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The Weekly News.

NO. 147. UNION, COMOX DISTRICT, B. C., TUESDAY, SEPT. 3, 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 Goa 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.

Gigantic Moving Sale

—AT—

STEVENSON & CO.

To save the expense and trouble of moving our stock of Dry Goods Clothing, Gents' Furnishings to our new store, we have decided to give the buying public of Union and vicinity an opportunity to save money at our expense.

Sale starts Thursday morning (Aug. 22) and continues for 15 days.

BARGAINS IN

SILKS and DRESS GOODS
LACES and EMBROIDERY
GLOVES and HOSIERY
MEN and BOYS' CLOTHING
GENTS' FURNISHINGS

Please come early and avoid the rush

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

LATEST WIRINGS.

Registra Prevort of Victoria has skipped; amount of shortage not known. The Hurst estate, the heaviest sufferer.

Brush fires have been raging all the week from Alberni to Nanaimo. Several houses and farm buildings destroyed Hamilton powder works narrowly escaped.

Steamer Bawnmore, which loaded at Union last week was wrecked on Tuesday last off the Oregon Coast. Crew saved except two seamen.

Percy Good's house on 5 acre lot Nanaimo destroyed by fire Thursday; thought to be the work of an incendrary.

Mrs. McGimpsey, wife of a Northfield miner and mother of six children died in New Westminster asslyum.

James Coleman, a young Englishman from Alberni arrested on Thursday armed with a loaded revolver; supposed to be insame.

An explosion occurred Thursday at Black Diamond mine, Washington, resulting in painful burning of John Raymond.

Despatches from Shanghai say that 40,000 deaths have occurred from cholera in August.

UNION SHIPPING.

The Queen left on Wednesday for San Francisco with 1310 tons of coal for the Oregon Improvement Co.

The tug Daisy with scow left on Friday for Victoria with 135 tons of coal for steam yacht Eleanor.

The Thistle left on Friday with 23 tons of Comox coal for the north fishing trade.

The Quadra left on Friday with 115 tons for the Light House service.

The Coquitlam left on Friday with 22 tons of wash nut coal for Crowder & Penzer.

The tug Vancouver left on the 30th ult with 156 tons of coal for the Victoria Tramway.

The Tepic left on the 30th ult with 189 tons of wash nut coal and 30 tons of coke for the Sugar Refinery, Vancouver.

The Mineola will be due Wednesday or Thursday.

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.

TENDERS.

Will be received by the undersigned, to be in by Sept. 4th at 6 p. m. for the following privileges on the Athletic Grounds Sept. 14, 1895.

1.—For the sale of wine, beer, and liquor.
2.—For the sale of soft drinks.
3.—For the sale of fruit and eatables.

J. Bruce, Committee.

K. OF P. EXCURSION

Friday evening next the K. of P. excursion to Vancouver takes place, and there is every indication that when the ss Joan pulls out from Union wharf at 11.30 p. m., she will carry away a full cargo of pleasure seekers. Every arrangement has been made for their comfort and entertainment, and as they have engaged some first class music, no doubt the trip will prove enjoyable. All Knights are requested to wear their badges.

Suits were brought yesterday for refusal to pay poll tax, and costs imposed. Such suits are enforceable by detention in jail.

The organ at the old school house was awarded the Presbsterian church society on their bid of $55, it being the only bid —a fair price. The money goes to the hospital.

Steveson & Co., in Williams and Hunter's new block are doing finely, selling at bedrock prices.

ANNOUNCEMENT

Having rented part of the new building corner of 2nd and Dunsmuir avenue I have opened a store for the sale of Tobac co, Candy, Nuts, etc., and will also keep a small stock of Miner's supplies, and beg to receive a share of the public patronage.

David Anthony

CHURCH SERVICE

PRESBYTERIAN.—Sept 6th, at 11 a. m., subject—David and Johnathan; at 7 p.m. Waiting at the pool.

METHODIST—Next Sunday at 11, A look of Jesus and what it did; at 7 p. m., Awake, thou that sleepest.

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

HORNBY ISLAND PICNIC

The picnic by the farmers of Hornby Island, Aug 23, at Ford's Cove, was quite a success. The day at first looked unpromising, and at noon the wind blew almost a gale. The ss. Joan brought a crowd from Denman Island. It being too rough for small boats the Thistle took a spin across and brought over many. At the grounds a platform was arranged and all sat down to an enjoyable feast.

Soon after the sports commenced. In the 100 yard race for all, John Scott, Wm Bakie and Wesley Piercy entered. Piercy led from the start with Bakie a close second. The 100 yard foot race for boys under 16 was entered by John McMillan, Howard McFarland, and Harvey Piercy. John McMillan was first and Howard McFarland second. The 50 yard race for boys under 12—contestants were Wm. Kummart, James Harwood and Chas Keenan. It resulted with Kummert first, and Harwood second. The sack race—entries: Geo Wuderick, Jas. Graham, W. Piercy, Wm. Ford, and Wm Bakie. Ford was first and Wuderwick second.

The egg and spoon race caused a good deal of merriment—won by W. Piercy as first and with Wm Bakie, second. In the hop, step, and jump contest Wm. Piercy won first and Wm. Baikie, second. In tossing the caber Wm. Piercy, first prize; Wm, Bailey, second prize. Wm. Piercy also won first prize in throwing the stone, and Wm. Bakie, second. Same result in walking match In heavy hammer throwing, J. Ford was first and Wm. Piercy, second.

The tub race proved the grestest interest, with Wm. Ford first at the winning line. The rifle shooting match had several contestants— Bakie, Robbins, Piercy, J. Ford and Wm. Ford. The latter took first prize and his brother second.

A pleasant dance followed by refreshments closed the day's sports which were under the management of Mr. J. Ford. The reception committee were John Chalmers, Mrs. Howe, and Miss M. Ford.

The manager and committee expressed themselves as greatly indebted to the following ladies who so generously provided the refreshments, viz:—Mrs. Doney, Mrs. Howe, Mrs. McMillan, Mrs. Pickels, Mrs. Harwood, Mrs. Sutton, Miss Ford, Mrs. Scott, and Mrs. Kummert.

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 nearly 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 a term of three or five years, as may be desired; bearing interest at 6 per cent per annum.

Apply to C. F. Drabble.

MARRIAGE AT UNION

The nuptials of Mr. Robert H. Robertson and Miss Rose Mellado, were celebrated on Wednesday evening last at the home of the bride's parents, in the presence of a party of relations and friends numbering thirty. The Rev. C. H. M. Sutherland, performed the ceremony.

The groom was supported by Mr. Jas. Davidson and the bride by Miss Caroline Mellado. The bride, who was prettily attired in a dress of pure white silk, with crape silk facings to match, was given away by her father, Mr. Bruno Mellado. After the ceremony the party drove to Cumberland Hotel where a splendid supper, prepared by Mrs. Piket, was partaken of by over one hundred guests, and the health and prosperity of the young couple pledged. The ball afterwards, was one of the finest that ever took place in Union, and was well attended. The music was by Messrs Roy, Kihlberg, and Richardson. Much praise is due to Mr. and Mrs. Mellado, as no pains were spared to make every one feel at home.

The young couple will settle down to housekeeping in Cumberland with the best wishes of all who know them. The following is

LIST OF PRESENTS

Mr. and Mrs. B. Mellado, bedding and parlor set; Mr. A. J. Mellado, bedroom suit; Miss Caroline Mellado, wedding cake; Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Robertson, cooking stove and utensils; Mr. and Mrs. Harrigan, hanging lamp; Messrs Beeton Bros, cooking utensils and oil reservoir, Mr. Walter Whyte, cheque; Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Davidson, silver tea spoons; Miss Jennie Bennie, rug; Mr. and Mrs. E Wood, fruit dishes and glass set; Mr. and Mrs. J. B. McLean, chamber set; Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Walker, table linen; Simon Leiser, album; Mr. and Mrs J Gillespie, silver fruit fork; a friend, set of irons; Mr. and Mrs. Short, chamber set; Mr. and Mrs. John Whyte, bed spread; Mr. and Mrs. G. Walker, waiter set; Mr. and Mrs. W. Anthony, bed linen; Mr. and Mrs. E W. Jones, bed spread; Mr. and Mrs. Thomson, bed linen; Mr. Alec. Walker and wife, lace curtains; Mr. D Walker and wife, table linnen and towels; Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton, silver fruit dish; Mr. T B Harris and wife, silver butter dish; Mr. R. Vass and wife, extension table; Mr. James Whyte and wife, table linen; Mr and Mrs. Gleason, bed linen; Mr John Bennie and wife, silver cruet stand; Mr. and Mrs. Cessford, bed spread; Mr. Ed. Walker and wife, Japanese tea tray and towels; Mr. David Edwards, cheque Misses J. and L. McNeil, lace curtains and towels: Miss Jennie Whyte, silver cake stand; Miss Jessie Walker, water set; Messrs McKims, silver cake stand and sugar bowl; Mr. J. M. Greenshields, dessert knives, forks and carving set; Mr. S. Vass, table scarf; Mr. J. B. Davidson, lamps: Miss B. Vass, bed linen; Mr. W. Vass, pair of vases; Miss E. Vass, pair of watch pockets and match case; Mr. and Mrs. McKnight, table linen; Miss McNiven, table linen; Mr. and Mrs. John Robertson, silver spoons and flat irons; Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Struthers, table napkins; Steveson & Co, Chenille table cover: Mr. J. Sullivan, chenille curtains; Mr. and Mrs. Piket, dishes; Samuel Davis, refreshments.

A CARD

I take this method to express my thanks to the public for their kindness and assistance to me during my misfortuue, for which I shall never cease to be grateful.

David Anthony.

BIRTH.

WOOD.—At Union, Aug. 30th to the wife of Mr. Ed. Wood, a daughter.

THE BRASS BAND

The work of canvassing for the brass band goes bravely on and our citizens especially the workingmen are doing nobly. The Japanese everywhere coming to the front, not to be behind have subscribed generously and already over $30.-00 have been received from them through Mr. T. J. Nagao.

FOR FARM AND GARDEN.

Seasonable Notes of Interest to Agriculture.

CANADA'S CHIEF INDUSTRY.

AGRICULTURE.

The low prices of wheat are due, among other things, to great production in recent years, to reduced cost of production, and to increased area of the wheat land; 30,000 square miles of fine wheat country have been opened up in Texas, and twice as much in the Indian Territory of most fertile land is just beginning to be productive—all this in addition to the greater competition abroad.

The cow pea is a conservator and gleaner of nitrogen, and will grow on land too far exhausted to produce clover. It will pull through a drouth which would stunt even corn. Besides its value as a green fallow, it has no superior as a forage plant. It is almost a complete food without grain or other forage.

Cow peas are often sown broadcast in the field at the time of "laying by" the corn, and are well started by the time the corn are in full ear. They are knee deep about the time the corn is cut off, and are ploughed under, and lo! the field is as good as new again. This is no longer a monopoly in the south, for more northern latitudes have grown this pea successfully.

Rye ripens early and will give grain food from eight to ten weeks before corn is ready to feed, and in years when corn is high and scarce it is a large saving of money to have this grain to feed during the hot and dry months of July and August. It is best to feed it ground with bran and cut straw.

If we could provide a proper amount of moisture we should find most land fertile enough to make good yields. In a dry season a mulch of cut straw over a potato field will result in a greater yield than in one richly manured and not mulched. Moisture is continuously evaporating from the soil, but if covered it rises to the surface, and is held there.

The twine binder removed the only limit to production of wheat in the States. The product has grown from 300 million to 600 million bushels. There has been likewise a rapid fall in the cost of transportation, it formerly costing 40 cents to carry a bushel of wheat from Chicago to New York; now it costs five or six cents.

So far as the area and the productiveness are concerned, the land on the Paraguay and Parana rivers in South America could feed the world with wheat and clothe the world with cotton. While their crude methods have lessened their competition with us, in the last few years they have imported from the States over 50,000 steam ploughs.

One-half the farm properties of the States are entirely free from mortgage, and the other half covered by less than half their value. The total mortgage on occupied farms, excluding those suburban and speculative, is less than one-tenth their value. One-half this money is due to fellow citizens, and not to mortgage sharks and money lenders.

SHEEP.

It is knack and personal management, and not luck, which will keep a flock of sheep in good condition during the winter. They should enter their winter quarters in good shape, and then be tended with intelligence. It is folly to try to make anything out of the weaklings, and they should be weeded out closely.

It is noticeable that the expressions of confidence in the future of the sheep business come generally from men of experience, who have before come through periods of great depression up to greater prosperity. Those who rush into and out of it with every breeze of fortune are about shaken out of the business, and sacrifices will be fewer henceforth.

People eat meat and wear clothing; sheep furnish both, and no other animal does. In the beginning of the U. S. depression some wanted to see it go that way, and began calamity howling. Low as sheep are, they will buy more which the farmer needs than they did when higher, and times point to a renewal of prosperity.

The too common opinion in regard to sheep is that they are but scavengers, and fitted only to consume the weeds and other waste on the farm; but out of nothing comes nothing. If there are no proper food, care and shelter provided, we must expect our sheep to pine away and perish.

Good sheep will make a growth of nearly three-quarters of a pound a day for its first 280 days, when it becomes excellent mutton. For 600 days it will make half a pound. Such a sheep will net six cents a pound on the farm, usually, and such sheep, having a large carcass, will have a proportionately large fleece, be it worth what it will.

The cheapest and the best way of building up a flock on the farm is to select the best of the ewes and breed to a full blood ram of the breed best suited to your purposes. Yearly select the ewes in this way, and yearly infuse the new blood from a new ram. Persistence will work wonders.

Sheep are bound to become general in South Dakota, because it is a superior sheep raising country, and the industry pays better than wheat or anything else. Success depends upon management. Many wool growers in that country have increased the weight of their fleeces from four to seven or eight pounds by proper breeding.

Shropshire ram, crossed with high grade Merinos, is said to produce an animal profitable both for wool and mutton. In sheep breeding there is but one way of keeping an ideal flock, and that is by trying to improve it when it is seemingly at its very best.

The best pays in all things pertaining to stock. The average American eats twice the amount of mutton he did 20 years ago because he gets better. The fleece weighs double, too, because of better breeding and handling. Good sheep will pay, but the old scrubs will not.

DAIRY.

Get the butter away from the air as soon as possible after packing, and keep it as cool as can be until going to market. The small pails and parchment paper are so cheap that it can be packed solidly, and the consumer have a chance to get the butter fresh for the table so long as it lasts.

The Wisconsin station has shown that by soiling in summer a given area of land will yield double the amount of milk and butter it will when pastured. The Connecticut station fed four cows from June to November on two and a half acres of such food, with a little grain added. At the Ontario farm three-fourths of an acre, with 250 pounds of bran, fed two cows for 63 days.

The extra weight in a dairy cow, over and above what is necessary for her to do the best work, must be fed at a great loss, because she is fed many years before she is sold. Stick to the special purpose cow. Never think the Jersey too small because she will not in the end make enough beef.

The bulky foods which can be grown successfully upon the farm have no superior as feed for the dairy—corn, oats, clover hay and plenty of silage. Results from the bought concentrated foods cannot bring the results which do these more easily digested foods. "Forcing" a cow does injury to her digestive organs, and is decidedly not profitable in the long run.

Soiling is a feature of a more intensive farming, and finds more extensive application as the value of the land increases. Not only can a much larger number of cows be kept on a given area of land, but that land may be brought into a higher state of cultivation, so that at the same time there is a saving of much grain and fertility.

There should be no iron-clad rules for milking, but improper handling will spoil a good milch cow quickly. None but a careful and level-headed person should break in a heifer to milk. Learn that cows' natures vary, and that they cannot all be treated alike. The cows can learn your whistle as well as the dogs can; keep the dogs away.

A much better price can be had for winter butter because the supply is limited. This difference in price is all profit, for the cows must be kept and fed. It does not pay to let them run down in condition, and there is more time to do the work. Cows fresh in the fall give a longer flow, which is kept up all summer with a good pasture.

In choosing between beef and butter productions, consider the difference in the amount of money each brings and the length of time between returns. Butter can be shipped once a week, and payments received at least once a month. The skim milk and buttermilk are fed to the calves and pigs, and nearly all the fertilizing elements of the crops are kept on the farm.

HORTICULTURE.

There is no such thing as alternate fruit bearing seasons for trees. The reason they do not bear in successive years is chiefly from the fact that they have been allowed to overbear the previous year. There is as much reason for thinning out the apples and pears, if needed, as for hoeing out surplus corn or potatoes.

There is great gain in keeping the ground cool between growing crops of any kind, in warm latitudes, and this end may sometimes be gained by planting trailing vines. A good crop of melons can be raised between the rows of strawberries, and the latter helped, but the vines must be kept in bounds, and the strawberry runners pinched off.

Warmth, moisture and similar conditions always favor the activity of both the ripening and decaying forces in fruit; fruit left on the tree begins to decay immediately. The whole art of preserving is in separating from the tree and placing it under conditions where these forces cease to act.

It seems to be a popular delusion that when fruit is arranged for shipment in warm weather special provision should be made for ventilation. The opposite is true. Air should be excluded as far as may be. The upper and outer tiers of boxes always spoil first in any large shipments of fruits.

If one has large fruit trees which it is desired to have transplanted, let him dig around them toward the close of the summer, cutting off the larger roots three or four feet from the tree, according to the size. A year later it will have made so many small roots to replace these that removal can be safely made.

Hedges of deciduous trees or shrubs should have the soft growth trimmed off in summer. If young, the base should be left untouched, cutting from the top mainly. This will throw the strength into the lower branches. If the hedge is old and already formed, it can be trimmed in any shape to suit the taste.

An unsightly, decaying tree can be beautified by planting some flowering vine about it. The trumpet vine will climb unaided; the wisteria is good, but will need support until it reaches the branches; Virginia creeper and Japan ivy are good for foliage, and cling to the trunk by the little rootlets they make.

Grapes never ripen any after picking; all that can be expected in the way of change is the evaporation of some water, and final decay. They must be in perfect condition for eating when plucked, or their full value will be missed. If stored in some cool place they will last even longer than pears.

One who exhibits convincing proofs that he knows what he is talking about says that the "bicycle face" is often caused by a stone in the road. —Boston Transcript.

IS PARALYSIS CURABLE?

Mr. George Little, of Essex County, Says it is.

He Gives His Own Terrible Experience to Prove the Truth of His Assertion—Suffered For Over Two Years—Both Himself and Family Thought That Only Death Could End His Sufferings—Again Enjoying the Blessing of Sound Health

(From the Essex Free Press.)

Life is truly a burden to those not blessed with a full measure of health and strength, but when a strong man is brought to the verge of almost utter helplessness, when doctors fail, and there is apparently nothing left to do but wait the dread summons that comes but once to all, the case assumes an aspect of extreme sadness. In such a condition as this did Mr. George Little, of the township of Colchester North, find himself, and recently the Free Press hearing incidentally that he had recovered health and strength, a reporter was sent to investigate. When seen, Mr. Little expressed a willingness to state the nature of his case, and his story is as follows:

"Had to sit with feet in a hot oven."

Some four years ago Mr. Little suffered from a severe attack of la grippe which left his lower limbs partially paralyzed. He called in one of the best known physicians of Essex county, who appeared to do all that lay in his power for the relief of Mr. Little, but to no avail. For two and a half years he suffered the most intense pain and was confined to his bed for the greater part of the time. The doctor was puzzled with his case, and as he seemed to obtain no relief, he changed doctors for a period. The second doctor did no better than the other, and Mr. Little returned to the one he had first called in. Finally, despairing of ever obtaining relief, he told the physician that he did not see any further use of taking his medicines, and believed he should die if he did not obtain relief in a short time. He had wasted away to little more than a mere skeleton, and was an object of pity to his neighbors, and felt himself a burden to his family. His wife and family had given up hope, and his neighbors all thought it was merely a question of time when Mr. Little's death would relieve his sufferings. While his limbs were partially paralyzed he could use them sufficient to hobble about the house and door yard, but if he undertook to walk to the stable he would be confined to his bed for a week after. His limbs grew numb and cold. During the hottest summer days he was obliged to sit with his feet and legs in a hot oven, wrapped in flannels and hot cloths until the skin would come off in scales. Mr. Little believed that his physician was doing all that could be done, and has nothing but kindly feelings for the treatment he received at his hands, but he is certain that the doctor had no hope of his recovery. He had tried an advertised mineral water, taking in all seven gallons of it, but failed to obtain relief. After suffering for two and a half years, Mr. Little, in the summer of 1893, read of a case similar to his own that had been cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Grasping at this last hope, he sent for a few boxes and began taking them. Before the second box was all used Mr. Little was satisfied that he had found a remedy that would cure him of his exceedingly painful and mysterious ailment. Mr. Little continued the use of the Pink Pills for several months and was able to get out and do light work about his farm, which he had not been able to do for over two years. He continued taking Pink Pills a while longer, when he was fully recovered and was able to do any of the hardest work on his farm, and in the winter time worked almost steadily at saw-logging and wood-chopping. During the past fall, he says, he was frequently caught out in heavy rain storms when away from home, but he had so far recovered that his exposures have not brought any bad results. During the very cold weather of the present winter he was hauling wood to Windsor, a distance of fifteen miles. He looks at present as if he had hardly seen a sick day in his life time.

Mr. Little feels deeply grateful to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and claims that his complete recovery is entirely due to the use of the pills. He gives his testimony for the benefit of others who may be similarly afflicted. Mr. Little's wife, who was present at the interview, corroborated Mr. Little's testimony, and believes he owes his entire recovery to the use of Pink Pills. The entire family look upon the husband and father as one rescued from the grave by the timely use of Pink Pills.

On enquiry among Mr. Little's neighbors we find that he is a man of undoubted veracity. He has lived in Essex county all his lifetime, and on his present farm in Colchester North, about four years. He is the Superintendent of the Edgar Mills Sunday School, and his case is too well known in that district to be disputed. His neighbors looked upon his cure as a most miraculous one, his death having been expected among them for many months before he began the use of Pink Pills.

WIT AND HUMOR

Enthusiastic tourist (meditating a walk in the park to see the flowers)—Can you tell us if the hyacinths are out yet?

Policeman (who is not a botanist)—I think not, lady. At least I've not seen them drive past.

"My boy," said the kind old gentleman, "hanging about saloons and low places is a sad practice for one so young as you. It is a fearful education you are acquiring."

"That's all right," responded the gamin. "I'm educatin' myself for a alderman."

"No," said the man who stayed in town while his family went to the sea-shore, "I haven't had any direct news from them. But they are enjoying themselves immensely."

"How can you tell if they don't write?"

"I read about it in my cheque book."

"I think," said the unsophisticated man "that Goggins must be quite a power in city politics; I was passing his place yesterday and I noticed in big letters the word 'pull' on his door."

"Ha," cried the bold navigator, "Bring me a glass."

He scanned the horizon eagerly.

"Another glass. Ha!"

After the second glass he had no trouble whatever in discerning the outline of a sea serpent, which was signalling that its steering gear was not under good control.

Miss Caustique—What's the matter, Mr. Strutter? You look agitated.

Strutter—Yes, I really am. This book says that insanity and genius are the same thing.

Miss C.—Why, I should think you would find that rather gratifying.

"At last!"

As the summer girl gave vent to this exclamation she fell on the floor in a dead faint.

For many weary hours she had puzzled over a difficult problem, and when she found she had solved it, the shock was too much for her.

She had succeeded in making a perfect knot in her four-in-hand tie.

The small boy had gone out with his father for a sail, and the bounding billows had shaken him up to the extent that he had parted with his breakfast. "Oh, papa," he exclaimed after a second attack, "what makes me unswallow in that way?"

TOBACCO TATTERED AND TORN.

Every day we meet the man with shabby clothes, sallow skin and shambling footsteps, holding out a tobacco-palsied hand for the charity quarter. Tobacco destroys manhood and the happiness of perfect vitality. No-To-Bac is guaranteed to cure just such cases, and it's charity to make them try. Sold under guarantee to cure by Druggists every where. Book free. Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., 374 St. Paul street, Montreal.

WORK OF THE STEAM SHOVELS.

The enormous amount of work done with steam shovels on the Mesaba range is shown by the achievement reported at the Lone Jack mine, where 277 cars, or 6,371 tons, were loaded in 24 hours by two steam shovels.

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

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

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

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

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.

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

ISSUE NO. 34 1895.

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

Strange, but True

The child that cannot digest milk can digest Cod-liver Oil as it is prepared in Scott's Emulsion. Careful scientific tests have proven it to be more easily digested than milk, butter, or any other fat. That is the reason why puny, sickly children, and thin, emaciated and anæmic persons grow fleshy so rapidly on Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil and Hypophosphites when their ordinary food does not nourish them.

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MAHOGANY
Is the Latest and Best.
ASK YOUR DEALER FOR IT.
MANUFACTURED BY THE
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GRAND SHOW OF LIVE STOCK
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Of the best lands in Michigan, at from $2 to $5 per acre. Situated in four counties, on and near the Michigan Central, Detroit, Alpena & Loon Lake Railways.
EASY TERMS AND BEST TITLES.
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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.

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.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.
CATARRH
Sold by Druggists or sent by mail.

DR. TALMAGE'S GREAT LOSS

A Sketch of the Life of the Late Mrs. Talmage.

The End of a Beautiful and Useful Christian Life, Which Was Spent in Doing Good—Universal Sympathy Expressed for Her Bereaved Husband.

A great sorrow has fallen upon Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, the distinguished divine, and his immediate family. Mrs. Talmage, for thirty-seven years his devoted wife, and a lady beloved by a very wide circle of friends in many states, passed peacefully away on Monday, Aug. 5, at Dansville, N.Y., where she had been receiving medical treatment for a nervous affliction. She had been an invalid for nearly a year. Her illness practically dated from the Brooklyn tabernacle fire, in May, 1894, when it is thought she sustained a shock that was aggravated by an attack of Roman fever the same summer. Nervous prostration was followed by a physical breakdown so complete as to leave hardly a hope of recovery. Still, with true Christian fortitude, she kept up bravely until a short time before the end, and would not permit her husband and children to sacrifice all other interests that they might remain by her bedside. Towards the last, however, when even her physicians could not hold out any reasonable hope of cure, she summoned her husband and children to her sick room. Dr. Talmage, who loved his wife with a true and intense devotion, at once abandoned all his lecturing and preaching engagements in the west, and hastened to her bedside, where the whole family were gathered about the dying mother. At sunrise on Monday the waiting soul was liberated, and the father and his children gazed upon the lifeless form of the dear one lying white and still before them.

Probably no woman was ever more deserving of the love and gratitude of husband and children than Susan

Whittemore Talmage. She was born in New York city, where her father was a prosperous banker and bank president. The family residence was afterwards moved to Greenpoint. The education of the younger daughter, Susan Curtis Whittemore, was a thorough one, and her teachers found her deserving of their best efforts. Clara Louise Kellogg, the famous singer, was one of her classmates.

On May 7, 1863, Miss Whittemore was married to T. DeWitt Talmage in the building where they had first met a few months before, the Greenwood Dutch Reformed church, of which Rev. Goyn Talmage, brother of Dr. Talmage, was then pastor. At this time the bridegroom was but little known outside of his own field; reputation had not yet come, and thus Mrs. Talmage started with her husband at almost the foot of the lader of fame, which, with her loving aid, he began to climb so quickly. And few wives proved such helpmeets to their husbands as has Mrs. Talmage. She fulfilled the best idea of a helpful wife. All the appointments of the Talmage home in South Oxford street, Brooklyn, reflected the excellent taste of the woman who presided so long over it. Everything showed the perfect housekeeper. The rear apartment of the second floor was Mrs. Talmage's working room. It was tastefully furnished, but more with an eye to utility than ornamentation. In this room she spent most of her time. All the mail that was left at the house for Dr. Talmage was taken into this room, and usually opened by her. It was not an unusual thing for the postman to deliver between one and two hundred letters a day, all of which passed through her hands. Business letters were answered by her, and all letters that did not call for his personal attention were attended to by her, so that his valuable time might be economized.

Besides, she had a multitude of callers. All kinds of people had to be seen, innumerable appointments made and kept, the details of a score or more churches and other matters adjusted. In addition to all these were the household cares of a large house and a family of growing children.

Mrs. Talmage was thus distinctly her husband's right hand, and all the details of his busy life were looked after by her. She was a thorough business woman, having rare executive ability and capable of easily handling a number of things at the same time. Much of her husband's daily work was planned and laid out by her. She made his pastoral and social engagements, and all his lecturing interests were in her hands. She knew his capabilities even better than he. Whenever a journey was to be made, it was she who laid out the route, procured the tickets and staterooms, and attended to all the details. Few men have been saved so many annoyances as was Dr. Talmage by his wife's kindly foresight and ability. But, even if she had never shared her husband's life work, she would still have been one of the busiest of women.

Mrs. Talmage was sympathetic by nature. Like her husband, she saw the cheerful side of life. Cheerful, active, vigorous, she was still within a year ago in the prime of life and of full figure. Her face was youthful, because she kept her heart young and her hands busy. She was always tasteful in her wardrobe, but never showy.

Both Mrs. Talmage's parents died several years ago. One brother still lives among the scenes of her early home in Greenpoint, prosperous and well-doing. Two sisters of Mrs. Talmage live together but a few blocks from the Talmage house in Brooklyn—as close in spirit and relations to the pastor's family as if they were material parts of it. Five children have resulted from the marriage. The eldest daughter, May Mortimer, married Mr. Mangam, a young New York business man, a few years ago. The second daughter, Edith Elwood, also made a most desirable and happy marriage. Jeanie Gasherie and Maude Demorest are the other two daughters. The only son by the marriage is Rev. Frank DeWitt Talmage, now pastor of a prominent Presbyterian church in Pittsburg. In him are centered the hopes of thousands that the light of the Talmage genius will not die out with the father.

Mrs. Talmage was well known to many, both in America and Europe. On several occasions she had crossed the Atlantic with her husband. When he made his famous tour to Palestine and Egypt in 1889, Mrs. Talmage accompanied him, and visited the sacred places. Again in 1892, when he went to Russia with Dr. Klopsch to relieve the famine-stricken peasants, Mrs. Talmage shared a large part of the journey, which was not altogether without its perils.

In all his professional plans, and his pastoral activities, she bore no inconsiderable share, rendering valuable assistance by her quick, womanly appreciation and sympathy and her fine business capacity—the latter a quality that proved of the greatest service to Dr. Talmage throughout his whole career. Although engaged in many charities, she was singularly unostentatious in such matters, and was one of whom it could be truthfully said that she did not let her left hand know what her right hand did. There are thousands who recall her liberal-handedness during the famine-winter of 1892-3, when she personally arranged for the daily distribution, to hundreds of destitute families in Brooklyn, of meat and loaves. In this most practical charity Dr. Talmage himself heartily joined. It cost much money, time and effort, but the good done by her quietly and almost privately during those weeks cannot be computed in figures. Among the most sincere mourners over her departure will be the poor who have been secretly helped by a beneficience undiscovered to the world.

Mrs. Talmage was the second wife of Dr. Talmage, this first wife having been a Miss Mary Avery, of Brooklyn. To her remarkable artistic and sociable abilities during the thirty-two years of married life has been due much of the success that has marked her husband's career. Yet for mere worldly honors neither cared much. "My home is my altar, my family is my inspiration," said Dr. Talmage to a friend to whom he was explaining his strong domestic attachments. And not once but many times has he told in tones of warmest love and admiration, how much he owed to this true and noble helpmate, who had been, next to divine inspiration, his greatest impulse and incentive to high achievement.

In these hours of trouble and sorrow, the hearts of the multitude who read his sermons regularly in this paper will go out in sympathy toward him who has so often administered consolation to the suffering. The space that is usually devoted to his weekly sermon, we give to-day to this simple account of his bereavement. It was his wont, at such times, to speak words of golden consolation to other hearts that bled, and at rare intervals to reveal his own innermost heart to his friends. In one memorable sermon, preached on Jan. 6, 1881, after the death of his eldest son, we recall these characteristic and striking passages:

"I know of no way of getting the wheat out of the ear except by threshing it. I know of no way of purifying the gold except by puting it in the crucible. Go among those men and women who have accomplished most for God—go anywhere, and you will find that they have had the baptism of tears. Oh, there is something beautiful about baptism on sacramental day, when the water is sprinkled on the face of the child; but there is more solemn baptism than that, and that is the baptism of tears. Just look at the consolation which comes to God's children. See how often those things which seem to have been full of disaster turned out to be full of blessing. See the difference between the experience of those who trust in this world, and those who trust in God.

"When it is time for me to go I want to be ready—my worldly affairs all settled. If I have wronged others in that last hour I want to be sure of their forgiveness. If there are hands stretched out from this world to hold me back, there will be hands stretched out from the other world to draw me on. Then, Lord Jesus, help me on and help me up. Unfearing and undoubting, may I step right out into the light, and be able to look back to friends and kindred who would detain me, saying, "Let me go, let go, the day breaketh!" I would not dare to trust myself very far in this reference or allusion. When we were riding to Greenwood, I said, "I cannot understand this composure which I feel, and this strange peace;" and it was suggested then and there: "There is a vast multitude of people praying for us." That solved it.

"I testify of the comforting grace of God. Religion is a tremendous reality. God will wipe away all tears from our eyes. There shall be no more sorrow or sighing; neither shall there be any more pain."

The remains were brought to Brooklyn, and the funeral services were held in that city on Wednesday, Aug. 7. Thousands of telegrams have been received by Dr. Talmage, expressing the deepest sympathy with him in his great bereavement.

A $40,000 CHINA VASE.

Good old china seems to maintain its original high market price. The other day, says the London Court Journal, there was sold a matchless garniture de cheminee, consisting of a vase and cover 14 inches high, rose-du-Barri ground, painted with subjects of peasants and flowers in medallion by Marin. In 1874 it was in the Earl of Coventry's sale, and was bought by the Earl of Dudley for 10,000 guineas, who sold it to Mr. Goode for about the same amount. On Wednesday the bidding commenced at 3,000 guineas, and bids ran up to 8,000 guineas. It was reported to have been bought by Mr. Pilkington for Baron Schroder.

A LITTLE DEAL IN KAFFIRS

"Presents — clothes — honeymoon. How on earth can one leave out either?" asked George Littlecash of himself, earnestly, drilling his penholder into a much furrowed forehead. "There never was a wedding without presents. As for no honeymoon—why, Hetty would be justified in crying off before the very altar."

What had placed our friend in this unpleasant quandary was, to begin with, Uncle Piper's cheque for £500. It was a cheque to marry Hetty and set up house with, and the cash was satisfactory enough; but accompanied with the wise avuncular injunction, "George, marry on a cash basis—cash, mind—or never look me in the face again." Such excellent advice, plus a £500 cheque, it is impossible for a nephew to spurn—especially a nephew in love.

And then, when he had this gold mine of untold wealth in his pocket, and a full ocean of happiness to look forward to, George fell into the toils of the plausible fellow, Tom Scherer, of the well-known city firm of Mouton, Scherer & Walker. Scherer had such a taking way of remembering, and, cherishing affectionately, one's Christian name.

"Ah! Congratulate you, my dear George. Coming off next month, eh? Happy man! Some of you fellows have the devil's own luck. And just in time, too, for me to put you on to one of the nicest little chances of making a comfortable nest egg for the happy home—one of the prettiest chances you ever had. But come into Pipp's and have a coffee."

Pipp's, that long, low, smoky "dive" in Throgmorton street, was crowded with easy-mannered gentlemen in silk hats, or in no hats at all, who conversed in pairs or groups with electrical energy. They could not hear themselves for their own talking. "Sell-at-five-three-eight," "Book-you-thousand," "Buy-six-quarter," "Sell," "Buy," "Panjandrums," "Rhodes," "Barney's stock," "Struck-Bibble-bobble-reef," "Last-crushing-ten-ounces"—such were some of the scraps of jargon that emerged above the dim flashes of comparative silence while ever and anon a gentleman would draw from his vest pocket a little notebook and pencil some entry or other. Almost deafened at first by the hubbub, George Littlecash was soon in the whirlwind himself, an eager listener to Mr. Scherer's glowing tales indicative of the pecuniary advantage certain to result from a small punt in the South African "boom."

"Eighty thou' in one deal, my dear George—what d'ye think of that eh? Springett went nap on Gold Bug Extensions—put on every penny he could scrape together, till he hadn't a cent to swear by, and came out 80,000 golden sovereigns to the good. And yet you say it isn't worth trying. My dear George, faint heart never maintained a fair lady, if he won her."

The upshot was that George figured up his liabilities against his cheque, and handed over to the trusty Scherer £250, to be converted in two days, or some such reasonable time, into £2,500.

"Done!" cried Scherer, as he pencilled the little transaction in his notebook.

And "done" George was. For next day, when he looked at "Mines" in the money column, he found Gold Bugs had crawled downstairs three-eighths.

"What do you advise, Scherer?" asked George, when they met in the city.

"Never advise, my dear George. Don't do it—on principle. 'Cut your losses, let profits run,' is an old wheeze; but it's no good being too hasty. This fall is simply due to somebody being in too big a hurry to pocket a profit. But you judge for yourself, dear boy; that's what I advise."

Next day Gold Bugs had crawled downstairs two or three steps more.

"It's nothing, George," said the optimistic Scherer. "Weak holders—couldn't last out—that's my explanation. Still, don't be guided by me."

Next day after that Gold Bugs had fallen so heavily that you couldn't find anybody to pick them up again at any price. And just then, of course, to make amends, George Littlecash was reminded by his tailor of "that little account" which had been overlooked for so many quarters. It was in this doleful hour, as he sat savagely biting his lips, knitting his brows and inwardly cursing Scherer and all his works, that he glanced vaguely at a copy of the Evening Intelligence.

"Renewed Activity in Rand Shares" was the line in large type that caught the disconsolate investor's eye as the paper lay on his desk.

"Confound Rand shares!" he ejaculated fervently, wheeling around as though from a too-affectionate snake.

Just then, as luck had it, in popped the beaming and expansive Scherer.

"Why, George, my dear boy, you're looking as ghastly as James Canham Reed when he was "taken from life,' as the wax-works bill says. Nothing serious, I hope? Gal chucked you?"

"Look here, Scherer, I don't want you blarneying me again. I've had quite enough of Rand shares, thanks—in fact, a long sight too much."

"Rand shares! Why, my dear fellow," Scherer returned with a look of pained virtue, "you really don't mean to tell me that's what put you down in the dumps—that little matter of two-fifty, when you stood to win as many thousands! Bless my soul!"—Scherer's eye had just caught the line in the Evening Intelligence—"have you seen the paper to-night?"

"No," replied George, whose back was turned, "nor do I want to. I'm sick of the whole thing. You knew, for I told you, I couldn't risk anything under the circumstances unless it was absolutely certain."

"And that's what you call "risk?"

"Oh, hang!—I know it's my own fault—only don't bother me with any more of these fine tales."

"Now, I call this very unkind of you, George," said Scherer, injured; "I do indeed." And so saying, while he kept an eye on George's back, Mr. Scherer cast the other down the money column. When it reached "Gold Bugs" that particular eye flared up like a fusee.

"Now what would you say if Gold Bugs went up again to 5 1-4, eh?"

"Rot!"

"Right you are, dear boy. 'Rot' is it? Well, well. You think I misled you about that little deal, eh?"

"Well, if you want plain speaking, Mr. Scherer, I think you did."

"And you an' I friends, George! This is what comes of trying to do a man a good turn! Now, what do you say if I offer to take those shares off your hands again, since you're so cut up over 'em?"

"At a shilling apiece I suppose. Ha, ha!"

"A shilling apiece? No, sir! Not at 'a shilling apiece.' I'll give you what you gave for 'em, and 'a shilling apiece' over to soothe your injured feelings. What d'ye think of that!"

Mr. Scherer found his magnanimity so exhilarating that he drew himself up, threw open his coat, and slipped George's Evening Intelligence into his own pocket.

"You doubt my honesty and my good faith, oh, my dear sir," he said, pulling out his cheque book and a roll of notes. "Last week you paid me £250; if you will be so good as to hand me back the scrip I shall have much pleasure in handing you my cheque for £362 10s. Or, p'raps," he added, with cutting sarcasm, "since you doubt my honesty, you would prefer Bank of England notes?"

George, who had risen, half-dazed, had just enough presence of mind to gasp in his astonishment——

"If it's all the same to you, I should."

"Certainly, my dear sir."

"I'm only too delighted to hand it back to you," said George, fervently, as he passed over the scrip and received the crisp notes and gleaming gold in exchange.

"And yet, strange to say," remarked Scherer. "I can assure you I m no less delighted to take it back. Ha! ha! ha! Ha! ha! ha!" For some moments the cachination prevented speech. When Scherer found breath he remarked to his bewildered friend: "My dear George, let me give you a word of honest advice—in fact, two words. Don't doubt your friend's honesty again, and when you hold active shares keep an eye on the papers—ha! ha! ha!"

"The papers?" echoed Littlecash, "why, no; I haven't seen to-night's paper yet," and he struck a bell.

"Yes, sir," said the office boy.

"Where's to-night's evening paper, Tippets?"

"Ain't come in yet, sir."

"Oh, yes it has," corrected Mr. Scherer, choking his laughter as he produced the Evening Intelligencer. "I just—just—mechanically picked it up for a moment myself."

But the office boy triumphed.

"That's a hold won, sir; to-night's ain't come in yet, sir."

"Not come in!" shrieked Scherer, turning to the date. "Why, good Lord—the d—d paper's a month old!"

Mr. Scherer's exclamations as he sank into George's chair were so shockingly profane that even the office boy turned pale and expected a flash of lightning.

George got his friend out of the office at last, but made a point of handing him back the odd twelve pounds ten—"to soothe his feelings." The wedding took place, and Uncle Piper will never know the particulars of George's first—and last—little venture on the Stock Exchange.

SEA-SICKNESS.

Various Methods Proposed to Obviate Its Unpleasantness.

Many plans and measures have been suggested for the prevention of sea-sickness. The Pharmaceutical Era speaks of the scheme of the individual who believed that a cure is impossible, and that the only remedy is its prevention. He claimed this prevention can be obtained by a little preliminary exercise on land, by mounting into a swing (or meta-centric cradle), made to imitate the rolling of a ship by being suspended from the meta-centre; here the entry door could be made so that passengers could enter and leave at pleasure. An hour or two in such a swing, gradually increasing the motion by mounting away from the center of oscillation, with the knowledge that escape was always possible, would, the author of the scheme thought go far to inure passengers to the real motion of the sea.

Another author in publishing his experiments upon the subject says that whatever else may be the cause of sea-sickness, there is no doubt that visual disturbance impressions have a great degree of importance in the ethnology of the malady; although the fact that sometimes individuals who are completely blind are affected shows, of course, that other disturbances besides those connected with the visual impressions are capable of occasioning sea-sickness. He therefore suggests as a preventive the bandaging of the eyes, or the looking fixedly at some object away from the vessel—the clouds, the horizon, the seashore (if in view) or a passing vessel, no part of the vessel in which the voyage is made intervening.

The number of remedies suggested for quieting the peculiar symptoms of irritation, the distressing feeling at the epigastrium, the cold sweats, the general feeling of illness, etc., are legion.

A CURE FOR TOOTHACHE.

In Staffordshire and Shropshire, England, they have a most extraordinary cure for toothache. The sufferer watches a mole's runway with a spade, and traps and, as soon as he succeeds in getting hold of one of these reputed eyeless little animals, cuts off its paw and quickly applies it to the aching molar. In order to make the cure sure and effective, the paw must be amputated while the animal is yet alive; further more, if the aching tooth is on the right side of the jaw, a left-hand mole paw must be used and vice versa. A similar toothache superstition exists in the Cape Verde Islands and also on the Canaries.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

When the Christian missionaries are taught in Sunday school to shoulder arms and form fours right as a preparation for converting the Chinese, they may be more successful than they have been as simple preachers of peace and good will. Mahomet is said to have used the sword in the extension of his religion. But it is an odd place to look for an example.

"Hundreds were burned—Hospitals are full of the victims of explosions—Many seriously injured." That is the heading of two and a half columns of small paragraphs describing casualties to hundreds of Fourth of July celebrators in the Philadelphia Record. United States newspapers are full of such reports. Deaths from drink, stabbing, shooting and lockjaw as the sequence of burns by explosions will come in for days yet. Isn't the fashion in celebrating a little crude and barbarous?

An exchange says there are at least 500 men in New York, besides many fashionable women, who have their cigarettes made to order with elaborate decorations in the way of crests, coronets, etc., at a cost of $50 to $150 a thousand. Havemeyer, the sugar king's, orders amount to over $6,000 a year. He has twenty stock styles ranging from ladies' miniature liliputs to a banquet cigarette 6 3-4 inches long, with Persian mouthpiece and scented cotton filter. Meanwhile thousands of New Yorkers do not know where next day's food is to come from, and helpless children die for lack of nourishment and shelter in that Christian metropolis.

"Vanity Fair" asserts that Lady Aberdeen creates discontent in Canadian society by making herself too familiar with the servants in houses where she is a guest, by advising the maids against wearing caps, "if they are the badges of servitude," and by shaking hands with people of every degree. This is terrible—to the tuft-hunters and the dudes—but we fancy the Countess can stand it. If she never does anything worse than encouraging self-respect in our earners, male and female, and mingling on terms of equality with the intelligent people of this democratic country, she will deserve a monument a hundred feet high. It is not every born aristocrat who can so rise above the level of class.

HE WALTZED IN PERU.

Not Knowing What Etiquette Demanded, He Had a Hard Time.

This one is told by a United States navy officer on himself: One of our handsome ships, with her handsome officers, was cruising in Peruvian waters, and while in port the grand ball in honor of the wife of the president of the republic was given. The young officer was there in full uniform, which is warm enough at any time, but which, in a ballroom, after a number of whirls in a giddy waltz, such as the Spanish descendants in Peru put up, is anything but an ice-cooler. Our young hero invited a charming Peruvian to waltz. She consented, and away they went.

After several turns about the room he began to wish the young lady would suggest that they promenade, as most of the other couples did from time to time, but not she. On they went, spinning and prancing. The heavy uniform had become a sweat-box. The young man was burning up. "Will she never stop?" asked the young officer of himself under his breath. Early in the game he had exhausted the few Spanish phrases he knew. He did not dare stop until she did, as such a breach of etiquette might mean that her brother would be likely to put a stiletto between his ribs for insulting his sister by stopping in a waltz before she did.

The Peruvian waltz lasts 20 minutes. That is a long time in a tight fitting uniform in a tropical climate. Our ensign began to wabble, but he kept his feet, and that girl never seemed to weary. When the 20 minutes had expired the muusic ceased. Other couples had waltzed and stopped and waltzed again. Some of his brother officers had waltzed with half a dozen beautiful senoritas, and they were wondering why he was so devoted to the particular one he was still hugging and whirling when the music stopped. He led her to a seat, and for himself sought the open air and unbuttoned his coat.

He was in a pitiable plight. He did not enter the ball-room again for two hours, and when he did was still too weak to dance or enjoy the festivities. The young lady he had waltzed with avoided him. Other ladies, who had seen the long distance record, seemed pleased that he did not ask them to dance when presented. Later in the evening he learned that it was the Peruvian custom for the gentleman to suggest that they should cease waltzing and promenade or retire from the floor. It would have been immodest for his partner to suggest stopping. The young officer says the memory of that Peruvian night haunts him still. —Washington Star.

Queen Victoria's Scotch journeys cost her about $25,000 a year for traveling expenses.

THE WEEKLY NEWS

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M. Whitney Editor

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

No Advertisment inserted for less than 50 cents.

Tuesday, Sept. 3, 1895.

SERIOUS CHARGE

Mr. John J. Russell of Victoria has preferred very serious charges against Mr. Justice Crease, in effect that he conspired with others to prevent his son-in-law, Mr. F. G. Walker, from being brought to justice, and had assisted him to evade the penalty of the law when brought into court on a criminal charge. Mr. Justice Crease has for some time lost the confidence of the public and his erratic utterances and queer actions have pained those who saw clearly that he ought ere this to have retired from the bench. His foolish language in an injunction case against the city of Vancouver, where he compared her citizens to insects, is not forgotten.

His conduct with reference to the revision of the voters list in Comox is not to his advantage. He ordered Mr. Creech to advertise notice of the time of the sitting to revise the list, and then when the bill was sent him met it with persistant silence. Then his giving to one he had just sentenced, an additional term of two or three years for simply saying, "Thank you," illustrates the character of the man.

Cumpulsory retirement at a given age should be provided for by law.

THE TRAVELING DAIRY

The Dominion government has made provision for the maintenance of traveling dairies in Manitoba, the North West Territories and British Columbia under the direction of the Dairy Commissioner for the Dominion. The object is to afford those engaged in butter making an opportunity to gain further, exact, practical and helpful information of the process of making and packing butter. The Commissioner has made out his programme for this island providing visits to half a dozen places from Victoria to Nanaimo (including those cities) and utterly ignoring Comox, the most important dairying section of all! The blunder is inexcusable, and an insult to our section. It is true we are not on the railroad line, but we are within 60 miles of Nanaimo by water and the traveling dairy could easily reach here. It was the duty of the Commisioner to have posted himself before planning his route, and it is his duty now to change it in justice to Comox. We are glad to learn that both the Provincial secretary and the Duputy Minister of Agriculture, on the recommendation of our member, Mr. Hunter, have written Mr. Robertson asking him to reconsider his decision and give Comox two days. The Duputy Minister of Agriculture writes expressing the hope that this may yet be done. We have also written our Dominion member, Mr. Haslam, urging him to exercise his good offices in our behalf. The pity of it is that any such effort should be necessary. Our people pay their share of the taxes, and of right should have their share of the benefits. If a visit is secured we will see that ample notice is given the farmers so that the necessary arrangements can be made. We cannot help but think that when the facts are presented some way will yet be found to secure to this district the great benefit of the official dairy exhibition.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS

SEALED TENDERS will be received by the undersigned up to noon of Saturday September 7th for the construction of a portion of the Nanaimo and Comox Trunk road.

Plans and specifications can be seen at my office. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

S. Creech, Gov. Agent.

WHAT IS SAID OF US

The Vancouver World in its last issue has a well written and appreciative write-up of Union and Comox. As quite a a number of copies of that sterling journal are taken here we may point out that its reference to stone buildings should be taken for store buildings and that the capacity of Grant and Mounce's new saw mill is 15,000 feet per day, not 1,500 as stated. These are simply printers' errors, from which all papers unavoidably suffer, but none less so than The World, which thus kindly speaks of THE NEWS:

"Mr. Whitney & Son who established THE NEWS at Courtenay, have moved their plant to Union, and the news of the district and world's intelligence in brief is given to its readers every week. Mr. Whitney is an old newspaper man, and he has made a wise selection in locating at Union. He has a large circulation list and a good advertising patronage. His paper is a live one, advocates and up holds the interests of Comox, and is deserving of all the success it receives"

TOO MUCH NOISE

Editor News: Will you kindly allow me space in your valuable paper to ask if there is any way of stopping the various kinds of nuisances to which the inhabitants of Union are daily exposed? I will mention a single nights experience to illustrate my meaning and daresay it is the experience of many. Soon after the sun has risen the roosters belonging to the neighbors arouse you, choosing generally your door steps. They have scarcely ceased and you turn to have a few minutes peace before the labors of the day commence, when the cows, with their bells merrily tinkling, keep up an incessant din until you feel inclined to call your revolver into use. These bells are seldom at rest, and you no sooner get your children to sleep before the music begins; that going on until you are fairly exhausted and your children disturbed every moment. Next, the melodious whistle of the locomotives. And indeed, they must be proud of their sound, as the prolonged noise is appalling! Dogs barking, cornets being practised, and shouting are small items. And I am sure that unless peace in a small degree can be obtained, people will not care to live in Union.

A Well Wisher of Union.

H. J. Theobald,

House and Sign Painter,

Paper-Hanging, Kalsomining and Decorating.

GRAINING A SPECIALTY.

All Orders Promptly Attended to

Union, B. C.

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.

F. Curran
SCAVENGER
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.

J. A. Carthew
ARCHITECT and BUILDER,
UNION, B. C.

BARKER AND POTTS,
BARRISTERS,
SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, &c.
Office Room 2, McPhee & Moore B'ld'g and at
NANAIMO, B. C.
P. O. DRAWER 18.

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.

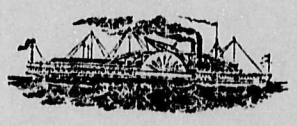
Loyal Sunbeam Lodge No. 100, C. O. O. F., meet in their lodge room over McPhee's store, Courtenay, every second Saturday at 8 p. m. Visiting brethren cordially invited to attend.
J. M. Fulton, Sec.

Cumberland Encampment.
No. 6, 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
OPPOSITE THE NEWS OFFICE
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.
STUMPING.
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

LOCALS.

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

The lecture on Tuesday evening last week by Rev. Mr. Rae was an able effort

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

About 125 came up from Nanaimo on Friday, landing at Comox wharf, and about 50 of these came up to Union.

All boys $4.00 and $5.00 suits to be cleared at $3.25 at Leiser's.

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

Don't fail to take advantage of the big bargains this week at Leisers.

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.

Things were lively on Saturday night. Two auctions were in full blast. Marymont was holding forth in his new fir palace next the Waverly House selling goods at 50 cents on the dollar, as he said, and Cheney the Denman Island auctioneer, was holding forth at the same hour at Piket's hall. Crockery was going cheap! Before the sales began the ding-dong of the bells, manipulated by small boys, who were quite willing to earn a quarter in this way, was incessant and almost appalling.

BUSH FIRES

The bush fires have been raging about for the past few days, the smoke every day becoming denser, so that the town seems enveloped in a cloud. A cabin in the outskirts of Chinatown was smashed by a falling tree. The fire also reached the water pipes connecting with No. 2 slope temporarily causing a suspension of work there.

A gentleman who came down from Valdes Island says that the fence on Mr. Hughes place is burned and that the road made by the government is obstructed by burnt timber.

On Thursday McQuillan & Gilmore of Courtenay were returning from the wharf with two teams well loaded with provisions and some passengers. A large tree was noticed by one of the party falling over their heads and everybody made a spring for his life. Mr. McPhee landed in the ditch and Road Boss Berkeley on top of McQuillan. The tree fell upon the wagon breaking off a hind wheel and scattering flour and provisions. The horses started at top speed and could not be stopped before reaching the dyke. It was a narrow escape from a violent death

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, lately occupied by 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.

COMING
TRILBY MINSTRELS

— EVENING OF —

SEPTEMBER 4th AND 5th

AT PIKET'S HALL

Comedy and Specialty Company. Finest Combination of Artists on the road direct from New York. Will appear in their NEW TWO ACT COMEDY exhibiting

SCENES ON THE OLD PLANTATION

Professor Trilby, leader and manager. Johny Carter only Comedian on earth, doing dialect in Irish, German, Hebrew, Norwegian and Chinese.

Professor Trilby, greatest banjo jugler, and Thee-Act-Performer traveling the Pacific Coast.

Prof. Judkins, the wonder of the day and the STAR of the evening.

Come one, come all and laugh as you have never laughed before.

POPULAR PRICES SEPT. 4th, 50 cents; CHILDREN 25 cents SEPT. 5th, $1.00 including dance after enterment or 75 cents to either entertainment or ball.

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.

A FINE STOCK

of Clocks, Watches, Books and Stationery.

T. D. McLean

—:JEWELER:—

UNION, B. C.

PUMPS

Manufactured

—{ and }—

Wood Turning

=DONE=

by *Bennett & Grant*

Union, B.C.

R. B. ANDERSON.

Watchmaker and Jeweler

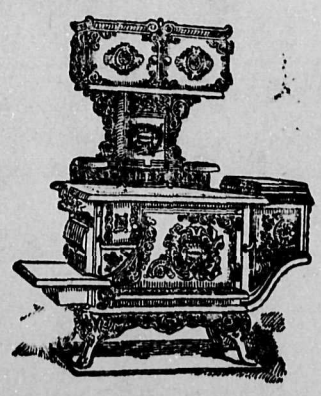
General worker in Metals

Jobbing of all kinds

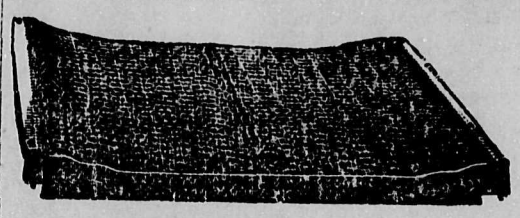
Office and Works Third Street, near NEWS office.

UNION B. C.

Union Mines *Furniture Store.*



A Full Line of Everything Including Curtains, Carpets and Rugs, and our Celebrated woven wire



In Separate Apartment we keep Second Hand Furniture

UNDERTAKING DEPARTMENT.

We conduct every branch of the Undertaking Business including Embalming, and keep all necessary supplies

CONTRACTORS AND BUILDERS

Grant & McGregor

Puntledge Bottling Works.

DAVID JONES, Proprietor,

— MANUFACTURER OF —

SDOA WATER, LEMONADE, GINGER ALE,

Sarsaparalla, Champagne Cider, Iron Phosphates and Syrups.
Bottler of Different Brands of Lager Beer, Steam Beer and Porter
Agent for the Union Brewery Company.

KEG BEER SOLD FOR CASH ONLY

COURTENAY, B. C.

Stage and Livery

COURTENAY, B.C.

Fine Rigs at Reasonable Rates Always on Hand,

.·. Teaming Promptly Done, .·.

McQUILLAN & GILMORE:

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION — The Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by Druggists. — 25 CTS.

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

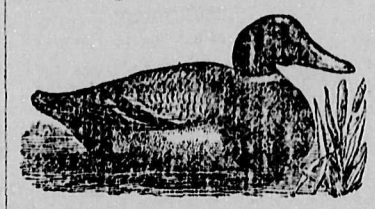
Best Cough Medicine

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

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION — The Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by Druggists. — 25 CTS.

GUNS! GUNS! GUNS!

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



Winchester and Marlin Rifles in every calibre made.

Greener, Tisdall, W. Richards and Clabrough Shot Guns.

Reloading tools, Game bags, Cartridges, Powder and Shot.

Full Catalogue now out.

CHAS E. TISDALL, Vancouver.

WARNING.

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

S. Creech,
Gov. Agent.

NOTICE.

Persons using the mules and horses of the Union Colliery Co. without permission will be prosecuted according to law.

F.D. Little, Supt.

Nanaimo Cigar Factory

Phillip Gable and Co., Prop's

Baston Street — Nanaimo B. C.

Manufactures the finest cigars an employes none but white labor.

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

IS AN EARTHLY HADES.

Death Valley, California, the Graveyard of Many Men.

FULL OF UNTOLD HORRORS.

Terrible Experiences of Travelers Who Have Hazarded the Attempt to Cross it —Mrs. Edith Sessions Tupper Visits the Home of Hideous Reptiles.

Barstow, Cal., despatch says: As the train shoots across the Mohave desert, that most desolate and sterile waste, with its awful monotony, its dreary expanse of sand and alkali, unbroken save for the stretch of rails glittering in the burning sun, you wonder if anywhere on earth there can be a more desolate and terrible region.

Saying this to a grizzled old native, an Arizonian of forty years' experience, who had come on the train at the Needles and who had told me many interesting stories of hardship and hairbreadth escapes, he replied: "Yes, mom" (everybody says "yes, mom," and "no, mom," in this country), "there is. Wait till we git ter Daggett and I'll p'int out a section of country that leads right inter the jaws of death an' the mouth of hell."

HADES POINTED OUT.

And when later we stepped on to the platform of the railroad station at this desert camp my friend pointed away to the varicolored Calico mountains and said earnestly: "Thar, mom! Beyond them peaks lies hell!"

Gratified as I was to have the place located, I was a bit startled as I asked: "What do you mean?"

"Death valley," replied my guide, "the awfulest spot on earth. Thar hain't no human critter can stand the horrors of that country. It's alive with snakes an' vermin, the worst ye ever see—sudden death, sure thing reptiles. Hot! I tell ye thar hain't but one place hotter. An' it's ha'nted by the brave fellers who have gone plumb, clean mad tryin' ter face it, an, who have died an' baked an' scorched thar."

I had, of course, read and heard of this terrible waterless desert, but until the hardy old veteran's solemn manner and vigorous English had set it before me it had made no impression. Now, however, I became interested and asked many questions.

NO SHADE, NO BREEZE, NO WATER

Death Valley lies in the southeast corner of California, close to the Nevada line. It is eight miles broad by thirty-five long and comprises 300 square miles of such desolation as would make a Siberian steppe or Lybian desert seem a paradise. On the west tower the Telescope mountains, and the east is shut away by the Funeral mountains, an appropriately named rampart for the valley of the shadow of death. Parched, scorched, suffocating, lies the arid, awful plain, unmarked by any vegetation save the scraggy, fierce cactus. From the salt and lava beds here and there oozes a horrible liquid which has maddened and poisoned many a hardy adventurer, causing his bones to bleach on the burning sand and become merely a playhouse for rattlesnakes, scorpions and the deadly Gila monster. Shut in by these awful mountains, with an interminable stretch of burning sand under foot, no shade, no cooling breezes, no water, with only hideous reptiles for companions, what wonder men have gone mad, babbling as they died of the sparkling pools of water they saw in their path!

The scene is said to be a weird and awful study in black and white—the black of the frowning mountains, the white of the burning sand, which in various places is heaped in high mounds by the furious blasts which swoop down from the heights. Then there is the fiendish "self-rising" earth, as they call it out here, which curves and puffs up as far as one may see, as if invisible yeast were foaming and working beneath it. Whoever steps upon this treacherous quicksand is lost. It is but a crust over a horrible slimy swamp of salt mud. Nothing more awful than this "shuddering sand"—can be imagined. Another section is called the salt earth, consisting of millions of sharply pointed pinnacles of salt, harder than stone, like cruel, glistening steel instruments.

TEMPTED AND WERE LOST.

What would ever tempt one to enter this accursed place? The rich fields of borax have been the bait which have lured men to their doom in this barren valley. Scientists say it was once a lake impregnated with solutions of sodium, from which come the deposits of salt and borax. It is undoubtedly of volcanic origin.

Its doleful name was given it back in the days of the argonauts. In those early days of the excitement following the discovery of gold in California thousands of gold seekers made their way overland by every available route. One of these led through Salt Lake City and across a thousand miles of alkali plains and desert that lay between the Mormon settlement and the Sierra Nevada mountains. One party, numbering about seventy, including women and children, was induced to deflect southward from the regular trail across Nevada in the belief that more abundant water would thus be found and the perils of the long journey much abated. But it proved a trail of death. The oxen died of thirst and starvation and one after another of the party perished on the sands of the cruel implacable desert. At last they reached the summit of the Funeral range. Looking down into the valley below them they saw a great body of water, as they believed, but on descending they found they were the victims of a mirage and that what they had fancied was water was only the reflection of the sun on alkali marshes. All the party but two men, Bennet and Stockton, perished, madly seeking water. The story is more terrible from the fact that subsequent prospectors discovered fresh water springs not very far from where the unfortunates died.

In 1891 the region was scientifically explored by naturalists employed by the United States Department of Agriculture. They reported that some of the noblest mountain peaks in the world are there visible, but the traveller might as well leap into the crater of a volcano as to venture within the awful vale. The record of deaths shows that the victims are always seized with delusions about water. My Arizonian friend told me that a rescuing party found one poor man walking about stripped and holding his tattered clothing high above his head. As they approached he called to them to look out, the water was very deep, and when they came up to him he clutched at them as a drowning man would. Prospectors are often found dead, their bony fingers digging in the sand as if vainly seeking a hidden spring.

In 1880 a party of Frenchmen attempted to cross the valley. All sturdy fellows, they scouted the idea of peril. They took, as they fancied, plenty of water, but before they were half way across it gave out. Crazed with thirst, they cut the throats of their burros and drank their blood. Four escaped, but several died. The leader of the expedition never recovered from his frightful experience, but was so affected by the memory of his tortures that he blew out his brains.

ROAST LIZARD.

The Digger Indians and the Piutes live in the mountains and in the forests on the verge of the valley. The Piutes are known as the white Arabs of the desert. Their staple food is lizard flesh, which they consider a great luxury and which they catch on the borders of the valley. These lizards are about two feet long. The Indians call them "chahwalla," and roast them as caught between hot stones. White men eat them, too, but dress them and boil them over a sagebrush fire. They are said to be very good eating and to taste quite like frogs' legs.

There are no birds in this neighborhood save the weird, mysterious raven, whose ominous voice fitly croaks the fatal entrance of those who brave the terrors of the valley. Howling coyotes add their harsh cries to the sum of horrors about the place. Curious reptiles, uncanny and hobgoblin in appearance, are found here. The most deadly creature next to the Gila monster is what the natives call a "side winder" snake, which is peculiar to this desolate desert. It is a rattler about twenty inches long, which moves from side to side with a startling spring instead of gliding along. Moreover, it has horns, and I don't know but hoofs, too. It is assuredly of the evil one. Scorpions, tarantulas, rats, horned toads and gnats had their aids to render Death Valley the most appalling place on earth. There are mice, too—mice which live upon centipedes—and there are rats with huge ears, a sight to scare the dogs.

REMARKABLE EFFECTS.

There is no humidity in the place. The frizzling heat, which remains in the neighborhood of 150 in the shade all the time, produces remarkable effects. Wood falls apart; chairs and wagons and barrels drop to pieces within a few minutes. No one can support life an hour without water. A terrible story is told of the exploring party of 1871. The commander, Lieutenant Wheeler, called his guide and ordered him to cross the valley on foot. On the guide's remonstrating two soldiers were ordered to start him with fixed bayonets. Before an hour had passed one soldier crawled into the camp more dead than alive. The other was found by a rescuing party, but the wretched guide had wandered away beyond help, and one more victim was added to the roll which the ghastly, goulish spot calls for every year.

And yet in this awful region, the most arid spot on earth, as Death Valley is now conceded to be, strangely enough, one can find fish. There is an extension of Death Valley proper, known as Fish Lake Valley, on the line between Nevada and California. In this valley, so my Arizona friend told me, there are many pools, brackish, it is true, but full of carp from ten to fifteen inches in length. These carp, however, have been introduced by philanthropists, and have thrived in all the waters in which they have been tried. There is an artificial pool in Death Valley itself where the carp have flourished. There is another fish which has been caught in Saratoga Springs in the lower end of Death Valley, something like a black bass, of brownish hue, with a tinge of red on the back and yellow on the belly. There are dark bands running down the sides and the fins have dark borders. It feeds on insects and is caught by people who camp by the springs with a pin hook on a thread for a line and a small morsel of bread for bait. Fish in the streams tributary to the salty lakes of this arid region sometimes swim down to the lakes and their dead bodies are found afloat near the mouth of the streams covered with an accumulation of sal sado crystals, which by their weight have drowned them.

In the adjoining country about Death Valley are found many traces of former occupation by a civilized people. In one range of mountains is a lofty perpendicular cliff of limestone over 250 feet in height and having a smooth surface. About 100 feet from the base of this cliff are cut a cross and the letters X L D. They are at least sixty feet in height and can be readily seen from a great distance. The Indians have no traditions concerning them, and the accepted belief is that they were carved by the Jesuit priests who in 1663 established missions to the south in Arizona. To cut these letters on the face of this great cliff man must have erected a scaffold 100 feet high or have been let down 150 feet from the top of the cliff.

GHOSTS THERE, TOO.

But Death Valley—that place in which Dante might have laid the scene of his Inferno and among whose noisome vapors, slimy pools, hideous reptiles and heaps of dead men's bones the pencil of Dore would have reveled—has yet other horrors. The terrors of the daytime are as nothing, it is said, to the unknown and awful influences abroad at night. My Arizonian lowered his voice as he spoke of the ghostly shapes and apparitions that walk there, the fearful moans and sighs that float upon the hot sirocco breath of midnight. "Ha'nted" is the frightful valley by the most dreadful specters, from whose open mouths protruding tongues loll in search of one drop of cooling water and whose parched heads split apart with the terrific heat. There is one awful phantom that rides its horse with a canteen in its bony hand, putting it to its fleshless lips again and again to find it empty and to drop it with a heart rending moan. This apparition has been seen time and again by those who have ventured near the valley at the hour when graveyards yawn. Indeed, take it all in all, one might search the whole world round, and not find another such spot, which from its situation, its surroundings, its horrors and its shadows, would so aptly correspond to one's conception of a place for lost souls. Edith Sessions Tupper.

A PROBLEM FOR MORALISTS.

Why Will a Man Commit a Capital Crime to Avoid a Less One?

Ray Van Tassel, of Nashua, Iowa, loved his sister-in-law more than he loved his wife. He wanted to marry her, but the wife was in the way. He put strychnine in coffee which his sister-in-law innocently gave to her sister. The latter died. Van Tassel then thought that he was free to marry the woman who had pleased him; but he has been arrested on the charge of murder and he has confessed.

Now, will some moralist tell why it is that a man will do a great crime because he hesitates to do a smaller one? Why did Van Tassel hesitate to violate his marriage vows while he did not hesitate to do murder? It cannot be that to his mind murder was a less heinous offence than abandonment of his wife. Was it because the second woman would not give herself to him while the first woman was living, or was it because he thought he could kill his wife without any scandal, while an elopement with his sister-in-law would provoke gossip?

Van Tassel is not the only man who has been guilty of crime similar to that which he has confessed. The newspapers nearly every day contain the report of murder done by a man or a woman because of a desire to get some one out of the way who interfered with his or her wish to marry another. Are the primary passions so strong in some men and women that they blind the moral sight, or are such women and men on the verge of insanity? If this problem can be solved, a long step would be taken in the direction of preventing the evil which grows out of the peculiar condition.—Brooklyn Eagle.

CONCENTRATED EXTRACT.

Sweden and Norway will presently be known as the unheavenly twins.—*Judge.*

A good advertisement never sleeps. —West Union Gazette.

The secret of happiness is to love one's duty, and to find pleasure therein.—Countess Dash.

Our greatest glory is not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall.—Pascal.

The true art of memory is the art of attention.—Johnson.

Through the supply of pure spring water to the Paris garrison the number of typhoid cases, which in 1889 reached the alarming figure of nearly 1,200, has since dwindled down to less than 300.

There are some people whose religion wouldn't fool the most credulous person on earth; but they expect the Lord to swallow it.—Atchison Globe.

The married women teachers of Illinois are in a state of excitement over the introduction of a bill in the Legislature of that State to prohibit their employment in the public schools. There are about 400 such women in Chicago alone.

The young man thinking about his spring outfit may be interested in recalling that a size in coat or trousers is one inch; in underwear, two inches; in a sock, an inch; in a collar, half an inch; in shoes, one-sixth of an inch; in gloves, a quarter of an inch; in hats, one-eighth.

NEW ORLEANS PICAYUNES.

China is the biggest crop Japan has ever harvested.

Turkey must up and Bedouin to stop the looting of her Arabs.

All the same, duck trousers are not the things to go into water with.

The diplomat who knows something should not open his mouth, for fear what he knows may escape.

Indianapolis people want the horse hitching posts removed from their streets. They have a country village appearance.

Efforts will be made to stop bull fights in Atlanta, and to stop bully fights in Dallas. It would also be a good thing if murders in Louisiana and Mississippi could be stopped.

The King of Spain fell from his bicycle the other day and hurt his foot. He is 9 years old, and the insurrection in Cuba is not bothering him, but he is hot when his wheel gives him a tumble.—New Orleans Picayune.

Four people were burned to death at Pendleton, Ore., by a fire on Wednesday night, which destroyed the Transfer Hotel and several adjoining buildings.

Mrs. Sarah Leonard, of London, Ontario, has fallen heir to an estate valued at $250,000 in Demerara.

JEWELS FOR THE HEATHEN

A Former Hamilton Preacher Booms Missions.

RAISED A FURORE AND $72,000.

Gold Watches, Rings and Diamond Fill Contribution Boxes—One Man Hands Over House and Land and All His Cash —Exciting Scenes at the Christian Healers' Camp at Old Orchard, Me.

Orchid Beach despatch says: The great collection day at the Christian Alliance, or more properly speaking, the Christian Healers', camp meeting on Sunday was marked by scenes that rivaled those of last year in point of religious fervor. It was an enthusiasm bordering on fanaticism, and caused men to hurl their gold watches, rings, studs, and scarf pins into the contribution boxes, and women to tear from their ears costly diamonds to help the foreign mission cause. One man excitedly gave his house and land and every dollar he had in the world, and sacrifices of the like were numerous.

RECORD-BREAKING COLLECTIONS.

Ten thousand people were present in the big auditorium when Rev. A. B. Simpson, formerly pastor of a Presbyterian church in Hamilton, Ontario, who is the Alliance leader, proceeded by high entreaties to break a world's record for gifts for foreign mission. His sermon called out what is styled the greatest collection ever taken up in the history of the world for any similar purpose.

Saturday was observed as a day of fasting and prayer by Dr. Simpson and his coworkers, and that night the doctor himself spent many hours in prayer, with the result that when he went to the grove Sunday it was with the full assurance that at least the offering would far exceed that of last year.

When the meeting hour arrived all the noted workers of the Alliance were on the platform. Rev. Peter Luce offered prayer, and then the great audience, led by Miss Louise Shepard, joined in singing "Glorious Lord, and Coming King."

DR. SIMPSON'S SERMON.

Dr. Simpson began his great missionary sermon with his coworkers bowed in silent prayer around him. He took for his text John vi. 5-14, the story of the feeding of the great multitude by Christ with the five loaves and three small fishes. When Christ's first missionaries offered their services, he said, He did not wait for the money, but said, "Go," and the money came promptly. The speaker said he hoped to scatter brands of gospel through his audience, and reminded it that what the people did to-day they did for eternity. They should give their lives to be able to do something for Christ. The brands of gospel fire, scattered through the audience, soon started a flame of enthusiasm. Dr. Simpson pledged $500 to the work of missions and said that in addition he proposed to try and raise at least $10,000 from outside sources. He said that $500 would pay the expenses of a missionary station for a year and $300 the expenses of a missionary.

"I want to have a voice speaking for me in the foreign mission fields," said Rev. Dr. Wilson, rising from his seat, "and I will pledge to support two missionaries."

This added $600 to the contribution of Dr. Simpson. Next a cheque was handed to the doctor, who cried, "Thank God!" and announced that a friend had just given $4,500.

Mrs. Rounds, of Chicago, pledged $300 in the name of the Oak Park Alliance.

A gentleman here jumped up and said: "Dr. Simpson, put me down for $600 for the general missionary cause and $300 for a missionary in Africa."

A woman gave $1,000, and Miss Shepard sang: "Blessed Be the Name of the Lord."

GIVES ALL HIS PROPERTY.

Rev. J. F. Holden, of Texas, laid all his property before the doctor in one offering. It consists of a house and land in California that cost him, with outlays he has had on it, $10,000, and which, it is said, ought to bring at least $7,500 at a forced sale. A gentlemen who was present and who knew about the property, said so and declared that Mr. Holden would find a purchaser at once. Mrs. Holden joined in the generous gift that swept away their home and all they had saved. The excitement caused by this gift was very great.

"Believe and let go," shouted Dr. Simpson.

Mrs. Mary D. Perkins then pledged some property she thought ought to bring $3,500. It was accepted.

TRAVELLING MEN GIVE $1,000.

John E. DeWitt, who is the President of an association of Christian commercial travellers, pledged $1,000 in the name of his organization, and Dr. Simpson asked for "special prayer for the drummers, the best men we have, some of them."

Rev. Walter Russell, the Christian Evangelist, pledged $5,500 in the name of the Canadian Alliance, and Rev. S. Merrit gave $500. Dan McGregor gave $500, and a man by his side added the same amount. Mr. Selchow and others gave $750 and Rev. Mr. Kenny, of Sing Sing, gave $500, and the Lynn branch of the Alliance gave $300. A Mr. Biddeford contributed $300, and Mr. and Mrs. Fall $250. Mrs. Ely, of St. Louis, gave a note she held for $500, the proceeds of the sale of her diamonds.

"I gave $100 last year," said a woman in the audience, "and God blessed me so greatly that I want to make it $200 this year."

And so it went on for two hours.

FORGOT THEIR DINNER.

Dinner was forgotten, the wonderful scene having blotted out everything else from the minds of all present.

Louise Shepard met those who wanted to "exchange gold for iron for Jesus' sake," giving iron for gold watches, the iron watches bearing the inscription: "Gold for iron for Jesus' sake." Over forty valuable gold watches were exchanged for iron watches.

When Dr. Simpson returned to the platform he made the announcement that 100 persons gave $30,000, one hundred others gave $4,000, and still one hundred others $10, and that in all $72,000 had been given.

"I asked the Lord last night," he said, "how much I could hope. I found that $50,000 was too little. At last I received, not a promise of $75,000, but liberty to pray for that offering, and we have received $72,000."

At 5 o'clock in the afternoon a baptism was held in the ocean and 100 candidates were immersed.

RUSSIAN NATIONAL DRESS.

The Most Beautiful and Picturesque of Any in Europe

It is well known that of all European national costumes those of the Russians are the most beautiful and picturesque. The sarafan, the woman's gown, is still worn by the Empress of Russia and her ladies at court receptions, and could not be equaled in beauty by any modern gown. Unfortunately the national costume is now being replaced, even among the peasantry, by the use of factory products, which are cheaply produced, cheaply bought and soon worn out and replaced by new ones.

Formerly a handsome holiday costume was a possession to be prized and would often be handed down from mother to daughter and sometimes descend to the grandmother. Neither labor nor expense was spared on these costumes; they were things of beauty and as the fashions did not change the joy they gave was permanent, says the Washington Times. Some of the costumes are still in the possession of distinguished families, who long ago ceased to wear the national dress. Many of them have been donated to museums, where, in the ethnological department, artistically executed manikins can be seen, the work of real artists, dressed in exquisite ancient costumes. The present Empress dowager has given several complete costumes to the Dashkoff museum at Moscow.

Among the peasants who still wear the national dress the older costumes are handsomer and richer than the modern ones. The style of dress is not the same in all parts of Russia; it differs not only in the several provinces (governments), but there are often three or four different styles in the different parts of the same province. In the main features, however, the costumes remain the same and generally consist of the following articles for a woman's dress:

A linen chemise, or shirt, is worn next to the skin, extending down to a little below the knee. The upper part of it with full sleeves forms a kind of chimesette, and is generally embroidered in red or black or red and blue arranged in geometrical patterns. In holiday costumes the chemise is made of fine linen, and the bottom is either embroidered or trimmed with fine lace. Over this is worn the sarafan, a sleeveless gown consisting of a skirt almost reaching to the ground and a bodice attached to it with straps across the shoulders. These sarafans are frequently made of fine woollen or silken material of beautiful colors handsomely trimmed with embroidery or gold and silver braid. An apron, also embroidered, is always worn with the sarafan. In the house a short sleeveless jacket is sometimes worn, called dooshegreika (soul-warmer); it is made of silk or velvet, embroidered and fur trimmed.

For outdoor use in cold weather a shooba or fur-lined coat, long sleeves, is worn; it is provided with fur cuffs and collar. The cocoshnick, the head dress of Russian women, is a very elaborate and handsome affair, in shape very much like a crown. It is made of gold and silver cloth and embroidered with pearls and precious stones in the costumes of the rich, or with cheap finery, but still very bright, in those of the poorer classes. These head-dresses are exceedingly becoming to the round faces of the Russian women and are worn principally by the maidens; the married women generally cover the cocoshnick with a silk kerchief. On the feet stockings and leather shoes of different kinds are worn, sometimes maroon slippers embroidered with gold.

FORCIBLY EJECTED.

Farmers in Oxford County Take the Law Into Their Own Hands.

Quite an unusual scene in these days of peace and plenty of law was witnessed in the confines of Brant and Oxford counties on the Norwich road a few days ago. Half a hundred stalwart farmers drove to the residence of a family named Bowerman near the brickfield on the Norwich and Hamilton road, and within three or four miles from the town of Norwich.

For reasons which need not be mentioned here, the Bowermans have made themselves objectionable to their neighbors. The latter determined to rid the countryside of the people referred to, drove to the premises and forcibly ejected them. Several of the members of the family, on the host coming around, took to the woods before anything was said to them. The temporary bailiffs turned the household goods, which were neither numerous nor choice, out upon the roadway and left. Accidentally and without the knowledge of the farmers the house caught fire and burned to the ground. Mr. John Hill, who owned the house and land, while not at all overcome by the ejection of his tenants, is wroth at the destruction of his house, and threatens to sue the parties engaged in the ejectment for damages.—Brantford Expositor.

A BETTER RECORD.

Lipper—For a frail man Musselman is quite a powerful fellow, isn't he?

Chipper—Is he?

Lipper—Of course he is; they say he can put up a hundred-pound dumbbell without much effort.

Chipper—His wife can beat that; she put up a hundred two-pound cans of tomatoes yesterday.

SIMPLY A FOREGONE CONCLUSION.

CHAPTER I.

"Oh, you may talk as much as ever you please, my dear; it amuses you, and it doesn't do me any harm, but it's sure to come to that in the end, you mark my words!"

"'That' being——?"

"A white veil and orange blossoms, a lovely trousseau, liberal settlements, and a husband to look after you—or for you to look after, as the case may be," Lilian said, airily.

"'That' appears to include a good deal!"

"It does, and I'll do my best to secure it all for you. It won't be my fault if Rose isn't Miss Drayton before another six months is over."

"No? Well, all I can say is, you have my hearty sympathy, Lilian."

"I'm obliged to you, but why?"

"Because you are embarking on a desperate enterprise, and one in which I tell you frankly that failure is a foregone conclusion."

"No, no, I shall succeed; I know I shall. I teach both by precept and example, for I am myself an object lesson, the value of which it is impossible to overestimate for educational purposes. Success is a foregone conclusion, not failure. Remember, as the man in the play says, 'there's no such word as fail!'"

"That is all very fine, but success, or failure, in this case does not depend upon yourself alone."

"Does it ever?"

"Nor are you even the chief person concerned," ignoring the interruption. "I've not the slightest desire to marry or be married, and I would much rather you made your matrimonial plans quite irrespective of me."

"That's just what I mean to do."

"Of my wishes, yes; but I mean of me also. I am quite satisfied as I am."

Was I?

Well, yes; so far as any matter in which she could help me was concerned. Speaking generally, I was "quite satisfed," and at present I was dealing in generalities. When did I ever deal in anything else?

My sister laughed the frank laugh of genial skepticism.

"Quite satisfied, Vi? Oh, I know better! It's all very well now, in holiday time, when the children are all at the sea, but don't tell me that you will be 'quite satisfied' when the daily round of teaching begins again, and you have to turn out in all weathers to be bullied by those horrid little Balfours and their detestable mother. It's impossible that you can really like it. I can't think so badly of you as that."

"Nonsense, Lilian! They're not bad children, and——"

"You'll tell me next that the mother's not a bad mother——"

"I don't think she is, in some respects."

"But a model of all the maternal virtues, and a most charming woman!"

"No," emphatically; "I shall never say that."

"H'm! I'm glad you have some common sense left. And the stepson—Jack, isn't his name?—has anything been heard of him?"

"Not a word."

"Don't they even know where he is?"

"If they do they have not told me." I spoke as indifferently as I could, and Lilian asked no more questions. After all, why should she? She had been studying in Germany when last Jack was at home, and knew nothing.

What, indeed, was there to know? A flirtation, to which, perhaps, the girl had attached too much importance! Ignorant as she had been of the ways of the world, could anything be more probable? Passionate protestations and promises, a sudden parting, and then silence, unbroken silence, for three long years.

But the radiant happiness of those few short weeks was still a cherished memory after all the dull years that had passed; to her it had been so much; to him nothing.

I do not wish Lilian's light fingers to turn over that page in my history. It had long been closed to all eyes but mine; better—oh, far better—that it should remain so.

My sister's talk drifted easily from the subject, and once more I breathed freely. She went on making her amiable little plans for our benefit—for mine, and ultimately for Rose's—and I heard her in silence. Silence usually played a large part in my life, and where would have been the good of saying anything now? Nothing I could urge would have had the smallest effect upon her.

After all, it was natural that she, the happy, triumphant, young wife, should wish to help us to be as happy as herself. She had always loved us, even when we lived beneath the same roof, and had hard work to make the dress allowance which was not really enough for one do for three. She loved us still, and more than ever. We must submit to it, then, with the best grace we could; after all, she had too good taste ever to be a really successful matchmaker; so we need not fear that her little schemes would be allowed to place us in an awkward position.

Lilian's marriage had been a surprise to us all; we three girls had lived so quietly with our widowed mother that it certainly seemed little likely that one of us would ever make such a brilliant entrance into matrimony. But the young heir to one of the finest properties in the county had not been proof against my eldest sister's beauty, and after a little not unnatural opposition on the part of his family he had married her. That was some six months ago, and now I was spending the summer holidays with them in their pretty country house, while Rose remained at home with our mother—for Rose was barely 18, and had no "horrid little Balfours" to teach, so that all life was holiday time to her at present.

Lilian, having explained her benevolent intentions with regard to my prompt settlement in life, left me to write some letters that had been too long postponed—her correspondence was always terribly in arrears—and I wandered off down the garden, which, as I had only arrived the previous evening, I had as yet scarcely seen.

It was not so large as it appeared; for presently, as I strolled on through the shrubbery, the path took a sudden turn, and I found myself before a wicket gate that opened into a wide, undulating meadow, and face to face with a tall, rather good-looking young man, who was just approaching it from the other side.

"This is luck," he began heartily, as he raised his hat. "I wanted to see you of all people, Mrs. Calverley, but—I beg your pardon," he broke off abruptly, "I took you for——"

"My sister? We are considered to be alike, so it was a very natural mistake," I said, willing to put him at his ease.

"Oh, of course, you are Miss Drayton? My name's Hoare, and Calverley and I are very old friends." He hesitated a moment, and then added, "I wonder whether I might trouble you with a message for your sister?"

"To be sure—what is it?"

"Will you tell her that an old friend has turned up unexpectedly—a fellow who was with me in Africa last year—and I should like awfully to bring him to the dance on Thursday. Do you think I might?"

"I have no doubt of it. I am sure my sister will send him an invitation with pleasure."

"That is very kind of you. You see he has only just returned to England, and I don't think he's on particular good terms with his people—father married again, and that sort of thing—so I hope he'll be with me some time. Tell your sister he's a rattling good fellow and a capital shot. I know she'll like him."

I wondered a little which of these qualifications was especially to recommend him to Lilian's good graces, but I kept my curiosity to myself, for Mr. Hoare's enthusiasm about his friend touched me, and I would not willingly have seemed to make light of the expression of it.

"But will he have a costume?" I asked. "It is to be a fancy dress dance, you know, or, more accurately a masked ball."

"Oh, we'll rig up something, never fear. I'm really awfully greatful to you, for, of course, there's no time to lose, and I didn't like to disturb Mrs. Calverley so early in the morning."

"I will speak to her at once, and your friend shall have his invitation. By the bye, what is his name?"

"'Balfour—Jack Balfour,' he replied.

CHAPTER II.

The earth seemed to rock beneath my feet; green meadow and blue sky swam before my eyes, and I clung convulsively to the little gate to support myself.

Was it possible? Could it be the same Jack Balfour?

Mr. Hoare, meanwhile, looked at me with growing concern in his frank blue eyes.

"What's the matter, Miss Drayton? You've turned as white as a daisy. Are you ill?" he asked, anxiously. How odd and far away his voice sounded!

I recovered myself with an effort and murmured something about the heat of the sun. He seized the suggestion with suspicious alacrity, and when I tried to smile reassuringly he responded with a ghastly grimace in the heartiest manner in the world.

"It's all my fault for keeping you talking here in this glaring sunshine," he said penitently. "I must take myself off before I do any more mischief; and—don't bother about what I asked you if you'd rather not," from which I knew that he had seen more than he wished to appear, and did not quite know how to conceal the fact that he had done so. It was a humiliating moment for me, though he, poor fellow, was not to blame for that.

Having spoken, he turned away and left me, somewhat abruptly. No doubt he felt it was the kindest and most considerate thing he could do.

Assuredly the sun was no less glaring than it had been while he was with me, yet still I stood there, looking out blankly at the wide stretch of undulating meadow and wishing—oh, how earnestly—that it would presently open and swallow me up.

For I could not doubt that Mr. Hoare's friend was the same Jack Balfour who had won my love, only to slight it and cast it aside. For three long years he had disappeared from my life, and now it was by no wish of his own, but the merest chance, that he was about to cross my path again. I shrank from the thought, and would gladly have changed places with Rose, safe at home in the comfortable seclusion of the little country town.

Was it even now too late to do so? As the question flashed through my mind a wild longing possessed me to see him again, once again, no matter what the cost might be in after suffering. So strong was the wish that for a moment it carried all else before it, and I resolved to meet him boldly, trusting everything to chance and the chapter of accidents.

Another moment and I knew this would be impossible to me. I dared not risk meeting him thus; I was not sufficiently sure of myself. My knowledge and his ignorance were equally full of terror to me in my nervous, overstrained state of feeling, and I hastened back to the house to settle the matter out of hand and guard against the possibility of any fresh weakness on my own part.

There are cases in which the truest courage is to run away; this, as I endeavored to persuade myself, was one of them.

I found Lilian full of a new project which at first seemed likely to facilitate my escape.

"I've been thinking that we might as well have Rose here for the dance,' she began, as soon as we met. "I've no doubt mother could spare her for a couple of nights."

"Hardly, I'm afraid," with more hesitation than I was, perhaps, quite justified in showing. "The best way would be for me to change places with her for a day or two."

"Vi!"

"You know dances are really more in her way than mine." I hastened to add, glibly endeavoring to explain the inexplicable. "I—I don't care about them very much."

"No?"

"I am not as young as she is, you see. At 18 what could be more delightful than a fancy dress ball?"

"I should have thought it might have had some attractions even at 20!" dryly. "You forget that you're not quite 100 yourself, Violet."

"But, I'm old for my age, dear; thanks, no doubt, to the little Balfours!" laughing rather unsteadily, for was it not rather thanks to the little Balfours' elder brother?

"Bother the little Balfours!"

"With all my heart! But really, Lilian, this will be the best way to settle it."

"It is no way at all. You must stay in any case, and I will write and ask mother what she thinks about Rose."

"But she will have no dress, unless she wears mine."

"Oh, yes; I can lend her one. Why are you so anxious to avoid my guests, Vi? Have any of them been so unfortunate as to offend you?"

"How could they, when you know I've never seen one of them?"

"That is just what I've been wondering! Your resolution seems to me a little sudden."

"It is not a resolution, Lilian, it is only a suggestion."

"Don't let us hear any more about it, then."

"As you please. By the way," I added quickly, anxious to change the subject, and doing it in my confusion in the most injudicious manner possible, "I have seen one of your guests this morning, and I liked him, too."

"Indeed? Who was he? You make me curious."

"Mr. Hoare. I met him at the little gate, and he mistook me for you. Are we so very much alike, Lilian?"

"Marvelously. Leonard says he never saw such a likeness; he was remarking upon it only yesterday."

"Mr. Hoare seemed struck with it. I think it was only my blank look of surprise that showed him his mistake; and that in broad daylight, too."

"You had some conversation with him, I suppose?"

"A little, yes. He asked me to tell you he has a friend staying with him whom he would very much like to bring on Thursday. I said I was sure you would send him an invitation."

She smiled approval.

"Of course, Charley Hoare is a very old friend of Leonard's. And what is the man's name?"

"Balfour."

"Not the missing Jack, surely?" and she looked up with laughter in her eyes. "Don't tell me his name is Jack!"

"I believe that is his name," I admitted reluctantly, and I felt the conscious color rush into my face. "But it may not be the same at all."

"No, it may not be the same at all," she repeated thoughtfully after a moment's most uncalled for silence. "And you said I would invite him, Vi?"

"I have told you so," impatiently.

Why did she not look at me as she spoke? What was there of such absorbing interest among the papers on her writing table, that she should suddenly accord me such a merely perfunctory attention?

"Very well; I will do so then."

And with that the subject dropped.

After all, had I not reason to congratulate myself on having got off so easily? If my sister had followed up the matter further she might have made it extremely awkward for me to answer her. If she had really been seriously interested in the question of Jack Balfour's identity she could hardly have failed to note my embarrassment, which now had happily escaped her attention.

But had it really so escaped? I could scarcely believe it. My own painful consciousness made it seem almost impossible to credit my good fortune, and yet—

Oh, I was disquieting myself in vain! Lilian suspected nothing. Had she done so she would assuredly never have rested till she had subjected me to a delicate cross-examination from which she would doubtless have learned all that there was to learn.

Well, she was scarcely so quick witted as I had given her credit for being; that was all. Certainly Mr. Hoare was the more observant of the two.

How earnestly I hoped that he might keep the result of his observations to himself.

It was with mingled feelings that I heard on the following day that our mother saw no difficulty in sparing Rose for the dance, and I looked forward to her arrival with as much pain as pleasure.

Rose knew more—far more—than Lilian. She had been at home all through those happy weeks, and had to some extent enjoyed my confidence. I say "enjoyed" advisedly, for certainly there could be no manner of doubt about her enjoyment of the whole matter. In fact, it was only surpassed by her wonder and wrath at its conclusion, and for weeks she had never wearied of looking for the letters that never came, and of stating her opinion of Jack's conduct in most unequivocal terms. It was only when she saw how her outspoken comments hurt me that she gave up discussing the subject; and it was now two years and more since we had either of us alluded to it. I hoped she had forgotten, but feared to think it lest I should find myself startlingly undeceived.

Meantime the preparations for the dance went on gaily, and Lilian's whole soul appeared to be occupied with grave questions of decorations, dresses and supper. She had particularly stipulated that masks should be worn till the mystic hour of midnight, for where, as she said, would be the fun of wearing fancy dress if every one knew at once who you were? And she had reluctantly consented to let Rose wear the pretty Italian peasant's costume which she had planned for me; while I proposed to disguise myself as an elderly fortune-teller. Thus, I thought, I should run no risk of being recognized, and could see without being really seen.

This once arranged, I did my best to resign myself to the inevitable, and looked forward with what equanimity I might to the evening, which—to one of my nervous, excitable temperament—must be so full of trouble and of trial.

(To be Continued.

CAN'T RUN DOWN HILL.

One Respect in Which the Kangaroo is a Dismal Failure.

Leather made from the skin of the kangaroo is one of the new products in the leather line. It is soft, strong, and the light grades are particularly well adapted for light summer shoes and for shoe tips, while the heavier grades will bear more usage than any other leather finished on the grain side. The light skins are made into the finest brilliant glazed kid, and in dull finish for ladies' fine shoes; and the heavy ones are finished for men's fine work. Much of it is crimped and sold for tongue boots. Shoe laces of good quality are also made of it.

The skin of the kangaroo has a wonderfully muscular fiber, which contributes largely to the strength of the animal, enabling the females to carry their young in their pouch until old enough to take care of themselves, and aiding the kangaroo in his long leaps when in motion.

The animal is a native of Australia and adjacent islands. It is a distinct species, and has no counterpart in other countries. There are a great number of families, some scarcely larger than a rat, other of almost gigantic size. The giant kangaroo (Macropus major), the family which furnishes the most valuable skins, was discovered by Captain Cook about a century ago, at which time it attracted much attention among naturalists.

The natives of Australia call the old males "booma," and are slow to attack them. The "booma" has paws as large as those of a mastiff, though of different shape. His feet are his weapons, and when attacked, he is a dangerous antagonist. When raised to his full height, his hind legs and tail form a tripod, upon which his body rests, carrying his head as high as that of a man on horseback.

The kangaroo lives upon vegetable food and roams over the plains of Australia in large flocks. Its teeth are so constructed that it can feed upon roots, and live upon barren plains where other animals would starve, and to its destruction of roots is attributed the sterile plains so common in Australia.

When feeding, a large male stands at his full height and acts as sentinel, while the balance of the flock lie on their sides and browse. At the slightest approach of danger the sentinel sounds the alarm and in an instant all are erect upon their hind feet. They leap with their fore paws clasped close to their body, the tail stretched backward, while the powerful thigh muscles are caused suddenly to straighten to the joints, by which act the body flies through the air on a low curve. The ordinary jump is about nine feet, but thirty feet are often made at a leap. When pursued by hunters and on level ground, or on an up-grade, they can outrun the fleetest dog, but down grade they lose their balance and roll over. The flesh of the kangaroo furnishes excellent food, kangaroo venison being considered a dainty dish, while the tail furnishes an excellent and nutritious soup.

PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT.

Miss Mary Cary Thomas has been nominated for one of the alumni trustees of Cornell University. She is the first woman to be so honored in any of the great universities.

General Lew Wallace says that the future of the bicycle depends on the woman riders. "If the use of wheels were confined to the men," he says, "the fad might spend itself in a season. But when the women take hold of the bicycle its future is secure."

Six Russian noblemen, headed by Count Alexis Bobinsky, have started for the Pamir region, with the intention of riding along the new frontier line between Russian and British territory. They have with them a dozen servants, who are skilled shots.

Eight ladies hold the rank of colonel in the German army. They are the Empress Frederick, Queen Victoria, Princess Albert, wife of the regent of Brunswick; the Princess Frederick Charles, the Empress of Germany, the Duchess of Connaught, and the Queen Regent of Holland and the Queen of Holland.

A curious use for a husband is reported from Clerkenwell, near London, where a Mr. Lamb and his wife keep a small shop. For fourteen years the firm has avoided paying taxes by the wife's sending the husband to jail to serve out the legal time for unpaid taxes, while she remains at the store attending to business.

Baron Lechtritz, chamberlain of the household of the German Emperor, is the guest of T. D. Crocker, of Cleveland. The Baron is an ideal specimen of the nobility and stands 6 feet 6. He is about 32 years of age and most affable and genial. He is a member of the Order of the Knights of St. John, which gives him great prestige at court and socially.

Thomas Smith, the surgeon extraordinary to the Queen, was born about sixty-five years ago. He is tall, with wavy, gray hair, mustache and beard. The expression of his careworn face is exceedingly doleful, and in this respect belies his temperament. He is a bold operator, with good hands, a quick brain and a pleasant, reassuring manner. His home is in Stratford place, Oxford street.

Woman's World.

A VIRGINIA STEW.

To Read About the Dish Makes a Man's Mouth Water.

"There is a delicious stew which I have eaten in Virginia, but the name of which I do not know," writes a correspondent. "It seemed to be made of many things, for I remember chicken and another meat, and corn and young vegetables. Do you know anything about it?" Decidedly. It is one of the characteristic and delicious Southern dishes, and the old rule for it reads as follows: Two chickens dressed and cut in small pieces as for a fricasee, or three fine squirrels jointed. Half a pound of salt pork, a sliced onion, a dozen ears of green corn cut from the cob, six large tomatoes, three sprigs of minced parsley, two tablespoonfuls of butter. Put on the squirrels and pork cut in bits, the onion and parsley with a teaspoonful of salt, half a one of pepper, and enough water to just cover the whole and boil ten minutes. Add the corn and stew for an hour, or till the squirrels are tender. Add the tomatoes cut up small. Twenty minutes later add the butter and a tablespoonful of flour stirred to a thin cream in cold water. Boil up once and serve all together in soup plates. A cupful of young beans is often added.

SEASONABLE CORN DISHES.

Green Corn Fritters—Sift together a pint of flour, a heaping teaspoonful of Horsford's baking powder, half a teaspoonful of salt and a dash of white pepper. Cut through the centre of each row of kernels and press out the inner part of them with the back of a knife; add three half pints of the corn pulp to the flour and four eggs well beaten; mix, and if the flour is not juicy enough to make the batter, add a little milk; drop spoonfuls of it in smoking hot fat, brown them nicely and serve plain or with the sauce recommended for tomato fritters.

Mock Oysters—Grate the corn from about one dozen ears, add to it three tablespoonfuls of flour and the yolk of six eggs, well beaten; season with salt and pepper; have an equal amount of lard and butter hot in the frying pan, and drop the corn into it in cakes the size of an oyster; fry a light brown and serve hot.

Corn and potatoes—Cut from the cob cold corn left over, and mix with an equal amount of cold boiled potatoes chopped. Heat a spoonful of drippings in a frying pan and stir the corn and potatoes in it until they are smoking hot. Send to the table in a deep dish.

Corn Soup—Take one dozen ears of green corn, not too hard, and split the row of kernels through the middle lengthwise, with a sharp knife, scrape out the pulp, being careful not to get much of the hull into it. Add one pint of water and boil about 15 minutes, then put in one pint of rich sweet milk and let boil up. Season with salt, pepper and butter and serve steaming hot.

HOUSEKEEPERS SHOULD KNOW

That one cup of yeast is equal to one compressed yeast-cake.

That very hot water is now preferred to cold for stopping bleeding.

That sixteen tablespoonfuls of liquid are equal to one cupful.

That a choice orange, both peel and pulp, sliced and covered with fragrant hot tea, makes a beverage fit for the gods.

That a too rapid boiling ruins the flavor of any sauce; it must boil once, but should never do more than simmer afterwards.

That a loaf of stale bread can be made quite fresh by being dipped quickly in hot milk, and then baked until dry in a quick oven.

That to preserve the fresh green color of vegetables like peas and beans the lid should never be put on the pot while they are boiling.

That sawdust and a chamois as polishers, after the cut glass has been thoroughly washed in soap-suds, will make it glisten and sparkle.

That rubbing silver or plated egg-spoons with a little liquid ammonia and salt will remove the discoloration caused by the sulphur in the egg.

That mould can be kept from the top of preserves by putting a few drops of glycerine around the edges of the jar before screwing on the cover.

That a paste made of powdered ipecacuanha and water will quickly remove the pain caused by the sting of a wasp or bee; it should be applied at once.—New York World.

FASHION'S CREATIONS.

Dove-colored slippers worked in fine jet are much admired.

Blue is at present the important color in millinery and gowns.

A novelty is a black mohair cord, running through a colored wool crepon.

Broadcloths come in pretty shades of red and brown and green and pinkish tints.

Mohairs or alpacas are still playing a conspicuous role among the summer stuffs.

The newest sailor hats have high crowns in a color contrasting with that of the brim.

Black lace and insertion on sheer white costumes is a new wrinkle in fashion's domain.

Beautiful made-up ribbon bretelles and girdles, arranged over elastic to remain in shape, are a novelty.

Although feathers are in use, flowers continue to be the most popular trimming for all kinds of millinery models.

Buttons of a white enamel set with a single tiny brilliant are beautiful for trimming white and ecru linen gowns.

Narrow lay-down collars and cuffs of hem-stitched linen or cambric are the latest thing for accessories on dark cloth costumes.

Undoubtedly the dressmakers will display trimmed skirts next season; whether they will be accepted or not time alone can tell.

One of the conspicuous fads of fashion are the plaid-striped and flowered ribbons. They are the main feature of many thin gowns.

LATE LOCALS.

There was only a light shower during August measuring 9/100 of an inch.

A new mission school is now being erected in Chinatown.

The heat for the last few days has been great. On Friday it was 96 in the shade

Mrs. C. H. Tarbell, came up from Victoria last Wednesday to join her family.

Mr. L. W. Hall was appointed delegate to the Sabbath school convention to be held in Vancouver on Sept. 4th and 5th.

James Webster had his leg broken at No. 4 slope by falling rock, Saturday night.

We observe a new two storey house being erected on Penrith ave between the Methodist and Presbyterian churches.

Mitchell's new Bachelor Hall is about completed. It is the delight of the bachelors and the dispair of maidens.

Thomas Nicoll has the foundation laid for a new two storey dwelling at the corner of 4th st and Dunsmuir ave.

Mr. Alex Grant removed with his family to his new and elegant residence on Fernwood Heights last Monday.

The matron of the hospital desires to acknowledge the receipt of flowers from Mrs. Piket, and from Mr. John J. R. Miller.

We, understand that Mr. Dickson of the Cumberland Club house has rented the new dwelling next to Mr. Alex. Grant's from Mr. Merryman.

Messers Theobald & Scott are clearing off their lot on Dunsmuir ave, a little beyond 4th street, preparatory to the erection of a two storey building 24 by 32.

Joseph Poscuna, known as big Joe, the Polander had his back broken by a fall of rock on Friday. He was taken to the hospital.

Mr. A. D. Williams has secured the lot corner of 3rd and Dunsmuir ave., opposite THE NEWS lots. We may expect it to be improved soon.

All kinds of fancy house plants at T. D. McLeans. Will be sold at your own prices, as they must go. Come and get your pick before they are gone.

The extreme heat was broken yesterday. It was the first of September last year when the first drops of rain, after a long period of sunshine, fell upon the grateful earth.

The preparations for the reception of the excursionists from Wellington on the 14th inst are well along and a big time may be expected. Look out for hand bills in a day or two.

Wm. Cheney by Monday afternoon had cleared out his consignment of crockery, etc. This is good work, and demonstrates that if anybody has any goods to sell, Cheney is the man to sell them.

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

Get your guns and rifles fixed before the season is in. Anderson can do it neatly.

The drouth has ruined many gardens on the upland.

Mr. Bert Creech, who has been for some months the efficient and popular salesman at McPhee & Moore's will open in a few days, at the new building near the bakery on Dunsmuir ave., a fish, fruit, etc., shop.

We have a few copies left of last weeks paper, containing a perspective of the new Presbyterian church, with a brief history of the Society and a discription of the building, etc, which will be mailed to any address for 5 cents each.

Miss Leigh Spencer representing Birkbeck Loan Co., of Toronto will be at Dickson & Co's on the 4th instant. Parties, please call there respecting loans: the Gordon ranch, and insurance.

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.

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.

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.

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.

| South Bound, Read Up | | |