The Weekly News.

NO 27. COURTENAY, COMOX DISTRICT, B. C. WEDNESDAY, MAY 10, 1893. $2.00 PER YEAR

=McKim's= ESTABLISHMENTS, COURTENAY, B. C.

A Large Stock of Boots and Shoes of Cochrane and Cassell's Celebrated make just opened at McKim's Store, every pair warranted to give Satisfaction. Prices moderate.

MILLINERY PARLORS

Just opened by Mrs. McKim at her Residence near the Courtenay House an Extensive Stock of Everything in the Millinery Line. The Trimmings are Simply Elegant.

An invitation is extended to the Ladies to call and examine for themselves.

J. B. HOLMES

Importer and General Merchant

THE WHARF ÷–× COMOX, B. C.

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

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

COURTENAY PHARMACY.

PURE DRUGS & PATENT MEDICINES

Also Fancy Toilet Articles

TOBACCO AND CIGARS.

UNION MINES FURNITURE ESTABLISHMENT

A Full Line of Everything

BUILDERS and CONTRACTOR

UNDERTAKING IN ALL ITS BRANCHES

Grant and McGregor Props.

... George Howe. ...

COMOX and UNION B, C.

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

Orders Filled on Short Notice.

OPPORTUNITY ARRIVED

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

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

Directly Through The Property

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

Office at Courtenay. Wm Cheney, Real Estate Agt

THE BEST PLACE IN B. C.

to buy

Agricultural Implements, Farm and Mill Machinery, Mining and mill supplies, Hardware, Belting, Paints and Oils, Plaster, Cordage and Cement

is

NICHOLLES and RENOUF

Victoria, B C

P O Box 86 S E Corner Yates and Broad

Correspondence solicited.

This space reserved for

Simon Leiser,

Union, B. C.

McPhee & Moore.

COMOX, BC.

Importers & Dealers in

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

Sportsmens Supplies a Speciality

Riverside Hotel

Courtenay B C

J. J. Grant, Proprietor

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

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

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

Esquimalt and Nanaimo Ry.

Steamer Joan

J. E. BUTLER, MASTER.

On and after Mar. 22nd, 1893

The Steamer JOAN will sail as follows

CALLING AT WAY PORTS as passengers and freight may offer

Leave Victoria, Tuesday, 5 a. m.

" Nanaimo for Comox, Wednesday, 7 a. m

" Comox for Valdez Island, every alternate Thursday 7 a.m. (Returning same day.)

Leave Comox for Nanaimo, Fridays, 7 a.m.

" Nanaimo for Victoria, Saturday, 7 a.m

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

Esquimalt & Nanaimo R'y.

Time Table No. 17,

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

GOING NORTH READ DONW No. 2 Passenger Daily.	No. 4 Passenger Saturdays Sundays	Miles f'm Vic	Stations	Mls f'm Welgn	GOING SOUTH. READ UP No. 1 Passenger Daily	No. 3 Passenger Saturdays Sundays.
8 00 AM	De 3 30 PM		VICTORIA	78	Ar 12 24	Ar 5 38
8 04	3 34	1	RUSSELL'S	77	12 20	5 34
8 14	3 44	4	ESQUIMALT	74	12 10 PM	5 44
8 39	3 09	11	GOLDSTREAM	67	11 45 AM	5 19
9 14	3 38	20	SUMMIT SIDING	58	11 10	4 50
9 34	4 04	28	SHAWNIGAN L'E	50	10 50	4 34
9 44	4 14	31	COBBLE HILL	47	10 40	4 14
9 57	4 29	35	McPHERSON'S	43	10 27	3 53
10 07	4 39	38	KOKSILAH	40	10 17	3 49
10 12	4 44	40	DUNCAN'S	38	10 12	3 41
10 22	4 57	43	SOMENOS	35	10 02	3 34
10 45	5 16	53	CHEMAINUS	25	9 36	3 12
11 09	5 33	59	OYSTER BAY S G	19	9 15	2 55
Ar 11 50 / De 11 59	6 14	73	NANAIMO	5	De 8 34 / Ar 8 25	3 14
Ar 12 14 PM	Ar 6 29	78	WELLINGTON		De 8 10 AM	De 1 30 PM

On Saturdays and Sundays

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

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

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

Through rates between Victoria and Comox.

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

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

Society Cards

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

Ernest A. Holliday
Recorder.

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

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

Visiting Brothers cordially requested to attend.

W. J. Young
Secretary.

K. of P.

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

John Baird,
K. R. S.

COURTENAY HOUSE.

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

R. Graham, Propr.

T. C. Woods

Comox B. C.

Conducts a General Teaming and Livery Business

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

For Sale

521 Acres of Choice Land,

— and —

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

Title deeds can be seen in my possession.

Adam McKelvey

Union Steamship Co. B.C.Ltd.

HEAD OFFICE and Wharf, Vancouver. B.C.

Vancouver and Nanaimo—SS. Cutch Leaves C. P. R. Wharf daily at 1:00 p. m. returning from Nanaimo at 7 a. m. Cargo at Company's wharf until noon.

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

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

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

WM. WEBESTER, Manager

Telephone 94 P. O. Box 217

NEW SHOES

From our Old Makers, C. C. Co., of Montreal.

Always Satisfactory.

Duncan Bros.

J. W. McKenzie

Courtenay, B. C.

General Blacksmithing and Horse Shoeing.

Loggers' Work a Specialty.

WARNING

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

S. Creech
Gov. Agent.

Bay Gleanings.

Comox, May 9th.— I should like to know if the Sons of Temperance Society at the Bay is defunct. Is there not one mouldering ember left? I ask because several parties in the neighborhood have expressed a desire to see it go ahead and also a willingness to support it. I think the Bay is a good field to work in lots of promising young people of both sexes. It might be made the means of much intellectual and social good.

I am imformed by the trustees of the K. of P. Hall that the upstairs hall will soon be in good order and for rent to other societies. I should think that would be considered a more comfortable place than the school house, and is certainly more accessible.

Wm Jones, better known as Whisky Jones, proprietor of the Farmers' Home and shingle factory died suddenly on Saturday night at about 11 p. m., at the Union wharf, where he had been for some time ill but faithfully nursed by his forest mate. The body was brought to the Bay on Sunday at 3 p. m., where it was taken charge of by Gov. Agent, Sam. Creech. Dr. Young held a post mortem examination and declared death due to an affecion of the liver.

It is very amusing to listen to the critisms your little locals create among some of your learned readers. I think it is more an indication of their application than otherwise. Of course if it were not for the local paper, we should never hear the eloquent outbursts of sentiment from the lips of some of your constant readers. I should like, Mr. Editor, to mix up a soothing dose for use in case of a sudden emergency, as some of those spasmodic attacks of pathos for THE WEEKLY NEWS might prove fatal, when by the application of a drop or two of my anti-otta of roses, would effect a cure.

The hunter, Ed. Small, is down from the north. He brought some prime beaver skins which netted him a very nice little sum. He leaves again Friday.

Messrs Swan & Fitgerald have returned after a not very succerful trip. They report game very scarce.

Mr. Geo. McDonald of the Elk hotel has secured the services of Jack McKenzie as clerk. He is popular among the boys being well known among the loggers.

The Joan last Wednesday was in at 2 p. m. Passengers: Miss Carwithen, Thos Cairns, J. McPhee, C. Braunch, J. H. Scott and Collison. Consignees: McPhee & Moore, J. B. Holmes and T. Cairns. When she left on Friday morning for below she took Mr. and Mrs. R. Cessford, W. Cheney, Mr. Westwood and Mr. Collison.

The SS. Coquitlam did not arrive until early Tuesday morning on account of having to call at Nelson Island stone quarry to land a party of men and supplies. They will get out rock there for the dry dock at Seattle. The consignees were Duncan Bros. (boots and shoes) J. B. Holmes (nails) J. McKim (oranges) Geo. Howe (fresh beef) Tom Woods (hay) and Wm Rennison.

Blue Mud.

Capt Butler Interviewed

The reporter of THE NEWS was instructed to interview Capt. Butler on the arrival of the Joan, May 3rd, with reference to the complaint of the people of Hornby at the failure of the steamer to make the usual stop there a fortnight before. Obeying instructions the captain was seen at The Elk, handed a copy of the paper and requested to read the Hornby communications which he did.

"Now, sir," said the knight of the quill, "What have your got to say?",

"Oh," replied Capt. Butler, "I think if our Hornby friends had been out on the Joan they would have thought differently. The place is exposed and when the water is rough a landing at the wharf is liable to make trouble."

"Do you mean to say it was rough that day?"

"Decidedly. It is not so easy to see that upon the shore. But ask any of the passengers, and you will quickly find out. We try to accommodate as far as we can, and regret that our Hornby friends feel agrieved,"

Mr. T. Conway of Chemanis, who was a passenger on the trip referred to, was then seen. He stated that the Gulf was "pretty rough"

NOTE.—We have now given both parties a hearing, and do not see that anything is to be gained by further discussion of this particular case. We sympathise with the people of Hornby in the want of better transportation facilities and trust that the Joan people will stretch, a point to accommodate these "pioneers" which judging from the kindly tone of Capt. Butler he is disposed to do within, of course, the limits of prudence.

Silently Slumbers.

The little son and only child of Mr. and Mrs. John Fraser of this place, Daniel Alexander, aged 16 months and 1 week sank into its last sleep on Wednesday of last week (May 3rd.) The funeral was from the family residence on Friday where a short service was conducted by the Rev. Mr. Fraser. From there the remains were taken to the church where the services were continued, at the close of which the funeral party repaired to the cemetery near by where the precious blossom which had been tended with such care was consigned to its narrow bed.

The pall bearers were Walter McPhee Charlie Clay, Johnnie Urquhart, Oscar Davis. A beautiful feature of the service was the presence of so many flowers, sweet children of the garden and forest, which covered the beautiful casket as if in mute sympathy.

Among those who brought or sent flowers were Mrs. Stewart, Mrs. Willemar, Mrs. Mundell, Mrs. Sam Piercy, Mrs. Lambert, Mrs. Len. Davis, and Miss Celia and Master Oscar Davis. A cross and heart was the offering of Mrs. Hooper, a cross and wreath of Mrs. McKenzie, a cross and wreath by Mrs. Mathewson and Mrs. McConnell, a cross by Mrs. McArdle, a cross and wreath by Mrs. Grant, and a cross and wreath by Miss Cliffe and Mrs. McDonald.

God's hand lies heavy on us now!
A waiting soul has fled,
Our home is sad and lonely,
Our darling Dan is dead.
Oh! great, indeed has been our loss,
But greater still, his gain,
For he has conquered over death
And loosed the bonds of pain.

Union Flashes

This month will prove a better one than the last. There have been steamers and vessels to take away the coal lately, and consequently there will be more coal mined. That will mean a larger pay roll and better times. But what after June 1st? It is hard to say. It will be better or worse with the chances greatly that it will be better. At any rate the signs of better times are the most numerous. The Sargeant is the latest in for coal, and the work on the new cars goes bravely on.

There is not much to be said about the Japs. There has been only the one death and the only ones who appear to be suffering are the can't afford it benevolent people of this town who are feeding them

What the effect of the fierce philipic of the Grit-schoolmaster of this place in his TIMES correspondence will have on the government for its disconnection with the affair is hard to say. One feels the chill of the Siberian icebergs as he reads the article and wonders why the Attorney General does not resign.

It is said spring is coming— but what is it waiting for we would like to know. Perhaps winter is so charmed with spring that it is still lingering. A good many people are getting impatient at its ways and do not hesitate to express themselves in a manner not at all complimentary to the gray-bearded old fellow, and if he is not soon gone there will be an open revolt.

An accident accured last Friday in No. 4 slope. A train of loaded coal cars was being moved up the slope when the rope suddenly parted, the cars moving back with great velocity. The train was accompanied by a white man and a Chinaman. The former jumped and escaped, but the latter had both legs broken besides his head was badly injured. He died in about two hours.

Rev. John Robson left Tuesday morning for New Westminster to attend the Methodist Conference. He is expected to return next Monday.

L. Mounce of R. Grant and Co., came up last Wednesday.

Mr. Rainich, drummer for a Victoria stationery house was here last week.

The water burst into No. 5 level of No 4 slope Sunday morning. An extra pipe was put in and by dint of a good deal of hard work the slope is in working order again.

The house recently occupied by Mr. Alex Walker is to be made the Presbyterian manse, at least pro tem. It is being put in good order and newly furnished Grant & McGregor have the contract for the furniture.

Union Wharf.

This place is bound to grow. Indeed important improvements are now being arranged for. A store and hotel will be erected and the place will soon have a business air. A license for a hotel has already been applied for and will undoubtedly be granted. While we do not believe in saloons separate and apart from hotels, yet we think any respectable person applying for a license in connection with a hotel should be granted it. In other words that all should be treated alike, and that no one or number should have a monopoly of the business. The matter of license comes up on the 15th inst we believe.

The wharf or near by— let us soon have another name for the place—is a good business point, in our opinion and convenient to the islands and settlement below and this side. With the opening up of business at this place an effort should be made to extend the road down by Piercy's and Carter's to Union wharf. This would not only make a delightful drive but would be a great convenience to settlers upon the road and afford another opening to the steamboat landing without crossing the long bridge. With reference to the parties interested it is no secret that the Bay merchant, J.B. Holmes, is at the back of the enterprise, which ensures its success.

Roll of Honor.

The report of Puntledge public school for April 1893 is as follows: Pupils enrolled 42; average attendance 32. At the head of their respective classes: 5th class, Eliza Milligan; 4th class, Adelaide Willemar; 3rd class, Eddie Parkin; second class, Sophia Garnet; 2nd primmer, Florence Harmston; 1st primmer, Charles Bridges.

J. B. Bennett, teacher.

South Comox School

(April Roll of Honor)

5th CLASS— 1st Eddie Anderton, 2nd Emma McDonald, 3rd. May Butler.

3rd. CLASS— 1st Flora McDonald, 2nd Harvey Creech, 3rd Rachel Lyttell, 4th Lydia McDonald.

2nd CLASS— 1st Charlie Luckey, 2nd Harry Teague, 3rd Walter Creech, 4th Teddie Cliffe, 5th Lillie Creech, 6th Joseph Reynolds, 7th Mathew Lyttell, 8th James Lyttell.

PART 2nd— Leo Anderton.

1st CLASS— 1st Bessie McDonald, 2nd Jessie McDonald, 3rd Myra Cliffe, 4th Tommy Cliffe.

A Noted Animal

The introduction of blooded stock into this section is a matter of public importance and we are very glad to note such instances of enterprise. The latest is the importation by S. F. Crawford of a Holstein-Friesian bull, a very fine animal, with the following certificate of registry from The Holstein-Friesian Association of America:

The bull named Rex of Lulu owned and bred by M. Steves & Sons, Steveston B. C., calved April 27th, 1890, color white ears, patch on each side head, neck, down on left fore-arm, patch and spot on right side, patch and three spots on left, black; sire Duke of Lulu, No. 11624, H. F., dam Jansie Girl, No. 8359, H. F. Has been accepted for registry in the ninth volume of the Holstein-Friesian Herd Book, under the rules of the Association, and will be numbered as above.

April 28th, 1891 Thomas B. Wales Sec.

Real Estate Snaps.

For sale in acre and half acre lots prairie land of best quality, situated on the Tsolum River and within a mile and a half of Courtenay. Railway survey close to it. Splendid fishing and hunting near by. Apply at this office or to W.E. Harmton on the premises for price and terms

Local Brevities

"Coming events cast their shadows before."

For your new bonnets go to Mrs. McKim's.

Professional dignity is a great nuisance when accompained with imbecility.

McLean, the jeweler from Union was in town Monday.

The new cream-colored chariot of Robert Grant's livery drawn by a span of his spirited horses is a sight when he passes that brings every one to the windows.

The telephone charges from here to the Bay or to Union are only 10 cents. Its a strictly cash business.

The opening up of the avenue between the soda works and McKim's residence will shorten the distance to Sandwick and improve the appearance of the village

Wm Cheney and family are expected to move into the new residence lately erected by him in this village.

Robert Cessford will soon finish his house and expects to occupy it with his family.

Little work and big pay appears to be the demand of the times.

It appears necessary to remind some people that "to the pure all things are pure."

FOR SALE.— One horse wagon, bolster springs, with seat and box. Enquire of D. Stewart or this office.

FOR SALE.—Pure Brown Leghorn hens also eggs for hatching. Price $1,50 per setting of 13. Apply to Mrs. David Pickles, Denman Island.

The young clydesdale, Craigmore Bob, belonging to Wm. Lewis is a fine animal, not yet two years old Wm. Knox has charge of it this summer.

Jas. Pettet, for the Singer Manufacturing Co., and his wife have been here during the past week stopping at the Riverside hotel.

When a dirty dog with an auction neck tie on[collar] attacked an individual in a village store he came out of the encounter very much as the bear did when he grappled with a buzz saw.

Some of the friends of Mr. C. C. Westwood may have noticed that he wore a broader smile and carried his head a little higher than formerly. The explanation is found in the fact of the arrival of a young stranger in the family. His son is doing well.

When a little learning and a little brain and large self esteem come together they make a curious compound, sometimes denominated a contemptible puppy. Of course, a person with these peculiar qualities is very likely to put on airs imagining he is smarter than ordinary people, although the general verdict is that he is a fool. Neverthless it may be true that in some things he can do tolerably well write legibly, read with a fair intonation and become a sort of Jack at all trades.

General News.

The first ship over the Vancouver Australian line will leave Sidney today.

News comes that the Danube is tied up at Portland for carrying too many passengers also chinamen.

The census of British Columbia is to be gone over and a tally of the white population made.

The second reading of the bill establishing 8 hours as a legal day's work in the mines was carried May 4th, in the British House of Commons by a vote of 279 to 201.

For Sale.

A thorougbred, three year old, Jersey Bull.

Apply at this Office.

Lambert's Auction Sale.

The auction sale of Lambert's team outfit and other articles came off Thursday at the advertised time. There was a good attendance. W. Cheney was the auctioneer, and as usual he was in good form. C. B. Rabson bought the horses (2) at $140, Wm. Mathewson was the lucky purchaser of one of the wagons at the low figure of $20, and Father Durand took the other wagon at the same figure. The harness and saddle being remarkable for their polish which had come with use through a course of years, were, to prevent jealousy, devided up between bidders up the settlement and at Union.

Wm Mathewson.

will deliver daily at UNION

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

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

Farmers having above for sale or delivery should consult him.

Passengers carried to and from Union.

Notice to Contractors.

Sealed tenders will be received by the undersigned up to noon of Thursday May 18th for certain work required to be done on the following roads:

Union Road, Oyster River Road, Black Creek Road, Lower Prairie Road, Upper Prairie Road, McKelvey's Road, Little River Road, Smith & Grieves' Road and Point Holmes' Road.

Plans and specifications can be seen at the office of the undersigned.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

S. Creech,
Gov't Agent.

AGRICULTURAL.

Poultry Manure.

As to the care of poultry manure I have yet to find an improvement on keeping it in barrels, all things considered, and I have 20 to 50 barrels of it per year, says W. P. Leggett in the Country Gentleman.

My poultry-houses are often cleaned, so the manure does not become very lumpy, being put at once into barrels that stand right out doors but well covered, so that no wet can get in. As soon as cleansed the floor is liberally covered with fine sifted coal ashes or the dust, hay-seed, etc., that accumulate on barn floors, in hay-shoots, mangers and the like on a farm. This prevents any dust sticking to the floor, is a good absorbent and light to handle.

No fear need be had as to the seed in the litter sprouting, as the manure is just damp enough to cause them to swell, and on being put in barrels it very soon rots; in the spring the litter can hardly be distinguished from the manure. Road dust and land plaster are excellent, but their weight is so great, if used in the quantities I like to use, that it would make the labor much more expensive and the product no better.

When wanted in the spring, the whole lot is piled together and evenly dampened all through; this pulverises all the lumps however hard, as it is left for a day and then thoroughly turned. I have tried threshing and grinding, but like dampening the best, as it is the most thorough and easiest. When a little damp, it is in better condition to go into the ground, and in better condition for the young plant to get at, especially if a dry spell comes just after planting.

Value of Ensilage.

Ensilage is a valuable food for various reasons:

1st. For the nutritive elements it contains.

2d. It is a succulent food.

3d. All cattle relish it more than any other fodder grown on the farm, and by actual experiment it has been found that anything the animal devours greedily produces better results than the same amount of feeding value fed in a shape that the animal does not like.

4th. It is easily masticated and digested, and this element in a dairy feed is of great importance. No feed produces good results in the dairy which is not easily masticated and digested.

Oat hay is also a cheap fodder, and if a bushel of peas are sown to the acre it will make it still better. It needs to be cut as soon as heads of grain appear.—[Rollin C. Smith, Pittsford, Vt.

Poultry Raising a Business.

Poultry raising is a business and unless it is conducted upon business principles it will not pay well. Wherever we find a neat, clean and orderly chicken house, where feed bins and troughs, water vessels, dust boxes and other necessary arrangements are found, contributing to the health of the fowls and the convenience of the attendant, it will be pretty certain that if there is any money in raising fowls this sort of an establishment will be apt to succeed, and it certainly has a great advantage over hazard attendance and poorly equipped poultry buildings and yards, says the Poultry Herald. But there is sense and reason in all things, and there is a business point in this that we wish to call attention to. If the outlay for buildings and accessories goes beyond a certain limit per head of fowls raised or kept there will be a loss that the hens can never make up.

For example: If a man puts up buildings, fences, etc., etc., to the amount of $5 per head he must calculate that interest on this sum, together with wear and tear of buildings, etc., will cost him at least 60 cents a year for every hen, or nearly as much as it will take to keep the hens a year. A gentleman in the city who keeps fowls for amusement can go to any extravagance he chooses, but this has nothing to do with the man who keeps chickens for what he can make out of them. Too many of the chicken house plans we see in poultry papers are designed to make a pretty effect rather than practical utility. A sod building kept dry, is appreciated just as highly by her henship as a lath and plastered two-story mansard roof affair surmounted with a turret and gilt lightning rod. The point we wish to make is that while there is a positive necessity for convenient arrangements, warm, dry, and ventilated quarters, the cost of these things should bear some sort of proportion to the business, but this business forethought, it appears, is a very rare quality.

A Convenient Wool-Box.

By using the wool-box shown in the illustration, one man can tie the fleeces as rapidly as five or six men can shear them. The box is constructed as follows: It is five feet long by one foot broad and deep. The bottom is divided into five pieces, each one foot square. The center and two end pieces are hinged to the two side pieces—as seen in the diagram, Fig. 1, while the two squares, one each side of the center piece are hinged to the latter only, so that they may be raised towards each other and at right angles to the sides. At one end is an upright piece, one foot square, firmly fastened to the bottom. Upon the upper end of this piece is a spring

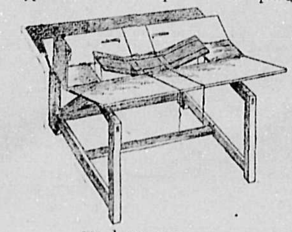


FIG. 1. WOOL-BOX OPEN.

clasp which holds the sides in place when they are raised. The two erectable bottom pieces are held upright, when the box is closed, by springs in one of the side pieces. These springs are made of good strap-iron, and are fastened on with screws. There are holes in the side piece through which the ends of the springs pass while the end pieces are being raised. The clasps on the stationary upright end piece are so constructed that when the knob is pressed down the clasps are off the sides, thus allowing them and the movable end pieces to fall back, when, after being threaded, they are ready for another fleece. The frame, or table, is separate from the wool-box. It is four feet wide with a board one-foot wide fastened on the top at the back edge of the frame, shown in Fig. 2. This leaves three feet in front to lay the open box upon. Eight pair of hinges are used in putting the box together. The bottom pieces of the box are cut from one board five feet long. The movable end pieces should be sawed off diagonally, like a miter joint so as to let the edges rest on the edges of the stationary end pieces and thereby avoid danger of sagging the hinges, and prevent the boards from becoming uneven when the box is open. The twine is laid in grooves cut in the various pieces at proper distances, as seen in Fig. 1. Tying a fleece in this box is accomplished as follows: The fleece is placed on

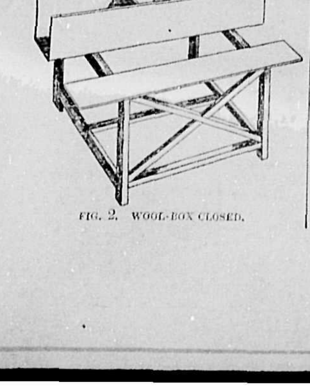


FIG. 2. WOOL-BOX CLOSED.

the open box lengthwise, shorn side down. The wool is next pushed about as close together as it grew on the sheep, and the legs and belly-fleece are lapped over. Now one side of the box is raised, thus folding one side of the fleece from one end to the other, the other side of the box is raised immediately after, with a like result. The fleece at this stage is rolled up from one end to the center, and the movable end leaf is raised to keep it in place while the other end is being rolled and the last movable end leaf raised thus forming a square. After this the ends of the strings are drawn tightly over the already compact fleece and tied. Finally, the knob on the stationary end piece is pressed, releasing all the boards of the box, which fall open, leaving on the center piece a beautifully packed, square fleece.

A Convenient Poultry House.

A house that is admirably suited for poultry and is constructed both within and without for usefunless as well as beauty,

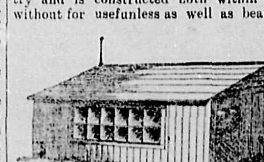


FIG. 1. PERSPECTIVE VIEW OF POULTRY HOUSE.

although entirely free from elaboration, is shown in the accompanying illustration, hence its adaptation to the needs of a farmer and fancier alike. The building (Fig. 1) is 20x14 feet, twelve feet high, in front and six feet in the rear. The lower side faces the south, there being a glass sash twelve feet long to admit plenty of light. The roof is covered with tarred felt roof paper, the sides, ends and floor being built of matched siding. Under the house is a three foot space well provided with dust.

The roost is twenty feet long extending from one end of the house to the other, shown in Fig. 2. It is six and one-half feet from the ground and is three feet wide, being built like a ladder and placed at the north end of the building. Under this roost is placed the drop boards, being slanted sufficiently to cause the droppings to roll down into a box at the bottom. In this way there is no trouble in keeping the house free from bad odor, as the droppings each day are removed from each box and the boards resanded after doing so. I know of no simpler and better plan to adopt in a laying house. In a house of this size, it is better to have four boxes and four slanting boards under the roosts. I do not think many breeders approve of high roosts, but with a board ladder running up to the top of roosts it is easy for the fowls to reach the roosts.

The plan is a good one, and it can only be obtained by having it this height, for a proper drop. A flock so kept will be more healthy, as bad ventilation with fowl roosts is often the cause of sickness, to

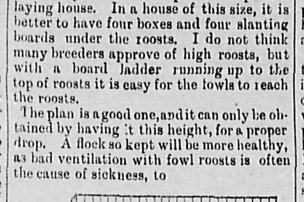


FIG. 2. ARRANGEMENT OF THE ROOST.

say nothing of the vermin that droppings very often attract to a flock while roosting. The drop boards are one-half foot wider than the roosts. Some birds will manage to roost on the side rail to which the roosting sticks are fastened. This house will accommodate sixty fowls and as many as eighty-five fowls have been confined in it, yet the smaller number is really the best. The house is lined inside with tar paper. The fowls have no runs about the building. In fair weather they have access to fields about the house; in fact they go where they please.

Some of the Oddities of Distinguished Men.

Confucius, it is said, was passionately fond of watermelon seeds.

Samuel Richardson wrote his novel while attired in a full dress suit.

Mark Twain is fond of cats, and has one named Satan, another called Sin.

Samuel Clarke was fond of robust exercise, and was sometimes seen jumping over his chairs and tables.

Herrick, the poet, was fond of pigs as pets, and taught one to follow him about and to drink beer out of a mug.

Handel used, when travelling, to order dinner for three, or, if hungry, for five, and then eat the whole himself.

Cardinal Richelieu hated children and loved cats. When he died his favorite Angora pet refused to eat and soon perished.

Philip, the Duke of Burgundy, spent much time in contriving trap-doors in his house and grounds to souse unwary strangers in water beneath.

Next to money, Rembrandt loved nothing so well as his monkey. He shed tears when the ape died, and painted a portrait of his pet from memory.

Julius Cæsar was ashamed of his bald head and when it became shiny he constantly wore a laurel wreath.

The soldierly Duke d'Epernay became sick for hours if he saw a hare and once kept his bed for a week because one leaped on him.

Cowper loved pets and had at one time five rabbits, three hares, two guinea pigs, a magpie, a jay, a starling, two canary birds, two dogs, a "retired cat," and a squirrel.

Macaulay took his Sunday dinner alone at a coffee house. After dinner he would build a pyramid of wine glasses, which usually toppled over. He would pay for the broken glass and go.

Eyota's Pretty Lamplighters.

The young women of Eyota, Minn., are taking care of the street lamps of that town. Each lamp has been assigned to a young lady, who keeps it filled with oil, lights it at dusk, and gets out of bed too late in the morning to extinguish it at dawn. This arrangement has been brought about by an anti-liquor crusade. The women wanted the saloons of Eyota closed, and the liquor men said it didn't make an iota of difference to them, but they hated to see the town invested with Cimmerian gloom every night, and this would be the case if the saloon license money, which was used for street lighting, was diverted from the town treasury. Thereupon the women said they would look after the street lamps themselves, and they are doing it so well that Eyota is a brighter place by night now than ever before.

The young men of Eyota must feel lonesome without their customary "nips" and "nightcaps," but the pretty lamplighters ought to more than atone for the loss of the other exhilarants. One would think that any young man who was dead sure that he had a heart and enjoyed an occasional flutter of it would be willing to forego a few beers or two or three fingers of tangle-foot for the bewildering pleasure of seeing an Eyota belle shine up a lamp post and scratch a match on the sole of her Empire skirt.

As a General Thing.

"Give an instance of the crime called manslaughter," said the teacher.

None of the pupils ventured a response.

"If I should point a pistol carelessly or in sport at a fellow-being, and it should go off and kill him," suggested the teacher, "It would be—what?"

"Didn't know-it-was-loaded!" answered the class with one voice.

YOUNG FOLKS.

A Misspelled Tail.

A little buoy said, "Mother, deer,
May I go out too play?
The son is bright, the heir clear,
Owe, mother, don't say neigh!"

"Go fourth my sun," the mother said,
The ant said, "Take ewer stay,
Your gneiss knew sled, awl painted read,
But do knot lose your weigh."

"Ah, know," he cried, and sought the street
With hart sew full of glee—
The whether changed—and snow and sleet,
And reign, fell steadily.

Threw snowdrifts grate, threw watery pool,
He flue with mite and mane—
Said he, "Though I wood walk by rule,
I am not rite, 'tis plane.

"I'd like to meat some kindly sole,
For hear gnu dangers weight,
And yonder stairs a treacherous whole—
Two sloe has been my gate.

"A peace of bred, a nice hot stake,
I'd chews if I were home,
This crewel fete my hart will brake,
Eyelove knot thus to roam.

"I'm week and pail, I've mist my rode,"
But here a carte came past
He and his sled were safely toad
Back two his home at last.

—[April St. Nicholas.

MY FIRST BUFFALO.

BY E. J. GLAVE.

When at the age of 19 I was left by Stanley in command of a Congo garrison, at Lukolelo, far away in the heart of Africa, the natives living in the neighborhood at once instituted an elaborate examination of myself and my belongings. At first they looked upon me as some supernatural being, and thought that I might be a deceased savage returned again to the world.

The natives of Central Africa are very superstitious, and any strangeness in their usual daily life or surroundings is attributed at once to some mysterious unseen influence. In every village there is a charm doctor, who is believed to possess extraordinary powers; he can create or stop a rain-storm; he can interpret dreams and predict the future, and a small dug-out canoe can ride the roughest waves when under his protection. The possession of valuable charms is supposed to enable the charm doctor to do these wonderful things.

His collection of snakes' heads, birds' beaks and claws, feathers, leopards' teeth and elephants' hairs, combined with herbs and roots, of which he alone knows the powerful properties, is believed to enable him to protect himself and the villagers against accident, sickness and death.

My dusky neighbors advanced the theory that I might be one of these wonder-working individuals. Rifle, revolver, watch, compass, etc., were mysterious implements which they had never seen before, and personally I was exceedingly odd and unlike anything they had ever encountered. I was white, spoke a strange tongue, and according to their ideas of attire, wore sufficient clothing for a whole tribe.

The rigid investigation into my characteristics and capabilities by the natives revealed to me the necessity of my distinguishing myself in some way in order to obtain the regard of my neighbors by proofs of my superiority over them. I felt that my rifle presented the best means of earning a reputation—its loud "ping" interested and awed my dusky friends, and I gave them most exaggerated accounts of its deadly powers, how with one shot I could bring to his knees the biggest elephant that ever roamed the forest, or with the same supply of ammunition silence the plunging of an angry hippopotamus. As a matter of fact, at that time I knew very little about the use of a rifle, and I was ignorant of the dangers of big game hunting. I took it for granted that my rifle was accurately sighted, and I foolishly imagined that I could hit an animal in the head or heart, or any other part of the body I decided upon, and then, without further trouble, I might have a broiled steak for the next meal!

The jungles around my station were scarred throughout with tracks of wild animals, large and small; I was often rudely wakened at night by the shrill trumpeting of a herd of elephants tramping about close to my hut, buffaloes and antelopes had worn out paths leading from the inland plains to their drinking places on the river and troops of the ungainly hippopotami snorted and grunted as they wallowed in the shallows near by; a cunning leopard would often steal around my clearing, silently encircling my hut in the hope of finding that my dog was not locked up, or that my goats and fowls were not securely housed.

The natives, who are very fond of a meat diet, suggested that my deadly rifle, which I boasted so much about, might be charitably employed for the purpose of replenishing the village larder, and I at once expressed my anxiety to give them an evidence of its power when a fitting opportunity presented itself.

In a few days' time an excited villager rushed into my camp and gasped out the news that a big buffalo had taken possession of his wife's plantation and threatened to destroy all her crops. My dusky visitor implored me to go and kill the beast. At that time I was not acquainted with the hasty temperate and revengeful disposition of such an animal, so, despite my indifferent weapon and my small ability as a marksman, I promptly accepted the invitation to rid my neighbor's plantation of the destructive animal. As I tramped off in the woods a crowd of hungry natives followed in my wake, but in spite of their being armed with knives and spears, they all climbed up into trees in order to see from safe quarters, the interesting developments liable to result from the competition between an old Snyder rifle and an ill-tempered bull-buffalo.

Even the man who had invited me to undertake this contest deserted me when we arrived in the vicinity of the game. In a few hurried whispers and some ingeniously suggestive signs, I was urged to believe that it was a great advantage to conduct such a venture alone.

I crept along stealthily through the long grass in the direction pointed out, and very soon I could see; just a little way ahead of me, the shaggy old buffalo leisurely cropping off the tender leaves in a peanut patch; as I cautiously leveled my rifle above the grass, the great brute, about thirty yards away, caught sight of me; he stretched out his neck, switched his tail, threw forward his ears and glared at me in such a threatening manner, that I at once lost confidence in my ability as a slayer of big game. My previous calculations with regard to this shooting question had not been carried on under such formidable conditions; however, my reputation was at stake, so, with unsteady aim, I pointed my weapon for a spot behind the shoulder and fired. The report of my rifle was answered by a shout of delight from the natives, as the buffalo staggered for a few moments, then fell heavily to the ground dead. I was commencing to congratulate myself on being a first-class shot, when I noticed that my ball had entered the brute's brain, two feet from the mark I had aimed at! This, however, was a secret which I decided to keep to myself.

At the brute's death, my dusky friends, who had witnessed the proceedings from the tree-tops, clambered hastily to the ground and very soon had cut off every ounce of flesh. After an hour's work there remained nothing of the animal but a little pile of bones and horns, and a good-humored procession of savages tramped briskly back to the village, smacking their thick lips in anticipation of a banquet of buffalo meat, stewed and toasted.

The natives, who had never before seen a white man handle a rifle, were amazed at a single bullet killing such a tough beast as a buffalo; not knowing the truth of my fluke hot, they attributed the buffalo's death to my clever shooting, and I at once took an opportunity to explain, as forcibly as my meagre Congo vocabulary at the time would permit, that when hunting big game I sometimes fired at the head, at other times I put the bullet behind the shoulder, and occasionally I aimed at the groin. This statement would enable me to account for any erratic shooting in future, as a ball would of necessity be compelled to strike in the neighborhood of some of the parts I enumerated unless I should miss the beast altogether.

My killing of this buffalo was to their minds so ably accomplished that they decided to record the event by bestowing on me a native name. In the regions of the Upper Congo the most successful hunter is known as Makula, which means "arrows," and henceforth I became known by that proud title.

Soon after killing my first buffalo I obtained a more serviceable weapon, a long Martini Henry, a powerful rifle of great accuracy and penetration. I practiced persistently with this till I became a good marksman. Since my first experience with big game, I have known many a man gored to death by wild beasts—and had it not been for my lucky bad shot, my first buffalo might possibly have brought my African career to an abrupt close. For six years I was known throughout the regions of the Upper Congo as Makula, an envied name, which the savage can only earn by attacking on foot, with a spear blade, the elephant or buffalo. While I, with a rifle, stole the reputation by a chance shot.

Queer Methods of Fishing.

The traps by which man captures other animals are the best possible illustration of his superiority to the rest of the brute creation. Not the least remarkable of his achievements in this line are to be found in the varied apparatus he has devised for taking fish.

In India a huge funnel of wickerwork is planted in a stream below a waterfall, and every finny creature coming down drops into it, the water straining out and leaving the flapping prey in the receptacle, all ready to be gathered in.

A remarkable scheme for trapping eels is practised in the same country. Barrels loaded with stones and bait are pierced with holes and sunk in the water.

Eels, smelling the food, find an entrance through the perforations; they cannot easily get out again, and soon the interior is a wriggling mass of victims. The fisherman is sure to secure a couple of bushels at every haul.

Another trap used in India for a like purpose is a funnel-shaped affair made of long thorn branches and set on the bottom among the weeds in which a certain sort of fish find their favourite hiding places. The latter go in, but are unable to get out again, because the thorns all point inward.

In Siam the natives utilise a curious wicker contrivance for fishing in narrow streams. The device in question is in the shape of an inverted vase, flaring at the rim and without a bottom.

While one man devotes his attention to driving the fish down the waterway, another stands ready to clap the basket over their heads when they come thickest. Having thus penned in a number of them he thrusts his arm into the trap and pulls them out.

The Japanese have a remarkable pound-net arrangement that scoops vast quantities of fish into an enormous bag of netting hanging beneath the bottom of the vessel. In this receptacle something like thirty times the cargo can be conveyed to market than could be carried by the ship in the ordinary way.

Furthermore, the merchandise is by this method brought into port alive.

The use of fire in fishing is one of the curiosities of that employment. In Southern waters mullet are taken in enormous quantities by boats which go out with wire baskets at the bows filled with blazing pitch pine.

For the purpose in view the craft is so loaded as to bring the gunwale on one side down nearly to a level with the water, and the fish, attracted by the light, jump abroad by hundreds. Sometimes a big dip net is used to scoop in the scaly creatures which crowd in the water toward the illumination.

A machine for taking fish by the wholesale is employed in North Carolina. It is called a "fish wheel," and is worked like an ordinary water wheel by a narrow stream that is permitted to give outlet to a dammed stream.

But it is so constructed that in revolving it picks up all the fish that pass through, and throws them into a great box. In the same State is operated what is termed a "fish slide," which is simply an enormous tray made of boards, with a bottom of open slats, set in the flow of a stream

As the fish come down stream they pass on over the tray, and the water falling through the slats leaves them flapping about on the planks, whence they are scooped up in dip nets.

Fish nets, by the way, are made from some very strange materials. The Esquimaux manufacture them from strips of seal hide and from thin slices of whalebone. By the Fijians they are constructed of human hair.

Savages in various parts of the world plait the inner fibres of tree bark for fishing lines, and the Indians on the Pacific coast of North America use for the same purpose seaweed—a sort of kelp which is strong enough to hold a finny captive of 150 pounds' weight.

It is very interesting to observe the development of the fishery from its original form to the shape it is found in to day. You will find the Esquimaux using a piece of bone with a bent nail stuck through it, the lure being rendered more attractive by the addition of two or three coloured beads obtained from a trader, and perhaps a couple of the red bills of auks.

He knows by experience that certain sorts of figures carved in the wood, out of which he makes his bigger hooks, will catch the greatest possible number of fish, and so he always uses those.

Originally the hook and sinker of the fisherman were separate. Then came a modification, such as is seen in the "mackerel gig" which combined the two in one piece of metal. Next came the notion of making a sinker hook of a bright substance, so as to attract the prey.

Later on the modern sportsman transformed the device into the likeness of fish of bright metal poured into a mould. Now in this country we have improved on this trolling contrivance by making minnows and frogs of rubber, and colouring them in as lifelike a manner as possible.

But no such lure is equal to the bright, revolving, nickel-plated spoon, with a brilliant bunch of feathers to disguise the gang of hooks.

However, artificial flies may fairly be considered to illustrate the highest development of the art piscatorial. the imitations produced in the shape of winged insects, grasshoppers, and the larvæ of various flies are really wonderful.

In their manufacture materials are drawn from every part of the world. Furs as well as feathers are utilized in making them. Deers, bears, monkeys, seals, rabbits, sheep, pigs, squirrels, dogs, and even rats contribute.

Agents are sent out from Paris to all parts of the earth to gather for this purpose the skins of the rare and gaudy-winged creatures. These plumes and furs represent chiefly the waste stock of the milliners and taxidermists, nearly all of them being brought from France.

The gut snells to which the fly hooks are attached are made from immature silk worms drawn out to the requisite lengths.

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

Paper dresses are being worn at evening balls in Paris.

Missouri mines employ about 16,000 people.

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

Every time a train (say of ten carriages and a locomotive) is stopped, the wear and tear cost amounts approximately to 2s. 3d.

A WARKWORTH MIRACLE.

The Happy Termination of Years of Suffering.

Mr. B. Crouter Relates an Experience of Great Value to Others—Life was Becoming a Burden When Relief Came—A Druggist Expresses His Opinion.

Warkworth Journal

Not long ago a representative of the Journal while in conversation with Mr. N. Empey, druggist, drifted upon a topic which appears to be of general interest not only to this locality, but throughout the country, we refer to the wonderful cures through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Newspaper men are not possessed of more curiosity than other people, but they have a feeling that instinctively leads them to investigation, and in the course of our conversation we asked Mr. Empey whether he thought the sales of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are really as large as claimed for them. The answer was that judging from his own sales he was well assured that Pink Pills are the most valuable, the most reliable and the most successful proprietary medicine extant. In answer to the query as to whether there were any note-worthy cures in this vicinity, Mr. Empey promptly responded, "Yes; many people have been greatly benefited by the use of Pink Pills, and I know of one case in particular worthy of being recorded. The case to which I refer" continued Mr. Empey, "is that of Mr. Crouter, brother of Rev. Darius Crouter, who some years ago represented East Northumberland in the House of Commons. Mr. Crouter was suffering from nervous affection and the after effects of la grippe. He has not been able to do anything for two years, was unable to eat as he could not hold a knife or fork in his half paralyzed hands. He suffered greatly from cramps in his arms and legs, and had a continual feeling of coldness. One day Mr. Crouter made enquiry concerning Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I advised him to try them, and the result is that he has entirely recovered his health."

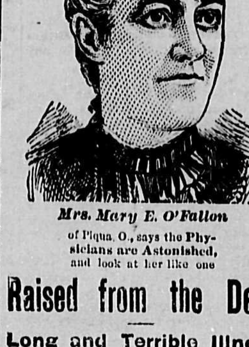
Having heard this much the Journal determined to interview Mr. Crouter, and get from his own lips the full particulars of his illness and remarkable recovery. We found Mr. Crouter at his home in the best of health, and enjoying an evening smoke after a day's toil in the woods. When informed of the object of our visit, Mr. Crouter said he was glad to bear testimony to the wonderful value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as a remedial agency. "The original cause of my trouble," said Mr. Crouter, "I date back a good many years. When I was 19 years old I drank a glass of cold water when overheated, which proved a most injudicious act on my part. I was sick for thirteen months and unable to work, and since that time until recently, I have never had what you could call a well day. Two years ago I had an attack of la grippe which nearly cost me my life. My legs and feet were continually cold and cramped, and I could get little or no sleep at night. It was imposible for me to eat with a knife or fork and I was forced to eat with a spoon, and you can understand what a burden life was to me. One day I read in the Journal of a remarkable cure by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I made up my mind to give them a trial. I sent to Mr. Empey's for a supply and before the first box was entirely gone I could notice that they were helping me, so you may be sure I continued their use. When I began using the Pink Pills there was such a numbness in my feet that I could not feel the floor when I stepped on it. As I continued the use of the pills this disappeared; the feeling returned to my limbs, the cramps left me, I felt as though new blood were coursing through my veins, I and can now go to bed and sleep soundly all night. I have taken just twelve boxes of Pink Pills and I consider them the cheapest doctor's bill I ever paid. When I get up in the morning instead of feeling tired and depressed, I feel thoroughly refreshed, and all this wonderful change is due to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Although I am 71 years old I can go into the woods and do a hard day's chopping without feeling the least bad effects. I have now so much confidence in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, that I intend shortly beginning their use again, this time as a spring medicine, for I believe they have no equal for building up the blood and I strongly recommend them to all sufferers, or to any who wish to fortify the system against disease."

Mr. Crouter has lived in this vicinity for forty-five years, and is well-known as an upright, honorable gentleman, whose statements can be fully depended on in every particular.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are a never-failing blood builder and nerve restorer, curing partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, rheumatism, neuralgia, the after effects of la grippe, influenza and severe colds, nervous headache, nervous prostration and the tired feeling arising therefrom. These pills are a specific for all diseases arising from humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. As a remedy for building anew the blood, enabling the system to successfully resist disease, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills stand far in advance of any other remedy known to medical science. Pink Pills are a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, giving a rosy, healthy glow to pale or sallow complexions. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of any nature.

These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medical Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark (printed in red ink) and wrapper, at 50 cts. a box or six boxes for $2.50. Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen, or hundred and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you and should be avoided. The public are also cautioned against all other so-called blood builders and nerve tonics, no matter what name may be given them. They are all imitations whose makers hope to reap a pecuniary advantage from the wonderful reputation achieved by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Ask your dealer for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and refuse all imitations and substitutes.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.



Mrs. Mary E. O'Fallon

of Piqua, O., says the Physicians are Astonished, and look at her like one

Raised from the Dead

Long and Terrible Illness from Blood Poisoning

Completely Cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Mrs. Mary E. O'Fallon, a very intelligent lady of Piqua, Ohio, was poisoned while assisting physicians at an autopsy 5 years ago, and soon terrible ulcers broke out on her head, arms, tongue and throat. Her hair all came out. She weighed but 78 lbs., and saw no prospect of help. At last she began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and at once improved; could soon get out of bed and walk. She says: "I became perfectly cured by

Hood's Sarsaparilla

and am now a well woman. I weigh 128 lbs. eat well and do the work for a large family My case seems a wonderful recovery and physicians look at me in astonishment, as almost like one raised from the dead."

HOOD'S PILLS should be in every family medicine chest. Once used, always preferred.

Hard on Him.

"My Uncle Jim," said Mr. Lushforth, "was one of the first of the forty-niners. He rode all the way across the continent on a pony." "That is something you would never have done," was his wife's comment. "Why not?" "Because you would have gone by sailing vessel. Catch you taking a pony when there was a chance for a schooner. Not much!"

Let's reason together. Here's a firm, one of the largest the country over, the world over; it has grown step by step, through the years to greatness—and it sells patent medicines!—ugh!

"That's enough!"—

Wait a little—

This firm pays the news papers good money (expensive work, this advertising!) to tell the people that they have faith in what they sell, so much faith that if they cant benefit or cure they don't want your money. Their guarantee is not indefinite and relative, but definite and absolute—if the medicine dosen't help, your money is "on call."

Suppose every sick man and every feeble woman tried these medicines and found them worthless, who would be the loser, you or they?

The medicines are Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery," for blood diseases, and his "Favorite Prescription," for woman's peculiar ills. If they help toward health, they cost $1.00 a bottle each! If they don't they cost nothing!

The deepest English colliery at present is Moss Colliery, near Ashton-under-Lyne, which is sunk 2,820 feet.

In Lapland dress fashions have not changed for 1,000 years.

A.P. 655.

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

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY. Have you Catarrh? This Remedy will relieve and Cure you. Price 50cts. This Injector for its successful treatment, free. Remember, Shiloh's Remedies are sold on a guarantee.

WASTING

Diseases are often difficult to remedy.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

OF PURE NORWEGIAN COD LIVER OIL AND HYPOPHOSPHITES OF LIME AND SODA,

will restore a lost appetite, lost flesh, and check wasting diseases, especially in children, with wonderful rapidity. Coughs and colds are easily killed by a few doses of this remarkable remedy. PALATABLE AS MILK. *Be sure to get the genuine, put up in salmon-colored wrappers.*

Prepared only by Scott & Bowne, Belleville.

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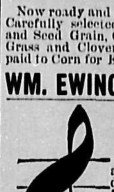

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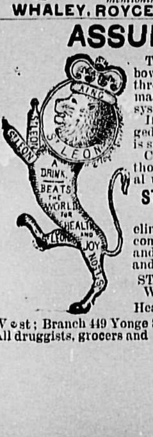

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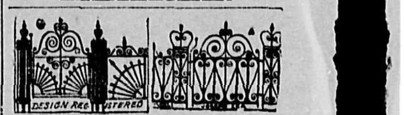

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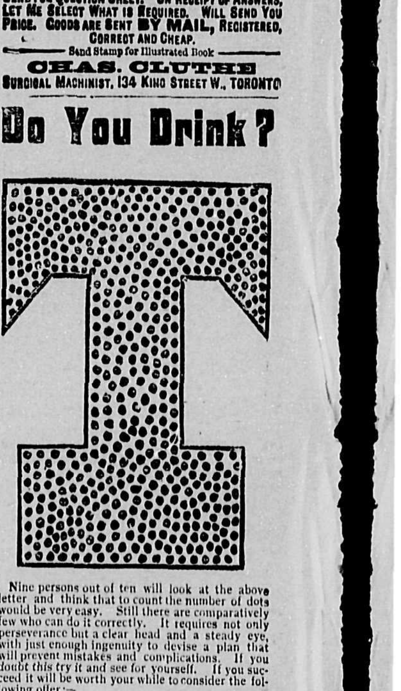

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HIS HEIRESS;

OR, LOVE IS ALWAYS THE SAME.

CHAPTER I.—(CONTINUED.)

Sir Mutius, stepping through the open window into the school-room, looks laboriously around him. He is not, perhaps, aware that there is a young man behind him who is following his footmarks as fast as his legs can carry him.

"So," says Sir Mutius Mumm, with a sniff, "this is how you comport yourself, Margery, when the eyes of your relatives are not on you."

"As—as I am now, uncle?" demands Margery, who is sitting in the demurest attitude possible to her, with her hands crossed dutifully before her. "I—I am very sorry to disappoint you in any way, but I would not abuse your trusting nature, uncle, and conscience compels me to confess that I don't always sit like this. Sometimes I—stand."

"And sometimes you halloo at young men out of a window," stutters Sir Mutius, angrily. "How dare you be so impertinent, miss? D'ye think I haven't got eyes in my head, eh?"

"Even if you had I don't see how you could hear out of them," says Margery, who is in a mutinous mood.

"What I want to know is," returned old Grumpy, striking his stick savagely upon the carpet, "how you, who probably call yourself a respectable young woman, can explain away the fact of having yelled an invitation to a young man across an acre of grass, and of having used in my hearing such a low term as 'Drat it.' I only wish your aunt Selina has heard you."

There is somewhere in the dim recesses of Mumm's Hall a gaunt spinster, sister to Sir Mutius and aunt to the young Daryls, whose name has been transmogrified into Selina by Sir Mutius.

"That's very unbrotherly of you," says Margery, "You should be anxious to spare her all the pain you can."

There is a touch of open mischief in the lovely broad little smile that accompanies this wilful speech.

Sir Mutius swells with rage. He is a short, stout little man, with a corporation, an overweening opinion of his own importance, a fiery eye, and a sandy wig. Besides all these qualifications, he has a temper that knows no control. What the crushing remark he is preparing for Margery may be is never known, because at this moment the young man behind him comes into full view.

It is plain, however, to the Daryls that he had not known he was following Sir Mutius, because of the fall of his ingenuous countenance as his eyes meet those of the irate old baronet. He is a tall, indeed a spendidly built young man, with a figure that Hercules need not have sneered at, but with a face, alas, that falls far short of the figure. His eyes, perhaps, are above reproach, so clear, so blue, so straight-looking they are, but as for the rest of him! his nose is impossible, his mouth huge, his cheek-bones distinctly en evidence. As for his mustache, it is not worth speaking about at all, and his hair is abominably void of curl. He is ugly! There is no doubt about it, he is distinctly ugly, but with this saving clause—that nowhere, under any circumstances, could he be taken for anything but a gentleman.

The presence of Sir Mutius seems to *freeze him in part. He pauses with his* foot midway between the balcony and the school-room, and looks anxiously at Margery.

"Come in, young man, come in," says Sir Mutius, in an odious tone. "What are you afraid of, eh? Seems to me that a young fellow like you must consider himself almost one of the family to enter a house through a window like a burglar, as you have done."

"And as you have done," says the newcomer, smiling.

"Never mind me, sir. An uncle may come in by a window, I suppose, when a young jackanapes— Is there no hall-door to this house, I ask, that you must needs charge through a casement, as though you were a mounted dragoon, or the most intimate friend of the family?"

"After all, Sir Mutius, perhaps I am that," says the tall, *ugly young* man, with a concilatory smile. "Intimate, I mean. I've been coming here, off and on, ever since I can remember anything."

"Then the sooner you put a stop to your eternal comings the better," says the baronet, angrily. "Margery evidently expects your visits, and—"

"Uncle!" exclaims Meg, rising to her feet with a face suffused with indignant shame.

"I assure you you are wrong. I did not come to see Margery. I came to see Peter about a terrier pup," interposes Mr. Bellew, with a haste that might be termed agonized. "You remember, Peter?"

Peter doesn't but, with a noble desire to succor the weak, declares at once that the Irish terrier in the yard shall be Curzon's without any further delay. There is no Irish terrier in the yard.

"Thanks, old man,' says Mr. Bellew, heartily. At this moment he is indeed intensely grateful.

"I don't believe a word of it," declares Sir Mutius, with true grace. "Terrier! What terrier? Which terrier? I tell you, young man," advancing on the astonished Curzon. But Angelica, who has been terrified all along, here rushes to the rescue.

"Oh! Uncle Grum—Uncle Mutius, she corrects herself, nervously, "are we not unhappy enough without your adding to our misery? Mrs. Daryl, Billy's wife, is coming to-night."

"I'm delighted to hear it. I hope she'll prove a woman with a character," says Sir Mutius, with a withering glance at Margery. "You all require a person who would keep you in order."

"To-night! Nonsense! Why, when did you hear?" asks Curzon, in a low tone, of Margery.

"A telegram to-day at one," curtly. Then with a return to that grievance arising out of his frequent worshiping at her shrine, "Now I hope you see what your persistent and ill-timed visits here mean to me."

"That I love you."

"Stuff and nonsense!" says Miss Daryl, indignantly. "They mean public castigation at the hands of that bad old man. Oh! how I wish you were in Jericho!"

She moves away from him, glad in the thought that he is stricken to the earth, and advances on her uncle.

"Now that you have made us all unutterably miserable," she says, tearfully, "I hope you'll go away. If that horrid woman is coming to night, there are things that must be looked to. See?" with a little stamp.

"Dear Uncle Mutius, you will understand how busy we are, and have been, all day, and how many things have still to be done. and you will forgive Margery for seeming a little overdone," puts in Angelica, with her soft smile, squeezing the impetuous Margery's arm just a little. "You are going now? Ah, that is good of you. Good evening, dear Uncle Mutius."

There are moments when the youthful Angelica, who is yet only half child, half woman, seems older than Margery, who is quite nineteen. Peter is twenty, Dick seventeen. After Angelica there was quite a pause until the twins came—and the mother went. There was a pause, too, after the birth of Billy and Muriel, who are four and three years older than Peter, but after that the children seemed to tread upon each other's heels, so fast they came.

The mother's death had been hardly felt, they were so very young. But with the death of the father—an event now two years old—there had come the sad knowledge of money's value, and all the petty miseries that accompany straitened means.

Sir Mutius—Mrs. Daryl's only brother—an old bachelor who lived at Mumm's Hall, a place situated about four miles from the Manor where the Daryls reside, had looked after his dead sister's children in a snappish, unsympathetic fashion when the last blow fell, and death of Mr. Daryl been followed by the certainty that he had been living considerably beyond his means for many years, and that nothing but debts and a very insufficient income was all he left behind him—except the eight children.

That was—as I have said—two years ago, and the sadly-lively, merry-mournful family had up to this struggled through all difficulties with a strength that only youth could grant; but now to-day fresh trials have seized upon them. The eldest brother, Billy, to whom, indeed, the house and land (such of it, at least, as is not mortgaged up to the hilt) belongs, is bringing home a bride. A stranger! Horrible word! And who is to greet her? Who? There is no one at all to go forward and face the enemy's guns, now that Muriel is away. Now that Muriel is married! And so strangely!

CHAPTER II.

"When you come into any fresh company—1 Observe their humors; 2, Suit your own carriage thereto; by which insinuation you will make their converse more free and open."

"There's a ring at the door-bell; did you hear it?" cries Angelica, rising to her feet, pale and nervous. "They have come! I feel it; I know it, by the cold thrill down my back."

It is some hours later, and the Daryls are waiting *en masse* in the rather shabby library, and in the very lowest spirits, for the expected coming of their brother and his wife. Now, at last, all is indeed over!

"Yes! and there is the knock. They've come to a moral," says Peter. The twins grow pale. All in a body move solemnly toward the library door.

"Good heavens! why isn't Muriel here to receive them? gasps Margery, hanging fire on the threshold. "Why am *I* to be the victimized one? I feel as if I should like to faint."

"Peter? a pin," says Dick, with stern determination in his tone.

"No, no. I'll go, of course," declares Meg, hastily. "Only—" She pauses, and looks as though she is on the point of tears.

"Don't be a goose," puts in Peter, not unkindly. "She won't eat you! She can't even blow you into fine dust on so short an acquaintance. Here! step out. Put your best foot foremost. Quick! march! And, for goodness sake, take that lachrymose expression off your face. It would hang you any where. If she sees she is unwelcome, she'll make it hot for us later on."

"She'll do that anyhow," says Dick, grimly, to whom there is evidently a *soupcon* of enjoyment in the whole affair. "Go on Meg. You shouldn't scamp your duty."

"I'm going," whimpers Margery. She takes a step forward with what she fondly, but erroneously, believes to be a valiant air, and tries to think what Muriel would have done on such another occasion as this—Muriel, with her calm, haughty face, her slow movements that she hastened for no man's pleasure, and her little strange smile, so cold, so sweet, that could attract or subdue, as its owner willed. There is a dignity about Muriel that she wishes she could copy, if for "this occasion only"—a *savoire faire*—a sense of breeding, a—

"*Blanche! if you tread on the tail of my* gown again," breathes Miss Daryl at this point of her meditations in an angry whisper, "I'll tear you limb from limb."

This awful threat being received by the culprit with the utmost indifference, the train once more advances. The hall is reached.

"Mary Jane is just opening the door, and her back hair is all down," telegraphs Peter over his shoulder. He is with the advanced guard, and has, besides, an eye like a gimlet. "It is sticking out like a furze bush," he goes on, excitedly. "To the front, Meg—and don't give Mrs. Daryl time to notice it, or our reputation is lost forever."

"And the time I took over that girl's get-up," groans Angelica, despairingly.

"If you could manage to throw yourself into Mrs. William's arms and lean heavily on her, all will be well," whispers Dick. "You're a well-grown girl, and weight always tells. Do anything—hurt her, even—but don't let her see our Mary Jane."

"Oh, why wasn't Muriel here?" returns Margery with quite a shiver of nervous horror.

"Go along—you'll do well enough at a pinch," says her brother, noble encouragement in his tone, as he gives her a friendly push that sends her—with what the newcomers imagine to be most flattering haste—right into the glare of the lamp.

Here, at the hall-door, there is a slight confusion. A little bundle, apparently made up of Eastern shawls, is standing near the hat-stand. A young man is fumbling hopelessly with these shawls, and Mary Jane, who has now finally got rid of the small amount of wits that once were hers, is courtesying profoundly and unceasingly.

"After all, she isn't Irish, she is a Hindoo," whispers Dick; "she thinks she is once more in the presence of Vishnu, the Pervader. See how she mops and mows. Poor thing. She is very mad."

Margery takes the final step.

"You have come, Billy," she says, timidly advancing toward the young man who is trying so hopelessly to disentangle the little parcel of soft goods.

"So we have, so we have," cries Mr. Daryl, in a cheery voice. He is a man of middle height, the very image of Margery, and he now abandons his efforts to unravel the little form, to go to his sister and give her a hearty hug. "Oh! there you all are," exclaims he delightedly, seeing the other figures drawn up in battle array in the background. "Look, Willy! Here they all are in a body to bid you welcome."

"Look!" laughs somebody from beneath the mufflings. "Oh! how I wish I could. I wonder if I'll ever look with living eyes on anything again! I'm just smothered."

Billy having kissed the children, who are frightened, and shaken hands with his brothers, who are stolid, now once more attacks the bundle and finally brings out from it his wife with quite a flourish as distinctly proud of her.

"He is new to it," says Peter, with fine contempt, turning to Angelica.

"She's—she's pretty," returns Angelica, slowly, and as if just awakening to something.

The meetings, the introductions, have been gone through. Mrs. Daryl is quite a little woman, with clear eyes, that have looked with leisurely keenness at each of her new kinsfolk in turn. Her mouth, if firm, is pleasant. There is no self-consciousness about her, and no shyness whatever.

"Nice old hall, Billy," she says, smiling, when she has spoken to every one, and is at last at liberty to look round her.

Nice! All the Daryls exchange covert and furious glances at each other. Nice, indeed! when they have been accustomed to pride themselves upon it as being (which it really is) the finest hall in the country.

"I should just like to see the one she has been used to," mutters Peter, with extreme disgust.

"Dinner will be ready in about five minutes," says Margery, suggestively. "You must be very tired, and—"

"Dinner! Ah, you should have mentioned that, Billy," says Mrs. Daryl, brightly. "We dined at Watton about two hours ago, and to dine again so soon would be dreadful. As to being tired, I never felt fresher in my life. But you must all go to dinner, and—"

"*We dined early. It makes no difference* at all," says Margery, slowly. "You will like a cup of tea instead, perhaps?"

"Presently. When I have talked to you all a little," arranges Mrs. Daryl, promptly. "I think in the meantime—Ah! what room is this?"

Margery had led the way into the drawing room.

"A charming room," declares the newcomer, briskly, with a swift but comprehensive glance round her. "But what ghastly furniture! We must turn it all out of doors or else relegate it to the garrets, and get something light—æsthetic—satisfying, eh?" with an airy wave of her hand. Indeed, all her ways seem to be specially airy.

"That's the prelude to turning us out of doors," whispers Meg, gloomily, into Angelica's ear. "Well, nothing like knowing the worst at once!"

"What's outside?" asks Mrs. Daryl, pushing wide a window-curtain, and gazing into the still darkness of the spring night.

"The garden."

"Ah! I wish I could see that!" cries she, eagerly. She seems thoroughly untiring and full of vivacity. "Is it too dark, Billy?"

"Much too dark and too chilly, besides," returns he.

"How careful he is of her!" says Peter, in a moody aside. "Seems to me she's as strong as a—"

He is evidently on the point of saying "a horse," but some innate breeding forbids him.

"So she is," whispers Margery back, who, perhaps, understands him. And, indeed, there is something suggestive of strong and perfect health in Mrs. Daryl's small elastic frame, and fair face and eager eyes.

"It is rather late for the children to be up," says Margery, addressing her new sister. "I think I will take them away now, and give them their tea. Billy can show you everything," with a faint smile.

"Of course. If they want to go," says Mrs. Billy, cheerfully. "But perhaps they'd like a holiday from their beds in honor of me. Would you, mites?"

But the mites are too impressed by the solemnity of the occasion to do aught but hang their heads and behave abominably.

"Just like ill-bred little brats," declares Margery, afterwards, with an access of wrath that descends upon the luckless twins.

"Ah! well, no doubt they are tired," says Mrs. Billy, genially, and so Margery carries off the disgraced babies to their tea in the school room, where they are speedily joined by Angelica, Dick, and Peter.

"What idiot said brides were shy?" demands Dick presently. "Of all the effrontery, the coolness, the—"

"She is just what I said she should be."

"She isn't in the least what I thought she would be," says Margery, "she—she's worse. Did you hear her remark about the hall?"

"And about the furniture?"

"I suppose she'll give us a week's grace," says Peter, thoughtfully. "And then—where are we to go?"

"Ah! you are here, then!" cries a gay voice. The door is pushed open, and Mrs. Daryl enters as though certain of a welcome. "They told me I should find you in this room," continues she, entering as composedly as though she had been an inmate of the house all her life.

"This is a very uncomfortable place for you," declares Margery, rising pale and unsmiling from behind the teapot. "Let me take you to the library. I have ordered tea to be served there for you and Billy."

"That's the tea down there, isn't it," nodding her head at the elderly tea-pot so well known to the twins.

"Yes—but in the library—"

"I know. I've been there. And very cozy it looked, but not so cozy as this. I think old school-rooms the best bits of a house, don't you? And I should like some of your tea, and so would Billy."

"She's evidently determined we sha'n't have even this poor room to ourselves," mutters Dick, indignantly. "All or none is her motto. Anything so indecent—All this pretense at bonhommie is a mere dodge to prove that she is mistress of everything. That all the rooms belong to her."

"Well, so they do—so they do!" returns Angelica, with a fine justice. Then her feelings grow too much for her. "But of all the mean actions—" she says, tears rising to her dove-like eyes.

"There were hot cakes in the library," says Mrs. Daryl, who has seated herself at the table, and is plainly waiting for her tea. "Couldn't we have them in here? I'm certain the children would like them. Eh?" She pulls May toward her. Fat little May is not proof against this promising offer.

"I should," she says, shyly. She is staring at Mrs. Billy with her finger in her mouth, so does not see the concentrated glances of wrath showered upon her by the entire family.

"Good child!" laughs Mrs. Daryl.

At this moment Billy crosses the threshold.

"Billy, this little sister wants the hot cakes in the library," says his wife, looking up at him. And after half an hour or so Blanche and May are at last dimissed for the night with as many scones on their conscience as size will permit.

The new-comers follow them very shortly—Mrs. Daryl having at last confessed to a slight sense of fatigue. She bids them all good-night in an airy, cheery fashion, and leaves the room, in spite of the tired sensation to which she has acknowledged, in a breezy energetic fashion, suggestive of a mind that governs the slight body and is not easily to be subdued.

As she goes the storm bursts.

"Well!" says Peter, when the last sound of their footsteps had ceased upon the air, "well! I never!" He might have said more. He could never have said anything that conveys so expressively to his listeners the real state of his feelings.

"It isn't well. It is ill," retorts Margery. "It—it is disgraceful. She is determined to sit upon us."

"She'll have something to do, then, that's one comfort," exclaims Angelica, hysterically. "And she can't do it all at once either, there's such a lot of us."

"Don't be a fool," says Peter, who is in no humor for jokes.

"Peter, don't be rude to Angelica," interposes Margery, indignantly, whose nerves are by this so highly strung that she feels it a necessity to quarrel with somebody.

"Who's rude?" demands Peter. "I only advised her gently not to jest on solemn subjects."

"Very gently! You told her not to be a fool."

"Well! Would you have me tell her to be a fool? You're all fools together, it strikes me. There isn't a grain of sense in any girl born."

"I say, look here! Have it out to-morrow, you two," cries Dick, "but let us discuss the new madame now, as she no doubt is discussing us at this moment."

"That is most unfavorably."

"She is no doubt abusing us like a pickpocket," mutters Peter, dejectedly.

"She is arranging with Billy for our immediate dismissal, with a character, having paid all wages due."

"Perhaps, after all, we weren't very nice to her," says Angelica, doubtfully.

"What's the good of being nice? In books *they always do the correct thing, at first and* get kicked out afterward for their pains. I've read a lot about people-in-law. We have done the incorrect thing, and we shall be kicked out, too, but we shall carry our self-respect with us."

"That's about all," puts in Dick, grimly.

"She is—didn't any one think her eyes lovely?" hazards Angelica. "And her hands very small? Small as Muriel's."

"No, no," declares Margery, shortly. "Come, let us go to bed and forget our misfortunes for a time, if we can."

* * * * *

Meantime another scene is taking place in the room over their heads.

"After all, Billy," says Mrs. Daryl, with a jolly little laugh as she closes the bedroom door firmly behind her, "you were wrong. They didn't fall in love with me at first sight. You are a false prophet."

"They—they were a little queer, eh?" returns Billy, thoughtfully. "I noticed it. But you mustn't mind that, you know. It'll wear off, and—when they come to know you and understand you, there won't be a difficulty anywhere."

"It is natural, I suppose," muses Mrs. Daryl, gravely. "They must look upon me as a female Jacob. A supplanter, a usurper."

"They mustn't be allowed to harbor that thought," says her husband, turning quickly toward her: "you are mistress here. The house is yours."

Some sudden remembrance checks him here, and drives the color to his cheek. "A barren possession," he says, laying his kindly brown hand on hers. "I wish there was something in it worth your acceptance."

"It seems to me there is a good deal in it." A second little laugh breaks from her.

Daryl looks at her anxiously.

"Too much, you think perhaps?" he says a quick shade falling into his eyes.

For just the moment it takes her to read his thoughts she does not answer him, then:

"So that is what you are thinking?" she decides, at last. "Have I deserved it, Billy?" I tell you, you are wrong—all wrong. The very spirit they displayed warmed my heart to them as no silly untried tenderness would have done. Had they thrown themselves into my arms, and affected a sudden love for me, I should have been troublesome perhaps," with a little grimace; "but now! Why they seem to be real grit all through, and I'll stand to them for it, and make them all like me, before I'm done with them."

"That's my dear girl," says Mr. Daryl.

"How they withdrew from me! Did you notice that boy with the big eyes? How distrustfully he let them rest on me? I shall take him for a ride to-morrow, and bring him home my slave."

"They will be all your slaves in a month or so."

"A month!" Mrs. Billy gazes at him earnestly as one might who is filled with surprise. "How you underrate my *abilities*," she says at last, gayly. "Be warned in time. Before to-morrow night I shall be not only tolerated, but warmly accepted by every member of this household!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

INDIA'S INFINITE VARIETY.

Her Society and Her Scenery Complex and Varied to a Degree.

The grand difficulty of talking to an Englishman about India is that he always forms a picture of the place in his mind. It may be accurate or inaccurate, but it is always a picture. He thinks of it either as a green delta, or a series of sunbaked plains, or a wild region with jungle and river and farms all intermixed, or a vast park stretched out by nature for sportsmen, and sloping somehow at the edge toward highly cultivated plains. It never occurs to him that as regards external aspect there is no India; that the Peninsula, so called, is as large as Europe west of the Vistula, and presents as many variations of scenery. East Anglia is not so different from Italy as the northwest provinces from Bengal, nor are the Landes so unlike Normandy as the Punjab is unlike the hunting districts of Madras. There is every scene in India, from the eternal snow of the Himalayas, as much above Mont Blanc as Mont Blanc is above Geneva, to the rice swamps of Bengal, all buried in fruit trees; from the wonderful valleys of the Vindhya, where beauty and fertility seem to struggle consciously for the favor of man, to the God-forgotten salt marshes by the Runn of Cutch.

It is the same with indigenous Indian society. The Englishman thinks of it as an innumerable crowd of timid peasants, easily *taxed and governed by a few officials*, or as a population full of luxurious princes, with difficulty restrained by scientific force and careful division from eating up each other. In reality, Indian society is more complex and varied than that of Europe, comprising, it is true, a huge mass of peasant proprietors, but yet full of princes who are potentates and princes who are survivals, of landlords who are in all respects great nobles and landlords who are only squireens, of great ecclesiastics and hungry curates, of merchants like the Barings and merchants who keep shops, of professors and professionals, of adventurers and criminals, of cities full of artificers, and of savages far below the dark citizens of Hawaii.

A Congo Mystery Solved.

The mysterious Lake Landji has been visited at last, and a curious and important question of African geography is thereby settled. Lake Landji has figured on the maps for a number of years, though nobody seemed certain that it really existed. The lake has eluded the grasp of explorers almost as successfully as the North Pole. It has been the goal of several expeditions, all of which failed to reach it.

Mr. Alexander Delcommune, who has probably travelled further and seen more in the Congo Basin than any other white man, has finally stood on the shores of the lake, and demonstrated that it is not merely a vagary of the Arab imagination, for the only proof we had of the lake's existence was the dictum of Arab traders. According to their reports, the lake played a most important part in Congo hydrography. They said it was the gathering ground of all the Congo's head streams, and that the Congo proper began only where these unit*ed waters issued from the lake.*

The telegraphic report of Delcommune's discovery is very brief, but gives the essential facts. Delcommune followed the Lukuga River, the outlet of the great lake, Tanganyika, far to the west, till he found its waters pouring into Lake Landji. He found also that the Lualaba and Luapula, head streams of the Congo, which gather up the waters of the southeast part of the basin, flow into the south side of Lake Landji, and that the true Congo emerges from the north side of the lake. The most surprising statement in his report is that the Lukuga River is the main artery of the Congo. It had not been supposed that the Tanganyika basin was the chief contributor to the upper waters of the great river.

Explorers have been very busy in the southeast part of the Congo basin within the past two years. Le Marinel, Delcommune, Stairs, and Bia have led expeditions across it in various directions, and have revealed many facts concerning the hydrography of the region. They have found that these upper waters of the Congo are impeded by many falls and rapids, and that most of them are shallow streams. It is doubtful if they can ever be made valuable for navigation.

The Probable Attendance at the World's Fair.

The average daily attendance at the Centennial was 62,333; the largest attendance was 274,919; the smallest 12,720. The daily average at Paris was 130,000; the largest single day's admissions, 400,000. While the circumstances and conditions surrounding the Columbian Exposition differ materially from those of either the Centennial or Paris exhibition, the divergence is not great enough to affect a very clear conclusion from the figures given. The unavoidable inference drawn from every international fair is this: The attendance is very largely drawn from the population within a limited radius from the site of the exposition. Thus, for instance the statistics of the Paris exhibition show that on days when the attendance averaged 250,000, at least 190,000 came from Paris and its environs. Allowing for the difference in national habits which makes the American regard a trip from San Francisco to Chicago with greater readiness than the Frenchman does a journey to Berlin; allowing, too, for the unlimited stimulus to travel given by the excursion system planned by the railroads of this country for the coming event—taking every possible factor into account, it seems hardly possible that more than an average of two hundred thousand non-residents will be in Chicago during the Exposition. Assuming, then, that two hundred thousand will be the largest average of strangers needing food and lodging in the city, no one familiar with the situation would hesitate to declare that the ordinary rule of suppy and demand will prevail throughout the six months and that the price of living will be as reasonable as could be expected.

HOUSEHOLD.

O! Mother.

"Oh! mother, I want my bonnet tied!"
"My hat has lost a string!"
"Must I be Bobby Barnes's horse?"
"Is zis your pitty wing?"
"Say, will you make us chicken pie?"
"Somebody's hid my slate!"
"See what an ugly rent, mamma;
I tored it on the gate!"

"O! mother, Mamie's coming in,
With Moll, and Bess, and Fred;
Can we have cream and cake to-night,
And send the boys to bed?"
"Dear mother, may I wear your shawl?
I'm going for a drive.
If Charley should propose, mamma,
May I ask him in at five?"

"O! mother, send those children out,
They make such fearful din!
I've got my sermon well along,
As far as 'What is Sin?'
And can't you bear in mind that cup
Of strong tea for my head;
And mix a few light rolls and bake?
You know I hate cold bread."

O! mother, mother, should you cease
One little hour the care
That day by day, year after year,
For th's dear brood you bear,
It seems the wheels of life must stop,
Rich mother-love! It springs,
A free, sweet fountain; and it lends
The commonest duty wings.

ESTELLE THOMSON.

Renewing Old Chairs.

Here is an old set of cane-seated chairs very much the worse for wear and not at all ornamental to the room. The canes are split and broken, and the comfort of the chair is also gone. It will hardly pay to take them to a cabinet-maker to have them reseated; besides, they can be very nicely done at home. Take some strong pieces of bagging or burlaps, cut two pieces to fit the chair and long enough to wrap about the rounds that usually held the canes or splints. Thread a darning-needle with double twine and sew them on strong, turning a hem on the upper one as it is sewed to place. When nearly fitted stuff with Excelsior, shavings or fine hay, or they can be cushioned with layers of old bedquilts, cut to fit and basted together. Spread on smoothly and cover with some pretty carpet or woolen goods. Cover the edge with gimp to match the cushion, and tack down closely with silver or gold-headed nails. The gimp and nails can be procured at the furniture dealers. When the chairs are done and revarnished they will be found to be handsomer and more comfortable than when new.

THE LITTLE CHAIR.

Is there a very homely little rocking-chair in the house, handed down from Master Tom to Miss Flossy? If so, I can assure you she does not think it pretty. But it can be made so with very little trouble. Take a piece of coarse sandpaper and rub it until the wood is smooth and clean. Then paint it a rich cream color and make a nice cushion, to fit the seat, filled with feathers or cotton batting. Cover this with some soft baby blue goods and tie at each side with pink ribbons or cord. Now make a little roll cushion for a head-rest and cover with the same. Draw each end up tightly and finish off with pink cord and tassels, which should also hold it to the chair-back.

Women in Public Positions.

I have read and heard debated so much the advisability of our girls entering public life, placing themselves before the public in a clerical or like position. For like every other subject worthy of attention, it is open for debate.

The objection is raised "that in coming in contact with the world in general, without the protection afforded them in their own homes, they learn too much of life as it is, and thus destroy their trusting simplicity, that indescribable charm." I will admit that as one becomes better acquainted with the world and its transactions, it must follow, as in the case of the lapidist, while he does not believe that every stone that glitters is a faultless diamond, does he value a real diamond any the less because of the knowledge? Ah, no, I believe that a noble minded, well educated woman loses none of those qualities that God gave, and intended she should use for the upbuilding of that brightest refuge of mankind, home. Rather, when her time comes to exert her sovereign sway over a man's heart and home, she is better fitted to cope with those adversities that will come into everyone's life, and can sympathize more readily with others than if she had retained her childhood's simplicity and the belief that the world contains only happiness in which all my sport at pleasure.

Then again I hear it said "she becomes bold and loses her womanly modesty;" at that I most emphatically demur. Because she can talk to men without blushing do you think she would forgive or forget one uncourteous action toward her? No! but in the majority of cases she will never have the cause, for there is an undisputable stamp on a lady's face that compels and receives deference from even the lowest of mankind. As the eye is the window of the soul, so is a woman's character stamped undeniably upon her face; the world contains few men, that, without provocation would bring blushes of indignation to it.

A young girl of good old family, well educated and refined, having been trained from earliest childhood by careful hands, completes her education in school and come back to her home in the dawning of womanhood, fresh, bright and "needy." After a time she finds papa's purse is not as well filled as it should be, and that uncomplainingly he and mother are denying themselves comforts that their precious child may not be denied those things which have become necessitites to her. Then there are two paths open to her.

Shall she continue to receive means from the indulgent father and require mother to wear her one dress and bonnet until Mrs. Grundy wonders why the beautiful Miss L.'s mother can be such a fright, or, I am sorry to say, in sheer desperation or from a sense of duty to her parents, accept a man in marriage, whom she is not sure that through live she can trust, honor and love.

Is that young lady any the less noble because she fits herself for and occupies a remunerative position? and by viewing human nature more closely, learns to distinguish the real from the counterfeit? Will she not make as good, even a better wife, by knowing the worth of money and realizing the difficulties her husband must encounter while winning home and luxury for her? Will she be as reckless in buying that "little darling of a bonnet, only fifteen dollars?"

The time has come when woman should be something more than a pretty bird waiting to be put in a gilded cage and merely a useless ornament. She has the power to be useful and ornamental as well. The first aim of women should be to cultivate, as far as lies in their power, the talents God has given them, when that is accomplished, if they feel that they can lighten others' burdens by earning their own money, in part or wholly, the experience will not harm them. The standard of womanly purity will certainly never be lowered by work.

In the Kitchen.

The best bread board is a plain piece of oilcloth with a hole in it to hang up by. The dough will not stick to this, and it is cleansed by simply wiping off.

CANNED PARTRIDGE.—Clean the partridges and split them in two. Place them in a pan, the outside uppermost, and bake. Baste with melted butter. The partridges can be baked either in the oven or on top of the stove, covered with a second pan, if late in the afternoon and the oven is poor.

FARINA BANANA is a dish of which "Good Health" tells: For one quart of rich milk take four tablespoonfuls of farina, and cook in a double boiler one hour. Add two tablespoonfuls of sugar, and when it is slightly cooled, pour it over thin slices of banana. Serve without dressing, either warm or cold.

Those who are fond of a nice, pungent bit of green salad in winter, are advised to try young mustard. Take a shallow cigar box, or pot, and fill it with earth with a little clean sand on top, and sow *some mustard* seed quite thickly on it; moisten the whole and put it in a warm place. In two or three days the seeds will have germinated, and in a few days more the seedlings will be big enough to cut and eat. Between sowing and eating should be ten days, and one can keep up as many successions as desired.

GINGER CHIPS.—Rub half a pound of butter in a pound and a half of flour; mix in half a pound of brown sugar rolled free from lumps. Add a tablespoonful of powdered ginger, a teaspoonful of powdered cinnamon and a teaspoonful of powdered cloves. Mix well, and stir in a pint of New Orleans or West India molasses, and the grated peel of a large lemon. Add a small teaspoonful of baking soda dissolved in tepid water. Stir very hard with a wooden spoon, and add enough sifted flour to make it stiff enough to roll out. Roll very *thin, and cut* with a jagging iron into strips one inch wide and four inches long. Bake in a moderate oven. These will keep indefinitely in a dry place.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR MAPLE SYRUP.—Desiring maple syrup for our batter-cakes when the store was too remote to furnish our need at short notice, we prepared the following substitute, which was unanimously elected to a high position in the bill of fare. A pound of brown sugar was dissolved in the least water possible, barely enough to keep the sugar from sticking fast to the porcelain lined kettle. It was then boiled one minute, removed from the fire, poured into a syrup cup, three drops of extract of vanilla added, and behold! nectar, honey, nor maple syrup could excel our "lucent sirop tinct with" vanilla.

OYSTER SHORTCAKE.—Make the crust of *a full pint of flour, one and one half tea* spoonfuls baking powder, half a teaspoonful salt; sift and mix with it a tablespoonful butter, and milk to make a dough just stiff enough to roll. Halve it, and roll out to fit a deep tin; spread a little butter over the top; then roll the other half, and lay over the first and bake. While baking, prepare the following: Drain the liquor from a quart of oysters; place this liquor with one and one-half pints of milk in a saucepan, bring to a boil, then add a little thickening, a tablespoonful of butter, with salt and pepper to taste. Put the oysters in, and as soon as it boils up thoroughly, split the cake crusts apart, pour in the oysters, and serve at once. The delicacy of the dish depends on eating it at once before the under crust becomes soaked.

DELICIOUS CHOCOLATE CARAMELS.—The secret of success with these caramels is to *boil to the right thickness, and the length* of time required to bring them to this point depends on the quality of the sugar used. Fifteen minutes of hard boiling will usually be sufficient. Six tablespoonfuls of butter, three pounds of light brown sugar, one cup of milk, one cake of Baker's chocolate broken into small pieces, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of vanilla flavoring to be added after taking from the stove. A half cup of cream may be used for half the amount of butter. Boil until thick, stirring constantly after the boiling begins. Flavor, pour into buttered pans, and when cool check with a sharp knife into squares. If properly made the caramels should break apart like maple sugar.

Why Beat Eggs?

Since the introduction baking powder, it has never been necessary to beat eggs. Let your materials be good, and *after rubbing* the butter and sugar to a cream, add the eggs, milk, seasoning and sifted flour, with baking-powder, and spend the energy you would have wasted on the eggs in thoroughly beating the cake as a whole; then if your material was good, your cake, no matter what its name is, will be good also, and if you grease your pans with sweet lard instead of butter, and line with paper, your cake will come out whole, no matter how rich it may be. Beating eggs is a superfluous labor handed down by conservative women since the days when cakes were "lightened" with saleratus, ammonia, or beaten eggs alone. Furthermore, in all cakes made with butter, which are to have a distinct color and flavor, as fruit, coffee, ginger, chocolate, cochineal, pork-cake and cookies, eggs are unnecessary. They are needed in cakes made with no shortening, or to which *we wish to give the color or flavor of eggs*, as sponge gold, and cream cakes, and doughnuts. Let us have more confidence in our baking-powder. I have trusted it, lo! these many years, and it has not failed me.

The Victims of Vanity.

What is to be said of the sinful folly (the mania is apparently not confined to the young) of the mother who put her child into corsets at six years old, or of the young lady who "enjoys the feeling of tight lacing so much," and never lets her waist exceed 17 inches, or 15½ if she has no breakfast? We are not surprised to hear that she cannot walk. Are there really such foolish relatives as the one who insisted on a young woman reducing her waist to 17 inches, saying. "No man will marry a girl unless she looks smart?" These unfortunate victims of fashion sleep in their corsets, and know no release night or day from the agony of tight ligaments pressing gradually on soft and growing bones.

The torture of the Chinese lady's crushed toes and the disfigurement of the savage who shaves off her eyebrows, saws off and blacks her teeth in a mistaken search for beauty are mild discomforts compared with this prolonged and life-long discipline. Men should be proud to think how women value their admiration and to what lengths they are prepared to go and be pronounced "smart." These young ladies are satisfied with their courage; they revel in their self-sacrifice; they are the pioneers and the martyrs of progress. Of them it may truly be said. "Out of your own mouth shall ye be judged," for it is they who have revealed the secrets of the prison house, torn the veil from their sufferings, and glorified in *the pain which, once conquered, becomes* delicious.

Reading the effusions of these devotees of fashion, one is reminded of the lucubrations of some wild, fanatical sect of the East, who inflict injuries on themselves and mortify the flesh, rejoicing in pain as a means to a future of inalienable joy. What is the joy of a victim to tight lacing? The gratification of a contemptible vanity, coupled with the trembling hope of obtaining a husband. Men must indeed be valuable prizes if they are worth so much misery before marriage, not to speak of the unhappiness often caused by them after marriage when yoked in an unsuitable and unsympathetic union. The man who is captivated by the slenderness of his wife's waist can scarce be a very exemplary or high-minded member of society. Such a man would probably, after a year or two of marriage, cease to know how she looked, or care whether her waist were large or small.

Grimsby Park.

A Grimsby dispatch says that the park management have prepared for the coming season a programme of great attractiveness. Among the noted speakers from abroad are: —Rev. Dr. Talmage, Rev. Dr. McIntyre, now of Denver; Rev. Dr. Willett, Dayton, O.; Rev. Dr. Morris, of Cincinnati, O.; Rev. W. F. Crafts of Pittsburg, Pa.; Rev. Chancellor Sims of Syracuse; Rev. Dr. Lansing Taylor of New York, and Rev. Ward Pickard of Buffalo.

Some of the foremost of Canadian speakers will take part. The names of Revs. Dr. Potts, Dr. Carman, Dr. Briggs, Dr. Sutherland, Dr. Badgley, Dr. Burns, Dr. Antliffe, Prof. Wallace, Prof. Austin, Rev. I. C. Tomlie, Mr. J. L. Hughes and others are on the list.

Almost a Hint.

She: "I saw somebody this morning for whom you have a great admiration."

He: "You did, eh? I guess you must have looked in the mirror."

HEALTH.

Crinoline and Health.

The present attempt to introduce the crinoline fashion of dress for women has been considered from nearly every standpoint excepting that of health, and possibly the votaries of fashion do not consider this side of the subject worthy of attention. This has generally been the way with nearly every other change in modern dress for women. The healthfulness of it has simply been ignored until general alarm about our daughters' health has been raised; but even then many cling to the fashion despite all warnings. The fact that medical societies have constantly condemned the use of the corsets with stiff bones in them has not had an appreciable influence in relegating them to the obscurity to which they by rights belong. One academy of medicine has just issued another manifesto against the use of stiff-boned corsets, and illustrating their appeal with warning accounts of several society women who have been actually killed by too tight lacing. These examples, however, cannot be expected to frighten the multitudes until they become so numerous as to make the percentage of sufferers threateningly large. But the greatest evil which the corset does is to undermine the general health of nine-tenths of those wearing them so that diseases can readily enter their systems and develop rapidly. The average health and strength of women are less than of man, and the corset has not a little to do with the question.

Is the Crinoline Injurious?

The hoopskirts of our grandmothers were not only unsightly objects to behold, but owing to their great weight they were often injurious as an article of dress. When they first came into vogue they were made of heavy steel wire, and their weight added to that of the dress material caused a heavy drag upon the waist. But subsequently they were improved so that their weight was greatly reduced. But even at their best they increased the weight and pressure around the waist. They cannot be supported well from the shoulders, and to prevent them from falling out of position a tight band is required around the waist. This led to bands, which became so fashionable that the wasp-waist of a woman was considered the ideal of perfection. The crinoline of to-day is no improvement upon the old hoop skirts so far as the healthfulness of the article of wear is concerned. The crinoline material is heavy and stiff, and it sets out from the waist like a balloon. Besides making the weight from the waist extra, the wide expanse of material offers a large target for the wind which can make it a burden for one to travel through our streets on windy days. The chance of catching cold is much greater with the crinoline than with any other fashion that has been in vogue for many years.

The Anti-Obesisy Diet.

A medical officer of the French army comes out with an obesity cure that may be claimed as the latest fad in this direction, but it is simply what many progressive physicians have advocated heretofore. It is the simple prescription of limiting the diet to very few articles at one meal. The excessive fat does not come so much from the quantity of food that we eat as from the quality, and more especially the mixture which we consume. Our modern way of living is to add to the number of our courses, and every one we add to the regulation dinner the more evident it is that we are encouraging obesity. The savage limited to the diet of only a few plain articles of food rarely became excessively fat, although his life was often one of idleness and laziness. The present fad is to have only one dish for each meal, and of this the person can eat as much or little as he pleases. He may become a gormandizer if he does not touch more than this one dish, and yet he will not become obese. The limit placed upon the diet is simply one of variety, and not of quantity. The same holds true of liquids. One liquid can be taken with the meal, but not two. It is better not to take any, but most people could not become so abstemious as this. A different kind of dish can be arranged for each meal, but no more than one for breakfast, dinner and supper, including naturally bread.

Anticipating Disease.

The author of the "Autorat of the Breakfast Table" has aptly said that the proper time to treat some diseases is a hundred years before the birth of the patient. This may be used to illustrate the necessity sometimes of anticipating diseases in the human system. We are so arranged that many diseases are in a latent condition for many months, awaiting some favorable conditions to develop them. Thus tuberculosis is in cows long before there is any outward manifestation of it; but by the Koch treatment we can discover the disease so early in its stage that it can be completely checked. One of the great necessities of our times in cities is to have a regular annual or semi-annual examination of all its people. If this could be done one-half the present epidemics would be headed off and destroyed. A complete record of the state of the patients would be also of great help, and vital statistics would be greatly helped thereby. Many diseases exist without the patient having the slightest knowledge of them, but an examination would reveal their presence in time to prevent long sickness.

LEAPED THROUGH A CAR WINDOW.

A Lunatic's Desperate Attempt To Commit Suicide On a Train.

As the evening train from the north was approaching Dundalk, the other evening a lunatic who was being taken from Owen Sound to Toronto Asylum asked the guard with whom he was sitting to allow him to change place with him. He and the guard were occupying one seat, with the lunatic on the inside next the window. The guard kindly granted the privilege, but the moment the poor crazy fellow was at a sufficient distance from the window he threw himself headlong through it with the train at full speed. The guard, however, grabbed his legs as he was making his exit and with the aid of several of the passengers succeeded in drawing him in again. Beyond being badly cut with the broken pieces of glass, the unfortunate man sustained no injuries. We understand this is not his first attempt at suicide.

The Captain's Yarn.

A captain was relating some of his marvellous adventures to a listening crowd.

"I had a narrow escape once," he commenced, "while we was taking in coals at Madeira. Me and my poor mate, Bill, had thrown off our clothes and was having a swim one morning, when all at once we sees a couple o' sharks making clean for us with open mouths. There was no chance, so I makes one dive down into my shark's throat. Poor Bill was cut fair in halves with one bite. But I outs with my knife and rips the beggar clean up with one cut. Not a scratch on me when I gets out."

"One moment, please," said the quiet Scotsman in the corner. "I thought you said you were swimming. How about that knife, then?"

"Oh, if you're so particular about a eightpenny knife, you tell the story yourself," replied the captain. "Besides, it wasn't my knife at all—it was poor Bill's."

Couldn't Be Lost.

"So you persist in receiving the visits of that fellow Smythe," said Charles, in a melodramatic tone.

"I do. He is a very agreeable gentleman and I see no reason why I should deliberately offend him."

"Then I am lost to you forever."

"Don't talk nonsensense, Charley."

"Nonsense?"

"Yes. The idea of anybody getting lost with such feet as you have is absurd. You couldn't help being found and identified."

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Editorial Notes.

The Home Rule Bill has entered upon its committee stage. The course which the Conservatives and Liberal Unionists have marked out for themselves indicates that they do not expect to defeat the measure, but hope to modify it. In fact the number of amendments which they will propose is simply appalling. Two or three months will be occupied in their consideration and then the bill will be passed and go to the House of Lords where it will be rejected. Next autumn will bring another general election.

Andrew Haslam of Nanaimo was on May 2nd duly elected by acclamation a member of the House of Commons for this electoral district. This is for the unexpired term of the late David William Gordon. Mr. Haslam defines his position to be that of a supporter of the present Government so far as he believed it was in the best interests of the Dominion and this constituency. He would not bind himself to any hard and fast lines, but pledge himself to do his best for those he was elected to serve. Of course this will not please the opponents of the Government. Nevertheless it is generally believed by those who know Mr Haslam best that he will not be a blind partisan but rather an Independent supporter of the powers that be, and that he will be as independent at Ottawa as he has been at home. In that role he will assuredly be the strongest here. The number of those who, while not desirous of seeing a change of government, are nevertheless in favor of a reduction of the tariff and many other reforms, is constantly increasing. The trend in this direction is very strong and it is believed that the new member is not blind to the obvious signs of the times, and that his votes will in the main be satisfactory to Liberal Conservatives. There is no doubt but that he will stand up manfully for the interests of his constituency, and that no party whip will cause him to swerve one iota from his sense of duty or fealty to his district.

West Kootenay is exciting, at present a great deal of interest. While much of this is doubtless due to the real estate speculators, who are fattening on the credulity of the average individual, yet back of all that is the fact that that section is rich in mineral wealth. Conceding this, it does not follow that it is a good place to go to. Of course a miner should go where there is mineral, but excepting him, and the capitalist who may go anywhere, others, as a rule, will be much better off where they are. Building activity may prevail at certain points but that is not of much importance in a mining community. It is mineral development that is wanted, that given the buildings will follow. People who are getting a comfortable living should be content, providing they are doing their best. Those who can't get this, will not be likely to improve their condition where there is greater competition. Gold street is ever illusive— a little further on.

It is pleasant to know that Comox District — no longer isolated— is becoming better known and of course more generally appreciated. The Vancouver World has in its issue of the 27th ult.,a most appreciative article by the "WORLD man on the wing" written in his best vien. Comox townsite (the Bay) and Courtenay both come in for a share of attention. THE NEWS also receives a word of praise which is highly esteemed. Such an article in a paper circulating largely throughout the Province will do much to make us more widely known, and attract to our section both men and capital. Our friends after reading the number referred to would do well to mail it to some acquaintance, as its statements coming from such a source would be deemed reliable, and at once arrest attention.

It is the best way to call things by their proper name, and a place has as much right to a name as an individual. When a townsite is registered like Comox and Courtenay it should go by its registered name, and the post office name correspond to the registered or corporate name Where, however, a post office is located in an unincorporated section, the neighborhood very properly takes the name of the post office. Of course when we are speaking of places in the northern part of the district where there is no town or post office we are compelled, to be precise, to describe the locality by reference to some known object, as a river, a harbour or a mountain. Comox is a a large district and therefore to speak of a thing as in Comox is to give no definite idea of its location, unless it is taken to mean, as it properly should, that it is in the registered townsite of Comox. Let us cease therefore to call any and all places within the district by that name reserving it for the Bay, and only using it otherwise when speaking of the entire district.

FOOD AND MORALITY.

TOLSTOI THINKS FLESH EATING LEADS TO IMMORALITY.

Moral Perfection Can Not be Attained Upon a Vegetarian Diet—Abstemiousness is the First Virtue in the Pursuit of Moral Perfection.

The distinguished Russian writer, Tolstoi, thus speaks in the New Review of animal diet in its relation to conduct and character.

"I only desire to establish the propositions that, in order to lead a moral life, it is necessary to observe a certain sequence in good actions: that if a man is serious in his aspiration to lead a good life the practical manifestations of that desire will necessarily unfold themselves in a certain order, and that in this order the abstemiousness (self-mastery) is the first virtue which he will have to cultivate. In the pursuit of the virtue of abstemiousness he must again observe a certain definite order, and the first step therein will be abstemiousness in food-fasting.

"In the practice of fasting the first thing from which he must abstain, if he really and truly aims at leading a good moral life, is animal food, and this for the intelligible reason that, not to speak of the passions it engenders and fosters, the consumption of animal food is plainly immoral, because it demands an act which does violence to our moral sentiments—viz., murder—and is encouraged and kept up only by men's greed of gold and their appetite for savory food. The reason why the first step in fasting and in right living is abstinence from animal food has been admirably formulated, not by one man only, but by all mankind in the persons of its most accredited representatives during the course of human history.

"But why, one may ask, if the illegality—i.e., immorality—of consuming animal food has been recognized by mankind for such a long period, have people nevertheless persisted down to the present in ignoring this law? This question naturally suggests itself to those who are prone to be guided less by the light of their own reason than by public opinion. The answer to the question, however, is that all moral progress (and moral progress is the essence of all progress whatever) is a work of time, is accomplished slowly, but that the sign of genuine progress, as distinguished from casual advance, is its uninterrupted continuousness and its ever-increasing rapidity.

"The vegetarian movement ought to fill with gladness the souls of those who have at heart the realization of God's kingdom upon earth, not because vegetarianism itself is such an important step toward the realization of this kingdom (all real steps are equally important or unimportant), but because it serves as a criterion by which we know that the pursuit of moral perfection on the part of man is genuine and sincere, inasmuch as it has taken that form which it must necessarily assume, and has truly begun at the very beginning.

"It is impossible not to rejoice at this, just as it would be impossible for people not to feel glad who, after having vainly endeavored to reach the top of the house by attempting to climb up the walls from various sides, at last meet at the bottom step of the staircase, and, crowding together there, feel that there is no way of reaching the top except by ascending that staircase and beginning with this first and lowest step."

Words Misspelled Mentally.

"I suppose," said a man who was looking in the dictionary, "that many of us arrive at mature years with a wrong impression of certain words. There is for instance, a word which I wish I could recall, but I can't, which was in some way originally impressed upon my mind, with an added letter; it is a word that is comparatively in common use. I grew up carrying that additional letter in the word and never thinking but that I had it right. I have no doubt that I had seen this word in print time and again in its correct form, but the absence there of the letter which I had in the word in my mind had never struck me. One day, however, it did strike me very plainly, and the word then looked so different from the one to which I was mentally accustomed, that at first I thought that it was misspelled, as I saw it in print, but I very quickly discovered that it was spelled there correctly. I remember now that for some little time hereafter it halted me whenever I encountered it, but it soon ceased to appear strange, and the proof that it was right, as I now saw it, was so overwhelming that it made me smile. I had no difficulty in erasing from my mind the old spelling and substituting the correct form.

"An acquaintance tells me that for years the impression upon his mind of the word repugnant was repungant. He didn't discover that the word was repugnant until he had occasion to write it, and then he could at first scarcely believe that he had had it wrong for so long a time. The simple explanation of his mistake was that he had transposed the letters in a hurried reading.

"Another acquaintance tells me that for some time in his youth he carried the word dislocate in his mind as discolate. He says that always it almost seemed to him as though there was something the matter with discolate, and yet he thought it must be all right. It seems funny that he didn't look in the dictionary. That is what he did at last, and when he discovered his mistake he set the word in his mind, and he tells me that it hasn't been out of joint since."—New York Sun.

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