we have only one word of advice. It is Don't! There is no doubt much hidden treasure up there in the land of the midnight sun but the summer season is short and the winter is long and severe and the man who has not enough on hand when the cold settles down to carry him through the winter is bound to endure much hardship, if nothing worse, and will be wishing himself back in Tacoma, where at least he can get three square meals a day, and where the thermometer does not go out of sight.

A ROMANCE OF CRIME.

Two Men Confess to a Murder Never Committed.

ADVERTISING FOR THE "VICTIM."

Editorial Ridicule of the Search—Tracing the Man Down—Found at Last—Recognized by Many—Liberation of the Prisoners — Circumstantial Evidence at Fault.

The mind of the average layman is apt to picture the contents of the hundreds of volumes in the law library as pretty dry reading. But there are many strange and interesting things bound up there, well worth the seeking. One of the strangest has recently come to the library in pamphlet form. It is the story of a supposed murder in Vermont, the confession of two men to the crime, their conviction and sentence to death, and posed murdered man brought about then the strange return of the supby an advertisement in the daily press. It is a story of doings in the early part of the present century, and was not printed until 1873. The facts were gathered and arranged for printing by Leonard Sargeant, ex-Lieut.-Governor of Vermont, from minutes taken during the trial and afterward. It is from the pamphlet that the strange story is taken.

In the spring of 1812 there lived in the town of Manchester, Vt., a family named Boorn, consisting of the father, Barney Boorn, his wife and two grown sons, Stephen and Jesse, and a daughter named Sally, who had been married eighteen years to a man named Russell Calvin, and who, with her husband and two children, also lived with her father. The younger members of the family were considered rather wild. Calvin, the son-in-law, was a man of weak intellect, and would sometimes absent himself for months at a time. In the month of May, 1812, during Mrs. Calvin's absence, her husband disappeared. Days and months and even years rolled on and nothing was heard of the missing man.

TERRIBLE SUSPICIONS.

People began to make inquiries, and suspicions of foul play soon became whispered about. To add fuel to the flame, it was remembered that the young Boorns had spoken strangely of the disappearance of Calvin. One of them had said he knew Calvin was dead, and the other that they had put him where potatoes would not freeze. Though those were probably idle remarks when made, they served to engender a belief in the minds of many that the Boorns were responsible for Calvin's disappearance. In a short time the public came to the conclusion that Calvin had been murdered and that the Boorns were the murderers. Some children at play on or near the old Boorn place one day found a hat in a moldy and dilapidated condition, which was recognized as Calvin's. Search was at once made for the bones of the unfortunate man. About this time Amos Boorn, uncle of Stephen and Jesse, and a man of unimpeachable character, dreamed that Calvin came to his bedside and told him that he had been murdered, and to follow him and he would lead to the spot where he was buried. This was repeated three times. The place of burial as described in the dream was an old cellar hole, over which a house had once stood. To the many superstitious people of the neighborhood these dreams were taken as "confirmation strong as proof of holy writ."

About this time a barn on the farm was burned, and it was supposed by many that the body might have been concealed therein. Another circumstance occurred which excited much attention. A lad and a dog were walking one day near Barney Boorn's when the dog began to dig under an old stump. Soon some bones were dug out, and on being examined were pronounced to be human. This was too much for the excited inhabitants. Stephen Boorn had recently removed to New York State, but Jesse was arrested and taken before Justice of the Peace Joel Pratt. This was on April 27th, 1819, nearly seven years after Calvin's disappearance. The examination of the prisoner lasted four days and was attended by a large concourse of people. The old cellar hole was reopened, and a large knife, a pen-knife and a button were found, the large knife and button being identified as Calvin's. The bones found by the dog in the hollow stump were taken to court, and four physicians pronounced them bones of a human foot. This decision was afterward changed on comparing the bones with those of a human foot brought from a neighboring town. That dampened the public ardor somewhat, and it is probable that Jesse would have been discharged but for the fact that on Sunday he made a statement that he believed Calvin had been murdered and that his brother Stephen was the murderer.

THE CONFESSION VERIFIED.

He said that Stephen told him the previous winter that he (Stephen) and Calvin were hoeing in the field, that they quarrelled and that he struck Calvin on the head with a club and fractured his skull. He said that he did not know what had become of the body, but mentioned several places where he thought it might be found. Whether it was to save himself or some other consideration that induced Jesse to make this statement was never known, but it added greatly to the public excitement. Although the whole countryside was searched by the townspeople no trace of Calvin's body was found. But neither the court nor the people were satisfied. A warrant was issued and despatched to New York, where Stephen Boorn was arrested. Both men were held for the grand jury, and Barney Boorn, the boy's father, was also arrested as accessory to the murder. But he was discharged, much to the indignation of the public.

The case against the sons came up before the September Grand Jury. The principal witness against them was one Silas Merrill, who was confined in the same jail on the charge of forgery. He testified that Jesse made a confession to him in June, while they were together in the jail. Whether any such confession was ever made is doubtful. One thing is certain, before the sitting of the Grand Jury Merrill had been confined in chains, while after the event his chains were removed and he was permitted to go about the streets. The Grand Jury indicted both Jesse and Stephen for Calvin's murder. As the law then was, capital cases could only be tried before a full bench, and the requisite number of judges not being present, the trial was postponed until the following November. In the meantime, public feeling against the prisoners was intense. Almost without exception they were believed to be guilty. Officers of the law who visited the men in jail told them the case was clearly against them; that to confess was the best thing they could do; that if they made a confession an effort would be made to have their sentences commuted to imprisonment for life. Convinced that this was their only hope, Stephen made a written confession, taking upon himself the sole responsibility of the crime, but claiming that he and Calvin had a quarrel, and that Calvin struck him first. The confession coincided substantially with circumstantial evidence previously induced.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

The trial took place in November, 1819, before Chief Justice Chase and Judges Joel Doolittle and William Brayton. The evidence against the prisoners was entirely circumstantial and most unimportant, with the exception of the confessions, which were objected to by defendants' counsel, but admitted in evidence. An effort was made on the part of the defense to weaken the effect of the confessions on the jury by introducing testimony to show that they had been subjected to strong outside influence. Large crowds of pepole from Manchester and neighboring towns attended the trial which was held in the Congregational Church, as the court house would not accommodate the multitude. Great interest was manifested in the case by all classes and very few could be found who did not believe the prisoners guilty, or who would venture to say a kind word for them. The judge charged in relation to the confessions that no weight should be attached to a confession incited by hope or fear and left it for the jury to determine whether the confessions in the case were so influenced. Later rulings would probably have excluded the confessions from the case on that ground, but Judge Chase was regarded as one of the ablest jurists of the time.

After an absence of one hour the jury returned a verdict of murder in the first degree against both prisoners. The prisoners were taken into court and both stoutly proclaimed innocence of the crime. They were then sentenced to be executed on Jan. 28th, 1820. So great was the popular excitement against the prisoners at the time that Mrs. Boorn, their mother, was excommunicated from the Baptist church without form of trial because it was supposed she must have been accessory to the murder. Notwithstanding the general feeling against the prisoners, there were a few who, though they may have believed them guilty, had some sympathy for them, and signed a petition to the State Legislature, which then had jurisdiction of such matters, for the pardon or commutation of sentence. After a spirited debate in the Legislature Jesse's petition for commutation to life imprisonment was carried by a vote of 104 to 31. Stephen's petition was lost by a vote of 97 to 42. Stephen was much depressed by the rejection of his petition.

ADVERTISED FOR MISSING MAN.

To Mr. Sargeant, who had appeared as his counsel, he suggested as a last resort that an advertisement for Calvin be put in some newspaper. It was thought a foolish thing, but was finally done, and in the Rutland Herald this advertisement was published:

MURDER.

Printers of newspapers throughout the United States are desired to publish that Stephen Boorn, of Manchester, in Vermont, is sentenced to be executed for the murder of Russell Calvin, who has been absent about seven years. Any person who can give information of said Calvin may save the life of the innocent by making immediate communication. * * *

In the very issue of the Herald in which the notice was printed there appeared an editorial maintaining that there was no possibility of a doubt that Calvin was murdered, and ridiculed what it termed a foolish attempt to advertise for any information concerning him. This notice was copied by a New York paper in its issue of Nov. 29th, 1819. The next day it happened that the notice was read aloud in one of the hotels of that city. A man named Whelpley, who was within hearing, said he formerly lived in Manchester and was well acquainted with Calvin. In the conversation which followed he related many anecdotes and peculiarities concerning him. Tabor Chadwick, of Shrewsbury, N. J., was also near and heard the conversation. On thinking the matter over on his return home it occurred to him that a man then living with his brother-in-law, William Polhemus, of Dover, N. J., answered exactly the description of Calvin as given by Mr. Whelpley. He finally wrote of his belief to the New York paper and to the postmaster at Manchester. But as everyone scouted the idea of Calvin being alive little notice was taken of the letters and nothing was done. But Mr. Whelpley had been impressed with Mr. Chadwick's conviction and determined on his own responsibility to go to New Jersey and find out the truth. His expenses in the matter were, however, afterward paid by an order of the city treasury granted by De Witt Clinton, then mayor of New York.

A TRACE OF THE MAN.

On arriving at the house of William Polhemus and making known his errand, Mr. Polhemus admitted that there was such a man in his employ, that he at first gave the name of Calvin, but afterwards changed it, and that the man was evidently deranged. Mr. Whelpley saw the man and called him Calvin. He replied that Mr. Whelpley must be mistaken; that Calvin was not his name, although it had been once, but that he was another man. By degrees Mr. Whelpley induced the man to evince some interest in his former friends and acquaintances in Manchester. He succeeded in inducing Calvin to return with him. In the meantime a letter had been sent to Manchester stating that Calvin had been found. A few people began to believe that it might be true, but the greater part were still incredulous, and many bets were made as to his being the genuine Calvin. On arriving at Bennington the county court was in session. Some one rushed in and said that Calvin had come, and the court broke up in great confusion; the judges, clerks, sheriff, lawyers and spectators jumped over benches and rushed through windows and doors to see the man who had been dead, and for whose supposed murder some of them had been instrumental in having two men sentenced to be hanged. Calvin was immediately recognized by all who formerly knew him. After a short delay the party proceeded to Manchester, a courier having been sent in advance to announce their coming. All along the route people gathered in crowds to see him, and when the stage drove up to Captair Black's tavern in Manchester a crowd had collected and the wildest excitement prevailed. Cannon were brought out and Stephen Boorn was taken from jail to fire the first volley in token of his escape from death The most extravagant expressions of joy were indulged in by the people who, at last convinced of their error were only too glad to make reparation. For two or three days large crowds collected from neighboring towns to see the man who was believed to be murdered, and all rejoiced at the unlooked-for termination of the affair.

JUSTICE AT LAST.

There could be no doubt of the innocence of the Boorns, but they could not be released from custody without due process of law. Judge Skinner at once wrote the judges of the Supreme Court, then in session in Addison county, that Calvin was alive and in Manchester. The judges replied that they did not believe it could be Calvin, and directed a most searching examination to guard against deception The man's identity was firmly established, and at his own request he was taken back to New Jersey, where he died a few years afterward.

The case was without precedent and so Mr. Sargeant had to petition the court for a new trial on the ground of newly discovered evidence A new trial was granted, and a nol pros was immediately issued by the prosecuting officer. This ended the most singular trial then on the records and one about which there was and has since been a great diversity of opinion. Perhaps a majority of those best acquainted with the case believed the Boorns were honest in supposing they had killed Calvin, or that he died in consequence of their ill treatment; but, viewing the case in all the light of subsequent events it is the opinion of the pamphlet's author that they did not think so. They certainly could not have disposed of the body in the manner described in the confession, and after every known means of defence and palliation had apparently been exhausted, Stephen was the first one to suggest advertising for Calvin. The confessions were probably made and framed for the purpose of making the crime manslaughter or justifiable homicide, instead of premeditated murder, and seem to have been indicted by fear on one hand, men of influence repeatedly telling them that the evidence was strong enough to convict them, and hope on the other. Silas Merrill, who was confined with them, being a cunning rogue, no doubt advised them as to the best way to get out of it. There were others who believed that Calvin was really murdered, and that the man supposed to have been Calvin was an imposter, gotten up for the purpose of clearing the Boorns. Some color was given this supposition by the fact that Jesse Boorn was afterward arrested in Ohio for forgery, when he made the statement that it was not Calvin, and that his brother, Stephen, did actually murder him.—Brooklyn Eagle.

AT HER TOMB.

He visited the tomb where his beloved was laid. Carrying a lighted candle and kneeling by her coffin he said passionately: "Would I could die! Would I could die!" Just then the wind closed the door and extinguished the light. The bereaved lover, who had just prayed for death, rushed to the door. He could not open it! He tore at it, knocked, kicked, struggled and screamed loudly for help. No answer; only the utter silence and darkness of the tomb. His wish to die was forgotten. He sank down and wept—with tears that were not for his beloved, but for himself. Time passed—time, time, time. Who shall say how much? His brain seemed as if it would give way, but he prayed for sanity and his prayer seemed to be heard. At last he was assailed by intolerable pangs of hunger, and then he thought of his candle. He cut it into four parts. He ate the first quarter the first day, the second on the second day, the third on the third day, the last quarter the fourth day. No more he must die of starvation. He made one more and desperate effort to open the door. It suddenly opened and the keeper of the cemetery stood before him; the sunlight blinded him—he fell from exhaustion. He had been there just four hours!—Ex.

REPUTATION AGAINST HIM.

"You have the reputation of being a shrewd business man," remarked the friend of a real estate boomer.

"Yes,' was the reply. "It's getting so that when I offer a man a genuine bargain he takes it for granted that I am getting the best of him."

SUNDAY AT HOME

NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP.

At mother's knee, the greybeard says
he learned
His childhood prayer;
There, bravely told her all his faults
and fears
Without a care.

"Pray, now I lay me down to sleep,
my boy,"
She sweetly said,
"And that the Lord your soul will
keep," she stroked
His curly head.

At once he felt her invocation's power
And haply smiled;
The infant soul made new resolves, by
her
Sweet love beguiled.

Out of his life that mother long has
gone,
But that caress—
The hand laid on the curly head there
bowed
That she might bless,

Can never go! The echo of her voice
Rings in his ear,
When night compels the weary to repose,
Then that old prayer,

"Lord, now I lay me down to sleep,"
is said
With fervor true.
The greybeard breathes it from his
heart again
With peace anew.

FAITH IN HUMAN NATURE.

There has always been a disposition on the part of clerics to build up faith in God by taking away our faith [illegible]. The incarnation of the Son of God, rightly apprehended, cannot tolerate this method. Christ's mission was to show us what God is, that we might believe in Him, and likewise to show us what we are, that we may believe in ourselves. He came, saying: "That is not God, that terrible figure of a king seated amid lightnings, swift of anger, heavy of hand and stern of brow. See, He is tender, He is merciful, He pitieth as a father pitieth his own children. His name is Love, and He is your Father."

But what was the good of telling us that? How does it matter what God is, unless I know what I am? So in the divine mystery of the incarnation, that greatest of all events and crises, that centre of history and crown of the world's processes, was revealed the other thing necessary for salvation—truth as to what man is. It had never been dreamed of; the glory of it had never flashed out in men's wildest dreams. Jesus came, saying, "That is not man, that pitiful, sad figure which has played his part. The cruelty and bloodshed, the wars, the faithlessness, dishonor, ignorance, brutality and greed which have been blotted over the pages of history—that is not the work of man, but of a spirit, not himself, which has entered into him, and persuaded him that it was himself. That is the mistake and failure of humanity; not its truth. See! such as I am, true, unselfish, kind, thoughtful of others, full of courage and honor, pure, faithful, unflinching, strong and yet pitiful, forgiving, ready to lay down life for another's sake—that it is to be a man!" Oh, the grandeur of that revelation. In its light alone can I have the faith through which salvation comes, faith in my God, and in myself. Not in myself as in anguish I find myself, but in what I was made to be, and what I, therefore, in my essence, am; in what it is possible for me still to be; in my Idea, which once was realized by Jesus of Nazareth.

So shall you be increasingly saved, as you contemplate and pursue your image of Christ. You will never attain it; it will flee before you. The better you grow, the more unworthy you will seem to be. That is the paradox of salvation. The end is infinitely far away; eternally you must tread the path toward God. —Lay sermon in Boston Herald.

AMENDMENT TO THE PRAYER.

I have lately heard from an old minister who had retired from active service, but who still retained his seat in his former pulpit, while candidates were preaching there. He always offered the closing prayer, and after asking the Lord to bless His servant who had broken the bread of life to His people that day, was accustomed to add, "and may he shine as a star of the first magnitude forever and ever.' But it happened one Sunday that a very dull preacher occupied the pulpit, and the good old minister was unutterably bored. When it was time for the prayer he offered the usual petition that the Lord would bless His servant who had addressed the people that day, and—here he paused. His faith was not strong enough to allow him to conclude the sentence in the customary way; so the conscientious old man added firmly: "And may he shine as a star of considerable magnitude for ever and ever."—Boston Transcript.

BRIGHT THOUGHTS.

The biggest coward is not always the man who refuses to fight. It takes more courage sometimes to turn away from a brawl than to plunge into it.—The Rev. Washington Gladden, Columbus, O.

Imagine the terrors of an aroused conscience. The fearful reckoning that comes when sin is illuminated by the searchlight of an awakened memory.—The Rev. L. A Banks, Brooklyn, N. Y.

No one can fall so far away from God that the law of redemption cannot reach him. The individual who has the ability to fall very low has also the ability to rise very high, if only turned in the right direction. Some people have no ability to do either; but, no matter how dark the sinner's record, he may have full pardon through the blood of Jesus Christ. —The Rev. Dr. Northcutt, Houston, Texas.

After the police had vainly endeavored to disperse a mob, a minister mounted a box and made the simple announcement: "A collection will now be taken up.' The military could not have done the work quicker.

The best cure for an inflammable tongue is the water bucket of absolute silence. Hasty speech is explosive; silence is cooling. The talking tongue is more dangerous than the angry tongue. A hasty word may be excused, but a tattling tongue never. The tattler is just like sin—is foreign substance here for no other purpose than to annoy and irritate. —The Rev. Fuller Bergstresser, Allegheny, Pa.

Religion is not a matter of opinion, but of supreme conviction. Broadly stated, for all honest men, belief must needs follow conviction of truth. To be convinced of truth and not to act upon it is to outrage the soul, to tamper with the moral consciousness, and to let the moral life ebb away.—The Rev. Charles E. Murray, Wilmington, Del.

A Touch of Nature.

Father (winding the clock)—Time to lock up now. It's nearly 10 o'clock.

Mother—Oh, don't hurry, father.

Father—Don't hurry? We ought to be asleep by this time, considering we've got to be at the haying by sun-up to-morrow. Are the boys in bed?

Mother—They've gone up stairs.

Father—Well, then, I'll close the—

Mother—Ida hain't come in yet.

Father—Hain't come in? Why?

Mother—Oh, she's at the gate. She's been down to singing class.

Father—Well, why doesn't she—

Mother—Sh-sh—they'll hear you. There's a young man with her.

Father—A young man? Who?

Mother—Isaac Penn came up with her.

Father—I should think her brothers would be company enough.

Mother (dryly)—Should you?

Father—And if a young man does walk up with her he needn't stand three hours at the gate.

Mother—He hasn't been there ten minutes.

Father (severely)—He has no business to be there any minutes. Why doesn't he know enough to say good-night and go?

Mother—Ephram, wasn't there ever a young fellow that used to walk home with me from singing, and hang over the gate till all hours, especially a night like this?

Father—That was different. You were woman big.

Mother—Ida's woman big. She's 19 past.

Father—Ida's nothing but a child.

Mother—Well, she's a whole year older than I was when you—

Father (hastily)—And besides, er—ah—I was dead in love.

Mother (quietly)—How do you know that Isaac hain't?

Father—Isaac Penn in love with Ida? Sho! The boy hasn't a vote yet.

Mother—He's got a heart, though. You had your first vote the year we were married—just remember that.

Father—Mother, I'm surprised at you putting up with such nonsense about Ida. Time enough for her to keep company five years from now.

Mother (approvingly)—Of course it is, and it's time enough now, if the right one comes along. Isaac is good and steady.

Father (firmly)—Well, I won't have it, that's all. Call her in. It's bedtime.

Mother—Ephram, you don't suppose I would do such a thing as that?

Father (with sternness)—Neelie, it's your duty.

Mother (with spirit)—It isn't my duty to insult my daughter. My mother never did it to me.

Father (half smiling)—She never had to; you wouldn't let me stay so long.

Mother—Oh, I wouldn't let you stay—

Father—And no sensible fellow would want to stay.

Mother—You were a sensible fellow, Ephram.

Father—Now, mother.

Mother (with decision)—But you were; everyone said so.

Father—I couldn't be sensible with you, Neelie; you just turned my head.

Mother (softly)—Well, they were pleasant times. I love to remember them.

Father—Ye-es. I don't know as anyone ever had a pleasanter courtship.

Mother—But you were mighty jealous.

Father (musingly)—Was I? I suppose I was. I know there seemed to be always someone trying to cut me out.

Mother—Do you remember the night at Lucy Crumm's wedding, when you sat and sulked all evening in a corner?

Father—And that big student fellow from New Haven was shining up to you? But I walked home with you, after all.

Mother—I guess you did. And how you scolded. We stood at the gate till the moon rose—the little silver half moon.

Father—And you cried and we made it all up.

Mother—And the next day you wrote me a letter—(the gate clicks)—oh, there comes Ida.

(Enter Ida, smiling, radiant.)

Ida—It's the loveliest night! Just a sin to go to bed.

Father (smiling also)—Well, Ida, dismissed your company, have you?

Ida (demurely)—Isaac? Oh, yes.

Father—What a shame to send him off so early.

Mother—Ida knows what to do.

Father—But Isaac don't. I'm blest if any girl could hustle me like that when I was Isaac's age.—Madeline S. Bridges, in Ladies' Home Journal.

SMALL ASSETS.

A man who went to look up a debtor in Central Maine the other day, having in view the collection of his debt, found him to be an old fellow whose sole earthly possessions of an attachable kind are two bears. He was living like a hermit, alone, save for his two queer companions. The collector was not eager for tame bear meat, and did not disturb the menagerie.—Lewiston Journal.

Gold found at Perry, Okla.

THE MYSTERY OF MONTMARTRE.

"Do not weep, father," said George, "God will save us."

"Alas! it is impossible."

"Oh, father, do not say it is impossible. He who gave us strength to reach this rock, can He not send us a ship?"

"A ship! Yes, that is the only remaining chance; but it is a very feeble one."

"And why, father? Look, as you were sleeping a piece of wood from the poor Avenger floated within my reach; I managed to get it; I planted it there at the top of the rock; I shall tie my white handkerchief to it, and we shall be seen."

"Poor child!" said Robert "But you do not know that we are on the Sorelle, the most dangerous reef in these seas, the one which sailors fear the most. There is not a ship sailing between the coast of Africa and Sardinia but what goes thirty miles out of her way in order to avoid these breakers. 'When one sees the Sorelle one sees death,' say the Sicilians. It is a spot accursed, and ship-wrecked men alone tread these fatal rocks. How many before us, perhaps, have perished here?"

"No, father, no, do not think of death," interrupted George. "A man does not die when he possesses courage; you have often told me so, and I have courage; you will see." And the brave lad cast on Robert a glance so calm and firm that the unhappy father began to hope that their lives would be spared.

For the first time since the fatal moment when the Avenger had been engulfed by the waves, Robert calmly surveyed his position. It was a terrible one. The rock upon which the frigate struck was entirely hidden by the water, and the two points from which it derived its name alone offered a refuge from the waves. The higher one, that on which the shipwrecked men were awaiting their death, consisted of a narrow platform which sloped steeply towards the north. The whole surface was not more than some thirty paces square. Constantly washed by the Atlantic swell, it had no covering of seaweed, like the rocks on most other coasts.

Nothing lived on this gloomy and desolate rock, and the unfortunate wretches whom the sea had cast upon it had not even the chance of prolonging their existence by means of the shellfish which ordinarily abound in the Mediterranean. However, George made a fortunate discovery. On the extreme summit, in a hollow of the rock, a sort of natural basin formed a reservoir which the rain had filled with sweet water. Of all the sufferings which threaten shipwrecked men, the most formidable, the one that makes itself soonest felt—thirst—was no longer to be feared.

But the supply was not inexhaustible, and it was of the utmost importance to husband this treasure, more precious at that moment than all the gold stored in the Avenger, and Robert took his post near this heaven-sent fountain in order to see that each drank in his turn.

He soon saw that the Irishmen who had been saved with them had no wish to avail themselves of this last resource. At that very moment the two men were emptying a bottle full of rum which one of them had brought in his belt. Death, hideous and threatening, was awaiting them, and, in order not to see it, these poor wretches were intoxicating themselves.

During the night the fragments of the ship had disappeared under the constant action of the waves, carrying to the bottom of the sea the last chance they had of procuring food. A few barrels of biscuits had floated from the wreck, but the waves had broken them against the rock, and this last hope had vanished in the storm. Rescue, if the castaways were still to expect it, could now only come from the horizon which surrounded the Sorelle like a leaden ring.

Robert and George fatigued their eyes in scanning this gloomy solitude. As far as they could see, the dreary waves mingled with the great clouds driven along by the west wind. Nothing interrupted the monotonous line of grey sky which hung over the sea. It was a liquid desert, a desert without the sun, without the mirage, and death reigned alone over these gloomy realms.

From time to time, a gull, blown along by the wind, passed over the rock, uttering its cry, mournful as the groan of a dying man, and disappeared in the midst.

The day passed thus. As the sun was setting Robert turned round to look at it once more. Suddenly he jumped up, giving vent to a loud cry. Southwards, and hardly two miles off, a ship appeared under full sail. They could already see the foam which she churned up as she clove the waves. She had certainly seen George's signal, for she was standing in towards the rock. Presently she hove to, and Robert plainly saw a boat push off. In less than half an hour afterwards it was within earshot, and the man who was in command shouted out to them in English to swim off. There was still too much surf to allow him to bring his boat any nearer.

Joy gives strength. Not one of the shipwrecked men hesitated. In a few minutes they reached the boat, but three of them only. The sea had just swallowed its last victim. Worn out with fatigue, one of the Irish sailors had disappeared on the way. The boat was manned by eight sailors with strange costumes. Covered with ragged cloaks, with naked legs, and wearing red woollen caps, they might have passed at first for Sicilian fishermen; but their bristling moustaches and closely-cropped hair gave them a much less reassuring appearance. A tall man was at the tiller. The hood of his cloak hid most of his face. He spoke to his men in a guttural voice, and seemed to be swearing at them. The castaways had reached the ship so exhausted that they had sunk on the deck, more like lifeless logs than men. Suddenly the man who had sat in the stern began to interrogate them in English. Robert had not the strength to reply. It was his son who related in a few words the wreck of the Avenger.

"What were you on board?" roughly interrupted the man in the cloak, "you and the two others, who look to me as if they would soon be food for the sharks?"

"This man was a top-man," replied George, pointing to the Irish sailor; "I was an engineer under the orders of my father, whom you have just rescued."

"Ha! ha! two engineers and a top-man! Splendid recruits for us!" said the stranger.

And he began to talk to his men again in a foreign tongue. His gestures clearly indicated that he was translating to them what George had just said, and the explanation appeared to quiet the grumblers. Robert began to be uneasy, and he half rose from the bottom of the boat where he was lying. He fancied that the captain's eyes were fixed on him. He saw them glittering under his hood, without being able to distinguish his features. The stranger was looking at him intently, as if he was trying to recall his face. His hair plastered on his temples by the seawater, and his face blue with cold, made him look more like a drowned man than a living creature, and the man seemed to hesitate. Suddenly he burst out laughing, and Robert heard the following words, which rang in his ear like the last trump:

"What! my dear Mr. Robert, it's you that I've found in this deplorable condition?"

And at the same time he threw his hood back, and Robert recognized the abhorred face of Morgan.

Robert could not believe his eyes, and his stupefaction was such that he could not say a word.

"And this fine fellow," continued Morgan in a mocking voice, "is young George, whom I have seen playing when a child. Come, it was certainly a good idea of mine to go and see what the white flag meant that was floating from the Sorelle. And these fellows here," he added, pointing to his men, "wanted to persuade me to send you to the bottom of the sea, on the pretext that we did not require your services on the Caiman. That is the name of my brig, my dear sir. But, now I come to think of it, you will find a friend—a relation—on board; you will guess that I mean Diego. Yes, my dear nephew is my partner, and our little affairs have prospered since we left you—a little abruptly, perhaps; but one can overlook that want of ceremony between friends."

Robert listened to this hateful jesting without attempting to reply to it. George, whom he had never informed of his suspicions and his griefs, thanked Morgan, and rejoiced naively at the idea of seeing his uncle again. Hoping that his silence would be attributed to exhaustion, Robert lay at the bottom of the boat and pretended to be asleep.

The eight men rowed vigorously, and were not long in reaching the ship. A voice which Robert recognized at once, and which made him shudder from head to foot, called to Morgan, and asked him sneeringly what prize he had brought back.

"A splendid one, my dear nephew, a splendid one," cried Morgan, "and I've got a surprise for you. Come, Mr. Robert, courage; get up, I beg you, and show Diego that I'm not boasting."

Whilst he was speaking the boat, having been made fast to the tackle, was being hauled up the side, and was soon on a level with the deck. Robert found himself face to face with Diego, and remained immovable, as if he had been turned to stone. Diego started back in astonishment, and Morgan laughingly looked on at this mute scene. He kept up his horrible joke by expressing surprise at their coolness, and urging his nephew to throw himself into Robert's arms.

Diego soon recovered himself; his contracted features attempted a smile; he advanced and offered his brother-in-law a hand, which the latter did not dare refuse, and poor George, who knew nothing of the past, threw himself joyfully on his uncle's neck. The deck was covered with evil-looking men, who witnessed this meeting with mocking indifference, and Morgan, with the same ironical politeness, invited Robert and George to go down into his cabin to recover from their fatigue. The Irish sailor was handed over to the mate, and the castaways followed their hateful rescuer.

Robert's mind was made up. He wished to preserve his son, and, in order to save this precious life, he was resolved to overcome his just animosity and submit to the cruelest of humiliations.

A moment's reflection had enabled him to take in the situation. Diego must be ignorant that his brother-in-law knew of his crimes. Robert felt that his son's fate depended on his silence; with that end in view he had strength to dissimulate, and to act as if he had never had any suspicions. Moreover, Morgan's first words had told him that he was in need of them.

It was certainly not a feeling of humanity that had prompted him to come and rescue the shipwrecked men from the Sorelle, and since he had not thrown them into the sea on recognizing them, it must be that they were necessary to him. Robert founded on this reasoning a fresh hope of safety.

Half an hour after their arrival on board, George and his father, clad in warm clothes, and already invigorated by several glasses of rum, were seated at a plentifully provided table, of which Morgan and Diego did the honors.

Determined to play his part to the end, Robert had recovered sufficient self-possession to keep up a conversation on the sad events which had preceded and followed their abrupt departure. Diego, evidently reassured by his brother-in-law's attitude, apologized in sugared tones for having been forced to leave Paris without seeing him. He carried his impudence to the point of lamenting Mary's death, and at this impious language a shudder of horror passed through Robert. Morgan, not to be behindhand, inquired with solicitude as to the cause of his ruin, and when Robert had briefly related his disasters he said to him in a tone of the liveliest interest:

"I am doubly rejoiced, my dear sir, at the stroke of good luck which I owe to that northwest wind. After having prevented you from dying of hunger on that dreadful rock, I can contribute still more to the re-establishment of your affairs. You have heard me speak sometimes of a certain island of which I am sole possessor, and which contains enough gold to make us all richer than we have ever been in our lives. I will not conceal the fact from you that we are making our way thither at the present moment. In confiding to you our secret, to you and this dear boy," he continued, pointing to George, "I am yielding to a feeling of sympathy which is as strong as it is sincere; but if you have any scruples in accepting my offer I can dismiss them by telling you that you can contribute largely to the success of the voyage. In consequence of financial misfortunes, which have left me with very little money, I have had great difficulty in chartering a vessel and collecting a crew, and, I am not afraid to confess it, the Caiman and the crew who man it leave much to be desired. I picked up these good fellows where I could, without inquiring too closely into their antecedents, and, as for the vessel, I bought it, as a makeshift, of the Bey of Tripoli. It is, as you may have noticed, a wretched hulk; but it is provided with engines, and we are only sailing because we have no coal. But look you! We have on board men of all countries and all trades. We have sailors, we have gunners, we have even poets; we have no engineer. Our friend Diego was one formerly, it is true, but he's got rather rusty. Fortunately you are here, dear Mr. Robert, and thanks to you, we are now certain of making our little trip quickly. We shall save at least a month, for the Caiman sails very badly."

This speech told Robert what he had already suspected, that Morgan had need of them; but it left him in a state of uncertainty as to the destination of the ship, for he found it difficult to believe in the existence of the celebrated island of gold. The crew looked like a collection of the worst kind of robbers, and it was only likely that piracy was Morgan's true occupation. The rumors which had been formerly circulated in Paris occurred to Robert's mind; but the moment would have been badly chosen to ask for explanations, and he eagerly accepted the offer. He was installed with George in a large cabin near the engines, and they both of them soon fell into a sleep which lasted fifteen hours. On awaking they went on deck, where Diego was walking up and down with Morgan, and met with a most favorable reception.

The weather had become very fine; the wind had changed, and the ship, driven by a strong breeze, made rapid way. A glance at the compass informed Robert that they were steering west. He noticed that the Caiman sailed under the Turkish flag, and that the crew talked some Oriental tongue—Arabic, probably—for he recognized the rough accent to which he had become familiarized in Malta. For the matter of that, he did not remain long in uncertainty. Morgan, who appeared to have taken upon himself to initiate him, said graciously to him:

"I see, my dear sir, that my crew puzzles you, and I owe you some explanation before finally giving you an interest in our undertaking. These good fellows of rather ferocious aspect profess the religion of Mahomet, or, in order to be more precise they were born in a Mussulman country, and they are not very pious. You behold in them the last representatives of an epoch in which privateering flourished in the States of Barbary. The ccapture of Algiers left unoccupied a crowd of excellent sailors, who, as retired corsairs, love to brave the most dangerous voyages. I always apply to them when I want a safe crew for a trip to my island. I used to know all this coast from Alexandria to Tangiers, and I have many friends here. Thus I have only too many to choose from, and I have always got on well with the recruits I have raised. With these men, you see, there is nothing to fear. When I have brought my cargo of gold back to Europe I pay them, I send them back to eat dates in their native country, and I keep my island to myself."

Robert listened, trying to give his face a look of credulity; but possibly Morgan was not taken in by this pretended simplicity, for he could not help smiling every time he referred to his golden island.

Robert did not think it expedient to ask the geographical position of the fantastic island, and he entered on his duties the same day by examining the engines. They were in pretty good condition, and after a few repairs which would be easily executed there was no reason why they should not work well enough. The vessel was provided with very tall masts, and seemed originally to have been built for sailing; her broad sides and bulging hull allowed her to take a large cargo. She appeared to be heavily laden, for she lay very low in the water and rolled very little. Robert wondered what sort of merchandise she could be taking to a desert island; but his first idea did not seem to be a correct one. In fact, although the crew was more numerous than is usual on training ships the armament consisted solely of two dilapidated swivel-guns, and was certainly not that of a pirate.

In two days' time the engines were ready to work, and by Morgan's orders Robert prepared to steam at full speed on the next day. They were approaching the Straits, and the steep rock of Gibraltar could already be made out to starboard; but Morgan gave orders to steer southwest, and the Riptieau Mountains, on the coast of Morocco, soon hove in sight. Robert thought for a short time that they were making for Tangiers, but he saw that they were hugging the coast of Africa in order to gain the Atlantic more quickly. It occurred to him that Morgan was particularly anxious to avoid the war-vessels stationed at Gibraltar, and to pass quickly through the Straits, as a traveller who carries a large sum of money with him hastens through a dangerous pass. What confirmed him in this view was the fact that, after having gone for forty-eight hours at full speed, he received orders to extinguish the fires.

They were out at sea at the time, and Morgan, who appeared very pleased, told Robert that the coal must be husbanded, and that they would sail as long as the wind continued favorable. Up to that time, in spite of the suspicious appearance of the vessel and crew, Robert had noticed nothing which was opposed to the idea of a trading brig, and he became almost satisfied that the Caiman was really in search of gold. Three days after having passed the Straits, Morgan took a reckoning and found that the ship was more than a hundred miles from the coast of Africa. He appeared in a very good temper at dinner. He exchanged glances and smiles of intelligence with Diego, and a good deal more liquor was consumed than usual.

Robert and George, who remained quite sober, found that, under the influence of rum and whiskey, the conversation took a singular turn. There were allusions to some enterprise already commenced, the dangers avoided and still to be avoided. Suddenly Morgan rose, his eyes bloodshot, his gait unsteady, and, addressing Robert, said, with an evil smile:

"Come on deck with us, my dear sir. I am going to give my cargo some air at last. It must have been in great need of it for the last ten days. Come, I pray you; I am sure that it will interest you."

Robert followed him without understanding his words, and mounted the poop, where a strange sight awaited him.

Almost the entire crew was on deck, ranged against the netting, armed as for a fight. Soon at the main hatch appeared a sailor, holding in his hand a boarding cutlass. Two chained negroes followed him. Behind this dusky couple walked another sailor, then more negroes, who took up their position in a line as they reached the deck. Robert counted one hundred and ten of them in two rows. All wore a chain, riveted to their feet and waists, like convicts. The mystery was solved at last, and Robert was astonished that he had not guessed it before.

He was on board a slaver; Morgan and Diego were simply slave-dealers.

A look of sad surprise appeared, no doubt, on his face; for Morgan burst out laughing when he saw it.

"Confess, my dear Robert," said he in the gayest of tones, "that you didn't expect to find me so well provided with 'ebony.' This is of the best quality, and is as good, I can assure you, as a gold mine," he added, emphasizing the last word. "Excuse me for not telling you sooner that you were sailing with—what shall I say? I don't like that ugly word slave-dealers—with recruiters for the agriculture of the tropics, if you like. And believe me—I have had much experience—there are few trades so lucrative. Accordingly, I was very anxious to take my nephew as a partner in my little business, and I am charmed that you and dear George should have joined us, too. There's some risk of being hanged, especially if you are captured by the English, who are fearfully brutal; but we take care not to be captured."

He stopped to give an order in Arabic, and Robert saw the unfortunate negroes begin to walk round the ship, under the eye and whip of ten robust sailors.

"There's loss, too," continued Morgan; "but with watchfulness and care the cargo is pretty easy to keep. You see how I'm airing it. It went very much against me, I can assure you, to leave these poor devils packed in the hold, like sardines; but what is one to do? The Mediterranean is as frequented as the boulevards, and it's not really safe till the Straits are passed. Now that we are out in the open ocean there will be a walk every day and two balls every week. You should see these fellows skip!"

The wretch went on talking for a long time in this way, and Diego did his best to outdo him.

Robert had the strength to contain himself. Now that he knew the secret of these two villains, it would be easier for him to hit upon some plan of escape. He set himself to listen, to watch, and, little by little, he learnt everything that he did not know before. Morgan had carried on the slave trade for more than twenty years, first in the Antilles, where he was born, then in Brazil, whither he was now going. His brother-in-law, Diego's father, had formerly been in partnership with him: but he had met his end by being hanged at the yard of an American cruiser.

After many changes of fortune—now ruined, now rolling in gold—Morgan, after two lucky trips, had joined his nephew in France, twenty years before. When he had made an end of squandering in Paris, with Diego's assistance, his profits and poor Mary's fortune, he took to his old occupation again. But times had changed. An active watch had rendered slave-dealing almost impossible in the Gulf of Guinea, where it was so easily carried on before, and Morgan had thought of shifting his scene of action. Privateering with the corsairs of Barbary had formerly given him employment, for all robbery was familiar to him. His former relations on the coast of Africa had given him the idea of quite a new plan. Slavery, abolished in Algeria since the French conquest, still continued in the States of Tunis and Tripoli. Numerous caravans brought from the Soudan quantities of negroes, who were to be bought very cheap in the coast towns, and these slaves were stronger and less subject to nostalgia than those from the Congo. To transport them to Cuba or Brazil was a safe speculation, as the Mediterranean was not watched by cruisers.

When fate brought Morgan and Diego within sight of the Sorelle they were coming from Dernah, a small, almost unknown port in the State of Tripoli, where they had collected a crew of former pirates, and embarked as many negroes as they could cram into their vessel. They were going to Brazil, where they were certain, if they escaped the cruisers, of selling their human cargo at a high price; and they did not conceal their intentions of going to enjoy themselves in Paris on the profits of the undertaking. The miraculous island had never existed, and Morgan's frequent trips out of France had no other object than that of buying and selling his fellow men.

Having been enlightened as to the past life of the two villains who held his life and that of his son at their mercy, Robert calmly reviewed the chances which still remained to them. There was no doubt that Morgan would endeavor to rid himself of the castaways, the day when they ceased to be useful to him; but steam might save him, in case of pursuit, and no one among his crew was able to manage the engines. It was only on the return journey, then, that danger threatened, and Robert had time to prepare a plan.

(To be Continued.)

EXCELLENT.

Beyond the Power of Pen to Describe

Is the Verdict I Would Give to Your Wonderful Medicine, South American Nervine.

I have been a continual sufferer from Nervous Debility, Indigestion, Dyspepsia and general physical weakness for a number of years, and had been treated by numerous doctors and specialists without avail. Recently while visiting in Toronto I was induced by a friend who had been cured of similar complaints by its use, to try South American Nervine Tonic, which I did with the most astonishing results. The very first dose seemed to "hit the right spot," and five bottles completely cured me, and, best of all, I have stayed cured.

Gratitude for what this grand remedy has done for me prompts me in making this statement, which I want you to publish far and wide, so that others who suffer from these complaints may know that there is a cure, absolute and certain, within their reach and to be had almost for the asking.

May South American Nervine ever prosper, and its proprietors reap the reward they so justly deserve, is the prayer of

Yours truly. D. G. OWEN.
Picton, Ont., Dec. 19, 1895.

ROUND OF BEEF.

Truss a round of beef weighing from five pounds upward and put it in a saucepan, with four ounces of beef suet; fry briskly and brown all round; drain off the fat; add two onions and two carrots, cut in quarters; a bunch of parsley and aromatic herbs, a clove of garlic and salt and pepper; add a pint of stewed tomatoes and nearly cover with broth or water. Put on the lid and cook slowly for three hours; dish the beef, remove the fat and thicken the sauce. Pour part of it over the beef and serve the rest of it in a boat. Serve with a garniture a la Flamande, which consists of mounds of turnips and carrots, cut with a vegetable cutter, and boiled separately in water, alternated with peas and stringed beans, either canned or fresh.

PERTINENT AND IMPERTINENT.

The best mirror is an old friend.

Pain is forgotten when gain comes.

The day has eyes, the night has ears.

Six feet of earth make all men equal.

Open not your door when the devil knocks.

Pride in prosperity turns to misery in adversity.

The calmest husbands make the stormiest wives.

Send not for a hatchet to break open an egg with.

'Tis better to cry over your goods than after them.

That is but an empty purse that is full of other men's money.

REASON TO FEEL HOPEFUL.

"I am going to propose to Miss Jinkies," said Whykins, thoughtfully.

"Has she given you any encouragement?"

"I should say so. Why, she is afraid I am spending too much money for bouquets and matinee tickets."

Diseased blood, constipation, and kidney, liver and bowel troubles are cured by Burdock Blood Bitters Root Tea.

BEYOND QUESTION.

"Yes," said the girl who collects, "it is one of the best autographs I have in my collection."

"But are you sure it's genuine?" asked her friend.

"Positive. I cut it with my own hands from a telegram that his wife received from him."

Italy's troops in Abyssinia are in a pinch.

THE WEEKLY NEWS.
Published Every Tuesday
At Union, B. C.
M Whitney Editor

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
IN ADVANCE.

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

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

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

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

No Advertisment inserted for less than 50 cents.

Tuesday, March. 24, 1896.

SCIENCE OF NUTRITION

As the source of all steam power is the supply of fuel to the furnace, so is food to man the source of all his physical and mental power. It is not strange therefore that the science of nutrition is receiving constantly increasing attention. What food to buy and how to prepare it for the table is being taught in a department by itself in many public institutions. Every year household economy is given increased attention, and very much of the health, happiness and prosperity of the people is dependent upon the proper understanding of this subject. Proper nutrition is perhaps the most important branch of it, certainly if we except correct methods of sanitation. It is closely allied with morality and perhaps religion, and if studied in proportion to its importance and the knowledge thereby gained, be properly used, it will result in untold blessings to mankind.

CLEANING UP

It is pleasant to see the general clearing up of yards which is taking place. It would be worth while if nothing but for appearances; but how much more does it not mean at this time of the year? It means health for the household. It means that the little ones are not to become the victims of filth, unbroken households. It means that the reputation of the town as a healthy place in which to live is to be maintained. It means that the tide of travel is not to be diverted by unsavory rumors to other places, and that prosperity which attends on health and enterprise is to be ours.

UNION MINES

(Inspector's Report.)

No. 1 SLOPE—Closed.

No. 2 SLOPE—Down about 700 yards, through rock and thin coal, but now a change for the better, and coal 4½ feet thick, hard and of good quality, ventilation good, average of men at work, 54. This is on the south side where I think will yet be seen the great productive mine of the company, the surface showing this to be a fine country.

No. 4 SLOPE—Most extensive mine in Union Colliery and 2,000 yards from the entrance to face, in addition to 700 feet outside. First 500 yards almost flat, worked on the tail rope system; after this easy grade so that cars take the rope down to lowest landing, about one mile from entrance. A diagonal slope leaves main slope near entrance to east at an angle of 45 degrees, down now 1,000 yards, much greater pitch than main slope and at its face almost as low. Six levels of the main slope; 11, 12 and 13, west side, in all of which the coal is good and hard, averaging six feet; 3 levels on east side working, coal good but not so thick as on west side. Ventilation good. All appliances of the most improved system.

No. 5 SHAFT—600 feet down. When at depth of 590 feet coal was found 4½ feet thick, very hard and of usual good quality of Union coal. Coal worked into in three different directions from shaft, south, east and west for 200 feet each, the coal keeping very good. Taking out 100 tons per day. All machinery made at Albion Iron Works, Victoria. The mine has appearance of giving good returns from now on,

COKE—They are making some first class coke from fine coal that could not otherwise be sold, and are now erecting ovens by which they will be able to turn out over 100 tons of coke per day, enabling to work soft coal.

December 31st 1895.

NEW GOVERNMENT AGENT

W. B. Anderson, of the Bay, has been commissioned Government Agent and Registrar of births, deaths and marriages. The books, we understand, were turned over on Saturday by Mr. Creech, the former government agent.

ZULU MAGIC.

Conjurers in South Africa Who Perform Feats of Legerdemain Truly Wonderful.

During the Zulu war I was in South Africa traveling north through Zululand. In Dunn's reservation, two hundred miles north from Durban, in Natal, I saw a witch doctor levitate the form of a young Zulu by waving a tuft of grass about his head, amid surroundings calculated to impress themselves deeply upon the most prosaic imagination. It was evening, and the witch doctor, who belonged to the class described more than once by Rider Haggard with great accuracy, was as revolting in his appearance as the high caste fakirs had been pleasing. A number of fakirs had gathered about our camp fire and I had given them some illustrations of my own skill. They seemed puzzled but were not specially curious. One of them stole away and after some minutes returned with their own conjurer, the witch doctor in question. After considerable solicitation from the natives, the intricacies of which my knowledge of the Zulu language did not enable me quite to penetrate, the conjurer, who at first seemed reluctant to give his consent to an exhibition of his powers before me, took a knob kerry or club and fastened it at the end of a thong of rawhide about two feet long. A young native, tall and athletic, whose eyes appeared to be fixed upon those of the conjurer with an apprehensive steadfastness, took his own knob kerry and fastened it at the end of a similar thong of hide. The two men stood about six feet apart, in the full glare of the fire, and began, all the time in silence, to whirl their knob kerrys about their heads.

I noticed that when the two clubs seemed in their swift flight, almost to come in contact, a spark of flame passed or appeared to pass from one to the other. The third time this happened there was an explosion, the spark appeared to burst, the young man's knob kerry was shattered to pieces, and he fell to the ground apparently lifeless. The witch doctor turned to the high grass a few feet behind us and gathered a handful of stalks about three feet long. Standing in the shadow and away from the fire, he waved, with a swift motion, exactly similar to that of the clubs a few minutes before, the bunch of grass around the head of the young Zulu, who lay as dead, in the firelight. In a moment or two the grass seemed to ignite in its flight, although the witch doctor was not standing within twenty feet of the fire, and burned slowly, cracking audibly. Approaching more closely the form of the native in the trance the conjurer waved the flaming grass gently over his figure, about a foot from the flesh. To my intense amazement the recumbent body slowly rose from the ground and floated upwards in the air to a height of about three feet, remaining in suspension and moving up and down, according as the passes of the burning grass were slower or faster. As the grass burned out and dropped to the ground the body returned to its position on the ground, and after a few passes from the hands of the witch doctor, the young Zulu leaped to his feet, apparently none the worse for his wonderful experience.—From "High Caste Indian Magic," by Prof. Kellar, in North American Review for January.

NORTHWESTERN ENTERPRISE

It is said that America is another name for opportunity. The crowded populace of the old world is oblidged to toil early and late to grind out a meagre living, and at the same time is compelled to support an expensive royalty and nobility and maintain large standing armies. Their existence is one weary outline, and at the end of life they find themselves no further advanced than at the beginning. In America, however, there is a chance for every energetic, temperate man to get ahead, for we have here vast natural resources—agricultural, mineral and commercial. Our educational facilities are the best, and our population is as yet comparatively thin. In the rocks and soil we have untold wealth still wholly untouched, which only awaits intelligent, well-directed energy to be brought out.

The Northwest, especially with its bracing climate and varied resources, offers to push and pluck opportunities unsurpassed anywhere in the world. The doors open to the worker are evidenced by the success by which enterprise here has already been attended. We are justly proud of the great mines, the farms and ranches, the mills, manufactories and commercial houses of the Northwest. The farmers and miners are supplied with groceries, clothing, tools, etc., from the cities, and in turn find in the cities a market for their agricultural produce, ores, hides, skins and other productions. One house has for nearly two decades furnished a market for all of the latter class of goods that could be shipped to them, and although consignments are made directly to them, usually without a price, simply with the name and address of the consignor, immediate remittances at the full market value are made without exception. Jas McMillan & Co. have for years been known in every nook and cranny of the Northwest as leading dealers in hides, furs, sheep pelts, wool and similar commodities, and their business has grown from nothing to be the largest of its kind in the country.

We might mention houses in every line of business whose perseverance and practical judgment have raised them to the highest stratum of the commercial world, and whose straightforward business methods have won them universal confidence—but one example will suffice. The prolonged panic through which we are passing is liable to make us forget our natural advantages, but we firmly believe that soon our hard times will be over and our country will again prosper as her resources and enterprise warrant.

It is said that George Dunbar, who had formerly charge of the Riverside hotel, Courtenay, has bought out the Half-way house which has been licensed between Union and Courtenay. There is only the lumber for the building on the ground now, but the place will doubtless be ready for occupancy in a few weeks.

QUALITY COUNTS.

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

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

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

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

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

Established 1877. CAPITAL, $500,000. Incorporated June 16, 1893.

Jas. McMillan & Co.
INCORPORATED.

PROPRIETORS OF THE Minneapolis Sheepskin Tannery.

EXPORTERS OF Fine Northern Furs

DEALERS AND EXPORTERS
C. S. Hides,
Dry Hides,
Pelts,
Wool, Furs.
TALLOW,
GINSENG & SENECA

Shipments Solicited and Prompt Returns Made.

Write For Latest Price Circular.

REFERENCES BY PERMISSION:

Security Bank of Minnesota,	Minneapolis, Minn.	Merchants' National Bank,	Helena, Montana.
First National Bank,	Minneapolis, Minn.	Montana National Bank,	Helena, Montana.
People's Bank,	Minneapolis, Minn.	Security Bank of Great Falls,	Great Falls, Mont.

MAIN HOUSE, 200 to 212 FIRST AVENUE NORTH,
MINNEAPOLIS, - - - - MINNESOTA.

BRANCHES:

HELENA, MONT. Cooke & Bozeman St	CHICAGO, ILL.	VICTORIA, B.C. 35 Wharf St.	WINNIPEG, MAN. 254 King St.	EDMONTON, N.W.T. Jasper Ave.

Riverside Hotel
Courtenay, B. C.
Grant & Murighan, Props.

Best of Liquors
Finest of Cigars
and
Good Table
Courteous Attention

The Famous
DOMINION PANTS CO.
364 & 366 St. James St.
MONTREAL.

SUITS
To order
$13
PANTS
$3

Send for Samples. Prompt delivery. Perfect fit guaranteed.

Drs Lawrence & Westwood.
Physicians and Surgeons.
UNION B.C.

We have appointed Mr. James Abrams our collector until further notice, to whom all overdue accounts may be paid.
7 Nov. 1895.

Esquimalt and Nanaimo Ry.

Steamer Joan
L. P. LOCKE, MASTER.

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

Nanaimo Saw Mill
—AND—
Sash and Door
FACTORY
A. HASLAM, Prop
(OFFICE—MILL STREET.)
(P. O. Drawer 36. Telephone Call, 1-9)
NANAIMO, B. C.
A complete stock of Rough and Dressed Lumber always on hand. Also Shingles, laths, Pickets, Doors, Windows and Blinds. Moulding, Scroll Sawing, Turning, and all kinds of wood finishing furnished.
Cedar. White Pine. Redwood.

Society Cards

I. O. O. F., No. 11

Union Ledge, I. O. O. F., meets every Friday night at 8 o'clock. Visiting brethren cordially invited to attend.
A. LINDSAY, R. S.

Cumberland Lodge, A. F. & A. M, B. C. R.
UNION, B. C.
Lodge meets first Saturday in each month. Visiting brethren are cordially invited to attend.
JAMES MCKIM, Sec.

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

Loyal Sunbeam Lodge No. 100, C. O. O. F., meet in their lodge room over McPhee's store, Courtenay, every second Saturday at 3 p. m. Visiting brethren cordially invited to attend.
J. M. Fulton, Sec.

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

Nelson Camp No, 51 of the Canadian Order of the Woodmen of the World meets every other Monday evening at 8 p.m. in Odd Fellows Hall, over Leiser's store. Visiting neighbours cordially invited to attend.
Geo. Hull, Secretary.

NOTICE

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

CUMBERLAND SHOE SHOP.

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

Esquimalt & Nanaimo R'y

Time Table No. 25,

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

GOING NORTH

	Daily.	Sat'dy.
Lv. Victoria for Nanaimo and Wellington	A. M. 8.00	P. M. 3.30
Ar. Nanaimo	11.40	6 35
Ar. Wellington	12.00	6.55

GOING SOUTH

	A M Daily.	P M Sat'dy.
Lv. Wellington for Victoria	8.20	3.30
Lv. Nanaimo for Victoria	8.40	3.45
Ar. Victoria	12.30	7.00

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

NOTICE

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

POST OFFICE REGULATION

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

S. OF T.

Union Division No. 7, Sons of Temperance, meets in Free Mason's Hall, Union, every Monday evening at 7:30.
Visiting friends cordially invited to attend.
THOS. DICKINSON, R. S.

Barber Shop : :
— AND —
: : Bathing Establishment

Having purchased the above of Mr. C. D. Kinne, I shall be pleased to see all my old friends, and as many new ones as may choose to give me their patronage.

O. H. Fechner,
PROPRIETOR

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

TEAMING

43

LOCALS

When your rival is out of the newspaper it's a good time for you to stay in.

A stock of ladies and gents' Oxford ties just arrived at McPhee & Moore's.

Those who make use of printers ink *into obscurity never sink.*

FIVE Linen Collars for 25 cents at Langmans.

A. D. Williams, after a couple of weeks absence is again on deck.

2000 pairs of ladies fine shoes from $1. up SIMON LEISER.

If you have a room for rent advertise it in the NEWS.

Mr. T. D. McLean is back from Nanaimo.

Theobald the painter, has on hand for sale a large lot of fine fence posts.

Mr. Geo. W. Clinton returned from a trip to Victoria on Wednesday.

Take a peep at Blore & Son's new wall papers.

Ernest Halliday and family will leave for Kingcome Inlet in a few days.

Some new lines in Spring Prints, fast colors at Stevenson & Co's, Union.

One of the latest styles of up-to-date bicycles graces the show window of McPhee & Moore.

For granite ware go to Grant & McGregor's, who have the largest and most complete stock in town.

The band benefit ball was well patronized and the work of the band orchestra received unstinted praise.

Orders for powder left for me at Dave Anthony's will receive prompt attention. F. Curran.

Mrs. J. S. Kendell, the milliner, returned last Wednesday from Victoria where she had been on a business trip.

If you want the newest and best styles in men's felt hats and at half regular prices by all means buy at Langman's.

Mr. W. H. Walter and family have returned to Comox. Their new bakery oven is being completed.

For new flannelettes and fancy spring dress goods, Stevenson & Co is the place to get the correct thing at the right price.

The north side of Dunsmuir avenue, Cumberland, presents a very neat appearance. Now let the south side show that it cannot be surpassed.

To clear 500 men's fancy laundered shirts with collars and cuffs at 45c. worth $1.50 SIMON LEISER

While Dan was away Tom did good work slicking up things; another week and the street pump would have travelled to the backside of the building.

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

An examination of candidates for the High School, among the various schools of this district, was held at Courtenay last Thursday.

LOST—An open faced gold watch (gentleman's) on Tuesday, March 17th, supposed to be lost on Comox Road between the New Saw Mill and Dowell's house, Union. Finder will please call at the NEWS office. A liberal reward will be paid.

With the rejection of the British Pacific propositions by the government, comes a revival of the question of extending the present island railway up to the northern end of Vancouver Island. Why not build it? We are glad to note the World of Vancouver city approves of the project.

Free to every reader of this paper:—A book on Fancy Work which contains 50 illustrations. Among them are designs for sofa pillows, table covers scarfs, tray cloths, doillies, celluloid work, tapestry painting and embroidery. Directions are given how to make lamp shades, scrap baskets, photograph stands and a variety of fancy articles. Also another book telling how to make all kinds of mats and rugs, numbering 65 in all. These two books will be sent you FREE if you will send ten cents for a three months' trial subscription to THE HOME a 16 page paper containing original stories, fashions, fancy work, etc.,—the cheapest and best paper published Send to the publishers, 141 Milk St., Boston, Mass., and get the paper and the two books. When writing ask for their illustrated Premium List, sent free to any address.

NOTICE

On and after April 1st, 1896, the barber shops will close on Saturday night at 12 o'clock and remain closed until Monday morning at 7:30.

SID C. HOOVER.
O. H. FECHNER.

WARNING.

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

S. Creech,
Gov. Agent.

NOTICE.

Persons using the mules and horses of the Union Colliery Co. without permission will be prosecuted according to law.

F.D. Little, Supt.

Take E. Pimbury & Co's BALSAMIC ELIXIR for coughs and colds.

There is Nothing

LIKE LEATHER

If it is Well Put Together

So here it is : :

Single Harness at $10, $12, $15 per set and up.—Sweat Pads at 50 cents. Whips at 10, 25, 50 and a good Rawhide for 75 cents, and a Whale Bone at $1 and up to $2.

I have the largest Stock of WHIPS in town and also the

Best Axle Grease at 2 BOXES

.....For Twenty-Five Cents.....

Trunks at Prices to Suit the Times.

Repairing { PROMPTLY AND NEATLY DONE

Wesley Willard

JAMES ABRAMS

Notary Public.

Agent for the Alliance Fire Insurance Company of London and the Phoenix of Hartford.....

Agent for the Provincial Building and Loan Association of Toronto.....

Union, B. C.

F. Curran

SCAVENGER

UNION, B. C.

C. H. TARBELL,

COR. 2ND AND DUNSMUIR AVE.

KEEPS A FULL LINE OF

Gurnsey Tilden Stoves, everywhere famous,

AND DOES ALL KINDS OF

Tin work
Sheet-iron work
Rooting
Job work
AND Repairing

Cumberland Hotel.

Union, B. C.

The finest hotel building
Fixtures and Bar
North of Victoria,
And the best kept house.

Spacious Billiard Room
and new
Billiard and Pool Tables

Best of Wines and Liquors.

J. Piket, Prop.

VENDOME

RESTAURANT

At this New Boarding House and Restaurant you can obtain Meals at 25 cents and upwards. Board and Lodgings at $20 per month on the STRICTLY ADVANCE CASH PLAN. If paid at the end of the month $25 will be invariably charged.

W. J. HARRIGAN, Prop

School and office stationery at E. Pimbury & Co's drug store.

Not One Man in One Hundred

So invests his money that it yields, in twenty years, anything like the profit afforded by a policy of Life Insurance.

HISTORY PROVES THIS—— The percentage of individuals who succeed in business is small——

No old-line mutual life insurance company has ever failed.

AS PROTECTION | AS AN INVESTMENT

LIFE INSURANCE IS UNRIVALLED

LESS THAN —Ten Cents a Day

Will buy for a man 35 years of age a $1,000 20-Payment Life Policy, one of the best forms of insurance written in the

Union Mutual Life Insurance Company

Of Portland, Maine

A Sound, Safe, Ably Managed, Reliable Substantial Institution which NEVER STANDS UPON TECHNICALITIES { INCORPORATED 1848

J. E. EVANS, Provincial Manager, P.O. BOX 693 Vancouver, B. C.

For further information call on

F. J. DALBY,
With James Abrams.

MONEY

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

Mortgages purchased. Insurance effected.

MARCUS WOLFE

NANAIMO, B. C.

P. O. Drawer 17

DR. JEFFS

Surgeon and Physician

(Graduate of the University of Toronto, L. C., P. & S., Ont.)

Office and residence, Maryport Ave., next door to Mr. A. Grant's

Hours for consultation—9 to 10 a m, 2 to 4 and 7 to 10 p m.

H. J. Theobald,

House and Sign Painter,

Paper-Hanging, Kalsomining and Decorating.

GRAINING A SPECIALTY.

All Orders Promptly Attended to

Union, B. C.

R. B. ANDERSON.

Watchmaker and Jeweler

General worker in Metals

Jobbing of all kinds

Office and Works Third Street, near NEWS office.

UNION B. C.

M. J. HENRY

NURSERYMAN AND FLORIST

P.O. address:—Mount Pleasant, Vancouver, B.C. Greenhouse and Nursery, 604 Westminster Road. Most complete Catalogue in B. C.—Free to your address No agents.

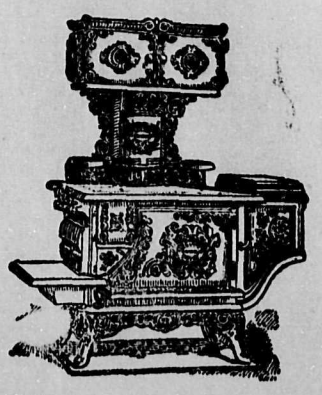
ONE GIVES RELIEF.

R·I·P·A·N·S

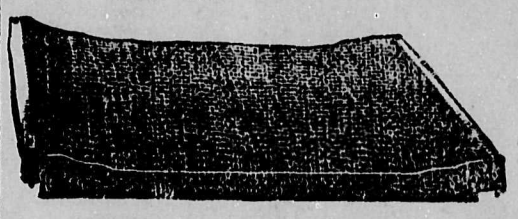
The modern standard Family Medicine: Cures the common every-day ills of humanity.

Union Mines

Furniture Store



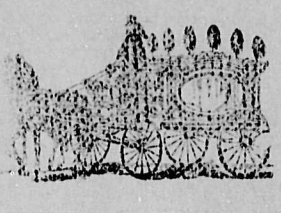
A Full Line of Everything Including Curtains, Carpets and Rugs, and our Celebrated woven wire



In Separate Apartment we keep Second Hand Furniture

UNDERTAKING DEPARTMENT

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



CONTRACTORS AND BUILDERS

Grant & McGregor

Puntledge Bottling Works.

DAVID JONES, Proprietor,

MANUFACTURER OF

SODA WATER, LEMONADE, GINGER ALE,

Sarsaparalla, Champagne Cider, Iron Phosphates and Syrups. Bottler of Different Brands of Lager Beer, Steam Beer and Porter. Agent for the Union Brewery Company.

KEG BEER SOLD FOR CASH ONLY

COURTENAY, B. C.

Stage and Livery

COURTENAY, B.C.

Fine Rigs at Reasonable Rates Always on Hand,

Teaming Promptly Done,

McQUILLAN & GILMORE

PISO'S CURE FOR The Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by Druggists. CONSUMPTION. 25 CTS

I presume we have used over one hundred bottles of Piso's Cure for Consumption in my family, and I am continually advising others to get it. Undoubtedly it is the

Best Cough Medicine

I ever used.—W. C. MILTENBERGER, Clarion, Pa., Dec. 29, 1894.——I sell Piso's Cure for Consumption, and never have any complaints.—E. SHOREY, Postmaster, Shorey, Kansas, Dec. 21st, 1894.

PISO'S CURE FOR The Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by Druggists. CONSUMPTION. 25 CTS

BLORE & SON

PAINTERS & PAPER HANGERS

Wall Paper and Paint Store . .
Tinting and Kalsomining a specialty

ALL ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO

Williams' Block, Third St. Union, B. C.

H. A. Simpson

Barrister & Solicitor, No's 2 & 4 Commercial Street.

NANAIMO, B. C.

J. A. Carthew

ARCHITECT and BUILDER,

UNION, B. C.

Nanaimo Cigar Factory

Phillip Gable and Co., Prop's

Bastion Street — Nanaimo B. C

Manufactures the finest cigars and employes none but white labor.

Why purchase inferior foreign cigars when you can obtain a SUPERIOR ARTICLE for the same money

FARM AND GARDEN.

AGRICULTURE.

Hauling out the manure in winter is an innovation which commends itself to thinking men. The sled is more convenient than the wagon; neither is there danger of cutting up the ground when hauled in the snow season. Above all, the work is done when no other pressing demands are upon the husbandman.

If you have never done so before, plant some carrots this year. Some of them you may sell at a good price, but what you do not sell nor eat make an excellent and profitable addition to the feed for the horses, colts and cows during the winter. In moderation, they will give the desired "butter color" if fed in the dairy.

Clean cut cultivation should be given in order to prevent the planted crop from being defrauded by the volunteer crop which is ever ready to spring up beside it. Everything which grows takes some valuable fertilizing element from the soil, and an especial loss is incurred in any seed production.

Good farmers on good land will continue to grow some wheat, but the area of this crop is certain to be smaller until the demand requires all the product. We must turn attention to other crops, requiring more labor, for they will pay better. It has been too easy to grow wheat upon cheap land.

Drainage pays in that the very soils which need it most are the most productive, as a rule, when drained. Clay soils, which are retentive of moisture, and, therefore, cold and late, are strong soils, and retentive of applied manures. In proper mechanical condition, they yield better than naturally dry soils, usually deficient in plant food.

Stable manure is usually poor in potash and phosphates, and its decay in the soil promotes late growth of wood and leaf, which is not desirable in fruit trees or shrubbery; but for corn, or for a top dressing for clover, the results prove it most beneficent. By making a large growth of the latter it enriches wonderfully the soil for the next crop.

The carriage house should be dry and well ventilated. There should be no chance for gases from the stable or manure heap getting into it, for ammonia in the air will destroy varnish and fade colors, both in the painting and upholstering; it unites with and gradually destroys the oil in the varnish, causing it to shrink and crack.

The true rule is to sow no more ground than can be thoroughly prepared; but where the soil is not too compact, and is free from weed growth, ploughing may sometimes be dispensed with and the upper crust be put in good shape to receive oats by careful harrowing. Thus it may be under way before the pressing spring work begins.

The chicken house produces a fertilizer which is of great value when properly handled, but one which can be quickly made worthless by mistaken methods. Lime or ashes are frequently dusted about them and thrown beneath the roosts under the impression that they are needed to keep the house pure. These liberate the valuable ammonia.

To get the best results from chicken manure feed it in a semi-liquid form about the strawberry and other small fruit plants. Sprinkle dry clay or land plaster plentifully about, to absorb the injurious gases in the hen house and the excessive moisture, and remove weekly.

If rats infest the barn, fill a tight barrel half full of rye or other grain and give them a treat for a fortnight, placing a board against the barrel for easy access. Some night substitute water for the grain, leaving enough of the latter on top to deceive, and the results will astonish you. Moreover, the rats will leave that barn for months.

If farmers would exercise their ingenuity as do manufacturers and business men, in an effort to get up a greater diversity of products, and to put up the old products in new ways, they could widen their market almost indefinitely. Ordinarily their market is a narrow one.

The bulb of a well developed onion grows near the surface, the true roots going down but a few inches. If the soil is loose for any considerable depth the roots will grow long, to the detriment of the bulb, which becomes slender, instead of growing full and round. Plough deep if you will, but harrow well and roll often.

STOCK.

The tendency of the sow to destroy her young is unnatural, and comes largely from improper care and unsanitary surroundings. It is hard to tell what a sow will do if she is feverish or worried. Infanticide is not uncommon among human beings who are surrounded by filth and poor sanitary conditions, and we cannot wonder at the poor brutes doing the same.

We have learned how to take better care of the hogs, giving less corn and more of a variety of food and constant supply of pure water, and there is less persistent inbreeding to destroy the vigor and constitution of the pigs. In other words, hog cholera has been almost investigated out of existence.

Corn is undoubtedly the handiest and most palatable feed for hogs the farm produces, but, either in the ear or in meal, it is too rich in fat formers and too weak in bone and muscle makers to build up the strong frame and hardy constitution which are essential to the cheapest production.

In stock raising consider your tastes and opportunities and then follow out the plan you have laid down until you become known in connection with the production of some specialty, and when any one wants a thing in your line he will come directly to you to buy, feeling certain that it will always be of the very best.

Where lands are high and the markets good we must change our custom to meet the issues of the times, and produce poultry, spring lambs, prime mutton, high grade export beef, and high class horses: we already raise the best hogs in the world. This very procedure is to yet redeem the New England States.

It has been demonstrated that, when fed with nitrogenous foods, corn fodder has a feeding value equal to 90 per cent. of the same weight of timothy hay. You farmers, think of this when you are feeding the hay which is worth from $10 to $20 a ton while the corn fodder stands wasting in the fields.

As grain growing becomes less remunerative live stock is essential to the independence and prosperity of the farmer and to the economy of the fertility of the soil. No farmer can raise wheat and buy his stock for meat and his horses; neither can the southern farmer raise cotton and send north for his mules and bacon.

The Australian newspapers recommend quack grass as a valuable fodder, thriving in any soil and coming up first in the spring, and because cattle are very fond of it. This may do while it is a grazing country, but when cultivated crops take the place of sheep raising it will be seen in another light. Let us fight shy of it here.

POULTRY.

There are broiler firms who produce 5,000 or more chicks at the same time by the use of incubators, and everything is conducted upon business principles. It would be impossible to supply the spring markets with early broilers were it not for artificial incubation.

With a good supply of water and a good supply of feed, we should remember, also, to give the latter in variety. If a certain ration does not produce eggs, then change it or alternate it with something else. Fowls may have enough to eat, but not just the kind they desire or need.

It is a troublesome job to keep water before hens in winter, but they must have it in plenty, or they will neither do well nor lay well. Protect it from filth. In cold weather let it be placed before them as hot as they can drink it. Without painstaking there will be no success.

Always keep before the fowls a supply of ground bone or oyster shell, and to these may be added cut fresh bone or meat. There is no single ration which will give such results as ground fresh bone from the market. Place a sheep carcass in the hen yard, and the increase in the egg production will be at once discernible.

The farmer will obtain a large increase in production and profit by checking the roaming tendency of his fowls. This is really a matter worth heeding. It will pay to provide suitable shelter and yards, and they will not only return amply for the care bestowed, but that care brings a pleasure of its own.

Because capons find a ready market in a few of the larger cities of the country it does not follow that they will be equally in demand everywhere. At some points the supply far exceeds the demand. Let us restrict the production until the demand increases.

An excellent morning ration for the hens is boiled oats. If laying, a good mixture can be made of meal, bran and ground oats. For the evening meal alternate with wheat, corn and oats, whole; and give them the needed exercise by making them scratch for it under the straw.

Save the chicken manure. Place the droppings in barrels or boxes, and keep them from contact with the rain or snow. Some things seem trifles, but the little savings fill up the greater leaks. This manure, if used to the best advantage, will show its worth.

Many a farmer's wife is not only making pin money, but a large profit, from her hens. In the near future we shall hear of the general use of the incubator on the farm, and in the skilful hands of the women. The specialists will not always have things to themselves.

The hen in winter quarters must be artificially supplied with what she can pick up for herself when running at large. If grain is constantly fed, our first prompting will be an egg laid with a thin shell. There is not shell forming material in the ration; it is not properly balanced.

A scientific breeder says 100 grains of lime are needed to make a strong egg shell, and as 1,000 pounds of wheat or corn contain less than a pound of lime, the hen can not get the lime she needs out of her grain rations. It would require the lime from 200 pounds of wheat to supply a dozen eggs.

If the poultry will not eat the clover readily after it is run through the cutter, mix it with bran or shorts, and it will make a splendid morning ration. Steam it by throwing it into a pail and pouring boiling water over it, letting it stand over night. In clover there will be an abundant supply of lime.

Do not feed merely to keep the hens alive and satisfy their hunger. Have a purpose in feeding, and feed for that purpose. Unless the hens are in a bright, healthy condition, expect few eggs. Neglect neither food, exercise, cleanliness nor protection.

One great point in favor of artificially hatched chickens is that they rarely have a bug or insect upon them. This helps to reduce the loss by death, and aids by bringing them up strong and healthy. The ordinary nest is so often foul with parasites that the chicks have but little chance to get a start in the world.

HOW'S THIS!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.; Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

A FARMER'S ADVICE.

He Tells the People to Shun Imitations.

He Had Been Imposed Upon by an Unscrupulous Dealer With the Result That it Nearly Cost the Life of a Loved Member of His Family.

(From the Woodstock, N. B. Sentinel.)

A reporter of the Sentinel recently dropped into the Victoria Hotel, looking for general news, and to scan the register for arrivals. Among those present he noticed a well dressed farmer sitting reading a small pamphlet. The reporter asked the landlord if there was anything new, and being answered in the negative the farmer turned and addressed him. "Looking for news, eh? Well, sit down and I'll give you something worth publishing." The reporter was at once on the alert, and the farmer continued. "You see this little book I hold in my hand? Well, the title of it is 'Five Prize Stories' and there is more good sense in it than in half of the philosophical works of the day, and it don't lay in any of the stories, either. Well, about a year ago I got hold of another little book by the same authors, entitled 'Four Generations,' which I read carefully through, and one very important thing I read in it was, beware of imitations, just as I read in this little book. Now, I wish to show how I had been taken in (deceived) and how I found it out and how near it came to costing me the dearest member of my household. Well, to begin at the beginning, my name is Shepherd Banks; I reside 11 1-2 miles from the village of Bristol, Carleton Co., N. B., and am a well-to-do farmer. For several years my wife was troubled with pains in the back and weakness of the kidneys. About two years ago she was taken very ill, the trouble taking the form of acute rheumatism. We consulted no less than three different doctors, who, however, failed to help her. She continued to grow weaker and weaker, and the pains she endured were something terrible. For over a year she was unable to do a single thing about the house, and she had fallen away in weight from 180 to 130 pounds, and we despaired of her recovery. I happened to notice in one of the newspapers a testimonial of a similar cure through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I immediately got a couple of boxes. My wife began taking them, and by the time she had used these she began to gain appetite and her pains were much eased, and we began to have great hopes of an ultimate cure. I then went for another supply of the pills. This time I purchased them in bulk, paying 50 cents for 100 pills, which were taken from a large glass bottle. I took them home and my wife began their use. Soon after she began to grow worse again; the old pains returned severer than ever. We still continued the use of the pills until about a third of them were gone. About this time I got through the mail, along with my neighbors, the book entitled 'Four Generations,' issued by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. On reading it it did not take me long to find out that the pills I had bought in bulk were a fraud, as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are not sold in bulk, but in boxes with the trade mark on the wrapper. I went to the cupboard and taking down the box in which the pills were threw it and its contents into the stove. I then went and procured a half dozen boxes of the genuine Pink Pills, and from the time my wife began their use there was an improvement in her condition. She used about twelve boxes altogether, and to-day there is no heartier or healthier woman in the neighborhood, and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the standard medicine in our home. Publish this? Yes, it may do some other sufferer good. We are all thankful for what Pink Pills have done for us, but be sure you caution your readers against those vile imitations."

The warning uttered by Mr. Banks is one that the public will do well to heed, for some unscrupulous dealers in different parts of the country try to impose upon the public by trashy imitations colored to present the appearance of the genuine Pink Pills. The public can always protect themselves by bearing in mind that the genuine pills are never sold by the dozen, hundred or ounce. They are always put up in boxes, around which will be found full directions for their use, the whole enclosed in a label bearing the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." If you want a medicine that will cure all diseases due to poor or watery blood, or shattered nerves, ask for the genuine Pink Pills, and take nothing else, no matter what some interested dealer who is looking for a larger profit may say.

THE VALENTINE KISS.

In many parts of England and Scotland it is still customary, as it has been for many centuries, for young men and women to regard their valentine the first person of the opposite sex whom their eyes behold on the morning of St. Valentine's day, and they have the right to claim the said valentine which he or she is in honor bound to accord without resistance or remonstrance of any kind.

The Queen arrived at Windsor yesterday.

CAN RHEUMATISM BE CURED?

The application of Nerviline—nerve pain cure—which possesses such marvellous power over all nerve pain, goes greatly to prove that it can. Nerviline acts on the nerves, soothes them, drives pain out, and in this way gives relief. Try it and be convinced.

IMMEDIATELY BELOW.

Passer-By—Is this Clark street?

Official—Well, it's as close to Clark street as you can get until the slush is scraped off.

WIT AND HUMOR

FOR LUCK.

Tom—I like your new house. What a charming vista one gets through these parlors into the library.

Kitty—Yes; but my brother says I'll never have any luck until the portieres are up.

A SUBSTITUTE.

Young Housekeeper—Have you any canvas-backed ducks?"

Market Man—No, lady, but I have some fine canvas-packed hams. Shall I send you up a pair?"

Young Housekeeper—Well, yes; I suppose they'll do.

A SCRIPTURAL INJUNCTION.

"It was St. Paul who advised Timothy to take a little wine for his stomach's sake, wasn't it?" asked the prohibition boarder.

"I think it was," answered Mrs. Hasheroft.

"H'm! No wonder it took the steamship of that name so long to get away from the bar."

OVERDOING IT.

"Now, I maintain," said Miss Strong, "that there is no place filled by a man which a woman cannot fill. Is that comprehensive enough?"

"It is very comprehensive," replied Mr. Northside, "but I am prepared to go still further in advocacy of woman's ability."

"Are you?"

"Yes, I am. On the seat of a street car, for instance, she can fill two men's places."

SAYINGS OF A PRINCESS.

Here are some of the sayings of Princess Faradia, a Swede by birth, but who is the wife of the Turkish Ambassador at the Hague: "It is a great blessing for a woman to have a husband who is a gourmet, for then she knows the way to his heart." "Egotists are the only people who will never have to bewail the death of their best loved friends.' "God created the husband and wife—who created the mother-in-law?" "It is less humiliating to bore the world than to amuse it too much."

PUZZLING NOMENCLATURE.

Farmer stopped in front of Michigan city's electric light plant and asked a bystander:

"What is that air buildin', a factory?"

"No, a plant," came the answer.

"What do they raise there?"

"Currents," replied the quick-witted bystander.

"What are they worth a bushel?"

"We sell them by the shock."

Farmer pulled his beard, scratched his head, and drove down town to market his vegetables.

NOTHING STANDS AS HIGH

As a remedy for every womanly ailment, as Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It is an invigorating, restorative tonic, a soothing and strengthening nervine, and a complete cure for all the derangements, painful disorders and chronic weaknesses peculiar to the sex.

For young girls entering womanhood; for women at the critical "change of life"; for women approaching confinement; nursing mothers; and every woman who is "run down," tired, or overworked—it is a special, safe, and certain help. Send for free pamphlet or remit 10 cents (stamps) for a book of 168 pages on "Woman and Her Diseases," and how to cure them with home treatment. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets cure constipation, piles, billiousness, indigestion, or dyspepsia and headaches.

A BUSINESS YOUTH.

There is a very practical young man in Brooklyn of the name of Lombars. He heard of a position in business which he could have if he was married. He was not a benedict, but he made haste to be one. He advertised at once that he wanted a wife. The replies came in at once and have been coming ever since. Now he has 649, but long before that number was reached he had found a girl who answered perfectly and had married her, after a careful examination of her merits. It was wholly a business affair, he says, but while he was about it he thought it best to have a first-class wife.

SAFE, SURE, PAINLESS.

Just what you need if you are troubled by aching corns. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor acts in this way. It makes no sore spots, acts speedily, removing the worst corn in twenty-four hours. Putnam's Corn Extractor, the only sure corn cure.

SHE MISJUDGED HIM.

Mrs. Hardhead (glancing over letters)—This young man who applies for a situation has the stamp on crooked, and it's upside down. Doesn't that indicate he is lazy, careless and perhaps cranky?

Mr. Hardhead (an old business man)—No, my dear, it indicates that he is a hustler, who wastes no time on trifles.

IF THE BABY IS CUTTING TEETH

Be sure and use that old and well tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

TO CLEANSE PIANO KEYS.

Wash the keys of your piano with a weak solution of alcohol, keep it open during the day, and your keys will not grow yellow, neither will it injure the tone.—Roseleaf.

Consumption can be cured by the use of Shiloh's Cure. This great Cough Cure is the only known remedy for that terrible disease.

—There are two young ladies in Barrie who were born on Feb. 29th.

EMBARRASSING SITUATION.

First usher (who was a rejected suitor of the bride)—I can never keep step going up the aisle.

Second usher—Go up with me; I'll fix you. (As wedding march strikes up.) Now! Left—left—left—left——"

First usher—For heaven's sake, shut up! I know I'm left, but don't tell the whole church about it.

Karl's Clover Root Tea purifies the blood and gives a clear and beautiful complexion.

AN ACCOMPLISHED HORSE.

A colored man was bragging about his horse. "Why, bless you, man," he said, "dat ar hoss kin kick yo' collar button off widout ebber tichin' yo' neck!"—Youth's Companion.

Thousands of cases of consumption, Asthma, Coughs, Colds, and Croup are cured every day by Shiloh's Cure.

ISSUE NO 10 1896

NOTE.

In replying to any of these advertisements, please mention this paper.

scrofula

Any doctor will tell you that Professor Hare, of Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, is one of the highest authorities in the world on the action of drugs. In his last work, speaking of the treatment of scrofula, he says:

"It is hardly necessary to state that cod-liver oil is the best remedy of all. The oil should be given in emulsion, so prepared as to be palatable."

He also says that the hypophosphites should be combined with the oil.

Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil, with hypophosphites, is precisely such a preparation.

Seeds
That Raise Money
Largest and most complete
CATALOGUE OF
Good Seeds, Pretty Flowers, and Farm Requisites issued in Canada
SENT TO BUYERS FREE WRITE US IT WILL PAY
The Steele, Briggs Seed Co.
MENTION THIS PAPER TORONTO, ONT.

FOR TWENTY-SIX YEARS
DUNN'S BAKING POWDER
THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND
LARGEST SALE IN CANADA.

THE AERMOTOR CO. does half the world's windmill business, because it has reduced the cost of wind power to 1/3 what it was. It has many branch houses, and supplies its goods and repairs at your door. It can and does furnish a better article for less money than others. It makes Pumping and Geared Steel, Galvanized-after-Completion Windmills, Tilting and Fixed Steel Towers, Steel Solar Steel Frames, Steel Feed Cutters and Feed Grinders. On application it will name one of these articles that it will furnish until delivery is had at 1/3 the usual price. It also makes Engines and Pumps of all kinds. Send for catalogue. Factory: 12th, Rockwell and Fillmore Streets, Chicago.

FOR SALE, GOSS WEB PERFECTING press, in good running order; capacity 4 and 8 pages, 6 or 7 columns; sheet 24 x 34 1-4. For further particulars, address Herald Printing Co., Hamilton.

TWO SCHOOLS UNDER ONE MANAGEMENT
CENTRAL Business Colleges
Toronto and Stratford, Ont. UNQUESTIONABLY the leading commercial schools of the Dominion. ADVANTAGES BEST IN CANADA. Moderate rates. Students admitted at any time. Write to either school for circulars Mention this paper. SHAW & ELLIOTT principals

KELLY'S BUSINESS COLLEGE, PRESCOTT, Ont. Shorthand and bookkeeping taught by mail. Write for particulars.

A FORTUNE IN A MONTH

Cannot be expected, but the biggest money made by agents to-day is made by those who handle our Silverware, Tableware, Tea and Coffee Strainers, Stereoscopes and Views, Violin Outfits, Photograph Frames, Leatherette Table Mats, etc. Cash paid for raw furs.
THE QUEEN SILVERWARE CO.,
Montreal, Que

$150 For an Old Canadian Stamp.

Every Canadian Stamp used between 1851 and 1895 is valuable and worth from 10c to $150 each. I buy any quantity, on the original covers preferred. Also all other kinds of stamps, particularly those collected 25 years ago. Send for price list to C. A. NEEDHAM, 654 Main street east, Hamilton, Ont.

OLD CANADIAN POSTAGE STAMPS.

PARTIES HAVING OLD LETTERS in original envelopes of the dates 1851 to 1870 with postage stamps thereon will get good prices for the stamps by applying to Box 195, Hamilton Ontario.

FOR LITTLE PEOPLE.

THE DISMAL KING.

My mamma told me a story last night—
A bed-time story; they're so nice, you know.
'Twas the funniest thing you ever heard,
'Bout the place where cross little people go.

Did you ever hear of that strange, strange land,
Where nothing is ever exactly right?
It's either so dreary, the world looks gray,
Or else it's just scorching, the sun's so bright!"

And the children pout, and sometimes they scowl,
And everybody looks grave and sad;
They cry, or they groan, they fuss and they fret,
But no one ever looks sunny and glad.

Dear me! I don't dare to tell any more,
For fear I'll grow like them some dreadful day!
I don't want to go there at all, do you?
I'd rather be thousands of miles away!
But I'm not afraid of King Fuss-and-fret,
He'll never take me to his doleful place;
There's a way to be safe from his messengers,
It is always to wear a sunny face.

He likes little people who scowl and whine,
Who don't help mamma, or bring in the wood,
Who're always complaining that lessons are hard,
Who don't like to study, as scholars should.

And such little folks he just carries away
To that kingdom of his, where they fuss and they fret,
Just the same as when here—I wonder if they
Are fussing and fretting and complaining there yet?

But do as I told you, just smile and be good,
And you never need fear that dismal old King.
Be sunny and loving, be helpful and bright,
He never takes children who laugh and sing!

CHILDREN AT THE TABLE.

Table manners are, or ought to be, an important part of the training of children. If possible, the little folks should always meet with the father, mother and other members of the family at the table. It is not always wise to crowd them off to a side table all by themselves. They should not lead the conversation; they should be taught never to interrupt their elders, but they should be allowed to assist in the conversation, which will teach them to express their thoughts intelligently, and parents should see that they use the best language. Children can be early taught to eat quietly; to avoid noises in swallowing and chewing; to use the fork and not the knife; that with the fingers can be taken bread, fruits and cake; the proper use of the napkin, and that they are not to display any marked likes and dislikes. Older members of the family should be as polite to each other and to the children as to any guest; then you will not be haunted by the fears that in some unguarded moments the children will bring themselves and you to disgrace, for table manners "are sure indications of social, mental and moral culture."

CAUSE FOR COMPLAINT.

"I don't like grandma at all," said Fred,
"I don't like grandma at all,"
And he drew his face in a queer grimace—
The tears were ready to fall;
And he gave his kitten a loving hug,
And disturbed her nap on the soft, warm rug.

"Why, what has your grandma done?" I asked,
"To trouble the little boy?
O, what has she done, the cruel one,
To scatter the smiles of joy?"
Through quivering lips the answer came,
"She — called — my — kitty — horrid —name."

"She did? are you sure?" and I kissed the tears
Away from the eyelids wet.
"I can scarce believe that grandma would grieve
The feelings of either pet.
What did she say?" "Boo-hoo!" cried Fred,
"She—called—my—kitty--a — quadruped!"

—Our Dumb Animals.

THE LAST GOOD NIGHT QUESTION.

"I want to ask one more question," said little Frank, as he was being put to bed. "Well," acquiesced the tired mamma. "When holes come in stockings, what becomes of the piece of stocking that was there before the hole came?"

JOKES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

"Davie," asked Edith, "what makes tears?" "Huh!" snorted Davie, "don't you know that? Tears come when a feller's sorryer gets tipped over."

"There are some things in this world I don't understand," said Bobby. "One of them is why small boys have such little stomachs and such large appetites."

Mother—Now, Willie, you've been eating mince pies till you've made yourself ill. I shall have to send for the doctor. Willie—I say, if you are sending for the doctor, may I have another mince pie? It won't make any difference, you know.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

A Buffalo woman, tired of being kicked and cuffed by a drunken brute of a husband, had him arrested and fined $50. Then to save him from prison she paid his fine. And yet some people think they understand the petticoated puzzle of the nineteenth century!

Dole having stolen the Hawaiian Queen's throne, is now generously moved to grant her a "conditional pardon." The fellow who robbed the blind man of his box of quarters and kicked him because they were not sovereigns, is "not in it" with the Sandwich Island's President.

The Chicago courts have decided that the decision of a Canadian court is conclusive as to the law and merits of a case, but owing to the fact that in France testimony of unsworn witnesses is received, the United States courts will only accept the judgment of a French court as establishing a prima facie case.

The Buffalo Express regards the proposal of Senator Pettigrew to slaughter all the seals, because, forsooth, the United States seal hunters can't have a monopoly of the business, as too much like "spite work." Still that sort of thing is just about the level of the United States Senate as at present constituted.

A St. Louis man is suing a doctor for $15,000 damages for publishing a picture of him in connection with a report of his case. That St. Louis man does not know what Fame beckons to him. In this country the average man—if we may judge by the medicine advertisements—finds glory galore in posing as the great example of "after taking."

Nebraska has been shaken by earthquake, and in places sulphurous gases come up through the heated ground. An old Southerner of our acquaintance used to say that the reason the "Tarheels" of North Carolina did not plough deeper was for fear of going through the crust into the infernal regions supposed to be beneath that State. Do they extend to Nebraska?

Prince Boris, whose "conversion" is the subject of a continental wrangle just now, is paying very little attention to affairs of Church or state. This apparent apathy is easily accounted for by the fact that the Prince is just two years old, having been born in January, 1894. On Saturday he will formally accept the doctrines of the Greek Orthodox Church. And for such causes is the peace of nations placed in jeopardy!

In 1870 a man died in Los Angeles, Cal., leaving $200,000. Litigation followed, and a few days ago, all the heirs having died or removed from the district, an order was made for the payment of the competency into the county treasury. It realized exactly 40 cents. It is comforting to learn that there has been no dishonesty in the handling of the case, all the money being accounted for in "necessary legal expenses."

It begins to look as if a settlement of the Venezuelan boundary question were within sight, at least so far as the United States and Britain are concerned. What Venezuela may say or think doesn't enter into the consideration, apparently. Still, the logical consequence of intermeddling in South American affairs is becoming responsible for South American countries' behavior, and if the United States assume responsibility it may simplify matters much.

Amelie Rives Chanler, author of "The Quick or the Dead," and who was divorced in October last, has married a Russian, Prince Pierre Troubetzkoi, a musician whom she met and fell in love with shortly after her marriage to Chanler. Amelie's first love was dead long before the law loosed the tie, and she has been quick enough in all decency in buckling to the newer one. Amelie is evidently rapid.

The Canadian Baptist remarks that it is an interesting fact that the new railway station at Jerusalem is in the Vale of Hinnom, and on the exact spot which used to be the site of the Gehenna of the New Testament. This is one of the words rendered "hell" by the translators of King James' version, the others being "sheol" and "hades." Time brings queer changes, and one of them is the brakeman's cry "next station, Gehenna; all change cars!"

The Church clubs of the United States held a conference in Buffalo last week and gravely decided that the standard of business morality in the States is perceptibly lower than it was five years ago, and is steadily sinking. This was said to be specially noticeable in Chicago. If some observant Briton had ventured that opinion what a howl it would have raised! It would have been cited as another evidence of the "deep-seated hostility" of "perfidious Albion."

The Boston Herald reads the Monroe doctrine as requiring the United States to fight, if necessary, for the protection of Britain's American possessions against any foreign invader. It says "this is an assertion of the Monroe doctrine, unlike certain recent constructions of it, that is thoroughly in harmony with the intent and meaning of the original drafters of that continental theory, and in every way consistent with the exposition of it set forth by Daniel Webster and other early and well-informed commentators upon this fundamental doctrine." The Herald asserts its belief that "on the ground of mutual interest, if for no higher motive, an acceptance of it would be readily given by the English people, provided the attempt was not made to distort it out of all relation with its original intent." That there has been any difficulty it thinks is due to "lack of diplomatic ability" in United States statesmen and the "characteristic curtness" of Lord Salisbury.

Evidently much of the rubbish written about the new photography is not the work of scientists. Probably the Venezuelan boundary liar is trying his hand at it astonishing newspaper readers. If the cathode or X rays will resuscitate drowned creatures it is hardly probable that they will slaughter bacilli. If they will penetrate tissues and picture bones it is improbable that they will penetrate bones and photograph tissues. If metals are transparent to this light it will prove less valuable in surgery than some people seem to expect. But it is yet too early to form opinions.

About three years ago Hugh F. Dempsey was sentenced to penitentiary for seven years for the deliberate murder of a number of workmen, at Homestead, by poison. The crime was a diabolical one, and that a capital sentence was not imposed was a severe reflection on the administration of justice in Pennsylvania. Now a movement is on foot to secure the multi-murderer's pardon, political influence being brought to bear. That sort of thing accounts for the disrespect for law which prevails in many parts of the Republic. The orderly certainty of punishment as much as its severity tends to confidence and security in a community.

He knows better than to aid Spain even indirectly in the Cuban war. He knows that such a course would raise an angry protest in this country in comparison with which the feeling over the Venezuelan incident would be a flash in the pan. If England has occasion to send warships to Havana, it will be to call Spain to account for some shortcoming, which would help, not hurt, the cause of the revolutionists.—Rochester Union and Advertiser.

Salisbury has just as much right to send vessels to aid Spain in Cuba as he would have to send them to hurt her. He is not likely to do either, but if he concluded to do so, no amount of Yankee screaming would disturb his purpose.

That Manoa company which had so much to do with stirring up the Venezuelan trouble has gone into the hands of a receiver. It was an aggregation of Yankee speculators, said to comprise some high officials, which got some "concessions" from Venezuela. The land was in the territory claimed by Britain, and it is not likely that it cost the adventurers much in cash. The Washington liar toiled for them and few Yankee papers overlooked their "interests" in fulminating against Britain. If the inner history of this fake concern were written it might prove highly interesting.

The fondness of some of our republican cousins for those name adornments which are, theoretically, the distinguishing feature of "effete monarchies," leads William Dean Howells to declare that "we Americans need titles and need 'em right away." Probably the crop of war generals and colonels is nearly exhausted and something is needed to break the monotony of "Judges" and "Honorables." A Kansas editor appreciates the situation and he steps into the breach to do his share by dubbing every man who pays a year's subscription in advance, "Colonel"; six months earns "Major"; three months, "Captain"; and so on. That's cheaper than college degrees.

HER HOPES DASHED.

"Doctor," said a distressed wife to the family physician, as he was coming downstairs from his patient's room, "can you give me no hope of my husband? Can nothing be done?" "Madam," said the delighted doctor, rubbing his hands, "allow me to congratulate you. Our patient has taken a turn for the better and now we may hope to have him about again in a few weeks." "Oh, doctor!" exclaimed the horrified lady, throwing up her hands, "you told me he could not possibly get better and I have sold all of his clothes!"

ONLY A BUTTON NEEDED.

Work of Motormen on Street Cars Will Soon be Simplified.

Probably the most important changes now going on in electrical railway work is the substitution of mechanical or automatic power brakes for the crude hand brakes that depend upon the mere muscle of the motorman. All the progressive street car lines are evincing a preference for brakes that eliminate the factor of human power and endurance, and are rapidly substituting air-brakes, the air for which is compressed by the car itself. There are also one or two forms of magnetic brakes, and a new form is that of a hydraulic brake. It is worthy of note that until recently street railway men had a prejudice against power brakes on the score of their causing flat wheels.

Investigation shows that the truth is exactly opposite, and that the quicker the brake is applied the less the flattening effect. The hand brake, working with comparative slowness and with less facility, tends, it seems, to make the wheels skid and flatten. Strangely enough, outside this country there is very little public worry on the subject of fenders, but the demand for power brakes almost everywhere takes the form of a governmental or municipal regulation. It is believed that American opinion will also reach this point in time, no matter how good the fenders may prove to be.

Another modification of street car practice is expected in the adoption of more musical gongs. The prevalent types not only deafen the passers-by, but use up the energy of the motormen and jar their nervous systems. It has also been predicted that the big, heavy lever handles, now familiar on the cars, will disappear, and that the men will be seen controlling the movements of the car by a small lever, or even by a simple unobtrusive push button.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

TAKE CARE OF THE CHEST.

And the Rest of the Body Will Take Care of Itself.

"Take care of your chest," said the physical culture teacher within the hearing of a New York Sun reporter, "and the rest of your body will take care of itself. The chest is the chief thing to be remembered. Keep it well raised and your head, spine, shoulders will involuntarily assume their proper positions without any effort on your part. The cry from parents and teachers used to be 'Throw your shoulders back!' But this mistaken notion is now completely exploded. The shoulders have nothing to do with correct posture. It is all the chest, and its elevation or depression will regulate the rest of the body. The chest is the seat of all things spiritual, elevating and enobling. Bring it into prominence and you bring into prominence the best qualities of your nature. It has been said that whatever psychological attribute is most marked in a human being is correspondingly most marked in his physical being. If he's a glutton his stomach is most in evidence; if a scholar or brain-worker, his head is sure to be thrust well forward, but if he preserves a proper intellectual balance he walks with his chest in advance of the rest of his body. It is curious, too, how one may really influence his own mental condition in this way. Just try and see how impossible it is to say 'Oh, how happy I am!' with sunken chest and spent breath. One involuntarily lifts his chest and takes a good, long breath when he says anything optimistic and brave, for if he doesn't he might just as well say 'Have mercy on us miserable sinners.' The effect is the same. There is no surer cure for the 'blues' or like maladies than merely lifting the chest and taking a good, long breath. It scares away all the bugaboos of pessimism.

BRADSTREET'S ON TRADE.

The condition of general trade the past week throughout the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec appears to be unfavorable. Sales are slow and collections somewhat discouraging. The long list of business failures is continued, and Dominion banks are curtailing credits. Favorable features of the business situation there seem to be small stocks in the hands of dealers and the absence of inflation. General trade seems to be improving in Nova Scotia, where the country roads are in excellent condition. Bank and Labrador codfish are lower, owing to importations from Newfoundland. The St. John's, Nfld., sealing fleet has finally been able to get through the ice, and sail. Bank clearings at Winnipeg, Toronto, Montreal, Hamilton and Halifax aggregate $19,206,000 last week, about 15 per cent. more than the previous week, and more than 25 per cent. in excess of the corresponding total a year ago. In the second week of February, 1894, the total was $15,100,000, and in 1893 it was $18,000,000. One of the largest weekly totals of business failures ever reported for the Dominion is that for last week, 70, as compared with 60 the previous week, 39 in the second week of February, 1895, 47 in 1894, 44 in 1893 and with 43 in 1892.

NO MERCY FOR WOMAN.

A man may lie and still we think there is hope of recovering him for truth; a man may be a drunkard, and yet may be restored to sobriety; he may steal and murder, and still there is hope; he may live a flagrantly licentious life, and hardly carry the spots of shame upon his person. But if a woman fall once into the sin of unchastity, we call her abandoned. We shut her out from our homes, from honorable associations and employment, from social privileges; we shut her out from light and put her into outer darkness.—Rev. Lyman Abbott, Brooklyn.

In 1702 a salt tax was levied in Great Britain, and during the French war was raised to £30 per ton, over sixteen times the value of the article.

"How much is an inch of rain, papa?" "Not very much, my son, if you have an umbrella, but it seems about two gallons if you are caught out without one."

WOMAN'S KINGDOM.

A LADY OF LONG AGO.

My love is dancing the minuet,
With stately step and slow,
And she looks so fair with her powdered hair,
Like a lady of long ago.

And as I gaze on my own true love
(Her roses all ablow),
I wish that I were a lord, and she
Were a lady of long ago.

For then I would kneel at her little feet,
And, humbly bended low,
I could tell my tale in a manner meet
To a lady of long ago.

They say the world has progressed since then;
Alas! It may be so,
For lovers were slain like gallant men
For the ladies of long ago.

And yet, as I gaze on my little love,
(Her roses all ablow),
I think that I had been proud to die
For her in the long ago.

The Waterman Hat.

The hat is of black shiny beaver with flat bell crown and wide brim; it is trimmed with a band of ribbon tied in a small bow at the side, and rather at the back is a cluster of peacock's feathers.

A Beautiful Blouse.

This blouse is carried out in blue and brown shot merveilleux, curious shades of turquoise-blue and chestnut-brown, which nevertheless harmonize to perfection. On the outer side of each sleeve there is a diamond-shaped applique of dark brown velvet, edged with a narrow insertion of cream guipure. The shot merveilleux is cut with zouave fronts opening over a kind of pouch of brown velvet, while the arrangement at the throat is distinctly novel, with its upright pleated Medici collar of brown velvet at the back and its soft folds of shot silk in front.

CRANBERRY PUFFS.

Light cranberry puffs are made thus: Rub through a sieve one pint of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and half a teaspoonful of salt. Add two eggs well beaten and milk enough to make a batter as thick as for pancakes and stir in one pint of cranberries. Butter custard cups and partly fill them with the mixture. Place them in a steamer and steam one hour without lifting the cover. They should be very light and like puffs. Serve with the following sauce: Cream together one cup of powderd sugar, half a cup of butter, one egg and one teaspoonful of vanilla extract. Have one cup of milk boiling, and when ready to serve stir it into the creamed mixture.

HER SILK PETTICOATS.

She was going into one of the big newspaper offices and was bent on making an impression.

She wore a silk-lined gown and she minced along just as airily and fluffily as she could, so that the head man of the place might be impressed with the frou-frou of her silk-lined garments.

When she entered the sanctum he was very busy and she coughed a low, timid little cough! It had no effect and so she pranced toward the desk.

"Excuse me, but"—— she murmured. No reply.

"Pardon me, I am"——

"Eh, eh," growled the old gentleman, as he grasped a huge ear trumpet, "a little louder, please, I'm as deaf as an adder."

And the young woman hasn't since tried to make an impression by rustling her silk petticoats.

SHE'S EVER HIS GOOD ANGEL.

When good reports start out about a young man trace them up and you will find that his mother has been making a few neighborly calls.—Atchison Globe.

A large meeting was held in Philadelphia on Saturday, which declared itself in favor of international arbitration.

LATE LOCALS.

1000 tons of coal were mined in No. 4 slope one day last week.

Call at McPhee & Moore's and procure your garden seeds early.

Special prayer meeting will be held this week on Wednesday and Friday evenings in the Presbyterian church.

Linen Collars all styles and prices at 3 for 25c. SIMON LEISER.

At the examination for entrance to the high school at Courtenay last week, there were 18 pupils—a pretty good showing.

A large and varied stock of men's and boys' spring and summer felt hats just opened up at Langman's Bargain Store.

Perforated pie plates at Tarbell's is the latest novelty. It prevents soggy, wet undercrust.

Partridge & Walter's are receiving this week a fine assortment of Toilet and Laundry Soaps direct from the factory.

Any one desiring a good servicable sewing machine in capital order can be accommodated at R. B. Anderson's It will go cheap, too.

Mrs. Jarley is on her way over from Europe and will exhibit her wax works and curios in Union sometime during the latter part of April.

Remember to call at Simon Leiser's cash store if you want value for your money. You cannot get the same bargains elsewhere.

Miss Nash left Friday morning to visit the spring millinery opening at Nanaimo and Vancouver. She is expected back by next steamer.

Call at Partridge & Walter's (next door to Post Office) and try a packet of their Salada Tea. The best 40c tea on the market.

The British expeditionary force sent up the Nile to settle difficulties is supposed to be really in aid of Italy in her tussle with the Shoans.

The gross earnings of the C.P.R. during 1895 were $18,941,936.87. The expenditures were $11,460,085.88, and the net earnings were $7,480,950.

Inspector Wilson, of the Department of Education, came up last week to conduct the examination for the high school and during his stay is visiting the various schools in the district.

Miss Lephia Bryant took passage on steamer Joan Friday morning for Aberdeen, Washington, in response to a message announcing the serious illness of her sister who resides at that place.

A meeting of the graduates of McGill University, residing in British Columbia will be held tomorrow (Wednesday) at Metropolitan Club, Vancouver, for the purpose of organizing a McGill Graduates' Society.

M. J. Henry, florist and nurseryman of Mt. Pleasant, is doing a good business up this way. His latest orders have been from Jno. Hawkins, Denman Island and Mrs. Rena Whitney, Union.

James Abrams, local agent of the Dominion Building and Loan Association Toronto, has received a dispatch announcing the acceptance of four loans for this place for which application had been recently made. This is an indication of faith in the town and building activity.

Frank Owens' was brought up Wednesday by Officer McCartney, charged with selling liquor to an Indian. He was taken the same day before His Worship, Magistrate Abrams and sentenced to seven months imprisonment. He was a passenger down Friday morning and will do some needed street work. Officer McCartney has been looking for him for some time and located him on Denman Island.

If They Had Only Known.

They are trying a man in Norfolk county, Massachusetts, on the charge of being an habitual criminal. He has already been sentenced to several terms of four years in the State prison. If he should get the twenty-five-years sentence of the habitual criminal, his years of imprisonment will aggregate about sixty. It would have been easier and less expensive to have sentenced that man for life in the first place.

THE PURITAN SCHOOL.

BELIEF THAT SPARING THE ROD SPOILED THE CHILD.

Many Ingenious Methods Devised to Torture the Disobedient Scholar—The Rod and the Ferule in Frequent Demand—Favorite Studies.

Great attention was paid to penmanship. Spelling was nought if the "wrighting" were only fair and flowing. I have never read of any criticism of teachers by either parents or town officers save in the one question of writing How deeply children were versed or grounded in the knowledge of the proper use of "Simme colings not of interiogations peorids and commoes" I do not know. A boundless freedom apparently was given, as was also in orthography—if we judge from the letters of the times

The school houses were simple dwellings, often tumbling down and out of repair. The Roxbury teacher wrote in 1681:

"Of inconveniences [in the schoolhouse] I shall mention no other but the confused and shattered and nastie posture that it is in, not fitting for to reside in, the glass broke, and thereupon very raw and cold; the floor very much broken and torn up to kindle fires, the hearth spoiled, the seats some burned and out of kilter, that one had well-high as good keep school in a hog stie as in it."

This schoolhouse had been built and furnished with some care in 1652.

"The feoffes agreed with Daniel Welde that he provide convenient benches with forms, with tables for the scholars, and a conveniente seate for the schoolmaster a Deske to put the Dictionary on and shelves to lay up bookes.

The schoolmaster "promised and engaged to use his best endeavour both by precept and example to instruct in all Scholasticall morall and Theologicall discipline the children so far as they be capable all A. B. C Darians accepted." He was paid in corn, barley or peas, the value of 25 pounds per annum, and each child through his parents or guardians furnished half a cord of wood for the schoolhouse fire. If this load of wood were not promptly furnished the child suffered, for the master did not allow him "the benefit of the fire"; that is, to go near enough to feel the warmth.

The children of wise parents like Cotton Mather, were also taught "opificial and beneficial sciences" such as the mystery of medicine—a mystery indeed to colonial times.

Puritan schoolmasters believed, as did Puritan parents, that sparing the rod spoiled the child, and great latitude was given in punishment; the rod and ferule were fiercely and frequently plied, as in English schools of the same date. When young men were publicly whipped in colleges, children were sure to be well trained in smaller schools. Master Lovel, that tigerish Boston master, whipped the culprit with birch rods, and forced another scholar to hold the sufferer on his back. Others whipped on the soles of the feet, and one teacher roared out, "Oh, the Caitiffs, it is good for them." Not only were children whipped, but many ingenious instruments of torture were invented. One teacher made his scholars sit on a "bark seat turned upside down with his thumb on the knot of a floor." Another master of the inquisition invented a unipod—a stool with one leg—sometimes placed in the middle of the seat, sometimes on the edge, on which the unfortunate scholar tiresomely balanced. Others sent out the suffering pupil to cut a branch of a tree, and making a split in the large end of the branch, sprung it on the culprit's nose, and he stood painfully pinched, an object of ridicule with his spreading branch of leaves. One cruel master invented also an instrument of torture which he called a "flapper." It was a heavy piece of leather six inches in diameter with a hole in the middle, and was fastened at the edge to a pliable handle. The pain inflicted by this brutal instrument can well be imagined. At another school, whipping of unlucky wights was done "upon a peaked block with a tattling," and this expression of colonial severity seems to take on an additional force and cruelty in our minds that we do not at all know what a tattling stick was, nor understand what was meant by a peaked block.—*Alice Morse Earle in Independent*

AROUND TOWN

Last week brought us delightful spring weather, and the birds filled the air with sweet music. The first of this week, however, has brought a decided change, and a copious supply of rain has fallen.

A number of citizens have been cleaning up their premises. That is right. Every one ought to do it, in fact must do it. About these sink holes, cesspools, ash heaps and like places the germs of disease are lurking. Dirty premises are the hatcheries of many dreaded diseases. We have had a taste of diphtheria. It is one of those diseases which is the product of uncleanness But it is only one of many that is ready to spring upon us from the recesses of filth and dirt. If we are to have a healthy town and perserve the lives of our families, we must have a clean town. So let every one get to work, and clean up, back and front; —not by dumping your dirt on the nearest vacant lot, but by getting it out of town—out of reach., where its decaying matter will not menace the community. It does not cost much. In fact the thorough draining of the town would be inexpensive. Take for example the stream that passes down through the town back of the churches, and many residences. That stream is continually receiving filth and continually giving it off; and the neighbors are breathing in its impurities. If that stream was drained and cribbed, it would carry off the impurities, and become a source of health. The health of the town is largely in the hands of the people, who should help and encourage the health officer in every way in the discharge of his duties.

* * *

It is a pity that the fine hall in which so many public gatherings are held is not better seated. It is time that these antiquated uncomfortable, miserable apologes for seats were used for kindlingwood and something better put in their places. Come now, get a move on, or you'll be left—verbum sap.

* * *

The Delsarte drill which was given at the concert on Saturday evening was a delightful feature of the programme. The young ladies are to be congratulated on the presentation made, on their easy, graceful, and lady like movements. Some people want their children to go to the dance rooms to learn graceful motions. The Delsarte drill will accomplish much more in that direction than the dance room and has none of the objectionable features.

—RAMBLER.

Extraordinary Result of a Stone.

One of the strangest things to be seen at Santa Cruz these days is a queer spouting rock, or rather a tunnel and rocky aperture, through which the sea water boils and bubbles furiously. The queer spouting rock developed during a recent great storm. Every two or three minutes alternately a volume of water sixty feet high shoots into the air. To view it wholly from the surface it appears to be a gigantic geyser. The water, which is thrown up in such a great volume, is salt brine from the Pacific ocean. For a thousand years possibly, and may be many more, for nobody knows, the waves of the ocean have been playing such an earnest game of hide-and-go-seek with themselves and the rocky shore that they have worn great chasms and tunnels into the land. An examination of the ground thereabouts by a San Francisco Examiner man revealed novel things. It was found that a long, narrow groove or cut led into the shore. It was widest at the sea end, like a wedge, and grew narrower as it reached into the land. It extended about eighty feet.

Into this the waves thrashed and hammered as they rolled in from toward the mountains across the bay which border the Salinas river. As the waves crashed against the end of the tunnel they kept wearing away the soft sandstone which composed it and a portion of the roof above. At length the waves extended far beyond the weak portion of the roof, and there was a rebound which was very powerful. Gradually it ate away the roof. Suddenly during the storm it burst through, making an aperture about two feet square and looking much like a hopper to a grain mill. It appears to have at a point where a peculiar strain was put on a portion of the caprock, which cracked and fell. When this occured the water was partially freed from the queer underground prison, and as the waves played back and forth it sent the column skyward.

Painting by Wholesale.

The painting and decorating of the vast exhibition halls at Chicago is an enormous undertaking. Frank Millet is the artist in charge. A recent estimate of the area to be covered with paint developed the fact that it would be impossible to set enough men at work with brushes to complete the task in time for the opening of the Fair. Mr Millet thereupon contrived a machine for doing the work. It consists of a piece of gas-pipe flattened at one end to make a "spray." From this a rubber hose connects with an air pump driven by an electric motor, and beyond this is a barrel of paint. The pump sucks paint from the barrel and the air jet sprays the paint with force upon the surface to be coated. Four workmen with this mechanism can accomplish more in a day than a small army of painters could in a week.—Scientific American.

Duel Spoiled by a Big Dog.

Two professional men of Milan, Italy, who had repaired to a frontier village to fight a duel, were prevented from doing so by an enormous St. Bernard dog which appeared on the scene just as the would-be duelists were taking their places. Several attempts to begin operations were made, but the dog interfered each time. Finally the ridiculousness of the situation dawned upon the principals, and they shook hands and returned to Milan together. New York World.

A Simple Experiment.

A neat little experiment in electricity is to soak half a sheet of stout foolscap paper in water, drying it rapidly before a fire, spreading it while warm on a varnished table or dry woolen cloth and then rubbing the surface sharply with a piece of india-rubber. The paper becomes so electrified that it will stick to a smooth wall or looking-glass, or attract bits of tissue-paper like a magnet, and on being laid upon a japanned tea-tray which is stood upon three thoroughly dry goblets will cause the tray to give out sparks at a touch of the finger.

MASQUERADE BALL

AT THE—— K. of P. HALL, COMOX BAY ——ON—— Thursday, April the 9th 1896

For the benefit of The English Church at Comox Bay

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

LOOK FOR—— BOYD'S TEAM

Good Oil for Light CHEAP

FRESH FISH Every other Day

NOTICE

All persons interested in organizing an Orange Lodge in Union are requested to meet at the Masons' Hall, Wednesday April 1st, at 8 p.m.

By Order,

NOTICE

On and after April 1st, 1896, the barber shops will close on Saturday night at 12 o'clock and remain closed until Monday morning at 7:30.

SID C. HOOVER.
O. H. FECHNER.

BIRKBECK

Has to Loan at once—a $100,000

Repayment $13.30 per $1,000 per month

No First Class Loan rejected. No cash required down.

Cash promptly disbursed on registration .....of papers.....

No Mechanics Liens

All desirous of borrowing should apply to

R. L. Leigh Spencer Island Agent Cumberland Hotel

HEAD OFFICE Commercial Street P.O. BOX 370. ——NANAIMO

Dave Anthony's Cigar and Fruit Store 2nd and Dunsmuir Ave. UNION, B. C. NUTS, CANDIES, NOTIONS, MINERS SUPPLIES.

HOTEL—— - - Vendome

The largest Hotel in the City with the best accommodation for Travellers . . .

The Bar is stocked with the best of . . Wines, Liquors and Cigars

Barber & Williams, PROPRIETORS

LAUNCH FOR SALE

Steam Launch for sale, built of Oak, very strong, fitted with compound surface condensing engine. Tows well. Apply to Nanaimo Foundry Nanaimo.

Wm. O'Dell Architect and Builder

Plans and Specifications prepared, and buildings erected on the Shortest Notice. Houses built and for sale on easy terms of payment.

MRS KENDALL'S GRAND

Millinery opening Tuesday, March 31st. New store opposite Waverly House. Having received her spring stock of all the latest styles in shapes, flowers, feathers, ribbins &c., she will find no trouble in showing goods. Don't forget the day.

NEW GOODS : : : NEW GOODS

Our Spring stock has commenced to arrive.—we have received so far about 40 cases and packages of

Blouses, boots and shoes flannelettes, prints, hats, galatea, zephers, caps, gingham, cotton challies, shirting towelling, cottons, handkerchiefs, shawls, canton flannel, art muslin, fishing rods, cambric hose and flies, men's ties, art silks flower seeds.

These goods are cheaper and nicer than ever before. Call and see them while they sre fresh.

SIMON LEISER