The Weekly News.

NO 13. COURTENAY, COMOX DISTRICT, B. C. WEDNESDAY, FEB. 1, 1893. $2.00 PER YEAR

MCKIM

has opened up a

Dry Goods

Grocery &

Boot and Shoe Store

IN COURTENAY.

A full stock of goods will always be carried.

A share of your trade is solicited.

MCPHEE & MOORE

COMOX, B. C.

We call attention to our large stock of wallpaper also 8 cases Boots and Shoes just opened up. A carload Ogilvie's Hungarian flour just in

J. B. HOLMES

IMPORTER AND DEALER IN

General Merchandise

COMOX, B. C.

A large consignment of Cooking and Heating stoves received this day, per Steamer Comox.

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

COURTENAY PHARMACY.

PURE DRUGS & PATENT MEDICINES

Also Fancy Toilet Articles

TOBACCO AND CIGARS.

OPPORTUNITY ARRIVED

I have for sale some Splended Lots and Blocks a little

EAST OF COURTENAY VILLAGE.

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

Directly Through The Property

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

Office at Courtenay. Wm Cheney, Real EstateAgt

Dr. W. J. Young

Physician & Surgeon

OFFICE & RESIDENCE.

Courtenay Pharmacy

COURTENAY, B. C

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.

UNION BAKERY

And Restaurant

OF

E. F. CLAY,

Courtenay B. C.

Best of everything in his line Always on hand.

Fraser & Thomas

Stage and Livery Business

Stage connects with all steamers at the Bay.

Also do a general

Teaming Business

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

F. W. Hart

Manufacturer, Importer, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

FURNITURE

CARPETS, LINOLEUM, OIL CLOTH AND

– HOUSE FURINISHING –

Largest Establishment of its kind.

21-24 Cordova St. Vancouver, B. C.

Riverside Hotel

Courtenay B C

J. J. Grant, Propritor

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

McCann & Cessford

Carpenters * And Builders

General Job Work

UNDERTAKERS.

Courtenay B. C.

Nob Hill Property.

Six and One Half Acres

on Nob Hill facing the Gulf.

Splendid Fruit Land

free from wind and frost and suitable for a

Gentleman's Residence

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

Enquire at News Office.

SHOEMAKER

A Good shoemaker is needed at Courtenay. He should be able to mend harnesses; A married man prefered. This is a snap for the right man.

UNION MINES

FURNITURE ESTABLISHMENT

A Full Line of Everything

BUILDERS and CONTRACTORS

UNDERTAKING IN ALL ITS BRANCHES

Grant and McGregor Props.

... George Howe. ...

COMOX and UNION B. C.

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

Orders Filled on Short Notice.

The Courtenay Hotel

Leading hotel of Comox District

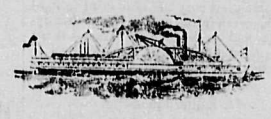
Everything first class.

Rates from $1.00 to $2.00

Bar supplied with choicest liquors

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

R. Graham, Propr.



Esquimalt and Nanaimo Ry.

Steamer Joan

J. E. BUTLER, MASTER.

On and after Aug. 23rd, 1892

The Steamer JOAN will sail as follows

CALLING AT WAY PORTS;

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

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

Esquimalt & Nanaimo R'y.

Time Table No. 17,

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

| GOING SOUTH READ UP | | |

HIGH CASTE INDIAN MAGIC

Wonderful Performances of the Jugglers of the East.

BY PROF. H. KELLAR.

Fifteen years spent in India and the far East have convinced me that the high caste fakirs, or magicians, of Northern India have probably discovered natural laws of which we in the West are ignorant. That they succeed in overcoming forces of nature which to us seem insurmountable, my observation satisfies me beyond doubt.

No topic of the marvellous has excited more general interest and remained in greater obscurity than Hindoo jugglery. Discussion has, through a confusion of terms, lent to the subject a vagueness which it might otherwise have escaped. Magic is defined as "the art of putting in action the power *of spirits, or the occult powers of nature;*" so it seems proper to use the term magician, in speaking of the esoteric marvel worker, in the sense of a human being who is able to put in action "the occult powers of nature."

News of the strange performances of the Hindoo magicians has reached the West for centuries. Marco Polo's *stories of their* feats, though at first received in Europe with some credence, afterwards served to foster the impression that he was the willing victim of delusion. The tales of the Crusaders rivalled those told of the achievements of the great Merlin, and we glean from the exploits of Thomas of Ercildoune and the wizards of the North glimpses of what may be the reflected potency of the Tibetan *esoterics. Yet, through a thousand* years of rumor, the high caste fakir has succeeded in

PRESERVING THE SECRET

of his powers, which have on more than one occasion baffled my deepest scrutiny, and remained the inexplicable subject of my lasting wonder and admiration.

When I appeared before Queen Victoria, at Balmoral, in 1878, I was asked if I could rival the feats of levitation which Her Majesty's officers in Northern India had observed and described in their letters home. My reply was that with proper mechanical appliances I could produce an illusion of levitation and appear to overcome, as the jugglers did, the force of gravity, but that the actual feat of suspending the operation of that force was beyond my powers. As an evidence of the world-wide curiosity *manifested in these truly wonderful phe*nomena, I may mention the fact that the King of Burmah, before whom I appeared at Mandalay, and the venerable Dom Pedro, in the Teatro Dom Pedro Secundo at Rio, made similar requests, to which I was compelled to return the same reply. The Sultan of Zanzibar described to me and asked me to duplicate the feat of the witch doctors of the east coast of Africa and of Borneo, who, he believed, projected their astral bodies at will, with the curious additional power of imparting to the astral image an aspect so hideous and terrifying that its appearance to human eyes could actually destroy life itself.

The jugglers of India may be divided into *two classes. The low caste fakirs are met* with all over the East, travelling in parties of from three to six. They are arrayed in breech clouts and have an air of pitiable poverty and misery. Each party generally includes one or two women, whose flowing robes assist in the concealment of the necessary juggling apparatus. At none of their *seances*, that I have ever seen or heard of, did the audience completely surround the performers, opportunity being thus offered for evasions and changes.

They all seem to have the same stock in trade, and to be willing to explain any one of their tricks in private for two or three rupees. They are to be met with almost anywhere in Indian cities—in the plazas, *open squares, around the bases of public* statues and in the courtyards of the hotels. They content themselves with the sword and basket trick, the duck trick, the mango trick, the pineapple trick, and the manipulation of cobras. All of these, of which I shall speak presently, are readily understood by the practised eye.

The high caste fakirs, on the contrary, are only seen at great public fetes, such as the coronation of a Prince, the festival of a Maharajah, the coming of age of a Nizam, the grand feast of the Mohorrum, and such special occasions as the visit of the Prince of Wales to India. I have had the good fortune to be present on all these occasions, and confess that after thirty years' profes*sional experience as a magician, in the course* of which I have circumnavigated the globe a baker's dozen of times, and penetrated the remotest corners of the East and West, alike, I am still unable to arrive at a satisfactory explanation of the performances I witnessed.

These fakirs—for that term does not imply a reflection upon their personalities or their methods—are very dignified men, of patriarchal appearance, with ascetic faces and long gray beards. All the skilful ones I have seen were quite advanced in years, and were said to have spent their lives in study and in seclusion. It seems plausible indeed

TO BELIEVE THEIR STORY,

that it is only after a lifetime of contemplation and study that they are admitted into the higher circles of the esoteric brotherhood, whose seat is in the monasteries of Tibet and in the mountain recesses of northern Hindustan. They are quiet, suave and secretive and appear to attach an almost religious significance to the manifestations of their power. There is nothing inherently improbable in the theory that they are initiated into a knowledge whose secrets have been successfully preserved for centuries.

That there is anything supernatural in their power I would be the last to concede, *for I have spent my life in combating the* delusions of supernaturalism and the so-called manifestations of spiritualism.

The most marvellous phenomena which I have observed may be described under the heads of feats of levitation, or the annihilation of gravity; feasts of whirling illusion, in which one human form seems to multiply itself into many, which again resolve themselves into one; and feats of voluntary interment.

My first experience with the phenomenon of levitation, was in January, 1882, during the course of an engagement I was filling at the Chowringhee Theatre Royal in Calcutta. Mr. Eglinton, a professed spiritual medium was giving *seances* in Calcutta at the time, *and as I openly avowed my ability to ex*pose the frauds of all so-called mediums, I was taken to one of them which occurred in a brilliantly lighted apartment. I will not describe it otherwise than to say that it so puzzled and interested me that I gladly accepted the invitation an evening or two afterwards to be present with several others at a dark *seance* given by Mr. Eglinton.

It was now that the feast of levitation was *apparently performed in the presence of* these spectators. The only furniture in the room was a plain teakwood table, a zither, some chairs, two musical boxes and a scroll of paper. A circle having been formed, I was placed on Mr. Eglinton's left and seized his left hand firmly in my right. Immedi*ately on the extinction of the lights, I felt* him rise slowly in the air and as I retained firm hold of his hand, I was pulled off my feet, and subsequently compelled to jump on a chair and then on the table in order to retain my hold of him. That his body did ascend into the air on that occasion with an apparently utter disregard of the law of gravity, there can be no doubt. The musical-boxes, playing briskly, then appeared *to float through the air above our heads,* small green lights appearing and disappearing here and there without visible cause, and the zither playing near the ceiling or immediately over our heads.

I mention this incident as a preface to the more remarkable feats of levitation I will *now describe, and also to say that this be*ing my first experience of that strange power, what most excited my wonder was the fact, for I may speak of it as a fact without qualification, that when Mr. Eglinton rose from my side, and, by the hold he had on my right hand, pulled me up after him, my own body appeared for the time being to have been rendered non-susceptible to gravity.

On the occasion of the visit of the Prince of Wales to Calcutta during the winter of 1875-6, I saw a marvel of levitation performed in the presence of the Prince and of some fifty thousand spectators. The place was the Maidam, or Great Plaza of Calcutta, and the old fakir who was the master magician of the occasion did his work out in the open plaza. Around him, in raised seats and on and under the gallaries of the neighboring houses, the native Princes and Begums were gathered by the score, arrayed in their silks and jewels, with a magnificence to which our Western eyes are little accustomed.

After a *salaam* to the Prince, the old fakir took three swords with straight cross-barred hilts, and buried them hilt downwards about six inches in the ground. The points of these swords were very sharp, as I afterwards informed myself. A younger fakir, whose black beard was parted in what we now call the English fashion, although it *originated in Hindustan, then appeared,* and, at a gesture from his master, stretched himself out upon the ground at full length, with his feet together and his hands close to his sides, and, after a pass or two made by the hands of the old man, appeared to become rigid and lifeless. A third fakir now came forward and taking hold of the feet of his prostrate companion, whose head was lifted by the master, the two laid the *stiffened* body upon the points of the swords, which appeared to support it

WITHOUT PENETRATING THE FLESH.

The point of one of the swords was immediately under the nape of the man's neck, that of the second rested midway between *his shoulders, and that of the third* was at the base of his spine; there being nothing under his legs. After the body had been placed on the sword-points the second fakir retired, and the old man who was standing some distance from it, turned and *salaamed* to the audience.

The body tipped neither to the right nor to the left, but seemed to be balanced with mathematical accuracy. Presently the master took a dagger with which he removed the soil round the hilt of the first sword, and, releasing it from the earth, after some exertion, quietly stuck it into his girdle, the body meanwhile retaining its position. The second and the third swords were likewise taken from under the body, which, *there in broad daylight and under the eyes* of all the spectators, preserved its horizontal position, without visible support, about two feet from the ground. A murmur of admiration pervaded the vast throng, and with a low *salaam* to the Prince, the master summoned his assistant, and lifting the suspended body from its airy perch *they laid* it gently upon the ground. With a few passes of the master's hand the inanimate *youth was himself again.*

Before describing the third and still more marvellous feat of levitation which it has been my privilege to see, I will say that by the use of metal shields, it is perfectly conceivable that the aged fakir could have laid the rigid body of his subject upon the sword *points and kept it there without the assist*ance of anything marvellous. In a closed room with walls and ceilings to which the mechanical appliances of the magician's craft, as we understand it, could be attached, the feat of levitation, as described, could be performed. But this would be, of course, simply an illusion.

During the Zulu war I was in South Africa, travelling north through Zululand. *In Dunn's reservation, two hundred miles* north from Durban, in Natal, I saw a witch doctor levitate the form of a young Zulu by waving a tuft of grass about his head, amid surroundings calculated to impress themselves deeply upon the most prosaic imagination. It was evening, and the witch doctor, who belonged to the class described more than once by Rider Haggard with great accuracy, was as revolting in his *appearance as the high caste fakirs* had been pleasing. A number of fakirs had gathered about our camp fire and I had given them some illustrations of my own skill. They seemed puzzled but were not specially curious. One of these stole away and after some minutes returned with their *own conjurer, the witch doctor in question.* After considerable solicitation from the natives, the intricacies of which my knowledge of the Zulu language did not enable me quite to penetrate, the conjurer, who at first seemed reluctant to give his consent to an exhibition of his powers before me, took a knob kerry or chub and fastened it at the end of a thong of rawhide about two feet long. A young native, tall and athletic, *whose eyes appeared* to be fixed upon those of the conjurer with an apprehensive steadfastness, took his own knob kerry and fastened it at the end of a similar thong of hide. The two then stood about six feet apart in the full glare of the fire, and began, all the while in silence, to whirl their knob kerrys about *their heads. I noticed that* when the two clubs seemed, in their swift flight, almost to come in contact, a spark or flame passed or appeared to pass from one of them to the other. The third time this happened there was an explosion, the spark appeared to burst, the young man's knob kerry was shattered to pieces, and he fell to the ground apparently lifeless.

The witch doctor turned to the high grass a few feet behind us and gathered a handful of stalks about three feet long. Standing in the shadow and away from the *fire, he waved,* with a swift motion, exactly similar to that of the clubs a few minutes before, the bunch of grass around the head of the young Zulu, who lay as dead, in the firelight. In a moment or two the grass seemed to ignite in its flight, although the witch doctor was not standing within twenty feet of the *fire, and burned slowly,* crackling audibly. Approaching more closely the form of the native in the trance the conjurer

WAVED THE FLAMING GRASS

gently over his figure, about a foot from the flesh. *To my intense amazement the re*cumbent body slowly rose from the ground and floated upward in the air to a height of about three feet, remaining in suspension and moving up and down, according as the passes of the burning grass were slower or faster. As the grass burned out and dropped to the ground the body returned to its position on the ground, and after a few passes from the hands of the witch doctor, *the young Zulu leaped to his feet,* apparently none the worse for his wonderful experience.

The witch doctors of Africa have a great reputation for making rain and bewitching cows, and frequently seem to make themselves the vehicle of domestic enchantments and household spells, *but, taking it alto*gether, the exhibition I have just described, was, I think, the most remarkable that has *come under my vision.*

I have heard in India that the fakirs walk in the air, but I have never met an eye witness of this feat; the accounts given me came second or third hand, and related that the magician laid himself flat upon the earth, face downwards, for a minute or a minute and a half, then arose, *and pressing* his arms tightly against his sides, stepped forwards and upwards as if upon an aerial stairway, walking up into the air to an altitude of several hundred feet. My informant said that it was thought this might be done through an occult knowledge of electrical currents, as if these fakirs changed at will the nature of the electrical current with which their body was charged from the neg*ative to the positive, vice versa* inhaling an electrical influence from the earth which had the effect of destroying the force of gravity. But this seemed to me, as it still seems, unintelligible.

After the Eglinton *seance* in Calcutta, I saw a performance by the whirling fakirs in the Chandee Choke, the *Cheapside of* Calcutta. There were a score of Englishmen in the party which had gathered by arrange*ment, and we* were escorted to a long empty room in the Chandee Choke, which was apparently an unoccupied store room. There was no back door, and the only two windows in the room—which were at either side of the entrance—looked on the street. There was no one present when we arrived, *and we examined the room carefully,* testing the walls, ceiling and floor for secret doors, traps, wires, etc., and came to the conclusion that in those respects, at least, all was as it should be. We then drew a chalk line one-third of the way down the room from the door, beyond which we were to remain as audience, while four fakirs, who appeared at that moment from the street, *were to give us an exhibition of their* magical powers in the other two-thirds of the apartment, which was destitute of either doors or windows, and, so far we could inform ourselves, absolutely without means of communication with the adjoining buildings or with the open air.

The old fakir took a chafing dish and set it about ten feet from the chalk line on his side, casting upon its glowing coals a white powder, which gave out a strong scent of tuberoses, very agreeable to the senses. A fine white vapor arose from the burning powder and filled the corners of the ceiling, draping the dull panelling with a *flying* wreath or two, but still permitting a clear view of the end wall. At a point some six *or eight feet* beyond the chafing dish the old man and his three assistants began dancing slowly; they gave utterance to no sound but whirled faster and faster, with a rhythmic motion, their robes flowing out on either side and blending the four forms into a composite group, of which the tall master *was the central figure. Suddenly, to our* great astonishment, we became aware that there was only one form visible, that of the old man. The swift whirl of his dance was gradually relaxed, and in a minute or two he became motionless, *salaamed,* advanced in front of the chafing dish, bowed again, and pointed with a dignified *gesture to the* rear of the apartment. We all looked eagerly in the direction of the gesture; there was not a living creature, nor indeed an object of any kind visible beyond the line except himself. With another *salaam* he returned to his original position in the rear of the chafing dish, and began with reverse motion the dance of a moment before. Holding out his arms on each side of him as *it the better to balance himself,* he now sang in a low, monotonous tone, a chant, the words of which impressed themselves on my memory and sounded like this:

"ai ya or ekto do!"

In some inexplicable way the monotonous drone of this chant, which fell not unmusically from his lips, seemed to join with the vapors which curled about the scene to bewitch our fancies, or at all events to pro*duce a condition of dreamy delight.* If this was hypnotism, so be it; but whether or not the existence of this charmed condition can be ascribed to hypnotic, influences I never felt my senses more completely at my command; and with my eyes fixed intently on his whirling figure I became aware that he seemed to be throwing from *himself portions* of his body; one arm here, the other there, a leg here, and so on, the illusion being per*fect, if illusion it was,* and the end of the room where he had begun to dance alone becoming gradually filled with figures like his own, only younger, each whirling with the same chant in the same direction. Suddenly the dance again died away, the chant was hushed, and when we looked again *there was*

BUT ONE PERFORMER VISIBLE,

the old fakir, who advanced in front of the chafing-dish and asked for *backsheesh.* He received it liberally, and we again made an examination of the room but could discover no explanation of the disappearance of his companions.

Two years ago, in England, I saw the Walker illusion in Dean St., London, and for the first time it seemed to me that I understood how the whirling illusion could be performed. After a careful study of the *Walker illusion, I concluded* that I could duplicate it in an act of my own upon the stage, and this I have done, I think, in what I call "The Blue Room, or the House and the Brain," which is based, of course, upon Bulwer's famous story of the "Haunters and the Haunted," which is, I believe, by common consent, the best ghost *story in* existence.

Colonel, afterwards Gen. Julius Medley, one time commander of the British forces at Lahore, related to me the most remarkable instance of voluntary interment which had come to his knowledge during his service in the East. I had told him of an experience of my own at Secunderabad in 1878, which I shall presently describe. He *assured me of the accuracy* of his account of the following incident, and as he was a most distinguished soldier and the uncle of my wife, I attach as much importance to his narrative as if I had myself seen what he related.

He said a group of fakirs of the high caste had visited his quarters in the preceding year and offered to give an exhibition. The old man had, without assistance, *thrown himself into a trance* while in a sitting position upon the ground. His three assistants had then taken hold of the end of his tongue and pushed it back until it closed the epiglottis. They then laid him upon his back, and swathed his body in bandages. The assistant fakirs next filled the eyes, ears, mouth, and *nostrils of their* apparently unconscious master with a red paste, not unlike putty, and bandaged his neck and face. All this took place in the presence of Colonel Medley and his staff. The entire body of the old man was then apparently protected from the atmosphere, as well as from the ants, which in the East attack every living thing that is helpless. It was for this purpose of protection, I *learned, that the red paste had been put in* the cavities of the face and head. The Colonel and his staff inspected the body of the old man and signified their willingness that the ceremony should proceed. In the meanwhile four of Colonel Medley's soldiers had dug a grave ten feet deep in the enclosed yard of the barracks, and at a gesture *from* the Colonel the old fakir's assistants lifted his body, and gently placed it in a box *sheathed* with metal, which was then hermetically sealed under the Colonel's eye. The box was

LOWERED INTO THE TOMB,

the earth was filled in, the surface was levelled, and millet seed was sown over the grave. The assistants then departed under a solemn promise to return in forty days.

Colonel Medley assured me that for every moment, day and night, of the forty succeeding days he had kept an *armed guard* on watch above the fakir's grave. He felt morally certain that no human agency could *tamper* with the tomb or the box without his knowledge. At the end of the specified time the fakirs returned and in the presence of Colonel Medley and his staff the tomb was opened. The body of the aged fakir was removed from the box, not differing in appearance in any way from the condition *in which it was buried, except that the lin*en clothes in which it had been wrapped had rotted and fell away at the touch. The fakirs unwound the bandages, removed the red putty-like preparation from the orifices of the eyes, nose, mouth and ears, and with the assistance of a native woman washed the body in warm water and applied an unguent to the face. The woman blew her breath in the old man's mouth, passed her *hand briskly over* his limbs, and gave him a smart slap upon the chest. His tongue had in the meantime been put in a natural position and respiration seemed to begin with the blow of the woman's hand. The changes which passed over the features of the old man during the last stage of these preparations *were awful to look upon.* Misery and effort were painfully depicted upon them. But within five minutes after the breath seemed to re-enter his body, the master fakir was himself again.

I was the guest of Col. Jenkins, the commander of the British forces at that time. The incident of my own experience which I had related to Colonel Medley, and which drew from him the remarkable narrative I have just recounted, was *this. I was one of a* party of Englishmen present at a grand fete in Secunderabad at the palace of Sir Saler Jung, the Nizam of Secunderabad. An old man, with acquiline features, a long white beard and flashing black eyes, accompanied by his wife, a pretty little woman, came to us as the chief of a band of eight fakirs. In the presence of all the company, one of the young men was tightly bandaged, and a *small glass disc* was held in front of and directly between his eyes. His master told him to gaze fixedly at the disc, and, as he did so, the others of the band of fakirs began droning a chant, the words of which were:

"Ram, ram, amaram, amaram, amaram,
Ram, ram, amaram, amaram, amaram."

The bandaged fakir appeared to go to *sleep under the drowsy hum of this incanta*tion. He soon became to all appearances dead; the blood seemed to leave the extremities and his limbs stiffened. His tongue was now turned back until it filled the epiglottis; a few passes were made over his face by the aged fakir, his eyes turned up until only the whites were visible, the lids were shut, and the red, putty-like substance I have alluded to was used to close his eyes, ears, nostrils, and mouth.

Dr. Crawford, of the army, who was present, then made a careful examination of the man's condition. All the usual tests for death were applied, a mirror was held over his mouth, and to all intents and purposes he was pronounced dead. Dr. Crawford *went even to the extent of what might be* called cruelty, although the subject was undoubtedly unconscious, and stuck a large bodkin through the palm of the man's hands, through the tips of his ears, his cheeks, the ends of his fingers, his thighs, his arms, and other parts of his body. No blood came *from these wounds, but a yellowish ichor* followed the point of the needle. The master fakir took a coal of glowing charcoal and placed it on the upturned palm of his subject's hand, causing the flesh to sizzle and an unpleasant odor to arise, but there was no sign of feeling. This condition continued for thirty minutes, at the end of which the master fakir made passes over the body with his hands, removed the red paste from *the face and ears, took off* the bandages and bade us note the result. With

HORRIBLE CONTORTIONS

and the appearance of great agony, which the old fakir assured us was only an appearance, his assistant returned to the land of the living, apparently as well as ever, except for a badly burned hand.

Bishop Thoburn, of the M. E. Church, in his book on the East, says he has repeatedly heard these stories of suspended animation and voluntary interment, and that Dr. John Martin Honiberger, formerly physician at the Court of Ranjit Singh, ruler of the Sikhs, had told him how a native of Cashmere named Hari Das had been buried alive in the presence of Ranjit Singh, but adds that Dr. Honiberger did not witness this interment himself, and that he can find no evidence in his own experience that such *a thing ever takes place.*

I am convinced, however, that such voluntary interments have taken place and there is abundant record of such incidents in the experiences of other Anglo-Indian officers besides General Medley. I not only "tell the tale as 'twas told to me," but I tell of what I have *myself seen and which I* am unable to explain.—[North American Review.

PERSONAL.

It is said that the real reason that Queen Victoria took up the study of Hindustani four years ago was in order that she might converse in their own tongue with the Indian Princesses who come from time to time to pay their respects to her. These are, of course, purda, or "secluded," ladies, and it is very embarrassing for them to be obliged to communicate through a male interpreter. That the Queen at her age and with her ceaseless occupation, should undertake sufficient study of a difficult Oriental language to save a few of her distinguished subjects from this purely *ceremonial unpleasantness shows a pleasant* imperial solicitude.

Mr. Webb, late United States Consul at Manilla, who became a convert to Islamism and recently threw up his pos to engage in the work of making all Americans Mohammedans, is reported to have been successful beyond all expectation in procuring large sums of money for his mission. Before he even entered Hyderabad 10,000 rupees were *promised* there for his work, and now that he is there it is expected the enthusiasm of the wealthy Mahommedans of the city will easily double that sum. In Bombay over 10,000 rupees were subscribed, and the Mohammedans of Calcutta and Rangoon have furnished about 20,000 rupees. It is *not stated when Mr. Webb will open his* crusade here.

Bjornson, the poet and novelist, who has *just completed* his sixtieth year, is devoted to farm life, and pines for it when away from Aulestad, his favorite residence. He thinks that he can work better there than elsewhere. His farmhouse is large and tastefully furnished, and in the summer he entertains extensively there. Bjornson leads *a very simple life. He usually rises at 6 or* 6.30, breakfasts alone, or with his secretary, and then sits down to his writing-table. "The Pall Mall Gazette," says that he is not a rapid composer, and as his chirography is not very distinct, and is rendered still more illegible by corrections and erasures, his manuscripts have to be copied, sometimes even twice. When he has finished a page or two he rises and paces up and *down the room for a few minutes,* thinking out what he is to put in the next page. When he takes up a new work he often finds difficulty in striking the right key, and will begin it over and over again.

Miss Abigail Dodge (Gail Hamilton) has written an extraordinary letter to Mr. Gladstone on behalf of Mrs. Maybrick, charging him with deliberate murder in keeping a fragile woman in gaol. She concludes by saying:—"*If there be a God, who marks* and notes the ways of this world, who hears the voice of innocent blood crying unto Him from the ground, it is better to be the young wife and mother perishing in Woking prison than the Prime Minister of the Government which works her torture and her slaughter."

Terrible Ammunition.

A recent visitor to New Zealand has brought back an interesting story about Sir *John Gorst.* It appears that, while living in Waikato some years ago, Sir John ran the Maori newspaper called *Te Hakioi* which was printed and published near the scene of the hottest fighting in the war then raging. During the struggle the Maoris ran short of ammunition, and having no ball *for their 14 lb. guns, they loaded them with* shop weights confiscated from neighbouring shopkeepers. This source of supply, however, was soon exhausted, and then a raid was made upon the *Hakioi* office, and their guns were charged with type and stereo blocks. This new ammunition—so the story goes—proved very effective. *One of* the white invaders was badly injured by a patent medicine advertisement; another was *invalided* by means of 'church bazaar announcement;" another lost a leg through a solid leader on the Land Bill; while Sir John who had taken refuge with the British troops, had a narrow escape of being hit with one of his own poems.

French reporters now take notes at night by the light of a tiny incandescent lamp attached to the waistcoat.

SQUASH PIE.—To one pint of sifted squash add one quart of boiling milk, one egg, two crackers rolled fine, one large cup of sugar, one teaspoonful of corn starch, half teaspoonful each of cinnamon, salt and a little nutmeg.

AN ARCTIC STORY.

How Thirty Sailors Lost Their Lives on a Desolate Island—What Lack of Discipline Did.

While on a recent visit to St. John's, Newfoundland, Mr. Tetlow, an Englishman, related the following story to a reporter of The Daily Tribune of that city, *concerning Captain Momsan,* who is to take charge of the ship in which Dr. Nansen is to attempt this summer to reach the North Pole.

A few years back Captain Momsan and another captain were out whaling near the coast of Spitzbergen, when they were *frozen in earlier than they expected.* A conference of the officers of both ships was held on board Captain Momsan's vessel, when it was found that they had not sufficient provisions to last them till the following summer. On the opposite side of Spitzbergen, 90 miles away, there was a cache containing food supplies by the Danish and Swedish Government for the use of ship-wrecked sailors, the existence *of which was known to Momsan,* and he found that by sending 30 men across the island to the cache, there would be sufficient provision on board the two ships to last the remainder till the ice broke up in the following July. Volunteers were called for, and 30 were selected from among the crews of both *vessels to cross the island in sledges to the* cache, which they expected to reach in 30 days. The men left and in a few days afterward Momsan and his fellow-captain got clear owing to the unexpected breaking up of the ice. They immediately set sail for Norway, knowing that the cache contained sufficient provisions to keep the *30 men* who were left behind alive till the following summer. In the ensuing July a rescuing *expedition was sent out from Norway* in charge of Captain Momsan, and, having arrived in the bay near where the cache was situated, they fired a gun, but got no response from the shore.

Captain Momsan says that he went ashore with a sinking heart, for he feared the worst, and the result proved that he was right, for, on entering the hut built over the cache, he found himself in the presence *of 30 dead bodies.* The leader of the expedition sat at the table dead, with his open diary before him, written up to within 10 days of Momsan's arrival, and in it he explained that the men suffered such hardship in crossing Spitzbergen that they ate ravenously when they reached the cache. In that climate, *he said, it was absolutely necessary* to health that exercise should be taken in the open air for a certain number of hours every day, but he had been powerless to enforce discipline among them, and the result was that one after another sickened and died. One man was actually found dead in his bunk with a parcel of loaf sugar grasped in his frozen hands. The relief party could do nothing but bury the dead, and so hard *was the earth frozen* on the island that dynamite had to be used to hollow out the graves. Captain Momsan then returned to Norway.

A Railroad Manager.

Ohio and and Mississippi Railway, Office of the President and Gen'l Manager, Cincinnati Ohio, U.S.A., Nov. 15, 1886. Gentlemen: Recently while in the act of alighting from my car I stepped upon a stone, which, turning suddenly under my foot, threw me to the ground with a severely sprained ankle. *Suffering exceedingly,* I was helped into the car, and my man rubbed me most generously with arnica and kindred remedies, but to no avail. Reaching a station where St. Jacob's Oil could be secured, two bottles of it were bought and the application resulted at once in a relief from pain, which had become well nigh unbearable. I was out and about my work in three days. W. W. *Peabody, Pres't and Gen'l manager.*

GHOSTS IN CHURCH.

The Organ Plays at Midnight, but Nobody Can Be Found.

St. Paul's Church, the grandest house of worship in Milwaukee, is inhabited by ghosts, at least such is the theory of police officials, based on developments to which they say there can be no other explanation, says a Milwaukee, Wis., special to a Chicago paper. Several times during the *last two weeks the people living* in the vicinity of Marshall and Knapp streets have been awakened about midnight by the grand strains of the church organ, while the church at the same hour was in darkness.

Shortly before midnight recently the people were awakened by the *playing of the* organ. United States Court Commissioner Bloodgood, who lives opposite the church, telephoned the Rev. Charles Stantley of the strange occurrence then going on, and the latter summoned the police. A detail of ten policeman, with the minister and a number of the neighbors, surrounded the church at 1 o'clock one morning, determined on capturing the man who *dare play a church organ at midnight.* The organ stopped playing just before the arrival of the police. A guard was placed at every window and door, while a detail of police entered the church led by the Rev. Mr. Lester.

The gas was lighted and then began the search. It was thorough, but strange to say from cellar to attic no one was found. Stranger still, not a door nor window was *found open* through which any one could have entered or escaped. While the search was being made Mr. Roberts, an organ maker, and an expert, was sent for. He arrived just as the search was finished. He made an examination and said there was no doubt that the organ had been played on *within two hours. That he knew from the* sweaty condition in which he found the organ pipes. It was but corroboration of what the neighbours knew was a fact. Everybody was dumbfounded and no one had a theory except the police who are confident that the church is haunted, and that ghosts play the organ at midnight.

A load of two tons can be readily carried by a full-grown elephant.

Thousands of Dollars

Mr. S. G. Derry.

I spent trying to find a cure for **Salt Rheum**, which I had 13 years. Physicians said they never saw so severe a case. *My legs, back and* arms were covered by the humor. I was unable to lie down in bed, **could not walk without crutches,** and had to have my arms, back and legs bandaged twice a day. I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and soon I could see a change. The flesh became more healthy, the **sores soon healed**, the scales fell off, I was soon able to give up bandages and crutches, and a happy man I was. I had been taking

Hood's Sarsaparilla

for seven months; and since that time, 2 years, I have worn no bandages whatever and my legs and arms are sound and well." S. G. DERRY, *45 Bradford St., Providence, R. I.*

HOOD'S PILLS cure liver ills, constipation, biliousness, jaundice, and sick headache. Try them.

WITHOUT AN EQUAL.

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TRADE MARK

THE GREAT REMEDY FOR PAIN

CURES RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, LUMBAGO, SCIATICA,

Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Swellings.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER COMPANY, Baltimore, Md.

Canadian Depot: TORONTO, ONT.

Railways in Kootenay.

The people of West Kootenay, B. C., are now congratulating themselves on the prospect of securing plenty of railway communication. Next season will probably see the Kaslo-Slocan Railway built, affording the Slocan district an outlet by way of Kaslo, Bonner's Ferry and the Great Northern. Lately D. C. Corbin gave notice of application for a charter for a road from Nelson to Bear Lake City, and this road, if built, will be simply an extension of the Nelson & Fort Sheppard to the Slocan region. Lastly, the Canadian Pacific people, apparently realizing that they cannot longer depend on a monopoly of the Kootenay traffic being *reserved for their benefit,* are taking steps towards building from Revelstoke to the arm of the Upper Arrow lake, and from Nakusp to some central point in Slocan. The Canadian Pacific has the advantage of all rivals so far that it has secured a Dominion Government subsidy of $3,200 per mile *for its branch line.*

We've heard of a woman who said she'd walk five miles to get a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription if she couldn't get it without. That woman had tried it. And it's a medicine which *makes itself felt in* toning up the system and correcting irregularities as soon as its use is begun. Go to your drug store, pay a dollar, get a bottle and try it—try a second, a third if necessary. Before the third one's been taken you'll know that there's a remedy to help *you. Then you'll keep on and* a cure'll come. But if you shouldn't feel the help, should be disappointed in the results—you'll find a guarantee printed on the bottle-wrapper that'll get your money back for you.

How many women are there who'd rather have the money than health? And "Favorite Prescription" produces health. Wonder is that there's a woman willing to suffer when there's a *guaranteed remedy* in the nearest drug store.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets regulate the Stomach, Liver and Bowels. Mild and effective.

The first cornet in England for America was blown by a Frenchman, name unknown, and the instrument has since, for that reason, been generally called the French horn.

The consumption of iron in Russia is estimated at about 25lb. per head of population.

Dr. Harvey's Southern Red Pine for coughs and colds is the most reliable and perfect cough medicine in the market. For sale everywhere.

According to statistics 21,600 persons were murdered in Italy between 1882 and 1886.

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

During last year 5,485 persons were killed and 21,921 injured on the railways in Germany.

A.P. 612.

25 DOSES 25¢ THE GREAT COUGH CURE TAKE THE BEST SHILOH'S CURE. 25¢ 50¢ & $1.00

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

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY.

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

Children always Enjoy It.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

of pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda is almost as palatable as milk.

A MARVELLOUS FLESH PRODUCER

It is indeed, and the little lads and lassies who take cold easily, may be fortified against a cough that might prove serious, by taking Scott's Emulsion after their meals during the winter season.

Beware of substitutions and imitations.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

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

CONSUMPTION.

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

SITUATIONS VACANT—For hundreds of smart young men and women who will thoroughly prepare themselves in Shorthand, Book-keeping, Arithmetic, Penmanship, Type writing, etc. Address College of Correspondence, Toronto.

DO YOU IMAGINE

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

HEARLE.

ARTIFICIAL LIMBS,

For Circular Address J. DOAN & SON, 77 Northcote Ave., Toronto

KOFF NO MORE

WATSONS' COUGH DROPS

WILL GIVE POSITIVE AND INSTANT RELIEF TO THOSE SUFFERING FROM COLDS, HOARSENESS, SORE THROAT, ETC., AND ARE INVALUABLE TO ORATORS AND VOCALISTS. R. & T. W. STAMPED ON EACH DROP. TRY THEM

SURE CURE PERRINS COUGH DROPS FOR COUGHS AND COLDS SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS TRY THEM

Have You CATARRH

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

CLARK CHEMICAL CO., 186 ADELAIDE ST. WEST, TORONTO.

"August Flower"

How does he feel?—He feels cranky, and is constantly experimenting, dieting himself, adopting strange notions, and changing the cooking, the dishes, the hours, and manner of his eating—**August Flower the Remedy.**

How does he feel?—He feels at times a gnawing, voracious, insatiable appetite, wholly unaccountable, unnatural and unhealthy.—**August Flower the Remedy.**

How does he feel?—He feels no desire to go to the table and a grumbling, fault-finding, over-nicety about what is set before him when he is there—**August Flower the Remedy.**

How does he feel?—He feels after a spell of this abnormal appetite an utter abhorrence, loathing, and detestation of food; as if a mouthful would kill him—**August Flower the Remedy.**

How does he feel?—He has irregular bowels and peculiar stools—**August Flower the Remedy.**

I CURE FITS!

Valuable treatise and bottle of medicine sent Free to any Sufferer. Give Express and Post Office address. H. G. ROOT, M.C., 186 West Adelaide Street, Toronto, Ont.

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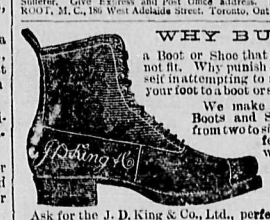

a Boot or Shoe that does not fit. Why punish your self in attempting to form your foot to a boot or shoe.

We make four Boots and Shoes from two to six different widths

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Ask for the J. D. King & Co., Ltd., perfect fitting goods, and be happy.

—DR. TAFT'S— ASTHMALENE Gives a Night's Sweet Sleep and ASTHMA CURES so that you need not sit up all night gasping for breath for fear of suffocation. On receipt of name and P.O. Address will mail Trial Bottle Dr TAFT BROS. MEDICINE Co., Rochester, N.Y. FREE Canadian Office, 186 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.

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Subscribed Capital	$5,000,000
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SAVINGS BANK BRANCH

Sums of $1 and upwards received at Current Rates of Interest, paid or compounded half yearly.

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Money received for a fixed term of years for which Debentures are issued, with half yearly interest Coupons attached. Executors and Trustees are authorized by law to invest in the Debentures of this Company. The capital and

HEALTH.

Cold Weather Care of Children.

It is agreed that the health of children is best guarded and preserved by rendering them hardened against cold and the diseases resulting from cold.

This is believed by many to be the best effected by accustoming the child to cold water, so that he will be indifferent to the *changes of temperature.*

That this should be effective cold ablutions must be made a daily practice, for the system falls back into its sensitive condition as soon as they are discontinued.

The mortality of children reaches a maximum twice a year; in summer, when multitudes die of diarrhœa, mostly in the poor quarters of large cities; again in winter, when they succumb to catarrhs and inflammations of the respiratory organs—fatalities more apt to happen to the delicate children of the richer class.

An idea prevails that winter weather is beneficial to *young children.*

If the temperature be below freezing point, the colder and dryer the air gets, the more dangerous it is for the child's health, no matter whether the skin is kept warm or not; the cold dry air irritates the respiratory organs and is apt to cause inflammation. This is the more dangerous the younger the child is. Cold, damp weather, with or without rain, when the temperature is above freezing point, is much less to be feared if the child be sufficiently well wrapped.

Fog, on the contrary is not to be trusted, and the danger from it increases with the severity of the cold. It is not sufficient then for the child to be well wrapped. Precautions must be taken that it does not breathe the air without its being previously warmed. This is affected by covering the child's head, leaving a good space for nose and mouth over which a thick veil is fastened.

In mild, frosty weather, children old enough to run about can be sent out for a short time. At a temperature of 10 Celsus, children under 6 should not be allowed out. A snowfall, if the temperature is not low, is not harmful for a child well wrapped.

The hardening process by means of water should begin when the child is able to run about; not with cold baths, but with cold ablutions of certain parts of the body with water that has stood 12 or 24 hours in the room, but to which no warm water has been added. (These hardening ablutions are never to be begun except in summer; and with infants it is all out of the question.)

The ablutions should begin with the hands and arms, then the face. On another day the feet and legs may be laved. Later the neck and breast of the body can be similarly subjected. Not until the age of 6 are the cold ablutions to be applied simultaneously to the whole body.

Any kind of catarrh, even a simple, feverless cold, should forbid the continuation of the ablutions. Nor should they ever be given within three hours after a meal.

In winter the child must be kept near the stove during the process, and stand in a wooden tub with warm water up to the ankles. The washing and drying should be done as regularly as possible.

Living-rooms must not be overheated; 20 Celsus is about the right warmth; for older children 18 is sufficient. To thrive *well in this temperature* they must be warmly dressed.

In the Sick Room.

There is no place where woman reigns so supreme in the majesty of her right and the power of her fitness as in the sick room.

There she is a veritable Queen, she administers her office and performs the important part of nurse, mother, friend, ofttimes physician, and always benefactor, with a grace peculiarly her own.

A natural born nurse is a blessing, all families should possess at least one. The little mother, we will call her, who early manifests her powers of persuasion and control of baby brother, of sister and of papa himself when he is laid up with rheumatism or malarial fever.

She knows just how to soothe the nerves, to give a foot-bath, or a sweat, or a vapor bath, or to make and apply a mustard poultice, or to mix and give the remedy and induce the young child, or feeble grand parent, or crabbed uncle to take just a little, only enough to cure him.

She can smooth the pillow, change the sheets, give a sponge bath under the bedding, or comb tangled, refractory hair. She can coax the appetite with dainty, favorite dishes, prepared hygienically by her own hands; she can read aloud from favorite authors in a tender, musical, sympathetic voice, till sleep comes softly stealing o'er the languid senses and dreamland enfolds the sick and nervous one in its restful embrace.

This genius of the sick room can bring order out of chaos, can soothe the irritable, comfort the fretful and help restore them to harmony and health.

She it is that brightens the sick room with flowers, and lets in the sun so invitingly that the patient hastens to get well and go out into the world again. The glorious world of sunshine and flowers, of fields, of blossoms and leafy woods and meadows green, where cows, sheep and little lambs are roaming, where the wild flowers stream in rich variety—the daisies, the butter-cups and the violets blue.

She, it is, who cheers father, comforts mother, soothes little brother or sister, and is so happy and busy that she has no time to be sick or even to think of self.

Her rosy cheeks and bright eyes are an encouragement to others to get well if they are sick and to keep well if not sick.

She loves to read aloud to her patient, and intuitively chooses the right poem, the helpful essay, or the favorite story book. She never tires her listeners, she knows when to stop as well as how to begin. She never asks useless questions that tax her patient, she rests instead of tires her sick charge.

The subtle instinct of the nurse nature, divines what to do, anticipates their needs, suggests their real wants, and supplies them quietly and *smoothly. A bustler is never a* benefit in the sick room, they irritate and retard recovery. A natural-born nurse will make a grand success in the duties of the sick room. She will help to cure the patient more positively than the medical prescription. Such a nature is a bouquet of goodness, sweetness, healthfulness and helpfulness. It is a royal inheritance to be a good nurse.

No matter if you are often imposed upon or utilized, at every turn of life's wheel your own soul is expanded and you grow noble by the exercise of your best faculties.

The sick room is a good place to rest oneself, to learn one's powers of usefulness, of preference of value to others. What we do not possess we can cultivate, and by patient persistence, and honest effort rise to the fulfilment of our highest ideal. Try it in the sick room.

In Case of Diphtheria.

Concerning the management of a case of diphtheria, so far as that may fall within the domain of the parents, the following few rules, while not incorporating all, are still the most important for preventing the spread of this dreadful disease, and my earnest advice to every mother is to study them carefully, and preserve them for future reference.

First, strips of linen or cotton fabric, about eight inches wide, folded several times, and long enough to reach from ear to ear, should be wrung out of ice water (if in winter) and if in summer put directly upon ice, and then applied externally directly to the throat, and as fast as one cloth gets warm another should be ready to take its place. If the child complains of being cold, its feet and hands should be bathed in as hot water as it can stand. When the child is very young, it may be readily ascertained if it be cold or not by feeling its hands and head. Under no circumstances should hot applications be made to the throat. It the child is old enough it may be given broken ice to suck constantly, even if the water is spit out. The cold applications inhibit the growth of the microbes. The patient's hands should Saraq

be washed frequently—and here let me say so should those of attendants—and the vessel used for the purpose should not be used by any one else. The patient's clothing needs protection in front. This may be done by pinning back of the neck a large piece of linen or cotton fabric, which will cover the whole front of the child and reach as far as the knees. A material should be used which can easily be boiled or burned when soiled. The little patient, if old enough, will want to spit, and for a spittoon a small wooden box, with an inch of sawdust on the bottom, is capital. Fresh sawdust should be supplied at least once a day—three times a day would be better—and that which has been used should be emptied upon a good, hot fire, and thus burned at the time the change is made. If there are any *flies*, about, the box should be kept covered and, as a matter of course, only uncovered when the patient desires to spit; otherwise, the flies alighting upon this spittle would carry the germs of the disease with them, and then alighting upon the family's food and drink, necessarily infect them, and thus indirectly infect the whole family. This is by no means chimerical, but a well-established fact.—[Ladies' Home Journal.

ELECTRICAL NOTES

An *electrically propelled invalid's chair* has been brought out in which the guiding apparatus is like that of an ordinary low-seated tricycle. At one side of the seat is a lever connecting with a resistance box for controlling the single reduction slow-speed motor. Current is supplied from storage batteries placed under the seat.

The patents for electrical devices granted during the past week include several on interchangeable devices for incandescent lamps, some for new forms of electric heating devices, two on systems of alarms for jails and one on an electrical scheme for preventing *horses cribbing.*

The latest whaleback steamer Pillsbury is lighted throughout by electricity.

The electric sleigh is announced.

One of the prominent manufacturers of electric heaters advertises electric pressing irons, polishing and smoothing irons and hat irons, cooking utensils of all kinds, including house and hotel broilers, pancake griddles, backing ovens, skillets and spiders for frying and soldering irons, embossing plates, sealing-wax heaters, curling tongs, glue pots disk heaters, house and office and car heaters.

*It is reported that a Buffalo man has in*vented an instrument which he calls the "Telephotus." It is designed for communication between vessels at sea, for lighthouses, lightships and for general employment in the United States Signal Service. The apparatus consists of 106 incandescent lamps, which are operated by a keyboard something on the principle of a typewriter. A code of signals founded on the Morse telegraph alphabet is used, and experiments have shown that signals can be read for a distance of fifteen miles.

Prof. Elihu Thomson has recently been producing some very good artificial lightning in the shape of electrical discharges between terminals sixty-four inches apart. This eclipses anything heretofore done in this line, and it is not unlikely that, besides adding much to scientific knowledge, his experiments may lead to results of great value in applied electricity.

It is surprising but true that the power of some of the larger electric search-lights is equal to that of 100,000,000 candles. Of course the light is confined to a very small beam by the lens, and the actual candle power of the arc light by itself is very much *smaller, but measured as a spot of light* the effect is equal to that which would be produced by 100,000,000 standard candles.

Induction telegraphy experiments which have been recently carried out on the Welsh coast have met with considerable success. Two parallel wires, one three miles long on the shore and the other half a mile long on an island three miles distant, were used, and signals passing into the line wire were completely recognizable on the island.

NEMESIS.

A Man who Hissed One Opera Performs Lifeless in Another.

A singular story is that of the skeleton which was used in "Der Freischutz" up to the hour when the old opera house was destroyed. Long years ago, when Berlioz was a medical student, he went to the opera with fellow-student, afterward the celebrated Dr. D——. While they were listening with delight to the exquisite strains of Agatha's prayer, a grocer's boy near them began to hiss with all his might. Berlioz and his friend took possession of the irreverent, thrashed him soundly, and put him *out of the door. Some years passed;* Berlioz had given himself up to the study of music, his friend had been installed physician, and the grocer had died in a hospital. By chance the poor fellow's corpse was brought for dissection to Dr. D ——, who recognized at once his ancient grocer adversary. After his anatomical investigations were ended, he caused the skeleton to be prepared and mounted, and placed it in his office as a memento of the joyous days of the Latin Quarter. Fifteen years more passed away, and Berlioz was charged by the director of the opera with the task *of writing recitatives for* "Der Freischutz." It was also agreed upon that Berlioz should superintend the whole stage-setting of the work. He was anxious that the phantoms of the second act should be worthy of the opera and produce a striking effect. He was seeking, therefore, some new and original idea, when chance caused him to meet his old friend D——, to whom he confided his anxieties.

"You want ghosts?" asked the doctor. "I think I have at home something in that style. Do you remember a hisser whom we thrashed when we were students?"

"Perfectly. I always thought that fellow would come to no good end."

"Well, he died of gastric fever, years ago. But I have his skeleton, which is very much at your service."

Berlioz accepted this almost too original offer. The poor skeleton was transported to the opera house, and thus, for his sin, he who had hissed Agatha's song, made his debut on the stage in "Der Freischutz."

The Oldest Tree on Earth.

The oldest tree on earth, as far as anyone knows, is the Boo tree in the sacred city of Amarapoora, Burmah. It was planted, the record says, in the year 288 B. C.; and is, therefore, about 2200 years old. Its great age is proved by historic documents, says Sir James Emerson, who adds: "To it kings have dedicated their kingdoms in testimony of a belief that it is a branch of the identical fig tree under which Buddha reclined at Uoa, when he was undergoing his apotheosis." Its leaves are carried away by pilgrims as relics, but, as it is too sacred to be touched, even with a knife, they can only be gathered after they have fallen.

How the Romans Ate.

The Romans in the time of Cicero and Augustus took an early breakfast, from 3 to 4 o'clock in the morning, a luncheon at 12 to 1, and at about 3 o'clock the coena, or principal meal of the day, corresponding with our dinner. A Roman dinner at the house of a wealthy man consisted chiefly of three courses. All sorts of stimulants to the appetite were first served up, and eggs were indispensable to the first course. Among the various dishes were the guinea hen, pheasant, nightingale, and the thrush. The Roman gourmands held peacocks in great estimation, especially their tongues. Macrobius states that they were first eaten by Hortensius, the orator, and acquired such repute that a single peacock was sold for 50 denarii—the denarius being equal to about 17 cents of our money.

A COMING INDUSTRY.

Of First Importance to British Columbia but of Value to the Whole Dominion.

NANAIMO COAL FIELD AND TAXEDA ISLAND IRON MINES—THE BRITAIN OF THE PACIFIC—PROSPECTIVE TRADE WITH CHINA—COMPANY FORMED TO ESTABLISH IRON WORKS—NANAIMO'S UNPARALLELED FACILITIES, &C.

NANAIMO, B.C., Jan. 12. 1893.—In a paper contributed by the writer of this to the Vancouver World on the "B. C. Collieries, reference was made to the possible prospective manufacturing industries inseparable from the Nanaimo coal fields. The present effort will endeavour to furnish the readers with a few crude ideas on that important point, important not only to Nanaimo and British Columbia in particular, but also to the Dominion at large. By dealing exclusively in authenticated facts and plain language the ambition is that the poor ability at command will succeed in making the staple of the argument finer than the thread of the verbosity, *en passant* it may be mentioned, as a prelude to secure the confidence of the reader, that herein is no ostensible individual end to serve no particular axe to grind—no paper railways through impassible wildernesses, over insurmountable obstructions, no Utopian paper town sites to advocate, a state of things which alas! for the good of British Columbia, is too prevalent at present time.

THE CITY OF NANAIMO.

Situated on the Eastern shores of Vancouver island, distant 75 miles by rail from the capital City, Victoria, and 30 miles directly opposite from the terminal city of Vancouver across the straits of Georgia, rises at first grandly then abruptly from the shores of its land-locked capacious harbor. The streets radiate upwards, fan-like, from the segment of a circle formed by Commercial street, the leading thoroughfare, adjacent to the water-front. The old wooden buildings of early days, in the business portion of the city, are gradually being superseded by more modern structures of brick and stone, the latter material the product of the noted quarries of Newcastle Island at the entrance of the harbor. The streets, dust ankle deep in dry, and mud ditto in wet weather, are wide, lacking regularity in the older portion owing to the rugged formation of the ground, amply compensating in that respect in the newer portion of the city. Handsome private residences with some pretention to architectural beauty, are plentifully distributed throughout the residential portion, especially on the heights above the city, the prospect in front, towards the sea, affording to the eyes of the beholder the finest panorama of scenic beauty, of the subdued kind, obtainable in British Columbia. The island-dotted harbor—those distant in the straits—encircling shores and projecting headlands, clad, to the water's edge, in sombre forest green, out of which, in the more distant, rise the snow clad peaks, those of the main land forming a dim back ground—the intervening waters disturbed only by a constant tide of commerce ever at the full. Were the natural scenic attractions of Nanaimo and vicinity brought to the notice of the pleasure-seeking public, which throng in herds to Victoria, and adequate hotel accommodation available for tourists, beyond doubt a good business in that line would spring up. Some of the finest drives on the island of Vancouver, and that is saying not a little, intersect the neighborhood.

THE COAL

and the wants and requirements of the 2,000 miners, who form nearly one-half the population, at present are the only things which receive attention. Recently a spirit of enterprise and progress appears to pervade the community, and in a marked degree has supplanted the old time conservative ideas. Yet there exists in high places, commanding a respectable following, a considerable leaven of the ancient article of the "let well enough alone," go day, come day, God send pay day soon and often sample which will die hard and hold on as long as possible to its grip on the community, is adverse to change, inimical to progressive enterprise and needlessly indifferent, or mayhap ignorant, of the many advantages conferred on the locality by an all wise Providence. In all charity the hope is that this indifference be attributed to the outcome of that contempt begotten of familiarity with the talents hidden under the proverbial bushel. It is only from the outside the community have their attention called to the true value of their heritage. The article on the B.C. Collieries, although published in that enterprising journal, the *Vancouver World*, almost in sight of Nanaimo on the 1st Nov. last, travelled 2,000 miles, went through the Ontario Press and returned when, ten whole weeks after first publication, it attracted the crepuscuous acumen of the acephalous genii posing as the exponent of progressive enterprise. But enterprise there is throughout, needing only to be drawn from its lurking place. But this is digressing from the present object. A great deal can be said in praise of local enterprise and public spiritedness, which, along with other kindred questions, will furnish subject matter for a separate paper some other time.

The average school boy is aware that the increasing use of iron is a prominent characteristic of the present age, that, as a material, it is fast superseding timber, stone and like substances in ship-building, architecture and vast engineering structures. The average reader is *likewise cognizant* of the well known fact that the introduction of steam as a motive power for manufacturing industries, or the invention of the locomotive and the construction of railways, iron ship-building, &c., caused an undreamed of impetus to

THE IRON INDUSTRY

of Great Britain, while the invention of the hot air blast in 1830 improved the quality, economized by one-fourth the cost of production and increased enormously the annual manufacture of pig iron. At the commencement of the present century the annual output of the British furnaces was some 160,000 tons, amounting now, at its close, to the gigantic quantity of ten million tons! The iron industry heads, in value and importance, that of all others of that great manufacturing and commercial supremacy thoughout the world. In the United States, fostered by a high protective tariff, the iron industry made great strides in the past decade, and at present is only secondary to that of the produce of the soil. What its growth would have been under the banner of free trade is another question. The iron and coal mines of Pennsylvania are only, so to speak in a modern sense, a short distance from those of Yorkshire and Lanarkshire, the latter in point of freight charges as near the Atlantic sea board of the union as the former. Iron is cumbersome and extended land carriage adds considerable to its cost, therefore it is permissable to forecast that in the near future

THE IRON AND COAL MINES OF NANAIMO,

having the advantage of a high protective tariff in the form of freight charges, will be enabled—the time is not distant—successfully to compete with distant rivals for the iron trade of the countries washed by the waters of the Pacific in the northern hemisphere. In China the introduction of railways is no longer looked upon as a suspicious, dangerous innovation of the western barbarian. That that immense country will soon be traversed by lines of railway in every direction is no longer a doubtful surmise of the dim prospective. Canada, as a portion of the great commercial Empire "on which the sun never sets," need not dread retaliation on account of unfriendly legislative enactments discriminating against Chinese subjects. The trade and commerce of the Dominion have in the vast Empire of the "very own brother of the sun," a market thrown open which says, "Come, bring along your products and manufactures; we'll buy of you because you are friendly to our subjects."

Sir Chas. Dilke, that far-seeing political economist, tells us that Vancouver Island, jutting out into the Northern Pacific Ocean, with its unexhaustible beds of coal and mountains of hematite iron ore, is bound in time to become the Britain of the New-West. The commencement of the construction of railways in China will be the signal to start the fires of the blast furnaces, the resounding thud of the steam-hammer, the crunching of the rolling mills, the lathes of the machine shops and the smoke of innumerable *industries in the vicinity of Nanaimo*—a locality possessing in inexhaustible quantity and superior quality and in close proximity the three essential natural products required, viz.: coal, iron ore and lime stone.

The quality of the coal mined in the recently developed shaft on Protection Island, situated in the entrance to the harbor and connected with the mainland by a submarine driftway, has been proven by tests to be a perfect coaking coal, producing that article of a strength and purity necessary for the economical smelting of iron ore and to ensure a quality of pig iron rendering the subsequent processes of refining and puddling of no difficulty in turning out a superior article of malleable metal. Two seams of this valuable coal, 7 and 10 feet in width respectively, have been struck at a depth of 1,000 feet and it has been ascertained as the workings progress that the seams and quality improves to a remarkable degree. It is from this shaft the exhibit for the coming World's Fair, at Chicago, was obtained. The proprietors, the new Vancouver coal company, entertain the highest possible hopes of the product of their shaft and it is understood that the erection of lines of coke ovens will shortly be commenced.

Twenty miles north, in sight of Nanaimo harbor, near the entrance of the straits of Georgia, is situated

THE TAXEDA ISLAND IRON MINES.

The ore of these mines has been pronounced magnetic, of an exceptional richness and purity of metal. The supply in sight is almost unlimited—one mine, bonded by an American firm some years ago—is being worked and the ore shipped to Port Townsend, Wash., where it is used for mixing with local ore to give quality to the iron produced. Limestone—the indispensable to flux the ore—abounds throughout the Nanaimo district. Thus it will be seen Nature could do no more in ensuring geographical positionand providing inexhaustible supplies of raw material all ready to hand waiting the magic touch of capital and enterprise to quicken into existence industries innumerable. With the introduction of the blast furnace, iron shipbuilding, steel smelters—rolling mills for rail plates, &c., and the hundred and one manufacturing industries pertaining thereto will follow in quick succession. The object here is to point out the many advantages possessed by the Nanaimo district for the establishment and economic working of large iron industries—and by drawing impartial comparisons with other localities leave the judgment of the reader to determine the worth of the conclusions deduced.

THE UNION MINES,

near Comax, 78 miles north of Nanaimo, furnish what is said to be a good article of coaking coal, and coke of good quality is being manufactured in limited quantity, but owing to the meagre thickness of the seams which have been as yet discovered the cost of operation is rather beyond the average and the supply of coal erratic, nothing positive or assured. The product of these mines is used principally for steamships for which it is eminently suited. The quality of the coke for iron smelting purposes has been questioned; this, however, may be put down to petty trade jealousies and is unworthy of consideration. Contiguous to the Union mines are those of Taxeda. The question, therefore, naturally arising in the mind of the reader is why not establish the iron smelting and manufacture at Comax? As has been shewn though the article of coal may possess the desired qualities, the supply of the commodity is not assured, so far as at present known the seams worked have given out in *gravel*, a very bad sign, indicating that no coal is to be found beneath. However, nothing is known to the public concerning the matter and the reports coming from miners are sometimes coated with the color of individual impression not always reliable. Mine owners, as a rule, keep all knowledge pertaining to the natural supply of the product locked securely in their own minds, and no matter what *may be said to the contrary the Union* mines may prove to be the richest on Vancouver island.

A company have given notice of the intention to apply for a charter for the purpose of constructing and working blast furnaces, smelters, steel works, docks, etc., and carrying on shipbuilding and all kinds of iron manufacturing industries in connection therewith—"to be erected at some point or place in the Province of British Columbia."—Various are the surmises where the intended place or point is to be. Some say Victoria, to develop the Sooke iron *mines, some say Vancouver, others that it* is the Albion Iron works Co., of Victoria, which in its shareholders is closely connected with the Union Coal Mines,—while a majority positively assert that the prospective company is none other than the energetic shareholders of the New Vancouver Coal Co., and the place of operation Nanaimo.

It is only by exporting the manufactured articles of its raw products any country succeeds to commercial wealth and prosperity. The advent of the proposed company will be the commencement of a new era in the history of the Pacific Province. Intelli*gent investors in selecting a place for opera*tions in manufacturing industry look far ahead of local influence, bonuses and other minor inducements and having in view success as the main object—the prime cost of the raw material, the convenience for handling and proximity to the work, always carries the greatest influence in determining location.

In rough figures it takes about the following quantities of raw material to produce one ton of pig iron, viz.:—

Ore, uncalcined about.....	3½ tons
Coal for calcination.....	1 "
Coal *for hot air* blast and..... running blast engine.....	3 "
Lime stone as flux.....	½ "
Total	8 tons.

By the above if there is any virtue in the weight of figures it is plain that the locality offering the best facilities for the economical handling of bulky raw material and close proximity to the chief primary articles,—coal and ore, will be most likely to secure the proposed works—and that locality above all others *par excellence* is Nanaimo, and the probability is that the promoters of the undertaking are none other than the New Vancouver Coal Co.—at least such is the general surmise. If this be correct the acknowledged energetic enterprising character of that corporation is sufficient guarantee of speedy commencement and ultimate success.

If it were not for the high protection policy of our neighbours to the South, Nanaimo would be to-day the center of the manufacturing industry of the Pacific Coast of America, and the forecast herein put forth be—— "Hold on, old fel," cries the pneumatic croaker, whose liver and digestive organs are out of order with a surfeit of Xmas cheer. "What about the iron and coal of the Ural Mountains—the vast beds of these materials known to exist in trans-Balkian Siberia—the proved deep water navigation of the Amoor, the construction of the Siberian railway, the mines of the Corea and the coal and iron discovered by the Yankees on the Alaskan Peninsula, and then talk of the Vancouver Island mines monopolising the prospective Chinese market. What about the price of labor, eh?" Phew! this is hot, but we'll cool off, and in another paper calmly and dispassionately discuss the bove.

JEREMY JONES.

French reporters now take notes at night by the light of a tiny incandescent lamp attached to the waistcoat

CATTLE DYING IN AFRICA.

Millions of Heads Carried off by Epidemic.

Within the past year and a half a terrible epidemic has destroyed millions of the cattle of Africa and inflicted a crushing blow upon the pastoral tribes. The plague of thirty-five years ago worked great destruction, but it cannot be compared with the present affliction. It would be of incalculable benefit to the natives if some means were found to arrest the progress of this virulent disease. Thousands of lives among the pastoral tribes would be saved if the destruction which is carrying off their cattle were stopped. No competent person has yet reported upon the nature of the plague and its remedy. The symptoms are debility, rapid wasting away, and refusal of all food. The plague has also practically exterminated all the buffaloes in regions where they once roamed in great herds.

The results of the epidemic have been most disastrous in all the cattle-raising countries of the Soudan, from the regions south of the big northern bend of the Niger River for 2,000 miles east almost to the Indian Ocean. The first news concerning the plague came in a letter written by Capt. Monteil at Kano, on Jan. 6, last year. He said he first observed the plague in the district of Liptako, west of the Niger River, and that he could say without exaggeration that not one animal in a thousand for 500 miles along his route to Sekoto escaped. He lost his baggage animals, and for a time was hardly able to advance.

Capt. Lugard, who has recently returned *to England, reports that the cattle-raising* tribes between the Albert Nyanza and the Indian Ocean have suffered greatly from the plague. The Waniyka, north of the Usambara Mountains, within two or three days' march of the east coast, have lost all their cattle. Flocks of goats now form their only wealth. On the great Masai plateau, further west, 6,000 feet above the level of the sea, the warlike Masai, who have lived upon the milk and flesh of their herds, have lost their cattle. This misfortune, Capt. Lugard says, has greatly tamed their arrogance.

Usoga, *north of Victoria Nyanza, former*ly contained great herds of cattle, but now all are gone. The Wahuma, a people west of Usoga, were exclusively pastoral, living like the Masai upon their herds. Now that their cattle have been wholly wiped out the people have died in great numbers, and those who are left are dependent upon the tillers of the soil near them for a scanty substance. "They are themselves learning slowly to cultivate the fields," says Capt. Lugard, "but vegetable food is unnatural to them, and their gaunt and half-starved frames, almost invariably covered with skin disease, attest the hardships they are undergoing.

Most of the pastoral tribes have little knowledge of agriculture, and their herds are almost their sole source of wealth. A greater misfortune than the loss of their cattle could scarcely befall them. It is certain that since explorers began to visit inner tropical Africa no affliction has ever come upon the natives so calamitous and widespread in its results as the present cattle plague. The epidemic is reported to be still spreading north and south of its main route across the continent.

CHANGES OF COSTUME.

Some Observations Gleaned from Pictoria History.

The distinctive costume of the eighteenth century, so far as men were concerned, was fairly established in England during the reign of James II., but for women the change from the Vandyke style was more gradual. During Charles II.'s reign and the earlier part of that of Louis XIV, the ladies who had the setting of the fashions had varied them chiefly in the direction of indecorum; but as the century wore on and the gowns grew lower and lower on the shoulders, the characteristic wide collar disappeared, while the upper skirt, instead of falling in straight folds, began to be gathered backward, more in the manner which we are accustomed to associate with the Georgian period.

The first notable innovation, however, was in the style of hair dressing. Hitherto the bush of curls around the head, with the little separate ringlets on the forehead, had remained in vogue; but one day the reign*ing favorite of Louis XIV., Mlle. de Fontan*ges, happening to lose her hat out hunting, immediately supplied its place, to the admiration of the whole field, by tying her garter around her head in a smart bow. Next day the "Fontanges" coiffure was all the rage, but the characteristic bow of which it first consisted soon became a minor detail, being re-enforced by the towering frills of stiff muslin, which formed a structure soon after imported into England under the name of "commode." This fashion, according to the *Spectato* (Letter 98), was at its height about the year 1701, but was not long of *continu*ance, *since by 1711 it had quite* disappeared except in country places, whose inhabitants at that time lagged several years behind the town mode.

As commodes went out, however, farthingales, or hoops, as they were now called, came in. Possibly the arrangement of the overskirt, of which we have just spoken, and which would have thrown the weight of this chiefly behind, may have made some artificial support welcome; but be this as it may, in 1711 we find Sir Roger de Coverley speaking of his great-great-great grandmother, who must have worn the "wheel" *farthingale of Queen Elizabeth's time, as* being dressed "in the new-fashioned petticoat, except that the modern was gathered at the waist"—his ancestress, he says, appearing as though she stood in a large drum, while the ladies of his own day walked as if they were in *go*-carts.

Captain Andrews' Adventurous Voyage

Captain Andrews, the intrepid voyager who has four times crossed the Atlantic in small boats, is in Birmingham, with Sapolio, the little boat of canvas in which he *made his last trip. On Tuesday the boat* was drawn through the streets on a four-horse drag, and attracted a good deal of attention, until the police ordered the discontinuance of its public exhibition on the ground that it caused obstruction of the traffic. It will be remembered that Captain Andrews built the Nautilus, in which the first of such voyages was made, and that with another boat, called the Mermaid, he had a mishap which nearly cost him his life, for it turned keel upwards in mid-ocean while the hatches were battened down, and it was only by a miracle that he freed himself and got picked up by a passing vessel. He gained greater credit, however, by his last voyage than by the other three together. It was so timed that he reached Palos, the port from which Columbus sailed on his most famous voyage of discovery, at the moment when the population were preparing to celebrate the centenary of that eventful trip. They feted him royally, made him a member of the Columbus Congress then in session, and treated him in all other ways as an honoured guest. Naturally, his boat and he are to be one of the features of the Chicago Exhibition next year. He intends to make a fifth trip in a boat of aluminium, which he is going to build in a collapsible form, so that when folded together it will be no thicker than an inch plank. His idea is that such light collapsible boats, so constructed that they can be instantly rigged, should be part of the equipment of every passenger ship. Built of canvas, like his present boat, they would serve as lifebuoys if the hatches were battened, and would, he says, be incapable of capsizing, because, ballasted only with a deep keel of lead, they act very much like "magic bottles" or "tumblers," which always right themselves when thrown over. Captain Andrews is a tall, weather-beaten man of 50 years, strong and lithesome; but he is by business neither a seaman nor a boatbuilder. He is a pianoforte-maker. At present he has been chartered as an advertisement by a well-known and enterprising firm of soapmakers.

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

"I think," said Mr. Bowser at breakfast the other morning, "that I will come home this afternoon and clean out that big room in the attic."

"But what for?" asked Mrs. Bowser in surprise.

"For my health. It's no wonder, when we come to think about it, that I am round shouldered, my liver out of order, and the slightest exertion makes me tremble and perspire. The real wonder is that I am not in the bone yard."

"Why dear, you seem to be perfectly healthy and strong."

"Well, what I seem to be and really am are two different things. I have kept quiet because I didn't want to worry you, but now the time has come when I must do something or go to the wall."

"But what can you do—take liver pills and a tonic?"

"Liver pills be hanged!" he growled. "I've got to have exercise—make muscle—get my blood to circulating. I've got to rig up a gymnasium and practice an hour a day."

"Mr. Bowser, you—you don't mean that you are going to buy a lot more truck to throw away?" she asked.

"Truck! When did I ever buy any truck? I mean that I am going to buy a rowing machine, some dumbbells, a few Indian clubs, and perhaps a lifting machine. If I can save my life by expending a few dollars in that direction it might be a good investment."

"Who put that idea into your head?"

"*Are you in a hurry to get hold of my* life insurance?" he sternly demanded as he held his fork posed in the air.

"Of course not."

"Then drop this subject. Some wives are the first to discover that their beloved husbands are swiftly passing to the graveyard, while others are as blind as bats. I propose to fit up a gymnasium. I propose to exercise. I propose to restore this shattered system to something like a fair state of health. Pass that sugar over!"

Mrs. Bowser said no more, and that afternoon Mr. Bowser's health outfit came up and was *put in place. He broke three* panes of glass, knocked off a square yard of plaster in the room below, and let a trunk full of bedding roll down-stairs, but Mrs. Bowser considered she was getting off easy compared to other occasions.

"I feel better already," he chuckled as his work was finished and he stood surveying it. "Mrs. Bowser, I predict that in a month you won't know I'm the same man."

"I hope it may improve you," she answered in a tone betraying doubt, "but if anything happens I want you to remember that I was opposed to all this."

"Anything happen! What can happen?"

"I don't know."

"Nor anybody else, except that I will be a Hercules in about a month from now and feel like a boy again. You can go downstairs now, as I want all the room. I'm going to take my first lesson in rowing."

Mr. Bowser's face wore a broad grin of satisfaction as he sat down in the machine and grasped the handles of an imaginary pair of oars.

"Ah! Doesn't that work up those old cords and muscles in the shoulders though!" he chuckled as he worked away. "Strengthens the back, expands the chest, and——"

One of his hands slipped off, and Mr. Bowser will never be quite sure whether it was a cold-blooded attempt to assassinate him or only a fiendish conspiracy to cripple him for life. As soon as he could disentangle himself he rolled out on the floor and sat up to exclaim:

"Now by the great hornspoon—but if I had the ax up here I'd do murder! I've wrenched my back till I won't get over it in——"

"Mr. Bowser, are you there?" asked Mrs. Bowser as she knocked at the door.

"Of course I am!" he growled.

"Was it you who yelled out when something jarred the house?"

"There has been no yelling and no jarring, and you go dowstairs and see to your work!"

"I'll begin with the clubs," he said as the sounds of her footsteps died away. "I see I have got to go slow with this thing till I get the hang of it. The man who invented any such machine as that ought to be kicked. We'll limber up our arms a little."

He had once seen a professional swing the clubs, and he stood in the middle of the room and began to swing them around. All of a sudden something landed on his chin. His first thought was that a brick house had broken loose and was flying around the country, but after a little reflection he decided that his chin had "met up" with one of the clubs. He dropped them with a great bang and hung on to the remainder of his chin to save it. He was executing a contortion act when Mrs. Bowser knocked on the door and inquired:

"Mr. Bowser, did you drop anything?"

"Not a blamed thing!" he shouted in reply.

"Oh, I thought I heard something fall, and I didn't know but what you had overexerted yourself. Do you think you feel better?"

"Of course I do, and I'll thank you to leave me alone for about ten minutes! It's mighty funny that I can't do a little exercising up here without everybody acting as if the house was afire!"

She went away, and he smoothed down his chin and inspected the club which came in contact with it, and finally decided to try the health lift.

"*Good to straighten a hump-backed man* and brace up a pair of bow legs, they say," he muttered as he spat on his hands and gripped the handle. "I'm off my feed just at present, but if I can't lift four hun——"

He laid out all his strength for a grand effort, but as the handles had not yet been connected Mr. Bowser sat down on the floor with a jar which jumped the cook in the kitchen a foot high, and when the back of his head followed he lay very quiet and was dimly conscious that he was suspended in midair by a piece of clothesline, and that all sorts of pinwheels, fiery serpents, Roman candles, and *skyrockets were dart*ing around him. By and by he recognized the odor of camphor, and he heard a voice strangely familiar and felt a soft hand rubbing his temples. He opened his eyes and Mrs. Bowser was there.

"Mr. Bowser, do you think that this has helped your liver trouble and set your blood to circulating?" she kindly asked.

He sat up and looked at her. Then he groggily got upon his feet and looked at her some more. She was shaking the camphor bottle and about to hold it under his nose when he pointed to the door and hoarsely whispered:

"This is the end! I'll never forgive you if I live a million years! It's all plain to me now, and you needn't say a word—not a word! Go—library—lawyer—divorce—alimony—your mother!"

But next day he had apparently resumed his normal condition, and as he went upstairs with a stranger Mrs. Bowser heard him saying:

"I'll sell you the whole outfit for $15, which doesn't begin to be half price, but I've got so healthy and strong that nothing can hold me now. A month ago I was a dying man. Look at me now! By George, but there's nothing like it!"

To Married Ladies Only!

"So you are married at last," said Jackson to his old friend, Belton, the other day. "Allow me to congratulate you, for I hear you have an excellent and accomplished wife."

"I have," was the reply, "and she is indeed accomplished. She is perfectly at home in literature, at home in music, at home in art, at home in science—in short, at home everywhere except——"

"*Except what?*"

"Except at home."

It is becoming fashionable for the bride, instead of the bridegroom, to make presents to the bridesmaids.

AGRICULTURAL.

The Poultry Yard.

See that your poultry houses and chicken coops are well ventilated, without exposing the occupants to the danger of sleeping in draughts of air.

A successful poultryman finds buckwheat an excellent food for fowls; he ascribes his profit to its use, in addition to keeping the poultry well fed and cared for.

It is not well to feed grown-up fowls with too much soft food. It tends to make them dsypeptic. The crop becomes distended, and the food passes into the gizzard in larger quantities than is required. Better feed them more on whole, dry grain.

Do not try to raise your chicks on the manure pile. One reason why broilers are of such fine flavor is on account of the feed they get. Pure grains and meat give the desired effect.

Geese are *profitable*, and can be raised with only the same water supply that you need for other poultry. Goslings, to succeed well, should be hatched as early as possible. Their food is largely grass, and if they can avail themselves of it while the grass is young and tender, they can be grown with very little expense, indeed.

In making the chicken house ready for winter, it is not desirable to have it very warm. A temperature of 50 degrees is better and healthier than anything higher, but try and maintain it evenly, and have good ventilation without draughts.

Whole wheat is better for fowls than corn. It does not make them so fat, and, considering the greater number of eggs there can be procured by using it, is altogether a more economical food.

Save all the fowl house manure. There is none better for melon and early garden vegetables. Here are some good suggestions about saving it: In one corner of the fowl house have an empty box or barrel, and in another a barrel of land plaster. Next to the floor sprinkle a thin layer of plaster, and at regular set time times take a scraper and scrape up droppings and plaster together and place in the empty vessel. Another good plan, where land plaster is not convenient, is to keep a pile of rich, dry soil convenient for use, instead of land plaster.

All About Butter.

"A farmer's wife" writes:—If, as Mark Twain says, "There comes a time in every boy's life when he has a raging desire to go somewhere and dig for hidden treasure," there must surely be a time in every man's life when he is seized with an uncontrollable desire to write about butter-making. We have got so tired of newspaper butter making that we just skip it as we do the patent medicine column. If we miss something worth re

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Wednesday, FEB. 1, 1893

Liberal Christianity.

The tendency of the church is toward higher ground. Right living is being considered quite as important as right belief. Men are being daily judged more by their works than by their professions. All the good things of life are no longer as of old relegated to Satan, but boldly claimed by Christians as their right.

Creeds are broadening, and the trend of the times is toward a broader road to heaven. Sack cloth and ashes have lost their virtue and the doctrine boldly proclaimed that this is a good world and that the Christian should be the happiest of men.

The struggle of Dr. Briggs and his triumph marks an epoch in Presbyterianism. If it can retain him, and it does, its circle will be greatly enlarged. The trial of Dr. Smith, within the same fold, is also attracting the attention of the student to whom the evolution of the church is of peculiar interest. It may go back but the next wave will carry it still further onward. Men are becoming more tolerent of the opinions of others. It is seen that our enviroments are largely responsible for our particular beliefs, and the responsibility of condemning what the Almighty may perhaps approve is becoming better understood and feared. If God sits enthroned in the heart, why should the catechist apply his theological measure to the belief? is asked.

And so while we are learning daily more of the physical world on which we live, while science is unlocking her secret chambers and inviting us to enter, honest criticism and intelligent research have illuminated the ealier annals and enabled men to throw off what was a useless husk and to rejoice in greater freedom, and live a larger, nobler and higher life.

Our Homes.

There is nothing so important to any man as his home. No where else can he obtain that comfort, sympathy and affection which of right belong to every human being which a well regulated home can supply. It ought then to be his most cherished ambition to have such a home and to guard it with courage constancy and affection. Here is his place of rest. Here, if anywhere, his happiness is found. What need he to care for the world except to benefit it, if his own home is the abode of peace and content. What so pleasant when the days work is done, and returning, to be greeted with the welcome laugh of children and the smiling face of wife?

But if we would have the places where we live real homes they must be something more than workshops for the wife and mother. Matters should be so arranged that the evening should be devoted to time for rest and recreation for all. Reading and music and games should fill the hours, not study or work or dissipation, but rather preparation for "tired nature's sweet restorer balmy sleep." The next day will then find us ready for its duties. In this way more can be accomplished and much easier.

There should be change in home life as in everything else. Neighborly visits should be given and received. Public amusements may properly receive a share of attention. There are also the claims of the sick and needy that may not be neglected. And then there is the church and other organizations which demand willing workers. But each duty should receive its allotted share of time, and such method introduced as will prevent confusion and neglect. But above all things a special allotment of time should be made for the home which nothing but most pressing necessity should be permitted to encroach upon.

The importance of home cannot be over estimated. It is the cradle of the race. "As the twig's inclined, the tree will grow." It shapes the life of the future man and woman. It makes or mars our happiness. When its affairs are guided by wisdom and presided over by Love it has the best guarantees of happiness usefulness and honor. Where the homes are thus endowed good neighborhood abounds and patriotism flourishes.

Denman Island.

Denman Island takes its name from Admiral Denman of the British navy it is about 11 miles long and has a varying width averaging 3 miles, and is separated from Vancouver Island by Baynes Sound. It has an altitude at its highest elevation of 400 feet, and belongs to the Electorial District of Comox. Originally the land was all timber with the exception of swamps although some parts were easily cleared. Formerly there was a large Indian village located at what is known as Village Point. The village has become deserted, like Sweet Auburn, but no poet like Goldsmith has arisen to sing its praise. A few potato patches are still discernible and mark with yearly receding lines the place.

About the year 1868 the first white settlers erected a rude log house on the ranch now owned by Judge Crease. They were Wm Robb, since deceased, and Peter Barry still living on the island.

The following year R Maddigan, and his partner, James McCloy and C. C. Ralston started a stock ranch here.

In 1876, the Baynes Sound Coal Co. opened up their mines, and quite a number of the settlers about this time arrived and began the work of establishing homes for themselves.

In April 1878 the first white child was born on the island—Maggie Piercy. A post office and school were established the same year.

The Government now began in earnest the work of opening up the island by making trails, and now the island boasts of 15 miles of roads and trails. The settlers have the Government money to spend on the roads after the Eastern custom which gives satisfaction. In connection with the roads, it may be stated that there is a good wharf at which the SS. Joan makes calls once a week each way.

About four years ago the first and only Methodist church of the district was built here. The Rev. W. W. Bear was its first pastor, and it was largely through his exertions that the church was built.

There is a lodge of Good Templars [I. O. G. T.] established here named after the late Premier.

The cheif industry is cattle sheep, hogs, chickens, butter and eggs, vegetables and fruits. Deer and grouse are abundant.

There are ten families living on the island, the total population being 65.

The climate is modified by the Gulf and quite mild and the location desirable owing to its being opposite Union wharf which appears destined to be quite a place and the admirable and extensive habour which Baynes Sound affords.

There are some drawbacks, however, the principal are the large holdings of a few speculators, one holding 4500 acres; but twe are not the only section where this trouble exists.

Denman may not be able to produce such wonderful things as hove been chronicled on each side of her, still she has some things which other places do not possess, among which is the first copy of the first newspaper printed in the district and an apple tree over one inch in diameter uprooted by one of the smallest of animals, a mouse.

Comox District.

It is infortunate that we have a portion of Vancouver Island denominated the Land Registration District of Comox, and that we have a much larger section including the first known as the Electorial District of Comox. This produces confusion in the minds of many, and from the usual maps it is difficult to ascertain their boundaries.

The Electorial District of Comox comprises, according to "An Act to amend the 'Constitution Act,' passed April 26, 1890, "all that portion of Vancouver Island which lies to the north of the centre of Horne Lake and Qualicum River and to the north and east of Alberni District, together with Nootka Island, and all of the islands adjacent to Vancouver Island and in or North of Nootka Sound not included in any other Electoral District, but including Denman, Hornby, and the Queen Charlotte group of islands," and is entitled to one member.

The Land Registration District of Comox is bounded on the east by the Gulf of Georgia, on the north by Sayward Land Registration District, or 50th degree of latitude, on the west by Nootka Land Registration District or boundary of the Esquimalt and Nanaimo Railroad Land Grant, and on the south by Nelson Land Registration District. In general words it extends from the Gulf of Georgia west about twenty miles, north to Crown mountain, and south very nearly to Comox Lake. A map is necessary to give an exact idea, but the two should not be confounded, as the divisions were created for entirely different purposes.

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