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

The Weekly News.

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

NO. 52. COURTENAY, COMOX DISTRICT, B. C. WEDNESDAY, NOV. 1, 1893. $2.00 PER YEAR

McKims' Store

— at —

UNION, B. C.
carries a fine assortment of
General Merchandise
including
Boots, Shoes, Clothing and Gents Furnishings
Orders taken for custom made suits.

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

COURTENAY PHARMACY.

PURE DRUGS & PATENT MEDICINES
Also Fancy Toilet Articles
TOBACCO AND CIGARS.

MCQUILLAN & GILMORE
COURTENAY, B. C.

Having bought out the Stage, Team and Livery Outfit of John W. Fraser will continue the business at the old stand.

We have also purchased a carload of Lake coal and will deliver it at a reasonable figure.

Orders may be left at the NEWS' Office.

Citizens' Building Society,

[NANAIMO, B C.]
—0—0—0
Capital $5,000,000.00
Shares $100 Each, payable 60 cents per month
—0—0—
A Local Co-Operative Building, Loan and Savings Association.
—0—0—
Organized and operated by business men of Nanaimo, elected by the Shareholders.

—BOARD OF DIRECTORS—

Andrew Haslam, Esq., Mayor of Nanaimo, President;
C. H. Stickles, Manager E. L. Works, Vice-President
A. R. Johnston, Esq., Treasurer; Marcus Wolfe, Esq., Secretary
C. H. Barker, Solicitor
Alderman E. Quennel; Alderman T. Dobeson; Wm. Patterson, Esq.
J. Foreman, Esq.; J. W. Stirtan, Esq.
BANKERS— The Bank of British Columbia, Nanaimo.

Subscription Books are now open and any information can be had by applying to the Secretary, who will furnish copies of Prospectus and By- Laws.

MARCUS WOLFE, Secretary.

Agent at Union, Alex W. Fraser. Agent at Courtenay, P. W. Patterson.

Sun Life Assurance Co

HEAD OFFICE, MONTREAL.

One of the Largest and Strongest Companies in Canada

Gives the Most Liberal Contract and Pays the Largest Dividens

Assets	$3,403,700.00
Reserve for the Security of Policy Holders	$2,988,320.28
Surplus over all Liabilities	$307,428.77

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

Eureka Bottling Works,
LOUIS LAWRENCE, PROPRIETOR,
— *MANUFACTURER OF* —
SODA WATER, LEMONADE, GINGER ALE,
Sarsaparalla and Champagne Cider, Iron Phosphates, Syrups
Bottler of Different Brands of Lager Beer Steam Beer and Porter
Agent for Union Brewery Company.
Nanaimo and Courtenay B. C.

UNION STORE

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

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

McPhee & Moore.

COMOX, BC.

Importers & Dealers in

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

Sportsmens Supplies a Speciality

E. Pimbury & Co.
WHOLESALE and RETAIL
DRUGGISTS and STATIONERS
Commercial St. Nanaimo, B. C

Dr. W J. Young
Physician & Surgeon
OFFICE & RESIDENC.
Courtenay Pharmacy
COURTENAY, B. C

Farm Products for Sale.
(Delivered at Thos Cairn's farm.)

Carrots per lb.	1 cent
Turnips " "	" "
Cabbage " "	1½ cents
Onions " "	2 "
Eggs limed per doz	30 "
Fresh eggs at market price	
Butter per lb	30 "

FOR

Stout winter foot-wear go to
Duncan Bros.

Society Cards

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

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

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

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

K. of P.

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

C. O. O. F.

Loyal Sunbeam Lodge No. 100, C. O' O. F. meet in the old North Comox school house every second Monday at 8 p. m. Visiting brethren cordially invited to attend.
J. B. Bennett, Sec.

A. C. Fulton
Butcher
Sandwick and Union
Has always on hand a choice stock.
Fresh Beef, Mutton, Veal, Pork at Lowest Prices.

Wood & Miller
UNION, B. C.
Having Added to their Own the
Splendid Livery Outfit.
of R. Grant and Co
Are Prepared to furnish Stylish Rigsat Reasonable Rates
Give them a call.

$50 A YEAR FOR LIFE

Substantial Rewards for Those Whose Answers are Correct.

A man onceentered a prison where was confined a condemed criminal. On making a request to be conducted into the presence of the doomed man, the visitor was informed that none but relatives were permitted to see the prisoner. The visitor said: "Brothers and sisters have I none, but that man's (the prisoner's) father is my father's son."

He was at once taken to the prisoner. Now, what relation was the prisoner to the visitor?

The Agricultural Publishing Company will give $50 a year for life to the person sending the first correct answer; $500 to the second; 3rd. $250 4th, $100; 5th. $50, and over 10,000 other rewards, consisting of pianos, organs ladies and gents gold and silver watches, silver services, diamond rings, etc.

To the person sending the last correct answer will be given a high-toned piano, to the next to the last a beautiful organ, and the next 5,000 will receive valuable prizes of silverware.

RULES.— (1) All answers must be sent by mail, and bear postmark not later than Dec. 31, 1893. (2) There will be no charge whatever to enter this competition, but all who compete are expected to send one dollar for six months subscription to either THE LADIES HOME MAGAZINE or THE CANADIAN AGRICULTURIST—two of the choicest illustrated periodicals of the day. (3) All prize-winners will be expected to assist us in extending our circulation. (4) The first correct answer received (senders postmark taken in all cases as date of receipt, so as to give every one an equal chance, no matter where he or she may reside), will secure the first prize; the second, the next prize, and so on.

THE AGRICULTURIST is an old established concern, and possesses ample means to enable it to carry out all its promises. (Send for printed list of former prize winners.)

JUDGES.—The following well-known gentlemen have consented to act as judges and will see that the prizes are fairly awarded—Comodore Calcutt, (Proprietor Calcutt's Line of Steamers) Peterborough, and Mr. W. Robertson, President Times Printing Company, Peterborough. Register all money letters. Address, AGRICULTURIST PUB. (L'td). Peterborough, Canada.

For Sale.

FOR SALE. — 20 young breeding ewes, Apply to A. Urquhart.

H A Simpson

Barrister and Solicitor. Office in 2nd flat, Green's Block, Nanaimo, B. C

Will be in Union every Wednesday and Courtenay on Thursday.

Notice.

All accounts due me must be paid by the 20th of next November, or they will be placed in the hands of a collector.
Geo G McDonald
Comox, Oct. 2nd 1893

Trees, Bulbs, Plants and Roses.

FRUIT and ORNAMENTAL TREES, BULBS, SHRUBS, ROSES, GREENHOUSE PLANTS, &c.

Prices reduced to suit the times. Get my list before placing your orders.
Address M. J. Henery,
Box 28, Mt. Pleasant,
Vancouver, B. C.

Store for Rent.

For rent from Aug. 1 my store in the *VILLAGE OF COURTENAY.*

This is a first class chance, as a good paying business has already been built up. Apply to
Wm. Lewis, Courtenay, B. C.

Rams for Sale.

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

Notice.

All accounts which have been due me for over one year will unless paid within the next 30 days from date, be placed in the hands of my solicitor for immediate collection.
Joseph McPhee,
Courtenay, Oct. 11, 1893.

Dr W J Curry
(DENTIST.)

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

For Sale.

Five lots in Courtenay Townsite being ots 68, 67, 65, 73, and 74 on Mill street between Union and Alice streets, near Courtenay bridge.

For particulars apply to Bruno Mellado, House 29, Union, B. C.

WARNING

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

S. Creech
Gov. Agent.

Great Wrestling Match.

Nobody appeared to think that the much talked of match between Ample Shorty and Nimble Jim would come off. Ample Shorty came down early in the afternoon of Saturday last and put up at the Courtenay House. Nimble Jim worked with the road gang on the Union road until 5 p. m., when throwing aside his pick and shovel he rode into town also stopping at the Courtenay Hotel. After supper they both appeared in the sitting room and a space at one end of the room was marked off about like this:

Tom McDonald was chosen referee and at 15 minutes past 7 the contest commenced, the bets being about even.

FIRST ROUND.— The parties eyed *each other for a moment, when Jim made* a spring seizing Shorty around the legs The latter grabbed Jim by the neck and tried to break his hold. In this way they crowded up against the wall, Jim sticking to his grip like "death to a dead nigger". Finding he could not break his antagonists hold, Shorty dropped on his hips and by a mighty effort threw Jim clean *over his head landing him on his* back The referee declared it a fall in favor of Shorty. Then pandemonium reigned. The friends and backers of Jim insisted that Shorty was down first—when he fell on his hips, and finally after a deal of wrangling Shorty allowed the first round to his opponent. Time by the best watches, 1 minute (not counting the wrangle).

SECOND ROUND.— After a rest of three minutes the parties again faced each other, both smiling. In a moment more Jim got a hiplock on Shorty. They swung around for a short time when Shorty by main strength lifted Jim up *and threw him upon the floor.* Time by the same watches, 1½ minutes.

THIRD ROUND.— Nimble Jim as usual got the under hold. They struggled awhile and moved against the wall, when Shorty again lifted Jim from his feet when the latter caught hold of Jack Martin *who was standing near, to prevent* falling. Shorty dragged them both three feet from the wall, when the referee declared it a foul, and Shorty, the winner. Time, two minutes.

It is said that Nimble Jim in the struggle supposed he was clinging to some of Shorty's loose limbs, and had no intention of hanging to any other support. It was his *misfortune to be mistaken in the* man. They both showed themselves to be good men, and are receiving the congratulations of their friends. Ample Shorty is now prepared to receive a challenge from any one in the "wide world," for down as down can".

Narrow Escape.

The wind, which made itself felt so severely in many quarters three or four weeks ago toppling over the trees into the roadways and killing a Chinamen between here and Union visited Texada. A party lately from there describes the accident at C. R. Miller's place. A tall fir some distance to the east of his residence was blown down, falling accross Miller's blacksmith shop, and coming squarely upon the anvil, hit it such a blow as it never received before, driving it and the block on which it rested right down into the ground. The farther end of the tree reached over to the dwelling smashing the verandah into kindling wood, breaking in the roof and finally resting on the top of the stout log walls Mr. Miller was up— it being early in the morning, both he and his wife escaped injury. The tree was 150 feet long.

A Common-Sense Crusade.

By way of protest against the manifest inconvenience of wearing a long and trailing skirt on the highway, an association of sensible young women in Nottingham, England, have adopted the fashion of short petticoats for their walks abroad. The illustration shows how independently a girl may fare through mud and slush with skirts several inches above her ankles. The women of England are persuading fashionable tailors to make short costumes for their out-door expeditions natty and trim, and finished with a facing of soft leather easily cleansed when splashed. This costume requires a well-fitting boot, since it necessarily leaves the foot exposed to view. It is to be hoped that the day of short skirts for out-door wear will soon dawn for all healthy women.

For the drawing-room nothing is so beautiful as the trained skirt It conveys with it the traditions of the past, when queens stepped proudly over palace floors. Every fair woman is a queen in her own right, and her sweeping garments emphasize her stateliness in the house. But on a sloppy city street, or an abysmal rural road, what so forlorn as the lady clutching frantically at her dignity and the hem of her best gown, and vainly trying to keep up with her more fortunate brother or husband in the race of life?

We must admit that the Nottingham reformers are a trifle in advance of what is absolutely needful. Reformers are apt to be a little too radical. Nevertheless, we congratulate them on their courage and their common-sense, longing as we do to see thousands emulating their example here in free America.—Harper's Bazar.

Footprints of Father Adam.

Mount Samanala, or Adam's Peak, one of the highest mountains on the island of Ceylon, is the scene of a remarkable geological formation and the spot around which many curious legends and superstitions cluster. According to the Mohammedan story, Adam, after the fall and expulsion from the Garden of Eden, was taken by an angel to the top of the mountain, which now bears his name. From this summit the mind's eye of the first man saw all the ills which in after years should afflict humanity. These harrowing sights were such a weight upon the man, who, notwithstanding his sin in the garden, was yet a good man, that his foot left its imprint upon the solid rock, his tears forming a lake, the footprint and lake being both still visible. The footprint itself is 5½ feet long by 2½ feet wide and shows six perfect toes, the smaller one being as large as a good sized man's fist. For centuries devout Buddhists have made annual pilgrimages to the spot, and tradition says that the chain bridge across the canyon near the sacred footprint was put there by direction of Alexander the Great.—Philadelphia Press.

Comox Lightning.

Oct. 24th.— The ss. Stella, Capt. M. Manson, left for the north with a cargo of dressed lumber from Urquhart Bros' saw mill at Courtenay. Mr. Sam. Cliffe was pilot pro. tem. on the river.

Oct. 25th.— The ss. Joan brought the following passengers: J. W. Muir, W. R. Robb, E. Creech, B. Creech, W. Harvey, P Bruce, Jas. Anderton, D. Nash, Ed. Parks, Mr. Clute, customs officer, R. Saunderson and two ladies of off color for the Forest House, also Alex. Cowie, Mr. Barney Graham and Hawkins. The consignees were McPhee & Moore, J. B. Holmes, Wm. Sharp and S. J. Clifie. After landing her freight and passengers, the ss. Joan went right back for a cargo of powder for Union Mines and local dealers.

Oct. 29th.— Mr. Brown, from Union Bay was in town today. He says that *the new hotel and store are doing well* things generally there are booming.

Mr. R. V. Anderson of Nova Scotia is at the Elk hotel. He is a practical clock and watch maker, and thoroughly understands his business. If properly encouraged he will likely permanently remain. This would be a great convenience, and those having anything in this line would do well to send him their work

Miss Barnes having rented the upper floor of Mr Robb's building for a reading room *deserves encouragement in her* work and we trust every one will give her a helping hand.

J. V. Nichols, D. D. G. C. of Benevolence Lodge, K. of P. Union, has promised to give a lecture on Pythianism in the K. of P. hall, Comox, due notice of which will be given.

The bear traps, which not infrequently become man traps, are still to be found in the woods down at Baynes Sound. This is the work of the Indians, and it is reliably reported that there are half a dozen of these dangerous ambuscades near the place where a sad fatality occured a year ago. Isn't it about time that something was done to prevent this?

Mr. Harry King, the good looking young hunter, was in town. He reported killing a panther since he was down last (two weeks ago) measuring 10½ feet in length. Wonder if he agreed with the showman's rule? Said the showmen "Here is an animal which is 14 feet from the tip of its nose to the tip of its tail, and the same lenght back again, making in all 28 feet!".

Owing to the stove pipes being out of place on account of some alterations and improvements in the Pythian Hall, there was no service there on Sunday. It is now in good order and everything will be comfortable in future.

A very pleasant evening was spent last Thursday evening at the residence of Mr. J. M. and Geo. Curtis, by a few lady and gentleman friends who had gathered on the eve of the departure of Mr. Arrendale for England. *This gentleman had* made his home with the Curtis brothers for some time. A new wing had just been added to the house, adding much to its appearance, and affording increased facilities for social occasions. Vocal and instrumental music and dancing enlivened the evening. Refreshments were served, followed by a few brilliant banquet speeches, which will assist in making the recollection of the occasion lasting.

What Does it Mean?

Saturday night about sundown, a firery red chariot drawn by one of Wood & Miller's most spirited and stylish teams dashed down Union ave, until it came to Courtenay bridge. Like the famous wooden horse of ancient Troy it was *seen to be filled with armed men.* At the point mentioned it turned and made a circle in front of the Athletic Club; the men dismounting, each carrying a heavy double barrelled shotgun, formed in line, turned on their left heel, moved up Mill street a few paces, and poured a heavy fire into the red salmon as they leaped up into the air from *the water in their favorite jumping* match game. After becoming tired of this sport they returned to their chariot and were driven up the hill to the Riverside where the cob-webs were skillfully removed from the men's throats, by the jolly landlord, with his keen Burgundian *instruments, and the party much* relieved, proceeded on its way to Union. Among those recognized were A. F., B. G H. H. and J. & D. R.

LATER.—Since the above was in type it is learned that the force mentioned did *not directly return to Union, but after lea*ving the Riverside deployed to the east taking the Piercy road and spending the night in foraging and hunting. After going below Carter's they spread out in two wings, driving all the wild game of the forest before them. In some way they succeeded in flanking a body of coons, and by an adroit movement forced five of *these foresters up a tree which they* surrounded. Before morning they had killed the last one, and then gathering up the spoils bore them home in triumph.

At the Riverside.

Among the guests at the Riverside last week were Ed. Johnston and Alfred Joyce, who came from Cape Mudge, and after looking on the promised land of Comox valley returned, it is presumed to — *well, of course to get ready to come back* again.

B. Benson and J. Martin of Read Island were also guests of this house at the same time, and served to make a jolly company. They went down to Victoria to see what chance there is to get set off from New Westminister district and annexed to Comox. Bill Smith, George *Williams and C. Graves were here re*pairing the telegraph line, but repaired their wasted energies at the Riverside. They all want the road between here and Nanaimo put through in short order and say there will be a heavy traffic on it,

Current Notes.

"Doesn't it beat all how that woman, married four times, still attracts men?" "O, no. The widow's might, you know?" Detroit Tribune.

"That lawyer wouldn't charge me anything for his services. I suppose he has an eye to business in the future." "Yes. It's as much a case of paying the way as it is of waving the pay."—Washington Star.

Local Brevities

The World's Fair closed yesterday.

Poor Growler! Nobody cares what he says.

Wm Cheney of Denman Island was over on last steamer day.

Mr. Wm Viles has moved with his family to his ranch near Brown River.

Mr Sandy Cowie was up on the steamer last Wednesday, returning on Friday.

Billy Cowie is improving. He is under the care of Dr. Beadnell of Denman Island.

*John Mahrer, one of Nanaimo's prom*inent citizens, was in town on Thursday last and complimented THE NEWS by a visit.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Abrams of Union are staying at the Courtenay House, which is full of guests and boarders.

J. W. Fraser left yesterday for Union. *He has found employment with R. Grant* His wife will embrace the opportunity to pay her mother a long promised visit.

A. D. Williams *representing* Wm K. Leighton, the insurance and financial agent of Nanaimo, made us a call last Wednesday.

Dr. Young and Officer Anderson will *leave this week Friday for New West*minster to attend the trial of Ben Kennedy for the murder of O'Conner on Read Island last spring.

Attention is called to the advertisement of the Sun Life Assurance Co. elsewhere in this paper. It is a stong institution and gives a liberal policy. Those requiring anything in this line could not do better in any other company.

It will be seen by the advertisement of the ss. Joan in another column that trips of the steamer to Valdes Island have been discontinued, also that the hour for sailing from Victoria has been changed *from 5 a. m. to 7 a. m.*

Still they come. Mr. George Heatherbell of Hornby donates $5 of his prize *money to the Agricultural Society.* Mr. Geo. Howe also donates his prize *money to the society.* Who next? We intend to publish the list of donors when complete.

Mr. and Mrs. James McKim arrived home on Saturday, coming by way of Union. While absent they visited their friends east and spent a week at the World's Fair. Like all who have been there they speak in terms of unbounded praise of the great exhibition.

Look out for chicken thieves. The heneries of a number of people in this valley have been visited by theives who *have been in some cases successful in* getting away with their plunder. If one of these miscreants is caught an example should be made of him that would deter others.

C. Wenger of the Upper Settlement is reported as having shot and wounded a big buck. In endeavoring to follow it he got lost in the woods where he had to remain all night. In the morning he started out and came to Phillip's place, cold, wet and hungry. He was kindly provided for. *He says if anybody* wants that deer he is quite welcome to it.

Mr. Wm. R. Robb, returned by last steamer from his trip east. *He spent* some time in Chicago making a study of *the Fair which was the opportunity of a* life time. He was much interested in a farm wagon, which was so arranged as to answer a variety of purposes. The manufacturer will, later, visit Comox, and it is understood Mr. Robb has ordered for his own use one of these useful vehicles.

The members of the Athletic Club are requested to meet in full force at their Club Room, Courtenay on Tuesday evening next. It is hoped that the dues will be promptly paid that the Club may *flourish* "like a green bay tree". The dues are the "sinews of war" and unless the members will cheerfully and promptly meet their obligations there can be nothing done. So let us have a jolly crowd Tuesday and a jolly lot of cash.

Sensation.

On our back page is an advertisment under the above head by that wide awake firm— SLOAN & SCOTT of Nanaimo. They have an immense stock and are bound to reduce it, are selling at ¼ less than usual prices. They have new fresh goods, of most everything in the dry goods line, but especially a large stock of ladies and children's jackets, also dress goods. Matters are a little dull in Nanaimo, but this firm is bound to make sales and keep things humming if they don't make a cent. Try them.

Union Flashes.

The San Mateo left Saturday afternoon

The Glory of the Seas is still loading.

Mr. Clute, customs officer was up last week.

Sam. Davis jr shot a big bear beyond the lake.

The new hotel, it is said, will be open by *next pay-day.*

T. D. McLean's wife has returned from a protracted visit from the east.

The new hospital is closed for want of patients, which shows a healthy condition.

The office of the customs officer will hereafter be at Union Wharf, instead of at the Bay.

Mr. Moore, of Victoria, the contractor for the new Methodist church is up, and work has already commenced on the structure.

Mrs. Tom Pearse presented her husband, Saturday night last, with a young duplicate of himself.

Mr. Gibson, a miner, was killed about 3 o'clock Monday afternoon in slope No. 4, level No. 7 by the falling of coal. He leaves a large family.

A Pleasant Evening Society is being started, object dancing and literary improvement. The Old School House will be the place of meeting, and the Pleasant Evening will be once a week.

Frank Viles, Monday cut off his thumb with the shingle saw at R. Grant & Co's mill. It was neatly grafted on by Dr. Lawrence who hopes it will form a union with the old stub.

HIS INDIAN BRIDE.

A ROMANCE OF THE CANADIAN NORTH-WEST

CHAPTER IX.

THE FAITH OF COMRADES.

When Franics Armour left his wife's room he did not go to his own room, but quietly descended the stairs, went to the library, and sat down. The loneliest thing in the world is to be tete-a-tete with one's conscience. A man may have a bad hour with an enemy, a sad hour with a friend, a peaceful hour with himself, but when the little dwarf, conscience, perches upon every hillock of remembrance and makes slow signs—those strange symbols of the language of the soul—to him, no slave upon the treadmill suffers more.

The butler came in to see if anything was required, but Armour only greeted him silently and waved him away. His brain was painfully alert, his memory singularly awake. It seemed that the incident of this hour had so opened up every channel of his intelligence that all his life ran past him in fantastic panorama, as by that illumination which comes to the drowning man. He seemed under some *strange spell. Once or twice he rose, rubbed* his eyes, and looked round the room,—the room where as a boy he had spent idle hours, where as a student he had been in the hands of his tutor, and as a young man had found recreations such as belong to ambitious and ardent youth. Every corner was familiar. Nothing was changed. The books upon the shelves were as they were placed twenty years ago. And yet he did not seem a part of it. It did not seem natural to him. He was in an atmosphere which surrounds a man, as by a cloud, when some crisis comes upon him and his life seems to stand still, whirling upon its narrow base, while the world appears at an interminable distance, even as to a deaf man who sees yet cannot hear.

There came home to him at that moment with a force indescribable the shamefulness of the act he committed four years ago. He had thought to come back to miserable humiliation. For four years he had refused to do his duty as a man towards an innocent woman,—a woman, though in part a savage,—now transformed into a gentle, noble creature of delight and goodness. How had he deserved it? He had sown the storm, it was but just that he should reap the whirlwind; he had scattered thistles, could he expect to gather grapes? He knew that the sympathy of all his father's house was not with him, but with the woman he had wronged. He was glad it was so. Looking back now, it seemed so poor and paltry a thing he, a man, should stoop to revenge himself upon those who had given him birth, as a kind of insult to the woman who had lightly set him aside, and should use for that purpose a helpless confiding girl. To revenge one's self for wrong to one's self is but a common passion, which has little dignity; to avenge some one whom one has loved, man or woman,—and, before all, woman,—has some touch of nobility, is redeemed by loyalty. For his act there was not one word of defence to be made, and he was not prepared to make it.

The cigars and liquors were beside him, but he did not touch them. He seemed very far away from the ordinary details of his life: he knew he had before him hard travel, and he was not confident of the end. He could not tell how long he sat there. After a time the ticking of the clock seemed painfully loud to him. Now and again he heard a cab rattling through the Square, and the foolish song of some drunken loiterer in the night caused him to start painfully. Everything jarred on him. Once he got up, went to the window, and looked out. The moon was shining full on the Square. He wondered if it would be well for him to go out and find some quiet to his nerves in walking. He did so. Out in the Square he looked up to his wife's window. It was lighted. Long time he walked up and down, his eyes on the window. It held him like a charm. Once he leaned against the iron railings of the garden and looked up, not moving for a time. Presently he saw the curtain of the window raised, and against the dim light of the room was outlined the figure of his wife. He knew it. She stood for a moment looking out into the night. She could not see him, nor could he see her features at all plainly, but he knew that she, like him, was alone with the catastrophe which his wickedness had sent upon her. Soon the curtain was drawn down again, and then he went once more to the house and took his old seat beside the table. He fell to brooding, and at last, exhausted, dropped to a troubled sleep.

He woke with a start. Some one was in the room. He heard a step behind him. He came to his feet quickly, a wild light in his eyes. He faced his brother Richard.

Late in the afternoon Marion had telegraphed to Richard that Frank was coming. He had been away visiting some poor and sick people, and when he came back to Greyhope it was too late to catch the train. But the horses were harnessed straightway, and he was driven into town,—a three hours' drive. He had left the horse at the stables, and, having a latch-key, had come in quietly. He had seen the light in the study, and guessed who was there. He entered, and saw his brother asleep. He watched him for a moment and studied him. Then he moved away to take off his hat, and, as he did so, stumbled slightly. Then it was Frank waked, and for the first time in five years they looked each other in the eyes. They both stood immovable for a moment, and then Richard caught Frank's hand in both of his and said, "God bless you, my boy! I am glad you are back."

"Dick! Dick!" was the reply, and Frank's other hand clutched Richard's *shoulder in his strong emotion. They stood* silent for a moment longer, and then Richard recovered himself. He waved his hand to the chairs. The strain of the situation was a little painful for them both. Men are shy with each other where their emotions are in play.

"Why, my boy," he said, waving a hand to the wine and liquors, "full bottles and unopened boxes? Tut, tut! here's a pretty how-d'-ye-do. Is this the way you toast home quarters? You're a fine soldier for an old mess!"

So saying he poured out some whiskey, then opened a box of cigars and pushed them towards his brother. He did not care particularly to drink or smoke himself, but a man—an Englishman—is a strange creature. He is most natural and at ease when he is engaged in eating and drinking. He relieves every trying situation by some frivolous or selfish occupation, as of dismembering a partridge or mixing a punch.

"Well Frank," said his brother, "now what have you to say for yourself? Why didn't you come long ago? You have played the adventurer for five years, and what have you to show for it? Have you a fortune?" Frank shook his head, and twisted a shoulder. "What have you done that is worth the doing, then?"

"Nothing that I intended to do, Dick," was the grave reply.

"Yes I imagined that. You have seen them, have you, Frank?" he added in a softer voice!

Frank blew a great cloud of smoke about his face, and through it he said, "Yes, Dick, I have seen a damned sight more than el deserve to see."

"Oh, of course; I know that, my boy! but, so far as I can see, in another direction you are getting quite what you deserve: your wife and child are up-stairs; you are here."

He paused, was silent for a moment, then turned over, caught his brother's arm, and said, in a low, strenuous voice, "Frank Armour, you laid a hateful little plot for us. It wasn't manly, but we forgave it and did the best we could. But see here, Frank, take my word for it, you have had a lot of luck: there isn't one woman out of ten thousand that would have stood the test as your wife has stood it: injured at the start, constant neglect, temptation——" he paused. "My boy, did you ever think of that, of the temptation to a woman neglected by her husband? The temptation to men? Yes, you have had a lot of luck. There has been a special providence for you, my boy; but not for your sake. God doesn't love neglectful husbands, but I think He is pretty sorry for neglected wives."

Frank was very still. His head drooped, the cigar hung unheeded in his fingers for a moment, and he said at last, "Dick, old comrade, I've thought it all over tonight since I came back,—everything that you've said. I have not a word of defence to make, but, by heaven! I'm going to win my wife's love if I can, and when I do it I'll make up for all my cursed foolishness—see if I don't."

"That sounds well, Frank," was the quiet reply. "I like to hear you talk that way. You would be very foolish if you did not. What do you think of the child?"

"Can you ask me what I think? He is a splendid little fellow."

"Take care of him, then, take good care of *him*: you may never have another," was the grim rejoinder.

Frank winced. His brother rose, took his arm, and said, "Let us go our rooms, Frank. There will be time enough to talk later, and I am not so young as I once was."

Truth to say, Richard Armour was not so young as he seemed a few months before. His shoulders were a little stooped and he was grayer about the temples. The little bit of cynicism which had appeared in that remark about the care of the child showed also in the lines of his mouth, yet his eyes had the same old, true, honest look. But a man cannot be hit in mortal places once or twice in his life without it being etched on his face or dropped like a pinch of aloe from his tongue.

Still they sat and talked much longer Frank showing better than when his brother came, Richard gone gray and tired. At last Richard rose and motioned towards the window. "See Frank," he said, "it is morning." Then he went and lifted the blind. The gray unpurged air oozed on the glass. The light was breaking over the tops of the houses. A crossing-keeper early to his task or holding the key to the street, went pottering by, and a policeman glanced up at them as he passed. Richard drew down the curtain again.

"Dick," said Frank, suddenly, you look old. I wonder if I have changed so much."

Six months before, Frank Armour would have said that his brother looked young!

"Oh, you look young enough, Frank," was the reply. "But I am a good deal older than I was five years ago. . . . Come, let us go to bed."

Many weeks afterwards an anxious family stood about the cot of a sick child.

The family doctor had just left the room. Marion, turning to the father and mother, said, "Greyhope will be like itself again now. I will go and tell Richard that the danger is over."

As she turned to do so, Richard opened the door and came in. "I have seen the doctor," he began, in his cheerful tones, "and the little chap is going to pull along now like a house afire." Tapping his brother affectionately on the shoulder, he was about to continue, but he saw what stopped him. He saw the beginning of the end of Frank Armour's tragic comedy. He and Marion left the room as quickly as was possible to him, for, as he said, humorously, "he was slow at a quick march," and a moment after the wife heard without demure her husband's tale of love for her.

Yet, as if to remind him of the wrong he had done, Heaven never granted Frank Armour another child.

[THE END.]

"A Back Number."

This is the slighting remark that is often applied to women who try to seem young, though they no longer look so. Sometimes appearances are deceitful. Female weakness, functional troubles, displacements and irregularities will add fifteen years to a woman's looks. These troubles are removed by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Try this remedy, all you whose beauty and freshness is fading from such causes, and no longer, figure in society as a "back number." Its guaranteed to give satisfaction in every case, or money paid for it returned. See guarantee on bottle-wrapper.

Slaves From Zanzibar.

Mr. Rennell Rodd, the Acting Agent and Consul General in Zanzibar, having called in question the statements made by the Secretary of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society respecting the number of slaves estimated to be shipped from Zanzibar, Mr. Allen has addressed a long letter to Lord Rosebery, containing official estimates made at various periods during the last 50 years. They show that not more than 5 per cent. of slaves shipped from African ports have been captured by Her Majesty's cruisers. As 200 slaves were captured in Zanzibari waters during one month in this year, it is safe to estimate that that number represents 4000 slaves shipped, and many of these were, no doubt, destined for the Island of Pemba, which absorbs many thousand slaves in the cultivation of the clove. Others are smuggled into Zanzibar to be let out in large numbers as porters to caravans. These facts, Mr. Allen alleges, were ignored by Mr. Rodd, who based his calculation entirely upon the over-sea traffic to Arabia and Persia, which in reality only constitute but a portion of the Zanzibari slave trade.

They Speak for Themselves.

PICTON, Fb. 17.—This is to certify that I have used Polson's Nerviline for rheumatism, and have found it a valuable remedy for all internal pain, and would greatly recommend it to the public.—N.T. KINGSLEY.

LEEDS COUNTY, Jan. 9.—We are not in the habit of puffing patent medicines, but we cannot withhold our testimony as to the great value of Nerviline as a remedy for pain. We have pleasure in recommending it as a never-failing remedy.—REV. H.J. ALLEN, BENJ. DILLON, and many others. Sold by druggists.

Finding the Contents of Bins.

Every farmer ought to know how to measure his products without taking the trouble to remove them from the bins or other receptacles. For instance, two cubic feet of dry corn in the ear will make a bushel, and to find out how many bushels there are in a crib take the inside measurements, multiply the length by the breadth, this by the height and divide by two, which will give the number of bushels of shelled corn. In apples and potatoes get the cubical contents as before, divide by eight and point off one figure for decimals. In hay find the cubical contents and allow 512 cubic feet to the ton. The result in each case will be so nearly correct that the difference will be inappreciable.

What is Needed

By every man and woman if they desire to secure comfort in this world is a corn sheller. Putnam's Corn Extractor shells corns in two or three days and without discomfort or pain. A hundred imitations prove the merit of Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, which is always sure, safe, and painless. See signature of Polson & Co., on each bottle. Sold by medicine dealers.

Wife—"Did you notice, dear, at the party last evening how grandly our daughter, Clara, swept into the room?" Husband (with a grunt)—"Oh, yes! Clara can sweep into a room grandly enough, but when it comes to sweeping out the room she isn't there."

OUR NEW GOVERNOR-GENERAL.

Lord and Lady Aberdeen Established at Rideau Hall.

Their Regime Will Probably be the Most Popular Since Lord Dufferin's—Portraits of the Retiring Governor-General and His Wife.

The Earl of Aberdeen, who was appointed to succeed the Earl of Derby as Governor-General of Canada, has been sworn in and duly installed at Rideau Hall, the vice-regal mansion at Ottawa. His lordship is a warm personal friend of Mr. Gladstone, whom he visited at Blackcraig Castle, just prior to his departure for Canada. Gladstone admires him for his sincerity, his integrity and his generous treatment of those about him, and his appointment was doubtless due to his nomination for the office by the Grand Old Man. His liberality towards his tenants illustrates the generous side of Aberdeen's nature. In the twenty-three years that he has controlled the Haddo House property in Scotland he has expended $700,000 in improving it for the benefit of the occupants. In 1870 Lord Aberdeen presented to each tenant half a year's rent, an outlay of $100,000. Only thirty nine out of 1,130 farmers have appealed against the rent charged, and in some instances the *courts have raised the fee*, while the reductions have been few. In 1886 Lord Aberdeen consented to further reductions, aggregating $25,000, and in 1890 he struck off from 8 to 15 per cent. Owing to a bad harvest this year 10 per cent. of the rent for the current half year has been remitted.

LORD ABERDEEN.

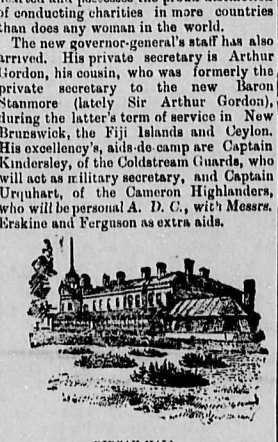
Aberdeen appears to be another Dufferin, so far as sympathetic nature goes, and he will doubtless win the hearts of the Canadian people just as the Earl of Dufferin and Ava did. He is not a stranger to Canada, having resided here for several months a year or so ago. He and his countess have traveled over a considerable portion of the dominion, and his lordship owns and works two large farms in our northwest, one at Calgary, N.W.T., and the other in British Columbia. The vice-regal couple are well known in Ottawa, Montreal, Toronto and Hamilton social circles already, so that by social and business relations they have been Canadians for some time. They were present at the opening of the World's Fair in Chicago, and it was there that Lord Aberdeen first learned of his appointment to the governor-generalship of Canada.

A PHILANTHROPIC COUPLE.

Lord Aberdeen is a member of several religious and philanthropic societies and contributed $5,000 toward General Booth's scheme for alleviating distress. Their sympathetic natures led his lordship and the countess to assist at a benefit entertainment given on board the Aurania on their recent voyage home. An old officer of the Cunard Company died, leaving a widow and family. Several professional musicians were passengers on the Aurania, and a committee organized a concert for the benefit of the deceased's family. The earl and countess took a prominent part in the entertainment. His lordship sang in a duet, "Since first I saw your face," and as a second item he rendered the old Scottish ballad "Jock o' Hazeldean" in fine style. He was vociferously applauded, and his singing added much to the success of the concert.

Like the German empress, she employs poor women to make baby trousseaus, and then gives the trousseaus away. Like Mrs. Gladstone, she keeps a home running for women convalescents who are discharged from hospitals cured but cannot go to work. Like Mme. Carnot, she always has a foundling home in the city where she lives, and has a babies' nursery connected with it as well. Like Queen Victoria, she gives a certain sum each year to each and every charity in her town. And, like Mrs. Cleveland, she has a passion for kindergarten work, and personally assists in teaching a school room full of little tots at least one day every week. In view of all these things it is little wonder that the people of all conditions in Canada are delighted with the selection of one so gracious to represent her majesty in Canada, whose wife is so tender-hearted and possesses the proud distinction of conducting charities in more countries than does any woman in the world.

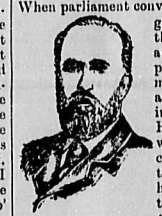
The new governor-general's staff has also arrived. His private secretary is Arthur Gordon, his cousin, who was formerly the private secretary to the new Baron Stanmore (lately Sir Arthur Gordon), during the latter's term of service in New Brunswick, the Fiji Islands and Ceylon. His excellency's, aids-de-camp are Captain Kindersley, of the Coldstream Guards, who will act as military secretary, and Captain Urquhart, of the Cameron Highlanders, who will be personal *A. D. C., with Messrs.* Erskine and Ferguson as extra aids.



RIDEAU HALL.

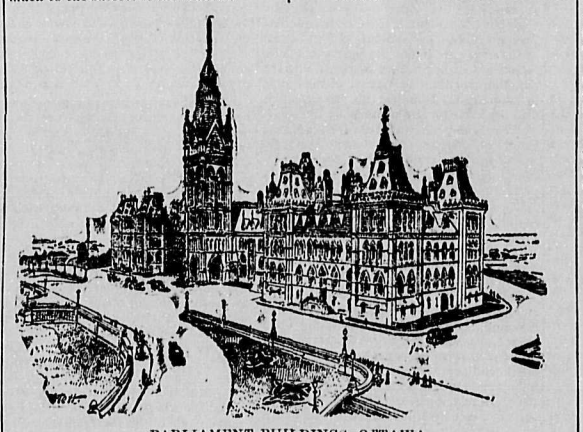
All social functions at Ottawa revolve more or less about Rideau Hall. The hall is a plain, roomy structure in Ottawa's most attractive square and the grounds about it at this season of the year are brilliant with flowers and foliage of many hues. The governor general has selected an upper suite of rooms for himself. The countess will occupy a suite on the ground floor next to the conservatory. Rideau Hall was planned for the reception of large companies; and Government House "affairs" are always attended by as many as can crowd into the immense drawing-rooms. It is not believed that the Aberdeens will entertain as lavishly as the count and countess of Dufferin or as royally as Lorne and Louise, and Ottawa society, consequently, is on the tiptoe of excitement awaiting developments. To be recognized at Rideau Hall is no very difficult matter. There is a visitors' book, in which one's name must be written as a condition precedent to a card from "Her excellency the governor-general's lady" to the next reception. The music and theater parties are the most exclusive of all the vice-regal entertainments. There is a strict code of etiquette, and social precedence is observed as rigidly as in the British court. Even the wife of a cabinet minister at Ottawa demands "the deference due to her." The task of lubricating the social machinery at the capital is not an easy one, and devolves almost wholly on the A. D. C. who attend to all the details of arrangement, invitations and announcements, and it is surprising how soon they become familiar with the names and social standing of those who are entitled to court favors.

A Chicago paper, referring to the inauguration of the new Governor-General says: —"'Americans,' as the Canadians call us, are always well received at Rideau hall. When parliament convenes and society begins its winter whirl the American consul at Ottawa has always proved one of the most welcome guests at every affair. During all of Consul Hotchkiss' time his wife and daughter received perfect ovations. As a rule we have been very fortunate in sending men to represent us at Canada's capital. When the wives and



EARL OF DERBY,—ABERDEEN'S PREDECESSOR.

daughters of senators, commons, and high officials gather in oddly built little Ottawa our consul is usually the one man regarded as a standard of judgment for all "Yankees." He attends every "affair" and his *wife and daughter are critically passed* upon. When parliament adjourns or is "prorogued," as they say in Canada, the "court" goes to "Caspapedia," the dominion's star summer resort. After some fishing trips, which have already been arranged for the new governor, he is to go off upon a tour of the Canadian watering places, that his acquaintance with the local aristocracies may be improved upon.



PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, OTTAWA.

The Countess of Aberdeen is a loveable woman, indeed, if all the good things said and written about her are true. She is fond of Canada, having a brother and a host of personal friends there. The *countess is in the front rank of modern* British philanthropists and she is also considerable of a politician, having made several speeches in Scotland to large audiences in the last general elections. At these meetings "the earl's leddy," as she is affectionately called was always well received. Lady Aberdeen is passionately fond of Scotch heather and she thinks it can be made to grow as luxuriously in Canada as in Scotland. Great boxes of her favorite plant have been taken to Ottawa for decorative purposes at Rideau Hall, and roots of heather will be liberally distributed to those who will assist the countess in making the heather a distinct feature of floral decoration at the capital.

LADY ABERDEEN.

Lady Aberdeen's first month at Ottawa will be fully employed in state ceremonies, dinners to the members of parliament, and in applying to her vice-regal "court" the rules laid down by the queen for drawing-room etiquette and court use. As soon as possible thereafter the countess will devote herself to charitable works. The first to engage her attention will be the establishment of a society of girls to make Irish point lace.

COUNTESS RESEMBLES OTHER NOTED WOMEN.

"Next winter the earl will learn what a parliamentary session really is. A salute of twenty-one guns from the fortress is the official announcement that one has begun. The governor-general, clad in his military or other rank, the royal decorations glittering on his heart, goes "as her Britannic majesty's representative in Canada" to the throne in the senate chamber and formally declares the parliament in session. Then the political pot begins to boil and the *social world to whirl.*

COUNTESS OF DERBY.

"The earl of Aberdeen will be one of the few dominion rulers to acquire an American reputation through personal visits in this country. He and his wife aroused enthusiasm everywhere while here at the world's fair not many weeks ago. When viceroy of Ireland under Gladstone's former administration he proved more popular than any man had been before in that most difficult position. He is still in his prime, and great things are expected of him.

"The earls of Aberdeen are also viscounts of Formastin and barons of Haddo, Methlic, Tarvis, and Kellie in the Scotch peerage, as the family is a branch of the old Scotch Gordons. The present earl's wife is noted for her talents and liberal sentiments."

Always Fresh.

He: What a fresh complexion Miss Flirtie has."

She (rival belle): "Yes, fresh every day, I believe."

59 AND 18.

Two Experiences in Kemptville of Interest To Others.

Mr. Hugh Brownlee Tells How He Was Cured of Sciatica After Much Suffering —Miss Delia Main Suffered From Trouble Incident to Girlhood—Her Case Critical—How She Found Release.

From the Kemptville Advance.

One of the best known men in the county of Grenville and the adjacent county of Carleton, is Mr Hugh Brownlee, of Kemptville. Mr. Brownlee was born in Carleton county in the year 1834, and until about five years ago resided in the township of North Gower. Having by industry and good business ability acquired a competence he determined to retire from the somewhat laborious life of a farmer, and taking up his abode in a beautiful home in the village of Kemptville, has since continued to reside here. It is well known to Mr. Brownlee's friends and acquaintances that he has suffered for years from Sciatica of a violent form, and it has lately been understood that he has at last been relieved from the pangs of this excruciating disease. Recently while in conversation with Mr. Brownlee, a reporter of the Advance asked him to give his experience for the benefit of other sufferers which he gladly consented to do.

"You are aware," said Mr. Brownlee, "that most of my life has been spent upon a farm, and in addition to farming I followed the business of buying cattle, sheep and lambs. In doing so I was exposed to all sorts of weather and over-exertion, which brought on severe attacks of sciatica. I suffered for about ten years, trying all sorts of powerful remedies, but without doing me a particle of good. During this long period of suffering I was deprived of much sleep and many a night I tumbled about in bed nearly all night long suffering the most excruciating pains. In fact I was rapidly approaching the condition of a chronic cripple. I had tried so many remedies that I was becoming discouraged, and almost despaired of obtaining relief. While in this condition I was induced to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I took the pills for some time without any noticeable results, but feeling as if they were a last resort I continued their use. Then came a slight change for the better, and every day added to my steady improvement, until now after the use of about eighteen boxes I am nearly as well as ever I was, being almost entirely free from pain. I am still using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and feel confident that my cure will be permanent. You may be sure that I am grateful for what Pink Pills have done for me and I am only too glad to bear testimony to their merit. Indeed I believe they are deserving of every good thing that can be said of them."

Mrs. Brownlee was present and said that she, too, could vouch for the beneficial effects derived from the use of Pink Pills. She had suffered for nearly four years with terrible soreness and pains in the back of the head and neck, accompanied by frequent attacks of dizziness which caused great distress and inconvenience. Having observed the beneficial effects Pink Pills had upon her suffering husband, Mrs. Brownlee determined to try them, and from the outset found relief, and after the use of four boxes found that the soreness was all gone and for the past three months she had been almost entirely free from pain. She has the greatest confidence in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and believes them the greatest medicine of the age.

A YOUNG LADY'S EXPERIENCE.

Having heard that *Miss* Delia Main, a young lady who lives with her parents not far from Mr. Brownlee's residence, had also been greatly benefited by the use of Pink Pills, the reporter next called upon her. Miss Main is a handsome young lady, eighteen years of age, with the glow of health in her cheeks. In reply to enquiries, Miss Main said that some two years ago she began to be affected with weakness peculiar to many young girls. Her face was pale, she was troubled with heart palpitation, and the least exertion left a feeling of great tiredness. She had good medical treatment but without getting relief, and at last her condition became so bad that her parents and friends feared she was going into a decline and almost despaired of her recovery. At this juncture Miss Main was induced to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which are an unfailing specific in cases of this kind. Having lost all confidence in medicine, Miss Main took Pink Pills irregularly at first, but finding that they were helping her she began to take them regularly according to directions. From this time out improvement in her case was steady and rapid, and after the use of a dozen boxes she found her health fully restored. "I believe," said Miss Main, "that if it had not been for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I would not be alive to-day, and I strongly recommended them to all girls who find themselves in a condition similar to what mine was." Miss Main's mother was present and fully endorsed what her daughter said, adding that she fully believed Pink Pills had saved her life.

Mr. Angus Buchanan, druggist, who is also reeve of the village was asked if many Pink Pills are sold. His reply was that they have a larger sale than any medicine, and still the demand steadily increases, which is the best evidence that Pink Pills are a great remedy, and there can be no question of the great good they accomplish.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after affects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, restore the glow of health to pale and sallow complexions, and relieve the tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration; all diseases depending upon vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, over-work or excesses of whatever nature.

These pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold in boxes covered with the firm's wrapper and trade mark, (never in loose form by the dozen or hundred and the public are cautioned against numerous imitations sold in this shape) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

The executioner of Buda-Pesth, who is a fine old Magyar noble, was sitting in his private office the other day, sharpening his axe, when a stranger with a large and bleeding wound in his forehead came gently in and requested to have his head chopped off. The executioner was not in a chopping mood that day, and turned around to telephone to the hospital for an ambulance when the bleeding stranger hung himself to the doorknob with his cravat, and was only rescued with difficulty.

A.P. 680.

"No Funds"

Take care that your drafts on your physical endurance don't come back to you some day marked "no funds." Take

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Of Pure Cod Liver Oil & Hypophosphites

to increase your energy and so make good your account at the bank of health.

IT CURES

CONSUMPTION, SCROFULA, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS and all forms of Wasting Diseases.

Almost as Palatable as Milk. Be sure you get the genuine as there are poor imitations.

Prepared only by Scott & Bowne, Belleville.

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Ladies Send TEN Cents, coin or stamps, for a two months' trial of THE LADIES' JOURNAL, a large 36 page illustrated fashion and household monthly. Regular subscription one dollar per year. A first-class Sewing Machine, retailed at $50, will be given Free to anyone sending us forty yearly subscribers with the Cash. The Ladies' Journal, 73 to 81 Adelaide St. W., Toronto, Canada.

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

Artificial Limbs

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For Circular Address—

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of Cornwallis, Nova Scotia.

$200 Worth

Of Other Medicines Failed

But 4 Bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla Cured.

"It is with pleasure that I tell of the great benefit I derived from Hood's Sarsaparilla. For 6 years I have been badly afflicted with

Erysipelas

breaking out with running sores during hot summer months. I have sometimes not been able to use my limbs for two months at a time. Being induced to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, I got one bottle last spring, commenced using it; felt so much better, got two bottles more; took them during the summer, was able to do my housework, and

Walk Two Miles

which I had not done for six years. Think I am cured of erysipelas, and recommend any person so afflicted to use

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Four bottles has done more for me than $200 worth of other medicine. I think it the best blood purifier known." MRS. H. D. WEST, Church street, Cornwallis, N. S.

HOOD'S PILLS cure liver ills, constipation, biliousness, jaundice, sick headache 25c

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"August Flower"

For Dyspepsia.

A. Bellanger, Propr., Stove Foundry, Montagny, Quebec, writes: "I have used August Flower for Dyspepsia. It gave me great relief. I recommend it to all Dyspeptics as a very good remedy."

Ed. Bergeron, General Dealer, Lauzon, Levis, Quebec, writes: "I have used August Flower with the best possible results for Dyspepsia."

C. A. Barrington, Engineer and General Smith, Sydney, Australia, writes: "August Flower has effected a complete cure in my case. It acted like a miracle."

Geo. Gates, Corinth, Miss., writes: "I consider your August Flower the best remedy in the world for Dyspepsia. I was almost dead with that disease, but used several bottles of August Flower, and now consider myself a well man. I sincerely recommend this medicine to suffering humanity the world over."

G. G. GREEN, Sole Manufacturer, Woodbury, New Jersey U. S. A.

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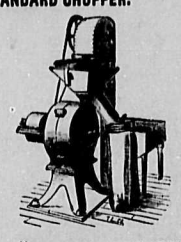

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"IN THE MIDST OF ALARMS."

ROBT. BARR, IN "LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE."

CHAPTER I.

In the marble-floored vestibule of the Metropolitan Grand Hotel in Buffalo, Professor Stillson Renmark stood and looked about him with the anxious manner of a person unused to the gaudy splendor of the modern American house of entertainment. The professor paused half-way between the door and the marble counter, because he began to fear that he had arrived at an inopportune time,—that something unusual was going on. The hurry and bustle bewildered him. A man with a stentorian but monotonous and mournful voice was filling the air with the information that a train was about to start for Albany, Saratoga, Troy, Boston, New York and the East. When he came to the words "The East" his voice dropped to a sad minor key, as if the man despaired of the fate of those who took their departure in that direction. Every now and then a brazen gong sounded sharply, and one of the negroes who sat in a row on a bench along the marble-panelled wall sprang forward to the counter, took somebody's handbag and disappeared in the direction of the elevator, with the newly-arrived guest following him. Groups of men stood here and there conversing, heedless of the rush of arrival and departure around them.

All this was very strange to the professor, and he felt himself in a new world, with whose customs he was not familiar. Nobody paid the slightest attention to him as he stood there among it all with his satchel in his hand. As he timidly edged up to the counter and tried to accumulate courage enough to address the clerk, a young man came forward, flung his grip on the polished top of the counter, metaphorically brushed the professor aside, pulled the bulky register towards him, and inscribed his name on the page with a rapidity equalled only by the illegibility of the result.

"Hello, Sam," he said to the clerk. "How's things? Get my telegram?"

"Yes,' answered the clerk; "but I can't give you 27. It's been taken for a week. I reserved 85 for you, and had to hold on with my teeth to do that."

The reply of the young man was merely a brief mention of the place of torment.

"It is hot," said the clerk, blandly. "In from Cleveland?"

"Yes. Any letters for me?"

"Couple of telegrams. You'll find them up in 85."

"Oh, you were cock-sure I'd take that room?"

"I was cock-sure you'd have to. It is either that or the fifth floor. We're full. Couldn't give a better room to the President if he came."

"Oh, well, what's good enough for the President I can put up with for a couple of days."

The hand of the clerk descended on the bell. The negro sprang forward and took the grip. "Eighty-five," said the clerk; and the drummer and the negro disappeared.

"Is there any place where I could leave my bag for a while?" the professor at last said timidly to the clerk.

"Your bag?"

The professor held it up in view.

"Oh! your grip. Certainly. Have a room, sir?" And the clerk's hand hovered over the bell.

"No. At least, not just yet. You see, I'm——"

"All right. The baggage-man there to the left will check it for you."

"Any letters for Bond?" said a man, pushing himself in front of the professor. The clerk pulled a fat bunch of letters from the compartment marked "B" and handed the whole lot to the enquirer, who went rapidly over them, selected two that appeared to be addressed to him, and gave the bunch a push towards the clerk, who placed them where they were before.

Although the professor was to a certain extent bewildered by the condition of things, there was still in his nature a certain dogged persistence that had before now stood him in good stead, and which had enabled him to distance in the long run, much more brilliant men. He was not at all satisfied with his brief interview with the clerk. He resolved to approach that busy individual again if he could arrest his attention. It was some time before he caught the speaker's eye, as it were, but when he did so he said,—

"I was about to say to you that I am waiting for a friend from New York who may not yet have arrived. His name is Mr. Richard Yates, of the——"

"Oh! Dick Yates. Certainly. He's *here.*" *Turning to the negro he said,*—

"Go down to the billiard-room and see if Mr. Yates is there. If he is not look for him at the bar."

The clerk evidently new Mr. Dick Yates. Apparently not noticing the look of amazement that had stolen over the professor's face the clerk said,—

"If you wait in the reading room I'll send Yates to you when he comes. The boy will find him if he's in the house; but he may be up-town."

The professor, disliking to trouble the obliging clerk further, did not ask him where the reading-room was. He inquired instead of a hurrying porter, and received the curt but comprehensive answer,—

"Dining-room next floor. Reading-, smoking-, and writing-rooms up the hall. Billiard-room, bar, and lavatory downstairs."

The professor after getting into the barber-shop and the cigar-store, finally found his way into the reading-room. Numerous daily papers were scattered around on the table, each attached to a long clumsy cleft arrangement of wood, while other dailies, similarly encumbered, hung from racks against the wall. The professor sat down in one of the easy leather-covered chairs, but, instead of taking up a paper, drew a thin book from his pocket, in which he was soon so absorbed that he became entirely unconscious of his strange surroundings. A light touch on the shoulder brought him up from his book into the world again, and he saw looking down on him the stern face of a heavily-moustached stranger.

"I beg your pardon, sir, but may I ask if you are a guest of this house?"

A shade of apprehension crossed the professor's face as he slipped the book into his pocket. He had vaguely felt that he was trespassing when he first entered the hotel, and now his doubts were confirmed.

"I—I am not exactly a guest," he stammered.

"What do you mean by not exactly a guest?" continued the other, regarding the professor with a cold and scrutinizing gaze. "A man is either a guest or he is not, I take it. Which is it in your case?"

"I presume, technically speaking, I am not."

"Technically speaking! More evasions. Let me ask you, sir, as an ostensibly honest man, if you imagine that all this luxury—this—this elegance—is maintained for nothing? Do you think, sir, that it is provided for any man who has cheek enough to step out of the street and enjoy it! Is it kept up, I ask, for people who are, technically speaking, not guests?"

The expression of conscious guilt deepened on the face of the unfortunate professor. He had nothing to say. He realized that his action was too flagrant to admit of defence, so he attempted none. Suddenly the countenance of his questioner lit up with a smile, and he smote the professor on the shoulder.

"Well, old stick-in-the-mud, you haven't changed a particle in fifteen years. You don't mean to pretend you don't know me?"

"You can't—you can't be Richard Yates?"

"I not only can, but I can't be anybody else. I know, because I have often tried. Well, well, well, well! Stilly we used to call you, don't you remember? I'll never forget that time we sang 'Oft in the stilly night' front of your window when you were studying for the exams. You always were a quiet fellow, Stilly. I've been waiting for you nearly a whole day. I was up just now with a party of friends when the boy brought me your card. A little philanthropic gathering,—sort of mutual benefit arrangement, you know: each of us contributed what we could spare into a general fund, which was given to some deserving person in the crowd."

"Yes," said the professor, dryly. "I heard the clerk telling the boy where he would be most likely to find you."

"Oh, you did, eh?" cried Yates with a laugh. "Yes, Sam generally knows where to send for me; but he needn't have been so darned public about it. Being a newspaper man, I know what ought to go in print and what should have the blue pencil run through it. Sam is very discreet, as a general thing; but then he knew, of course, the moment he set eyes on you, that you were an old pal of mine."

Again Yates laughed, a very bright and cheery laugh for so evidently wicked a man.

"Come along," he said, taking the professor by the arm. "We must get you located."

They passed out into the hall and drew up at the clerk's counter.

"I say Sam," cried Yates, "can't you do something better for us than the fifth floor! I didn't come to Buffalo to engage in ballooning. No sky-parlors for me, if I can help it."

"I'm sorry, Dick," said the clerk, "but I expect the fifth floor will be gone when the Chicago express gets in."

"Well, what can you do for us, anyhow?"

"I can let you have 518. That's the next room to yours. Really, they're the most comfortable rooms in the house this weather. Fine lookout over the lake. I wouldn't mind having a sight of the lake myself, if I could leave the desk."

"All right. But I didn't come to look at the lake, nor yet at the railroad-tracks this side, nor at Buffalo Creek either, beautiful and romantic as it is, nor to listen to the clanging of the ten thousand locomotives that pass within hearing distance, for the delight of your guests. The fact is, that, always excepting Chicago, Buffalo is more like—for the Professor's sake I'll say Hades than any other place in America."

"Oh, Buffalo's all right," said the clerk, with that feeling of local loyalty which all Americans possess. "Say, are you here on this Fenian snap?"

"What Fenian snap?" asked the newspaper-man.

"Oh! don't you know about it? I thought the moment I saw you that you were here for this affair. Well, don't say I told you, but I can put you on to one of the big guns if you want the particulars. They say they're going to take Canada. I told 'em that I wouldn't take Canada as a gift, let alone fight for it. I've been there."

Yates's newspaper instinct thrilled him as he thought of the possible sensation. Then the light slowly died out of his eyes when he looked at the professor, who had flushed somewhat and compressed his lips as he listened to the slighting remarks on his country.

"Well, Sam," said the newspaper-man at last, "it isn't more than once in a lifetime that you'll find me give the go-by to a piece of news, but the fact is, I'm on my vacation just now. About the first I've had for fifteen years: so you see I must take care of it. No, let the Argus get scooped, if it wants to. They'll value my services all the more when I get back. No. 518, I think you said?"

The clerk handed over the key, and the professor gave the boy the check for his valise, at Yates's suggestion.

"Now get a move on you," said Yates to the elevator-boy. "We're going right through with you."

And so the two friends were shot up together to the fifth floor.

CHAPTER II.

The sky-parlor, as Yates had termed it, certainly commanded a very extensive view. Immediately underneath was a wilderness of roofs. Further along were the railroad tracks that Yates objected to, and a line of masts and propeller-funnels marked the windings of Buffalo Creek, along whose banks arose numerous huge elevators, each marked by some tremendous letter of the alphabet done in white paint against the sombre brown of the *big building. Still* farther to the west was a more grateful and comforting sight for a hot day. The blue lake, dotted with white sails and an occasional trail of smoke, lay shimmering in the broiling sun. Over the water, through the distant summer haze, there could be seen the dim line of the Canadian shore.

"Sit you down," cried Yates, putting both hands on the other's shoulders and pushing him into a chair near the window. Then, placing his finger on the electric button, he added, "What will you drink?"

"I'll take a glass of water, if it can be had without trouble," said Renmark.

Yates's hand dropped from the electric button hopelessly to his side, and he looked reproachfully at the professor.

"Great heavens!" he cried; "have something mild. Don't go rashly in for Buffalo water before you realize what it is made of. Work up to it gradually. Try a sherry cobbler or a milk shake as a starter."

"Thank you, no. A glass of water will do very well for me. Order what you like for yourself."

"Thanks. I can be depended on for doing that." He pushed the button, and, when the boy appeared, said, "Bring up an iced cobbler, and charge it to Professor Renmark, No. 518. Bring also a pitcher of ice-water for Yates, No. 520. There," he continued, gleefully, "I'm going to have all the drinks, except the ice-water, charged to you. I'll pay the bill, but I'll keep the account to hold over your head in the future. Prof. Stillson Renmark Dr. to Metropolitan Grand—one sherry cobbler—one gin sling—one whiskey cocktail, and so on. Now then, Stilly, let's talk business. You're not married, I take it, or you wouldn't have responded to my invitation so promptly." The professor shook his head. "Neither am I. You never had the courage to propose to a girl, and I never had the time."

"Lack of self-conceit was not your failing in the old days, Richard," said Renmark, quietly. Yates laughed.

"Well, it didn't hold me back any, to my knowledge. Now I'll tell you how I've got along since we attended old Scragmore's academy together fifteen years ago. How time does fly! When I left I tried teaching for one short month. I had some theories on the education of our youth which did not seem to chime in with the prejudices the school trustees had already formed on the subject."

The professor was at once all attention. Touch a man on his business and he generally responds by being interested.

"And what were your theories?" he asked.

"Well, I thought a teacher should look after the physical as well as the mental welfare of his pupils. It did not seem to me that his duty to those under his charge ended with mere book-learning."

"I quite agree with you," said the professor, cordially.

"Thanks. Well, the trustees didn't. I joined the boys at their games, hoping my example would have an influence on their conduct on the play-ground as well as in the school-room. We got up a rattling good cricket-club. You may not remember that I stood rather better at cricket in the academy than I did in mathematics or grammar. By handicapping me with several poor players and having the best players among the boys in opposition, we made a pretty evenly matched team at school-section No. 12. One day at noon we began a game. The grounds were in excellent condition, and the opposition boys were at their best. My side was getting the worst of it. I was very much interested, and when one o'clock came I thought it a pity to call shool and spoil so good and interesting a contest. The boys were unanimously of the same opinion. The girls were happy picnicking under the trees. So we played cricket all the afternoon."

"I think that was carrying your theory a little too far," said the professor, dubiously.

"Just what the trustees thought when they came to hear of it. So they dismissed me; and I think my leaving was the only case on record where the pupils genuinely mourned a teacher's departure. I shook the dust of Canada from my feet, and have never regretted it. I tramped to Buffalo, shaking the dust off my feet at every step. Hello! here's your drinks at last, Stilly. I had forgotten about them,—an unusual thing with me.—That's all right, boy; charge it to room 518.—Ah! that hits the spot on a hot day. Well, where was I? Oh, yes: at Buffalo. I got a place on a paper here, at just enough to keep life in me; but I liked the work. Then I drifted to Rochester at a bigger salary, afterwards to Albany at a still bigger salary, and of course Albany is only a few hours from New York, and that is where all newspaper-men ultimately drift to, if they are worth their salt. I saw a small section of the war as special correspondent, got hurt, and rounded up in the hospital. Since then, although only a reporter, I am about the top of the tree in that line, and make enough money to pay my poker debts and purchase iced drinks to soothe the asperities of the game. When there is anything big going on anywhere in the country, I am there, with other fellows to do the drudgery, I writing up the picturesque descriptions and interviewing the big men. My stuff goes red-hot over the telegraph-wire, and the humble postage-stamp knows my envelopes no more. I am acquainted with every hotel clerk that amounts to anything from New York to San Francisco. If I could save money I should be rich, for I make plenty, but the hole at the top of my trousers-pocket has lost me a lot of cash, and I don't seem to be able to get it mended. Now you've listened with your customary patience in order to give my self-esteem, as you called it, full sway. I am grateful. I will reciprocate. How about yourself?"

The professor spoke slowly. "I have had no such adventurous career," he began. "I have not shaken Canadian dust from my feet, and have not made any great success. I have simply plodded, and am in no danger of becoming rich, although I suppose I spend as little as any man. After you were expel—after you left the aca——"

"Don't mutilate the good old English language, Stilly. You were right in the first place. I am not thin-skinned. You were saying after I was expelled. Go on."

"I thought perhaps it might be a sore subject. You remember you were very indignant at the time and——"

"Of course I was,—and am still, for that matter. It was an outrage."

"I thought it was proved that you helped to put the pony in the Principal's room."

"Oh, certainly. That. Of course. But what I detested was the way the Principal worked the thing. He allowed that villain Spink to turn evidence against us, and Spink stated I originated the affair, whereas I could claim no such honor. It was Spink's own project, which I fell in with, as I did with every disreputable thing proposed. Of course the Principal believed at once that I was the chief criminal. Do you happen to know if Spink has been hanged yet?"

"I believe he is a very reputable business-man in Montreal, and much respected."

"I might have suspected that. Well, you keep your eye on the respected Spink, if he doesn't fail some day and make a lot of money, I'm a Dutchman. But go on. This is digression. By the way, just push that electric button. You're nearest, and it is too hot to move. Thanks. After I was expelled——?"

"After your departure, I took a diploma, and for a year or two taught a class in the academy. Then, as I studied during my spare time, I got a chance as master of a grammar-school near Toronto, chiefly, as I think through the recommendation of Principal Scragmore. I had my degree by this time. Then——"

There was a gentle tap at the door.

"Come in," shouted Yates. "Oh, it's you. Just bring up another cooling cobbler, will you, and charge it as before to Professor Renmark, room 518.—Yes; and then——!"

"And then there came the opening in University College, Toronto. I had the good fortune to be appointed. There I am still, and there I suppose I shall stay. I know very few people, and am better acquainted with books than with men. Those whom I have the privilege of knowing are mostly studious persons who have made or will make their mark in the world of learning. I have not had your advantage of meeting statesmen who guide the destinies of a great empire."

"No, you always were lucky, Stilly. My experience is that the chaps who do the guiding are more anxious about their own pockets or their own political advancement than they are of the destinies. Still, the Empire seems to take its course westward just the same. So old Scragmore's been your friend, has he?"

"He has, indeed."

"Well, he insulted me only the other day."

"You astonish me. I cannot imagine so gentlemanly and scholarly a man as Principal Scragmore insulting anybody."

"Oh, you don't know him as I do. It was like this. I wanted to find out where you were, for reasons that I shall state hereafter. I cudgeled my brains, and then thought of old Scrag. I wrote him and enclosed a stamped and addressed envelope, as all unsought contributors should do. He answered—but I have his reply somewhere. You shall read it for yourself."

Yates pulled from his inside pocket a bundle of letters which he hurriedly fingered over, commenting in a low voice as he did so "I thought I answered that. Still no matter. Jingo! haven't I paid that bill yet? This pass is run out. Must get another." Then he smiled and sighed as he looked at a letter in dainty handwriting, but apparently he could not find the document he sought.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Mysterious Death of a Soldier.

A remarkable story is told in connection with the mysterious death of Harry Thomasson, a driver in the field battery of the Royal Artillery, stationed at Woolwich. It appeared that Thomasson and a comrade named Hughes were courting two young women who were in service at Clapham Common, London. On Sunday the deceased and his sweetheart left the house to go for a walk, leaving Hughes and the other young woman at home. They returned about 9.45 and on reaching the gate of the house the deceased complained of severe pains at the back of his head. Hughes returned to the barracks, but deceased was advised by his sweetheart to rest in a room at the top of the house. Both the girls then went to bed in the next room, and are alleged to have heard the deceased making a strange noise some time later. They went into his room, lifted his head up, and he then apparently went off to sleep. The girls sat with him until 4 a. m., and then finding the deceased's head was cold, they went for a constable, who called in a doctor. Life was found to have been extinct for some time. The deceased was an officer's servant, and bears an excellent character at Woolwich. He was to have left the army in November to get married.

There are thirty cases of typhoid fever n the hosp ital at Winnipeg.

HOUSEHOLD.

Resting at Last.

Under the calm and azure sky
Soon our mortal forms shall lie;
Under the sod in our narrow beds
Soon we'll rest our aching heads.
Folded o'er the pulseless breast,
Our weary hands will be at rest;
The trembling limbs and tired feet
Will find a sure and safe retreat.

Days of toil, hours of pain,
Ne'er will come to us again;
From the sorrows of the past
We'll be sheltered safe at last;
Out of darkness into light,
Where the blind receive their sight;
Where no harsh or unkind word
From kindred lips are ever heard.

Where the stream of love sublime
Glideth on through endless time;
Where our loved ones gone before
Will greet us on the better shore;
Where the flowers forever bloom,
Far beyond the silent tomb;
In the city of our God,
Where angelic hosts have trod.

There we'll know why tears are shed,
There we'll learn why hearts have bled;
And why love grow cold on earth,
Which in heaven alone has birth;
There we'll reap as we have sown,
And we'll know as we are known;
For the God who reigns above,
Ruleth heaven and earth with love.

—[Nettie Howe, in Ohio Farmer.

How to Preserve Cut Flowers.

In the hot, dry days of summer one often finds the flowers in vases, although freshly gathered, in a drooping condition, the result, it may be, of plucking them at the wrong hour, or of improper attention afterward. They who would keep their bouquets bright and vivid throughout the day should rise betimes, for there is no freshener like the dew of the morning, whether for blossom or complexion. Poppies, fleeting and frail, if plucked before the sun has dried the dewdrop at their hearts, and quickly placed in water, will last sometimes for two days without falling, and the same is true of other tender garden flowers. Should the basket of cut flowers show signs of drooping, dip the bunch head downward into the water and give it a gentle shake. This is very efficacious in reviving flowering shrubs brought from a distance, when they become wilted before reaching home.

The Japanese have made a special study of this branch of the art of flower arrangement, and have special rules for different plants. If the wistaria is to be used in decoration, its cut stem is burned and then immersed in spirits. The hydrangea and the lespedeza should also have the cut ends burnt to charcoal before immersing in water. All flowers which suck up water with difficulty are improved in vitality by treating the ends of their stems with fire or hot water. Land plants derive benefit from burning, but water plants require boiling water.

When the Japanese use the bamboo in decoration, which is their frequent custom, they cut it at a very early hour, four in the morning, and remove the bottom division or knot, leaving the upper division untouched. They then fill the tube with fifty-eight grains of cloves stewed in hot water and seal up the bottom. It is then laid horizontally until the liquor inclosed is cool, after which it is ready for use. When the colored maple is employed, the leaves are immersed in water for an hour before using. The very dark red ones are particularly hard to preserve, but the lighter ones are more enduring. The willow has its cut stems spliced off and then bound up with a drug they call senkin, the branch afterward being left in water overnight.

The morning glory, of which the Japanese make great use, is carefully cut in the evening after the flowers are tightly closed. The sleeping buds are then gently wrapped in soft paper by their dexterous fingers, and this is not removed until the following morning, when the arrangement is made. Begonia Evansianna should be cut in the early morning, the buds removed with a sharp knife, and the whole immersed in water before arranging. Monochoria vaginalis, when cut, should have about one inch of the end immersed in hot water until the color changes, and it must then be dipped deeply in cold water, after which it is ready. The same treatment is applied to Senecio Kaempferi.

The prickly poppy (Argemone Mexicana) is treated by having its stem tightly tied around with soaked paper at a point five or six inches above the cut end. This end should then be burnt with a flame, after which the paper is removed, and the flower is ready to use. The yellow water lily (Nuphar Japonicum) should be selected from a shallow spot, and cut during the heat of the day. A liquid composed of cloves boiled in tea should then be blown into the cut stem, and thus the vitality of the flower is prolonged. Whether this treatment is also desirable for the white pond lily, Mr. Conder, who is my authority for Japanese practices, does not state, but it would be worth while to experiment, if thereby this lovely flower could be longer retained in perfection.

The great Japanese irises, if cut while in bud, will open freely in water, and last longer than if allowed to open out of doors, where the sun promptly wilts their beautiful blossoms and curls the tender petals almost before they have expanded. Nasturtiums, too, suffer from being gathered while the sunlight is hot upon them, but in the early morning, with the dew still damp upon their leaves, they can be found nestling in the shadow with half-open heads just in the right condition for our vases. The fragile heliotrope plucked at this hour will retain its freshness, whereas if culled when the sun lies fierce upon it, it will droop and turn black in the shadiest parlor.

Flowers and plants wilt because water is transpired by leaves and petals more rapidly than it is taken up through the stem. On a dry, hot day leaves and flowers often wilt on the plant. Even when not actually wilted they may contain barely moisture enough to hold them in shape, and when cut under these circumstances they wither at once unless they are put into water instantly, when they will often become more plump than they were before cutting. The stems of plants when cut begin immediately to change structure, and form a callus at the wound, which interferes with the absorption of fluids. It is advisable, therefore, to cut the stems off a second time while under water, so that all the channels through which water rises may be without any obstruction. As there are many substances besides water in the juice of plants, some of these old Japanese practices may have some value. At least hey are worth trying.

Cucumbers.

When the fresh cucumbers come on the table and market baskets pile up with the cool, green vegetable, we all want to know more about how to use them.

A great many do not know that at either end of a cucumber there is a slightly poisonous acid. The ends should be thrown away, and the rest peeled thin.

Spread on a plate, sprinkle with salt, and set in a cool place for a few minutes. Serve with vinegar and pepper.

All that is very easy, but who knows that a dish of the same may be had at Christmas time?

When there are a quantity of large cucumbers on hand, slice up as if to use fresh, and place in glass cans. Have ready hot, seasoned vinegar, pour over and seal up. They will keep all winter, and are delicious, besides being a unique addition to a winter's meal.

When cans are to be had, it is better to make cucumber pickles instead of placing in salt brine. Place small cucumbers in salt and water over night. Pack in cans and cover with hot vinegar. Sometimes a few peppers may be added, or a lump of alum or some pieces of horseradish.

Cucumber Catsup.—Two quarts of cucumbers and one quart of onions, peeled and chopped fine. Mix with one-half cup of salt and drain over a sieve all night. Add a cupful of mustard seed, two spoonfuls of black and one of red pepper, and strong vinegar to cover.

Sweet Pickles.—Peel and quarter ripe cucumbers; remove the seeds and place in brine for three days. Place in clear water one day, and change again at night. Take a pint of vinegar, one pound brown sugar, two spoonfuls of broken stick cinnamon, a piece of ginger root, and mace. Put in the cucumbers and cook until tender.

Another.—Two dozen ripe cucumbers, six onions and four peppers. Chop all, but not too fine. Add one cupful salt, one ounce mustard; place in a bag and drain one day. Place in glass cans, cover with cold vinegar and seal. Excellent.

Chow-Chow Pickles.—Place a peck of cucumbers in salt and water for three days. Add, after draining, a peck of chopped tomatoes (green), a head of cauliflower, cut up fine, and one dozen peppers, chopped. Cook together one hour in two quarts of vinegar, with two pounds of brown sugar, an ounce each of mustard, black pepper and celery seed. A few small onions may be added. When all are tender, mix one-half pound ground mustard with melted butter or olive oil and stir into the pickles. Place in cans and seal up.

When cucumbers have been placed in brine and are taken up to be freshened, do not use cold water, but cover with boiling water. This makes them plump, hard and green. Repeat once or twice until fresh, and cover with cold vinegar.

Sliced Cucumber and onions make a good salad.

Another.—Mix a can of salmon with three sliced and seasoned cucumbers, and add vinegar to taste. Place slices of hard-boiled eggs around the salad.

Potato Salad may have cucumbers added, and are much improved. Some fancy cucumber sliced and fried in butter, seasoned high and served hot, but their proper use is as a cooling food.

Nine Recipes For Pears.

Preserved Pears.—One pound of pears peeled thin; one pound of sugar. Make a syrup of one pint of water and one pound of sugar. Boil and skim. When perfectly clear, put the pears in and cook gently. Stick a clove in the blossom end of each pear, or add the rind and juice of one lemon to each five pounds of fruit. The small pears are best for preserving, but if large pears are used you can cut them in halves. Cook them until perfectly clear.

Another Recipe for Preserved Pears.—Peel and boil the pears with a little green ginger until the fruit can be easily pricked with a fork. Allow one pound of sugar to one pound of pears after boiling. Make a syrup with a cupful of water to a pound of sugar; drop the pears in, and boil with lemon peel cut in strips. When the pears are done, take them out and boil the syrup until thick, when it must be poured hot over the fruit. Put in jars when cool, and seal. If you use the lemon rind, take one lemon to three pounds of pears.

Pears for Dessert.—One and a half pounds of loaf sugar, boiled in one and a half pints of water until it becomes sugar again; add two pounds of pears, cut in pieces, and the juice of a lemon. Boil until soft, stirring all the time. Pour into a mold, and it will keep for two or three weeks. Serve with cream or custard poured around it.

Sweet Pear Pickle.—Seven pounds of pears, three pounds of best brown sugar, one ounce of stick cinnamon, one ounce of cloves, three pints of cider vinegar. Boil the vinegar and sugar together; skim it and add the spices. Then add the pears and let them boil a little, but not until done. Put into a tight jar. The next day, pour off the vinegar and let it boil, pouring it again over the pears. Repeat this process the next day.

Pear Marmalade.—One pound of pears, pared and cut up; three-quarters of a pound of white sugar, add water in the proportion of half a gallon of water to six pounds of pears, and boil quickly until the fruits is soft. Add the sugar, and mash until pertectly smooth. Take it off when it begins to bubble up. Don't let it burn.

Brandy Pears.—Pare as thin as possible, and throw into cold water. When it boils, take the pears out. As soon as cold, put them in jars, a layer of pears and a layer of sugar, and fill the jars with white brandy. To half a bushel of fruit, five pounds of white sugar.

Stewed Pears (1).—Peel the pears, boil till soft; add a quarter of a pound of loaf sugar to a pound of pears. Then let them boil again, and when a little pink, put them on embers instead of a hot fire, that they may be a clear pink. Do not make the syrup too thin and watery.

Stewed Pears (2).—Four dozen small pears, boiled until tender in eight pints of water; three quarters of a pound of brown sugar, sprinkled over the pears after they are tender. A clove should be put in each pear. When the syrup is formed, take out the fruit and let the syrup boil until thick.

Baked Pears with Cream.—Peel the *pears, if you wish, although the flavor is* finer unpeeled. Bake in a baking dish, and serve cold, with cream. There are many other ways of using pears. They can be canned like peaches, and are sometimes dried though the are apt to be flavorless and tough, and do not compare with other dried fruits.

They Deadl Amanita.

Of the Agaricini family there is one subdivision that contains many toadstools that are deadly poisonous, and it is well to be made acquainted with these in the very beginning. This subdivision is known as the amanita. It is the most beautiful, the most insidious, and the most deadly of all toadstools, and should be shunned with horror. The amanitæ always have a volva or sheath around the stem at or in the surface of the ground; when this or remnants of it are found upon any toadstool it should be discarded, unless the finder is sure of the ability to discriminate between the edible and non-edible amanitæ. It is well to say just here that there are not a great many men in the United States with this ability, as the science of mycology is not as generally pursued with us as with some of the older peoples of Europe. In my excursion with Captain McIlvaine we came upon several beautiful specimens of the deadly amanita, and I have photographed two, the Amanitæ bulbosi. The large one is a full grown fungus, showing part of the veil or ring and part of the volva. The smaller is only partly grown, and shows the volva ruptured, from which the toadstool has sprung, with the veil or ring unbroken and under the head of the cap. These were found on the edge of a road through the woods. They were a pearly white on top, the top looking as if it had been powdered. The gills also were white, and the whiteness of the stems slightly discolored with yellow.

The great danger from amanitæ is due to the fact that to an uninformed unobservant person they resemble the common mushroom. A very little knowledge would enable any intelligent person not handicapped with an undue amount of cocksure conceit to discriminate between the amanita and the common mushroom. The common mushroom is purple-spored with pinkish gills in early youth, which increase in depth of color as the spores ripen to a heavy purplish-black. All of the amanitæ are white-spored, and have white gills. And, furthermore, the habitats of these two agarics are quite different. The common mushroom always grows in the open; on the other hand the amanita always grows in the depth or on the edge of timber-lands. Captain McIlvaine tells me that he has never found the amanita in open fields or meadows. Any one ambitious to test the merits of toadstools would do well to take note of the characteristics of the amanita at once. Other toadstools sometimes contain minor poisons; the amanita contains a dangerous poison; it belongs to a family that kills.—]Harper's Bazar.

Pat Thought It Was Work.

Master (to hired man): "Pat, I am informed that you have heard Paderewski perform on the piano. What do you think of his playing?"

Pat: "Playin', is it? Begad an' Oi thart it was wurruk, be the way the feather-duster-haired chap contortioned himself."

VERHOEFF, THE MISSING SCIENTIST.

He May Yet Be Discovered Among the Wilds of the Arctic.

A correspondent of the Boston Transcript gives an account of the life of John M. Verhoeff, the scientist of the first Peary expedition, who did not return last September in the Kite, and whom the world read of as "lost in a crevasse," but whose relatives and friends, the correspondent says, believe him still alive. The story is most interesting. Verhoeff was a direct descendant of one of the officers of "the Old Swiss Guard" of Paris, so that he ought to have been brave if heredity goes for anything. His father, a wealthy merchant of Louisville, died while John was a baby, and thus his mother—a very talented woman—had full charge of his training. When only 5 years old he is remembered to have exclaimed: "When I grow to be a man I shall go to Greenland and live with the Eskimos and find the north pole;" and almost from that time this was his sole aim. Says the correspondent:

"He early learned to read for himself and delighted in books of travel, telling his young schoolmates that he meant to go to the north pole. He was born with a purpose in life and early began to deny himself any taste or pleasure that would conflict with it. He never ate but two meals a day, and that of the plainest and most nutritious kind of food. He would never wear an overcoat in the very coldest weather, sleeping at night under but one cover. He devoted himself to a rigid course of training in the gymnasium, strengthening every muscle and joint of his body. He rode all the way from Louisville, Ky., to New Haven, Conn., on his bicycle when he entered Yale college, the first attempt at that time to travel on one. All his feats of strength and daring, as jumping from roof to roof on a sleety morning in January, were but tests of his skill. He was a strong, manly, brave youth. He dared to live alone, as he had often done while yet a boy, absenting himself for periods of time, testing his strength of endurance in walking in rough places, until at last he had acquired the strength to walk sixty miles a day continuously.

When Peary organized his expedition Verhoeff paid a large sum for the privilege of joining it, and if these stories of his training are true it is manifest that hardly one of the party could have been better prepared than was he to go to Greenland. The theory is that when the relief party took charge of the expedition Verhoeff became his own master, and improved his opportunity to attempt still further the great object of his life. Peary himself is reported as having called him "the most faithful and conscientious young man I ever saw, so reticent that I never learned all his purpose in coming with me." Four nations send exploration companies into the Arctic this summer, and it it should indeed happen that Verhoeff still lives it is likely that the world will hear of him.

THEIR SEA-GIRT UTOPIA.

Strange Circumstances That Established a South Sea Community.

Henry A. Bell is a citizen of the smallest civilized government on earth and hails from the most diminutive capital city in existence. He is from Albert Island, a small speck of land that rises out of the southern seas in the vicinity of the Marquesas group. The traveler who bears this distinction is at the Ahlborn House, preparatory to taking his departure for Nottingham, England, where he was born and whence he departed twenty years ago to follow the fortunes and share the exile of a friend who was accused and found guilty of a crime he never committed.

Bell, who is a strong, swarthy-looking Englishman, about 48 years of age, willingly told of the little island where he makes his home.

"Albert Island," he said, "is only about five miles by three in size, and, although I have lived on it for twenty years, its attractions have just as strong a hold on me as they had at first. It is a typical isle of Oceanica, and of its beauties one never tires. There is a population of just ninety-six souls, and the government is paternal in form and administered by Richard Wright.

"He left England for Australia a broken-hearted man. From a trader he learned of the existence of Albert Island, and resolved to there establish his home. He sent for a few families who were tenants of his mother's estates and with them he repaired to the sea-girt refuge. Every family is provided with a comfortable cottage, and almost everything required for domestic use is produced on the island. The trading *vessels supply all that is necessary outside* of this, and, besides, they leave behind handsome sums of coin every year in exchange for the surplus products of the place. Of course, every one has an occasional desire to see the outside world, and all are at liberty to go and come as they please. But they rarely take advantage of this liberty, and those who go abroad always hasten back.

"We call the little settlement around Mr. Wright's comfortable residence Alberta. Mr. Wright settles all disputes, and we lead a very Arcadian life. Although we are so far away from the center of civilization, we are not lacking in all the good things of this advanced age. Our homes are supplied with pianos, fine furniture, books, and periodicals, and we are living very cozily.

"I am on my way to Scotland, and as soon as my business there has been dispatched I shall hurry home to the little South Sea Island."—[San Francisco Examiner.

A Trusty Guardian.

More than forty years ago, in eighteen hundred and fifty-one, I visited a party of friends in the Bendigo gold-fields in Australia, where I was cordially welcomed. Among the valued possessions of my friends was an English mastiff which belonged to one of the gentlemen.

The good understanding between myself and the mastiff appeared to have become so well established during the evening, that on the next day I left the claim where my friends were at work, to fetch a kettle of tea from the tent, without the least misgiving as to my reception by him.

"Rex," who was always allowed to run loose, came forward to meet me. He allowed me to stroke his head, and, so far as I could see, showed no interest in my movements as I entered the tent and took a drink of the tea. But when I started to leave the tent, with the kettle in my hand, imagine my astonishment when I saw the supposed friend Rex facing me, and showing his teeth in a very threatening way. I put down the kettle, seated myself on the edge of the camp-bed, and spoke to him. He wagged his tail and looked so friendly that I thought I must have made a mistake about his intentions. Not at all. The moment I attempted to leave the tent with the kettle, I had reason to know that Rex's broad grin was no mere notion, but, on the contrary, a real sign that he was true to his trust as he understood it.

I talked to him again, set down the kettle, and attempted to leave without it. Still Rex objected. He had his doubts, and determined to give his masters the benefit of them. There was no help for it; I was held prisoner, and could do nothing but sit down and wait patiently for one of the party to come to my relief. No one came until nearly an hour later, by which time my long absence had caused my friends to suspect that I was being held prisoner by Rex. I bore the dog no grudge for his faithful zeal, and in a few days found he would let me come and go, and take whatever I wished.—[October St. Nicholas.

She—"Do you smoke cigarettes?" He—"Oh, no. I come from Chicago. I smoke hams."

A CITY OF WHITE ELEPHANTS.

Chicago Ponders Means for Their Destruction.

Nineteen Millions in Beautiful Structures At Jackson Park—No Wrecker Yet Found to Tear Them Down.

In lump figures $19,000,000 went into the construction of the World's Fair buildings and the preparation of the grounds for the exposition. The point that now interests the stockholders, and incidentally the whole city and country, is how much can be realized from that $19,000,000 worth of time and material. It is safe to assume that the time is dead waste. It is safe to say, also, that a large—a frightfully large—proportion of the material will have to go by the board. In the rosy days of promotion it was figured that $3,000,000 could be realized from the sale of the buildings and the materials. Since then there has been a slump in the expectations, and today it is a toss-up whether there will be enough salvage to pay for the tearing down of the buildings, the removal of the materials and the

RESTORATION OF THE PARK

to the condition in which it was before it was turned over to the Exposition Company. The South Park Commissioners fear that the fair corporation will forfeit its one-hundred-thousand-dollar bond and abandon the buildings rather than attempt to tear them down and restore the grounds to their original condition. John C. Fleming, Chicago representative of the Carnegie companies, which furnished about two-thirds of the iron entering into the buildings, says "that a very large part of the iron at Jackson Park will have to go into the scrap pile," That means that it will have to be sold for old iron, and at a price which may not pay a half or a quarter of the price making it available even for that disposition. There are 7000 tons of iron in the Manufactures Building, costing about $70 a ton to put in place, or nearly $500,000 in all. There are nearly 30,000 tons in the several buildings, representing a cost of over $1,500,000.

Illustrative of the cost of taking down iron work, it may be stated that the architecture of Steele Mackaye's skeleton Spectatorium estimates that it

WILL COST 43,000

and every dollar that can be realized from the sale of material to pull down and remove that unsightly monument of yet other blissful promotion moments. The owners of the Ferris wheel expect to pay $83,000 to responsible contractors to take down, transport, and set up that wonderful piece of work on another site. Emil Phillipson says it will cost $100,000 over and above the salvage to tear down and remove the Manufactures Building. Diligent enquiry among wrecking firms and contractors failed to uncover any that would confess having any intention of bidding on the destruction of the White City, or that would admit that they knew of anybody who had a definite purpose in that direction. No matter who has the work to do, there is going to be great trouble and expense in disposing of the waste and rubbish. Where to put it will be a tough problem to solve. It cannot be dumped haphazard into the lake, as much of it would be washed back upon the shore by the action of the water. The authorities would not allow that disposition to be made of it. There will be between

10,000 AND 12,000 CARLOADS

of waste material to be hauled away from Jackson Park, according to the calculation of a prominent contractor—that is to say, between 1,500,000 and 2,000,000 cubic yards of rubbish. There will be some thousands of carload of stuff alone to be carted away. There is no hole or swamp to fill up within transportable distance of Jackson Park. A suggestion has been offered that the waste material be used for the creation of an artificial mountain at the southeast corner of the Park. In the loose form it will be in when carried from the grounds, the waste material will make a pile 1,000 feet square, and between 15 and 20 feet high. The surface area of such a creation would be about twenty-three acres. It was said while the buildings were being erected that the iron framework of several of them would be sold to railroad companies to be used as stations, and there seems to be no chance to dispose of the iron frames here. The question the officials want answered is: What shall be done with the buildings and the rubbish?

ALEXANDER AND CLEOPATRA.

Discovery of the Tombs of Those Great Celebrities of Antiquity.

I wrote you from London, says a correspondent of the Boston Advertiser, of the discovery in Alexandira six weeks ago of the tombs of Alexander and Cleopatra. Here is the letter sent to Aberdeen which describes the remarkable find:

"The tombs are intact and no doubt as the excavations proceed the tombs of all the Ptolemies will be brought to light. There is no doubt about the matter, as the names of the occupants are over the doors. The doors are of bronze and covered with Greek inscriptions. Here and there the bronze has corroded, so that with the aid of a magnesium light they could see the marble sarcophagi and lots of other things in the rooms. Some of the vaults seem to be full of rolls and parchments, but this is mere guesswork on the part of the observers. All will be cleared up when the khedive returns from Constantinople, as he is to superintend the opening of Alexander's and Cleopatra's tombs."

Dr. Grant Bey, the writer of the letter, dated June 17, goes on to say: "Lots of beautiful vases and gold things have been found, and a most beautifully executed stela, in whose tomb they found a crown of gold. My information is at first hand, because I had a long conversation with the proprietor of the land and the manager of the digging this afternoon. In the course of digging the Greek gentleman came upon a pit that led down to a series of vaults thirty feet below the surface. These are the tombs of the Ptolemies and the one exposed to view is that of Cleopatra. The others have still to be excavated, but they are there—only all the passages are filled with earth. Twenty feet deeper, and only six feet above sea level, is Alexander's tomb, all by itself, only there are some chambers near it filled with rolls and parchments—in other words, a library of ancient books."

Fairly Sold.

They say that the school attendance officer in a town which shall be nameless was recently the victim of a practical joke.

He received an anonymous letter informing him that at a certain house were "two kids" who were not attending any school. He at once started for the house indicated, and, in reply to his official knock, came the good woman of the house.

"You have two children who do not go to school," said the officer.

"Children?" said the woman. "We've no children."

"Oh, yes you have," said the officer.

The woman stepped back and called her husband.

"Here, John, here's a man says we have some children and they don't go to school."

John came forward.

"You are mistaken, sir," said he.

"But read this," persisted the officer.

The man read at first with a puzzled expression, and then a light broke over his face.

"Yes," he said at last, "I suppose I must admit it. My kids don't attend school, certainly, because I really don't like to send them."

"It doesn't matter what you like; they will have to go," said the officer. "Let me see them!"

The man meekly led the way to an outhouse, where, calmly reposing by the side of an old Nanny goat, were two veritable "kids".—[British paper.

THE WEEKLY NEWS

Published By M. Whitney & Son. Every Wednesday. Courtenay, B. C.

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.

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

Wednesday, Nov. 1, 1893

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

Redistribution.

Too much attention should not be given to the census of 1891. Some account, at least, should be given to the rapid growth of certain places since that time. This is especially so in the mining sections. As an illustration, Union Mines has now an undoubted population, all told, of 1,000 inhabitants, and is entitled to a representative of her own. For this purpose she should be set off in an electoral district, embracing the Union Wharf, Dunsmuir and Durham townsites, and contiguous territory, while the balance of the old Comox Electorial district extending north to and including the Queen Charlotte Islands should certainly be another.

Valdes Island should also be included in this district.

Tariff Reform.

The conservative party is doing well in turning its attention to the demand for tariff reform. The sending of a member of the government to Australia to see what arrangement of tariff can be made to facilitate trade between the Colonies there and Canada, is a movement which must commend itself favorably to our people. The visit to this Province of Hon. G. E. Foster, Minister of Finance, and Hon. Mr. Angers, Minister of Agriculture shows that the Government is earnestly endeavoring to ascertain the sentiment of our people There can be but one conclusion which they will arrive at, namely, that the people here desire freeer trade relations with the United States and other nations. We are hemmed in here between a high tariff wall on the south, and an equally high freight tariff on the east. Our trade relations to the west are indeed improving, but there are tariff obstructions there. We don't want free trade, but we do require freeer trade than we possess now, and if the Conservative party will but rise to the height of its great opportunity, it will move as rapidly as possible in the direction of tariff reform, and in doing that it will of course, demand proper concessions from the United States and the Australian colonies. Of course it is a difficult matter to arrange, and will take time and wise and skillful diplomacy. The country to the south of us is now in the hands of the Democratic party which stands pledged to tariff reform, and the time therefore is ripe for action. As a result we hope to see coal and lumber admitted into the states free. Such action would be of immense advantage to this island and to the province generally.

District Agricultural Statistics.

The Provincial Department of Agriculture is desirous of collecting the fullest possible report of statistics relating to agriculture in all of its branches. For this purpose blanks have been sent to the farmers, which we hope they will take the trouble to carefully fill. To expedite matters and render assistance Mr. M. Whitney, has been appointed as Correspondent for Comox District, and he will endeavor as soon as possible to visit the farmers for the purpose of gathering information, and collecting the blanks. Will our friends please have the blanks sent out duly filled when called for. It will take but a few minutes, and will greatly assist in having our district properly reported. A partial report is worse than none, therefore let each do his share that it may be complete. It will be interesting to know ourselves the amount of grain, hay and vegetables grown in the district, and the number of horses, cattle, sheep and swine kept, as well as facts relating to fruit.

Editorial Notes.

Beware of the people who have no confidence in others, who think there are no honest men in the world. Such people must necessarily base their opinion of others upon their knowledge of themselves. Rascals at heart, they naturally think others no better. On the other hand you may know a man who thinketh no evil to be honest himself. These are correct rules and will lead to correct conclusions. Apply them to those who are always imagining that there is something "peculiar", in the transactions of public matters, who insinuate that their is something "crooked", who walk about with their noses turned up as though they smelt something rotten; and you can see, as with a calcium light, the black character of these detractors. When such a "fever" rages, you may look out for an outbreak of chicken-theiving, and would do well to look after the poultry.

The Labor Bureau which has been established by the Government is now fully organized and bids fair to be of much practical use. Mr. A. B. Gray, Duputy Commissioner is actively at work, confering with the secretaries of the various Trades Unions explaining its objects and manner of working. Blanks will be sent out, containing questions to be answered on labor, sanitary conditions, etc. A delegate from each Union will also be invited to meet Col. Baker, the head of the Labor Bureau at Victoria to confer with him as to the interests of labor, and give information as to its condition. The method of arbitration will provide, in case of dispute for its reference to a committee of nine employers and nine employees. It is to be hoped that as a result of the operation of the Bureau that strikes will be done away with, and the interests of both labor and capital protected, and materially benefitted.

Notice.

The members of the newley elected Board of Directors of the Comox Agricultural and Industrial Association are hereby notified to meet on Friday evening, Nov. 3rd 1893 at 7:30 in the Athlethic Club Room, near the bridge in Courtenay, B. C., for the purpose of the election of officers, and the transaction of other business.

By order,
M. Whitney, Secretary.

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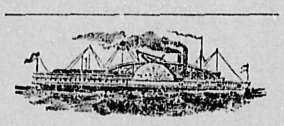

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On and after Mar. 22nd, 1893

The Steamer JOAN will sail as follows

CALLING AT WAY PORTS as passengers and freight may offer

Leave Victoria, Tuesday, 7 a. m.
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For freight or state rooms apply on board, or at the Company's ticket office, Victoria Station, Store street.

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Time Table No. 17,

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

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8 00 AM	De 2 30 PM		VICTORIA	78	Ar 12 24	Ar 5 58
8 04	2 34	1	RUSSELL'S	77	12 20	5 54
8 14	2 44	4	ESQUIMALT	74	12 10 PM	5 44
8 39	3 09	11	GOLDSTREAM	67	11 45 AM	5 19
9 14	3 33	20	SUMMIT SIDING	58	11 10	4 50
9 34	4 04	28	SHAWNIGAN LE	50	10 50	4 21
9 44	4 14	31	COBBLE HILL	47	10 40	4 14
9 57	4 29	35	McPHERSON'S	43	10 27	3 53
10 07	4 39	38	KOKSILAH	40	10 17	3 49
10 12	4 44	40	DUNCAN'S	38	10 12	3 44
10 22	4 [illegible]	43	SOMENOS	35	10 02	3 34
10 48	5 [illegible]	52	CHEMAINUS	26	9 36	3 12
11 09	5 33	59	OYSTER BAY S G	19	9 15	2 55
A 11 50			NANAIMO	5	De 8 34	
D 11 59	6 14	73			Ar 8 25	2 [illegible]
A 12 14 PM	Ar 6 29	78	WELLINGTON		De 8 10 AM	De 1 59 PM

On Saturdays and Sundays

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

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

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

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For Sale

521 Acres of Choice Land,

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

Title deeds can be seen in my possession.

Adam McKelvey

SENSATION.

We are going to cause A Big Sensation in Nanaimo this season by A 20 PER CENT REDUCTION SALE which commences Nov. 1st.

We have an ENORMOUS STOCK this fall, some $40,000 worth which we must reduce to $20,000.

To Speedily effect this, we have instituted this sale. In connection with the above we shall have

A Bargain Counter

where the Ladies will be able to procure the most Startling Bargains ever offered in the Province.

Sloan & Scott, Nanaimo, B. C.

NOTICE

James Abrams of Union is my Agent

in your District. Any orders you may be pleased to give him for the repairing of Watches, Jewelery & etc., will receive prompt attention and will be done in a workmanlike manner at the lowest possible charges All work guaranteed to give satisfaction. My stock of Watches, Clocks, Jewelery, and Silver Plate will be larger than ever this Fall and Winter. Give me a call when in Nanaimo, M. R. Counter.

Nanaimo Cigar Factory.

Philip Gable, Proprietor.

Baston Street — Nanaimo B. C.

Manufactures the finest cigares, employing none but white labor.

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

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W. E. Mc Cartney Chemist, Manager.

Pure Drugs Chemicals and Patent Medicines.

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Dealer in General Merchandise.

Highest cash Price Paid for Furs, Hides, and Country Produce.

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Robert J. Wenborn

Fraser Street
Near Bastion Street Bridge
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All Kinds of Machinery made to order and repaired.

Ralph Craig's

‡ Nanaimo Steam ‡

CARRAGE WORKS.

Baston St. Bridge, Nanaimo, B. C.

General Blacksmithing, Horseshoeing Carrage Building, etc.

Wagons and Farming Implements made and repaired. Miners' Auger Drilling Machines made to order on short notice.

Fruit Trees

Mainland Nursery *

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A large supply of three and four year old

APPLE TREES

Also Pears Plumes, Prunes, and Peaches Ornamental trees for lawns and grass plots. Small fruits, shrubs and evergreens of every variety.

M. R. Gilchrist,

Courtenay

B. C.

Wm Mathewson,

will deliver daily at

UNION

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

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

Farmers having above for sale or delivery should consult him.

Passengers carried to and from Union.

Vancouver Furniture Warehouse.

Established 1873.

BASTION, WHARF AND FRONT STREETS

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MANUFACTURER AND DIRECT IMPORTER

Also Dealer in

CARPETS BEDDING AND WALL PAPER, GENERAL HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS,

AGENT WHITE SEWING MACHINES. UNDERTAKER.

NANAIMO B. C. P. O. Box 16.

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Comox B. C.

Conducts a General Teaming and Livery Business

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

McKenzie

—and—

McDonald

Courtenay, B. C.

General Blacksmithing and Horse Shoeing. Loggers' Work a Specialty.

Kaslo City Bargains

and other splendid investments.

We offer you

SNAPS NOT SNIPS

Buy of your home Agents who will be pleased to secure you bargains.

Gilchrist and McArdle, Courtenay.

Riverside Hotel

Courtenay B C

J. J. Grant, Proprietor

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

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

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

COURTENAY HOUSE.

COURTENAY, B.C.

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

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Subscribed Capital, $5,000,000; Total Assets, $12,091,772.

The Company Lends Money from $300 to $300,000,

On City or Farm Property, at Current Rates of Interest, and on favorable terms of re-payment. Mortgages and Debentures purchased. No Commisson. No Delay. Expenses moderate. For particulars apply to

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Rough and Dressed Lumber

White Pine always in stock.

All orders executed promptly.

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Dealers in All Kinds of Meats, Vegetables, etc.

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A Full Line of Everything

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UNDERTAKING IN ALL ITS BRANCHES

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