

The Weekly News.

Provincial Printing

125

NO. 150. UNION, COMOX DISTRICT, B. C., TUESDAY, SEPT. 24, 1895. \$2.00 PER YEAR

Cash! Cash!
I WILL NOT BE UNDERSOLD.

BUT CANNOT SELL GOODS AT COST ON CREDIT; CONSEQUENTLY ON AND AFTER APRIL 1st I WILL DO BUSINESS ON THE CASH SYSTEM, AND MY PRICES ARE:

BED ROCK.

No Skimping in Weights and Measures at the

CUMBERLAND STORE.
JAMES McKIM, Union, B.C. Mar. 20, 1895.

ICE CREAM PARLORS

Union, B. C.

Soda Water, Candies, Stationery and Books.

FRUIT A SPECIALTY.

TOBACCOS

Imported and Domestic Cigars Briar and Meerschaum Goods.
The Above Stores Adjoin, Where Everything of the Best in their Respective Lines will be found.

A. W. McIntyre Prop.

THOMAS C. MORGAN

THE FASHIONABLE TAILOR

DUNNE BLOCK

COMOX SAW MILL

Courtenay, B. C.

Rough and Dressed Lumber.

All orders promptly executed.

URQUHART BROS.

Summer Neckwear

in all the Latest Styles

Summer Shirts

in Great Variety

Summer Suits

The latest in English and Scotch Tweeds.

LAWSON & McLEOD, DUNNE BLOCK.

Tailors and Gents Furnishers

NEW

FALL GOODS

We are showing special

Lines in New Dress Goods
Ladies and Childrens Underwear
Gents' Underwear, Ties, and
Socks
Men's and Boy's Clothing
Boys' Suits from \$1.50 up
Special lines in Carpets

Butterick Patterns for September.

STEVESON & CO.

UNION, B. C.

1st Store in William's Block
Opposite Kilpatrick's Livery.

LATEST WIRINGS.

DOMINION PARLIAMENT—Parliament will open in November for the special object of considering remedial legislation.

DURANT'S TRIAL—The trial shows no signs of closing. The general feeling in San Francisco is strongly against Durant.

NANAIMO WATER WORKS—The purchase by-law was submitted to the ratepayers on Saturday. It provides \$65,000 for the works.

CONGO AFFAIRS—Affairs in the Congo state are said to be verging upon anarchy. Two Englishmen are reported to have been murdered by the natives.

ELOPEMENT—Albert Haines and Mrs. Joe Brakes eloped from Victoria on Saturday the 14th. Haines deserted wife and child, but Mrs. Brakes while deserting husband took her children with her.

BOARD OF TRADE BANQUET—The South Kootenay Board of Trade tendered the representatives of the Victoria Board of Trade, who are visiting the interior, a banquet at Nelson on the 13th. Among those making speeches was Hon. Clark Wallace, Comptroller of Customs.

ALBERNI MINES—W. Eaton, manager of the Nanaimo Alberni Gold Mining Co. is so satisfied with the surface prospects that he recommends sinking a shaft to bedrock.—J. Hepburn, general manager of the Victoria Hydraulic Mining Co's mines in Cariboo has gone to Alberni to examine the grounds for his private information.

ROSSLAND MINES—A. Jenkins, superintendent of the Nanaimo Rossland Mining Co. returned last Tuesday. He says that shafts on the company's three claims Isabel, Louise, and White Elephant are sunk to a depth of 18, 20, and 50 feet respectively. Specimens of ore easily assay \$100 to the ton.

H. M. Stanley has reached Winnipeg, en route to the Pacific Coast.

The German government has decided to expel foreign socialists. A military dictatorship is predicted.

A Dispatch to the Times says that the mission west of Waastan was wrecked by the Chinese on Monday the 16th inst.

The Victoria Agricultural Fair was opened by Col. Baker Tuesday. The Exhibition is said to be very creditable and better attended than last year.

The presence of Russian officers at the review of French troops now taking place points to the emphatic alliance of those powers on military grounds.

Admiral Fitzgerald severely criticizes Lord Dunraven for declining the third trial. The general press opinion is that the races will not be repeated.

Wm. Jones, employed on the new court house, Nanaimo, was badly hurt on Monday, September 16th, by the handle of a derrick striking him on the left arm above the elbow.

The missionary steamer, Glad Tidings arrived from Port Simpson Friday. The captain reports that the whites have been supplying the Cape Mudge Indians with liquor. A klutchnan fell out of a canoe on the 10th inst while drunk and was drowned. Eleven empty bottles were in the canoe. The Indian agent at Alert Bay is trying to secure the guilty parties.

CHURCH OPENING

The Trinity (English) church will be opened on Sunday the 29th inst. when Arch-Deacon Scriven of Victoria will officiate at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m.

SPECIAL PRIZE OF \$10

is offered by Geo. Heatherbell of Horn by Island for the Best Lamb Ram sired by a ram of his own raising, which shall be exhibited at the Agricultural Show at Courtenay, Oct. 3.

NEW MILLINERY SHOP

Mrs. Kendall will return tomorrow from a business trip in connection with the study and selection of the latest and most approved styles in ladies' headgear. She has a large and well selected stock which will arrive on the Joan tomorrow from the east. Her shop is just around the corner from McKim's store, on First street, with a plank sidewalk leading to the door. Mrs. Kendall has been connected with some of the leading millinery establishments in Toronto, Victoria, etc., and has all the advantages of special training.

Ladies should remember her formal opening Oct. 1 and 2 and visit her establishment and see for themselves.

DENTISTRY

Dr. Baker, the dentist, now stopping at the Waverly House, will leave Friday morning for his home in Victoria. Those requiring any dental work, therefore, should call at once.

McPhee & Moore

GENERAL MERCHANTS AND BUTCHERS

UNION & COURTENAY

Choicest Meats, Fresh Eggs and Vegetables

A full line of Staple and Fancy Groceries.

Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes, etc., etc., etc.

UNION SHIPPING.

The Tepic left on the 18th with 207 tons of Comox coal and 132 tons of wash nut coal for the C. P. R.

The Minneola left on the 18th with 3400 tons of coal for the Southern Pacific at Port Los Angeles.

The Princes Louise left on the 20th with 66 tons of coal, bound north.

The str. Danube left on the 23d with 115 tons of coal, bound north.

The Rapid Transit left on the 21st with 255 tons of Comox coal for New Whatcomb, state of Washington.

The tug Vancouver and scow left on the 21st with 188 tons of Comox coal and 23 tons of wash nut coal for Victoria.

The Daisy left on the 21st with 155 tons of wash nut coal for Victoria.

The San Mateo left today with 4400 tons of coal for the S. P. at Frisco.

Richard III is due.

UNION HOSPITAL

There are only two patients left in the hospital, the others having so far convalesced as to be able to be cut. It was once said of a certain hospital, that if one was sent there friends might abandon hope, as he would never return alive. As there has been no death in our hospital, although it has had some desperately bad cases, it may be said with reason when one is sent to it that he will live. The record is a bright one and speaks volumes for the skill of the surgeons and faithfulness of the nurses. Another thing is observable and that is the deservedly growing popularity of the institution. This is partly due beyond all question, to the tact, judgement, discretion and intelligent oversight of Mr. and Mrs. Reid. Everything moves along methodically, orderly and without friction or show of authority. Without laxity a home air pervades the establishment. Flowers, contributed by friends, frequently brighten the various wards. Of course there are many things needed for the proper equipment of a hospital which cannot be supplied for want of funds, but it is certain that the most is made of what there is, and that nothing is really wanting to the best care of the sick.

SUNDAY SERVICES

METHODIST CHURCH—At usual morning hour. Text, "It is I; be not afraid." Evening service omitted on account of the opening of the English church.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—No morning service. In the evening as usual. Subject—Commended to the care of the Great Shepherd. Y. P. S. C. E. immediately after the evening service. Sabbath school and Bible class by the pastor at 2 p. m.

BORN

LITTLE—At Union, Sept. 21, to Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Little, a daughter.

DIED

MCARDLE—At Comox, Sept. 23rd, James William, son of Maurice Mc-Ardle, aged 2 mos. 17 days.

SALE OF WORK

At the entertainment in aid of the parsonage Building Fund connected with the English church at Sandwick to be given on Monday, Sept. 30th in the evening at Courtenay hall, there will be songs by Miss Rushworth and Miss Skinner and a comedy in two acts, followed by magic lanterns views, admission 25 cents. At 4 p. m. of same day, at same place, there will be a sale of work, home made candy, refreshments, etc. The refreshments 25 cents, but admission free.

THE BRASS BAND



Ever since THE NEWS issued a call for a meeting of all interested in the formation of a brass band in Union, some two months ago, the work has gone bravely on until success is now assured. The canvass for subscriptions has been liberally responded to, and eleven instruments and two drums have been purchased. Work has been secured for a leader, who is expected up tomorrow. The gentleman is an experienced leader and a thorough musician. It is found that there are enough of experienced bandmen in town to take all the instruments, so that if the leader comes, we shall hear the band discoursing sweet music upon occasion. Music has also been ordered. The canvass for subscriptions is not complete, and we trust when the committee calls they will be met in a generous spirit. We must have a few more instruments, and as soon as practicable it is desired to uniform the bandmen. They will prove a great attraction to the place and an evidence of the public spirit and musical taste of the people.

W. C. T. U. MEETING

The monthly meeting of the W. C. T. U. will be held on the 26th Sept. at the house of Mrs. McPhee, Courtenay at 3 p. m. A full attendance is requested as it is first meeting of year.

NOTICE

Any person or persons destroying or withholding the keys and barrels of the Union Brewery Company Ltd of Nanaimo, will be prosecuted. A liberal reward will be paid for information leading to conviction.

W. E. Norris, Sec'y

ANOTHER PRIZE

A special prize is offered by Steveson & Co's Dry Goods Store of Union of dress goods to the value of three dollars for the best plate print butter not less than 3lbs exhibited at the Agricultural Exhibition at Courtenay Oct. 3.

VENDUE

On Tuesday Oct. 1 at 2 p. m. I am instructed to sell at auction, at the store lately occupied by T. C. Morgan, as merchant tailor, stoves, tables, chairs, bedsteads, lamps, picture frames, and other articles to numerous to mention, all without reserve.

W. Cheney, auctioneer

THE ANNUAL

Exhibition

—OF THE—

Comox
Agricultural
and Industrial
ASSOCIATION

WILL TAKE PLACE

THURSDAY, Oct. 3d.

AT COURTENAY, B. C.



AGRICULTURE.

Make fodder, too, while the sun shines. Those who have the responsibility of getting it into shape for the winter must bear in mind that frost is liable to come at any time. At best, there is sure to be an immense loss of food because of failure to get it cured in good season.

For the good of the whole country the U. S. Government should look after the matter of irrigation in the West, lest capitalists take hold of the matter, and then there will be no end to the expense. Idle men will thus be employed, too. Let those benefited pay in the way of taxes. This will be easy for them, and will remunerate the Government.

Plough in the late summer rather than in the fall, if for no other reason than to kill the weeds; putting them under the ground at this time is a pretty sure way of eradicating them. Ground early ploughed will hold the moisture better, for evaporation will be materially retarded. Moreover, a good seed bed will be formed, firm and clean.

Is timothy a short crop over most of the States? but an acre of corn fodder is worth two of timothy, and it is encouraging to know that they have thousands and thousands of acres of the fodder, if not of timothy of any other hay.

Buckwheat can come after another crop very well without extra fertilizing. It is an excellent crop to sow on land where oats, barley or corn have been destroyed by bad weather. Such land seeded to buckwheat right away will help the owner out of his difficulty, and save him from the entire loss of his crop.

The soil for buckwheat needs to be only medium in fertility, but the culture must be good. Virgin woodland is excellent for this grain. If the soil is too rich the grain does not fill well, and the stalks take all the nutriment. The best time for sowing is about the last of July, and a garden crop or a crop of clover can be made on the same ground earlier in the season.

Crimson clover makes a growth of two feet, and is a thing of beauty in its early crop, and should be sown in July, August or September, and it can be cut for soiling by the 20th of the next April, or it will yield a hay crop 20 days later, and by the last of May will yield a seed crop.

It is asserted that a body of water of an acre extent can be made more productive than three acres of ground. It may be made a pleasure ground for profit, a valuable place for fish, a source of ice for the winter's supply, and with small outlay can be beautified with islands and fountains which will attract for miles around. Can you do something with your pond or rivulet?

The experience of those who have made the test say that lumber is far superior to masonry or concrete for slips, because it is a non-conductor of heat or frost; also, that small slips are better than large ones, because so much ensilage is not exposed to the atmosphere when using. Of course, this depends upon the amount of stock fed, but the size recommended is 12 by 16 feet.

HORSES.

If you can get what you pay for, do not hesitate about the stallion fee. The superior value of the colt will more than balance the increased cost, and no one will dispute that the cost of raising the two, after that, will be the same.

During the very warm days it is a good plan to start the teams at work very early in the morning, so as to allow at least two hours' rest at noon. More work will be procured by so doing than by giving the shorter midday rest.

Let good judgment be used in the shoeing of horses, especially the colts. Sometimes the weight of the shoe has much to do with the making our young horses weary soon. They step too long and out of their natural gait.

Even when horses have timothy hay they will also greedily accept straw and cornstalks as a change of diet, and will keep in better condition from being allowed a greater variety. No one kind of food is perfect.

Floors in the stable should be made tight and with thorough drainage, and should be well drenched once a week, at least, to remove the strong odor of ammonia, which is absorbed by water. A sprinkling with plaster will then wholly remove the common pungent smell so offensive to the eyes and lungs.

The farmer sells his old team, stiff with work and lack of care, and buys a finer one. At first pride is noticeable, but within a year that team begins to decline in appearance and efficiency, just because in the hands of one who does not feed well, work moderately and care for them as did he of whom they were bought.

A horse's ration should be fixed and never enlarged, and he should have ample time in which to eat it. If worked harder than usual, and more food seems advisable, let a small quantity of concentrated food be given between meals. A horse in the harvest field will be helped more by a ration at 10 and at 3 than by an increase at regular time.

We wonder when horsemen will awake to the fact that the fast walker is the valuable animal—for the farm, the road, the street, and for every description of work of a practical kind? It is a mistake to train the young colt too long with the easy-going old horse.

Corn on the cob well ground with half the bulk of oats, and mixed with cut hay, makes a valuable ration for both horses and cows. The German cavalry have ordered just such a sup-

ply for their horses. Not even the ruminant cow will digest whole grains without waste. The horse does worse, because he does not remasticate.

SWINE.

All Canadians know that pork made from peas or beans is much firmer in texture than even corn fed pork. There is a special flavor or sweetness which no other pork has. The fat does not fry out so much in cooking, and it makes an ideal bacon for family use. Where we can raise the cow pea for hogs they will prove economical, and healthful to the herd.

Over feeding is as wasteful as under feeding, and mischief usually follows having feed constantly in the trough. Moreover, such a trough becomes stale and uninviting even to a hog, and that figures not a little in his growth. There are gain and profit both in system and regularity in feeding.

In the trying months of July and August there is not the amount of succulence in the grass that there is earlier in the season, and the hogs are likely to become costive. Following this is our greatest season for the ravages of cholera. Give shorts, bran and oil cake, and begin with new corn sparingly, using plenty of salt.

Rye is a more paying crop on poor land than when sown on that which is rich. We do not yet prize fully the value of rye for hogs. It is through rye and clover and hogs that many of our exhausted regions of country are yet to be reclaimed and rebuilt. It has been demonstrated.

One of the great virtues of rye as a food for hogs is that it is a grain possessing more of the elements of growth, rather than fattening properties, and the people now demand a bacon hog. The day of large fat hogs is over, and there is a call for lighter and better developed pigs of but 200 pounds' weight.

We must grind the rye for our pigs, but it is not wise to feed it dry. It is too sticky to eat with comfort, and there is danger of choking. It is doubtful if it is a wise thing to feed any young stock on dry food. Make a slop and have the pig take a good "belly stretcher" ration every time, remembering, too, he can be over fed.

Give the young pigs a fair start in life by feeding the sow upon milk-producing rations. There is nothing much better than skim milk mixed with shorts. Mangolds are excellent, having a cooling effect upon the system and stimulating the milk glands. After weaning, give the pigs a trough of their own.

Mix salt with the food of the growing pig, and give him a box of ashes, into which a little sulphur is thrown. This prevents the loss of power in the hind legs, so common in highly fed swine. Fed just right, they should reach their 200 pounds in six months, and be sold, for it will then pay better to give your feed to younger pigs.

HORTICULTURE.

If we desire early blossoms from our winter flowering bulbs, the middle of August is none too soon to give them new quarters. Pot them in good garden soil, with a little sand at the base of each bulb. Give them a little warm water, and put them away in the dark until leaves begin to show good growth.

To obtain fine, large, high flavored strawberries, pinch off the runners as fast as they appear. Every runner thus removed produces a new crown, and in the fall the plants will have formed large bushes or stools, on which the finest strawberries may be expected the following season.

Where winters are severe a slight covering with litter or evergreen branches will be of great service to the strawberries. Do not place this until November or December, or after the ground is frozen. It is a common mistake to put on too much or too early, and to leave until too late in the spring.

To keep the fruit clean, the ground from baking, and to lengthen the fruiting season, before strawberries begin to ripen, mulch the ground around the plants with cut straw or hay or lawn mowings. Thus managed, a bed should produce two full crops.

The extra care given during the summer and early fall to small fruits of all kinds will be well repaid in the crops next season. If weeds are kept out of summer planted strawberries from the first, and they are well mulched in the spring, there will be little trouble from weeds until the first crop of fruit is ripened.

In the early fall is the best time to apply manure to fruit trees that it may get the benefit of the fall rains, which wash its soluble parts into the soil. This starts an early growth in the spring. It is not best that the most luxuriant growth be made while the fruit is maturing.

If the soil is rich, cultivation is the best manure for cabbages during warm weather; but if the soil be deficient, nitrate of soda is one of the most efficient fertilizers. It will make good heads out of plants which without it would furnish only a bunch of loose leaves. Well rotted stable manure is almost as good.

Few things require more judicious pruning than the pear tree. The strong upright shoots will rob the lower branches of most of their vital power, and these require to be kept in check. The cutting out of these robber branches in the summer is the essential point in the proper pruning of the pear.

MEN AND WOMEN AGREE

That corns are painful, not easily cured, and quite useless. Men and women who have used Putnam's Corn Extractor testify that it is the best, acts without pain, and cures. Use Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor.

WHERE TITLES ARE PLENTIFUL.

Rich young women in search of a title will be edified to know that in Warsaw alone, with a population of half a million, there are 30,726 persons belonging to the hereditary nobility and 9,237 "personal nobles." There are as many princes in Poland as in Russia, according to late census returns, and as for the numerousness of the Russian princes it may be said that there are now living nearly a thousand Princes and Princesses Galitzin.

FATHER AND SON CURED.

The Village of Whitechurch Develops a Sensation.

The Father Attacked With Rheumatism and the Son With St. Vitus Dance—A Story That Can be Vouched for by All the Neighbors.

(From the Wingham Advance.)

Mr. Joseph Nixon is the proprietor of the only hotel in the village of Whitechurch, and is known to the whole countryside as a man who thoroughly understands his business, and a jovial companion as well. It is well known in this part of Ontario that Mr. Nixon's hotel was destroyed by fire, but with that energy which is characteristic of him he quickly set to work to re-build. His story, as told a reporter of the Wingham Advance, who recently had occasion to visit his hostelry, will prove of interest.

"I was helping to dig out the cellar," he said, "and in the dampness and cold I contracted rheumatism, which settled in my right hip. It got so bad that I couldn't sit in a chair without doubling my leg back at the side of the chair, and I couldn't ride in a buggy without letting the affected leg hang out. I suffered a great deal more from the trouble than anyone who has not been similarly affected



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ALMA LADIES' COLLEGE, ST THOMAS, ONTARIO.

All graduates of Alma Fine Art College are legally qualified to teach in Public and High Schools, Collegiate Institutes, Mechanics' Institutes, and the Arts School of the Province.

TO INCREASE REX BEGONIAS.

If you wish to raise a number of new plants of Rex, or rather large-leaved begonias, take a sharp knife and make a cut at the intersection of the veins. Then lay the leaf, veined side down, on a saucer of wet sand, place in a sunny window and keep damp. Tiny plants will form at the cuts; when an inch high they may be lifted into thumb pots. This is a very fascinating way to grow begonias.—Womankind.

CAN RHEUMATISM BE CURED?

The application of Nerviline—nerve pain cure—which possesses such marvellous power over all nerve pain, goes greatly to prove that it can. Nerviline acts on the nerves, soothes them, drives pain out, and in this way gives relief. Try and be convinced.



"Will you be mine?" "Not in a hundred years." "Very well."

Suiting the action to the word he contracted the liquor and tobacco habits, learned to swear likewise, to make assurance doubly sure, and returned at the appointed time.

He—What a pity that Miss Vere de Vere should have lost her good name. She (greatly shocked)—In heaven's name what do you mean? He—Why, marrying a man called Jones, of course.

Neighbor—Bertie, your mother is calling you. Bertie—Yes'm, I know it; but I fancy she don't want me very bad.

Neighbor—She has called you seven times already. Bertie—Yes, I know; but she hasn't called "Albert" yet.

Mrs. Higbee—I think you had better go for the doctor, George; Johnny complains of pains in his head. Higbee—I guess it is nothing serious. He has had them before.

Mrs. Higbee—Yes, but never on Saturday.

"And so you are married?" said Mrs. Keedick to her niece from the west.

"Yes, auntie." "Joined for life, eh?" "Oh, it's hardly that bad. I'm a Chicago girl, you know."

Jack Potts (bitterly)—I wish I had never learned to play poker. Mrs. Potts (also bitterly)—Are you quite sure you ever did?

"Now," said the physician, who is noted for his heavy charges, "I must take your temperature." "All right," responded the patient in a tone of utter resignation. "You've got about everything else I own. There's no reason why you shouldn't take that, too."

"Good-bye, Old Slow!" shouted the bicycle. "You are not in my class." "Anyway," retorted the cart horse, "I am not as awkward as you are. I don't fall down standing still."

TOBACCO'S TRIUMPH.

Every day we meet men who have apparently lost all interest in life, but they chew and smoke all the time and wonder why the sunshine is not bright, and the sweet birds' song sound discordant. Tobacco takes away the pleasures of life and leaves irritated nerve centres in return. No-To-Bac is the easy way out. Guaranteed to cure and make you well and strong, by Druggists everywhere. Address Sterling Remedy Company, No. 374 St. Paul street, Montreal.

THE CANADA Business College.

RE-OPENS SEPT. 3rd for 34th year. The leading business college. Write for prospectus to R. E. GALLAGHER, Principal.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE

The best and cheapest boarding school in Canada for young men and boys. Prepares for teaching, law, medicine, etc. All the teachers are university graduates. Send for calendar. Re-opens Sept. 3.

GOOD HOMES IN THE SUN

the sea. For sale at low prices. Address "Manager of Immigration," Norfolk, V.

10,000 ACRES

Of the best lands in Michigan, at from \$2 to \$5 per acre. Situated in four counties, on and near the Michigan Central, Detroit, Alpena & Loon Lake Railways.

EASY TERMS AND BEST TITLES. Now is the time to buy. Address R. M. Pierce, West Bay City, Mich or J. W. Curtis, Whittemore, Mich.

\$15.00 PER WEEK AND STEADY EMPLOYMENT. You work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business. Write to-day. The Queen Silverware Co., Montreal.

OLD CANADIAN POSTAGE STAMPS.

PARTIES HAVING OLD LETTERS in original envelopes of the dates 1851 to 1870 with postage stamps thereon will get good prices for the stamps by applying to Box 195, Hamilton, Ontario.

\$150 For an Old Canadian Stamp.

Every Canadian Stamp used between 1851 and 1870 is valuable and worth from 10c. to \$150 each. I buy any quantity, on the original covers preferred; also all other kinds of stamps, particularly those collected 25 years ago. Send for price list to C. A. NEEDHAM, 651 Main Street East, Hamilton, Ont.

WANTED, HELP.

Reliable men in every locality (local or travelling) to introduce a new discovery and keep our show cards tacked up on trees, fences and bridges throughout town and country. Steady employment. Commission or salary, \$65 per month and expenses, and money deposited in any bank when started. For particulars, write The World Med. Electric Co., P. O. Box 221, London, Ont., Canada.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEething

ISSUE NO. 36 1895.

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

A Wide Range.

A preparation which enriches and purifies the blood and assists nature in repairing wasted tissue must have a wide range of usefulness.

Such a preparation is Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda. The uses of Scott's Emulsion are not confined to wasting diseases, like consumption, scrofula or anæmia. They embrace nearly all those minor ailments associated with loss of flesh. Scott & Bowne, Belleville, 50c. and \$1.

Revolution in Chewing Tobacco

TUCKETT'S T. & B. MAHOGANY

Is the Latest and Best. ASK YOUR DEALER FOR IT. MANUFACTURED BY THE GEORGE E. TUCKETT & SON CO. (LTD.) HAMILTON.

MONTREAL EXPOSITION COMPANY.

Fourth Provincial Exhibition 12th to 21st Sept., 1895.

GRAND SHOW OF LIVE STOCK! HORSES, CATTLE, SHEEP, SWINE, POULTRY.

BENCH SHOW OF DOGS. Splendid Horticultural Display.

Manufactures, Machinery, Industries, Agricultural and Dairy Products, Balloons, Historical Museum, Music, Special Attractions, Fireworks, Novel Amusements, H. M. War Ships in Harbor. Reduced rates on all railways. S. C. STEVENSON, Manager and Secretary. Send for prize list.

AIDS Digestion and Improves the Appetite. Adams' TUTTI FRUTTI GUM.

DONT COUGH YOUR LUNGS AWAY, USE EBY'S GERMAN Breast BALSAM

And be cured of the Cough. Before Consumption sets in. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS AT 25 AND 50 CENTS.

FOR TWENTY FIVE YEARS DUNN'S BAKING POWDER THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND LARGEST SALE IN CANADA.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by Druggists. CONSUMPTION

DEATH-BED OF PHILIP II.

His Royalty Did Not Spare Him Agony.

ALMOST DEVoured BY VERMIN.

Wearily and slowly the great procession passed onward from Madrid to the Escorial, the short distance of some 25 miles, occupying no less than six days. Lying helpless in his litter, Philip II., the ruler of such a vast empire, and the absolute master of so many millions of people, was being painfully carried to the immense structure—palace, tomb, and church—which he himself had raised, and where he trusted that his remains might repose when he had shaken off mortality. The more ghastly symptoms of an illness that is almost unparalleled in the history of medicine commenced towards the end of July, and from thence until he died, Philip II. was so loathsome and disgusting an object that had he been of any but regal rank he would probably, in that land where sympathy for suffering is slack, and the approach of death a cause of terror to bystanders, have been left to end his torments without aid or assistance. Of Herod it is written that "he was eaten of worms and he died," and the disease of the Jewish king is the nearest approach which is known to Philip's awful malady. Swarms of vermin that could not be extirpated battened on his living body, and for no less than 43 days did his intolerable torture last. And the great bodily pain he endured was made all the more unendurable by the want of cleanliness, and the confinement in a small, ill-ventilated room, always crowded with priests, doctors and attendants. But everything was done to alleviate the miseries of the royal sufferer, and the deep sympathies of all around places the death-struggle of this great criminal in a very much pleasanter plane than the dying agonies of the thousands in Spain, in Flanders, and in America whom he had imprisoned for years, tortured and then burnt alive, amid the jeers and outcries of a ferocious mob.

Afflicted with sores all over his back, with headache and perpetual thirst, the marvel is that, so wrung with pain, and oppressed with the horrible odors around him, he survived for so many days; and for his attendants, the mere fact of waiting in such an atmosphere must have been a trial of no light order. Then after a long spell of sleeplessness, fits of drowsiness would set in, and these for some reason seem to have been regarded as harmful, and he had to be awakened. There were placed on a table near some relics of saints, and when the Infanta—the one soul on earth, it is said, he really cared for—saw him succumbing to sleep, she, knowing how interested her father was in the relics, used to say in a loud tone that they were not to be touched, when at once the king would open his eyes and look out to see if they had been removed. The little chamber was perfectly studded with crucifixes and images, which also were attached to the bed curtains, the king seeming to have a nervous fear that if his gaze could not always rest on some emblem of the Christian's creed, his soul would be eternally lost.

Several days before he died he instructed the friar who had the key of the Royal Vault to look secretly at his father's coffin, to measure it, and to open it and see how the late Emperor Charles V. had been laid, as he desired to be laid in the same manner. He then inquired from Don Juan Ruiz de Velasco for the crucifix and some candles of Our Lady of Montserrat, which years previously he had shown to him. The crucifix was found in the box, with the candles and the scourge Charles V. had used. The crucifix was now hung inside the bed curtains close to Philip's head. As to the candles, he instructed Don Fernando de Toledo to give him one with the crucifix just before he expired. His next curious command was that his coffin should be brought for him to see. The wood of which this was made has a rather remarkable history. The beams from which the planks were cut had formed the keel of a great Portuguese galleon, the Cinco Chagas, or Five Wounds of the Redeemer. Twenty years before this keel of the stranded vessel had been left lying abandoned on the sands of Lisbon, and Philip ordered this piece of timber to be brought to the Escorial, which was effected with much labor and a very heavy outlay of money. From this log the great cross was made that crowns the high altar in the Escorial, and on this is the crucifix of gilt bronze which is over seven feet long. The tree from which this log was cut is, says Sigüenza, called the Tree of Paradise, or in its own habitat in the East Indies Angel. The coffin was lined inside, by Philip's desire, with white satin and covered outside with a black cloth set in gold, having a cross of crimson satin, all the nails being gilt. He went carefully into the various minutiae of its appointments.

As he lay in his agony what visions may not have flitted before the dying man: the hosts of his own people whom he had tortured and sent to a miserable grave; the nobles whom he had beguiled to their doom and slaughtered; the shrieking women and the innocent babes, appearing again in their death agonies, and denouncing him before high heaven as their foul and bloody murderer! Well might the half-maddened king in his terror beg and implore the help of those high in ecclesiastical place to plead for him with the God whose every law he had so wantonly outraged. And that these men brought him any true consolation in his last moments appears to have been far from the case. He lay so still that the attendants believed he had ceased

to exist, and his face was now covered with a cloth. But presently he started up and again seized the crucifix, and, kissing it, fell back in agony. And so little by little life flickered, and then faded out, and silently Philip II. passed into the land of shadows, at 5 a. m., when the dawn was just breaking, and while the choir boys of the seminary were chanting the Mass of Matins. He died on September 13th, 1598, on the same day that, fourteen years before, the last stone had been laid to the Escorial. Philip II. departed this life, aged seventy-two, having miserably misgoverned Spain for forty-three years.—Temple Bar.

THE GREEN LIQUOR.

A Paris Woman's Slavery to Absinthe and Wretched Death.

Louise Bernard, who has just died from an overdose of absinthe, was the Jane Cakebread of Paris, says a correspondent. She lived in a blissful state of perpetual inebriation; but, unlike her London prototype, was not periodically in the police court or the jail. The police had grown tired of arresting her and taking her to the lockup. She lived in the Quinze Vingts quarter, near the place de la Nation, on the road to Vincennes, and her capacity for swallowing big potations of absinthe was proverbial in the district. The story was that she devoted herself to the bottle in order to drown an old disappointment. The only man she ever loved had jilted her, and she showed her misery in overflowing bumper of the terrible liquor which steals away the senses and corrodes brain and body as the rust eats into metal. When overcome at night by drink, when she contrived to obtain, nobody ever knew how, she sank down in a heap under a doorway and slept unmolested until the morning air woke her up and sent her shivering and grinning to her dismal garret. Louise Bernard carried on this dangerous game for a long time, but absinthe, which never leaves its victim, has at length claimed her for its own. The other day she broke wildly into the police commissariat of the boulevard Diderot brandishing in her raised hands a bottle of her favorite liquor. She offered the stuff to the policemen on duty, who naturally refused to imbibe. Their chief, who was present, ordered the bottle to be seized and its owner to be interned until she became at least partially sober. Louise Bernard, although half mad and dazed with liquor, had a presentiment of what was coming, so she dashed like lightning out into the street, and, before the policemen had time to interfere, she had swallowed a large dose of neat absinthe. It was the last straw, or rather drop, for Louise fell an inanimate mass on the pavement, and when she was conveyed home to her wretched garret it was discovered that she was dead.

HUMILIATED PHARAOH.

His Mummy Entered Cairo in the Category of Dried Fish.

The official Egyptian has apparently no particular respect for the remains of his ancestors, even when these are of royal lineage. Brugsch Bey, who has been assisting M. de Morgan, the Egyptologist, in his explorations, recently discovered a mummy—believed to be one of the Pharaohs—and prepared to transport the prize to Cairo. On reaching the railway station he resolutely declined to confide his precious package to the luggage-van. This the officials did not greatly mind, but they compelled the discoverer to take a first-class ticket for Pharaoh as well as one for himself. On reaching Cairo there was fresh trouble with the "octroi" officials. "What have you got there?" Brugsch Bey was asked. "A mummy," was the reply. "Ah, you can't get through without paying." "But," urged Pharaoh's guardian, "mummies surely don't pay 'octroi' duty?" "Don't they?" replied the official, "we will see what the register says." Here the entire staff consulted the register, but, strangely enough, the article in question had been overlooked by the Administration. "Well, said the officer, "we will enter that as dried fish; duty, 3 piastres!" And so poor Pharaoh was compelled to make his solemn entry into Cairo under the degrading category of dried fish.

SERVANTS NOT LIABLE.

Two recent decisions by English justices will be of interest to housekeepers this side of the sea. In the first case a servant sued her mistress for the sum of \$1.25, such sum having been deducted from her wages for breakages. The judge decided in the servant's favor, holding that she could not be made to pay, except under a special agreement. In summing up he said: "She is not liable. If she does not suit you can get rid of her. Without a contract you cannot stop wages for breakages." In the second case the servant sued for wages, claiming she had been wrongfully dismissed. The testimony of the defence was to the effect that the mistress was a great invalid and a person to whom quiet was essential, and the servant was a persistent and noisy singer, carolling the popular songs of the day all over the house. She would not stop when she was requested to, and the judge very sensibly held that she made herself sufficiently a nuisance to deserve dismissal.

STRONG.

"She has a strong personality," he muttered. It was a thought that confused him with its strangeness. "Wonderfully strong." Had he not with his own eyes seen her personality precipitated from a bicycle to the stone pavement without injury?

EXPLAINED.

Jinks (at a party)—I don't see what's the matter with that pretty woman over there. She was awfully flirty a little while ago, and now she won't have anything to do with me. Stranger—I have just come in. She's my wife.

MARRIAGE IN ANCIENT ATHENS.

They Say the Athenian Lasses Had No Courtship.

THE NEW WOMAN IS DIFFERENT.

Of love, as an element in marriage, the Greek maiden knew nothing; the choice of a husband was no concern of hers, and custom would have precluded her making his acquaintance before the wedding day. She was won, but not wooed. The strange, subtle growth of passion, attaining both consummation and sanction in a union blessed by family and State, did not enter into her experience. She was the instrument of an arrangement, which on one side was a mere family bargain, but on another side was of national importance. For on the insignificant thread of a girl's destiny depended the purity of the race. No marriage, except with an Athenian citizen, was considered valid. When the substantial part of the business, the dowry and the agreements, had been settled by the higher powers, came the preliminary sacrifice to the tutelary gods of marriage, the lock of hair dedicated to Artemis, and the offerings to Hera and the Fates. This sacrifice was performed by the father, and might be a few days before the marriage. When the great day arrived, the young bride had various mystic rites to go through, among the most important and solemn of which was the ceremonial bathing in water brought from the Spring Callirhoe. Both bride and bridegroom must bathe in this sacred water, which was fetched for the purpose by a relative of youthful age. Of such profound significance was this rite that over the tombs of those who died unmarried was frequently represented the figure of a girl carrying water—perhaps to show, that the rite, having been omitted on earth, would have to be performed in Hades.

At nightfall the bride, often scarcely more than a frightened child, must leave for the first time and for ever, her father's house, and, seated in a chariot drawn by mules or oxen, on a sort of couch placed therein for the purpose, on one side of her the unknown companion of all her future life, and on the other one of his intimate friends, arrayed in festive attire, with a long veil and a crown on her head; her bridegroom also crowned and adorned, she was conveyed to her new home. Joyful was the throng of relatives and friends that accompanied this car of triumph on its progress through the streets, with singing of the Hymen song, sound of flutes and blaze of torches; the bride's own mother carrying one that had been duly kindled at the family hearth. Arrived at the bridegroom's house (where the wedding feast usually took place) the bridal pair were received with showers of sweetmeats, and under-hanging garlands, and entertained at a banquet with their friends—whose presence, indeed (no civic rite being performed), served instead of documentary evidence of the marriage. In this banquet the bride's mother, sisters and female relatives took part, admitted for once to a gathering of men, though they must sit at different tables. The feast over, the bride, still veiled, was conducted to the bridal chamber, where she and her bridegroom must eat together the symbolic quince, ordained to be so partaken by a law of Solon, and said to represent the sweetness of their conversation. Then would fall on her the voices of her girl-friends chanting the marriage song, the epithalamium, outside the chamber-door; those friends with whom she had shared the pleasures of her short child-life, but from whom she was now separated by a mystic barrier, which she could never cross again.

Not for two days yet might the bride appear unveiled, and during this time the wedding gifts were received, among which was the ceremonial presentation of a special kind of cloak by the bride to the bridegroom; and the marriage ceremonies were completed when, shortly afterwards, with another sacrifice and banquet, the husband enrolled his wife in his own clan, and registered his marriage. Except for the presence of one trusted servant, who generally accompanied the young bride to her new home, the former ties were almost entirely loosed, and she belonged as completely and solely to her husband's family as she had formerly belonged to her father's.—Atalanta.

A PIECE OF HER MIND.

A lady correspondent has this to say:

"I want to give a piece of my mind to a certain class who object to advertising, when it costs them anything—this won't cost them a cent.

I suffered a living death for nearly two years with headaches, backache, in pain standing or walking, was being literally dragged out of existence, my misery increased by drugging.

At last, in despair, I committed the sin of trying an advertised medicine, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and it restored me to the blessedness of sound health. I honor the physician who, when he knows he can cure, has the moral courage to advertise the fact. The medicine mentioned cures all the delicate diseases peculiar to females, as "Female Weakness," periodical pains, irregularities, nervous prostration, spasms, chorea or St. Vitus' Dance, sleeplessness, threatened insanity.

To permanently cure constipation, biliousness, indigestion or dyspepsia, use Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets.

In Siam, until a few years ago, a heavy tax was levied on umbrellas. Every umbrella carrier had to pay

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Britain seems determined to keep ahead in the matter of navy. This year the bill amounts to about £20,000,000, a total of 88,850 men being provided for, an increase of 5,450 over last year. It is a costly business.

Wisconsin courts have decided that the franchises of corporations have a taxable value and come under the general law as to the taxation of property. The rights which are given them by the community ought to yield some return to the whole people.

There are 30,000 Indians engaged in farming in the States; 22,000 voted at last election, and they own 206,000 head of cattle and 1,284,000 sheep. Of Uncle Sam's 247,000 Indians, 189,000 are self-supporting, 35,000 pay taxes, and 30,000 are church members.

Wisconsin Lutherans are indignant at the Legislature for passing a law compelling the flying of a flag over the schools of the State, and they propose to fight it. They contend the Legislature might with as much show of reason pass a law to compel the wearing of claw-hammer, striped coats.

The Mail-Empire editorially says some Ontario cattle raisers have shipped their herds to the Northwest to be fattened for export. Those people who have had experience in shipping will feel some interest in seeing where the profit comes in—if there is any truth in the story, which on the face of it seems improbable.

Lord Lonsdale spent \$200,000 in four days entertaining Emperor William, and he was presented with a \$6,000 gold cigar box by the well pleased German. Little stories like this serve to make workmen and women in both England and Germany contented with their lot. They naturally ask who earned the \$200,000 that Lord Lonsdale could afford to spend so rapidly.

The report that the Chicago brewers have decided to shut up 2,000 of Chicago's 7,000 saloons ought to set some of the advocates of license reduction a thinking. Can it be that these brewers have begun to repent, and are taking this way of reducing the consumption of intoxicating liquors? If it follows that a reduction in the number of drinking places reduces the total business done those Chicago brewers would seem to be unselfish to the last degree.

The Germans who have taken a contract to go out and shoot or be shot whenever so ordered cheered lustily when Emperor William told them that he would have a silver ornament attached to their iron crosses. His recommendation that they should oppose the overthrow of the throne was not quite disinterested. The soldiers could be very comfortable under a republican form of government, but William would have to go to work and earn a living if that throne were kicked over.

Can you guess what will come next after the bicycle bloomer? Here is a hint of it. The beauty on the front cover of the September *Jenness Miller Monthly* is sitting a horse "man-fashion," yet looks withal most modest, sweet and womanly. There is, says the *Monthly*, no dodging the fact that that is the proper way for anyone to ride, and it's the way all women will ride sooner or later. Indeed, there are thousands of women in California to-day who ride on a "cross" saddle, though many eastern readers may be surprised to learn it.

What to do with one's hands while making a speech has puzzled many an amateur orator. Whether to hide them in one's pocket or behind one's back, to grasp a chair with them, or to use them in sawing the air—that is the question. The boys are laughing about a speaker at a dinner party in Hamilton last week, who saved time while he was on his feet by, taking his penknife from his pocket and paring his finger nails. He was so engrossed in his theme that he was quite unaware of his toilet performance.

The war upon the pestiferous toy pistol, whose poisonous paper caps have caused so many cases of lock-jaw, has begun in earnest. In his Fourth of July proclamation the Mayor of Chicago says: "The sale or gift of toy pistols or metal or paper caps to children is absolutely prohibited. Any violation of this provision will subject the offender to arrest and a fine of \$50. Parents are especially requested to protect their children against the dangers resulting from the use of such toy pistols and percussion caps and other dangerous ex-

plosives." The fulminate of mercury used in these caps makes a very poisonous burn, and it would be in the interest of juvenile safety if they were done away with here.

Rev. Father Doyle, of the Paulist Fathers, says: "The days of theological scalping have gone by. The policy to-day is not to emphasize our differences, but to reaffirm more and more our agreements. The points on which many Christian denominations agree are many, and those wherein we differ are, after all, but a few, and the less notice taken of those few the closer we shall come together." That is a good healthy sentiment. As we become more intelligent, more really Christianized in the true sense, we shall be more brotherly. As he remarks: "After all, most of our religious antipathies come from not knowing each other. If we were personal friends, meeting frequently, entering into some good work for civic purity or anything else, we would appreciate each other's motives better, and have a higher respect for each other's religious life."

BETTER THAN ROAST BEEF.

A Venerable Maori Chief's Talks of Eating Human Flesh.

I managed to win the friendship and confidence of Heke, the great war chief, then a very old man, says a correspondent, and during one of our many conversations I bluntly asked him to tell me about the cannibalism of his countrymen. He was not at all offended, as I feared he might be. He appeared to regard my inquisition as an incentive to free speech, and I took advantage of it.

"You see," he said, "Te Atua" (the name they give their supreme deity) "did not provide us with animals upon whose flesh we could support life. We had only such fish as we could catch, such few fowls of the air as we could bring down, and the moa, a great bird twelve or fourteen feet high. Well, to support the whole nation the fish of the sea and the few fowls of the air were not sufficient. We were, therefore, compelled to hunt the moa, and it was not long before we had exterminated the bird, gigantic as he was. What, then, remained to us? The flesh on our own bones. We tried it at a time when we were famishing, and we found it good."

I imagined that he distinctly smacked his lips at this point. I asked him whether he had ever indulged in that addition to the human menu.

"Yes," he replied, without hesitation, "I have eaten human flesh." I had an idea that there was a slight moisture at the corner of his mouth as he spoke; and, decidedly, his eyes were brighter as they rested upon me. I may say, parenthetically, that I was young at this period, somewhat inclined toward stoutness, and had not indulged in the use of rum or tobacco. I did not like the look he gave me. However, I continued the subject by asking what, in a general way, was his opinion of the gastronomic qualities of human flesh.

"Good!" he replied, smacking his lips. "I have eaten your cuts of beef, your rounds of roast, your legs of mutton and your stews, and all the rest, but I am an old man and I cannot forget old customs. I am telling truth. I would prefer a bit of man—a man steak or a man chop—to all your new-fangled meats, no matter how served up."

I asked him whether the taste for human flesh was still strong among his countrymen, and he replied: "No, we find the pig better eating, and, besides that, since the introduction of the potato, we have eaten much less animal food, but, of course, some of the old fellows, like myself, look back with pleasure to the fire lighted in front of the great idol, and the smell of a roasting enemy."

KILLED THE BEAST.

By her bravery, Miss Jackie Williams saved herself and two little sisters from being mangled by an alligator yesterday. The girls left home to visit a neighbor's, Miss Jackie taking along a Winchester rifle, with which she is an expert. They remained at the neighbor's until late and then started home. Nearing their residence the girls discovered a huge alligator in the road. Miss Jackie immediately fired at the saurian, but the bullet did no damage. The shot enraged the alligator, and it rushed at the girls with its great jaws open. The little girls ran behind Miss Jackie, screaming. The older girl retreated with her face to the saurian, firing as she backed. The bullets, however, reached no vital spot, and the alligator still pursued. Finally the girl tripped and fell backwards, and the alligator was upon her. Luckily she retained hold of the rifle, and as the saurian came up she thrust the gun into its gaping mouth and fired. The bullet sped into the monster's vitals and it was soon dead. As Miss Jackie pulled the trigger, after thrusting the muzzle into the alligator's mouth, she fainted, and when men, whom her sister's screams had attracted, came, the girl was found unconscious, with the dead saurian at her feet. The alligator's mouth was pried open to release the gun, and its teeth had dented the steel.—Titusville, Fla., corr. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

THE NARR BIBLE.

The German *Narr Bible* takes its name from an intentional error. The printer's wife had a quarrel with her husband, and to get revenge stole into his office one night and made a change in the sixteenth verse of the third chapter of Genesis. She altered the word *Herr*, Lord, to *Narr*, fool. The result of the jest was that her husband was hanged and she was imprisoned for life.

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LOCALS.

Dr. Millard has been appointed resident physician for Comox.

Mr. Dave Anthony has thrown away his crutch. An ordinary cane answers well enough now.

Mr. Walters of Courtenay is digging a cellar for a two story dwelling on Penrith ave., next west of A. D. Williams. The building will be constructed of brick.

Ladies, when you want a dress made cheap and pretty, call on Miss A. Ferguson, at the Waverly Hotel.

Walter Rennison and Lucius Cliffe shot two buck elk on Tuesday in the Oyster River section. They weighed 500 lb. each, dressed, and their antlers were fine and brought a good price.

The Nanaimo Mail says: Observation and experience have demonstrated that it is the active, wide-awake business man or firm who advertises that is the most accommodating, sells the cheapest and deals the most liberally in every way with patrons.

500 pairs of wool socks to be cleared at \$1.50 per dozen at Leiser's.

Rev. A. B. Winchester, superintendent of Chinese missions on the Coast, formally opened the Chinese mission at China town, on Thursday evening. The house was crowded and addresses were made by Mr. Winchester in both English and Chinese. Rev. D. McIntyre, and Messrs Hall and Randall made addresses.

SAD AFFAIR

John Ellison Rowe, a miner, while working in No. 4 shaft on the 17th inst. was struck by falling rock and killed. He leaves a wife and three children. He arrived a year ago from the old country and was for a few weeks at Wellington, since which time he has been a resident of Union. He injured his leg awhile ago and has been on but a few shifts since.

Coroner Abrams empaneled as a jury John Campbell, Ed. McKim, Ed. Jones, Wm. Davidson, Geo. Hawkins, M. Mitchell and Chas. Van Houten, who after viewing the body proceeded to the scene of the accident. In the evening they met at the new court house. A dispatch from Archie Dick, Inspector of Mines was here received, requesting an adjournment until 7 p. m. of next Wednesday to enable him to be present, which was accordingly done.

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that there will be a meeting of the creditors of the assigned estate of F. A. Anley of Union B. C. at the Riverside Hotel, Courtenay, on the 25th day of October, 1895, at which meeting I will submit a statement of the condition of said estate and ask to be discharged as assignee.

Sept. 24, 1895.

W. A. Mathewson, assignee

SPECIAL PRIZES

Joseph Hunter, M. P. offers the following Special Prizes at the Exhibition of the Agricultural Association at Courtenay, Oct. 3d:

1. A gold medal for the best milk cow exhibited, of any age or breed—must have been bred and raised in the district.
- 2.—A silver medal for the best bushel of potatoes of any variety.

PARTNERSHIP DISSOLUTION

To all whom it may concern: Take notice that the partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned and Richard Carter, jr. as blacksmiths under the firm name of Leighton & Carter is dissolved from the 4th day of September last, 1895.

The said Richard Carter jr. retires from the firm. The business will be carried on by the undersigned.

Dated at Comox, B. C. this fourth day of September, A. D. 1895.

Geo. Leighton

NOTICE

All interested in the public brass band of Union are requested to attend at the Old Reading Room hall—now band practising room—Wednesday evening, September 25th at 7.30 o'clock. A dozen good instruments have already been secured.

Geo. Robertson, Sec'y.

NOTICE

My ranch of 160 acres, one mile from Comox Bay. It has a good house, barn, chicken house, and 20 acres of cultivated and, all in good condition.

J. W. McKenzie, Courtenay

NOTICE

Courtenay, May 13th, 1895.—To all interested: I have this day appointed Mr Tom Beckensell to collect all outstanding accounts due to the Anley estate during my temporary absence from the district.

W.A. Mathewson, Assignee.

CUMBERLAND SHOE SHOP.

I have moved into my new shop on First St. next to the Customs office, where I am prepared to manufacture and repair all kinds of men's, women's, and children's shoes. Give me a call.

Nelson Parks.

HARNESS SHOP

I have opened a Harness Shop in building corner 3rd st and Dursmuir Ave, Union, opposite to the THE NEWS, where I will keep in stock and make to order all kinds of harnesses and everything in my line at reasonable prices. Also will neatly and promptly do repairing, and carriage trimming.

The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited.

Wesley Willard

JAMES ABRAMS

Notary Public.

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

Agent for the Provincial Building and Loan Association of Toronto.

Union, B. C.

W. CHENEY & CO.

AUCTIONEER AND COMMISSION MERCHANT

UNION, B. C.

Will handle all kinds of goods, including

Farmers Produce

Give us a call

BARKER & POTTS,

BARRISTERS,

SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, &c. Office Room 2, McPhee & Moore Bld'g and at NANAIMO, B. C.

P. O. DRAWER 18.

F. Curran

SCAVENGER

UNION, B. C.

WAVERLY HOUSE.

W.H Davidson, Lessee.

NOW READY FOR THE RECEPTION OF GUESTS. FIRST CLASS ACCOMMODATION FOR THE TRAVELLING PUBLIC. RATES REDUCED TO REGULAR BOARDERS

By the month, \$25.
By the week \$8.
Single meals, 50 cts.
Tickets for 21 meals, \$5.00

EVERY CONVENIENCE FOR MINERS

Cumberland Hotel.

Union, B. C.

The finest hotel building

Fixtures and Bar

North of Victoria,

And the best kept house.

Spacious Billiard Room

and new

Billiard and Pool Tables

Best of Wines and Liquors.

J. Picket, Prop.

Robert J. Wenborn.

Machine Works, Nanaimo

Dealer in the following Bicycles:

H. P. Davis of Toronto

English Wheels, Beaston, Humber, Rudge, New Howe and Whitworth. Will sell on installment plan or big discount for cash. Parts supplied—Repairing a Specialty. Great Reduction in Prices.

Esquimalt & Nanaimo R'y

Time Table No. 24,

To take effect at 8.00 a. m. on Friday, April 5th 1895. Trains run on Pacific Standard Time.

Station	South Bound, Read U.	North Bound, Read U.
Victoria	8:00 a.m.	8:00 a.m.
Esquimalt	8:15 a.m.	8:15 a.m.
Langford	8:30 a.m.	8:30 a.m.
Colby Hill	8:45 a.m.	8:45 a.m.
McPherson's	9:00 a.m.	9:00 a.m.
Someone	9:15 a.m.	9:15 a.m.
Wesley	9:30 a.m.	9:30 a.m.
Oyster Bay	9:45 a.m.	9:45 a.m.
Nanaimo	10:00 a.m.	10:00 a.m.
Wellington	10:15 a.m.	10:15 a.m.

On Fridays, Saturdays and Sundays Return Tickets will be issued between all points for a fare and a quarter, good for return not later than Sunday.

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

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

Through rates between Victoria and Comox. Mileage and Commutation Tickets can be obtained on application to Ticket Agent, Victoria, Duncan's and Nanaimo Stations.

A. DUNSMUIR, President.
JOSEPH HUNTER, Gen'l Supt.
H. K. PRIOR, Gen. Freight and Passenger Agt.

J. Theobald,

House and Sign Painter,

Paper-Hanging, Kalsomining and Decorating.

GRAINING A SPECIALTY.

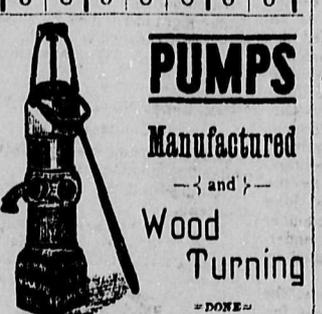
All Orders Promptly Attended to Union, B. C.



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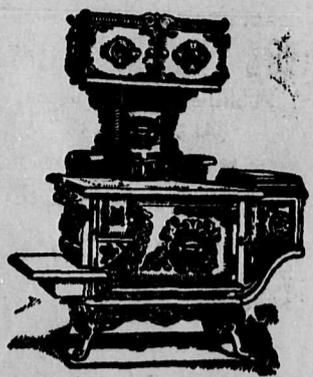


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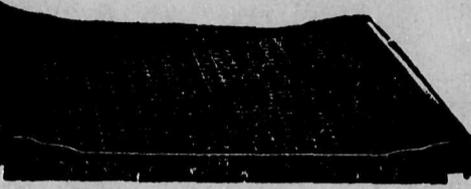
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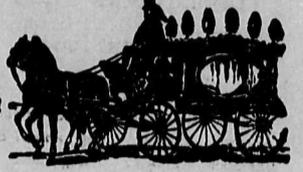


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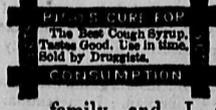
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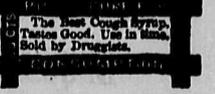
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I presume we have used over one hundred bottles of Pisco's Cure for Consumption in my family, and I am continually advising others to get it. Undoubtedly it is the

Best Cough Medicine

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



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My Stock for 1895 is now arriving and when complete will be the largest in the Province.



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Full Catalogue now out.

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

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Manufactures the finest cigars on employes none but white labor. Why purchase inferior foreign cigars when you can obtain a SUPERIOR ARTICLE for the same money

10,000 FEET ABOVE THE SEA.

Laborious and Difficult Task of Aconite Collectors.

The Poisonous Plant Gathered by the Sirba Bhotians on the Singallias Mountain Range—Organized Bands Comprised of Both Sexes—Their Superstitious and Demon-Worship.

Writing about the aconite collected by Sirba Bhotians dwelling in the Darjiling district, who occasionally make a journey to this country, Bhutan, a contributor to Chambers' Journal, says: Of the deadly nightshade tribe, the aconite is a plant which yields to none in the virulent poison of its roots. It is to be found growing at an elevation of 10,000 feet above the sea level, and among other places on the Singallias, a mountain range which is the watershed boundary between Nepal and British territory northwest of Darjiling. Here two classes of aconite, *Aconitum palmatum* and *Napellus* or *Nepalus*, grow freely.

Aconitum palmatum is collected in abundance at Tongioo, the southern termination of the Singallias; but *Nepalus*, the more poisonous variety, requires a higher elevation in which to thrive. It takes kindly to the bleak, rugged crags of Sundakphoo (12,929 feet) and is to be found under the rhododendron covers and cold, shady water-courses. It seldom grows taller than three feet, a single stalk with blue flowers springing from each bulb or root. The natives, especially the hill-tribes, take aconite in its crude state as a remedy for various ailments, and every Bhotia has a few dried roots put away in some secure corner of his hut.

Early in October, when the aconite root has matured, one of the leading men of the village organizes a party comprised of both sexes. He, for the time being, becomes their leader, settles all disputes and quarrels while out in camp, and, while keeping an account of the general expenses, supplies to each the daily requirements in the way of food. His first step is to take out a "permit" from the forest department, which costs 15 rupees. (If the party is proceeding to the Nepal hills no permit is required, but a toll is charged at each station on every load.) He wraps the pass up in a rag, and place it in his network bag of valuables, collects his hand together and sets out for the higher ranges. They travel as lightly as possible, each carrying a thumri, or large bamboo basket, which contains a brass pot for cooking, a flat iron spoon to help out the rice, with a sufficient quantity of rice and vegetables to last five or six days. They also carry a thick Bhotian blanket, with the indispensable kukri or hatchet-knife, used also by the Gorkhas, fastened through the waistband. A strong sapling serves as a walking stick and as a support for the basket, which is not unstrapped from the back until a halt is made. When tired, they relieve themselves by balancing their load on the stick.

The first stoppage in their march is generally made near a running stream, when they remove the burdens off their backs and light a fire or two of brushwood by the aid of flint and steel carried in the sheaths of their kukris. They do not drain the water off the rice, as is generally done, but eat it in a moist mass on big leaves fetched out of the jungle, with vegetables fried in oil, and an amazing number of hot chillies. One hour sees them through their meal and ready to continue the march again. When evening comes on they make a second halt in some desirable place to spend the night, where they knock up temporary shelters made of bamboos, to keep off the night dew, squat round the fires they have lighted, crack jokes and relate adventures they have met with. The headman, who is usually the centre of attraction, has a fund of stories at his command. Or if a lama—as is not unfrequently the case—is the leader of the party, he gives extracts out of their religious writings. It is an interesting sight to see him perched on a raised bit of ground, with his followers lying round him in all postures, gazing with rapt attention while he gives episodes out of their sacred books. The Bhotians are of the Buddhist religion, and own as their spiritual head the Great Lama of Tibet; but the Buddhism to which they adhere is much interwoven with demon-worship.

As night advances, and the party thinks it is time to retire, they disappear within their bamboo shelters, taking the precaution to put their kukris under their heads, in case of a night attack from the robber tribes who hover about the frontier. Some of the harder of the Sirbas sleep in the open air, with a blanket about them, heedless of the cutting wind and thermometer at zero. They are generally followed by a big woolly Tibetan dog, a fierce looking animal resembling a bear, with large blue eyes. It sleeps during the day, and keeps watch at night, giving low growls every now and then.

As soon as the party has arrived at the slopes where aconite is plentiful, they build bamboo huts about five feet high, with leaves for the roofs, and make the place generally habitable. After their morning meal, each shoulder his basket, and takes a spade, for which a handle has been made from a jungle sapling. They start for the slopes lower down, leaving the dog and one of the company behind in charge of the camp. Before beginning operations, a ceremony has to be performed.

The Nepalese seldom take up the trade of aconite collecting, as they have a superstition that the presiding demon of the hills imprisons evil spirits in this plant, which fly out as soon as it is dug up, and inflict dire calamity on the digger. Bhotians

have this superstition also, with a remedy. They always have in their party a destroyer of these spirits; and every morning before digging, the lama, standing on a convenient hill, with his crowd around him, makes a fire and burns some dhuna, a sort of resin, then putting two fingers in his mouth, he gives several shrill whistles. All wait in breathless silence till an answering whistle is heard, an echo, the cry of a bird—pheasant as a rule—from the gorge below, or the southing of the wind among the pines, which they take as the dying dirge of the spirits.

Thus satisfied, they commence the digging, shake out the mud and throw the roots into the basket. By evening you can see them climbing up the hillsides from various directions, making for the encampment, where they empty out the contents of their baskets in heaps, cover them with bamboo leaves, to keep out the heavy frost of the night. The collectors work in couples, and during the day the roots are spread out to dry in the sun. When a sufficient quantity is collected and dried, bamboo frames are made, with a fire below on which the aconite is placed when the frame has died out. Three to four days over this artificial heat dries up the root. While the firing process is going on, the man attending to it has a cloth tied round his head, covering his nose, as it is injurious to inhale the fumes. It causes a feeling of heaviness, followed by symptoms not unlike intoxication.

While the aconite is drying, the collectors fill in their time snaring pheasants, which come to the open country to feed, trapping musk deer, which are plentiful on the Singallias, and shooting various other kinds of game to supply their immediate wants. The live pheasants and deer they put into bamboo baskets and bring into the stations for sale. The whole trip generally lasts a month; and when sufficient aconite has been collected and dried, the roots are packed in baskets, with other goods and chattels on the top, which make a very decent load, varying from 120 to 200 pounds.

HELL WAS NEEDED.

An Old Negro's Advice to Henry Ward Beecher.

I met at the Normandie the other day one of the salt of the earth. He hails from Tennessee, and was before the war the largest slave owner in the State. Talking about the old days, he mentioned the following incident:

"Beecher's sermons were read in nearly all the negro churches, and commented on and elucidated by the preachers. One Sunday afternoon the preacher at our church came over to consult with me about the sermon of the morning, which he said he had read to his congregation without having first digested it himself, and he feared he had done great damage thereby. He pointed out a part of the sermon where Mr. Beecher said he did not believe there was a hell for the punishment of the wicked, but did believe in a heaven for the good."

"Is it so that Misser Beecher he say dat?" queried the preacher. "Is it so nuff? De papers ain't stuck in dat fur fun, is dey? Did Misser Beecher say dar ain't no hell fur de wicked?"

I assured him that Mr. Beecher had certainly made that statement.

"Den, whut 's gwine ter say is dis, dat yo'd better tell Misser Beecher ter quit sending such sermons roun' among de niggers. Massa, it ain't de love ob heaven dat keeps good niggers out'a yo' chicken coop at night, but de fear ob hell. 's go't to run roun' an' count'ac' de impression ob dat sermon I done read dis mornin'! Ef I don't dey will be more scapness of poultry in dis naborhood to-night den dey eber wuz before since las' Christmas. 's gwine ter be mighty 'ticular 'bout dem sermons of de Reb'nun Misser Beecher after dis."—New York Press.

PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT.

Prince Bismarck has decided to devote the fund placed at his disposal in honor of the eightieth anniversary of his birth to the building of a home of the blind (confederation) in Berlin. His decision meets general satisfaction.

Thomas Addis Emmet, who died in New York city on Thursday, aged 60 years, was a native of New York. He was named for his grandfather, who came to this country in 1804 and was a brother of Robert Emmet, the Irish patriot.

Uncle Bill Hess, of Elk Garden, Va., was 109 years old June 21st last. He has 32 children, 175 grandchildren and 90 great grandchildren. Elk Garden has two other aged residents, Mrs. Sarah Shelton, who is 108 years old, and Mrs. Dorton, who is 101.

It isn't so very long since Dr. Koch, the famous German discoverer of the "consumption cure," was almost worshipped. Of late, however, where he is best known, tablets and other mementoes glorifying him have been quietly removed or destroyed.

ONE EXPERIENCE SUFFICIENT.

Mrs. Newed—Darling, if I should die would you get another wife?
Mrs. Newed—No.
Mrs. Newed—Do you mean it?
Newed—I swear it!
Mrs. Newed—Oh, you dear ducky darling! Why wouldn't you?
Newed—Because I know when I've got enough.

HARD TO BELIEVE.

A new fad this season among society belles is answering invitations in verse. The hostess who has to read them will surely be overcome with regret. This will prove a new terror to hostesses. She will never know what a Browningite whether the invited one has accepted or rejected her invitation.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

New York claims to have had the largest baseball crowd in the history of the game on last Memorial Day, the attendance having reached 25,500.

DANSE DU VENTRE IN COURT.

All the Women Paid \$25 Fine Except a Turk From Chicago.

PASSED THE HAT FOR HER.

There was a three hours' performance in Coney Island's Police Court, says the New York Herald, beside which Gilbert and Sullivan's "Trial by Jury" is decidedly dull.

The occasion was the trial of four "couchee couchee" dancers, who were arrested on August 15th, Justice Steers on the bench. The prosecution was conducted by the detective who made the arrests, Antonio Vachris.

That the case might receive the intelligent consideration warranted by its importance this jury was impaneled: Timothy Hurley, mechanic; Benjamin Cohen, hotelkeeper; Frank Yokel, saloon keeper; Leopold Newman, formerly real estate agent for John Y. McKane; James Cleveland, insurance agent, and Frank Burkart, saloon manager.

The prisoners were Maselle Fradana, Omene Abrian, Abdallah Cadad and Lizzie Smith. They were represented by Lawyer George C. Eldridge.

Detective Vachris said he had made the arrests at nine o'clock at night at Bushman's Algerian Theatre. His sense of delicacy had prompted him to stop the performance and arrest the dancers.

At this point the jury insisted on having particulars.

"I can give you a good imitation of the dance," said Vachris, whereupon he removed his coat and entertained the jury with an imitation of the *danse du ventre*. No *couchee* were permitted by the Court.

The defence then had an inning. Detective Sergeant Daniel Daly, of the Brooklyn Central Office, declared that he had seen the dancers on the night of the arrest. They were graceful and delicate. Each of the prisoners denied in turn that there was anything indelicate or suggestive in the dance she had presented.

The jurymen looked gravely at one another. They also looked at Maselle Fradana, the most comely of the prisoners.

Miss Fradana was then called. Her father, she said, was an Indian, her mother a Spaniard. She was born in Mexico. She was at present dancing as an Egyptian.

At the request of the conscientious jury she threw off her voluminous white silk mantle and stood forth in red Turkish trousers, surmounted by a tight fitting sky blue jacket. Her black eyes flashed and she shook out a wreath of hair of the hue of a parrot's wings.

Stepping into the lawyer's inclosure at the command of the jury she began the dance for which she had been arrested. Then the absence of an orchestra was noted. A "whistling Turk" of the Bowery variety, began to whistle the well-known strains of the Midway Plaisance.

Maselle threw herself into the evolutions of the "couchee couchee" with abandon. The dance lasted fifteen minutes, during which time the jury spoke no word.

The dancer then explained to the jury that the carpet somewhat impeded her movements. She said she was familiar with all French and Spanish dances, and that her methods were those of Carmendita and the best exponents of the dances of southern Europe.

Much surprise was expressed when the jury, after twelve minutes' deliberation, found all the prisoners guilty, with a strong recommendation to mercy. The Justice fined the prisoners \$25 each. The fines were promptly paid, except in the case of Lizzie Smith, who is an Egyptian, from Chicago. The hat thereupon passed around among the jurors, who contributed the amount of Miss Smith's fine, and she was set at liberty.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

Ingratitude is so deadly a poison that it destroys the very bosom in which it is harbored.

None more impatiently suffer injuries than those who are most forward in doing them to others.

We are sent into this world to make it better and happier; and in proportion as we do so we make ourselves both.

Concentration is the secret of strength in politics, in war, in trade—in short, in all management of human affairs.

Let your wit rather serve you as a buckler to defend yourself by a handsome reply, than the sword to wound others, though with ever so facetious reproach; remembering that a word cuts deeper than a sharp weapon, and the wound it makes is longer curing.

He who is open without levity, generous without waste, secret without craft, humble without meanness, bold without insolence, cautious without anxiety, regular yet not formal, mild yet not timid, firm yet not tyrannical, passes the ordeal of honor, friendship, virtue.

I have been more and more convinced, the more I think of it, that in general pride is at the bottom of all great mistakes. All the other passions do occasional good; but whenever pride puts in its word, everything goes wrong; and what it might really be desirable to do quietly and innocently, it is morally dangerous to do proudly.

HER THOUGHTS.

With sober and reflective air
She sat within her pew,
And on the pulpit fixed her eyes,
As pious people do;

And while the preacher read his text
And talked at length upon it,
She wondered what the congregation
Thought of her Dutch bonnet.

When you show some men a favor,
Instead of appreciating it, they flatter themselves that they have worked you.—Athens Globe.

Woman's World.

SEASONABLE DISHES.

Summer Foods Which Will Tempt the Weakest Appetite.

To Dress Cucumbers.—Gather, or buy from market early, peel and put on ice until dinner, then slice as thin as possible and put with sliced onions in a dish. Salt and pepper freely, pour a cup of vinegar over them, and lay ice on top.

Omelet with Corn.—Prepare as you do baked omelet, but at the last, before putting into the pan, add a cupful of green corn cut from the cob. Pour the omelet into the frying-pan containing two tablespoonfuls of butter, and cook, loosening it constantly from the bottom with a knife to prevent its scorching. When done, double over and serve.

Green Corn Pie.—One quart of green corn, canned corn will do, one teaspoonful of sweet cream, one heaping tablespoonful of butter, salt and pepper to taste. Have ready two nicely stewed chickens, put a layer of corn in a baking dish and then a layer of chicken, and so on until all has been put in the pan, letting the last layer be corn. Pour over it chicken gravy and the cream, and bake in a moderate oven.

Baked Peach Pudding.—Peel and have a quart of fine ripe peaches, stew them till softened, and while still hot put them in a pudding dish, add sugar to the taste, and pour over them a batter made as follows: For one quart of milk six eggs and six tablespoonfuls of flour. Beat the eggs, the yolks and whites separately, stir the flour to a paste with half a cupful of cold milk, put the remainder of the milk over to boil, and add the yolks to the flour. When the milk boils add it to the mixture and stir till it thickens; then add the whites, quickly beat the whole and pour it over the peaches. Bake for thirty minutes, and serve with a sauce of thin mustard.

TO EUROPE FOR DRESSES.

There is said to be 200 women in New York who go to Europe twice a year to buy their dresses. The number of men who cross the water for their new wardrobe is much greater, as many men take the opportunity of running over to Europe for rest, recreation and business, all combined.

SILK CHAT.

Taffetas pointille comes in narrow, fancy stripes in all of the fashionable colorings, alternating with white.

Checked taffetas are quite the rage, but are more used for waists than for entire dresses.

Large figures are again seen, but it is not at all probable that they will displace the neat designs so fashionable. Some of the rich brocades designed for dresses of ceremony seem more suitable for curtains and furniture coverings than for gowns.

Well-covered Persian patterns in quaint designs have the merit of novelty. Scroll designs are stylish.

There are any number of new fabrics, such as mohair and goat's hair, both plain and embroidered, also lenos and Mozambiques.—Le Bon Ton.

BLOOMERS IN FULL BLOOM.

San Francisco women, says the New York Sun, have gathered all the most expert wheelwomen of the city into a club, whose first law is that every member must wear bloomers. Bloomers are the main feature of the club uniform, and no member is permitted to ride in public except in regulation club attire. It is the pioneer bloomer club of the Pacific coast, and probably the first club organized on this line in the country.

The bloomer club is a big success, too. It now numbers more than 40 members, all recognized as clever wheelwomen. It is worth noting, too, that its President, Vice-President, Treasurer, Captain and First and Second Lieutenants are all married women, and a good proportion of the members are also wives and mothers.

ARTICLES THAT SELL WELL.

Little girls' frocks of large silk plaids worn with a white guimpe.

Short cloth capes of one or two layers having sailor collar effects.

Frocks of pinhead checks, ceru and a color for girls of 5 to 15 years.

China silk in tucks and Valenciennes lace edging and insertion for plastron fronts.

Various new and fanciful shapes of wings and quilts for trimming small hats.

White dresses showing entire waists and sleeves of embroidery for small girls.

Dresden china blotters, candlestick holders, trays, etc., for the writing desk.

Mourning costumes of Henrietta having large collar effects of English crepe.

Red serge reefers having a removable collar of white plique for girls' seaside wear.—Dry Goods Economist.

IT IS WELL TO REMEMBER.

That a clean apron worn while hanging the clothes helps keep them clean.

That a pair of white gloves or mittens are a comfort to hands taken from hot sudas to hang clothes in zero weather; also a close-fitting jacket and hood to keep one from catching cold.

That sheets folded across bringing the wide and narrow hems together, then folded again, then ironed across both sides are finished quickly, and look as well as if more time was spent on them.

That the fine, as soon as its duty is ended, should be reeled up and placed in a bag until next time.

That clothes when brought in should be separated and folded at once; if allowed to lie together, many wrinkles accumulate.

That clothes carefully folded and sprinkled are half ironed.

That dish towels and common towels can be ironed just as well in half

the time, if folded together once, as if ironed singly.

That pillow-slips should be ironed lengthwise instead of crosswise, if one wishes to iron wrinkles out instead of in.—Good Housekeeping.

CAPRICES OF FASHION.

More novel than one box plait down the front of the skirt is one down each side.

The fashion of wearing white at the throat is not so prevalent as it was in the spring.

It is quite safe to have any silk gown, or a light wool designed for early autumn wear, made with ruffled skirt.

Some very elegant plaid silk blouses are being devised by fashionable modistes to wear with tailor-made costumes.

Plaids are very fashionable and will be all the fall. They are made now in cottons and silks and every variety of gauze.

Pretty dresses for afternoon and evening wear at fashionable summer resorts are made of the soft, light pineapple silks, so popular this season.

The new skirts are not especially heavy. They are interlined with hair cloth for several inches, and some of them have a light, flexible wire inserted in the hem.

A black cloth suit is novel and handsome, and the skirt is original if it shows some attempt at draping—very slight, it is true, but conspicuous because of its novelty.

FASTEST BOAT IN THE WORLD.

H. M. S. Ardent Can Make Thirty Knots An Hour.

The torpedo boat Ardent, recently built by J. I. Thornycroft & Co., has made the fastest time recorded. Engineering says the boat is 200 feet long, 19 feet wide and 14 feet deep. The vessel is twin screw, and the engines are of the three-stage compound type, having cylinders 19 inches in diameter and 27 inches in diameter for the high and intermediate pressure cylinders respectively, while there are two low-pressure cylinders to each set of engines, each of which is also 27 inches in diameter. The boilers are of the Thornycroft type, similar in general design to those of the Daring. It will be remembered that in the Daring boilers there were two close walls of tubes forming the exterior of the furnace space or combustion chamber; the products of combustion passing to a space, or uptake, in the centre of the boiler between the two furnaces. In the Ardent's boilers the same outer rows of adjacent tubes are retained, but bent inward toward the furnace space is a row of other tubes, which, however, are not touching each other, so that the heated gases can pass between them to the walls of tubes at the back. In this way an addition has been made to the heating surface, and, though the back tubes are somewhat masked, the arrangement has resulted in more steam being generated, with a corresponding increase in power developed by the engines.

The trial of Friday last, as stated, was of a preliminary nature, the official trial, with all weights on board being yet to be made. It will be remembered that occasion was taken, when making the preliminary trials of the Daring, to get runs at progressive speeds, and the same course was followed with the Ardent in order to get further evidence bearing upon the performance of these vessels. It will be remembered that the Daring made 7.36 knots at 91 revolutions, 14.2 knots at 175 revolutions, 18.3 knots at 238 revolutions, 23.4 knots at 322 revolutions, and finally 28.656 knots at 384.3 revolutions, the steam pressure being 200 pounds, and the power 4,842 indicated horse-power of the latter run. Daring's speed has been exceeded by the later and longer vessel, but it has required an increase of power for the purpose, the Ardent's engines giving about 5,000 horse-power on the last pair of runs. The absence of vibration, which has been so happy a characteristic of the later vessels of this class, was also noticeable in the Ardent, while another improvement was the very small amount of flame to be seen at the tops of the chimneys, even when running at highest speed.

THE NEW COMMANDER.

Major-General Gascoigne, who succeeds Major-General Herbert as British officer commanding the Canadian Militia, is, like his predecessor, a Guardsman. He is in command of the Scots Guards, and has seen active service with his regiment. He took part as a Major in the Egyptian campaign of 1882, and served in the Sudan in 1885. He received the medal with two clasps and the Khedive's Star for his gallantry. He has had much to do with the training of the volunteers in recent years, and at the moment is Deputy-Adjutant-General of the District of London in the Volunteer service. He was promoted from Colonel to Major-General only a few weeks ago.

AN URGENT LANDLADY.

An aged lady complained to a London Magistrate that because she was a little behind with her rent her landlady followed her to church and asked her for it there. The landlady came into the pew alongside of her, and when she was joining in the responses was constantly whispering to her about her rent. When it came to the response "Incline our hearts," the landlady would add "to pay our rent." The Magistrate said it was very annoying, but there was nothing illegal about it.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

TELEGRAPH AND TELEPHONE IN SWEDEN.

Sweden's state telephones soon to be connected with the state telegraph. Instead of addresses the telephone numbers will be used, the telegraph clerk looking up the address. Messages may be telephoned to the telegraph office and telephoned back, thus dispensing with the greater number of the messenger boys, as in Sweden nearly everyone uses the telephone.

"WHAT YOU DID NOT SAY."

There is many a word that a man may say, And the memory of it may make him weep. Mayhap some heart that is kind and true, Like a red pomegranate, is rent in two, When out of the soul the passions leap, And, storming the portals of speech, they rush into cruel words that condemn and crush. But the pang you never may know, I pray, Is the woe of the word you did not say. The word that you ought to have said to him Who put up his pleading face to ask For a father's smile; and whose eyes went dim With tears at your answer, stern and grim: "Child, let me alone till I end my task." Now he vexes no more, yet you often go To the grave of the lad you slighted so, And call through the grass in the quiet clay And sob out the word that you did not say. The word that you ought to have said to her Whom long ago you did lovingly woo With gifts and graces; but tears now blur The sight of the bloom of the lavender, That brings old summers again, and you How she lists and longs for the tender tone Of the days gone by! When you stand alone, Your face in her lilies you then will lay, And wail out the word that you did not say. The word that you ought to have said to the dear Old pair by the fireside need it so. It is better to speak, more blessed to hear Your word of praise, while they both are near. How free would your filial affection flow, If you knew how we, who without them trod All the way of life, are entreating God, Who took them from us that some time they, In his heaven may hear what we did not say.

THE BOW-LEG BOY.

Who should come up the road one day But the doctor-man in his two-wheel shay; And he whooped his horse and he cried "Aho!" I have brought you folks a bow-leg boy Such a cute little boy Such a dear little bow-leg boy!" He took out his bag and he opened it wide, And there was the bow-leg boy inside! And when they saw that cunning little might They cried in a chorus expressive of delight, "What a cute little boy! What a funny little boy! What a dear little bow-leg boy!" Observing a strict geometrical law, They cut off his panties with a circular saw; Which gave such a stress to his oval stride That the people he met invariably cried, "What a cute little boy! What a funny little boy! What a dear little bow-leg boy!" They gave him a wheel and away he went Speeding along to his heart's content; And he sits so straight and he pedals so strong That the folks all say as he bows along, "What a cute little boy! What a funny little boy! What a dear little bow-leg boy!" With his eyes aflame and his cheeks aglow He laughs "aha" and he laughs "oho!" And the world is filled and thrilled with the joy Of that jolly little human, the bow-leg boy— The cute little boy! The funny little boy! The dear little bow-leg boy! If ever a doctor-man comes my way With his wonderful box in his two-wheel shay, I'll ask for the treasure I'd fain possess— Now, honest Injun! can't you guess? Why, a cute little boy— A funny little boy— A dear little bow-leg boy! —Eugene Field.

IN DAYS OF OLD.

In days of old, when warriors bold Wore helmet, sword and shield, Did they catch hold of locks of gold, When on the football field? Were youngsters taught that when they fought For glory or for fame, 'Twas right to slug the other mug, Until they called the game? Were pads then worn, with locks unshorn, And cots brought on the field? Did sweethearts bawl and heroes fall, When heads were punched and heels? Were eyes of blue a ghastly hue And game legs all the rage, In olden times and other elms, Where gridlions were the stage? Did broken limbs and flendish whims Entitle youthful cranks To smash the nose of all their foes And call them "college pranks"?

THE MYSTERY OF A COBBLER.

James Smith limped into town one night coming from a place which he did not name until many years had passed. Nobody knew him, yet in some mysterious way he made friends of two or three men who were supposed to have sympathy with him because of his unfortunate condition. Surely his appearance appealed to the tender-hearted. His clothing was worn so that it was a marvel how he kept it upon his body. His cheeks were sunken like those of a man who has endured great privations. A scar across his forehead gave suggestion of a grievous hurt, and a maimed leg revealed to those who saw him some hint of the sufferings which he had been compelled to endure. Why he came to that little New England town he never told excepting that he sometimes said a kind Providence brought him there. It was clear that the past of the man had been dramatic, but it was a secret which he did not tell until old age came upon him. If he was once a wicked man, as some suggested, he was all mildness and patience and of kindly spirit when he settled in that town. Some thought that he was playing a part, and that he had put on the cloak of gentle piety the better to conceal his mystery. But as the months passed into years he persuaded all that his profession was sincere, so that even the clergymen sometimes spoke of him as a man who in dire poverty nevertheless in his daily life exemplified the commandment of Christ.

Not many days after James Smith came into that town he set up a little cobbler's shop. He had told the men of kindly heart to whom he spoke that his lameness made it impossible for him to work at heavier labor, but he said that he had learned the cobbler's trade, and that if he had no more than enough to buy him tools, a bench and a little leather he could perhaps support himself. They gave him a little money and he set up his shop, a little cell-like place just big enough to turn around in. There Smith labored from sunrise till long past the setting of the sun, and he made a quaint picture in the winter evenings when, with a whale-oil lamp set upon a shelf just above his head and a tallow candle, with a bottle serving as candlestick, at his side, waxed down to the shoemaker's bench for greater firmness, some of the townfolk were entertained in these winter evenings by Smith's quaint philosophy. Never more than two at a time were in his shop, for so small was it that no more than that could be seated there conveniently. But often it happened that two of the merchants, now and then the able lawyer and a friend, would step in to Smith's shop as they passed by and listen to his gentle philosophy, his quaint comments, which he emphasized with rhythmic blows of his shoemaker's hammer upon the shoe he was repairing.

One day Colonel Caleb Sloane, a man of much aristocratic dignity, and who yearned for political honors, ventured into the shop that he might get some repairing done, for Smith had gained the repute of an honest workman whose charges were moderate. Colonel Sloane watched Smith at his work for a few moments and then said with his accustomed bluntness: "Smith, you work at the bench as some of the prisoners in the state's prison shoe shop work. Just as likely as not you were there yourself."

Smith looked up quickly, put down his tools, and for a moment there seemed to be something like fright suggested by his glance. Colonel Sloane noticed it, and he said to him: "Ah, I have guessed right. You have been in prison."

"Whether I have been in prison or not, I shall not say," Smith replied, "but I am not in prison now, and I am earning my living honestly, with a heart full of gratitude to God."

Colonel Sloane went away, persuaded that he had in part solved the mystery of James Smith, and the next day, being impelled by his evil nature, he stepped into Smith's shop and said to him: "Smith, I feel friendly to you, but I want you to answer me one question—were you ever in irons?"

Just an instant a fierce light shone in Smith's eyes. Colonel Sloane stepped back a little alarmed, for he thought he saw Smith's hand with a spasmodic, nervous motion grasp a shoe knife that had been ground to the fineness of a razor's edge. But a moment later Smith was all gentleness again, and a sad smile came to his lips as he said: "Colonel Sloane, I will answer your question if you will never ask me another about my past. It is true I was once in irons, but that was long ago."

So from the man of dignity and aristocratic pretensions, Colonel Sloane, there came the report that this gentle cobbler, James Smith, had once been a fierce evil doer—so fierce that he had been put in irons, and that the mystery of his life would, if revealed, tell a story of crime. However, none dared hint to Smith of this suspicion, and after a little it gave him a romantic interest which perhaps helped his business somewhat.

Perhaps a year after Smith came to that town a woman came as mysteriously as he. She was his wife, he said, and, if affection true and tender be taken as a witness of marriage, then there could be no doubt that these two were man and wife. She was a patient woman, saying few words, content to make her husband comfortable in the little home he had prepared.

One year passed very like another and Smith was getting along to middle age, when a great event occurred in that town. He had two children at that time, one a girl of 16 and

the other a lad of 18. They had been brought up among the humblest surroundings, but Smith was ambitious for them, and he burned his whale oil lamp and tallow candle even later in the night, so that he might earn enough to make it possible for them to get such education as the newly established public schools of that town gave.

The children of the rich and well to do, while having respect for Philip and Lucretia, which were the names of James Smith's children, nevertheless shunned them. They had respect for this boy and girl because they were good scholars in the school; they shunned them because Smith was a poor cobbler, because, too, there was the mystery of his early life, and for another reason which by and by will be made clear. The eventual occasion was the coming to that town of the agent of a great publishing house. He was announced to speak in the public school one day and it was said he would make a proposition as interesting as it was unusual. Therefore many of the parents of the scholars were there that afternoon and it was a gala day, because, besides this agent, the minister, who afterwards became a distinguished divine and friend of Lincoln, and because Colonel Caleb Sloane, who had some gift of oratory, was going to speak.

The scholars were all arrayed in their best. The girls with bright ribbons and white dresses, all except Lucretia Smith, who wore a clean but simple calico and who had no ribbon in her hair, while Philip Smith, her brother, was equally conspicuous among the boys because of the plainness of his apparel.

The agent being introduced spoke of the value to the young which was in a knowledge of the English language, so that it could be used and spelled correctly. He then said that he had been authorized to offer as prizes two dictionaries, one an unabridged, the other a smaller compilation. The first of these prizes was to be given to that scholar who spelled correctly twenty words, and the second to be given to that one who spelled the largest number less than twenty correctly. If more than one were successful then the honors would be equal, but the prizes would be awarded by lot.

When this announcement was made, Colonel Caleb Sloane looked with pride upon his son, a lad of 17, of whom the colonel expected great things. While he had arrogance and strength and selfishness in all other matters, the colonel in his fondness for this son was a weakling, so that he was even jealous of all others who threatened to gain supremacy over the boy, and once or twice had done injury in a minor way to the fathers of two or three boys who had proved successful rivals to the son in the little tests that sometimes are made in schools. Everybody who saw Colonel Sloane that afternoon was aware that he had set his heart upon his son taking the honors, not that he cared about the dictionary, for he was rich enough to buy the son many costly books, but that his pride might be tickled by the exaltation of the son above his fellows.

Preparations were at once made for testing the pupils. A committee, consisting of the clergyman, the agent and one other, was appointed to receive the lists of words after they had been written out by the scholars. Each scholar was to sign at the bottom of the list a word or mark, and in a separate envelope put a similar word or mark and also his or her name.

The agent began to read the list of words which the scholars were to spell out. He read slowly and waited until every scholar in the school announced that he or she had written the word. Then the agent pronounced the next word, and so on until he had called off the whole twenty. A few of them were difficult, some of them easy, and some of them neither easy nor difficult. It was a fair test, but the agent said to the committee that he was sure that no one of the scholars would spell every one of the 20 correctly.

"I have offered these prizes now in more than forty schools, and in not one of them have I found a scholar who could spell every word upon this list."

The committee, when the agent said this, had just retired to a recitation-room with the lists which the scholars had written upon the table before them. They were more than an hour in making the examination, and even the clergyman had to turn once to the dictionary, so that he might be sure of the spelling of one word. At the end of the hour the committee returned to the school-room, and the clergyman, turning to the teacher who held the envelopes which contained the cipher marks and names of the scholars by which the lists were to be identified, asked him to open the envelopes and identify two cipher marks. For some moments the school-room was in absolute silence. At last the teacher turned to the clergyman with a slip in his hand by which he identified one of the lists. As the name was recognized teacher and clergyman looked at each other for a moment with such expression as indicated amazement. Then another man was identified in the same manner and there was even more amazement. Then, turning to the school, the clergyman said:

"Mr. Brown (the agent) has said that in not one of the tests similar to this which have been made has any scholar spelled all the words correctly. He can no longer say that. One scholar here has done that. It is Lucretia Smith, and this unabridged dictionary which I now present to her, not only as her prize, but as the only prize of that kind which has been won. I am sure that you will all rejoice with me that this maiden, who is a faithful scholar, has gained this honor. But I think you will be a

little amazed, as I must confess the committee has been, when I announce to you that the second prize is taken by a scholar who has spelled eighteen words correctly, and that scholar is Philip Smith. Never before, I will venture to say, has there been such unusual honor and compliment as this, all the more conspicuous because of the extraordinary circumstances connected with these two successful competitors which I do not need to indicate.

None of those who saw the brother and sister go forward to receive the prizes had any other feeling than pleasure, and perhaps something of sympathy for these two almost neglected youths, excepting Colonel Caleb Sloane. He manifested his anger by pompously rising from his chair upon the platform and leaving the room, pausing at the door as he did so, to beckon to his son to follow him.

"He is angry because his son has been beaten by that poor Smith boy," was the comment that the visitors made to one another. Upon the following day Colonel Sloane called upon the cobbler and said to him: "Smith, this town is not big enough for you and me. I do not propose to leave it, but I propose to have you go. You are, I know, an escaped convict or prisoner, and if you do not take my advice and leave this place I shall notify those from whom you have escaped, and perhaps that would not be pleasant for you."

He looked so meaningfully at the poor shoemaker that Smith gave such evidence of fright as persuaded Colonel Sloane that he was right in what really was a mere surmise.

"Colonel Sloane," said the poor man, "I have never injured you and if I had thought that you would be annoyed at what took place yesterday I would not have allowed my boy to go to school that day. No, I could not have done that, for no one knew that those prizes were to be offered. Of course, it made me very glad to see my children, who are as dear to me as yours are to you, show that they had been faithful in their studies. Education is the only thing which I can give to them. By and by I shall be gone and they will be left to care for themselves, and you know very well how hard a struggle that will be for children such as mine are. Do not blame me or them for what took place yesterday. Do not feel hard toward me."

To this appeal Colonel Sloane made no reply, but he said as he departed from that little shop: "If you are not gone by to-morrow night, Smith, I will do just what I said I would."

For many moments after Sloane had departed Smith sat silent, thinking deeply. He did not know how much of his past Colonel Sloane had learned. He had lived for many years in awful dread of something which might happen to him because of that past. At last he arose, drew off the cobbler's apron, put on his coat, took his crutch and limped away to see a good man who had befriended him when he first came, and who was then so influential that he had become the candidate of his party for Governor of his State. With that man Smith spent an hour, and after that returned to his shop, seeming again to be happy. That evening the man whose advice he had sought called upon Colonel Sloane. He was one of those good men who in righteous anger can be impressive, and it was clear as he entered Colonel Sloane's house that he was possessed with indignation. What he said to Colonel Sloane these two men alone know, but after the meeting was over he went to the little cottage where Smith lived and said to him: "Possess your soul in peace, James, Colonel Sloane will not disturb you. He will not dare. He would be shunned by almost every man in this community if he were to carry out his threat."

And it was even as this good man had said. Colonel Sloane never in any way indicating that he was aware of his existence, nor did he ever trouble him. Yet the report of his anger and his threat and of his meeting with Smith's good friend spread abroad through that community, so that there was renewed excitement over the mystery of Smith and his past.

But there were happier things in store for the poor cobbler. The report of that unusual achievement of Smith's son and daughter, who had taken those prizes when offered in competition with the children of the rich, the favored, had spread abroad, so that there came offers of assistance from kind-hearted persons, even from remote places in the United States. Therefore it was possible for the daughter to receive a higher education at a seminary, and for the son to prepare for admission to Yale College. It was an exciting time in the country when these things were done. Mr. Lincoln had been inaugurated. He, too, had been told of the mystery of James Smith, and of the remarkable achievement of his children. It was in the winter of 1860, when Mr. Lincoln, for a brief time campaigning in the east, received at his hotel one evening after he had delivered his speech, the good man who had protected Smith and two or three others. In the silence of that chamber they told the orator of the west the story. They revealed to him the mysterious past of the poor cobbler. They told him that it was true that he was there in violation of the law, and that there had never been a moment since he came there when he was free from apprehension, liable to arrest, and to be placed in irons, and as they told this story to Mr. Lincoln the tears coursed down his cheeks. They also said that the one implacable enemy whom the poor man had gained in that town was a man who had gained prominence in politics, and even then sought the nomination of his party for Governor.

A year later, when the call for volunteers was made by Mr. Lincoln, Smith was the most joyous man in that town. He went to his little savings, and taking from them one-half of all the money that he possessed he placed that sum in the hands of those who solicited subscriptions. He served in his humble way the men who volunteered. To the captain of the company he presented a pair of boots which he had made with exceeding care, and he was constant, in and out

of season, in his zeal. Nor did men wonder as they saw him doing this service that he should be thus inspired.

A year later Philip Smith entered Yale College, and passed his examination with honors. He was an unusual youth to be seen in that company of students who were his classmates. Many of them had heard of his student-like quality, so that he received their respect. Some of them treated him with contempt, for they saw that he was poor and unfortunate. In the same class was the son of Colonel Caleb Sloane, so that it happened that in the division of the class for convenience of recitation, young Sloane and Smith were seatmates in the recitation room. Sloane had gained some prominence because, in the papers of his State, frequent reference to his father and to the probability of his nomination for Governor were made. Smith was obscure, and yet his classmates often spoke of his brilliant recitations.

At the end of the first term the President of the college received a letter from Colonel Caleb Sloane. In it the colonel ventured a request. He said that it had been an annoyance to his son to sit beside young Smith in the recitation hour, and that the President must understand why a young man of the culture and refinement of his son was thus embarrassed. Therefore, it would be pleasant to the colonel if in the arrangement of the class for the succeeding term some disposition of Smith were made which would remove him from the association in the class-room with young Sloane.

A few days later Colonel Sloane received a letter of which the following is almost a literal copy:

"Colonel Caleb Sloane.—Dear Sir,—In reply to your letter requesting that another seatmate be found for your son, I would reply that it is unnecessary to make any special arrangement for that purpose. In the first term the class was separated into divisions alphabetically, and that brought your son and Smith side by side. The arrangements for the second term are such that the divisions will be constituted in accordance with merit to be established by the standing taken by the students in the first term. The reports indicate that young Smith will be in the first division and very near the head of it, while your son will be in the lowest division and very near the foot of it, therefore he will escape hereafter the embarrassment to which you refer."

Such correspondence as this was too interesting to be kept a secret. In some way the substance of it became known, and an enterprising editor learning of it published it in his paper. That subjected Colonel Sloane to ridicule and laughter, which are fatal to a political candidate. In that way he lost the nomination for Governor, but he could not be revenged upon the poor old cobbler, James Smith, for in the following summer President Lincoln had published a paper which served as a pardon for the offence which James Smith had committed.

They had a jubilee meeting in the town where Smith so long had lived, and when this proclamation of Mr. Lincoln which served as a pardon for James Smith was read, they brought the poor old man to the platform, and there he stood leaning upon his crutch, his eyes raised as though making grateful acknowledgment to God, while the good man who had befriended him said: "Now, my friends, I may tell you the mystery of James Smith, whom we have known so long, for no longer can the officers of the law seize him and put him in irons. He is a free man today, thanks be to God and President Lincoln. This poor man twenty years ago was a slave in Virginia. He escaped. He came by that mysterious way of which you have so often heard, the underground railway, and he came to me, for I was one of those who patrolled that dark passage. He was a fugitive slave, but there was a little band of us here who were bound to protect him, and we did it more than once. He could not have been taken from this community without a struggle. That was his crime. That was why he was compelled to keep his past a secret. He is a free man now."

The tears rolled down the cheeks of the man who had been a slave, and he could not speak, but no man in all that community from that time on until his death had more of the respect with which sympathy is associated than he. Sometimes they listened to his story of how he received the scar on his forehead, which was caused by the blow from an iron-knuckled overseer, and sometimes he told them how he had dragged his broken leg through the swamps when he was escaping. He lived long enough to see his children honored, for both his son and his daughter became teachers and missionaries among their own people in the south.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

Four hundred babies are born daily in London. The grandfather of the Rothschilds is said to have scarcely owned a penny in 1800. It is estimated that there are quite 13,000 different kinds of postage stamps in the world. The greatest size to which a horse has been known to grow is 20 1/2 hands high. This is the record of a Clydesdale which was on exhibition in England in 1889. The salary list of the Bank of England, including pensions, aggregates \$15,500,000 per annum. There are 1,100 employees in the bank.

APPRECIATION.

Baron von Bilk—Ah, ze great American girl is one treasury! Miss Banks—Oh, count, you mean treasure. Baron von Bilk—Vat difference it makes? It ez ze same; money ez money.

AN APPOINTMENT.

Young Husband—I think I shall have to go out to-night, my dear. I have an appointment. Young Wife—Oh, Tom, what is it? Young Husband—An appointment with my tailor, love. He is to call here to-night to collect his bill.

LATE LOCALS.

J. B. Holmes is on a business trip to Victoria.

There was a severe frost in the valley last week.

The frame of Theobald & Scott's two storey building is up.

The frame of Dr. Westwood's new house is up.

Mr. Calnan's house looks splendidly in its new coat of paint.

Ed. McKim's new house will soon be ready for occupancy.

Don't fail to call at Creech's fish and vegetable shop for whatever you want in his line.

Mr. Simon Leiser, who has been ill we are pleased to learn, is all right again, and as full of business as ever.

Next Sunday evening Rev. Mr. McIntyre will preach his farewell sermon. He expects to leave the following Friday for Edinburg for another year's study.

At the auction sale of two houses on Penrith avenue on Monday by auctioneer Cheney the east one sold to Frank Parks for \$700, and the other to Jack McKim for \$695.

Among the many fine houses of which Union can boast, that of Surveyor Smith is well to the front. It is arranged interiorly for comfort and according to the canons of good taste.

The 6th anniversary of Union lodge No. 11, I. O. O. F., will take place on the 17th of Oct. In the evening they will have, in their hall, a grand social and supper.

The Union Colliery Co. are clearing and fencing 40 acres of land at the upper end of the big meadow near the lake, for the use of Simon Leiser in connection with his extensive butchering business.

W. Cheney and D. R. O'Handley have engaged in the enterprise of erecting a Half Way house between Union and Courtenay. D. McDonald is the contractor.

If the gentleman who picked up the silver watch on Third st last Saturday morning will kindly return the same to me or leave it at the News office, he will be suitably rewarded.

A. C. Fulton.
Cold weather is here and that means stove pipe to a great many. Anderson makes the best in town, all double riveted and extra heavy, same price as machine made paper pipe now on the market.

The friends of Mr. E. E. Hunter, whose right hand was badly shattered by the explosion of a shot gun, about six weeks ago, are pleased to see him out again. He still carries his arm in a sling, but the wound is rapidly healing, and in another six weeks he will be his old self again.

Money to Loan

at low rate and easy terms.

Lots for sale in any part of town

Fine acre lots adjoining Cumberland Townsite.

164 acres on water front, near the Trent River; easy terms.

Williams & Hunter.

Where can I get good Tea

That problem has been solved by the arrival of a splendid consignment of the most reliable and choicest blendid Teas, including Lifton's, M. M. Pehoe, Souchong, ect., etc. Call and give it a trial.

THE GROCERY DEPARTMENT

is now well stocked WITH NEW GOODS. Prime Mild Eastern Cheese, Sugar Cured Hams and Bacon, Australian Canned Meats, Finan Haddie, etc., at lowest price at

J. B. HOLMES, UNION AND COMOX BAY

C. H. Tarbell has received a consignment of first class cooking stoves.

A lady died the other day in England leaving the local paper \$50,000. It is fervently hoped that her noble example (in the disposition of her wealth) will find some imitator in this particular part of the world.

The Willing Workers of St. Andrews church, Sandwick, will have a sale of work on Monday, Sept. 30th and in the evening will present a good programme, with foreign views explained by Mrs. Bentley. Some of the best talent of Union will assist.

The Union hospital acknowledges with thanks the receipt, during the past week, of some fine trout from Mr. A. Grant, nice salmon from Beaton & Co., illustrated papers from Mrs. Willepar, flowers from Mr. John J. R. Miller, and flowers and magazines from "aunty."

Stipendiary Magistrate Abrams has removed his office to the corner of Third st. and Dussmuir Ave—former News office.

Mr. J. McKim sen. was the victim of a bad accident last Tuesday evening as he was returning from Courtenay. He was a fourth of a mile on his journey it being dark, when his horse shied to one side, striking the front wheel against the end of a log running on to the edge of the road. The wheel bounded over followed by the hind wheel. The rebound threw Mr McKim out, and he lay stunned by the roadside until Mr. Mateer and others fortunately soon happening along, saw him and assisted him home. He received a severe contusion on the upper part of the face and after a few hours found himself pretty sore and lame. Happily nothing very serious resulted and he will soon be at his store again defying all competitors.

TO THE PUBLIC

As I shall carry on the business of blacksmithing hereafter in my own name I take this opportunity of thanking the public for the liberal patronage in the past and to solicit a continuance of the same in the future.
Sept. 4th, 1895. Geo Leighton

Dave Anthony's

Cigar and Fruit Store

2nd and Dussmuir Ave.

UNION, B. C.

NUTS, CANDIES, NOTIONS,

MINERS SUPPLIES.

BIRKBECK

Investment security Savings Co. of TORONTO

Advances money for Building.

Manager for Nanaimo, Wellington and Cumberland.

R L LEIGH-SPENCER

Head office, Commercial Street Nanaimo, B. C.

Miss Leigh-Spencer visits Union from this date on every boat succeeding payday, for collecting dues, and advancing the Company's business. Parties call at Cumberland Club

Directors Meeting Thursday evening 7.30. Next visit, October 2nd, 1895.

Fire, Life, Accident Insurance, Real Estate.

CUMBERLAND CLUB

UNION, B. C.

J. BRUCE, PRES.

W. S. DICKSON, SEC'Y & TREAS.

CLUB HOUSE

OPEN FROM 6 A. M. TO 2 P. M.

FOR MEMBERS ONLY.

MONEY

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

Mortgages purchased. Insurance effected.

MARCUS WOLFE

NANAIMO, B. C.

P. O. Drawer 17

Spring medicines for cleansing the system and blood at Pimbury's drug store.

This fall we will be able to show you the correct thing in all classes of

We have already received large Consignment of

Dry Goods
Clothing
Boots and Shoes
Neckwear
Boys Suits and Overcoats
Ladies and Childrens Jackets and Capes
Underwear and the famous Gurney and Tilden's

Merchandice

Stoves

For high class goods it will pay you to go

TO

LEISER'S