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The Weekly News.

NO. 145. UNION, COMOX DISTRICT, B. C., TUESDAY, AUG. 20, 1895. $2.00 PER YEAR

Cash! Cash!

I WILL NOT BE UNDERSOLD.

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

BED ROCK.

No Skimping in Weights and Measures at the

CUMBERLAND STORE.

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

ICE CREAM PARLORS

Union, B. C.

Soda Water, Candies, Stationery and Books.

FRUIT A SPECIALTY.

TOBACCOS

Imported and Domestic Cigars Briar and Meerschaum Goods.

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

A. W. McIntyre Prop.

THOMAS C. MORGAN

THE FASHIONABLE TAILOR

DUNNE BLOCK

COMOX SAW MILL

Courtenay, B. C.

Rough and Dressed Lumber.

All orders promptly executed.

URQUHART BROS.

THE NEW ENGLAND

RESTAURANT

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

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

PLENTY OF ROOM.

MONEY

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

Mortgages purchased. Insurance effected.

MARCUS WOLFE

NANAIMO, B. C

P. O. Drawer 17

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

HARNESS SHOP

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

The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited.

Wesley Willard

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

LATEST WIRINGS.

Sir McKenzie Bowell Gone East —British Parliament Opened— Change in Superintendency of Wellington Colliery— Another Coal Strike—Minor Events.

McKENZIE RETURNS

Sir McKenze Bowell, Hon. Mr. Daly and party called at Nanaimo, Wednesday on way down from their visit to the northern villages. The Premier thoroughly enjoyed the trip and expressed surprise at the prosperous condition of the Coast Indians. The party proceeded to Victoria where they remained until Monday, the 19th inst when they left for the east.

WELLINGTON COLLIERY

Alex. Sharp will shortly resign his position as manager of the Wellington Colliery. Andrew Bryden is to succeed him

MORE COAL

The Dunsmuirs have struck a rich seam of coal on property in the Cedar District adjoining Starks' ranch.

VICTORIA HONORED

Governor General, Lady Aberdeen and children are spending a few weeks in Victoria. The visit is not of an official nature.

HUFF WILL GET THERE

G. A. Huff has been re nominated to represent the Cowichan-Alberni District in the local legislature. It is improbable that there will be any opposition to his election.

W C T U CONVENTION

The annual provincial convention of the W. C. T. U. is in progress in Nanaimo.

ATTEMPTED SUICIDE

Mrs. John Wenger of Victoria, aged 55, attempted suicide at her residence, View Street on Friday. She took carbonic acid and will probably die.

MARRIES AGAIN

Champion Jim Corbett, who, a few days ago, was divorced from his first wife, was married again Thursday to Vera Stanwood, a notorious sporting woman, with whom he has been entangled for some time past.

PARLIAMENT OPENED

The British parliament was opened this week with customary ceremonies. The session will be of a short duration.

UNION SHIPPING.

The Daisy and scow left on the 14th with 105 tons of coal for C. Peabody, Victoria.

The Tepic left on the 11th with 215 tons of coal and again on the 14th with 204 tons for the C P. R.

The Richard III left on the 16th with 1700 tons of coal for the Colliery Co., at 'Frisco.

The steamship DeBay left on the 17th with 586 tons of coal for Port Gamble, to load lumber for Peru.

The Minneola will be due Wednesday.

The str. Bonmore will be due on Saturday.

BREWERY

Among the new industries of this district, a brewery before long will take its place. The land has already been secured, about 2½ miles out from Union on the Courtenay road. Much more valuable than the land is a magnificent spring upon it. The water comes through a mile and a half of gravel from the lake at the head of the great meadow, and is soft and cool and abundant. A contract for the slashing has been let and the work is now being done. The brewery will be operated by a stock company.

ENGLISH CHURCH

There will be no service at the English church, Union, next Sunday evening, on account of the dedicatory services at the new Presbyterian church.

McPhee & Moore

GENERAL MERCANTS AND BUTCHERS

UNION & COURTENAY

Choicest Meats, Fresh Eggs and Vegetables

A full line of Staple and Fancy Groceries.

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

COUNTY COURT

The proceedings at the session of the County court at Comox on the 14th and 15th of this month were devoid of general interest with the exception of the Dickson license case, the time of the court being taken up with a lot of petty cases such as will hereafter be brought before the Small Debts Court. Judge Harrison expedites matters, going quickly to the core of a case, and meeting out justice with an impartial hand. He will however, stand no trifling and when any sharp practice is attempted, he exposes it with merciless severity.

The Dickson license case took up the better part of two days, and while it was apparent that it could have been decided on law points after a very little evidence had been introduced, yet the court appeared disposed to go to the bottom of the case, and clear up the various points presented so that in the future the licensing court may keep clear of legal difficulties. The evidence was all heard and the court adjourned to Nanaimo where the case comes up at 2. p. m. on Wednesday 21st when a decision will be rendered by the court. The following points are expected to be passed upon:

Are Cumberland and Union one town or village within the meaning of the law or should the census and petition have been confined to Cumberland alone, as contended by Dixon & Co. at the hearing before Judge Harrison?

2 Was it erroneous to apply for a license, in the name of Dickson and Co?

3. Should the Japanese be counted in the census?

4. Could two justices when they constitute a minority of the court grant a valid certificate?

Other points were made, but these were the main ones. Mr. Gregory of Victoria appeared for those opposing the license and Mr. Proir from the office of Eberts & Taylor, Victoria, appeared for Dickson & Co.

We shall endeavor to procure a copy of the opinion in this case for publication next week.

SOCIAL AND INTELLECTUAL ENTERTAINMENT

Will be given by the Ladies of Trinity church, Union, at Piket's hall on Wednesday evening, August 21st, commencing at 8 o'clock. Tickets 50 cents; proceeds to be devoted to the Building Fund The following is the

PROGRAMME:

PART I

1. **Instrumental—Suwanee River; variations.** Mrs. O'delll
2. **Song—Little Darling, dream of me.** Miss G. Piket.
3. **Reading—Seadville Jim.** Miss Powell
4. **Song—Stop, Mr. Postman.** Miss Abrams.
5. **Recitation** Mrs. Collis.
6. **Song—Sweetest story ever told.** Miss Rushworth
7. **Song—Take back the heart that thou gavest.** Miss Skinner.

REFRESHMENTS

PART II

After some instrumental music, Mrs. Bently, now on her second voyage around the world, will talk over some of her traveling experiences, explaining, at the same time, a number of magic lantern views, painted to order from photos she procured during her first journey.

Curios from Egypt, Abysinia, New Zealand, etc., will be exhibited together with photos, chiefly of monuments of ancient Egypt. Upon all these Mrs. Bentley will make some remarks.

LOCAL INDIAN ROMANCE

The scene of our story is Union Bay. The time was before the discovery of coal at Union Mines.

A tall, lithe young Indian brave, by the tribal name of Comax had been hunting for some days and at last came near the spot now famous as Garvin's Springs. A huge black bear was in the act of quenching his thirst. Bringing his rifle to his shoulder Comax fired and the bear gave one leap into the air and fell dead. After hauling the brute away from the springs, Comax removed his skin and then exhausted with his long and weary hunt, he lay down to rest. When he awoke he could hardly move. Flashes of heat shot through his frame and every bone seemed endowed with pain. Finally he dragged himself to the sparkling water which bubled up from a hillock. Although slightly salty it was very agreeable in taste and reinvigorating in its effects. He remained at the springs a few days until he was able to travel, and then made his way down to the beach, about half a mile distant, where the Indian maiden, Umadilla, lived. As he approached he stopped to sing. [free translation.

O maiden! once of lighest step,
Whose roses now are paling,
There waters be in forest depth,
To free you from your ailing.

At this moment the door of the wigwam was thrown open and an aged Indian bade the young brave enter. With just a sign of recognition Comax passed him and sank on his knees beside the reclining figure of the maiden to whom he was betrothed.

The next day a stretcher was made of light, strong boughs, covered with moss and Umadilla gently borne to a spot near the springs. A tent was quickly raised and a bed of lichen and moss provided. With a shell found near the beach, water was brought from the spring and for days the fair patient drank of the life giving fountain.

Comax brought bunches of the wild flowers which abound in the forest and their oder filled the tent with sweetness and charmed the eye with beauty. The robins came and poured their choicest songs upon the air—plaintive songs of sympathy; and the Indian brave, not neglectful, brought in the wild partridge the product of his skill, out of which he made a tea and afterwards broiled with cunning art. Soon the water restored the lost appetite, and aiding the the assimilation of food, signs of improvement became manifest. From that time on, each day showed a decided gain, and it was not long before Comax and Umadilla were able to take rambles through the woods.

It was in early fall when the leaves of the trees were taking on their variegated hues and the red berries hung from the bushes in bewildering prodigality, that word of the intended ceremony was sent out among the tribe. Then came a great multitude, many bringing an offering of forest flowers or wild fruit, or finest game A circle was formed around the springs, carpeted with wild flowers and within this circle stood the proud, devoted Comax and the gentle, loving Umadilla and were joined in wedlock in accordance with the traditions of their tribe. Then the wild shouts that went up! The distant mountains threw back the glad sounds and the very trees seemed to dance with joy!

The feast which followed and the dance which came after that, were remembered with pleasure for years afterwards and the springs became known as the Great Medicine waters.

METHODIST CHURCH

No services on Sunday morning on account of the opening of the new Presbyterian church.

S. S. and Bible class at 2.30 p. m. Evening service, 7. —Subject—Childhood of Moses. Prayer meeting, Thursday evening 7.30. Union Gospel service Saturday, 8 p. m.

Seats free. Strangers cordially inuited

ANOTHER INSURANCE MURDER.

A Cold-Blooded Poisoning Case From Elwood, Ind.

KILLED TO GET $11,500 INSURANCE.

An Indiana despatch says: Another murder to secure life insurance money has apparently been added to the already long list. A. F. Burnett, a druggist, and Frank Lytle, a glass worker, were arrested yesterday and the police are now searching for Dr. and Mrs. T. A. Cox, who are believed to be the principals in the affair. The alleged victim of the quartette was Thomas Myers, nephew of Dr. Cox, an unsophisticated young man of 22 years, who came from the country to visit the Cox family.

Myers had been at the Cox house but a few days when at Dr. Cox's instigation, he insured his life for $11,500, the Order of Foresters carrying $2,000. Dr. Cox was the sole beneficiary. Then his uncle proposed setting the young man up in business, and he went to the village of Gem, in Hancock County, and took charge of a fish market which Dr. Cox had recently purchased.

Myers had not been in Gem long before he was taken sick with an ailment which resembled the grip. Herman Grigsby, who kept a grocery store next door to the fish market, was the only person in the village who took an interest in the sick stranger. He telegraphed to Dr. Cox that Myers needed medical attention. Dr. Cox did not come in response to the message, but sent Druggist Burnett, who gave Myers some sort of mixture and left him. The young man immediately became worse and the grocery keeper telegraphed again to Dr. Cox, who came this time and brought with him Glassworker Lytle, whom he introduced in the village as a physician. They gave Myers medicine, after which Lytle went out for a long walk. Upon his arrival at the door of the fish market he was met by Dr. Cox and told that Myers was dead.

Those who have been making the investigation, assert that Lytle, while out for a walk, selected a hiding place for a grave, in which it was intended to bury Myers. Dr. Cox himself stood guard over the body of his nephew all that evening. No one, not even Grigsby, was permitted to look at the dead man. Arrangements were made to take the body across country to the Clifford Cemetery, in Bartholomew County. The start was made late at night, no one accompanying the body except Dr. Cox and Lytle. The police are confident that the body was buried in the neighborhood of Gem before the two men started on the overland trip.

A few of the country relatives gathered around the grave in Bartholomew county, but the coffin was not opened, Dr. Cox averring that the body was not in condition to be exposed. On the morning after the burial an officer of the Order of Foresters arrived at the Bartholomew county graveyard. He reminded Dr. Cox that the young man carried an insurance in the Order, and that there was a rule which prohibited the payment of policies unless the body had been viewed by one of the officers.

The grave was opened and the coffin was found to be empty. Dr. Cox immediately announced his belief that medical students had stolen the body. The officers of the Order of Foresters were not satisfied, and began an investigation. Their first theory was that Myers was still alive, and was a party to a conspiracy to defraud the Order. After the investigation had progressed for two weeks, however, they were convinced that murder had been committed. Dr. Cox left Elwood two weeks ago, and his whereabouts are not known. The police, however, say they will have him in custody in a few days. Mrs. Cox, it is thought, will be arrested to-day. She is said to be at her former home, in Franklin.

CONCENTRATED EXTRACT.

Habits are the petrifaction of feelings.—**Landon.**

Every man has his devilish moments.—**Lavater.**

Hope without action is a barren undoer.—**Feltham.**

Do not speak of your happiness to one less fortunate than yourself.—Plutarch.

Next to the originator of a good sentence is the first quoter of it.—Emerson.

The morality of an action depends upon the motive from which we act.—Johnson.

There is no merit without elevation, and no elevation without some merit.—Rochefoucauld.

Idleness is the stupidity of the body, and stupidity is the idleness of the mind.—Seume.

Nothing is so strong as gentleness; nothing so gentle as real strength.—Francis de Sales.

Our greatest glory consists not in never falling, but in rising every time we may fall.—Goldsmith.

A judicious reticence is hard to learn, but it is one of the greatest lessons of life.—Chesterfield.

THE DORCHESTER LIAR

Varies the Sea-Serpent Story With Yarns About Flying Stumps.

The Times came across a gentleman this morning who has been investigating the stone falling mystery at Dorchester. He states that while he was there the stones fell, and they did not come out of the trees, as it was in an open field where they fell. He also says he was leaning over a fence talking to two other men when a stump fell in front of them, coming down like a feather. The men tried to raise it, but the efforts of the combined three could not budge it. He brought several stones home with him which fell while he was at Dorchester. It is understood the Ontario Government will send a specialist to the scene to investigate the matter.—St. Thomas Times.

THE UNPARDONABLE SIN.

Ascribing the Holy Ghost's Work to the Agency of the Devil.

Talmage's Comforting Idea Concerning It—It Was Possible of Committal Only in Apostolic Times—Sins of To-day That Are in Some Respects Irrevocable.

New York, July 14, 1895.—In his sermon for to-day, Rev. Dr. Talmage, who is still in the west on his annual summer tour, chose a subject which has been a fruitful theme of theological disputation for centuries past, namely: "The Unpardonable Sin." The texts selected were: "All manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men: but the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost shall not be forgiven unto men, and whosoever speaketh a word against the Son of Man, it shall be forgiven him, but whosoever speaketh against the Holy Ghost, it shall not be forgiven him, neither in this world, neither in the world to come."—Matthew xii., 31, 32.

"He found no place of repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears."—Heb. xii., 17.

As sometimes you gather the whole family around the evening stand to hear some book read, so now we gather—a great Christian family group—to study this text; and now may one and the same Lamp cast its glow on all the circle!

You see from the first passage that I read that there is a sin against the Holy Ghost for which a man is never pardoned. Once, having committed it, he is bound hand and foot for the dungeons of despair. Sermons may be preached to him, songs may be sung to him, prayers may be offered in his behalf; but all to no purpose. He is a captive for this world, and a captive for the world that is to come. Do you suppose that there is anyone here who has committed that sin? All sins are against the Holy Ghost; but my text speaks of one especially. It is very clear to my own mind that the sin against the Holy Ghost was the ascribing the works of the Spirit to the agency of the devil in the time of the apostles. Indeed, the Bible distinctly tells us that. In other words, if a man had sight given to him, or if another was raised from the dead, and someone standing there should say, "This man got his sight by Satanic power; the Holy Spirit did not do this; Beelzebub accomplished it;" or, "This man raised from the dead was raised by Satanic influence," the man who said that dropped down under the curse of the text, and had committed the fatal sin against the Holy Ghost.

Now, I do not think it is possible in this day to commit that sin. I think it was possible only in apostolic times. But it is a very terrible thing ever to say anything against the Holy Ghost, and it is a marked fact that our race has been marvelously kept back from that profanity. You hear a man swear by the name of the Eternal God, and by the name of Jesus Christ, but you never hear a man swear by the name of the Holy Ghost. There are those here to-day who fear they are guilty of the unpardonable sin. Have you such anxiety? Then I have to tell you positively that you have not committed that sin, because the very anxiety is a result of the movement of the gracious Spirit, and your anxiety is proof positive, as certainly as anything that can be demonstrated in mathematics, that you have not committed the sin that I have been speaking of. I can look off upon this audience and feel that there is salvation for all. It is not like when they put out with those life-boats from the "Loch Earn" for the "Ville du Havre." They knew that there was not room for all the passengers, but they were going to do as well as they could. But to-day we man the lifeboat of the Gospel, and we cry out over the sea, "Room for all!" Oh, that the Lord Jesus Christ would, this hour, bring you all out of the flood of sin, and plant you on the deck of the glorious old Gospel craft.

But while I have said I do not think it is possible for us to commit the particular sin spoken of in the first text, I have by reason of the second text to call your attention to the fact that there are sins which, though they may be pardoned, are in some respects irrevocable; and you find no place for repentance, though you seek it carefully with tears. Esau had a birthright given him. In old times it meant not only temporal but spiritual blessing. One day Esau took this birthright and traded it off for something to eat. Oh, the folly! But let us not be too severe upon him, for some of us have committed the same folly. After he had made the trade he wanted to get it back. Just as though you to-morrow morning should take all your notes and bonds and government securities, and should go into a restaurant, and in a fit of recklessness and hunger, throw all those securities on the counter and ask for a plate of food, making that exchange. This was the one Esau made. He sold his birthright for a mess of pottage, and he was very sorry about it afterward; but "he found no place for repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears."

There is an impression in almost every man's mind that somewhere in the future there will be a chance where he can correct all his mistakes. Live as we may, if we only repent in time, God will forgive us, and then all will be as well as though we had never committed sin. My discourse shall come in collision with that theory. I shall show you, my friends, as God will help me, that there is such a thing as unsuccessful repentance; that there are things done wrong that always stay wrong, and for them you may seek some place of repentance, and seek it carefully, but never find it.

Belonging to this class of irrevocable mistakes is the folly of a misspent youth. We may look back to our college days, and think how we neglected chemistry, or geology, or botany, or mathematics. We may be sorry about it all our days. Can we ever get the discipline or the advantage that we would have had had we attended to those duties in early life? A man wakes up at forty years of age and finds that his youth has been wasted, and he strives to get back his early advantages. Does he get them back—the days of his boyhood, the days in college, the days under his father's roof? "Oh," he says, "if I could only get those times back again, how I would improve them!" My brother, you will never get them back. They are gone. You may be sorry about it, and God may forgive, so that you may at last reach heaven; but you will never get over some of the mishaps that have come to your soul as a result of your neglect of early duty. You may try to undo it; you cannot undo it. When you had a boy's arms, and a boy's eyes, and a boy's heart, you ought to have attended to those things. A man says, at fifty years of age, "I do wish I could get over these habits of indolence." When did you get them? At twenty or twenty-five years of age. You cannot shake them off. They will hang to you to the very day of your death. If a young man, through a long course of evil conduct undermines his physical health, and then repents of it in after life, the Lord may pardon him; but that does not bring back good physical condition. I said to a minister of the gospel, one Sabbath, at the close of the service, "Where are you preaching now?" "Oh," he says, "I am not preaching. I am suffering from the physical effects of early sin. I can't preach now. I am sick." A consecrated man he now is, and he mourns bitterly over early sins; but that does not arrest their bodily effects.

The simple fact is, that men and women often take twenty years of their life to build up influences that require all the rest of their life to break down. Talk about a man beginning life when he is twenty-one years of age; talk about a woman beginning life when she is eighteen years of age! Ah, no! In many respects that is the time they close life. In nine cases out of ten all the questions of eternity are decided before that. Talk about a majority of men getting their fortunes between thirty and forty! They get or lose fortunes between ten and twenty. When you tell me that a man is just beginning life, I tell you he is just closing it. The next fifty years will not be of as much importance to him as the first twenty.

Now, why do I say this? Is it for the annoyance of those who have only a baleful retrospection? You know that is not my way. I say it for the benefit of young men and women. I want them to understand that eternity is wrapped up in this hour; that the sins of youth we never get over; that you are now fashioning the mold in which your great future is to run; that a minute, instead of being sixty seconds long, is made up of everlasting ages. You see what dignity and importance this gives to the life of all our young folks. Why, in the light of this subject, life is not something to be frittered away, not something to be smirked about, not something to be danced out, but something to be weighed in the balances of eternity. Oh, young man! the sin of yesterday, the sin of to-morrow, will reach over ten thousand years, ay, over the great and unending eternity. You may, after awhile, say, "I am very sorry. Now I have got to be thirty or forty years of age, and I do wish I had never committed those sins." What does that amount to? God may pardon you; but undo those things you never will, you never can.

In this same category of irrevocable mistakes I put all parental neglect. We begin the education of our children too late. By the time they got to be ten or fifteen we wake up to our mistakes, and try to eradicate this bad habit, and change that, but it is too late. That parent who omits, in the first ten years of a child's life, to make an eternal impression for Christ, never makes it. The child will probably go on with all the disadvantages, which might have been avoided by parental faithfulness. Now you see what a mistake that father or mother makes who puts off too late life adherence to Christ. Here is a man who, at fifty years of age, says to you, "I must be a Christian;" and he says, "Here, at fifty years of age I have given my heart to the Savior. Now I must establish a family altar." What? Where are your children now? One in Boston; another in Cincinnati; another in New Orleans; and you, my brother, at your fiftieth year going to establish your family altar? Very well; better late than never; but, alas, alas, that you did not do it twenty-five years ago!

When I was in Chamouni, Switzerland, I saw in the window of one of the shops a picture that impressed my mind very much. It was a picture of an accident that occurred on the side of one of the Swiss mountains. A company of travelers with guides, went up some very steep places—places which but few travelers attempted to go up. They were, as all travelers are there, fastened together with cords at the waist, so that if one slipped, the rope would hold him—the rope fastened to the others. Passing along the most dangerous point, one of the guides slipped, and they all started down the precipice; but after a while one more muscular than the rest stuck his heels into the ice and stopped; but the rope broke, and down, hundreds and thousands of feet, the rest went. And so I see whole families bound together by ties of affection, and in many places walking on slippery places of worldliness and sin. The father knows it and the mother knows it, and they are bound all together. After a while they begin to slide down steeper and steeper, and the father becomes alarmed, and he stops, planting his feet on the "Rock of Ages." He stops but the rope breaks, and those who were once tied fast to him by moral and spiritual influences, go over the precipice. Oh, there is such a thing as coming to Christ soon enough to save others!

How many parents wake up in the latter part of life to find out the mistake! The parent says, "I have been too lenient," or "I have been too severe in the discipline of my children. If I had the little ones around me again, how different I would do!" You will never have them around you again. The work is done, the bent to the character is given, the eternity is decided. I say this to young parents—those who are twenty-five or thirty or thirty-five years of age—have the family altar to-night. How do you suppose that father felt as he leaned over the couch of his dying child, and the expiring son said to him, "Father, you have been very good to me. You have given me a fine education, and you have placed me in a fine social position; you have done everything for me in a worldly sense; but, father, you never told me how to die. Now I am dying, and I am afraid."

In this category of irrevocable mistakes I place, also, the unkindness done the departed. When I was a boy, my mother used to say to me, "De Witt, you will be sorry for that when I am gone." And I remember just how she looked, sitting there, with cap and spectacles, and the old Bible in her lap; and she never said a truer thing than that, for I have often been sorry since. While we have our friends with us, we say unguarded things that wound the feelings of those to whom we ought to give nothing but kindness. Perhaps the parent, without inquiring into the matter, box the child's ears. The little one, who has fallen in the street, comes in covered with dust, and, as though the first disaster were not enough, she whips it. After a while the child is taken, or the parent is taken, or the companion is taken, and those who are left say, "Oh, if we could only get back those unkind words, those unkind deeds; if we could only recall them!" But you cannot get them back. You might bow down over the grave of that loved one, and cry and cry and cry—the white lips would make no answer. The stars shall be plucked out of their sockets, but these influences shall not be torn away. The world shall die, but there are some wrongs immortal. The moral of which is, take care of your friends while you have them; spare the scolding; be economical of the satire; shut up in a dark cave, from which they shall never swarm forth, all the words that have a sting in them. You will wish you had some day—very soon you will—perhaps to-morrow. Oh, yes. While with a firm hand you administer parental discipline, also administer it very gently, lest some day there be a little slab in the cemetery, and on it chiselled "Our Willie," or "Our Charlie;" and though you bow down prone in the grave, and seek a place of repentance, and seek it carefully with tears, you cannot find it.

There is another sin that I place in the class of irrevocable mistakes, and that is lost opportunities of getting good. I never come to a Saturday night but I can see during that week I have missed opportunities of getting good. I never come to my birthday but I can see that I have wasted many chances of getting better. I never go home on Sabbath from the discussion of a religious theme without feeling that I might have done it in a more successful way. How is it with you? If you take a certain number of bushels of wheat and scatter them over a certain number of acres of land, you expect a harvest in proportion to the amount of seed scattered. And I ask you now, have the sheaves of moral and spiritual harvest corresponded with the advantages given? How has it been with you? You may make resolutions for the future, but past opportunities are gone. In the long procession of future years all those past moments will march; but the archangel's trumpet that wakes the dead will not wake up for you one of those privileges. Esau has sold his birthright, and there is not wealth enough in the treasure-houses of heaven to buy it back again. What does that mean? It means that if you are going to get any advantage out of this Sabbath day you will have to get it before the hand wheels around on the clock to twelve to-night. It means that every moment of our life has two wings, and that it does not fly like a hawk, in circles, but in a straight line, from eternity to eternity. It means that though other chariots may break down, or drag heavily, this one never drops the brake, and never ceases to run. It means that while at other feasts the cup may be passed to us, and we may reject it, and yet after a while take it, the cup-bearers to this feast never give us but one chance at the chalice, and, rejecting that, we shall "find no place for repentance, though we seek it carefully with tears."

There is one more class of sins that I put in the category of irrevocable sins, and that is lost opportunities of usefulness. Your business partner is a proud man. In ordinary circumstances say to him, "Believe in Christ," and he will say, "You mind your own business, and I'll mind mine." But there has been affliction in the household. His heart is tender. He is looking around for sympathy and solace. Now is your time. Speak, speak, or forever hold your peace. There is a time in farm life when you plant the corn and when you sow the seed. Let that go by and the farmer will wring his hands while other husbandmen are gathering in the sheaves. You are in a religious meeting, and there is an opportunity for you to speak a word for Christ. You say, "I must do it." Your cheek flushes with embarrassment. You rise half way, but you cower before men whose breath is in their nostrils, and you sag back, and the opportunity is gone, and all eternity will feel the effect of your silence. Try to get back that opportunity! You cannot find it. You might as well try to find the fleece that Gideon watched, or take in our hand the dew that came down on the locks of the Bethlehem shepherds, or to find the plume of the first robin that went across paradise. It is gone; it is gone forever. When an opportunity for personal repentance or of doing good passes away, you may hunt for it; you cannot find it. You may fish for it; it will not take the hook. You may dig for it; you cannot bring it up. Remember that there are wrongs and sins that can never be corrected; that our privileges fly not in circles, but in a straight line; that the lightnings have not as swift feet as our privileges when they are gone, and let an opportunity of salvation go by us an inch, and no man can overtake it. Fire-winged seraphim cannot come up with it. The eternal God himself cannot catch it.

I stand before those who have a glorious birthright. Esau's was not so rich as yours. Sell it once and you sell it forever. I remember the story of the lad on the "Arctic" some years ago—the lad Stewart Holland. A vessel crashed into the Arctic in the time of a fog, and it was found that the ship must go down. Some of the passengers got off in the lifeboats, some got off on rafts; but three hundred went to the bottom. During all those hours of calamity, Stewart Holland stood at the signal gun, and it sounded across the sea, boom! boom! The helmsman forsook his place, the engineer was gone, and some fainted and some prayed and some blasphemed, and the powder was gone, and they could no more set off the signal gun. The lad broke in the magazine and brought out more powder, and again the gun boomed over the sea. Oh, my friends, tossed on the rough seas of life, some have taken the warning, have gone off in the lifeboat, and they are safe; but others are not making any attempt to escape. So I stand at this signal gun of the gospel, sounding the alarm, Beware! beware! "Now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation." Hear it that your soul may be saved.

A CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR ROMANCE

Two Michigan Delegates Elope to Scotland.

Arson and Desertion Charged Against the Man—Acquaintance Begun at the Cleveland Convention—Did Cady Fire His Store?—They Roomed Together in New York.

New York despatch says: Detectives in this city looking for C. G. Cady, of the firm of Jackson & Cady, dealers in dry goods and groceries at Pinckney, Mich. They charge him with arson, but he is also the principal figure in an escapade which has stirred up half the counties in the southern tier of the State of Michigan.

He was a particularly brilliant light in church circles and gave much time to Christian Endeavor work. He was looked upon as a model young man in every respect. Now he is out of town and under a dark cloud, and with him is, or was, Miss Etta B. Rice, a young woman who lived in Lansing, the capital of the State, and who, like her companion, had won an enviable reputation by her church work. She, too, was prominent in the church Endeavor organization, and was to have gone to Boston last week as the official representative of the local society.

Besides leaving there unceremoniously with such a nice girl, Cady deserted a really estimable young woman in Pinckney, to whom he was engaged, and who was addressing invitations to her wedding, when the news was brought to her that her affianced husband had mysteriously disappeared.

Cady first appeared in Pinckney, a town of about 500 inhabitants in Livingston county and about 40 miles west of Detroit, a year ago. He formed a partnership with a man named Jackson and the firm opened the usual country dry goods and grocery store. His good looks and affable manners brought them a good trade and they prospered. He cultivated the religious friendship of the town, which is generally susceptible in a place of that size and location, and especially so in this old and not altogether unpleasant hamlet. His popularity was very great. He had no trouble in getting credit and all the favors he asked.

It is said that many are financial losers through their unbounded confidence in him, but it is not known here how extensive his debts are.

He made the acquaintance of Miss Anna McMasters, who is described as a lovely girl, and paid her unremitting attention for a year. As already stated, they were engaged to be married and he had already furnished and decorated in exquisite style, for a country village, one of the best houses in town.

Neither Miss McMasters nor anyone else in that vicinity knew of his attentions to any other woman.

On June 29th he left town, presumably for Detroit, telling his partner that he would return on the following day. That night a fire broke out in his store, but it was discovered in time to prevent serious damage. It was then learned that cotton batting saturated with kerosene had been placed in different parts of the store and among the goods.

This was not connected with Cady until the next day, when he failed to return. Then there were whisperings of attempted arson and finally charges were made openly. He has not been seen in the town since.

It is now known that on June 29th, the day when Cady left Pinckney, Miss Rice also bade her parents goodby at Lansing and took a train ostensibly for Boston, a delegate to the Christian Endeavor Convention. Miss Rice has a sister living near Hillsdale, Mich. Before she left she wrote this sister to meet her that day as she passed through the city. Miss Rice stopped off for a few hours and then went on eastward over the Lake Shore road.

Last Tuesday Mrs. Rice, the mother of the girl, received at Lansing a letter from her Hillsdale daughter, containing inclosures dated at Erie, Pa., which with the letter had been received from Etta and Cady, announcing their marriage. The date of the alleged marriage was not given nor was the sister advised of the whereabouts or plans of the couple. As Miss Rice left behind the funds which had been appropriated by the Christian Endeavor Society to pay her expenses to Boston, it was evident that the meeting with Cady had been planned.

The next trace of Cady and Miss Rice was found in New York. On Tuesday last, July 1, they came to the Hotel Empire, at the corner of Grand boulevard and West Sixty-third street, and registered as C. G. Cady and wife, Portland, Ore. They stayed there, occupying the best rooms to be had in this fashionable hotel, until last Saturday.

When they went away nothing was said about their future movements, but it has been found out by the detectives that Miss Rice, or Mrs. Cady, whichever she may be, sailed for Glasgow on the Furnessia, which left this port at 10 o'clock to-day. It is now believed that Cady was with her.

Miss Rice is the daughter of Joseph M. Rice, a painter and decorator, who has long been in business at Lansing. She is 24 years old, a decided brunette, and during the recent session of the Legislature was assistant engrossing clerk of the House of Representatives. She met Cady last year when in Cleveland attending the Christian Endeavor convention. He was then supposed to be clerking in Detroit. Since, it appears, he has called upon her a number of times at her home, but not so frequently as to cause her parents to suspect that they were engaged to be married or were making any other plans.

THE TEMPTATION OF THE MINOR CANON.

It is certainly hard on a man when his very designation excludes greatness. And no one ever felt this more keenly than Mr. Bulkeley, the minor canon of Dunchester. In his own eyes he was a very great man. He was certainly great in body, and he considered that he possessed great moral and intellectual qualities. And yet he was only a Minor Canon. Nothing could be more galling to such a man than to have the epithet Minor associated with his name. Custom is very capricious in such matters. The lowest grade of general is major-general. By parity of paradox, the highest grade of Canon should be minor Canon. But it is not.

It is true that Mr. Bulkeley did his best to sink the obnoxious epithet, and he was helped so far by the usages of society that he escaped it altogether in conversation. As to his cards, he had two sets—the one for the initiated, the other for the ignorant. On the former he figured as the "Rev. Gratorex Bulkeley." These were for use at Dunchester and the clerical world generally. On the other he stood as "Canon Bulkeley." These were reserved as a kind of treat for his maiden aunts and country cousins, and such of his acquaintances as were unfamiliar with clerical etiquette.

On the letters addressed to him he was almost always Canon. Only once in a while did some stupid tradesman, forgetting that the part may be sometimes greater than the whole, give him his complete title in all its belittling fullness.

Whenever this happened Mr. Bulkeley fell upon the obnoxious envelope and rent it. The newspapers generally spoke of him as Canon. In fact, it was difficult for the average reporter, when he saw Mr. Bulkeley on a platform, to imagine that such a breadth of waistcoat could enclose anything smaller than a full-sized Canon.

Mr. Bulkeley cultivated the dignity in his appearance and apparel. There was a richness and amplitude about all his garments that conveyed irresistibly the idea that the wearer must occupy a high place among ecclesiastics. He even wore a rosette in front of his hat. "A freak of my tailor," he would say, apologetically. But he must have been tolerant of such freaks, for this one was repeated with every new hat.

For years Mr. Bulkeley had gone on waging this petty warfare with fate and struggling against the ill-conditioned adjective that obscured his natural greatness. Most men would have gone under in the struggle. But he did not. Sometimes he even fancied that he was getting the best of the contest; a week or two would pass without a sight of the enemy. Then all at once some ignorant person would write to him, and the humiliating word would once more be forced upon his notice. It might be sunk, but it could not be suppressed.

Of course, theoretically. Mr. Bulkeley might have escaped from this tyranny of a word by resigning his position. But he was a poor man, and he could not afford to do this. Moreover, though now in middle life, he was in love, in a vague, distant kind of way, with the Bishop's daughter, and his connection with the cathedral gave him opportunities of meeting her which he would not otherwise have enjoyed. Unfortunately, however, he had a rival, Mr. Luxmore, a man not so poor as himself and a good deal younger. The Bishop had not hitherto favored Mr. Bulkeley's suit.

Then all at once the unexpected happened. Mr. Bulkeley's position was radically altered. For the moment he remained a Minor Canon, but his minority was to all intents and purposes at an end. Early one morning it became known in the Close that Mr. Bulkeley had come into a large fortune.

For the first time in his life he laughed at the malignant adjective that had hitherto harrassed him so persistently. He felt that its power was over. There could be no doubt that, society being what it is, he was now, if not a great man, certainly not a little one. The Bishop's daughter need no longer be a mere dim and distant aspiration; she was henceforward in the category of things attainable.

So he thought, and he was not altogether wrong. For the Bishop, who chanced to be staying, together with his daughter, at the Deanery when the news of Mr. Bulkeley's sudden accession to wealth was brought there, began to speak highly of him, which he had never done before. He was alone with his daughter at the time.

"A very worthy young man," he said, "who, up to the present time, has not had too much of this world's prosperity, but he has always shown brave front."

"But surely he is not young, papa," said Winifred.

"These terms, my dear, are purely relative. One man is young at an age when another man would be old. Of course, I do not profess to know Mr. Bulkeley's age, though, if he was ordained at the usual time, it might be ascertained approximately from the Clergy list. All I mean is that he has always given me the impression that he is still a young man."

"Perhaps that is because he is only a Minor Canon, papa; they are generally young."

"You mean they begin by being so, my love. If they live long enough, and are not promoted, it seems to me that Minor Canons, like every other class of men, must in time grow old."

This was one of the seraphically innocent remarks for which the good Bishop was famous.

Later in the day it became known that the Dean had asked Mr. Bulkeley to stay at the Deanery while the Bishop was there.

"He lives some way off," said the Dean; "it would be a pity to put him to the expense of a cab. It will be much more comfortable for him to stay in the house, and he is certainly a delightful companion."

Every one agreed with the Dean, and sympathized with his anxiety to spare Mr. Bulkeley's purse, now that it was known to be full to repletion.

The Minor Canon accepted the invitation. There was some pleasure now in going into society. He had succeeded to several thousands a year; he was supposed to have succeeded to double or treble the real amount. He was, therefore, sure of deferential treatment, which he had the natural talent for enjoying. Besides, Winifred was at the Deanery.

When he arrived in the afternoon the butler informed him that the Dean and his visitors had gone for a drive, and were not to return till just in time to dress for dinner.

Then the butler conducted Mr. Bulkeley to his room and left him to his own reflections. They were pleasant ones. "All things are possible," he said to himself, "to those who have money. I shall resign my present post at once. Then I shall accept a good living. Good livings are always offered to people who can afford to do without them. From that the transition will be easy to a Canonry. After that a Deanery? Not, I think not. Deans are generally semi-failures—too good to ban, too commonplace to consecrate. Arch-Deaconry? No. An absurd sort of position—gaiters et praeterea nihil.

No. From Canon to Bishop straight away, without any stoppages. A Bishop must be a rich man in these days; no poor man can bear the expense. "That," thought Mr. Bulkeley, complacently, "gets rid of a host of dangerous competitors. Money, presence, and, of course, high character, and a natural aptitude for governing men—what more can any Prime Minister want? I've always been considered orthodox, and my political views are so moderate and judicious that they would really suit either party."

He was leaning on the window-sill and looking out upon the dimly kept garden of the Deanery. He put out his hand unconsciously—the miter seemed almost in his grasp. "I am sure I should look the part well," he thought; "it's a great thing to have a good presence, and Winifred would be proud of me. My position has been against me hitherto. After that and all is altered. And how well I should look in the robes."

He glanced at his watch. It was 6 o'clock. The dinner hour at the Deanery was 7.30. There was an hour yet before the Dean and his party would be likely to return. Mr. Bulkeley thought he would go to the library and refresh his recollection of the Vestiarium Anglicanum. It was a subject in which he had always taken an interest; now the interest was greater than ever.

He went out of his room and turned down the corridor. As he did so he noticed that the door of one of the rooms chanced to be wide open. He could not help looking in, and was almost startled by the object that caught his eye. For there—neatly disposed over a chair in the middle of the room—was a complete set of episcopal robes, surmounted by the Protestant substitute for the miter, the so-called "mortar-board."

"How very funny," said Mr. Bulkeley to himself. "Just what I was thinking about."

Then he advanced a step or two into the room in an undecided manner. Almost unconsciously he had closed the door behind him.

"A very nice room!" he said, as if that were the attraction, "and handsomely furnished. I wonder what the subject of that picture is over there."

To satisfy his curiosity about it he had to advance several steps further into the room.

"Oh, I see," he said; "allegorical, Omnia vanitas! How very silly allegorical pictures generally are!"

By this time he was standing quite close to the chair on which lay the Bishop's robes.

"It's a curious compound of garments," he said, philosophically. "I wonder who invented it. Or is it a product of evolution?—the glorification of a workman's ordinary dress—shirt-sleeves, black waistcoat and workman's apron? Still, on a fine-looking man, it looks well—very well. What a pity it is that our dear, good Bishop has such a hatchet face! His bandy legs don't so much matter when he's got the robes on, though they are against him in social intercourse. It's curious when you come to think of it, that a man should pass his whole life over a parenthesis."

There was a large mirror in the wardrobe on one side of the room, and Mr. Bulkeley could not help casting a glance at it, and mentally comparing his own impressive features and straight legs with those of the poor Bishop.

"It hardly seems a process of natural selection," he thought. "If a man looks his part without acting it, he's considered a fraud. But surely it's almost as bad if a man acts his part and doesn't look it. It's still a kind of fraud. What a pity it is our good Bishop has such a very poor presence!"

It is quite certain, although the fact is nowhere laid down in scientific text-books, that the human hands have a volition of their own. It is not a mere reflex action; it involves a subliminal consciousness. There is, first, contact; then reasoning (of a low type); then voluntary action. Mr. Bulkeley's hands chanced to come into contact with the smooth satin of the chimere. They then argued: "Here are clothes; clothes are meant to be worn; ergo, we will put them on." Mr. Bulkeley himself was a mere lay figure for the occasion. By degrees the hands accomplished their task. One by one—in due order, ohne Hast, ohne Rast—they endued Mr. Bulkeley with the cossack, the rochet, and the chimere. Then he gave a little start, for, in the mirror immediately in front of him, he suddenly caught sight of a majestic figure in full episcopal costume. It was himself.

"'Pon my life!" he exclaimed, and then stopped short. It was not a very episcopal utterance, but then it was not ex cathedra. And, at the moment, he was a little distraught; he was at once proud of his appearance and a trifle ashamed of his proceedings. Then a strange thing happened. Still looking at the mirror, he was surprised, and even a little shocked, to see the reflected figure slowly raising its right hand, with two fingers extended, in the act of benediction. He had never really intended to perform this action. It was that terrible autovolition of the hand again.

"Oh, well," he said, rapidly lowering his hand, "I'm glad I've seen myself in them for once. But I think I'll take them off now. Hullo! what's that?"

There was the sound of heavy footsteps approaching the room.

"Good heavens! I shall be caught," thought Mr. Bulkeley. "It must be the Bishop's valet. I never thought of him. What on earth am I to do? He'll be here before I can get the things off. I must hide myself somewhere."

He made a bolt for the wardrobe, opened it, and ensconced himself inside. He was a big man, and it was a wonderfully tight fit, but he just managed to condense his proportions into the space available. He could barely move and he could see nothing. But he could hear well enough.

The heavy step pounded into the room.

"It cannot be the valet," thought Mr. Bulkeley; "no man would have a valet who trod like an elephant." But, if it was not the valet, who was it? It must be the Bishop himself. The thought caused a sudden horripilation of Mr. Bulkeley's skin.

The Bishop was not alone—his daughter was with him.

"How are you now, papa?" she asked, as the Bishop (so Mr. Bulkeley judged from the sudden shaking of the floor) sank into a chair. "A little better, I hope?"

"Thank you, my love," answered the Bishop, a little peevishly; "but, really, since you last asked me that question at the foot of the stairs there has hardly been time for any marked change. But I am glad I turned back when I did. The sun was very oppressive. I think I had better not go down to dinner to-night."

At this the wardrobe oscillated perceptibly. It was Mr. Bulkeley shuddering inside. If the Bishop carried out his intention there could be no escape for the intruder.

"It will be a great disappointment to everyone, papa," said Winifred.

"It will be a privation to me, my dear, but life is made up of such things," said the Bishop pessimistically. "Not but what Jackson could bring me up something here," he added, a little less dolefully. "Something very light, of course. Just a little clear soup, a bit of fish and the wing of a fowl. Positively nothing else, except vegetables, of course; but no sweets of any kind. Perhaps a glass of dry champagne would take away my headache. It is considered, I believe, a good nerve tonic. But I will tell Jackson exactly what I want."

"Shall I stay with you, papa?"

"No, my love. If I am compelled to absent myself from dinner, that makes it all the more necessary that you should be present. But what is that noise?"

"What noise, papa?"

"It sounded to me something like a groan, but I suppose it is merely another proof how my nerves have been affected by my indisposition. Well, my love, do not let me keep you any longer."

Mr. Bulkeley had already resolved on his course of action. As soon as the Bishop should be alone he (Mr. Bulkeley) would emerge from his place of concealment and throw himself on the Bishop's generosity. It would be very humiliating, no doubt, but he felt sure that the Bishop would keep his secret. As to humbling himself in this way before the Bishop's daughter, that was not to be thought of.

"Shall I ring for Jackson, papa, before I go?"

But Winifred did not go at once.

"If you please, my love."

The bell was rung. Not till Jackson came did Winifred withdraw, but it was impossible for Mr. Bulkeley to come and exhibit himself as an imitation bishop in the presence of a menial. He felt that he must postpone his manifestation until Jackson should have retired.

But before this happened the Dean made his appearance. He had come to inquire after his distinguished guest. And with the Dean came Winifred.

"It is an attack of the head," said the Bishop, in a plaintive tone. "Very slight, I am thankful to say, but still I think I ought to keep quiet."

"But you will be able to join us at dinner, my lord, I hope."

"I trust you will kindly excuse me. You know what a disappointment it will be to me, but I think it would hardly be prudent. But what is that sort of stifled noise? I have heard it several times now."

"It seems to come from the wardrobe, papa," said Winifred.

"Would you see if Jackson is outside?" said the Bishop to his daughter.

Jackson had discreetly withdrawn on the arrival of the Dean, but he had not gone far. Winifred found him in the corridor.

"Do you think there can be a cat in the wardrobe, Jackson?" asked the Bishop, in his most impressive manner. "Cats," he added, addressing his other visitors, "are said to have a perfect genius for getting themselves shut up in the most unlikely places."

"I will see, my lord," said Jackson.

He took a step or two toward the wardrobe, but suddenly started back appalled, for just as he was about to open the door, the door opened, as it seemed, of itself, and there stepped forth a majestic figure arrayed in full episcopal robes.

Everyone started—the Bishop most of all. Was this his double? or an hallucination of his fevered brain? He laid his finger on his pulse.

"Beg pardon, my lord," stammered Jackson, addressing the figure in the robes. The clothes makes the man, and in Jackson's eyes this was a genuine member of the episcopal order. Why he should have secreted himself in a wardrobe was not at the moment clear, but this did not make him the less a bishop.

But the other spectators were not long in recognizing the impressive features of the Minor Canon.

"Mr. Bulkeley!" exclaimed Winifred.

"Mr. Bulkeley!" echoed the others.

Mr. Bulkeley tried in vain to preserve a dignified demeanor. The chimere was now a Nessus-robe.

"I am sure I beg your pardon, my lord," he stammered. "A mere passing freak, I assure you."

"Pray don't mention it," answered the Bishop, with freezing politeness. It seemed to him monstrous that any human being should dare thus to make a travesty of the episcopal office. And with his robes, too!

Then there was a dead silence for a few seconds, which seemed an eternity.

"I think I had better go now," said Mr. Bulkeley, feebly. He had been debating with himself whether he should take off his borrowed plumes there and then, or perform the operation in the privacy of his own room. Calmly to walk off with the Bishop's robes before the very eyes of the Bishop himself needed some audacity. But, on the other hand, it was impossible for him to divest himself of them before such unsympathetic spectators. So he turned toward the door, and, unable to utter another word, half stalked, half stumbled from the room, still a Bishop in appearance, though not in mien.

"A most extraordinary proceeding," said the Bishop, when the door had closed behind Mr. Bulkeley.

"The man must be mad," said the Dean. "The fortune he has just come into must have turned his head."

"I don't see why it should have been turned in my direction," said the Bishop, plaintively.

Jackson had followed Mr. Bulkeley out of the room. He now returned with the Bishop's robes across his arm.

"With Canon Bulkeley's compliments, my lord, and he will write Your Lordship on the subject."

Mr. Bulkeley was not seen again at Dunchester. He now lives abroad, and professes to doubt whether the Anglican Church has a true Apostolic Succession. It is said that his doubts have arisen since the Bishop of Dunchester gave his daughter to Mr. Luxmore.

VALUE OF "GOOD MORNING."

A Mistress Who Never Had Any Trouble With Her Servants.

"Your servants are always so civil," remarked one woman to another. "Have you any special training methods that engraft such courtesy into their manners?"

"Not especially," was the answer, "but maybe you can find a keynote to their good temper in the fact that I always select as a commencement to each day a cheery 'good morning.'

"Somehow it seems to oil up the wheels of domestic machinery, and the work of the day glides along in a smooth manner that is entirely lacking if by chance I omit this before breakfast courtesy. From cook in the kitchen to the boy who carries my market basket the 'good morning' tonic is magical in effect.

"In Southern households I know the first greeting of the day comes from the domestics, but when one must cope with the ignorance as well as indifference of foreigners about one's household, it is better to take the initiative in acts of politeness and let them learn by example."

THE ALPHABET OF HAPPINESS.

In the A B C of a Girl's Life Cookery Comes First.

Kate Field has a word of advice for the sweet girl graduate:

"Dear graduates," she says, "cooking is the alphabet to your happiness. I do not hesitate to affirm that this Republic, great as her necessities are in many directions, needs cooks more than all else. The salvation of the national stomach depends upon them.

"We are a nation of dyspeptics, and Americans are dyspeptics because they eat the wrong foods, badly cooked, which they drown in ice water. They are dyspeptics because our women don't know the rudiments of their business, and resign their kitchens into the hands of incompetent servants, of whom they are afraid, and whose impudence they frequently endure through sheer helplessness.

"Be cooks first, and anything you please afterward. On you posterity waits."

COMMERCIAL SUMMARY.

Packing operations have been decidedly reduced, the returns for the week showing a total of 160,000 hogs for western points, compared with 220,000 for the preceding week.

There has been a considerable improvement in the wool market the past few days, and there is quite an active demand for Canadian fleece at an advance of 1 1-2 to 2c. per lb. Holders in the country, appreciating the improvement in the old country markets, are now asking 24 1-2 to 25c., and at present appear more or less indifferent about selling.

The crop situation in the States has not been essentially changed by conditions arising during the past week. Good rains have fallen in many sections, and were generally needed. In some regions, especially in portions of Indiana, Ohio and Michigan, the lack of ample moisture is preventing the satisfactory advancement of some crops.

Harvesting of winter wheat is now far advanced, and considerable threshing has been done. As previously indicated, the results are exceedingly irregular, with so much that is very light in yield that the average of indications if changed has been in the direction of a reduction from previous calculations. The quality of the grain is largely unsatisfactory.

THE HOME AND FIRESIDE.

Choice Reading for the Ladies of the Household.

IN WOMAN'S REALM.

A stylish Leghorn hat is bent down back and front in an odd fashion, and from the edge of the lower part of the crown, right over and under the brim are strips of narrow ribbon velvet. Any sort of trimming may be used on the left side, and the effect is very pretty and new.

Fashions are tending to simplicity, some of the prettiest new gowns having a plain skirt, full waist, large sleeves and a fichu. A ribbon belt finishes these quaint and simple gowns, and on some styles of girls they are charming.

The new color for tailor-made gowns is an exquisite pale, pearly gray, with a tinge of blue. While blue and white are very popular, yellow is also a favorite and comes in all sorts of thin sheer goods.

Yellow buttercups, intermingled with pale corn flowers, are delightfully artistic and pretty upon large hats.

Mme. Recamier's love letters were recently sold at public auction by a Parisian auctioneer. Moral: Never keep such epistles.

Tonquin beans make a delicious sachet, imparting a delicate and lasting odor.

A pretty gown for a small maid is of pomadour pique, with a short, gathered bodice put into a band, and rosettes of the ribbon which is most prominent in the design; bishop sleeves, tied around the waist with ribbon, and a belt and bow of the same. Muslins always look fresh and dainty for small girls, and they are especially pretty in faint butter color ground, with designs in pale coloring.

A coarse, tan-colored rustic straw trimmed with ribbon aigrette and two fluffy feathers makes a charming hat for a girl of twelve or thereabouts.

A rather henpecked benedict always signs his letters and adds to the signature W. P., signifying "wife permitting." Of course this is only when he has made some engagement or appointment which he isn't sure his wife will allow him to keep.

Burmese divorce proceedings are attractively simple and inexpensive. If a couple grow tired of each other they light two candles and sit in their hut waiting till one burns out. The one whose candle burns out first, then quietly walks out, taking nothing but the clothes he or she may have on, and all else becomes the property of the other.

One of the vainest of women was the old Englishwoman, Countess of Pomfret, who, after giving a collection of statues to the university, complacently sat for four hours, three consecutive days, looking for flattering verses and orations, in which she was compared to Minerva.

Women do not, as a rule, talk more than men—they are listened to more, that is what gives the impression.

The cynic Voltaire admitted that women teach men repose, civility and dignity.—Mercuury.

Clothes lines of galvanized iron are better than those of rope. The housewife who has set tubs put into her house should not leave the height at which they are placed to the judgment of a workman, who commonly places them much too low, so that a stooping position and an aching back are the consequences of using them.

Those who are yet to know the delights of cooking by gas or electricity will find a supply of charcoal a great help in quick cooking. Broiling of meat is always accomplished with better results by its use than by a coal fire. It is also economy to add it to a low fire for broiling, instead of keeping the grate filled to the brim with glowing hard coal.

A choice orange, both peel and pulp sliced and covered with fragrant hot tea, makes a beverage of most excellent flavor, and one that is preferred by some persons to lemon and tea. Sour-orange juice and coffee make a flavor in favor with the Italian taste.

To make wine whey put a cupful of milk in a double boiler and let it come to a boiling point. Add one-fourth of a cupful of wine, and let the mixture stand until the albumen of the milk is curdled. Then strain and chop the curd very fine or rub it through a fine sieve. Give the patient only a small quantity at one feeding. Sometimes, according to the physician's order, both whey and curd are used.

When old white garments are so much worn that they tear easily it is waste of time to patch or darn them. Tear them into long, straight strips, roll tightly and put away in the medicine closet. They are handy in case of accidents requiring bandages, and should always be kept on hand. Much worn woven underwear may be similarly used. The elastic quality makes such bandages the best for sprains.

Old woolen stocking legs cut into squares and covered with pieces of bright cotton or old silk make good iron and kettle holders. Sheets when so worn as to require mending will hardly stand the wear and tear of bedding. With any little rents sewed up they are good to hang over furniture while sweeping.

THE WEEKLY NEWS

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

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No Advertisment inserted for less than 50 cents.

Tuesday, Aug. 20 1895.

THE POLITICAL CONDITION

It is true as the Nanaimo Mail says that not much was accomplished for this district during the last session of the Dominion parliament owing to the financial policy of the government. It is not just, however, to lay the blame of this up on our member, Mr. Haslam. No one could have accomplished any thing under the circumstances. It must be said, though, that the promise of doing some thing next year by the government is not to be regarded seriously. Our representative was not quieted by such promises, but they were the best he could get. The attitude of the government was trifling. If the subsidy to the E. & N. railway can be properly given next year, it could just as well have been given this. No matter which party is in power there must be a united front made by our representatives in behalf of the Province. We are free to say that a stiffer fight has been made this year than ever before, and that in the matter of reinstatement of Fitzsimmons the government was forced to yield. The demand for representation in the Cabinet has been forcibly presented and, we believe, will ultimately be conceded. We are not to be forever put off with the plea that enough has been done for British Columbia by extending the Canadia Pacific to our shores. The increasing importance of our Australian and Chinese connections are greatly benefiting Middle and Eastern Canada, while with the completion of the Panama Canal, giving us direct water communication with England, we shall have less use for it than now. As we are first for British Columbia we would be glad to see her more equally divided politically. We regard this district as practically safe for Mr. Haslam, but looking over the field we see signs of a break in the ranks of our representatives elsewhere. Justice to the province will hereafter be the condition of party loyalty.

WONDERFUL JAPAN

Among the late evidences of Japan's enterprise is the formation of a company with a capital of $360,000 to build 17½ miles of elevated tramway in the city of Yokohama, a city of 150,000 inhabitants

A breakwater is nearly completed there at a cost of $2,000,000. In connection with this there is an interesting bit of history. About 30 years ago the combined naval force of Great Britain, United States, France and Holland, in the waters which wash the shores of Japan, on the pretence of redressing a grievance bombarded Shimonseki and at the treaty concluded there, was required to pay and did so, an indemnity of $3,000,000. About 15 years ago the United States was just enough to refund something like $750,000 the share of the indemnity received by it. What disposition to make of this has been a question, but it was finally decided to use it in the interests of commerce and therefore it was applied toward the construction of this great improvement to the harbour. The United States will lose nothing from her generosity and Great Britain would have done well to have followed her example.

NOTICE.

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

W.A. Mathewson, Assignee.

NOTICE

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

J.J. Grant.

From Ocean to Ocean

No 5. By American Traveller.

The stop was not long and I never learned what the trouble was. There was the usual confusion and bustle, running of the conductor and brakies, detaching of the engine, backing down and coming up, then two or three toots and a start. I tried to extract a little information from the fireman (who probably didn't know any more about it than I did, and got for my satisfaction the bluff inquiry—"What is that to you?"

We stopped at a station called Blue Canyon. Here the train hands had breakfast, while I munched a toothpick I saved from the "Young American" of Sacramento. I went back along the train to see if Vic. had made it but could not see him.

We watered and started again. It was the same old thing: steep hills, and snow sheds until we reached the summit. After that it was the old thing over again, only it was down grade. Our engineer shut down and let the head engine handle the train. This just suited me and I had a pretty good snooze on account of it.

We arrived, without meeting anything worthy of note, at Truckee, except that we slid most of the way. There was a lot of snow a few feet deep above the track. As soon as I got off, I got a good wash, found a restaurant, filled up, and lay down in the shade to wait for Vic. I waited five hours; two trains—a passenger and a freight came and went but no Vic. Then another freight train with three engines at the head came in, and Vic jumped off. He was as black as the hat he was wearing. I escorted him to the wash place — a creek, 100 yds away and asked him to give me an account of himself. He said, that he couldn't make the flyer because the "brakie" was too smart for him; so he jumped that engine and cracked coal. A few miles the other side of the summit the fire went out and they tore boards from the snow sheds to kindle it again. They had, he said, two firemen as green as he was. Then pathetically he added—"I aint never going to crack coal on a "bullgine' again as long as I live. Look at my hands!" I looked There were two fat blisters—regular daisies.

We next had something to eat, after which we had a dispute about my drinking milk, and then a good swim in a pool close by and were ready for the Atlantic Express when it arrived.

Continued.

A MOSQUITO SONG

If I saw a bottle of whiskey lying on the rail ten yards in front of a flying express I'd make a dash for it.—Joshua Poole.

Cow hunting in the woods one day
I listened for the bell,
Holding my breath,—when on my ear
This song melodious fell.

I am a bold mosquito,
And through the woods I fly,
So get I but a drink of blood
I care not if I die.

Creatures a million times as big,
Do bring my food to me,
I, singing, light astride on them
And grub it out in glee!

Yet though these creatures bring my food
Unwillingly they give,
And oft I find it hard to get
The wherewithal to live.

Great hairy brutes in companies
Will sluggishly draw near;
Their hides are all so thick and tough
They well nigh break my spear.

And when I get a drop of blood,
It is not worth the pains,—
Coarse, salt, and indigestible
It on my chest remains.

But there is one,—a monster dire,
Who sometimes passes by;—
(Oh! had I but my fill of blood,
I satisfied would die!)

To light upon this monster dire
Is risk of life and limb,
But I would risk a hundred lives
To get a sip from him.

His hide is thin, his blood is sweet,
Sweeter than milk to me,
But ah! his ways are full of guile,
And treacherous is he.

At times he like a stump will stand,
And you would think him dead,
Then suddenly he wakes, and flails
Go thrashing round his head.

O! I have seen—have seen—have seen—
(HE HOVERED AS HE SANG)
Five comrades flattened at my side
Beneath one frightful bang.

But I, a bold mosquito,
Still through the forest fly;
And I will have a drink of blood,
I care not though I die."

Here ceased the song, for with a slap,
The singer bold I slew;—

SEE, YE WHOSE LOVE FOR LIQUOR (GROWS
WHAT IT MAY DO FOR YOU.

—Author of Bull Song

CHEAP MILLINERY.

Until August 25th I will sell off the balance of my summer stock at cost.

Miss Nash, Union.

NOTICE.

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

J. W. McKenzie, Courtenay

CHEAPER THAN WHOLESALE.

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

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

SLOAN & SCOTT.

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

LAWSON & McLEOD, DUNNE BLOCK
Tailors and Gents Furnishers

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

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

Robert J. Wenborn.
Machine Works, Nanaimo
Dealer in the following Bicycles:
H. P. Davis of Toronto
English Wheels, Beaston, Humber, Rudge, New Howe and Whitworth. Will sell on installment plan or big discount for cash. Parts supplied — Repairing a Specialty. Great Reduction in Prices.

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

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Watchmaker and Jeweler
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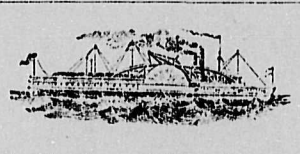
Jobbing of all kinds
Office and Works Third Street, near NEWS office.
UNION B. C.



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

F. Curran
SCAVENGER
UNION, B C.

COMOX BAY STORE
Comox, B. C.
CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES.
ALSO FLOUR, FEED, Etc., AT
LOWEST CASH PRICE.
A. W ENNISON, Mgr

Society Cards

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

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

Wm. Wright, R. S.

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

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

Visiting Brothers cordially requested to attend.

R. S. McConnell,
Secretary.

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

J. M. Fulton, Sec.

Cumberland Encampment.
No. 6, I. O. O. F., Union.

Meets first and third Wednesdays of each month at 8 o'clock p. m. Visiting Brethren cordially invited to attend.

R. Gourlay, Scribe.

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

Geo. Hull, Secretary.

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

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

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

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

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

107

LOCALS

The pack of the Carlyle cannery this season was nearly 7000 cases.

Mrs. Lindsay, we regret to learn, is very sick with erysiplas.

Kingsbury's saw mill, up the Comox valley was burned down on Thursday.

It is understood that Mr. Collis, J. P. was a passenger to Nanaimo on the Joan.

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

Mrs. Piket left Friday on the Joan for Nanaimo as a witness in the $20 Confederate bank bill case.

Mr. Young, barrister of Nanaimo, with his wife, have been guests at Hotel de Cumberland during the past week.

J. E. Evans, provincial manager of the Union Mutual Life of Portland, Maine has been in town for a few days. He represents a sterling company.

Mr. and Mrs. Mathewson have returned from their summer outing at the mouth of the Skeena River. Mrs. Mathewson is much improved in health.

Courtenay was illuminated with a fire last Thursday that danced dangerously near the residence of Mr. Walter. As we drove by we noticed men with buckets of water upon the roof.

Who doesn't want a good organ? The one in use at the Reading Room hall is an excellent one, and to be sold on tenders. See ad. This is a chance not often had.

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

Edgar Kemp, formerly of Union, but more lately of Courtenay left a fortnight ago and has not yet returned. His "guarantee of 16 oz to a pound, and highest goods at lowest prices" still confronts the passer by from the west side of his store building.

The pheasants have been imported into this section at consiberable expense and trouble and have been protected by law. They are a fine bird and its desirable that they be left at least another year without disturbance by our sportsmen. We trust hunters will bear this in mind.

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

During the session of the County Court the Bay put on its old time gala appearance, and mine host of The Lorne vied with mine host of The Elk in smiling a welcome to all visitors. Well, some day, when people get wealthy at Union they will retire to the Bay to spend their money.

ROAD CONTRACT

The contract for making a portion of the road between Poy's and Howe's has been let to J. T. Piercy and A. Garvin and the balance of the road between those places let to Geo. Kelland.

CUMBERLAND SHOE SHOP.

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

Nelson Parks.

COMING HERE

The following item is clipped from the Nanaimo Free Press:

"Look out for the cheapest excursion to Union and Comox that has ever taken place about the 12st or 22nd instant, under the auspices of the Y. P. S. C. E. of St. Andrew's Presbyterian church. Particulars later on."

THE ANNUAL

Exhibition

—OF THE—

Comox Agricultural and Industrial

ASSOCIATION

WILL TAKE PLACE

THURSDAY, OCT. 3d.

AT COURTENAY, B. C.

W. CHENEY & CO.

Will open an Auction Room in Williams & Hunters' new block Union, B. C. about Aug. 1st.

All kinds of personal goods auctioned off on commission, and money advanced on bankrupt stock

CEMETERY FUND.

Cash subscribtions received so far are as follows:

Sam Davis, $10; Simon Leiser, $5: W. Gleason, $5; W. Roy, $5; Dr. Lawrence, $5; L Mounce $5; J. McKim & Sons; $2.50; A. C. Fulton, $2. E. Pimbury & Co. 2.50; O. H. Fechner, $2; T. D. McLean, $2; W. F. Lawson, $1; R. Sauser, $1; G. H. Scott,$1; Thos. Horn, $1 Cash, $2

This list will be kept standing until the canvass is closed, and will be added to as subscriptions are received. Help along the good work.

H. A. Simpson

Barrister & Solicitor, No's 2 & 4 Commercial Street.

NANAIMO, B. C

Walter Harvey.

Notary Public. Conveyancer, Accountant Estate Agent

Private tuition.

Office over McPhee & Moore's store.

J. A. Carthew

ARCHITECT and BUILDER,

UNION, B. C.

Miss B. B. Williams,

Teacher of Music, Shorthand and Typewriting

Pupils can have free use of Typewriter and Piano for practice.

BARKER AND POTTS,

BARRISTERS,

SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, &c.

Office Room 2, McPhee & Moore B'ld'g and at NANAIMO. B. C.

P. O. DRAWER 18.

JAMES ABRAMS

Notary Public.

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

Agent for the Provincial Building and Loan Association of Toronto.

Union, B C.

A. Pare

PRACTICAL ARCHITECT

—AND—

BRIDGE & WHARF BUILDER.

UNION, B C.

UNION Bakery

UNION, B. C.

Best of Bread, Cakes and Pies always on hand.

The Bread Cart will be a Courtenay and Comox Tuesdays and Fridays.

Adderton & Rowbotham, Prop

HOTEL DICKSON

UNION B. C

Dickson & Co., Props.

This Hotel is fitted up with a degree of Elegance and regard to Comfort and Convenience hitherto unknown outside of the large cities.

—CHOICEST—

LIQUORS AND CIGARS

Table Unsurpassed

WAVERLY HOUSE. UNION, B.C.

A. LINDSAY, LESSEE.

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

By the month, $25.
By the week, $6.
Single meals, 25 cts.
Tickets for 21 meals, $5.00

EVERY CONVENIECE FOR MINERS

Nanaimo Saw Mill,

—AND—

Sash and Door

FACTORY

A. HASLAM, Prop

(OFFICE—MILL STREET.)

(P. O. Drawer 36. Telephone Call, 1-9)

NANAIMO, B. C.

A complete stock of Rough and Dressed Lumber always on hand. Also Shingles, laths, Pickets, Doors, Windows and Blinds. Moulding, Scroll Sawing, Turning, and all kinds of wood finishing furnished.

Cedar. White Pine. Redwood.

H. J. Theobald,

House and Sign Painter,

Paper-Hanging, Kalsomining and Decorating.

GRAINING A SPECIALTY.

All Orders Promptly Attended to

Union, B. C.

A FINE STOCK

of Clocks, Watches, Books and Stationery.

T. D. McLean

—JEWELER—

UNION, B. C.

PUMPS

Manufactured

—and—

Wood Turning

—DONE—

by Bennett & Grant

Union, B.C.

Cumberland Hotel.

Union, B. C.

The finest hotel building

Fixtures and Bar

North of Victoria,

And the best kept house.

Spacious Billiard Room and new Billiard and Pool Tables

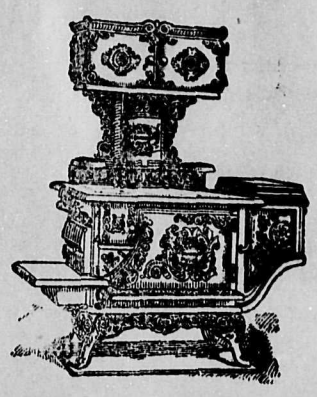
Best of Wines and Liquors.

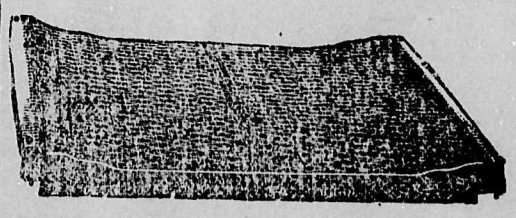
J. Piket, Prop.

Union Mines

Furniture Store.

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

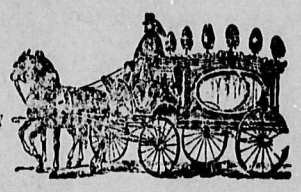




In Separate Apartment we keep Second Hand Furniture

UNDERTAKING DEPARTMENT.

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



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Puntledge Bottling Works.

DAVID JONES, Proprietor,

MANUFACTURER OF

SODA WATER, LEMONADE, GINGER ALE,

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

KEG BEER SOLD FOR CASH ONLY

COURTENAY, B. C.

Stage and Livery

COURTENAY, B. C.

Fine Rigs at Reasonable Rates Always on Hand,

Teaming Promptly Done,

McQUILLAN & GILMORE.

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

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

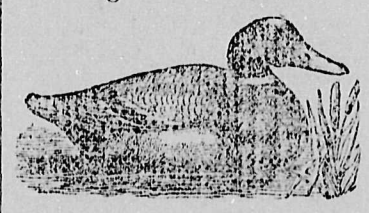
Best Cough Medicine

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

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

GUNS! GUNS! GUNS!

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



Winchester and Marlin Rifles in every calibre made.

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

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

Full Catalogue now out.

CHAS E. TISDALL, Vancouver.

WARNING.

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

S. Creech,
Gov. Agent.

NOTICE.

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

F. D. Little, Supt.

Nanaimo Cigar Factory

Phillip Gable and Co., Prop's

Baston Street — Nanaimo B. C.

Manufactures the finest cigars an employes none but white labor.

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

FOR FARM AND GARDEN.

Seasonable Notes of Interest to Agriculture.

CANADA'S CHIEF INDUSTRY.

AGRICULTURE.

Double cropping requires double manuring, but where this can be done it is a pretty sure way to increase the earnings of the land; but the effort to obtain a good yield from a run down farm and to improve its condition at the same time will prove a failure.

Those who have their doubts about intensive cultivation, extra manuring, etc., are the men who are never tempted to practice them. One should never be ready to condemn a thing without some trial.

A good growth of rye ploughed under makes a most excellent fertilizer for corn. Among the things to recommend it is that it is a cheap fertilizer; it does not cost all the succeeding crop is worth to sufficiently enrich it.

Before spending money for commercial fertilizers use home made manures just as far as possible. The former will doubtless improve your crops, but the man who neglects to use his home made manurial products is not the one to use the bought article to advantage in preparing his land.

Generally, the single crop idea is a very bad one to tie to. It is a move in the right direction, and one which will lead to an improvement of agricultural conditions in general that farmers are everywhere casting about for the best means by which their operations may be more widely diversified.

One of the roads toward profitable agriculture is to have a wide difference between the cost of a crop and its selling value. Many a crop may take from the soil fertilizing elements worth pretty nearly as much as the products, as wheat has been doing at the ruling prices.

There is indeed such a thing as becoming land poor. Do not the extended acres bring you a living income above your taxes? Sell or lease the greater bulk of it, and then make it a mine of wealth by increasing the depth of the soil, manuring more heavily, and giving it twice as good cultivation as has been their wont.

Sow a small corner of the corn field to rye, oats or barley for pasture for the pigs. The pigs can be run for a few weeks this fall without the least damage to the corn crop, and to the great advantage of the pigs.

It is not to the farmer that hard times oftenest come, and bankruptcy is a rare visitor. Statistics show that agriculture is safer than banking, railwaying or manufacturing, taking all things into account.

There is more than one thing to favor the procuring of the best, richest and most concentrated foods; besides keeping the animals in fine condition, we must remember that there is an improvement in the equality of the manures. Then, save it, save it. Use plenty of absorbents.

A very poor farmer he must be who is not sure of a living. If a young man is not fir for anything else he is not fit for a farmer; and this is the excuse for so many run down farms and the continual wail that farming does not pay.

Potato blight is a fungus growth, and there must be a germ of spore to start a plant. It develops best in hot, showery weather. The Bordeaux mixture, applied as often as the material gets washed off—say every two weeks—will almost surely prevent any ravages from this source.

STOCK.

The difference in profit between a well bred animal and a scrub, when ready for market, is often 100 per cent. in favor of the better stock, while it has certainly given more satisfaction in its care and feeding. The sale of stock or its products should be the farmer's chief source of income.

On a farm where a variety of crops is grown everything can be fed out to a better advantage if there be a variety of stock. It is an item that the risks of loss are lessened, and the varied stock and their products can be made the most of; but the variety must be in kind, not in quality.

American farmers lose their courage when times grow harder, and add to their own destruction by dropping back to poorer stock. The European farmer improves his herds, whatever the consequence. The States have millions of scrub stock which have not paid for the raising, while high grades are sure of a little profit at all times.

From the lessons of the depression grand results must follow. Thrifty farmers will now make thrifty farms out of those long ago deserted, for intensive farming, improved stock and improved breeding bring results which find a market ready waiting at our doors. Wheat, corn and oats may be low, but it pays to raise good stock to which to feed them.

It may be because of their moist climate, but English farmers get good results from stacking ensilage outside with some weight and a protecting cover. Wheat cut in this way and stacked makes fine stock feed; stacking a few feet each day, allowing it to settle, it keeps sweet.

The quality of every kind of live stock product the feeder may have to put upon the market depends much upon proper and intelligent feeding. Even the wool which comes from the sheep's back is good, bad or indifferent according to the manner in which it has been fed.

An English remedy for bloating, which is the enlargement of the stomach by the pressure of gas from within, is to dash cold water upon the animal. This reduces the temperature of the stomach and condenses the gas, favoring its escape by eructation or through the bowels.

We are now all ready to assent that there is no profit in feeding poor stock; that it costs just as much to feed and house and handle it as it does to care for good stock. We should learn just as well the other lesson that it is just as unprofitable to breed from such stock as to feed it.

The best variety of corn for the silo is always the largest growing variety which will mature. Such varieties as the Leaming are recommended where the climate is suitable, but it takes all of 100 days for it to mature. In a short season there is danger of missing the mark altogether.

The Jerusalem artichoke has long been an important item of agriculture in some parts of Europe. All animals seem fond of the tubers, and they are said to be more nourishing than mangolds. Sheep fatten upon them rapidly, and are fond of them. They are cultivated like potatoes, and yield from five up to twenty tons or more an acre.

Bees are valuable not only for their products, but because they also serve as active agents in the fertilization of plants. They gather and store up that which would be entirely lost without their aid; they work in places rarely seen, and the fence corners and neglected spots are often their most valued pastures.

If you contemplate building a stock barn after harvest, do not fail to so construct it that when filled next winter the temperature shall never fall below freezing point. Then you will not have to feed so much corn for fuel to keep up the animal heat as you have in the winters past.

The best products from live stock are obtained only by the strictest attention to the food given. Gilt-edged butter of the highest flavor demands the best and cleanest of feeding stuffs. Nor does the best pork or poultry come from filthy pens and diet, washy and unnutritious scraps.

If the cows and other stock are to be carried along without loss of flesh during the drouth periods, a small patch of land made particularly rich for soiling crop must be provided. Such a crop is the best paying one on the farm.

Cheap hogs, cattle and sheep and dear corn cannot last long; it is not a natural state of affairs. Farmers who were so fortunate as to raise large crops of corn, and then had to buy stock to which to feed it, have sold that stock at a loss. Fifty-cent corn and the short supply of marketable animals must quickly improve prices henceforth.

DAIRY.

Fine butter knows no breed. The only question with a man possessing a fine herd of native cows is, can he make as much butter? Can he afford to keep a cow yielding 3 per cent. of fat, when the same care and pasture would bring him 5 per cent. from a thoroughbred?

Ever aim at a better bred dairy, if for no other reason that the surplus stock will sell for much better figures and that the heifers raised are certain to show a higher grade of excellence. There will be fewer cows not worth the keeping.

Do not wait for the arrival of the best before making the start to do better. The doing the best with what one has is the best preparation one can have for doing the best when the "best" arrives. This is an especially valuable maxim with a herd of cows, and is the best school to which one can go.

Let us not forget that if a herd of Jerseys gets no better treatment than the natives had before them they will probably give no better return. To be most profitable there must be a radical improvement in methods of feeding and caring for finer stock.

Cows cannot yield butter fat without suitable materials with which to make it, and cattle capable of producing them cannot use the coarse fare of the lower grades of stock to good advantage. Neither can they withstand the exposure which common stock endures with discomfort and injury.

If our cows are to have short rations and little care it will be well to keep those which can stand that kind of treatment, and the same rule applies to all other classes of domestic animals. Improvement in breed is useless unless there is improvement in the care of them also.

POULTRY.

If the hens do not lay at this time of the year, but grow poor and die: if the young chicks are stunted and do not grow well, though well fed, and you conclude poultry does not pay, something is wrong which should be remedied. The whole result will depend upon your fight against lice, red mites and parasites of various orders.

Chickens must have convenient places for dust baths in order to war successfully with the vermin. Unless fresh, insect powders do not amount to anything, but good, strong tobacco powder is effective when put among the feathers of the birds. An ointment of lard, sulphur and carbolic acid should be applied about head, wings and rump of the hens now and then.

To kill the little red mites which lurk in cracks and seams near the perches during the day, and feed upon the hens at night, persist in the use of kerosene, to which a little carbolic acid is added. It can usually be successfully applied with a sprayer.

In the poultry house tar conduces greatly toward healthfulness. If cholera appears cleanse thoroughly, apply this article freely to all joints, cracks, crevices, and then whitewash. Tar both absorbs and drives away the taint of disease. The odor is offensive to all vermin, and few will remain after it is applied. Put a little in the drinking water.

Even though hatching with hens, it is an excellent plan to raise the young chickens with a brooder, for the reason that they will not be troubled with lice, especially head lice. Grease their heads to destroy those already there, and then they will keep house for themselves most prosperously.

BLUE HANDS.

When the hands look blue it may be attributed to bad circulation. This may be remedied by regular, good, plain, nourishing foods of a rather fatty nature. Oils, cod liver oil especially, should be taken.

A STORY FOR MOTHERS

Which May Save the Lives of Their Daughters.

A Young Lady at Merrickville Saved When Near Death's Door—Her Illness Brought About by Ailments Peculiar to Her Sex—Only One Way in Which They Can be Successfully Resisted.

(From the Ottawa Citizen.)

Perhaps there is no healthier people on the continent of America to-day than the residents of the picturesque village of Merrickville, situated on the Rideau River, and the reason is not so much in its salubrious climate as in the wise precautions taken by its inhabitants in warding off disease by a timely use of proper medicine. The greatest favorite is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and many are the testimonials in regard to their virtues. Your correspondent on Monday last called at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. H. Easton, and interviewed their daughter, Miss Hattie Easton, a handsome young lady of 20 years, who is known to have been very low and has been restored to health by the use of Pink Pills. "Yes," she said, "I suffered a great deal, but I am so thankful that I am once more restored to health. You have no idea what it is to be so near the portals and feel that everything in life's future is about to slip from your grasp and an early grave your doom. I was taken ill four years ago with troubles peculiar to myself and which has hurried many a young woman to her doom—an early grave. I have taken in all about twenty boxes of Pink Pills, and I am only too glad to let the world know what these wonderful little pellets have done for me, hoping that some other unfortunate young woman may be benefited as I was. When sixteen years of age I began to grow pale, and weak, and many thought I was going into decline. I became subject to fainting spells, and at times would become unconscious. My strength gradually decreased, and I became so emaciated that I was simply a living skeleton. My blood seemed to turn to water, and my face was the color of a corpse. I had tried different kinds of medicines, but they did me no good. I was at last confined to my room for several months and hope of my recovery was given up. At last a friend strongly urged the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after using a few boxes I began to grow slightly stronger. I continued their use until I had found myself restored to health. I now quit using the pills, and for six months I never felt better in my life. Then I began to feel that I was not as regular as I should be and to feel the old tired feeling once more coming on. Once more I resorted to Pink Pills, and by the time I had used six boxes I found my health fully restored. I keep a box by me and occasionally when I feel any symptoms of a return of the old trouble, I take a few and I am all right again. I cannot find words of sufficient weight to express my appreciation of the wonderful curative qualities of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and sincerely hope that all who are afflicted as I was will give them a trial, and I am certain they will find renewed health."

The facts above related are important to parents, as there are many young girls just budding into womanhood whose condition is, to say the least, more critical than their parents imagine. Their complexion is pale and waxy in appearance, troubled with heart palpitation, headaches, shortness of breath, on the slightest exercise, faintness and other distressing symptoms, which invariably lead to a premature grave unless prompt steps are taken to bring about a natural condition of health. In this emergency no remedy yet discovered can supply the place of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which build anew the blood, strengthen the nerves and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. They are certain cure for all troubles peculiar to the female system, young or old.

EXCEEDED INSTRUCTION.

The curtain had risen on the third act, and the momentary hush that preceded the resumption of the performance on the stage was broken by a stentorian voice from the rear of the auditorium:

"Is Dr. Higginspiker in the house?"

A tall, heavily-whiskered man occupying a front seat, rose up.

"If Dr. Higginspiker is in the house," resumed the stentorian voice, "he told me I was to come here and call him out at 10 o'clock!"

Whereupon Dr. Higginspiker, looking very red, picked up his hat and cane and walked down the aisle, amid loud and enthusiatic applause.

DOES HE CHEW OR SMOKE?

If so, it is only a question of time when bright eyes grow dim, manly steps lose firmness, and the vigor and vitality so enjoyable now will be destroyed forever. Get a book, titled "Don't Tobacco Spit or Smoke Your Life Away," and learn how No-To-Bac, without physical or financial risk, cures the tobacco habit, brings back the vigorous vitality that will make you both happy. No-To-Bac sold and guaranteed to cure by Druggists everywhere. Book free. Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., 374 St. Paul street, Montreal.

NUTRITION IN POTATOES.

Potatoes are more nutritious baked than any other way; they should be scrubbed clean and baked very quickly in a hot oven. The skins should be cracked as soon as they are done, as the steam escaping makes them very mealy.

Dick's Liniment cures All Lameness and Sprains
Dick & Co., P. O. Box 482, Montreal.

WIT AND HUMOR

Mr. Newwed (wearily)—My dear, here's $20 which I have saved by giving up smoking. I wish you would take it and get some experienced housekeeper to teach you how to cook.

Mrs. Newwed (delightedly)—How good of you, my darling! I'll send for mother.

She—Do you still treasure my photograph?

The Kentucky Colonel—Do I? I've had it set in my pocket flask.—Life.

Mrs. Blues—Do you have to treat your cook as if she were a member of your family?

Mrs. Greys—Goodness, no! We have to be very kind and polite to her.

Bob Beachleigh—Miss Bloom looked very well when she was in bathing this morning.

Miss Boardwalk—What is her bathing dress like? Bob Beachleigh—I really couldn't say. You know I am near-sighted.

He (approvingly)—You're a girl after my own heart.

She (indignantly)—Sir! I'm after nothing of the sort!

A—Have you ever heard the 8-year-old violin player who is creating such a sensation?

B—Oh, yes; I heard him in Berlin twelve years ago.—Ephemere Comique.

"Now good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both."

Says the great Shakespeare, but he did not have in mind a coated tongue or torpid liver, with all the symptoms of biliousness, so common in this country. All this, and more, can be cured by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, a purely vegetable compound, which restores the action of the liver, gives tone to the flagging energies of the dyspeptic's stomach, and thus enables "good digestion to wait on appetite, and health on both." By druggists.

Asthma and Hay Fever cured, by a newly discovered treatment. Address for pamphlet, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

It is all very well to poke fun at the callow college graduate and his commencement oration. But how many baccalaureate sermons are preached in any year that make any better showing for originality of thought or capacity to change the course of the world?

Rob Roy Cigar

It's no because I'm Scotch but you canna smoke a better Cigar than "ROB ROY," They cost 5c. but I get sax of them for a quarter.

EMPIRE TOBACCO CO., MONTREAL.

WARNING.

$100 REWARD.

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

"T. & B."

Myrtle Navy.

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

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

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

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

$15 PER WEEK

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

ISSUE NO. 31 1895.

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

My Baby

was a living skeleton; the doctor said he was dying of Marasmus and Indigestion. At 13 months he weighed only seven pounds. Nothing strengthened or fattened him. I began using Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites, feeding it to him and rubbing it into his body. He began to fatten and is now a beautiful dimpled boy. The Emulsion seemed to supply the one thing needful.

Mrs. KENYON WILLIAMS,
May 21, 1894. Cave Springs, Ga.

Similar letters from other mothers.

Don't be persuaded to accept a substitute!

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

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE

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

Michigan Lands.

10,000 acres of the best land in the State, at from $2 to $5.00 per acre. In four counties and on and near the Mich. Central, Detroit & Alpena & Loon Lake Rys. Easy terms and best titles. Apply to
R. M. PIERCE, Agt. West Bay City,
OR TO J. W. CURTIS, Whittemore, Mich.

OLD CANADIAN POSTAGE STAMPS.

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

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

WHO WOULD SUFFER

The excruciating Pain of
RHEUMATISM OR NEURALGIA
When you can buy a bottle of
EBY'S RHEUMATOLE
For 25 cents and have immediate relief.
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

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

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

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

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

GRANBY RUBBERS.

Better this Season than ever. Everybody wants them. Every dealer sells them. They wear Like Iron.

THE PITEZEL HORROR.

Inquest and Post Mortem Examination.

DETECTIVE GEYER'S STORY

American Authorities May Send Holmes to Canada—A Toy Belonging to the Pietzel Children Found—Evidence at the Inquest—Holmes and the Children Repeatedly Identified—The Expressman Discovered—Holmes' Crimes in Chicago.

A late Toronto despatch says:

The murders with which Holmes will be charged are those of Benjamin Pitezel, Harold Pitezel, Alice Pitezel, Nellie Pitezel, Minnie Williams, Etta Williams.

A discovery of no mean importance was made yesterday morning. Mrs. Macdonald brought down to the detective office her little son, who had what proved to be one of the trinkets belonging to the Pitezel children. It is an egg-shaped affair, which, when unscrewed, would cause a small snake to dart out. Their friends in Chicago noticed it when they were there before their fatal visit to Toronto, and the Macdonalds found it in a small valise in an upper room in the house. It was the only article which took their fancy, and they kept it, throwing the rest away. Detective Geyer had it described in his list of the children's personal belongings, and this is another link in the chain of identification.

Robert Ritchie, who was Samuel J. Totten's driver last October, has recollected that it was he who took the mysterious trunk away from the house. On Tuesday evening he was positive that he had no recollection of having been at the house at that time, but yesterday morning he stated to Detective Cuddy that he had since recollected that he had been there.

DRIVER RITCHIE'S STORY.

To a reporter yesterday Ritchie told the story of his connection with Holmes, his evidence in a number of minute points corresponding exactly with things already known about Holmes. He remembered, he said, going one afternoon in October, about 4 o'clock, to a house on St. Vincent street. He could not recollect the number, but remembered that it had a verandah. He did not make the bargain with Holmes, but was instructed by Totten, his employer, to go there. The circumstance was fixed in his memory by his having had on the same day to take a parcel several times to another house on St. Vincent street higher up. He found the trunk waiting for him at the door, and in this particular his evidence agrees with that of Mr. Ryves. His description of the trunk coincided with that of Mr. Ryves, and with the description of the trunk which Holmes had in other places. It was not at all heavy, he said; not noticeably light, but by no means heavy enough to have a body within it. It would probably weigh from 75 to 100 pounds. He was able to describe quite minutely the manner in which he rolled the trunk along and then lifted it, and describes Holmes as impressing him as a rather jolly sort of fellow. Holmes told him to "break his back over that trunk," and called his rig a "dump-cart." Holmes wore, he added, a soft felt hat, and the detectives state that during his stay in town he wore just such a hat, and not the stiff felt hat in which he is depicted in the newspaper pictures which have been published. He took the trunk to the north side of the Union Depot at the west end.

THE SCENE OF THE MURDER.

The detectives spent a while again digging in the cellar yesterday, and found a bone which was thought to be a shin bone, but which later turned out to be merely some kitchen refuse. It was removed to the morgue. No trace was found of Nellie Pitezel's feet, the absence of which was noticed after the bodies had been removed to the morgue, and was made the basis of some comment. Mr. Armbrust gave it as his opinion that the remains in question were in the earth which was removed from the cellar by the Health Department. The work was done by night, and the bones might easily have been in some of the earth which was shovelled out by the men.

Mr. Armbrust has been comparing notes with Detective Geyer as to the list which the latter has of the clothing, etc., which were in possession of the murdered children, and is certain that the remnants which he found in the fireplace belonged to the children. He now remembers that there were fragments of a blue print dress, and some striped stuff, besides some dark cloth of some sort of worsted. This corresponds with Detective Geyer's list, and with the description given by the neighbors of the clothes worn by the children when in the house. The reason that these were not discovered by the Macdonalds is that they did not use the fireplace, the grate having been put in by Mr. Armbrust. The clothes were thrust a good way up the chimney. Some other things were found about the house, including a pair of girl's black button boots, very little worn, of a rather light pattern, and an odd girl's boot of a different size, but also very little worn. They were all thrown away, however.

Coroner Johnson yesterday telegraphed to Mrs. Pitezel, strongly urging her to come to Toronto to identify the bodies. She is by no means well, but in all probability will comply with the request.

THE INQUEST BEGINS.

Coroner Johnson and the jury last night at the Police Court addressed themselves in earnest to the work of investigating the circumstances of the killing of the Pitezel children. Nothing new was elicited, except that Mr. Ryves mentioned that he had noticed that the trunk was empty. There was a considerable number of witnesses present and several of them were examined.

Detective Geyer was the first witness summoned, and he gave his evidence in a business-like way. He had committed it to writing, and read out a clear and detailed description of the death of Pitezel, the arrest of Holmes, his statements and course when arrested, and of his movements with the children from the time of their father's death to their disappearance in Toronto. He then told of the discovery of the bodies on Monday last. In all this he gave the same story as that which has appeared already in the press. The question of the identification of the remains followed, and Detective Geyer exhibited the photographs of the girls, which had been stated by their mother to be those of Alice and Nellie.

He continued by showing that from Toronto Holmes and his wife went, on October 26th, to Prescott, registering there at the Windsor House.

Mr. W. E. Raney examined Mr. Geyer for the Crown. His tracing of Holmes was made by his own investigation, verified by Holmes' admissions.

"What has Holmes' business been?" asked Mr. Raney.

"It has been scheming to defraud for the last ten or twelve years," was the detective's terse reply.

"In what lines did he work?"

"In real estate and life insurance."

"Was he successful in these schemes?"

"He claims that his schemes were successful. He told me they had succeeded," Detective Geyer answered. He added that they had been on a large scale. He gave a few instances of Holmes' business strokes. Holmes had said himself that he had secured a body to palm off as that of Pietzel from a New York doctor with whom he had acted in a similar insurance swindle previously, the pair having made $20,000 by it. Further, Holmes admitted to being an accessory after the fact to the murder of Minnie Williams at Chicago.

Next followed a detailed analysis of the movements of the party and their meaning in and bearing upon the tragedy. When Peitzel's death occurred his family was in St. Louis, Mo. To identify the body of Pietzel, Holmes, Alice and Jeptho D. Howe went to Philadelphia; they returned to St. Louis and the division of the spoils took place. The party was then all in St. Louis, with the exception of Alice, who was at the Stuyvesant House in Indianapolis. Then the party broke up; Holmes took Howard and Nellie to Indianapolis to meet Alice, saying he would take them on to join Pietzel, who was believed by Mrs. Pietzel to be alive and in hiding. Mrs. Pietzel, Dessa and the baby went on to Galva, Ill., and remained there for some time, while Holmes was wandering from city to city with the children, hiring houses and then deserting them. When they got to Detroit, however, Mrs. Pietzel apparently concluded to join her husband, and with Dessa came on to Detroit, staying there from October 12th to October 18th. The children were writing to her, but Holmes intercepted them, and after his arrest the letters were found in a tin box of his.

To Mrs. Pietzel he represented that the detectives were after her husband, and he finally borrowed from her the famous trunk, alleging that it was for Pietzel to escape in. Then they all came to Toronto; Holmes and his wife came on October 18 by an early train; Mrs. Pietzel and her party by the next train, and Alice and Nellie on the evening of October 19. Holmes must have found matters quite complicated at this time.

HOLMES' MOTIVE.

The question of Holmes' motive was discussed for a few minutes, the detectives saying that inasmuch as Holmes had represented to Mrs. Pietzel that her husband was alive and in the company of her children, if she met them and found that this was untrue she would see that her husband had been killed, "knowing Holmes as she did," the detective rather quaintly said. He evidently intended to kill her, as in the house in Burlington, Vermont, to which he had induced her to go, there was concealed nitro-glycerine, with the evident intention of blowing them up.

Mr. S. J. Davis, one of the jurymen, asked some questions as to the motive of the separation of the party at Detroit, the detective's reply being that it was entailed upon Holmes as a consequence of his pretending that Pietzel was still alive.

Detective Geyer concluded by reading Mrs. Pietzel's list of the articles in the children's trunk, and among them were the egg-shaped ornament, a number of other toys and a number of dresses.

HOLMES' PICTURE RECOGNIZED.

George Dennis, at present a night clerk at the Palmer House, and in October last the train porter of the Albion Hotel, gave evidence next. He identified the photograph of Holmes as that of a man who, in October, had spoken to him at the station, described the girls and told him to take them to the Albion, giving him money for the 'bus fare. He also identified the photograph of the girls. He remembered the incident because Holmes paid him pretty well, and it was rather u usual for little girls to travel alone.

Herbert F. Jones, bookkeeper at the Albion Hotel, identified the photographs as those of the girls who had stayed at the Albion from October 19th to 25th. He also identified the photograph of Holmes as that of the man who called on October 20th. Holmes paid the children's bill, though the witness had not seen him afterwards. One of the dresses worn by the girls resembled one of those described by Mrs. Pitezel.

OWNER OF THE HOUSE.

Mrs. Nudel gave evidence as to the renting of the house. She was quite certain that it was Saturday afternoon, October 20th, when Holmes called. He represented himself as renting it for his widowed sister, who was coming there from Detroit. She detailed her visit to the house after Holmes had left it and told how she had found some fluffy burned stuff in the grate in the parlor. She, on a subsequent occasion, went into the cellar with Mr. Nudel but saw nothing unusual.

Miss Minnie McFarland, daughter of Mrs. Nudel, also identified the photograph of Holmes as that of the man who rented the house.

Mr. Thomas W. Ryves, who lives at No. 18 St. Vincent street, was the next witness. He, too, identified the photographs of the girls; he told of the different times at which he had seen the girls, and then of his conversations with Holmes. He was not so certain about Holmes' photograph, not remembering whether or not he had a moustache, and stating that the man he saw had a soft felt hat instead of a stiff hat, as shown by the photograph. He noticed that Holmes did business in a peculiar way, telling a variety of stories.

To Mr. Raney—The trunk was a very large one; it was a Saratoga about 3 feet 6 to 4 feet long and nearly 3 feet high, canvas of leather covering and brown in color, iron bound. There was only one trunk. The day he borrowed the spade witness saw the two girls in the back yard. The children had on blue dresses with white stripes or figures on them.

This concluded Mr. Ryves' evidence, and the inquest adjourned until Friday evening at 7 o'clock.

The post-mortem examination of the remains of the elder girl was begun at the morgue yesterday by Drs. Caven, Bingham and Harrington, and Dr. Johnson was present a portion of the time. The conditions under which the work was carried on were peculiarly trying and difficult, and slow progress was made. Although the doctors worked for four hours, no definite results have yet been obtained, and the work will be continued to-day. So far no marks of violence have been perceived.

A second inquest will be held upon the body of Nellie Pitezel after the present case is concluded, and this will be conducted by Coroner R. B. Orr.

MRS. PITEZEL INTERVIEWED.

On the trip from Woodstock Mrs. Pitezel was interviewed. She said she did not wish to talk about the affair; it was so terrible. She had come to Toronto for the purpose of assisting to clear up the awful mystery which surrounded the disappearance of her husband and children. She had, all along, hoped that when the trouble which she understood her husband had got into was forgotten or settled he and the children would come from their hiding place, or ask her to join them wherever they were. She had comforted herself with this hope for a long time, but the discoveries made in Toronto within the past few days had completely destroyed that hope.

She was now on her second journey to Toronto. When she was there before it was in the hope of finding her husband and children.

She did not know how long she would stay in Toronto; but, no doubt, she would have to remain as long as the enquiry lasted.

She could not say whether Holmes was to be brought to Toronto or not. She knew nothing of the proceedings except what she had seen in the papers.

There was no reason for her remaining in Canada after the enquiry relative to the death of the girls had closed.

As she neared the city where the awful crime had been committed Mrs. Pitezel grew visibly affected, and from time to time burst into tears. A number of ladies who had kindly gathered about her did all in their power to divert her thoughts from the channel in which they seemed bound to run. Mrs. Pitezel does not look to be a woman more than 35 years of age, but the weight of her great sorrow is fast telling upon her. She seems slightly bent forward, or stooped, and her once pleasant face now has a haggard and worn appearance. Her features are rather sharp. The eyes are not large but are much sunken and inflamed through crying. The face at one time has worn a kindly appearance, and gives one the impression of belonging to a person who could be easily led by kindness, or, in fact, influenced by a greater mind than her own. She is not above the average height, and has a rather slim figure. Her dress was entirely black, being a full mourning costume, but not that of the widow. The dress was neat, but very plain, and her hat and veil in keeping.

A reporter had a few words with the poor woman before she retired, and to him she stated that she had come at Detective Geyer's request to identify the bodies of her two poor little children. She was absolutely alone, having left her two surviving children with her parents at Galva, and her future movements, she said, depended entirely upon the arrangements which might be made after seeing the Philadelphia officer. Although she had hoped against hope, she had, alas, no expectation that there was any doubt as to the identity of the discovered remains, and the prospect of the approaching ordeal was almost more than she could bear.

HER HUSBAND MURDERED.

Mrs. Pitezel said she believed Holmes had murdered her husband. She said the insurance company was satisfied such was the case, and she had been reluctantly forced to the same conclusion. There is a story that Holmes had provided Pitezel with a drug which would throw him into a trance with all the appearance of death. By this the insurance company was to be deceived and the $10,000 collected on the policy covering Pitezel's life, but it is intimated that Holmes gave Pitezel a deadly drug and then managed to have his body burned in his bed to conceal the murder. Mrs. Pitezel said the insurance company, determining to end Holmes' swindling career, if possible, immediately after learning of his record of crime began its efforts to convict him of murder, and she felt it would be much more successful than she in tracing her missing children. She was told that the maximum sentence in Pennsylvania on the charge of swindling, to which Holmes pleaded guilty, was two years and a half, and she understood the sentence had been deferred until the detectives might make a case of murder against him. An effort was made to prove the murder of Pitezel, with what success she does not know. Apparently there was considerable doubt of making the charge stick, for the detectives then took up the case of the children. Detective Geyer was in Indianapolis three weeks ago, and is said to have found his clue to the children there. They were living at different hotels, the Stubbins, the Circle Park and the English. He found that the two girls were taken from that city to Detroit the latter part of last October, and thence to Toronto. He could not trace the boy, Howard, and came to the conclusion that he had been murdered in Indianapolis and the body taken away in a box.

HOW HE GOT THE CHILDREN.

Mrs. Pitezel explains how Holmes got possession of the children. She says that Holmes advised her to go to her home in Illinois for the purpose of regaining her health. At the some time he offered to relieve her of the care of three of her children. Mrs. Pitezel, consenting to this proposition, surrendered to his charge her daughters, Alice and Nellie, aged 15 and 13 respectively, and her son, Howard, aged 11. Her two other children, Jessie, aged 7, and a son now twenty months old, she took with her to the home of her parents in Galva, where they still remain.

Mrs. Pitezel confirms the story of the chase Holmes led her through the country looking for her husband. He told her at various times her husband was in this place or that, and that if she would go where she would meet him. She was kept travelling from State to State, but Holmes' promise that she should meet Pitezel was never made good. One place where she was told to meet him was Burlington, Vt., where, Mrs. Pitezel said yesterday, it might be well to look for more bodies. She would not explain this expression further than to say that she thought Holmes induced her to go to Burlington for the purpose of killing her.

TO BE TRIED IN PHILADELPHIA.

There is every assurance felt by the district attorney that Holmes can be convicted of Pitezel's murder. No indictment has yet been framed charging Holmes with the murder of Pitezel, but it is expected that the document will be drawn up in a few days.

The latest and perhaps one of the most important developments in the case to-day is the fact that the criminal's alleged wife is expected to reach the city inside of 12 hours. She has been summoned here by District Attorney Graham. Georgianna Yoke was the woman's name before she allied herself with Holmes. The latter's alias at that time was Howard. Miss Yoke took the name Howard after alleged marriage at Franklin, Ind., the home of Miss Yoke's parents. This was shortly after Holmes' swindling operations in Chicago and elsewhere. The pair spent their honeymoon in Denver, where Holmes is said to have made $27,000 through crooked methods.

A GRATEFUL PRISONER.

Gives Valuable Information in Payment for False Teeth.

A well-known firm of bankers have just made a profitable investment. Some time ago a man who had defrauded them of a large sum of money was taken into custody, convicted and sentenced to a long term of penal servitude.

As may be imagined, the prison fare did not agree with a man who had by means of fraud lived on the fat of the land. The change affected him in many ways, but he complained more particularly of the effect the food had upon his teeth. They were not numerous or in good condition when he was sentenced, and as they rapidly became worse he applied to the governor of the prison for a new set.

He was told that the State did not supply prisoners with artificial teeth, and at the first opportunity he wrote to the banking firm in question offering, if they would send him a new set to give them some valuable information.

Thereupon the bankers, thinking the offer might be a genuine one, sent the governor of the prison a check for $25, and asked him to provide the convict with a set of artificial teeth.

In due course the convict kept his promise, and sent the bankers certain information, by means of which they were enabled to recover no less than $7,500, of which they had been defrauded. They naturally regarded this as the best investment they had ever made, but it proved even better than anticipated, for they have just received from the prison authorities a remittance for $5, the teeth having cost only $20.

HUXLEY ON HIMSELF.

Men are said to be partial judges of themselves. Young men may be, I doubt it; old men are. Life seems terribly foreshortened as they look back, and the mountain they set themselves to climb in youth turns out to be a mere spur of immeasurably higher ranges when, with failing breath, they reach the top. But if I may speak of the objects I have had more or less definitely in view since I began the ascent of my hillock, they are briefly these: To promote the increase of natural knowledge and to forward the application of scientific methods of investigation to all the problems of life to the best of my ability, in the conviction which has grown with my growth and strengthened with my strength, that there is no alleviation for the sufferings of mankind except veracity of thought and of action, and the resolute facing of the world as it is when the garment of make-believe by which pious hands have hidden its uglier features is stripped off.—Huxley in an autobiographical sketch.

THE YEAR'S FIRE LOSSES.

The New York Journal Bulletin finds that the June fire losses in the United States and Canada amount to $9,223,000, as compared with $8,282,300 during the corresponding period last year, and $16,344,950 in 1893. The total loss during the first six months of the present year was $66,497,600 as compared with $61,613,200 during the corresponding period last year and $85,982,600 in 1893.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Young Americans who one of these fine days will be looking for wives, and who believe in giving the preference to the home product, dote on Presidents like Grover Cleveland.

Kansas women want the franchise, and are organizing to abandon religious, charitable and moral work till they get it. If they mean business the Antis may as well give up the struggle.

During June the United States rail mills received orders for 170,000 tons of steel rails. Not for many years has such a month been noted, and shrewd observers see in it an index of better times ahead.

The story of the cold-blooded murder of the Pietzel children in Toronto is one of the most shocking ever given to the Canadian public. What punishment could be too great for the fiend in human shape who planned and executed such a deed of blood?

British crops will be lighter this year than last. Recently compiled reports give the principal averages as wheat, 79.3, as against 101.8 in 1894; barley, 83, as against 102.9; and oats, 76.4, as against 105.4. The hop crop is the exception, being heavier than last year's.

Grand Rapids Reformed Church Synod is wrestling with the question of riding bicycles to church on Sunday. Straining at nerveless little wheels and swallowing with great relish a span of horses, carriage, coachman and all, does not seem ridiculous to some cranky but well-meaning people.

Even multi-millionaire speculators sometimes overreach themselves in their ventures and render themselves liable to their victims. A verdict has just been secured by Alfred Merritt against John D. Rockefeller for $940,000 damages sustained by the former through being fraudulently drawn into a losing venture by the astute Oil King.

The Ontario Medical Association is not sure whether it is hare or hound just now. It has been having a jolly time disciplining and expelling practitioners obnoxious to it, and now it discovers that all this has been done under the illegal by-law which leaves it liable to numerous big suits for damages.

Chicago Police arrested a female bicyclist the other day because she was "scorching" in an outfit consisting of black tights and a flesh-tinted "sweater." The girl was fined $20. The equality of the sexes before the law is not an article of faith in Chicago, where cyclists of the male persuasion race in breech-clouts and trunks, to the applause of the multitude.

Mr. Stead, of the Review of Reviews, has again got into the clutches of the courts. Recently he wrote: "Another rare rogue, in the shape of Jabez Balfour, will reappear at the Old Bailey, and then we may expect to hear no more of him for some time." Balfour's solicitor brought the matter to the attention of the court and Stead was fined £100 for contempt. Trial by newspaper doesn't take well in England; the courts jealously preserve their domain and refuse to permit an accused to be pilloried till he is found guilty.

An observant woman offers the philosophical opinion that sympathy between mistress and maid will do more toward solving this vexatious problem than all the statistics, than all the diplomas, all the regalia, the ballot, orthodoxy, apartments' quarters, or any of the schemes that have been formulated in clubs, congresses or conventions. She is probably right. When mistresses remember that maids have the feelings of women a long step will have been taken toward the solution of the problem. The lot of a gently reared and educated girl in the family of a "lady" parvenue is not always a happy one.

The renting of an office adjoining an alderman's room and the boring of an auger hole through a partition to facilitate listening and peeping to give evidence against the official leads the Chicago Chronicle to suggest that the "detective" issue a card something like this:

Hoop La! Again at it! Same old business at the same old stand; Spies set and informers furnished on short notice; the cutting of auger holes a specialty; conversations overheard with neatness by the best sneaks in town; man trapping to order; Stone, lately mentioned for Secretary of State for the United States of North America, can always be relied on; refers by permission to expert judge of sneaking and informing, the well-known bicycle prize and sleuth editor of uncommon goodness. Motto—Hustle for holiness. N. B.—As Pecksniff said, "Let us be moral!"

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

LATE LOCALS.

Pay-day on Saturday.

Go to the ball at Piket's next Monday

The Druids had a fine time on Saturday, and a fine supper at The Elk.

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

After a while both viens at No. 5 shaft will be worked.

The rumor that young Carter has gone to Europe is without foundation.

Work has commenced on the road between Howe's and Roys'.

FOR SALE:—At a bargain one cylinder stove with water coil complete. Inquire at Anderson's, Third St.

The foundation for a new cottage is being laid by Addison on Mellado's block, on Third street.

State rooms and berths on the ss. Joan for the excursion to Vancouver, Sept. 7th can be secured only of J. B. McLean, Union.

We understand Mr. Robertson, the Dominion Dairy Commissioner, is coming to Comox to visit the farmers.

The Hospital has now six patients. It received during the past week the usual gift of flowers from Little River's Gardens for which many thanks.

The base-ballers of Wellington, accompanied by the band there, are expected up sometime next month to play a game with the Union team.

Dont forget the wonderful instrumenat concert at Piket's next Monday evening. Nothing like it has ever been heard in Union.

Billy Davidson is expected to take charge of the Waverly House the latter part of this week. Billy is popular and will doubtless get his full share of patronage.

MR. S. Creech and wife, Mrs. Casey, and Mr. and Mrs. Horace Smith of Black Creek left Friday for a trip up to Campbell River, and Valdes and Read Island.

FOR RENT.—The store, corner of Comox road and Dunsmuir ave. lately occupied by THE NEWS printing establishment. Enquire at NEWS OFFICE.

Grant & Mounce are laying water pipe from their tank on First street eastward down Dunsmuir avenue. Water is greatly needed and this firm is to be congratulated upon its enterprise.

The Lindsays will move into their new boarding house, opposite the new Presbyterian church, tha latter part of this week. They have about the best arranged and most commodious establishment for the purpose in town, and it will doubtless de a favorite house for those desiring a quiet, pleasant, home-like place.

SOCIAL

On Monday evening the 26th a free social will be given by the ladies of the Presby. congregation in the new church

LECTURE

Rev. D. A. McRae will deliver a lecture on Thursday evening the 27th on the Manitoba School Question.

NOTICE.

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

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

NOTICE.

Provincial Secretary's Office.
29th July 1895.

His Honor the Lieutenant Governor has been pleased to appoint James Abrams, of the Town of Union, Esquire, to be a Coroner and a Stipendiary Magistrate within and for the Comox Electoral District.

CROPS RUINED BY WORMS

Word comes from Read Island and Kingcome Inlet that the grub worm and cut-worm have entirely ruined the vegetation; that nothing is left and that food will have to be brought in from the outside or these places abandoned until another season. It is said that as many as 50 of these worms were taken out of a single hill at Kingcome Inlet. McIver's crop at Oyster River has been eaten up by these pests.

NEW MILLINERY STORE

Mrs. Kendall will open a millinery store in the building formerly occupied as a Custom, office, on First street, just around the corner from McKins. The new building has just been specially fitted up for the business with a fine show window. She will be ready for business about the last of september, and as she has been connected with large millinery establishments in Victoria, Toronto and other eastern cities, may be expected to furnish the ladies of Union and the district the latest and best in styles and designs, in the millinery line.

WILLIAMS & HUNTER,

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

Money loaned for private parties securing them 10% net.

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

Short notes discounted.

Fire Life and Accident Insurance.

THAT FISHING JAUNT

A party left here Saturday night bound for Oyster River. It was composd of A. D. Williams, Chas. VanHouten, J. P. Simpson, A. F. Morgan and Fred. Young At Courtenay they were joined by J. W. McKenzie and Alex. Graham. Here they secured a hay wagon, filled with hay for reclining upon and for povender for the two horses in front of it. At Bob Graham's they took on a keg or two of Garvin spring water and thus accoutered proceeded on their way to the fishing grounds without special incident. They found the fishing fairly good, capturing perhaps 100lbs which were thrown into a bag and placed in the wagon. Coming home, Sunday night, it was quite dark, but with the aid of a lantern, borne by one of the party in the lead, they got along tolerably well. At one point when Alex was in the advance, swaying the lantern back and forth, he saw a sight which rivited him for a moment to the spot. Then he shouted —Panther! It was a genuine cry of terror which stiffened the top hair into quill-like rigidity. Alec. made a break for the rear end of the wagon. Just then the moon breaking through a rift in the clouds revealed the outlines of a large cow, which, disturbed by the commotion, shook its bell in friendly salutation.

"Well," said Alec., "my nerves have been badly racked. Let me have a pull at that spring water."

But alas! it was gone.

"Where are the fish?" enquired McKenzie, who in looking after the keg missed the bag.

An investigation showed that the fish had been shaken through what hay was left in the wagon and dropped out between the loose bottom boards.

Union was reached at 3 o'clock Monday morning.

FROST VISITS US

The frost suprised many of our farmers last week doing considerable damage in some sections of the district. Nob Hill and other places near the gulf escaped, but generally up the Comox valley it nipped potatoes, beans, cucumbers, marrows pumpkins, squashes, etc. The growth of the potatoes in many instances, have been stopped, while the other vegetables mentioned have with many farmers been utterly ruined. The frost on the place of J. P. Davis registered on the 6th inst 1½ degrees, on the following day 2½ degrees, on the 8th 1½ degrees. Frost at this time of the year in the valley is unusual, but is a more likely visitor on an exceedingly dry year like this.

The frost we are told did not affect Little River Gardens, nor the farm of J. A. Halliday. The farm of Mr. Geo. Grieve and Matt Piercy, Upper Prarie were visited by the frost and potatoes badly injured. Milligan's potatoes have been ruined and S. F. Crawford's garden product terribly nipped.

W C T U NOTES

The monthly meeting of the W. C. T. U. was held at Miss Barnes' on Thursday, the 15th inst.

Mrs. Schooley, President of the Y. W. C. T. U., of Vancouver, who was visiting at Miss Barnes', opened the meeting with the singing of a hymn, and a Bible reading on "Prayer"

Three new members joined our Union and three honorary members paid their fees

Work for the past month: 300 pages of literature, distributed; 2 boquets sent to the hospital, and cloths given to a poor family.

After hearing Mrs. Schooley's remarks and suggestions about working, we all feel encouraged to go on.

M. Duncan.

THE BAND

We understand the committee of the Brass Band are meeting with very encouraging success. It is to be a public band and we hope every one will assist to some extent, as it surely will be a very desirable acquisition to the town.

ST. GEORGES PRESBY. CHURCH

Services next Lords day in the new church. Morning and evening services at the usual hours, conducted by Rev. D. A. McRae of Nanaimo. Afternoon services at 2.30 conducted by Rev. C. H. M. Sutherland of Union. Other ministers are expected to assist.

NELSON HOUSE

UNION BAY, B. C.

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

Board per week, — $5.

Single meals — 25 cents.

T. J. Piercy.

Gigantic Moving Sale

—AT—

STEVENSON & CO.

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

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

BARGAINS IN

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

Please come early and avoid the rush

1st Store in William's Block round corner from Printing office.

CONCERT

Instrumental Solos

BY PROFESSOR KIHLBERG

At Piket's Hall

Monday Aug. 26th

SOLOS de VIOLIN,
de CLARIONET,
de VIOLA de GAMBA

Concert from 8.30 p. m. to 10 p. m.

To be followed by

A DANCE

WITH BEST OF MUSIC

Admission to Concert and Ball 50cts

ONE HALF NET PROCEEDS GOES TO HOSPITAL

—— UNION BRICK YARD B. C. ——

W. WALTER & SON.

Manufacturers of Handmade Sand Stock Bricks.

Special Patterns Now On Hand For Chimney Heads, Cornices Etc

GUARANTEED TO BE FROST PROOF

Esquimalt & Nanaimo R'y

Time Table No. 24,

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

| South Bound, Read Up | | |