Provincial Library
LEGISLATIVE LIBRARY, SEP 16 1895, VICTORIA
147

The Weekly News.

NO. 148. UNION, COMOX DISTRICT, B. C., TUESDAY, SEPT. 10, 1895. $2.00 PER YEAR

Cash! Cash!

I WILL NOT BE UNDERSOLD.

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

BED ROCK.

☞No Skimping in Weights and Measures☜ at the

CUMBERLAND STORE.

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

ICE CREAM PARLORS

Union, B. C.

Soda Water, Candies, Stationery and Books.

FRUIT A SPECIALTY.

TOBACCOS

Imported and Domestic Cigars Briar and Meerschaum Goods.

The Above Stores Adjoin, Where Everything of the Best in their Respective lines will be found.

A. W. McIntyre Prop.

THOMAS C. MORGAN

THE FASHIONABLE TAILOR

DUNNE BLOCK

COMOX SAW MILL

Courtenay, B. C.

Rough and Dressed Lumber.

All orders promptly executed.

URQUHART BROS.

THE NEW ENGLAND

RESTAURANT

The Best Meals on the Coa t for 25 Cen s.
Elegantly Furnished Rooms in Connection.

Special rates made for monthly boarders. This is the best place for working men. Good wash house. All the cooking is done by white men. Come one come all, we still have

PLENTY OF ROOM.

MONEY

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

Mortgages purchased. Insurance effected.

MARCUS WOLFE

NANAIMO, B. C

P. O. Drawer 17

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

WE ARE IN OUR NEW STORE.

OUR STOCK OF DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, AND GENTS FURNISHINGS IS COMPLETE.

IF YOU WANT A HAT HERE IS THE PLACE TO BUY.

THEY ARE GOING AT REGULAR WHOLESALE PRICES. THEY ARE SELLING FAST.

YOU CAN SAVE 20% ON CARPETS BY BUYING FROM US. WE HAVE THE VERY BEST AT THE LOWEST PRICE.

THE CASH DRY GOODS STORE.

STEVESON & CO.

UNION, B. C.

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

LATEST WIRINGS.

The Defaulters Brought to Bay—Judge Crease's Successor—Vancouver Police.

PREVOST ARRESTED

Registrar Prevost has been arrested at Roache Harbour, San Juan Island. He will be given a preliminary hearing on two charges of embezzlement on Tuesday next.

FALDING ARRESTED

Registrar Falding of New Westminster who followed Prevost's example and fled to the American side, was arrested in Spokane, and has been brought back to stand trial as defaulter to the amount of over $2,000 of government funds.

CREASE'S SUCCESSOR

Lawyer McCall of New Westminster is spoken of as Crease's successor as supreme court judge.

CHINESE TAX

The Trades and Labor Council of London, Ont., has passed a resolution urging upon the Dominion government the advisability of increasing the poll taxes of Chinese entering Canada to $500.

ACCIDENT AT WELLINGTON

Constable David Steptsen, of Wellington, met with a serious accident Thursday, being thrown from his rig and nearly crushed to death. He is now in a very critical condition.

VANCOUVER'S CHIEF OF POLICE

William Ward, formerly of Toronto, has been appointed chief of the Vancouver police.

AUSTRIANS MAY COME HERE

Josef Oleskaw, Austrain Professor, is in Vancouver. He is sent by the Gov't to spy out land for proposed Austrian immigration.

STEAMED HORSES

Two valuable saddle horses brought from the east were steamed to death, in their stalls, in a car, on the way to Okanagan, Thursday. The steam apparatus in the car was left open and before it was noticed, the steam had filled the car and killed the horses.

TRAIN WRECK

A west bound freight train ran into a slide, near Kamloops, on Wednesday. Several flat cars were wrecked and the engineer had his leg broken, besides being badly scalded.

UNION SHIPPING.

The Mineola left on the 5th with 3400 tons of coal for Los Angeles.

The Danube left on the 3rd with 33 tons of coal for the north.

The Tepic left Saturday with 425 tons of coal for the C. P. R. at Vancouver.

The Rapid Transit is due.

The San Mateo may be expected at any time.

NOTICE.

Will be sold by Public Auction, if not otherwise disposed of, on Tuesday 24th, September, five acres of land, adjoining the Courtenay townsite, containing thirty eight lots.

Particulars can be obtained of Mr. M. Whitney of THE NEWS or of Mr. Jos. McPhee, Courtenay. Terms on date of sale.

W. CHENEY & CO.

AUCTIONEER AND

COMMISSION MERCHANT

UNION, B. C.

Will handle all kinds of goods, including

Farmers Produce

Give us a call

McPhee & Moore

GENERAL MERCHANTS AND BUTCHERS

UNION & COURTENAY

Choicest Meats, Fresh Eggs and Vegetables

A full line of Staple and Fancy Groceries.

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

SATURDAY'S SPORTS

At Union, Sept. 14.

100 yd race (open), 1st, $10,00 ; 2nd, 5,00

100 yds boys, under 16, 1st, $5 ; 2nd $,2

75 yds, girls under 18, 1st, $3 ; 2nd, 2.

1 mile (open), 1st $10 ; 2nd prize, $5,00

Married ladies, 75 yds, $5,00; 2nd, 2,50

Hurdle, 200 yds, (open), 1st 10 ; 2nd $5

Bicycle race (handicap) to Courtenay and return, $25 medal ; 2nd, bicycle lamp

Baseball (5 p. m.) Union v Wellington $25

Fat men (over 200 lbs) 1st, $3; 2nd, $2

Fourth of mile (open) 1st, $10; 2nd, $5

Sack race 1st $5; 2d, $2,50. Obstacle, $10 2d, $5. Wheelbarrow race, 1st, $5; 2d, $2, 50. 3 legged race, 1st, $5; 2d, $2,50. Bucket of water, 1st $5; 2d, $2.50. Standing long jump, 1st, $5; 2d, $2.50. Running long jump, 1st, $5; 2d, $2.50. Hop, step and jump, 1st $3; $2. Standing high jump. 1st, $5; 2d, $2.50. Running high jump, 1st, $5; 2d, $2.50. Vaulting with pole, 1st, $5; 2d, $2.50. Putting shot, 16lb, 1st, $5. Putting shot, 12lb, 1st, $5. Standing jump, boys under 16, 1st, $3; 2d, $2. Running jump, boys under 16, 1st, $3; 2d, $2. Throwing hammer 16lb, $5; 12lb hammer, 1st, $5. Tug of war, Union vs Wellington, $20. Best waltzers, $10.

Entrance fees to all events where prizes exceeds $5 to be 50 cents; all other events free.

Entrance fee to bicycle race, $1.

3 entries or no second prize in all events.

Special prize of a fine pair of pants made to order to the winner of the most events.

Presented by—:

The Great Eastern Tailoring Dept.

D. C. McKenzie, Agent.

Admission to ball, $1.00.

J. B. Holmes has a number of carpenters at work on his new store building at Comox Bay.

Dr. Westwood has the lumber partly on the ground for his new residence, cor. of First st. and Maryport ave.

Mr. Cathew is building three more 4-roomed cottages for Wm. Mathewson.

ORANGE BLOSSOMS

On Monday, Sept. 9th. Mr. D. M. Hunter of the firm of Williams & Hunter of this town was united in marriage to Miss E. J. Elson, eldest daughter of Wm Elson, Esq, at the home of the bride's parents at Port Moody. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Mr. Chestnut of New Westminster. Mr. and Mrs. Hunter will return on the Joan on Wednesday (tomorrow) and will be guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Williams, until their new residence on Penrith avenue, now in progress of building, is completed.

THE NEWS extends its congratulations.

DENTIST

Dr A. R. Baker, dentist of Victoria, will visit Union on the 11th instant and, will remain at The Waverly House a few days, prepared to do all kinds of dental work.

NELSON CAMP

Nelson Camp 44 of Woodmen of the World will meet next Monday evening at their new hall in the McDonald block, corner of 2nd st and Dunsmuir ave. Let every one attend and see that the Camp fire burns brightly.

NOTICE.

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

W.A. Mathewson, Assignee.

LOVE ON THE JOAN

On the return trip of the excursion party from Union to Vancouver Sept. 7th, on the good steamship Joan, there were among the numbers which filled the saloon and crowded the deck, two individuals, which an observant person, accustomed to the study of mankind, would have picked out as the most interesting. One was a gentleman of about fifty winters. His hair was sprinkled with gray, but his step was as elastic and his form as supple as in youth. A moments study of his face revealed that however much of suffering and disappointment he had passed through, he still possessed a youthful spirit; and was one of those most delightful of all personages—a young old man, having the rich experience, matured judgment, and thoughtfulness of age with all the life, vivacity and hopefulness of youth. He stood quietly, watching everything, but rarely appearing to notice anything. Now and then his face would light up with a pleasant smile at the joyousness of some child, only to be chased away by a shade of disapproval at the appearance of some young fellow given to bacchanalian revelry. At last his eyes fell upon the face of a young woman which betrayed singular sweetness and the evidence of great suffering. She had no companion, and was evidently traveling alone. There was a dazed expression in her eyes, as if hope had fled, and yet one must be a poor student of nature who could not see that she was as pure and good as she was sweet and refined. Without the slighest hesitation he advanced to her side. "You are in trouble," he said; "can I be of service?" She looked up into his face. His manner was so respectful, his tones so sober and yet so full of sympathy, and his face image l a soul so frank and true that he seemed like some one sent by Providence to her assistance. Miriam, for by that name we will call her, passed at once out of the depression which had enshrouded her, and gave Jean, her new found friend, her confidence. It is said that there are moments when we seem to live years; and doubtless there are affinities between individuals which when once linked by chance are united more closely than the circumstance of years of acquaintance has power to do. With Miriam and Jean it was as if they had always known each other. There knowledge was to each other a soul revealment. Then followed naturally an explanation of Miriam's distress. She had married according to her fancy and imagined it was love. Had her choice proved worthy, doubtless all would have ended well, for no woman capable of affection, ever yet was wedded, who did not endow worthiness and devotion with her love. But he proved prodigate and reckless, squandering his strength and young manhood as though they were mere baubles; became an old man while yet young, and worn out and bleached before his time, died a twelve month ago, leaving her penniless and heart-broken.

Whither was she going? Ah! she could not tell. She was drifting. She had felt impelled to come on board the steamer which she understood was bound to Union, where she heard the times were good and she might find some opportunities for employment.

"And you know no one there?"

"Only you."

"Me? Yes it does seem as though I had known you for years."

"And I feel as though we had always known each other."

When the Joan reached Union wharf Jean and Miriam walked hand in hand out the gang way and took standing room with the others in the box cars to Union. Arrived there Miriam was conducted to a quiet boarding house on Fernwood Heights where they parted. No formal words of meeting soon were uttered: they were quite unnecessary. There relation to each other was accepted as fixed. Mated they had been, without knowledge of the fact till the day they met on the Joan. When wedding bells ring out, as soon they will, all hearts will wish them joy.

CUMBERLAND SHOE SHOP.

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

Nelson Parks.

FARM AND GARDEN

AGRICULTURE.

Give the boy all the mental equipment you can; if he finds himself inclined to follow some other life work than farming, no matter. He would *not then make a good farmer, possibly.* Fit him for the battle of life the best you can. This is better than to leave the children gold over which to quarrel. The uneducated young man, left with a lot of property, is to be pitied.

Very much land would be productive, regardless of fertilizing, if the proper amount of moisture could be kept in the soil. Poor crops are usually got only when there are periods of flood or drouth during the growing season. There is a vast amount of plant food in most soils, and a store of moisture makes it available.

An excess of moisture packs the soil and excludes the air, and if a drouth follows the crops suffer more than upon land where there is a good drainage. If kept lively, the air in the soil and the rise of moisture from beneath maintain chemical action, and it does not suffer so much in a dry time.

It is not fair to estimate stable manure upon the same basis as commercial fertilizers, for the mechanical effect of vegetable manure is worth as much as the plant food contained therein. In fact, rotten manure promotes chemical action and plant growth in several ways. Plenty of vegetable matter and good tillage will ensure good crops in most seasons.

The cares of the farmer himself are light compared with the numerous details of little things which constitute the daily duties of his wife. It is almost cruel to bring upon her in the hardest season of the year the harvest laborers. They add to her work and discomfort. There are better ways of managing.

As much as to the moisture of the climate the secret of the thick, dense, soft turf of an old sheep pasture in England is due to the fact that if it is not eaten off closely it is mowed in time to prevent the growing of the flower stalks. The new growth will be rapid, and there will be no stubble in the way of the sheep.

An enterprising and observant farmer says that the largest crop of barley he ever grew was from a field where a large crop of turnips had frozen in and rotted in the ground. It grew to his shoulders, and brought him 60 bushels of cleaned barley to the acre.

Turnips will do best on a sod. Turn it all well over by the 1st of July, and cultivate it repeatedly up to the 20th. The Purpletop Strapleaf is a favorite. First sow 200 pounds high grade fertilizer; roll after sowing; when well formed, thin with the cultivator, if necessary. Thus managed, a good crop should not cost to exceed a cent a bushel.

SWINE.

Push the early pigs with a daily feed of shorts, mixed with water to about the consistency of molasses. As they grow older give them in addition *crushed mangolds or refuse apples.* When four months old add one pound of corn meal a day. Give all the time a variety of easily digested *flesh forming and bone producing* foods, and save the corn for the "feeding off."

The essential quality in a breed of *hogs is early maturity and quick* fattening. The Essex takes high rank among the smaller breeds. None will make more or better pork with *given quantity of feed. They are* quiet, and especially adapted to the needs of the villager and small farmer who cannot give them space in *which to roam.*

A brood sow should have bran, meal and potatoes, offal from the garden and refuse from the dairy, but no fattening food. As soon as she is pregnant her rations should contain additions of grain, to be discontinued two weeks before farrowing, and until a few days thereafter.

Mothers with pigs should be well fed, that the progeny may have a good start. As soon as the pigs are old enough they should be fed separately, carefully increasing from a light ration. Probably hogs will be worth money the coming winter, and we should aim at early maturity.

It is better farming to grow pigs on grass than on grain. Roots and clover hay in the winter will greatly reduce the cost of keeping them, and they must be kept growing through that season if we would have them in condition to quickly fatten for the spring market; not fat, but growing.

There is no way to keep fattening sows from breeding, except to either kill or spay them. Spaying is sometimes practiced, but it involves trouble, and very few know how to do it safely, and it is not ever likely to come into general practice.

It is possible to raise hogs on dry feed and slops only through the whole of the summer season, but it is not nature's way, and not the right way. The hog has an appetite for weeds and grasses, and he will never do so well without them as with them. His craving is an indication of his need.

By dividing up the larger pasture into smaller lots, and sowing these in timely crops for the pigs, they can be made to grow almost beyond one's belief. This is a thrift which is natural, building up a sound constitution, and causing symmetrical development of the physical structure of the animal.

DAIRY.

To keep your milk from souring, Pasteurize it. Put the fresh milk in a bucket having a rim around the bottom, and place in a wash boiler of water. Stir it over a slow fire until it reaches 155 or 160 degrees, and no more, and keep it at this for 10 minutes. Placed then in shallow pans, the cream will rise all the better; but this must be a careful process.

The dairy farmer finds that the intensive system of culture which he must follow enables him to improve the fertility of the soil so that he can raise better crops and get better returns for the land than he could before. This means a double profit all around.

If your stable floor is on the ground, where it *should be, and not two or* three feet above it, so as to have a cavern of filth beneath, there is no good reason why you cannot have a *sweet smelling stable.* Sprinkle a little land plaster or road dust about every day, and it will be almost odorless.

The mangers for cows should be but a few inches high in front, as this will allow them to go forward, when they lie down, and keep out of the *filth. It is a good plan to let them* stand two and two in half box stalls, tied with neck halters to opposite corners of the box. Stanchions are too *severe upon the cattle.*

To no department has so much attention been given, and from no department has so much been given out *that is new, within the past 10 years,* as from that of the dairy; and nowhere is there so much undergoing present investigation which is likely *to be of interest and value.*

Heifers milked before calving, from a few drops to a half pint at a milking, before they sprang bag to any *extent, proved excellent cows and the* best milkers out of a herd of 48 of the same breeding. Would not this procedure promise even more with nat*ural milkers which make an udderful* of milk a month before calving?

Although the fats are regarded as the richest part of the milk, the rest, *after skimming,* is quite as valuable in other solids, and the sugar, albumen and casein form two-thirds of the original food contents of the milk. *Sterilize this after separating,* and then charge with pure carbonic acid under high pressure and place in siphon bottles, and thence it can be used *at any time.*

The cream trade is affording an outlet for an immense amount of dairy product; in the cities its use *is not merely a fad,* but becoming a necessity. The cream from 100 pounds of good milk brings a price in advance of its worth for cheese or *butter, and leaves eight-tenths of the* milk on the farm to feed the stock.

POULTRY.

Knowing their slight cost, we are surprised that so few guineas are found upon our farms. They are better adapted to the farm than to the small poultry keeper, as they need a wide range. If this range is sufficient, they will gather almost all their food from the fields and meadows.

A hundred fowls will cost less, to buy or to keep, than a cow. How many, who have tested both, will refuse to admit that they will earn more net profit in a year? If you can not have both, and want the one which will make the most money, take the fowls.

Cholera is the name which covers most of the sudden diseases which attack chickens, though it is often something else, but the cause is usually the same—the neglect of proper sanitary precautions. Give pure water, good, wholesome food, clean quarters, and do not over crowd, and disease will trouble the flocks very little.

It is thought that turkeys contract gapes from chickens so afflicted drinking from the same vessels and eating from the contaminated ground. It is better, therefore, to keep them entirely separate, feed them in a different place, and induce them to take a wider range, and a large one at that.

Prussian insect powder is said to be a good remedy for gapes, blown down the throat; it kills the worm, which is then coughed up; but the best remedy is the old one of removing the gape worm forcibly with a doubled and twisted horse hair, or a very fine wire.

Early, well developed pullets make good winter layers. While growing make them work for what they eat, not feeding them a sufficiency at any one time. Do not imagine that success hinges necesarily upon any one breed, and do not let the half grown chicks roost in boxes, but give them a house all to themselves.

If you think the poultry interest an insignificant affair, stop and investigate. Keep an honest account for one year with your chicks, and see if you do think more of them and the poultry business. To make a success of any enterprise you must throw a little enthusiasm into your work.

Prevent disease among your fowls rather than cure them. Keep the quarters clean and free from mites, and by all means furnish pure, fresh water. It is from neglect and carelessness that chickens become diseased, and too much food, stagnant water and filthy quarters are the common causes.

The majority of lice exterminating remedies are worthless, and, after all, vigilance is the only road to success. Grease the heads of the little chicks, but the old hens are a hot bed to supply fresh numbers, even if all killed off from the little fellows.

Boil a sliced bar of common soap in a half gallon of water, and stir into this a quart of kerosene while hot; this will make a jelly. Stir this emulsion in a tub of warm soap suds, and dip every chicken therein bodily and thoroughly. This will not harm the chicken, but will be death to the lice. Try it.

CHEAP LIGHT IN GERMANY.

It appears that the station at Frankfort intends to supply current for power purposes at the very low price of 6.5 pfenning ($1.63) per *kw-hour. This price can be fixed be*cause the demand on the station occurs at times when there is not much other work and when a heavier load *favorably influences running.* By such loads the working cost of the station per kw-hour is substantially reduced, and this is a primary step *toward cheapening the price of light.* The cheapest electric power in Germany at present is that furnished by the Isar works near Munich, namely *2.4 cents; power is obtained from* water.

STOMACH NEURALGIA.

Interesting Facts About This Peculiar Trouble.

A Pembroke Lady Who Suffered for Eight Years Gives the Particulars of Her Illness and Tells How She Obtained Relief.

(From Pembroke Standard.)

The grateful thanks of thousands in *all parts of the Dominion who have* been made well is the best evidence of the sterling merit of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. We suppose there is not a city, town or village in Canada in which the good record of this health giving medicine is not known, and Pembroke is no exception to the rule. Among those who speak of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in terms of the highest praise is Mrs. Fournier, wife of Mr. Peter Fournier, both of whom are held in high esteem by those who know them. To a reporter who recently visited their home, Mrs. Fournier gave a plain, unvarnished statement of her illness and cure. "It is now about eight years," she said, "since I began to grow ill with a pain in my back, stomach and side, and the amount of suffering which it caused me can scarcely be realized. As the days and months passed by I began to grow weaker, and I was seldom free from the intense pains. At last I grew so weak that I was obliged to take to my bed, and even then suffered from the pains which were making my life so miserable. My appetite failed me and I feared that I was doomed to be an invalid. During those days I was under the care of a skilful physician, but his medicine did me no good. He said that my trouble was neuralgia or rheumatism of the stomach. It was during those dark days, as I lay an almost helpless invalid, that a friend strongly urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Although I had little faith in their efficacy at the time, I consented to try them. After using a few boxes I began to feel myself growing stronger and the pains leaving me. I continued using them until I had used a dozen boxes, and now you can see for yourself whether I look like a sick person or not. The pains in my stomach, side and back, have ceased to trouble me, and I have not been as well in eight years as I feel now. My appetite, which was so poor at one time, is now fully restored, and I am confident that not only have Pink Pills cured me, but that they have saved me from misery and pain I would have otherwise still been enduring." Mr. Fournier, who was present at the interview, fully endorsed all his wife had said.

Dr. Williams Pink Pills make pure, rich blood, thus reaching the root of disease and driving it out of the system, curing when other medicines fail. Most of the ills afflicting mankind are due to an impoverished condition of the blood, or weak or shattered nerves, and for all these Pink Pills are a specific which speedily restore the sufferer to health. These pills are never sold in any form except in the company's boxes, the wrapper round which bears the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." All others are counterfeits and should always be refused. Get the genuine and be made well.

THE ONLY TEST OF MERIT.

That the people are quick to appreciate a good thing when they see it is abundantly shown by the phenomenal record of the Toronto Industrial Exhibition. The Fair which begins on the 2nd of September next is the seventeenth of the series. It has grown steadily in popularity and yearly attracts increasing numbers, which is the best possible proof of its superior excellence. This season the display will be more complete and varied than ever. The number of entries is unusually large in all departments. Already every foot of space in the building is taken up through additions, and rearrangements have been made to accommodate the increased number of exhibitors. In live stock also entries for which close on the 10th of August there will be a very full showing especially in the choicer breeds of horses and cattle. Great improvements have been made in the accommodations provided and all arrangements for public convenience are as nearly perfect as possible. An attractive and diversified programme of entertainments is offered. All railways will give low rates and special excursions will be run from many points, presenting an opportunity of which all should avail themselves.

SKINNY SUFFERERS SAVED.

Tobacco users as a rule are away below normal weight because tobacco *destroys digestion and causes nerve* irritation that saps brain power and vitality. You can get a quick, guaranteed relief by the use of No-To-Bac, *and then if you don't like your free*dom and improved physical condition you can learn the use of tobacco over again, just like the first time. No-To-*Bac sold under guarantee to cure by* druggists everywhere. Book free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., No. 374 St. Paul street, Montreal.

WOMAN LETTER CARRIERS.

The City-Post Mercur at Aix-la-Chapelle has discharged the local letter carriers and appointed women in their places. The latter are uniformed, wearing a black dress, with yellow sash, small black lacquered high hats with yellow ribbon and a leather pouch on a strip from the shoulder. The innovation excites considerable attention and comment.

Capt. Kemp, of the Warwick, reports a derelict with three stump masts above water off Little Meccatlina Island.

Sir Edward Grey, the late Under Secretary of State for Foreign Af*fairs, is one of the best amateur ten*nis players in England.

GENEVA'S FOUNTAIN.

It Stands at the Entrance of Its Port and is 300 Feet High.

The fountain that the municipality of Geneva has recently established at the entrance of the port of that city is certainly the largest fountain that exists upon the surface of the globe, since it is no less than 300 feet in height. It may be seen from a great distance in clear weather, detaching itself like a great white sail flapping through the effect of the wind.

The city of Geneva possesses a most complete distribution of water under pressure, the motive power for which is obtained from an artificial fall established upon the Rhone at the point of the lake. The water for domestic purpose and for the running of certain motors is raised to a height of 215 feet above the level of the lake. For the distribution of motive force it is raised to a height of 460 feet. The reservoir is an open air one, and is situated upon the top of Bessingers at a distance of three miles from the turbine building. A very ingenious regulator, invented by Mr. Turretini, assures the uniformity of pressure in the piping.

The length of the first pipe line is about forty miles and that of the second about sixty. It is with this latter that the fountain conduit is connected. The latter is set in play only on Sundays. It is sometimes set in operation also on week days in the evening. Instead of a single jet of great height several are then utilized that do not rise so high. Powerful electric light projectors, placed on a structure near by, brightly illuminate them with their rays of varied colors, which transform them into a luminous fountain of the most beautiful aspect.

CLIMATE INFLUENCE ON HEALTH.

It cannot be denied that the influence of climate upon health is great, and it is in recognition of this *fact that physicians send patients suf*fering with pulmonary diseases to great distances for "change of air." But when the sufferer happens to be *too poor to act upon the advice,* his lot is hard indeed. But it is not necessarily hopeless. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery can be had *at any medicine store, and to it thous*ands whose cases were considered desperate owe their lives.

Up to a certain point in the progress *of Consumption, Dr. Pierce's Golden* Medical Discovery is a positive remedy. But delay is dangerous with Consumption. In all the conditions *that lead to it,* the "Discovery" is the remedy. With severe lingering Coughs or Weak Lungs, nothing acts so promptly. Every disease that can *be reached through the blood* yields to this medicine. The Scrofulous affections of the lungs that's called Consumption is one of them. For this, *and for every other form of Scrofula,* for all blood-taints and disorders and all chronic Bronchial, Throat, and Lung affections, the "Discovery" is *the only remedy so certain that,* once used, it is always in favor.

Can anything else be "just as good" for you to buy?

Don't you believe it.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE

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

J. I. BATES, B. A., Woodstock, Principal

WARNING.

$100 REWARD.

We are informed that unscrupulous dealers are in the habit of selling plugs and parts of plugs of inferior Tobacco, representing them to be the genuine

"T. & B."

Myrtle Navy.

The genuine plug is stamped with the letters "T. & B." in bronze. Purchasers will confer a favor by looking at the trade mark when purchasing.

☞ A reward of *ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS* will be given to anyone for information leading to the conviction of any person guilty of the above fraudulent practices or infringing our trade mark in any manner whatsoever.

The Geo. E. Tuckett & Son Co., Ltd., Hamilton, Ont.

$15 PER WEEK

And steady employment, you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business. Write to-day. The Queen Silverware Co., Montreal.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP
FOR CHILDREN TEETHING
For sale by all Druggists. 25 Cents a bottle.

YES
You can improve your digestion wonderfully, by using
Adams' TUTTI FRUTTI GUM
Refuse imitations.

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

ISSUE NO. 33 1895.

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

Scott's Emulsion

is Cod-liver Oil emulsified, or made easy of digestion and assimilation. To this is added the Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda, which aid in the digestion of the Oil and increase materially the potency of both. It is a remarkable flesh-producer. Emaciated, anæmic and consumptive persons gain flesh upon it very rapidly. The combination is a most happy one.

Physicians recognize its superior merit in all conditions of wasting. It has had the endorsement of the medical profession for 20 years.

Don't be persuaded to take a substitute!

Scott & Bowne, Belleville. 50c. and $1.

THE MONEY-MAKER KNITTING MACHINE
ONLY $10
ASK YOUR SEWING MACHINE AGENT FOR IT, OR SEND A 3 CENT STAMP FOR PARTICULARS, PRICE LIST, SAMPLES, COTTON YARN, &c.
THIS IS GOOD FOR $2.00 SEND TO
CREELMAN BROS. Mfrs
GEORGETOWN, ONT.

FIRST AND FOREMOST

CANADA'S GREAT

INDUSTRIAL FAIR

TORONTO.

SEPTEMBER 2ND TO 14TH

1895.

The Finest and Fullest Display of LIVE STOCK, AGRICULTURAL PRODUCTS, and MANUFACTURES to be seen on the Continent.

Increased Prizes, Improved Facilities, and Special Attractions, Etc.

A Trip to Toronto at FAIR TIME is an IDEAL HOLIDAY.

There is MORE to SEE, MORE to LEARN and MORE to ENJOY at the

GREAT TORONTO FAIR

Than all others put together.
EXCURSIONS ON ALL LINES.
Entries Close August 10th.
For Prize Lists, Programmes, etc., Address
E. J. HILL, Manager, Toronto.

GOOD HOMES IN THE SUNNY south. Near the sea. For sale at low prices. Address "Manager of Immigration," Norfolk, Va.

Michigan Lands.

10,000 acres of the best land in the State, at from $2 to $5.00 per acre. In four counties and on and near the Mich. Central, Detroit & Alpena & Loon Lake Rys. Easy terms and best titles. Apply to

R. M. PIERCE, Agt. West Bay City,
OR TO J. W. CURTIS, Whittemore, Mich.

WHO WOULD SUFFER

The excruciating Pain of

RHEUMATISM OR NEURALGIA

When you can buy a bottle of

EBY'S RHEUMATOLE

For 25 cents and have immediate relief.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

OLD CANADIAN POSTAGE STAMPS.

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

FOR TWENTY FIVE YEARS

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND
LARGEST SALE IN CANADA.

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

WOMEN OF GREAT STRENGTH.

Modern Giantesses Who Have Won International Fame.

MODELS OF PHYSICAL PERFECTION

There Are Half a Dozen of Them Who Are Capable of Performing Feats Far Beyond the Power of the Average Man—America's Champion May Meet England's Champion in a Contest.

Woman, as we all know, says the Boston Herald, is no longer weak. That is, physically. There was a time—but why not let the past bury its dead? The present and the athletic girl belong to each other. There are nowadays women, sweet, tender women, who have made themselves champions at rowing, boxing, teeth lifting, fencing, bicycle riding and heavy weight lifting. The conjecture has been ventured that the twentieth century prize ring will have no king. She will be a queen.

In the weight lifting field of feminine endeavor, which requires no slight expenditure of strength and muscle, there are several champions, not only in America, but in France, Germany and England. The feats of these fair ones appear hardly credible, and only the fact that they have made records before competent judges in public exhibitions places their powers beyond question.

In England the champion strong woman is Mlle. Athleta, a good looking, well formed, muscular specimen of womanhood, who has thrown down the gauntlet to America's champion strong woman, Minerva, Flossie Le Blanche, and to Yucca. Athleta stands 5 feet 7 inches in height, and weighs 150 pounds, and her bust measurement is 42 inches. Among the feats of strength she performs is the notable one of swinging a chair with her teeth all around her own head. She also holds a pyramid of chairs above her head with her teeth. She lifts also a 170-pound man up in a chair with her teeth, or an anvil 300 pounds in weight. Holding a 56-pound weight at arm's length in each hand is a bagatelle to her. She is likewise deft at lifting a 130-pound dumbbell over her head with one arm. Often she has held a 56-pound weight in each hand, while she lifted 30 pounds with her teeth. She can lift up a barrel with three heavy men on it, and a barrel of water, weighing 600 pounds, the latter feat being performed with her teeth alone. She raises an anvil weighing 300 pounds with one finger. A horse with harness and slings weighing 1,340 pounds has often been suspended in the air on her hands.

Athleta four years ago was unknown to fame. Practice with the gymnasium medicine ball began to develop her muscle and increase her strength. The medicine ball is an ordinary covered sphere about twice the size of a football. It is filled inside with hair and twine, and made to weigh about 12 pounds. The weight is so easily distributed and the ball so large that it does not seem when handled one-half its weight. It was Athleta's favorite exercise, although she daily worked with dumbbells, pulleys and the like. She says the medicine ball is the best to develop muscle and increase the strength of females, because it can be used with perfect safety in normal conditions, and the movements made with it will have a tendency to build up the back, exercise the waist and limbs and enlarge the chest. Athleta, who has made a study of physical training and has tutored several females in England, said on this subject:

"The principal object in training for the athletic arena or prize ring is to increase the physical strength and to improve the free action of the lungs. This is accomplished by regimen and exercise. The bones and their ligaments, the muscles, the tendons and all the finer and more flexible parts of the body are continually renewed, and are as properly a secretion as is the saliva that flows from the mouth or the moisture that bedews the skin. The health of all parts of the body depends on perpetual absorption, renovation and exercise. Promoting the secretion promotes life. Since the human frame is thus capable of being altered and renovated, it is not surprising that the art of training should be carried to a degree of perfection almost incredible, and that by certain processes the lung power and courage of a female should be so greatly improved as to enable her to perform the most laborious undertakings."

That such effects have been produced is unquestioned, being fully exemplified in the astonishing exploits of our most celebrated feminine athletes, which are the invariable results of such preparatory discipline. Athleta has just as great a reputation as a female champion in athletics in England, as Minerva, the female champion, enjoys in this country, and has an idea that there is no female in the world who can successfully lift dumb-bells and heavy weights or compete in a series of all-round athletic exercises with herself. Athleta has a number of admirers who believe no one can defeat her, and it is in a contest in the above performances that she has challenged Minerva, the champion strong woman of America, for $1,000 and the female heavyweight lifting championship of the world.

The only hitch in the proposed match is the circumstance that Mlle. Athleta desires the contest to take place in England, while Minerva is eager that the question of superiority be decided in this country. However, it is expected that Minerva will finally go to England to meet Athleta.

Minerva, the American champion, is an excellent specimen of physical womanhood. Her right arm at the biceps measures 17 3-4 inches. She is the daughter of Dr. Joseph Schaner, a well-known physician of Hoboken, N. J., and was born in Hamburg, Germany, in 1865. Like Athleta, Minerva commenced practice with light weights in a gymnasium, and when only 11 years old could juggle a 20-pound dumb-bell. In 1887 she came to this country, and under Prof. Chas. C. Blatt gained much of her strength and began to give exhibitions in lifting light dumb-bells and bar-bells. By degrees she developed her muscles until able to perform wonderful feats of strength.

Minerva is taller, heavier, and no doubt stronger, than either Mlle. Athleta, the English female champion; Mlle. Bronx, the Bavarian strong woman; Angela, the Italian champion, or Tulla, the German female champion. Minerva stands 5 feet 7 1-2 inches in height, is 26 years old and weighs 160 pounds. She is the only "strong" woman who has ever fairly lifted 800 pounds in America. She has a 50-inch bust and is an Amazon in proportions.

Among the many feats she excels in are holding straight from the shoulder with one hand a 50-pound weight to which a ring is attached, and holding 50-pound weights (one in each hand) and elevating them above the head. This feat puzzles many strong men. She puts up a 150-pound bar-bell with two hands and raises it above her head at arms' length. She can lift a barrel of lime with her hands weighing 300 pounds and place it on her shoulder. She also stands in a pail and lifts a barrel of lime with her hands without upsetting the pail. This feat is a most difficult one, and requires great strength and unity in balancing.

Minerva lifts a 135-pound man in a chair with her hands, holding chair and man at arms' length. Several of the strong men tried to compete with Minerva in this feat, but failed to accomplish it in the same easy way that she did. Often she lifts 15 chairs with her hands, elevating them above her head and then balancing them with one hand alone. She has raised a cartwheel, supposed to weigh 300 pounds, to her chest, and then balanced it.

One of the sensational feats Minerva performs is that of standing with one foot each on two chairs, the chairs being placed three feet apart, and raising 250 pounds by the help of a rope and hook attached to her neck. When Minerva was once performing this feat in Mexico a chair gave way under the pressure just as she had the ponderous weight raised from the ground. The girl fell and injured one of her knees, but she procured another chair, repeated the feat, and her reputation was made among the Mexicans.

Breaking horseshoes is another of this strong woman's specialties. She uses her hands to break the horseshoe, either across her thigh or on her breast, and has a record of breaking 54 inside of 60 minutes. Breaking chains and leather straps *by expanding the chest is another* feat Minerva performs. But her greatest feat is catching a 24-pound cannon ball fired from a cannon. She accomplished this twice in a single day, and it is claimed she is the only **female who can stand 30 feet from** the cannon and successfully perform the feat. Minerva accomplishes various other things, such as pulling a team of horses and lifting a horse while suspended head downwards by means of pulleys.

Another wonderfully strong woman, who can probably defeat any of the foreign female candidates for the championship, is Yucca. She is a native born American, stands 5 feet 8 inches in height, weighs 150 pounds, and boasts of a bust measurement of 44 inches. She has appeared at all the principal places of amusement in the United States, and two years ago in New York created a sensation by lifting a horse weighing, it was claimed, 1,360 pounds. This wonderful feat gave Yucca a national reputation, and she was challenged by Minerva, but, owing to her failure to agree upon fifteen test competitions no contract was arranged.

Yucca's feats include holding two 40-pound weights to which a ring is attached, with each hand straight from the shoulder; putting up a 150 pound bar bell with two hands, and elevating it above her head at arms' length; lifting a barrel of lime, weighing 310 pounds, and placing it on her shoulder; lifting a man of 140 pounds weight seated in a chair, chair and man being at arms' length; lifting 16 chairs with two hands, elevating them above her head, and then balancing them with only one hand, and raising a cart wheel, weighing 310 pounds, from the ground to her chest, there balancing it on her chin. One of the sensational feats Yucca performs is raising 300 pounds' weight with the assistance of a rope and hook attached to her neck.

Another champion at lifting is Flossie La Blanche, the female Samson. She, also, is a native of this country, and possesses wonderful strength; although not able to accomplish the difficult feats performed by Minerva and Yucca. This is not because she does not possess the same splendid physical development. She has not had the training and the experience of her sister athletes.

Flossie La Blanche stands 5 feet 7 inches and weighs 150 pounds. She lifts a bar-bell weighing 150 pounds with two hands above her head, and can break chains upon her chest with her bare hands. She is credited with putting up a 75 pound dumb-bell, using only one hand, and with elevating a 40-pound dumb-bell 25 times in 30 minutes, which is a rare feat. She is constantly improving, and expects in the near future to be able to accomplish the marvels performed by Athleta, Minerva and Yucca.

Of the prowess of Bronx, the Bavarian strong woman, who is said to lift a barrel of water with her teeth, raise 800 pounds with two hands from the ground, and lift a horse, the papers abroad are constantly telling.

Angela, the Italian champion strong woman, is said to stand 5 feet 8 inches in height. She lifts 250 pounds with one finger, and elevates a 50-pound bell with one hand.

Neither Bronx nor Angela has been in America, but Tulla, the German champion strong woman, who is said to be far ahead of Bronx or Angela, is coming to this country to meet Minerva and Yucca. Tulla stands 5 feet 6 inches in height, weighs 160 pounds and her bust is 50 inches. She is said to possess wonderful muscular development for a female, and is credited with performing feats which the ordinary amateur strong man could not achieve. It is said she lifts a horse while hanging with her feet, the latter being fastened with anklet loops to the bar she is suspended from.

Comparing the performances of these wonderful female Samsons, it looks as if the championship lies between Tulla and Minerva. Another strong woman who is fast gaining fame in England is Alice Sinclair. She is not only noted for her feats of strength, but is a splendid equestrienne and quite a swimmer, too. Since the outbreak of the strong woman craze, she has daily practised in gymnasiums and gained both muscle and strength. Her manager expects her within a year to be a formidable rival of any strong woman in America or England.

THE DOCTOR'S TALK.

Discourse on That Dreadful Little Creature the Spoiled Child.

Once in a great while we meet one of those now almost old-fashioned young people—a spoiled child. It is a rare thing nowadays in the families of well bred people to meet such a nuisance. The only daughter is so easy to spoil, and when there is only one baby, and that is a boy, few mothers have the heart to prevent a father from absolutely ruining it with indulgences.

Grandmothers are killed in some countries—savage custom, but possibly a wise one. The little savage would not grow up a strong chief were his grandmother around to give him sweet fruits, put him to sleep on a bed of soft fir needles and console him when his father spanked him with a curved gleaming "owwoga."

Grandmothers civilized or savage are as sweet and wholesome for grandchildren as are candies. The candy may give baby a bad quarter of an hour, but the influence of a weak and fond woman will exert a more lasting influence.

Mothers, too, are to blame for giving in too readily when a child cries or shows any signs of rebellion to the laws of health and order which are set down for the nursery. The child is a very cute observer and soon gets to know mamma's weak points as well as any little animal learns by instinct the master who will be just and the master who will be kind.

Order is the prime factor in little children's education. Few laws and those to be strictly kept should be the children's constitution. The child who cries because he has to go to bed at 8 o'clock has been allowed to remain up beyond that hour, *and the saucy little girl who says* things to her nurse for which she ought to be spanked has never been properly corrected. Spare the rod, but have system about bringing up the children.

A child who was brought up by a too indulgent mother visited my family once. She was pretty and seemed well bred. Fortunately she had an angelic character, or her mother, as it seemed, would have utterly ruined her. As it was, she was full of notions and whims. She would not sleep alone, and when I good naturedly offered to let her sleep in my bed she blushed and stammered, "if some one could sleep in my room in a different bed it would be nicer." So we had a maid sleep on the sofa in her room. She was very well mannered at table, but would only eat certain things. She liked the leg of the chicken, the smallest potato, the outside piece of meat; she would not eat the last piece of bread on the plate because she might be an old maid. Her whole character, which was as sound and sweet as any one's could be, was overshadowed by whims.

Her mother died soon after, and she was sent to a good boarding school. The instructors sympathized with her, understood and tried their best to eradicate the foolish notions which had, fostered by a too imaginative, childish fancy, run riot. The whimsical child is a spoilt child, and little Maud, who was "fwactious," is another specimen. But the spoiled child is fast dying out and is wholly unnecessary.

CRUMBS SWEPT UP.

Windmills are becoming quite the thing in New England. One man in Lowell has established a storage battery for electric lighting of his summer home, the power for which comes from a windmill.

The Masons of Mississippi have drawn the line against liquor sellers by enacting the general rule that "no Mason, either as principal or agent, employee, or in any other capacity, shall sell intoxicating liquors to be used as a beverage, and the penalty therefor shall be expulsion."

The longest, largest and most expensive railway bridge in Continental Europe is that across the river Vistula, between Forden in Prussian Poland and Culmsee in Germany. It was opened for traffic in December, 1893, and is 1,450 yards in length. It was begun in 1889, and cost 8,000,000 marks, exclusive of the piers.

A new style of linens has been named after Ellen Terry. This novelty is shot, and the colorings are varied and beautiful. They are made in the best quality of thread, peach blending with gold, green with yellow, chartreuse with light blue, moss with brown, blue with red and other beautiful combinations.

When visiting the butchers' shops of towns in New Mexico and Arizona, strangers usually wonder why the dressed carcasses of sheep have a tuft of wool still attached to the head and tail. This is left by the butcher in order to assure the customer that he is buying mutton, and not goat flesh; for in these territories many flocks of goats are reared by the small Mexican ranchman to be killed for food for the poorer natives.

A quarantine against trans-Atlantic cattle, aimed especially at United States cattle, will be enforced in October.

BLUE STOCKING ROAMANCE.

The Old Man Takes a Sad Look Into the Future.

SCENE I.

Interior of a richly furnished, but disorderly room. The master of the house is rumaging impatiently through the bureau drawers.

"Confound it. Not a button on my shirt. It's always so when I'm in a hurry!" (Calling), "Anna! Anna! Where is that maid? Well! I suppose I must hunt up my wife."

SCENE II.

The library. The lady of the house seated at a table surrounded by books and MS. She is preparing her memoirs for the academy.

Husband (pleasantly, his shirt in his hand)—See here, dear, will you sew this button on my shirt?

Wife—What?

Husband—I asked if you—

Wife (haughtily)—Sir! I am a doctor of letters.

Husband—Alas!

Wife—Graduate of the law school, laureate of the institute, member of many learned societies, author of—

Husband—Yes, I know, I know!

Wife (scornfully)—And you ask me—You are a fool, my dear.

Husband (timidly)—Can you tell me, then, where I can find the maid?

Wife—She is at the university.

Husband—At the university!

Wife—Certainly. To-day she discourses on art.

Husband (frightened)—Then my shirt—

Wife (irritated)—For mercy's sake, stop!

Husband (resignedly)—Well, I suppose the cook must know how to sew on a button.

SCENE III.

The kitchen. The fire burning brightly. On one corner of the stove stands a saucepan from which an infectious odor escapes. On the other is a retort and some chemical apparatus.

Cook (examining the contents of a steam gauge)—100 HO5 that's the formula nitrohygenous acid and prottoxide of hydrogen.

Husband (entering)—Caroline, can you sew a button on my shirt?

Cook (stirring the contents of her tube)—See, sir, how it combines. It only needs the re-agent. Where is it, I wonder?

Husband (handing her the shirt)—Here it is.

Cook—No, my salhydrate of ammonia. Ah! I remember, I must have thrown it in the pot with the a la mode beef.

Husband (frightened)—What! Why, you'll poison us all.

Cook—Never mind that. What bothers me is that I'm afraid I've thrown the carrots into the ammonia. Another experiment spoilt!

Husband (losing patience)—Upon my word, I believe all the women of today are cracked.

SCENE IV.

The nursery. The baby squalling at the top of its lungs and pulling at its hair. In the midst of the hubbub the nurse, her eyes raised heavenward, is composing an elegy.

Nurse (declaiming)—

"Oh, azure night, oh, night sublime! Oh, moon and wandering stars!"

I must find a word to rhyme with sublime.

Husband—Nurse, do you know how to sew on a button?

Nurse—Button? That doesn't rhyme with sublime. (She begins again).

"O, moon and wandering stars!"

Husband (raising his hands to heaven)—Even the nurse! To the devil with them all!

SCENE V.

The husband goes out angrily and rushes to the advertising office.

Husband—Things can't go on this way! Sir (emphatically), I wish you to put this advertisement in all the papers.

WANTED—In a private family, a nurse who can neither read nor write. Wages $100 a month and presents thrown in.

Director—Not read or write? Good heavens, man, you are asking for a white blackbird.

Husband (insisting)—But if—

Director—If such a person existed, my dear sir, rest assured that I would not give her to you. I would marry her myself!—From the French.

ELECTIONEERING IN ENGLAND.

Running for Parliament Not a Pleasant Business.

Once, from the top of a cart in the middle of a field, says a writer in London Sketch, I did battle with a stolid elector who interrupted me in an unintelligible dialect. I poured odium on his head, but the crowd looked puzzled, and the occupants of the cart became strangely agitated. At last one of them whispered in my ear: "Good gracious, man, stop that! he's our chief supporter in the district!" Another time a burly farmer suddenly ejaculated "Bosh!" I expostulated with him. "Bosh!" he repeated. What logic can avail against the deadly iteration of one disrespectful epithet? Insubordination broke out all over the meeting. A gentleman in an apron, who had been staring hard at my feet, exclaimed, in a tone of injury: "Why d'ye come here in patent-leather shoes?" Had I known by instinct that this was the local cobbler I might have begged him to do me the honor of making me another pair. But you cannot always be ready with an answer soft enough to turn away wrath, though I remember that a venerable lady who spoke the same evening had assured the audience that the principles she and I were expounding came straight from the Bible.

A POLITIC JEWELLER.

Wife (paying for repairs on husband's watch)—What was the matter?

Jeweller—A hair was tangled in the works.

Wife (anxiously)—What color hair?

Jeweller—Exactly the color of yours, madam.

DUMAS' GOLDEN RULES.

Some of Them are Worthy the Serious Consideration of All.

Walk two hours every day; sleep seven hours every night; go to bed always alone if you need to sleep; get up as soon as you wake; work as soon as you get up; eat only when you are hungry, and drink only when you are thirsty, and eat and drink slowly.

Never speak except when it is necessary, and never say more than half of what you think. Never write anything that you cannot sign, and never do anything that you cannot avow. Never forget that others will count upon you and that you must never count upon them. Value money at its real worth, neither more nor less. It is a good servant, but a bad master.

Keep away from women until you are 20, and avoid them when you are 40. Never attempt to produce anything without a thorough understanding of that which you undertake, and destroy as little as possible. Pardon everybody beforehand, to be on the safe side. Do not despise men; do not hate them, and do not laugh at them beyond measure. Pity them.

Think of death every morning when you see the light and every evening on the approach of darkness. When your sufferings are great look your grief in the face; it will console you itself and teach you something. Try to be simple, to become useful, to remain free and before denying God wait until somebody proves to you that He does not exist.

For a man and for a woman there is a succession of duties to be fulfilled which enables them to look always ahead and to become accustomed to the absence of the objects of their most dear affections. The world would finish too quickly if the first child was not able to survive the death of the first mother.

Misfortunes and trials attack noble souls without hurting them. They are like the rocks of granite that the sea covers in times of tempest with its furious waves, fancying that it is drowning them, while it is merely washing them, so that they reappear again in the sunlight more polished and more shining than ever. Adversity embellishes those that it cannot cast down. By the law of nature a man should have many children. He should raise them well, so that they may be useful; and he should love them so that they may be happy. To get married when a man is young is healthy; to choose, in no matter what class, a good, honest girl; to love her with all his heart and soul and to make her a reliable companion and a prolific mother; to work to raise his children and to leave them when dying the example of his life—that is the true meaning and object of life; the rest is only error, crime or folly.

In truth, the average man is only above ambient humanity on one single plane, virtue, and as there can be no virtue without humility, those alone have the right to consider themselves the superiors of others to whom the knowledge that they are superior is denied. Talent, and especially its higher form called genius, is involuntary. It is not the result of the efforts of man; it is, like beauty, the gift of God. That is why it is of secondary order; and posterity will only remember it for its virtue, its sincerity and its communion in universal progress. Glory for glory's sake is a shameful speculation.

The men who rejoice in their celebrity are simpletons; the men who are proud of their genius are fools.

There is one thing that is especially beautiful in great and pure affections and that is that, after the pleasure which they afford has passed away, there remains the happiness of their recollections.

Very often an unexpected grief or an unmerited misfortune gives to a man an energy and a perseverance which he could never find in happiness. And after such trials a man often become superior who would have remained simple and vulgar if he had always been happy. He who is without energy when young will never have it. Grit is not a winter fruit; it never grows in the snow.

One may expect everything from a man of energy to whom misfortune has given courage and ambition.

Alexandre Dumas, fils.

Paris Figaro.

DON'TS FOR SUMMER GIRLS.

Don't use the summer slang.
Don't flirt with married men.
Don't be playful in a rowboat.
Don't stare at every newcomer.
Don't wear scarfpins in bow ties.
Don't wear jewelry in a shirt waist.
Don't run after the man in the moon.
Don't talk continually while dancing.
Don't use up all your brother's neckties.
Don't wear a veil. It looks unwholesome.
Don't smoke cigarettes on the hotel piazza.
Don't go through every dance at the hops.
Don't go to the post office ten times a day.
Don't wear chiffon-trimmed hats out sailing.
Don't pretend to be anything that you are not.
Don't be one of more than two in a hammock.
Don't keep writing to the city for samples of cloth.
Don't wear a tea gown into the hotel dining room.
Don't make one man pull a boatload of twelve girls.
Don't monopolize the only man at a summer resort.
Don't talk about dresses more than ten hours per day.
Don't lounge on a crowded beach in bathing costume.
Don't wear your bicycle costume to the dinner table.
Don't dress yourself in all the colors of the rainbow.
Don't get engaged more than once at the same resort.
Don't make acquaintance you will be ashamed of in town.
Don't forget that even a summer girl may be dignified.

THE WEEKLY NEWS

Published Every Tuesday
At Union, B. C.
M. Whitney Editor

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
IN ADVANCE.

One Year	$2 0
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, " 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.

Tuesday, Sept. 10, 1895.

THE POST OFFICE

It is certain that this town with 3000 inhabitants has been shabbily treated thus far with reference to postal facilities. There is no town of its size in the province that has not a daily mail, while Union is compelled to get along with one a week. Even Alberni with from 200 to 300 people has a bi-weekly mail. It may be difficult to remedy this at present without a very large bonus, and attention is called to it just at this time for the purpose only of emphasizing the demand for fair treatment with reference to providing a suitable office. Surely the department does not expect the people of this town to trudge through the slush and mud off to one side and into a saw mill yard, during the coming fall, winter and spring, to get their mail. The demand is that the post office shall be removed to Dunsmuir avenue to a point where both the Camp and Cumberland will be best accommodated, and this demand is so reasonable that it can neither be refused, nor compliance with it long delayed. But rents are high on Dunsmuir avenue. Who is to stand the expense? Clearly it ought not to be thrown on to the postmaster. The department which is giving us only one mail service a week should meet this expense. The inadequacy of our service in other respects should be made up in a good post office. The petty allowance now made for an out of the way place will not suffice. The volume of business transacted at this office is large. We cannot expect a more frequent mail until either the E. & N. Railway is extended or the Nanaimo and Comox Trunk road is completed, but surely we are entitled to decent post office accommodations on our main business street. Will Mr. Fletcher, the Post Office Inspector, see that Union is provided with a suitable post office, properly located, and that an adequate allowance for rent be given?

WE EXPECT IT

We have great hopes that the Traveling Dairy will yet visit this district. We are assured that Mr. Haslam, our member for the Dominion parliament will do all in his power to induce the Dominion Commissioner to visit Comox, and we have great faith in his ability to aid us. Our thanks are also due Mr. Hunter, M. P. P., Deputy Minister of Agriculture Anderson, and Hon. Col. Baker, Provincial Secretary for their thoughtful and prompt action.

PAN-AMERICAN PARLIAMENT

The Farmers National Congress meets at Atlanta, Georgia, on the 10th of October next. It will be composed of farmer delegates appointed by the various states of the Union, the Provinces of the Dominion, Mexico, Central and South America. It will be seen that the gathering is to be Pan-American. The invitations have been very generally accepted and the best agricultural authorities in the world will be in attendance, and the congress may be expected to be productive of much good. This Province has addressed communications to the various agricultural societies asking them to send names of farmers who would be willing to attend. These names should be sent to Mr. J. R. Anderson, Deputy Minister of Agriculture at Victoria. Is there not some one of our prominent farmers of Comox who could be induced to go? The capabilities of this district might be easily advertised to the world through this means. Low railroad rates will of course be secured, and the trip made a most pleasant and profitable outing. Who will go?

THE DEFENDER WINS

In the race Saturday between Valkyrie III and the Defender, the latter won by about 8 minutes. The Valkyrie has four more chances and the cup may yet be carried accross the Atlantic. The generous spirit of rivalry which exists will serve to unite the same people more closely together. The cup is not likely to remain long with either side.

From Ocean to Ocean

No 7. By American Traveller.

While awaiting the arrival of the Atlantic Express I will endeavor to give a short discription of Truckee. It is a small village, consisting of a couple of saw mills, hotels, restaurants, and as many dwelling houses. It being a divisional point, there is a round-house. The only inhabitants are railway employes, mill hands, Indians, tramps, and deputy sheriffs. Just now there is a squad of soldiers down on the green drilling. There is no one in command but a corporal and he handles them very well, indeed. High up on the hill, on the west side, there is what is known as the Rocking Stone Tower—a rather small affair on a ponderous rocking stone. Of course we went up to see it but without success. I have since learned that the stone had to be touched at a certain spot to set it agoing, and that a mere child could start it as well as a strong man. It is supposto be of the weight of twenty tons and must of course be wonderfully evenly balanced to be moved so easily.

When we got back to the hotel a squad of soldiers were in and about the building and a jolly crowd they were too. We got something to eat and Vic called it supper. Not being particular I'll let it go for that.

The train wasn't on time. This was rather hard on our patience, but it came at last, and such a long one! as long if not longer than the flyer. We went down the track apiece to wait—far enough so that the soldiers would not see us. The train was a long time in starting, but at last the whistle tooted, the bell rang and the train moved down the track as silently as a ghost. There were some freight cars between, so I could just see the top of the smoke stack.

"Why, its only the engine" I muttered under my nose

"Hurry up, or we'll get left," yelled Vic.

We made a 100 yard dash to the third blind baggage. It was a tight race: we racing each other and both racing the train which was going down grade. However, Vic got there first, getting hold of the handles. I followed suit. It seemed an age getting on, at first just hanging on, getting feet tangled up with switches, freight cars, and each other. At last Vic got on and grabbing me by the collar yanked me beside him.

The night was as black as pitch and we were running through the wildest and roughest country I had seen yet, and yet I couldn't see it very well. I noticed, however, that the engine was more to the side of us than ahead. It was down grade too, and we were running pretty fast. When I say we I mean the train. I make this explanation lest it should be though Vic and I was meant, as we were of course, the only persons on the Atlantic express worthy of note in this narative— the heroes of the story so to speak. It should be understood that Vic was a sort of side issue and will not appear much later on.

We kept running for about an hour then stopped for some unknown reason which these trains always stop for. Vic then got down on the trucks and advised me to do so, but I declined, being too sleepy. I was afraid of falling off.

We made several stops, close together, and when we wasn't standing still we were running very slow. I never did so much dodging as then. We were running in amongst trains and engines, and lanterns of every color surrounded us, each one meaning a "brakie" or conductor. As soon as I got out of sight of one I would run into another. However, I surprised myself in keeping out of sight until we were once more underway. The fellows on the trucks didn't have to dodge so much.

After running through a dismal looking country for another hour we arrived at Renon, Nevada.

PROF. SEYMOUR'S LECTURES

Professor Seymour lectured here several evenings on Phrenology last week to fair houses. He made some awful blunders in character reading and of course made some good hits. No doubt there is some truth in the so called science, and that size, other things being equal, is the measurement of power. But other things are not equal. The amount of gray matter in the brain is supposed to have much to do with it. Sir Walter Scott's head was so small that his hat had to be made to order.

The professor is a tall, lean, lank, weak-chested, silk-hatted, bloodless visaged, hungry looking specimen of humanity; and should diet for a few months on Humburger steak and red wine before again appearing in public.

NOTICE.

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

J. W. McKenzie, Courtenay

New novels, plain and fancy stationery at Pimbury's.

CHEAPER THAN WHOLESALE.

We are determined to close out our Summer stuff at less than wholssale prices. All other goods reduced away down.

We are selling goods from 20 to 30 % less than you can buy elsewhere. ☛ Sale continued during August.

SLOAN & SCOTT.

Summer Neckwear
in all the Latest Styles
Summer Shirts
in Great Variety
Summer Suiting
The latest in English and Scotch Tweeds.

LAWSON & McLEOD, DUNNE BLOCK
Tailors and Gents Furnishers

— UNION BRICK YARD B. C. —
W. WALTER & SON.
Manufacturers of Handmade Sand Stock Bricks.
Special Patterns Now On Hand For Chimney Heads, Cornices Etc
GUARANTEED TO BE FROST PROOF

UNION Bakery
UNION, B. C.
Best of Bread, Cakes and Pies always on hand.
The Bread Cart will be a Courtenay and Comox Tuesdays and Fridays.
Adderton & Rowbotham, Prop

Nanaimo Saw Mill.
—AND—
Sash and Door
FACTORY
A. HASLAM, Prop
(OFFICE—MILL STREET.)
(P. O. Drawer 36. Telephone Call, 19)
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.

Society Cards

I. O. O. F., No 11

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

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

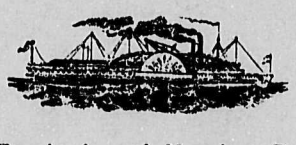
Loyal Sunbeam Lodge No. 100, C. O. O. F., meet in their lodge room over McPhee's store, Courtenay, every second Saturday at 8 p. m. Visiting brethren cordially invited to attend.
J. M. Fulton, Sec.

Cumberland Encampment.
No. 5, I. O. O. F., Union.
Meets first and third Wedneseays of each month at 8 o'clock p. m. Visiting Brethren cordially invited to attend.
R. Gourlay, Scribe.

Nelson Camp No. 44 of the Canadian Order of the Woodmen of the World meets every 2nd and 4th Wednesday evening at 8 p.m. Visiting neighbours cordially invited to attend.
Geo. Hull, Secretary.

TIN SHOP.
I HAVE OPENED A SHOP
On Dunsmuir Ave., Union
COR. 2ND AND DUNSMUIR AVE.
Where I am prepared to do all kinds
—OF—
Tin work
Sheet-iron work
Roofing
Job work
AND Repairing
And will endeavor to give satisfaction and hope to receive a fair share of public patronage.
C. H. Tarbell

CUMBERLAND
MEAT MARKET
CHOICEST FRESH MEATS & FRESH FARM PRODUCE
Lowest CASH Price
A. C. FULTON.



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

Miss B. B. Williams,
Teacher of Music, Shorthand and Typewriting
Pupils can have free use of Typewriter and Piano for practice.

Riverside Hotel
Courtenay, B. C.
Geo. Dunbar, Prop.
Best of Liquors
Finest of Cigars
Good Table
and
Courteous Attention

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

SUITS
To order
$13
PANTS
$3
Send for Samples. Prompt delivery. Perfect fit guaranteed.

Union Saw Mill.
LUMBER
All Kinds of Rough and Dressed lumber always on hand and delivered at short notice.
MOULDINGS.
Also all kinds of sawn and split shingles and dressed pine and cedar.
TUMPING.
Stumping done at reasonable rates by our Giant Stumper.
WOOD.
Coal, brick and lime on hand and delivered at short notice.
R. Grant & L. Mounce, Proprs.

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

119

DROPPED ON THE STREET

That was what happened to a well known Resident of Union, B C who had been in declining health

A little over a year ago the reporter of THE NEWS while standing in front of the office, before its removal to Union, noticed four men carrying Mr. J. P. Davis, the well known florist and gardener, into the Courtenay House. The reporter, ever on the alert for a news item, at once went to investigate the matter, and learned that Mr. Davis had had a slight stroke of paralysis. A note of the circumstance appeared in THE NEWS at the time and nothing further was heard of it. Last spring Mr. Davis was observed to be frequently in Union bringing in flowers, and later, vegetables for sale and the reporter meeting him one day the following conversation took place,—"Glad to see you looking so well, Mr. Davis," said the reporter, "the last time I saw you you seemed pretty badly broken up."

"Yes" said Mr Davis, "I did have a tough time of it. I was troubled with my heart, having frequent severe spasms, and shortness of breath on slight exertion. I had also a swelling of the neck which was said to be goitre. Two years ago I came up from Nanaimo and took the Harvey ranch hoping a change would do me good, but in this I was disappointed, and seemed to be steadily growing weaker. I had three doctors at different times, but they appeared not to understand my case. At last I got so low that one day I fell down on the street, and those who picked me up thought I was dying. After that I was urged to take Dr. Williams Pink Pills, and almost from the outset they helped me and after the use of about half a dozen boxes I was as well as ever." "Do you still take the Pink Pills" asked the reporter "Well," was the reply, "I still keep them about me and once in a while when I think I require a tonic I take a few, but as you see I don't look like a man who requires to take medicine now" On this point the reporter quite agrees with Mr. Davis, as he looks as vigorous and robust a man as you wish to see. After parting with Mr. Davis the reporter called at Pimbury & Co's drug store, where he saw the manager, Mr. VanHouten, who corroborated what Mr. Davis had said regarding the use of Dr. Williams Pink Pills, and further stated that he believed Pink Pills to be the finest tonic in the world, and gave the names of several who had found remarkable benefit from their use.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills strike at the root of desease, driving it from the system and restoring the patient to health and strength. In cases of paralysis, locomotor ataxia, sciatica, rheumatism, kidney and liver troubles etc, these pills are superior to all other treatment. They are also a specific for the troubles which make the lives of so many women a burden, and speedily restore the rich glow of health to sallow cheeks. Men broken down by over work, worry or excesses, will find in Pink Pills, a certain cure. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail, postpaid, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2 50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockvill, Ont., or Schnectady, N. Y. Beware of imitations and substitutes alleged to be "just as good."

NOTE.—You can get them at Pimbury & Co.

NOTICE

All my outstanding accounts have been placed in the hands of A.D. Williams of Union for collection.

J.J. Grant.

VALUABLE PROPERTY FOR SALE AT COMOX BAY

The undersigned will sell the following described property on easy terms, viz:

LOT 6 in the townsite of Comox, delightfully situated near the wharf having a frontage on the south to Comox Bay, and on the north to Front street, opposite the K. of P. Hall, with 5 roomed cottage, hard finish, with every convenience for a family.

LOT 15 Also in the townsite of Comox, fronting on View street, with a two storey house, hard finished, five rooms, commanding a fine view of the Bay and Gulf.

Also part of section 1, containing 18½ acres, well fenced, having a frontage of about twelve hundred feet to the public road, with a neatly completed five room cottage and five stall stable with hay loft over and carriage shed adjoining, with exellent garden stocked with fruit trees, well fenced and never failing spring of water, and every convenience, making it one of the most desirable residences in the district.

Also on same property a cottage, containing three rooms with stable, and orchard of about one acre. This property would be sold in smaller lots, if desired, the whole of which is delightfully situated

Terms half cash, balance on mortgage for term of three or five years, as may be desired; bearing interest at 6 per cent per annum.

Apply to C. F. Drabble.

THE ANNUAL

Exhibition

—OF THE—

Comox Agricultural and Industrial ASSOCIATION

WILL TAKE PLACE

THURSDAY, OCT. 3d.

AT COURTENAY, B. C.

HARNESS SHOP

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

The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited.

Wesley Willard

JAMES ABRAMS

Notary Public.

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

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

Union, B C.

J. A. Carthew

ARCHITECT and BUILDER,

UNION, B. C.

NELSONHOUSE

UNION BAY, B. C.

Having taken this house, except the bar, I shall be pleased to receive the patronage of the public.

Board per week, — $5.
Single meals — 25 cents.

T. J. Piercy.

BARKER & POTTS,

BARRISTERS,

SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, &c.

Office Room 2, McPhee & Moore B'd'g and at

NANAIMO, B. C.

P O. DRAWER 18.

F. Curran

SCAVENGER

UNION, B C.

WAVERLY HOUSE. UNION, B.C.

W.H Davidson, Lessee.

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

By the month, $25.
By the week, $6.
Single meals, 50 cts.
Tickets for 21 meals, $5 00

EVERY CONVENIENCE FOR MINERS

Cumberland Hotel.

Union, B. C.

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

Spacious Billiard Room
and new
Billiard and Pool Tables

Best of Wines and Liquors.

J. Piket, Prop.

Robert J. Wenborn.

Machine Works, Nanaimo

Dealer in the following Bicycles:

H. P. Davis of Toronto

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

Esquimalt & Nanaimo R'y

Time Table No. 24,

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

| North Bound, Read Up | | |

NEW MEXICO'S MESSIAH.

Looked on as Christ, He Says He is But a Tool.

WORKS MARVELLOUS CURES.

The Blind Are Made to See, the Lame to Walk, the Sick to Rise From Their Beds—Many Scoffers Converted—A Most Remarkable Man, Who Was Born and Lived for a Long Time in Alsace.

Wonderfully like the story of the Scriptures as rehearsed in the New Testament, is the tale upon every lip in the central part of New Mexico to-day. Wonderfully like the scenes of the Bible, in setting and in some of the characteristics, have been the scenes enacted here.

In New Mexico, where the native population may be seen daily in the wheat fields cutting grain with a sickle, where the grain is still separated from the chaff beneath the feet of horses, where the mortar and pestle are still commonly used in the home manufacture of flour and bread is baked in a clay oven resembling a dog kennel (for stoves are very uncommon in the adobes of the Mexicans outside the principal towns), there suddenly burst upon the view of these people, whence no one seems to know, a man bearing a striking resemblance to the pictures of the Christ who looked upon just such scenes as these nearly nineteen hundred years ago; a man who tastes not of food; a man whose touch brings sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf, motion to the halt, peace unto the suffering. Like the Christ, he was first doubted by these people, though he came among them professing to be no more than he appeared. Like the Christ, he won his followers by his kindly deeds, his cures of the afflicted, his unselfish devotion to mankind. Like the Christ, he was persecuted by the higher class of the Mexican population, threatening him as an impostor, a sharper, a schemer, a lunatic, and his persecutors he transformed into his stanchest friends.

FOLLOWED BY HUNDREDS.

For more than two weeks he has been followed by hundreds wherever he has gone. To-day a constant stream of people passes before him praying that he touch their hands. Blind, deaf and halt are led or carried to him; women with tiny babes bring them to him to be healed of ailments, real or imaginary; old, middle aged, young, ignorant and educated Mexicans, Americans of the highest standing in the community visit him at the lowly homes he most frequents or in the homes of the rich and prominent, in which he is a welcome guest. Great lines of carriages and wagons and saddle horses stand before every house he enters; the owners, drivers or riders have come for him to take him to the home of someone who is suffering. Each and all, high or lowly, he treats the same, and from no one will he take a cent for the services he has performed, though money is repeatedly pressed upon him. For all he has the same kindly greeting, the same kindly treatment.

Stories of his cures are beyond belief. Many of them have been investigated, and now even the most credulous is willing to admit the man is doing many men good and no man harm—that he is honest in his endeavors to aid suffering humanity and consistent in his actions. As to whence comes his power, opinions differ. Among the Mexicans few doubt it comes direct from Heaven; among the Americans it is attributed to animal magnetism and the principles upon which the Christian Science doctrine is founded.

Monday afternoon, July 16th, a Mexican attache of the morning newspaper in Albuquerque rushed breathlessly into the office, his face the picture of amazement. The day previous he had been in Peralta, a small town on the Rio Grande River, about twenty miles south of that city. There, he said, he had seen a man who was the perfect picture of the prints of the Christ which adorn the walls of the ancient Cathedral of San Felipe, the towers of which have been outlined in the blue sky of this southwest land for more than three hundred years. This man had been surrounded all day long by crowds of people. He had held the hands of a blind man and sight had been restored to him; he had touched the hands of a woman who had been paralyzed for years and she left as well as in the days of her maidenhood; he had treated many others, and all had been benefitted. Since his advent into that village, in a miraculous manner, several days before, it was known he had not tasted food.

APPEARANCE OF THE HEALER.

He is a man of about six feet in height, and weighs probably 160 pounds. His form is that of an athlete, and, like the athlete, he has all the supple grace of the man of trained muscles.

First of all to strike the observer is the remarkable likeness between the man and the pictures of the Christ. The long, flowing brown hair, curling a trifle at the shoulders, over which it spread, was there parted in the middle and combed smoothly over the ears. The brown beard, falling gracefully upon the breast, was there; the small white patches devoid of hair just at the corners of the mouth, which mark the perfect Jewish facial adornment, were there. The eyes, blue and clear as the skies without, beamed with a most kindly light upon all who approached. The mouth, firmly and delicately cut, was faintly seen between beard and moustache. As long as the mouth was closed the resemblance between the man and a picture of the Christ, which adorned one of the walls of the room, was complete; when the lips parted the illusion was shattered, for the absence of two teeth in the upper jaw robbed the face of its striking appearance. For clothing the man wore simply a blue calico shirt, a blue jeans "jumper," falling over the hips to meet blue overalls, much too short for him, and not meeting a pair of cheap socks which covered the feet. No hat, no shoes did the man wear, and the sun intensely hot.

First to apply to him for the healing touch was a relative of the host, an old man who had totally lost the sight of one eye. Motioning him to a seat by his side, the "Healer" took the hands of his patient in his own. For five minutes the two sat there motionless. The lips of the "Healer" could be seen to move from time to time, and occasionally his big blue eyes were directed upward. Now and then, too, a shudder seemed to pass over him, his body swaying with the emotion. The old man's sightless orb was directed toward the face of the man to whom he appealed for succor and his body swayed with the emotion of anticipation. They sat there speechless until the old man arose and with a sigh departed to the placita.

Men, women and children took the seat he had vacated and the former proceeding was repeated. Some left the chair declaring their pain had vanished; others said they had noticed no beneficial results. As the "Healer" held the hands of his patients he talked with the people.

"I shall be thirty-nine years of age in a few days," he said, in answer to a question. "I was born in Alsace-Loraine, when it was a French possession, and am therefore a Frenchman."

The voice and accent indicated the German, and the name given by him, Francis Schlader, proved that he was of German extraction.

Sunday morning Schlader appeared in Albuquerque, at the home of Mrs. Werner, in that portion of the city called Old Town.

At first few persons but the Mexicans went to him for treatment. As stories of cures from the lips of the patients themselves filled the air the more highly educated Spaniards and the Americans began looking into the matter. Every day the "Healer" made converts, and men who had decried him as an impostor publicly apologized for their unbelief and unkind remarks. The "Healer" began yielding to the pleadings of some of the most wealthy citizens, who desired him to go to their homes, until, when it became generally known he would go when asked, he has been the guest of some of the most prominent citizens of Albuquerque. All admit there is something remarkable about the man; all admire him for his honesty of purpose and endeavor, and all admit he is doing much good.

Many of the leading people of the city are among his patients, and the result of their treatment is being watched by the entire city. One prominent and wealthy citizen has promised to build Schlader a church if his wife is cured of an affliction.

UNSPOILED BY POPULARITY.

In spite of the laudation given him, in spite of the fact that he is eagerly sought by the rich and influential, Schlader's manner has not changed in the least. He treats all alike, and seems not to know or see the persons he grasps by the hands.

The fame, notoriety, what you will, of the "Healer" has spread over the entire country. The newspapers, the banks, the telegraph office, the post-office and private citizzens by the score are daily in receipt of letters from all parts of the country asking about him.

To-day he is the idol of a large part of the population of this district. Whether he will continue so remains to be seen.—New York Herald.

THE WORLD'S SAVIOURS.

The Great Crucified Ones of the History of the World.

Eusebius (Irenaeus), one of the early Christian Bishops, declares on the authority of Polycarp that it was accepted among all the early Church fathers that Jesus of Nazareth was never crucified, but that he lived to be 50 years of age; and his crucifixion meant the symbolical crucifixion of the Higher Self in the bonds of flesh (compare Gal. ii. 20. "I am crucified with Christ." Rom. vi. 6, etc.) The fact of an historical crucifixion is so generally held nowadays that it is more reasonable to compare the beliefs of other nations regarding their crucified Saviours than to ignore them or deny them. Of these Crucified Ones we have accounts of Chrisha, of India, 1,200 B. C.; Sakia, of Hindustan, 600 B. C.; Taammuz, of Syria, 1100 B. C.; Wittoba, the Telingonese, 552 B. C.; Iao, of Nepaul, 662 B. C.; Hesus, of Great Britain, 834 B. C.; Quexalcote, of Mexico, 587 B. C.; Quirinus, of Rome, 506 B. C.; Prometheus, of Greece, 547 B. C.; Thulis, of Egypt, 1,700 B. C.; Alcestos, of Greece, 600 B. C.; Atys, of Phrygia, 1,170 B. C.; Crite, of Chaldea, 1,200 B. C.; Bali, of Orissa, 725 B. C.; Mithra, of Persia, 600 B. C.; Salvahana, of Bermuda; Osiris, of Egypt; Horus, of Egypt; Odin, of Scandinavia; Zoroaster, of Persia; Baal, of Phoenicia; Taut, of Phoenica; Bali, of Afghanistan; Xamolxis, of Thrace; Zoar, of the Bonzes; Adad, of Assyria; Deva Tat, of Siam; Alcides, of Thebes; Mikado, of the Sintoos; Beddru, of Japan; Thor, of the Gauls; Cadmus, of Greece; Hil and Feta, of the Mandaites; Gentaut, of Mexico, etc.

Almost identical incidents are related of each of these, such as a miraculous conception, the virgin mother, visitation by shepherds, birth on 25th December, etc. Chrishna, and Quexalcote, for example, on opposite sides of the world, were crucified between two thieves, as well as Jesus, and they, and also Quirinus, Prometheus, Osiris, Atys, Mithra, etc., descended into hell and were resurrected after three days. Those acquainted with the teachings of occultism, knowing that this symbolical occurrence represents an actual fact in spiritual evolution, appreciate the harmony of all these widely scattered histories.—The Lamp.

GOOD TEETH A FINE LEGACY.

An Aid to Beauty and to Perfect Health.

Character Indicated by the Condition as Well as the Shape of the Mouth—Different Kinds of Teeth, and What They Denote—An Excellent Preventive of Decay.

"Take one tooth away from fair Helen's mouth,'" says an old author, "and there had never been a siege of Troy and the divine Iliad had never been written.' It is impossible to conceive of beauty in either a man or woman without a set of regular, white, well-shaped teeth, and it is true that with every other feature of the classic mould—with beautiful eyes, well formed lips, a skin of roses and lilies, a magnificent head of brown or golden tresses, the shoulders and bust of a Hebe, and the limbs of a Diana—a woman stands or falls by the beauty or defect of her teeth. You may admire all her other features, you may dwell on her grace of contour and revel in the delicate lines of a goddess-like form, let the pretty mouth open to disclose discolored, misshapen, and, above all, decayed teeth, and all your admiration is forgotten in the involuntary disgust—the inexpressible revulsion of feeling—such a sight invariably produces. The mental exclamation is always the same, What hideous teeth? What a disgusting mouth!

De Bay, a well-known authority on the hygiene of beauty half a century ago, says: "I have never known a man or woman willing to live with a mouth full of diseased and rotten teeth who was worthy of trust. I consider it perfectly proper to regard all such persons with extreme prejudice, and the result of years of careful study is that decayed teeth covered with tartar, with the diseased gums, which always result from the putrid condition of the mouth, are a never failing indication of a culpable disregard for decency and cleanliness. I have never known a man or woman with rotten teeth and reeking breath who could be relied upon to tell the truth, to guard a confidence or to maintain a trust—they are moral as well as physical slovens. Moreover, every one who is content to live an object of most natural disgust and in such filth is conscious of his or her own infirmity; such people avoid smiling or laughing, and when forced to do so they draw down their lips, having something they wish to conceal. You will find that the people who never smile frankly never live frankly. In their moral as well as physical lives they will invariably endeavor to cover up the moral uncleanliness which inevitably accompanies physical filth."

The other side of this picture is a much more agreeable one, and we must all agree that a beautiful set of even white teeth is of infinite charm. Many and many an otherwise commonplace face has been redeemed by a mouth full of brilliantly white teeth. Monin, the distinguished hygienist says: "There is nothing in the world to be found so entrancing as a woman's smile when it displays two even rows of pearls. Perfect teeth are compact, regular, smooth and of pearly whiteness; the front teeth of the perfect set are moderately small. The fortunates who are possessed of such teeth are usually very good tempered. Teeth either strong and well shaped or frail and not perfectly formed are largely ours by inheritance. The law of heredity is indeed inexorable, and unto the third and fourth generations one can easily trace the virtues and the excesses of our forefathers. The individual who is one of a famly all with beautiful teeth has usually come into this desirable legacy through two or three generations of healthy, sober, cleanly ancestors, all endowed with strong, fine teeth—they have been most attractive when they laughed, and they have been aware of the fact and have laughed and been good natured and frank people of kindly liberal lives. Three generations of drunkenness, disease or of dissolute life in almost any form will just as infallibly result in fragile, delicate teeth, extremely susceptible to decay and early loss, or in misshappen teeth.

I have seen this fact corroborated in my own time in the case of a very well-known family. The grandfather, whom we will call John Smith, had teeth of most remarkable beauty—perfect, and without decay or loss up to his death, at 70. He had been a man of temperate habits and uniform good health. His wife was consumptive and died in her youth, ther of two daughters, both inheriting the beautiful teeth in form and appearance of their progenitor—but not so strong, and frequently requiring the attention of the dentist—still noticeably beautiful teeth. One of these daughters married a consumptive—she in her turn became the mother of two daughters, both inheriting the pulmonary disease and both with teeth so frail that, though they lived only to the age of 30 and 32, they had scarcely a tooth which had not been filled. The other daughter of John Smith married a strong man of splendid physique. Her three sons, who are now men, have the most beautiful teeth I have ever seen. They only know dentists exist from hearsay. So much for inheritance—the moral is obvious.

Small, short, square teeth, when sound, are indicative of great bodily vigor and strength; they are rarely found in the mouth of an intellectual man. Many very vain women have noticeably long, narrow, fragile teeth. You need not look for much force from their possessors. The huntsman looks carefully at his dog's teeth and selects his canine companion only after such an examination. The horseman invariably looks first at the mouth and teeth in passing judgment on a horse.

The condition of the mouth is just about as significant in human beings. Long, projecting teeth denote a grasping disposition, especially when great breadth is seen at the upper part of the nose next the cheek. Usually long and narrow side teeth, commonly called eye teeth, are the accompaniment of doglike tenacity. People with these teeth sometimes curiously resemble dogs when they are angry, and show their teeth just as an enraged dog will—they snarl literally. They will often have long, narrow hands, slender, tenacious fingers and narrow feet. With a strong under jaw, projecting very slightly, and these long teeth, the subject will fight to the death before yielding; with a receding chin, the indications are ambition, self-conceit and failure to really accomplish great things. Very resolute, determined women usually have strongly set teeth, but from a habit of compressing the lips do not display them often.

Almost all the men remarkable for energy and strength of will have this same cast of mouth and jaw—notably, Napoleon, Luther, Ceasar and Frederick the Great. It is said that nearly all red-headed people have rather short upper lips, rising in the centre, displaying the front teeth, and that they are singularly susceptible to flattery and exhibit a great desire for approbation.

Men of great resolution have frequently rather large teeth, with a development of the jaw bone in the centre amounting to a projection and producing a noticeable fulness there. This characteristic is increased in the subjects who combine it with straight and rather long eyebrows. Arching eyebrows are always a sign of a more easily moved nature.

Small, pointed teeth denote many unpleasant characteristics. When accompanied by near-sighted, round eyes, a pug or snub nose and noticeably small and sometimes very pretty ears, their owner will be found to possess many catlike attributes. A woman of this type will naturally make the gestures with the right hand about her face and head of a cat with its paw.

Tangled teeth, or, as a well known wag remarked, accidentals, not dentals, resembling the crooked kernels in a badly demoralized ear of corn, are the index of a reckless and unbalanced nature. Where they are long and crooked, lapping in and out, they rarely accompany strength and persistency. Long, protruding canine teeth, or tusks, as they are commonly called, are read by physiognomists as a sure indication of innate brutality, and a human face with protuberant jaws certainly gives a wonderful expression of degradation and brutality to the countenance. This may easily be proven by changing the mouth in a beautiful picture of a noble face. Enlarge the mouth and make the jaws protrude—let the incisors project and the result is a hideous transformation. Michael Angelo notably made use of this horrible jaw to produce the absolutely fiendish expression of his demons in his "Last Judgment."

The inconstant teeth are small and even, often brilliantly white, but widely separated, each tooth has a well defined space between it and its neighbor. Usually in men a small, straight nose and weak chin are seen with these teeth; the lips may be well formed, but will frequently be thin, and the mouth in smiling forms an oblique line, showing the glittering white teeth. The possessor is by nature treacherous, inconstant in his affections, and will turn on a woman or attack a weaker man; he will never meet a man of his own size in an encounter, and will stab in the dark or work through a third party. Henry Irving makes his mouth up after this type for his wonderful Mephisto, and accentuates the cruelty of its lines by the wicked arch to his eyebrows.

Ratlike teeth are frequently seen in the human species. They are long, narrow and sharply pointed. They indicate craftiness, slyness and accompany a narrow, beaklike jaw formation. Frequently the ratshaped teeth are of a dazzling whitness. With a receding chin the tendency to ratlike qualities is increased.

Malformed teeth may, in our day, be easily rectified and crooked teeth straightened. Delicate teeth, by great care and proper diet, may be made strong, and, according to many physiognomists, the character of children is changed with the transformation from deformity to regularity and beauty. Thus the child afflicted with protruding and crooked teeth, conscious of its deformity, may become sullen and morose; it knows it is not so welcome as the little one with the pretty teeth. A skilful dentist effecting such a metamorphosis not only accomplishes a wonderful dental improvement, but aids in forming a happy character out of one fated to be unhappy without his assistance.

Prof. Miller, a noted authority of Berlin, gives the following formula as an excellent preventive of decay of the teeth:

	Grammes.
Thymic acid	0.25
Benzoic acid	3
Tincture of Eucalyptus	15
Alcohol	100
Essence of menthol	0.75

Pour a few drops of this liquid into half a glass of water and rinse the mouth with the mixture three or four times daily. It is essential to brush the teeth, removing all particles which may have lodged in and between them, before using the above wash.

THE NEW WOMAN.

As to the new woman, the best thing to do with her is to marry her, love her and add her intelligence and progressive notions to the comforts of home. "No family should be without one," as the advertisements say.

Executioner Reindel, of Magdeburg, is the cleverest headsman in Prussia. In that country the heads of those sentenced to death are sheared off by main strength with a broad-bladed sword. They send for Reindel whenever a death sentence is to be executed, and he has never missed at first stroke.

CYCLING VERSUS CORSETS.

The Wheel a Force Tending to More Rational Dress.

FREE MUSCULAR MOVEMENT.

"Why is it," a French artist has just asked me (writes Mrs. Crawford in London Truth), "that so many English ladies in tailor-made suits carry their arms as if they were teapot-handles?" I often noticed that they did so, but did not think why. May it not be found in the high and tight-laced corsets? What can be so ungraceful as the pinched-in waist and high-set shoulders that go with the teapot-handle arms? But it seems that we shall not long be troubled with the sight of these disfigurements. The long-vexed question of the corset is in a way to be settled once and for all, and in a manner that will meet the approval of painters of the nude. Neither doctors nor rational dress reformers will earn the credit of the change, thanks being due to the cycle only.

Cycle tailors and trainers here are dead-set against the corset. "There's no answering for your safety, madame," says the latter, "if you must go on keeping your conventional figure. You need every muscle in your body, and every muscle free. A ceinture just deep enough to sustain the waistband of your knicks (knickerbockers—pronounced "knees") is all I can allow you. Indeed, the knicks should be so light as hardly to weigh on the hips. The cycling dress should be so light and elastic that in wearing it one should scarcely feel dressed, were it not for the warmth."

We look here on a gown-wearing woman on a cycle as a sprawling, caricatural creature, with no sense of fitness. Cycle modesty lies in unimpeded motion and lightning pace. It would never do on the cycle to push the "bust" up to the collar-bone and keep it there. Hips and chest taking the form of the figure 8 would be frightful.

The Louvre, Bon Marche, Printemps, etc., have started great outfitting departments for lady cyclists, and La Samaritaine, which sets up to be a cheaper Bon Marche, is equal to the demand. One can get at the Bon Marche a charming suit for less than 40 francs, not including stockings and cycling shoes, for there is reversion towards the sandal, to give free play to the foot. One gets a pair of smartly-made "knicks" and an Eton jacket for 26 francs. There is a smart leather ceinture to replace a corset, a smart wide sash of light flannel to swathe the waist, a knitted "waistcoat" in colored wools that takes the blouse form, and a smart close collar and necktie. Woollen ruffs—knitted also—are coming in. The "knicks" alone are ample, and most ample towards the calf, round which they fasten with a strap, showing the rest of the leg. The costume should follow the shape of the body, as the plumage follows the shape of the bird, and admit of nothing that could catch the wind. Except for park cycling, the only fit material is woollen. This cyclist departure of the fair sex is opening a wide field to the knitter. Pyrenean wool is lighter than Shetland, and is greatly used in waistcoats and summer cycling jackets. The Pyrenean women give touches of fancy and brightness to these garments, reminding one of the costumes of professional Spanish bull-fighters.

A FRIEND'S TRIBUTE.

Prof. Huxley Eulogised by a Capable and Earnest Fellow Scientist.

Readers of Popular Science Monthly who are aware of the personal and professional intimacy of the late Thomas H. Huxley with the editors of that excellent publication, and how many of the great scientist's essays and papers first appeared in its pages, will appreciate this tribute by the editor in the August number:

By the death of Professor Huxley the world has lost a man whom it could ill spare. He was one of the very few men who unite to a real capacity for original work the impulse and the ability to bring home the results of scientific research to the popular mind. He believed that a knowledge of science, and above all of scientific method, was good for mankind; and he turned aside from studies in which he had won renown, and might have won more, in order that he might preach what he considered the gospel of science to the multitude. Some of his friends regretted this; in the interest of his fame they would have preferred that he should never have quitted the higher walks of scientific investigation; but for our own part it seems to us impossible that Huxley should have chosen his course otherwise than he did. He had, what few of the devotees of science possess, strong popular sympathies and an extremely active temperament. He could not so immerse himself in the minutiae of anatomy, or the obscurities of physiological processes, as to be different to what was going on in the world around him. He was interested in fishes and reptiles, but he was more interested in his fellow-men; and it would be difficult to overestimate the value of the service he rendered in promoting sound habits of thought in this generation. Having won complete intellectual emancipation for himself, he desired that others should share the same benefit; and wherever the cause of intellectual liberty seemed to be in danger, there he was ready to come forward in its defence.

A BIG MOTOR.

A locomotive is being constructed in England to run 100 miles an hour. It is 2,000 horse power, the driving wheels twelve feet in diameter. The three cylinders are 40, 28 and 18 inches in diameter, with a 30-inch stroke. The boiler pressure is 200 pounds.

POINT TO POINT FOR THE HUNT CUP.

A Story of the English Turf.

CHAPTER II.

"Long-legged duffer," though Farmer Winster had called him, young Winstanley looked very fit on his 6-year-old gelding, The Nipper, during the brief parade before the Hunt Cup race.

Some 5,000 people had assembled to see the races. They were of all kinds, including costers from the town, and the duke from Greenshull hall. The day was as gay as the company. Some said the going was likely to be a thought too hard to be comfortable, for it had been a very dry spring hitherto. But the conditions were otherwise very favorable for a first-class race.

Before getting into line the young brewer had a word or two with a smart-looking young woman on a small chestnut mare.

"Well, Maggie," he said, "are you putting anything on me?"

"Not I," was the reply. "I've six pair against you. Perhaps you'll like to know it. It's a great thing to have consolation in view if you lose."

"Thank'ee! Not very civil, though, I think."

"No, it's practical. All the same, Albert, you have all good wishes that are consistent with my anxiety about the bet."

Albert Winstanley laughed quietly, and put spurs to The Nipper.

Then the master gave his instructions to the riders about the course they were to pursue. It would, he said emphatically, be their own fault if any competitor went wrong. After which he dropped the handkerchief, and the eleven horses started with a great noise.

On the first mile of the cross-country route six or eight of the horses kept fairly together; after that a man in scarlet and a man in black began to draw ahead. Winstanley was the former, Captain Mansell on Emerald Isle the latter. Winstanley, of the two, seemed to be going the better. He cleared the Midrope Brook in capital style.

Just as he did this he remembered Nellie Winster. He might well do so, for close to his right was the heather slope on which they had had their pleasant hour or so the previous evening. Yes, he would certainly look out for her at the split oak—a thick old tree cleft by lightning, and much loved by the local owls.

Even as he thought of her, he saw the pale purple of her gown by the dark trunk.

"Steady!" cried Captain Mansell.

In his momentary absorption young Albert had jerked his rein so that he almost fouled his rival.

Nellie fluttered her handkerchief. She was a charming little figure. The color in her cheeks both dignified and beautified her.

But Winstanley ought to have remembered the ditch he was to face rather than Nellie just then. Captain Mansell did remember it. He knew it for a tough thing to be toyed with, and he flew over it like a bird.

Not so The Nipper. That excellent animal received nothing like the encouragement or stimulant necessary to life it properly over the obtruction.

"At it, nag!" whispered its rider, but the result was calamitous. The Nipper's forelegs got involved in the thorn hedge; the horse twisted and fell, and its rider shot from his saddle and struck the ground on his head, yards in front of his steed.

Where he fell, there young Winstanley lay.

The three next riders narrowly missed damaging him. They did not, however, pull up. A tumble of this kind was one of the inevitable hazards of a "point to point." Besides, there was assistance tolerably near.

As it happened, though, the first to come up to young Albert was Nellie Winster herself. She was white with terror now.

"Help, help!" she cried. "He's killed, I'm sure he is," she continued inconsequently.

Two of her father's hands, in the stiff magnificence of their holiday clothes, were on the slope when the accident happened. They ran down and joined Nellie.

"Oh, John and Peter," exclaimed the distracted girl, "it's poor Mr. Winstanley. He's dead; oh, dear, what shall I do?"

"There ain't no call for you to do nowt, Miss Nellie," said one of the men.

"That there hoss of his'll do hisself a mischief," said the other, alluding to The Nipper. But even while he spoke the horse recovered his equilibrium, and set off in full cry after the other riders. It took a fence gallantly in the stern of the last competitor, whom it much disturbed as it thundered past him afterward across a hard, clayey meadow.

They had Winstanley to themselves, these three. It was some slight comfort to Nellie to realize this; very slight, though.

"Are you sure, Miss Nellie, as we'd best tek him to the farm?" asked John.

"Yes, yes, take him there; and please be quick."

"He's a 14-stone classer," muttered Peter, "and when the senses is out the weight's all in."

However, the men made no further protests. Taking him by his head and feet—they wouldn't let Nellie help them—they slowly transported the stunned rider into the climbing lane that led straight to the farm house.

"And now run for Dr. Perks, there's a good, good lad!" urged Nellie, when they had at last deposited their burden on the horse-hair sofa in the Windy Bend sitting room.

Mrs. Winster had stared at the spectacle that met her in the hall when she came hither to see what the voices and tread of feet meant. For a moment she feared that it meant her husband, but the scarlet jacket set her mind at ease and she was her own sensible self again.

"It's Mr. Winstanley, mother?" whispered her awe-stricken daughter.

"Why in the world, child, do you bring him here?" asked Mrs. Winster. "Surely he's got his mother, with the rest of the nobs, and he mayn't be hurt all that bad!"

"Oh, but he is, mother. Look how still he is."

The farmer's wife said nothing more in objection. She set to work and tried to restore the young man to consciousness. But neither brandy not hartshorn had any effect upon the poor fellow.

"Oh, mother!" cried Nellie, wringing her hands, "do you think he'll die?"

"How can I tell, my dear? We must wait and see what the doctor says."

Dr. Perks was not long in appearing, though to Nellie it seemed a terrible time. He at once mentioned concussion of the brain.

"You have a spare bedroom here, I suppose?" he said.

Give him mine, mother, dear, and let me go into the attic," pleaded Nellie. It was so arranged.

Between them, the doctor and Mrs. Winster soon had the unconscious man snugly in Nellie's own bed, with the white and pink dimity curtains to it, and the many texts of her own illuminating on the walls of the room.

Mrs. Winstanley had, it appears, gone home to the manor house. She had felt unwell and had left the meeting before the race started. Dr. Perks promised to ride over and see her.

"And tell the lady, sir," said Mrs. Winster, "as she needn't fear nothing, for I'll nurse the poor lad as if he was my own."

Half an hour later, however, the sound of wheels and horses' feet again enlivened the Windy Bend lane. This time it was Lady Maston and Miss Maggie Maston.

Nellie's eyes set stonily when she saw these new arrivals coming up the garden walk.

"Mother," she cried to Mrs. Winster, "don't let him be taken away from us!"

"The idea of such a thing!" said the other; "as if any proper-minded persons ——"

But she had no time to finish her remark; the ladies had crossed the threshold, and Miss Maggie and Nellie came face to face. Poor Nellie could have sunk into the ground—she scarcely understood why. There was a certain eager interest on Miss Maston's face, and when she saw Nellie something more—scorn and contempt, in about equal parts.

"Where is Mr. Winstanley, my girl?" asked Lady Maston, kindly enough. "He mustn't stop here."

"The doctor says ——" began Nellie. But she could not continue. Was it not bad enough to have her lover perhaps dying in the house, without being obliged to confront this formidable stern rival? She gasped, and put her hand to her head.

"If your ladyship," said Mrs. Winster, coming to her daughter's assistance, "would like to see him, you will know for yourself as it wouldn't be wise to move him."

"Mother," whispered Miss Maggie, "it's not to be thought of, his staying in this place."

"But, my dear Maggie, what can we do? The poor boy, from what Mrs. Winster says, isn't fit to be moved."

"My dear, we will look at him first of all, and talk about that afterward. There are reasons, Mrs. Winster," said Lady Maston, "why my daughter wishes to save you that trouble. You understand?" she added, with a faint smile.

"Yes, sure, my lady," replied the farmer's wife, heartily, "and if Miss Maggie'll put up with our roughness, I'm sure we'll do what we can to make her at home."

"Thank you," said Miss Maggie, with a cold look at Nellie.

If it had been a look of triumph Nellie could have borne it better; but it was worse, in its horrible contemptuous indifference.

Things had been settled thus far, when Dr. Perks reappeared. He seemed pleased to hear about the plan in progress. As a matter of fact, he was anxious to do anything in reason to recommend himself to the Maston family, who had hitherto favored a town doctor.

"I venture to prophesy," he said, "that Mr. Winstanley will recover now. But I ought to warn you; he may have a long and serious brain trouble, first of all."

"Thank you; I imagined it might be so," said Miss Maggie.

"But, between you and Mrs. Winster and little Nellie here," the doctor added gayly, "he will be a most ungrateful patient if he does not benefit to the uttermost."

"Little Nellie here," remarked Miss Maggie, "may be spared the responsibility. Mrs. Winster and I will do all that can be done."

"Quite so, quite so; if you do not wear yourself out," replied the doctor.

When Mr. Winster came home to dinner he thus found his household most gravely increased. He did not like it, and said so candidly to his wife. But that astute dame bade him not to be a fool, and told him he could have had no better chance of gaining the favor of his landlord—in the matter of the Windy Bend lease—than was afforded him in the privilege of playing host to his landlord's daughter.

As for poor Nellie, she celebrated the day chiefly with tears in the attic. It tortured her heart incredibly to think of her lover lying ill in her own room, while she was forbidden to do aught for him, and compelled instead to leave him to the cold, self-seeking offices of a hateful rival.

CHAPTER III.

Days of anxiety followed at Windy Bend. Albert Winstanley was down with brain fever, and the chances seemed rather against his continuance in the land of the living.

That was bad enough; but Miss Maggie Maston was an even worse affliction to the farmstead. She seemed more scornful of the Winster family every hour.

A professional nurse had been engaged, at Mrs. Winstanley's demand. This latter lady either sent or drove over every morning and every afternoon. She was rather a vulgar old person, very dressy and loud-spoken, and did not make a pleasant impression at Windy Bend. She seemed, too, to think it quite unnecessary on Miss Maggie Maston's part to look after her son.

"It didn't use, Mrs. Winster," she said to the farmer's wife one morning, "to be the fashion in my younger days for a girl to fasten herself to a young man's bedside like that, even though supposed to be engaged to him."

Mrs. Winster replied, "Indeed, ma'am!" most sympathetically, and thought her thoughts.

Nellie and her father went about the house in a state of misery and discomfort. Perhaps the old farmer most felt the domestic upheaval. He dared not, for one thing, drink anything like his fill at the "Arms" of an evening; that was a plain thing. It would never do to appear elevated before Miss Maggie Maston, or even to let her hear his voice in the freedom of liquor as aforetime.

What Nellie would have done without the nurse to speak to on the subject of the patient, there is really no guessing. There were times, even as it was, when the poor troubled little heart was like to burst with jealousy and grief.

But the nurse soon read her secret. It came about in this way. One evening she went out into the garden for a breath of fresh air, leaving Miss Maggie Maston in charge of the sick room; and was there accosted, amid the sprouting gooseberry bushes, by the anxious daughter of the house.

"How is he now, nurse?" asked Nellie.

"Wandering sadly," was the reply. "The things he says don't somehow agree with my fine lady up there," she added, with a slight curl of the lip. There was no love lost between the professional and the amateur nurse.

"What things," urged Nellie, with a beating heart.

"He goes on about a girl named Nellie. You can guess that doesn't suit Miss Maston."

"Oh!" sobbed the little maid of the house; "what does he say, nurse?"

It was the exceeding anxiety in her voice that opened the nurse's eyes to the situation. This good creature understood in a moment, and blamed herself as an idiot that she had not perceived it sooner. There was certainly no misreading the look in Nellie Winster's face, with its eager, parted lips and sad, yearning blue eyes.

"Are you the Nellie he talks about, Miss Winster?" she asked, quietly.

"Yes," said Nellie; "I must be, I think."

"Then, my dear," said the nurse, "you are very much indeed in his mind and in my opinion have more right than Miss Maston there to be trying to save his life."

"Oh, if I can help, nurse!" sighed Nellie.

Nurse Jackson had, of course, seen drama in sick rooms ere now. Upon the whole she rather liked it. She liked it in this instance the more because she thought it might enable her to get rid of her undesirable colleague.

Her opportunity came on the fifth day. Miss Maggie Maston's humor had grown ticklish since Albert Winstanley had taken to babbling in his delirium—not once had he uttered her name. The girl had already questioned herself as to the conduct that would best become her.

On this evening Nurse Jackson said to Miss Maggie:

"If we could have the Nellie to help us that he's always talking about I do believe it might do him good. It is wonderful how sensitive the sick are to sympathetic influences. Perhaps you know who she is, miss?"

Miss Maggie's nostrils dilated, but she said nothing for the moment.

About a quarter of an hour afterward, however, she descended the stairs and asked for Mrs. Winster. She was in a towering rage, but not for nothing had she in her veins the blood of a family of pure lineage for six centuries.

"Mrs. Winster," she said calmly, "I've had enough of this. I'm going home."

"My dear Miss Maggie!" exclaimed the dame, "aren't things comfortable for you?"

"I'd like your husband to drive me back. By the way, you'd better let your daughter take my place upstairs."

"Oh, Miss Maggie, she'd be of poor account compared to the likes of you," protested Mrs. Winster.

"You can do as you please, then. How long will Mr. Winster be?"

"You really mean to go?"

"Certainly I do."

"Then I'll see him about it at once."

It was now, while Miss Maggie was waiting for the dogcart and frowning considerably—for she did not like to be fooled, though in her day she had fooled many—that Nellie came into the parlor from outside.

"Oh!" she exclaimed hurriedly, coloring from forehead to neck, "I beg pardon, Miss Maston! I didn't know you was there."

Miss Maggie tightened her mouth and looked at her rival—her successful rival, as it seemed.

"Stop a moment," she said, as Nellie turned away.

Nellie opened her eyes wide. Even Miss Maggie had to admit to herself that, though the girl was ill educated, nature had endowed her with a pretty face.

"How long," proceeded the discomfited daughter of the baronet, "has this been going on?"

"I—I don't know what you mean?"

"Oh, yes, you do. You rustics are not quite so dense. I mean your affair with him up there," and she jerked her elbow in the direction of the upper floor.

"You've no right to ask me such a question," was Nellie's spirited answer; "and him perhaps not to get over it!"

Nellie's ever-ready eyes bred tears.

"Haven't I? I expect if I have not, he has. Won't you tell me, then?"

"No."

Miss Maggie shrugged her shoulders.

"Just as you please. You're welcome to him; that's all I've got to say."

Nellie started, and wondered if her heart's beating sounded as loud to her terrible enemy as it did to her.

Mrs. Winster came in at this conjuncture to say that in a few minutes her husband would be happy to place his services at Miss Maggie's command.

"I'm sure, miss," added the dame, "I wish we could have treated you more as you deserve."

"Is she going, mother?" cried Nellie, impulse overriding everything else in her.

"Yes, my dear," said Mrs. Winster.

Then, to the astonishment of the others—and of herself when she came to think about it afterward—what must Nellie do but drop on her knees before Miss Maggie, snatch one of her gloved hands and kiss it.

"Thank you," she sobbed. "Oh, thank you!" and overwhelming with happiness, the simple child fled into the garden and thence to the heathery slope which had witnessed so much of her heart's happiness.

Miss Maggie laughed a short laugh when Nellie had disappeared.

"I suppose you can read that riddle," she said; "but if she does that sort of thing to him, she'll be made sorry for it one of these days."

Mrs. Winster could not, however, read the riddle quite so easily. Miss Maggie had to humble herself so far as to solve it, and it was more humiliation rather than an abatement of it when the honest dame declared on her soul that nothing of the kind could have happened between her daughter and a young gentleman with £8,000 a year of his own.

Miss Maston's last words at Windy Bend were more conciliatory, but equally distasteful to the hearer.

"You shall have a cheque, Mrs. Winster, for my expenses here."

"Indeed, miss," said the farmer's wife, "I hope you'll do no such thing."

Punctually on the morrow, however, a cheque for £5 arrived. Also something far less agreeable—to wit, a formal notice from Mr. Steel, Sir George's agent, that the lease of the Windy Bend farm would not be renewed.

In two months, therefore, the Winsters were to go from the home which had been theirs from what might be called time immemorial.

But two months is quite time enough to look around. Important events may further happen in two months to make a notice to quit seem a very small trouble.

One such important event was the turn for the better taken at length by Albert Winstanley. Nurse Jackson said Nellie helped him more than anyone else—more even than the doctor.

Certain it is, that from the moment when he regained consciousness young Albert was never happy unless he had Nellie by his bedside to rest his eyes upon and hold him by the hand.

And when, six weeks later—one week before the exodus from Windy Bend—the lad was able to take his first and last walk in the garden on Nellie's arm, he gave vent to the resolutions which had long been crystallizing within him.

"I tell you what, Nurse Nell," he said, "I'm not going to part with you in this style." His mother was to call for him in the brougham that afternoon. "I used to bother myself with doubts, whether, you know, you were quite the girl to marry. You're all right for loving, of course, and always were. But I've settled it now, and just as soon as I'm fit to stand up in church you've got to come with me and say, 'I will'; eh, Nellie?"

"Oh, Albert, do you really mean it?" asked the trusting, happy child.

"I mean it, said the young man; "and my mother'll have to put up with it. We'll go down to Bournemouth, or somewhere directly afterward, and you shall set me up completely. Say 'Yes.'"

"Yes, Albert, if you wish it."

"Kiss!"

Nellie kissed, dutifully.

Old Winster had not much cause to regret leaving Windy Bend, ancestral associations apart. There was a better farm open to him on the manor estate, and he went to it the week after his daughter Nellie's marriage.

(THE END.)

AN EXPLANATION.

Little Johnny—Pa, what's the meaning of "Between the devil and the deep sea?"

Pa—It is emblematic, my son, of a situation of imminent danger from which there is apparently no avenue of escape in either direction; when one cannot avoid the impending evil upon one hand without running into the complementary evil on the other hand. To illustrate: A man endeavoring to dodge a herdic coming in one direction and at the same time seeking to avoid being run down by a bicycle coming in the opposite direction.—Boston Transcript.

TWEDLE DEE AND TWEDLE DUM

Visitor—Say, keeper, is that elephant very clever?

Keeper—Certainly. I have even taught him to place a coin in this money box. Would you like to try him? Just hand me a mark.

The young man passes the coin to the keeper and the elephant performs the trick.

"Well done! Now make him give me the money back again!"

"Very sorry, but I have not been able to teach him that yet.

SWEET POTATO PUDDING.

Boil a pound of sweet potatoes very tender; rub while hot through a colander; add six eggs well beaten, three-quarters of a pound of powdered loaf sugar, three-quarters of a pound of butter, grated nutmeg and lemon peel. Line a pudding dish with a rich paste; fill with the mixture and bake. When the pudding is done, sprinkle the top with sugar and cover with bits of citron.

QUEER ISLAND IN THE PACIFIC.

Has a Way of Disappearing When Expeditions Are Sent to the Region.

Falcon island, a lonely but picturesque mass of earth and rocks, situated in the Tonga group below latitude 20 degrees south, has been playing hide and seek with three nations ever since 1889. The coming and going of Falcon island has been termed by the South sea traders "the right pulse of the universe." Reports concerning Falcon island have been brought to civilization from time to time for years and years back. It was not until 1889, however, that anything peculiar was noticed about the place, but since that time the rocks have been leading England, France and the Tonga Government a lively chase.

The lastest news from Falcon was received in this city some days ago by the United States hydrographic office. The information came from Pilot John O'Ryan, of Apia, Samoa. The pilot also sent a detailed account of the modern aspect of the mystic isle to a seafaring friend here.

To tell the odd story of Falcon it is necessary to go back to 1889, when the British corvette Egeria was sent on a cruise among the South sea islands and instructed to seize any heretofore unknown coral reefs or islands and take possession of them in the name of the Queen. The Egeria fell across Falcon. The island was noted for miles at sea, for at its southermost extremity rose a commanding bluff 153 feet above the sea. Palm trees grew on the height, and at the north end of the island the land gently sloped down to a beautiful white sand beach, fringed with tropical vegetation. The place was a veritable gem of the seas, a typican South Sea retreat, apparently as secure as the rock of Gibraltar. The Egeria's commander took possession of the island and planted the flag of England on its highest point, then the warship returned and reported what it had done.

A year later a transport was sent to Falcon and found nothing but a low lying reef against which the sea beat incessantly. The lofty cliff had disappeared, as had the palm trees and the beech. England's flag had sunk with the land, which appeared to have been swallowed up by the ocean.

Very little attention was directed to Falcon until 1892, it being believed that the island had simply sunk into the sea, as coral islands often do. Ships and trading schooners passed the latitude, and some would report that the island was still there and that its cliff had again towered heavenward, while others would note that only a flat shoal marked the spot. These reports were extremely confusing.

France, in 1892, was looking for islands to annex, and so sent the cruiser Duchaffault, Captain Mauceron, on a cruise after territory. The Duchaffault steamed to Falcon. Then instead of finding a sunken reef, whitened with the foam of breakers, the vessel's crew discovered an island almost the exact shape of that found by the Egeria in 1889, only the southern promontory was but twenty-five and twenty-seven feet high, instead of 153 feet. The palm trees were gone, of course, but the rocks were covered with a growth of green bushes and ferns. Ashore went Mauceron, who, though he had not 40,000 men, ordered his jack tars to draw their swords and put them back again, claiming the island at the same time in the name of the French Republic. The tricolored standard waved from the twenty-five foot cliff, when the Duchaffault turned north and homeward, to the booming of a rifle gun.

Scarcely two years had passed since the Frenchman's visit when the British schooner Ysabel, borne along by an easterly breeze, came about at the easterly end of the island. This was on April 19th, 1894, according to the records kept by the United States Government. The Ysabel's captain consulted his chart and found that the strip of sand at his port beam was all that remained of the elusive Falcon Isle. He was astonished; he made a note in his logbook, and later reported to his home government that "Falcon Island now has the appearance of a low streak of reef and is dangerous to navigation, as it cannot be seen on a dark night. Dangerous reefs and rocks surround it."

French and English naval officers were much taken back by this report, but the Tongan Government was not daunted. It sent a party to the island with instructions to solve the mystery. The expedition left Tonga last December and only returned about one month ago, or in time to allow Pilot O'Ryan to write his letter and forward it by the steamer Australia to this city from Apia. Perhaps Englishmen and Frenchmen will smile when they read that "the expedition took possession of the Falcon Island in the name of King George of Tonga." Several cocoanut and other trees were planted. A hut was erected on the southern or raised end of the place, which is a mass of rocks, shells and quear red clay. "The island was found to have bold, steep sides, with deep water all around and no shoal water in the vicinity, though discolored water extends four miles southeastward and three miles northwest. The highest point of the island is fifty feet above the sea."—San Francisco Bulletin.

A SPIDER WITH A VOICE.

India, according to S. E. Peal, has a stridulating spider, whose sound—like the pouring of shot upon a plate—can be heard ten or twelve yards; ants that produce sound by rasping the horny tip of the last abdominal segment against dry leaves or twigs; and a butterfly which produces a series of taps with its wings.

NOT HIS FAULT.

Dunn—Why is it that you never have any money the day after you receive your salary?

De Fissett—It's all owing to other people.

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

LATE LOCALS.

"I do that which I do do"—Kemp.

Last week Mr. Scott, and Mr. Ford, P. M. of Hornby Island were in town.

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

With the change to cool weather McClary stoves are in demand and Grant's team is seen every where delivering them

Mr. Willard, the harness maker has moved right across the street, opposite THE NEWS office.

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

The drouth at Hornby Island has had the effect to create a strike among the cows there which are giving only half milch rations.

Mr. R. P. Edwards is again in charge of Cheap John's store. He finds Union to his liking quite as well as any other place, and is heartily welcomed back.

The Union Amateur Minstrel troupe will give a performance in a few weeks, and from what we learn is likely to give a very creditable one.

We shall give no more free advertising to any entertainment on the ground that half of the proceeds will go to this or that charity. The charity don't realize.

A local Indian romance, written for and published in THE NEWS three weeks ago appears in full in last week's Vancouver World.

Grant & McGregor have received a large consignment of granite ware, and also of crockery. For anything in those lines give them a call.

Last Tuesday night there was a pleasant party assembled at the Cumberland Hall as a farewell social to Miss Bradford who left on Friday for her home in east. Dancing was the principal amusement.

FOR SALE.—A pair of heavy three year old mares, well broke; have been working all spring on farm. Easy terms if required. Apply to Geo. A. Heatherbell, Horn by Island.

Mr. C. H. Tarbell, the tinner, has removed his shop to the new building corner 2nd and Dunsmuir ave where he will be glad to see his old customers and many new ones.

Mrs Essie Woods of Huntington, Oregon, who journeyed here a few weeks ago to take charge of her brother, Mr. Elmer E. Archard, then sick at Union hospital, taking him home with her, died August 15th. Mr. Archard is now at Fremont, Nebraska, in feeble health.

Dave Anthony will have a stand at the Athletic Grounds on Sept. 14th. The boys will be sure to remember this fact and that it will be the best place to get a cigar, fruit, candy, nuts, soft drinks and substantial lunch.

WILLIAMS & HUNTER,

Money to Loan on Farm or City property:monthly re-payments or Straight Loan

Money loaned for private parties securing them 10% net.

Business and Residential lots in Union, for Sale on Small monthly payments.

Short notes discounted.

Fire Life and Accident Insurance.

JUST ARRIVED

STOVES — — HARDWARE

A complete and varied assortment of Cook Stoves and Heaters adopted for Wood or Coal at prices that are sure to effect a ready sale. And please bear in mind we have received a stock of Hand and Force Pumps, Pulleys, Augur Bits, Door Gongs, Wringers, Sledge Hammers, Hat and Coat Hooks, Gate and Strap Hinges, etc.

You can save money by purchasing at

J. B. HOLMES, UNION AND COMOX BAY

COURTENAY HOUSE.

COURTENAY, B.C.

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

R. Graham, Propr.

Drs Lawrence & Westwood.
Physicians and Surgeons.
UNION B.C.

Courtenay and the Bay will be visited every Wednesday afternoon for the purpose of consultation.
Patients at a distance will receive early attention on receipt of telephone message.

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

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

Cumberland
FRUIT MARKET
NEXT UNION BAKERY
FISH, FRUIT, AND GAME,
FRESH EGGS
BUTTER, VEGETABLES,
AND POULTRY, ETC.
A. CREECH, Prop.

LOCALS.

Capt. Freeman of the Glory of the Seas arrived Sunday morning on the ss. Joan.

T. H. Piercy of the Nelson House, Union Bay, was in town yesterday.

Hon. J. H. Turner will leave London for Victoria on the 17th inst.

Miss Nellie Bennett came up from Vancouver on Sunday to visit her brother, Mr. J. B. Bennett, the Puntledge school teacher.

The excursion to Vancouver took out over a hundred of our people. The rain at Vancouver lessened somewhat the pleasure of the trip.

Rev. Mr. Tait's horse, one day last week wandered down to a creek near his premises(in quest of a drink it is supposed) and got stalled. When found it was dead.

The donations to the hospital the past week included flowers from Mr. John J. R. Miller, flowers from a good friend; and some beautiful fruit from Mr. D. C. McKenzie.

Major-General Gascoigne who succeeds Major General Herbert as commander of the Canadian militia will sail for this country next month.

Mrs Kendall has gone to Victoria and Vancouver to select such part of the millinery stock as she has not ordered from the east. She is expected to return next week.

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

D. R. Young appeared last Wednesday again upon the scene, this time with a three individual comedy troupe. He was manager and general whooper-up, and as usual an interesting figure. The first night the people went to see Young, and incidentally the troupe and having satisfied their curiosity did not go on the second night to any great extent. There were some things about the playing really good; but a little fun for seasoning, and sweet plantation songs for the main dishes, would have been far more satisfactory

CUMBERLAND CLUB
UNION, B. C.
J. BRUCE, PRES.
W. S. DICKSON, SEC'y & TREAS.
CLUB HOUSE
OPEN FROM 6 A. M. TO 2 P. M.
FOR MEMBERS ONLY.

GREAT

MIDSUMMER CLEARING

SALE

We expect our fall stock to arrive about September 1st and until that date we will clear the following lines of summer goods regard less of cost.

2000 yards of Flannelette @ 20 yds for $1.00.	Regular price	10 cents.
3000 " in White Cotton " 15 " " 1.00.	" "	10 "
2500 " English Prints " 10 cts.	" "	15 cts.
10 doz. Ladies Blouses @ 35, 45, 65, and 100	" "	Double.
20 doz. Ladies Vests " 25, each	" "	50 cents
500 yds Colored Cashmere @ 22½	" "	40 "
250 Mens Fancy Wool Shirts " $1.25	" "	$2.00
300 " " " " " 1.00	" "	1.50
50 doz. Turkish Towels " 1.00 per doz.	" "	1.75

We are still showing complete lines in Groceries, Dry Goods, Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Hardware and all discription of general merchandise.

SIMON LEISER