Printing Office

83

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

The Weekly News.

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

NO. 53. COURTENAY, COMOX DISTRICT, B. C. WEDNESDAY, NOV. 8, 1893. $2.00 PER YEAR

McKims' Store

— at —

UNION, B. C.

carries a fine assortment of

General Merchandise

including

Boots, Shoes, Clothing and Gents Furnishings

Orders taken for custom made suits.

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

COURTENAY PHARMACY.

PURE DRUGS & PATENT MEDICINES

Also Fancy Toilet Articles

TOBACCO AND CIGARS.

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COURTENAY, B. C.

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

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

Orders may be left at the NEWS' Office.

Citizens' Building Society,

[NANAIMO, B C.]

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Capital $5,000,000.00

Shares $100 Each, payable 60 cents per month

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A Local Co-Operative Building, Loan and Savings Association.

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Organized and operated by business men of Nanaimo, elected by the Shareholders.

—BOARD OF DIRECTORS—

Andrew Haslam, Esq., Mayor of Nanaimo, President;
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Alderman E. Quennel; Alderman T. Dobeson; Wm. Patterson, Esq.
J. Foreman, Esq.; J. W. Stirtan, Esq.
BANKERS— The Bank of British Columbia, Nanaimo.

Subscription Books are now open and any information can be had by applying to the Secretary, who will furnish copies of Prospectus and By- Laws.

MARCUS WOLFE, Secretary.

Agent at Union, Alex W. Fraser. Agent at Courtenay, P. W. Patterson.

Sun Life Assurance Co

HEAD OFFICE, MONTREAL.

One of the Largest and Strongest Companies in Canada

Gives the Most Liberal Contract and Pays the Largest Dividens

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

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

Eureka Bottling Works,

LOUIS LAWRENCE, PROPRIETOR,

— MANUFACTURER OF —

SODA WATER, LEMONADE, GINGER ALE,

Sarsaparalla and Champagne Cider, Iron Phosphates, Syrups.

Bottler of Different Brands of Lager Beer Steam Beer and Porter
Agent for Union Brewery Company.

Nanaimo and Courtenay B. C.

UNION STORE

We Carry the Largest Stock

— of —

General Merchandise

in British Columbia.

Simon Leiser, Proprietor,

Miss M. Roy has charge of our dress Department. All work done in this Department guaranteed to give satisfaction.

McPhee & Moore.

COMOX, B.C.

Importers & Dealers in

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

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WHOLESALE and RETAIL
DRUGGISTS and STATIONERS
Commercial St. Nanaimo, B. C

Dr. W J. Young

Physician & Surgeon

OFFICE & RESIDENC.

Courtenay Pharmacy

COURTENAY, B. C

Store for Rent.

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

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

Wm. Lewis, Courtenay, B. C.

Rams for Sale.

FOR SALE two fine young Rams (South Downs).

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

Notice.

All accounts which have been due me for over one year will unless paid within the next 30 days from date, be placed in the hands of my solicitor for immediate collection.

Joseph McPhee,
Courtenay, Oct. 11, 1893.

Dr W J Curry

(DENTIST.)

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

Farm Products for Sale.

(Delivered at Thos Cairn's farm.)

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

Society Cards

I. O. O. F., No .11

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

Alex. W. Fraser, R. S

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

Ernest A. Holliday
Recorder.

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

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

Visiting Brothers cordially requested to attend.

W. J. Young
Secretary.

K. of P.

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

John Baird
K. R.S.

C. O. O. F.

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

J. B. Bennett, Sec.

A. C. Fulton

Butcher

Sandwick and Union

Has always on hand a choice stock.

Fresh Beef, Mutton, Veal, Pork at Lowest Prices.

$50 A YEAR FOR LIFE

Substantial Rewards for Those Whose Answers are Correct.

A man once entered a prison where was confined a condemned criminal. On making a request to be conducted into the presence of the doomed man, the visitor was informed that none but relatives were permitted to see the prisoner. The visitor said: "Brothers and sisters have I none, but that man's (the prisoner's) father is my father's son."

He was at once taken to the prisoner. Now, what relation was the prisoner to the visitor?

The Agricultural Publishing Company will give $50 a year for life to the person sending the first correct answer; $500 to the second; 3rd $250 4th, $100; 5th, $50, and over 10 000 other rewards, consisting of pianos, organs ladies and gents gold and silver watches, silver services, diamond rings, etc,

To the person sending the last correct answer will be given a high-toned piano, to the next to the last a beautiful organ, and the next 5,000 will receive valuable prizes of silverware.

RULES.—(1) All answers must be sent by mail, and bear postmark not later than Dec. 31, 1893. (2) There will be no charge whatever to enter this competition, but all who compete are expected to send one dollar for six months subscription to either THE LADIES HOME MAGAZINE OF THE CANADIAN AGRICULTURIST—two of the choicest illustrated periodicals of the day. (3) All prize-winners will be expected to assist us in extending our circulation. (4) The first correct answer received (senders postmark taken in all cases as date of receipt, so as to give every one an equal chance, no matter where he or she may reside), will secure the first prize; the second, the next prize, and so on.

THE AGRICULTURIST is an old established concern, and possesses ample means to enable it to carry out all its promises. (send for printed list of former prize winners).

JUDGES.—The following well-known gentlemen have consented to act as judges and will see that the prizes are fairly awarded—Commodore Calcutt, (Proprietor Calcutt's Line of Steamers) Peterborough, and Mr. W. Robertson, President Times Printing Company, Peterborough. Register all money letters. Address, AGRICULTURIST PUB. (Ltd). Peterborough, Canada.

For Sale.

FOR SALE. — 20 young breeding ewes, Apply to A. Urquhart.

H A Simpson

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

Will be in Union every Wednesday and Courtenay on Thursday.

Notice.

All accounts due me must be paid by the 20th of next November, or they will be placed in the hands of a collector.

Geo G McDonald

Comox, Oct. 2nd 1893

For Sale.

Five lots in Courtenay Townsite being lots 68, 67, 65, 73, and 74 on Mill street between Union and Alice streets, near Courtenay bridge.

For particulars apply to Bruno Mellado, House 29, Union, B. C.

Directors Meeting.

The Board of Directors of the Comox Agricultural and Industrial Association met on Friday evening last and organized by electing their officers for the ensuing year as follows: President, Joseph McPace, 1st vice President, A. Urquhart, 2nd vice President, John Mundell, Treasurer, Wm Duncan, Secretary, M. Whitney. These with the following constitute the new board—S. J. Pierpy, Wm Hamston, C. C. Westwood, John J. R. Miller, Alex. McMillan, George Heatherbell Wm Grieveson J. A. Halliday.

Joseph McPhee, C. C. Westwood and M. Whitney were chosen a land and building committee.

The Secretary was directed to procure a seal for the association.

The official report prepared for transmission to the Provincial Secretary was read but is incomplete so far as amount of donations. The blank will be filled in immediately after the 22nd, and the document forwarded to its distination. Its substance will be then published. In addition to the above is the action of the board in reference to prizes not called for which is given in the notice to Prize Winners.

Footprints of Father Adam.

Mount Samanala, or Adam's Peak, one of the highest mountains on the island of Ceylon, is the scene of a remarkable geological formation and the spot around which many curious legends and superstitions cluster. According to the Mohammedan story, Adam, after the fall and expulsion from the Garden of Eden, was taken by an angel to the top of the mountain, which now bears his name. From this summit the mind's eye of the first man saw all the ills which in after years should afflict humanity. These harrowing sights were such a weight upon the man, who, notwithstanding his sin in the garden, was yet a good man, that his foot left its imprint upon the solid rock, his tears forming a lake, the footprint and lake being both still visible. The footprint itself is 5½ feet long by 2½ feet wide and shows six perfect toes, the smaller one being as large as a good sized man's fist. For centuries devout Buddhists have made annual pilgrimages to the spot, and tradition says that the chain bridge across the canyon near the sacred footprint was put there by direction of Alexander the Great.—Philadelphia Press.

LIFE IN JEYPORE CITY.

WHERE WORKINGMEN RECEIVE FIVE CENTS A DAY.

Yet They Raise Large Families, Pay Rent and Save Money—The Rajah Receives Millions—Jeypore's Peculiarities Fully Described.

Jeypore is the capital and residence of one of India's wealthiest princes. The Maharajah's estate covers 15,000 square miles, and has a population of 2,500,000 souls. The city of Jeypore is encircled by a crenellated wall, with seven gateways. These are all well guarded during turbulent times in India. The city is typically Indian, with crowded streets and bazars.

In the centre are the Maharajah's palace, beautiful gardens and pleasure grounds, adorned with fountains, tropical trees, plants, and flowering shrubs. The palace and grounds occupy one-seventh of the walled city, and are surrounded by a high embattled wall, built by Jey Sing when he left Amber.

One of the interesting sights in Jeypore is the observatory built by the celebrated royal astronomer and founder, Jey Sing. It is one of the largest in India, and is remarkable even to this date, on account of the many curious instruments—dials, gnomons, quadrants, etc.—built of solid stone. Some of these astronomical instruments are hundreds of feet in height and in diameter, and of great interest to astronomers. Many of the instruments are unknown to scientists of the present day, although they served the purpose of Jey Sing's wonderfully accurate calculations and observations.

The royal stables are also of considerable interest. These cover perhaps ten acres of land, with stalls on each side and large exercise grounds in the centre. There are several hundred of fine horses, some of choice Asian blood from all parts of the country, of various build and color, from the finely spotted Arab to the graceful, delicately limbed Deccan, the fleet-footed Punjaub mares, and blood-bay English troopers.

Each horse has a special attendant, and each attendant—knight of the horse—has several servants. Each horse is double quilted, although the temperature ranges from 90° to 120° Fahrenheit. All of them are too much blinded or hampered and most ruinously fat. They stand upon clean dirt, in spacious stalls. Each horse is tied, not by its head and neck, as we do, but by its feet. Around the fetlocks are fastened leather bands, to which ropes are attached, so that the animal can neither paw, strike, ner kick. The ropes from the hind feet are fastened to a stone pillar some twenty feet away.

If, in spite of this, these noble animals will surge about, lateral ropes are fastened to each foot, so the poor creatures cannot move in any direction more than six inches. Should they still be uneasy, a large hood is drawn over their eyes to keep them quiet. The horses are fed on a mixture of meal, brown sugar and butter, which makes them as plump and fat as a porker—regular roly-poly ponies, used much too little. Several of the finest are kept constantly saddled and richly caparisoned, to be ready at a moment's notice, for the Prince brooks no delay—anything he wants must be supplied at once.

The hundreds of attendants are paid four rupees a month ($1.20), and, by the time they board and cloth themselves, there is not much for their families out of four cents a day.

The average wages per day in India are from three to five cents—prices not at all exorbitant when one considers that most of the men raise large families, pay house rent, etc., to say nothing of luxuries, such as betel nut. Even with these prices of, say four cents a day, the people are happy and contented, and one never hears of trades unions or strikes.

Besides these ample stables, the Rajah has twenty-five huge Indian elephants for excursions. These noble beasts are about twelve feet high and of enormous size. A car is strapped on the elephant's back, and a whole family rides on one animal. To mount an elephant is quite a task. The animal is made to kneel, and then, by means of a stepladder, one climbs into the car on his back as if it were a house. When one is comfortably seated, with the shade drawn to keep off the sun, the elephant swings along at an easy gait of twenty miles an hour. One elephant was richly caparisoned with gold embroideries: his ivory tusks were set with jewels and clasped with golden bands, for he was one of the prince's favorites.

The Maharajah also keeps another lot of elephants, which he did not like the looks of. These are the fighters—huge powerful fellows, with sharp tusks and vicious eyes. They are trained to fight anything and everything, but especially the wild elephants in the mountains. They charge at them with full speed and plunge their tusks into their antagonists and gore them to death. An elephant fight is royal sport in India, and not to be missed if one has the opportunity to witness one.

Jeypore is also famous for its enamel works and the casting and setting of other precious stones found in the State. The native school of design is exceedingly interesting. Here children are seated as apprentices for five years before they can earn anything, but the work they do in copper and brass is unexcelled in any part of the world.

They sit on the ground, with a piece of brass held by the toes, a small hammer in one hand and a small piece of steel in the other, and with these crude instruments they will hammer and hammer until they finish a highly ornamental vase or cup, the equal of anything we saw in any other country.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Sunday Service.

Bishop Perrin will hold service at St. Andrews next Sunday at 10 a. m. and 7.30 p. m., also at St. Peters at the Bay at 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

At the morning will be confirmation service, and ten or twelve candidates will be presented to the bishop for confirmation.

Trees, Bulbs, Plants and Roses.

FRUIT and ORNAMENTAL TREES, BULBS, SHRUBS, ROSES. GREENHOUSE PLANTS, &c.

Prices reduced to suit the times. Get my list before placing your orders.

Address M. J. Henery,
Box 28, Mt. Pleasant,
Vancouver, B. C.

The Mission.

Early History of the Mission at Comox— First Ministers Who Preached There, One Who Has Become a Bishop— First Log Church, Where Everybody Attended in the Good Old Days— Interesting Local Events of a Historical Character—Births, Deaths and Marriages.

Everybody knows where the Mission is—where the Upper and Lower Prairie roads unite to form the Bay road at Sandwick. It was selected with reference to the future and with singular wisdom. It is in the very heart of the settlement. It has a history quite interesting, and at the same time it is largely the history of the settlement, which latter, must, of course, be to a very great extent eliminated in this brief sketch.

The first minister to preach here was the Rev. J. B. Good, now of St. Paul's' Nanaimo. He bought the land which belongs to the Mission of R. H. Pidcock, who had pre-empted it. He then sold it to the church. This was about 30 years ago Rev. Mr. Good, then as now was stationed at Nanaimo, and at that time managed to come here occasionally and preach.

Rev. Mr. Garrett followed Rev. Mr. Good, preaching, however, only at irregular intervals, having his main work at Nanaimo. He is now the bishop of Texas.

Rev Cave Brown Cave succeeded Mr. Garrett. He resided for two years at Nanaimo, during which time he erected on the spot where the parsonage now stands a small log church, which was made to do duty for the following five or six years

The next clergyman to appear on the scene was the present rector, Rev. W. X. Willemar, who had for some time previously been stationed at Alberni, in charge of an Indian mission. This was in 1871, at which time there was no other church in the district. Everybody came to the little log church, heard the gospel, got the news, and often letters which had come up on the steamer. Those were good old days. The prairie part of the valley was all taken up and settled upon. Everybody had all they needed, money was plenty, the people social and contented, and the Mission in a flourishing condition.

There was no parsonage, so Mr. Willemar set to work and put up the present one with his own hands. One looking at the house now, set in the midst of a garden, among flowers and shrubbery, with clinging vines, and sheltered with fruit trees would hardly recognize it as it first appeared. But thicker clustered around it is, with the pleasant memories of early days, than even the manifold plants, through which the path leads to it from the road outside the hedge.

The district was quite isolated in those days, having only connection with the outside world by means of the old steamer Douglas which visited the Bay once a fortnight. The steamer brought their mail, what they had. There was no post-office until Joseph Redollo was appointed postmaster. He had his office in a little store where the ancient Elk hotel still holds its own. The people depended on the Hudson Bay store for their merchandise. This was located at the old Indian rancherie, and was kept for many years by Mr. A. G. Horne, father of the present postmaster at Nanaimo.

Seventeen years ago the present church at the Mission was built with money collected almost entirely in the district About two years after Mr. Willemar was married, and it was not far from this time that the Hudson Bay store was removed, and nothing further in that line was done until Mr. Joseph McPhee opened a store in the building now occupied by Mr. Wm Mathewson. It seems a queer place, but storekeeping was a much more profitable business then than now and the Indian trade far more valuable.

But we are getting down into the years where everybody can remember and it only remains to add in brief a few interesting facts. Since Mr. Willemar took charge of the Mission he has officiated at 25 funerals. That is a pretty healthy record— averaging a little over one a year. During the same period he has married 18 couples, and administered the ceremony of baptism to 129. The first baptism was Jessie Gordon, daughter of the late lamented D. W. Gordon, for many years our member of Parliament. The first marriage was of Mr. Sam. Cliffe and Miss Florence Harmston. This is believed to have been the first white couple married in the district of Comox.

Hornby Happinings.

Nov. 1st.— Mr. George Ford, postmaster returned on last week's steamer from a business trip to Victoria.

J. McCrea of Nova Scotia has been here looking about. He was so pleased he thinks of purchasing a ranch and making this his home.

Mr. Davis was a passenger on last boat and is likely to remain.

The weather has been very fine for the past few days, but at last Jack Frost has put in an appearance and before his approach the Indian summer has fled.

Thos. Ford, the enthusiastic Nimrod, and J. Scott went on a hunting trip to South Qualicum lately. While in camp near the river, one evening, they were somewhat startled by seeing a large wild animal coming out from the woods on the opposite side of the stream. In the excitement it was taken for a tiger. Quick as a flash and with skill, Ford brought rifle to bear, and —bang! The animal made a leap into the air and fell. Scott, was so excited that he was about to jump into the turbulent stream and swim over, and was only prevented by Ford's shouting to him to hold up. The animal was found dead a few yards away and proved to be, as is thought, a species of tiger, but not as large as members of that family generally are. It measured 8ft and 4 inches.

Thos. Ford also shot a large bear near there the next morning before breakfast.

Americus.

The storm Monday was unusually severe, but was followed Tuesday by a day sufficiently mild and pleasant to make us forget all about it.

Local Brevities

Mr. R. Robb was the consignee of a fine new buggy by last week's steamer.

H. A. Simpson, the Nanaimo barrister returned on Friday.

Mr. J. Berkeley has erected a new addition to his residence.

The line between Courtenay and Union has been down since Monday's storm

This number of the paper commences another year,

Mr. Alex. Smith of Nanaimo, was in town last Thursday.

Mr. P. Gable, the tobacconist of the Black Diamond City was in Courtenay, Thursday.

It is said the cat and the goat are the only animals that spit. What about the tobacco chewer?

The Courtenay post office will be made a money order office on the first of January.

At the mortgage sale of the Gage ranch last week, only $740 was obtained. T. D. Jones, of Nanaimo was the purchaser

Dr. W. J. Young, with Officer Andersen and witness Hinchley left Friday to attend the trial of Ben Kennedy at New Westminster, for murder.

Mr. John W. McKenzie will move up from Comox to Courtenay, and occupy with his family Mr. R. Grant's elegant new house at Grand View.

Mr, Robert Graham, proprietor of the Courtenay House, received by the last steamer a fine top buggy.

Astray.

FOUND— There came to the premises of M. H. Piercy last week a black heifer. Owner will please call for same and pay expenses including this notice.

Notice.

M. Whitney, has been appointed correspondent for Comox District to the Department of Agriculture and is authorized to collect statistics and make returns to this office.

J. R. Anderson
Statistician.

Death.

William Cowie, who has been ill for some time died on Friday at Fanny Bay. His body was brought to Comox and the funeral took place from the Presbyterian church, at Sandwick at 2 p. m. Sunday.

Savary Island Tragedy.

There have been for the last four or five days rumors of a bloody tragedy on Savory Island, the particulars of which will be found in the city papers, which will arrive by to-day's steamer. Rumor says that Jack Green, who kept a sort of trading post on the island and Tom Taylor have been murdered, The bodies are supposed to have been taken down to Vancouver, where it is said an inquest was held last Friday. A telegram to W. Taylor, who is one of the loggers' at the camp on the south side of Comox Bay near Roy's, conveys the intelligence that one of the bodies has been identified as his brother's

Welcome to the Bishop.

On Friday evening, the 10th inst., a social will be held at the Old School House on Mission Hill at 7:30 to welcome bishop Perrin on the occasion of his first visit to Comox.

All who attend the services of St. Andrews Epicopal church are cordially invited to attend.

To Prize Winners.

About $200 has been paid out by Wm. Duncan, the treasurer of the Comox Agricultural and Industrial Association thus far and parties have ceased to call for the amounts due them presumably for the reason that they wish to donate the same to the society. It is necessary to make the annual report to the Provincial Secretary this month of amount received from all sources, in order to be entitled to a government grant next year. The Board of Directors have therefore ordered that all prizes awarded by the association for exhibits at the Exhibition on the 28th of September last must be claimed of the treasurer on or before the 22nd of this month or the same will be considered and held as donated to the association and treated accordingly.

If there are any remaining who intend claiming their prizes they should do so at once.

Deer Hunting.

Saturday afternoon the Riverside proprietor and one or two companions started up the Lake trail with their trusty rifles intent on slaughtering a deer. After going something like two miles they came to Isaac Davis' place, and made a circuitous tour in the direction of Stoughton's. Passing over the dividing ridge they saw no signs of deer where they had expected to bag their game.

"The sun will soon be down and then where are we?", inquired mine host of the Riverside.

"I should say we would be left", was the consoling reply.

Just then there came the crackling sound of a broken dry stick, so well understood by woodsmen, and the sun as it was just to plunge below the western horizon burst forth in a blaze of expiring glory, just as a songster will sometimes pour its throat at the finish or a piece of fireworks make its journey through the air leaving a luminous path until it finally explodes, filling the heavens with an indescribable flood of many colored lights of enchanting beauty, so the sunlight filled the woods, driving back the shadows and flushing every object with its golden hues. There was seen standing on the ridge directly in the path they had passed over, a noble buck, its head thrown up, with a graceful arch of the neck, and its eyes reflecting the red hues of the sun, giving them the appearance of flaming balls of fire. The next instant the Riverside rifle cracked, the buck fell forward and the mantle of night settled upon the scene.

AGRICULTURAL.

Cellar for Storing Roots.

Fourteen hundred bushels of roots will require between 2,150 and 2,200 cubic feet of storage-room. The main object in storing roots is to keep them at a uniform temperature as little above the freezing point as practicable. One of the best ways to do this is simply to pile them in long, narrow piles on well-drained ground, convenient to the place where they are to be fed. Make an excavation about a foot deep and place a layer of clean straw beneath the roots. When the pile of roots has been made, cover thickly with straw and then with a foot of earth. At distances of six or eight feet along the apex of the pile, a draintile should be inserted to give ventilation. For a permanent cellar, in many cases the most convenient arrangement is simply to partition off a corner of the barn basement by setting up 10 to 12-inch studs, boarding on both sides and stuffing the interstices with chaff or cut straw. Often a very convenient root cellar may be made in a gravelly or sandy bank adjoining the barn cellar, says American Gardening. This arrangement is especially convenient where the root-cellar can be so built that it can be filled from the driveway in the second floor of the barn. Where a cellar is built in this way, grout walls, cemented on the inside, should be used, both as a protection from cold and against rats. The relative advantages and cost of these various ways of storing roots will, of course, depend entirely upon circumstances and surroundings.

The Pig Pen.

If you see a good thing written by some hog man that has given it thought and study, on improved feeding and care, *don't* stay in the old rut and say you know better.

One essential feature of the proper care of hogs at this season of the year is the giving them as great a variety of food as possible until they are ready to go into the fattening pens.

If you commence crowding hogs you must continue until maturity or the hog will be unequally proportioned. The safest plan is to push the growth and market as soon as ready.

One of the processes conducive to fattening an animal is laziness, rest. Contented happy, well fed hogs lay on flesh (fat) much faster if kept where they are undisturbed, have no means of rambling and no occasion for crying for food.

Eating Wool.

When sheep eat their wool it indicates either that they are suffering from indigestion and an abnormal appetite, as cows are at times when they eat wood, or that they are suffering from some irritation of the skin which compels them to bite themselves and thus pull off the wool. Marsh hay alone is such poor food for sheep that that may be reasonably excused if they do try to improve their rations by adding even a mouthful of wool, dry as it is, to the poor feeding. It is quite probable, too, that these sheep are pestered by ticks, which are a great torment to them, burying their heads in the flesh and sucking the blood. The remedy is to give the sheep better food, as some grain, oats being the best, and if possible roots of some kind, as with the marsh hay alone sheep cannot be kept in a healthful condition. The sheep should be examined to discover if they are troubled with ticks, and if so they should be freed from the pests immediately.

Poultry for Market.

For scalding poultry the water should be as near the boiling point as possible, without actually boiling. The advantage to this is, the outer skin becomes cooked or set, and so does not peel off with the feathers and look ragged. The foul being held by the legs, should be immersed and lifted up and down into and out of the water three or four times, then, continuing to hold in the same way with one hand, pluck off the feathers with the other without a moment's delay after taking out of the water. If skillfully handled, in this way the feathers and pin-feathers may all be removed without breaking the skin. Wherever the skin is broken exposure of the flesh to the air injuries its appearance and consequently the sale of the poultry.

Too Much Hay.

It is an acknowledged fact that farmers feed too much hay to their horses, says National Stockman. Agricultural writers tell them to feed less, but they do not tell them how to keep them from eating their bedding. If they do not have hay enough they will eat it up clean as far as they can reach. Now, I do not like to have my horses lie on the bare floor, neither do I like to have them eat too much hay. It is not good for them and there is too much money in it this year, so I give each horse a small forkful of hay and a large one of straw at each feed, giving enough so that what is left in the manger will bed them well at night. Horses kept in this manner will look well, feel well and sleep comfortably. I have learned by costly experience that it pays to keep salt by the horses all the time and to feed a little oil meal every day.

Practical Pointers.

Time is money to the farmer if it is to any man under the sun.

It is estimated that a person will eat 35 pounds of butter per annum.

There is little or no real profit in an "average" crop.

It is poor policy to feed high-priced grain to a low-priced horse.

Pick up the old roofing, pickets, boards or anything that contains old nails. They are dangerous.

A majority of farmers consider what the family use is no part of the farm profits.

Prof. A. J. Cook criticises some of the published formulæ for kerosene emulsion as unavailable in case of "hard" water.

The way to destroy next winter's ticks, lice and scab is to soak the sheep in some approved sheep dip this fall.

One of the costliest "middle men" farmers have to support is an indifferent stallion, of which there are vastly too many in the country.

Keep the poultry house clean and in good sanitary condition. Otherwise there is no profit in the business, for loss by disease over-balances the income.

Every farm should have a well kept lawn and flower garden. It costs little work and less money, and will be a source of joy to all.

The creameryman should be an evangelist; he should talk business to the patrons and tell them the best way to succeed in dairying.

The winter quarters of the germ of innumerable destructive insects are in the piles of old rubbish, half rotted wood, etc.; burn them.

It is not the old tool or machine that deserves to be thrown away, but the worn out one; and it may not be in the last state even if old; it all depends on the care it has received.

Water drowns plants as it does animals. It prevents access of the air, which is as needful to plants as it is to animals. It so also dilutes and weakens the plant food in the soil that the roots cannot take in enough for their support.

Fences are a necessary evil, to be dispensed with if possible, and to be made as inconspicuous as possible if you must have them. No dooryard was ever enclosed with a paling fence without marring its beauty.

To be sure, there are apple trees on most farms, but apples are but one kind of fruit, and there is not one bushel of pears, cherries or plums, not to mention grapes and berries, grown where there ought to be one hundred, and could be, too, with but little effort.

It is well, first of all, for farmers to engage in a political enterprise. They should study the science of government, questions of the tariff and currency. Family, neighborhood or grange discussions of these subjects would be a good exercise for the winter evenings.

The butter made on one farm differs from that made on the next, and this difficulty is one that is objected to by dealers. On large dairy farms, where butter is a specialty, and the modern appliances are used in order to manufacture a high grade of butter, competition with creameries can be successful.

As a rule, a small orchard is best set conveniently near to the dwelling; but not until good drainage is secured, either by tiling or open ditches. Fruit trees do not like to have wet feet. It makes them discouraged. The plot selected ought first to be cultivated and well fertilized for two or three seasons.

The race-horse has become a commercial sap-sucker, drawing on all the resources known to man. Races are not so much a matter of speed as of tricks and fraud that are known to the silk cap fraternity and are used to beat the horse that has the most money bet on him.

Not one tree in 20 is handled right. I have often talked with travelling tree peddlers and canvassers for nurserymen, and one of my questions to them is: "How can you sell so many fruit trees every year, as I have seen you and others doing for 30 years and more, and still keep at it?" Their answer is, most frequently: "Oh! not one tree in 20 ever amounts to anything, the way farmers handle them."

A CANADIAN FROM JAPAN.

Some of the Interesting Experiences of Capt. Frank Brown of Yokohama and Oakville.

Capt. Frank Brown of Oakville, master of one of a line of fine steamers running between Japan and China, was in Toronto last week. His six months leave of absence is drawing to a close, and he will shortly be leaving for Vancouver, whence he sails on the Empress of India for Japan. Twenty years ago Capt. Brown was well known on the Canadian lakes, but about that time took a trip to England, which resulted in his engaging in undertakings that have kept him away from Canada, save for occasional visits, ever since. While in England he was engaged by the Church Missionary Society to superintend the construction on the Clyde of a steamer which it was the purpose of that organization to place at the disposal of the late Bishop Crowther to enable him to better prosecute his mission work among his fellow-Africans. When the steamer was constructed Capt. Brown was entrusted with the task of

TAKING IT TO AFRICA,

picking up the celebrated African at Sierra Leone, and then proceeding up the Niger River until the country which was to be the scene of Crowther's labor was reached. Capt. Brown has a curious story to tell of this trip. As they proceeded up the river the party found it necessary to propitiate the chiefs of the various tribes by whose territory they passed. They were greeted on one occasion by a fierce-looking chief, the head of a powerful tribe, who marched under the shelter of a huge umbrella supported above him by a dozen or so of his subjects. The missionary asked Capt. Brown to be sure and find something as a gift for the chief that would please him. The captain thought for a moment, and then determined to make the chief a present of a fine uniformed waistcoat, with scarlet lining and big brass buttons. The chief was without a waistcoat; in fact his dress consisted only of a cloth around his loins. The waistcoat was turned over to the chief, who

WAS DELIGHTED WITH IT,

and decided to put it on there and then. The article of attire was new to him, however, and he was not properly instructed in its uses. Before Dr. Crowther and Capt. Brown realized what he was doing, the chief had thrust his legs through the armholes of the waistcoat and was buttoning it around himself. The sailor and the missionary looked gravely on, and the chief felt pleased and proud at his fine appearance.

After Capt. Brown had finished his mission with the Crowther steamer he was employed by the Royal Geographical Society to explore the Niger River. A year or two later, or fifteen years ago, he became an officer of the Japan Steamship Company, and has remained in their service ever since. The captain has a great store of interesting information and experience about the empire of the Mikado. He thinks much might be done in the way of opening up a larger trade between Canada and Japan, but admits that freight rates stand somewhat in the way, England's great traffic with the east enabling her steamers to bring freight at a very low rate to Japan.

Capt Brown is a hale and hearty sailor of perhaps 50 years of age, and hopes to end his service in the east in the course of a few years, when he looks forward to spending the rest of his days in Canada.

Bicycle Laws in Zurich.

A correspondent at Zurich Switzerland, gives a translation from the daily paper of the city's laws concerning bicycling. Bicycling is only allowed upon written permission issued to competent riders. This permission must be carried by the rider; it contains his name, occupation, date of birth, place of nativity and address, and it cost two francs a year. Racing is forbidden and in narrow streets the rider must dismount. Special stress is laid upon the speed of the machine. On crowded streets, turning corners, the rider must go slow. He must not ride without using the handles of his machine to steer by; he must ring his bell in ample time, and, if that is not heeded, he must politely warn the pedestrian. Care must be taken not to worry or frighten the foot passenger. On a single-seated bicycle not more than one person may sit. More than two bicycles are not permitted to ride abreast. On holidays, when the streets are crowded, bicycling is not permitted at all. On the other hand, the bicycle shares with other vehicles the privileges of the road. Should the rider be the cause of an accident to a pedestrian he must dismount, render what assistance lies in his power and give his name and address to an officer, together with a written report of the matter.

Origin of the Peach.

Nothing is now more universally accepted than the fact that the peach is an improved variety of the almond. The almond has a thin shell around the stone, which splits open and shows the stone when mature. This outer skin has simply become fleshy in the peach, so that it is all that gives it its specific character. It seems now clear from investigation in history of ancient Babylon that in their gardens, nearly 4,000 years ago, the peach was cultivated then as it now is. It must have been many years before this that the peach was improved from the almond, and this fact goes to show the great antiquity of the fruit. Possibly gardening in some respects, at least so far as it relates to many of our cultivated fruits, was as far advanced 6,000 or 8,000 or perhaps 10,000 years back as it is to-day.

Phœnicians, many thousands of years ago, as is proved by the records, had in their gardens almonds, apricots, bananas, citrons, figs, grapes, olives, peaches, pomegranates, and even sugar cane was in extensive cultivation. Certainly this shows how far advanced these nations were in garden culture many years ago.

Madme. Christine Nilsson, the famous soprano, has two of her rooms in Madrid decorated in a rather novel fashion. The bed-chamber is papered with leaves of music from the operas in which she has sung, and the dining-room with the hotel bills she has collected in her tours through the world.

ON TO NEW AUSTRALIA.

A Socialistic Experiment That Australians Will Try in Paraguay.

A correspondent writing from Sydney, N. S. W., says:—One ot those Quixotic expeditions which have marked all centuries started from Sydney on Sunday, July 16. About noon that day passed out of Port Jackson the bark Royal Tar, bound for "New Australia," with 241 old Australians on board.

William Lane, who is the leader of the "New Australia" movement, and practically, if not actually, the originator of it, is an Englishman by birth, born in Bristol less than forty years ago. He set out early in life for the United States, and for several years settled in Chicago. For a time he worked as a compositor, finally deserting "the case" for literature. From the states Lane took passage for Queensland, where he drifted into Socialism and took a leading part in the labor movements, which have from time to time stirred the Northern colony. Becoming convinced eventually that the social evolution he desired to see accomplished would not be achieved under the existing colonial regime, he conceived the idea of starting a new colony in a new country sufficiently far away from Australia to prevent a collapse, owing to small causes of dissatisfaction creeping in. Agents were sent to South America as offering the best field for such settlement, and they reported. At first the Argentine Republic was selected as the site of "New Australia," but complications arose which necessitated the abandonment of arrangements. Then Paraguay was hit upon. A large tract of territory was secured in Central Paraguay, on the banks of the Tibicuary, the modest sum of £220 being paid to the Paraguayan Government as deposit. The new settlement is remote from the seacoast, about eighteen degrees north of Montevideo.

Lane said to an interviewer on the project: "We want the world at large to see that Socialism is practical. Our gospel has been sufficiently long preached and we are now going to live it. Only enthusiasts will go to Paraguay. Half the world lies between the new and the old. Return is difficult, weak ones will not go; the dangers real and apparent frighten them. The settlement will be run on a communistic basis. Each adult man and woman will have a share in the common profits, irrespective of occupation or ability. The director and the scavenger will be treated alike as regards sharing out the wealth." Children are to be the common charge of the community. The supreme governing authority will be a single director elected by a two-thirds majority.

Over 1,000 men in various parts of Australia have enrolled themselves as wishing to have a share in the new settlement.

Only a portion went by the Royal Tar, which vessel had on board at the time of clearance: Crew, including master, 27; cabin passengers (the master's family), 3; steerage passengers (settlers), 211; total, 241. The majority of the adult males among the settlers are single men hailing from the "Never Never" country, in Western Queensland. Some few are Sydney residents; quite a number come from Albury on the New South Wales-Victorian border; half a dozen from Adelaide (South Australia); one or two from Tasmania, and the rest from interior towns of the continent. A second contingent is to be sent away in September.

Many obstacles were thrown in the way of the departing "pilgrims." The more influential portion of the press opposed the project, public speakers decried it, the New South Wales Government repeatedly endeavored to prevent the Royal Tar from proceeding on her voyage. The Royal Tar is a local vessel, and was for many years engaged in the timber-carrying trade between the Pacific Coast and Australia. Her last voyage was an eventful one. She visited New Guinea, where the crew contracted fever. The captain and several seamen succumbed and the vessel reached San Francisco in charge of the second mate. She was bought by the New Australia Settlement Association for £1,200, and was altered into a passenger ship at an additional cost of some hundreds of pounds. It was the intention of the settlers to man the ship themselves, but the New South Wales Marine Board would not grant a certificate under those conditions, and volunteers were sought among the seamen now out on strike in Sydney. Several hundred offered, from which a first-class crew was selected.

Sunday morning, July 16, the weather was most unpropitious. Drizzling rain, broken by sharp showers, set in early and continued till late in the day. Only a few people went down the harbor to see the pilgrims away—several labor leaders (including two released from jail only a few days before), a member of Parliament and a number of ladies. The emigrants were in the best of spirits, and as confident, individually and collectively, as the man who has got the stable tip for a race. No shadow of doubt or hesitancy hovered over the thronged decks of the outgoing vessel. All was light-heartedness. Instead of appearing to regard themselves as in need of sympathy, the members of the expedition extended their pity to those who were compelled to remain in this "wretched, played-out country."

Ships and Whales.

The steamship Petersburg of the Russian volunteer fleet had a unique experience near Minicoy, in the South Indian Ocean. A sharp shock was felt by all on board and she stopped as though gripped in a vise. The sea was found to be colored with the life-blood of two huge whales, which lay floating in their last agony. One was cut through by the steamer's sharp stem, and the other killed by repeated blows of the screw propeller.

The German steamship Waesland, bound from Antwerp to New York, ran into and killed a sleeping whale. A smaller steamer, the Kelloe, collided with a whale near Seaham Harbor, and wounded it badly. The celebrated yacht Genesta narrowly avoided collision with a dead cetacean during the jubilee race around our islands. In 1889 a Shields steamship, the James Turpie, nearly cut a whale in two one starlight night. The schooner O. M. Marrett was almost wrecked by passing whales in the North Atlantic. Many of the school struck her repeatedly with such violence that her whole hull shook and articles in the officers' rooms were thrown to the floor.

In 1890 a small sailing vessel, the Ocean Spray, bound from Galveston to England, struck a sleeping whale and received damage. On the morning of the 17th of July, a whale fifty feet long made his appearance close alongside the steamship Port Adelaide, Capt. C. M. Hepworth, R. N. R., in 42 degrees south, 75 degrees east. He followed the vessel for four days, never more than seventy yards away, and generally close astern, much to the edification of numerous passengers. He threw up the sponge in 41 degrees south, 97 degrees east, after traveling 980 statute miles, certainly without resting, and apparently fasting.

In November the ship Earnock, Capt. Parson, was under sail in 29 degrees south 21 degrees west, when a large whale lashed the sea into foam with his tail, so near the ship that the chief officer, who happened to be below forward, came quickly on deck to see what had happened. He actually felt the impact of the water against her bows.

In June 1891, while her Majesty's ship Immortalite was steaming from Arosa Bay to Gibraltar at the rate of 12 knots an hour, she stopped short as though a submerged danger had been located. It was presently found that she had cut deeply into a whale, and it became necessary to go astern in order to get rid of the incumbrance. Four months later the Anchor Line steamship Ethiopia collided with a whale when about 800 miles from New York.

Patience.

"Didn't you tell me when I helped you years ago," said Downattheheel to Upintheair, "that you'd always remember it, and that you'd share your last crust with me?"

"I certainly did; and I will when I get to it."

BESIEGED BY WOLVES.

A Woman's Adventure in the Rocky Mountains.

She Bravely Defends her Home and Children—A Pack of Angry Brutes Kept At Bay Till Help Arrived.

There resides in a certain Canadian city a lady who years ago was the heroine of a night among wolves in the Rocky Mountains where she had accompanied her husband, with three small children, in a mining venture. She was hardly 25 years old, and though in excellent physical condition did not weigh much more than 100 pounds. She was all pluck, a fact that she was not aware of until she was told.

Affluently reared, and knowing nothing about "roughing it," she fell at once into a life the reverse of this. Her husband having located on what appeared—and in time proved—to be a productive mining section, she determined to go and share life with him.

It was miles and miles away from habitation and civilization—far on the mountains. It was a huge task to reach the spot, and when she did winter was coming on. To make her and the small children as comfortable as possible the husband had erected a log-house of two or three rooms, inserted on one side of the mountain, and in every respect as good and complete as such houses are ever made to be. Though when he began it the house was only on the outskirts of the mining camp, yet changes that were made left it between four and five miles away. It was thought better to occupy it for the winter, which would shortly set in, than build another. In this log hut the little wife and the young children were made comfortable in all the ways possible under the circumstances. Nearly everything that was attainable to this end was procured, and the husband was away from his family not longer than three days at a time.

One day while he was thus absent a furious snowstorm—a regular blizzard of the mountains—came up as night approached. For several days snow had been falling, and it already lay on the ground at an unusual depth. On the day in question it came down in a short time to an unparalleled depth, and the wind blew with extraordinary fury. This was the state of things when the day closed. Of firewood the house was well supplied, and of food there was plenty, if the seige did not last too long. There was only one small window to the house, and the door was strong and capable of being barricaded on the inside.

The little woman as the blizzard began to howl and the snow threatened to bury the hut, took a survey and rather brought herself to comprehend the situation of herself and her family, cut off as they were for a time at least from human aid. She comprehended it might be days before any one could come to her, though she felt sure her husband would do all he could. She was not greatly alarmed yet, but soon was by the shrieking and other manifestations that told her that wolves in considerable numbers were around, and on the house. Built as it was so that the roof one side was almost even with the surface of the ground, it was not difficult, but a perfectly natural thing, for the animals under the circumstances to swarm upon the roof, attracted as they were by the light that came from the chimney. They swarmed around the house, also, attracted by the light that shone through chinks and crevices where the battening between the logs was not complete, and on the roof and around the house on all sides the wolves howled and shrieked fiercely, made savage by the intensity of the cold, the fierceness of the blasts and the blinding snow.

Before going into the mining district this little woman was not wholly unused to firearms. After she went there she had practiced with them, so as to render her fairly equal to the emergency. Of these arms there were in the cabin two rifles and two pistols, all of the most effectual description. She early collected all these, loaded the rifles and pistols, and with something like engineering skill a military man would summon, prepared to defend herself and her three small children, who were too young to understand the dangers with which they were menaced.

On the roof the wolves snarled and scratched in their endeavors to find an opening. On one side of the hut was a spot where the battening was torn off, and through which the light from the inside shone as it did from no other place. Around this spot or crack the wolves congregated and howled in great numbers. Occasionally one would insert his nose through the opening. The heroic little woman had scarcely the strength to handle a rifle to use it effectually. She placed one so that the muzzle would point directly to the opening, and stationed herself so as to pull the trigger at the right moment. Watching her opportunity she slugged away. The report was responded to on the outside by howls and shrieks fiercer than ever, and then for some time there was silence, followed by attacks on the roof and in different quarters, specially at the door, against which the animals threw themselves as with human instinct.

The fire on the great hearth was kept blazing. The little woman rose, equal to the occasion, and not for a moment lost her head. Hours thus passed. The children were put to bed, after a hasty repast, the cooking of which seemed to cause the wolves to be more fierce. As if by concert the assault on the opening where the shot had been fired was renewed and one animal actually inserted through it a paw, so it was not a difficult matter for the woman to chop it on the inside by the expert use of an ax. A shriek fiercer than any before told her how well she had used the instrument. Then followed other noses through the hole which fared no better than those that at first tried it, followed as before by howls and shrieks that told the shot which our heroine let fly had done the intended work.

As time went on the number of the wolves seemed to increase, and every time they made an attack it was with greater fierceness and determination than before. Those that swarmed on the roof were more numerous than ever, and the little woman hardly stopped to think what would be her fate and that of her children in case the maddened animals effected an entrance.

All night this went on. Toward morning there was an abatement of the storm and of the wolves, but the cold grew in intensity. The latter, however, gave her no alarm as things were. The dawn of morning began to show through the cracks, and with this came faint sounds of human voices—howls in the distance. One peculiar shout or call she recognised as from her husband. She responded with a shout of triumph, and repeated it a dozen times, but it went not beyond the cabin barricades. But what triumph; what relief! Again and again the shouts were repeated in the distance, responded to every time by the wife, who knew a relief party, led by her husband was near.

The wolves retired—those to whom the shots of the defender rendered such a thing possible. As the morning advanced the relief party was heard nearing the house. The wife stirred the fire and sent the blaze nearly out of the chimney top. She believed it would be interpreted as meaning she heard the shouts and that all was well inside. And so they did; for it was not long before the beleaguered hut was surrounded by friends. She removed the fastenings that held the door, which she threw open at the instant her husband was about to enter.

"I leave you, my friends, to imagine the rest. It was my first and last night among wolves," she said, in telling her story.

A Linguistic Freak.

"Ten pounds for that parrot? Why, it's simply monstrous."

"But, sir, please to observe that he speaks two languages."

"What are they?"

"Why, English and—his native tongue."

Stub Ends of Thought.

Hope and energy and sunshine never thrive on a torpid liver.

No woman ever grunted her way to glory.

A half-dozen hearty laughs are equal to a meal of victuals.

The man who gives much to the poor doesn't leave much for thieves to steal.

A fat pocketbook is a great tonic.

Sugar-coated lies are easily swallowed.

A good dinner is a benediction.

Mighty few people go to heaven on an empty stomach.

We love the homely flower that fills the air with fragrance.

What does a woman care for angel wings when she has a new silk gown?

The destructiveness of a new Gatling gun may be imagined when it is stated that it fires 3,129 shots a minute. When operated by an electric motor, it fires 5,000 shots in a minute.

Tramps think they are rudely treated in Tacoma, Washington. They have to submit to two baths a day. One rough fellow objected, last week, and he was scoured with sand until his skin shone like satin.

The Beauty Standard.

The standard of female loveliness varies greatly in different countries and with individual tastes. Some prefer the plump and buxom type; some admire the slender and sylph-like, and some the tall and queenly maiden. But among all people of the Caucasian race, one point of beauty is always admired—a pure, clear and spotless complexion—whether the female be of the blonde, brunette or hazel-eyed type. This first great requisite of loveliness can be assured only by a pure state of the blood, active liver, good appetite and digestion, all of which are secured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It is guaranteed to accomplish all that is claimed for it, or money refunded. If you would have a clear, lovely complexion, free from eruptions, moth patches, spots and blemishes, use the "Golden Medical Discovery."

The Advance of Science.

Doctor Bragg and Dr. Sawbones are not now good friends; the coolness between them arose in this way. They met the other evening at a dinner party, when conversation turned upon the remarkable advance made during the last decade in medical science.

"To give an illustration," remarked Dr. Bragg, "a highly interesting case came under my observation last week. A patient, who had been given up by one of the old school, sent for me, and would you believe it?—with my new special treatment, I had him out and about in a few days."

"Quite so," said Dr. Sawbones, "that is quite correct, for I met him only yesterday going to be buried!"

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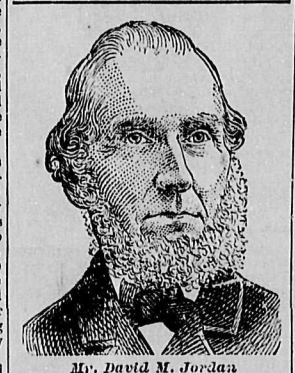

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of Edmeston, N. Y.

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This is from Mr. D. M. Jordan, a retired farmer, and one of the most respected citizens of Otsego Co., N. Y.

"Fourteen years ago I had an attack of the gravel, and have since been troubled with my

Liver and Kidneys

gradually growing worse. Three years ago I got down so low that I could scarcely walk. I looked more like a corpse than a living being and had no appetite and for five weeks I ate nothing but gruel. I was badly emaciated and had no more color than a marble statue. Hood's Sarsaparilla was recommended and I thought I would try it. Before I had finished the first bottle I noticed that I felt better, suffered less, the inflammation of the bladder had subsided, the color began to return to my face, and I began to feel hungry. After I had taken three bottles I could eat anything without hurting me. Why, I got so hungry that I had to eat 5 times a day. I have now fully recovered, thanks to

Hood's Sarsaparilla

I feel well and am well. All who know me marvel to see me so well." D. M. JORDAN

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Disconsolate Widow: "What's the matter with me?"

That settled the question. They are to be married next week.

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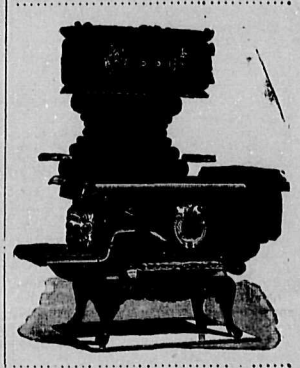

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IN THE MIDST OF ALARMS

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

CHAPTER II.—(CONTINUED.)

"Oh, well, it doesn't matter. I have it somewhere. He returned me the prepaid envelope and reminded me that United States stamps were of no use in Canada, which of course I should have remembered. But he didn't pay the postage on his own letter, so that I had to fork out double. Still, I don't mind that, only as an indication of his meaness. He went on to say that of all the members of our class you—you!—were the only one who had reflected credit on it. That was the insult. The idea of his making such a statement, when I told him I was on the New York Argus! Credit to the class, indeed! I wonder if he ever heard of Brown, after he was expelled. You know, of course. No? Well, Brown by his own exertions became President of the Alum Bank in New York, wrecked it, and got off to Canada with a clear half-million. Yes, sir. I saw him in Quebec not six months ago. Keeps the finest span and carriage in the city, and lives in a palace. Could buy old Scragmore a thousand times and never feel it. Most liberal contributor to the cause of education that there is in Canada. He says education made him, and he's not a man to go back on education. And yet Scragmore has the cheek to say that you were the only man in the class who reflects credit on it!"

The professor smiled quietly, as the excited journalist took a cooling sip of the cobbler.

"You see, Yates, people's *opinions differ*. A man like Brown may not be Principal Scagmore's ideal. The Principal may be local in his ideals of a successful man or of one who reflects credit on his teaching."

"Local? You bet he's local. Too darned local for me. It would do that man good to live in New York for a year. But I'm going to get even with him. I'm going to write him up. I'll give him a column and a half, see if I don't. I'll get his photograph and publish a newspaper portrait of him. If that doesn't make him quake he's a cast-iron man. Say, you haven't a photograph of old Scrag that you can lend me, have you?"

"I have, but I won't lend it for such a purpose. However, never mind the Principal. Tell me your plans. I am at your disposal for a couple of weeks, or longer if necessary."

"Good boy! Well, I'll tell you how it is. I want rest and quiet and the woods for a week or two. This is how it happened. I have been steadily at the grindstone, except for a while in the hospital, and that, you will admit, is not much of a vacation. The work interests me, and I am always in the thick of it. Now, it's like this in the newspaper business; your chief is never the person to suggest that you take a vacation. He is usually short of men and long on things to do, so if you don't worry him into letting you off he won't lose any sleep over it. He's content to let well enough alone every time. Then there is always someone who wants to get away on pressing business,—grandfather's funeral, and that sort of thing,—so if a fellow is content to work right along his chief is quite content to let him. That's the way affairs have gone for years with me. The other day I *went over to Washington to interview* a Senator on the political prospects. I tell you what it is Stilly, without bragging, there are some big men in the States whom no one but me can interview. And yet old Scrag says I'm no credit to his class! Why, last year my political predictions were telegraphed all over this country, and have since appeared in the European press. No credit! By Jove, I would like to have old Scrag in a twenty-four-foot ring with thin gloves on for about ten minutes.

"I doubt if he would shine under those circumstances. But never mind him. He spoke, for once, without due reflection, and with perhaps an exaggerated remembrance of your school-day offences. What happened when you went to Washington?"

"A strange thing happened. When I was admitted to the Senator's library I saw another fellow, whom I thought I knew, *sitting there. I said to the Senator*, 'I will come when you are alone.' The Senator looked up in surprise, and said, "I am alone.' I didn't say anything, but went on with my interivew, and the other fellow took notes all the time. I didn't like this, but said nothing, for the Senator is not a man to offend, and it is by not offending these fellows that I can get the information I do. Well, the other fellow came out with me, and as I looked at him I saw that he was myself. This did not strike me as strange at the time, but I argued with him all the way to New York and tried to show him that he wasn't treating me fairly. I wrote up the interview with the other fellow interfering all the while, so I compromised, and half the time put in what he suggested and half the time what I wanted in myself. When the political editor went over the stuff he looked alarmed. I told him frankly just how I had been interfered with, and he looked none the less alarmed when I had finished. He sent at once for a doctor. The doctor metaphorically took me apart, and then said to my chief, 'This man is simply worked to death. He must have a vacation, and a real one, with absolutely nothing to think of, or he is going to go to pieces, and that with a suddenness that will surprise everybody.' The chief, to my astonishment, consented without a murmur, and even upbraided me for not going away sooner. Then the doctor said to me, 'You get some companion, —some man with no brains, if possible, who will not discuss politics, who has no opinion on anything that any sane man would care to talk about, and who wouldn't say a bright thing if he tried for a year. Get such a man to go off to the woods somewhere. Up in Maine or in Canada. As far away from post-offices and telegraph offices as possible. And, by the way, don't leave your address at the Argus office.' Thus it happened, Stilly, when he described this man so graphically, I at once thought of you."

"I am deeply gratified, I am sure," said the professor, with the ghost of a smile, "to be so promptly remembered in such a connection, and if I can be of service to you I shall be very glad. I take it, then, that you have no intention of stopping in Buffalo?"

"You bet I haven't. I'm in for the forest primeval, the murmuring pines and the hemlock, bearded with moss and green in the something or other—I forget the rest. I want to quit lying on paper and lie on my back instead, on the sward or in a hammock. I'm going to avoid all boarding-houses or delightful summer resorts and go in for the quiet of the forest."

"There ought to be some nice places along the lake shore."

"No, sir. No lake shore for me. It would remind me of the Lake Shore Railway when it was calm and Long Branch when it was rough. No, sir. The woods, the woods, and the woods. I have hired a tent and a lot of cooking-things. I'm going to take that tent over to Canada to-morrow, and then I propose we engage a man with a team to cart it somewhere into the woods, fifteen or twenty miles away. We shall have to be near a farm-house, so that we can get fresh butter, milk, and eggs. This, of course, is a disadvantage; but I shall try to get near some one who has never even heard of New York."

"You may find that somewhat difficult."

"Oh, I don't know. I have great hopes of *the lack of intelligence in the Canadians*."

"Often the narrowest," said the professor, slowly, are those who think themselves the most cosmopolitan."

"Right you are!" cried Yates, skimming lightly over the remark and seeing nothing applicable to his case in it. "Well, I've laid in about half a ton, more or less, of tobacco, and have brought an empty jug."

"An empty one?"

"Yes. Among the few things worth having that the Canadians possess, is good whiskey. Besides, the empty jug will save trouble at the custom-house. I don't suppose Canadian rye is as good as the Kentucky article, but you and I will have to scrub along on it for a while. And talking of jugs, just press the button once again."

The professor did so, saying,—

"The doctor made no remark, I suppose, about drinking less or smoking less, did he?"

"In my case? Well, come to think of it, *there was some* conversation in that direction. Don't remember at the moment just what it amounted to; but all physicians have their little fads, you know. It doesn't do to humor them too much.—Ah, boy, there you are again. Well, the professor wants another drink. Make it a gin fiz this time, and put plenty of ice in it but don't neglect the gin on that account. Certainly: charge it to room 518."

CHAPTER III.

"What's all this tackle?" asked the burly and somewhat red-faced customs-officer at Fort Erie.

"This," said Yates, "is a tent, with the poles and pegs appertaining thereto. These are a number of packages of tobacco, on which I shall doubtless have to pay something into the exchequer of Her Majesty. This is a jar used for the holding of liquids. I beg to call your attention to the fact that it is at present empty, which unfortunately prevents me making me a libation to the rites of good-fellowship. What my friend has in that valise I don't know, but I suspect a gambling-outfit, and would advise you to search him."

"My valise contains books principally, with some articles of wearing-apparel," said the professor, opening his grip.

The customs-officer looked with suspicion on the whole outfit, and evidently did not like the tone of the American. He seemed to be treating the customs department in a light and airy manner, and the officer was too much impressed by the dignity of his position not to resent flippancy. Besides, there were rumors of Fenian invasion in the air, and the officer resolved that no Fenian should get into the country without paying duty.

"Where are you going with this tent?"

"I'm sure I don't know. Perhaps you can tell us. I don't know the country about here. Say, Stilly, I'm off up-town to attend to this jug. I've been empty too often myself not to sympathize with its condition. You wrestle this matter out about the tent. You know the ways of the country, whereas I don't."

It was perhaps as well that Yates left negotiations in the hands of his friend. He was quick enough to see that he made no headway with the officer but rather the opposite. He slung the jug ostentatiously over his shoulder, to the evident discomfort of the professor, and marched up the hill to the nearest tavern, whistling one of the lately popular war-tunes.

"Now," he said to the bar-keeper, placing the jug tenderly on the bar, "fill that *up to the nozzle with the best rye you* have. Fill it with the old familiar juice, as the late poet Omar saith."

The bar-tender did as he was requested.

"Can you disguise a little of that fluid in any way so that it may be taken internally without a man suspecting what he is swallowing?"

The bar-keeper smiled. "How would a cocktail fill the vacancy?"

"I can suggest nothing better," replied Yates. "If you are sure you know how to make it."

The man did not resent this imputation of ignorance. He merely said, with the air of one who gives an incontrovertible answer,—

"I am a Kentucky man, myself."

"Shake," cried Yates, briefly, as he reached his hand across the bar. "How is it you happen to be here?"

"Well, I *got into a little trouble in* Louisville, and here I am where I can at least look at God's country."

"Hold on," protested Yates. "You're making only one cocktail."

"Didn't you say one?" asked the man, pausing in the compounding.

"Bless you, I never saw one cocktail made in my life. You are with me on this."

"Just as you say," replied the other, as he prepared enough for two.

"Now, I'll tell you my fix," said Yates, confidentially. "I've got a tent and some camp things down below at the custom-house shanty, and I want to get them taken into the woods where I can camp out with a friend. I want a place where we can have absolute rest and quiet. Do you know the country round here? Perhaps you could recommend a spot."

"Well, for all the time I've been here I know precious little about the back country. I've been down the road to the Falls, but never back in the woods. I suppose you want some place by the lake or the river?"

"No, I don't. I want to get clear back into the forest,—if there is a forest."

"Well, there's a man in to-day from somewhere near Ridgeway, I think. He's got a hay-rack with him, and that would be just the thing to take your tent and poles. Wouldn't be very comfortable travelling for you, but it would be all right for the tent, if it's a big one."

"This will suit us exactly. We don't care a cent about the comfort. Roughing it is what we came for. Where will I find him?"

"Oh, he'll be along here soon. That's his team tied there on the side-street. If he happens to be in good humor he'll take your things, and as like as not give you a place to camp in his woods. Hiram Bartlett's his name. And, talking of the old Nick himself, here he is.—I say, Mr. Bartlett, this gentleman was wondering if you couldn't tote out some of his belongings. He's going out your way."

Bartlett was a somewhat uncouth and wiry specimen of the Canadian farmer, who evidently paid little attention to the subject of dress. He said nothing, but looked in a lowering way at Yates with something of contempt and suspicion in his glance.

Yates had one receipt for making the acquaintance of all mankind. "Come in, Mr. Bartlett," he said, cheerily, "and try one of my friend's excellent cocktails."

"I take mine straight," growled Bartlett, gruffly, although he stepped inside the open door. "I don't want no Yankee mixtures in mine. Plain whiskey's good enough for any man, if he is a man. I don't take no water, neither. I've got trouble enough."

The bar-tender winked at Yates as he shoved the decanter over to the new-comer.

"Right you are," assented Yates, cordially.

The farmer did not thaw out in the least because of this prompt agreement with him, but sipped his whiskey gloomily, as if it were a most disagreeable medicine.

"What did you want me to take out?" he said at last.

"A friend and a tent, a jug of whiskey, and a lot of jolly good tobacco."

"How much are you willing to pay?"

"Oh, I don't know. I'm always willing to do what's right. How would five dollars strike you?"

The farmer scowled and shook his head.

"Too much," he said, as Yates was about to offer more. "'Tain't worth it. Two-and-a-half would be about the right figure. Don'no but that's too much. I'll think on it going home and charge you what it's worth. I'll be ready to leave in about an hour, if that suits. That's my team on the other side of the road. If it's gone when you come back I'm gone, an' you'll have to get somebody else."

With this Bartlett drew his coat-sleeve across his mouth and departed.

"That's him exactly," said the bar-keeper. "He's the most cantankerous crank in the township. And say, let me give you a pointer. If the subject of 1812 comes up,—the war, you know,—you'd better admit that we got thrashed out of our boots; that is, if you want to get along with Hiram. He hates Yankees like poison."

"And did we get thrashed in 1812?" asked Yates, who was more familiar with current topics than with the history of the past.

"B'est if I know. Hiram says we did. I told him once that we got what we wanted from old England, and he nearly hauled me over the bar. So I give you the warning, if you want to get along with him."

"Thank you. I'll remember it. So long."

This friendly hint from the man in the tavern offers a key to the solution of the problem of Yates's success on the New York press. He could get news when no other man could. Flippant and shallow as he undoubtedly was, he somehow got into the inner confidence of all sorts of men in a way that made them give him an inkling of anything that was going on for the mere love of him, and Yates often got valuable assistance from his acquaintances which other reporters could not get for money.

The New-Yorker found the professor sitting on a bench by the custom-house, chatting with the officer, and gazing at the rapidly-flowing broad blue river in front of them.

"I have got a man," said Yates, "who will take us into the wilderness in about an hour's time. Suppose we explore the town. I expect nobody will run away with the tent till we come back."

"I'll look after that," said the officer; and, thanking him, the two friends strolled up the street. They were a trifle late in getting back, and when they reached the tavern they found Bartlett just on the point of driving home. He grufily consented to take them if they did not keep him more than five minutes loading up. The tent and appurtenances were speedily loaded on the hay-rack, and then Bartlett drove up to the tavern and waited, saying nothing, although he had been in such a hurry a few moments before. Yates did not like to ask the cause of the delay: so the three sat there silently. After a while Yates said, as mildly as he could,—

"Are you waiting for any one, Mr. Bartlett?"

"Yes," answered the driver, in a surly tone. "I'm waiting for you to go in fur that jug. I don't suppose you filled it to leave on the counter."

"By Jove!" cried Yates, springing off. "*I had forgotten all about it*, which shows the extraordinary effect this country has on me already." The professor frowned, but Yates came out merrily with the jug in his hand, and Bartlett started his team. They drove out of the village and up a slight hill, going for a mile or two along a straight and somewhat sandy road. Then they turned to what Bartlett said in answer to a question by the professor was the Ridge Road, and there was no need to ask why it was so termed. It was a good highway, but rather stony, the road being, in places, on the bare rock. It paid not the slightest attention to Euclid's definition of a straight line, and in this respect was rather a welcome change from the average American road. Sometimes they passed along avenues of overbranching trees, which were evidently relics of the forest that once covered all the district. The *road followed the ridge, and on each side* were frequently to be seen wide vistas of lower-lying country. All along the road were comfortable farm-houses; and it was evident that a prosperous community flourished along the ridge.

Bartlett spoke only once, and then to the professor, who sat next to him.

"You a Canadian?"

"Yes."

"Where's he from?"

"My friend is from New York," answered the innocent professor.

"Humph!" grunted Bartlett, scowling deeper than ever, after which he became silent again. The team was not going very fast, although neither the load nor the roads were heavy. Bartlett was muttering a good deal to himself, and now and then brought down his whip savagely on one or the other of the horses, but the moment the *unfortunate animals quickened their pace* he hauled them in roughly. Nevertheless they were going quickly enough to be overtaking a young woman who was walking on alone. Although she must have heard them coming over the rocky road, she did not turn her head, but walked along with the free and springy step of one who is not only accustomed to walking, but who likes it. Bartlett paid no attention to the girl; the professor was endeavoring to read his thin book as well as a man might who is being jolted frequently; but Yates, as soon as he recognized that the pedestrian was young, pulled up his collar, adjusted his necktie with care, and placed his hat in a somewhat more jaunty and fetching position.

"Are you going to offer that girl a ride?" he said to Bartlett.

"No, I'm not."

"I think that is rather uncivil," he added, forgetting the warning he had had.

"You do, eh? Well you offer her a ride. You hired the team."

"By Jove, I will," said Yates, placing his hand on the outside of the rack and springing lightly to the ground.

"Likely thing," growled Bartlett to the professor, "that she's going to ride with the like of him."

The professor looked for a moment at Yates politely taking off his hat to the apparently astonished young woman, but he said nothing.

"Fur two cents," continued Bartlett, gathering up the reins, "I'd whip up the horses and let him walk the rest of the way."

"From what I know of my friend," answered the professor, slowly, "I think he would not object in the slightest."

Bartlett muttered something to himself, and seemed to change his mind about galloping his horses.

Meanwhile, Yates, as has been said, took off his hat with great politeness to the fair pedestrian, and as he did so he noticed with a thrill of admiration that she was very handsome. Yates always had an eye for the beautiful.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Signs of Prosperity.

"You will pardon me, sir," said Hungry Walker to the man with the dress suit and the white waistcoat.

"Go away! I don't want to buy any court plaster."

"Sir, you are rash and impetuous. A square inch of this gelatinized silk which I *daily vend here might save your life.*"

"Get out, you pink-whiskered fraud!"

"But, sir, pray consider. You have plenty——."

"If you don't let me alone, I'll call a policeman——"

"Nay, sir; you not only have an abundance of this world's goods, but you are a millionaire——"

"Well, go on."

"Anybody can wear a dress suit. They are expensive, it is true, but they last for years. The man who wears a white waistcoat in the evening must have a brand new dress suit. Nobody wears a rusty dress suit with a white waistcoat. You have a white waistcoat, therefore your dress suit is not rusty, and as you must have bought it only a short time ago, you have money.

"A man who wears a new dress suit *must stand in with his tailor*, and the man who has a white waistcoat must have a number one rating with his washerwoman. Sir, you are at peace with your tailor and washerwoman. You have been strangely blessed by fortune, and you can well afford to spend five cents for this diminutive packet."

"Thank you, friend Croesus. I'll drink to your health with the proceeds."

HOUSEHOLD

Womanhood.

All skillful hands in other days,
The poets, priests and premiers great,
Employed their craft in divers ways
To build for her a seat of state,
Ivory white
And jewel-bright;
And all the world declared 'twas good –
A throne was meet for womanhood.
But queens have left their thrones ere now—
Have doffed their crowns and said or proved
That royalty itself might bow,
And through the populace have moved
To serve and pray
And g their way;
And none have hindered though they could—
Is this the case with womanhood?
It seemed where'er I chose to roam
I saw to-day in every place—
The busy mart and quiet home—
A being dowered with regal grace,
At work with men,
Brain, hand and pen;
And this, somehow, I understood
Was throne-despising womanhood.

Women and Happiness.

This gloomy idea that womanhood is synonymous with sorrow needs to have the sunlight of common sense thrown on it, and, like other bogies, it will then disappear. There was a time when a woman imagined physical ills her birthright and (poor soul) found her consolation in making an idol of them, regarding herself as a highly strung peculiarly afflicted being whom man, great, coarse, rugged man, could never hope to truly comprehend. This was bad for both her and the man. Now she has learned that a woman who "starts fair" at the beginning (that is, without inherited ill-health) and takes care of herself ever afterward, can expect, nay, is expected by others, to enjoy physical well-being.

The same rule holds good with a woman's imagined birthright of sorrow. She undoubtedly must share in the common doom of humanity and suffer her measure of heartache and disappointment as does man, and, perhaps, by reason of her more sensitive moral and mental fibre she may suffer more, but that is the very reason why she should not make the same sensitiveness a whip with which to scourge herself. Trials will come, as incidentals of existence, quick and fast enough to suit the most sentimental sorrow-worshipper, but she who goes half way to meet them should remember the dying words of an old philosopher, "My son, I have had a great deal of trouble in the course of my life, and most of it never happened."

Most women are trained for pauperism, and accept pauperism as their heaven-ordained condition. Unmarried, they depend upon father or brother; married, upon a husband. Marriage to most of them revolves itself into a "condition of being supported." It is true that the vast majority of them far more than earn their living in marriage. They carry on simultaneously the trades and professions of cook, chambermaid, waitress, housemaid, laundress, seamstress, scullion, child's nurse, and general buyer and manager of the family, while filling the higher role of wife and mother, for in the vast majority of families in Christendom the wife is the only servant. But for all this no one thinks of a married woman as self-supporting.) The law, literature, and custom invariably refer to the husband as his wife's "supporter," and as "the supporter of his family." Until quite recently no married woman was allowed to possess any property, even now she uses it under limitations, as if she were a child in tutelage.

Vegetables and Desserts.

Most housekeepers value a good rule for a lemon pie. Put a cup of white sugar into a cup of cold water and bring to a boil; then stir in a heaping tablespoonful of corn starch mixed in a little cold water and the beaten yolks of two eggs; beat well. Boil about four minutes and take from the fire and add the grated rind and juice of one large or two small lemons. Bake a crust scoring the bottom to prevent rising, then fill it with the lemon mixture. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth with two heaping tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, spread it over the top and brown slightly in the oven.

Cold Slaw.—Shave very fine half a small solid head of cabbage; melt in a pan a teaspoonful of butter and stir into it a heaping teaspoonful of flour. When perfectly smooth, add a *half* pint of milk with an egg beaten in it; stir over the fire until very thick and it begins to boil then stir it into the cabbage. When the cabbage is thoroughly incorporated with the sauce add a little salt and a half cup of vinegar; stir well until mixed and put into the dish in which the slaw is to be served, dust a little pepper over the top and set away as it should be made a half hour at least before it is to be eaten.

Baked Apples.—Apples lacking in flavor and juiciness may be improved by pouring over them a dressing before baking. For a small pan of apples, pared and cored, two thirds of a pint of boiling water, a tablespoonful of flour mixed smooth in a little cold water stirred into this, and a small lump of butter, sugar and any flavoring that is perferred. Pour this mixture over the apples and bake until they are done.

Apple and Rice.—Peel and core apples, being careful not to break them, put them in a deep baking dish and pour over them a syrup made of a pound of sugar to a pint of water boiled till thick; put a small piece of lemon peel inside the apples and bake slowly until done, but not broken. Take out the lemon peel and put any kind of jelly or jam inside the apples, and between them put little heaps of well-cooked rice. Serve either cold or hot.

Indian Custard Pudding.—Take seven heaping tablespoonfuls of indian meal, half a teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of ginger or cinnamon. Pour over these a quart of boiling milk, mix well and pour into a buttered pudding dish. Just before putting into the oven, stir in a cup of cold water which will produce a similar effect as eggs; bake one hour in a quick oven.

Apple Shortcake.—Mix together one quart of sifted flour, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, a half teaspoonful of salt, a scant half cup of butter, and sweet milk enough to make a stiff batter. Bake in a long tin, or in Washington pie tins. Split open as soon as baked with a thin-bladed hot knife, spread with butter and cover with well-seasoned apple sauce, cream and nutmeg. Place the other half of the cake on this with the crust side down, butter the top, add the apple sauce and cream, and serve hot.

Bird's Nest Pudding.—Set seven or eight pared and cored apples in a dish just large enough to hold them. Pound one cracker very fine and put it into a quart bowl, add three eggs, a little salt, and milk enough to fill the bowl. Stir it well, pour over the apples and bake.

Creamed Turnips.—Peel, lay in cold water for half an hour and cook tender and fast in hot salted water, drain, pressing well, put into a clean tin or procelain saucepan and beat smooth over the fire with a wooden spoon (never an iron one), mixing in as you go on, a good spoonful of butter and three spoonfuls of milk or cream; season with pepper and salt. The lumps should be rubbed out and the turnips be a smooth puree.

Salad Making.

In this article I propose to give the essential points in making salads rather than a list of recipes.

The first requirement of a really good salad is freshness and coolness, while the second is daintiness; a salad which has become warm, or one that is mussy and overloaded with garnishing can never be a success.

Salads are not as troublesome to make as many housekeepers seem to think, and they are wonderfully economical affairs, for in their making all bits of fish, fowl, meat or vegetables may be used.

The French are noted as salad makers, but in reality their success lies more in their wonderful knack of seasoning than in anything else. A French cook will have every variety of sweet herb in stock ready for use, and he will use several varieties in one salad, but he never makes any one flavor strong enough to be pronounced; he goes on the principle that a little is good but too much is worse than none at all.

When making a salad have the material and dishes as cold as possible and keep them so until ready to serve. Dip lettuce, parsley and anything of that kind in the coldest water to be had, to freshen them, but be sure to shake every drop of water off, or it will spoil the dressing.

In cold weather, or if one has a refrigerator, a cooked dressing will keep nearly if not quite a week, and with this on hand five minutes' time will give a dainty looking and nourishing dish out of what would otherwise be thrown away, for if there is ever so little of two or three kinds, when nicely put together no one but the maker would ever know it was made of "scraps."

Have a bed of sweet herbs in the garden for summer use; dry some for winter seasoning, and if there is room to spare at some window, have a box of parsley, borage and such things growing to use as garnishing in the winter. They are as ornamental as many so-called "house plants" and are useful as well.

I have tried many recipes for dressings and have settled down to the use of the three which follow, because they are good, easily made and inexpensive. The cooked dressing calls for sour cream, but sweet cream will do as well, and if not very rich, a trifle more butter may be used.

Cooked Dressing.—One cup sour cream, two teaspoonfuls of sugar, one and a half teaspoonfuls of dry mustard. One-half cup of vinegar, two eggs, one-half cup butter, one teaspoonful of salt and a dash of cayenne pepper. Mix all ingredients, except butter and pepper, in an earthen bowl; place in a dish of boiling water and stir until thick, but not until it curdles. Add the butter when taken from the fire, and the pepper when cold.

Mayonaise Dressing.—Beat the yolks of two eggs until light: add two teaspoonfuls of salt and one of white pepper and beat again; stir in a tablespoonful of oil (using a silver fork); then another spoonful of oil; a little vinegar and a little oil alternately until a half pint of oil and two tablespoonfuls of vinegar have been used.

Stir thoroughly and always in one direction.

French Dressing.—To three tablespoonfuls of oil add a salt-spoonful of salt and half as much white pepper, and beat thoroughly, then add a tablespoonful of vinegar and beat until foamy.

This dressing is meant more especially for such salads as lettuce, celery and dandelions.

If the herb garden affords a tarragon bush, pick some sprigs and put into a bottle of vinegar and keep it for salads, as that is the "tarragon vinegar" so often called for, and for which you pay a fancy price if bought prepared.

A genuine "French" dressing always calls for three times as much oil as vinegar and twice as much salt as pepper, remembering this point, one needs no recipe. For those who do not like the taste of the oil, more vinegar and less oil may be used.

THE LETTERS J AND W.

They Were Added to Our Alphabet a Few Hundred Years Ago.

It is a fact not so well known but that it may be said to be curious that the letters j and w are modern additions to our alphabet. The use of the j may be said to have become general during the time of the commonwealth, say between 1649 and 1658. From 1630 to 1646 its use is exceedingly rare, and I have never as yet seen a book printed prior to 1652 in which it appeared. In the century immediately preceding the seventeenth it became the fashion to tail the last i when Roman numerals were used as in this example: viij for 8 or xij in place of 12. This fashion still lingers but only in physicians' prescriptions, I believe. Where the French use j it has the power of s as we use it in the word "vision." What nation was the first to use it as a new letter is an interesting but perhaps unanswerable query.

In a like manner the printers and language makers of the latter part of the sixteenth century began to recognize the fact that there was a sound in spoken English which was without a representive in the shape of an alphabetical sign or character, as the first sound in the word "wet." Prior to that time it had always been spelled as "vet," the v having the long sound of u or of two u's together. In order to convey an idea of the new sound they began to spell such words as "wet," "weather," "web," etc., with two u's, and as the u of that date was a tipical v, the three words in quotations above looked like this: "Vvet," "vveather," "vveb." After awhile the type founders recognized the fact that the double u had come to stay, so they joined the two u's together and made the character now so well known as the w. I have one book in which three forms of the w are given. The first is the old double v (vv), the next is one in which the last stroke of the first v crosses the first stoke of the second, and the third is the common w we use to-day.

The Wealth of the World.

Few people even among professed politicians, have much idea of the wealth of the world, or of the manner in which that wealth is growing. Still fewer have any notion of the potentiality of wealth to increase. M. Jannet quotes the elaborate calculation of an ingenious author to show that 100f., accumulating at 5 per cent. compound interest for seven centuries, would be sufficient to buy the whole surface of the globe, both land and water, at the rate of 1,000,000f. (£40,000) the hectare. The actual growth of riches has not hitherto assumed such inconvenient proportions.

M. Jannet cites various authorities to show that the wealth of the United Kingdom exceeds £10,000,000,000; that of France, £8,000,000,000; that of all Europe, £40,000,000,000; that of the United States, £14,000,000,000. If we place the wealth of the rest of the world at £26,000,000,000, we shall arrive at an aggregate of £80,000,000,000. We should have, we may add, to multiply this vast sum 30,000 times before we reached the total to which according to M. Jannet's ingenious authority, 100f., accumulating at 5 per cent. compound interest for 700 years would grow.

The figures we have given are so vast that they convey no appreciable idea to the ordinary reader. It may assist the apprehension if it be added that France, on an average possesses more than £200, the United Kingdom more than £250 for each member of the population. Just 200 years ago Sir W. Petty estimated the entire wealth of England at only £250,000,000. Two centuries, therefore, have increased it fortyfold. But the chief additions to it have been made in the last fifty years, and we believe that we are not far wrong in saying that the sum which is annually added to the capital of the United Kingdom amounts to £200,000,000, or, in other words, is nearly equal to its entire wealth at the time of the revolution of 1688.—[The Edinburgh Review.

A Stratagem.

Mr. Minks: "That girl was decent enough to black the stoves before going, I see."

Mrs. Minks: "No, I blacked them myself, and it's lucky I did."

"Lucky?"

"Yes, indeed. Mrs. de Fashion and Mrs. de Style called right in the midst of it, and so I just put a little more blacking on my face and went to the door and told them I wasn't in. They said they would call again."

There are about 1,700,000 Christians in India out of a population of about 260 millions; the great majority of Christians in the country are Roman Catholics.

The Princess of Bulgaria has won the hearts of her people by her simplicity. She attends the weekly market at Sofia on foot, going from stall to stall to make her purchases, escorted only by a respectful crowd of peasants.

STEAM ENGINES IN THE HOLY LAND.

Damascus to Witness a Revolution Now That Trains Are to Run There.

A network of railways will soon be extended through Palestine, from Egypt to Damascus, the trains passing en route the tomb of Rachel and the tower of Ramleh, flying through Joppa and along the coast to Jerusalem, where there is a neat little station. Joppa you will remember as an ancient seaport of Palestine, and was at one time the harbor of Judea, when it was fortified by Simon. Josephus speaks of it as the haunt of pirates, and on this account it was destroyed in the Jewish war. It would now be an insignificant place were it not for its commanding sea front, which gives it advantage over any seaport east of Alexandria.

In the immediate vicinity stands the pride of Joppa—the new railroad depot which was formally opened with imposing ceremonies by the Government of Jerusalem, Ibrahim Hakki Pasha. A grand banquet followed the opening, and the Sultan's special envoy, who had been sent in advance to see that the terms of concession were strictly observed, was a leading guest. The engineers of the new road who made the surveys and directed the building operations are nearly all Europeans. Not in many generations has Joppa seen such a gala day as that upon which the new railroad was officially opened for passenger traffic. It was interesting to observe how the various nationalties regarded the enterprise. The Turkish officials, accustomed to Western ideas, regarded it as a source of prospective revenues.

The townsmen, Syrians, Moslems, and others, went in mobs to the depot to in*spect the puffing engine and its tender, and* remarked in amazement and superstition how it could move of its own accord, drawing the heavy cars behind it. As it moved away, with a shrill shriek of the whistle, the women and children put their hands over their ears and screamed, while the Arabs scampered away badly frightened.

From Joppa to Jerusalem the distance is about thirty-six miles by cars, and the trip requires about three and one-half hours. Through a beautiful open country the road enters the famous plain of Sharon. In the distance the little village of Beth-Dagone is barely visible, and is not of sufficient importance to warrant a depot. The plain surrounding Ramleh is still infested by robbers, but the advent of the railroad will tend to lessen these desperadoes. The next station of interest is at Lydda, now called Ludd, where the Apostle Peter and friends once lived. It is reached through dense orange groves. The ruins of the old church erected in honor of St. George are plainly discernible, as are also the artistic heights of Ajalon and the distant Judean Mountains. A short distance beyond a group of Bedouin horsemen stand awaiting the arrival of the train, but their statuesque pose is interrupted by an ear-splitting whistle, which so terrorizes them that they put out in all directions, the riders clinging with difficulty to their saddles. We pass solitary ruins; villages and hamlets miserable in appearance, like most of the places in Palestine; past Samson's old fighting ground and battle-fields, now nearly forgotten; then the hills of Judea loom up ahead, and then the engine stops at the gate of Jerusalem. The trains run from Joppa to Jerusalem twice a day, and in no place in the world can there be more of history crowded into three hours of travel.

There is now a great railway system in the course of construction which will girdle the Holy Land from one end to the other. A French company has secured a concession for a line from Beyrout to Damascus, and has already commenced work on a narrow gauge road. An English syndicate is now building a railway from Haifa to Damascus, which will be about 140 miles long, starting from Haifa, finding its way along the northern base of the range of Carmel to the plane of Esbarlon, through the valley east of Nazareth. Leaving Mount Tabor, it will cross the River Jordan on a trestle and then the point known as Majemeh, where the little Jordan joins the greater river. At this point the road will border on the southern shore of Galilea, and almost without a curve along the famous wheat region, biblically known as the plains of Bashan; thence to the southern gate of Damascus. This road will un*doubtedly prove of the greatest interest to* Syria in an agricultural and commercial way, finding a means for placing upon the Eastern market the rich products in which that section abounds.

RIVALS ON LAKE TCHAD.

The British and French Disputing in Central Africa.

The French and British are having a very lively time in West Central Africa. Those who have seen recent maps of Africa know that the French have painted a large part of North-West Africa a sort of salmon yellow color, which it appears is the geographical mark of the nation of the tricolor. Nearly all Senegambia and the Ivory Coast of Upper Guinea, together with the hinterland *which embraces about two-thirds of the* Sahara desert, is now a French protectorate. French territory, therefore, stretches from Algeria on the Mediterranean down to the Gulf of Guinea and from Lake Tchad to the Atlantic Ocean. The city of Timbuctoo, dear to poets, is about the centre of their possessions. It has been pointed out that the Germans seem to have a great love for malarial bogs and marshes and swamps, judging from the avidity with which they

HAVE GOBBLED UP

the Cameroons and the east coast of New Guinea. The French seem to be about as sentimental in regard to the possession of deserts and of waste howling wildernesses. Like the famous carpenter, or was it the walrus, of "Wonderland," they seem "to weep like anything to see such quantities of sand" all lovely, belonging to nobody! Except a few stray bits of property, mostly commanding river mouths like Gambia, Sierra Leone, British Liberia, the Gold Coast, etc., the British have painted red in North-West Africa only the districts bordering on the river Niger with its great tributary, the Benure, north about as far as Lake Tchad, the west and south coasts of which they claim. About a year ago there was a race for Lake Tchad and its neighborhood by the British, French and Germans. The British having the rivers Niger and Benure in their possession, seem to

HAVE WON THE RACE

and made treaties with the Sultans south of Lake Tchad to about the twelfth parallel of latitude. French officers, by hiring boats and buying provisions from the British Royal Niger Company, got up the Benue, but of course some time after the British had made the treaties. This did not matter, however, for the French tore up the British treaties, and the Sultans were quite willing to make new ones with the latest bringers of firearms, ammunition and whiskey. The British, hearing of this, refused to afford the French facilities for returning from Lake Tchad, and the whole expedition seem to be stranded there. The French on the coast have not the means of communicating with the expedition, let alone relieving it, and the British naturally refuse to assist them unless they apologize for setting aside

THE BRITISH TREATIES,

and withdraw their claims to the Central Soudan. At present only the African agents of both governments are at war over the affair, but the Governments are likely to take it up soon, and then we shall hear a great deal about the immense value of the Lake Tchad country and the Central Soudan. Great Britain wants to have a clear strip of territory from the East Coast to the West throughout Africa; from the mouth of the Niger, that is, across by Uganda to Mombasa. They want to carry a telegraph line at once and a railway by-and-by from Cape Town to Cairo too. About one-quarter of the telegraph construction will be done this year if all goes well.

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

He Had Theories as to Action in Case o Fire, but They Didn't Work.

"Mrs. Bowser," said Mr. Bowser, as he looked up from his paper the other evening, "has it ever occurred to you that this house might get afire some night?"

"How could it?" she innocently asked.

"How could it?" Why, in 10,000 different ways. That's just like a woman. So long as nobody builds a bonfire in the basement she argues that the house is safe from a conflagration. You should go to bed every night with the possibilities of a fire in view."

"Do you!"

"Certainly I do, and I know exactly how I should act under the circumstances. I should be just as cool and calm as at this very moment. Have you ever given a thought as to what you would do?"

"I never have, but I know I should go out of the house," she answered.

"That's the woman of it—no thought, no plan, but trusting to luck. There isn't one chance in a hundred, Mrs. Bowser—no, not one chance in a million—that you would escape with your life unless I assisted you. You would awake to be confused, mistake the clothespress door for the back stairs, and having got in there you would remain until overcome by smoke and heat."

"In your confusion you might go into the bathroom," quietly observed Mrs. Bowser.

"In my confusion! Are you talking to a man 45 years old or to a boy of 3? It's no wonder that women are the ignorant, helpless creatures we find them. The minute a husband begins to talk sense his wife loses all interest in his conversation and even ridicules him! It's all right, however—all right! If you want to leave your charred skeleton *amidst the blackened ruins of the* house I have no particular objection. I suppose I could hire a man to gather up the bones in a soap box and bury 'em somewhere for a couple of dollars!"

And Mr. Bowser crossed his hands under his coattails and proceeded to pace back and forth across the room and utterly ignore the fact of Mrs. Bowser's continued presence. A night or two later, as he slept and dreamed, something nudged his ribs and he heard a voice saying:

"Wake up, Mr. Bowser! Wake up! Can't you smell the smoke? I do believe the house is on fire!"

It was the voice of Mrs. Bowser, and he sat up in bed and rubbed his eyes and shouted "Fire!" and "Police!" at the top of his voice.

"Get out of bed and hurry downstairs and see if you can put it out!" she called to *him as she sprang out herself.*

Mr. Bowser had declared that he would be calm, and that he had figured out a regular programme to follow. Perhaps it was down on his programme to roll out of bed with the coverings "wapsed" around him till it took two minutes to kick himself loose. During the intervals he was yelling "Fire!" and directing Mrs. Bowser to telephone to the police station. She had the bedroom door open for him to run down stairs, but he got into the hall to canter up and down and dodge into the various rooms and out again.

"Mr. Bowser, be calm!" she called to him as she seized his arm and tried to hold him.

"Yes—yes—I am calm—Fire! Police! The house is on fire!" he shouted in reply as he broke away and continued his cantering.

Mrs. Bowser let him go and hurried down stairs, where she found the covering of the lounge smoking and smoldering from contact with the cigar he had smoked just before going to bed. She ran into the kitchen and filled the first dish she could find with water and had the fire out at one dash. She had turned to go upstairs when there was a fall and a great bumping and clattering, and down rolled Mr. Bowser with his arms tightly clasped around a soap box full of old hats and shoes which he had pulled out of the storeroom at the back of the house.

"Our child!" she screamed as he brought up in the hall.

"Yes—our child be hanged! Police! We shall be burned alive!" he yelled as he struggled up and flew up the stairway.

She followed a minute later to find him galloping around the upper hall with a foot bath under one arm and an old picture frame under the other, and he didn't come to a realizing sense of the situation until he had raised a back window and heaved them into the yard. When he had learned what caused the smoke and that all danger was passed he sat down on a chair and waved his arm enthusiastically and exclaimed:

"Didn't I tell you so? Didn't I say I should be as cool as ice and make every move according to programme? By George, but that was a close shave! You were perfectly helpless, and between having to look out for you and the child and put the fire out I had business enough for any two men!"

Mrs. Bowser looked hard at him and was going to speak, but on second thought she didn't say a word, and to this hour Mr. Bowser continues to brag of how he did just the right thing at the right time to save them all from being cremated.

Spider Showers.

Spider showers are worthy of mention. The spiders are gossamers, and all those who have read White's "Natural History of Selborne" will call to mind his description of the showers he observed. One of these, he tells us, continued for nearly a whole day, and the gossamers descended from a surprising height, for when one gentleman ascended a hill near at hand, some 300 feet high, he found that the spiders were dropping from a region in the atmosphere that was still beyond the reach of his gaze.

Dr. Martin Lister named this aerial spider "the bird," from the facility with which it can traverse the air, and upon one occasion, when he observed a shower of them at York, he ascended to the top of the minster and found that even at that altitude he was still below their level—that they were descending from some region above that standpoint.

Darwin, another observer of spider showers, describes one which he saw in 1832, when on board the Beagle, at the mouth of the La Plata River, when the vessel was some sixty miles from land, and he seems to have been the first to notice that each parachute of gossamer carried a spider æronaut, for he not only observed them arrive on board the ship, but he also saw them reproduce a new parachute and on this frail bark launch forth again "on the bosom of the palpitating air."

These gossamer showers are great mysteries, and once seen, cannot very readily be forgotten, for the air on these occasions becomes literally crowded with the tiny parachutes mentioned, which are composed of a few threads of almost invisible gossamer, with a small but lively spider attached. This may be regarded as the most beautiful thing in strange showers.—[Chambers's Journal.

What He Thought.

A sergeant of an Irish regiment used to dislike one of his men, whom we will call Brady.

One day after drill, at which the sergeant had relieved his mind on the squad, and Brady in particular, Brady walked up to the officer—who, by the way, squinted horribly—and says:

"Sergeant, if I was to call you a squinted son of a bursted bomb what would I get?"

"Faith," said the sergeant, "you'd get six months."

"And if I only thought it," says Brady.

"Oh, you'd get nothing."

"Well," returned Brady, "by jabers I think it."

Cook (to nurse)—"The mistress says to be very careful in moving the clock, and not let it fall." Nurse—"Then you carry the baby and let me carry the clock. You might let the clock fall."

THE WEEKLY NEWS

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

Wednesday, Nov. 8, 1893

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

The Coming Winter.

It is useless to attempt to conceal the fact that the coming winter will be an exceptionally hard one financially in both England and the United States. In both countries the revenue will not begin to meet the current expenditures, and this state of things, from the increasing depression of trade, must continue for some time to grow worse. We shall of course feel to a greater or less extent the effect of the hard times, and will be wise if we draw in sail, and lessen our expenditures as much as practicable. Considering the condition of the mines and the heavy farming crops we can be comfortable with reasonable prudence. Business should be pushed as usual, but it is not the time to try experiments, Capital is in hiding. It is best to plod now until the storm blows over. In the meantime we may congratulate ourselves that we have so good a port when the outside gale blows so fiercely, strewing wrecks on everyhand.

Northern Mail.

The st. Joan has ceased its trips between Comox and Valdez Island for the very good reason that there is no money in it. This shuts off Valdez Island from mail communication until other arrangements shall be made. This is a severe blow to not only the people there but like wise to our merchants as all commercial connections are necessarily severed. The duty of the Dominion government in the premises is plain, and that is to give to the Joan a sufficient subsidy to enable it to make its regular trips there without loss. Until such arrangement be made, the mail should be carried up through the valley. This could be done fortnightly for about $10 per trip. This district has no mail connection with the islands of the gulf, with the exception of Denman and Hornby Islands, except by the long roundabout way of Vancouver, notwithstanding many of them are but a few miles distant. Will our member, Mr. Haslam, kindly look into this matter, and appeal to the government for such action as shall prevent our present isolation? It is a matter which requires prompt and vigorous action. The service should be resumed without unnecessary delay, and the proper thing to do is to bonus the Joan, and In the meantime have the mail carried overland.

The Campaigns.

Although neither the Dominion or the Provincial Parliaments have been dissolved, the political contests are raging in full force in both cases. The papers as usual are discussing each other more than the issues involved, and this is being carried to an extent which is perfectly nauseating. One would think, in some instances, that the papers were of more importance ,in their own estimation, than the government or parties. How much better it would be if these organs would pay less attention to each other, and be content with the presentation of facts and arguments! The field between the Dominion parties at present is quite narrow provided the Conservative party adheres to the platform of a reform tariff.

With reference to Provincial politics there seems little in the way of principle involved. It is the Outs against the Ins. The parliament buildings are finally located at Victoria, and talk against them is so much breath wasted. The land laws need reforming, but while that is admitted we see no scheme to improve them advocated by either party. The fight will come on the Redistribution Bill, but it is useless to discuss that further until the measure is introduced. What we need here is a railroad to open up the country. To which party can we look for aid in this matter? A railroad from Nanaimo which would cross Seymour Narrows on to the mainland and open up the Chicotin and Cariboo region, would be of inestimable value to the country. Politics are only important to the non-office holding citizen, except so far as they advance good government and increase the material prosperity. The doctrine of separation of this island from the mainland will find no support here. We would be glad to see abuse eliminated from the dis cussions in the pending campaign.

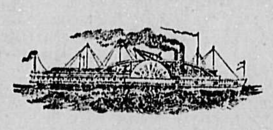
Only a Score of White Rhinoceroses.

From a letter addressed by that renowned sportsman, Mr. Selous, to the Field, it appears that that curious and rare animal the white rhinoceros has not yet gone the way of the dodo and the great bustard, though some have ventured to give Mr. Selous' authority for saying that he is Mashonaland, which has kept the native hunters to the west of the Umniati River, that this gentleman attributes the fact that in this part a few specimens still survive the constant persecution which in less than twenty years has utterly exterminated them in every other portion of South Central Africa. "There may yet," Mr. Selous adds, "be ten or even twenty of these animals left, but certainly not more I think, than the latter number."—London News.

Teeth Mutilation.

Dr. Magitot, of Paris, has published an interesting account of the mutilation of the teeth practiced by various savage tribes. One variety, which is chiefly met with on the coasts of Africa and the west coast of New Guinea, consists of the breaking of a portion of the incisor by means of a knife and a piece of wood, and is performed between the ages of twenty and twenty-five. The custom of extracting the two central incisors is found in both hemispheres. According to Zerate, it has been practiced in Peru from time immemorial, where it is inflicted on conquered tribes as a sign of slavery. In Africa it has been observed on the Congo, among the Hottentots and the Batoxas. The mutilation by filing has for its exclusive center the Malayan Archipelago, whence it has spread to the adjoining islands. It is a religious act, which is celebrated with great festivities at the age of puberty, but this only by the Mohammedans. The degree and character of this filing vary with the habits of family or caste. The operation is performed by an expert, the Tukang pangur (filer), by means of a chisel, three bricks, two files, a small saw, and a pair of cutting nippers, the instruments being rubbed with arsenic and lemon juice before being used.

It is the fashion among some tribes on the Senegal River to extract the upper temporary incisors in girls when quite young and to manipulate the chin, so that it is drawn forward and the lower incisors are made to protrude so as to overlap the upper lip, thus producing an artificial prognathism. In Indo-China and Japan a girl on her marriage paints her teeth with a black varnish. However, as this operation requires time and money, it is only practiced by the wealthy class. Livingstone reported that among the Kafirs a child whose upper teeth erupted before the lower ones was regarded as a monster and killed. On the Upper Nile the negroes have their upper incisors extracted, in order to avoid being sold as slaves, because of the loss of value brought about by this mutilation. Among the Esquimaux, as described by the Abbe Peritat, in some regions there exists a custom of transversely cutting off the upper incisors, the object of this being, according to local tradition, to prevent the human chin looking like that of a dog.—Lancet.



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De 8 00 AM	De 2 30 PM		VICTORIA	78	Ar 12 24	Ar 5 58
8 04	2 34	1	RUSSELL'S	77	12 20	5 54
8 14	2 41	4	ESQUIMALT	74	12 10 PM	5 44
8 39	3 00	11	GOLDSTREAM	67	11 45 AM	5 19
9 14	3 35	20	SUMMIT SIDING	58	11 10	4 50
9 34	4 04	25	SHAWNIGAN L'E	50	10 50	4 24
9 44	4 14	31	COBBLE HILL	47	10 40	4 14
9 57	4 29	35	McPHERSON'S	43	10 27	3 53
10 07	4 39	38	KOKSILAH	40	10 17	3 49
10 12	4 44	40	DUNCAN'S	35	10 12	3 44
10 22	4 [illegible]	43	SOMENOS	35	10 02	3 34
10 48	5 [illegible]	52	CHEMAINUS	26	9 36	3 12
11 09	5 33	59	OYSTER BAY S G	19	9 15	2 55
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For Domestic Purposes delivered at short notice.

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At the Bay, Comox, B. C.
Blacksmithing and Repairing of all kinds
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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.
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Largest Establishment of its kind.
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Carpenter *
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General Job Work
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Courtenay B. C.

For Sale
521 Acres of Choice Land,
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9 Horses, 100 Sheep, and 90 Cows together with 2 Mowing Machines, 1 Steel Roller 1 Reaping Machine, 1 Seed Sower, 1 Drill Sower, 1 Spring wagon, and Double Wagon.

Title deeds can be seen in my possession.

Adam McKelvey

: NOTICE :

James Abrams of Union is my Agent

in your District. Any orders you may be pleased to give him for the repairing of Watches, Jewelery & etc., will receive prompt attention and will be done in a workmanlike manner at the lowest possible charges. All work guaranteed to give satisfaction. My stock of Watches, Clocks, Jewelery, and Silver Plate will be larger than ever this Fall and Winter. Give me a call when in Nanaimo, M. R. Counter.

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"Manufactures the finest cigares, employing none but white labor.
Why purchase inferior foreign cigars, when you can obtain a SUPERIOR ARTICLE for the same money?

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Near Bastion Street Bridge
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All Kinds of Machinery made to order and repaired.

Fruit Trees
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A large supply of three and four year old
APPLE TREES
Also Pears Plumes, Prunes, and Peaches Ornamental trees for lawns and grass plots. Small fruits, shrubs and evergreens of every variety.
M. R. Gilchrist,
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B. C.

The Nanaimo Pharmacy
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Pure Drugs Chemicals and Patent Medicines.
Physicans Presciptions and all orders filled with care and dispatch. P. O. box 12

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Dealer in General Merchandise.
Highest cash Price Paid for Furs, Hides, and Country Produce.

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‡ Nanaimo Steam ‡
CARRAGE WORKS.
Baston St. Bridge, Nanaimo, B. C.
General Blacksmithing, Horseshoeing Carrage Building, etc.
Wagons and Farming Implements made aud repaired. Miners' Auger Drilling Machines made to order on short notice.

Wm Mathewson.
will deliver daily at
UNION
and during warm weather twice a day Pure Milk from His Ranch
And also will deliver to his custome daily Fresh Eggs, Butter, Vegetables. Poultry. etc.
Farmers having above for sale or delivery should consult him.
Passengers carried to and from Union.

Vancouver Furniture Warehouse.
Established 1873.
BASTION, WHARF AND FRONT STREETS
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MANUFACTURER AND DIRECT IMPORTER
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Comox B. C.
Conducts a General
Teaming and Livery Business
His Stage Runs to Union and Returns Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays.

McKenzie
—and—
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Courtenay, B. C.
General Blacksmithing and Horse Shoeing.
Loggers' Work a Specialty.

Anley & Beckensell.
COMOX and UNION B. C.
Dealers in All Kinds of Meats, Vegetables, etc.
Orders Filled on Short Notice.

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UNION, B. C.
Having Added to their Own the
Splendid Livery Outfit
of R. Grant and Co
Are Prepared to furnish Stylish Rigsat Reasonable Rates
Give them a call.

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

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.

FOR
Stout winter foot-wear go to
Duncan Bros.

SENSATION.

We are going to cause A Big Sensation in Nanaimo this season by A 20 PER CENT REDUCTION SALE which commences Nov. 1st.

We have an ENORMOUS STOCK this fall, some $40,000 worth which we must reduce to $20,000.

To Speedily effect this, we have instituted this sale. In connection with the above we shall have

A Bargain Counter

where the Ladies will be able to procure the most Startling Bargains ever offered in the Province.

Sloan & Scott, Nanaimo, B. C.

Kaslo City Bargains

and other splendid investments.

We offer you

SNAPS NOT SNIPS

Buy of your home Agents who will be pleased to secure you bargains.

Gilchrist and McArdle, Courtenay.

Riverside Hotel
Courtenay B C
J. J. Grant, Proprietor
The Hotel is one of the best equipped on the Pacific Coast, and is situated at the mouth of the Courtenay River, between Union and the large farming settlement of Comox.
Trout are plentiful in the river, and large game abounds in the neighborhood
The Bar connected with the hotel is kept well supplied with the best wines and liquors. Stage connects with all Steamers. Terms moderate

COURTENAY HOUSE.
COURTENAY, B.C.
The leading hotel in Comox district. New and handsomely furnished, xcellent hunting and fishing close to town. Tourists can depend on first-class accommodation. Reasonable rates. Bar supplied with t choicest liquors and cigars
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Subscribed Capital, $5,000,000; Total Assets, $12,091,772.
The Company Lends Money from $300 to $300,000,
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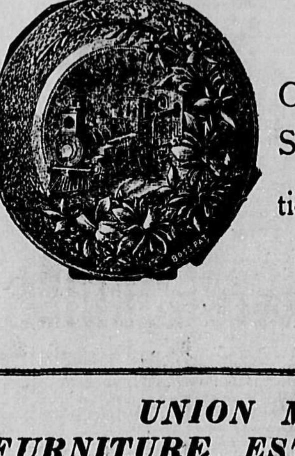

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