The Weekly News.

NO 21. COURTENAY, COMOX DISTRICT, B. C. WEDNESDAY, MAR. 29, 1893. $2.00 PER YEAR

Courtenay, B. C.

For Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes, Rubber Goods, Groceries, Flour, Feed and Provisions,

Go and see the prices at

McKIM'S STORE.

Courtenay, Comox District, B. C.

J. B. HOLMES

Importer and General Merchant

THE WHARF COMOX, B. C.

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

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

COURTENAY PHARMACY.

PURE DRUGS & PATENT MEDICINES

Also Fancy Toilet Articles

TOBACCO AND CIGARS.

UNION MINES FURNITURE ESTABLISHMENT

A Full Line of Everything

BUILDERS and CONTRACTOR

UNDERTAKING IN ALL ITS BRANCHES

Grant and McGregor Props.

... George Howe. ...

COMOX and UNION B. C.

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

Orders Filled on Short Notice.

OPPORTUNITY ARRIVED

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

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

Directly Through The Property

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

Office at Courtenay. Wm Cheney, Real EstateAgt

THE BEST PLACE IN B. C.

to buy

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

is

NICHOLLES and RENOUF

Victoria, B C

P O Box 86 S E Corner Yates and Broad

Correspondence solicited.

Dr. W. J. Young

Physician & Surgeon

OFFICE & RESIDENCE.

Courtenay Pharmacy

COURTENAY, B. C

Chas R Hardy & Co

Estate

And Financial Broker

Notary Public, Conveyancer.

Nanaimo. B. C.

UNION BAKERY

And Restaurant

OF

E. F. CLAY,

Courtenay B. C.

Best of everything in his line Always on hand.

We don't say that

It pays to raise Oats,

But if you HAVE to do so

It pays to sow good seed

We offer, for cash, a quanity of

The "American Banner Oats"

grown on new land.

Duncan Bros.

STAGE LINE

McArdle's fine stage will leave COURTENAY for COMOX at 1 p. m. on WEDNESDAYS, returning after mail hour.

On SATURDAY the stage will leave COURTENAY for COMOX at 8 a. m. Returning leave

COMOX for UNION MINES at 10 a. m., returning to Comox same evening.

WARNING

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

S. Creech

Gov. Agent.

McPhee & Moore.

COMOX, B C.

Importers & Dealers in

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

Sportsmens Supplies a Speciality

Riverside Hotel

Courtenay B C

J. J. Grant, Proprietor

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

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

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

The Courtenay Hotel

Leading hotel of Comox District

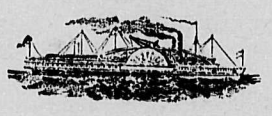
Everything first class.

Rates from $1.00 to $2.00

Bar supplied with choicest liquors

This section is the Paradise for Hunters and Fishermen, and a favorite resort for visitors from the cities.

R. Graham, Propr.



Esquimalt and Nanaimo Ry.

Steamer Joan

J. E. BUTLER, MASTER.

On and after Aug. 23rd, 1892

The Steamer JOAN will sail as follows

CALLING AT WAY PORTS;

Leave Victoria, Tuesday, 5 a. m.
" Nanaimo for Comox, Wednesday, 7 a. m
" Comox for Valdez Island, Thursday 7 a.m.
(Returning same day.)
Leave Comox for Nanaimo, Fridays, 7 a.m.
" Nanaimo for Victoria, Saturday, 7 a.m

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

Esquimalt & Nanaimo R'y.

Time Table No. 17,

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

Miles from Victoria	Stations	GOING SOUTH. READ UP No. 1 Passenger Daily	GOING SOUTH. READ UP No. 3 Passenger Saturdays Sundays.
		Ar 12 24	Ar 5 58
7	VICTORIA	12 20	5 54
13	RUSSELLS	12 10 PM	5 44
17	COLWOOD	11 45 AM	5 30
23	GOLDSTREAM	11 35	5 21
26	SUMMIT SIDING	11 30	5 16
31	SHAWNIGAN LE	11 20	5 11
34	MOBILE HILL	11 10	5 03
38	COBBLE HILL	10 57	4 53
45	MALAHAT	10 40	4 41
50	KOKSILAH	10 17	4 23
55	DUNCANS	10 02	4 11
63	COWICHAN	9 36	3 44
68	COMIOS	9 17	3 32
72	OYSTER HARBOR	9 05	3 22
78	OYSTER BAY	De 8 55	De 3 12
81	NANAIMO	8 25	2 14
92	WELLINGTON	Ar 8 10 AM	De 1 50 PM

Miles from Victoria	Stations	GOING NORTH READ DOWN No. 2 Passenger Daily.	GOING NORTH READ DOWN No. 4 Passenger Saturdays Sundays
		De 8 00 AM	De 2 30 PM
1		8 04	2 34
4		8 07	2 37
7		8 10	2 40
10		8 14	2 44
13		8 20	2 50
17		8 26	2 56
20		8 31	3 01
23		8 35	3 05
26		8 39	3 09
31		8 45	3 15
34		8 50	3 20
38		8 55	3 25
45		9 03	3 33
50		9 09	3 39
55		9 14	3 44
63		9 24	3 54
68		9 30	4 00
72		9 35	4 05
78		9 42	4 12
81		9 45	4 15
92		De 10 00	De 4 30
		Ar 11 00	Ar 5 30
		De 11 50	De 6 14
		Ar 12 10 PM	Ar 6 29

On Saturdays and Sundays

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

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

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

Through rates between Victoria and Comox

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

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

Society Cards

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

Ernest A. Holliday
Recorder.

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

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

Visiting Brothers cordially requested to attend.

W. J. Young
Secretary.

K. of P.

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

John Baird,
K. R. S.

T. C. Woods

Comox B. C.

Conducts a General

Teaming and Livery Business

His Stage Runs to Union and Returns Thursdays and Saturdays.

For Sale

521 Acres of Choice Land,

— and —

9 Horses, 100 Sheep, and 90 Cows together with

2 Mowing Machines, 1 Steel Roller

1 Reaping Machine, 1 Seed Sower,

1 Drill Sower, 1 Spring wagon, and Double Wagon.

Title deeds can be seen in my possession.

Adam McKelvey

Union Steamship Co. B.C.Ltd.

HEAD OFFICE and Wharf, Vancouver, B.C.

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

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

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

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

WM. WEBESTER, Manager.

Telephone 94 P. O. Box 217

J. W. McKenzie

Courtenay, B. C.

General Blacksmithing and Horse Shoeing.

Loggers' Work a Specialty.

Nob Hill Property.

Six and One Half Acres

on Nob Hill facing the Gulf

Splendid Fruit Land

free from wind and frost and suitable for a

Gentleman's Residence

Four Acres are in grass and the rest slashed. Price $600, balance three and six months.

Enquire at News Office.

Union Flashes.

Last Saturday was pay-day here, and of course is the most important day of the month to which others besides the miner look forward to. I stood watching them with interest as they filed up to the office window to receive their envelopes, which always contain the exact change. They were orderly, healthy and good looking for that matter. It is said large numbers of them belong to one or the other of the two temperance societies here, and its pleasant to know that they are making better use of their hard earned wages than paying it over the counter of a saloon

But little is said about the coming campain here. Everybody, or almost everybody here is for Hunter and it is said that the country part of the District is almost solid for him, while he will have many supporters even in Nanaimo.

Business is looming up. Grant & McGregor are shipping furniture to Denman Island, where the people are evidently slicking up. The mammouth store of Sam. Leiser is still the scene of the plane and hammer which may be taken as notes of improvements. Heavy shipments of goods are being received and on Wednesday's steamer it is said Mr. Leiser will be up himself to take a look after matters Grant & Mounce are as usual making things hum, and we notice that they are sending a good deal of material out through Courtenay. It is understood that a part of it is for Wm. Harmston's addition to his dwelling. Then there is McKim's new store. It is a stately looking building, and will be finished in a few days and much interest is manifest at its approaching opening. They will carry a good stock. Right opposite this or nearly so will be the new hotel, and we know of other enterprises in the embryo, but are not permitted for yet a while to take the reader into our confidence.

Dr. Lawrence's family are expected about the first of May

Duncan Ross, the popular teacher, will go down to the Capital on this week's steamer. He will return the following week.

Young Froggie is delighted, for Monday week there was quite an addition to the family of Mr. and Mrs. Tabacco— twins.

Mr. Wright, the weighman, is quite ill with an attack of bronchitis.

Last Friday Mrs. G. W. Clinton, Mrs. McFadden, and Mrs. J. Gidding left for Victoria.

Mrs. F. D. Little and children went below a few days ago, and Mr. Little learning of the sickness of his little child, left on Friday last to join his family.

Grant & Co's new shingle machine is in position and about ready to run.

The San Meteo left Friday with 4471 tons of very select coal.

Mr. Walter Harvey, customs inspector, will go down Friday to hand in his resignation. He can do better.

The trustees of Union school are promised the wherewithal to clear the school yard of stumps and put down a well.

Cortes Island Staws.

Mr. R. H. McClinton is back from town

Mr. John Mackie is home from a trip to Vancouver and Nanaimo.

It is said that Messrs Tibbetts, Morris and Nelson will hand-log in Bute Inlet this coming season.

Mr. Ferry is home again and it is hoped he will soon recover from his recent illness.

Mr. Youat is in Vancouver on a short business trip.

The Louis was in at Irelands last Saturday, and Mr. W. C. Ireland went north on her to get a boom from some of his hand loggers.

Mr. Chas. Dallas of Valdes Island has entered into partnership with M. C. Ireland and will in the future take charge of the store at Irelandville.

Mr. Hugh Campbell who spent most of the winter on the island is going north in a few days to prospect some of his mining claims, which we hope will turn out as well as they promise. Hugh's many friends wish him every success and greatly regret his leaving.

Both Messrs Gus Nelson and J. Ericcson have taken up claims in Gorge Harbor. This comprises all the available land on the harbour water front.

Mr. Manson has gone to town to bring up his steamer— the Stella— which he will utilize in connection with his store and hand logging interests' He has some large contracts to fill. A steamer owned by a settler and employed around the island will be much appreciated.

It seems a little strange that any one should cavil at any inhabitant of the island acting as a correspondent for the only local paper in this section. One can only understand that in those who are not even acquainted with a rudimentary knowledge of the three R's. It certainly is not harmful to the island or the settlers to figure in a local newspaper, even in a small way; and those who do not approve of it need not proclaim their views from the house top in a vain attempt to prevent it.

Baleron.

LATEST FROM CORTES IS.—The Comox brought up the necessary supplies last week for the new post office. Mr. Manson has been appointed post-master, and the office is expected to be opened April 1st.

Mr. Mose Ireland returned home by the Comox last week after a business trip to Victoria and Vancouver.

The SS. Iona sailed from Vancouver for Redonda Island with Mr. E. Wylie and a party of men and supplies to open the iron mine there.

Mr. W. G. Walker, a new arrival from the old country chartered the Union SS. Co's steamer Skidgate last week to convey him and family to the head of Bute Inlet where he has taken up a ranch. He speaks highly of the land up there.

Look at This

Anyone wishing to buy a good farm would do well to apply to me. Price of farm $2500, half cash, balance to suit the purchaser. Only open for a few days. Cattle, horses, truck wagon, buggy, and implements, also for sale

Jos. T. Grieve

Denman Island Notes.

March 27th.— Spring is advancing rapidly and many of the trees are budding out; and speaking of trees I am reminded that Mr. A. Berrow of Salt Spring Island has been here for some days in the interest of his nursery. He is filling some orders which he has received and perhaps taking others.

In a sketch of Denman Island which appeared some time ago the number of inhabitants was put down at 59. The figures had evidently been transposed, as 95 is the number.

Mr. Tom Piercy of "The La Piercy" place, so christened by Judge Crease, we suppose in honor of Mrs. Piercy, went down on the SS. Joan on Wednesday. What took him away I dont know, but he assuredly didn't go for his health, which as usual appears good.

Mrs. Piket and Miss. Piket went over to the Bay on Wednesday and from there by stage to Union.

We have lost one of our eligible bachelors—Theo. Nelson. He is not going to leave the island however, unless it be a journey usually denominated a honeymoon. He has simply grown tired of living alone and like a sensible man "has gone and done it". On Monday of this week (27th) he was united in marriage to Mrs. McFarland, also of the Island, the Rev. John Robson afficiating. Congratulations are pouring in, and the NEWS correspondent joins in wishing the worthy couple much happiness.

Mrs. J. Piket lost about a fortnight ago two valuable horses. She will put up as speedily as practicable an elegant two storey residence and has ordered the furniture of Grant & McGregor. The place is known as Mt. Pleasant, which certainly is a very appropriate name. It commands from its lofty height a beautiful view of the Gulf.

Mr. Nelson, the new benedict was up last week to Union for a few sacks of saw dust, and the wonder is what he is going to do with them. An explanation is in order.

Neil O'Handley was around the other day with a gentleman for the purpose of finding a wife. We dont mean that O'Handly was in search of one but that gentleman, although— well, who knows? The gentleman showed his good judgement in thinking here are to be found the most desirable wives, but they are not so easily caught. There's the trouble, and it is feared our friend got left.

A certain young lady in going to the lodge the other evening got stuck in the mud, and it is said that it took three young gentlemen to pull her out, and now there are several young ladies looking about to find the muddiest places.

The dogs have been destroying the sheep here lately, and those who are fattening mutton for other purposes than feeding their neighbors dogs are up "on their ear" about it, and its probable that unless the dogs are taken care of by their owners that they will be given some dainty pieces of poisoned beef. And it will serve them right to.

Formerly it was said there were no wolves here, but that isn't the case at present. A few weeks ago two wolves swam over, and were seen to land between McMillan's and Nixon's. Steps should be taken to rid the island of them. Hunting them should be a regular picnic for the boys. The NEWS has promised your correspondent to publish (at the proper time) a neat obituary of the party who shall serve the public by putting an end to the career of these miscreants.

Speck of Blood.

The usually quiet Farmers' Home between here and Union was the scene on Saturday evening of a bloody "scrimmage." Back of the home and connected with the same building is situated the shingle manufactory in charge of W—y Jones. A dusky daughter of the Forest presides over the Home, but for some reason one of the Japs connected with the shingle business was preparing some toast when an elongated specimen of humanity known as the Russian Fin, probably tired of waiting, and hungry after the toil of the week, seized the toast. Then the Jap began to jabber with his tongue, and that not having the desired effect took up the butcher knife and began to jab the Fin with that. The latter still holding on to the toast like "grim death to a nigger," grasped with his other hand a long bread knife and the two for some time made the place ring with the clash of steel. Jones interfered with a club with which he soon sent the knives kiting through the roof, but not until the Fin had slashed a steak or two off the side of the Jap, and lost a good "round piece" himself. At this juncture two Japs, one on either side siezed the Fin by his long flowing whiskers which they duly parted and then twisting them into a rope pulled him off the place.

The Fin was not seriously hurt but very wroth. He found a lodging place for the night at King's and the next morning came down to Courtenay where our reporter ran accross him, and got his story. The Fin had blood in his eye as well as on his hands and anxiously enquired for a "policeman". He was directed to the residence of the strongest man in town. Gen'l Jack Wilson, was then seen coming with Crawford's milk wagon, and our reporter being somewhat of a wag, sent word by him to Jones that a posse was being sworn in, and would be up there, and for the whole crew to take to bush.

We understand this advice was heeded and that during Sunday nobody was seen about the rancherie. At night, however, one after another of those who had left for the friendly shadow of the forest, stole cautiously back until all had returned, when it was decided to place one of their number down the road a way to give the alarm in case of danger.

Notice

Is hereby given that the partnership heretofore extsting between the undersigned as carpenters, builders and undertakers of Courtenay, B.C., under the firm name and style of McCann & Cessford has been dissolved but the business will be carried on the same as before by Mr. J.W. Mc Cann.

J.W. McCann
Robt Cessford

Athletic Club's ad next week. Screaming farce. Lots of fun. Look out for it.

Local Brevities

What's new? Cubb,s Cough Cure is new, effectual and speedy.

Mr. John Piercy went down to the Capital last Wednesday.

Sam. Creech, the Government agent, returned from Victoria last week.

Lewis Casey, of King and Casey, came up on last steamer day.

John Fraser, of Fraser and Thomas has been spending the past week in Nanaimo

Mr. Joseph McPhee is enclosing the plat of ground to the east of his residence, with a neat picket fence.

Capital is demanding 18 per cent per annum interest hereabouts, but probably only getting that amount in very exceptional cases.

A large consignment of Cochrane, Cassels & Co's celebrated boots and shoes have arrived at McKims, every pair guaranteed.

Mr. J. Berkeley has put a verandah on the front extension of his residence, much improving its appearance.

Howard Gotheope, the logger, who is well known hereabouts, has fallen heir to $175,000. The property is in New Hampshire. A party went up north on the last trip of the Danube to look him up.

Tom Lever has left for Wales, where he will come into possession of an estate of not less than $25,000. What his intentions are with respect to the future we are not informed.

McPhee & Moore are enterprising merchants. They keep Cubb's Cough Cure.

Mrs. James McKim left Friday morning on the SS Joan for the Capital. She is a most accomplished milliner and is expected to bring back the latest ideas on the subject.

McAllister & Co have completed their logging contract with Urquhart Bros. The boys worked hard, but it is feared that they did not acquire so much riches as experience in the transaction.

Communications must be in by Saturday, or at least by Monday morning, to ensue publication in the following issue

The show window of McPhee and Moore's store at the Bay contains a large and attractive variety of gent's hats, each variety of which has a tag with its name and price. We were pleased to note that the best looking hat was named The Courtenay

Mr. Robert Hall, the storekeeper at Valdes Island was in town last week and favored us with a call.

Pull down your vest. Commerford & Morgan of Nanaimo make suits so that you dont have to pull down your vest. They fit. So says Dr. Young a patron and friend of theirs.

If a crowd becomes turbulent at Bob. Graham's he has a very effectual remedy. He just shuts up shop, and the fellows disperse.

We receive orders for Brownlee's commercial map of the Province. It is a fine map and will answer all the purpose of the fifteen dollar one, and is a home production Can be seen at our offiee.

The SS, Rainbow was up to Union wharf on Friday for fuel. She was bound north and intends to make weekly trips.

The tug Mystery was up last Friday and took away 205 tons of washed coal.

Cubb's Cough Cure is leading in the cities as the safest, surest, and speediest remedy for Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough and kindred ailments.

A Good Cart

for sale at $50. Enquire of

R. Grant & Co., Union

Potatoes

R. Grant & Co of Union, B. C. have 25 tons of good potatoes for sale.

Real Estate Snaps.

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

Notice

Subscribers at Union, who have not paid will confer a favor by handing the amount due, to Mr. T. D. McLean, jeweler, who will receipt for the same.

Canada Western.

The result so far of the work of this vaunted company may be summed up in the statement that it has run a survey line 35 miles from nowhere to nowhere; so far as railroad connections go. We say this without reflecting on the location at either end of this unbusiness like survey The Bay is all right now, we hope some day Duluth will be. But having finished the survey, doesn't it seem a little singular that this corporation which has n't lifted a shovel of dirt, can't pay off the survey party, when their work is ended? To-day is three weeks that they have been tented out here awaiting their pay. The men were told that the money was to come from the outside, and that the company was not fully organized, but it would be all right. We sincerely hope the steamer of today will bring up the money, and that the men will not be cheated out of their hard earnings. The whole thing has looked badly for a long time and now it begins to smell badly. Let us cover it decently with a little earth, and then turn backward with averted face.

Public Meeting

In view of the money appropriated for roads and bridges in this district, and the current reports as to the dangerous condition of the long bridge, we suggest a meeting of our citizens at the schoolhouse in Courtenay, as the most central place, for Monday evening April 3rd at 7 o'clock to consider these matters, and take such action as they shall deem proper.

Robert Grant, Jos. McPhee, J. W. McKenzie, John Mundell, W. E. Harmston, S. F. Crawford.

All persons who were members of the Comox Aricultural Society, organized in 1874, are requested to be present at the above named time and place to consider and act upon such business as shall be brought before them.

S. F. Crawford.
Late Secretary.

THE SENORITA'S VOW.

Among the most respectable and reliable Texo-Mexican citizens during the Garza raids was one Senor Don Camillo, whose ranch was tucked away in a bend of the Rio Grande, about half-way between Brownsville and Laredo. This ranch was a cozy enough place when the Gulf breezes sang through its peach orchards and the mesquite grass grew green to the doorstep, and the bluejays and mocking-birds swam and sang in the sunshine. A fit setting, indeed, it seemed, for old Camillo's motherless daughter, the handsome Margarita. A strange, new phase of life was old Camillo's talk of war to the innocent Margarita whose only conception of battle was the bold raid of the rangers after a horse thief, a fence cutter or a road agent. She listened to the grave talk of her father and the padre, as she ground her tortillas, or sat in the sunshine stringing the long pods of chile into scarlet festoons, and her Spanish heart thrilled at the mention of such high-sounding words as "right," "liberty," "adventure" and "booty." She almost wished that she were a man, so she might swell the rank of the demanding people. As it was, she would wait till Sunday and tell Philipe about it. Philipe was her lover, a young sheep herder, whom because of his empty purse and lowly calling, old Carrillo thought not a worthy suitor for his daughter's hand.

Philipe Onendez was the type of a peculiar class of men in the West. Though not educated, his mind was stored with the very best kind of knowledge—the knowledge which comes of experience, independence of thought and reflection. Herding his sheep on the still mesas, alone with creatures dumb only as to human speech, communing with the wind, the sun and stars, reading of the great writers, he had arrived at conclusions and defined meanings which could not be false, having nature and mind at their base.

Having been drilled in the public schools in the foundation of language, he was enabled to appreciate books, which, as he had them not in superabundance, were to him treasures not to be lightly thought of. Yet he lived on simply and crudely. He had tried when he was younger to live in town, clerking in a dry goods store, and availing himself of "society" as it is in a border Texas town, but he could not endure it. It was during this attempt at "civilization" that he had met Margarita Camillo, a shy little maiden attending the convent in the same town, spending her Saturdays and Sundays at the house where Philipe was boarding.

The two untamed young hearts had leaped warm to each other, and both had gone back gladly to the prairies, the herds, the freedom and beauty of ranch life.

Camillo's disapprobation of her lover was the one wrinkled leaf in the rose bed of the happy Margarita's life, and quick leapt her eager, loving little heart to a plan of revealing her Philipe in his true light to her father. She could scarcely await the passage of each long sunny Spring day till Sunday should bring her lover. But at last the day came. She helped old Margo about her work all the morning, in order to kill time; then she strolled off, languid of foot, but eager of heart, toward the river. As soon as she was out of sight of the house she ran, skimming along the trail by the river, to the place where she was in the habit of meeting Philipe. Soon she heard the sound of his horse's feet, keeping time to his voice as he was singing "La Golandrina," the song which to the Mexicans is the same as our "Home, Sweet Home" to us:

Adonda ira velozy fauizeda,
La golandrina que da aqui si va?
O'si en el aire gemera extraviada
Buscando abigo y no lo escountrara,

She hid behind a tree and waited till he was just opposite her; then springing forward, caught his bridle rein and demanded in mock bravado: "Quien vive!"

"Margarita!" exclaimed Philipe, dismounting and taking her in his arms.

"No, senor!" she went on teasingly, trying to free herself from his clasp. "Not Margarita, but a friend of Garza! The pass word of your life!"

"That and that!" said Philipe, kissing her on each cheek. "Now tell me what you know about Garza!"

"Everything," she answered, proudly; "even that on this revolutionary ladder of Garza's favor you, my Philipe, must rise to the less honorable but to us more important favor of my father."

"Why, what a little plotter you are!" exclaimed Philipe, kissing her again. "Where and when have you learned all these State secrets?"

"At home from my father and the padre. They talk Garza and la libertad all the day and night, Philipe. I listen and resolve 'now shall my Philipe prove to them what a brave and noble man he is! Now shall he join the revolutionary forces, and by gallant deeds rise up, up—captain, colonel, general, commander-in-chief, who knows?—till my father will be proud to take his hand and say; here is my poor little Margarita, Don Philipe Ornendez, take her if she be good enough for thee.' And then the dear padre will bless us and make us one.'"

Philipe looked proudly and tenderly into her eyes. Then folding her again to his heart said: "No!"

"No, what, dearest?" she asked, looking up at him.

He sighed and answered. "Never mind little one," then went on more practically as they walked side by side, one of his arms around her waist, and the other linked through the pony's bridle: "I know all about Garza's revolt, sweetheart, and am heart and soul with him. My only fear is concerning you. I fear that entering the service will take me entirely away from you. We do not know how long it will last, nor what it may bring forth—exile, imprisonment, death perhaps. Then, shall I tell you the truth? I fear Si Murdock. I know he loves you, and hates me, and that your father favours his suit."

"But myself, Philipe! Can my father or the padre either force me to marry a man whom I hate—especially when I love another?"

"No, darling, but they can take advantage of my absence—or death—to persecute and worry you"— He broke off suddenly, and bitterly: "I wish to God, Margarita, your father would look at this matter in a reasonable light and let us be married at once. I could then take you to my friends in the interior, where you would be safe, and I could plunge heart and soul into the revolution."

"He will not," sighed Margarita.

"No, he will not," echoed Philipe.

They had turned off the main trail and had reached a little nook in the brush where they were wont to have these meetings. Seated upon the ground they chatted and made love, as happy, heedless lovers ever did and ever will. It was near sunset when they parted; he to gallop back to Laredo and she to stroll by a renter's cabin on her way home, so that her conscience no less than her face might be at ease when she told her father that she had been to see Benevides' sick child.

So the border war raged, covert it is true and striking in the dark and from the thicket, yet striking hard enough to make its blows felt by two great nations. Vaguely it was felt by the United States, and especially so as it occurred at a time when the entire country was up in arms against Chili and her affront to the American flag. Scarcely more keenly was it felt in old Mexico, where Diaz sat not quite so comfortable on his throne called chair, and his people scowled and whispered in the secrecy of their adobe walls of insurrection against tyranny. Still more keenly was this little rancorous war of the chaparral felt on the border of Texas, the hospitality of whose soil had been abused by making it the battlefield of a nation at war with itself.

Down in the bend of the Rio Grande the little ranch was all out of tune with its mocking birds and peach blossoms. Old Camillo was solicitous for his daughter's safety; the padre was his adviser, and Si Murdock pushed his suit unblushingly, while his more patriotic rival was in the field.

Murdock was a scout, a white man of good family and some money. His father was a well-to-do ranchman, and Si had been sent to St. Louis to school, but book learning had passed through his head as the tone of a love song passes through unsympathetic ears. He was born of and for the prairies, the chapsaral, and the cactus. He knew every inch of Southern Texas, from the Rio Grande to the Sabine. Yet when it came to putting his knowledge into practical use for his country's good Si weakened. He was simply a vain, boastful fellow, fond of sporting firearms and "cutting a figger." For the sake of gratifying this vainglory of his he had gone to Austin and got out special ranger papers, signed duly by the Adjutant-General of Texas, which papers authorized him to wear arms and take a hand in the well ordering of his country whenever and wherever the occasion demanded it. On the strength of this authority he proceeded to buckle on his six shooter and bowie knife, and to strut about very importantly among his neighbors. He had come over to old Don Camillo's this afternoon, more to "show off" to Margarita than for any better purpose.

The girl had grown thin and pale, but a new-born hope or resolution shone in her eyes.

"I wish not to see thee, Si Murdock, nor to speak to thee," she said, dropping into the use of the old-fashioned pronoun as she spoke English.

Si ignored her repulse. "But, Margarita," he urged, "one of two things has happened to Philipe. He is either dead or cares no more to see you."

"Neither has happened, Si Murdock," she answered wearily.

"Then why has he not come to see you, or written or sent a message?"

"Because he is too busy liberating his country, which will not await his pleasure as I do."

"You shall marry me!" said Si, seizing her hand.

"Father!" she cried, wrenching her hand away, and springing up with flaming eyes and cheeks.

Old Camillo came hobbling from the house, querulous and drowsy.

"How long, senor, am I to be persecuted by this man?" she asked excitedly.

"Just so long as he pleases, my daughter and you are so foolish as not to encourage him."

The girl turned and walked slowly away from them.

"What is to be done, senor?" asked Murdock, as though some refractory colt had refused the girth and bridle.

"Leave her to me; I will send for the padre and set him to work on her. She fears and respects the holy church as she never will man, be he father or husband."

Margarita walked down the river trail. She had no real hope of meeting Philipe there, for she had been there every afternoon for the past three weeks and no Philipe had come to meet her. As she pushed the brush away with both hands she was startled by a horse's head thrust over hers. She looked up, and behold! It was Stranger, Philipe's own pony, and there was Philipe lying face downward on the earth. Was he dead? Merciful heaven! She sprang to his side and he started and looked up. Then they were weeping in each other's arms.

"It was my first and probably last chance to see you!" he said. "I have been ordered to the interior, and am now on my way to the lower Rio Grande."

"I will go away with you, Philipe," she said suddenly.

"You, darling? You cannot. We are watched and hunted like wild beasts. We are spied upon and betrayed, and shot down without mercy. A woman along! It is out of the question."

"But I will not be a woman!"

"What do you mean?"

"That I will be a man; a Mexican patriot, as you are. See how tall and strong I am. I can shoot, ride, endure. I must go! Then you do not know what you would leave me to, Philipe. Si Murdock is now closeted with my father. The padre, too, is against me. I would rather die with you in the war than to, to"—

"You are right, Margarita!" he cried, his eyes flashing and his heart burning to ride up to the house and shoot down in his tracks the villain who would rob and outrage him in his absence. "I will at least take you to a place of safety with my friends."

"You shall see," she cried. "Stay here. I will fly"—and the chaparral closed behind her before he could answer. In and out she went through the tangled, flesh-tearing brush, as sure footed and keen sighted as a deer to Benevides' house.

The little family was at supper. Benevides, his wife, and a little pale-faced 2-year-old child which Margarita had nursed back to life. In a rough cradle by another child, a 2-week's old baby. Margarita, quickly explaining the situation, instructed Benevides to hurry to her home and bring her own pony from the corral.

While the wife brought the clothes Margarita stood before the little cracked mirror and cut off her beautiful long hair just even with the nape of the neck, as the "Greasers" wear theirs. The clothes fitted her admirably, except an extra length to the toes of her boots, which the wife filled out with cotton. When the costume was complete the two women had a hearty laugh, notwithstanding the serious nature of the undertaking. Hurriedly belting on her pistol and cartridges, Margarita kissed the wife and the little ones and started for the rendezvous. They arrived there at almost the same minute. Benevides had taken his own saddle, which he had hid in the brush on the roadside, while he went up to the house to get the horse, so all was ready for the mount. The pony shrank from Margarita's hand on the bridle, until she said, "Why Mio Bonito, dost though not know thy mistress?" Then the pony rubbed his head against her shoulder as much as to say; "Ah, my lady, men may be misled by strange clothes and cropped hair, but not a horse."

Philipe was almost speechless at the success of the transformation. "We must hurry Margarita," was all he said. "I must be in Brownsville by to-morrow noon." He wrung Benevides' hand. "I will see that you are paid full price for your outfit, my friend," he said gratefully, and away went the two gay caballeros to the war.

"Where is Senor Garza?" asked Margarita, as they rode along in the dusk.

"In Mexico."

"What is he doing there?"

"Mustering secret troops in the capital."

"But suppose they should capture him?" Margarita asked.

"He'll never be taken alive, and if they should kill him a hundred capable men would spring up to take his place."

So these two free lances rode along, too much absorbed in the issues of the war to think of each other and their mutual danger.

The night grew dark and threatened rain. Toward midnight Margarita grew very tired and faint, but Philipe cheered her up and persuaded her to take occasional sips of the whiskey which he had in his canteen.

About 3 o'clock in the morning Philipe said: "I see that you are utterly worn out, darling. We will stop and let you have a little rest before daybreak, for then we cannot afford to stop a minute, but must push on as fast as we can, trying to avoid both the regular army troops and the Rangers."

"I wouldn't mind the Rangers," the girl answered and smiled.

"Things are different with us, now, my dear," Philipe answered, sighing. Turning into the thicket, he soon made her comfortable with the two blankets and his overcoat.

"Sleep sweetly, little one, he said kissing her and tucking the coarse covering about her neck. "I will keep guard, and the ponies are ready to mount at an instant's warning."

She was asleep in a few moments, her fair, sweet face gleaming like a flower against the thicket.

Philipe sat with his back against a tree and his eyes fixed on her, while his keen ears took in every fall of a leaf or flutter of a bird in the thicket.

In the meantime Si Murdock had left the Camillo ranch without waiting for Margarita, being in truth afraid to be out alone after dark.

Old Camillo had returned to his chair on the veranda, supposing that Margarita had gone to Benevides' as usual, and would be back for supper.

Dusk came. The cows came up and lowed outside the pen; their calves set up a plaintive bleating outside, and old Margot waddled down to them with her tin pails and calf rope. The cackling chickens sought their roosts, and great droves of Paradise birds settled down in the trees for the night. The long red lines of the setting sun fell slanting along the parched fields, and peach tree aisles, and the murmuring voice of the river came clear and soothing on the twilight air. Creak, creak, creak, went old Camillo's rocking chair, and nod, nod, nod, went his drowsy head. Once he thought he heard footsteps about the fence, but they were dim, and the air was so soft, and the birds' chatter was so monotonous, and the river's song was so sweet, he slept on, and recked not of war or treachery.

Si Murdock rode briskly, but had not gone more than three miles when he heard the tramp of many horses' feet and the sound of voices. His first impulse was to run, his second to hide his arms, his third to pat his breast pocket containing the papers, and put on a look of loyal citizenship.

"Who goes there?" called the voice of Capt. J. S. McNeel of the State Rangers.

"A citizen of Texas," was the calm answer.

"Your name, friend?"

"Si Murdock."

"By what authority are you carrying fire-arms, Mr. Murdock?"

Nervously Si drew his precious papers, and handed them to the captain. McNeel examined them carefully, at the same time taking in the appearance and character of the bearer.

"All right, Mr. Murdock," he said, "we are just hunting a man like you. I see you are a reliable scout. We want to get to the nearest safe crossing on the river. Just fall in and lead the way."

"But—or"— Si began.

"Never mind about your clothes, or your not having had a shave. No apologies needed. I've seen gentlemen like you before, Mr. Murdock; mostly in towns, however. Fall in, please!"

"That's the way to do it, Cap'n," said some one in the rear.

"Yes, it ain't every man that gets greatness thrust upon him in that style," said another.

Si had to take this chaff with the best grace possible, but he sadly wished that he had been content with plain citizenship and not got out those special service papers.

Away in the lonesome chaparral Margarita slept, her dreamless slumbers undisturbed by memory of Si Murdock. Even in her sleep she felt Philipe near and was comforted.

The dawn came faint in the east, yet Philipe had not the heart to waken her. But his judgment stepped in to bias the decrees of love, and leaving his post he laid his lips on her forehead. "Waken, dearest," he said softly. "It is daylight, and we must be going."

She sat up self-possessed and greatly refreshed.

"Poor fellow!" she said, nestling her head on Philipe's shoulder. "You have had no rest, and are shivering for the need of your coat. How selfish and thoughtless I am."

She held his coat while he put it on, then buttoned it up, giving him a kiss for each of the three buttons.

"That warms me!" he said smiling, and turned to help her on her horse, but she stopped him as she said laughingly: "What would the Rangers think if they should see one Greaser helping another on his pony?"

She sprang to her saddle and he followed suit. They travelled quite briskly for about an hour and a half. This brought them into the country of Hidalgo, near a place called Four Corners.

While Margarita chattered on, merry in spite of her danger, Philipe kept his head partially turned, and seemed to be listening to something behind them.

"Suppose we turn off here a little, Margarita," he said, leading the way almost at right angles to that they had been traveling.

"That is out of our course, if you want to reach Santa Juanita," she said.

"Not much, and it is less liable to be traveled."

"You are uneasy, Philipe," she said. "You are not wise to keep things from me; I've been watching your face, and I know you are worried. What is it?"

"Well, I think I heard horses' feet—a good many of them. It may be a herd of cattle, it may be the troops or Rangers, and it may be our own men."

By this time the sound was drawing so near that Margarita herself could hear it.

"It is not our men," Philipe continued.

"How do you know?"

"The horses are large footed, and I can not quite tell which way they are coming."

They had left what might be called a trail in that trailless country, and were huddled out of sight in a denser growth off to one side. The tramp of hoofs grew nearer, and there soon came in view a band of rangers following the course they had taken.

"They are tracking us," Philipe said. "Holy mother, direct me what to do!"

The section they had just crossed from the trail was thickly grown with low brush and mesquite grass. It was possible that the Rangers might not notice the break in the tracks and continue their forward course. The minutes seemed hours to Philipe, and he grew almost an old man in those terrible seconds of anxiety. Like a succession of flash lights there darted through his mind the hundred different and equally perilous things to do. He thought of the girl's peaceful and protected life at home, and for the first time blamed himself for bringing her away. He feared to continue into the jungle, for fear the sound of the cracking brush would attact attention. If he had been alone he would have given up to them, depending upon the plausibility of his appearance as a harmless traveler, together with such corroborating evidence as he was sure to get from any of the Mexicans in that section. But the girl—

The Rangers hesitated, stopped and looked to the right and left. In two minutes they came galloping that way.

"Now to run for our lives!" he said, quickly tightening the girth of Margarita's saddle,

Into the brush they plunged, the noise of its snapping drowning in their ears the sound of their pursurers. On and on blindly and desperately they plunged, the sensible horses choosing the clearest way, while the riders dogged the brush. Once turning his head Philipe saw the blood trickling down Margarita's face, where a thorn had scraped the tender skin clean across the cheek. That in itself hurt him worse than a pistol shot. The girl's face was white. Yet her lips were firm and she whispered something cheering to him as they came side by side.

They must have run this way fully a mile when they heard the brush cracking close behind them, and knew that the Rangers were upon them.

Wheeling his horse sidewise in front of hers, Philipe prepared to sell their lives as as dearly as possible. Yet, thinking of the sweet life in his charge he weakened, and called out clearly, "We surrender!"

The Rangers halted, their rifles lowered and the captain said something to him, but as he spoke a form darted from the rear, and Philipe saw Si Murdock's murderous face before him. Bang! went a gun and Philipe, stunned, terrified, heard a cry and a gurgle behind him. He whirled around and caught Margarita in his arms as she fell from her saddle shot through the breast. Drawing her from her horse to his pommel, he held her against him and emptied every shot of his revolver into the ranks of the enemy. They would have made short business of his life had not their captain commanded "cease firing."

Right in the muzzle of Philipe's pistol Capt. McNeel rode quickly and alone to his side.

"There is some mistake here," he said. "I heard you offer surrender."

But Philipe was not listening. He had dismounted and laid the dying girl on the ground. He longed to throw himself beside her and put a bullet through his own heart, but he dared not arouse suspicion as to her sex.

"Leave me alone! It is all the mercy you can show me now," he pleaded, as he forced some whisky between Margarita's lips, while her pony came nearer, neighing and trying to touch his mistress.

Capt McNeel turned to his men and said: "There was no need of firing that shot. Who did it?"

No one answered.

"Who shot this boy?" the captain again asked, and this time the new scout answered: "I did."

"What did you do it for?"

"The other one was aiming at me. I returned his fire. I did not mean to kill that one."

"You're a liar!" broke in one of the men "He was aiming at no one. He intended to surrender. I believe you know the men and had some personal grudge against them!"

They were interrupted by a piercing shriek, which cut the hearts of even those death-familiar men.

"Dead! dead! my darling! my Margarita! Murdered by him!" At this Si Murdock threw himself from his horse. Philipe had torn open the girl's clothing to stanch the wound, and her beautiful white breast was exposed, clotted with the still oozing blood.

"Damn you!" he hissed, turning on Murdock and plunging at him with drawn knife, which the captain seized, having already taken possession of his pistol and rifle.

Pale and trembling Si Murdock sank upon the ground.

"My God, what have I done," he cried.

"Murdered a woman, you brute," answered the captain.

Philipe and Murdock each refusing to give any further information on the subject, the former was arrested and the latter given to understand that he would have to account for firing without orders.

"Continue the march!" commanded the Captain, and they pushed on into Brownsville Philipe sullenly holding the dead girl in his arms, and apparently oblivious to everything else, until his eyes fell upon Murdock.

Then his face became purple with rage and agony, and he said:

"We'll meet in a fair field before this war is over, and when we do neither man nor God shall keep me from killing you!"

SNARING A BULL CARIBOU.

It Was Unsportsmanlike, but Then Jules Tristam Was Mad.

Well, I'm sorry we missed that caribou," said my guide, "but I bet we can cane one."

I was on a hunting trip with Jules Tristan in the neighborhood of Eagle Lake. The third day out he had struck the track of a caribou, sighted it once or twice, but never came near enough to get a shot, though for eighteen hours we tramped and ploughed our way through the thick woods and treacherous undergrowth on the trail

"Go ahead," I said, though I was a trifle incredulous, having never trapped anything larger than a rabbit myself. But if it could be done I certainly wished to see the trick.

Our camp was pitched on the shore of a small pond, and the country around it was thickly timbered. A couple of miles to the north Jules had noticed a caribou run, leading in from the foothills to the water, and it was along this pathway winding in and out among the trees like a clearly defined mule trail that he proposed to put his plan into operation.

I shall not forget the morning we started out. It was intensely cold, the thermometer having fallen from ten degrees above to ten below zero.

By way of appliances, Jules carried an axe, and a coil of stout wire; and selecting a spot where the trees were thickest and the most regular he was soon at work. His scheme was simple, and looked effective, if the denizen of the wood would only help play his hand, which was asking, I thought, a good deal.

It was to erect a barrier immediately across the run, leaving an opening in it about four feet from the ground and adjust a noose, fastened to a sapling, in such a manner that a caribou, in attempting to force his way through, would get hung like a jack rabbit.

The barrier was built of freshly cut branches, woven in and out to give the appearance of a natural hedge, yet stout enough to offer considerable resistance to an animal attempting to pass it. A hole was left in it about in the middle large enough for a caribou stopping to get its antlers through. The noose was just the size of the opening, cunningly concealed from view, and the young tree to which it was attached stood some twelve feet back, like a tall executioner, tough and strong.

Two hours was Jules—no more, no less—in constructing his extempore gallows, then turning to me he offered to bet that inside of three days it would have an occupant. I took him up, and a new hat hung on the hanging of that caribou.

On the way back Jules explained that the efficiency of the trap rested on the fact that animals of the horned species once accustomed to a run can not be easily turned out of it, but will try to effect a passage through anything in their way, and as the hole seems the weakest part it is into this they plunge—only to feel the tightening noose.

Early next morning we were both on hand, as the guide said, to pick up the pieces, but to my surprise and his disgust, the hedge was broken and wire noose gone. The caribou had been caught round the antlers instead of round the neck, and with a desperate jerk had freed itself. This Jules said he had never known to happen before, and it was with more than usual care that he repaired the trap and readjusted it for a second attempt.

The day following found it untouched, but on the third day a noise of tremendous thrashing among the trees told us as we approached that the noose had done its work, and a captive awaited us. Nor were we mistaken for, sure enough, there swung a bull caribou, a beauty, pulling for all he was worth and choking to death as the noose tightened and cut into his throat.

A ball from my rifle soon put the animal out of its misery, and Jules had won his bet. The caribou weighed 480 pounds.

On the whole, though, I am not anxious to see another caribou caught that way. In the first place I think it cruel, and in the second place unsportsmanlike.

Tunnel Between Ireland and Scotland.

A proposition is made to connect Great Britain and Ireland by a tunnel driven under the North channel of the Irish sea at its narrowest part, between County Antrim in Ireland and Wigtown in Scotland. The length of the tunnel would be some twenty-seven miles. A number of eminent engineers declare the project entirely feasible. It is admitted the tunnel would not be commercially profitable, but much is claimed for it in the way of natural advantages, and the proposition is that it should be a national undertaking.

Tim's Full Name.

A negro, familiarly known as "Tim" White, on one occasion found it necessary to record his full name. The not unnatural supposition that "Tim" stood for Timothy was met with a flat denial.

"No, sah! My right name is, Whattimorous-souls-we-poor-mortals-be White. Dey jes' calls me Tim fo' sho't, sah!"—

ASSESSMENT SYSTEM. MUTUAL PRINCIPLES

TWELVE YEARS OF SUCCESS.

Record of the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association.

E. B. Harper, President.

A RELIABLE COMPANY.

Sixty Millions of New Business in 1892.

Death claims paid in 1892, ...$2,705,000.00
Total death claims paid.....$4,000,000.00
Reserve or Emergency fund.....$3,371,303.59

W. J. McMURTRY,
MANAGER FOR ONTARIO,
MAIL BUILDINGS, TORONTO.

The Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association held its twelfth annual meeting in New York on Wednesday, the 25th of Jan., in the business offices of the institution in the Potter building, and the gathering was one of the largest in the history of the association. The reports also were of a highly satisfactory character, showing as they did that progress had been made in every department.

When the call for the meeting had been read President Harper arose to deliver his annual address, and he was roundly applauded by those present.

President Harper's report was for the year ended Dec. 31, and showed that the insurance in force had increased from $7,633,000 in 1881 to $236,121,700 in 1892, and the cash and invested assets from $6,024 to $3,630,592. The report says:—

"We have increased our gross assets during the year 1892 from $1,319,292.00 to $1,785,285.03, making a net gain of $135,083.97.

"We have increased our reserve or surplus emergency fund within the past year from $3,155,220.91 to $3,371,303.59, making a net increase of $216,082.65.

"The income during the year 1892 from all sources amounted to $1,097,213.02, against an income of $3,704,129.41 for the year 1891, making a net increase for the year of $333,116.68.

"For the year 1892 we have paid in death claims to the widows, orphans and representatives of deceased members $2,702,337.04, while our disbursements for death claims in 1891 were $2,290,108.80, making a net increase of disbursements to the widows and orphans over the previous year of $412,228.24, and making a grand total of death claims paid of nearly $15,000,000, being an average yearly disbursement to the widows, orphans and representatives of our deceased members of nearly $1,250,000, while at the close of the year we had in our reserve emergency fund $5,000 for each $1,000 of outstanding death claims of every nature, and a single mortuary call now produces more than half a million dollars.

Special attention was directed to the fact which illustrated the great economic principles underlying the system of the Mutual Reserve, that the total gross mortuary premiums paid by the members during the year 1892 were $3,011,740.93. Of this sum, $216,000 were added to the reserve or emergency fund, while the amount paid to the widows and orphans exceeded $2,700,000, or a sum within a fraction of the amount of the total mortuary premiums paid by the members for the year 1892.

Equally interesting and satisfactory reports were received from Hon. Henry J. Reinmund, second vice-president, and ex-superintendent of insurance of the state of Ohio; John W. Vrooman, treasurer; O. D. Baldwin, chairman of the death claims department; Frederick A. Burnham, counsel of the association; J. Douglas Wells, third vice-president, and the secretary, Mr. F. T. Braman.

The following gentlemen were voted a personal testimonial by the board of directors of the association for the faithfulness, devotion and loyalty which they displayed in behalf of the association, namely:

E. M. Castillo, New York city.
T. H. Jones, Atlanta, Ga.
W. J. McMurtry, Toronto, Canada.
G. A. Sanderson, Kansas City, Mo.
E. M. Acevedo, Havana, Cuba.
A. R. McNichol, Winnipeg, Manitoba.
C. M. Oakley, San Francisco, Cal.
C. B. Wolfson, New Orleans, La.
W. J. Murray, Brooklin, Canada.
J. J. Rooney, Birmingham, Warwick, England.

After the announcement of the names of the prize winners the speechmaking began. A number of ringing addresses were made by Hon. Henry L. Lamb of Lansingburgh, Gen. I.H. Shields of Philadelphia, and D.E. Cameron, Deputy-Treas., Province of Ontario. We here with give a synopsis of Mr. Cameron's speech.

After a few preliminary remarks he expressed his deep interest in the proceedings of the afternoon. He was much impressed with the openness with which everything was done, with the fullness of the information afforded to policy holders and members, with the enthusiasm displayed, and with the wonderful growth of the association. The $99,000,000 of new business obtained during the past year meant $200,000 a day for each of the 300 working days of the year, and the contemplation of these figures would give the members some idea of the enormous labor entailed upon the management in attending promptly to this vast business in all its details. The results achieved in the Dominion are especially gratifying. Of the $16,500,000 of foreign business obtained during the year Canada contributed $1,500,000, or nearly one third of the whole, and amount exceeding that written by any of our Home Companies with one or two exceptions, and the Mutual Reserve has to-day in force in Canada a larger amount of insurance than any of our Home Comapnies with two or three exceptions. When it is considered that these results have been achieved by the Mutual Reserve with its ordinary staff of agents, while the Home Companies have all the prestige and advantage of magnificent Head offices with influential boards of directors, it surely speaks volumes not only for the energy of the management of the association, but also for the confidence of the people of the Dominion in its stability and success. As in former years scurrilous attacks, by anonymous circulars and otherwise, in the interest, and doubtless at the instigation of jealous and unscrupulous rivals have been made upon the Association. The old line insurance journals have likewise maintained their unfriendly attitude towards the Association, but the answer of the public has been $99,000,000 of new business for 1892, and the evidences of increasing popular confidence in the soundness of the principles and the excellence of the methods of this beneficient institution. These attacks have, of course, their origin in the fact that the Mutual Reserve offers life insurance at enormously reduced rates as compared with the old line Companies, a fact that the insuring public are not slow to appreciate. The splendid success of the Company is due in a great measure to the indomitable energy and great ability of President Harper, who has laid its foundation so strong and deep, and has associated with him such able, experienced and devoted men, to whom he has imparted his enthusiasm, and to some extent, his other high qualities, that its career of progress and prosperity will undoubtedly be maintained and before many decades go by this Association is bound to become one of the greatest, if not the greatest, insurance companies in the world. Mr. Cameron concluded his stirring address with a resolution of confidence on behalf of the Canadian policy-holders, which was seconded by Mr. Wm. Wilson, the well-known manufacturer of Toronto.

The Only Satisfaction.

Last summer, as a Northern man was riding through Alabama, he met a father and son riding at a furious gallop, and both armed with shot-guns. They drew up as they reached him, and the old man called out:

"Say, stranger, hev ye met a young man and a gal riding the same mule, and bumping along as if Satan was after them?'

"No."

"Well, my darter has eloped with Bill Gordon, and Sam and me are trying to get within shooting distance before the knot is tied."

"Ah! Why that couple were being married in Blankville as I came through there an hour ago."

"Did the gal have on a blue waist?"

"Yes."

"And was it a cream mule?"

"Yes."

"And was it a tall fellow with a skeerd look?"

"It was."

"That was them, stranger, and I'm much obleeged. Sam, we're too late to stop 'em, and the only satisfaction we kin git is let our hosses jog along into town, and shoot the preacher arter we git thar!"

His Name.

"There wass a shentleman called to see ye while ye was oot," said Mrs. Hotscone's recently-engaged Highland servant, as her mistress returned from a shopping excursion the other afternoon.

"Oh, indeed," said the lady; "where is his card? He surely left one."

"No, mem," was the reply. "He said he forgot his card-case."

"I wonder who it could have been," remarked the lady to herself, and then aloud, "You surely asked him what name, Maggie?"

"Och, yess," answered the handmaid promptly. "He said it was Immaterial, I think."

It was Ben Johnson, we believe, who, when asked Mallock's question, "Is life worth living?" replied, "That depends on the *liver*." And Ben Johnson doubtless saw the double point to the pun. The liver active—quick—life rosy, everything bright, mountains of trouble melt like mountains of snow. The liver sluggish—life dull, everything blue, molehills of worry rise into mountains of anxiety, and as a result—sick headache, dizziness, constipation. Two ways are open. Cure permanently, or relieve temporarily. Take a pill and suffer, or take a pill and get well. Shock the system by an overdose, or coax it by a mild, pleasant way.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the mild means. They work effectively, without pain, and leave the system strong. One little, sugar-coated pellet is enough, although a whole vial coats but 25 cents.

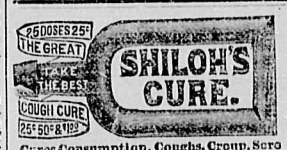
Mild, gentle, soothing and healing is Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. Only 50 cents; by druggists.

A pretty gown is of seal brown cloth with a jabot of deep-red bengaline, terminating at the waist by a girdle of gold filigree.

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

A costume for the tall figure with a steady carriage is of heavy white brocade satin, over which is a design of the Dresden flowers.

A.P. 619.



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

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY.

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

Bronchitis

ACUTE or CHRONIC,
Can be cured by the use of
SCOTT'S EMULSION
of pure Cod Liver Oil, with the Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda. A feeble stomach takes kindly to it, and its continued use adds flesh, and makes one feel strong and well.

"CAUTION."—Beware of substitutes. Genuine prepared by Scott & Bowne, Belleville. Sold by all druggists, 50c. and $1.00.

FOR SUBSCRIPTION BOOKS, BIBLES AND ALBUMS, write to William Briggs, Publisher, Toronto

FREE—Your name and artistic design in fancy colors, from the finest Automatic Shading Pen Artist in the world. Send 3 cent stamp for postage. Complete stock of Penmanship Supplies. Address W.A. THOMPSON, Box 528, Toronto, Ont.

TORONTO ELECTRICAL WORKS.
Electrical Supplies, Bell Outfits, &c. Repairs prompt and reasonable. School and Experimenters' Supplies and Books.
35 & 37 Adelaide St. W., Toronto

DO YOU IMAGINE
That people would have been regularly using our Toilet Soaps since 1815 (forty-seven long years) if they had not been GOOD! The public are not fools and do not continue to buy goods unless they are satisfactory.
HEARLE.

IF YOU WOULD SAVE TIME AND MONEY
BUY A
NEW WILLIAMS SEWING MACHINE
Agents everywhere.

CONSUMPTION.
Valuable treatise and two bottles of medicine sent Free to any Sufferer. Give Express and Post Office address. T. A. SLOCUM & CO., 186 West Adelaide Street, Toronto, Ont.

Have You CATARRH
IF SO, USE Dr. CLARK'S CATARRH CURE. It never fails. IT CURES CATARRH IN THE HEAD THROAT AND NOSE. COLD IN THE HEAD, HAY FEVER, INFLAMED PALATE AND TONSILS, restores the sense of smell, and drives away the DULL HEADACHE experienced by all who have Catarrh. *One bottle will work wonders.* Price 50c. at Druggists. Sent by mail on receipt of price by addressing
CLARK CHEMICAL CO., 180 ADELAIDE ST. WEST, TORONTO.

Mrs. Mary E. O'Fallon
of Piqua, O., says the Physicians are Astonished, and look at her like one

Raised from the Dead

Long and Terrible Illness from Blood Poisoning

Completely Cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

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

Hood's Sarsaparilla

and am now a well woman. I weigh 126 lbs., eat well and do the work for a large family. My case seems a wonderful recovery and physicians look at me in astonishment, as almost like one raised from the dead."

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

"German Syrup"

A Cough and Croup Medicine.

For children a medicine should be absolutely reliable. A mother must be able to pin her faith to it as to her Bible. It must contain nothing violent, uncertain, or dangerous. It must be standard in material and manufacture. It must be plain and simple to administer; easy and pleasant to take. The child must like it. It must be prompt in action, giving immediate relief, as childrens' troubles come quick, grow fast, and end fatally or otherwise in a very short time. It must not only relieve quick but bring them around quick, as children chafe and fret and spoil their constitutions under long confinement. It must do its work in moderate doses. A large quantity of medicine in a child is not desirable. It must not interfere with the child's spirits, appetite or general health. These things suit old as well as young folks, and make Boschee's German Syrup the favorite family medicine.

PETERBOROUGH CANOE CO'Y., (LTD.) Successors to Ontario Canoe Co., (Ltd.) Makers of Peterborough Canoes for Hunting, Fishing, Shooting Skiffs, Sail Boat, Steam Launches. Send 3 cent stamp for Catalogue.

FOR Breakfast drink Royal Dandelion Coffee. Delicious and nourishing. Purifies the blood and invigorates the system. Highly recommended by the medical faculty. The coffee is put up in half and one pound tins only, and is sold by all enterprising grocers. Be sure and get it. Ellis & Keighley, Manufacturers, Toronto.

HORNS MUST GO.
The Leavill Dehorning Clippers will take them off with less trouble and less pain than any other way.
Send for circular giving price, testimonials, etc.
S. S. KIMBALL,
577 Craig Street, Montreal.

LADIES Dress and Mantle Cutting by this new and improved TAILORS' SQUARES.
Satisfaction guaranteed to teach ladies the full art of cutting all garments worn by ladies and children.
PROF. SMITH, 332 QUEEN ST. W., TORONTO.
Agents Wanted.

IMPORTANT.
The preparation of delicious and wholesome food is necessary to our happiness. To accomplish this fine materials must be used. We recommend
EMPIRE BAKING POWDER
as containing strength, purity and safety. Guaranteed to give satisfaction. Manufactured only by ELLIS & KEIGHLEY, Toronto. Sold a 25cts pound tin. Ask your grocer for it.

K

HEALTH.

Nature as a Cure All.

The evolution of the human stomach is not less determined and marked than that of other organs, and man's digestive organs have been modified according to his occupation and the age in which he lived. The age of grasshopper and locust eating has yielded to that of canvas back duck and fine pastry eating, and medical prophets tell us that the present bill of fare must eventually yield to one that will give us nothing but fruits, grains, vegetables and nuts to choose from. Along with our evolution of the stomach there has been a dental change which must also continue to advance with the modification of our food. Our teeth are growing small and whiter, and less enduring, so that by the time we reach the vegetarian period we will be toothless. It is in accordance with the theory of many that the evolution of the human mind has been from bad to worse, and that we have degenerated from the trustful, reverential, faith-believing mind of the early ages to the skeptical, materialistic attitude of to-day. Along the same line the evolution of the stomach has been going according to the ideas of many, and ever since primitive man left off eating fruits and nuts we have been going from bad to worse in a hygienic sense and that out only hope is to return to the eating of nuts, fruits and beef.

THE CURE-ALL NATURE.

This new hygienic school believes in dispensing with all drugs and medicines, and to adopt nature as the cure-all for diseases and human ills. Everything in this world depends upon dietetic principles and the man who observes this can laugh at life insurance companies and their flattering offers. The initial maxim of this school of medicine or hygiene is to keep the feet warm, the head cool, and the bowels open. These are to be accomplished not by drugs and medicines, but by following nature's simple rules. But no two people interpret nature's rules alike, and there is a division of opinion as to what to do. We all believe in good ventilation, and the use of hot water, and a fruit diet, and these are the chief weapons with which to dispel all diseases according to the cure-alls of nature. If fruits or nuts are disagreeable we must cook them. They have the essential ingredients necessary for good health if they are prepared properly by cooking. Even milk can be dispensed with if we eat sufficient Brazil nuts and almonds. This school also opposes the use of cereals which are supposed to contain starch in an injurious form. We must take starch into our systems in some other form. Nuts and fruits after all are the chief things supplied by nature that will benefit us, and that will give a healthful diet. These should be followed up by plenty of fresh air and hot water, and life will be made pleasant. Nevertheless, each one chooses for himself, and the good things of life, other than nuts and fruits, will probably be eaten just the same by the majority of people.

HUMAN AND ANIMAL SOUNDS.

The delicate instrument of the ear progresses less through cultivation than any other organ, and we must admit that the ear of the savage and of animals is so much finer in construction that they can hear sounds that are inaudible to civilized people. There is something curious about its development. Our modern life teaches our ears to detect mistakes in music, and to appreciate harmonious sounds from discordant ones; but as for making our hearing more acute it falls short. The ear of the musician is not as acute as that of the savage. On the contrary, deafness in a slight degree is very common in all civilized countries and especially in cities. This deafness is largely on the increase, and it is due probably to the continuous roar which distinguishes our city life. There is also injury to the ear through foul gases and bad air in close rooms. Most animals have very acute hearing, and they hear sounds that are inaudible to us. A curious thing about it is that domestic animals do not as a rule have as acute hearing as wild ones. The ear of a woman is generally finer than that of a man, and she will often hear a range of sounds that the male members of the race cannot detect. As a rule they hear higher sounds than men, and it is possible for sounds to become so high as to be distressing to a sensitive ear of a woman, and not audible at all to her male companion. It is also noticeable that the ears of our country girls are more acute than those of their city sisters.

CORNS, WARTS AND CANCERS.

Aside from the disfigurement of corns and warts they sometimes prove quite dangerous, and in cancerous constitutions they can be made to develop into cancers by irritation. In the study of cancers in the more recent cases the belief is inclined to be adopted by some that cancers are but the outcome of warts, or that warts are the seeds of cancers. This idea, however, is not generally believed yet. There are distinct cases, nevertheless, of warts developing into cancers and killing the patient. This is caused by constant irritation. Any disease if sufficiently irritated may develop into something worse. Corns and warts are not to be trifled with, nor irritated by constant picking at them. They should be removed only by some powerful medicine that will take them away and kill their growth so that they will not be apt to return. One of the best mixtures for this purpose is made of one part lactic acid, one part salicylic acid, and eight parts collodion.

A. S. ATKINSON, M. D.

Rest and Sleep for Children.

It is not only true that growing children need more food, relatively, than adults—serving the double purposes of promoting the growth and sustaining the health and strength for the daily exercise—but they need an abundance of sleep, particularly in infancy. They are unusually active, remaining but a short time inactive during their wakeful hours, while it will be difficult to find adults who would follow in their footsteps for a single day. This unusual activity not only wastes muscular tissues—demanding an ample supply of food to repair such waste—but exhausts nervous vitality, both demanding an unusual rest and sleep, to aid in the recuperating influences. Like the infant, for the first few weeks doing but little beside eating and sleeping, older children require much sleep—less than infants, of course—for the very important reason that most of the necessary work of growth and repair of the constant waste of the body is effected during the hours of sleep and rest. It is important to have this sleep as profound and undisturbed as possible, that these vital processes may be as perfect as the circumstances require. That this may be true, the last meal should be the most simple and moderate of the day, since our sweetest and most refreshing sleep is not possible while the process of digestion is unusually labored. A quiet and cheerful frame of mind, with favoring surroundings, nothing to mar the happiness, will conduce to the sweetest sleep and the vital processes of this important season of development. It is scarcely possible for this class to sleep too long, if such sleep is sound and refreshing, while it is desirable to imitate the birds in seeking early rest. And, while early sleep is secured, it is not wise to arouse children from refreshing sleep in the morning, at least allowing them to awake naturally, which they will do when nature is satisfied. The more active, particularly the nervous girl, will rarely have sufficient sleep if not allowed at least ten hours—moresome times being needed. While all sleeping rooms require a much greater supply of fresh, pure air than is generally supposed, that of growing children, is consequence of the relative rapidity of the physical changes, corresponding with their activity, will require free ventilation—open doors and partially opened windows being necessary during most of the year, though, in the winter, while fresh breezes are almost constantly blowing, fresh air will generally find its way into such rooms. In consequence of their activity, more, relatively, of the impurities of the body will be thrown off at night, requiring a generous supply of free air. A child needs more clothing than an adult, the light blankets being preferable to the heavy quilts and comforters, so called, the blankets being more rapidly and perfectly cleansed. The nature of the material on which the child lies is also a matter of importance. We advise that feathers be discarded altogether. They are objectionable on many accounts. Their animal origin gives them in a high degree the property of absorption, so that they readily take up and retain the exhalations of the body and whatever impurities may be brought in contact with them. It is true that feathers may be renovated, but this process is seldom resorted to more than once a year, and frequently the feather-bed passes down from generation to generation, adding yearly to its accumulation of impurities. The susceptible systems of children may be readily injured by contact with this scource of impurities. Feathers are also objectionable on account of their heating property.

WAR RUMORS AND FIGURES.

France and Russia as the Terrors of Europe.

The continued increase of the war rumors in Europe gives room for the consideration of a few facts and figures. Although the *North German Gazette* declares that "in the judgment of high official circles there is no cause for alarm, at least for the present," the concentration of troops in Alsace and Lorraine is daily reported, and appeals in all shapes and forms pointing out the dangers which threaten the Fatherland and necessity for the passage of the new army bill are found in German journals, pamphlets, and reviews, and often signed by men of high standing in the Empire. One of these appeals comes from General Von der Goltz, a well-known writer on military affairs. In the *Deutsche Rundschau* he says that France, with her 38,000,000 of inhabitants against Germany's 49,000,000, possesses in men, officers, artillery, and horses an army considerably stronger than that of Germany. Every year under the new military laws she has been adding 42,000 men to that army, and in a very short time she will be able to put into the field half a million of trained more soldiers than Germany can boast of to-day. He takes a rather gloomy view of the future of his country, dwelling upon the fact that the French army in 1889 was exactly five times as strong as her army of 1870, and that it must soon become seven times as strong.

In addition to the increase of the forces in Alsace-Lorraine, we are told that Mayence is to be converted into an entrenched camp. The Mayence-Strasburg line of fortifications is to be extended toward Bale, with the view of covering the numerous railway bridges across the Rhine. Those bridges were built expressly for the purpose of facilitating the rapid transport of troops from Southern Germany into Upper Alsace. Moreover, Mayence forms the principal basis of supplies for the German armies on the left of the Rhine, and, notwithstanding its enormous strength, it is now decided to make it still stronger, in view of the extraordinary growth of the French forces.

According to the most careful estimates so far made Russia, on the outbreak of hostilities, could put in line twenty-five army corps, which, added to the French forces, make all told forty-seven army corps. The army corps of the triple alliance are as follows: Germany, twenty; Austria, thirteen; Italy, ten; total, forty-three. Consequently France and Russia have four army corps more than the triple alliance. Even under the new military law and the application of the two years service in all its force the triplice would still be numerically inferior to France and Russia. To be sure, it may be that the German troops and the German generals and officers are vastly superior to the French and the Russians; but nobody can say that for a certainty, and General Von der Goltz expresses grave doubts upon the subject. Unfortunately the thing remains to be tested. But the most serious thing of all in the present military situation of Europe is that in case of war this spring or summer—and the possibility of it seems by no means remote—the bulk of the forty-seven French and Russian army corps could be hurled against the twenty German corps, and the first and most terrific blows of the contest squarely delivered before the Italians or Austrians could come to the assistance of their principal ally. Indeed, the first great shocks of the war might be decisive; and, should the Germans be defeated in the beginning, it is feared that the Italians and the Austrians might, after all, be disposed to leave her in the lurch. However, if the German troops should be fortunate enough to be commanded by a great general, and the French and Russians sufficiently unlucky to be without one, the advantage of numerical superiority would be considerably diminished.

"THE VEHM-GERICHT."

A Dread Tribunal.

This mysterious order was established in the Middle Ages throughout Germany. Its members numbered several thousands, of all ranks and conditions, who were free and honorable men. Solemn and awful oaths bound them to absolute secrecy, and communication was effected by signs known only to the initiated. So far they were much the same as any other of the secret orders. But their peculiar operation was to administer judgment in those rude and barbarous days.

Any king, prince, peer, or peasant might be summoned to attend their conclave, and woe be to him did he refuse to obey. Beneath the surface of the ground, in dimly-lighted caverns, the judges, with masked faces, took their seats; the other officials, likewise masked, surrounded them.

If the accused person was present, he was adjudged, sentenced, and, if necessary, executed on the spot. If he failed to appear after three citations, he was sentenced to death, and each member of the court was bound to pursue him to the bitter end of doom. He may be a brother or a father, but none dare warn him of his impending fate. He had defied the "Vehm-Gericht," and he must perforce die, sometimes in his own house.

As a proof he was not a victim to lawless violence his property was never touched, and a knife was planted near him in the ground.

Charles, Duke of Burgundy, was cited three times just before his death, but failed to appear. On another occasion an English noble found his bed sinking through the floor of his hotel into the earth, and he himself bound and held for judgement. Of course, his landlord was a member of that order.

And however irregular this course, it helped justice in those cruel days, when might was right and men were serfs. Other courts were slow, uncertain, and difficult of access. This was silent, swift, and terrible. It struck once, and had no need to strike again. Escape from its meshes was impossible. The most cunning hider was tracked down in his obscure and distant retreat.

And strange though it may seem its legal authority as a court of the Holy Roman Empire was extended until the downfall of that empire, in 1806. It continued to exist in Westphalia, Germany, until 1811. Then the last mysterious shadows of the "Vehm-Gericht" died utterly away.

Reassured.

Pat (badly frightened)—"Mike! Mike! ow Mike!"

Mike—"Phat's the matter wid yez?"

Pat (in a hoarse whisper and looking at retreating stranger)—"There goes Mulcahy in flesh and bones, and me being at the wake the noight before we bitrred him."

Mike—"Go 'way, mon; that ain't him; and faith, wouldn't he be dressed in mourn'in' if it was Mulcahy?"

Pat (with a sigh of relief)—"Och! and so he would. Begorra, phat a froight Oi had."

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

"Eh! What's this? Have we had a fire in the house?" queried Mr. Bowser as he returned home the other evening and noted a certain confusion about things in general.

"Nothing has happened," replied Mrs. Bowser, "nothing except the cook demanded her pay this afternoon and walked out."

"What? Another change? Another girl driven out of the house to save her self-respect? Mrs. Bowser, if you were the last woman on the face of the earth I would not work for you for $5,000,000 a week."

"What have I done?" she calmly asked.

"What have you done?" he shouted. "Why, you've gone around with your nose in the air and lorded it over that girl until she felt obliged to leave. That's about the fourteen thousandth girl you've trampled into the earth in the last ten years. It's a wonder you can get a girl to stay in your kitchen half a day."

"Jane had no fault to find with me."

"She hadn't eh? She was probably afraid to say her life was her own. Mrs. Bowser, I'm no man to interfere with domestic matters, but when we change cooks about every fourth day for ten consecutive years it strikes me that there must be something radically wrong in the management. Up to this time I have refrained from saying a word, but I now feel it my duty to interfere. I can't understand what you hoped to gain by driving Jane out of the house."

"I didn't. I not only asked her to stay on but offered to increase her wages.

"If you didn't drive her out of the house, then who or what did?" demanded Mr. Bowser.

"She said she was leaving on your account."

"W-what? Mrs. Bowser, this is no time for joking. This has become a very serious affair."

"Yes, I know. She is to come back for her wages. That's her at the door now. Perhaps you'd better go down and question her."

"Ah! So I will. It will be the best way to arrive at the truth."

Mr. Bowser descended to the basement and opened the street door. It was Jane, the cook. It struck Mr. Bowser that she had a heartbroken look, and his voice was very sympathetic as he began:

"We were just talking about you. Mrs. Bowser says you have left the place."

"Yes, sir. I wouldn't work in this place for $10 a week," replied Jane.

"She was continually nagging and bossing and walking on you, I suppose? That's exactly her style."

"Whom do you mean, sir?"

"Why, Mrs. Bowser, of course. I was just telling her that her management of servants was ——"

"Mrs. Bowser has nothing to do with my going, sir!" interrupted jane. "It's on your account, sir! I've been cooking for fifteen years, and I can tell you I never worked in a worse place. It's find fault at breakfast, growl at lunch, and kick at dinner, and I wonder that any cook will stay a week!"

"I find fault? I growl? I kick?" repeated Mr. Bowser in great surprise.

"Yes, sir. There's not a man in town to compare with you. You eat more than two ordinary men, but you must first kick about everything. You haven't sat down to the table since I've been in the house that you didn't growl about something. Your wife—poor lady—has to put up with it, but I don't and I won't! You owe me $8 balance, and I've come for it!"

"And you—you left on my account!" gasped Mr. Bowser as he began to grow pale.

"Yes, sir, as all the others probably have and will! Your wife is a good mistress, sir, and no girl will stand your meddling and fault-finding."

"Then Mrs. Bowser's domineering way and total lack of executive management did not drive you out of the place?"

"She never domineers, sir, and no house is managed better. I am sorry for the poor lady!"

"Ha! You are inclined to be impudent!"

"I'm inclined to tell the truth, sir. I've come for my money."

"Well, there it is, and I might as well have thrown it into the fire. You were the poorest cook we ever had and also the most wasteful. I am very glad of the opportunity to better myself!"

"And so am I, sir!"

Mr. Bowser uttered a snort or two and walked upstairs. Mrs. Bowser was waiting for him in the back parlour, and as he entered and dropped into a chair and picked up a paper she asked:

"Well, did you find out why Jane left the place?"

"Jane? Jane? Have you had a person in your employ named Jane?"

"Why, Jane the cook!"

"And what have I to do with Jane the cook, or Sarah the second girl, or Molly the nurse, or any other servant in the house? I see people around here, and I infer that you have engaged them. I incidentally hear of their leaving, and I take it for granted that your incapacity as mistress of the house is the cause of it. Things have drifted to a point where no change can be hoped for and I shall continue to suffer in silence—suffer and make no sign, Mrs. Bowser!"

And he sighed and suffered and grew red and white by turns until poor Mrs. Bowser began to wonder if he wasn't an abused husband and entitled to public sympathy.

A Graphic Picture of a Desert Caravan.

A great caravan in march is a superb spectacle, alas! too infrequent now in northern Africa. At first Arabs alone can detect it, a mere speck lost in a dusty halo, whence it emerges at length, a tawny-colored mass possessed of a strange motion, the swarming of a thousand lives in one. Here and there silhouettes of straggling camels, stand profiled, like hieroglyphics, on the fiery sky, as, insensibly trailing its snake-like curves, the convoy advances. Hours after being sighted, it passes in slow defile, led by a vanguard of blooded camels, whose gait and bearing have an air of arrogance not customary to that race of proletarians, the chieftains seated aloft in their floating burnooses, alert of eye, with gun in hand, statuesque guardians of the convoy-treasure. Behind them the camels of burden, exhausted less by loads than with the fatigues of the journey, their legs and croppers bald and scarred by blows, straggle forward languidly, thrusting out the tongue as they press their huge, spongy feet in the yielding ground. What resignation in their soft, staring eyes! Verily, no philosopher knows better than these poor brutes how inane are the revolts against inexorable fate. Near at hand walk the drivers, their emaciated features savagely illumined by eyes of fire, and white, gleaming teeth piercing their parched lips. Of all who started with the caravan, how many have fallen by the way, abandoned to agonize alone in the desolation?—[March Scribner.

Murdered by Masked Men.

At Brunn, a cloth-manufacturing town of Austria, a dastardly murder and robbery took place at six o'clock last Saturday evening which has put the whole city in alarm. Max Rosenthal, a manufacturer of military uniforms, has his office on the ground floor of his house, in the immediate neighbourhood of the theatre. Rosenthal, who is seventy years old, was busy over his account books, and three clerks were in the office with him. Suddenly two masked men entered, walked up to him, asked for money or the keys of the safe, and when he refused fired their revolvers. One clerk ran to the telephone. The aged owner of the business and this clerk fell to the ground at the same moment—the former dead, the latter badly wounded. Another clerk was also shot through the arm, and a young lad who was just entering to visit his uncle was also fired at as the murderers made their escape.

HOUSEHOLD.

Her Exalted Station.

I used to think it an easy thing,
As easy as any one asks,
To keep a family neat and prim,
And manage the household tasks.

It seemed to me in my foolish pride
That the heft of a woman's toil
Was simply to sit by the door inside,
And wait for the dinner to boil.

While out in the summer's scorching heat
We men were sweating away,
With aching shoulders and jaded feet,
From dawn to the close of day.

But, sir, I would have you be assured
That thoroughly, one by one,
My notions of housework have all been cured
And this is the way it was done.

My wife suggested a day's exchange,
As she dropped a kiss on my brow—
"'Tis hard," she said, "holding on to the reins,
And riding the sulky plow.

"You better stay in the house, my dear,
And wash a few of the things,
And churn and sweep where it needs it here
And read till the dinner-bell rings.

The horses are gentle, and pretty true;
I guess an drive them straight;
I'll try and urn a furrow or two,
For the season is getting late."

So off she rode on the sulky plough,
With her jaunty hat and blouse,
While I was inwardly vowing a vow
How I would manage a house.

But somehow, I found the morning chores
Were not in my usual line,
Like those I had finished out of doors
At least for a thousandth time.

Against the stove my fingers I hit,
And blistered them stinging sore;
In trying to scrub the clothes a bit
I scrubbed my nuckles the more.

The churning acted 'specially mean;
The butter would almost come,
And then go back to frothy cream,
As if I had just begun.

The fire went out, as a fire will do
When the wood is not put in;
And, as I thought of a meal for two,
I did not know where to begin.

But while I was fixing potatoes and pork
Not fit for a dog to eat,
My wife returned from her forenoon's work
As fresh as a rose, and as sweet.

With a mortified air I quit the room,
And betook me to the shed,
While she got a dinner exactly at noon,
As good as ever was spread.

We sat at the table opposite-wise,
As always we did before,
When she asked with a smile in her sweet blue eyes,
If I would exchange some more?

Then, sir, I confessed my faults and said;
"My dear, you're as good as a queen.
The woman who keeps the family fed
Is running a big machine."

That Baby.

It was a wee mite of a thing in pink and white, delicate as a newborn violet and buried within a world of softest white stuff that rose up around its tiny face like billows of a frozen sea caught in a ground swell. It was, to tell the truth, a funny looking little creature—this little baby, with its soft silky hair lying in fluffy patches over its pulsating head and its fat little cheek all excavated with pristine dimples that as yet were unacquainted with the expanding properities of a baby laugh. Its little eyes were round and wondering, and the liliputian mouth seemed made only to pucker up for a mournful wail every time some mistaken old lady would try to spread a demonstrative kiss all over the little face.

Father and mother gazed upon this little newcomer into their household with all that pride and joy that can come from no fount save that of the love born of instinct. He would take the petite bundle of infinitesimal baby and innumerable skirts up in a gingerly, awkward sort of a way and look at it for a moment, and then he would lay it down gently upon the soft pillow again as if he feared it would break if it should by any chance be jostled against anything so tangible even as a strong current of air.

Then, when all the rest had gone, the mother in whose eyes now dwelt that new light hitherto unknown within their depths, would gather up with a confident grasp the little thing that was all in all to them both, and would insist upon calling the father's attention, for the four hundredth and odd time, to the many and fast multiplying beauties of the little creature and would then be highly indignant if he did not repeat twenty times in succession the admission that he was confident that it was the most beautiful and wonderful baby the world had ever produced. She would catch the infant up to her bosom and kiss its little face until it scarcely had a fair chance to breathe, and then she would lay it down again and, moving slightly away, feast her eyes upon the little one's varied charms when shrouded in the heightened enchantment borrowed from distance.

It was a common enough sort of a baby after all, but then it was their baby, and they thought there had never been a baby in the world that could boast one-half the charms that were embodied in the little piece of humanity they called their own. There might be many babies who could tip the beam of the grocer's scales a pound or two more than theirs, and there might be a thousand parents who thought they had babies more beautiful than this little fellow, but this mother and father were not yet ready to admit the possibility of the approximate correctness, even, of such a line of reasoning. This was their baby, their only baby, and it was therefore the only baby on earth for them and, besides, it was—their Valentine.

To be Remembered in the Home.

It is better to be silent than to say unwise or unkind things.

Do not boast of birth, wealth, influential friends or bodily prowess.

Look at those who address you; but in speaking to others do not stare at them.

Remember that a servant is a man or a woman, and will appreciate treatment as such.

A compliment, to be appreciated by any sensible person, must be prompted by sincerity.

Never urge another to do anything against his desire, unless there is danger before him.

Never enter an apartment occupied by another person, except the common rooms of a dwelling, without knocking.

Ladies should pass through a door first, but a gentleman is to precede in going up stairs.

Do not constantly refer to experiences or honorable positions which may have been enjoyed.

Always give preference to elders, visitors, those of superior position and those who are weak or ill.

Do not forget a kind word to each member of the family on parting at night, or a pleasant greeting on meeting in the morning.

Do not deprecate the gift which you give, nor land immediately that which is received; in each case it is the sentiment which prompts the offering that is vastly more precious than what is offered.

A gentleman never indulges in winks or grimaces when talking with another, does not talk "shop" or business outside of business hours; never laughs at his own jokes, or at coarseness, profanity or indelicacy from others; never intentionally wounds the feelings of another, or brings a blush to the cheek of modesty.

A Tale of Bricks.

Five clean, new, perfectly plain bricks lay on the floor, and the girl who had brought them in surveyed them with approval.

"I suppose," said the scoffer, "you are going to wind them with ribbons and put them on the parlor table."

"Not exactly, but come around a week from to-day and see those bricks, and you'll wish you had them. They are all to be useful, and some of them ornamental."

Seven days later the scoffer was introduced to a group of articles which she failed to recognize.

"Brick No. 1," said the showwoman proudly, "is a paperweight. I never had a more satisfactory one." The largest surfaces of the brick were painted dark blue, one of them forming a background for a spray of delicate white flowers. The sides were left the orginal color, and the whole was covered with a coat of transparent varnish, through which the blue showed like enamel and which would keep it clean. "It stays put," explained the decorator, "and that is what one wants in a paperweight."

Brick No. 2 was not very pretentious. It was covered neatly with carpet, with a loop of braid at one corner for a handle. "I have that behind the door to keep it from striking against the wall. Like it better than a knob out from the wall. It's useful, too, to keep the door open or half open, or as I want it. You know everybody leaves the door open in winter, and they just as surely shut it in summer."

No. 3 looked like a glorified copy of No. 2. It was covered with velvet and adorned with a big bow of ribbon (at which the scoffer smiled) and had loops of ribbon for handles. "This is a ribbon weight. You know the best way to keep ribbons nice, the children's hair ribbon for instance, is to fold them up and put them under a weight. One generally puts them under the pincushion, but that's makeshift. This makes a capital press for ribbons and for gauze veils as well."

Brick No. 4 formed the foundation for a pin and needle cushion for the sewing table, too heavy to be mislaid or taken elsewhere.

And brick No. 5? Well, she confessed that had been left in its unadorned simplicity. It was intended to be heated and wrapped in flannel and to serve as a bedfellow for cold feet.

Among the Cooks.

HAM TOAST.—One pint of milk, one full teaspoonful of flour, half cup of chopped ham, four slices of buttered toast. Boil the milk and thicken it with the flour. Add the ham, boil three minutes, take from the fire and add the beaten egg, stir well and pour over the toast on a hot platter. This is a nice dish, when there is only the remnant of a ham in the house, or it is nice for an emergency dish, since it can be made from canned ham.

MOLASSES CAKE.—One cup of butter or other shortening, two cups sugar, one cup molasses, one cup sour milk, one teaspoonful ginger, one teaspoonful cloves, one teaspoonful soda, four and one half cups of flour, three eggs. Stir butter, sugar, molasses and spices together, then add the soda dissolved in the milk, then the flour, lastly the milk. This is very excellent molasses cake, but the quantities given make a very large cake, so that for a small family it will be necessary to divide the quantities.

GINGERBREAD.—One cupful of sour cream, one cupful of molasses, pinch of salt, teaspoonful soda, two teaspoonfuls of mixed spices (cinnamon, ginger and allspice), flour to make a batter which will fall readily from the spoon.

A RICH ROLY-POLY.—To one quart of water, two cups of granulated sugar add any flavoring preferred and let it boil until it forms a syrup. Make a dough of a pint of flour, pinch of salt, tablespoonful lard, two teaspoonfuls baking powder. Mix with sweet milk or water. Roll out thin and spread with cooked fruit of any kind; roll up into a roll, pinching the ends so as to retain the fruit. Lay the pudding carefully in the hot syrup, basting it with it and place it at once in a hot oven to bake. Baste often. It will puff up and fill the dish. Serve the sauce about the roll.

FRIED MUTTON CHOPS.—The custom of frying mutton chops, so common in many houses, cannot be too strongly condemned, says Maria Parloa in Good Housekeeping. Many Housekeepers make the plea that the fat, dripping from the chops, blazes up and blackens them. If all the draughts be opened and the chops be fastened between the two parts of the double broiler and turned constantly while cooking, they will come to the table unsmoked and handsomely browned. They must be served at once on hot plates.

One Woman's Day.

The following, from an exchange, is certainly worth reproducing here:

I am just a plain woman, keeping house in my own home, with a family consisting of my husband, a 5-year-old boy, a girl of 11, and a boy away at school most of the time.

But I want to write and tell you what I did last Sunday—just to see if I may not be classed with the busy women.

Got up at 7 o'clock to call the cook; did not go back to bed because the baby woke up coughing.

Mixed for breakfast a certain kind of rolls my husband always wants Sunday mornings.

Buttered the baby's bread, prepared two or three dishes of oatmeal and milk, cut up meat into mouthfuls, poured coffee and was pleasant all through breakfast, getting through in time to get my 11-year-old ready for 9 o'clock Sunday school; gave the baby a bath, went to my room, locked the door and sewed on two buttons.

Prepared a duck for roasting, gathered up the family wash; searched for and found a missing pipe; straightened up sitting-room, and said "Yes, dear," every time my husband asked me to look for something mislaid; played blocks with baby; helped unravel the puzzle in your child's page; punished the baby for teasing the family dog, and wrote a cheerful, moral letter to my boy at school.

Presided over the luncheon table. Entertained two of my husband's friends while my husband was shaving. Sang to the baby an hour. Planned my little girl's winter suit while listening to my husband reading aloud, and kept the baby quiet by cutting out paper dolls for him.

Took a grease spot out of my coat, straightened a picture frame, stuffed tomatoes for dinner the way my husband's mother always stuffed them, curled my hair, put on a pretty dinner gown, and just as the girl announced dinner welcomed two unexpected guests with effusion.

Was charming at dinner table, kept sugar bowl out of baby's reach, and kept his plate supplied with cut-up food.

Gave girl directions for breakfast; admonished her not to be later than 10 o'clock on her Sunday evening out trip, lighted the grate fire, touched off the candles in the candlesticks, put a rose in my husband's buttonhole, and smiled sweetly all the evening upon callers who knew we were "at home" Sundays.

Encouraged an admiring girl friend to go to housekeeping as soon as married.

Told her it was really nothing at all to "do one's own work," in a modern flat with the assistance of one servant.

Detected symptoms of grip in my little girl, and gave her some quinine. Covered up the baby. Saw that the lights were put out and the doors locked. Kissed everybody good-night and dropped into bed at 11.15.

A Capital Excuse.

Grocer, to his Shopman: "Peter, I owe about three hundred pounds."

"Yes, sir."

"I have two hundred pounds in the safe, but the shop is empty; I think it is the right moment to fail."

"That's just what I think."

"But I want a plausible pretext for my creditors. You have plenty of brains; think the matter over to-night, and let me know in the morning."

The clerk promised to think it carefully over. On entering the shop the next morning the grocer found the safe open, the money gone, and in its place a note which ran as follows: "I have taken the two hundred pounds, and am off to America. It is the best excuse you can give your creditors."

TO GUIDE THE MARINER.

Six Thousand Lighthouses in the World, 802 of Them in America.

The lighthouses of the world are in round numbers 6,000, with about 250 lightships. Of these Europe has 3,309; North America, 1,329; Asia, 476; Oceanica, 319; Africa, 219; South America, 169; and West Indies, 106. The coasts of the United States are illuminated by 802 lights, distributed as follows: Atlantic coast, 467; Gulf coast, 79; Pacific coast, 38; and the North-western lakes, 118. Of these lights thirty-two are displayed from lightships, nearly all of which are on the Atlantic coast. The most famous lighthouse of which history gives any record was the lighthouse of Pharos, on the eastern end of the island of that name in the Bay of Alexandria. It was begun by Ptolemy Soter, and was finished by his successor, Philadelphus. It is said to have been 400 feet high and to have cost 800 talents, equivalent to $1,240,000.

The oldest lighthouse in the world is at Corunna, Spain. It was built in the reign of the Emperor Trajan, and in 1634 was reconstructed. England and France have towers erected by their Roman conquerors which were used as lighthouses. Contrasting them with the light towers which have been built for the benefit of commerce, we see that the art of building has lost nothing with the lapse of time. The great improvement of the later towers over their predecessors is that the stones of each course are now dovetailed together laterally and vertically. Formerly metal and wooden pins were used, or dependence placed entirely in cement. The modern method was first used at the Hanois Rock light, on Guernsey. On the upper face and at each end of one block are dovetailed projections, and on the under face and at the other end are dovetailed indentations. The upper and under dovetailes fall into each other, and when the hydraulic cement is placed on the surface it so locks the dovetailing that the stones can not be separated without breaking. So when the cement is set and hardened the whole of the base is literally one solid mass of granite.

TIMES THAT TRY THE COWBOY'S NERVE.

Stormy Night's, When His Lot Is Hardly a Happy One.

In the windy, bleak nights when the rain falls in torrents or the snow, flying in clouds seems to cut asunder all that comes before it, that cowboy has the greatest obstacles to overcome. These are the nights when a sudden stampede might destroy all the rounding-up work of weeks preceding. Mounted on his best bronco the cowboy rides out to his post on the outskirts of the gathered herd, miles away, perhaps, from the camp. As the wind whistles in hoarse cadence along the surface of the ground and through the sagebrush, his dull chant floats over to the uneasy herd. A few steers made restless by the cold start to wander away from the gathering place, and through the blackness of the night the cowboy sees their moving forms. Without ceasing the song he moves gently past them and they are turned back to the thousands they have attempted to leave. Once in a while a steer escapes, to return again at break of day, but the general stampede seldom happens.

But when a stampede does occur the cowboy's nerve is tried to the utmost. "Milling" a stampede is one of the most dangerous operations that a cowboy has to endure. To mill the cattle is get them going in a circle and letting them run themselves down. A frightened herd of several thousand will run over a train or anything. The only way to stop them is for some bold fellow to mount a horse and ride around the herd, and by constant cuts of the lariat or squirt get the leaders turned. He must follow close after the leaders and not mind those in the rear. They will follow. But it is certain death if he is unhorsed or his pony stumbles. The frightened herd would trample him to death in a moment. A cowboy once told me that he was trying to mill a stampede one very dark night. He was almost at the leaders when his horse stopped. He had raised his spurs to plunge them into his pony's flanks when a flash of lightning showed him that he was on the verge of a precipice some 200 feet high. He said he went back to camp sick and it was a week before he could take to the saddle.

Submarine Eruption.

Volcanic eruptions are very common at the bottom of the ocean. During the past century crews of vessels have frequently reported seeing sulphurous smoke, flames and jets of steam rising out of the mid-Atlantic. Dr. Darwin and other scientists have expressed the opinion that an archipelago is in process of formation in the middle of that great watery expanse. It would be difficult to estimate too highly the political and commercial importance which a group of islands might acquire if in the next 2000 or 3000 years they should rise between St. Helena and Ascension. The Atlantic is already dotted with islands which are, like the Bermudas, simply the green tops of volcanic peaks rising precipitously from the floor of the sea and protecting above the surface. Many such mountains there are which are unknown because they are not tall enough to emerge out of the water. There is a drowned mountain of this sort not far from the coast of California. Though it is two miles high, the waves flow a mile above it.

However, the Pacific is the great region of volcanic islands. The southern part of that ocean in one vast archipelago, mainly of lava. Some of the isles are of peculiar form, being in the shape of rings surrounding bodies of water. The biggest of these "atolls," as they are called, is that of Hogolen, at the east end of the Caroline group. It is a strip of land from five to eight miles wide, and in form of a circle, varied by hills and valleys, and covered with tropical vegetation. It incloses a body of water on whose broad expanse all the navies of the world might ride together at safe anchorage. These atolls are an important feature of the geological formation in that part of the world. They are scattered all over the great watery waste of the South Sea, looking like the last outpoints of a sunken continent. At one time they were ordinary islands, with mountainous centers, but in each case the central portion has sunk, leaving the fringe of solid coral reefs built by patient polyps. There are usually from one to four deep-water entrances, through which ships can reach snug harbors in bad weather.

She Can't Help It.

Misleading statements have been printed concerning Lady Henry Somerset's ownership of licensed shops and inns where intoxicating liquors were sold, which seemed rather inconsistent with her zeal in the temperance cause. It is now some 10 years since Lady Somerset inherited her father's property, and though she has closed eight of the licensed houses at the expiration of the leases, several other landlords still hold ground leases which have not as yet expired, with the licenses of which Lady Henry has no right to interfere.

"His Intentions Were Amicable.

When H. F. Forny, the painter of Indians, was traveling in Montana a few years ago, he met the most familiar waiter in the world. He was sitting at the breakfast table in a mountain hotel, waiting for some one to come and take his order. He felt a jar, and then a heavy weight resting upon his shoulders. He looked around and found leaning upon and over him a huge, bearded man, in a broad-brimmed hat, and with two revolvers sticking in his belt.

"Well, old hoss, wha'll ye have?" said the man in a friendly voice.

"Who are you?" said Forny.

"Me?" said the man. "I'm the waiter.

Hard Hit.

She—Maude? Oh, she's one of the friends of my youth.

He—I didn't take her to be as old as that

A FORGOTTEN STORY OF INVENTION.

Sad Fate of the Man who was the Discoverer of Steam Power.

There lived in Nomandy, where he was born, in 1576, a man named Soloman Caus. He was an engineer and architect, and had held several important positions. He wrote a great many scientific works and papers, of which, however, no one took much notice during his life, says Invention, and finally was seized with an idea which made his friends and relatives fear that he was mad. After pestering the king and the cardinal at Paris, he was ordered to be taken to Bicetre—the mad house—and there shut up. This was done. They had just one way with mad people in those days. They shut them in iron cages and fed them through the bars like wild beasts. They did this to Solomon Caus. For a long time he stood behind those bars all day and called to those who would listen, and to them repeated the story he had told the cardinal. He became the jest of the place. Some of them even gave him writing materials, and then, amid the misery of his surroundings, he wrote down his ideas and amused his jailers so much the more. However, it could not be long before such a life, such surroundings, would shatter any brain. In time Solomon Caus was as mad as every one believed him.

It was in 1624 that an English nobleman, Lord Worcester, went to Paris and visited Bicetre. As he was passing through the great court, accompanied by the keeper, a hideous face with matted beard and hair appeared at the grating and a voice shrieked wildly: "Stop! stop! I am not mad. I am shut up here most unjustly. I have made an invention which would enrich a country that adopted it." "What does he speak of?" the marquis asked his guide. "Oh, that is his madness," said the man laughing. "That is a man called Solomon Caus. He is from Normandy. He believes that by the use of the steam of boiling water he can make ships go over the ocean and carriages travel by land—in fact, do all sorts of wonderful things. He has even written a book about it which I can show you." Lord Worcester asked for the book, glanced over it, and desired to be conducted to the cell of the writer. When he returned the man had been weeping. "The poor man is certainly mad now," he said, "but when you imprisoned him here he was the greatest genius of the age. He has certainly made a very great discovery." After this Lord Worcester made many efforts to procure the liberation of the man, who doubtless would have been restored to reason by freedom and ordinary surroundings, but in vain; the cardinal was against him, and his English friends began to fancy that he himself had lost his senses, for one wrote to an other: "My lord is remarkable for never being satisfied with any explanations which are given him, but always wanting to know for himself, although he seems to pierce to the very center of a speaker's thoughts with his big blue eyes that never leave theirs. At a visit to Bicetre he thought he had discovered a genius in a madman, who declares he would travel the world over with a kettle of boiling water. He desired to carry him away to London that he might listen to his extravagances from morning till night, and would, I think, if the maniac had not been actually raving and chained to the wall."

Thus in Bicetre died the man to whom, after his works were published, many people gave the credit of being the discoverer of steam power and it is said that from the manuscript written in his prison Lord Worcester gathered the idea of a machine spoken

THE WEEKLY NEWS

Published By M. Whitney & Son. Every Wednesday. Courtenay, B. C.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

IN ADVANCE.

One Year	$2 00
Six Months	1 25
Single Copy	0 05

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

One inch per year	$12 00
" " month	1 50
eighth col. per year	25 00
fourth " " "	50 00
week, per line	00 10
Local notices, per line	20

Notices of Births, Marriages and Deaths, 50 cents each insertion.

No Advertisment inserted for less than 50 cents.

Wednesday, Mar. 29, 1893

Some Queries.

All over western Canada the Post Office Department is establishing continually new post offices. This indicates in a general way the progress of development and the disposition of the Department to accommodate as far as practicable the new settlements; nevertheless it is observable that there are glaring inconsistences in its action. In one instance a post office is established where not a baker's dozen of people are to be accommodated, and refused in another, where fifty families would be greatly convenienced. What is the reason of this? Is it because the favorable recommendation of, say Mr. Corbould, is more potential than that of the late Mr. Gordon, or is it because the Post Office Inspector is partial and unfair in his report? Why does the latter officer send out his blanks when Courtenay asks for a post office to residents of a neighboring and rival section, to be filled up for his information and guidance? Why do we see a place struggling from one to two years for a post office, and obtaining it then when the conditions have in no way changed? We know of cases where this delay has occured, where the need for postal facilites had not increased but was yet urgent. The people had been clamorous, but their wishes had been ignored. The final establishment of a post office was a confession of error which should not have been committed Such instances are unfortuaately not rare. If a place is entitled to a post office, why should there be so much red tape and exasperating delay? It is surely bad policy to drive those who are disposed to be friendly into a positon of hostility. Why should the people of Courtenay be kept waiting, month after month, with no further satisfaction than what may be derived from the assurance that the matter will receive due consideration. A village which has its hotets, stores, sawmill, shops and newspaper oughtn't to have to ask for the second time for a post office. The postal authorities would naturally be expected to understand that any place where a newspaper was regulary published had sufficiently established its right to mail accommodations.

Editorial Notes.

The proposal to spend a very large sum in the erection of new government buildings at Victoria is naturally provoking more or less criticism. While we are among those who think that the revenue as far as practicable should be spent in developing the country, building roads, bridges and wharves where needed, nevertheless we can understand that if new buildings are required that the plan for them should be adopted now, so that when the same are completed, will make a harmonious whole, having a unity of design and purpose. Neither do we believe that the buildings after they are commenced should be unnecessarily delayed, involving as that would loss of use, and increased cost. It would seem wisest to borrow the money necessary, and provide for the payment during a term of years, so as not to occasion too large an incursion for this purpose, into the general revenue of any one year. In this way the other interests would not be seriously affected. The buildings to be erected should be substantial, symmetrical, thoroughly adapted to the needs of the service, and of course in design and finish worthy of the Province, but beyond this not a dollar should be expended.

The Redistribution Bill is the next important measure to come before the Legislature. We observe that night sessions are now being held, and that there is a disposition to crowd matters; and we cannot but feel that considering the great difficulties involved in a measure of this kind, and the need of all the light that can be thrown upon the subject by discussion, that it would be better to introduce the Bill at this session, obtain the iews of the members and the country upon it, but make no attempt to pass it until the next session, at which time such ammendments as might be needed, if any, to make it more perfect, should be adopted.

Doubtless the Provincial Government may properly aid a private company in an enterprise like a smelter, for the purpose of developing the natural recources of the Province, but it should only do so when the plant is located in the neighborhood of the natural products.

AN OLD PROOF-READER.

MR. J. EMERY M'LEAN, A CANADIAN, IN NEW YORK.

He Reads Proof in 242 Languages and Dialects, Yet He Gets Only $21 a Week—He Tells Interesting Facts Concerning Bibles.

A most interesting illustration of the marvellous capacity of the human brain is found in the person of an employe of a publishing house in this city. His duties consist of proof reading in 242 languages and dialects.

At the Bible House on Fourth avenue the American Bible Society employs as proof reader Mr. J. Emery McLean. He is a native of Canada nearly 30 years of age, quite 6 feet 2 inches in stature, and has been a resident of New York about four years. Aside from his trying task as proof-reader, he has found considerable time to devote to literary work, which, during the life of the late Count Norriakow, Russian exile, included the correct "Englishing" of the Count's translations of Russian works, and since the demise of the nobleman, Mr. McLean has aided the Countess Ella Norriakow to some extent in her labors.

Mr. McLean's functions as a proof-reader cover the final revision of the proofs of the Holy Scriptures as printed and circulated by the society, the languages and dialects (242 in number) that he handles being designated under these heads: British Isles, 1 to 6; Continent of Europe, 7 to 68; Asia, 69 to 162; the Islands, 163 to 185; Africa, 186 to 217; American continent, 218 to 242. For a fact, in many cases, the specimens of proofs show the different alphabets or characters which the people use. The Turkish version, for example, is prepared for Moslems in the Arabic letter, but for Armenians an entirely different form is needed, and for Greeks yet another; thus, making due allowance for repetitions, the specimens (242) actually represent about 213 languages and dialects.

After taking into account the wonderful versatality of brain necessary to cope with the almost endless number of words and characters in these languages, perhaps the strangest feature of this remarkable gift is the fact that Mr McLean is not a linguist—does not converse in any language but English, nor does he understand any other, his work being done purely through his power of embracing form at sight.

Take, for illustration, John III., 16: "For God so loved the world that he gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

This in Dutch reads: "Want alzoo lief heeft God de wereld ghab, dat hij zijnen eenig-geboreu' Zoon gegven heeft, opdat een iegelijk, die in hem gelooft, niet verderve, naar het eenwige leven hebbe."

The Maori (New Zealand) version is this: "Na, koia ano te aroha o te Atua ki te no. homai ana e ia tana Tamaiti ko tahi, kia kahore ai e mate te tangata e wakapone ana ki a ia, engari kia whiwhi ai ki te oranga tanutanga."

The Mandingo (West Africa) reads thus: "Katuko Alla ye dunya kannu nyinuyma, an ading whulukilering di, mensating moamo men lata ala, ate tinyala, barri asi bala abadaring sotto."

This is Muskokee (North American Indian): "Hasaketomese ekouv vnokece mahet ameko. Eppuce homkuse heckuecote emotes, mon estimot oh okosamat estemerkekot, momis kesaketo vuksosekon ocoren."

In addition there are scores of specimens made up of characters or letters peculiar to the Burmon, the Bghaikaron, the Powkareu, the Tibetan, the Peguese, the Chinese, the Gujerati, &c., and, most difficult of all to read by form and sight the Marathi (Modi) and the Tulu (west of the Mysore.)

In an interview relative to his labors Mr. McLean gave some very interesting facts.

"I find," said he, "that the work tells upon me severely and seriously at times. I have experienced spells that almost verge upon nervous prostration from the effect of continuous application to proof reading, and when I feel the spell coming on I am obliged to cease work entirely and rest. No, I do not understand any language but the English. For instance, if I am reading a proof in Koordish or Arabic, I read by comparison—that is, I have the original before me, and correct the errors in the proof by form, and that entails the greatest possible exhaustion. I mention the Arabic for the reason that that is one of the most trying forms of proof to read. Look at this page. To an inexperienced eye it resembles an intoxicated series of pothooks, short-hand characters, and fly specks. The Georgian, as you see here, is full of crabs, claws and cork-screws; the ancient and modern Armenian are each a cross between the razzle-dazzle and the ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay dances. The Sanskirt resembles a Monday's washing hung on lines to dry—big clothes, little clothes, pinafores, all kinds of cloths; so does the Punjabi or Sikh, the Gondi (Central India), the Marathi, and several others, only each line appears to be burdened with different styles of garments. The Siamese makes my head swim until I can hear the rafters knocking one another, and the Burman looks like row upon row of o's and e's coming in at 5 A.M. after a rapid night out with the boys. The Chinese, Japanese, and Calmuc or Western Mongolian have become more or less familiar to us all in books, but the sight of the Chippewayan always made me feel as if I needed a new set of jaws."—New York Sun.

Another North Pole Scheme.

The perils to which arctic explorers are exposed are enumerated in a recent article on Dr. Nansen's polar expedition, and among the suggestions, made with a view of maintaining communication with the outside world when the exploring party is in winter quarters, is one which bears the stamp of novelty. One writer, while promising that the breeding quarters of the knot are as yet absolutely unknown, gives reasons for supposing that they will be found somewhere within the mystic Arctic circle, and that there the intrepid explorer will encounter them. As these birds habitually visit the east coast of England, where they are shot in large numbers in the autumn, it is suggested that they be employed as messengers of communications between the ice-bound travellers and the civilized world. The ingenious originator of this idea proposes that a number of these birds should be caught and marked in some way that would attract the attention of the sportsmen and intrusted with missives, after the method adopted with carrier pigeons. The expedition in question is apparently the best designed attempt that has yet been known to reach the unknown arctic region, and it is the general impression that if ever the north pole is to be won it is now. Nansen's scheme is not to force its way through the ice in the manner hitherto attempted, but to place his little vessel in such a position that the ice shall carry him to his destination. He believes that the currents of the arctic seas set from the Siberian islands across to Greenland by the way of the north pole. His idea, therefore, is a simple one. He will run his ship into the ice and drift with it in the proper direction.—Chicago News.

LOOK.

UNION LIVERY

— AND —

FEED STABLE

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

LOOK HERE

UNION Saw Mill

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

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

Orders promptly executed.

NOTICE THIS!

The Giant Stumper

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

IMPROVE Your STOCK

OUR PRIZE STALION

Norman McLeod

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

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

For Sale

At Cairns' Octagonal Farm House, Sweet cured Bacon, Hams, Eggs, Poultry, Potatoes, Parsnips, Onions Carrots, Cabbage, and

Prices reasonable, delivered or otherwise.

Thos. Cairns.

Nanaimo Saw Mill

— and —

Sash and Door Factory

A Haslam, Prop. Mill St., P O Box 35, Tel. 1-9 Nanaimo B. C.

A complete stock of Rough and Dressed Lumber always on hand; also Shingles, Laths, Pickets, Doors, Windows and Blinds, Moulding, Scroll sawing, Turning and all kinds of wood finishing furnished Cedar, White Pine, Redwood. All orders accompanied with CASH promptly and carefully attended to.

Steamer Estell

Harbor and outside towing done at reasonable rates.

F. W. Hart

Manufacturer, Importer, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

FURNITURE

CARPETS, LINOLEUM, OIL CLOTH AND — HOUSE FURNISHING —

Largest Establishment of its kind. 21-24 Cordova St. Vancouver, B. C

J. W. McCann

Carpenier * And Builder

General Job Work

UNDERTAKER.

Courtenay B. C.

Fraser & Thomas

Stage and Livery Business

Stage connects with all steamers at the Bay.

Also do a general

Teaming Business

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

Dr W J Curry

(DENTIST.)

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

H A Simpson

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

Nanaimo, B. C.

UNTIL 1st MARCH.

We Continue Our Sale Until End of February

Our Spring Goods will arrive Early in March.

We make a speciality of Millinery, Jackets and Dry Goods and this season's styles and patterns surpass anything ever showed before in Nanaimo

SLOAN & SCOTT

Commercial Street Nanaimo B. C.

I Make It a Point To Know

THE GOODS I HANDLE.

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

Special attention given to repairing in ALL Branches of the Trade.

Orders by mail will have prompt attention.

M. R. Counter,

Crescent Jewelry Store. Nanaimo B. C.

Vancouver Furniture Warehouse.

Established 1873.

BASTION, WHARF AND FRONT STREETS

JOHN HILBERT.

MANUFACTURER AND DIRECT IMPORTER

— Also Dealer in —

CARPETS BEDDING AND WALL PAPER, GENERAL HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS,

AGENT WHITE SEWING MACHINES. UNDERTAKER.

NANAIMO B. C. P. O. Box 16.

Nanaimo Cigar Factory.

Philip Gable, Proprietor.

Baston Street — Nanaimo B. C.

Manufactures the finest cigares, employing none but white labor.

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

Raper Raper & Co.

Booksellers, Statiouers,

General News Agents.

Nanaimo. B. C.

Nanaimo Machine Works

OF

Robert J. Wenborn'

Fraser Street

Near Bastion Street Bridge

Nanaimo' B. C.

All Kinds of Machinery made to order and repaired.

Fruit Trees

Mainland Nursery *

* Ladners Landing B. C.

A large supply of three and four year old

APPLE TREES

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

E. Hutcherson,

Ladner's Landing, C. B.

The Nanaimo Pharmacy

Nanaimo B. C.

W. E. Mc Cartney Chemist, Manager.

Pure Drugs Chemicals and Patent Medicines.

Physicians Prescriptions and all orders filled with care and dispatch. P. O. box 12

Geo. Bevilockway,

Red House

Commercial St. = Nanaimo. B. C.

Dealer in General Merchandise.

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

Ralph Craig's

Nanaimo Steam

CARRAGE WORKS.

Baston St. Bridge, Nanaimo, B. C.

General Blacksmithing, Horseshoeing Carrage Building, etc.

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

J. G. Melvin

Experienced Watchmaker

Manufacturing Jeweler

And Diamond Setter.

Work done for the trade.

Repairing a specialty

A trial solicited

Orders by mail

Box 598, No 208 Abbot St. Vancouver.

Eureka Bottling Works,

LOUIS LAWRENCE, PROPRIETOR,

— MANUFACTURER OF —

SODA WATER, LEMONADE, GINGER ALE,

Sarsaparalla and Champagne Cider, Iron Phosphates, Syrups.

Bottler of Different Brands of Lager Beer Steam Beer and Porter

Agent for Union Brewery Company.

Nanaimo and Courtenay B. C.

T. D. McLean

Jeweler, Bookseller and Dealer in

Organs, Pianos, Music Stationery, and Notions of all kinds.

Union Mines, B. C.

COURTENAY LOTS.

I have some splendid lots for sale, both business and residential.

Now is the time to buy to advantage before the Canada Westain Railway reaches here.

With the advent of the railway, in addition to the other conceded advantages of the place, prices must rule very high.

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

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

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

For particulars address.

Joseph McPhee

Courtenay B.C.

Wm. Cheney

[Office at the bridge]

COURTENAY B. C.

Real Estate Agent and Auctioneer.

Lots sold on easy terms.

SETTLERS SATISFACTORILY LOCATED ON PUBLIC LANDS.

Comox Saw Mills.

Rough and Dressed Lumber

White Pine always in stock.

All orders executed promptly.

UrquhartBros. Proprs. Comox B.C.