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

The Weekly News.

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

NO. 41. COURTENAY, COMOX DISTRICT, B. C. WEDNESDAY, AUG. 16, 1893. $2.00 PER YEAR

McKim's Store

— at —

UNION, B. C.

carries a fine assortment of
General Merchandise
including
Boots, Shoes, Clothing and Gents Furnishings

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

W. J. Young. P. F. Scharschmidt.
COURTENAY PHARMACY.
PURE DRUGS & PATENT MEDICINES
Also Fancy Toilet Articles
TOBACCO AND CIGARS.

CANADA
Permanent Loan and Savings Company
(Incorporated A. D. 1855)
HEAD OFFICE—Company's Buildings, Toronto Street, Toronto, Canada.
J. HERBERT MASON, — President and Managing Director.
Subscribed Capital, $5,000,000; Total Assets, $12,091,772.
The Company Lends Money from $300 to $300,000,
On City or Farm Property, at Current Rates of Interest, and on favorable terms of re-payment. Mortgages and Debentures purchased. No Commisson. No Delay. Expenses moderate. ☞For particulars apply to
MARCUS WOLFE, Real Estate, Insurance and Financial Broker, Appraiser. P. O. Box 10, Nanaimo, B. C.

BIG PROFITS.
Can be made by buying now in the
RABSON ADDITION
fronting on the Bay. The road Through this Property is being improved, and will lead direct to UNION WHARF and the new townsite where stores and hotels will soon be under construction.
Owing to its beautiful location and proximity to Courtenay when the Harrigan and Wharf roads are completed, it will spring into GREAT IMPORTANCE.
Now is your opportunity
Office at Courtenay. Wm. Cheney, Agent.

THE BEST PLACE IN B. C.
to buy
Agricultural Implements, Farm and Mill Machinery, Mining and mill supplies, Hardware, Belting, Paints and Oils, Plaster, Cordage and Cement
is
NICHOLLES and RENOUF
Victoria, B C
P O Box 86 S E Corner Yates and Broad
Correspondence solicited.

UNION STORE
We Carry the Largest Stock
— of —
General Merchandise
in British Columbia.
Simon Leiser, Proprietor,
Miss M. Roy has charge of our dress Department. All work done in this Department guaranteed to give satisfaction.

McPhee & Moore.
COMOX, BC.
Importers & Dealers in
Flour & Feed, Farm Produce, Fancy Groceries, Crockery & Glassware
Dry Goods, Boots & Shoes, Hardware, Paint & Oils
Gents Furnishings, Patient Medicines, Stationery, Wallpaper
Sportsmens Supplies a Speciality

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

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

FOR SALE.
For sale, a 4 year old Percheron mare, sound, true, and gentle, but apt to jump fences.
Weighs over 1300 lbs.
Reason for sale Horses enough besides.
Duncan Bros.

THE FAMOUS CLYDE STALLION
will be at
John Hetherington's stable
During the Season.
Terms—To Insure, for the Season $12.50
" For Single Service $5.00
Groom fees, $1.50

T. C. Woods
Comox B. C.
Conducts a General
Teaming and Livery Business

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

Personal Property Sale

Preparatory to making a business change I am disposing of my personal effects and offer for sale the following: 15 acres of hay in the field; 1 two seated buggy; 1 new singer sewing machine; 1 bellows and anvil.

Jos. T. Grieve, Grantham

Society Cards

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

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

Alex. W. Fraser, R. S

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

Ernest A. Holliday
Recorder.

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

Lodge meets on every Saturday on or before the full of the moon
Visiting Brothers cordially requested to attend.

W. J. Young
Secretary.

K. of P.

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

John Baird
K. R.S.

For Sale.

One Donkey Engine and Boiler, about 8 h. p. engine with 12 h. p. boiler upright suitable for hoisting or running machinery (second hand) Price on steamer at Nanaimo $325.

Apply to R. W. Wenborn, Nanaimo for further information.

For Sale.

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

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

Orange and Grape Land.

We have 160 acres of land in Orlando Co. Florida, near Lake Butler, and between two lines of railroads. The land contains a variety of soil, some suited to ORANGE CULTURE other parts to GRAPE Culture. It will grow anything which can be produced in that MOST DELIGHTFULL CLIMATE. Will sell or exchange for city or country property. Enquire of M. Cly on the Carwithen farm, or of Geo Parks at Union.

H A Simpson

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

Will be in Union every Wednesday and Courtenay on Thursday.

Store for Rent.

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

This is a first class chance, as a good paying business has already been built up. Apply to

Wm. Lewis, Courtenay, B. C.

Money to Loan

I am prepared to make short loans in sums to suit upon satisfactory security.

Wm. Cheney, Agent, Courtenay

Notice.

Parties interested will please take notice that all accounts due me previous to the 1rst of January last must be paid on or before the first of September next, otherwise they will be placed in the hands of a collector.

J. W McKenzie.

A Card.

Geo. Howe, having sold out his business to F. A. Anley and Thomas Beckensell, who took charge of it on Aug. 1, returns thanks for past favors, and commends the new firm to the public for a continuance of its patronage.

He requests all accounts against him be sent in at once, and immediate payment of all indebteness to him upon account, in order that the affairs of the business may be speedily closed.

LENGTH OF MILES.

Distance Measurements in Use in Different Countries at the Present Time.

It is no wonder that there is some uncertainty about the length of a mile. English speaking countries have four different miles—the ordinary mile of 5,280 feet, and the geographical or nautical mile of 6,085, making a difference of about one-seventh between the two; then there is the scotch mile of 5,928 feet, and the Irish mile of 6,720 feet; four various miles, every one of which is still in use. Then almost every country has its own standard mile. The Romans had their millia passum, 1,000 paces, which must have been about 3,000 feet in length, unless we ascribe to Cæsar's legionaries great stepping capacity. The German mile of today is 24,318 feet in length, more than four and a half times as long as our mile. The Dutch, the Danes and the Prussians enjoy a mile that is 18,440 feet long, three and a half times the length of ours; and the Swiss get more exercise in walking one of their miles than we get in walking five miles, for their mile is 9,153 yards long, while ours is only 1,760 yards. The Italian mile is only a few feet longer than ours, the Roman mile is shorter, while the Tuscan and the Turkish miles are 150 yards longer.

The Swedish mile is 7,341 yards long, and the Vienna post mile is 8,296 yards in length. So here is a list of twelve different miles; and besides this there are other measures of distance, not counting the French kilometer, which is rather less than two-thirds of a mile. The Brazilians have a millia that is one and one-fourth times as long as our mile; the Neapolitan miglio is about the same length; the Japanese ri, or mile, is two and one-half times ours; the Russian verst is five-eighths as long as our mile; while the Persian standard is farsakh, four and a half miles long, which is said to be equal to the parasang, so familiar to the readers of Xenophon's Anabasis. The league that is familiar to readers of French and Spanish books varies just as does the mile. In Brazil it is three and four-fifths miles long, in France it was three miles, in Spain it was two and two-third miles, and once on a time in England it was two and one-half miles long. The only measure that is about the same in every country is the meter, and even that varies slightly, for in France it is 39,370,432 inches in length, while in this country it is 39,37079 inches—a difference to be mentioned, but not to be considered in practice.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Eskimo Remedy for Frost Bites.

The Esquimaux have a simple and effective method for curing frost-bites. It is the application of cold to the part affected, and a gradual elevation of the temperature until the normal heat is restored in the frozen part. This sometimes takes a day, but it cures, and there is no next year's discomfort. In the experiences of Chief Engineer Melville in the Artic regions, the practicability and efficacy of this treatment was effectually demonstrated. Men frozen to the knees and elbows were brought to a normal state in a few days.

Texada Island.

Mild, Dry and Genial Climate— Freedom From Destructive Beasts— Mountain Lakes and Fish — Wealth of Wild Berries and Bunch Grass— Admirable Pasture Range for Sheep— Scarcity of Soil and Plethora of Rocks — Observations and Particulars.

Texada Island is one of the most considerable bodies of land in the Gulf of Georgia. It is about 30 miles long and averages from 6 to 8 miles wide. It is a mountain of rocks, having no flat or arable land except a few small swamps here and there some hundreds of feet above the waters of the surrounding gulf, and like the fresh water lakes of which there are perhaps a baker's dozen, nestled in the bosom of the mountains. But all over the immense surface of the island thrown up probably by some terrific upheaval, are piled up rocks, largely covered by moss, stunted bunch grass, with a profusion of briers of various kinds, on which wild berries grow in abundance, with wild goosberries and other small bushes and stunted pines, not thick enough to form much of a shade or prevent the growth of such vegetation as the sparse soil will support. There are a very few cedars, but these like other trees there, are low and of diminutive size. The distance of the trees apart gives the island a beautiful park-like appearance, and as there is little, almost no under brush, and few fallen trees, and these small, it is easy to get about, except for the sharp irregular superabundent rocks; but one can wind about and over these following deer paths without much trouble provided the soles of the shoes worn are studded with plenty of nails to prevent slipping.

There are plenty of deer on the Island and the fresh water lakes are full of trout There is one lake that is the home of the mud turtle, and is often spoken of as the Turtle Lake.

It is surprising that with the manifest advantages that the island possesses for the raising of sheep, that this industry has never been attempted here. There is plenty of sheep run, and no destructive animals to interfere with the sheep, such as panthers, wolves, bears, etc. There is, however, a necessity to protect the lambs when quite young from the talons of eagles, but this is not regarded as a serious matter.

There are but two or three settlers on the island. Mr C. R. Miller has been the longest, acknowledging a residence of six years. His wife appears contented and is perhaps happier away from the world's madding strife than she would be in it. They have a little cabin and a garden on the mountain side. A flock of hens, numbering about a hundred attracted our attention. "I have," observed Mr. Miller, "realized $150 in eggs during the past year, besides having what we wanted to eat." There must be enormous strength in the soil, for there was mighty little of it, and yet the stoney garden blossomed with berries and vegetables. Mr. Miller gets work at the Lime Kiln a portion of the time, and from the owners of mines in doing the statutory development work. He can get a deer almost any evening, and for fish he has only to throw his line into the waters that lave the shore of his island home. His sheet anchor, is the valuable mines of which he is the owner, or part owner, and of which an account will be given next week. He has the utmost faith in them, and will with his wife stick, to use his express jon, until he realizes on them.

At the iron mines about one and one half miles below Miller's lives a Mr. James Raper with his family. He is also interested in the mines and like his neighbor will stay until he has something to leave with. There are no other families residing in Texada.

One bachelor rancher, however, was found. His name was Lawerence Souveren, a German. He came here in July last and took up a ranch about a mile and a half back from the claim of the Puget Sound Mining Co. In the bosom of the mountain he has found 70 acres of swamp land, and although he will have to run a ditch for a mile in order to drain it, he is not dismayed by this, and will proceed, having an abiding faith in the mineral wealth around him, which will someday, not very distant, when developed furnish him a home market for his produce. He is not without a neighbor, for a Mr. Ned Barney has lately taken up a ranch adjoining Souveren's where he has some ten acres of meadow. A few might find some good places by applying to Mr Miller, provided they wished to become settlers, but he very properly declines to assist speculators. However, the public lands can now only be obtained by preemption, and this now requires actual residence upon the premises in person. The proxy business is played out.

The island being washed by the gulf stream is warmer than either Vancouver Island or the mainland, and there is probably only half the rainfall, giving it an ideal climate. What few inhabitants there are, live on the west side of the island which is much the pleasanter part of it. The east side has the advantage of having steamers frequently pass; the Alaska steamers and boats carrying supplies to the northern logging camps taking the route through the Malaspina Straits.

The island is frequently visited by hunters, but more especially by mineral prospectors. What advantages the place offers to the miner and capitalist will be dwelt upon in our next article.

Steamboat Excursion.

There will be an excursion up Seymour Narrows
Thursday, August 24th 1893
— on the —
S. S. Joan.

Steamer will leave Comox Wharf at 7 a. m. and Union Wharf at 8. a. m. Trains from Union will connect with steamer Good music will be provided, and every arrangement made for a first class time.

☞ Tickets only $1.50.

Comox Hollolngs.

The ss. Joan arrived last Wednesday from Nanaimo with freight for McPhee & Moore, J. B. Holmes and A. Urquhart and the following passenger list: T. C Woods, W. Harvey, Mrs. E. McDonald, G. G. McDonald, Mrs Heatherbell, Mr. McFarland, W. Barkie, Mr. and Mrs Graham, F. W. Robbins, and Mr. Carscaden.

The ss. Joan left here for Valdes Island Thursday. Several of our hard working citizens availed themselves of the opportunity for a short excursion. Among these were Mr. and Mrs J. B. Holmes, Mrs. F. C. Woods and family, Mrs. D. Anthony and family and Mr. and Mrs Graham of Victoria. John Wilson brought down some fine fresh salmon, and soon had them all sold, as none who heard his gentle voice, calling, "Ere's some fresh salmon" could resist the impulse to buy.

The ss Joan left Friday at 5. a. m. for Victoria and way ports with following passengers: C. J. Moore, D. Moffat, J. Blair, J. Grieve, Miss Urquhart, L. Casey, S. Creech, F. Dorman, and Rev. Mr. McConnell.

Take your wife and children on the excursion; everybody is going.

A large number of visitors are expected up to the Comox Agricultural and Industrial exhibition. It is hoped that it will be suitably advertised, and in season so that peple will have lots of time to prepare.

Mr. Guick, the hunter, has taken to the woods again to hunt up winter quarters and make a study of "pedro" so that he may regain some of his lost art and so forth.

The Elk hotel is undergoing a course of renovation. New paper and new painting works wonders sometimes, and certainly a big transformation is going on there.

C. J. Moore of McPhee & Moore, general merchants, went below on the last trip of the ss. Joan, on business and pleasure bent. He is expected back on the next boat and will spend the honeymoon quietly at home. Why not? There is no more delightful place than the beautiful Comox valley, and I have often wondered how any one should be so selfish as to enjoy it alone.

Rev. Mr. McConnell I regret to say has left for home (England). He went by way of Chicago, and will take in the World's Fair His stay among us was brief but long enough to enable him to make many friends and he will carry back with him, it is trusted, to the old world, pleasant recollections of the new.

Capt. Rodgers paid us a brief visit last week. He looks younger than ever. He brought over a cargo of horses and buggies for the new livery stable at Union.

Sam. Cliffe of the Lorne was a passenger to Vancouver on the ss. Dunsmuir last week. He has not been over to the city on the Inlet for some years. The story of his going to Hornby Island on a flying machine was a canard. He always travels in first class style, and though he may sometimes take a flyer he never lands on a small island.

Mr. Jack McKim made a visit on his iron horse. He made the run from Union in 30 minutes, in good form. When he arrived, there was not an ounce of fat on his bones, but then he had not a great deal of that article when he started.

Mr. Alex. Fraser, the lightning operator made a trip of inspection down the line. He found every thing o. k. The wire never gets but a few hours the start of him. He appears to be the right man in the right place.

Last Saturday, Rev. Mr. Nixon and party of Denman Island left for Bute Inlet on his steam yacht. They are on a pleasure and prospecting trip. Jack Cowie was among the number and is in the look out for a ranch.

The ss. City of Nanaimo arrived about 2 o'clock on Sunday afternoon with over 300 excursionists aboard. The Nanaimo Silver Cornet Band furnished the best of music. After landing they scattered about, some procuring teams and going out into the country, and yet two spacious hotels here were crowded, so that many it is feared were compelled to wait longer than they would like in order to get served. They were a jolly crowd, and were much pleased with their trip and the beautiful scenery. There are few prettier townsites than Comox, so our visitors thought. We would all be glad to see them again.

J. B. Holmes deserves great credit for rowing on Sunday, not for rowing but for his unique way of rowing. He pulled all of ten yards handling the rudder ropes with great skill. Talk about a corkscrew! Why! a machine of that kind would not compare with the figure he made, any more that a candle with the sun. For croockedness his path would shame a corhscrew out of countenance. As the water leaves no permanent trace of his skill I furnish this little memorandum, that the knowledge of his exploit may not fade from the memory of man.

Blue Mud.

Union Flashes.

Take you girl on the 24th.

Mrs. T. D. McLean is visiting relatives in the east.

The school opened here on Monday with Mr. Watkins of Salt Spring Island as teacher.

Mr. K. Grant and wife left for Nova Scotia last Wednesday

Mr. F. D. Little went down below on last week's boat.

It is learned that the final trial to raise the San Pedro last Saturday at Victoria proved a failure.

The tug Falcon with scow took away 170 tons of coal to Victoria last week.

H. M. S. Nymphe arrived Saturday evening for fuel. She left Tuesday for Esquimalt.

Four sailing ships are on their way here.

John Fulcher of diamond drill fame, Wellington was here Sunday smiling as usual on the ladies.

The annual Caledonian picnic from here was held at Union Wharf on Saturday. The picnickers returned about 7 p. m. having had a delightful time.

Local Brevities

Go on the excursion the 24th. See ad.

J. J. Grant has been coquetting with the fish of Oyster River.

J. W. Fraser and Billy Glennon were over to Denman Island the latter part of last week.

J. W. Fraser has added a new buggy to his livery outfit.

The Comox Agricultural and industrial Association will hold its first annual Exhibit on the 28th of September.

Let us all take an outing and visit Seymour Narrows. Remember the date —Aug. 24.

Isaac Davis and Wm. Grieve returned last Friday from a visit to the mines on Texada Island.

Hiram Lodge No. 14 A. F. & A. M. will meet at their hall in Courtenay next Saturday.

The Behring Sea arbitrators are sitting in secrecy and all forcasts of their decision are idle talk.

Look out next week for the Prize List of the Comox District Exhibition. It will fill seven columns on the inside of the paper. Send a copy to your friends.

Miss Emma McDonald and Miss Bessie McDonald of the Bay were visitors last week of Miss Amos at Courteuay.

Phillip Gable, the enterprising cigar manufactor of Nanaimo, was up on the Sunday excursion and paid this village a visit.

A. Garvin's spring on Baynes Sound may have good medical qualities, but a well person would go dry a long while before drinking of it.

The plans for Miss Barnes new house were drawn by R. Mackay Fripp, architect of Vancouver. The perspective indicates a very pretty cottage

G. W. Garrison, father of Mrs. C. C. Westwood, left for the east on Sunday, going by the way of Seattle. He will also take in the World's Fair.

The prize list of the Comox Agricultural and Industrial Association will be published in full next week in this paper.

The Nanaimo miners have agreed to a reduction of 20 per cent on all earning wages of $3 and over per day and 10 per cent from those earning less.

Dr. Scharschmidt and party returned from their outing last week. They caught more or less fish, got well tanned, and presumably stored up enough vigor to last over until the return of another season.

A large number of the excursionists on the City of Nanaimo Sunday came up as far as this place, all the available teams being utilized. They expressed regret at not being able to see more of this beautiful valley.

Ben Kennedy, the murderer of O'Conner, has been identified by the sheriff of Snohomish county, Washington, as one John C. Mears, who is wanted there on a charge of forgery, also for theft, and attempted murder.

His Honour the Lieutenant Governor by an Order in Council has extended the time for the commencement of the actual work of construction of the Canada Western Central Railway until the first day of August, 1894.

Partnership Notice.

The undersigned gives notice that he has this day taken into partnership his sons Edward William McKim and John J. McKim, and that the business of general merchandising will be hereafter conducted under the style and firm name of James McKim & Sons at Union, B. C.

The new firm assume all liabilities of James McKim, in connection with the business, and will collect all outstanding accounts.

James McKim.
Union, B. C. August 1893.

Interesting Point of Law.

In the matter of the complaint of Charles McFarland of Denman Island for the shooting of a bull belonging to him, last month, heard before Geo. F. Drabble, J. P. and J. W. McKenzie, J. P. on Monday, held that where a person was attacked by a vicious animal he might in self defense shoot it; nevertheless he could not wantonly do so, nor when his safety did not demand it. Under the evidence in the case before the justices it was held that the shooting was unnecessary and that the animal killed must be paid for, with costs.

About Canada.

According to the last census Canada had—

A population of 4,832, 679.

40,000 post offices.

A paid up bank capital of $59,569,765, with assets amounting to four times that sum.

An annual revenue obtained from excise and duties mostly, of $38,570,311.

Yearly imports amounting to $119,967, 638.

1348 steamers and 5085 sailors.

80 miles of canals.

14,633 miles of railway.

27,866 miles of telegraph line.

An indebtedness of 237,809,030.

A magnificent climate.

An area as large as the United States.

We have the finest forests in the world.

We have the richest fisheries in the world.

Two thirds of the wheat area of North America are in Canada.

Our country abounds in minerals—in treasures of gold, silver, copper, nickel coal and iron.

We raise the best barley, the best horses and cattle, and produce the best cheese on earth.

At the World's Fair as respects the principle exhibits we hold our own against all nations.

We have the largest field for development and the next century will see here the most wonderful progress.

AGRICULTURAL.

Feeding Hens in Summer.

On a majority of farms the hens are allowed to shift for themselves during the summer, and a pretty successful shift they make of it, too, says C. G. Williams. He continues: The hen is naturally a hungry animal (no doubt about this), and yet, many stop feeding her as soon as the warm weather comes because she can shift for herself, and then they grumble because she shifts.

I was talking with a friend just recently who related how he had caught his hens in "theft" (?) scratching up seed corn. He did not allow this conduct from them, and they seemed to understand it pretty well too, for he had never been able to catch them at it. Yet there was unmistakable signs of mischief on the part of some members of the feathered tribe—crows, hens or something. Getting up a little earlier than common one morning, he discovered the plunderers to be of his own barnyard, and was led to see the error of his way in demanding "bricks without straw."

The best remedy for this wandering, plundering disposition on the part of the hen is a moderate feed of grain and table scraps twice a day and a six-foot high wire fence around about her when there is especial damage she can do. Don't confine them all the time. It is only now and then they will do the farm as much injury as they will good. The worms and insects a hen will transform from enemies of plant life to choice eggs are legion. This work and exercise is good for the hen, good for the farm, and may not be especially bad for the worm.

With plenty of food—nothing much better or cheaper than good, plump seventy-cent wheat—and liberal quanties of dust near at hand, they will not have such a mania for the flower bed and garden. Still I believe it is prudent to have a yard ready and confine them when actual damage is done.

An Old Question.

In every publication devoted to the interests of the farm, and in many not specially agricultural, appears at frequent intervals the stereotyped warning to boys to guard against the mistake of leaving the farm for the city. "Don't leave the farm." "The city is full of vice." "*Danger lurks at every corner of the city.*" "Success in the city is almost impossible."

"A farmer's wife is far happier than that of the city man." Such are the warnings and the wise sayings of the many writers on such subjects.

Now I know what life on the farm is, says a correspondent I know its pleasures, its hard work, its comforts and discomforts, and I also know city life, its dangers, its worry and rush its pleasures too, all from personal experience.

The ground I take is this: it is worse than folly for a young man to make farming his life business if he is unfit for it. It would be a waste of his life, a burying of his talents, if he has talent, in another direction. This trying to make the farmer's son a farmer simply because he was born upon the farm, and considering him a sinner if he leaves, is all wrong. If farming is his fort he should stick to it and success will be won—otherwise he may "peg along," discontented and unsuccessful. Not everyone can make a success of farming; it requires ability push and business judgment.

If a boy has a mechanical turn of mind he will make a better mechanic than farmer, and will be far happier in the field of mechanics than in the field of agriculture. True, many men in the cities long for country quiet—they, or many of them, would make successful farmers where they are making failures of their calling, perhaps. There are misfits everywhere, on the farm and in the city.

It is a mistake for a boy to seek city employment simply because he dislikes the hard work and soiled hands, which are a part of the farmer's life. Soiled hands, poor clothes and hard work abound in the city. What I would advise is that where a boy has a natural bent for mechanics, medicine, law, journalism, art or agriculture, that bent should be encouraged, educated and advanced in every legitimate way to the end that he may be crowned with a successful life.

Clover Hay.

The value of clover hay as food for horses, milch cows and sheep, is underestimated because it is too often improperly cured. Very many practical farmers do not believe the statement of the scientists that clover makes a nearly perfect ration for a horse at light work, and not a few say that they do not want the hay at all. To all such the following suggestions are offered by the Prairie Farmer:

When the clover is barely in full bloom, and before ten per cent. of the heads turn brown, cut a ton and cure it in the empty barn mows. This will test the matter as to the feeding strength of clover. I know it to be a fact that such hay will be preferred by horses to a good pasture, and eaten with nearly the same relish as oats. Clover at this stage contains a high per cent. of rich, digestible food, and is very palatable.

Of course much hay cannot be made after this fashion, but it is worth while for any doubter to take this trouble to find out the possibilities of clover as a feed. Then he will see that the difference between such feed and the hay as usually made is a matter for which he is in a great degree responsible.

Probably half the feeding value of clover is usually lost by the common methods of handling it. The hay is allowed to get entirely too ripe when it stands until nearly all brown and the stems become woody and the leaves and heads lose their sweetness. More hay can be made by late cutting, but the quality is seriously impaired—so much so that some doubt the claim that clover hay is much stronger food than timothy hay. Clover is hard to cure at any stage and is especially so when in full bloom.

The usual way is to let it lie after cutting until it is ready for the mow, and then the top is badly burned and the leaves are brittle and fall off. Good clover hay, free from dust, cannot be made in showery weather, as it should be cured in the windrow and cock, and this requires time. The claim is made that hay may be drawn to the mow as soon as the outside moisture is gone, but I have never succeeded fully in this way. I prefer field curing, but it must be done in full exposure to the sun, nor must dew fall upon it in the swath, unless when fresh cut. Fine, bright clover hay can be best made in the windrow, if weather permits.

If the clover be heavy and full of sap, as it is when in full bloom, a good way is to start the mower about 10 a.m., running until noon, and then again starting it at 4 *p.m., and running until night. The first* lot should be turned in the afternoon and put in good-sized windrows before any dew falls. It will not be more than half-cured, whereas clover cut three weeks later would, under this treatment, be ready for the mow but worth little when there. The clover cut late in the evening will not be blackened by the dew and should be put in the windrow as soon as half-cured the next day. These windrows will need to be shaken up or turned once or twice before drawing in, and it is my experience that if the hay can be kept in this shape or in small cocks for two or three days, more perfect curing can be done without any damage to the clover. The heads will be bright, and the leaves and stems green in color, and there will be no dust.

Raising Grain.

The condensed statement here given is of results obtained one season only, at the Pennsylvania experiment station, and it is not to be taken as necessarily applying to other seasons or conditions. It will apply, however, to Ontario in a similar season.

Sowing oats at the rate of from five to 18 pecks per acre, did not materially effect the yield of grain. The thicker the sowing the earlier the oats ripened and the less the quantity of straw per acre.

Applying ten tons of yard manure per acre increased the yield of oats on rather poor land from 45 to 60 bushels, a gain of 450 pounds of grain increased the yield of straw 1,000 pounds. With comparatively dry weather during the early growth of the oats there was no tendency to lodge.

Giving more than ordinary preparation to the seed-bed did not materially increase the yield of either oats or barley. Plowing the seed-bed produced better results than any method of preparing seed-beds in this compact soil without plowing.

A somewhat better yield of oats was obtained by sowing April 15, which was the usual time of sowing oats this season in this locality, than by earlier or later sowing. Satisfactory results were obtained by sowing any week in April.

Plowing land six inches deep, which has been in timothy and clover one year, gave better results with corn than shallower or deeper preparation of the seed-bed, both in the quantity of grain and stover.

Corn from a fifteenth acre plot, which had no stirring of the soil after the corn was planted, but merely had the weeds removed by scraping the surface with a hoe, yielded 47 bushels of shelled corn per acre, while six plots cultivated with the ordinary cultivator, three, two inches deep and three, four inches deep, yielded about 58 bushels per acre.

Cultivating as nearly as an ordinary riding cultivator could be made to do it, two or four inches deep, did not materially affect the yield.

Planting the ordinary medium maturing dent corn, at the rate of one kernel every six inches, in rows 42 inches apart, gave a larger yield of grain than thicker or thinner planting. Planting at the rate of one kernel every three inches gave 2,500 pounds more stover and 1,850 pounds less ears. The yield, when planted at the rate of one kernel every 9 or 12 inches, was considerably less of stover and somewhat less of grain from a much less number of ears. The quantity of stover produced decreased with the thickness of planting.

The method of distribution, whether one, two, three, or four kernels were planted per hill, did not affect the yield so long as the thickness of planting remained the same.

Topping the corn decreased the yield of grain, as compared with allowing the corn to ripen on the standing stalks without mutilation. The weight of ears was decreased 540 pounds per acre, while the total weight of tops was 1,050 pounds per acre. The tops were from one-fourth to one-third the total stover and about one-eight the plant above ground.

When the whole plant was cut and shocked the yield of ear corn was 188 pounds per acre less than when the corn was merely topped. The total stover or whole stalks weighed about 1,900 pounds per acre more than the tops alone. In this case cutting up the whole plant was better practice than merely topping the corn.

Removing the tassels on every other row before they shed their pollen had no effect on the yield of corn.

Profitable Pig Feeding.

The price of pork nearly every year now is such as to warrant us in feeding some of our low-priced grains to the pigs instead of sending it to market. There is such a thing as making high-priced pork from good feed, that will bring us in more profit *than in selling the feed.* We need to feed less corn, and more wheat and other cereals, along with good clover grass and good milk. As it is now, we too often feed the pigs cheap food, bad mixtures that no other animals will touch, and the result is, we have diseases and sickness in the swine that often costs us considerable. We can avoid these by showing the same commonsense in giving the pigs clean, healthy food that we exercise toward our horses and cows. No one would think of feeding the fine farm horses sour food right along, nor anything in fact that would tend to injure their health.

Pigs seem to be gifted with stronger stomachs than most farm animals, and as a result of this we impose upon them. We have found, however, within the last few years that even the swine's stomach has a limit to it, and it can be injured seriously. We must abandon the old idea that pigs can thrive on any dirty, unwholesome food. By stuffing their stomachs with food that has no nourishment to it, we not only fail to increase their weight, but we run the risk of losing them entirely.

After years of experience the best pig raisers have reached the conclusion that the most perfect food for pigs is a combination of grass and wheat, with milk, roots and corn, added in small quantities to give variety. Now the question is, can we feed them such wholesome food and make a profit thereby? Without doubt this can be done when wheat is selling as low as it has been during the last few years. The amount of grain that the pigs need is not so very great. It is used more to supplement the grass ration. They should be turned out in the clover field, and be allowed to eat all of the clean sweet clover that they will. Then beginning with a pint of wheat per day this can be increased at the end of two months to a gallon per day. It need not be fed every day, but can be alternated at times with corn, for a little corn is good for them, and is quite essential for fattening toward the end.

Pork made from such an ideal food will nearly always command a higher price in the market, and it will return proportionately better profit to the owner. The old swill-raised and dirty pigs may go for home consumption on many farms, where the owners do not seem to distinguish between good and bad pork; but the time has come when such pork will not answer the demand of the best market. City people and those with cultivated taste will not eat such pork. They refuse to buy any pork, when that is all they can get. But give them grass and grain-made pork, and their demand is made immediately upon the market, and the farmer reaps his reward.

Keep Tools Sharp.

Two of the principal things to be considered in the performance of any kind of labour, are ease and efficiency. And in many lines certain measures which increase the ease of doing the work, also increase the efficiency of the work itself. This is emphatically true in some kinds of farm labour, and of household work. One of the ways of securing this desirable end is, to keep the tools sharp. This will enable the worker to perform his labour more quickly, more easily, and in a better manner than he can possibly do it with dull tools. Nearly three thousand years ago, this fact was recognized by one who said: "If the iron be blunt, and he do not whet the edge, then must he put to more strength." The same principle applies to-day, and it ought to be considered and acted upon by every one who uses what are known as edged tools.

He Knew His Business.

It was in a moment of absent-mindedness—even the best of us will be off our guard sometimes—and he had been engaged to some seventeen girls. She leaned her head upon his shoulder and looking into his eyes said:

"How do you know that you love me, dearest?"

He replied with a far-away look in his eyes: "Well I guess I know my business."

Her Floral Name.

She—"You know, Reggie, that girls are being called by the names of flowers now, and my sister suggested that I should be called Thistle."

Reggie—"Oh, yes, I see; because you are so sharp?"

She—"Oh, no; she said it was because a donkey loved me."

HEALTH.

Drugs and Kidney Disease.

Probably the majority of people are not aware of the fact that the medicines taken into the stomach must be eliminated through the excretory organs, and chiefly through the kidneys. Many drugs which are not at all unpalatable, and which can be swallowed easily in considerable doses and without disturbing the stomach, are extremely irritating to the kidneys, and much mischief is done to these important organs when they are required to eliminate, day after day, the doses of poison swallowed with the supposition that they will somehow cure a chronic cough, a disordered digestion, or a torpid liver. The continued use of arsenic for a skin disease, iodide of potash or mercury for some constitutional malady, or of simple chlorate of potash for a throat or bronchial affection, may be the means of setting up an incurable kidney disease. The last named drug is perhaps particularly dangerous, because commonly regarded as harmless. It is extremely irritating to the kidneys, as well as depressing to the heart, and many persons have doubtless been greatly injured by its frequent and long continued use.

What to do in Emergencies.

When an accident happens, there is too often valuable time lost in frantic rushing hither and thither, or in hasty application of unsuitable remedies that do more harm than good. A little self-possession and the exercise of a certain amount of common sense, will enable one to be of the greatest use at such times, and perhaps even the means of saving life itself.

Every household should have a store of simple remedies, and also antidotes for some of the more common kinds of poisons. They should be kept where they are easily accessible,—and in a place well known to each member of the family.

In very severe cases of burns or scalds, the nervous system is so prostrated by the shock there is often less suffering than when the injury is slighter. The pulse will be small and quick, and a stimulant should be administered without waiting for the doctor.

The whole theory of dressing is to exclude the air. The more effectually this is done, the greater will be the relief afforded. When only a small surface is injured, an artificial skin may be formed with flexible collodion; or if that is not at hand, common mucilage or gum arabic disolved in warm water will answer. As one layer dries, another should be painted over it.

An excellent remedy for burns and scalds is a mixture of lime-water and sweet or linseed oil in equal parts. Another excellent one is bicarbonate of soda. The common kind used for cooking purposes may be employed. A thick layer should be spread over the part, and covered with a light wet bandage, keeping it moist and renewing it when necessary.

When the clothing takes fire, it is well if the victim have presence of mind to stand perfectly still. Motion fans the flame, and causes it to burn more quickly. He may throw himself on the floor and roll over and over, but never move from place to place seeking help. A woolen shawl, a piece of carpet, or a rug may be wrapped tightly around the person, not covering the face, and if there is time to wet it, so much the better; but there is not an instant to lose, particularly if the clothing is cotton. The great object is to prevent the flames from getting down the throat and the chest from being burned.

Grace and Exercise.

A young lady who is to appear in society feels, as does a young man, the embarrassment of not knowing what to do with her arms. She therefore assumes the position copyrighted by the general sex, and folds her hands in front of her, while her forearms rest on her hips. This is just as sure an indication that she has not perfect control of her arms as it is for a young man to thrust his hands in his pockets, says *Outing.* Women almost invariably fold their hands in front of them, whilst men clasp theirs behind them. In either case it may be a sign of embarrassment. Any one who has pride longs to be graceful in her movements. There is possibly no better way to acquire the necessary ease of motion than by gymnastic drill, whether with light dumb-bells, clubs, wands or by free movements. The consciousness that this gesture can be made well, gives confidence, and confidence gives the necessary self-control. Accurate movement of the body can be acquired only by exercises.

The Treatment of Burns.

Every little while one reads some exhaustive treatise on the treatment of burns and scalds, said treatise always ending up with the recommendation to use lime-water and oil. While there may be somewhere in medical science some excellent reason for the employment of this compound, one cannot but wonder how such a curious mixture ever came into favor. One might die from exhaustion, from pain, before either of these ingredients could be procured and properly prepared for use; besides, not everyone understands managing them. Why not use a remedy within the reach of everyone, something that almost every pantry affords and which has been thoroughly tested and found in every way to answer all the demands of a remedy? At the very first possible moment grasp a handful of lard, such as is used for cooking purposes, and smear it over the burned surface. This answers until the regular remedy can be prepared, which consists simply of a paste of flour and lard made as soft as it can be handled. This is spread *about half an inch thick upon* a cloth and applied to the injured parts. Let it remain until it begins to crumble, which can be rapidly ascertained by raising the corner of the cloth. The application must then be renewed, great care being necessary in taking off the old plaster that the surface of the skin is not broken. If it sticks at any point, it is much better to leave it than to run any risk of irritating the hurt and possibly causing a deep sore. The number of applications will depend upon the nature of the burn. Sometimes it is necessary to renew the plaster a dozen times, and it is worth while to do this if the burn is deep. In other cases one or two will be quite sufficient. The burned flesh absorbs all of the oil from the plaster, and the flour serves to keep the air from it and, if carefully managed, there will scarcely be any pain after lard is put on.

It is sometimes desirable to give a soothing mixture and allow the patient to sleep, for burns are extremely exhausting, and great care should be taken with the diet, and every effort made to keep the system in a state of repose.

If a very large surface is injured, there is danger to life, but this may almost always be avoided by the immediate application of the lard. It is safe to assert that the average of fatal cases could be reduced more than half if this course of treatment were persisted in. Cases have been known where very large surfaces have been deeply burned, and the patient has recovered without leaving scar when treated in this way. Drugs and chemicals are best left alone in such emergencies, simple treatment, absolute quiet and a moderate amount of plain, nourishing food almost insuring a safe and speedy recovery.

A Rush to Goldfields.

The recent discovery of rich auriferous quartz reefs near Coolgardie, Western Australia, from which 9,000 ounces of gold had been obtained from 4½ tons of stone, has caused a rush to the new goldfields, not only from local centres, but from neighboring colonies. Already there are 1400 on the field, and the majority are reported to be getting gold. Special steamers are leaving Melbourne for Western Australia, and many gold miners and unemployed persons are leaving to try their luck.

PERSONAL.

Lucius Langdon Nicholas, who has just married Mrs. Bishop, mother of the late mind reader of that name, is said to be great-great-grandson of a Russian emperor.

It is not generally known that Queen Victoria eats very little, if any, ordinary bread, preferring in lieu of the orthodox "staff of life" what the Italians called grisini.

Gen. Lord Wolseley before he would accept a peerage stipulated that the title should descend to his only child, Francis Wolseley. The favor is one seldom granted to the English nobility.

The late Prof. Morse made love by lightning, as it were. He met his first wife during an evening call at the house of her father and proposed marriage to her before he went away that night.

James Gordon Bennett is said to have acquired such a distaste for coaching since his narrow escape from death by being thrown from a drag in Paris that he ordered his whole coaching establishment sold at auction.

Dr. Schliemann's facility in languages is noted by the author of an appreciative article in "The Atlantic." He describes the archaeologist as carrying his part, at his own table, in three concurrent conversations in as many tongues.

Prince Krapotkin, who will visit this country in the fall, is, despite his noble birth, one of the most active nihilists in Europe and a bosom friend of Stepniak. The prince is a man of profound learning and stands high as a scientist.

Archibald Clavering Gunter, the author o. "Mr. Barnes of New York" and kindred works of fiction, is making hay while the sun shines. He is reported as saying frankly: "I don't believe people will read my truck much longer, and I am going to load them up while they want it."

Mr. Carnot, the President of the French Republic, has been unable to entertain during the past winter on account of his poor health. He has decided to devote the sum of $10,000, representing in part the sum he otherwise would have spent on entertainments, to charitable institutions and gifts to the poor.

Jerome K. Jerome, whose popularity does not wane, and who continues one of the most entertaining of contemporary English writers, had been in all sorts of professions, including a brief experience upon the stage, *before he settled into literary work and* became famous. He and his pretty wife lead an ideal life in St. John's Wood. The story of their courtship is an interesting one. Mrs. Jerome was the adopted child of Jerome's mother, and the two children played together, always promising to marry each other. But when they were still in their teens an older man, also a relative, married the young girl. He only lived a few years, however, and died leaving his wife and baby daughter in destitution. Jerome helped her as much as possible by giving her work as a copyist, and as soon as possible asked her to marry him.

WHAT AM I?

A Peculiar Composition by a Chicago School Girl—She Describes in Eloquent Language a Great Natural Wonder.

The following clever composition was recently submitted by Geraldine Hall, eleven years old, to her teacher, Miss Judith Putnam, of the M. W. Fuller School, Chicago:

"My home is high up on the mountain side where I often hear the hunters' guns when they shoot at the animals which roam o'er the mountain, and I can see the happy mountain goats frolicking on the cliffs near by, out of the enemy's reach.

"I am very massive for I cover forty square miles of surface and in one place I am five hundred feet deep. I am as pure as crystal and glitter and sparkle most radiantly in the sun.

"I was formed by layers of snow packed very closely upon each other. When I first began to grow I started on the top of the mountain, and when I got rather large, I started on a journey to the valley below. I have grown to such a size now that I move on my way about a distance of two inches in a year. I sometimes grow very weary in my descent, for often great bowlders get on my back to take a ride, and then I have a rough path over which to travel. I generally bring everything that is in my way along.

"I have strained so hard that there are great cracks or crevasses in my sides, and most wonderful caves. The sunlight playing in these with beautiful colors of blues and greens awakens the most profound admiration from the people who come from all parts of the world to see me. They always say, that they never saw anything like the blue in the caves; it is so blue that I feel very proud when I hear them talk.

"The bowlders and rocks that have come down the mountain sides with me, form what is called a moraine, and growing all over it is found the beautiful white and purple Scotch heather. People often amuse themselves by picking flowers, and then piercing my sides with a sharp iron point which is on the end of a long stick which they carry to get pieces of me to eat. I suppose they get thirsty after so much climbing, so I try to bare the pain without a murmur.

"Wouldn't you like to see me? If you would I can be found in the western part of Canada on the shoulder of one of the Selkirk Mountains. My name is "The Great Glacier of the Selkirks." A little boy has just taken my picture so I will send it along for you to see.

"I can only be reached by the Canadian Pacific Railway."

Daughter—"I had to stand in the street car nearly the whole distance." Mother—"Such innocence? If you had simply stood on some gentleman's toes he would have given you a seat."

Colored Party—"What yo' fishin' for boss?" Fisherman (carelessly)—"Oh, just for recreation." Colored Party—"Well, yo' won't kotch none. Dere's nuffin in dat creek 'ceptin' mud-eels an' suckers."

Money was needed by a washerwoman in Somerville, Mass., and she sent a glib little girl to a patron who was in her debt, with this verbal message: "Mamma says she hopes it won't put you out, but she hasn't a cent in the house and she must have her bangs cut."

Corns! Corns!

Tender corns, painful corns, soft corns, bleeding corns removed in a few days by the only sure, safe, and painless corn cure—Putnam's Corn Extractor. Try it. At druggists.

The will of Jane Nevins, who died at Yonkers, was in dispute before the Surrogate of Westchester County, N.Y. The coffin plate was produced, and its date showed that the woman had died five days before the will was signed.

Talking of patent medicines—you know the old prejudice. And the doctors—some of them are between you and us. They would like you to think that what's cured thousands won't cure you. You'd believe in patent medicines if they didn't profess to cure *everything*—and so, between the experiments of doctors, and the experiments of patent medicines that are sold only because there's money in the "stuff," you lose faith in *everything.*

And, you can't always tell the prescription that cures by what you read in the papers. So, perhaps, there's no better way to sell a remedy, than to tell the truth about it, and take the *risk* of its doing what it professes to do.

That's what the World's Dispensary Medical Association, of Buffalo, N.Y., does with Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

If they don't do what their makers say they'll do—you can get your money back.

A HALIFAX MIRACLE.

Interesting Story of a Lady Well Known in the City.

After Two Years of Suffering She Has Fully Regained Her Health, and Tells Her Story That Others May be Benefited—The Testimony of a Leading Druggist.

From The Halifax Critic.

Camille Flammarion, the great French astronomer, in his new story "Omega; or The Last Days of the World," which is now being published in the Cosmopolitan Magazine, gives the press of the future a very hard hit. Whether or not the great astronomer may be right in his view of the press of the 24th century, one thing is certain, the world of to-day is more largely indebted to the press for efforts to promote the highest civilization, than to any other human agency. Great discoveries in all branches of scientific research are chronicled with a faithfulness that enables the multitudes to enjoy to the greatest extent the benefits accruing therefrom. The newspapers of our land have for many months past contained accounts of miraculous cures effected through the agency of that marvellous medicine known to the world as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. A large number of these stories have been published in the columns of The Critic, and have no doubt been read by the majority of our readers with full assurance of the truthfulness thereof, and yet we imagine there have been a few who have doubted, and who have not been so much interested in the experiences of people miles away from Nova Scotia as in those of their own province. Now, however, The Critic can give an account of a perfect cure, the facts of which we can guarantee as being true in every particular.

One day some time ago, some members of The Critic's staff were discussing in the editorial sanctum the merits of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, of which so much is being heard nowadays, when one of the company said, "By the way, did you ever hear of a cure anyway approaching the miraculous being effected by Pink Pills in Halifax?" "No," confessed the others, "we never did. Of course there have been many cases in which the medicine has undoubtedly been very beneficial, but hardly miraculous." "Well," said the first speaker, "you know Robert Ainslie of this city, do you not? His wife *was one of the sickest women in Halifax* at one time, and is now hale and hearty and gives all the credit to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Keeping this conversation in mind, one of our reporters having a little leisure time one afternoon last week, called upon Mrs. Robert Ainslie at her home, 26 Blowers street, and after making known his errand, was invited into the comfortable sitting room and was cordially welcomed by Mrs. Ainslie, who said she was only too happy to make known to others the wonderful properties of the medicine which had done her so much good."

"How long were you ill, Mrs. Ainslie?" asked the reporter.

"I was taken with a severe attack of pneumonia, some two years ago," said the lady, which lasted for about three months, and left me a wreck of my former self. Just seventeen weeks from the time I was first prostrated until I could put my foot on the floor, and even after I was able to walk about I was but a shadow of the woman I had been. "Death of the nerves," was the name the doctors gave the disease from which I was then suffering, and indeed it seemed at one time that I would not be long for this world. Pale, thin, weak and emaciated, I was but an object of pity to all who saw me, and a source of much anxiety to my family and friends. While in this condition I travelled throughout the province, hoping thereby to regain my health. I visited the Spa Springs at Middleton, drank the mineral water and took the baths, but all to no effect. Finally I was advised by a friend, who herself had been greatly benefited by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, to try this wonderful remedy. Although I confess, I had little faith in this or any other medicine, I purchased a box of the celebrated Pink Pills and began taking them according to directions, and took box after box, until I had taken eight, then I found I was becoming fat, and as I was then in excellent health I took no more and have since then been well and strong."

Mrs. Ainslie's story, although given in her own words, conveys but a faint idea of the faith she has in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, to which she feels she owes her present excellent health. Mrs. Ainslie informed The Critic representative that she had recommended Pink Pills to some twenty-five or thirty of her friends throughout the Province, (in which she has an extensive acquaintance), and in some cases had purchased several boxes of the pills in Halifax for people living in country places.

"I understand, Mrs. Ainslie, that you yourself manufacture a medicine which is highly spoken of?"

"Yes," said the lady, "I do. My dyspepsia cordial is well known in Novia Scotia, and even further away." This struck us as a case in which "physician heal thyself," might have been applied, but it goes to prove that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have a power to strike to the root of disease that other medicines, be they ever so good in their place, have not. After thanking Mrs. Ainslie for her kindness in giving us the above hearty recommendation of the medicine, we proceeded to interview Mr. Hamilton, of Messrs. Brown Bros. & Co., druggists, of this city, from whom Mrs. Ainslie, had purchased the Pink Pills. This course was taken not that we in the least doubted the statements made by Mrs. Ainslie but simply to satisfy any sceptical ones among the readers of The Critic who, not being acquainted with the lady, might feel that they would like assurance made doubly sure. Mr. Hamilton said he remembered Mrs. Ainslie when she purchased the first box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. She was then much debilitated and had been very ill. He also remembered her coming to him when she had taken a half dozen boxes and testifying both by her word and appearance to the good they had accomplished in her case. Mr. Hamilton stated that there were more of Dr. Williams' famous Pink Pills sold by his firm than any other medicine, and that they were very frequently hearing from their customers of the wonderful beneficial results of the treatment.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., of Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N.Y., a firm of unquestioned reliability. Pink Pills are not looked on as a patent medicine but rather as a prescription. An analysis of their properties show that these pills are an unfailing specific for all diseases arising from an impoverished condition of the blood, or from an impairment of the nervous system, such as loss of appetite, depression of spirits, anæmia, chlorosis or green sickness, general muscular weakness, dizziness, loss of memory, locomotor ataxia, paralysis, sciatica, rheumatism, St. Vitus' dance, the after effects of la grippe, all diseases depending upon a vitiated condition of the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, correcting irregularities, suppressions and all forms of female weakness, building anew the blood and restoring the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, over work or excesses of any nature. These pills are not a purgative medicine. They contain only life-giving properties, and nothing that could injure the most delicate system. They act directly on the blood supplying its life giving qualities, by assisting it to absorb oxygen, that great supporter of all organic life. In this way, the blood becoming "built up," and being supplied with its lacking constituents, becomes rich and red, nourishes the various organs, stimulating them to activity in the performance of their functions and thus eliminates diseases from the system.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper, (printed in red ink). Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you and should be avoided. The public are also cautioned against all other so-called blood builders and nerve tonics, put up in similar form intended to deceive. They are all imitations whose makers hope to reap a pecuniary advantage from the wonderful reputation, achieved by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Ask your dealer for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and refuse all imitations and substitutes.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

Neglecting Business.

He was a very good man, but not a really first-class farmer. He had a big corn crop. Just as his last field was planted and he ought to have turned into the earlier ones with his full force of harrows, a Sunday school picnic presented itself, and taking all his boys and hired men he went to the picnic. This was Thursday, and as a semi-political meeting of his persuasion was to come off on Saturday the temptation was too great. Friday was devoted to "chores," and the whole party spent the next day listening to the band and to speeches, telling all about how the "infamous laws" were ruining the poor farmer, etc. The rains came, and beat upon those corn fields, and the tiny weeds sprang into the air with miraculous rapidity, and struggle as he might he never after got them killed. That good man was a type of many. Weeds, the real cause of his greatest trouble, were holding high carnival in his fields, and finally did the damage while he was listening to Mooney and cheap clap-trap that could do him no good.

In Paris there are several women who are empowered by police permits to wear masculine clothing. These include a famous artist and several whose professional duties are arduous.

Wife—"An' phwy do yez be takin' thim pills when yez are well again" Husband—"Faith, would ye be afther havin' me let a dollar's worth of pills go to waste? It's a thriftless family Oi married into, sure."

Quack Advertisements

Are a nuisance and we think it behooves publishers to examine into the merits of many articles puffed up in their columns. We do not deny that many meritorious remedies are properly to be classed under this heading. Take the hundred and thousands relieved from severe suffering by the use of Polson's Nerviline; would it not be unreasonable to expect them to condemn that far-famed remedy? Now we know for a fact that Polson's Nerviline is without exception the most powerful, pleasant and certain remedy in the world for pain. It cannot fail, for it goes right to the bottom of pain, penetrates to the nerves, soothes them into quietness, and affords prompt and permanent relief.

Tommy—"I know now what the minister means when he speaks of the lay members." Mother—"Well, what does he mean?" Tommy—"I heard him tell pa that there were a lot of tiresome old hens in his congregation."

Alma Ladies' College.

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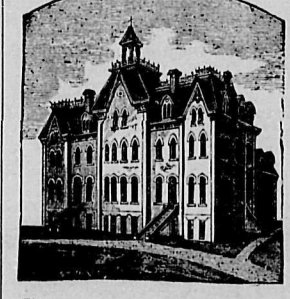

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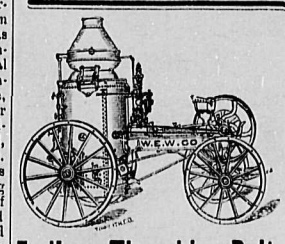

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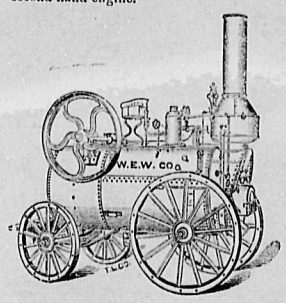

HIS HEIRESS;

OR, LOVE IS ALWAYS THE SAME.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

"I don't see how we can do much more to the altar without the grapes," says Margery, standing well back from the rails, with her charming head delicately poised to one side the better to comprehend the effect of her work. "They should be here by this time. I doubt that Branksmere's gardener is a man of his word!"

"It is most remiss of him," says Mr. Goldie severely. Mr. Goldie is the curate; a young man of faultless morals and irreproachable clothes, with bolting blue eyes and nice plump cheeks, who has been following Miss Daryl about all the day (indeed, for the matter of that, all the year), and who seems to have small object in life except to stare mutely at her and hang upon her slightest word.

"They will be here soon, Meg. It was my fault--the delay," says Lady Branksmere, who has come down to look around her perhaps, because she certainly hasn't assisted them in any way. She is looking pale, and not altogether her best; one must be happy to look that.

"Let us see to the completion of the chancel then," says Mr. Goldie in his most pompous tone. "I fear those we left in charge" (he says the "we" with a fond but unfortunately rather foolish look at Margery), "are not quite as steady as we could wish them."

Miss Daryl, with an inward regret that she can not make him as unsteady as she could wish him, follows him into the presence of a most boisterous group who are busy amongst ferns and cauliflowers. Tommy Paulyn on the top of the ladder is giving away to much abuse of the boys, interlarded with tender speeches directed at the bevy of pretty damsels beneath.

"Look at Meg trying to wear out her fingers with that thorny stuff," says Peter, admiringly. "Was there ever so plastic a being? Idolent to-day, full of pluck to-morrow. Her nails are one of her good points, she might consider them."

"It seems to me," puts in Mr. Goldie, mildly, with a reproachful glance at the young men round them, amongst whom are Curzon Bellew and Mr. Paulyn, "that Miss Daryl might be spared such arduous work. Her zeal is so great that it outstrips her strength."

"It strips her skin," supplements the Hon. Tommy, who seldom minces matters. "It will play old Harry with her hands, and they used to be tolerable."

"I think it is not well that you should in such a public—in fact in such a—er—sacred place, discuss your cousin at all. It would be offensive to many, I am sure, to be spoken of. Could she—that is, would she—I mean"—floundering hopelessly—"were she the object of my affections I should—"

"Oh! Mr. Goldie, to call poor Margery an 'object!' I wouldn't have believed it of you. And we used to think you quite her friend! Margery!" calling lustily, "do you know what Mr. Goldie says of—"

"No, no; no, I entreat!" exclaimed the poor curate, almost laying his hand on Peter's mouth, who is in ecstasies. "I meant—only to defend your sister from—"

"And who the deuce are you, sir, to set yourself up as Miss Daryl's champion?" exclaims Bellew, with a burst of wrath that has been gathering above the head of the luckless curate for over a month. "When she needs a friend to plead her cause, she will know where to look for an older one than you!"

After this, chaos—and a general rout. The by-standers very wisely abscond, and even Margery herself very meanly slips round a corner into the vestry-room, feeling assured that Curzon's black looks and Mr. Goldie's red ones have something to do with her.

But in the vestry vengeance overtakes her. Mr. Goldie, either stung to action by Bellew's conduct, or eager to "put it to the touch, to win or lose at all," follows her there and lays himself, his goods and chattels, all (which is very little) at her feet. It takes only a few minutes, and then Margery emerges again into the wider air outside, a little flushed, a little repentant perhaps for those half hours of innocent coquetry that had led the wretched man to his doom—to find herself in the midst of a home-group composed of Peter, Dick, Angelica, and Mr. Bellew. The latter is standing gloomily apart; the others make towards her.

Tell us how he got through it," says Dick, seizing her arm. Perhaps there may be a brotherly pinch inclosed in his grasp, because he receives an instant answer.

"Well, he said--Oh, Dick, don't—"

"What a story!" exclaims Angelica, very naturally.

"What did he say?" asks Angelica.

"He said," returns Miss Daryl desperately, "'Will you? Won't you! Don't you?' At which I said (not dreaming what the old absurdity was thinking of), 'Shall I? Sha'n't I? Do I? What?' And then it all came out! And I'm sure I am very sorry, because I never meant to encourage him."

"Not you," says Peter. "A scalp more or less is nothing to you, bless you. Well, and what did you say?"

"You needn't jeer at me," says Meg reproachfully. "I may be bad, but, at all events, I am not worse! And I know I never led him on as far as I did the others, because—"

She stops abruptly, her eyes having by chance lighted upon the wrathful visage of Bellew, who has been lounging in the shade of the lecturn.

"I want to speak to you," exclaims he, grasping her by the ribbons that ornament the side of her gown as she endeavors to slip past him. Of course the ribbons give way, and he finds himself the happy possessor of them, with a most indignant Margery demanding an explanation of his conduct.

"I really do wish, Curzon, you would try to learn the meaning of the word 'manners,'" she says, angrily, looking at the ravished ribbons. "I have always told you *your temper will be your destruction. Now,* see where it has led you." Secretly she is delighted at the chance afforded her of putting him in the wrong.

"I am sorry for your gown," says Mr. Bellew, who indeed does look rather shocked. "But speak to you I will. So all this last month, when you were pretending to be so quiet, you were cajoling that miserable Goldie into falling in love with you."

"What do you mean, Curzon? Do you know what you are saying? Are you going to tell me that I encouraged him?--A jealous man makes a miserable home," quotes she, sententiously.

"Who is jealous? Do you think I should feel jealous of that unfortunate little long-tailed parson *in there? Give me credit for* better sense than that. No, I am only annoyed that you should—er—that he should —that--er—in fact—"

"We should," suggests Miss Daryl, demurely, as he breaks down hopelessly.

"I'm a cross old cat, am I not?" she says, penitently, tucking her arm into his. "Never mind I'm very fond of you, after all, in spite of your many enormities."

"You are an angel," retorts he with all the sweet folly of a real lover. He takes her hands and lifts them.

At this instant a piercing cry full of agony comes to them from the inner porch! Margery's face blanches.

"What was that? What?" she cries, in a terrible *whisper. And then*—"It was May's voice," she says, and rushes past him to the spot whence the sound came.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Upon the stone pavement the little form is lying motionless. The ladder from which she had fallen is still quivering from the shock. There is a moment's breathless pause, and then it is Lady Branksmere—the cold, the impassive—who first reaches her. She gathers the little still child gently to her breast, holding her to her with a pressure, passionate, but very soft, and looks up at Curzon—who, with Margery, is at her side almost at once—with a glance full o the acutest anguish.

The despair in her eyes, startles Mrs. Daryl, and even at this supreme moment sets her wondering. If this undemonstrative woman can thus love a little sister, how could she not love— She hardly finishes her own thought, a moan from the child going to her very heart.

"I will take her home with me. Who will go for a doctor?" demands Lady Branksmere, staggering to her feet with Curzon's aid, but never losing her hold of the injured child.

"Peter has already gone. But we have told him to go direct home," says Margery. "Dear Muriel, the doctor will be there before us, so you see it would be madness to take her to the Castle. Come with us, and hear what his opinion will be." She breaks down a little. "Oh, it must be a favorable one," she sobs, miserably.

After all, it is! "May had sustained a severe shock," said little Doctor Bland; had fractured her collar-bone and bruised one arm very badly, but otherwise there was no reason for supposing she would not be on her feet again in no time. Lady Branksmere having listened to this comforting assurance, had suffered herself to be driven home with the declared intention of coming up again to-night to hear the very last account, at eleven possibly—certainly not before—as there was some prosy old country folk to dinner.

She bids them good-night and disappears from them into the darkness of the rhododendrons beyond.

It is an entire surprise to herself when half-way up the avenue, at the spot where one turns aside to gain the woodland path that will lead into the Branksmere domain, a dark figure emerges from a clump of myrtles and stands before her. It is Captain Staines. A sense of caution, suggested by the maid's presence compels him to meet her coldly, and as one might who was surprised at her presence here at such a late hour.

"Rather late for you, Lady Branksmere, isn't it? Hadn't a suspicion I should meet anything human when I came up here for my usual stroll. As a rule my cigar and I have it all to ourselves.

Even Muriel herself believes him.

"My little sister was not well," she explains, curtly. "I came to bid her good-night, and hear the very latest news."

"How is she now?" he asks in a low whisper. "I would have gone up to the house to ask but you know I am not a favorite up there."

"She is better," she answered softly; "and as for grief—there is always grief."

"Not always. And even it there is, there is love the purifier, the sweetener of our lives, to step in and conquer it."

"Is there," her tone was listless. Already a doubt of the love of those she had left behind in the old home is torturing her. She feels cast off, abandoned.

"Does your heart hold a doubt of it? Oh! Muriel, if I dared speak——"

"Well, you dare not," interrupts she, coldly. Then abruptly, "When do you leave this place?"

"I don't know. I can not bring myself to leave it."

"But why--why?" with feverish impatience.

"I have told you long ago. I can not leave you and your troubles."

"What are my troubles to you?" demands she, fiercely. "Let them lie. There is but one service you can do me. Yet you shrink from it."

"Why should my absence serve you?" asks he, boldly. You bid me be silent; but how can I refrain from speech when many of your sorrows are but too well known to me; your trials—"

"Of which you are chiefest," cries she, with quick vehemence. "Can you not guess what your staying means to me? Scorn, insult, contempt!" She presses her hands forcibly together. "Go!" she mutters, in a low, compressed tone. "When will you go?"

"When you will come with me!"

The words are spoken! Given to the air! Nothing can recall them!

"Is there no friendship!" she asks at last, slowly, sorrowfully.

"What is friendship?" returns Staines. "It is so poor a thing that no man knows where it begins or where it ends. A touch of flattery may blow it into a flame; a dispute about a five-pound note will kill it. I do not profess friendship for you. I do not believe in it; there is something stronger, more enduring than that. Muriel, trust in me."

They have reached the grassy hollow beyond the wood that lets the house be seen. Beyond them lies a bare slope of lawn, and then the terraces and the drawing-room windows. Within the embrasure of one window two figures standing side by side can be distinctly seen.

That one is Lord Branksmere, the other Mme. Von Thirsk, becomes apparent to Muriel at a glance.

Going to the window, Branksmere gazes out into the gloomy beyond, that can hardly be called darkness. Against the background of giant firs—in the very center of the lawn—two figures stand out prominent.

"You know I warned you," whispers madame in his ear, creeping close to him and laying a hand upon his arm.

Something in his face unnerves her and renders her tone tremulous. He shakes her off as though she were a viper.

"Leave me!" he says between his teeth, addressing her, but never removing his gaze from the two forms advancing toward him across the dewy lawn.

For a moment madame regards him strangely. There is no rancor in her glance, there is nothing indeed but a sudden despair. Is this to be the end of it all? Has Staines, her own common sense, lied to her? Is this woman, this soulless creature who is incapable of appreciating him, the prossesor of his heart? Until this instant she had disbelieved it, but now—with that expression in his eyes? She had dreamed strange dreams of a divorce—a separation—a time when she, whose whole soul is in his keeping, might have stolen into his heart. But swift as a flash all hope has died within her. The wages for which she had so toiled will now be hers. And yet, great Heaven! how she has loved this man; how she has admired the stanchness, the nobility of him; the strength that has enabled him to risk his chance of happiness, all for the sake of saving the honor of another! A sense of age, of weakness, oppresses her as she steals slowly from the room.

Branksmere has not noticed her departure; he is still gazing from the window.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Muriel, as she approached the Castle with Staines, had noticed the abrupt going of madame from the window. A curious smile, full of bitterness rises to her lips.

"A precaution," she mutters to herself, "taken too late."

"Shall I come with you any farther?"

"Why not?" she answers coldly, a touch of reckless defiance in her voice.

"As you will," says Staines, with a rather overdone assumption of alacrity.

They have gained the balcony steps by this time, Bridgman has gone round the house to enter by another way, and Muriel mounts the steps with a certain buoyancy in her step, a sort of devilry of carelessness that surprises even herself, and that her companion is far from sharing.

But it is not she Branksmere receives after all. His eye, black with passion, has gone past her, to where in the semi-darkness the shrinking form of Staines may be seen.

"We have had enough of this, I think," says Branksmere, in a dull terrible one, striding forward. Muriel would have stopped him, but he put her aside as if she were an infant, and reaching Staines, seizes him by the throat, and lifting him in his powerful grasp, drops him right over the balcony. The thud of his body can be distinctly heard as it gains the ground.

It is all the work of an instant. It seems to kill the venom in Branksmere and to do him good. Whether his enemy is lying writhing in pain with a broken back, or has escaped unhurt, is of equal value to him apparently, as his face is almost calm when he closes the window and turns to confront his wife. If he had expected an outburst of sympathy for the sufferer on her part, he is mistaken.

"I fear you have hurt him," she says coldly.

"I hope so," deliberately.

"I met him by accident as I left the Towers, and he very naturally accompanied me here."

"I should fling you after him if I for a moment doubted the truth of that statement."

Lady Branksmere, with a superb gesture, full of scorn, sweeps from the room.

She flings wide her casement, as though athirst for air, and as the dawn comes slowly up, and the first cold breath of morn salutes her brow, her final resolve is formed.

CHAPTER XL.

Muriel's fatal resolution once formed, she *hastens the completion of it.* When next Staines met her, she actually laid plain the way for him. She acquiesced in all his plans; but so coldly, that he was both puzzled and piqued by her manner.

To him, departure from this part of the world is imperative; steeped to his very eyes in debt, both here and in town, nothing is left him but an immediate and secret disappearance from the land of his duns. To live abroad on that thousand a year so considerately bestowed upon Lady Branksmere by her husband, is the little game that for some time has presented itself to him as being worthy of notice. The thought of leaving England with Lady Branksmere (who is the most desirable woman in the world in his eyes), and this sum, seems gold in his eyes, and her yielding, however coldly accorded, a success.

It is a week later, and a cold, dull evening when Lady Branksmere, with a traveling-cloak thrown across her arm, turns the handle of her husband's private room and enters it, to find him seated at a table at the other end.

"It is a mistake to waste words in explanation," she says. "Hear me once for all. I leave this house to-night, forever."

"Ah!" says Branksmere. And with whom?" he asks, looking directly at her. His tone is calm.

"Captain Staines," returns she, as calmly. Branksmere's face remains impassive.

"May I ask the reason of this sudden determination?" he asks, presently.

"I think"—coldly—"you hardly need. I have no time to waste."

"In such mad haste to be gone? Even so, I must press you for an answer, if only that I may be able to give it to my questioners hereafter."

"Say I am unreasonable—fanciful it you will—anything," slowly, "but the truth! That is too shameful! Say—I don't care what you say," she ends abruptly.

"I can readily believe it. A woman bent on taking such a step as yours would naturally be indifferent to public opinion. And so this is to be the end of it?"

"I hope so. So far as you and I are concerned."

"Your chief desire is to escape from me?"

"And—her!"

"Pshaw! let us keep to sense. Your old affection for this man has induced you to leave me? I would at least hear you say so. You leave me to join your lover. Is that so?"

A slow smile curls her lip. "If it will make you any the happier, leave it so."

"Did it never suggest itself to you that you might have separated yourself from me in a more decent fashion? You might have gone alone."

"It is too late now for suggestions. I have given him my promise."

"Once you made me a promise!" He pauses here, but her tired face showing no sign of relenting, he refuses to continue his subject. "Did it never strike you that I might prevent this mad act of yours?"

"To seek to detain me is the last thing that would enter into your head."

"The very last. You speak truly there."

"At last you acknowledge something. Why not acknowledge all?' asks she, lifting to his a face that is passion pale. "Your *tendresse* for madame—all."

"I almost wish I could. Then, at least, there might be a chance of gaining absolution; but as it stands, you see," coldly, "there is nothing to confess."

"You lie to the last," she says. "And yet even to gain your wife, you refuse to let her go."

"That would not have gained me my wife. And yet—" He looks at her strangely with a face grown suddenly white. "If I were now to prove false to my friendship and gratitude to my grandmother's faithful friend."

"The time is over for explanations," exclaims she, hastily, waving aside his words by a gesture of the hand.

Silence falls between them after this, a lengthened silence broken at last by him.

"When do you go?" asks he, abruptly.

"Now."

"Staines is in waiting?"

"Yes."

"You have probably made others aware of this move?" As Branksmere asks this question he regards her keenly.

"No. You alone know of it."

"It was extremely kind of you to give me such timely warning. It takes away a good deal of the awkwardness of a vulgar discovery. I am sincerely obliged to you," he says. "And, now, one other word before we part. Do you think you will be happy with this- Staines?"

"I don't know. Is there such a thing as happiness?" asks she in turn, lifting to his her great, somber, mournful eyes. "At least he loves me. I shall have love—the one thing hitherto denied me."

"You are aware, perhaps, that Staines is penniless?"

"I haven't heard it," listlessly. "But even if it is true it will not distress me. I would welcome poverty—anything—to escape the life I am now leading."

"You propose leading another where money will be no object, or at least where very little will suffice? May I ask if you intend living with--your friend—on your jointure?"

"Certainly not," flushing hotly. "That I formally resign, now, at once and forever.

"Does—your friend—know that you are determined to accept nothing at my hands for the future?"

"No."

"You have not mentioned the subject to him?"

"No. There was no necessity."

"Ah!" says Branksmere, "I think, however, I would have mentioned it had I been you!"

"That doesn't concern me; I have no further interest in it."

"And—he—your—friend—really knows nothing of this?"

"Why should he?" haughtily.

"Ah! that is just it. Why, indeed? No doubt love, the all-mighty, will be more to him than— Did I understand you to say you leave this house to-night?"

"Yes."

"Will you permit me to order one of the carriages for you; or has your friend arranged for all?"

"You are pleased to be insolent, sir, but—"

"The night is cold: let me at least"—pouring out a glass of wine—"induce you to take this before encountering the chilly air."

"Thank you; no. I shall never again, I hope, touch anything in this house."

"You will permit me to see you as far as the wicket gate."

"But no further," hastily.

"If you forbid it, certainly not. I presume you are taking the first step alone?"

"Why, no. As it happens you are leading me in it." A short untuneful laugh parts her lips.

"Captain Staines is not to meet you here?"

Her step grows more hurried. Arrived at the wicket gate, she stops abruptly.

"Here we part," she says aloud. And even as the words pass her lips she becomes aware of a dark figure standing in the shadow at the other side of the gate. A smothered ejaculation falls from Branksmere. Striding forward he lays his hand upon the arm of Staines.

CHAPTER XLI.

Staines had evidently mistaken the place of appointment, or else had come this much further in his anxiety to meet Lady Branksmere.

"Ha, sir! Well met! This is an unexpected pleasure!" says Branksmere, in a high, clear voice, and with a laugh that makes the other's blood run a little colder in his veins.

There is a dead pause.

"Your usual urbanity seems to have deserted you. He retreats still further into the shade of the laurels as Branksmere deliberately approaches him—as with a purpose—and with an expression in his eye of suppressed but deadly fury. Perhaps the scene would now have had a speedy end had not an interruption occurred at this moment that attracts the attention of all three.

Along the path that leads to the wicket gate the sound of running footsteps may be distinctly heard, and presently a small rounded figure comes into sight, and in another instant Mrs. Billy's amongst them. The surprise she evinces at their presence here at this hour is open and immense. Then her glance grows keen, and it takes her but a little time to fully grasp the situation, or at least the headings of it.

"I have accomplished my task half-way. I wanted to see you," she says, lightly, smiling at Muriel. "Are you really going to Lady Blount's to-morrow? If so, will you come with Margery and me? The night was so pleasant I persuaded Peter to walk out with me. He has gone round to the yard to see the men about some dog, but I came straight on this way.

Slowly she had been reading each face, one after the other. She turns her attention from Branksmere to Staines, who has grown livid, and going deliberately up to him lays her hand upon his arm.

"You here, too," she cries, in her gay, pretty voice; But doesn't the whole scene remind you of the old days, when in the gardens at Wiesbaden we used to wander beneath the lindens, you and I? How you swore to me fidelity, eh? To me!

"Ah! and those other days," begins she, again, lightly, but now with a thrill running through her voice—a thrill of angry scorn. "You remember—"

"Nothing," interrupts he hoarsely, breaking away from her at last. Lady Branksmere has roused from her lethargy, and has drawn a step nearer, her large gray eyes dilated, her breath coming from her heavily.

"Nothing!" repeats Mrs. Billy, in a tone even more distinct. "Let me recall to your mind that never-to-be-forgotten night at Carlsbad when first we met! That sunny morn amongst the flowers at Schlangenbad. What! has all slipped from your treacherous memory?"

Staines makes an effort to speak, but fails.

"At least you will remember the last night on which we met? What? Not even that? It was on that very night that the unpleasant little affair occurred at the Comte de Grailes' room. Perhaps" (airily) "you can remember that?"

"This is the man, then?" asks Branksmere.

"Why, yes. Seeing him, how can you doubt it? Mark the noble bearing of him," smiles Mrs. Billy, pointing to Staines, who is cowering before her.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Hibernating Fish.

A great many of our well-known fishes do *not move from Christmas to Easter,* and often for a much longer period. I paid a visit to the chief Canadian fish hatchery, which is under the superintendence of Mr. Wilmot, at Newcastle, Ontario, early in December. In some of the tanks were carp and in others were eels. One large eel was in the form of a letter S, and posed midway in the water.

When I returned to Newcastle early in March the eel had not changed its place or its form, and Mr. Wilmot assured me that it had not moved in all that time. The carp lay close to the bottom of the tanks and did not move either. They like to go into deep, reedy lakes or ponds, get close to the bottom and remain there till the ice *above their heads has melted.*

Unless they are disturbed I doubt if some of these hibernating fishes move so much as a fin during the winter. A frog will remain four months, looking apparently into the heavens with wide-open eyes without once moving them or any other portion of his body. At the New York Hospital they related to me a curious occurrence bearing on the hibernation of fishes. In the conservatory, in the upper part of the building, they had several glass jars in which there were goldfish, which is a species of carp.

One morning the caretaker found a jar broken and the water frozen through, the fish, of course, being as rigid as ice. The lump was taken away and thrown into an *old rubbish-barrel, where it remained several weeks.* One March day the sun was unusually strong and it split the cylinder of ice, and what was the astonishment of the caretaker to see the tail of a fish wriggling out of a part of the broken block. The actual freezing had not killed the fish, which was removed to another tank, where it swims about as if nothing had befallen it.—[Our Annual Friends.

The Limits of Arbitration.

With international arbitration, says the London *Spectator*, we confess to having comparatively little sympathy. If nations mean to fight, nothing will prevent their so doing, and agreements to arbitrate will be of very little service. The suggestion of an agreement between England and the United States to establish a permanent machinery for regulating their disputes is, however, quite different. Nations in whom the same radical characteristics are to be found, who are influenced by the same ideas, who talk the same language, read the same books and possess the same political traditions, are capable of making an agreement to settle disputes by arbitration a reality. Again an agreement not to fight till the question in dispute has been referred to a body exercising the functions of a court of law is a step in the direction of that alliance between the United States and England which, we trust and believe, is the destiny of the two countries. If we begin by an acknowledgment that we are not in the position of foreign powers—*i. e.* liable to war at any moment—we may soon rise to definite race alliance, and, lastly, to that declaration of a common citizenship which would prevent any Englishman from being an alien in America, or any American being an alien in England, and would heal the breach in the unity of the race caused by the folly of George III and his Ministers.

Sources of Loss.

A big leak on many a farm is the useless, filthy habit of tobacco using. I have heard many a man say that if he had the money his tobacco *had cost him he could* buy a good farm. It may not be easy to change the habits of a lifetime; and we may not hope for it in those advanced in life, but let the young man, with the journey before him, carefully look over the field to see if there are not many leaks that can be stopped, and many wastes that by thought can be avoided. The cistern may be quickly filled when we turn on the water, but while we sleep a very small stream will empty it again; so we may toil and earn money, but through the multitude of little leaks it wastes away.

HOUSEHOLD.

Saturday Night.

Placing the little hats all in a row,
Ready for church on the morrow, you know;
Washing wee faces and little black fists,
Getting them ready and fit to be kissed;
Putting them into clean garments and white—
That is what mothers are doing to-night.

Spying out holes in the little worn hose,
Laying by shoes that are worn through the toes,
Looking o'er garments so faded and thin—
Who but a mother knows where to begin?
Changing a button to make it look right—
That is what mothers are doing to-night.

Calling the little ones all 'round her chair,
Hearing them lisp forth their weet evening prayer;
Telling them over that story of old,
How the dear Lord would gather the lambs to His fold;
Watching, they listen with childish delight—
That is what mothers are doing to-night.

Creeping so softly to take a last peep,
After the little ones are all asleep;
Anxious to know if the children are warm,
Tucking the blankets 'round each little form;
Kissing each little face, rosy and bright—
That is what mothers are doing to-night.

Kneeling down gently beside the white bed,
Lowly and meekly she bows down her head,
Praying, as only a mother can pray,
"God guide and keep them from going astray."

Helps in the Kitchen.

Washing Fluid.—Take 2ozs. of aqua ammonia, 2 ozs. of salts of tartar and a box of concentrated lye. Dissolve the lye in 1 gallon of rainwater and the salts of tartar in another, and pour both in a two gallon jug; add the ammonia and cork well. The night before the day you wash, put enough water in the tub to cover the white clothes, and add one cupful of the fluid. Put the clothes in and let stand until morning. In the morning wring out the clothes and soap and put on to boil. The water in the boiler must be cold when the clothes are put in. Boil thoroughly. Rinse well in two waters; add a little bluing to the last water. It is not necessary to soak the clothes over night; good results may be obtained by the following method: Put enough cold water in the boiler to cover the clothes; add a cupful of the fluid and a little soap. Before putting in the clothes soap all the soiled spots. Boil a little longer than when clothes are soaked over night.

To Make a Good Starch.—Two ounces of borax and one ounce of white wax melted in a teacup of water. Take three teacupfuls of any good starch, moisten and rub very smooth and mix with the borax and wax, a little at a time until it is all smooth. Spread on a platter to dry—keep in a box. Wash and dry the shirts, collars and cuffs without starching. When ready to iron take the same quantity of this preparation as you *would of common starch to make cold* starch. Use luke-warm water instead of cold water. Rub the starch in thoroughly. Do not spread a cloth over the garment. The shirts may be ironed immediately if desired.

Cement.—Mix together litharge and glycerine to the consistency of thick cream or fresh putty. This cement is useful for mending stone jars or earthenware, stopping leaks in seams of tin pans or wash boiler, or cracks and holes in iron kettles, etc. The article mended should not be used until the cement has hardened. This cement will resist the action of hot or cold water, acid and heat.

To Take Out Mildew.—Rub on soft soap and salt. Expose to the sun. Repeat if necessary.

To Remove Iron Rust.—Spread the rusted spot on a plate and cover it thickly with stewed hot rhubarb. Another, take cream tartar, moisten with water, apply to the rusty spots and expose to the sun. Repeat if necessary.

A Pansy Bedroom.

"I have just seen a most exquisite bedroom for a young girl," said the woman who has a genius for happening on novelties. "It was a 'pansy bedroom' devised by an artistic mother for her sixteen-year-old daughter. All the *furnishing and decoration* of the room was white, lavender, violet and purple, with just a dash of gold here and there. The carpet was white and violet, and the furniture—bed, chairs, dresser, tiny table, etc.,—ivory enameled, touched with gilt. Wherever use could justify beauty, bows of violet-colored ribbon were gracefully bestowed.

"The curtains were white, embroidered sketchily in violet pansies. The bed was dressed in white counterpane and pillows exquisitely embroidered in pansies, and among the lovely blossoms on the latter was the motto: 'Pansies for Thoughts.' All the accessories of the toilet table were white, decorated with pansies—a pansy scarf, *pansy cushion, pansy pin trays and pansies* delicately painted on the ivory comb, brush and hand mirror. All the little trifles in bric-a-brac strewn about in the room were pansy design, picked up here and there, the fond mother said, even to a pansy stamp box and paper cutter on the secretary in one corner.

"The tete-a-tete set of China on a table near the bed had pansy cups and saucers, a pansy tea service on a pansy embroidered cloth.

"I can hardly tell you how that room impressed me. It had evidently arisen, like the delicate perfume of the presiding flower, a fragrant thought in that mother's heart for her pansy-eyed girl. How ex*quisite life can be made when love lends in*spiration to an artistic mind!"

A Good Cup of Tea.

In China they pour boiling water into a cup and turn some tea into it, and when the leaves sink to the bottom, which happens in a few seconds, they pour the water off and drink it. We, on the contrary, let the tea "stand" sometimes, even in the drawing room, while in the servants' hall it is allowed regularly to stew on the hob until a brown decoction of equal strength and bitterness is ready to be served, to the detriment of the nerves of all who drink it on account of the tannin squeezed, so to speak, out of the stewed tea leaves. Now, the remedy for this is very easy and consists in never allowing tea, when made, to stand for more than three minutes at most, or, better still, to have it made in one teapot and poured off into another.

Summer Floors.

Bare floors are a luxury in summer, if they are smooth, solid ones. The broad pine plank floors of the South which, after being well scoured, have a dry rub of sand, are the very cleanest and purest; but in the Northern home, carpets and paper beneath had best be removed and the floor well scoured when, if matting is not to be afforded, paint the floor. Cleanse the apartment from dust and close the windows, putty the cracks in the floor and have your paint prepared by the following recipe, if you want a rich good color:

One gallon linseed oil, one pound of Spanish brown, two pounds of powdered sienna, one ounce of litharge. Mix these well in a boiler, set on the stove and stir into it one pint of turpentine which will make it dry rapidly. Apply to the floor with a broad brush, the strokes following the grain of the wood. In six hours it should be sufficiently dry to polish with a waxed cloth.

Good Biscuits.

The secret of biscuit making is precision and dispatch. Laggards and lazy people are not successful biscuit makers. The best cooks always say they simply throw their biscuits together, and certainly they are not long about it. The cause of success is that biscuits begin to bake before the effervescent qualities of the powder or soda are exhausted. They are live biscuit and are as light and puffy as beaten eggs. The best biscuits are rather small. The very large ones are not likely to be quite so light. They should be baked in a rather quick oven, and to be perfect are a yellowish brown. They must be thoroughly done through, or they, are the most unpalatable and unwholesome articles of the bread kind.

Tomatoes Ripe and Red.

It is not so very many years since tomatoes or "love apples," as they were then called, might be seen ranged along the country mantelpiece, dividing the honors with shell flowers and waxed wreaths.

They were considered then as rank poison, unfit for the proud position they now occupy on the table. Even after that belief was disproved, they were widely suspected of being the subtle cause of cancer, and their popularity suffered not a little thereby. But now they are recognized as one of the chief of vegetables, and new ways of preparing them are being constantly devised by knowing cooks.

To make "tomato eggs" cut three or four good sized and not too ripe tomatoes into halves. Take out a little of the inside; lay them in a pan containing two ounces of heated butter, and fry them lightly. When nearly done carefully drop a raw egg from the shell into each tomato; watch till it has set perfectly, and then take each one separately from the pan and lay it on a slice of buttered toast cut to the size of the fruit. Dust over them a little coralline pepper, and sprinkle a little finely grated ham on the white of each egg. Serve on a hot dish, and garnish with the leaves of the tomato.

Here is another way of making a dish that will be a feast to the eye as well as to the palate: At the blossom end of six ripe tomatoes make a small hole of sufficient size to hold a dice-shaped piece of butter that has been dipped in pepper, salt, and grated nutmeg (mixed). Place them in a cup-shaped mushroom, previously soused in heated butter and slightly dusted with pepper. Arrange them on a well-oiled dish and set them in an oven to cook. Take the soft roes from six bloaters, season them with oil and pepper, curl them round, and grill quickly on buttered paper over a clear fire. When the tomatoes and mushrooms are cooked remove them from the oven and place a roe on each one. Round the whole pour a gill of ham coulis.

To make tomato fritters, boil, peel and pound to a pulp four tomatoes. Beat this pulp up with the yolks of four eggs and the whites of two eggs, two tablespoonfuls of cream and the same quantity of white wine, season with a little grated nutmeg and a dash of cinnamon. Beat the whole till the batter is very light, then divide it into small fritters and fry quickly in a pan of heated butter. Drain on kitchen paper and send to table with the following sauce: Melt an ounce of butter in a clean saucepan, skim it well, add the juice from two lemons, a wineglassful of red Canary sack, and a tablespoonful of caster sugar. When all is thoroughly heated send the sauce to table in a tureen.

Picnic Dinner.

Chicken Pie.—Joint a full-grown chicken, cut in small pieces and boil with a little salt pork in water enough to cover until tender; then remove the breastbone. While boiling add finely cut parsley for a pleasant flavor. Season with pepper, salt, and a few ounces of good, fresh butter. When all is cooked well, there should be liquid enough to cover the chicken. Beat two eggs and stir in some sweet cream. Line a pan with a crust like soda biscuit using more shortening; put in the chicken and liquid, cover with the dough and bake until it is slightly brown.

Cold-boiled Ham.—Slice it very thin across the grain.

Cherry Pie.—The cherries should always be stoned.

Lemon Pie.—Juice of one lemon, one cupful of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch, yolks of two eggs. Beat all together; add one cupful of boiling water. Bake with one crust. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth and add two tablespoonfuls of sugar; spread on the pies after baking, and brown lightly.

Cucumber Pickles.—Gather small cucumbers, wash well and cover with good brine for twenty-four hours; drain and wash. Pack in a stone jar and cover with spiced vinegar prepared in this way: To every gallon of good vinegar (cider vinegar is the best) add one ounce each of ginger root, allspice, cloves and cinnamon, and a little black pepper or whole cayenne peppers. Let the vinegar and spices, together, come to a boil and pour over the cucumbers. Do this for three mornings when they will be ready for use.

Rusk.—One pint of sweet milk, two eggs, one teacupful of sugar, one-half cupful of butter, one cake of yeast. Mix well. Let it stand in a warm place until light; work down and let it rise again; work well and make into small cakes and let them get very light before baking.

Fruit Cake.—Three eggs, two cupfuls of sugar, one cupful of butter, one cupful of molasses, one cupful of chopped raisins, one cupful of currants, one cupful of sour milk, six cupfuls of flour, one teaspoonful of soda, cloves and nutmeg.

LIKE A SHALLOW SAUCER.

The Bed of the Atlantic Grows Lower Regularly Toward the Center.

Proceeding westward from the Irish coast the ocean bed deepens very gradually; in fact, for the first 230 miles the gradient is but six feet to the mile. In the next twenty miles, however, the fall is over 6,000 feet, and so precipitous is the sudden descent that in many places depths of 1,200 to 1,600 fathoms are encountered in very close proximity to the 100-fathom line. With the depth of 1,800 to 2,000 fathoms the sea bed in this part of the Atlantic becomes a slightly undulating plain, whose gradients are so light that they show but little alteration of depth for 1,200 miles. The extraordinary flatness of these submarine prairies renders the familiar simile of the basin rather inappropriate. The hollow of the Atlantic is not strictly a basin whose depth increases regularly toward the center; it is described by the *Nautical Magazine* as rather a saucer or dish-like one, so even is the countour of its bed. The greatest depth in the Atlantic has been found some 100 miles to the northward of the island of St. Thomas, where soundings of 3,875 fathoms were obtained. The seas round Great Britain can hardly be regarded as forming part of the platform banks of the European continent which the ocean has overflowed. An elevation of the sea bed 100 fathoms would suffice to lay bare the greatest part of the North sea, and join England to Denmark, Holland, Belgium and France. A deep channel of water would run down the west coast of Norway and with this the majority of the fiords would be connected. A great part of the Bay of Biscay would disappear; but Spain and Portugal are but little removed from the Atlantic depression. The 100-fathom line approaches very near the west coast and soundings of 1,000 fathoms can be made within twenty miles of Cape St. Vincent and much greater depths have been sounded at distances but little greater than this from the western shores of the Iberian peninsula.

Influence of Example.

Factum—"You'd hardly think that such a dumb thing as a hen would be influenced by the example of man, but it's so."

Rawlins—"That seems strange."

Factum—"I know it does, but it's so.'

Rawlins—"How do you know?"

Factum—"From observation. You remember the other evening when the crowd of sports came up from the village and had a set-to in my barn."

Rawlins—"Yes."

Factum—"Well, it was only a day or two after that I found two of my hens clucking around looking for a place to set too."

A tombstone in a cemetery near a small Vermont town bears the inscription, "Sacred to the memory of three twins."

AT THE GREAT WHITE WALL.

Seal-Hunting and its Excitements in the Antarctic Seas.

More than fifty years ago James Clark Ross went down to the Antarctic seas on a voyage of discovery. Ross was in the service of the Royal British Navy and an enthusiastic explorer. When he returned he published a narrative of a voyage in the Antarctic regions, and called the attention of the Scotch whalers to the fact that in the Southern seas the "real" whale was to be found in great numbers, so tame that it could be easily captured. He reported seals also in great abundance. At this time, however, his enthusiasm excited little attention. The Antarctic Ocean was far away, the Greenland seas were nearer home, and the whaling voyages in the North were sufficiently remunerative to dismiss all thought of a longer voyage into unknown and treacherous waters. Furthermore, Ross's statements were never corroborated, and after a few years of idle talk among the masters of whaling vessels the matter slumbered.

Not long ago Capt. David Gray, of Peterhead, Scotland, took up the discussion, and in a vigorous pamphlet urged the importance of sending vessels manned by hardy crews to test the value of Ross's testimony. This time the subject received more serious consideration. Capt. Gray was an experienced whaler whose opinion was held in esteem, and the fact was staring the whaling industry in the face that the Greenland seas were no longer a field of profit, that the industry was waning and that something must be done.

Accordingly, last September four whale ships were fitted out at Dundee and started southward. One of these ships has just returned, and upon its report, it is presumed, future action will be based. That report does not declare unmitigatedly either for support or failure. It is true that the *real black whale of which Ross wrote* was not seen, but seals were found in great abundance and were easily caught, the vessel returning with at least 5,000. As both the skins and the oil are of great value the margin of profit is considerable, and the chances are that there will be a rush of vessels to the "great white wall" next season. This is necessitated the more since the failure in both the whale and seal crop in the Greenland seas for a year or two has been so pronounced that it has pointed to the extinction of the industry.

The interest attached to this first expedition was so great that several scientists accompanied the crews, and an artist went along and made a series of sketches. Slaughtering seals is not a very dangerous sport—except for the seals—but the voyage is long and hazardous, and it is no summer day recreation to be shut up in ice fields, surrounded by the huge and threatening white walls and towers. Early in the century the ships were rudely constructed and altogether unfitted for the perils to which they were subjected. In proof of this it is only necessary to recall the scores of vessels that have gone down in the Greenland seas. But now greater precautions are taken and the ships are built to withstand the pressure of the ice. The bows of the vessels are not less than nine feet thick of wood, with iron plating. The sides are also of enormous strength. Fitted with steam they can not only resist the enormous pressure which large floes of ice sometimes inflict, but can drive into and through them with great force. They are all "fortified" to the last degree by the application of iron plates and timber to the exterior, and on a vast number of huge beams and stout stanchions to the interior. Vessels like these can live in any sea, if it is open, and their chief danger lies in getting hemmed in and "nipped" by an ice formation, which, strong as they are, sometimes crushes their sides as if they were mere eggshells.

The course pursued by the Scotch whalers led them at first to the Falkland Islands, where they found opportunity to contradict the opinion of Darwin, who pronounced them a dreary waste. Birds and fish were caught in abundance and the general impression was favorable. Leaving the islands they followed the track taken by Ross in *1842, and it was in and around this neighborhood they killed the seals. Of the whales* they were in search of, however, the "ice-whale"—the Balaena mysticetus—they saw none.

Four kinds of seals were discovered by the whalers, and of these one was very large, averaging 12 feet 4 inches in length, with a head like a Danish hound, with huge teeth and greenish eyes. Two bullets at the most will do the work.

MAILED TWELVE YEARS AGO.

A Postal Card Which Reaches its Foreign Destination After a Long Delay.

A postal card which has been to Europe *and come back has just been turned in* at the post office department in Washington, to give the officials there a chance of discovering who is responsible for its long delay in transmission. It was mailed in Washington late in December, 1881, addressed to a bookseller in London, directing him to send to the writer a large number of books which were even then sufficiently rare not to be readily accessible in this country. The card reached its destination late in May, 1892. The bookseller, apparently without noticing the disparity between the date written on the card and the date of receipt, filled the order, after taking time to hunt up the books, which in the course of the ten years' interval, had *grown still rarer. The surprise of the* author of the card may be imagined when, so long after having concluded that the dealer could not fill his order, he suddenly had this large supply of literature dumped upon him from the postoffice. When he charged the dealer with neglect, the date on the card appears to have been examined for the first time; but it was pleaded that a dealer would be justified in filling such an order in spite of the antiquity of the written date, because he would have a right to assume that his customer had himself been careless about dating the card, a slip of the pen making 1891 read 1881. The New York Evening post thinks that the card must have got into the old post-*office in Washington, been postmarked and* then lost, slipping possibly into one of the many cracks and crannies of that office. When the office was moved from its old and shabby quarters into the building it now occupies some one doubtless came across the card, and, not noticing its date, dropped it into a mail bag bound for London. The responsibility for the accident is obviously past fixing, and the bookseller in London and his customer in America will have to settle their dispute without the assistance of the postoffice department.

The Worship of Wells.

Early northern Christianity tried to put *down well worship without much success.* Very recently, if not now, wells in Derbyshire were "dressed" with flowers on a certain day, and a rustic merry-making followed. All this would have been "idolatry" in the eyes of King Egbert, or of St. Cummin, who died in 669 A. D., and the practice really is a relic of "Gentiliam," as Aubrey calls it. King Egbert imposed three years of penance on people who kept wakes at wells; so did St. Cummin. But whereas the wake was originally hallowed to the well itself or to its presiding naiad, in latter times the wells were sacred to saints, and the wake or nocturnal festival went on merrily. There is a little lochan near the Naver, whither the country people still *gather, or very lately were used to gather,* and hold a wake on a certain night in summer. The consequent frivolities have been obnoxious to the kirk as well as to the church. The ancient religion "proved an excuse for a glass," or a lass, or both, and all forms of festive religion are difficult to reform out of existence. The mass was easily "stamped out" in Scotland, but the repression of Robin Hood's games nearly caused a revolt against the ministers. Thus well worship lingered on, perhaps lingers yet, though the pilgrims are honoring an unknown naiad, or a disestablished saint.

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Wednesday, Aug. 16, 1893

The New Hospital.

The new hospital at Union has been *completed for some time. There is now* an indebtedness of about $400 which has been incurred and which will have to be paid before the committee can properly turn over the building. The appropriation for this year was the niggardly sum of $500 which leaves only $100 to fit up wards and for running expenses. This appropriation is paid in quarterly installments and the first $125 has been received But what can be done? If the whole were paid now as it should be in this instance, it would enable the committee to cancel the indebtedness and have $100 with which they could fit up one ward, and thus make a beggining of putting the hospital to some practical use. As it is now the year will have elasped before anything can be done. The mines are in full blast, accidents will happen, sickness will arise, and the hospital be needed if ever it will be.

We can understand where a hospital is completed and in running order that the appropriation for it may very properly be paid in quarterly installments, but it is obvious in this case that the appropriation should be paid at once in full, in order that any benefit may be gained *from the hospital this year.*

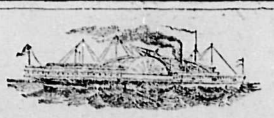
Land Too Dear.

It must be patent to any observing mind that the prices of land rule too high This prevents largely the use and occupation of land, make settlers sparse, injures everybody, and is transparently stupid. Here we are way up under the shadow of the north pole, a long distance from any sizable town, and holding our lands at prices which land in the neighborhood of large cities brings. Land in *the older settled communities, are half* what they are here. Give us a railroad, (and it will come in the course of a few years, whether we want it or not, perhaps quicker than many of us dream) and prices will drop one half. Lands at a distance and comparatively valueless now, will then bring as good a price as ours. If farmers who are holding more land than they can till,(and most of them are(would save themselves, they can do so now by dividing up their lands into quantities to suit purchasers, and disposing of what they do not really need for use. In this way they will realize in full for what they sell, and by reason of a denser population, of better roads, improved social conditions, close proximity to churches, schools, and other advantages sure to follow, be able to maintain a high value for what they retain.

There is to be a change. A few will pursue the course we have suggested. Others will cling to their broad unused acres, unmindful that the Almighty will soon roll them in the dust. Then shrunken values will leave but a poor heritage followed by division. Thus large landed estates disappear in a country where the law of primogeniture is happily unknown.

The "Crowd Poison."

The newest name for bad air is "crowd poison." Two medical men have been endeavoring to determine what it is that makes the air of crowded places poisonous to those who breathe it. Their object was to find out whether the effect was owing to the diminution of oxygen, as generally believed, or to the presence of deleterious organic matter in the carbonic acid expelled from the lungs, as the majority of physiologists maintain, or to the excess of carbonic-acid gas pure and simple. The conclusion arrived at is that the excess of carbonic-acid gas is alone responsible for the headache, feeling of suffocation, etc., frequently experienced through the breathing of a contaminated atmosphere. Some persons yield much more readily than *others to this combined exhalation from* many systems, and persons are overcome by it who can withstand the air of a room vitiated from other causes. During the recent lord mayor's show in London the foul air of the crowded streets was noticeable. To such as sat slightly above the level of the pavement the impurity of the air was distinctly perceptible. The baneful effect of impure air was recently felt in a remarkable way in a London courtroom. When the judge entered his court in the morning he found the jurors and counsel already exhausted and soon began to experience a similar feeling. On ordering an investigation he was informed that the engine was out of order, and could only pump into the court the stale air that had been used two days ago. The windows were so constructed as to prevent any proper ventilation of the premises, so that no assistance could be obtained to expel the two-days'-old atmosphere which the pumps persisted in sending into the court. The result was that when the jury list was disposed of the judge instead of sending for more cases, sent the jurors home and quickly followed their example.—Chicago News.



Esquimalt and Nanaimo Ry.

Steamer Joan

J. E. BUTLER, MASTER.

On and after Mar. 22nd, 1893

The Steamer JOAN will sail as follows *CALLING AT WAY PORTS* as passengers and freight may offer

Leave Victoria, Tuesday, 5 a. m

" Nanaimo for Comox, Wednesday, 7 a. m

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

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

" Nanaimo for Victoria, Saturdey, 7 a.m

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

Esquimalt & Nanaimo R'y.

Time Table No. 17,

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

GOING NORTH READ DONW No. 2 Passenger Daily.	No. 4 Passenger Saturdays Sundays	Miles f'm Vic	Stations	Mls f'm We'gtn	GOING SOUTH READ UP No. 1 Passenger Daily	No. 3 Passenger Saturdays Sundays.
De 8 00 AM	De 2 30 PM		VICTORIA	78	Ar 12 24	Ar 5 58
8 04	2 34	1	RUSSELL'S	77	12 20	5 54
8 14	2 44	4	ESQUIMALT	74	12 10 PM	5 44
8 39	3 09	11	GOLDSTREAM	67	11 45 AM	5 19
9 14	3 38	20	SUMMIT SIDING	58	11 10	4 50
9 34	4 04	25	SHAWNIGAN LAKE	50	10 50	4 21
9 44	4 14	31	COBBLE HILL	47	10 40	4 11
9 57	4 29	35	McPHERSON'S	43	10 27	3 53
10 07	4 39	38	KOKSILAH	40	10 17	3 49
10 12	4 44	40	DUNCAN'S	38	10 12	3 44
10 22	4 [illegible]	43	SOMENOS	35	10 02	3 34
10 48	5 [illegible]	52	CHEMAINUS	26	9 35	3 12
11 09	5 33	59	OYSTER BAY S G	19	9 15	2 55
Ar 11 30 / De 11 50	6 14	73	NANAIMO	5	De 8 34 / Ar 8 25	2 14
Ar 12 14 PM	Ar 6 29	78	WELLINGTON		De 8 10 AM	De 1 59 PM

On Saturdays and Sundays

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

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

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

Through rates between Victoria and Comox.

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

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

Dr W J Curry

(DENTIST.)

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

WARNING

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

S. Creech
Gov. Agent.

For Sale

521 Acres of Choice Land,

— and —

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

Title deeds can be seen in my possession.

Adam McKelvey

McKenzie —and— McDonald

Courtenay, B. C.

General Blacksmithing and Horse Shoeing.

Loggers' Work a Specialty.

UNION BAKERY

UNION B. C.

Best of Everything in this Line Constantly on Hand.

Clay & Viles, Props.

LOOK.

UNION LIVERY

— AND —

FEED STABLE

All Kinds of Teaming Done. Horses and Rigs for Hire at ALL TIMES

LOOK HERE

UNION Saw Mill

All kinds of Rough and Dressed Lumber always on hand and delivered at short notice.

Also all kinds of Moulding, Lath, Sawn and Split Shingles, and dressed Pine and Cedar always on hand.

Orders promptly executed.

NOTICE THIS!

The Giant Stumper

Which we possess will do your stumping speedily, neatly, and at reasonable rates.

IMPROVE Your STOCK

OUR PRIZE STALION

Norman McLeod

The justly celebrated Clydesdale, will travel through the District this season.

R. Grant & L. Mounce,
Props. Union, B. C.

G B Leighton

At the Bay, Comox, B. C.

Blacksmithing and Repairing of all kinds

Carriage Work and Horseshoeing a specialty

Nanaimo Saw Mill

— and —

Sash and Door Factory

A Haslam, Prop. Mill St., P O Box 35, Tel. 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. All orders accompanied with CASH promptly and carefully attended to.

Steamer Estell

Harbor and outside towing done at reasonable rates.

F. W. Hart

Manufacturer, Importer, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

FURNITURE

CARPETS, LINOLEUM, OIL CLOTH AND - HOUSE FURINISHING -

☞ Largest Establishment of its kind.

1-24 Cordova St. Vancouver, B. C

J. W. McCann

Carpenter *

And Builder

General Job Work

☞ UNDERTAKER.

Courtenay B. C.

John Fraser

Stage and Livery Business

Stage connects with all steamers at the Bay.

Also do a general

Teaming Business

Orders may be left at the Courtenay Hotel, or this office.

SPRING MILLENERY

We have received our new Millenery and are very busy filling orders for spring Hats and Bonnets, Come down and see us at once

☞ DRESS GOODS ☜

We have surpassed anything ever attempted before in this line, and the trimmings are simply elegant.

All our New Jackets and Capes are to hand

SLOAN & SCOTT

Commercial Street Nanaimo B. C.

I Make It a Point To Know

THE GOODS I HANDLE.

—o—o—o—o—

For the last thirty years having handled Silver Ware, manufactured by the Celebrated firms of Ried and Barton—Rodgers 1847—and Meriden Britannia, I know them to be A 1. ☞ In Jewelry, Clocks, Watches, and Specacles, I Show the Largest Stock in the city, AT HARD TIMES PRICES. Specal attention given to repairing in ALL Branches of the Trade.

☞ Orders by mail will have prompt attention. ☜

M. R. Counter,

Crescent Jewelry Store. Nanaimo B. C.

Vancouver Furniture Warehouse.

Established 1873.

BASTION, WHARF AND FRONT STREETS

JOHN HILBERT.

MANUFACTURER AND DIRECT IMPORTER

— Also Dealer in —

CARPETS BEDDING AND WALL PAPER,

GENERAL HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS,

AGENT WHITE SEWING MACHINES. UNDERTAKER.

NANAIMO B. C. P. O. box 16.

Nanaimo Cigar Factory.

Philip Gable, Proprietor.

Baston Street — Nanaimo B. C.

Manufactures the finest cigares, employing none but white labor.

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

Raper Raper & Co.

Booksellers, Statiouers,

General News Agents.

Nanaimo. B. C.

Nanaimo Machine Works

OF

Robert J. Wenborn'

Fraser Street
Near Bastion Street Bridge
Nanaimo' B. C.

All Kinds of Machinery made to order and repaired.

Fruit Trees

Mainland Nursery *

* Ladners Landing B. C.

A large supply of three and four year old

APPLE TREES

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

M. R. Gilchrist,

Courtenay
B. C.

The Nanaimo Pharmacy

Nanaimo B. C.

W. E. Mc Cartney Chemist, Manager.

Pure Drugs Chemicals and Patent Medicines.

Physicans Presciptions and all orders filled with care and dispatch. P. O. box 12

Geo. Bevilockway,

Red House

Commercial St. = Nanaimo. B. C.

Dealer in General Merchandise.

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

Ralph Craig's

‡ Nanaimo Steam ‡

CARRAGE WORKS.

Baston St. Bridge, Nanaimo, B. C.

General Blacksmithing, Horseshoeing Carrage Building, etc.

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

Wm Mathewson.

will deliver daily at

UNION

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

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

Farmers having above for sale or delivery should consult him.

Passengers carried to and from Union.

UNION MINES FURNITURE ESTABLISHMENT

A Full Line of Everything

BUILDERS and CONTRACTOR

☞ UNDERTAKING IN ALL ITS BRANCHES

Grant and McGregor Props.

Anlev & Beckensell.

COMOX and UNION B. C.

Dealers in All Kinds of Meats, Vegetables, etc.

Orders Filled on Short Notice.

T. D. McLean

Jeweler, Bookseller and Dealer in Organs, Pianos, Music Stationery, and Notions of all kinds.

Union Mines, B. C.

Kaslo City Bargains

and other splendid investments.

We offer you

SNAPS NOT SNIPS

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

Gilchrist and McArdle, Courtenay.

Riverside Hotel

Courtenay B C

J. J. Grant, Proprietor

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

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

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

COURTENAY HOUSE.

COURTENAY, B.C.

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

R. Graham, Propr.

COURTENAY

This town is located in the midst of the largest agricultural settlement on Vancouver Island. It is within six miles of Union Mines affording the farmers of the valley the very best home market, and is situated on the only highway leading from the settlement to the mines. The lumber interests of this section are most extensive. and are an important factor in our progress.

The per cent of improvements of this town during the present year is greater than any other place the Coast can boast of, and the march of improvement is still onward.

The prosperity of the town has for its foundations, therefore large mineral, agricultural, and timber recources. It may also be added that no section furnishes a better field for the sportsman. Fish and game are always abundant and our hotels of the best.

Wm. Cheney

[Office at the bridge]

COURTENAY B. C.

Real Estate Agent and Auctioneer.

Lots sold on easy terms.

SETTLERS SATISFACTORILY LOCATED ON PUBLIC LANDS.

Comox Saw Mills.

Rough and Dressed Lumber

White Pine always in stock.

All orders executed promptly.

Urquhart Bros. Proprs. Comox B.C.