Provincial Lib

103

The Weekly News.

NO. 192. UNION, COMOX DISTRICT, B. C., TUESDAY, JULY 14, 1896. $2.00 PER YEAR

UNION MEAT MARKET

Choice fresh and salt meats, headcheese, bolonga, sausages and vegetables, fruitand eggs

ALWAYS ON HAND

SHIPPING SUPPLIED

SIMON LEISER

Spring Goods NOW ARRIVED

PRICES VERY LOW

Take a Look at the Window and See PRICES

Suits cheaper than in the East. My stock comprises the very latest novelties in Scotch and English Suitings.

I will sell fine black worsted suits
.....at $30 per suit.....

P. DUNNE

IF

You want to save money without working, get Hamburger's PRICES.

This Space

Reserved

Latest by Wire

TUPPER STEPS DOWN

Ottawa, July 10.—Sir Charles Tupper resigned last night.

FROM NANAIMO

It is reported here that the Gabriola Coal Coal Co has struck a fine seem of coal on Mudge Island, measuring seven feet in thickness.

Mr. Chas J. Mitchell, of Toronto was badly injured while riding on his wheel yesterday. His wheel was caught in the gutter, with the result that he was violently thrown. His face was bably cut in several places.

The hearing of the application for winding up the Citizens Building Society was adjourned for a month, this morning pending negotiations for transfer of the securities.

The Vancouver Coal Coal are taking out the necessary material to run a slope into the excellent seam of coal recently discovered on the Harwood estate.

A new and promising ledge has been struck on the Alberni Consolidated Miners Co's claim on Mineral Hill, not far from the old one; the ore being much the same quality the company propose to run a tunnell 1000 feet in without delay.

FROM VICTORIA

Private advices received July 11th, are to the effect that several former Victorians took part in the fight at Salisbury, Matabeleland, and that Chas. Anisky is missing.

Despite the order of the Dominion Government, the engineer is working away at the new Point Ellice bridge. The mayor says the city is strictly within its rights.

An Information has been sworn to by Graham Campbell, Liberal scrutineer, charging Wm Guinn, carriage builder, with personating another at the recent election. This man voted twice. It is said the Liberals will contest the election of Earle and Prior.

FROM VANCOUVER

July 11.—The residence of Richmond, clerk of Surry, was burned to the ground Loss. $3,500; no insurance.

At Ewens cannery, two fishermen named Grant and Englehardt, got into a row when the former struck the latter with a net, knocking him senseless. It is feared he will die.

A consignment of lobsters and oysters to be transferred to the Pacific Coast waters as an experiment, arrived to day from Halifax.

A good catch of salmon is above Bon Accord. Water is still high at Westminter, where the railway is flooded for half a mile.

BRYAN AND SILVER

Dispatches from Chicago show the Democrats have adopted a silver platform and nominated Bryan of Nebraska for President.

CABINET CHANGES

The slate has been changed, now it is said Fielding will be Finance Minister and that Cartwright will have charge of Public Works.

HOSPITAL

Mrs. Reid, the matron, acknowledges the receipt of flowers from Mrs. Abrams, flowers from the Christian Endeavor Society connected with the Presbyterian church, lettuce from Mrs. Willemar, vegetables from a friend. and a fowl from a friend.

Kilpatrick—Williams.

On Saturday last at the Presbyterian manse, Sandwick, Mr. D. Kilpatrick was united in marriage with Miss Bessie B. Williams, both of Union, the Rev. Mr. Tait officiating. Both are well known and popular and THE NEWS joins the many friends in extending congratulations.

Open Meeting.

The Sons of Temprence will hold their monthly open meeting next Monday evening in their Hall over Tarbell's shop. Debate: Are women better reformers than men? There will be songs, readings, etc. Everybody come.

Mrs. J. S. Kendall, the fashionable milliner, will leave Friday for Victoria to meet the agents of eastern Millinery Establishments, to select her stock of fall and winter goods. While absent her store will be closed.

R. Campbell has just opened up in the store lately occupied by Mr. Langman, with a large stock of men's, women's and children's boots, shoes, slippers, etc. of all kinds, just imported from the east. **The entire stock is new and of best quality** and will be sold at prices to suit the times.

McPhee & Moore

FAMILY GROCERS AND MEAT MARKET

—IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN—

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

OUR MEAT MARKET

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

☞Goods Delivered Promptly

CHATTER

These are just the days for spending in the woods, or on the water; but it is a work-a-day world and few can get away to while the time in this dolce far niente fashion. I can imagine no more delightful drive than on the road turning to the right from the main road coming from Comox. The tree branches meet, form ing a perfect arch overhead, their trunks covered with green lichen and moss, hangiag in graceful festoons from their spreading arms. On either side the road for several miles the still cool shade gives one a feeling of restful quiet. Nearer to Courtenay the farms lying below in the valley present a panorama suggestive of peace and plenty, with great stacks of hay shining golden in the sunshine and the green fields so level.

The farms of Messers. Urquahart, Lewis, Crawford and Cairns, are a creditable source of pride, as they certainly must be of profit.

I feel positive if more people in the big cities knew of the beauties of the surrounding country and Comox Bay, it could be made a popular summer resort.

* *

A certain leading young gentleman has worn a very long face for the past few weeks. I am sorry, but two months will soon slip by, and there's the postal service.

* *

The fire a week ago, I think cast a feeling of uneasiness over us all, and Mr. Little's kindness in aiding us to some protection against such a danger is highly appreciated. How bravely the men worked! Who of all us women, wanted a greater right at that perilous moment than to be protected. I never had any sympathy with the women who are clamoring for "Women's Rights," and when such dangers arise I think even the most manly woman realizes, her dependence, and the comfort men are;—No woman but admires a brave man, and Union has a host of them.

* *

Only a week or two since I wrote, "we have no lady bicyclists;" and as if to dispute my assertion, I find several bicycle girls abroad. The Misses Edwards of Nanaimo are visting their parents, and both are graceful cyclists. Then Mrs. R. Robertson and Miss Piket ride.

Speaking of bicycles suggests a costume I saw in Chicago worn by a prominent society lady; and which recommends itself to me as particularly safe and modest. A blouse waist and short skirt, reach ing half way between the knees and ankles, covered the bloomers of the same material. which was brown mohair, dark brown gaiters very long, cream bicycle shoes with brown straps, cream kid sailor, with brown belt and gloves of same colored kid. A cream vail tied neatly over the hat kept the hair smooth and lent a softened appearance to the brunette face beneath,

* *

For the warm weather when every one wishes to be out, there is nothing better for tan and burn than a toilet wash of half pint of rose-water, half pint of alchohol and two ounces of benzoin. Pour enough into a bowl of water to make it milky and bathe the face at night before retiring. It can be put up at the drug store at a trifling cost.

* *

What is shoddy? asked a wee girl, on hearing the expression, the other day. It induced a long train of thought, retrospective as well as prospective; for I had heard the same question explained to a child years ago: and the interpretation of what a shoddy person was I have never forgotten: "A person who is not well born but who occupies a position of some prominence and from self conscious ness of the past, which brings a feeling of insecurity, finds it necessary to assume snobbish airs." And I have observed it unvaryringly true. Those whose standing is unassailable are ever courteous to all. As one verification of this I can offer the names of the Govenor—General of Canada and Lady Aberdeen, with both of whom I have had the honor of dining, at Government House in Winnipeg; and I have also seen Lady Aberdeen at the meetings of the W, C. T U., where she was as gracious to some working girls who were members, as she had been to the guests at Government House the previous evening. And so shoddy and snobbishness are synonymous terms, I think. Of course, here there is no occasion, or reason for anything of the kind, but one must write something, and I hope there may be some of my indulgent readers who will agree with

Reine

Union Lodge Officers.

Last waek D. G. G. M. Charles Whyte installed the following officers of Union Lodge No. 11 I. O. O. F. for the ensuring term: J. A. Pritchard, N. G.; D. R. McDonald, V. G.; J. Fletcher, warden; L. C. McDonald, Cond; D. R. McKenxie, I G., R. Cessford, Treas.; A. Lindsay, Secy.; J. Whyte, R. S. N. G.; J. Bennie, L. S. Y. G.

—BORN

MELLADO.—At Union, July 7, to the wife of Mr. B. Mellado, a daughter.

ERICKSON.—At Union July 12, to the wife of Mr. Erickson, a son.

JEFFS.—At Union July 12, to the wife of Dr. Jeffs, a son.

New Officers.

The new officers of Cumberland Lodge, A. F. and A. M. are: W. Ferguson, W. M.; K. Sharp, S. W.; H. McGregor, J. W.; J. McKim, Secy.; M. Mitchell, Treas.; T. Irwin, S. D.; C. Cessford, J. D.; J. Reid, I. G.; A. Lindsay, Tyler

The members of L. O. L. Mount Horeb No. 1676, and visiting brethren to the number of 32 attended services on Sunday the 12th, at the Presbyterian church, and listened to a very able and eloquent sermon by their Brother Rev. J. A. Logan.

TRINITY CHURCH

On Sunday next there will be morning service at 11 o'clock followed by the celebration of the Holy Communion. Evening service as usual at 7

NOTICE.

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

F.D. Little, Supt.

RANCH FOR SALE

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

James Abrams

FARM AND GARDEN.

AGRICULTURE.

The only time to do a thing is the right time. If the soil is stirred and the fields kept clean during the month of June the corn plants become stocky and assume the best condition to make rapid growth when the hot July sun starts them with new vigor. If neglected now, it will be impossible to give the corn proper attention later.

Honesty does pay, and it pays in every profession. The farmer who sells eggs which he knows are not fresh, or puts the largest potatoes or apples at the mouth of the sack, or praises the cow he sells more than she merits, or in any other way overreaches his fellow man, will some day confess that he has lost money by so doing; and then think what a poor opinion he has of himself all the time.

There is a way to overcome everything, even the nuisance of a muddy barnyard. It is surprising that good farmers do not contrive more speedy ways to cure the matter. Such a thing is a detriment to the whole place, and an eyesore to the whole country around. Clean it up and drain it off.

In buying a farm do not make the mistake of buying one of a light sandy soil because it can be worked more easily than clay and never become muddy. Though good for special crops, such possess much less strength than others, and are enriched at more expense. While clay soil will retain for years the manure washed into it, a sandy soil can never become permanently enriched.

Potatoes are neglected more than any other crop on the farm. Most farmers go to some trouble to get their seed potatoes in the ground in good shape, and then consider the principal labor done, though they have a dread of the digging, with so many weeds; but weeds have no more place in the potato patch then in the corn field.

Very little hand work is required among potatoes if constantly cultivated, as they should be. The very best time to kill weeds is just before they appear. When the seed first sprouts it is killed if it is moved, unless the weather be wet, and constant cultivation keeps the weed seed stirred.

It would be dollars in our pockets to tax ourselves heavily for good roads. Markets would be open all the year, and we could reach them at less expense; there would be less wear on wagons and horses; the church, the school and the doctor would not be so far away; and agricultural communities would be closer together.

Every cultivation of the soil while it is wet imprisons some moisture under the turned surface; this is favorable to nitrification of the air, even if no ammonia were in the rain water in the first place. Breaking the crust prevents radiation of heat and evaporation of moisture, and does all the more good if the soil turned up is less moist than that turned under.

Pumpkins planted among corn are less likely to be injured by the squash bug. By keeping the corn well cultivated until the vines begin to run, we doubt if pumpkins are any injury to the main crop. In any event, with farmers who are wont to lay by their corn with a deep furrow between the rows, this butchery of the corn roots would be prevented, and much to their advantage.

STOCK.

In grinding food it can usually be managed that the work be done when it least interferes with other farm duties. Cooking can not be always so managed, and most farmers abandon it, though convinced of its advantages. The actual work is not great, and every feeder must decide for himself as to its advisability.

During these times of depression we have let our stock of all kinds run down. There is now increased demand for high grade beef and mutton and for the best high class horses of different types—radically different from our stock in trade of millions of little scrubs. Our home markets are calling for the best, and the export trade wants shiploads every day.

If we allowed our sheep or cows to wallow in the filth which surrounds the pig during most of its life, it would not surprise us at all if they suffered from lice, ticks and all sorts of skin diseases. Most diseases among swine start from a filthy pen. Undoubtedly hog cholera started there. Disease germs live and grow in filth, and the sickness of one contaminates the whole herd.

Animals should be handled as machines—and very animated intricate machines, extremely susceptible to all surrounding influences; and only men with a love of detail and a natural adaptation to the work should be put in charge of them, if we would avoid the ills to which they are subject. Even right treatment may be bunglingly done.

DAIRY.

The cow which has calved in spring gives her fullest flow of milk on grass in June, and it ought not to be a larger burden than she could carry through twelve hours. For this reason, during the long summer days, it is not a bad plan to milk three times a day. In this country, in midsummer, there are about 16 hours of daylight for this.

Our pastures have a habit of waning away under the influence of the hot sun of July and August, with irregular and scanty showers. In these conditions the pasture suffers, and the cows are not benefited. Have some cultivated crop growing for them. More food can be grown from an acre as a soiling crop than is to be had from an acre of pasture.

The chief concern of the dairyman during the winter is the cheapness and variety of food for his cattle. Soiling is one advance step; the preparing an ensilage crop is a greater one. The cow which is fed regularly on full feed is the cow which helps the farmer to pay his bills. No use in having a good machine and no power to keep it in motion.

Denmark, with her little 15,000 square miles, makes $12.50 a head for each of her 2,000,000 of population every year from her sales of butter. This is the result of careful study and diffused instruction in the best methods. We might make better butter and at a less cost than Denmark, but we do not.

Blooded dairy stock is very cheap now, and the sensible man will put himself in the way to take advantage of the present state of the market. There is a wonderful virtue in a thoroughbred cow, only needing the ability of the owner to bring it out. From all points they will bring one-fourth more profit than a herd of the commoner sort.

There is nothing more detrimental to good milk production than foul water. If you are enterprising enough to have the supply in the stable, be careful that the cows do not have a chance to drop feed into it. Have a cover over it, and do not let them drink until an hour after eating; close again before feeding time.

Practice and chemistry agree without reservation that good clover hay is the best roughness which could be used in the dairy. When it is time to cut it, remember that poor clover hay is poor cow feed. Cut when the blossoms begin to brown, and hurry it into the barn. The leaves are lost when tumbled about too much after it is dry.

Experiments at the stations prove that there is a great gain in milk from warming the water for the cows. Even in the summer time they will avoid the cool springs and drink from hot and stagnant pools; in winter time a drink of ice water will cause them to draw their backs up. It may not always pay to heat water for them, but there are other sources of heat than a fire.

The horse must often thank the pride of his master for the currycombings he gets; but the poor cow's flanks are gummed with manure for days and weeks. Get a pail of warm water and soap and clean her, and then put a pole across her stall low enough that when she humps herself to make water she will touch it and back from under it, and thus keep her stall dry.

POULTRY.

The outside peel of onions makes a good lining for hens' nests, as the odor from this vegetable drives away the lice, which are sure to be the thickest on the hens which are setting if there are any about the house. There are other things which have odors offensive to these tormenting parasites.

The lawn mower may be made to pay for itself and the lawn be a source of profit as well as pleasure. Grass fresh clipped from the lawn is a fine addition to the food for fowls of any kind which are kept in confinement, and is procured without any special labor or expense.

Many times little chickens do not thrive, and the only reason is because they are infested with the large gray head lice. If the little fellows begin to droop, look for the lice about their heads and necks. They can be killed by putting a little lard on the finger and rubbing it in and about those parts.

A very low fence will suffice for the ducks if Pekins are kept. They may be fed upon almost any coarse food, and will not need more water than will do them for drinking and bathing purposes. A muddy yard may be avoided if the vessel for the water be placed upon a wooden platform a yard or two square.

The United States imports about sixteen million dozen of eggs every year. This means that we pay out one and a half million dollars of good American money for this luxury. Seven thousand dollars a day is a large amount of money for the American farmer to allow to get away from him, when he might earn it all himself.

HORTICULTURE.

If thoroughly cultivated, the new strawberry beds will last five or six years. The difficulty with matted rows is that in the second or third years grass and weeds take possession. In the beginning every weed and blade of grass should be killed, and after the rows are filled with runners they should be pulled out by hand.

If some enterprising florist should go to the back gates of dwelling houses every morning with a wagon or hand cart, filled with geraniums in pots, or even cans, and fuschias budded, or colei, or well-started seedlings of asters, zinnias, balsams or nasturtiums, at reasonable prices, they should reap a regular harvest of dollars; but we seldom see such a thing tried.

Freshly planted trees and shrubs should be mulched with coarse manure for the summer at least. The soil will be kept loose, cool and moist thereby, and such conditions could not but be of benefit. Not one man in twenty gives his orchard or his shrubbery a thought or a care after he has gone to the expense of setting it out.

In suitable climates huckleberries are easily grown in the gardens, and it is a wonder that these plants are not oftener seen in such situations. They can be taken up from the woods, cut down to one-half or less, and set in proper soil with reasonable hope of success.

The proper time to divide lily of the valley roots is in the fall. When planted in the spring they must be handled without much disturbance, or they will not bloom; but they are not tender, and, if the flowers are not considered, the division of the clumps may be made at any time.

Karl's Clover Root Tea is a sure cure for headache and nervous diseases. Nothing relieves so quickly.

The President this afternoon will send a message to the U. S. Congress vetoing the general deficiency bill.

The Medical Council has adopted a by-law by virtue of which practitioners who do not pay their fees to the Council may be struck off the roll. The rule, however, will not be enforced until the end of 1896.

THE CZAR.

Russian Proverbs Reprinted Apropos of the Coronation.

The crown of the Czar does not protect him against headache.

The Czar, too, dies when his hour comes.

The Czar's lungs cannot put out the sun.

One has to bow before the Czar, even if the Czar be blind.

The Czar may be the cousin of God, but he is not his brother.

The Czar can shake the terrestrial globe, but cannot make it deviate from its axis.

The Czar has long arms, but they do not reach to heaven.

A fat Czar is not heavier for death to carry than a lean beggar.

If the Czar be a rhymester, let the poets beware.

When the Czar dies the moujik would not change places with him.

Whoever needs the Czar's favor must not disdain the good-will of his valet.

When the Czar wishes to cut leather straps, the peasants must furnish their hide.

When the Czar takes snuff, the people sneeze.

He whom the Czarina hates is despised by her lady-in-waiting, hated by her tire-woman, and sent to the devil by her chambermaid.

Three Great Remedies.

Sure Specifics for Kidney, Rheumatic and Stomach Diseases.

These remedies are not a cure-all for all the ills that flesh is heir to. The great South American remedies each have their particular purpose. South American Kidney Cure does not cure rheumatism, nor is it a specific for indigestion, but no remedy, pills or powders, will give relief in the most distressing cases of kidney trouble as will South American Kidney Cure. Mr. D. J. Locke, of Sherbrooke, Que., suffered for three years from kidney trouble, expending in that time $100 on doctors' medicines. He got no relief until he used South American Kidney Cure, and four bottles, he says, effected a permanent cure.

When a remedy is needed for rheumatism, it is very much needed—and quickly. William Pegg, of Norwood, Ont., was nearly doubled up with rheumatism and suffered intensely. This was in 1893. He took three bottles of South American Rheumatic Cure, and now says: "I have had neither aches nor pains from rheumatism since that time."

When disease affects the digestive organs and general debility takes hold of the system, these cannot be removed unless the medicine taken gets at the root of the trouble. South American Nervine owes its success to the fact that it works directly on the nerve centres, and removing the trouble there it rids the system of disease. Banker John Boyer, of Kincardine, who suffered from indigestion for years, was permanently cured by the use of South American Nervine. He says: "I have no hesitation in proclaiming the virtues of this great remedy."

Bradstreet's on Trade.

Some delay in business is still reported in the Canadian Dominion owing to the prospective elections. Advices from Newfoundland are that general trade is unusually dull, and from Nova Scotia that it is quiet. Rain is needed in New Brunswick, and in the Province of Quebec the volume of business is smaller than in previous weeks, owing to the holiday. Needed rains have fallen there, with corresponding improvement in the agricultural districts. Jobbers in staple lines at Toronto report business quiet. Bank clearings at Winnipeg, Hamilton, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax amounted to $16,009,000 last week, against $19 821,000 the previous week, as compared with $17,897,000 in the week a year ago, and with $16,994,000 in the corresponding week in 1894. The total number of business failures in the Canadian Dominion last week was 25, compared with 28 the week previous, 25 in the week a year ago, and 36 two years ago.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth,

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

Perverse Old Man.

"Sir," he said, "I cannot live without your daughter."

"Then," her cruel father retorted, "get out of here and never let me see your face again. My daughter never baked a loaf of bread, never made a dress and she can't operate a typewriter. If you want somebody to support you, put an ad. in the papers."

Ask your physician, your druggist and your friends about Shiloh's Cure for Consumption. They will recommend it.

The Baby Microphone.

A recent invention consists of an apparatus by means of which a microphone suspended over a child's crib automatically rings an electric bell situated at any convenient point on the least noise made by the child. The microphone, as is well known, is a very sensitive form of telephone transmitter, capable of detecting the faintest sounds.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

Stinging Corns,

Next to a stinging conscience, makes life a misery. The stinging pain of a corn may be speedily and painlessly removed by the use of Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Twenty-four hours after Putnam's is applied the corn may be removed.

Consumption, La Grippe, Pneumonia and all throat and lung diseases are cured by Shiloh's Cure.

CURED OF SCIATICA.

The Experience of a Bruce Co. Farmer.

Suffered So Severely That He Became Almost a Helpless Cripple—Is Again Able to be About His Work as Well as Ever.

(From the Walkerton Telescope.)

During the past few years the Telescope has published many statements giving the particulars of cures from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They were all so well authenticated as to leave no doubt as to their complete truthfulness, but had any doubt remained its last vestige would have been removed by a cure which has recently come under our personal observation. It is the case of Mr. John Allen, a prominent young farmer of the township of Greenock. Mr. Allen is so well known in Walkerton and the vicinity adjoining it that a brief account of his really remarkable recovery from what seemed an incurable disease will be of interest to our readers. During the early part of the summer of 1895, while working in the bush, Mr. Allen was seized

with what appeared to him to be rheumatic pains in the back and shoulders. At first he regarded it as but a passing attack, and thought that it would disappear in a day or two. On the contrary, however, he daily continued to grow worse, and it was not long before he had to give up work altogether. From the back the pains shifted to his right leg and hip, where they finally settled, and so completely helpless did he become that he was unable to do more than walk across the room, and then only with the aid of crutches. Of course, he consulted the doctors, but none of them seemed able to do him any good. People, in speaking of his case, always spoke pityingly, it being generally thought that he had passed from the world of activity, and that he was doomed to live and die a cripple. We are free to confess that this was our own view of the matter, and our surprise, therefore, can be readily imagined when some few weeks ago, we saw this selfsame John Allen driving through the town on the top of a large load of grain. Great however, as was our surprise at first, it became still greater when on arriving at the grist mill, he proceeded to jump nimbly from the load, and then with the greatest apparent ease began to unload the heavy bags of grain. Curious to know what it was that had brought this wonderful change, we took the first convenient opportunity to ask him. "Well," said he in reply, "I am as well a man as I ever was, and I attribute my cure to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and to nothing else." Mr. Allen then gave us in a very frank manner the whole story of his sickness, and his cure, the chief points of which we have set forth above. After consulting two physicians and finding no relief, he settled down to the conviction that his case was a hopeless one. He lost confidence in medicines, and when it was suggested that he should give Pink Pills a trial, he at first absolutely refused. However, his friends persisted and finally he agreed to give them a trial. The effect was beyond his most sanguine expectations, as the Pink Pills have driven away every trace of his pains and he is able to go about his work as usual. As might be expected Mr. Allan is loud in his praise of Pink Pills, and was quite willing that the facts of his case should be given publicity, hoping that it might catch the eye of someone who was similarly afflicted.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills act directly upon the blood and nerves, building them anew, and thus driving disease from the system. There is no trouble due to either of these causes which Pink Pills will not cure, and in hundreds of cases they have restored patients to health after all other remedies had failed. Ask for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and take nothing else. The genuine are always enclosed in boxes the wrapper around which bears the full trade mark "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." May be had from all dealers or sent post paid on receipt of 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

"Much God and No Flour."

"Ugh! Much God and no flour!" is an old chief's characterization of a sanctimonious Indian agent who stole the goods he was supposed to issue to the tribe. It would be hard to give a terser definition of self-deception or of hypocrisy.—Youth's Companion.

In Penetrating Power.

No remedy in the world equals Nerviline—nerve pain cure. Neuralgia and rheumatism are relieved almost instantly, and the minor aches and pains are cured by a single application. Nerviline—nerve pain cure—is sure to cure.

Two of the crew of the Queen Anne have been picked up and landed at Halifax.

Dr. Agnew's Triumphs in Medicine.

Heart Disease Exiled—Over Fifty Members of the House of Commons Tell of the Virtues of Dr. Agnew's Catarrha. Powder.

The name of Dr. Agnew is one that deserves to rank with Jenner, Pasteur and Roentgen in the good done humanity. Dreaded as it is by everyone, heart disease has no terrors where Dr. Agnew's Cure has become known. Mrs. Roadhouse, of Willscroft, Ont., has said: "Cold sweat would stand out in great beads upon my face so intense were the attacks of heart disease. I tried many remedies, but my life seemed fated until Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart became known to me, and to-day I know nothing of the terrors of this trouble." It relieves instantly, and saves many lives daily.

It has been said that everyone in Canada suffers, to some extent, from catarrh. Whether the trouble is in the air, or where, it is a satisfaction to know that in Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder is the medicine that gives relief in ten minutes, and has cured some of the worst cases, where deafness and other troubles have followed the disease. George E. Casey, Michael Adams, Donald W. Davis, A. Fairbairn, C. F. Ferguson, W. H. Bennett, and all told some fifty members of the House of Commons have borne testimony to the effectiveness of this remedy.

Ask your drugist for Agnew's remedies, and see that you get them and not worthless imitations.

ALAS!

She's not out biking, spruce and gay,
To-day, and there are rumors
That from the clothes line yesterday
The goat ate Ida's bloomers.
—St. Paul Globe.

Constipation causes more than half the ills of women. Karl's Clover Root Tea is a pleasant cure for constipation.

ISSUE NO 26 1896.

NOTE.

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

CONSTIPATION IS CAUSED BY INDIGESTION. K. D. C. and K. D. C. Pills are guaranteed to CURE this trouble or money refunded. Free Samples. K. D. C. CO., Ltd., New Glasgow, N.S., & 127 State St., Boston, Mass.

RUPTURE Best Trusses made by DORENWEND E. G. & J. CO., 383 Queen St. W. Toronto BOOKS FREE.

Kelly's Business College, Prescott, Ont. Shorthand and book-keeping taught by mail. Write for particulars.

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

Adams' Root Beer Extract...One Bottle
Fleischmann's Yeast.....Half a Cake
Sugar.....Two Pounds
Lukewarm Water.....Two Gallons.

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

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

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DUNN'S BAKING POWDER
THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND
LARGEST SALE IN CANADA.

CONSUMPTIVE

People are directed to the wonderful virtues of JO-HE for affording great relief and possible cure. This oil, found oozing from magnetic rocks in Texas, is by nature highly charged with magnetism and electricity and is very penetrating, soothing and healing. JO-HE is the king of all remedies and will speedily bring about recovery in many cases—benefit is experienced from first treatment. Oil 75c per can, mailed to any address. Testimonial book sent on request.

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Has no equal for restoring a healthy growth of beautiful hair on bald heads. Cures dandruff, prevents the hair falling out, makes it soft and silky, keeps the hair from turning grey, soothes the head and scalp and prevents early baldness. For sale by all wholesale and retail druggists. Mail orders promptly attended to, free of express charge, on receipt of 50c and $1 per bottle or six large bottles for $5. Special inducements to the trade. Testimonials free on application.

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

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FORTUNE TELLING OF OLD.

Your Luck is Foretold by the Constellations.

WHAT MONTH WERE YOU BORN IN?

Seasons That Astrology Favors as Charms Against Disease and Disaster—The Kind of Thing That Goes With Some People Yet.

Every person, says the New York World, may become a successful fortune teller. Take the month of the year as a basis and by the aid of astrology the mysteries of the future may be revealed.

Here are the characteristics of persons born under the different signs of the zodiac:

GEMINI.

May 21 to June 21 inclusive.

These people belong to the realm of education, art and mechanics. They are always restless, anxious and never satisfied. Many successful speakers and lecturers come from this sign. They are apt to lack continuity. They are liable to be inconstant and are in danger of extremes in everything they do unless this is modified by planetary conditions. Liable to nervous disturbances, and ought always to associate with persons who are quiet, easy and restful. Jay Gould, born May 27, was a fine example of the mental ability and restless aspirations of this sign.

CANCER.

June 22 to July 22, inclusive.

These persons embody the principles of the home and family. They are very kind, loving and sympathetic. Their love nature is their weakness. They make loving husbands and wives, fathers and mothers. As such their whole life is apt to be devoted to their children. Persons born at this time are exceedingly sensitive to the physical and mental conditions of others. Their minds are very mechanical. They usually belong to the manufacturing and trading spheres of life. In some instances they incline to literature. They are very persistent, but it is difficult for them to work under others. They want to be at the head in their own department of service. Henry Ward Beecher was a striking type of the power, earnestness and pathos of this sign.

LEO.

July 23 to Aug. 21, inclusive.

Leo represents the heart, the love and the emotions. These persons possess a great variety of inclinations, and are also greatly affected by the mental and physical conditions of people to whom they stand related. They can readily adapt themselves to almost any condition of life. They are naturally active and aspiring, energetic and subject to great extremes. Their love nature is their weakness. Easily misled by those professing friendship. Cannot be easily kept down. In selecting a husband or wife great care should be had.

VIRGO.

Aug. 22 to Sept. 22, inclusive.

Virgo people are usually cool, calm and confident and usually excel in everything they undertake. They are natural students of the laws of health and have great aptitude in the acquisition of an education. Wherever a keen and discriminating eye is needed they excel. Are great lovers of music and harmonious combination. Have extremely strong love nature, but because of their dominant will are disposed to control. They are natural chemists. They possess physical prowess. Senator Hill was born August 29th. The pugilist, Corbett, was also born during this period.

LIBRA.

Sept. 22 to Oct. 22, inclusive.

Leading characteristics of Libra persons are centred in their foresight. They are very positive in everything they do, reasoning from the standpoint of intention. It is advisable that they carry out their first decisions in all matters they undertake. They are well adapted for the dramatic profession, if not diffident. When angry they proceed to great lengths. Being students rather than originators, they frequently devote their lives to study and research for knowledge, examining every new thing that comes up.

SCORPIO.

Oct. 23 to Nov. 21, inclusive.

These persons have strong appetites and strong passions, and when angry are very high tempered. They have besides a great deal of jealousy in their natures. They are specially disinclined to work with their hands. They set too much value on external appearances. In everything they are inclined to think of self first. Generally their friendship is not to be relied on. As a rule this nature is cold, unfeeling and exacting. As husbands and wives they expect to rule.

SAGITTARIUS.

Nov. 22 to Dec 21, inclusive.

Sagittarius people are fearless and determined. They are apt to be too quick to decide, act and speak. They are often mistaken through the activity of their minds and are apt to get the name of fabricating when such is not their intention. They are apt to express the first thing that comes into their minds no matter what the consequences are. They are physically the strongest persons of the whole twelve signs. They have a vein of humor. Gen. Custer and Mark Twain were born during this period.

CAPRICORN.

Dec. 22 to Jan 10, inclusive.

The main function of Capricorn people is with the head. They are thinkers and philosophers in business schemes and are natural heads of the business of life. They are proud, independent and high minded. They have a fine deep interior nature and have much of the prophetic in them. They frequently have a broad elaborate brain, and being natural organizers, they adhere closely to the support of society as it is. They are not reformers. Thomas C. Platt was born under the dominion of Capricorn.

AQUARIUS.

Jan. 10 to Feb. 18, inclusive.

These persons belong mainly to the mercantile interests of life, and are remarkably good judges of character. Their minds are very active in the direction of public good, and they are frequently found as politicians. They are faithful to their duties in whatever sphere of service they are placed, being earnest and proficient therein. This sign gives a fine, devoted love nature. Some of the most faithful and devoted wives are born in this period.

PISCES.

Feb. 19 to March 20, inclusive.

These persons are usually upright, honorable, and just in their dealings. They are very anxious about money matters and provision for the future. We often find men of this sign who are walking encyclopedias of knowledge. As a rule they succeed in life because of a feeling that they have obstacles to overcome. Hence their persistency and fidelity to the trust confided to them. A wrong start in life is more serious to them than to most others, for when once embarked they are apt to stick for life. Therefore, in entering a calling consideration should be had as to the chances of their promotion. President Cleveland, born March 18, is a splendid example of the persistency and conscientiousness of the Pisces people.

ARIES.

March 21 to April 19, inclusive.

All those born between these dates belong to that portion of the grand body of humanity—the head. They are natural reasoners and thinkers; their brain is especially active. They are distinguished for reasoning, philosophy and educational pursuits.

TAURUS.

April 20 to May 20, inclusive.

Those born between these dates are very unyielding and are natural conquerors. While they love literary pursuits and are often studious they are imitators rather than originators of thought. They are governed by their sensations and their decisions are controlled by their feeling, appetites and passions. They have fine intuitions in all that pertains to business. Are sensitive to psychic influences. While young are apt to be misled by their associates. Being zealous and sanguine in every cause they become interested in they are liable to extremes.

THE OPPOSITE POLES.

Want and Woe Clash With Wealth and Pleasure.

"Yesterday," say the papers, "at 3 o'clock, a young man threw himself in the East River from the pier at the foot of Thirty-fourth street," and where will you find a work of genius floating above the seas of literature that can compare with such a paragraph? Dramas and romances pale before this concise and common metropolitan phrase. Such a creature may have wandered about all day until that hour, hoping vainly against hope, only to fully realize at last that there was nothing, nothing more, except to go. Carriages may have jingled past impressively, and richly garbed creatures alighted here and there, bent upon expenditures as large and reckless as they are shallow and vain. He may have glanced through gorgeous shop windows, upon wealth of endless value; may have studied the gems in the jeweler's window, the laces in the cloth fancier's, the luxury of books here, the wealth of bric-a-brac there, all barred by polished glass, and at last sadly realized that all was as distant as paradise, as impossible to him as wings. He may have fixed upon the fortunate fair stranger a gaze as wistful and eager as man can give, only to receive in exchange an indifferent glance, such as lights by accident upon a passer-by. For him, then, as for all such, would come the leave-taking of love, and interest and life, and, while he went slowly to his self-acknowledged doom, realizing that while his strenuous, questioning, despairing glances had been neither understood nor felt by the hundreds who had swept past, gayly content—he was actually perishing for want of aid.

But pshaw! What is it to the rich? What is it to anyone—these last despairing glances of the unfortunate poor? One more piece of adulation given, think they; one more sigh of envy caused by the sight of their glory; one more thought created of how splendid they are, and then that night, while the suicide sleeps with his head upon the weeds beneath the stream, they sink to their splendid couch sighing "How well I looked this day; how splendid, indeed, am I."—The Prophet, in June Ev'ry Month.

Her Literary Taste.

A writer lets out a secret regarding the way in which young women read novels. It was in the car, and two girls were talking of what they read. "Oh, I choose a novel easily enough," one said. "I go to the circulating library and look at the last chapters. If I find the rain softly and sadly dropping over one or two lonely graves, I don't have it; but if the morning sun is glimmering over bridal robes of white satin, I know it's all right, and take it, and start to buy sweets to eat while I read it."

Lighting the Baltic Canal.

The Baltic Canal, 97 miles long, has been successfully lighted by electric arc lamps. The line is divided into four sections, fed by two stations. Each section supplies 250 lamps of 25 candle power, taking 25 volts at the terminals of each lamp, or a total pressure of 7,500 volts for the whole circuit.

Princess Christian is supplying the place beside the Queen so long occupied by Princess Beatrice, who has gone to the continent.

A LITTLE BEAUTY TALK.

Women Often Poorly Fed and This Their Own Fault.

A woman who scrubs, washes or sweeps would not be expected to do her work without a plentiful allowance of food, and yet the young breadwinner who stands all day long behind a counter or sits at the typewriting machine is supposed to have easy work and is frequently supplied with a most meagre diet. Now, as a matter of fact, the occupation of a clerk or secretary is much more exhaustive than that of one employed in actual physical labor; the brain being constantly at work requires constant nourishment, which must be supplied from the stomach.

What has all this to do with beauty? Much—indeed everything. Without sufficient nourishing food blood, body and brains are affected, and nowhere does the deficiency manifest itself more quickly than in the complexion; the blood being thin the woman loses her freshness, and is old before her time; the tissues become flabby, blue lines appear under the eyes, and chaos is come again!

The result of a proper regimen of diet is far-reaching; a healthy woman is a happy woman; a happy woman retains her youth, and so her beauty; for, after all, beauty comes from within rather than from without—its secret is a contented mind; its prime promoter a well-fed body—the outward evidence of the two being a bright eye, a springy step and a clear skin, secure in the possession of which no woman need fear to be called plain.

All the bathing in the world will not give a clear, healthy skin unless it be supplemented by wholesome food; no woman can expect to have a good complexion who indulges in one of two extremes—over-rich and too abundant diet on the one hand, or insufficient, make-shift food on the other.

Let us consider, first, the sin of over-indulgence, whose outward sign is a coarse, greasy, unlovely skin and a tendency to too much flesh.

Pastries, sweets, rich salads and a too liberal allowance of meat are fatal to beauty; meat is strengthening, it is true, but to partake of it twice a day is quite sufficient for the average woman, whose habits are somewhat sedentary, or whose domestic routine permits but a limited amount of out-door exercise. Then, too, meats, to give the proper nourishment, should be properly cooked, and certain kinds only should be eaten; rare roast beef and mutton, juicy chops and steaks, which should be broiled, and seasonable poultry and game are all nutritious and strengthening. Veal is indigestible and should be eaten but seldom, and then only when cooked till thoroughly done; underdone veal is poisonous to the stomach. Pork and sausages are exceedingly coarsening in their effects upon the skin, and the woman who values her complexion will do well to abstain altogether from their use, as well as from their usual accompaniment—hot cakes—which are most detrimental to a fine skin.

Vegetables and fruit, on the other hand, should be partaken of freely; potatoes less so than other vegetables, as they contain but a small proportion of nutriment and are somewhat fattening. Tomatoes, carrots, parsnips and all green vegetables, such as asparagus, spinnach, watercress and lettuce, are wholesome and are, many of them, special aids to the attainment of a good skin and clear color.

THE CZAR'S TITLES.

They Make Quite a String and Some of Them are Jawbreakers.

"Nicholas II., by the Grace of God Emperor and autocrat of all the Russias, Czar of Moscow, of Kief, Vladimir, Novgorod, Kazan, Czar of Astrakhan, Czar of Poland, Czar of Siberia, Czar of Khersonis of the Taurus, Czar of Georgia, Lord of Pskov, Grand Duke of Smolensk, of Lithuania, of Volhynia, of Podolsk, and of Finland; Prince of Esthonia, of Livonia, of Kourland, of Semigalia, of Samogit, of Bielostok, of Korelia, of Tver, of Yugot, of Perm, of the Bulgarians and others; the monarch and Grand Duke of Novgorod, the Lowlands, Tchernigov, Riazan, Polotsk, Rostov, Yaroslav, Bielosersk, Oodorsk, Obdorsk, Kondysk, Vytebsk, Matisavsk, and commander of all the northern lands, and the ruler of the lands of Iversk, Kartalinsk, the Kabardians, and the Armenian provinces; hereditary sovereign and possessor of the mountaineer principalities and that of the Tcherkesses; the monarch of Turkestan, heir to the throne of Norway, Duke of Schleswig-Holstein, of Stornmarn, of Ditmarsen, of Oldenburg, etc."

The "etc." in the case seems to stand for anything on the face of the globe that a Czar of Russia may subsequently claim as his lawful possession. In case such a claim be disputed on the strength of the fact that the czars have never yet styled themselves the possessors or heirs to the land in question in this official title, Russian diplomatists could always point to the convenient "etc." in the official title of the Czar, claiming that the mention of that possessorship had been for convenience's sake merged in that extensible "etc."

As it is, formidable even now are the numbers represented by the subjects of the Czar. According to the last official returns, as published in 1896, there are no less than 129,177,000 men, women and children living within the confines of the Russian Empire. Subdivided as to their nationality, the subjects of the Czar are grouped as follows: There are among them 82,000,000 Russian Slavs, 8,000,000 Poles, 5,000,000 Finns, 4,500,000 Lithuanians, 4,000,000 Hebrews, 4,000,000 Germans, 9,000,000 Tartars, 2,000,000 Caucasian mountaineers and 7,000,000 people of various other races and tribes.

The Birmingham Post asserts that Lord Rosebery's present tour abroad is a prelude to his resigning the leadership of the Liberal party, owing to ill-health.

FOR LITTLE PEOPLE.

WUSH'T I WUZ A BOY.

Wush't I wuz a boy,
So'z I could jump an' run,
An yell real loud, an' whistle—an' fite
An" hev the mostest fun,
Like boys duz—
Wush't I wuz a boy!

Wush't I wuz a boy!
'N when they called me names,
Tom-boy, "tag-tail," an' "whistlin' Ann,"
'N I could fite the same s Billy duz—
Wush't I wuz a boy!

Wush't I wuz a boy—
'N me an' John could play
At "skin the cat" an' "leap frog," too;
My dress is in the way—
Boy's pants ain't.
Wush't I wuz a boy!

Wush't I wuz a boy;
All gurls good fur, yist
To dust an' sweep an' scold, an so
The buttons what yo' mis't
So'n last week;
Wush't I wuz a boy!

Wush't I wuz a boy,
Wush't God'd made gurls boys,
A' made boys gurls, t'ud bin the same—
'N I'd bin John, an John
Bin "Lizzy Ann!" by name—
Wush't He had!
Wush't I wuz a boy!

JUVENILE GENIUS.

Handel had produced an opera before he was 15.

Pitt was Chancellor of the Exchequer before he was 25.

Schiller was widely known as a poet before the age of 20.

Goethe had produced a considerable number of poems and several dramas before he was 20.

Raphael showed his artistic abilities at the early age of 12, when he was widely known as an artist in oil.

Michael Angelo at the age of 16 entered an artistic competition with the best-known artists of his time.

FOUNDATION OF A FORTUNE.

A very rich man, who died with a title, once said to me, "Because I have been successful in life, many young men come to me and ask me to give them a start. But they all want to begin more or less where and how I end, not where and how I began. My own history was this: I was the son of poor parents; the only education I ever got was at a free school, which I left at the age of fourteen. I was then put into an office; I did my very best there, but, as I was determined to get on, I looked out for the most eminent man in my profession, went to him, and asked him to let me work for him gratuitously when my business hours were over, simply that I might thoroughly understand the conditions of the business to which I had been apprenticed. He allowed me to come and work in the evening in his office with no salary. I worked hard. By the end of the year I had learned what I wished, but I had also made myself indispensable; and the great man pressed me to enter his service with a good and increasing salary. That was the foundation of my present fortune." "Yes," he said, "there is a cheque for one hundred pounds for your church. Don't thank me! I really shall not miss it in the slightest degree at the end of the year. It makes no difference to me." His remarks were only an illustration of the proverb that the crowd is all at the bottom. "There's plenty of room at the top."—Dean Farrar.

A TRAGEDY.

One song lost to the summer day,
Ah me! ah me!
One pair of flashing wings the less
In the apple tree.

Four moaning babies motherless
In the home nest,
A dying bird upon the ground
With wounded breast.

Who can in such a peaceful place
The wrong have done?
A little thoughtless-hearted boy,
And just for fun.

SATISFIED WITH THE SECURITY.

The other day a little girl was seen by one of the clerks standing outside the Bank of England.

When he asked her what she wanted, she asked to be shown round the bank.

The clerk was surprised at this, so he went to the manager and told him.

The manager came and showed her round the bank.

After she had examined all the locks, cupboards, safes, etc., the manager introduced her to all the gentlemen in the bank.

When she was going out she said to the manager:

"I thank you very much for letting me see round your bank, because my papa put sixpence in his account for me, and I wanted to see if it was safe."—Spare Moments.

KATIE'S BUTTERFLIES.

When Katie saw Ben's rare collection of insects, she wanted to have some of her own, says an exchange.

"There's lots of butterflies in our garden," she said. "Great yellow ones, with spotted wings; golden-brown ones, with scarlet stripes, and pretty white ones, which shine like silver."

The next day Katie ran into mamma's room, her little fingers tightly closed over the brown head of a splendid specimen. Her blue eyes were full of horror.

"Oh-h-h! I can never do it, mamma, I never can. See it squirm and kick. It don't want to die, dear little thing. God gave it its life, same's He gave me mine. I don't want any frame of insects—never!" she cried, sobbing in mamma's arms.

That was the first and last butterfly that our Katie caught, and she thinks that only cruel folks can kill them.

What do you think about it?

A BEDTIME SONG.

Sleep sweetly in this quiet room,
O, thou, whoe'er thou art,
And let no mournful yesterdays
Disturb thy peaceful heart,
Nor let to-morrow scarce thy rest,
With dreams of coming ill.

Thy Maker is thy changeless friend,
His love surrounds thee still,
Forget thyself and all the world,
Put out each glaring light;
The stars are watching overhead,
Sleep sweetly then.

JOKES FOR CHILDREN.

Teacher—What does the reign of King Charles teach us? Tommie—Not to lose our heads in moments of excitement, sir.

Her Admirer—Well, Reggie! How's your sister's cold, eh? Her Little Brother—Oh, that's all right, but she's got a jolly big corn.

Uncle Bob—I hope, Tommy, you are a favorite with your teacher. Tommy—I think I must be. She can't seem to get enough of me, or she wouldn't keep me in so much.

"Do you have many friends in school, Tommy?" "No'm." "Why, that is very odd, isn't it?" "No'm. You see, the boys I lick hates me and the boys that lick me I hate!"

Here is another Sunday-school text, says the Congregationalist, a revised version, as recited by a little girl in the immediate vicinity of Boston: "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her pants are pieced."

Professor (describing ancient Greek theatre)—And it had no roof. Junior (sure he has caught Professor in a mistake)—What did they do, sir, when it rained? Professor (taking off his glasses and pausing a moment)—They got wet, sir.

Kind neighbor (accompanied by a large mastiff, to a little girl very much afraid of him)—He's a good dog; he never hurts any one. Don't you see how he's wagging his tail? Little Girl (still shrinking back)—Yes. I see; but that isn't the end I'm afraid of.

ENGLISHMEN ARE GREAT EATERS

Have Always Been Fond of the Pleasures of the Table.

The old English had three meals a day, of which the chief meal was taken when the work of the day was finished. The first meal was at nine, dinner was about three and supper was taken just before bedtime. The Normans dined at the old English breakfast time or a little later, and supper at 7 p.m. In Tudor times the higher classes dined at eleven and supped at five, but the merchants seldom took their meals before twelve and six.

The chief meals, dinner and supper, were taken in the hall both by the old English and the Normans, for the parlor did not come into use until the reign of Elizabeth. Breakfast did not become a regular meal until quite lately, and Dr. Murray, in the Oxford Dictionary, gave 1463 as the date of the earliest quotation in which the word occurred. The meal did not become recognized until late in the seventeenth century, for Pepys habitually took his draught of half a pint of Rhenish wine or a dram of strong waters in place of a morning meal. Dinner was always the great meal of the day, and from the accession of Queen Elizabeth the dinners were as sumptuous and extravagant as any of those now served.

Carving was then a fine art. Each guest brought his own knife and spoon, for the small fork was not introduced into England until Thomas Coryate, of Odcombe, published his "Crudities" in 1611. Pepys took his spoon and fork with him to the Lord Mayor's feast in 1663. The absence of forks led to much stress being laid upon the act of washing the hands both before and after the meals, and to the rule that the left hand alone should be dipped into the common dish, the right hand being occupied with the knife.

The perfect dinner at the best time of English cookery consisted of three courses, each complete in itself, and terminated by a subtlety or device, the whole being rounded off with ypocras, after which the guests retired into another room, where pastry, sweetmeats and fruit were served with the choicest wines. The English were essentially meat eaters, and it was not until the time of the commonwealth that pudding attained its extraordinary popularity; indeed, the first mention of pudding in the menus of the "buckfeast" at St. Bartholomew's Hospital did not occur until 1710, and in 1712 is an item of 5 shillings for ice.—London Times.

On Trying to Get Fat.

Columns of conciliating advice have been written from time to time for the benefit of women who wish to get thin, and as it is not enough for the woman who desires to put on a little extra flesh to draw her conclusions from the reverse side of the fleshy woman's instructions, she is coming in for a goodly share of counsel, too, which is all excellent in a way, but the regime of exercise and diet which is advised for perfect development from the standard of too much or too little flesh is usually an absorbing process which leaves very little time for other things, and the average woman soon wearies of it if she has the courage to attempt it at all. The simple recipe: "Eat vegetables and plenty of butter; drink milk, sweet wine and stout. Take cod liver oil, go to bed early, sleep some during each day and laugh as much as possible," will often help the thin woman immensely. Cream may be substituted for the cod liver oil if preferred.

Birmingham's Jewelry Trade.

It is computed that from 14,000 to 16,000 persons are actively engaged in the jewelry trade of Birmingham, and the amount of capital embarked in it is larger than that of any other Birmingham industry. The annual consumption of gold is valued at $3,750,000, and of silver at $1,750,000. Sovereigns are still extensively used for "melting up," instead of grain gold.

Bolter may be nominated as the Democratic candidate for the United States Presidency.

THE WEEKLY NEWS

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M Whitney, Publisher

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Tuesday, July 14, 1896.

President Kruger is a great financier.

Keep your money at home is a good maxim,

The prophets of evil should be suppressed.

A day in the country is a great rejuvinator.

Vancouver Island is never troubled with high water.

Don't put faith in stories that come from a long distance.

A tariff commission is the only sensible way of amending the tariff.

No more attention should be paid to the grumblers than to the "sniffs of the sand hill possum."

Comox Bay looks charming. There is no finer place in which to summer in, in British Columbia.

Parliament is called to meet on the 16th, inst.; but then it will probably be delayed for two or three weeks.

New Zealand can boast of a community where moderate wealth is scattered throughout the country equally.

The Texada mines are looming up in importance. So are the Alberni mines. We are likely to have a mining excitement near home equal to any in Kootenay.

Mattie Overman complains that the notorious Tacoma-Frisco Congregationalist ex-minister Brown, for whom she swore black was white, has turned his back on her. Ah, well; the public has turned its back to him. They are both deservedly punished.

War on the thistle should be inaugurated at once. Many of our farms are being over-run with them. Let the law be enforced. The government agent cannot do a wiser thing than to call attention to this matter and the provisions and penalties of the statute.

The Covernment of His Majesty the King of Sweden and Norway will send a balloon to the North Pole this summer. It will pass over Canada. It is particularly desired that if the balloonists should alight in this district that they be treated with the greatest hospitality, and that if they should not alight but be seen, or drop any message, that the facts be communicated at once to this office.

W. W. B. McInnes is out in a card denying that he proposes to remove from the District. These silly rumors should not be noticed. Mr. McInnes is our member; give him fair play. The Liberal party will not be long in power. In the mean time we demand that "My Son" shall be fairly treated. Nothing less than a Cabinet position should be given him. Then we may expect a double track railway, daily steamboat service north and south, twice a day mail, and carrier pigeon and balloon lines established in all directions.

Fire Protection.

The next two months will be dry, and the danger from fire imminent. The movement already started is bearing fruit. From the government $200.00 has been secured, and from business men a large amount has been subscribed. From the Colliery Company something like 400 feet of hose has been obtained, and it is preposed to put water main along Dunsmuir avenue from first to third street. From Grant and Mounce saw mill the water will be forced by steam and can be thrown in a good stream over any building on the street. The practice Wednesday with the attachment, showed good work. This is a practical step in the right direction. But much more is needed. Hooks, ropes, ladders, buckets, axes, etc., also tanks and a hand engine. This will reqnire more money, but if we wish to pass through the dry season with reasonable safety, we must get "a move on." The recent fire has shown us our helplessness. If there had been any wind the town would have been a moldering heap of ashes. Is this not enough to incite the necessary interest? We trust our citizens will liberaly encourage the Fire Company.

After all the most important thing is the proper care of fires. This involves examination of flues, the removal of inflamable material, the keeping of matches in metalic cases, and the abandon of the pernicious practice of throwing down burning cigar stubs, hot ashes from pipes, and lighted matches.

Be careful as we may, fires are likely to occur, and we must be prepared to suppress them. Arrangements should be made with the churches for the use of the fire alarms, and then to the extent we are able, we must have the proper appliances to fight the dreaded element.

To My First Born.

Hello! then merry little elf,
Who smiles this funny world to see,
Thou image of my better self,
Who wonders what it is to be.

What fancies flit across thy mind
That ripple through thy tender face?
What thought surprises thee to find
Thyself a thing of time and place?

So late thy spark of life was given
To shine in this unconcious birth,
From the Eternal spirit riven,
To know a life upon this earth?

Thou heavenly stranger, brightly shines
A pure celestial influence;
And well thy sinless soul defines
A soul's supremest innocence.

Ah! little now thy spirit knows
Of life's great steeps that mortals climb,
Encumbered by a thousand snows
That deepl, hide the course of time.

On how a trifle may begin
A wandering in eternal night,
And how the blighting touch of sin
Beclouds the soul's immortal sight;

Or what behind this being lies,
In climes beyond all human ken,
Where deathless loves' paternal ties
Bind this creation's God to men,

And I thy father! Can this be?
No, but an avenue of laws:—
The one who gave this life to thee
Is wide creation's only cause.

I'm but a child, older grown,
With little of experience,
Save that a speck of time has shown
The vastness of my ignorance.

And this but makes emotion still
A broader range of life to see;
And know aright the kindly will
Of nature's sovereign Deity.

Thy silent tongue no answer makes,
Nor knows the language of the sire,
But slowly now thy spirit wakes
'Neath kind affection's gentle fire.

So I in childish silence trace
The hidden things I hear the while,
Then gaze into my Father's face
And know no answer but a smile.

—C. Evans

UNION

BOOT AND SHOE SHOP
All kinds made to order
Repairing done.
H KELLS
Next Killpatrick's Stable.

NOTICE

"An Act to Prevent Certain Animals from Running at Large—1896"

Stock owners are hereby notified to keep all Swine, Stallions of one year old and upwards, and Bulls over nine months old, under proper enclosure, as all and of these descriptions, found running at large will be dealt with under the provisions of the Act referred to.

Comox, B. C. W. B. ANDERSON,
June 7th, 1896. GOV'T AGENT.

AUCTION SALE

Two dwelling houses on Penrith avenue, Cumberland, belonging to Mr. G. T. Parks, will be sold at 2 p. m., July 18th, 1896 at public auction to the highest bidder. Terms $200 cash down on one and $150 cash down on the other. The balance may be paid in monthly payments of $9 each These dwellings must be sold. Also at same time will be sold household effects consisting of Two Bedroom Sets, Chairs, Tables, Stoves, Carpets, and many other things, all for cash. Sale on the premises.

G. T. Parks.

CUMBERLAND SHOE SHOP.

I have moved into my new shop on Dunsmuir Avenue, where I am prepared to manufacture and repair all kinds of men's, women's, and children's shoes.
Give me a call.
NELSON PARKS.

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

Subscribe for THE NEWS $2.00 per annum.

Established 1877. CAPITAL, $500,000. Incorporated June 16, 1892.

Jas. McMillan & Co.
INCORPORATED.

PROPRIETORS OF THE
Minneapolis Sheepskin Tannery.
EXPORTERS OF
Fine Northern Furs
Shipments Solicited and Prompt Returns Made.

DEALERS AND EXPORTERS
G. S. Hides, Dry Hides, Pelts, Wool, Furs.
TALLOW, GINSENG & SENECA
Write For Latest Price Circular.

REFERENCES BY PERMISSION:
Security Bank of Minnesota, Minneapolis, Minn. | Merchants' National Bank, Helena, Montana.
First National Bank, Minneapolis, Minn. | Montana National Bank, Helena, Montana.
People's Bank, Minneapolis, Minn. | Security Bank of Great Falls, Great Falls, Mont.

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

BRANCHES:
HELENA, MONT. Cooke & Boseman St | CHICAGO, ILL. | VICTORIA, B.C. 55 Wharf St. | WINNIPEG, MAN. 234 King St. | EDMONTON, N.W.T. Jasper Ave.

COMOX BAKERY

Supplies the valley with first class bread, pies, cakes, etc.

Bread delivered by Cart through Courtenay and District every TUESDAY, THURSDAY AND SATURDAY.

Wedding Cakes made and Parties catered for.

Drs. Lawrence & Westwood.
Physicians and Surgeons.
UNION B.C.
We have appointed Mr. James Abrams our collector until further notice, to whom all overdue accounts may be paid.
7 Nov. 1895.

Society Cards

I. O. O. F.

Union Lodge, No. 11, meets every Friday night at 8 o'clock. Visiting brethren cordially invited to attend.
A. LINDSAY, R. S.

Cumberland Lodge,
A. F & A. M, 3. C. R.
UNION, B. C.
Lodge meets first Saturday in each month. Visiting brethren are cordially invited to attend.
JAMES MCKIM, Sec.

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

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

NOTICE

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

POST OFFICE REGULATION

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

S. OF T.

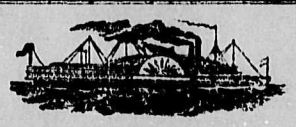
Union Division No. 7, Sons of Temperance, meets in Free Mason's Hall, Union, every Monday evening at 7:30.
Visiting friends cordially invited to attend.
THOS. DICKINSON, R. S.

SUNDAY SERVICES

ST. GEORGE'S PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. J. A Logan, pastor. Services at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday School at 2:30. Y P S C E at close of evening service.
METHODIST CHURCH— Services at the usual hours morning and evening. Rev. C. H. M. Sutherland, pastor.
TRINITY CHURCH—Services in the evening. Rev. J. X. Willemar, rector.

CHOICE LOTS

FOR SALE on Dunsmuir ave; consisting of lots 4 and 5 in block 15, lots 7 and 8 in block 16, lots 3, 4 and 5 in block 10, and other lots in Cumberland Townsite. Bargains,
JAMES ABRAMS.



Esquimalt and Nanaimo Ry.

Steamer Joan

L. P. LOCKE, MASTER.

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

Wm. O'Dell
Architect and Builder
Plans and Specifications prepared, and buildings erected on the Shortest Notice.
Houses built and for sale on easy terms of payment

AT
ANDERSON'S
METAL WORKS
The following Lines are Represented
Watches, clocks and jewellery
NEATLY REPAIRED
Tin, sheetiron, and copper work
BICYCLES REPAIRED
Guns and rifles, repaired
Plumbing in all its branches,
Pumps, sinks and piping,
Electric bells placed,
Speaking tubes placed
Hot air furnaces,
Folding bath and improved
Air-tight stoves, specialties
Office and Works Third Street, near News office.

DR. JEFFS
Surgeon and Physician
(Graduate of the University of Toronto, L. C., P. & S., Ont.)
Office and residence, Maryport Ave., next door to Mr. A Grant's.
Hours for consultation—9 to 10 a m, 2 to 4 and 7 to 10 p m.

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

Riverside Hotel
Courtenay, B. C.
Grant & Munighan, Props.
Best of Liquors
Finest of Cigars
and
Good Table
Courteous Attention

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

SUITS
To order
$18
PANTS
$3
Send for Samples. Prompt delivery. Perfect fit guaranteed.

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

C. H. TARBELL
Dealer in
Stoves and Tinware
Plumbing and general
Sheet iron work
PROMPTLY DONE
Agent for the
Celebrated Gurney Souvenir Stoves and Ranges
Manufacturer of the
New Air-tight heaters

H. J. Theobald,
House and Sign Painter,
Paper-Hanging, Kalsomining and Decorating.
GRAINING A SPECIALTY.
All Orders Promptly Attended to
Union, B. C.

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

TEAMING

LOCALS

Where are you going this summer?

The McCann logging camp has shut down.

There will be a new teacher at Courtenay.

Mrs. John Urquhart returned on the Joan Wednesday.

Reserve your orders for Hamberger and you will save money.

The Comox farmers have been haying in earnest during the past week.

Dr. Duncan of Victoria, formerly of Comox, is again visiting the place.

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

Miss Milligan, daughter of A. Milligan of Comox valley, has been engaged as teacher of the Puntledge school.

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

The fellow who dropped his paper because he didn't find his name in it, should be taken round in a cage for exibition.

The brick for Willard's new block were landed without difficulty at Courtenay bridge. Look out for Courtenay as a maritime port.

It is under-stood that Mr. J. B. Bennett, who has resigned as teacher at Puntledge School, will be Mr. Watkin's successor at Union.

Our thanks are due to Mr. George McCuaig for a copy of the Johannesburg Star South Africa, printed on pink paper. Mr. McCuaig was formerly a merchant of Vancouver.

Miss Maud Smith has sent in her resignation as nurse of the Union and Comox Hospital to take effect at the end of July. It is understood she will go to Vancouver to reside.

NOTICE.

Persons using the mules and horses of the Union Colliery Co. without permission will be prosecuted according to law.
F.D. Little, Supt.

RANCH FOR SALE

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

...TSBURG

...ated about three miles out ... on the Courtenay Road ... for business A good ... kept, and the comfort of the ... attended to. Give us a

JOHN PIKET.

Notice to Contractors

SEALED TENDERS will be received by the undersigned up to noon of Wednesday, July 22nd, for the construction of A COURT HOUSE at Union.

Tenders must be made upon the printed forms supplied for the purpose.

Blank forms of tender can be obtained at, and plans and specifications be seen at the office of James Abrams, Esq. Union.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

W. B. ANDERSON,
GOV'T AGENT.

There is Nothing
LIKE LEATHER
If it is Well Put Together

So here it is : :

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

I have the largest Stock of WHIPS in town and also the
Best Axle Grease at 2 BOXES
.....For Twenty-Five Cents.....

Trunks at Prices to Suit the Times.

Repairing { PROMPTLY AND NEATLY DONE
Wesley Willard

JAMES ABRAMS

Notary Public.

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

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

Union, B.C.

F. Curran
SCAVENGER
UNION, B. C.

Barber Shop : :
– AND –
: : Bathing Establishment

O. H. Fechner,
PROPRIETOR

BARKER & POTTS,
BARRISTERS,
SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, &c.
Office Room 2, McPhee & Moore Bl'd'g and at NANAIMO, B. C.
P. O. DRAWER 13.

NOTICE

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

Not One Man in
One Hundred

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

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

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

AS PROTECTION | SA AN INVESTMENT
LIFE INSURANCE { IS— UNRIVALLED

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

Union Mutual Life Insurance Company
Of Portland, Maine

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

J. E. EVANS, Provincial Manager,
P.O. BOX 693 Vancouver, B. C.
For further information call on
F. J. DALBY,
With James Abrams.

SACRE BLOCKS

A few hundred yards from the Switch where the company's new buildings are to be built. Choice 5 acre lots can be purchased on easy terms.

Several good houses for sale cheap—costing but a few dollars more than ordinary rent to purchase.

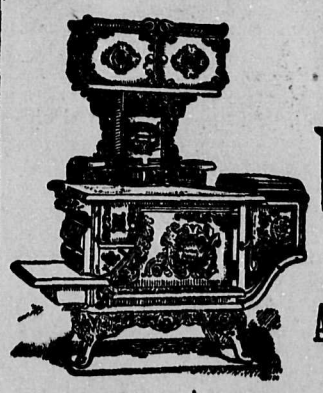
A. D. WILLIAMS
Real Estate and Financial Broker

Cumberland Hotel.
Union, B. C.
The finest hotel building
Fixtures and Bar
North of Victoria,
And the best kept house.

Spacious Billiard Room
and new
Billiard and Pool Tables

Best of Wines and Liquors.

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



UNION MINES
Furniture
STORE
A Full Line of Furniture

Grant & McGregor
Contractors, Builders and Undertakers

Puntledge Bottling Works.
DAVID JONES, Proprietor,
— MANUFACTURER OF —
SODA WATER, LEMONADE, GINGER ALE,
Sarsaparalla, Champagne Cider, Iron Phosphates and Syrups.
Bottler of Different Brands of Lager Beer, Steam Beer and Porter.
Agent for the Union Brewery Company.
KEG BEER SOLD FOR CASH ONLY
COURTENAY, B. C.

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

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

Best Cough Medicine

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

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

BLORE & SON
PAINTERS & PAPER HANGERS
Wall Paper and Paint Store . .
Tinting and Kalsomining a specialty
ALL ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO
Williams' Block, Third St. Union, B. C.

H. A. Simpson
Barrister & Solicitor, No's 2 & 4 Commercial Street.
NANAIMO, B. C.

J. A. Carthew
ARCHITECT and BUILDER,
UNION, B. C.

L. H. NORTHEY

REAL ESTATE & FINANCIAL AGENTS

UNION, B. C.

Property for sale in all parts of the town. Some very desirable residence properties cheap on small monthly payments.
Farm lands improved andunimproved in Comox District $10 to $50 per acre.
A splendid farm, 30 acres under cultivation, 5 miles from Union; $10 per acre.
20 acre track within 3 miles---first class land; $10 to $15 per acre.

Rents collected ✕✕✕ **Loans Negotiated**

WOMANS WORLD

A Stammering Wife.

When deeply in love with Miss Emily Pryne,
I vowed if the lady would only be mine,
I would always be ready to please her;
She blushed her consent, though the stuttering lass
Said never a word except "You're an ass—
An ass—an ass—iduous teaser!"

But when we were married, I found to my ruth
The stammering lady had spoken the truth;
For often, in obvious dudgeon,
She'd say—if I ventured to give her a jog
In the way of reproof—"You're a dog—dog—dog—
A dog—a dog—matic curmudgeon!"

And once, when I said, "We can hardly afford
This immoderate style with our moderate board,"
And hinted we ought to be wiser,
She looked, I assure you, exceedingly blue,
And fretfully cried, "You're a Jew—Jew—Jew—
A very ju-dicious adviser!"

Again, when it happened that, wishing to shirk
Some rather unpleasant and arduous work,
I begged her to go to a neighbor,
She wanted to know why I made such a fuss,
And saucily said, "You're a cuss—cuss—cuss—
You were always ac—cus—tomed to labor!"

Out of temper at last with the insolent dame,
And feeling the woman was greatly to blame,
To scold me instead of caressing,
I mimicked her speech, like a churl as I am,
And angrily said, "You're a dam—dam—dam—
A dam-age instead of a blessing?"

THE NEWEST OF THE FASHIONS.

Latest and Prettiest Designs in Parisian Underwear.

Paris, the home of exquisite lingeries, sends us a few artistic pieces of underlinen for early summer service. The tendency, is, of course, toward the expensive nightgowns containing yards upon yards of soft, delicate fabrics, adorned with billowy waves of lace or the finest lawn embroidery.

The graceful gown shown in the cut No. 1 is fashioned of the sheerest of India lawn, the upper portion forming a square cut yoke, which is composed of lace insertions alternating with tiny bands of the linen. At the lower edge of the yoke in front are double frills of lace, the lower row taking form of jabot, either side of strips of insertion, which conceal the fastening. A most becoming collar dresses the neck of this gown at the back, being entirely at variance with the collar effects. The name by which this collar is known is double cord collar. The effect is obtained by the rolling back from the upper edge of the standing band which follows round front of neck. The sleeves at the lower edge are gathered into a band of insertion pointed at the upper line, being straight at the wrist and frilled with lace. Fine tucking shapes the garment at the back and front to the waist line.

There are the most ethereal of bridal outfits, the most stylish petticoats of silver brocade or satin, bath and bed gowns and lingerie of the finest possible quality, with garnitures of soft lace and ribbon. For a bride there is a lovely breakfast gown of white washing silk, draped a la Grecque, and trimmed with ecru lace; another also of white silk has also insertion bands of pale yellow ribbon run through the yoke and down the front. Some of the sets of underclothing in white or pale colored silks are bewitching. One in pale blue has frills of tucked clear lawn, edged with lace and put on in vandykes down the front; there is a box pleat of the lawn, narrowly edged with lace at either side; both the night dress and the knickers look well in this, as the lawn frills are the most fresh and pretty. A rose pink silk set with frills of the same has edging of butter-colored lace; the sleeves in the robe de nuit belonging to this are puffed ones with frills of lawn at elbows. In white washing silk there are some nightdress, or to give them the title they deserve, bedroom breakfast gowns, which fasten down each side and leave soft falls of lace arranged down them at the apertures. They have short sleeves finished with lace frills.

Another model has a yoke and revers, each hemstitched and trimmed with lace, while a third shows a fashionable Vandyke collar. A lovely chemise of white silk is cut en Princesse, and trimmed with real Valenciennes lace. There are square shape epaulettes, over plain shoulder straps.

A decided change is noted in the shape of the upper part of drawers, received from the French designers. The new pattern is accepted as a very desirable one for full figures. They have the upper part fitted like a yoke and the lower shaped from ordinary pattern, only full twenty-eight inches in width and finished with lace braiding, interwoven with ribbon, to which is attached a frill of lawn, edged with insertion and lace. Another is also shown with the upper part of yoke and the lower edge shaped at the knee with fine tuckings and frilled with fine lace. Strips of lace insertion set in the material form a pattern either side of the tuckings.

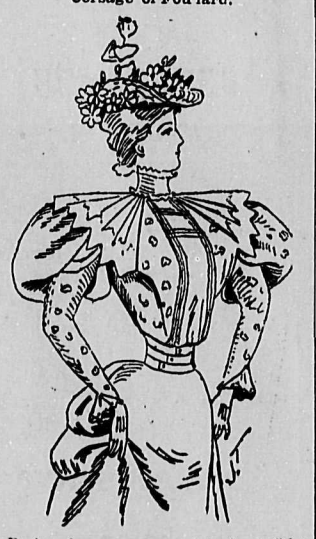
Cut No. 4 shows combinations in nainsook, trimmed with Valenciennes lace and insertion.

Cut No. 5 shows a combination skirt and corset cover in fine cambric, with frills of embroidery on skirt. The bodice is trimmed with embroidery and Valenciennes lace.

Paris fashion reports claim for the chemise this coming season more attention than the fitted cover, and are showing them made of fancy, as well as of plain dimities, muslins and nainsook, in dainty cloops. Chemises made of the soft fabrics, cut round

or square at the neck, and outlined with baby ribbon heads, with a frill of Valenciennes lace, will be very acceptable, worn under thin gowns the coming summer.

Corsage of Foulard.



Design for a corsage of foulard. The vest is made of tucked silk muslin. The pleated pieces over the shoulders are made of changeable taffeta silk, pointed on the edges and finished with a trimming of white batiste, edged with black lace and embroidered in black and yellow. Four diamond-shaped pieces of the same embroidery are used to finish the back.—Le Bon Ton.

High Collars and Yellow Necks.

The long period of favor which the high collar has enjoyed is responsible for the yellow condition of most women's necks. The fashionable collars are also adding their disfiguring touches, leaving red lines and wrinkles in their wake. To counteract this and to keep the neck white and beautiful that one may not be ashamed of its appearance when a decollete bodice is worn the neck should be bathed each night with warm water and soap and while still warm and moist thoroughly massaged with a teaspoonful of pure olive oil. In the morning the neck should be thoroughly washed with cold water and rubbed gently with a soft towel for a few minutes. This course whitens the skin, makes it firm and fills out ungainly hollows. Some complexion specialists recommend bleaching fluids, but they are compounded of dangerous drugs in most instances and must be used with the greatest care or the skin will only be additionally irritated.

Wit for Women.

Baggs—Why did you give up housekeeping and go to boarding? Gagga—My wife is learning to ride a wheel.

She—Don't you think these roof garden performances are rather low? He—Low? Why, they are way above the theatre.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Father Adam, as he rubbed his aching side and saw with sleepy eyes the lovely Eve, "here comes the new woman."

Little Boy—The preacher says there is no marryin 'in heaven. Little Girl—Of course not. There wouldn't be enough men to go 'round.

Her Sister—I never thought you and Harry would fight. He's a very indulgent husband. Young Wife—That's just the trouble. It makes me so mad when he gives in without fighting.

"I want nobody who doesn't want me," says a young Massachusetts wife whose husband has run away with a pretty girl. Nobody but a fool would abandon a woman as sensible as that.

An Atchison girl has a parrot that shrieks, "Don't dare kiss me!" every time a young man crosses the threshold. The bird learned it while sitting on the porch near the hammock summer nights.

"I presume you carry a memento of some sort in that pocket of yours?" "Precisely. It is a lock of my husband's hair." "But your husband is still alive." "Yes, sir; but his hair is all gone."

Daisy—It makes me dreadfully afraid to see those reckless painters up on that dizzy scaffold. George—What a dear little, kindly heart it is! What are you afraid of? Daisy—I am so afraid they'll spill paint on my new hat!

"Mrs. Parvenue pedals beautifully, doesn't she?" "Yes, but then she has had such advantages." "How's that?" "Well, before her husband came into his fortune she used to rock two cradles with her feet while she mended his old clothes."

LIVE BY YOURSELVES.

Some Good Advice to Young Married People, by One.

No matter how kind, how good, mother-in-law, sisters or brothers-in-law may be, never commit the mistake of living tout ensemble. This, little girl, applies not only to your husband's relatives, but also to your own. You are sure to clash. It may be only a button wanting and overlooked on "John's" coat, seen and replaced by motherly or sisterly hands, long skilled in such service. A mere whisping off of the great coat before departing to business; perhaps but a touch of living appropriation on the part of mother or sisters, and the little wife's heart is wounded. If she is sensitive, she shrinks into herself. "Perhaps John would like it so," she thinks. "Well, let him," and so, little by little, her place is usurped, the "little rift" grows wider until soon the music is mute. John, bless you, never knows anything of it; his buttons are in place, she never complains, and he is out all day.

No, my bride-that-is-to-be, have your own home, if it be but two rooms. Any man marrying, or asking you to marry, is able to give you that at least, and make those two rooms home—not heaven, there is none such on earth—simply and purely home. Let discord knock in vain upon your door. Keep it clean, neat, warm and tidy. Never let your husband come home to a cheerless fireside. No supper ready for the hungry bread-winner will engender more discontent than enough, for it is a well-known proverb that the nearest way to a man's heart is through his stomach—bear with the vulgarity in view of the truth, and take its lesson to heart. Believe me, a cosy dining-room, well lighted, a pretty, well-spread table—it need not be extravagant—shining silver, and dainty napkins, and, above all, a smiling, prettily dressed wife, ready with a greeting kiss and loving inquiries as to how he spent the day, do more toward keeping the fire of love burning than anything else. Let no troubles of the day, however woeful, spoil the pleasant hour. Cheerful, light conversation at your dinner-table should be your rule; then, afterward, in that charming "den" of his—sacred to tobacco fumes, pipes and papers, there they are, unfolded, ready for him and his chair drawn close to the shaded lamp, and there, also, your own particular little rocker and work-table—there let the troubles be told and discussed together, which grow small when met by his strong arm and the worries are all smoothed away; the troubled eyes grow calm, and the creases fade out of that smooth brow, and all is right again for "John" knows. Ah! he knows, that is the secret; let there be no concealment between you; nothing, however bad, can seem quite so dreadful when shared by John. His wisdom, matured by contact with a world of which you know nothing, can make the rough way smooth; and when, as come it must to every household, sorrow knocks at the door, that strong, manly arm around you, will not fail; those loving, comforting words are true and trustworthy; he is your confidant, your friend, your lover, forever, until death do you part.

Investigating Winks.

Dr. Fick has shown that winking is more frequent as the retina becomes more fatigued, and it has been found that in reading at a distance of 30 centimeters the number of winks per minute is 1.8 with electrical illumination, 2.8 with gaslight, while the weak illumination which only permits reading at 18 centimeters the number is 6.8 per minute.

Your Brain Weight.

The average weight of the brain in males is 49 ounces; in females 44 ounces. The brain grows very rapidly up to the seventh year of age; from that time until the fortieth year it increases very slowly. It is believed to have attained its full growth between forty-five and fifty years of age.

Bobbie—Say, papa, the little boy next door has a new bicycle, and he's learning to ride on it. Papa—How is he getting on? Bobbie—That's about all he does is to get on."

AFTER THE SERMON.

CIRCLES.

(Katherine B. Walker in Boston Transcript.)

A perfect circle round each life is drawn,
And God's enriching love is round the whole.
Such atmospheres of thought do we create;
Ah! what a glory may surround each soul!

My friend, at sea, does one hour think of me,
And then one nearer holds me in his thought;
Link after link is added to the chain,
A varied influence round each day is wrought.

And when the sun in radiance goes down,
On each day's record, whether weal or woe,
We each have blessed or taken from some life,
We each have felt the thought of friend or foe.

The circle of the hours is then complete,
Another opportunity has gone,
Of rising higher in true thought ourselves,
Of helping others in their journey on.

And such the fervent outgo of our thought,
Which makes a heaven or hell on earth,
Which bears sure fruit of bitterness or joy,
Which gives or bars a way to a new birth.

And power so great we cannot measure it,
Such beauty and such truth to give and see,
But we believe if we keep going on,
It doth not yet appear what we shall be.

WORTH REMEMBERING.

The fool thinks his death would leave a hole in the world.

Let love govern your worship. Fear is too closely allied to hate.

Many a man surveys his head and wonders at Wisdom's powers of condensation.

Society may adulate a fool, but it wishes he was dead, just the same.

The woman who tries to be masculine shows a pitiable degree of ignorance.

When you have nothing else to worry over, you may be sorry that somebody else is a hypocrite.

The nearer a man thinks he is getting to perfection, somehow, the greater contempt he has for himself.

PREACHER DISLOCATES HIS JAW.

A Brunswick clergyman, while in the midst of his sermon last Sunday, dislocated his jaw, and an amazed congregation tiptoed away to their homes while a surgeon repaired damages.—Lewiston, Me., Journal.

WHAT FRANK CRANE SAYS.

"Christ bears the same relation to God as a word does to the idea it expresses.

"'No man hath seen God at any time,' says the Bible; neither hath any man seen a man at any time. He is a spirit, too.

"Think of God not as one before whom we shall stand, but as one before whom we do stand day and night.

"It is the imminence of God that slowly uplifts the world.

"What we call forces are only God's methods, and they are as secret as he is. 'No man hath seen force at any time.'

"All the beauty lies in the invisible element of painting, the inaudible element of music. It is the secret of harmonies or overtones that appeal to the soul.

"We speak of secret sins; all sin is secret. When it becomes open it is crime.

"Christ's summary of the law shifted the scene of the world's tragedy to the heart.

"Open sins are in a manner expiatory.

"Open sins are crimes against society; secret sins, against God.

"We dread the open shame of the day of judgment, but really our present inner complacency is more terrible.

"The most potent argument for hell is the cumulative character of sin.

MORALITY AND JUSTICE.

In the white light of heaven's throne a man's sin appears precisely the same as a woman's, and impurity is as black on 5th avenue as on the Bowery. The world has two codes of morals, masculine and feminine, but that distinction is not recognized in the other world. Gender has no right to destroy justice. The vials of wrath are poured upon the heads of unfortunate women, while the most royal welcome is given to the man who is notoriously unclean. That is the accursed creed of this hour. Injustice, injustice—basest injustice, hisses at the woman, but kisses for the man.—The Rev. Cortland Myers, Brooklyn, N. Y.

POINTED SAYINGS.

It may cost something properly to save a boy from becoming a criminal, but it will cost the state and city much more if they permit him to become a habitual law-breaker.—Rev. R. A. White, Chicago, Ill.

God created man and woman for a purpose, the man to do his work outwardly and publicly, and the woman to do hers inwardly and privately. A woman can imitate the work of man, but she can never do it.—Rev. A. S. Crapsey, Rochester, N. Y.

If the relations of man and wife were such as they ought to be, divorce would be unknown. To prevent separation and divorce, true love must be given a new and practical formula when the novelty subsides. Instead of ice cream and caramels, let it take the form of bread, butter and meat.—Rev. W. W. Morton, Allegheny, Pa.

At the crematory at Fresh Pond, L. I., 1,010 corpses have been burned—650 men, 270 women, 53 boys and 35 girls. Of these persons 510 were Germans, 335 native Americans, 34 English, and the rest from other countries. There are 15 crematories in the United States.

Love is the only recognizable element of power in this world. Everyone who has grown beyond childishness of heart and mind acknowledges that the only thing which makes life worth our living is the good we can do for others.—Rev. C. J. Wood, Philadelphia, Pa.

It is no use to confess your sins and then proceed to live the same life over again. You must have sorrow. You must know and feel that you have offended God. This cannot be palliated by the mere formality of confessing your sins. If you want them to be forgiven you must have contrition and be firmly resolved to sin no more.—Rev. C. E. Woodman, Philadelphia, Pa.

Lent is forty days of starvation. I don't believe in systematic fasting. I stand here to oppose all things that attempt to shadow humanity. There is enough sadness without teaching men to submit to forty days of sorrow. Get all the hope you can; there is despair enough. Get all the light you can; there is shadow enough in the world.—Rev. E. M. Wood, Pittsburg, Pa.

A HALF DIME NOVELETTE

Six Chapters in Four Minutes.

CHAPTER I.

The report of a firearm broke the midnight stillness. Through the darkness a body could be seen to reel, stagger forward, then fall prostrate upon the bosom of its mother earth and remain motionless. The branches of the great elms swayed to and fro, and an occasional gust of wind caught up the dead leaves here and there, blowing them ghost-like across the desolate yard. Except for the rustling of these wayward little travellers all was silent, sad and suggestive.

CHAPTER II.

One moment later.

A dark form crept from behind the rickety old ash barrel, and with a look of triumph upon his mocking face cast one look at his still motionless victim, then stole swiftly toward the house. Aha! The door was unfastened.

CHAPTER III.

The same moment.

At the report of the gun a woman who was sleeping in the upper story sprang from her bed.

She had seen better days.

"John! John!" she cried, frantically, "where are you?"

But John was not there. She rushed to the window and threw it open. The very winds that blew across her fair white face seemed to tell her that something had happened. The air was pervaded; she could feel it: she knew it, but being a woman not of the New she crept back to bed and covered her head. The heavy atmosphere that now filled the room nearly choked her.

CHAPTER IV.

Two minutes later.

The man below had now fastened the door on the inside, and had removed his shoes. Evidently he was on a purpose bent. The very act of barring the outer door was evidence that he knew there was a woman in the house and that she was alone and unprotected. With his weapon still smoking he cautiously ascended the stairs. There was evidence in this. It was also evident that he was familiar with the interior of the old mansion, for he halted directly in front of the unsuspecting woman's chamber and listened.

"Aha! She still sleeps; it failed to wake her," he muttered.

CHAPTER V.

Three minutes later.

But the heroine was not asleep. She had heard his footsteps on the creaking stairs, and springing from her bed again, with courage born anew, she waited, pale, beautiful, tragic, a picture rivalling the divine Bernhardt, her eyes fastened on the door. A thousand thoughts rushed through her brain, but, alas and alack! it was too late now. The only weapon they had ever had in the room her husband had taken with him in his strange midnight departure. A hand was on the doorknob!

CHAPTER VI.

Four minutes later.

The door swung softly open. The first thing her eyes beheld was the shining barrel of a murderous looking shotgun, and then—her husband stood before her.

"John!" she cried, "what has happened?"

"Nuthing hes happened tew me, but suthin' hes happened tew thet ol' black skunk that took off so many uv our chickens night afore las'. Did yew hear me shute?"

Airing the Bedroom.

In the day time allow plenty of air, light and sunshine into your rooms, for even if it does injure the furniture and carpets it is not so expensive in the long run as a doctor's bill. There are more colds caught by keeping fresh air out, in that it makes people more susceptible to changes in temperature, than are ever caused by letting fresh air in. Ventilation, by good management, need not mean a draught.

As water collects and generates impurities it is a good thing to empty the wash basin and jug yourself every morning, so as to insure the refilling them with fresh. Drinking water should be boiled, analysis having proved that filters are not to be trusted, for, after having been in use for some time, they add to the water the dangerous accumulations they have taken up in previous use. To remove the insipid taste of boiled water, pour it backward and forward from one jug to another.

If primarily, your house is in itself healthy, as regards drainage, etc., keep it and yourself so by letting in plenty of fresh air, light and sunshine—the three graces who are in attendance on Her Majesty Queen Hygeia—Philadelphia Inquirer.

THAT PUZZLE CALLED WOMAN;

A Story of Pride and Passion.

Would she scream! would she faint! would she try to throw herself into the water! No! he must not tell her until they were safe in the hotel.

He went slowly back and joined her. Long before he reached her he could see how her eager eyes were devouring his face.

"Oh, God, have mercy upon her!" *he said, from the very bottom of his* heart. "Poor little girl! Poor little girl!"

"Well!" she cried, running to meet him. "Where is he? Where is he?"

"It is very strange," answered Clarendon, slowly, "but he is not on board."

"Not on board!" she gasped. "But he must be; he must. There is some mistake. It is not possible that he is not there. If he had not come by her he would have cabled."

"I have seen the Purser," replied Hugo, "and he says there is no one of that name on board."

"Oh, but I must see him," cried Ethel. "I must indeed. You cannot have made him understand. Pray take me to him."

"It is useless," he returned, gently. "I have made every inquiry. He can tell you nothing that he has not told me."

"And do you mean to say," cried Ethel, looking at him with wide-open eyes, "that Arthur never went on board at all?"

Clarendon hated telling a lie, but in this case there was absolutely no alternative.

"Yes," he answered, unflinchingly. "Now let me take you back to the hotel."

Without another word she walked beside him to the carriage. Could this pale, dejected woman be the bright, pretty, laughing creature he had helped out of it half-an-hour earlier!

Mrs. Delane remained quite silent. All sorts of dreadful thoughts were sweeping through her brain. It did not occur to her that anything had happened to her husband; the idea which assailed her was that he wanted to punish her for her wayward freak, and that he was wilfully keeping her in suspense. A great bitterness against him came into her heart, and she summoned all her pride to the rescue of her misery.

She did not utter a word during the drive, but sat staring out of the window whilst Hugo gazed out of the other, racking his brain to think how he could break this awful tragedy to her.

He helped her out at the hotel, and followed her up to her sitting-room. She went and looked out of the window in silence for a moment, and then turned and came towards him.

"Do you mind," she said, gently. "Will you think me rude and ungracious if I tell you that I want to be alone? I feel stupefied—I want to think."

He went towards her, a great light of pity shining in his kind eyes, and he took both her hands in his. Then, before he had time to speak, she knew and understood.

"Oh!" she gasped, trembling in every limb, "he is dead! Something has happened to him!

He was like one dumb, but his eyes were eloquent enough.

"Speak!" she cried, "for pity's sake—tell me!"

"Oh!" he groaned, "how can I tell you. How can I break your heart!"

"Oh," she said, in a smothered voice, "then it is so!"

She threw herself into a chair and covered her face with her hands.

He came up close beside her, and spoke in a low, hoarse voice,

"He was drowned at sea—washed overboard in a gale four days ago."

She uncovered her face and stared at him with stricken eyes.

"And I have been going about laughing and happy and enjoying myself. How horrible!"

He could think of nothing to say, so he stretched out his hand and took hers.

"I know how you feel," he murmured, in the lowest, tenderest voice. "I, too, lost in one sudden awful moment what was dearest in the world to me."

He could not have chosen his words better had they been studied, instead of being born of a great impulse of pity.

"Ah!" she groaned. "You know! *How does one live through these* things?"

Clarendon was not a religious man; he was afraid even to think now-a-days what he believed and what he doubted, but at this moment he felt the great need of a divine source from which to extract comfort for this stricken soul. But he had a horror of the platitudes of those Job's comforters who can see the wisdom and the mercy of dispensations that are inflicted on their neighbors.

So, looking at her, with most sorrowing eyes, he said:

"I do not know. God help you, *poor child!*"

She did not shed a single tear—he wished she would—but sat staring with a stony expression as though she were gazing at the Medusa head. Her voice, too, sounded strange and far-off.

"And an hour ago," she muttered, "I *thought* I was the *happiest* woman in the world. We parted in anger, you know. I would not say good-bye to him; and for these ten days past I have been thinking over all the kind and loving words I would say to him when he came. And, oh, my God! I shall never say them now!"

And she broke into a great tearless sob that wrung his heart.

He kept her hand in his, stroking it tenderly.

"I have brought it all on myself," she went on, presently, finding some comfort in bitter self-accusation. "If I had not opposed him, he would have come out by our ship, and nothing would have happened to him."

"No, no," cried Hugo. "You must not, you shall not, blame yourself. You did what every loving woman would have done. You cannot be stronger than destiny; you did what your nature and your heart compelled you to do. He recognized that. Did not his cable show it? Did he not say, "Words cannot express what I feel?" That showed how generous he was of your love, and his remorse at what you had suffered for his sake. And, poor chap! he too, you may be sure, was building on that meeting, and counting the hours until he should be with you."

At his words, the floodgates of her tears were unloosed, and she cried and cried as though her heart were melting away.

He watched with little short of agony the throes that convulsed her slight frame—he was rent and torn by pity; his chest heaved with great sighs, and he would have given anything in the world to take her in his sheltering arms and sooth her as if she had been a little child.

"What shall I do! what shall I *do!*" she gasped, now and again, and he could think of nothing else to say but, "Poor child! Poor little girl!" But the words came from the very bottom of his heart.

Nothing could avail to help her in her agony, and to know that was cruel suffering to him, and yet the desire to soothe and comfort grew stronger every moment in him, and he was turning over in his brain all manner of plans for her immediate future. He was not one of those men who are influenced by a burning desire to get away from the sight of pain and suffering. For a moment he thought of telegraphing to his sister at Washington, and begging her to come at once. A woman, he thought, can do so much more for one of her own sex in trouble. But he dismissed the thought, for his sister was a worldly fashionable woman, and he was not sure that the two would be congenial to each other at such a crisis, whatever they might have been in the ordinary relations of life. He built more hopes on that nice, sympathetic maid.

Presently Ethel raised her poor, half blinded eyes to his face.

"You are very good and kind," she said, "but now I think I must be alone."

"Yes," he answered, "yes, I will go. "May I send your maid?"

"No, not yet," she answered.

"When you want me," he uttered, in a low voice, "I will be with you at any moment. I shall leave word downstairs where I am to be found."

"Thank you," she answered, mechanically. Then, as he was going, she cried after him with a great sob in her voice, "Do not think I am ungrateful, but now—now!" She flung herself back in her chair in a fresh agony of tears.

"I know, I know," he cried, in a choked voice, hurrying out.

He sent for Grant, and in a few words told her what had happened.

"You won't leave Mrs. Delane now," he said. "Promise me that you will go back to England with her. I will undertake that you shall not lose by your kindness if you do."

The girl answered, with tears in her eyes:

"Poor lady! I will do anything for her. And I don't want anything for doing it. Why, I would not leave her like this if it was ever so."

Clarendon was so grateful that he shook her warmly by the hand.

"God bless you," he said. "When Mrs. Delane is able to think about her journey home or anything else, and wants to see me, send a messenger round to the Windsor at once. I shall remain within call."

And he walked away the saddest man in New York that day. The idea did not cross his brain that good might come to him out of this catastrophe; he only remembered that the woman for whom he had so tender a regard was heart-broken. He asked of himself with weary iteration the question that he had asked in the past, when he lay crushed and writhing under the wheels of the Juggernaut Despair, how it could please or amuse Providence to witness the agony of the being it has created; and, as before, he found no answer. It is a great consolation to those who can believe it, that these tortures are sent in mercy, but this submissive frame of mind is only given to the few. The majority of sufferers rebel against a cruelty in which they can see neither mercy nor justice.

If this racking of nerve and heart always resulted in the moral benefit to the victim which some people assert, it would doubtless be an argument in its favor, but does it? Are there not grown-up children whom scourgings and punishments harden and embitter—are there not natures whom love and happiness would develop, as sunshine and soft, gracious rains *develop spring blossoms*, whilst bitter winds and hail-storms would kill them unopened, immature! Sometimes, when after a lapse of years we are brought to say, "Perhaps it was for the best," it is generally because the wound is cicatrised and we have adapted ourselves to circumstances.

Hugo went back to his hotel and wrote letters; one in particular to his sister, in which he told her what had happened.

"I do hope, my dear," he finished up, "that I am not putting out your plans very much, but I cannot, in common humanity, leave this poor, *afflicted soul, separated as she is from* every creature who belongs to her. It is the most awful position I have ever known a woman to be placed in. I should not wonder if it kills her. Just at present my movements must be regulated by her needs, and I will let you know at once when anything is settled. I expect she will want to return to England immediately, and I must arrange everything for her as soon as she can bear to think of or discuss plans. But be sure that I shall be with you as soon as possible, and then I will devote myself to you, body and soul, for as long as it may please you."

He did not stir out of the hotel in case a summons should come for him, and at nine o'clock it came in a line from Grant.

"I think, sir, if you would come, Mrs. Delane would like to see you. She is a little calmer."

And Clarendon did not lose one moment in obeying the summons. After he left Grant she had waited a couple of hours before entering Mrs. Delane's room, and had taken care that no one else should intrude upon her. At the end of that time she went in, carrying with her a basin of soup. She did not for a moment think Mrs. Delane would drink it, for she remembered well the day when the news came of her own mother's death: how she had cried all day without ceasing, and refused food or comfort, and been impatient with those who pressed her to eat. She did not mean to worry her, poor lady—she would just leave it there.

She knocked gently twice, and, as there was no answer, went in. Mrs. Delane was sitting on the floor; her arms on the sofa and her face buried in them. Grant put the tray down softly, and then went and stood beside her, with the tears running down her cheeks.

"Oh, my poor, poor lady!" she said; and there was so true a ring in her voice that Ethel raised her poor, half-blinded eyes to the girl's face.

She stretched out a hand dumbly to her, and Grant helped her to rise and sit on the sofa.

"Oh," she cried, piteously, "what shall I do!"

Tears rained down the girl's face, and she said, in a choked voice,

"Oh, if I could only say something to comfort you!"

And once-proud Ethel, so forlorn and lonely and helpless, drew the girl down to the sofa, and leaning against her shoulder, wept afresh. They were not mistress and maid now, they were only two women, one sorrowing, one pitying.

CHAPTER XI.

All through the long day giant despair stood over Ethel, dealing blow upon blow upon her crushed heart. He brought before her the tender memories of love crying in her ear, "These are gone forever. Never again will you know glad, sweet hours,"—he pictured them tenfold happier than they had actually been. She forgot that Arthur had ever been cold or unkind and hard to please, he was the ideal lover whom reality could never now make less dear or desirable. She had counted on the joy of this meeting, and now it was never to be. She magnified the bliss that might have been, until the loss of it was an agony too grievous to be born. How could she live through it—how face the days and months and years without him. For when a woman, however young, loses the man she loves, it ever seems to her as the end of all things; of youth, of hope, of joy. For the first few hours her loss occupied her thoughts to the exclusion of all others; then came the desire to know all the dreadful details; the wish to have all that belonged to him. She wanted to be with Nelly, to hear all that he had said and thought about her when he discovered her flight to America.

She must get back to England. Then, for the first time, she remembered Clarendon. It seemed quite natural to expect that he would do everything for her. She asked Grant if he were to be found, and the girl sent off the message. Clarendon came at once. He entered the room very softly, and approached the sofa, where she still sat. He was shocked to see the ravages that grief had made in her face; the beautiful lustrous eyes that he had admired so much were dim and almost closed with weeping; her cheeks were ivory pale. Even as she stretched her hand out to him she broke into fresh tears, her nerves were so unstrung. Hugo did not speak, but held her hand and waited until she should regain her self-possession.

"I did not mean," she sobbed, "to treat you this; but, oh, I think my heart is broken!"

A dreadful knot rose in his throat and threatened to choke him; her pain, his powerlessness to help her filled him with a sense of impotent misery. Oh! he thought, if I were a woman instead of a fool of a man, I should know what to say and do—perhaps I might comfort her. What can I say?

He hated himself for sitting there dumb, and yet he could not find a word to say.

At last he burst out in despair,

"If you had only Mrs. Tower with you, or some one whom you care for."

"Yes," she answered, "that is what I want to see you about. Get me home! only get me home! I can bear it better there."

"I will," he assented, eagerly. "The Germanic sails on Wednesday. To-morrow morning, if you will let me, I will make every arrangement for you."

"Thank you," she said; "it will be very kind of you. And Grant has been so good—she has offered to go back with me. I do not know what I should do without her. Now," trying to command herself, "I want you to—to tell me—all you know."

He repeated to her just what the Purser had told him.

"But," he added, "he had not time to say very much then, but I will hear all that I can to-morrow. And you would, of course, wish to have all his things. I did not like to take any steps until I had spoken to you, and perhaps they would not give them up to me. I was thinking the best way would be to let the agent whom he employed ask for them on your behalf."

"Whatever you think best," she said, wearily.

"I am so afraid," said Hugo, "that you will have such a bad night. Everything seems blacker and more dreadful then. *Will you not let me fetch* a doctor? He might give you something to make you sleep and forget for a few hours."

"I do not want to forget," she answered, sorrowfully.

"Ah," he returned, "but you will be ill."

"I wish *I could die!*" she uttered, despairingly.

"I know," he murmured, soothingly, pressing her hand, "That is how one feels at first. There was a time when I felt that I could absolutely not go on bearing the pain of living and remembering. You would hate me if I told you that the pain would ever go—I will not tell you so. Once I thought that if I were ever to smile again I should be the greatest brute on earth."

"Why are we tortured like this?" she asked, looking at him in helpless misery.

"Ah!" he echoed, "why? I have asked myself that often enough, but I have never found the answer yet. I wish," speaking reverently, "that I could see the loving hand that some good people recognize in these awful judgments, but," bowing his head, "I cannot."

"No," she answered. "It is not natural to torture what you love, and to torture it through its best affections. The worst man would not do that, and how can we believe it of God?"

He was silent. He would have liked that she, being a woman, should be on the side of vindicating the love of God, but he could not blame her for thinking as he thought himself. With most men who are good fellows, I think the ideal woman is religious, meek, trusting, resigned. She is a complex creature, that ideal woman. She is not expected to be too reasonable, she is pardoned for being a little illogical, a little unpunctual, a little hard on her own sex, but she must be very unselfish, she must adore all children, and she must not question too closely the authority of God or of man made in His image.

There followed a silence of some moments. Hugo broke it.

"Would you not like me to cable to your friends?" he asked, and Ethel replied affirmatively, giving the addresses of Mrs. Tower, her aunt, and the lawyer. "I thought," he said, "that if you approved, I would cable in my own name to Mrs. Tower, telling her that we came out together, and that I will be of what use I can. It might relieve her mind a little to know that you are not quite alone. And shall I not ask her to meet you at Liverpool?"

"Yes," she answered, "please do. And I think she had better break the news to my aunt. The whole affair will be such a terrible shock to her."

"And," pursued Clarendon, "I should suggest that the agent here should communicate with your lawyer."

She assented.

"Now," he said, rising reluctantly, for he could not bear to leave her alone with her grief, "perhaps I had better go. And to-morrow, when I have taken your passage and sent the cables, shall I come to you, or only send you word?"

"Please come," she said; then piteously, "You seem just now to be the only friend I have in the world."

"I wish," he rejoined, sadly, "that I could better show my friendship."

"How could you?" she answered. "What could anyone do more? No one," with a sob, "can bring him back to me."

"I hope," he said, "we may get a cable in America to-morrow; but, as you know, there is five hours difference between English time and this, and if Mrs. Tower should be away from home, we may not hear until Tuesday."

As he walked back to the hotel, he felt a keen desire to know more about her affairs. Would her husband's death make a great difference to her financially? She had no children. Perhaps the estate was entailed. He concluded that there was an estate, and that the husband had been well off, and that they had lived in good style. Perhaps she was not only losing the man of her heart, but many of the pleasant things of life besides. He would not have put a leading question to her for the world, but it would have been an immense relief to him to know that Captain Delane's death would not materially change her mode of life. He did not like to offer again to be her banker, but it would be dreadful to him to think she had not everything she wanted. Anyhow, he would take her passage and pay for it, and he supposed her lawyer would cable out what money she was likely to require.

Then he composed his message to Mrs. Tower.

"Came out on the —— with Mrs. Delane. The —— (mentioning Cunard boat) brought terrible news. Captain Delane washed overboard in gale. Wife broken-hearted. Doing all I can. She sails Germanic, Wednesday. Has got nice maid. Will you meet her Liverpool? You may remember me at Clinton's.—Hugo Clarendon."

He sat up thinking long into the night, and when he went to bed his slumbers were far from being of their usual sound and peaceful nature. He had a very tender heart; it was grievous to him that anyone should suffer—much more anyone to whom he felt as he felt to Mrs. Delane. Every time he woke, he thought of her lying in tears and agony, without a gleam of hope or light in the future. She would get over it in time, he knew, as we all of us get over the griefs which we believe, when they assail us, to be unquenchable, unconquerable beyond all remedy, but how much she had to suffer first. He remembered the agony of his nights; the greater agony of his wakings for months after the tragedy in his own life.

And now he was almost ashamed to think that he no longer even regretted his dead love; that she was nothing but a gentle memory. Ah, well! thank God one did forget, or what a world of mourners this would be. How few there are who live to even three decades without at least one deep scar from Death's sword in his heart! But when our arms are round our beloved, our lips to hers or his, with what scorn we should repudiate the idea that a day could ever come when we should have forgotten him or be content with a life from which he had gone for evermore!

The first thing on Monday morning he sent off the cables. After breakfast he went in search of the lawyer's agent, and then to the White Star office to take Mrs. Delane's passage. This done he sought out and found the captain of the ship by which Captain Delane had sailed from England. He was full of consideration and sympathy, but there was nothing to add to the purser's story. It had been the work of a moment; a tremendous sea had come up from the stern, and had washed the three men off. Captain Delane's things should be sent at once to the Buckingham Hotel. In reply to a question of Clarendon's, he said that, if Mrs. Delane wished to see him, he would certainly go to her, but that he had not exchanged a dozen words with her husband, and feared the interview would afford her *no satisfaction.*

After this, Clarendon went to give an account to Mrs. Delane of all that he had done. He found her alone, looking very white and ill. Grant, she told him, had gone to get her some mourning. He tried to persuade her to drive out in the afternoon with *her maid, and get some air*, as it seemed to him that the very worst thing for her was the confinement in the heated rooms, which are the rule of all American hotels.

She shook her head.

"No," she said, "I shall not go out of the hotel until I leave it on Wed*nesday for ever.*"

He did not try to persuade her any more and soon after went away.

In the course of the afternoon he received a cable from Mrs. Tower:

"Thankful you are with her. Much distressed. Will be at Liverpool."

Clarendon put the message in an envelope and sent it round to Mrs. Delane. She also had heard from her friend:

"Terribly grieved. Deepest sympathy."

(To be Continued.)

WHOM CAIN MARRIED.

Scriptural Details That Will Interest Many People.

A correspondent writes to the New York Sun: In a recent issue of your Sunday edition a party asked "Whom did Cain marry?" He married his sister. Her name was Ripha. This, St. Chrysostom says, was the tradition of the Jews of his time. This information may be found in Duprion's "Concordance of the Holy Bible."

Genesis v. 4 says of Adam, "And he begat sons and daughters." Josephus says that Adam and Eve had thirty-three sons and thirty-two daughters. The sons of our first parents married their sisters. The Old Testament was written as a preparation for the coming of Christ, and the history of personages who did not typify Him or relate to Him are not given. The holy and innocent Abel was a figure of Christ who was killed by his brethren, and Cain and Abel and their histories are related, while nothing is said of the other children.

It may be of interest to your many readers to know the exact meanings of the names of the patriarchs who *lived from Adam to Noe, as follows:* Adam, "Man in the image of God," or "the Reasoning Being"; Seth, "Substituted by"; Enos, "Frail Man"; Caanan, "Lamenting fell"; Malaleel, "The Blessed God"; Jared, "Shall come down"; Henoch, "The Teacher"; Methuselah, "His death shall send"; *Lamech, "To the humble"; Noe,* "Rest" or "Consolation." Now, putting these English meanings of the Hebrew names together, we have the following: "Man in the image of God, Substituted by Frail Man, Lamenting fell. The Blessed God, Shall come down. The Teacher. His death *shall send, To the humble, Rest or* Consolation."

Here, in the very names of the great fathers of our race before the flood, we find a revelation of the fall of mankind, the sorrows of sin, the incarnation of Christ, how He will come as a teacher, His death, His redemption, given to the humble ones who will receive His teachings, and the rest and consolation of peace from wars and the blessings of civilization.

These are but a few of the wonderful things the student finds in the Holy Bible.

Don't Be Imposed Upon.

When you ask for Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Go to a reliable dealer. He will sell you what you want. The ones who have something else to urge upon you in its *place are thinking of the extra profit* they'll make. These things pay them better, but they don't care about you.

None of these substitutes is "just as good" as the "Discovery." That is the only blood-cleanser, flesh-builder, and strength-restorer so far-reaching and *so unfailing in its effects* that it can be guaranteed. In the most stubborn Skin, scalp, or scrofulous affections, or in every disease that's caused by a torpid liver or by impure blood—it effects perfect and permanent cures.

Not to be Outlied.

The following appears in Farm News: "On the first page of May number of Farm News I see you report farmers burning potatoes for fuel. As potatoes only contain between 80 and 90 per cent. of water, and ice cannot contain more than 100 per cent., and as it was a good year for ice, we have put in a large stock of it for summer fuel. We do not intend to let the farmers of any other section outlie us. Yours very truly, John S. M. Adoo, North Bloomfield, Ohio."

Be Your Own Doctor.

Cut this out and write your name and address plainly in ink, mail it with 10c. in silver or ten 1-cent postage stamps to pay for mailing and handling expenses, and we will send you a book containing one hundred new and up-to-date prescriptions from eminent Canadian doctors, giving full directions for the treatment of diseases common to humanity. Address Mason & Co., publishers, Room 6, Canada Life Building, Toronto.

106 A

LATE LOCALS.

Miss Roy has returned from a trip to Seattle.

The man who advertises most does the best business.

Mr. Dalby, the dentist, left on Friday for a visit to Alberni.

H. Kells, the shoemaker, has returned to Union and taken a shop next the livery. See his ad

The Cash Grocery Store leads for prices. Fresh Fruits and vegetables arriving daily. Potatoes 75 cents per sack.

Mr. Jones of Nanaimo came up Wednesday and remained a guest of Mr. W. Lewis of Courtenay, a couple of days.

The choir of the Presbyterian church had a delightful outing on Saturday, going, it is understood, as far as Nob Hill.

Mrs. David Jones of Courtenay has been visiting husband's mother in Nanaimo, she is expected to return this week.

Mrs. F. B. Young accompanied her husband on the last trip of the Joan to Comox. She will spend a few days in this charming section.

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

Mr. James McKim and wife left Friday morning for Victoria, where they will take a steamer for Alaska. They expect to pe absent five or six weeks.

The News was complimented with a box of as fine strawberries as were grown in British Columbia. by Mr. Byrnes, last Saturday. They grew on the Carwithen place leased by Mr. Byrnes.

On Thursday evening F. Mc B. Young D. D. G. M. assisted by Dr. Davis, of Nanaimo and J. Coburn constituted and consecrated Cumberland Lodge No 26. Afterwards a banquet at Union Hotel.

In the bicycle race Friday evening at the Recreation Grounds, George Creech gave George Beckensell one lap in five rounds. This proved somewhat too liberal an allowance, and Beckensell won by 200 or 300 feet. It was a fine race and was was witnessed by a large number of ladies and gentlemen.

UNION SHIPPING

Str. Transit is in for 600 tons of coal.

The Tepic left Sunday with 400 tons of coal and 30 tons of coke for Vancouver

The Minneola left Sunday morning for San Francisco with 3,300 tons of coal for the Southern Pacific.

On Sunday the ship Ventura left for San Francisco with 2,600 tons of coal for the Union Colliery Co.

The Progressist is loading. She will take about 2,000 tons of coal from here and the balance of her load from Wellington.

Notable Wedding.

Courtenay was the scene of a happy event on Thursday when Mr. James Knight at Shelter Point, was united in the holy bonds of matrimony to Mrs. Owens. The nuptial knot was tied by Rev. Mr. Tait at the Riverside Hotel. John J. Grant supported the bridegroom, while the bridesmaid was Mrs. Joyce.

After the wedding the party sat down to a sumptuous supper provided by Messrs. Grant and Monighan.

Many friends extended congratulations to the young couple. Mr. Knight happily responded to the many toast. Several useful wedding presents were given. THE NEWS joins with the many friends of Mr. Knight in wishing them long years of connubial bliss. We may exclaim with his host of friends, "Well done Jimmy."

Subscribe for THE NEWS $2.00 per annum.

Texada Excursion.

The excursion to Texada Island on Thursday was a most pleasent one. Although few attended yet those who did, join in saying the trip surpassed by far all anticipations, which had been formed of it. At Comox, after the return, the party met at the "Elk Hotel," where Terpischore reigned supreme. Mr. McDonald was violinist, Our Jim accompanied him on the guitar. Every touch of that instrument brought forth harmony. Jimmy is a sina qua non of good music. Mr. Coombs called off the quadrills in so able a manner that many got mixed up in the merriment of all, himself included.

We may safely say that the next excursion will be well patronized.

Warning to the Industrious.
From Tired Resident.

The song-bird rose before the sun,
To sing his roundelay;
The farmer's son took down his gun
And at him blazed away.

The busy bee arose at five,
And buzzed the meadow o'er;
The farmer's wife went for his hive,
And robbed him of his store.

The ant rose early in the day
His labours to begin;
The greedy swallows flew that way
And took the rustler in.

O bird, and bee, and ant, be wise!
In proverbs take no stock,—
But do like me,—refuse to rise
Till half-past ten o'clock.

Fishing, Hunting and Camping.

Among the many attractions in and about Union, are those of fishing and shooting. Perhaps no place in the Province can boast of such a paradise for sportsmen. Already camping parties have gone out, and others are being formed.

In our last issue we briefly noticed the party headed by Mr. R. Grant Although the fires put a sudden end to their camping and they had to return home, yet we are told Messrs. Grant et al enjoyed themselves thoroughly and killed many of the finny tribe. The principal catch was made by Judge Abrams and Alex. Grant. who, in partnership caught forty magnificent fiish —with a silver spoon, This kind of spoon used in connection with a little "chinook" is invariably a successful attachment to a fisherman's stock in trade. Mr. R. Grant and Messrs. Young and Hutchison made good catches. The two lads, Charlie and Bob, killed a few fish. Mr. Eckstein remained in camp as steward and butler.

In the evening songs were sung. Judge excelled all others with his Chinese song; while the never ending "bottle" song of Mr. Alex. Grant kept the party awake until the "wee sma'" hours.

This jolly crowd intend to make another expedition and bend their energies towards discovering the source of Oyster River, a true account of which will be published in pamphlet form and appear in chapters in our columns from week to week.

CUMBERLAND SHOE SHOP.

I have moved into my new shop on Dunsmuir Avenue, where I am prepared to manufacture and repair all kinds of men's, women's, and children's shoes.

Give me a call.

NELSON PARKS.

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

MOVING SALE

We will move to the first door east of Picket's Hall, about the 25th, of July

Bargains in dry goods, Clothing and Men's Furnishings

STEVENSON & CO'S

UNION, B.C.

F. J. DOYLE, Manager

L. P. ECKSTEIN.

Barrister, Solicitor, Notary Public
Office:—First Street, Union, B. C.

Partridge & Rennison.

We carry a Complete Stock of GENERAL GROCERIES, FLOUR AND FEED, ETC., at The Lowest Prices.

Give us a call (Union and Comox)

Poster Advertising.

Say, Mr. Editor you may take out our ad in the paper and we will try a poster for a while.

All right, Mr. Proprietor, but don't you think that a backwoods way of notifying the public? The corn doctors and peanut venders depend on the poster. I believe a regular ad and sometimes a few locals strike the public as having a business look.

You may be right, but will try it for a month and then—

And then I guess you will go back to the correct thing. Posters belittle trade and make people think that one has only trash to sell.

Well, keep in the ad and put out posters in addition.

I had gotten the poster craze but the "back talk" of my clerk had some what taken the wind out of my sales and my confidence in posters dropped a degree or two. But I was not going to back clear down.

The ad was rearranged so as to be striking and the posters covering the same ground duly issued. I awaited the result, The trade increased a perceptible difference. I was curious to learn whether it was the posters, or the new ad worded to suit the occasion.

One day a new customer came in and bought a good sized bill of goods. Anxious to know the result of our venture, we asked: "You saw our new poster?"

"I haven't seen any poster," he replied. You have a fine new ad in the paper which attracted my attention. I never notice a poster. Doubtless if posted up in the bar rooms, it aids the sale of raffle tickets. It does not help the sale of goods.

After that I paid more attention to my ad and dropped the poster business, and do not think I have lost by it.

Experience.

A FINE STOCK OF—

Clocks, watches, books and stationery.

T. D. McLean

—:JEWELER:—

UNION, B. C.

Esquimalt & Nanaimo Ry.

Time Table No. 26,

To take effect at 8 a.m. on Saturday, March 21st, 1896. Trains run on Pacific Standard time.

GOING NORTH

	Daily.	Sat'dy.
Lv. Victoria for Nanaimo and Wellington	A. M. 8.00	P. M. 4.00
Ar. Nanaimo	11.35	7.25
Ar. Wellington	12.00	7.45

GOING SOUTH

	A M Daily.	P M Sat'dy.
Lv. Wellington for Victoria	8.20	4.15
Lv. Nanaimo for Victoria	8 45	4.33
Ar. Victoria	12.20	8.00

For rates and information apply at Company's offices,

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

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

LOOK FOR—

BOYD'S TEAM

Good Oil for Light CHEAP

FRESH FISH Every other Day

NOTICE

All persons are hereby warned not to negotiate a certan note given by me to E. B. Hill two years ago, for $100 payable on May 2d 1896; as the consideration on which said Note was given has not been fulfilled by him.

Sandwick, B. C. S F. Crawford.
April, 10th 1896.

Nanaimo Cigar Factory

Phillip Gable and Co., Prop's

Bastion Street — Nanaimo B. C.

Manufactures the finest cigars and employes none but white labor.

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

YARWOOD & YOUNG

BARRISTERS and SOLICITORS

Corner of Bastion and Commercial Streets, Nanaimo, B. C.

BRANCH OFFICE, Third Street and Dunsmuir Avenue, B. C.

Will be in Union the 3rd Wednesday of each month and remain ten days.

Millinery Opening

×—GO TO—×

MISS NASH'S

FOR THE LATEST SPRING NOVELTIES

A Fashionable Trimmer

(Late of Sloan & Scott's)

Is turning out some Dainty Creations in

——HATS AND BONNETS

A choice Selection of Flowers, Jet Ornaments and Ribbons Just Received.

ONE GIVES RELIEF.

R·I·P·A·N·S

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

W. S. DALBY, D.D.S. & L.D.S.

Dentistry in all its Branches

Plate work, filling and extracting

Office opposite Waverly Hotel, Union

Hours—9 a.m. to 5 p.m. and from 6 p.m. to 8 p.m.

MONEY

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

Mortgages purchased. Insurance effected.

MARCUS WOLFE

NANAIMO, B. C.

P. O. Drawer 17

MATSUKAWA

Contracts and Day Work WANTED

Address—Matsukawa, Japanese Boarding, House, next Brick yard.

GROCERY PRICE LIST

Hungarian flour $1.35 per sack, pastry flour $1.30 per sack, B.C. granulated sugar $5.50 for 100 lbs., American coal oil $3.25 per case $1.65 per tin, Rex hams, 16cts per lb., breakfast bacon 15cts per lb.; rolled oats, 7 lb. sacks 30cts. 10 lb. sack 45cts.; oat meal 40cts. 10 lb. sacks.

DRIED FRUITS----apples, prunes and peaches 2 lbs. .....for 25 cents.....

No. 1, M.M. Tea.....$1.50 for 5 lb.

CANNED VEGETABLES—10 cans corn and beans $1, 9 cans tomatoes $1, 8 cans peas $1

LARD—5 lb pails 70 cents, 10 lb tins $1.40

Be salmon 10 tins for $1

SIMON LEISER