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

The Weekly News.

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

NO. 93. COURTENAY, COMOX DISTRICT, B. C. WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 22, 1894. $2.00 PER YEAR

McKim's Store.

UNION, B. C.

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Groceries, Hardware, Paints
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Agent for Vancouver Island.

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Choicest meats always on hand. Fresh Fish Weekly.

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SODA WATER, LEMONADE, GINGER ALE,

Sarsaparalla and Champagne Cider, Iron Phosphates, Syrup

Bottler of Different Brands of Lager Beer Steam Beer and Porter.

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Largest Stock of General Merchandise in the PROVINCE

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View and Complete Stock of Household Furniture, Splendid line of Carpets, Window Shades and Japanese Matting.

We Invite inspection of our stock of Spring and Summer Dress Goods, Hats, Laces, Flowers, etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc. etc

Gents Furnishings a specialty.

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Best Styles and Satisfaction guaranteed.

Simon Leiser, Prop.

McPhee & Moore.

COMOX, BC.

Importers & Dealers in

Flour & Feed, Farm Produce, Fancy Groceries, Crockery & Glassware
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Gents Furnishings, Patent Medicines, Stationery, Wallpaper

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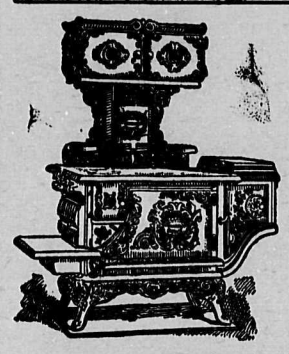

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Imported and Domestic Cigars. Briar and Meerschaum Goods.

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

A. W. McIntyre, Prop.

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Has Opened at Cumberland in the

NEW WILLIAMS BLOCK

—A—

DRUG AND STATIONERY STORE.

Where the Best of Everything in Their Line is Kept.

GIVE THEM A CALL

TAILORING - TAILORING

P. Dunne

—IS NOW LOCATED AT:—

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Opposite the Waverly House, Where He has on Display One of the Finest Stocks of Woolens Ever Shown in British Columbia.

Latest Novelties.

—IN—

Suitings, Coatings and Trouserings.

—BY—

Thos. C. Morgan,
The Tailor.

Office (At Present,)
First Floor, Cumberland Hotel.

UNION B. C.

County Court of Nanaimo.

A sitting of the above court will be holden at Comox on Wednesday the 29th day of August 1894 at the hour of 3 in the afternoon at the Court House, Comox.

Nanaimo, 10th July 1894. H. Stanton, Deputy Register.

Notice.

During my temporary absence from the Province, Mr. T. Bowness holds my power of attorney.

J. B. Holmes.

Now is Your Chance.

J. Abrams has received a large consignment of suitings which have been delayed on the road. They will go cheap. Suits for $20 and upwards.

First Bricks.

The first bricks ever turned out in Comox District have been produced by Mr. W. Walter. The kiln was opened on Monday and the product is 30,000 of as fine bricks as one would care to see. They are firm, fine grained, and of a bright deep red brick color. Two specimen bricks are on exhibition at the NEWS office. Another year, tile will probably be manufactured at Mr. Walter's yard. He is to be congratulated on his success, and his neighbors are half as glad as he is.

The Riverside hotel was so crowded on Monday night that two or three boarders had to be "farmed out."

Union Flashes

Pay-day, probably, next Saturday.

The Mineola will be due next Saturday.

The Glory of the Seas may be expected at any time.

The Tepic was in and took a load of coal for the C. P. R.

Ship J. D. Peters, left Saturday night for San Francisco with 1500 tons of coal.

Str. Maid of Orleans left Saturday, taking a load of coal for Tacoma, Wash.

Gov. Inspector Dick went below last Friday.

The choir of the Methodist church here was re-organized last Thursday night.

The Catholic Chapel is partly up. It will be neat, convenient, but unpretentious.

The school opened here last week Monday with 130 pupils.

J. Howard Mackenzie will depart for the east in two or three weeks.

There will be a big dance at the Cumberland Hotel Thursday night.

Messrs A. W. Taylor and W. F. Sargeant are here representing The Slough Creek Mining Co. of Cariboo.

Mr. James Smith's little son had two of its fingers on its left hand cut clean off last Saturday, by a blow from a sharp axe in the hands of its little sister.

The contract for grading and preparing the track on the railway to the new shaft ready for the rails has been awarded to John G. McDuffy of Victoria.

The little son of Mr. Walker, the railway conductor, was fatally burned Monday after noon, his dress having accidentally caught fire. Everything possible was done but without avail.

Mr. L. W. Fouquier has taken over the lease from G. A. McBain & Co; of the new building just completed, next to Abrams. He has leased one of the stores to Mr. Dunne, the fashionable tailor from Vancouver.

At The Waverly were registered A. Taylor, of Victoria; W. F. Sargent, of Tacoma; W. McNicoll, of Nanaimo; Wm. White, of Nanaimo; Miss Weston of Victoria, and the Victoria fishing party elsewhere mentioned.

Last week when the train was below to meet the boat, on Friday morning it met with an obstruction about a mile below Trent River bridge. A large tree had fallen across the track, and it became necessary to send to the wharf to procure a saw to cut it so it could be removed. The steamer was delayed two hours, awaiting its arrival.

The new lamps for the Methodist church here have arrived from Harrisburgh, Pa. They consist of two chandeliers of six lights each, and five bracket lamps. They are provided with globes and shades. They have been selected with good judgement and add not a little to the appearance of the church for which they will be, however no less useful than ornamental.

The dwelling of Mr. C. P. Collis is assuming proportions. Judging from present outlines it is a character house, representing no particular school, but rather its owner. It will be roomy, pleasant, supplied with abundant verandahs, covered with a continuation of the main roof. The divisions at present indicate but little the use of the various rooms, but it will unfold as the work proceeds, we suppose.

The Rev. J. H. Higgins preached his farewell sermon last Sunday. It was very impressive and was listened to by a large congregation. Much regret is expressed at his departure not only in his church circle but among the general public. He has, however never been detached from his old society in the east who want him back, and whom he only left on account of impaired health, trusting that a change of climate might benefit. He now feels strong enough *to resume his work there which is very congenial* It is not likely he will be allowed to depart without some formal expression of the esteem in which he is held here.

On Friday he will leave for Nanaimo where he will supply Rev. Mr. McRae's pulpit next Sunday. From there he will go direct, it is understood, to Manitoba visiting his brother, after which he will proceed to his home in Ontario.

For the next three months Rev. Alex. Young, M. A. formerly of Wellington, will minister to the flock here, by which time an assignment will be made by the Presbytery.

A small party consisting of Ed. Wood, Alf Pearce, Duncan Bonney, T. White, J. White, J. Gilchrist, Dan Marsh and Joe Walker left Saturday evening for Oyster River for a day's outing in the woods. There they met Joe Stewart, and Tom Backus of Valdes Island and all passed a very pleasant time in the umbragious shade, until Duncan Bonny got hold of a potato, and tried to swallow it. This he found a difficult job for

"Potatoes they grow large over there
Over there, over there

After 15 minutes of heavy pounding on the back, in which the members of the party took turns, the ponderous tuber was dislodged.

Fernwood Heights is destined to become the most fashionable and popular, as it certainly is the most delightful part of Cumberland. Mr. C. P. Collis, of the Union store, will move up there with his family as soon as their new residence is finished. A little east is where James Cathew, the architect, with his family resides. With Mr. Cathew's family are staying the two accomplished lady teachers of Union School. A little farther east, and we come to the charming cottage where Col Jas. McKim and wife have their home, and next to him is a vacant lot where sooner or later Mr. Ed. McKim and wife will reside, and after passing by a few lots near the Courtenay road, or Third streets, is the fine residence of Mr. John Denton and family. The status of the place is fixed as every one owns the residence in which he lives. Fernwood Heights commands a magnificent view; overlooking the town and forest belt beyond, back of which rise the many pesked snow capped mountains.

Louis Garesche, Ross Eckard and N. D. Macaulay of Victoria came up on the steamer and made a jolly fishing party. Garesche was registered as Old Sport, Eckhard as Roses and Macaulay as Chappy. The Courtenay River was first visited. They skinned the surface of the water with a fly, and handled their lines with a skill which showed they were true deciples of Isaac Walton. They kept a small boy whom they hired for the occasion, busy stringing the fish. The trout were very gamy weighing fully three pounds and some exceeding this figure by a half a pound or so. Landing them was great sport and it was in most cases necessary to let them have the line and take a spin down the stream. They took a nice mess along with them, and gave several small boys they met a few fish to take home They also visited the lake and met with fine luck, but as they used a boat, they did not think it came up to the river fishing, certainly the sport was not equal. They expressed themselves as thoroughly delighted. Although they had expected to find plenty of fish they were astonished at their size and fine quality.

Wanderings From Comox.

No. IX.

That afternoon I went across to the sports, and helped the peanut men to a certain extent. I next went to the wharf which was a floating one and soon turned out to be a sinking one owing to the crowd. While I was standing in three inches of water a slight acquaintance of mine tried to stand on my feet. I told him they were plenty big enough for two but he was a little two heavy. So, all of a sudden they slipped from under him and he gracefully touched the water on a horizontal line. Then a heavy built fellow with brass buttons stepped up to me, but when he reached me I wasn't there; and as I went out into deeper water he reckoned that I wasn't worth while going after. I agreed with him. I finally got on to the boat all right and wanting to get up in the world, climbed the mast with a lot of other hobos. To tell the truth there wan't room for me and my feet on deck. There being a fair wind we got around on time which ended my Dominion Day celebration.

Now I had an idea of going fishing and making a big stake, but lost all my partners but one. He kept putting me off until I got impatient to start. About this time the ss. Cutch ran into the main water pipe, so my mill was shut down for want of water, and I meandered with J. B. Bennett, Esq. for a few days around the depot. He had gotten rid of the females, and appeared in better spirits, but I could get nothing out of him but advice, and having got all of that I could carry I looked up my old partner. He said we would go on the Fraser on Friday. "All right", says I; but no later. Friday came, and he said he would go on Monday. I told him to go and be hanged. Then he got even on his land lord, and I took French leave of my hotel, boarded the ss. Premier and said good by to Vancouver. We were soon out in the Gulf. The famous Comox trapper, Harry King, was on aboard, so we kept each other's tongues going. He pointed out different landmarks, including Mt. Baker, mouth of the Fraser, etc. We jawed so much that a party of tourists hung around to hear us; so we talked for their benefit. Harry saw some calves on an island and said if he had his rifle he would pop off one of those cayotes. Then he called my attention to a badger shelf on the bank, saying those Indians stepped pretty near the water line and would soon, etc. When we got about halfway across one of the tourists, said, says he, "I say Cholly we're in a bad part of the country, you know." When the boat stopped we investigated. We were told she had the colic. We laid at anchor for four hours. I tried to get a cushioned seat to lie down, but too late, all reserved. Then I laid on the floor with the poorer class and slept until the whistle blew as we were going into Victoria harbour. I jumped up and went full tilt against one of the flunkies. He was going to thresh me, but after looking at me awhile changed his mind. I am glad he did for naturally I was not in the best of humor being cold, hungry and sleeping, and I might have fortten myself. When I got on deck I heard an Englishman ask a flunkey if there would be any hacks waiting for him. The flunkey said he would get him a hack.

There won't be many down as late at this? No.

How many will there be?

An American traveler became interested and turning toward him shouted.—

You blamed fool! How many does it take to carry you?

The Englishman took a journey for his health.

I didn't at all like the looks of a gent in brass bottons standing by the gang plank. I expected him to walk up and ask me for my board bill, but he didn't.

Harry King and I went up to the Dominion hotel and went to roost. I got up at about 8:30 a. m. and quickly got out side of a large quantity of mush, mutton chop, pie, etc. Then I started to paint the town a sunset color, after which I got a steerage ticket for San Francisco The questions the ticket man asked me would make a veteran burglar in a Police Court sick. Did I have more than $30? I told him I had now but wouldn't after I paid for my ticket. Was I ever in jail? I told him it was none of his business. Was I going to see a relation? I said no I was going to see the sights. Where was I from originally? I said from home. Where was that? Where it always was, said I. Was I married? That was enough. I told him to give me that ticket as I was in a hurry. He told me an immigrant had to answer these questions. I told him I was a tourist, but answered the rest of the questions; laid down an X, got a little slip of paper, left and soon boarded the Umatilla and waited for the bell to ring. Will it ever do so? I thought. Yes, the cables are thrown off, the propellor is turning, we are moving, and farewell to dear old B. C. and ring in the land of sunshine—bright sweet flowery, grape and orange producing California.

[My hand to my forehead with a smart slap.] Horrible thought! I forgot to pay my board bill in Vancouver.

Geo. Finley.

[To be Continued.]

From the Far North.

Mr. Lindsay, lessee of The Waverly has received a letter from a sister on board the ss. Jesse H. Freeman at Port Clarance, Arctic Ocean. It seems strange to hear from a section so far north, but a few adventurous ones seem determined that the polar regions shall yield up their secrets, and the husband of this lady means that they shall also yield up a fortune in whale's oil. We quote some interesting items:

"We got into the drift ice on the 12th of April and on the 15th the ship was frozen in solid, and there we had to stay for six weeks. It was off the coast of Siberia, on the way to East Eakie Siberia where we arrived on thh 5th of June that we found eight other vessels trading with the natives. Will bought hundreds of firs for winter clothing and also boots made by the natives. Their women sew them very nicely. In a few days we expect the Tender from San Francisco with mail and supplies. Then we go north and will winter at Herschel Island near the mouth of McKenzie River where we expect to have plenty of venison. There are four ladies beside myself who will winter with us, and two of them have children. We will not get any more mail until August of next year, We have the sun day and night and it is not dark at all, and in the winter there will be 42 days of darkness to make up for it."

Local Brevities.

Last week there was a pleasant surprise party dance at Wm. Harmston's.

The appeal for aid for the Fraser River sufferers still continues.

H M. S. Royal Author will arrive, it is expected at Comox Bay (Wednesday.)

Monday afternoon the San Mateo left Port Los Angelos for Union Wharf.

The Agricultural Exhibition at Courtenay will be held on Oct 11.

Great Britain officially announces her neutrality in the Japan—China war.

The republic of Hawaii has been formally recognized by the United States.

Lady bugs from Australia go free through the U. S. mails,

R. J. Wenborn of Nanaimo has sold an English Scorcher (bicycle) to Miss Mellado.

Mr. Cotton, leader of the Opposition having served his term of three months is now free.

FOR SALE.—A Jersey bull, full pedigree. Apply to John Piket, Cumberland Hotel, Union

Monday, Mrs Sam Davis passed a bad day but Tuesday appeared to be slightly better.

On Thursday the 23rd inst there will be a picnic of the Sunday school on Judge Crease's farm Denman Island.

Wm. Morton, of Nanaimo, arrived on the Joan Wednesday to visit his ranch on Bayne Sound.

The amount contributed by Mr. J. A. Pritchard toward the Fraser River Fund was $2.50 instead of the smaller amount previously published.

Monday afternoon the unusual sight of 9 teams were seen at one time on and near the Courtenay bridge. The street was chocked up like Broadway, New York.

Mr. J. C. Morrison who was stationed at Denman Island as assistant to Rev. John Robson, has given up his work there and returned to college to complete his studies.

Peter. Jackson declares he will not fight south under any circumstances. Now let him go a step further and announce that he will not fight north, east or west.

Mrs. Horace Smith of Black Creek and Mrs. Horace Smith of the Bay, and Miss Mable Smith returned on Wednesday from a visit to Fanny Bay where they had a pleasant outing.

Mr. L. H. Northey of Victoria has purchashed what is known as the Graham swamp. He is well pleased with the country, and will be up again Wednesday, 22nd.

The Courtenay House was crowded last week with out of town visitors. There were registered, L. A. Northey, Ross Eckard, Louis Garesche, W. Atkins and wife and N. D. Macauley of Victoria, and A. H. Horne and family of Nanaimo.

While there are two precincts to hear from yet the returns from the other portions of Cassiar are sufficient to show that Capt. Irving is elected. If Hume acts with the Government the parties will stand Government 22; Opposition 11.

N. D. Macauly of the Victoria Lumber and Manufactoring Co, while here spoke hopefully of the lumber trade. Prices had risen $1.50 per thousand on logs he said, and the company would open logging camps in the timber limits up the settlement in the spring, and float the logs down the Tsolum River.

We desire to acknowledge the receipt of a basket of magnificent blackberries from the garden of Mrs. Wm. Smith. They were large, luscious and as excellent to the taste as they were fine in appearance. A couple of branches from the vines covered with the beauties were fit to be photographed, but the temptation to eat them was so great that, alas! when W. C. Pierce came around, they had dissappeared.

The Courtenay post office received a pleasant call, last Thursday from Mr. A. H. Horne, the Nanaimo postmaster. It had been many years since he was up here last and Courtenay was then a howling wilderness. He is said to have bought the first fowls into this district, and many of the middle aged men and women here were old schoolmates of his, while it is said he recognized in some of the stately matrons an erstwhile sweetheart. His father was for a considerable time manager of the Hudson Bay Co's store at the Indian rancherie.

Mr. J. W. McKenzie, the judicial black smith, was out fishing in the Courtenay last Friday. He threw out his line baited with a fly into the stream, Soon a fine trout weighing some three or four pounds took in the fly and with it an ugly hook, and then gave a turn around a root which ran under the protruding bank. Not being able to see the situation from where he stood or to draw in the fish, the blacksmith, like Zaccheus, climbed a tree, to get a better view. While there the fish made out into the stream with the line and fishing rod. Not only that, but the jacket which had been thrown off preparatory to doing the tree act, and had fallen upon the fishing rod, had been pulled into the water and was swiftly floating down towards the gulf. The property along with the fish was finally secured; but a picture of the urchins who lined the bridge, delighted witness of the fun, is reserved for the next issue.

No More Road Work.

Owing to the appropriation for Comox District being nearly exhausted, the Government will be unable it is expected to do any more road work this season. It will be necessary to have a little for emergencies.

May and December

"I would rather be an old man's darligg than a young man's slave," thought Miss Caroline Sutton of Hornby Island, and so in spite of remonstrances of relatives and the great disparity in years she boldly went from her home, and on the 16th instant was united in marriage to Mr. Chas McFarlane at his residence on Denman Island, the Rev. Jno. Robson officiating. The blushing bride has seen it is reported but 16 summers, the white haired spouse is verging upon 70. Mr. McFarland is a well to do farmer, who is popularly assumed to be some 10 years younger than his twin brother.

PRACTICAL FARMING.

Feed the Sod.

"With ordinary farm or stable manure, it will generally pay to use some potash for corn; 125 to 150 pounds of muriate of potash has given profitable results."—Prof. Brooks, Massachusetts agricultural college.

Very true, farmyard manure is rather one-sided having an excess of nitrogen, and a vast amount of organic matter, which will keep up nitrification in the soil, but is deficient in potash. But I have long been of the opinion that the cumulative process of indirect fertilization for all of the ordinary grain and sale crops of the farm is decidedly better than to apply these manures and fertilizers directly to the sale crop. And then the effort to help out the deficiency in the stable manure by adding potash to it, while good in itself, is rather an uncertain and indefinite practice and makes the proper distribution of the potash difficult.

The corn crop is always better if planted upon a buried sod, and the sod is always better it manured the year before it is buried. The place for all the manurial accumulation of the farm is on a sod that is to be plowed for corn the following year. The sod is helped, and gives better results during that year and the manure is gotten into better condition to feed the ensuing corn crop than if applied firstly to it. The sod needs the potash too and should get it all over.

So after putting all the manure you can make on the sod give it in addition all the potash and phosphoric acid you can afford. They will not get away from you. The wonderful absorptive power of the soil will hold them for the future crop, and the well fed sod will give you a bigger crop of corn for it. With that increased mass of organic matter, the process of nitrification will go on rapidly through all the hot weather during which corn makes its growth, and whatever nitrogen may have escaped in top dressing the sod will be made up many times over.

I would advise the use of not less than 200 pounds of muriate of potash per acre on the sod, and that the home-made manure be made to stretch as far as possible. The manure can be hauled out on the sod all summer as fast as made and thus save the enormous waste of leaving it in the yard, and the hurry skurry to get it on land to be planted in the spring. Use your manure and your fertilizers to feed a sod and trust the sod to feed your crops and you will never be disappointed.

Cows at Pasture.

We have never settled to our satisfaction whether or not it paid to feed cows grain at pasture. The experiments in this line do not settle the question for they do not take into consideration the fact that all the gain there may be from feeding grain does not show itself immediately. A horse in training for a big race goes through months of steady preparation; a week's training does but little good. It is the constant repetition of his work that hardens his muscles and prepares him for the final effort.

May it not be so with cows which receive a little grain while at pasture? Does not this grain keep them in better condition and prepare them for a greater effort at giving a large flow of milk during the winter months or a summer drouth? We are of the opinion that it does and believe that this is why the experiments, in which one lot of cows have had grain for ten days and another none, and then the two lots changed about have not shown any material gain for the grain fed.

Like the week of training for the racehorse, the short trial of grain does not prepare the cows for a larger flow of milk. It takes preparation for all great efforts and cows that are wanted to give a large and steady flow of milk for 10 or 11 months of each year must be prepared for it. Suppose that our experimenters had taken two lots of cows which had received only an ordinary grain ration during the winter, and which had been giving about an equal quantity of milk, and upon turning to pasture the grain was stopped entirely to one lot but fed all summer to the next would not the cows which received grain give enough more milk during the summer fall and winter to pay a profit on the grain fed?

Dairy Granules.

Half the farmers would be better off if they would destroy half the cows they own, test every cow and keep none that will not make 300 pounds of butter per year.

A cheap priced machine or cow, like a shoddy coat, may be the dearest in the end. Test you cows. Compare quantity with quality. Study individuality. Don't expect the first doctrine to apply in dairying any more than in money. Your return will be nearly in proportion to the capital employed, for I believe that but few dairymen yet feed to the point of securing the best pecuniary returns.

Every farmer who makes the keeping and care of stock any part of his business should have at least some knowledge of the disease of the animals he keeps and of suitable remedies. A veterinary knowledge is so closely connected with the proper care of domestic animals that it has come to be almost a necessity that the progressive farmer should have acquired sufficient knowledge to discover and treat common diseases.

A cool climate, pure air, clear water, a grass-producing soil, are all-important elements in the production of nice milk, cream and butter. Cows should be kindly treated, made comfortable and kept clean. Nice butter cannot be made from polluted milk. Clean milk is obtained only from the carefully cleaned cow. No dung, dust or dirt should be allowed to fall into the milk. Ample time must be given and due pains must be taken to properly prepare the cows for milking. A card and brush and a cloth wiper are necessary to have and to use.

We feed our cows two fodderings of good hay, and a quart each of cotton seed, corn meal and shorts in the morning and the same at night, watering twice a day in the winter. In June and July we do not feed them at all in the barn. We have tried feeding other kinds of grain, but do not get as good results. Calling two and one half pounds of cheese equal to one pound of butter, our cows have averaged a little better than 300 pounds of butter the last year.

A good farmer feeds his ensilage and grain rations together, mixed. He says he "gets good results," giving the credit to the silo. Another runs his hay through a hay cutter and mixes the grain ration with it. He says, "it pays," giving the credit chiefly to the fine cut hay. The advantage gained in either cases is in mixing the coarse and fine feed together. By so doing it is all chewed over again that being the secret of the improvement. Grain is worth more fed after the hay than before, as it is more likely to get into the cud, thus becoming better ground and digested.

They Disagree.

May—I don't think much of a man who proposes to a girl by letter.

Carrie—My dear, you should feel grateful to a man who proposes to you in any way.

FACTS IN FEW WORDS.

One of the most perfect pieces of mechanism in the human body is the hand.

South Carolina is the only state in which no official record of marriages is kept.

Dulcin, a new sweetening substance, is said to be 225 times sweeter than sugar.

There are 650 beasts, 1,391 birds and 360 reptiles in the London zoological-gardens.

Statistics show that the growth of great foreign cities has been even more rapid than our own.

Aluminum is now used as a substitute for leather in building up the heels of boots and shoes.

A Spanish musician has devised a system of musical notation by which sharps and flats are done away with.

At Red Cliff, Col., a woman candidate for mayor was defeated at a recent election largely by the votes of women.

A wood-stone is now made of sawdust, cement and magnesia, which can be sawed, planed or bored like natural wood.

It was said of both Athens and Rome that so numerous were the temples and statues of gods it was easier to find a god than a man.

Lettuce was eaten by the ancients at the close of meals, as, from its cooling quality, it was considered an antidote to the heating effects of wine.

Electrical weaving machines are in use in Germany. Seamless stockings with double heels are rattled out of each machine at the rate of eleven pairs an hour.

In the coal region of Kansas they have begun to mine coal by electricity. Two coal cutters, operated by electrical current are now in use, and the results are very satisfactory.

The ramie fibre is tough and wears well. It is said that in China, where it is used for making clothing, it lasts so well that children frequently wear the clothes which their grandparents wore when children.

Of the largest cities in the world Paris is the deepest in debt, in proportion to her population, the indebtedness per head being $151.22. Antwerp is a close second, with $150.58 per head. New York's rate is $45.78, and Chicago $9.06.

Mrs. Bowdoin, of Newark, N.J., noticed a man trying to gain an entrance to her house on Sunday evening, and ran into the street and screamed "fire!" Some one sent out an alarm, and several engines immediately responded. When the fireman learned what had happened they hunted for the burglar and found him.

There was picked up on the shore at Hoboken a few days ago a pair of shoes in one of which was a parchment certificate of probate of a will dated in 1852, describing a valuable estate in Ireland, together with numerous certificates of stock in several Irish banks. The name of the testator was John Johnson, of the Diocese of Clogher.

AN EAST INDIAN JUNGLE FIGHT.

A Bear and a Serpent Settle a Quarrel in Spirited Style.

How the denizens of East Indian jungles settle their differences was told in a letter in this city recently from Madras. The writer, who saw the fight had accompanied some Cheucus who were on a hunt for game, and had set a number of traps and nets. They were making the rounds of the nets when their attention was attracted by a succession of hideous noises, roars of rage and pain, and a prolonged hissing, like the rush of escaping steam. They hurried to the spot, and saw a huge jungle bear fighting for his life with an enormous serpent. The serpent had wound its giant folds around the bear, which dashed itself from side to side, and rolled over and over on the ground in frenzied endeavor to get free, roaring and snapping its jaws like castanets at the serpent's folds. It was unable to reach them, however, owing to the way in which they were constricted about its body.

In this way they struggled until they reached the edge of the incline down which the bear threw himself with a speed which evidently disconcerted the serpent, for it unwound a couple of folds and threw its tail around a tree, evidently with the intention of anchoring itself and preventing the unpleasant consequences of a rapid tumble down hill. This appeared like admirable strategy, but it resulted in the serpent's undoing. The rigid line of tail straightened out from the tree to the bear's body gave the infuriated beast a chance to seize hold of its assailant. He promptly accepted the chance, and with a tremendous effort turned and fastened his powerful jaws in the snake's quivering flesh. The hissing was then appalling, as the writhing serpent rapidly unfolded its huge body and struck savagely at the clinched jaws of its enemy to make it loosen its hold on the mangled mass of flesh. In response the bear, with a muffled roar, kept worrying the mouthful of snake in its jaws in paroxysms of anguished rage. Once more the serpent constricted its folds, the bear howled and gasped and both rolled, still struggling out of view into the high grass of the forest.

Their track was marked with pools of blood, and when next seen they had parted. The snake, evidently badly hurt, was coiled in an attitude of defense, with its head erect, and was hissing angrily. It had plainly had enough, and was more anxious to be left alone than to renew the conflict. Not so the bear. Though nearly crushed to death, with its tongue lolling out from its blood-fleckled, foaming jaws, the aroused brute was full of fight. After a moment's pause it rushed upon the serpent. The latter was weak from loss of blood, and the bear got it by the head and dragged it about with roars of triumph. The undergrowth around was beaten down flat by the convulsive strokes of the great serpent's tail as the bear crushed its head to pieces and at last it lay an inert and lifeless mass beneath the assaults of the vindictive bear.

Who Invented the Piano?

The honor of inventing the piano is claimed by the English, French and Germans. Father Wood, an English monk at Rome, is said to have been the real inventor in 1711, and to have manufactured one which he sold to Samuel Crispi, the author of "Virginia," from whom it was purchased by Fulke Greville, though Count Carli claims the credit for Bartholomeo Christofori, of Padua, during his stay in Florence, some three years later (1714). The French attribute the invention to a Parisian named Marius, who, they allege, produced in 1716 a harpsichord in which hammers had been substituted for the old plectrums or quids. The Germans are the last in the field, with J. C. Schroder, of Dresden, who claimed (1717) when 18 years of age to have constructed, after much consideration, the model of a new clavier, with hammers, upon which he could play loudly or softly.

Cakes For Everybody.

A proficient cook has an eye to variety and suitability. Even in the matter of cake she is careful to suit all tastes. Thus:

For farmers—hoe-cake, fruit-cake and seed-cake.

For pugilists and carpenters—pound cake.

For reporters—spice-cake and jumbles.

For messenger-boys—ginger-snaps.

For politicians—election-cake and plum-cake.

For idlers and ne'er-do-wells—loaf-cake and fritters.

For tramps—sponge-cake.

For greedy children—stomach ache.

YOUNG FOLKS.

Little Trot's Burglar.

Years ago, among those who trod the busy streets of the metropolis, was a man one could scarcely have passed without some notice; a man with beetling eyebrows and black eyes, and a hard redness of cheek; and six feet at least in his boots; a man of might and daring. It was a pity that, at thirty years of age, this man could have not remembered, had he desired to do so, one worthy deed, one honest piece of labor honestly paid for, even one kindly deed, such as ordinary men do out of mere good nature every day of their lives.

Somehow he had come by the name of Ishmael—certainly not by christening. It was the fittest name for him that could have been chosen.

With a bank robbery on his conscience (if he had one), and the knowledge that all the powers of the police were at work to prove him engaged in it, few men would have walked abroad that day, glittering and flashy, with a long cigar in a long amber mouthpiece, and a stolen watch in his fob, but he did it. He met an acquaintance and said—with an oath—"How are you? and"—followed it with another oath, his ordinary way of salutation. He knocked an innocent little Frenchman down for being in his way, and kicked a boot black for saying: "Shine 'em up?" And just then, down at his feet, a little voice said: "Papa, papa," and two little arms encircled his leg, and looking down he saw a toddling thing in white and blue, with sunny curls and a rose bud mouth, clinging there. "Papa," it said again, and then a tidy nursemaid, all out of breath, came up and caught it, and hugged it, and laughed over it.

"The gentleman isn't your papa," said she. "It's the way with her always; any fine-lookin' gentleman she will take for her papa."

And the girl smiled on Ishmael, and, for a wonder he did not insult her either by word or look.

Something nipped at his heart. A great ball seemed to be in his throat. He dubbed children "kids" and hated them; but this was not like the children of the dens he frequented. A little soul pure as when it came from God, and with all outward purity about it, too—fragrant, fresh, and white of garb as a lily is of leaf. Such a thing had never touched him before. He wanted to be kind to it, and he hardly knew how. He bent his head a little.

"Give us a kiss," he said, in a gruff rumble of a voice; and the nurse held the baby up to him.

"Give the gentleman a kiss," she said. And Innocence personified did not even know sin in the flesh when it looked at and touched it. The cherub hands caught softly at the man's whiskers, the angel mouth kissed his two cheeks, one after the other, then his mouth.

"Say, 'Day day,'" cried the girl; and baby said it, and the two were gone.

The man had never had a pure kiss before—had never felt a tender emotion, had never loved any one. On the instant he loved this baby. He walked away very quickly. His heart was troubled, as the waters of the pool when the angel descended into it. He passed the people going home, and asked himself if they had babies at home like that one.

"I'll be respectable. I'll go to foreign parts, and start fair. I won't have jail and gallows ahead of me, and I'll have a little kid like that to call me daddy."

And then two big tears squeezed themselves out of his eyes and rolled down his cheeks unconsciously.

"I'll go in the steamer," he said. "I'll change my name. If I'm not nabbed for this bank affair, I'll make my fortune as these fellows do. I'm their match, I reckon. I'll not have the gallows ahead of me, as it's like I shall if I stay here. And I'll have little kids and an old woman. I will——"

There was more of it. He could not help swearing; but I think, had he known how, he would have prayed this time instead. But just then there came upon his ear a sudden tumult. Men were flying past him; a bell was ringing; women were shrieking. He caught a boy and asked him what the row was.

"House afire, and a young one burning in it," said the boy.

And at that Ishmael followed the crowd. He had never before cared for any one's danger. He had never felt pity for any one. Now he thought of that soft mouth that had touched his heart and made him quiver with the thought that a little soul like that was in such awful danger; made him promise himself to save it, if he had the power; made him call them all cowards for standing there, staring and shouting and doing nothing. The engines had not yet come, and the house, all in flames inside, belched forth fire from its many windows, as though they had been the mouths of the fabled dragon. And in the midst of the crowd a girl, restrained by kindly hands, struggled and screamed:

"Let me go! Let me go! They left her in my care. She's burning to death up there. I'd rather die than face them. Let me go!"

And Ishmael heard the voice and saw the face of the nurse-maid who had held the baby up to kiss him.

"Is it the little kid you had along of you?" he asked, clutching the girl's shoulder with his big hand.

"Yes, yes," cried the girl; "make them let me go. She's atop of the house, back in the nursery. Oh, make them let me go!"

"You stay here," said Ishmael. "I'll go myself, and I'll bring her out or never come at all."

And with these words, Ishmael dashed into the building, already a very furnace of red flame. A shout arose as he did so—a cry between a scream of horror and a roar of applause. No one expected to see the man come out of that blazing pit alive.

The engine came rattling up. The firemen fixed their ladders to the windows and ran up them, and were driven back again scorched and faint. Nothing alive could be within, they said. But suddenly, on the blazing parapet, appears a figure holding a burden in his arms. He looks downward at the ladders, which could not reach him, then backward at the flames. Then he dropped, clinging by one hand to the hot ledge, swung there a moment, and dropped upon the ladder. The crowd had thought to see him dashed to pieces on the street, and had stretched up their hands involuntarily, as though to catch him; but some were on the ladder, and they did their best for him. Even they were in great danger, but good angels watched over them. The bundle that he held so fast, wrapped in a wet blanket was seized by one man; two others held him in their arms, and brought him down.

The girl rushed forward screaming, and those who held the blanket unwound its folds. Out of it peeped a little flushed baby face—a head of rumpled curls. Half smothered, but unhurt, Trot held her tiny arms toward her nurse, and cried in baby fashion to be taken by her.

No harm had come to Trot; but what of her preserver, Ishmael? He lay there with his head upon a fireman's knees. A doctor had his hand upon his heart. His eyes were closed; his hair singed; his eyebrows whitened; his flash clothes one mass of timber; his very boots shrivelled and scrolled away from his burnt feet; the hand that had held the little burden and clung to the molten roof ledge so bravely was one mass of blistered burns.

Like one dead he lay for a while, but at last his eyes opened. He looked at the faces about him, all kindly, pitiful, full of sympathy, and felt that for once he was a friend among friends. He heard men call him brave, and heard women sob. A new life had dawned upon him—he, Ishmael, was a hero. He had often been stared at by a crowd before, as he stood at the prisoner's bar, but a host of kindly eyes had never thus turned upon him. He did not feel much pain, but he knew that the end was at hand. He was dying—dying just as he had begun to see what life might be; yet, after all, he was happy.

"It's of no use," he said faintly to those busy about him. "I've swallowed fire! I'm a dead man! Where's the little kid? I want her."

They brought her to him. The innocent thing had neither fear nor dread, but she came solemnly, and her great eyes dilated as she looked at him.

"Dit up," she said, softly, and patted him—"dit up."

"Kiss him, Trot," said the girl, sobbing. "He took you out of the fire. Oh! poor, poor fellow! Kiss him, Trot."

And Trot knelt down and took the singed black whiskers once more in her hands, and holding them apart gave the dying Ishmael her pretty "kisses," one for each cheek and one for the mouth. He drew her to him.

"I want her arms around my neck," he said softly.

"Hug him, Trot," said the girl.

And Trot sat down and wound her tiny arms round the great throat and put her cheek close to his and he whispered so softly that no one but this innocent baby heard him:

"Good bye, little kid. I might have had something rougher round my neck when I died. If the prison chaplains are right, maybe we'll meet again. I wish I'd had a little kid like you. I might have been another man."

His hands dropped away from Trot's waist with these words.

"Man's asleep," said Trot.

And Ishmael was asleep, indeed. The sleep that knows no waking had come upon him in Trot's innocent arms. He lay there dead.

THE RUSSIAN ARMY.

Peculiarities of Some of the Favorite Regiments of the Czar.

The Russian army is full of funny things. Thus, the biggest fellows are detailed for duty in the body guard regiment, "Preobrahenski," founded by Peter the Great, and originally composed of that monarch's personal friends, all giants in their way. The Czar's family takes great pride in this regiment, and on the named day of its patron saint attends the festivities in a body, usually re-enforced by foreign ambassadors and ministers. Then there is the Ismailowsk regiment, where only blondes are tolerated, and the well-known Pawlow guards all of whom must have retrousse noses. The regulations of the Guard Chasseurs, on the other hand, admit only dark-haired men. The guard officers, being privileged by birth as well as rank in their chosen professions, treat their colleagues in the line almost as badly as the latter treat their subalterns. Up to a few years ago the distinction between them was such that a guard lieutenant had precedence over the captain of the line. The present Czar has changed this state of things somewhat, but not much. A major of the guards would even to-day rank higher than a line colonel, if there was such a person. But the advancement of the regular army officer seldom surpasses the rank of battalion chief. Men having attained that distinction are generally made "commanders" of a small precinct, while disgraced guard officers or general staff officers obtain the colonelship or lieutenant-colonelship of the regiment to which they devoted their lives. Only very rarely does a line officer succeed in obtaining a commission in the war academy, and eventually in the general staff. It should be mentioned, however, that the majority are unfitted for such advancement. The requirements of the officer's examination in the line are considerably less stringent than those upon which the admission to the guards' officers' corps are based, the aspirant's social standing is not at all considered and to complete the wretchedness of the line officer his pay is ridiculously small and inadequate, especially that of the infantry officer, the lieutenant receiving not more than $200 per year all told. The captain has a little over $300, the major $450. The most abject poverty prevails among them, and only a few of the younger officers own more than one uniform, which must do service in ordinary and on parade alike. The infantry private of the line receives in money $3.75 per year, including the Czar's and others' presents.

It's a Secret

that many women owe their beauty to Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. The reason—beauty of form and face, as well as grace, radiate from the common centre—health. The best bodily condition results from good food, fresh air and exercise, coupled with the judicious use of the "Prescription." In maidenhood, womanhood, and motherhood, it's a supporting tonic that's peculiarly adapted to her needs, regulating, strengthening, and curing, the derangements of the sex.

If there be headache, pain in the back, bearing down sensations, or general debility, or if there be nervous disturbances, nervous prostration, and sleeplessness, the "Prescription" reaches the origin of the trouble and corrects it. It dispels aches and pains, corrects displacements and cures catarrhal inflammation of the lining membranes. It's guaranteed to benefit or cure, or the money paid for it is refunded.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets cure constipation, indigestion, biliousness, headaches and kindred ailments.

A Natural Inference.

They had just become engaged.

"Herbert," she said, "are you sure that you love me?"

"Absolutely," he answered.

"How can you tell?"

"By the fact that I am anxious to marry you."

Luring Him On.

Old Boarder—"How does it happen that you gave that man the tenderloin and me the tough end?"

Waiter Girl—"He an't decided to stay yet."

Canada's Great Fair for 1894.

The Toronto Industrial Exhibition, which is to be held from the 3rd to the 15th of September, will no doubt be the greatest fair of the present year, and from present indications it promises to excel all others, both in point of exhibits and in attendance of visitors. The grounds have been vastly improved since last year, and already most of the space in all the buildings has been applied for. All entries close on the 11th of August. A good programme of special attractions, both novel and interesting, will be provided as usual. It is only a little over a month to the time of the fair, and our readers cannot choose a better holiday trip than this offers. Cheap excursions will as usual be run on all railways at rates in keeping with the times. This great Fair has now become one of the best and most popular educational and entertainment enterprises on this continent, and attracts visitors each year, not only from all parts of the Dominion, but from the United States as well, and those who have never been there would be surprised at its magnitude and attractiveness, being almost like a World's Fair, only on a smaller scale.

A GLASGOW MIRACLE.

A SCOTCH LASSIE RESCUED BY A CANADIAN.

Her Life Was Despaired of—Subject to Fainting Spells and Heart Trouble—Doctors Said Recovery Was Impossible—A Wonderful Story.

From the Glasgow Echo.

The case of "Little Nell," whose miraculous cure was reported in the newspapers, with a subsequent letter from the Rev. Samuel Harding, is but one in a series of similar cases in Glasgow. The latest is that of Miss Lizzie Duncan, a young woman who has been snatched back to life. She was in what is termed a "decline"—wasting away by inches before the eyes of her parents, and her sad condition seems to have been known to a number of people. Consequently when she was found to have escaped the threatened death, and to be, apparently, as well as any one in Glasgow, a tremendous impetus was given to the prevalent talk, and an Echo reporter was directed to make a searching investigation, with the result that this strange story was entirely confirmed.

Arriving at 208 Stirling Road, the reporter was conducted into the presence of Mrs. Duncan by a rosy cheeked young woman, who proved to be Miss Duncan, who looked in no way like an invalid.

"This is the lassie," said the mother. "Heaven knows that a miracle has been wrought upon her. Eighteen months ago Lizzie began to pine away. The color left her entirely, and she appeard to be as weak as water. One Sunday morning she said, 'Oh, mother, I canna rise to-day,' and before she had got out the words her whiteness became like that of a corpse, and she fell away into a faint. I sent for the doctor who said she had heart disease. When he saw her again she had grown worse and the doctor said, 'The poor lassie is very far through.' We expected that poor Lizzie would not live long. There was no color in her face. She was wasting away, her cheek bones sticking through as if they would break the skin. Her arms and legs were just bones. The doctor said, 'Lizzie may stand the winter but, if she does, that will be all.' One day, however, I chanced to read of several cases in which dying persons had been restored to life by a new scientific method—some pills, not like other medicine, but altogether of extraordinary virtue, called Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I said to my husband, 'In the name of God let's try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.' Well, before the first box was empty there was an improvement. She persevered and when she had finished her fifth box she was perfectly well, and there is not now a stronger young woman in the townhead of Glasgow, though at one time she was a living skeleton. You can ask any of the neighbors," said Mrs. Duncan in conclusion, "or any person in the street and they will confirm my story."

"I am stronger than ever I was in my life," added the daughter, "yet I can hardly describe how ill I was. I was certainly dying. I could neither go up nor down stairs; I was afraid to walk on account of the fluttering sensation at my heart. I took Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as my mother has described, and feel that they saved my life."

Miss Wood, the lady who drew the reporter's attention to the case, said that the parents had their daughter's photograph taken, for they thought that she would soon be sleeping in her grave. Lizzie once visited her, and was so weak that she had to carry her back to her house. "The change," said Miss Wood in conclusion, "has been wonderful. She is now a sonsie lass, and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have been an instrument in God's own hands."

Philanthropists Scarce.

Little Sister—"What is a philanthropist?"

Little Brother—"A man who loves everybody."

"Are there many philanthropists?"

"No. Most men is too poor to have such big yards that neighbors don't bother 'em."

My desolation begins to make a better life.—[Shakespeare.

Safe, Sure, and Painless.

What a world of meaning this statement embodies. Just what you are looking for, is it not? Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor—the great sure-pop corn cure—acts in this way. It makes no sore spots; safe, acts speedily and with certainty; sure and mildly, without inflaming the parts; painlessly. Do not be imposed upon by imitations or substitutes.

Nothing more excites to all that is noble and generous than virtuous love.—[Home.

Spooner's Phenyle Disinfectant mixed with fish oil or grease, will prevent the Horn fly. Apply with a brush about the horns, head and back of animals.

The farmers are the founders of civilization and prosperity.—[Daniel Webster.

The love for beautiful flowers is inherent in womankind. Many of our lawns attest this fact. A pleasant and profitable employment for ladies is that of soliciting orders for roses, clematis, shrubs, etc. Brown Bros. Co., Toronto, Ont., will give any worthy woman a trial, paying expenses and salary.

On the soft bed of luxury most kingdoms have expired.—[Young.

"Common Sense" Brand.

We wish to draw special attention to the adv. of M. & L. Samuel, Benjamin & Co. re Binder Twine. The twine they handle is the well known "Common Sense" Brand, this being now the fifth season for it. It has in that time established itself as being by far the *cheapest* and most *economical* twine of any in the market. Its length per lb. is equal to the Red Cap. It will certainly pay all farmers to give it a trial.

A P. 721.

Mrs. Sutherland

I Had Coitre

Or swellings in the neck since I was 10 years old; am now 52. I used Hood's Sarsaparilla recently and the swelling has entirely disappeared It has been very troublesome. When I began I was feeling so discouraged with the goitre and rheumatism I felt that I would as soon be dead as alive. Whenever I caught cold I could not walk two blocks without fainting. Now I am free from it all and I can truly recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla. I received a letter from Mrs. Jennie Bigelow, now of Fremont, Mich., asking if my testimonial in behalf of Hood's Sarsaparilla was true; I replied it was, and sent particulars. I have another letter from her thanking me very much for recommending

Hood's Sarsaparilla

and stating that she also has been cured." MRS. ANNA SUTHERLAND, Kalamazoo, Mich.

HOOD'S PILLS are the best after-dinner pills. They assist digestion and cure headache.

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The gas—"You and I don't stand much of a show when there are a pair of spoony lovers around, do we?" The lamp—"Nop; get turned down every time."

Pawson—"Why does De Smythe hesitate so when he is taking? Has he an impediment in his speech?" Dawson—"No; in his mind."

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No matter where it is or what its nature, the easiest, safest and simplest way to get rid of disease is with St. Leon mineral water. Drugging oneself is not a pleasant task, but in using St. Leon you dispense with drugging. Harmless and safe as milk, and never fails to relieve when used as directed. Sold by all first-class hotels, druggists and grocers.

"The young man with Miss Millions is the one she is in love with." Flo—"Yes, and now where is the one she intends to marry?"

Recipe.—For Making a Delicious Health Drink at Small Cost.

Adams' Root Beer Extract.....one bottle
Fleischmann's Yeast.....half a cake
Sugar.....two pounds
Lukewarm Water.....two gallons

Dissolve the sugar and yeast in the water add the extract, and bottle; place in a warm place for twenty-four hours until it ferments, then place on ice, when it will open sparkling and delicious.

The root beer can be obtained in all drug and grocery stores in 10 and 25 cent bottles to make two and five gallons.

"Alas!" sighed the sack coat, as it looked up humbly to the silk hat towering above it on the street, "I fear I was not cut out for a gentleman."

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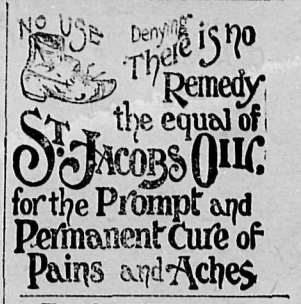

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the Cream of Cod-liver Oil, with hypophosphites, enriches the blood, purifies the skin, cures Anæmia, builds up the system. *Physicians*, the world over, endorse it.

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THE DEAN AND HIS DAUGHTER

CHAPTER XXI.

Next morning brought me, with my chocolate, a brief and very welcome letter from Ethel. "Come over as soon as you can," she wrote. "In fact, come at once. I am tired of being here alone, and, need I say, the sight of you would do me good? We can spend a few days here, just long enough to enable you to get what you want, and can then be off at once to the Riviera. I am dying for a gamble and a little sun The weather here is vile. We need not plunge at all, but I mean to pay some of my bills, and we can enjoy ourselves delightfully in our own way. I should like to stay at Monte Carlo, unless you prefer Nice or Mentone."

Then, after a little general gossip, and a few rapier thrusts at the expense of my whilom husband, and, the very reverend author of my being, the epistle concluded:

"Do not let the grass grow under your feet (not that anything is likely to grow in London in the snow slush with which I hear you are at present blessed). Hurry over it, like Atlanta over the ears of corn. Think of the swallows of Henri Murger and fly South. I have given you lots of advice, and very little news. Of news, indeed, I am barren. I can tell you, however, should it in any way interest you to, as lawyers say, 'be informed and verily believe,' that I have seen several times lately that most excellent Prince Balanikoff. I need scarce tell you that he has always inquired after you with an anxiety that has been far from feigned, and is, I fear, letting concealment like a worm in the bud feed on the well-whiskered cheek with which Nature has so liberally favored him. I suppose you are still relentless. It is not for me to advise; but male patience, as I found out early in my career, has its limits, and, sooner or later, we shall have him singing, 'If she be not fair for me, what care I how fair she be?' Besides, what says Tennyson, the favorite of all good people? 'Come into the garden, Maud.' So say I. Pack up your traps, Maud and come with me into the garden of Europe."

Was there ever such a woman?

It was out of the question to say no. Even if it had been in the question, I should in all human probability have said "yes." My things were already packed. I had scarcely disturbed them. That evening I was on my way to Paris, and I think no guard's whistle was ever more grateful to my ears than that which started us off from Victoria.

The next few days were devoted to the inevitable toilette, into the details of which I have no intention of entering. Euripides, so I once heard it observed by a most eminent church dignitary at Salchester, has put upon record his conviction that women are wretched creatures.

The two arts, in which they ought to excel, are cookery and millinery, and in each they are hopelessly beaten out of the field by men.

I employed the recognized Prince of Parisian men milliners, who bowed to me, begged me to walk across the room to sit down and repose on a sofa. He then summoned two assistants to measure me, and bowed us out with the polite assurance that the English formality of trying on would be wholly unnecessary.

That evening we held a council of war. Our position was exactly the converse of that of Milton's Adam when turned out of Paradise. The world, it is true, was all before us, but we had no intention whatever of choosing a resting-place, and were about to set off with the lightest of hearts and with no regrets.

It did not take us long to decide; for a while, a short while, we hovered round and round in circles as does a carrier pigeon when it is tossed off. We could not decide between the rival claims of Nice, Mentone, Cannes, and Monte Carlo itself. Ultimately, in desultory fashion, we decided on Monte Carlo.

"Nice, my child," said Ethel, "is full of boarding schools, pensions, and valetudinarians; it is a sort of French Brighton—sunny, windy, glaring, and disreputable. Mentone is about as lively as Ventnor; it is a city of the dying. Cannes is too far from Monaco. Let us make no bones about the matter and go boldly to Monte Carlo."

"You know best," I answered "we will go." And thus it came to pass that within four or five days we found ourselves comfortably seated at the table d'hote at the "Hotel de Paris."

"The habitues, my dear," said Ethel, "dine at the restaurant, which costs very little more, is ten times more amusing, and certainly gives you a far better dinner. But you and I are young and innocent, dividing our innocence and our guilt between us in any proportion that you please; so to-night we dine at the table d'hote, and then adjourn to the rooms and have a little flutter."

"Tomorrow we will dine in the restaurant. By the time we have finished, the high players, who, like the great Lewis Samuels, always goes the maximum, are beginning to show themselves, and you will see play in earnest. No mere tourists there, but players who mean business, and have come on business, and to whom their personal expenses are a mere incident of the day—little more than an extra bottle of champagne, or a morning drive over to Mentone."

Acting on her advice we looked in at the room after dinner, and, for the first time in my life, I saw public gambling. As conducted at Monte Carlo it seems to me to be decorous, dull, and strictly honest. The disreputable element, which has made it almost impossible for an English gentleman to run his horses in his own name, is entirely wanting, or, at any rate, is not visible upon the surface.

You can distinguish, of course, between the punters who are terribly in earnest and those of the same category who are only amusing themselves. If you are familiar with faces, the rooms are a study. You will see a most respectable peer, perfectly well-known at Exeter Hall and other such places, and a subscriber to every philanthropic movement. To your great surprise he plunges rather heavily; you forget that in England he dare not be seen on a racecourse or to touch a pack of cards even in his own club. So he comes over to Monte Carlo for a fortnight, and, as the saying is, lets off steam.

Why should he not? Was it not one of the Church's most eminent dignitaries, who reported for the Thunderer of Printing House Square, the amicable little meeting between Sayers and Heenan at Farnborough Heath?

Standing near his lordship is a leading Q. C., certain, before long, to be a judge, and who, on the principle of lightly gotten lightly gone, is throwing away guineas he has received for cases in which he may or may not have condescended to appear.

A little farther off, is a favorite jockey, who knows far too much of his business to risk his money on the English turf. In animated conversation with him, and covering his money with their own, partly from superstitious faith in his sagacity, and partly because they are too indolent to watch the game on their own account, and prefer to back their companion's luck, is a rising young Cabinet Minister, and the gentleman who is best known in Europe as the Prince of the money-lenders, and who, having commenced life by peddling jewelry, and lending ten-pound notes *to impecunious subalterns in marching* regiments, is now the Rothschild of his profession, dealing only with Princes and heirs to entailed estates, and laughing at the idea of any transaction under a couple of thousand pounds.

Other types are infinite. Among these mutatis mutandis the old saying of Lord George Bentinck, that it is only on the turf and under it that all men are equal, comes out in its fullest and most repulsive force. For "women," as Browning has it, "models of their sex, society's chief ornament," are to be seen, seated side by side, with the hardiest cocottes of every capital, race, and tongue, actually rubbing shoulders with them, and discussing the unprecedented run upon red, or the appalling frequency with which zero has turned up since the last croupier has been spinning the ball.

You must not allow anything to surprise you at Monte Carlo. Women with lovely faces and sweet expressions, who look like angels, are simply demons in disguise. Men, who stake five thousand francs on a simple turn of the roulette-ball, are often risking more than their annual income. Men, who look like Princes of the Blood Royal, are sometimes couriers out of place, and Princes themselves occasionally look like chiffonniers. There is no law of probability in the place where Queen Fortune reigns supreme. You must at once get rid of all preconceived ideas of social distinction. Here there is nothing of the kind. Luck is King at Monte Carlo, and to him only is paid homage. As for birth, position, titles, and beauty, they go for nothing. The man who breaks the bank, be he Jew, Turk, Infidel, or Heretic, is as worthy of respect as the greatest sovereign in the world.

"Vive la Veine," is the national cry of the naughty little principality, and those who have none are altogether out of it. Big sums change hands at Monte Carlo; and, while I was there, I saw a young English officer lose three thousand pounds at Trente et quarante in about twenty minutes. And this made but little stir in a place where a Russian Princess or a London usurer will lose or win twice as much every day of the week, or where "a person" will "dispose of" a pair of diamond ear-rings in the morning for ten thousand francs, and in the evening be compelled to borrow a louis from "a lady friend" to pay for her dinner.

I did not play on this occasion. I contented myself with looking over Ethel's shoulder. When my companion rose to leave, she stood, so she told me, five hundred francs to the bad, and added laughingly, that, if she did not pull it off with a full revenge on the morrow, she should give up gambling for ever, and take, in terrible sober earnest, to Dorcas meetings, which she had somewhere heard or read were useful for reproof, for example, for warning, and for instruction in righteousness.

"*Those may not perhaps be the exact* words, my dear Miriam," she said; "but, anyhow, they convey the spirit of the thing, and more than that is what nobody has any right whatever to ask."

CHAPTER XXII.

The next evening we went into the rooms again. I had made up my mind to risk a trifle for that one occasion, and for that one occasion only. I knew that this is what gamblers always tell you; but I am certain that on my part the intention was sincere, and would have been carried out, whatever might have been the results of the night's play.

The results were certainly such as to astonish even myself. My little capital seemed to grow in a manner simply marvellous.

At first I had played on what I suppose I imagined to be a method; but I became bewildered with my success and very soon found myself playing as recklessly as any young shopman out for a bank-holiday, and throwing at cocoa nuts.

And yet the more reckless my play, the more fortune favored me. I became excited. Any human being would have been as much under the circumstances. I increased my stakes and kept on winning. I became dimly aware that other persons were watching my lead and following it.

At last, out of mere weariness, I stopped and rose. There was an immediate fight for my chair, and I escaped with my pockets crammed. I found afterwards at the hotel that I had won, as a matter of fact, nearly twenty thousand francs, so that the difference is not worth detail.

I left this little treasure with the proprietor of the hotel, where the news of my good fortune had spread before me. He was most gracious; insisted on counting the plunder before me, that there might be no mistake, and then locked it securely in his safe. This formality concluded, Ethel and I ordered up to our sitting-room, at her suggestion, prawn sandwiches and a bottle of champagne.

"I like to enjoy the good things of this life, along with you," she said very frankly. "It is so amusing to think how furious the Dean would be if he could see us, and it makes me wonder whether his credit is what it ought to be in the Cathedral Close, or whether they have by this time, as I very much suspect, begun to find him out. The gaiters that cast the most imposing shadow do not, by any means, always carry the lightest heart; and were the Dean to bet me his gaiters on that assertion, I would willingly stake my best boots against them and throw my bottom dollar into the bargain. And now, my excellent Miriam, it's time to sleep on our luck, and to-morrow morning we will have a lovely little drive over to Nice."

Next morning the weather was uncertain, or we should, without any doubt, have carried out Ethel's suggestion. As it was, we were guided by the barometer, and took a stroll in the gardens of the Casino, the flowers of which are perfect; but their only zoological curiosity, a small cage of ring-doves, typical, I suppose, of the innocence, purity, and general guilelessness of the little principality.

We had hardly covered a hundred yards before we saw Prince Balanikoff approaching us with a younger man, who might have been of any nationality, upon his arm.

To turn back was impossible. It would have amounted to a direct insult, so I waited until we met the Prince and shook hands with him most graciously.

He introduced his friend, Prince Melyanis, who immediately began to talk most fluently to Ethel, so that, willing or unwilling, I was at the mercy of the Russian.

Of course he complimented me on my luck of the night before, and of which he had heard a most exaggerated account. This led him to discuss the theory of luck in general, upon which he made several profound remarks. He went on to observe that Americans and Russians were the only successful gamblers in the world, that America and Russia were the only two countries in which large fortunes were to be found amongst actually indigenous natives, and that, as the histories of the Black Sea Treaty and of the Alabama negotiations ought to have shown us, they are the only two nations in the world with the least claim to diplomacy.

"This," he added candidly enough, "is because they have not from the first the slightest intention of telling the truth. The English and the Germans are more straightforward; but yet, in all the ordinary transactions of life, the average Englishman lies like a Greek, and your English merchants and manufacturers have a worse name than any others in the markets of the world."

I replied somewhat brusquely that the English were, I believed, as a rule, sincere, and that they were certainly chivalrous wherever women were concerned.

At this little outbreak he smiled grimly. "Your English aristocracy," he remarked, "is strangely mixed. Not a few of your baronets and country gentlemen can show an older and far less questionable lineage than the bulk of your peers. The present representative of the great hero of Chevy Chase ought really to rejoice in the plebeian name of Smithson, or something of the sort, and is, I am told, the direct lineal descendant of a very respectable druggist and apothecary of that name. We have in our Bureaux to study your English peerage. I believe I am correct in venturing on the assertion that the Dukedom of Norfolk is one of the few peerages in England that can stand anything like historical investigation. I need not go through the roll, for any man in England can become a peer if he will only make up his mind to the effort. One of your peers advertises in your penny papers that to avoid commission and to simplify business he will supply his own coals direct from his own collieries in his own carts for cash on delivery. Another, if I remember aright, recently figured as something much worse than a money-lender—as, what is termed in the cant of the trade, a tout and 'bonnet,' for money-lenders. One or two have undergone very recently travaux forces for disgraceful offences against ordinary honesty and morality. One"—here he burst out laughing—"lived in Spain on an annual stipend allowed him by a vender of quack pills and ointment. He was sufficiently a gentleman to appreciate the irony of his situation and to seek retirement in the orange groves of Andalusia. I hope if he is dead that his successor in the title continues the pills and ointment with equal faith."

How could I answer him when it was all true?

"I wonder," he asked himself, meditatively "*what Francis Joseph would say if* one of his Princes were to sell gingerbeer upon commission, or to turn cab proprietor and advertise as such, or to accept a yearly pension for a testimonial stating that he is convinced of the virtues of a new soap, or of a patent liver pill, or of a specific against premature baldness. I really believe his Imperial Majesty would banish him for life. You are funny people, you English. You are, the ladies of course excepted, the best hated and the most heartily despised nation in the world; and, on my honor, you deserve it. Your only strength is among your canaille, who make splendid soldiers, sailors, and prize-fighters, and yet even their morals lose the true Spartan simplicity of type under the influence of the first breath of fresh air that blows over a race-course. But the English ladies are sufficient atonement for all the sins and grossness of their husbands, brothers, and sons. They are perfection itself."

I murmured a few deprecatory sentences in answer to this flood of invective; but they were fashioned feebly, and finished lamely. It was for this very chance that he had been waiting.

"You will not answer me seriously," he said, "because you are still angry. No doubt I deserve your anger. I spoke as one who is full of new wine, and I can only claim to be forgiven on a pure appeal to mercy. You may impose on me any condition, or bind me by any pledge. But out of your charity you can surely find room for pardon."

"Let us think no more of anything that may have happened, Prince," I replied. "Mine is not a long memory."

"So be it. So be it," he laughed, not at all lightly, but with all the air, at any rate, of genuine relief. "Life is too short that we should waste it, and lose possible friendships over small misunderstandings which a word can put right. Let us," and here he raised his voice, "ask Mrs. Fortescue and Prince Melyanis what they think."

"Think of what?" asked Prince Melyanis, swinging round at once upon his heel.

"Of the weather," was the imperturbable answer. "Lady Craven thinks there is rain about. I, for my part, declare that I never yet saw in all my experience promise in skies so fair of fairer weather to follow."

It is positively ludicrous with what persistency I find myself haunted with the same idea. Here is a man who has never been selected even as an attache. And my late husband is at this moment making ducks and drakes, as the little boys say, of all England's vast interests at the Court of the largest Empire in the world.

I burst out laughing and forgot everything. And in a few seconds we were retracing our steps four abreast, chatting on every conceivable subject, and, so far as any listener could have gathered, deeply interested in our conversation.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

QUEER THINGS IN ANIMAL LIFE.

They Are So, but the Why of It Nobody Can Tell.

The greyhound runs by sight only. This is a fact. The carrier pigeon flies his hundreds of miles homeward by eyesight, noting from point to point objects that he has marked. This is only conjecture. The dragon fly, with 12,000 lenses in his eye darts from angle to angle with the rapidity of a flashing sword, and as rapidly darts back, not turning in the air, but with a clash reversing the action of his four wings and instantaneously calculating the distance of the objects, or he would dash himself to pieces. But in what conformation of the eye does this power consist? No one can answer.

Ten thousand mosquitoes dance up and down in the sun, with the minutest interval between them, yet no one knocks another headlong on the grass or breaks a leg or a wing, long and delicate as they are. Suddenly a peculiar, high-shouldered, vicious creature, with long and pendant nose-darts out of the rising and falling cloud and settling on your cheek inserts a poisonous sting. What possessed the little wretch to do this? Did he smell your blood while he was dancing? No one knows.

A carriage comes suddenly upon some geese in a narrow road and drives straight through the flock. A goose was never yet fairly run over, nor a duck. They are under the very wheels and hoofs, and yet they contrive to flap and waddle safely off. Habitually stupid, heavy and indolent, they are, nevertheless, equal to any emergency.

Why does the lonely woodpecker, when he decends from his tree and goes to drink, stop several times on his way and listen and look around before he takes his draught? No one knows. How is it that the species of an ant which is taken in battle by other ants to be made slaves should be the black or negro ant? No one knows.

The power of judging of actual danger and the free-and-easy boldness that results from it are by no means uncommon. Many birds seem to have a correct notion of a gun's range, and are scrupulously careful to keep beyond it. The most obvious resource would be to fly right away out of sight and hearing, but this they do not choose to do.

A naturalist of Brazil gives an account of an expedition that he made to one of the islands of the Amazon to shoot spoonbills, ibises, and other magnificent birds which are abundant there. His design was completely baffled, however, by a wretched little sandpiper, which preceded him, continually uttering his tell-tale cry, which at once aroused all the birds within hearing. Throughout the day did this individual bird continue its self-imposed duty of sentinel to others, effectually preventing the approach of the hunter to the game and yet managing to keep out of the range of his gun.

Proof to the Contrary.

Figg—You don't mean to say that Skoffer is an atheist? That he does not believe in a supreme being?

Fogg—Oh, no; not so bad as that. He knows to the contrary. Is he not fully aware of the existence of Skoffer?

Household.

The Ideal Kitchen.

Mrs. S. C. Bourne gives some excellent points in the arrangement of the workshop of the home.

The ideal kitchen cannot be found in every home, but in every kitchen there should be a table by the side of the sink, on which to place dishes, etc., both clean and awaiting washing, and another table near the stove on which articles from the oven and frying pan may be cooled. Articles used in cooking which heat will not spoil should be in the kitchen on a shelf, spices, pepper, and salt dredges and such like. The pantry should be arranged so that while working at the broad shelf we can reach materials as tools, without taking one unnecessary step. When baking use as few dishes as possible; let one cup measure flour, sugar, butter and milk in the order mentioned. On ironing day bake or boil meat enough for several days.

The meats nicely sliced and garnished will not be tiresome if they are served with a change of vegetables each meal. It is quite a welcome saving of steps and fuel as well as of time. The dining room if possible should be connected with the kitchen by a slide and if as in many old houses, where each generation have added an ell, there is a step where it should not be, arrange the matter by nailing a few strong boards so as *to make a gently inclined plane.* I know a woman who is a slave to a jog in the wall which projects between the kitchen and pantry door and the crockery which is broken there amounts to a good deal in the course of a year.

I wondered once why my hostess dreaded so much the making of a loaf of cake. I no longer wonder for I have seen her make one. She went into the pantry for a tin dish, from the table drawer came a spoon; it was then necessary to look for the sieve on the shelf of a second pantry and the flour barrel was found in a back room down a flight of stairs and at the end of a lengthy passage. The moulding board was in another room, the baking powder searched for in the darkest corner of a cupboard, the sugar was on a stone in the parlor so ants should not devour it and flour marks on each door handle marked the way the cook had pursued. Butter was in the cellar, milk in an out of door ice house, the nutmegs and nutmeg grater far apart, eggs hunted for in the barn, egg beater unearthed from a closely packed drawer; altogether it took two hours and at least 56 movements, before the cake was made.

To all appearances she was a model housekeeper. Everything was already in perfect order, but it took all her time and energy, so that she neither had time for reading or recreation and was always tired out. Along with this woman may be classed those who for years place the dishes to be wiped in a narrow sink and make a separate journey to the dining-room with each plate, knife and fork because there is no shelf or side table near on which the dried crockery may be piled; and the other woman who won't have casters on her furniture and sweeps around a bureau all her life because, without a strong man handy, it is impossible to get under it.

On the other hand, the woman who plans, and carries out her plans with energy, compelling her family to be on time with military precision, is apt to gain the reputation of a domestic martinet. I think the old lady had the correct idea when, on her husband finding water at the opposite end of the house from the kitchen, she insisted that oxen be attached to the house and the whole thing be swung around so that the sink would be over the well and water brought by working a pump handle. If things are not convenient don't cultivate patience and put up with them; instead set our brains to work and invent labor-saving methods.

Useful Recipes.

At this season cooking becomes a task and any new suggestion is therefore welcome. Old housekeepers may find nothing novel in the following recipes but the beginners will find a helpful hint.

Baked Roley Poley.—One quart of flour sifted with three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, two full tablespoonfuls of lard, two cups of milk, yolk of an egg, one teaspoonful of salt, a large cup of jam, marmalade, or canned (and strained) berries, well sweetened. Beat the yolk light and stir into the milk; chop up the shortening into the flour until well incorporated; wet the flour with the milk into a good dough; roll out half an inch thick, spread with the fruit and roll up closely; pinch the outer edges together and lay the roll, the joined sides downward, in a floured baking pan; bake until browned; wash over with whipped white of egg and send to table; serve with hard sauce.

Hard Sauce.—One large cup of powdered sugar, whipped to a cream with two tablespoonfuls of butter, one great spoonful of currant jelly beaten in well, as much cinnamon as will lie on half a dime; when mixed heap on a saucer or glass dish and set in a cold place to harden.

Prune Pie.—Set a dish of well washed, clean prunes covered with water in an oven fairly well heated and let them swell. Then take them out and remove the pits, and take the pits and the water in which the prunes have soaked, and adding a little more, stew the pits for half an hour; this liquid must be saved to pour a portion over the prunes when they are in the pie ready to bake. The juice and the prunes must be put in cold. Bake with a top and bottom crust.

Broiled Ham and Baked Eggs.—A nice way to serve eggs with broiled ham is to butter some patty tins, sprinkle with fine crumbs of bread, break an egg into a saucer, and then without disturbing the yolk, pour it into the tin. Set the tins into a hot dripping pan and let them stand in the oven until the white is cooked; then after putting the thin slices of nicely broiled ham upon a hot platter, take the eggs from the oven and turn out on the ham; close the oven door while the eggs are cooking.

Sleeve Making.

Many dressmakers baste a thin piece of wadding to the lining from the shoulder to the elbow when the arm is thin and ugly, to give a firm and graceful look to the sleeve. Baste the outside goods on over the wadding and close the seams of the sleeves, the same as if the wadding were not used. In making sleeves close about the wrist always leave a seam open at the band about two inches, to insure getting on and off easily. This opening may be fastened with buttons or hooks and eyes. It is always well to line sleeves with silk if possible, particularly coat sleeves, as they slip over all garments of whatever material so much easier than when lined with any other fabric. Above every other consideration, in making sleeves, remember to have the elbow come in the right place.

In basting the sleeve in, hold it toward you and be sure to get every fold and gather laid correctly so that when it is sewed later by the machine there will be no unsightly puckers.

The action of human breath will corrode aluminum. This was discovered by the experiment of using the metal as the diaphragm in the mouthpiece of a telephone.

HIS TOUGH SHARK STORY.

The Brighton Boatman Had Seen Many Strange Fish in His Day.

"Have I ever seen a shark? Lor' bless your heart, sir, hundreds of 'em!"

This was in reply to one of the numerous questions put to an old Brighton boatman by a London excursionist on his first holiday trip to that fashionable resort and who was indulging in a row on the briny ocean.

"Have I ever seen a shark? Ask my mate, him that's rowing that 'ere couple out yonder. We were shipmates together aboard the Rajapootah Indiaman. His father, who is dead and gone this twenty year or more, was carpenter aboard of her.

"'Chips' we used to call him, and if you don't mind listening to an old salt who's been round the world enough times to make a landsman giddy at the very thoughts of it, I'll just tell you of a little adventure we had with one of them man-eating monsters.

"Well, one day we were becalmed on the line, when says young Bill—he was young Bill then, him as I just pointed out to you—says he, 'I shall have a swim round for a cooler,' for, believe me, the sun was that hot we had to throw buckets of water on the deck to keep it from catching fire.

"In fact, a pig we killed the day afore we hung aloft and roasted him in the sun, at ching the gravy in a bucket, and he was done beautifully.

"So in he goes, head first, with his clothes on, and me and his old man looked over the side, just abaft the forerigging, to see him come to the top of the water again.

"But no Bill could we see, and instead of him up came a tremendous shark with his sides sticking out as if he had a cargo inside over and above his regular bill o' lading.

"It was then as clear to us as the nose on our faces that poor Bill had dived clear down his throat.

"The poor old man had a fit right away and we carried him below and put him in his hammock, and then ran up on deck again in the hopes that we should be able to catch the fellow.

"But it was nowhere to be seen, so, after watching some time to no purpose, we went down below to see how the old man was getting on, and to our astonishment and sorrow we found his body nearly cold and as stiff as the flying jibboom.

"We sewed him up in his hammock, putting the grindstone that he used to grind his tools with inside to make it sink and laid the body on a hatch, with the union jack spread over it for a pall.

"Then the skipper read the funeral service, all of us standing round dreadfully out up, me especially, for young Bill was my messmate, and I was very fond of the old man.

"As soon as the skipper has finished the last words—which I shall never forget, they was so solemn—the hatch was tipped up and overboard the body went with a splash, and all was over, at least we thought so.

"But almost immediately afterward up comes another shark, a bigger one, it seemed, than the first; certainly it was thicker.

"The boatswain at once ran for the shark hook and baited it with a junk of pork and slung it over the stern, and it was not many minutes afore we had him hooked and hauled on deck.

"Well, the first thing we did was to cut his tail off, for he was flapping it about so that it shook the ship from the stem to stern, that we were afraid it would shake her to pieces.

"After we had done that we thought we heard a very strange noise inside of him, a sort of grating sound, like a boat being dragged over a shingly beach.

"So we set to and cut off his head, and then ripped him up, when what d'ye think! what should we see, to our great atonishment and delight, but Bill and his father sitting upright like two Jonahs, the youngster turning the grindstone and the old man sharpening his kniife, intending to cut their way out of the creature's belly.

"You say I said the old man was dead? Please don't interrupt me and I'll tell you all about it.

"There's no doubt but what he seemed dead, but it was only his blood froze with horror, and the shark warmed him to life again.

"What made him most uncomfortable, Bill said, was the slipperiness and topsyturveyness of the place, for there was no rest at all, for one minute he was standing on his head and the next on his feet, and then tossed from one side to the other, sometimes getting jammed between its ribs, that he wondered the meal didn't disagree with the fish itself.

"But at last came the climax, and Bill thought it was all over with him for down its throat was shot a heavy body like a sack of coals right atop of him, nearly smothering him, so that he had scarcely room to move or breathe, and he must have been some time insensible, he said, when he was woke up by a loud report.

"He thought for a moment the creature had swallowed a powder barrel and it had exploded, but it was only the bursting of the canvas shroud the old man was sewn up in, which had blown up like a paper bag.

"The noise in its inside, Bill said, must have astonished the shark, for he again found himself standing on his head, so he knew he was making for the surface, and on reaching there it opened its enormous jaws for air, when a flood of light entered between the rows of teeth which enabled Bill on gaining his feet to take stock of his lodgings, and the very first thing that he saw was his old father crawling out from under the canvas like a chick from its shell.

"The old man had caught sight of the grindstone and soon put it into working order, and on the fish once more coming to the top again admitting light Bill at once saw what was in the wind, and they commenced business at once, when they were startled by a sudden change in the shark's movements, and soon they distinctly heard the sound of human voices, and they knew they were saved.

"Well, we all was so thankful at their miraculous escape from the jaws of death that every mother's son of us on board took our solemn affidavits that we'd never tell a lie or anything of that kind again, and me and my mate have kept our words ever since."

Sad End of a Lover.

Inability to declare his amorous passion in fluent and intelligible French has led to the self-destruction of a young Florentine, named Luigi Marmini. This youth came to Paris some months since, and, after having found employment, he foolishly threw it up in order to spend his days gazing at a fascinating damsel of Montmartre whose face was to be seen very frequently inside a window exactly opposite Marmini's abode. After much trouble, the Florentine succeeded in securing a meeting with the captivating young woman. They came together under some trees in the most romantic part of Montmartre; but the Italian spoke such atrocious French that the girl only laughed in his face and mimicked his strange jargon. Marmini then went off to a tavern in anguish, drank several glasses of reputed brandy, and stabbed himself to death.

The Soo Canal is Finished.

Mr. Hugh Ryan, contractor for the Sault Ste Marie Canal, is in Ottawa. He says that work on the Canadian canal is practically finished and the canal is very nearly ready to be opened for navigation, only some little work on the gates remaining to be done. Hon. Mr. Haggart will pay a visit to the canal immediately after prorogation, and it is expected that the opening for traffic will take place very shortly after his return.

TOO MANY MEN IN AMERICA.

The Country Overrun With Them as Proved by the Census of 1890.

Marrying and giving in marriage is purely a personal matter in this happy land of independence. Perhaps more than in any other country in the world it is a matter of sentiment; and that so may it be until the end of time is the aspiration of all true lovers and happy wedded folk. But at the risk of brushing off some of the bloom of fancy from this subject, says the Boston Post, it is interesting to regard it in the cold light of figures which tells what kind of an aggregate is made up by the individual tendencies of the American people toward matrimony. Such figures are furnished for the first time by the census of 1890, former enumerators not having been concerned with this very important feature of the social condition of the United States.

The first thing which catches the attention in the tabulations of the census bureau is the vast number of young bachelors. At the age of 24 years only 20 out of 100 are married, and even up to 30 years nearly one-half still remain single. The women do better. At the age of 24 years nearly half of them have become wives, and before they reach 30 years nearly three-quarters of them have found their mates. As a rule women marry at an earlier age than men, and this accounts in part for the difference. But the fact remains that the vast army of young men of America remain bachelors at an age at which their grandfathers were at the heads of families and bound to the community by the strongest ties known in our social system.

Exact comparison is, of course, impossible, owing to the absence of figures for previous years; but it is safe to say that this habit of bachelorhood has increased and that the tendencies of modern conditions of life are toward its further growth. As the standard of luxury—which we have come to call comfort—is raised, the cost of maintaining a family becomes greater and the responsibility becomes more formidable. The young man who can support himself in ease hesitates to assume greater burdens, which must involve some sacrifice of his habits and may bring the need of greater exertion as a bread-winner than he in his bachelor freedom, likes to contemplate. And so the young woman, seeing new opportunities of agreeable occupation opening up on all ends for those of her sex who have capacity for business, for art, for industry of many kinds, may be influenced by greater indifference to the sentiment which leads to marriage. Yet which is the better state? If long life is the desired thing these census figures have something of interest to tell the young bachelors of America. They show that of all the American men and women who have reached the age of 65 years, 94 out of every 100 are married. All but six out of the 100 who have perished in their bachelorhood have dropped out of the world.

MILITARY DESPOTISM.

The United States May Increase its Army to Overawe Labor.

An excuse for increasing the standing army of the United States may probably be found in the present labor disturbances. Such an increase is already being advocated, and agitated. A resolution to authorize it has been introduced into the House since the brush between the troops and the rioters at Chicago. The crisis is supposed to have demonstrated the inadequacy of the military force at the President's command. It would be a singular result of the strike if it should be the means of bringing into existence an army to overawe labor. Among all the standing armies of Europe to-day, there is none that is professedly maintained for the purpose of keeping any part of the domestic population cowed. It has hitherto been the boast of the United States that it needed no standing army, and its exemption from the expenses of one made its country

A CHEAP ONE TO LIVE IN.

As its frontiers did not touch on any great military power, its foreign relations did not require the keeping up of a great standing army. The republics that have kept it up, such as those of Central America and those of South America, have been kept in constant hot water by it through civil war. Their experience illustrated the wisdom of the United States doing without such a luxury. The history of these republics has shown that the standing army cultives the ambition and the power of the man on horseback. France has once or twice taught the same lesson. A standing army fits in better with a monarchy than it does with a democracy. A free people, every man of whom has a vote, kept in subjection to the laws of the country by a military force would be something of a curiousity. Any assistance that a standing army could render for the preservation of order could be rendered by a citizen soldiery unless it is desired to establish or uphold a despotism. The best standing army a free country can have for the protection of property and the support of the laws is a contented and

INDUSTIOUS POPULATION.

Such a people will have enough at stake to be always ready to muster a larger force for the defence than for the destruction of wealth and order. Senator Peffer's resolution to nationalize the coal mines, the railways, and certain other wealth in the country is not more extremely socialistic than General Draper's resolution to fit up the army as an *instrument of government* is extremely despotic. The strike shows the United States not why it should increase its standing army, but where it should push the sovereignty of its laws. That is for the purpose of preventing labor differences from going so far.

BOTH WERE CONSIDERATE.

The Burglar and the Burglarized Came to Terms Amicably.

An almost unprecedented instance in the burglary line occurred a week or so ago in Kanda district, Tokyo. In the small hours of the morning a suspicious noise was heard in the dwelling of a druggist in Koyanagi-cho, and his son, who was bedridden, awoke to find a robber, armed with a dirk, just entering the room. The invalid gave a loud cry, which awoke and immediately brought the druggist to the spot. The thief appeared to be nonplussed, and when angrily addressed replied, his teeth chattering with fright, that this was his first attempt at robbery. The druggist himself, distrustful of the ugly-looking knife, told the thief that there was nothing in the house and that he had better go home. "But after taking all the trouble to break in," said this curious burglar, "you might let me have just a little. I'm a poor man and cannot afford to work for nothing." The druggist "pitied" him—we quote from a vernacular contemporary—and handed him a yen banknote and 50 sen in copper. The latter the burglar refused, saying that one yen was quite sufficient for his immediate wants, and then this remarkable scene came to a close. It would seem that both were very timid people, this being the burglar's first appearance in public, while the druggist, despite the proverbially unstrained quality of mercy—was evidently in the bluest of funks.—[Japan Mail.

British and Foreign.

Kaiser Wilhelm sits for his photograph about once a week.

The salary and expense allowance of President Casimir-Perier is $240,000 per year.

Major Griffiths, who has long been a contributor to the London News, succeeds Edmund Yates as the editor of that journal.

It is estimated that foreign stocks amounting to $3,819,035,000 are held in Great Britain, and the interest receivable upon them $145,000,000 per annum.

A tremendous school of whales came into Kirkwall bay, Orkney, the other day, causing a most spirited chase, while ever 100 were captured the same afternoon at Westray, a little further north in the islands. The whales were of the porpoise species, and about seven feet long.

London has an annual average rainfall of but twenty-five inches, Paris twenty-two inches, Manchester thirty-six inches, and Edinburgh thirty-eight inches, while Boston shows forty-six inches, New York forty-five inches, Philadelphia forty-one inches, and Chicago thirty-six inches.

It is said that one of Lord Coleridge's peculiarities was his habit when on circuit of strolling round the court to keep himself awake. This was a frequent practice of his when sitting late to finish a case, and was extremely disconcerting to the counsel who happened to be addressing him.

An eminently practical German scientist is said to have applied a mild current of electricity to a swarm of bees, quickly causing them to fall to the ground in a stupefied condition. The bees could be safely handled *while in this condition, and if the* electrical current were not too strong, no injury was done to them.

Krupp's 130-ton steel gun costs £39,000 to construct, and can be fired only between fifty and sixty times, after which it becomes worn out and useless. Two shots a minute can be discharged, so that if it were fired continuously it would become valueless in considerably less than an hour. Each projectile costs £950, and weighs 2,600 pounds, while the gun has a range of fifteen miles.

A rainmaker in India has an apparatus, in the shape of a rocket, which is capable of raising to the height of a mile. It contains a reservoir of ether. In its descent it opens a parachute, which causes it to come down slowly. The ether, thrown out in fine spray, absorbs the heat and lowers the temperature, and a limited shower is the result of the rapid condensation of vapor.

The Czar has created a new official in his court, who goes by the curious title of "The General Near Our Person." This officer is at the head of a Department of State—also newly created—whose duty is to guard the safety of the palace and his Majesty's person, especially on railway journeys. The new department is under the direct supervision of the Czar, and is exempt from any authority but his own.

The papers have latterly foreshadowed the imminent retirement of the Duke of Cambridge from the office of Commander-in-Chief, and some assert that Lord Wolseley will succeed him. The first report has been repeated for many years, and there is no more truth in it now than there was on previous occasions. As to Lord Wolseley being appointed to succeed his Royal Highness, this is considered altogether improbable, as the post will be in all likelihood given to the Duke of Connaught.

Pasteur, the French scientist, has shown that all fruits and vegetables when undergoing even partial decay contain bacteria, which, if taken into the stomach, may cause disease. Fruit grown near to the ground may contain the bacteria of typhoid fever, tetanus, diphtheria, or cholera, which may have found their way into the material used for fertilizing, or may have become incorporated with the dried dust. Hence one should never neglect to cleanse fruit. Especial care should be taken with imported or shipped fruit—more particularly that from districts where there are infectious diseases.

A BIG BOOM COMING.

British Columbia Will Benefit by the Nicaragua Canal.

British Columbia is to have another big boom. So say those whose special hobby is forecasting the future. Their chief reason for this assertion, says the Mississippi Valley Manufacturer, and a very plausible one it seems, is that on completion of the Nicaragua Canal, freight rates between the old and new world will drop so materially that British Columbia and the entire coast country will eventually become the source of supply in lumber and wood pulp, etc., for the European markets. This is the way it is explained: It now takes a vessel several months to reach England from Vancouver around the Horne. By way of the Nicaragua Canal the passage may be made in 60 days without transhipping while steamers can make the canal in eight days, and from the canal to England in 16 days. It is said that the Canadian Pacific railway in conjunction with a line of fast steamers, could afford to fix rates between British Columbia and England at figures corresponding with the present rates between Vancouver and San Francisco. Heretofore wood pulp has been mainly supplied to European markets from Austria, and the cargo transhipped five or six times in passage, and here by the aid of the Nicaragua canal, the coast would far outstrip all competitors, as the paper pulp of British Columbia and Puget Sound, made from the gumless spruce, is said to be superior to any pulp in the market, the same may be said of our cottonwood, used in the manufacture of fine quality paper, as well as the wood for block-paving so extensively used in the large European cities. Eastern States and Canada will benefit from the shorter distance and lower rates of the canal route, but not so materially as the Pacific coast, whose shippers will be brought in direct competition with their hitherto invulnerable rivals of the old world.

Buried on Foot.

Clement Spelman of Narburg, Recorder of Nottingham, England, who died in 1679, is immured upright inclosed in a pillar in Narburg Church, so that the inscription is directly against his face. Thomas Cooke, who was a governor of the bank of England from 1737 to 1739, and who had formerly been a merchant residing in Constantinople died at Stoke Newington, Aug. 12, 1752, and by his directions his body was carried

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T. P. FISHER, NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING Agent, 21 Merchants' Exchange, San Fr ncisco is our authorized agent. This paper is kept on file in his office.

Wednesday, August 22, 1894.

THE OTHER SIDE.

The NEWS has made some adverse criticism upon certain road and bridge matters and out of a spirit of fairness now gives what is said on the other side.

1st. With reference to the Oyster River bridge the NEWS claimed that there must have been some blunder to have occasioned the necessity for the amount allowed as extra. The contract price was between $800 and $900, and $150 was paid the contractor over and above his contract, It is said it was necessary to cut down neighboring trees to prevent their falling upon and injuring the structure, and that the river bank on the south or south-east side proved shelvy and necessitated the frame work there to be filled in with stone, the same as the middle pier, and that there were always some matters unforseen and and unprovided for which required to be done.

As the merits or the demerits of the bridge have not been discussed in these columns nothing will be said about them here.

2nd. As to the extention of the Tsolum River road it is contended that Mr. Dick Creeck has made considerable improvements upon his ranch and was compelled to leave because he could get no road so as to get things to or from his place. That he desires to live there provided he can have a road. That a road can be built to answer the purpose for about one half what has been represented as its cost, that before the last tenders were called for a moderate sum had been named by the Department as allowable for that work, and that as tenders were required for the information of the department, and as it was uncertain whether they would be within the limit so that they would be actually let, and as the money remaining for the use of road work was small it was believed that the expense of advertising the calls in the local paper, as others had been this year was unnecessary; and that the ommission to put up a notice of calls at Courtenay (on the blacksmith shop as is usually done) arose in this way: The government agent gave a notice to his brother to be put up at that place, but that gentleman forgot about it until he reached Duncan's and then put it up there thinking it would answer as well.

FREE COAL.

The prospect of the duty on coal being abolished by the American Congress is good. The news that the House of Representatives had passed the Senate tariff bill with all its amendments —swallowed everything, after having declared that they would never consent to an adjournment until the Senate accepted the Wilson bill, and after the President had denounced it as a perfidy—was enough to take ones breath. A study of the proceedings of the Democratic caucus at which the matter was arranged explains the mystery. Between the lines of what was said you could read the fact that the Senate, indignant at the language of Cleveland, its pride wounded, would never yield directly, but that if the house would humor them by passing their bill they would THEN pass brief bills putting iron, coal and sugar on the free list. The Senate, therefore really yields all the House demands, all but the form. The special bills will be put through before the expiration of ten days which the President has to consider the main tariff bill, and all being in his hands, he will sign them all at the same time. As in the silver bill, he has proven himself master of the situation— a legislative power greater than Congress itself, and simply because he was with the people. This is the situation as we write, and it is not likely to be changed. The edict has passed the caucus, and congress will register its will. The effect on the coal mines of Nanaimo and this district will be felt at once, in increase activity.

Spirit of the Press

ALASKA ALL RIGHT.

From Alaska Mining Record.

While the people of Alaska notice the depression made by the money panic, yet they can congratulate themselves that no such a state of affairs exist here that the people are experiencing below. The business may not be such that large incomes are derived, yet all are doing well and are undergoing no great pressure to meet the obligations, while many people throughout the states—who formerly have been in good circumstances —are now living from hand to mouth. The depression is said to be some easier than it was last spring, but if we are to judge from the strikes that are continually taking place the reports are not very credible. The people of Alaska can congratulate themselves that they are at the present time living in the land of the midnight sun, where railroad strikes and bank closures are as unknown to them as cyclones and thunder storms.

IN A STREET CAR.

Harper's Bazar.

But a feeble bent old lady,
With a faded wrinked face,
Who along the car peered dimly
To obtain a vacant place;
Yet as if with pulse electric,
Instantly upon his feet,
Every man arose to give her
With a smile his empty seat.

Kindly glances rested on her;
Kindly hands were ready there
To support her should she need it,
For her soft and snowy hair
Seemed an aureole of glory
To those care-encumbered men,
As the mother love within them
Woke to cunsciousness again.

Ah there's nothing half so holy
In this world of sin and woe
As the love that blessed our childhood
In the years of long ago;
And a common chord of feeling
Linked together man with man
When the thought of home and mother
Throught that crowd of strangers ran.

NICARAGUA CANAL.

From Post-Intelligencer.

The chairman and another member of the reorganization committee of the Nicaragua Canal Company recently sailed for Europe, and it is reported that they have gone to negotiate for capital with which to carry on the construction of the canal to completion. According to the report a syndicate of English capitalists has offered to furnish the amount required, which is estimated at $80,000,000. The New York Times warns congress that while the report may be permature, nevertheless it is quite likely that sooner or later the company will turn over their enterprise to foreign capitalists if it does not get the necessary financial support from the country.

TO SETTLE THE DAMAGES.

From Victoria Colonist.

After a protracted and doubtless circumlocutory process it appears probable that, in order to settle the damages done to Canadian seals which were siezed by U. S. vessels previous to the Paris arbitration, a joint board of American and British commissioners will be created. It has taken a long time to arrive at this "probability"—for it is no more than such,—and of late it has hardly seemed as if anything at all would be done, preliminary quibblings as to formalities and and lack of action on the part of all the authorities concerned having caused the hopes of those who had been made to suffer to be almost altogether abandoned. In all probability, it is said, details of the United Stated proposition of settlement will be adopted before the end of the session of Congress. It may be remarked, that it has long been left without action, and it was the persistent delays which had occurred that served as a great hindrance in the first place, to the adoption of the principle of arbitration as carried out at Paris.

Prof. Wiggins says:—"We have had great inventions and discoveries in the nineteenth century, but they are as nothing compared with what will be discovered in the twentieth century. There is the best scientific evidence to prove that man is a native of Mars, where he lived millions of years before he was transplanted to the earth, leaving the greater part of the human family on their native planet, who regard us as their lost brethren. The force that carried us to the earth may be easily seen by the astronomer. The Marsians have 'been searching for us for thousands of years, but have been more persistent since they saw the electric lights in our cities, and we will be able to converse with them by signals before another century passes away"

BUSINESS WITH HAWAII.

The Hawaian Star publishes an interview with Financial Minister Damon, who returned from America on July 28. Mr. Damon expressed himself as greatly pleased with his visit to British Columbia, and the prospects for business with Hawaii. He says that "the prspects for opening an important trade with British Columbia are very flattering. There are men in that quarter with plenty of money to use in the departure, and matters will undoubtedly come around to a point that some satisfactory arrangements with regard to future commerce can be made."

RUSSIANS MOVING.

The Japanese Fleet Repulsed in an Endeavor to Capture Chinese Forts.

It is estimated that nearly 30,000 Russian troops are in Eastern Siberia. They have with them sixty-four heavy guns. This, taken in connection with the fact that Russia has sent eight warships under sealed orders to Corea, and that the commander-in-chief of Eastern Siberia is to hold in readiness to march at any moment, is regarded as significant. Japanese diplomats express confidence that the powers will not permit China to annex Corea.

A Shanghai dispatch says the Chiness fleet has left the coast for the purpose, it is believed, of intercepting transports carrying Japanese troops to Corea. There were only a few ironclads among the Japanese vessels that attacked Port Arthur and Wei Hai Wei. Most of the fleet were merchantmen which had been converted hastily into cruisers, and were carrying troops for work ashore. Nothing has been heard of the Japanese fleet since the 11th. There is considerable apprehension along the Chinese coast of the Yellow Sea. Small steam vessels are shouting on the outlook for the hostile squadron. The Chinese were greatly alarmed by the attack on Wei Hai Wei. More submarine mines have been laid before Taku and Wei Hai Wei. The British warship Mercury has left for Wei Hai Wei to protect foreigners there. Many of the bouys along the Chinese coast have been removed.

A disputch from Cheefoo says that the Jayanese attacked Port Hamilton (Port Arthur) Saturday evening, and were repulsed. A special dispatch to Cheefoo confirms the report that the Jayanese fleet attacked the Chinese fleet at Wei Hai Wei yesterday morning and were repulsed at one entrance of the harbor, and sbsequently made an attack at the other entrance.

The dispatch says the Japanese made a daring attempt to capture the forts and arsenals at Wei Hai Wei. The Japanese attacked in force, four cruisers and several smaller vessels holding in advance. The first shots were exchanged at daylight, but the Chinese were on the alert and their gunners returned vigorous fire from the forts. The Japanese apparently expected to take the Chinese by surprise while the latter's warships were away, the Chinese squadron, with the exception of some small gunboats and torpedo boats, having sailed the day before for another yort. The gunboats and fort kept up such a well-directed fire that the Japanese were unable to enter the harbor. The torpedo boats were then ordered to advance, and when they did so the Japanese fleet retired. The same Japanese fleet attacked the harbor entrance later in the day, but were defeated.

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The new discovery was made by the Specialists of the old famous Hudson Medical Institute. It is the strongest vitalizer made. It is very powerful, but harmless. Sold for $1.00 a package or 6 packages for $5.00 (plain sealed boxes). Written guarantee given for a cure. If you buy six boxes and are not entirely cured, six more will be sent to you free of all charges. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address

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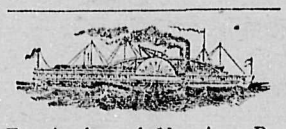

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J. E. BUTLER, MASTER.

On and after Mar. 22nd, 1893

The Steamer JOAN will sail as follows

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Leave Victoria, Tuesday, 7 a. m.
" Nanaimo for Comox, Wednesday, 7 a. m
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To take effect at 8.00 a. m. on Friday April 27th, 1894. Trains run on Pacific Standard Time.

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8 00 AM	De 3 01 PM	—	VICTORIA	Ar 2 34 PM	Ar 8 00 PM
8 04	3 08	1	RUSSELL'S	12 30	7 56
8 11	3 16	3	ESQUIMALT	12 19	7 45
8 20	3 26	5	GOLDSTREAM	12 12	7 38
8 26	3 36	7	SHAWNIGAN	12 05	7 31
8 34	3 44	9	SHAWNIGAN LE	11 57	7 23
8 41	3 51	11	COBBLE HILL	11 50	7 16
8 47	3 57	13	McGILLIVRAYS	11 44	7 10
8 54	4 04	15	DUNCANS	11 37	7 03
9 03	4 13	18	SOMENOS	11 28	6 54
9 10	4 20	20	CHEMAINUS	11 21	6 47
9 22	4 32	24	OYSTER BAY	11 09	6 35
9 30	4 40	27	NANAIMO	11 00	6 27
Ar 10 00	Ar 5 10	38	WELLINGTON	De 9 35	Ar 5 30
De 11 00	De 6 30			Ar 8 10 AM	
Ar 12 11 PM	Ar 6 31	78			

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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Mileage and Commution Tickets can be obtained on application to Ticket Agent, Victoria Station.

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COURTENAY, B.C.

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

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80 acres of fine land for sale or exchange or property at Courtenay, Union or Union Wharf.

Apply at this office.

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Pure Drugs Chemicals and Patent Medicines.

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CARRIAGE MAKERS

—AND—

General Blacksmiths.

—CUT PRICES.—

Bring on Your Work

UNION Bakery

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Best of Bread, Cakes and Pies always on hand.

The Bread Cart will be at Courtenay and Comox Tuesdays and Fridays.

Adderton & Rowbotham, Prop

Nanaimo Saw Mill

— and —

Sash and Door Factory

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A complete stock of Rough and Dressed Lumber always on hand; also Shingles, Laths, Pickets, Doors, Windows and Blinds, Moulding, Scroll sawing, Turning and all kinds of wood finishing furnished Cedar, White Pine, Redwood. All orders accompanied with CASH prompt ly and carefully attended to.

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Harbor and ontside towing done at reason able rates.

Cumberland Meat Market

All Kinds of

Fresh Meat, Hams and Bacon and

All Kinds of Vegetables and Farmers Produce,

Orders from surrounding country promptly filled.

A. C. Fulton, Prop.

PEDIGREE

—OF—

EARL OF MORAY Jr.,

FOALED JULY 5TH, 1887.

First Dam, by Scotchman. Second Dam by Bay Wallace. Third Dam, by Waxwork, etc.

The Earl of Moray, Jr., is a Drappled Brown in color, three white feet, with beautiful action and the finest quality of bone, and like his sire has a great constitution. He is rising four years old, Foaled July 5th, 1887, and weighs 1400 lbs. He was imported by John Hetherington, from Bruce County, Ontario, and will make the season of 1894 on his farm, Comox.

Earl of Moray; is by Earl of Moray, (4354,) registered in the Clydesdale Stud Book, Vol. VIII, page 422, with his dam Nance of Inchstelly, as it appears in his pedigree.—D. McINTOSH.

Terms— To insure for the season, $12.
" For single service, $5.
" Groom fees, $1.50.

Insurance Sale.

—AT—

Sloan & Scott's Nanaimo.

What is an Insurance Sale?

So many people ask the question. We shall explain:—

After the late disasterous fire in Nanaimo the Insurance Companies cancelled a large number of policies in some blocks. We have just $10,000.00 to place just at present in any other Company.

Now we cannot afford to carry over large stock without sufficient insurance Consequently we are compelled to unload. To do this quickly we have put the prices lower on everything in our immense stock—than Dry Goods have ever been bought before—less than cost in nearly every instance. See price lists which we have sent out.

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J. ABRAMS

Union Clothing Store

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Have Just received a fine Assortment of English Worsteds for Suitings. Also Keep Ready Made Clothing, Hats, Shoes and

GENTS FURNISHINGS.

☞ The Tailoring Department is in charge of D. McLeod, which is a guarantee of perfectly fitting garments and the best of workmanship.

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COURTENAY, B. C.

Fine Rigs at Reasonable Rates Always on Hand,

Teaming Promptly Done,

McQUILLAN & GILMORE.

Get Suited.

J. Abrams, the clothier of Union has a fine of 1400 samples to choose from for suitings, ranging from $22 per suit upwards. Perfect fit guaranteed

C. H. Beevor-Potts

Solicitor, Notary Public. Conveyancing in all its branches. Office Comercial St, Nanaimo.

Society Cards

I. O. O. F., No 11

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

Wm. Wright, R. S.

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

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

Visiting Brothers cordially requested to attend.

R. S. McConnell, Secretary.

K. of P.

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

John Baird
K. R.S.

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.

Robert Sanderson.

Joiner & Cartwright

Courtenay. B. C.

Union Clothing Store.

Goods At Cost.

For the next thirty days you can purchase at the Union Clothing Store Clothing, Hats, Boots, Shoes, White and Colord Shirts, Collars, Cuffs, Gents under Clothing, Socks, Overalls, Cordigan Jackets at cost. The above goods all new. Please call and inspect goods. Suits made to order at the lowest possible price

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UNION, B. C.

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Barrister and Solicitor. Office in 2nd flat, Green's Block, Nanaimo, B. C Will be in Union every Wednesday and Courtenay on Thursday.

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?

Home Made BoysSuits.

Suits for boys from two to ten years of age made to order, at reasonable rates.

Apply to
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Shop: Late Drug store.

Union, B. C.

GEO. H. SCOTT.

House and Decorative Painter,

Paper Hanger and Kalsominer.

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The Sweepstakes Yearling Shropshire Ram of 1891. Winner of First Prize at Shropshire and West Midland Show in England, 1891. Also First Prize in his class everywhere exhibited in America. Also Sweepstakes Winner over all Down Breeds at Minnesota and Dakota State Fairs, 1891, and Winner of Silver Medal at Dakota State Fair, Sioux Falls, 1891, for best Ram any age or breed with four Ewes.

Selected in England by A. O. Fox and now standing at the head of Woodside Flock.

Having imported a son (Top Pick) of the above celebrated Ram in 1892, and bred him to some fine Half Breed "Shropshire" Ewes. I have now for sale some Extra Fine Yearling Rams and Ram Lambs, at $20.00 each, I also have some good land improved or unimproved, in lots from 40 acres to 200 at from $10 an acre up and on terms to suit purchasers.

Apply to Geo. Heatherbell,
Hornby Island.

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