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

The Weekly News.

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

NO. 62. COURTENAY, COMOX DISTRICT, B. C. WEDNESDAY, JAN. 17, 1894. $2.00 PER YEAR

McKims' Store

— at —

UNION, B. C.

has a fine assortment of

Oils,	Boots,
Paints,	Shoes,
Crockery,	Tobacco,
Hardware,	Clothing,
Glassware,	Groceries,
Gentlemen's	Furnishings

—— And so on ——

We also take orders for custom made suits.
Give us a call and we will try and please you.

Wm. K. Leighton.

Fire and Life Insurance Agent.

Royal London and Canadian — London and Lancashire
Phenix of Hartford — Confederation Life.

Green Block, Nanaimo.

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

COURTENAY PHARMACY.

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

McQUILLAN & GILMORE
COURTENAY, B. C.

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

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

Orders may be left at the NEWS' Office.

Sun Life Assurance Co

HEAD OFFICE, MONTREAL.

One of the Largest and Strongest Companies in Canada

Gives the Most Liberal Contract and Pays the Largest Dividends

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

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

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, B.C.

Importers & Dealers in

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

Sportsmens Supplies a Speciality

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

Store for Rent.

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

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

Wm. Lewis, Courtenay, B. C.

Rams for Sale.

FOR SALE two fine young Rams (South Downs).

Apply to
Geo. Howe,
Comox, B. C.

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.

Farm Products for Sale.

(Delivered at Thos Cairn's farm.)

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

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

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

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

Visiting Brothers cordially requested to attend.

W. J. Young
Secretary.

K. of P.

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

John Baird
K. R.S.

C. O. O. F.

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

J. B. Bennett, Sec.

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.

R. B. Anderson,

Practical Watchmak
Worker in Light Metals and
Gunsmithing

Present office Elk Hotel
Comox, B. C.

Cumberland Hotel.

Union, B. C.

The finest hotel building
Fixtures aud Bar
North of Victoria,
And the best kept house.

Spacious Billiard Room
and new
Billard and Pool Tables,

Best of Wines and Liquors.

[L.S.] E. DEWDNEY
CANADA.

PROVINCE OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

To Our faithful the Members elected to serve in the Legislative Assembly of Our Province of British Columbia at Our City of Victoria—GREETING.

A PROCLAMATION.

THEODORE DAVIE, Attorney-General. } WHEREAS We are desirous and resolved, as soon as may be, to meet Our people of Our Province of British Columbia, and to have their advice in Our Legislature:

NOW KNOW YE, that for divers causes and considerations, and taking into consideration the case and convenience of Our loving subjects, We have thought fit, by and with the advice of Our Executive Council of the Province of British Columbia, to hereby convoke, and by these presents enjoin you, and each of you, that on Thursday, the Eighteenth day of the month of January, one thousand eight hundred and ninety-four, you meet Us in Our said Legislature or Parliament of Our said Province at Our City of Victoria, FOR THE DISPATCH OF BUSINESS, to treat, do, act, and conclude upon those things which in Our Legislature of the Province of British Columbia, by the Common Council of Our said Province may, by the favor of God, be ordained.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, We have caused these Our Letters to be made Patent and the Great Seal of the said Province to be hereunto affixed: WITNESS, the Honourable EDGAR DEWDNEY, Lieutenant-Governor of Our said Province of British Columbia, in Our City of Victoria, in Our said Province, this Fourteenth day of December, in the year of Our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-three, and in the fifty-seventh year of Our reign.

By Command.
JAMES BAKER,
Provincial Secretary.

A Grand Pythian Ball

will be held in

Knights of Pythias Hall

at Comox.

Wednesday, Jan. 17th 1894.

on the occasion of

Grand Chancellor Anstie's visit.

Tickets admitting Gent and Lady $2.50.

Notice to Taxpayers.

Assessment Act and Provincial Revenue Tax

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, in accordance with the Statutes, that Provincial Revenue Tax and all Taxes under the Assessment Act are now due for the year 1894. All of the above named Taxes *collectible within the Comox, Nelson,* New Castle, and Denman and Hornby Island Divisions of the District of Comox are payable at my office.

Assessed Taxes are collectible at the following rates, viz.:—

If paid on or before June 30th, 1894.—

Provincial Revenue, $2.00 per capita.
One-half of one per cent on Real Property.
Two per cent on Wild Land.
One third of one per cent on Personal Property.
One-half of one per cent on Income.

If paid after June 30th, 1894—

Two-thirds of one per cent on Real Property.
Two and one-half per cent on Wild Land.
One-half of one per cent on Personal Property.
Three-fourths of one persent on Income

W. B. Anderson,
Assessor and Collector.

Comox, Jan. 2nd, 1894.

The money-order department of the post-office at Courtenay closes on Thursdays at 5 p.m.; the mail at an hour later. The money-order is quite a convenience not only to the people at Courtenay but also to those living up the settlement.

Union Flashes.

Union, Jan. 12th.—Pay-day Saturday.

The beautiful snow has fled.

The gentle showers fall in abundance.

The streets are soft as downy pillows.

The San Mateo is due to night and hope springs exultant in the miner's breast

A pathway for the miners to enter the Lake Slope is nearly complete. This will prevent the necessity of their meeting the coal trains in going and coming.

Mrs. W. Sharp was up last week on a visiting and shopping tour.

An inspector was up, it is reported to examine the coke oven, and a movement of greater activity in the coke business is expected.

Miss Powell is back again from Victoria attending to her duties at the school, and both as teacher and young lady she wears the crown of popularity with becoming grace and modesty.

The representative of Wm. Langston is in the new edition of the Nanaimo Magnet store, near the McKims, and with a little judicious advertising, might do a good business.

Last week special census was taken of the children up to the age of fifteen and the number was found to be 220. Of this number 118 are of school age and 93 have presented themselves at school since the opening of this term.

Williams, who represents in a general way W. K. Leighton, bought a lot in Cumberland Townsite, whether for himself or other parties, is not known. It is the street gossip that a fine building is to go up on it in the spring with a hall in the second storey.

We stepped into the Cumberland Hotel. How spacious roomy and finished! What a sense of comfort! If you want a nice room or quail on toast, Mr. Lindsay, the popular manager will accommodate you

It is worth a six week's outing to see the genial face of George McDonald. He is just back from a trip to the Capital, and hasn't lost the faculty of telling a good story. Bruce, his partner, never tells a story but carefully watches George and when the climax is reached, rattles the glasses and enquires. "Will you have plain or sweet soda?" Everybody takes it plain!

Mr. Chas. Watson, who has for some time been with the Union store no longer wears the old lonesome look. His wife came upon the last steamer and as soon as Grant & McGregor get the first of their stylish cottages finished, and that wont be long, Mr. and Mrs. Watson will go to house keeping therein. While it is not a cottage by the sea, it is nevertheless a cottage by the mountain, which is just as good, with plenty of scenery and in the midst of a developing town.

The Company have just taken out a *splendid block of coal which is being* formed by its special artist into the shape of a tray 3½ ft by 4½ft with a centre column 3 ft 9 inches. Around this column will be piled small blocks or pieces of coal. It is to be sent to the Mid-winter Fair and will of course take the cake —beg pardon—the medal and diploma, as the Company's exhibit did at the great Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia and later at the World's Fair at Chicago *This coal is gradually but surely winning* its way to the front as the world's best product of bituminous coal, especially for steam purposes.

It is no secret that several of the *young Knights of Pythias* at the *ball* wore unusually stylish clothes and were admired by all the ladies. They had been to see McLeod, the popular tailor, who is now associated with J. Abrams, and hence the rush by all the young gentlemen to this establishment. The firm is now Abrams & McLeod. A heavy invoice of goods has been ordered from Montreal and will be here in about three weeks. Abrams has many friends who *will be glad to know that he is rapidly* recovering his former vigor; and if urbanity, fair dealing, enterprise and attention to detail ever ensure success he will soon be on the top-most wave.

Our people could not help but notice the remarkable mild weather. It seems as though spring had jumped into the lap of winter. Some may not credit it; but it cannot be accounted for on any other hypothesis than that it is due to the number of *Fire Kings and Blazers sold* by Grant & McGregor and now in use all through the district. These famous heaters subdue the weather and tame the Frost King. The grass is springing up everywhere, green and fresh as in May and the cattle are chewing the cud of contentment. Over $800 worth of these stoves of McClary's manufacture have been sold by this firm this season. We found a clerk of the weather sitting at a desk in the store. As he wiped the perspiration from off his brow he declared that winter had received its death blow, and that he would turn his attention to the question of modifying the humidity of the atmosphere.

Thankfully Acknowledged.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Jones, step-father and *mother of Martin Hanson, who was* drowned on Wednesday, Jan. 3rd 1894, desire to thankfully acknowledge the kind services of those friends, who, on the night of the accident, under great difficulty and peril conducted a search for the body, which was continued the next day until it was recovered, thereby enabling them to give to their son Christian burial. It is at such times as this that the need of friends is felt, and words can but feebly express their appreciation and gratitude for the sympathy and help extended.

Raffle.

A RAFFLE WILL BE HELD at the Riverside Hotel, Courtenay, on Jan. Wednesday, 24th, of a NEW Domestic Singer Sewing machine, NEVER USED.

Tickets, one dollar each, sold at the following places: Union Hotel and Cumberland House, Union; Riverside Hotel and Courtenay House, Courtenay; Lorne Hotel and Elk Hotel, Comox.

This is a rare chance for married men; also for single men, it would be a beautiful valentine for their best girl. Machine can be seen at any time at J. Grant's, Riverside Hotel, Courtenay, B. C.

Late Despatches.

There is no further news from Honolulu.

Mr. John Teague has been elected *Mayor of Victoria by a majority of two to* one.

Mitchell has arrived at Jacksonville, Florida where Corbett is in training.

The Provincial Government has made a grant of $100 in aid of the Nanaimo Poultry Show.

Chris Evans, the noted bandit is still hiding in the mountains and defies capture.

The election of aldermen at Nanaimo has resulted in returning M. Morrison, R. Craig, N. Dobson, J. H. Pleace, W. Cotling, Geo. Churchill and Thos Wilks.

J. H. Innes, *naval store-keeper* at Esquimalt is to be superannulated. He was appointed 21 years ago.

The British barque Archoi, 164 days out from Liverpool, has not yet arrived. She had a general cargo for Rithet & Co of Victoria.

A fearful collision occurred between two passenger trains on the Delaware and Western, near Jersey City in the state of New Jersey. Twenty-five are reported killed. Fifteen are known to be dead and 25 more are terribly injured.

Island Notes.

Hornby Island, Jan. 10.—Mr. Mitchell Watts returned to his ranch after a somewhat prolonged absence He brought with him a horse and good outfit He evediently means business.

Dr. Westwood, a guest of Dr. Beadnell's lately from England, paid this island a visit on the Joan's previous trip.

New Year's day was rather quiet here; nevertheless two lively Nimsrods went to Baynes Sound and had some lively shooting of ducks and geese. They brought back a bag full.

The school was opened last Monday by Miss Blake.

DENMAN ISLAND

There was a social party at Wm. Chen e's on New Year's. It was conducted with the usual characteristic earnestness. *It was a good time, and best of all there* was the absense of the accursed alchohol.

There was a lively party at Mt Pleasant. One who attended said it took all the blues out of him.

The McFarlan Bros. have laid the foundation of a saw and grist mill. It will be completed in the spring. Water power will drive it.

The entertainment in aid of the Hall Building came off the advertised time. It was a complete success. Long before the appointed hour the crowd commenced gathering and by the time it commenced every seat was occupied.

The concert opened by an instrumental duet by Miss Beadnell and Miss Smith followed by a song by J. Piket and Alf. Pearse. A repetition was demanded. Miss Beadnell sang to a piano accompaniment. Jno. Ford played the violin so *acceptably as to receive an encore.* Then there was a song by Mrs. Beadnell. J. Piket rendered a song so captivatingly that he was asked to do it again. Dr. Westwood tried his prenticed hand in "de fiddle an' de bow and was asked to come again. A. Pearse's rich deep voice was next heard in song. Mr. Reese of Union invoked pleasing music from a flute. For variation, W. Baikie read a well selected piece. Then came J. Piket with one of those songs which made every one want to hear it again. John Ford changed the order by a tune on the violin. Dr. Westwood made everyone his debtor by a song. Another song by J. Picket followed, and also by Dr. Westwood. A dialogue between Mr. Baikie and Mr. Cheney was then produced, and then all joined in the national anthem — "God save the Queen."

A vote of thanks was accorded Mr. Hawkins as chairman.

Refreshments which had been kindly provided by Mrs. Picket and Mrs. Beadnell were then passed around, after which two members of the Union string band furnished the music for the dance which was most enjoyable.

A goodly sum was realized, and everybody went home pleased and wishing it would not be long before another. In fact it was never known before what a good time one could have in building a hall. When this one is up, it is supposed they will be anxious to build something else.

Death of Isabel Johnston.

Young people of Nanaimo
I pray you, lend an ear,
A melancholy story
You quickly now shall hear.

It's of Isabella Johnston,
A girl so young and fair,
Who lately ended her career,
In sad and black despair.

She had a friend called Wilkinson,
With whom she oft did walk;
And many a happy moment
They spent in pleasant talk.

One day she got a letter
Which filled her with dismay,
And from all youthful pleasures
She quickly turned away.

The ring from off her finger
She sent unto her mother;
Then spoke a few farewell words
To sister and her brother.

She took a dose of poison,
And going to her bed;
She suffered untold misery,
And morning, found her dead.

MORAL.

Shun thoughts and words unfeeling
Before it be too late:—
May all escape the danger
Of Isabella's fate.

An Apparent Injustice.

Mollie had been to church for the first time, and on her return home her grandmother asked her what she thought of it.

"I liked it very much," she replied, "but there was one thing I didn't think was fair."

"What was that, dear?"

"Why, one man did all the work, and then another man came around and got all the money."—Exchange.

Local Brevities

FOR SALE. A new milch's cow. Enquire of A. Urquhart.

Mr. A. C. Salmond is ill with the la grippe.

Twenty six deaths resulted in England in 1893 from foot ball injuries.

Dr. Lang came up on the steamer last week and we suppose may be considered as one of us.

Attend the Knights of Pythias ball at Comox tonight. It will be a grand affair.

The NEWS acknowledges the receipt of a complimentary ticket to the Knight of Pythias ball tonight with thanks.

J. S. Wilson received from Steveston, B. C. by the str. Joan a fine horse which he has since sold to C. B. Rabson.

R. Grant & Co's teams passed here on Monday with a load of lumber for J. B. Holmes at the Bay.

A bunch of keys found by David Mc*Millan on the Bay road has been left at* the Courtenay House.

J. S. Wilson is building a new stable in the rear of the Courtenay bakery. The brick for the new French oven will be up *on the next steamer.*

The la grippe placed a heavy hand on our typographical department, and we are compelled to lay over for future issues some interesting matter.

Vital Statistics.

The vital statistics of Comox District as kindly furnished by Mr. Samuel Creech, Gov't Agent, Registrar, etc., for 1893, shows 41 births, 8 marriages, and 20 deaths. The cause of death is as follows: Old age, 1; hemorrhage, 1; consumption, 1; convulsions, 1; lung affections, 3; *kidney disease, 2; liver com*plaint, 2; internal congestion, 1; dyspepsia, 1; shot, 1; drowned, 1 accidental, 3 and still- born, 2.

They have been classed religiously in this way: Presbyterian, 11; Episcopalian 5; Methodist, 2; Roman Catholic, 2; and Pagan, 2.

British Columbia Annual.

This Annual is published as a supplement to the Vancouver Daily and Weekly World. It contains about 100 pages, and is devoted to artistic illustrations, stories, humor, statistics, and valuable in *formation. The illustrations are simply* superb, and the Annual would be an ornament to any lady's centre table. The price to all except cash- in- advance subscribers is 50 cents, which is remarkably cheap considering the beauty and merit of the publication. The best way to get it is to send $2 for the Weekly World and thus secure the Annual without any extra charge.

Card of Thanks.

I take this means to publicly thank the friends who extended to my late husband on the occasion of his fatal injury, so *much sympathy and thoughtful kindness,* and also those who since, mindful of my great sorrow and helplessness, have followed me with sympathy, kindness, and assistance. To each and all I return, with deepest gratitude, my heartfelt thanks.

Jan. 13, Mrs. John Roy.

The Famous McLary Stoves.

We have just received direct from the factory of the above firm a large consignment of their celebrated stoves, suitable *for either coal or wood or both.* We got these stoves at a bargain and intend to give our customers the benefit. Come in and see them and we will quote you prices that will astonish you. Remember these stoves must be sold within the next three weeks at no matter what sacrifice.

Grant & McGregor.

Untruthful Report.

*In looking over our exchanges we no*ticed in a paper from Victoria, that their Union correspondent spoke of the Garvin spring ranch sale as finding no bidders. This is false and must have been known to be false by the writers as the result of the sale went quickly all over the settled portion of the district. What object there was to mistate the facts we do know, but there must have been some undulying purpose. The fact is that the *auctioneer knocked down the property* to Mr. Sam Davis on his bid of $35 per. lot, and in answer to the question how many lots he would take Mr. Davis said he would take the entire lot. This of course ended the sale. However, shortly after Mr. Davis said he only cared for 53 lots which embraced the entire frontage of the surveyed part, and on these as we are informed by the auctioneer he put up $100 in cash and receipted his bill *against Mr. Garvin for about three times* that amount, to bind the sale and as part payment. There the matter rests at present.

THE NATURALIST.

Some butterflies have as many as 20,000 distinct eyes.

The weight of an ant queen is equal to 30,000 workers.

Many insects hear and breathe with the same apparatus.

Potato rot is caused by a minute parasite, a species of living, breathing creatures so small that a colony of 2,000 can live in a space smaller than a pin's head!

Catch the little insect called the "vine fretter" at the moment of its birth, put it where it has no chance of contact with others of its species, and it will soon give birth to others of its kind.

"Walking leaf" is the name of an insect which makes its living on flies by making itself resemble a leaf on a tree. When the unsuspecting fly alights within reach, it is caught and crushed in a twinkling.

Sir John Lubbock says that "during the many years he has had ants under observation, he has never on any occasion seen anything like a quarrel between any two ants belonging to the same community."

HEARTS AND ANGER.

A Story of Christmas Woe.

"Come, darling, come! Don't drag on mamma's hand."

But the little prince had stopped short before an immense window full of dolls. He was a mannish little figure with the straight, dark blue coat buttoned almost to his ankles, and the close-fitting, woolly cap upon his head; but inside the coat was a white pique dress with lace and ruffles, and underneath the cap shone out a soft and dimpled baby face with full, red lips and great, dark starry eyes.

It was the day before Christmas and the little prince's eyes had been growing larger all the afternoon. The store windows were so full of wonders and he so full of baby-awe and admiration. He had not learned to weary of it all, to dread the rushing crowds, and to think bitter thoughts about money and the sweet things he would like to do. He simply wanted everything he saw, and when he found he could not have it he just forgot the want in some new wonder.

Only these dolls, these gayly-dressed, beautiful dolls—they were a different matter!

He stood holding his mamma fast, while the hurrying people jostled them this way and that.

"Oh, see—jess see!" he cried. "Mamma, out of all dose many don't you sink dat you could buy me one, jess on'y one?"

His eyes were two round wishes.

"Oh, precious!" she answered, trying to push on. "Mamma couldn't buy another thing to-night. See, its getting dark, and papa will be home and think we're lost."

Still he hung back, his lip quivering with disappointment.

"Mamma," he said at last, choking down a sob, "you'd like to buy me one—you want to do it very bad—oh, very bad—don't you?"

"Why, yes, my sweet. I would like to get you everything you want."

"All right, den," he answered, and, turning, trudged manfully away from the enchanting sight.

It was a mistake, anyway, having to go down town that afternoon. The little prince's mamma had finished all her Christmas shopping a week before, but that very morning, to her dismay, Bert's brown dressing gown had come home with navy blue instead of dark green velvet collar and cuffs.

Bert, you know, is papa to the little prince. He is a handsome fellow, with blue eyes and brown moustache an' wavy hair, and it was most important that his dressing gown should be exactly right. It was to have been so stylish—brown and green—the "very sweetest combination!" Besides that, was not the piece of velvet Bert's wife had taken to the tailor's much finer and better every way than the one he had put in? That settled it.

She bundled up the dressing gown, took the little prince by the hand, and started for the tailor's. It was away down-town, but never mind.

Of course the tailor was very sorry—of course it was a mistake. Of course it never would have happened, except for the Christmas rush, and of course it could not possibly be changed that day. Of course she would have to give it to her husband as it was and have it altered afterward.

"Of course you will alter it to-day and have it ready, as you promised, or, of course I will not take it at all, she answered, borrowing his own expression in rather a saucy way.

The tailor looked at her determined face and changed his tone. They could change it and finish it that day, he admitted so much, but they positively could not promise to deliver the garment; so would it not be better, after all, to give it as it was, and then —

She cut him short. Take it, and make it right. I will call for it myself when it is done."

Bert's little wife detested carrying packages as much as anyone, but "I guess I can do it for Bert at Christmas time," she told herself.

So she and the little prince had wandered from store to store all the afternoon until now, with the dressing-gown safe in her arms, she was on her homeward way.

It was close upon dinner time. The car was crowded, but the tired little prince stood bravely first on one foot and then the other, and looked love at his tired little mamma, whenever she glanced his way. He knew she could not hold him with that bulky bundle in her arms. Besides, he knew the secret from papa about the gown, and he was going to keep it, too.

Dear little prince! That was not his real name at all but somehow it seemed to fit—he was such a royal little man.

When they reached home, there was barely time to put away their wraps before Bert came and dinner was announced.

It had been a hard day at the office, and Bert was tired, or he never would have noticed when the little prince insisted on his having his place at the table moved from the end around to "mamma's side." As it was he looked annoyed, though he said nothing.

The little prince was hard to please that evening. He could not eat the bread that mamma had prepared because he "wanted to butter it himself." He threw a spoon across the table because it happened not to be the one marked with his name, and succeeded altogether, in proving that his day's work had been far too heavy for his baby strength.

Bert was silent for the first ten minutes. Then, "My dear," he said, and his little wife knew instantly that what he meant to say would not be pleasant.

"Do you think" he went on with a smile that was only half a smile, "that you are giving me a square deal in this matter?"

"I don't know what you mean," she said, constrainedly.

"Beg pardon, but I think you do. As many times as I have told you how I enjoy our quiet dinners when we two are alone and as easy as it is for you to have that boy asleep before this time, it seems to me that your keeping him up to turn the whole meal topsy-turvy, is not exactly doing as you would be done by, to say the least."

"But, Bert—" she began to speak and stopped. If she could tell him how she and the little prince had spent the day—how sadly they had tired themselves, and all for him—he would forgive them on the instant, she was sure. But the idea of divulging a Christmas secret before the proper moment was not to be considered. So she waited.

"It would be different," he resumed, "if you had anything in the world to do except care for the boy. But you have told me repeatedly your Christmas work was all done days ago, and you had only to be lazy from now on, and I tell you when a man comes home as tired as I am—."

Other people besides men get tired sometimes, too," she interposed. "You may not know what I've been doing, but I have had a very busy day, and as for the baby, he's as tired as you are, every bit!"

"Then why isn't he in bed where he ought to be? You know very well—."

"Say, papa!" suddenly cried the subject of contention in a voice of high excitement, "I banged my stockin' up ever since early dis mornin' an' I know someshing! I know Santa Claus is jess a joke an' its truly you an' mamma dat put in presents and sings after I'm gone to sleep. I foun'dat out an' I know it too!"

"Yes, my son?" said Bert, in a voice as low as he could make it. "Did you think your papa was deaf? I'm not. I can hear quite as well as ever." Then, to the little mother, "Where, I'd like to know, did he get the habit of shouting in that style! Do you ever stop him and tell him to speak softly, or do you let him go an that way all day long?"

"I don't like your manner, Bert," she said indignantly.

"It's a pity you hadn't found that out to me years ago," he said, dryly.

"I don't care," wailed the little prince as the chill of the atmosphere struck his tender heart. "I don't like papa, an' I sink he's bad!"

"Hush, darling, hush!" said mamma.

"Oh, no!" said Bert. "Let him speak his mind. Don't make him a hypocrite with all his other faults."

"I don't—I don't!" the child went on. "I wis' I didn't have him—he's so bad!" His sobs grew louder with every breath.

"Little Prince," whispered mamma. "You will have to go away unless you stop, Mamma can't let you stay and cry like this."

"Call Bridget and let her take him and put him to bed," Bert proposed sharply.

"No—no—no!" shrieked the child. "I won't! I won't let her! Oh, you bad, bad papa!"

"I always go with him, Bert, you know," said mamma.

"Well, it's time he learned to go with some one else."

"Bert"—her eyes were pleading, but he did not meet them. "Bert, dear—it's Christmas Eve."

"Yes, and last Sunday it was Sunday dinner that must not be spoiled by disciplining him! Meantime, for the sake of present peace, are we to let our boy grow up an ungoverned, saucy good-for-noth ing?"

"You are unreasonable!" she answered, hotly, turning to the weeping child once more and wiping the tears from his flushed, excited face. "Any one could see that it would be foolish to try an innovation at a time like this."

Still the little prince could not be quiet, and in a moment mamma rose decidedly. "Come!" she said.

"No—no! I want to stay to 'cert! I want to—oh, I do!"

The little mother found it hard enough to lift the struggling, screaming boy out of the chair to which he clung, and it was small wonder that during the operation one of his widely flying feet shot a glass of water from the table to crash in pieces on the hardwood floor.

Bert started up.

"I shall punish him for that!" he said.

The small woman put her child behind her. He clung to her, frightened into silence by the sound of the breaking glass.

"You shall not even touch him while you are angry," she cried.

"I shall punish my boy when I think best!"

"You shall never strike my baby while I live!"

They faced each other defiantly.

"Oh, very well," said Bert, after a pause. "Go on—go on. You're doing bravely. I admire your method. Teach him to scream for what he wants until he gets it, and then to call his father names and say he hates him. By and by when he gets big enough to knock me down you'll feel your work is done, won't you? It's wonderful—your method! I should think you would want to instruct a class—a mother's class—why don't you?"

It was too much. She covered her face with her hands.

"Oh," she sobbed: "You cruel, sarcastic, heartless thing! How my brother would hate you if he could hear you talk to me like that! Oh, I can't bear it! On Christmas Eve! Oh, it's dreadful! I won't stay with you! I'll take the baby and go—somewhere—anywhere—away from here! I never can stay. I want to go home, where they love me, and I will!"

Bert tried to look indifferent, during this outburst. He shrugged his shoulders and, strolling back to his place at the table, he helped himself to an olive which he did not want. He pretended not to notice when the door closed behind the little prince and his mamma on their way upstairs.

Tired men are sorry, sometimes, after dinner.

Bert stole silently up the stairs and stood eaves-dropping at the door of the room where the little prince was being put to bed.

"But I can't love him, can I?" he heard in a baby voice, still broken with sobs.

"Why, sweetheart, of course you love your own dear papa."

"You don't love him—do you, mamma?"

"Oh, yes, yes, yes. I do, I do!" There were tears with the admission, and Bert found some in his own eyes at the same instant.

"Well, den, I will, if you do!" was the answer.

"And now, darling, tell mamma you are sorry for flying into such a rage and saying and doing all these naughty things."

"I can't, mamma; I can't 'thout I tell lies. It don't come into my heart to feel sorry—not a bit!"

Then the tender voice replied and went on and on so softly that Bert could not hear the words. He guessed that she was praying with the little culprit.

Suddenly he heard: "It's come—it's here! Oh, mamma, it came right into my heart, and oh, I feel so sorry! I do—I am—I didn't ought to say dose words an', more'n ever, I didn't ought to kick dat glass, an' oh—I never—never never will again!"

A silence followed. Bert knew they were locked in one another's arms. After some time the little prince said: "Mamma!" "Yes, darling."

"I'm so sorry—I kicked—dat way!" the words had a drowsy drag. "I sink I must have forgotted glass would break!"

Bert listened after that until he heard the little mother rise up from beside the sleeping child and come softly toward the door. She started, as she came upon him, standing there, but he did not give her time to turn away.

"Sweetheart!" He took her face in both his hands. "I didn't ought to say dose words, and oh, I never—never—never will again!"

There were hot tears upon her lashes, but her head went down upon his shoulder and he held her close.

"Dearest, sweetest little wife," he whispered. "I am sorry—oh, so sorry!" I think I must have forgotten glass would break!"

And then, although her face was pressed against his coat, he knew, somehow or other, that she smiled.

A Submarine Bridge.

One of the most famous and most successful of modern engineers is at present visiting Canada, closely inspecting the C. P. R. Mr. Lillyequist, the gentleman to whom we refer, has a large-sized scheme on at present, and in order to carry it through, he feels that it is necessary to study the methods by which the engineers of the C. P. R. have surmounted what might be considered insuperable obstacles. The plan which he has in view is the building of a submarine bridge and tunnel between Denmark and Sweden under the Oresund. Owing to the large shipping traffic it is impossible to build an overhead bridge, and the uncertain services of the ferry cause great inconvenience on both sides of the water. The fact that Mr. Lillyequist has undertaken so long a journey for the purpose of studying the engineering feats of the C. P. R. speaks volumes in praise of our Canadian road.

Ill-Assorted Marriages.

A few years ago a young girl married a famous general amid much comment upon the way in which Love leveled age, in this union of May and December. It was generally considered that the bride's beauty and freshness were offset by her husband's prominent position in the sight of the whole country. Not very long ago the sister of this same young wife became engaged to another well-known army officer of years, discretion and celebrity. The married lady addressed the most impassioned appeals to the other to reflect upon what she was about to do before it was too late. Among her arguments was this seriously worded complaint: "I know what it is to carry meals upstairs for two years to an old man and I warn you not to take the care on your shoulders. I know what is, and you do not."

Smith (losing his patience as the twentieth cabby offers his services)—"Oh, go to thunder! Can't you see we're married?"

WORLD OVER.

News Items From Many Sources.

A thimble will hold over 100,000 of the smallest screws made.

The tides of the North American Pacific coast are reflex rather than direct.

Eudora, Kan., with a population of 710 persons, has seven secret societies.

Gold is washed in Africa by the same means employed by the California '49-ers.

Each pupil in the public schools of the United States costs on an average $17.22 a year.

The Bermuda islands were named for Bermudz, a Spaniard, who sighted them in 1527.

There are entire apartment houses in New York monopolized by self-supporting bachelor girls.

Human blood is composed of 77.8 parts of water, 6.2 of albumen, 14.1 of coloring matter and 1.9 of saline.

Five hundred and two of the 662 students at Wellesley College have put themselves on record as favoring woman's suffrage.

The meanest man yet was an Ohio youth who got married and left an envelope containing a 2-cent ferry ticket in the parson's hand.

There is now being built at Yerrow, England, a torpedo boat for the French navy made out of aluminum, which will be hoisted in and out with great ease.

A Boston theater's published announcement for a recent week was "The Black Crook" every evening except Sunday when Rev. J. J. Keane, D. D., delivered a sermon on "The Future of Religion."

A break in the main water pipe in a street in Tombstone, Arizona, last week was found to have been caused by the roots of a tree, which had grown around the pipe and crushed it so that it burst.

A Baltimore man has given the name Hayseed gas burner to a recent invention of his. He claims, first, that it can't be blown out and, secondly, that if it is blown out it immediately relights itself automatically.

The normal temperature of man is about 98.5 degrees; of the snail, 7.0 degrees; oyster, 82 degrees; porpoise, 100 degrees; rat, cat or ox, 102 degrees; sheep, 104 degrees; hog, 100 degrees; chicken, 111 degrees.

A Buffalo lawyer mourns for his dog, his faithful friend and companion for thirteen happy years. He has buried him in a secluded spot, and has placed above his grave a marble slab, inscribed, "Where is My Dog Rover?"

A beer war is raging in Oakland, Cal., and a week ago beer was selling there at 10 cents a gallon, with prospects of its becoming much cheaper. An English syndicate, which controls all the breweries there but two, is trying to crush out the opposition.

A woman of Spokane, Wash., was fined $20 a few days ago for practical joking. She perpetrated the exceedingly humorous, though not exactly new joke of mixing the sugar and salt on the table of a public dining-room. The court called it disorderly conduct.

A Yale professor is quoted as of opinion that football makes the students sluggish in their studies. The London Lancet records 100 cases in which participants in football games played in 1892 in Great Britain received injuries so serious as to require hospital treatment.

The only money current in the large sultanate of Adamawa, in central Soudan, is cowrie shells. The agents of France, who have been trying, with indifferent success, to get a foothold there, say there is a dearth of the circulating medium, and commerce is greatly embarrassed by the scarcity of currency.

The "last will and testament" of Lord Byron was sold at auction in London a few days ago for $15. At the same sale a characteristic letter of Carlyle to Mrs. Austin brought $20, and a letter of Byron to Coleridge, $35. A letter of George Eliot, complaining of the literary criticism of certain persons, was sold for $25; a letter from Nelson to Sir William Hamilton for $40, and a number of letters written by American presidents and statesmen for $125.

"Power willows" is the name in northern Delaware for those pollard swamp willows commonly seen in meadows. The powder-making Duponts established a market for this wood in Delaware a century ago, and every stream for a dozen miles above Wilmington is lined with these trees. Some have grown to enormous size, and all the older ones are picturesque with great fluffy green balls of foliage in the spring, and dense spheres of misty gray twigs in winter.

MUSIC OF THE WIRES.

What Causes the Telegraph Line to Whirl Like an Æolian.

You have all heard the humming and singing of telegraph and telephone wires as you have passed the poles along the streets. No doubt you have concluded that it is caused by the action of the wind on the wires, and given it no further thought. But it is not true that the singing is caused by the wind, and if you are at all observing you will notice that often the humming sound is to be heard on cold winter mornings, when the smoke from chimneys goes straight up until it is lost in the clouds, and when the frost on the wires is as fuzzy and thick as a roll of chenille fr

The wind has nothing to do with the sound, and, according to an Austrian scientist, the vibrations are due to the changes of atmospheric temperature, and especially through the action of cold, as a lowering of temperature induces a shortening of the wires, extending over the whole of the conductor. A considerable amount of friction is produced on the supporting bells, thus inducing the sounds both on the wires and the poles.

When this humming has been going on birds have mistaken the sound for insects inside the poles, and have been seen to peck with their bills on the outside as they do upon the apple and other trees. The story is told of a bear that mistook the humming noise as coming from a nest of bees, and clawed at the pole and tore away the stones at its base in the hope of finding the much-coveted honey.

ANTS BIGGER THAN FOXES.

Pliny Could Discount Ananias in the Art of Drawing the Long Bow.

Pliny, that rare old gossiper, tells, among his other extraordinary stories, that of the Bactrian method of obtaining gold. The sandy deserts of Bactria in the days of that historian were, so the old man says, literally swarming with ants "slightly bigger than foxes." These gigantic representatives of the genus homenoptera burrowed deeply into the sandy wastes, their tunnels and galleries often being hundreds of feet in extent. The earth removed from these burrows was always carried to the outside and thrown up in hills (remember Pliny says this) "of a bigness exceeding that of a palace." This debris—sand, earth, etc.—was soon found to be wonderfully rich in small nuggets of gold. The danger from the ants was greater, however, than that from the Indians in the early days of gold digging in the western United States, and many stories are told of men who were literally devoured in a few moments by the fierce owners of some disturbed burrow. Some observing old hunter at last discovered that the giant ants slept during the hottest hours of the day. After that the seekers after the yellow metal only made their incursions at the proper time, and even then they only stayed long enough in the deserts to fill their sacks with the golden sand, which they took home to sift at leisure. With all this precaution the ants often "swiftly pursued the fleetest horses, and it was only by using various stratagems that the invaders managed to escape alive."

The Ladies' Journal for December.

To the Busy Editor:

If on examination of this number of THE LADIES' JOURNAL you think it worthy the following notice, or the substance of it, in your columns we will be pleased to have you send us a marked copy of your paper containing what you say. Let us know if you would care to have our publication sent you regularly as an exchange.

Fraternally yours,

THE WILSON PUBLISHING COMPANY,
73 to 81 Adelaide St. W., Toronto.

This large monthly closes its fourteenth year with a brilliant Christmas number under the joint editorship of Mr. Thos. Bengough and Miss J. H. Wetherald. Everything about the JOURNAL shows new life and vigor. New type, new paper, beautiful new title-page, new department headings, specially designed by a Toronto lady, Miss Jeffrey, and new features, all go to make up a first class publication that is a credit to Canada. Beautiful half-tone portraits of well known ladies abound, a large one of Lady Aberdeen sitting at a spinning wheel adorning the front page. An outline is given of this famous lady's life and work, together with a full report of her fine address to women at the mass meeting in Toronto in October. A special article by Miss Wetherald relates to the King's Daughters and is embellished with portraits of Mrs. Isabella Davis and Mrs. Dickinson of New York, Mrs. Tilley of London, and Miss Brown of Toronto. A sketch of the new movement among the Methodists relating to the order of Deaconesses is illustrated with portraits of Sister Dora Stevenson (formerly of Hamilton) and Mrs. Lucy Rider Meyer. An interesting page headed, "Language Learning by Mother's Methods," contains articles by Mr. Bengough, based on personal interviews with Mrs. Jennie Drewry, who is introducing the Gouin method in teaching French; Herr Haupt—"German in five weeks;" and Mr. Des Brisay—"Latin in six weeks." There are portraits of these three notable teachers.

Charming Christmas stories have been specially written for the JOURNAL by Mrs. Westlake Yeigh and Mrs. Fanny Crawford Firstbrook—the latter's being specially illustrated by a Canadian artist. The serial, "Mary St. John," is also continued, and a new and thrilling romance, "A Fight For a Fortune," is commenced. "Madge Merton" contributes a clever interview with Editor Stead on Women—their work, their needs, etc.; and Mrs. McDonell on "Women's Duty in the Plebiscite." All the regular departments are in full swing—a special feature for boys being an article by a boy on the amateur's camera, with an engraving from one of the pictures taken by the young author. The fashion plates have been selected with the co-operation of experts in leading dry goods houses in Toronto. Altogether there are 32 pages of interesting, profitable, varied matter, suitable for women of all ranks and tastes. $1 a year-10 cts. a number. Wilson Publishing Co., 73 Adelaide St. West, Toronto.

Pepper.

The pepper constituent, to which the sharp taste is due is the piperine. This substance is not tasteless, as generally accepted, but by prolonged contact with the tongue develops the sharp taste which can be better demonstrated by tasting a piperine solution warmed to 50° C.; in the pepper fruit the piperine is dissolved in the essential oil, hence the decreased sharpness of old pepper is explainable by the resinification of the essential oil, causing decreased solubility of the piperine. The essential oil has the odor of the fruit, but in alcoholic solution is free from any sharp taste. As an oxidation product of the essential oil, in part at least, is a viscid unsaponifiable oil which also dissolves piperine, but itself is free from odor and taste. In addition to these three constituents, pepper contains cellulose, starch, and small quantities of coloring matter.

The Absolute Cost of Living.

It would be extremely interesting to know what amount of money it is necessary to expend each year in order that life may be preserved in the human body. The amount would probably be surprisingly small even when the cost of food, clothing, shelter, and heat was estimated, for when one considers the actual cost of living it is evident that the absolute necessaries of life are exceedingly cheap and that the luxuries, many of which are not generally esteemed as such, swell the bill of expenditure. Last week a Nova Scotia farmer in making a winter purchase of flour and meal had occasion to compare his bill with one for the same amount of goods dated ten years ago. The cost of nine barrels of flour then amounted up to $110, while the bill of last week for goods of the same quantity was only $44.55; it would seem from these figures that the item for food in the absolutely necessary expenditure need not be a large one.

A Skeleton in the Closet.

How often do we hear of this in domestic life at this day. But what is more appalling than the living body made repulsive with skin and scalp diseases, salt-rheum, tetter, eczema and scrofulous sores and swellings. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is the positive cure for all these diseases. If taken in time, it also cures Lung-scrofula, commonly known as Pulmonary Consumption. By druggists.

KEYSER, N. C.

DR. R. V. PIERCE: Dear Sir,—When about three years old I was taken with mumps, also had fever, finally I had that dreaded disease Scrofula. The most eminent physicians in this section treated me to no avail. I had running scrofulous sores on left side of neck and face. I was small and weakly when eight or nine years old, and in fact was nearly a skeleton. Six bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery wrought marvelous changes. Although the sores were healed in eight months, I did not quit taking it until I was sure it had been entirely routed from my system. The only signs left of the dreadful disease are the scars which ever remind me of how near death's door I was until rescued by the "Discovery." I am now eighteen years old and weigh 148 pounds; and have not been sick in five years.

Yours respectfully,
HARVEY M. HOLLEMAN.
Agt. for Seaboard Air Line.

For constipation and headache, use Dr. Pierce's Pellets.

Horrible Hardships.

Additional particulars received at Swansea from the survivors of the crew of the barque Mendozza, which left Swansea for Daker with a cargo in August, show that the men went through terrible sufferings. Cholera broke out aboard upon arrival at Dakar. Four succumbed to the malady, the boatswain, steward, seaman, and cabin boy all dying within three days. They left for Jamaica, and nine days afterwards the captain, a Plymouth man, died. Later on a gale sprang up and increased the difficulties of navigating the ship. After a terrible voyage they sighted Martinique, and then to their dismay discovered that the vessel was foundering. The sick men were brought up from below and conveyed to the shore, but the authorities declined to allow them to enter the settlement. Consequently the poor fellows had to pass the night on the beach.

Honest and True.

This is eminently the case with Polson's Nerviline, and great pain cure. It is an honest remedy, for it contains the most powerful, the purest, and most certain pain subduing remedies known to medical science. It is honest, for it does all it claims to do. It is honest, because it is the best in the world. It only costs 10 or 25 cents to try it, and you can buy a bottle at any drug store. Nerviline cures toothache, neuralgia, pain in the back and side. All pains are promptly relieved by Polson's Nerviline.

THE GRIPPE EPIDEMIC.

A Scourge More to be Dreaded Than Cholera.

Medical Science Powerless to Prevent Its Spread—It is Again Sweeping Over Canada With Great Severity—How its Evil Effects can Best be Counteracted—Only Prompt Measures Can Ensure Safety.

It is stated on high medical authority that an epidemic of la grippe is more to be feared than an outbreak of cholera. The latter disease can be controlled, and where sanitary precautions are observed the danger can be reduced to the minimum. But not so with la grippe. Medical science has not yet fathomed its mysteries, and is powerless to prevent its spread. Three years ago an epidemic of la grippe swept over this country, leaving death and shattered constitutions in its wake, and now once more it has appeared in epidemic form; not so severe, perhaps, as on the former occasion, but with sufficient violence to cause grave alarm, and to warn the prudent to take prompt measures to resist its inroads.

When, a few months ago, it was announced that cholera had broken out in Grimsby, one of England's important seaports, it was feared that it would reach this continent, yet this once dreaded scourge was checked and exterminated with a loss of not more than half a dozen lives. That la grippe is more to be dreaded than cholera is shown by the fact that in London last week upwards of a hundred deaths were due to this trouble, and medical science is powerless to prevent its spread, and can do nothing more than relieve those stricken with the disease. At the present moment thousands of Canadians are suffering from la grippe and the misery it is causing would be difficult to estimate. Even when the immediate symptoms of the disease disappear it too frequently leaves even the most robust constitution shattered. The after effects of la grippe are perhaps more dangerous than the disease itself, and assume many forms, such as extreme nervousness, distressing headaches, pains in the back, loss of appetite, depression of spirits, shortness of breath on slight exertion, swelling of the limbs, an indisposition to exertion, a feeling of constant tiredness, partial paralysis and many other distressing symptoms. In removing the after effects of la grippe, or for fortifying the system to withstand its shock, no remedy has met with as great success as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They rebuild the blood, restore shattered nerves, and place the sufferer in a condition of sound health. In proof of these statements we reproduce a few letters speaking in the strongest and most positive terms as to the value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in cases of la grippe or influenza.

Mr. George Rose, Rednersville, Ont., says:—"I am well to-day and do not hesitate giving Dr. Williams' Pink Pills the credit of saving my life. I had three attacks of la grippe and was so reduced in flesh and strength I could hardly stand alone. I had no appetite. I could not sleep because my legs and feet became badly swollen and cramped. The pain was at times so violent that I could not refrain from screaming, and I would tumble about in bed and long for day to come. If I attempted to get up and walk I was apt to fall from dizziness. I took medicine from the doctor, but it did not help me, and I was so discouraged that I did not think I could live more than a few months, when one day I read in the paper of the case of a man whose symptoms were like mine. I sent for a box of Pink Pills, and by the time it was gone there was an improvement. I continued the use of the pills, found that I could now get a good night's sleep, and the cramps and pains which had formerly made my life miserable, had disappeared, and I felt better than I had in four years. I know that it was Pink Pills that brought about the change because I was taking nothing else. I have taken in all seven boxes, and I feel as good now as I did at forty years of age."

Capt. James McKay, Tiverton, N. S., says:—"I had la grippe about three years ago and that tied me up pretty well. I wasn't fit to take charge of a ship, so sailed south as far as Milk River, Jamaica, as nurse for an invalid gentleman. The weather was simply melting, and I used to lie on the deck at night, and in my weakened condition got some sort of fever. When I reached home I was completely used up and continued to get worse until I could hardly move about. At times my limbs would become numb with a tingling sensation as though a thousand needles were being stuck into me. Then my eyesight began to fail. It was difficult for me to distinguish persons at a distance. My face became swollen and drawn, and my eyes almost closed. The doctors could do nothing for me. I suffered terribly, was only a burden to my friends and actually longed for death which all thought was in store for me. At this time the statement of a man down in Cape Breton came to my notice. He attributed his cure to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I thought there might be a chance for me. I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and soon found that they were helping me, and their continued use put me on my feet again, and I went to work after months of enforced idleness, to the great astonishment of my acquaintances, who never expected to see me around again. I feel it my duty to advise the use of Pink Pills by people who are run down or suffer from the effects of any chronic ailment. They saved my life, and you may be sure I am grateful."

John W. Boothe, Newcombe Mills, Ont., says:—Words cannot express the gratitude I feel for the great good I have received from the use of your Pink Pills. I had my full share of la grippe and it left me in a weak and debilitated condition. My nerves were unstrung and I was unable to hold anything, such as a saucer of tea, in my hands without spilling it. I had terrible pains in my head and stomach, and although I consulted a good physician I derived no benefit. I made up my mind to use your Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I now look upon the decision as an inspiration, so great is the benefit I have derived from the use of this marvelous remedy. My pains have vanished, my nerves are strengthened, and I am feeling better than I have done before in years.

Mr. W. A. Marshall, principal of the Clementsport, N. S., Academy, says:—"I had a bad attack of la grippe which left me weak, nervous and badly used up. I suffered almost continually with terrible headaches, backache and pains through the body. I tried many remedies without receiving any benefit until I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and the use of seven boxes has made me feel like a new man, as I am now as strong as I was before my sickness. I can heartily recommend them to others so afflicted."

Mr. B. Crouter, Warkworth, Ont., brother of Rev. Darius Crouter, who some years ago represented East Northumberland in the House of Commons, says: "Two years ago I had an attack of la grippe which nearly cost me my life. My legs and feet were continually cold and cramped, and I could get little or no sleep at night, and you can understand what a burden life was to me. One day I read of a remarkable cure by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I made up my mind to give them a trial. When I began using the Pink Pills there was such a numbness in my feet that I could not feel the floor when I stepped on it. As I continued the use of the pills this disappeared; the feeling returned to my limbs, the cramps left me, I felt as though new blood were coursing through my veins, and I can now go to bed and sleep soundly all night. When I get up in the morning instead of feeling tired and depressed, I feel thoroughly refreshed, and all this wonderful change is due to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I believe Pink Pills have no equal for building up the blood, and I strongly recommend them to all sufferers, or to any who wish to fortify the system against disease."

Scores of other equally strong recommendations might be quoted, but the above will suffice to prove the undoubted efficacy of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in removing all the evil effects of la grippe or influenza, and those who have in any degree suffered from this dangerous malady should lose no time in fortifying the system by the judicious use of Pink Pills. They are the only remedy that strike at the root of the trouble and thoroughly eradicate its bad effects. Ask for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and do not be persuaded to try something else. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail, post paid, on receipt of 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y.

Insuring a Whole Village.

The communal authorities of some of the villages in Switzerland, instead of treating insurance against fire as a concern for each householder's individual province and thrift, insure all the buildings—the church, houses, stables, and sheds—within the parish. A community living in wooden houses, where the burning of one house often involves the conflagration of more than half the village, naturally appreciates the wise economy of such a practice. The cost is met by a slight increase in the local self-taxation. One single policy is drawn out for the whole place, which diminishes appreciably the cost of the insurance.

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Jesse Barker, Printer, Humboldt, Kansas.

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IN THE MIDST OF ALARMS

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

CHAPTER XIII.

Yates walked merrily down the road, whistling "*Gayly the Troubadour.*" Perhaps there is no moment in a man's life that he feels the joy of being alive more keenly than when he goes to propose to a girl of whose favorable answer he is reasonably sure, unless it be the moment he walks away an accepted lover. There is a magic about a June night, with its soft velvety darkness and its sweet mild air laden with the *perfumes of wood and field. The* enchantment of the hour threw its spell over the young man, and he resolved to live a better life and be worthy of the girl he had chosen, or, rather, that Fate had chosen for him. He paused a moment leaning over the fence near to the Howard homestead for he had not yet settled in his own mind the details of the meeting. He would not go in, *for in thatcase he knew he would* have to talk, perhaps for hours, with every one but the person he wished to see. If he announced himself and asked to see Margaret alone, his doing so would embarrass her at the very beginning: Yates was naturally too much of a diplomat to commence awkwardly. As he stood there, wishing chance would bring her out of the house, there appeared a *light* in the doorwindow of the room where he knew the convalescent boy lay. Margaret's shadow formed a silhouette on the blind. Yates caught up a handful of sand and flung it lightly against the pane. Its soft patter evidently attracted the attention of the girl, for after a moment's pause the window opened carefully, and Margaret stepped quickly out and closed it, quietly standing there.

"Margaret," whispered Yates, hardly above his breath.

The girl advanced towards the fence.

"Is that you?" she whispered in return, with an accent on the last word that thrilled her listener. The accent told as plainly as speech that the word represented the one man on earth to her.

"Yes," answered Yates, springing over the fence and approaching her.

"Oh!" cried Margaret, starting back, then *checking herself* with a catch in her voice. "You—you startled me—Mr. Yates."

"Not Mr. Yates any more, Margaret, but Dick. Margaret, I wanted to see you alone You know why I have come. He tried to grasp both her hands, but she put them resolutely behind her, seemingly wishing to retreat, yet standing her ground.

"*Margaret, you must have seen long* ago how it is with me. I love you, Margaret, loyally and truly. It seems as if I had loved you all my life. I certainly have since the first day I saw you."

"Oh, Mr. Yates, you must not talk to me like this."

"My darling, how else can I talk to you? It cannot be a surprise to you, Margaret. *You must have known it long ago.*"

"I did not. Indeed I did not,—if you really mean it."

"Mean it? I never meant anything as I mean this. It is everything to me, and nothing else is anything. I have knocked about the world a good deal, I admit, but I never was in love before,—never knew what love was until I met you. I tell you that——"

"Please, please, Mr. Yates, do not say anything more. If it is really true, I cannot tell you how sorry I am. I hope nothing I have said or done has made you believe that—that——oh, I do not know what to say. I never thought you could be in earnest about anything."

"You surely cannot have so misjudged me, Margaret. Others have, but I did not expect it of you. You are far and away better than I am. No one knows that better than I. I do not pretend to be worthy of you but I will be a good husband to you. Any man who gets the love of a good woman," continued Yates, earnestly, plagiarizing Renmark, "gets more than he deserves; but surely such love as mine is not given merely to be scornfully trampled under foot."

"I do not treat your—you scornfully. I am only sorry if what you say is true."

"*Why do you say if it is true? Don't* you know it is true?"

"Then I am very sorry,—very, very sorry, and I hope it is through no fault of mine. But you will soon forget me. When you return to New York——"

"Margaret," said the young man, bitterly, "I shall never forget you. Think what you are doing, before it is too late. Think *how much this means to me. If you finally* refuse me, you will wreck my life. I am the sort of man that a woman can make or mar. Do not, I beg of you, ruin the life of the man who loves you."

"I'm not a missionary," cried Margaret, with sudden anger. "If your life is to be wrecked it will be through your own foolishness, and not from any act of mine. I *think it cowardly of you to say that I am to* be held responsible. I have no wish to influence your future one way or another."

"Not for good, Margaret?" asked Yates, with tender reproach.

"No. A man whose good or bad conduct depends on any one else but himself is not my ideal of a man."

"Tell me what your ideal is, so that I may try to attain it."

Margaret was silent.

"You think it will be useless for me to try?"

"*As far as I am concerned, yes.*"

"Margaret, I want to ask you one more question. I have no right to, but I beg you to answer me. Are you in love with any one else?"

"No," cried Margaret hotly. "How dare you ask me such a question?"

"Oh, it is not a crime,—that is, being in love with some one else is not. I'll tell you why *I dare ask. I swear by all the gods* that I shall win you, if not this year, then next, and if not next, then the year after. I was a coward to talk as I did; but I love you more now than I did even then. All I want to know is that you are not in love with another man."

"I think you are very cruel in persisting as you do, when you have had your answer. *I say no. Never! never! never!—this* year nor any other year. Is not that enough?"

"Not for me. A woman's 'no' may ultimately mean 'yes.'"

"That is true, Mr. Yates," replied Margaret, drawing herself up as one who makes a final plunge. "You remember the question you asked me just now?—whether I cared *for any one else? I said 'no.' That* 'no' meant 'yes.'"

He was standing between her and the window, so she could not escape by the way *she came. He saw she meditated flight*, and made as though he would intercept her but she was too quick for him. She ran around the house, and he heard a door open and shut.

He knew he was defeated. Dejectedly he turned to the fence, climbing slowly over where he had leaped so lightly a few minutes before, and walked down the road, *cursing his fate. Although he admitted he* was a coward in talking to her as he did about his wrecked life, yet he knew now that every word he had spoken was true. What did the future hold out to him? Not even the incentive to live. He found himself walking towards the tent, but, not wishing to meet Renmark in his present frame of mind, he turned and came out on the Ridge Road. *He was tired and broken*, and resolved to stay in camp until they arrested him. Then perhaps she might have some pity on him. Who was the other man she loved? or had she merely said that to give finality to her refusal? In his present mood he pictured the worst, and imagined her the wife of some neighboring farmer,—perhaps even of Stoliker. These country-girls, he said to *himself*, never believed a man was worth looking at unless he owned a farm. He would save his money and buy up the whole neighborhood; then she would realize what she had missed. He climbed up on a fence beside the road, and sat on the top rail, with his heels resting on a lower one, so that he might enjoy his misery without the fatigue of walking. His vivid imagination pictured himself as in a few years' time the owner of a large section *of that part of the country, with mortgages* on a good deal of the remainder, including the farm owned by Margaret's husband. He saw her now a farmer's faded wife coming to him and begging for further time in which to pay the seven per cent. due. He knew he would act magnanimously on such an occasion and grandly give her husband all the time he required. Perhaps then she *would realize the mistake she had made. Or* perhaps fame rather than riches would be his line. His name would ring throughout the land. He might become a great politician and bankrupt Canada with a rigid tariff law. The unfairness of making the whole innocent people suffer for the inconsiderate act of one of them did not occur to him at the moment, for he was humiliated and hurt. *There is no bitterness like that which assails* the man who has been rejected by the girl he adores,—while it lasts. His eye wandered towards the black mass of the Howard house. It was as dark as his thoughts. He turned his head slowly around, and like a bright star of hope there glimmered up the road a flickering light from the Bartletts' parlor window. Although time was *topped as far as he was concerned*, he was convinced it could not be very late, or the Bartletts would have gone to bed. It is always difficult to realize that the greatest of catastrophes are generally over in a few minutes. It seemed an age since he walked so hopefully away from the tent. As he looked at the light the thought struck him that perhaps Kitty was alone in the parlor. She at least would not have treated him so badly as the other girl; and —and she was pretty, too, come to think of it. He always did like a blonde better than a brunette.

A fence-rail is not a comfortable seat. It is used in some parts of the country in such a manner as to impress the sitter with the fact of its extreme discomfort, and as a gentle hint that his presence is not wanted in that immediate neighborhood. Yates recollected this with a smile as he slid off and stumbled into the ditch by the side of the road. *His mind had been so preoccupied* that he had forgotten about the ditch. As he walked along the road towards the star that guided him, he remembered he had recklessly offered Miss Kitty to the callous professor. After all, no one knew about the episode of a short time before except himself and Margaret, and he felt convinced she was not a girl to boast of her conquests. Anyhow, it didn't matter. A man is surely master of himself.

As he neared the window he looked in. People are not particular about lowering *the blind in the country. He was rather* disappointed to see Mrs. Bartlett sitting there knitting, like the industrious woman she was. Still, it was consoling to note that none of the men-folks were present, and that Kitty, with her fluffy hair half concealing her face, sat reading a book he had lent to her. He rapped at the door, and it was opened by Mrs. Bart*lett with some surprise.*

"For the land's sake, is that you, Mr. Yates?"

"It is."

"Come right in. Why, what's the matter with you? You look as if you had lost your best friend. Ah, I see how it is,"—Yates started:—"you have run out of provisions, and are very likely as hungry as a bear."

"You've hit it first time, Mrs. Bartlett. I dropped around to see if I could borrow a loaf of bread. We don't bake till to-morrow."

Mrs. Bartlett laughed.

"Nice baking you would do if you tried it. I'll get you a loaf in a minute. Are you sure one is enough?"

"Quite enough, thank you."

The good woman bustled out to the other room for the loaf, and Yates made good use of her temporary absence.

"Kitty," *he whispered*, "*I want to see* you alone for a few minutes. I'll wait for you at the gate. Can you slip out?"

Kitty blushed very red and nodded.

"They have a warrant out for my arrest, and I'm off to-morrow before they can serve it. But I couldn't go without seeing you. You'll come, sure?"

Again Kitty nodded, after looking up at *him in alarm when he spoke of the warrant.* Before anything further could be said, Mrs. Bartlett came in, and Kitty was absorbed in her book.

"Won't you have something to eat now before you go back?"

"Oh, no, thank you, Mrs. Bartlett. You see, the professor is waiting for me."

"Let him wait, if he didn't have sense enough to come."

"He didn't. I offered him the chance."

"It won't take us a moment to set the table. It is not the least trouble."

"Really, Mrs. Bartlett, you are very kind. I am not in the slightest degree hungry now. I am merely taking some thought of the morrow. No; I must be going, and thank you very much."

"Well," said Mrs. Bartlett, seeing him to the door, "if there's anything you want, come to me, and I will let you have it if it's in the house."

"You *are too good to me*," said the young man, with genuine feeling, "and I don't deserve it; but I may remind you of your promise—to-morrow."

"See that you do," she answered. "Good-night."

Yates waited at the gate, placing the loaf on the post, where he forgot it, much to the astonishment of the donor in *the morning. He did not have to wait* long, for Kitty came around the house somewhat shrinkingly, as one who was doing the most wicked thing that had been done since the world began. Yates hastened to meet her, clasping one of her unresisting hands in his.

"I must be off to-morrow," he began.

"I am very sorry," answered Kitty, in a whisper.

"Ah, Kitty, you are not half so sorry as I am. But I intend to come back, if you will let me. Kitty, remember that talk we had in the kitchen when we—when there was an interruption, and when I had to go away with our friend Stoliker?"

Kitty indicated that she remembered it.

"Well, of course you know what I wanted to say to you. *Of* course you know what I want to say to you now."

It seemed, however, that in this he was mistaken, for Kitty had not the slightest idea, and wanted to go into the house, for it was late, and her mother would miss her.

"Kitty, you darling little humbug, you know that I love you. You must know that I have loved you ever since the first day I saw you, when you laughed at me. Kitty, I want you to marry me and make something of me, if that is possible. I am a worthless fellow, *not half good enough for* a little pet like you, but Kitty, if you will only say yes, I will try, and try hard, to be a better man than I have ever been before."

Kitty did not say "yes," but she placed her disengaged hand warm and soft upon his, and Yates was not the man to have any hesitation about what to do next. To practical people it may seem an astonishing *thing that the object of the interview being* happily accomplished there should be any need of prolonging it, yet the two lingered there, and he told her much of his past life, and of how lonely and sordid it had been because he had no one to care for him,—at which her pretty eyes filled with tears. She felt proud and happy to think she had won the first great love of a talented man's life, *and hoped she would make him happy* and in a measure atone for the emptiness of the life that had gone before. She prayed that he might always be as fond of her as he was then, and resolved to be worthy of him if she could. Strange to say, her wishes were amply fulfilled, and few wives are as happy or as proud of their husbands as Kitty Bartlett that was. The one woman who might have put the drop of bitterness in her cup of life *merely kissed her tenderly when Kitty told* her of the great joy that had come to her, and said she was sure she would be happy; and thus for the second time Margaret told the thing that was not, but for once Margaret was wrong in her fears.

Yates walked to the tent a glorified man, leaving his loaf on the gate-post behind him. Few realize that it is quite as pleasant to *be loved as to love. The verb "to love"* has many conjugations. The earth he trod was like no other ground he had ever walked upon. The magic of the June night was never so enchanting before. He walked with his head and his thoughts in the clouds, and the Providence that cares for the intoxicated looked after him and saw that the accepted lover came to no harm. He leaped the fence without even putting his hand to it, and then was brought to earth again by the picture of a man sitting with his head in his hands beside a dying fire.

(TO BE CONTINUED).

THE LOWELL MEMORIAL.

Remarkable Speech by the American Ambassador.

The following speech by Mr. Bayard, the United States Ambassador to London, made at the unveiling of the memorial to James Russell Lowell in the Chapter House of Westminster Abbey is well worth reproducing in full:—

"I hold myself happy in that I have been permitted to be in the Chapter House of Westminster Abbey when, for the second *time, the name of an American is inscribed* in this double sanctuary of religion and renown—the bust of Longfellow, and now the memorial of his brother poet, both from our own kindred beyond the sea. The forms of these two gifted sons of America are clasped in the bosom of the land of their birth; their ashes rest in peace at home, but the echoes of their fame have been *wafted across the Atlantic*, and *they fall* in the clear and musical notes upon the loving ears of two countries whose people speak the same tongue. Longfellow and Lowell, here in Westminster Abbey in blended fellowship, are worthy companions of that band who sung with Wordsworth, and who gave us nobler love and nobler cares.

"I am unable in the few words permitted me to attempt a portraiture of Lowell. Happily, this is needless, owing to the eloquent address of Mr. Stephen, which is es*pecially grateful to myself and my com*patriots, and which will be received thus by the country whose son is its subject. It is a strong saying that 'blood is thicker than water.'

"Every day proves how the ties of common origin and ancestry are stronger than written treaties. The inborn sympathies of race finally silence international discord and jealousy. It is pleasant to recall in *this* chamber that the man in whose honor this unveiling takes place to-day stood twelve years ago speaking words of honor and affection of Dean Stanley, that pure, noble being whose memorial is before us, seemingly the guardian spirit of this venerable place. But eight years since the voice of Lowell was again heard in these precincts when the bust of Coleridge, the gift of Americans, was unveiled. I am glad that this mark of honor to my dear countryman was erected so soon after his death. The *reproach of long delay, often just*, cannot be made here nor can be applied the words of Johnston:

See the Nations slowly wise and meanly just,
To buried merit slowly raise the tardy bust.

"For here brotherhood in letters and kindred spirits hasten to give buried merit a just memorial. I cannot forbear to wish, however futile it may be, that he should *have been permitted to foresee this honor.* It was his purpose to bring the people of Great Britain and the United States to a better knowledge of each other, to replace suspicion by confidence, and ignorant animosity by friendly appreciation.

"He liked to call himself a man of letters. Truly he was the master of the English tongue, and he made his skill and knowledge the agency to interpret the better feeling of both branches of the race having common glories. In all American homes a sense of grateful pride will be felt when they learn what the name and fame of their countryman, the poet, scholar, statesman and patriot, have received at the hands of Britons in this venerable temple of national religion, honor and renown. 'Give my love to England in general,' was the last message of Lowell to Thomas Hughes. In these memorials may we not read England's reply to Lowell and the nation be faithfully *represented?*"

Mr. Chamberlain moved the adoption of a vote of thanks to Mr. Bryard. He said that Englishmen claim common interest, common pride, and almost common ownership in great Americans, and this was particularly so in the case of Mr. Lowell. The vote of thanks was adopted unanimously, and Mr. Bayard made a brief reply of *thanks.*

ELECTRICAL DEVELOPMENT.

Great Results Looked for From the Work at Niagara Falls.

The time is near at hand when the much-talked-of possibilities of Niagara Falls as a power-producer will begin to manifest themselves. February 1 is set down as the date when the water will be turned on the turbine that in turn will cause a dynamo *to revolve* and *give forth five thousand* horse power for distribution along the electric wire. By far the largest dynamo that has as yet been operated is the one that generated power for the Intramural Railway Company at the world's fair. This generator developed 2,100 horse power and was looked upon as a marvel by those who saw it. But compared with this machine the dynamo that will begin to turn on February 1 next is a monster. It will develop about two and a half times as much power. We have spoken of but one electrical monster. The company that has this matter in hand will instal ten of them, one after the other, just as soon as they are needed. They have the tunnel and other necessary works completed for developing 100,000 horse power. The day that the first instalment of this great force will become available for mechanical purposes will be an eventful one in the world's *history.* Especially eventful will it be to the cities within a two or three hundred mile limit of the falls. For it is the expectation of the company to distribute its power over this or even a larger territory.

Wealthy Negroes.

There are a number of wealthy negroes in the Southern States of America, and the New York Times gives the following particulars with regard to some of them, nearly all of whom were at one time owned *as slaves.* One died recently leaving a million dollars; he had been a slave and learned the tailor's trade. The wealthiest negro in Louisiana is credited with a fortune of 500,000 dols. and the possession of one of the finest libraries of French, Spanish, and Italian classics in the state. He, like many other colored men, received his education in Paris. In Arkansas there are *some half-a-dozen negroes, all born in* slavery, and now worth 50,000 to 250,000 dols. One of these, a man sixty years of age, is in every respect self-made. He owns the entire street-car system in a town of 12,000 people, a saw-mill working sixty hands, two good plantations, besides some valuable real estate. He is also director in a bank.

Alaska, with its islands, is said to have a coast line of 25,000 miles, equal in extent to the circumference of the globe.

THE VICES OF HORSES

And How to Cure Them.

The principal vices of horses are shying, bolting, rearing, kicking, lying down, plunging, shouldering, and running away.

*Of these, shying is the one most frequent*ly met with, and is the one in which the individuality of a horse is most frequently shown. Some horses will face a railway engine, or a steam roller, for instance, who will nearly go into fits over a bit of paper in the road. One animal that I occasionally ride will pay no attention to paper, blowing rubbish, bicycles, or even baby carriages, *the bete noir of most shyers, but let a hen* appear, and she will make a flying leap to the opposite side of the road. Some horses, again, who will scarcely wink when a cracker is thrown under their feet, can never pass a pile of brush, or even the broken branch of a tree by the roadside, without making a little fuss over it. The sight of a pig will cause almost any horse to shy. They seem to entertain a natural antipathy for the grunting rooters. When an animal has a habit of shying at some particular object, and not at others, it is generally because at some time or other hurt or fright has come to them from that sort of object.

The majority of inexperienced drivers punish a horse for shying. This never does any good. *In general, shying is* due to defective eyesight. It is obvious that punishment will not remedy this. The best thing to do is to remove a horse's blinders, if your harness carries these disgraceful adjuncts, and give him a chance to see clearly. If you note the symptoms of alarm in time, and the watchful driver can usually do this, distract the horse's attention by speaking encouragingly to him, and, if necessary, by two or three sharp taps with the whip, administered before, never after, the object is passed. I have seen drivers punish a horse after the animal has summoned all his courage and gone by the object of his fright. What the creature needs then is encouragement and praise, for he had done right and not wrong. Let him have a chance to learn the harmlessness of the feared object. If you can get him to go up to and smell it, his fear is usually conquered.

I once drove a bad *shyer, who not* only shied violently at every strange object, but would make a rush after each offence, showing that she was accustomed to being punished for them. I adopted the plan of making her go straight up to every object she showed fear of, causing her to smell it, even to put her foot in it if possible. As a result, it was not long before she learned that noth*ing could hurt her; that she had not even* the whip to dread; and she overcame her nervous fears. The thing to do is never to let a horse turn back from anything he fears. Get him past it in some way, by coaxing or driving, in an extreme case it may be necessary to lead him, though this is to be deprecated, but get him past it, and that, too, at a slow rate of speed. Never let him rush by anything he *is afraid of. If quiet firm*ness in using these methods does not cause a change for the better it is because the animals sight is defective, and all that can be done is to note the presence in the road of objects that his faulty vision may clothe with terror, and be on your guard.

Bolting is another effect of poor or defective sight. Sometimes an animal who has for years been a model of steadiness will suddenly take this trick. There is always a physical reason for it in such cases. The horse sees, or fancies he sees, something before him, and bolts to avoid it. A veterinary surgeon should be called in at once, and the horse's eyes given attention. Over or under feeding, or some trouble in digestion, may set up such defect in vision.

Rearing is always a dangerous habit. Fortunately it is rare. Horses sometimes do it in playfulness or impatience to be off, and some riders teach their mounts to rear *for the purpose of showing off.* Really wicked rearing, however, is as dangerous as it is rare. A woman should avoid such a mount. Tight check-straps to the bridle, and a running martingale on the reins are about the only preventives, although throwing a horse whenever he attempts the trick will usually effect a cure after a few trials. A confirmed rearer, however, is a *spoiled horse.*

Kicking is the most dangerous of all tricks, more dangerous than even running away. If you are on the kicker's back you are in danger of taking a cropper over his head, while if you are behind him in a vehicle your chances of escaping injury are indeed small.

If you are riding a kicker keep the *animal's head up and apply the whip* strongly to his shoulders. If driving pull up sharply on one rein, twisting his head to one side. To break up the trick, buckle a stout collar around the pastern point of one fore-leg. To this have attached a stout cord passing up through the turret of the saddle, on the same side, and thence to your hand. At the first laying back of the ears, *switching of the tail*, or *other premonitory* symptoms that there "is a kick coming," jerk up the forefoot by means of the rope and let the animal go on three legs for a few paces. He won't like this, and will remember the lesson when he again feels like kicking.

Lying down is a trick of ponies. In well bred animals it is an indication that something is wrong. A saddle-horse *will* sometimes throw himself down if the girth is too tight. I rode one a few days ago who attempted to lie down as soon as I had dismounted. I pulled him up, hastily loosened the girth, and there was no more trouble. In this case the animal was just out of pasture, and had not been saddled for months.

Shouldering is usually mischievous, rather than vicious. I remember a pony which never failed to shoulder off a certain playmate of mine who sometimes mount*ed her. The process consists in rubbing* the leg of a rider against a wall or tree, to the imminent danger of breaking a bone. Some horses, when in the stable, have the trick of shouldering an attendant against the manger, and so nearly crushing him. Young horses will do this in play. Horses which have been made vicious by ill treatment often do it for revenge. If caught in *the stall by a shouldering horse the only* thing to do is to kick his knees and pinch his nose, which will cause him to retreat. Your strength will avail you nothing against his. If mounted on the offender you can readily defeat his object by turning his head to the wall, instead of from it.

Running away is dangerous in a crowded thoroughfare, and some horses seem to go *crazy when they run, and will often* dash headlong against obstructions in their pathway. When a horse starts running the quickest and most effectual way to stop him is to pull first one rein, then the other, sawing his head from side to side. This has the effect of confusing him so that he cannot run. About the only other advice to be given is to keep cool and don't desert the ship. Stay in the vehicle or on the saddle. You are safer there than in jumping. It is worthy of note in passing that a large percentage of our runaways occur through accidents to the bridle, whereby the blinders that usually cover a horse's eyes fall, or become so far unadjusted as to permit the animal to see the vehicle behind him. It frightens him. He runs to escape it. It pursues him, and he flees in a mad frenzy. The rider may be hurt or killed. The horse is effectually ruined.

The out-of-door vices of horses, like those the animals contract in the stable, are almost invariably traceable to physical causes. They are due to such, whether traceable or not, and may usually be helped, if not entirely cured, by kindness, gentle firmness, and common sense on the part of rider or driver.

A woman without arms has been married at Christchurch, New Zealand. The ring was placed upon the fourth toe of her left foot. A similar marriage to this was performed at St. James' Church, Bury St. Edmund's, in 1832. The ring was placed on one of the bride's toes. between which she grasped a pen and, not at all flurried, signed the marriage register.

CANADA AND JAMAICA.

Intercolonial Trade Steadily Increasing—A New Cable Wanted.

The Jamaica Gleaner of a recent date has the following:—Canada has long foreseen the value of a direct cable to the West Indies, while the West Indies themselves have settled that sooner or later such a line must be established. We have never ceas*ed to point out the seemingly irremediable* defects in the present service and to urge upon the legislatures of the various colonies and the Imperial authorities, the necessity of supporting the project to extend the cable from Bermuda to Turks island and thence to Jamaica. The Halifax and Bermuda company have been promised the cordial co-operation of the British colonies, *in all of which the* extension is regarded as an undertaking of the greatest importance. The Imperial Government, however, have treated the matter in the same supine spirit which has lost them the complete control of the Pacific Cable, and we now see it stated that the Company are so disgusted with their dilatoriness and indifference that they are negotiating with the French West India Company to run the line from Bermuda to San Domingo—a proposal which, it is certain, will be eagerly accepted, not only as one likely to further the commercial interests of that Island but also as frustrating the scheme for a British cable touching only on British soil. We are not aware whether this report be true or not but there is sufficient significance in the mere suggestion to awaken the Imperial Government to a sense of the risk it is running in refusing to render that legitimate assistance to the Company which, in the circumstances, is necessary and which would result in reciprocal benefits of the most important character.

Apart from what may be termed Imperial purposes such a cable would be of great value in developing the commercial interests of the colonies. "There can be little doubt" says the Times "that the development of communications does stimulate as well as *follow trade.*" We have only to look to the progress made in our trade with the Dominion to find an illustration of the statement. In spite of the great and successful rival trade route to the United States; in spite of the fact that telegraphic communication is kept up at high rates with New York and London and New York and London prices are alone despatched, the *goods of Canada are steadily gaining* ground in the West India markets owing to increased steamship facilities and they would be pushed to a much greater extent were the two countries in closer telegraphic connection. This is the patriotic view which is happily not incompatible with the existence of mutually advantageous commercial relations. And equally with the *Imperial authorities it is our duty to look* to the future and provide as far as possible against the day of international hostilities when existing friendly areas of supply and consumption may be closed. Such a contingency may never arise, and all will wish that it may long be averted, but the possibility exists and should not be altogether ignored. Markets within the Empire should be opened up and where they *already exist* should be fostered as much as possible. Conterminous with the United States lies an immense extent of county peopled with our own kith and kin debarred—unlike its neighbor—from growing the products of the tropics. It is a potential market for all we can grow, and our trade with it should be made to grow with its growth. The prime essential to facilitate that end is a direct cable, and it would be a most unwelcome and humiliating experience if the Colonial and Imperial Governments delayed too long and the Bermuda line, like the line on the other side of the continent, passed into the hands of the French.

PLEASED WITH OUR BANKS.

A German Visitor Points out one Superiority of Canadian Banks Over German.

"I am very much impressed with the Canadian banking system," said Mr. T. Engel, Hamburg, Germany, who was a guest at the Queen's hotel, Toronto, the other day. He is one of the best known financial men of Europe, and is largely interested, both in Canada and the United States, in mining and railrord enterprises.

"I had a *draft* on a German bank to cash," he said in conversation with a Toronto reporter, "and went into one of your city banks to get the money. The young man at the teller's box referred me to the cashier, who looked at the draft and asked me to endorse it. He then took it and in about half a minute wrote some figures upon it and told me that I would get the money *from the paying teller.* I walked over to the young man and immediately he counted me out the exact amount of the draft after deducting the current rate of exchange. I was on the street again within five minutes after I had entered the bank. The same transaction would have occupied at least half an hour in Germany. Signatures would have *had to have been verified, a book* of exchange tables would have been consulted to secure the proper amount of exchange to charge, and then I should have had to go and get some well known citizen to identify me. The rapidity of the transaction so impressed me that I went back and asked the manager how it was done. He told me that he had mastered completely *all tables of exchange. He had* simply to find out what the current rate was, and by a mental calculation he at once was enabled to write down on the back of the draft how much Canadian money the teller should pay over. He admitted that he had run some risk in case the draft had been forged, but for this he had depended upon my appearance. He said that if I had not suited his idea of a man who should be possessed of such a draft he would have required me to secure identification. I am of opinion that it would *pay our* banks in Germany to secure the services of a number of bright, sharp Canadian bankers who would handle this class of business, which is enormous with us."

Playing with an Iceberg.

A few years ago a French man-of-war was lying at anchor in Temple Bay, and the younger officers took it into their heads to amuse themselves with an iceberg, a mile or more distant in the straits. They would have a sumptuous picnic on the very top of it. All the warnings of the brown and simple fishermen went for nothing with these gentlemen who had seen the world. It was a bright summer morning, and the jolly boat with a flag went off to the berg. By twelve o'clock the colors were flying from the top, and the wild midshipmen were revelling on the ice mountain. For two hours or more they hacked it and clamb*ered over it. They frolicked and feasted*, and laughed at the very thought of danger on this solid ice. When, like thoughtless children, the young men had played themselves weary, they descended to their cockle shell of a boat and rowed away. As if time and distance had been measured on purpose for the men to view the scene in safety, the great iceberg lay silent until the boat was *a certain distance off. Then, as if its heart* had been volcanic fire it burst with awful thunder, and filled the surrounding water with its ruins. Awed and subdued by the scene of destruction, and thrilled at their narrow escape from death the picnickers returned to their ship. It was their first and last day of amusement with an iceberg.

Mrs. Blumer—"I am afraid that young man in the parlor is trying to kiss Clara I thought I heard her cry out." Blumer —"Heavens! Let me go in at once." Mrs. Blumer—"You can't get in, my dear. She has locked the door."

Papa—"If you are not guilty of taking those apples, Jonas, why can you not look straight into my eyes and deny the charge? See how fearlessly Priscilla can do it!" Jonas—"That's all right. She didn't do anything."

MERRY MOMENTS.

Maude—"Our engagement is a secret." Lena—"So everybody tells me."

He who would see himself as others see him, let him run for office.

"Are you the editor of this paper?" "No, sir; I'm the man that the town tells how to run it."

"Are you expecting the landlord to come down with the rent this month?" No, with the sheriff."

The toy-pistol victim only comes once a year, but the crank who wants to shoot Niagara Falls is perennial.

"Do you really believe in dreams?" Hicks—"Jerusalem, yes, when my wife makes the mince pies herself."

Japanese write with both hands, but most of their chirography looks as if it had been executed with both feet.

Parson Brown (tenderly)—"Will you marry me?" She—"How funny! Charley was going to ask you that very question to-morrow."

Visitor—"What makes your father look *so melancholy?*" Small boy—"*'Cause ma* told him he's got to go to our church fair to-night."

Clara—"Aren't you engaged to Jack?" *Prunella*—"No. *You see,* I wanted to be different in something from all you other girls."

She—"How did the fad of giving engagement cups originate?" He—"It is probably the cynical world's delicate way of intimating that there's many a slip."

Mrs. Chatter—"Do you believe that cures can be effected by the laying on of the hands?" Mrs. Clatter—"Most certainly. I cured my boy of smoking in that way."

"You look sweet enough to eat," said Josh Sasafras to his best girl on Sunday afternoon. "You just wait *till* supper time and you'll see me eat," was her reply.

She has a jacket made of fur,
A boa made of feathers,
And now the sweetest *boon to her*
Is stormiest of weathers.

His friend—"What part did you find most difficult when you were on the stage?" *Footlights*—"*Trying to live* up to the salary I told my friends I was drawing."

Mr. Westerly—"I dreamed about you last night, Miss Wolcott." Miss Wolcott (languidly)—"Did you really? Well, I'm glad to hear that you have pleasant dreams."

If there exist a novelist,
No matter what he ever wrote,
Whose talent can extend the tail
Of last year's short-skirt overcoat,
He has a fortune in his fist.

He—"I can't afford to get you that $50 bonnet." She—"You can't afford not to give it me. If you don't I'll take up $100 worth of your time bothering you for it."

"Why do you always ask Mrs. Oldstyle to go shopping with you?" "Because whenever she advises me not to get a certain thing I am sure it is just what I want."

Teacher—"Can any of you tell me what is meant by '*home industries?*'" Billy Bright (promptly)—"Up to our house they're mostly sawin' wood an' carryin' in coal."

Professor—"And now, my boy, what is your ambition in life—the law,—the ministry, politics, science—" Johnny—"Ef I can't be captain I wanter be half-back!"

I asked Jans for a fiver,
And he wrinkled up his brow:
"I don't lend less than ten," said he,
"And I haven't that much now."

Chicago police justice—"Your face seems familiar. Don't I know you?" Greasy old bum—"I don't think you do, your honor. I'm a little pertick'ler about the comp'ny I keep."

Matrimonial Advertisement.—A lady, young, pretty, bright and poor, desires to make the acquaintance of a man with the opposite qualities, with a view to a happy *marriage.*

"Doan' put your min' too much on outward decorations," said Uncle Eben. "Hit am bettah ter hab er cabbage undah you wais'coat dan er chrysanthemum in yer buttonhole."

"Made an awful mistake at the Gotrox's reception. Stepped up to one of the guests and told him to call me a horse and carriage." "Did he do it?" "No. He called me an ass."

"I am troubled with insomnia. I haven't closed my eyes for five nights." "You want to play foot ball. The first game I played I remember my eyes were closed for a fortnight."

Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest ever known, without a doubt,
Come on that day of terror when
The dentist says: "That molar must come out."

Aspiring poet—"I'll set the world ablaze yet." His wife—"I do hope you will, dear. Would you mind making a fire in the kitchen stove—just as a matter of practice you know?"

Dinks—"What did that reporter say when you told him that in the duels you have witnessed there were over forty principals and sixty seconds?" Danks—Nothing; just made a minute of it."

"Col. Gore says he means to shoot you like a dog when he meets you." "Oh, that's all right. The colonel used to be on the police force and couldn't shoot a dog if he had it locked in a barn."

"Sir, have you any fault to find with this sausage?" "Yes, the ends are not quite to my liking." "Why, every sausage has got two ends!" "True enough, but this one has them too near together."

"I don't understand," said the peddler at the street corner, "why they call a policeman a 'copper.' The government makes money out of copper, but I never made a cent out of the coppers that patronize my *stand.*"

He wrote many poems on beautiful snow,
Still it seemed to starvation he'd stalk;
But now he makes money the whole winter long
By cleaning the snow off the walk.

"Just one more, Katie," pleaded the young athlete. "Let me alone!" said Katie, pushing him away. "I don't see why they call you a half-back. You are not half as backward as you ought to be, sir!"

The snow that was beautiful yesterday
Is chocolate-colored slush,
And the mounds that were white along Broadway
Are marshes of frozen mush.

"Hullo, Chimmy. Is dey any more good books in de 'Young Terrors' libery?" "I dunno, but I hear tell about a story by George Eliot what dey call 'Daniel de Rounder.' Shouldn't wonder if dat might be pretty good."

"I tell you she's a brave one," the love-sick youngster said,
"And furthermore than that, she is divine."
"You are right," spoke his rival, and sweet hope quickly fled,
"She has some very rare presents of mine."

Comparative Value of Metals.

Thomas A. Edison, the inventor, says: "Gold is only valuable because it is rare. It is not nearly so useful as iron, which is the real precious metal. Aluminum is too soft. *It is light, but it lacks strength.* The metal of the future is nickel steel, which combines strength with pliability. Gold is not worh as much as lead in commerce, and brass is more than worth its weight in gold."

Mrs. Smith—"Tommy, you're battered to pieces! I'd like to know what excuse you have this time. You've certainly been in a fight." Tommy—"Mamma, there was a fight, but I can truthfully say I wasn't in it."

HEALTH.

Chronic Lead-Poisoning.

Lead-poisoning is not, as a rule, the result of gross neglect of well-established *knowledge*, but is due rather to ignorance of the facility with which lead is mingled with many articles of food, and of the harmful effects of its subsequent absorption.

Professor Wood, of Harvard College, has demonstrated that the habitual use of water which contains lead in proportion of one part in two hundred and fifty thousand, or of a quarter of a grain to a gallon, is capable *of producing pronounced symptoms.*

A British medical journal relates an instance in which flour in the process of milling was conveyed by tin elevator buckets which had been "tinned" with lead. Enough lead was by this means mingled with the flour to produce symptoms of lead-poisoning.

In another case a defective millstone had *been "plugged" with white lead.* In the process of grinding, a gradual distribution of the lead took place, with similarly dangerous results.

A writer in the Medical News has described cases of lead-poisoning which occurred from the ignorant use of chomate of lead for the purpose of coloring cakes yellow.

The symptoms most commonly resulting in these instances were colic, constipation, tremor of the limbs, pallor, muscular wasting, neuralgia and similar "nervous" disturbances.

Such cases point to the fact that the habitual absorption of even a small quantity of impure matter may produce much the same harm as would be caused by a large *dose of poison taken at one time.* They show that danger may arise from the most unexpected sources, and emphasize the need of continual care.

The writer recalls a case in point. A practitioner was called to attend an elderly gentlemam, whom he found suffering with recognized symptoms of lead-poisoning. He alone of the members of the household was the victim of the disorder, and the doctor was at a loss to account for the fact.

In the search for the cause, he discovered that the cook was in the habit of preparing a particular dish of oatmeal for this patient's breakfast, and in all innocence had used for it the water which was first drawn from the pipes. On being cautioned, she allowed the water to run first for several minutes. The result was gratifying and prompt.

Tight Lacing.

Tight lacing is a subject that has been worn threadbare, one might say, by frequent discussion, and the pity of it is that its repetition has had so little effect that *the folly is still perpetrated.* Occasionally one hears of a sudden death, but there are many, many victims to the habit of whom we never hear. The sudden death a few weeks ago of an actress of some note was due, it was proved by post-mortem examination, to *systole*, a contraction of the arteries of the heart caused by pressure of whalebone. Now, it has not been the *fashion recently, as it was some years ago*, to be wasp-waisted, but there are some signs that this useless folly will be in vogue again among brainless girls and women, and this in spite of all that has been said and written and studied by thousands of scholars in public and private schools. There isn't a girl of fifteen now-a-days who attends school, at least the majority of schools, who does not know that the *working capacity* of the heart is diminished and the circulation of the blood impeded by any tight band or bandage about the waist, whether it be a corset, a corselet, a belt or a tight bodice, and yet pretty nearly every girl who aspires to wear fashionable clothes commits this henious folly. "A perfect fit" seems to be the chief desideratum of some women's *lives*, and a "perfect fit" they will have even if it endangers their lives. In fact, a bodice is new fashioned like a mold, and the human body must look as if it had been poured into it like jelly or it will not suit. It is a well-known fact that most fashionable women cannot lunch with any comfort owing to the tightness of their basques and bodices, and that if they do manage to eat a satisfactory luncheon they must retire to a dressing-room to undo their bodices or loosen their corsets to assist digestion and *relieve the strain* on the system. One often sees flushed faces and reddened noses in fashionable restaurants, but they almost invariably belong to fashionable, tight-laced owners who have been lunching or dining.

The chest should be clothed in garments loose enough to allow of its full expansion, and surely no corset that is a corset can be *said to meet this requirement.* In a matter of corsets but few women will tell the strict truth. Did you ever know a woman who would admit that she was a tight-lacer? Will not almost every woman declare that you could put the thickness of both your hands between her waist and corset, so loosely is it laced.

Women breathe almost entirely from the *upper part of their lungs, the lower part* being compressed more or less by corset, band, belt or bodice, when they should inflate the lower and middle portion of the lungs as well as the upper. It is, in fact, almost impossible for the average woman to breathe properly habitually. Tight lacing is dangerous in the extreme, because it compresses the most important vital organs, and weakens *all the muscles permanently* that come under its pressure. It is a known fact that certain organs, for instance, the liver and the spleen, show grooves caused by the pressure of the ribs and the sharp extremity of the breast bone. Corsets exert two pressures, an upward and a downward pressure. The upward pressure causes stagnation of blood in the heart and lungs and often in the brain, especially dangerous to the stout, and the downward pressure affecting organs less closely adherent, frequently produces displacements and *deformities.* So declares a good authority, and the writer agrees with him in every particular. It is claimed, and justly, that the coldness of the extremities, especially the feet, of which so many women complain, is due largely to the abnormal accumulation of blood within the region compressed by the corset, causing a deficiency elsewhere and impeding circulation.

To conclude, there are some very disagreeable effects of tight lacing; they are redness of the nose and hands, flushing of the face and a general feeling of uneaisiness and discomfort. Yet there are but few women who will not run the risk of the first and suffer the last in order to have a perfect fitting costume. If grown women will not reform in this matter, let the writer beg of them to defer *putting corsets* on their daughters until those daughters have attained their growth and full physical development. Give your daughters a chance.

Disastrous Earthquake in Persia

A Teheran telegram says:—Full details of the resent disastrous earthquake in Kuchan and surrounding district are only now being received. The first shock was felt on the 17th at 7.30 in the evening, and completely destroyed the town of Kuchan and all villages within a radius of 11 miles, many inhabitants being buried beneath the ruins. According to official reports the total population was 20,000, and of this near three-fifths were killed, while 50,000 animals perished. Private accounts, however, estimate the mortality at a much lower figure. The shocks continued until the 24th *inst., and up to that date over 160 distinct* shocks were counted. On the 23d a great storm occurred. Heavy rain fell during the day and snow during the night, greatly increasing the sufferings of the inhabitants, who were camping in the open in tents. Supplies of food are being sent from the surroundind districts and from Meshed where slight shocks of earthquake have also *been felt.*

The French army is three times as large as it was in 1870.

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

Wednesday, Jan. 17, 1894

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

Railroad to Union.

The last session of the present legislative term commences tomorrow and we look to it to encourage the extention of the Esquimalt and Nanaimo Railway as far north as Seymour Narrows. A subsidy of a personable amount should be given for every mile built and operated. The Dominion government should and doubtless will allow the usual amount of $3,200 per mile. With this aid the road would certainly be built without any unnessecary delay as far as Union wharf, connecting there with the road already in operation to Union. Comox valley could then be accomodated with a station at Trent River 3½ miles from Courtenay. This would stimulate business and settlement throughout the valley, so that in the course of a few more years the company would be justified in extending the line up to Campbell River. The remarks of the Premier at Nanaimo lead us to believe that he is favorable to government aid to such an enterprise. Surely if it is justified elsewhere, where it has been granted, it certaintly would be here. Here is a farming section second in inportance to none on the island. Its developed coal measures are next in extent to those of Nanaimo and its undeveloped wealth in this direction probably the greatest on the island. Much of its best timber is back from the water and which such a road would make an outlet for. As a colonization scheme also it is well worth encouragement. There is no field more promising for settlers, once the railroad is built, and no section of the province will better justify the outlay. Too long this region with its vast natural resources has been held in the grip of isolation, and it is high time it received its share of attention and encouragement.

It is much better that a responsible home company should be encouraged to build this extention than that farther time should be wasted in negotiations with irresponsible foreign promoters. The Esquimalt and Nanaimo Ry. Co. is best situated to undertake this enterprise. It is true that they loose something like $80,000 per annum by operating their road from Victoria to Wellington; but a longer road can be proportionably more cheaply run, and the Company would gain considerable in the opening up and sale of its own lands. The public would also be greatly benefited and this vast belt of railway land now lying idle would become populated, and of course alienated and tax producing so that the government would in a few years become financially the gainer.

Small Men.

Looking over the political field so far as provincial affairs are concerned, the first and most conpicuous featureobservable is the small calibre of the men in the front ranks of the Independent, socalled, or Opposition party.

At New Westminster, Mission city, Nanaimo or wherever public meetings have been held at which the Premier has appeared, the contest has been altogether a one sided affair. The speeches of Mr. Davie have been consistent, vigorous, well sustained efforts, full of information and well supported by facts; those of the gentlemen who have opposed him have been weak, scattering, whining and tideous. One is impelled to ask, even if opposed to the government, if the affairs of this Province can safely be entrusted to such underlings. There is not one among the whole number, who have spoken at any of these meetings in opposition to the government, who has shown himself to be possessed of even respectable mediocrity. Were it not for a press much abler than these mouthing politicians, the whole opposition in the pending campaign would sink beneath contempt. This appears to be the general opinion of disinterested on lookers, without regard to the merits of the contest.

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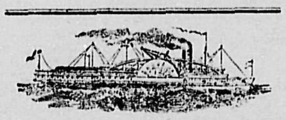

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For freight or state rooms apply on board, or at the Company's ticket office, Victoria Station, Store street.

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.

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De 8 00 AM	De 2 30 PM		VICTORIA	78	Ar 12 24 PM	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 03	11	GOLDSTREAM	67	11 45 AM	5 19
9 14	3 33	20	SUMMIT SIDING	58	11 10	4 50
9 34	4 04	25	SHAWNIGAN LE	53	10 50	4 24
9 44	4 14	31	COBBLE HILL	47	10 40	4 14
9 57	4 29	35	McPHERSON'S	43	10 27	3 53
10 07	4 39	38	KOKSILAH	40	10 17	3 49
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10 22		43	SOMENOS	35	10 02	3 34
10 48	5	52	CHEMAINUS	26	9 35	3 12
11 09	5 33	59	OYSTER BAY S G	19	9 15	2 55
A 11 50		73	NANAIMO	5	De 8 34	
D 20	6 14				Ar 8 25	2 14
A 12 14 PM	Ar 6 29	78	WELLINGTON		De 8 10 AM	De 1 59 PM

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

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As an evidence of real merit we would state that it is the Camera used by the artists and reporters of one of the largest New York morning papers in making all the local views that are reproduced in its columns.

The following testimonials to the manufacturers speak volumes for this wonderful little instrument:

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(Signed) W. F. BATZER.

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Sirs—Have made several fine negatives with your Camera and think it about as good as any instantaneous instrument I have ever used.
Truly yours,
(Signed) C. W. BARTHOLAMEW.

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Gentlemen—Too much cannot be said of the little Camera. I have more than 14 dozen pictures and have had but one bad one and that was my own fault. Since I have had your Camera I have had it with me on my wheel wherever I go, and it is a little gem. If I could not get another I would not take $50.00 for it.
Very truly yours,
(Signed) M. S. KALUFT.

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Gentlemen—I think the Camera is great. I can turn out just as good work with it as I can with Eastman's Kodak of same size, which sells for $20.00 in some places. I am a professional photographer and know a little about it.
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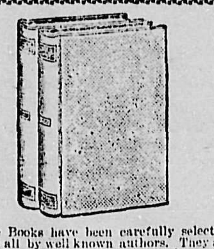

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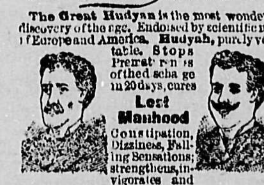

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