Printing Office

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G. A. McBain
Real Estate Broker
Nanaimo, B. C.

The Weekly News.

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Real Estate Broker
Nanaimo, B. C.

NO. 37. COURTENAY, COMOX DISTRICT, B. C. WEDNESDAY, JULY 19, 1893. $2.00 PER YEAR

McKim's Stores

— at —

UNION & COURTENAY

carry a fine assortment of
General Merchandise
including
Boots, Shoes, Clothing and Gents Furnishings

Eureka Bottling Works,
LOUIS LAWRENCE, PROPRIETOR,
— MANUFACTURER OF —
SODA WATER, LEMONADE, GINGER ALE,
Sarsaparalla and Champagne Cider, Iron Phosphates, Syrups.
Bottler of Different Brands of Lager Beer Steam Beer and Porter.
Agent for Union Brewery Company.
Nanaimo and Courtenay B. C.

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

COURTENAY PHARMACY.

PURE DRUGS & PATENT MEDICINES
Also Fancy Toilet Articles
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UNION MINES
FURNITURE ESTABLISHMENT
A Full Line of Everything
BUILDERS and CONTRACTOR
UNDERTAKING IN ALL ITS BRANCHES
Grant and McGregor Props.

... George Howe. ...
COMOX and UNION B. C.
Dealer in All Kinds of Meats, Vegetables, etc.,
Orders Filled on Short Notice.

BIG PROFITS.

Can be made by buying now in the
RABSON ADDITION
fronting on the Bay. The road Through this Property is being improved, and will lead direct to UNION WHARF and the new townsite where stores and hotels will soon be under construction.

Owing to its beautiful location and proximity to Courtenay when the Harrigan and Wharf roads are completed, it will spring into GREAT I PORTANCE.
Now is your opportunity
Office at Courtenay. Wm. Cheney, Agent.

THE BEST PLACE IN B. C.
to buy
Agricultural Implements, Farm and Mill Machinery, Mining and mill supplies, Hardware, Belting, Paints and Oils, Plaster, Cordage and Cement
is
NICHOLLES and RENOUF
Victoria, B C
P O Box 86 S E Corner Yates and Broad
Correspondence solicited.

UNION STORE

We Carry the Largest Stock
— of —
General Merchandise
in British Columbia.
Simon Leiser, Proprietor,

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

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COMOX, BC.

Importers & Dealers in

Flour & Feed
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Gents Furnishings
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WHOLESALE and RETAIL
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Commercial St. Nanaimo, B. C.

Dr. W J. Young
Physician & Surgeon
OFFICE & RESIDENC.
Courtenay Pharmacy
COURTENAY, B. C

FOR SALE.
For sale, a 4 year old Percheron mare, sound, true, and gentle, but apt to jump fences.
Weighs over 1300 lbs.
Reason for sale Horses enough besides.
Duncan Bros.

THE FAMOUS CLYDE STALLION
will be at
John Hetherington's stable
During the Season.
Terms—To Insure, for the Season $12.50
" For Single Service $5.00
Groom fees, $1.50

T. C. Woods
Comox B. C.
Conducts a General
Teaming and Livery Business

His Stage Runs to Union and Returns Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays.

Personal Property Sale

Preparatory to making a business change I am disposing of my personal effects and offer for sale the following: 15 acres of hay in the field; 1 two seated buggy; 1 new singer sewing machine; 1 bellows and anvil.

Jos. T. Grieve, Grantham

Society Cards

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

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

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

Notice.

The owner of a pair of breechings left at my stable in Courtenay, B. C. on the 5th of May last is hereby notified to call and pay all charges and expenses and remove the same, within the next 30 days or they will be sold.
John W. Fraser.

For Sale.

One Donkey Engine and Boiler, about 8 h. p. engine with 12 h. p. boiler upright suitable for hoisting or running machinery (second hand) Price on steamer at Nanaimo $325.
Apply to R. W. Wenborn, Nanaimo for further information.

Fine Grass Field.

I will sell the grass and use of the field as a pasture for this season of the field north of the Union road in Courtenay and between the river and the old road leading to Sandwick.
Wm. Lewis.

Carts and Buggies.

J. B. Holmes has just received a consignment of Carts and Buggies direct from the manufactory of Armstrong & Co. of Guelph at prices that will defy competition.

Notice.

All persons are hereby notified not to remove any timber from off my land situated on Union Road and lately occupied by Wm. Jones deceased.
John Wilson
Comox, June 1st 1893.

Money to Loan.

I am prepared to make short loans in sums to suit upon satisfactory security.
Wm. Cheney, Agent, Courtenay.

Harnesses

A large consignment of all kinds of Harness will be received next steamer by J. B. Holmes.

THE PURITAN SCHOOL.

A BELIEF THAT SPARING THE ROD SPOILED THE CHILD.

Many Ingenious Methods Devised to Torture the Disobedient Scholar—The Rod and the Ferule in Frequent Demand—Favorite Studies.

Great attention was paid to penmanship. Spelling was nought if the "wrighting" were only fair and flowing. I have never read of any criticism of teachers by either parents or town officers save in the one question of writing. How deeply children were versed or grounded in the knowledge of the proper use of "Sinune colings not of interiogations peorids and commoes" I do not know. A boundless freedom apparently was given, as was also in orthography—if we judge from the letters of the times.

The school houses were simple dwellings, often tumbling down and out of repair. The Roxbury teacher wrote in 1681:

"Of inconveniences [in the schoolhouse] I shall mention no other but the confused and shattered and nastie posture that it is in, not fitting for to reside in, the glass broke, and thereupon very raw and cold; the floor very much broken and torn up to kindle fires, the hearth spoiled, the seats some burned and out of kilter, that one had well-high as good keep school in a hog stie as in it."

This schoolhouse had been built and furnished with some care in 1652.

"The feoffes agreed with Daniel Welde that he provide convenient benches with forms, with tables for the scholars, and a conveniente seate for the schoolmaster a Deske to put the Dictionary on and shelves to lay up bookes.

The schoolmaster "promised and engaged to use his best endeavour both by precept and example to instruct in all Scholasticall morall and Theologicall discipline the children so far as they be capable all A. B. C Darians accepted." He was paid in corn, barley or peas, the value of 25 pounds per annum, and each child through his parents or guardians furnished half a cord of wood for the schoolhouse fire. If this load of wood were not promptly furnished the child suffered, for the master did not allow him "the benefit of the fire"; that is, to go near enough to feel the warmth.

The children of wise parents like Cotton Mather, were also taught "opifical and beneficial sciences" such as the mystery of medicine—a mystery indeed to colonial times.

Puritan schoolmasters believed, as did Puritan parents, that sparing the rod spoiled the child, and great latitude was given in punishment; the rod and ferule were fiercely and frequently plied, as in English schools of the same date. When young men were publicly whipped in colleges, children were sure to be well trained in smaller schools. Master Lovel, *that tigerish Boston master, whipped the* culprit with birch rods, and forced another scholar to hold the sufferer on his back. Others whipped on the soles of the feet, and one teacher roared out, "Oh, the Caitiffs, it is good for them." Not only were children whipped, but many ingenious instruments of torture were invented. One teacher made his scholars sit on a "bark seat turned upside down with his thumb on the knot of a floor." Another master of the inquisition invented a unipod—a stool with one leg—sometimes placed in the middle of the seat, sometimes on the edge, on which the unfortunate scholar tiresomely balanced. Others sent out the suffering pupil to cut a branch of a tree, and making a split in the large end of the branch, sprung it on the culprit's nose, and he stood painfully pinched, an object of ridicule with his spreading branch of leaves. One cruel master invented also an instrument of torture which he called a "flapper." It was a heavy piece of leather six inches in diameter with a hole in the middle, and was fastened at the edge to a pliable handle. The pain inflicted by this brutal instrument can well be imagined. At another school, whipping of unlucky wights was done "upon a peaked block with a tattling," and this expression of colonial severity seems to take on an additional force and cruelty in our minds that we do not at all know what a tattling stick was, nor understand what was meant by a peaked block.—Alice Morse Earle in Independent.

Kennedy, the Desperado

Pursuit and Arrest— Found in the Mountain Back of Ramsay Arm on the Mountain— The Officers Fired Upon Return the Fire—The Cabin Where He Found Refuge Burned—Pressed by Hunger and His Pursurers He Finally Throws Up His Hands.

On Tuesday the 4th, Chief Stewart and constables Anderson, McKinnon and McCloud, who had gone up in the Estelle, having learned from one King, a logger, that Kennedy was stopping in his cabin on Ramsay Arm, which is on the Mainland and near Butte Inlet, instructed King to urge Kennedy to surrender. King delivered the message and brought back Kennedy's refusal. Chief Stewart devided his men into two divisions and started in open boats for the shore. Kennedy, who had been watching this movement from behind a tree, warned them not to attempt a landing, and no notice being taken of this he fired, the ball glancing from the water and striking the boat just above the water line. There were several shots exchanged and Kennedy retreated to the woods. The officers went ashore, captured his boat, which was concealed behind a huge boulder, with all his supplies. They then removed everything from King's cabin and by an arrangement with King, burnt it to the ground. Their force being too small to capture him they went accross to the other side and camped, awaiting the arrival of Superintendent Hussy and his party, Kennedy remaining in the mountains.

On the arrival of Hussey and his party which consisted of Superintendent Hussy Maitland Dougall, W. P. Garrard, P. A. Hoverlague, and as assistants Geo. Hanna, James H. Smith, Wiley of Wiley & Benson, Wm. McMillan, James Haggerty, W. King and Frank —, it was learned that Kennedy was still in the mountains across the Arm. The two parties now joined their forces and Superintendent Hussy assumed the direction of affairs and organized them into divisions which he stationed at different points with a view of cutting off Kennedy's escape. He also organized a night patrol to prevent any boats from effecting a landing. This patrol was in charge of Chief Stewart.

After more or less reconnoitering the conclusion was reached that Kennedy had crossed the mountain in the direction of Butte Inlet. Tuesday July 11th Supt. Hussey placed too small parties on board the Estelle, and started to go around to the other side. While on their way they noticed a long distance up, the smoke of what they took to be a small camp fire. They proceeded up the heights to investigate, surrounded the place and then gradually approached, when they found that Kennedy had flown leaving a bright fire, with a quantity of venison hanging over it. There was also the skin of a deer on the ground which he had evidently used for his couch. The party here divided and commenced a vigorous search, Supt Hussy and Constable McKinnon going down the declivity—which was very steep, and covered with rocks and trees, affording abundant hiding places. After proceeding awhile they turned and looked back when they discovered Kennedy about thirty yards off behind a large cedar tree with his winchester pointing directly towards them They faced him a moment in silence, and believing that he would fire if they made any movement toward using their rifles, turned to one side and commenced a detour to get in his rear, passing behind trees and huge boulders in doing so. Observing their movements and easily discerning their object, Kennedy retreated in the direction of his camp. He soon came in view of the officers in that quarter who at once opened re on him. Despairing now of escape, his amunition exhausted, with the exception of five rounds and evidently too much of a coward to face death, he threw up his hands in token of surrender. The firing then ceased and the parties approached each other Kennedy maintaining his peaceable position. He was at once taken into custody and conveyed to the steamer.

After being captured Kennedy conversed quite freely claiming he did not intend to kill any of the officers but only to freighten them off. He also said that the deer they had found was killed the day before, but for several days before that he had had nothing to eat but his dog, which he had shot for the purpose of food. This last story he denied afterwards, saying he shot the famished animal to put it out of its misery.

He is by his own statement 42 years of age, single, and was born in the Province of Qubec. He is of medium height, wiry and active, but has a hard face, and maintains an air of indifference.

Preliminery Examination.

The examination of Ben. Kennedy was had before Mr. Geo. F. Drabble July 11th and 12th.

The first witness called was W. B. Anderson, who testimony was in part introductory, relating to the reception of the body of O'Conner at Comox, the post mortem examination, and various exhibits including the fatal bullet, the organization of the first pursuit, the finding of Kennedy, landing, burning of the cabin where Kennedy had been stopping, resistance of Kennedy by force of arms, capture, etc.

The next witness was Salem Hinchley *the most important of all* Of the shooting and its immediate surroundings he testified: He knew the prisoner, Ben Kennedy "He came to our cabin Saturday June 24th. Had known him for two years on the other side. He came back from Taylor's camp Sunday between 10 and 11 o'clock. Cameron was with him. Burns, O'Conner and O'Neil were asleep until they came in. He had a bottle of whiskey and passed it around two or three times and we all took a drink. Cameron, O'Neil and Burns went to sleep O'Conner got up and set on the table and lit his pipe. Kennedy called the dog up on the foot of the bed, telling O'Conner what a good dog he was. Kennedy put a vest under the dog and told O'Conner to take it away. After arguing the matter a while the prisoner said he had $5 in the vest pocket which he laid on the floor, and put the dog on it. The prisoner then told O'Conner that if he would take the vest away he would give him the money; and turning to me, said "Hank get up and see the fun." O'Conner said he didn't want to do it. The prisoner replied, "Go ahead." O'Conner then put some water on the dog. The dog shook his head and ran under the bunk. The prisoner exclaimed with an epithet, referring to the dog) I'll kill you, you are no good. The prisoner then stepped off the seat, put one foot on my chest, and reached for the revolver, calling the dog to come out from under the bunk. The dog ran out of doors and the prisoner shot at it as it ran out. He then followed the dog out. O'Conner went to the door and said "Don't kill the dog." The prisoner replied 'I'll give you one.' O'Conner said "Don't talk that way to me or I'll turn you inside out." The prisoner stepped to the door and cried, "What are you looking for? 'What do you want?" O'Conner replied, "You've got the drop on me, but if I had a gun I'd take even chances with you.' Then the prisoner said to me, "Get up and go down on the sloop and look in my valise and bring up that 38 double action revolver." I told him to go to bed and wait until morning. Kennedy asked O'Conner, what kind of a gun he wanted. O'Conner said I'll take the winchester, and jumped and grabbed it, knocking the lamp off the table in doing so. It was the only light and went out. I hollowed 'Don't shoot there are other men sleeping here.' I got the lamp, found some matches and lit the light. They were clinched as I lit the light. The prisoner had his arm around his neck. I didn't see but O'Conner might have had hold of the revolver to keep it away. There was a crash and O'Conner was lying on the floor, the prisoner standing up. O'Conner fell I suppose because he was thrown. O'Conner cried, Hank, call Cameron, call O'Neil, call Burns. I hollowed but could not wake them. I then went and took hold of the revolver and told the prisoner not to shoot; I begged him not to shoot for my sake, and when he said he wouldn't, I let go. I was standing in the door. He jerked his arm away and in doing so hit me in the stomach with his elbow. I fell thro' the door. I heard a shot and fearing the prisoner went around the cabin and hid. I heard O'Conner say he was shot and calling to Cameron. In a few minutes I came back and found O'Conner in Burn's bunk, with Burns and Cameron talking to him. Soon after I saw the prisoner coming through the open window place with a double barrelled gun. He hollowed, "Throw up your hands,' and then asked which one of us followed him down to the beach. He made us strip off O'Conner's shirt to see where he was shot. O'Conner lived until morning and the prisoner put a bed in the sloop and got ready to bring O'Conner to Comox.

Finding that O'Conner was dead the idea of bringing him to Comox in the sloop appears to have been abandoned. The witness narrates his journey to Cortes for Capt. Manson and return. He got back on Tuesday the 27th about 5 p. m. and noticed the prisoner going out into the bush. Then he went ashore in a boat and the prisoner seeing ordered him and Burns to go back. In a few minutes he came and enquired for his gun. One of the deck hands handed it to him. On being further questioned he went back to the scene of the tragedy and said in reply to Hussey: The prisoner said to O'Conner, 'You are a good big man, but you've met a better little man.' Next morning I heard him say that under the same circumstances he would do it over again, referring to the shooting. That while at Read Island he wore a mustache and side whiskers, the prisoner now appeared without any. O'Conner was pretty full.

Dr. Young testified to the facts of the post-mortem, extracting of the bullet, and that the wound was quite sufficient to cause death.

John O'Neil sworn, testified that he was a logger at Read Island, was drunk Sunday, but when he sobered up saw O'Conner was dead on the floor with a blanket over him. I asked the prisoner how it happened. He told me two or three contradictory stories about it—said he shot O'Conner and had to do it but was sorry. When Capt. Manson came, the prisoner was out in the woods, and Manson asked for him. He came in with his winchester and stood it on the outside of the door. Had no weapons when he gave his evidence. There were present Manson, Cameron, a deck hand, myself and the captain of the steamer and I think Burns, Manson and his men were sober; none of the rest of us were very drunk. After signing his statement the prisoner walked out of the cabin and Manson said after he was gone, it would have been a good time to arrest him while he was signing his statement but he gave no instructions that I heard of to do so.

Angus Cameron testified to the prisoner telling them all to throw up their hands when he returned after the murder He also remembered of hearing, the prisoner say that O'Conner was a good big man but that he had met a better little man, also that O'Conner was not the first man he had killed but the fourth one.

James Burns, logger on Read Island, sworn, said during Sunday night he heard his name called and next morning was told that O'Conner had been shot. He remembered hearing the prisoner say 'Poor I had to do it, O'Conner is a good big man but he met a better little man. He's not the first man I've shot. If I had to do it ever again I'd do it in the morning.' He was going to take O'Conner down to Comox in his boat, but came back and looked at him and said its no use to remove him and he died shortly afterwards He made his statement to Manson, after which he walked out of the cabin, leaving his rifle standing by the door.

Andrew Charles Henry King swore he was the logger at Ramsay Arm where the prisoner remained in hiding a few days. His testimony relates to the prisoner's conduct while there.

The justice held the prisoner for trial at the next court having jurisdiction in New Westminster.

Orange and Grape Land.

We have 160 acres of land in Orlando Co. Florida, near Lake Butler, and between two lines of railroads. The land contains a variety of soil, some suited to ORANGE CULTURE other parts to GRAPE Culture. It will grow anything which can be produced in that MOST DELIGHTFULL CLIMATE. Will sell or exchange for city or country property. Enquire of M. Cly on the Carwithen farm, or of Geo Parks at Union.

Local Brevities

It will be pay-day at Union Mines on Saturday.

Mr. Joseph McPhee and wife leave tomorrow for the World's Fair.

Mrs. John Robson of Union is visiting at Victoria.

Tom Woods of Comox is having his house painted.

Mrs. Butler of Saanich is visiting her daughter, Mrs. P. F. Scharschmidt.

Ambrose A. Berrow of the Salt Spring Island Nursery made us a pleasant call last Thursday.

J. B. McLean of Union has gone up on the C. P. R. for a couple of weeks vacation.

The ss. Joan will leave Comox, this week on her return trip on Thursday at 7 a. m.

Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Livesley of Union have gone down to Nanaimo for a few days.

Archie Stewart is back from Anderson's logging camp, and is said to have brought something with him.

Mrs. Ploiart of Kamloops, at present with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Halliday, gave birth last Thursday to a son.

Geo. Whitman is handling some early vegetables and also fruit. His enterprise proves a great convenience to the public.

Said one of our B. C. judges in sentencing a prisoner, "You are a vile wretch and miserable scoundrel," and then with added emphasis he continued, "I believe you came from Seattle."

S. F. Crawford has received from the Holstein-Friesian Association of America a certificate of transfer of ownership to himself of Rex Lulu, the Holstein Friesian ball.

Mr. John A. Coates called to say that the contracts of Hughy Stewart and Tom Woods on the Lower Prairie Road are not being done according to specifications Will the Road Overseer please inspect the work thoroughly before accepting?

The Presbyterian ice cream and strawberry festival at Rev. Mr. Fraser's church was as usual a very enjoyable affair. There was a good attendance, many coming from the Mines and the Bay, and in addition to the refreshments which were good there was a "flow of soul."

Mr. Carter's son rowed up the river as far as Courtenay on last Thursday evening in his new boat The Lily. It was launched the day before, is 17 feet long, provided with sails and neatly and strongly built. She is a beauty. He says he will sell her if any one wants her and build again.

Death

Richard Bracken, aged 75, passed away from earth Thursday July 6th. Deceased was born in County Fermanagh, Ireland, emigrated to New Brunswich some twentyfive years ago, and came to *Denman Island six years since, where he* has resided with Mrs Morrison passing a quiet and unobtrusive life. He was interred in Denman burying ground.

Hornby Siftings.

We had a terrific shower here last night and the rain came down in buckets full. Haying is in full swing, and mowing machines and sulkey rakes are rattling everywhere. There are berries *in great abundance all through the woods*, and deer and other game abound.

Matrimonial news is scarce. Somehow there has not been a wedding on this island since 1862. What few of the weaker vessels we have manage to find their way over to Denman Island where there is sure to be a wedding.

The Rev. Mr. Robson was over last Sunday, showing the way to eternal happiness, but some here, sad to say, appeared to be more interested in getting at the bar of the SS. Joan than in getting into church.

Rara Avis.

Coroner's Inquest.

A day or two after O'Conner was buried Dr. Walkem, coroner, from Nanaimo put in an appearance at Comox and organized an inquest. Witnesses appeared, but without taking any evidence the proceedings were adjourned for one week. The next week instead of proceeding with the inquest, it was adjourned by the Government Agent according to instructions from the coroner who was up north with the officers in search of the murderer. What business the coroner had on that expedition it would be hard to say. There was no occasion for him to be there in any official capacity. However, he returned, and last week completed the inquest. His two trips from Nanaimo with witnesses at three sessions, including an expert, must make a nice little bill for the government to pay. And for what benefit was it all? Perhaps the recommendation of the jury in the case will be worth it. In addition to a verdict in accordance with the facts, they recommended that an officer be stationed at Cape Mudge or vicinity, and that the Government Naptha Launch be detailed to patrol the waters of that neighborhood

Officer Anderson Endorsed.

There has naturally been a good deal of indignation expressed by those who know officer W. B. Anderson well, at some criticisms of his conduct while on the first expedition in search of the murderer of O'Conner, which appeared in a certain quarter, proceeding apparently from the occupant of a very big glass house. Nothing occurred during that time to put his courage to the test, and since we know where Kenneay was it is peofectly clear that his judgement was not at fault. After the return of Superintendent Hussy and the officers with their captive to Comox, a representative of this paper called on that officer, and referring to the criticisms upon Anderson asked him if in his opinion there was any foundation for them. The reply was emphatic and to the point. "You may say for me", said the Superintendent, that any reflections upon Anderson's conduct in this affair are wholly unwarranted. He has done his full duty under very trying circumstances."

AGRICULTURAL.

The Successful Farmer.

Although, writes A. F. Armesess, well aware that were the question asked, "Who is the successful farmer?" the difference of opinion would be such that the questioner would realize but little enlightenment from the answers obtained. I venture to suggest a thought or two on the subject.

Looking at the matter from a financial standpoint, the successful farmer is one who has accumulated enough of this world's goods to live not luxuriously, but comfortably. In order to do this, he must obtain all necessary implements whereby farm and household labor may be lightened to the utmost. The world moves and the successful farmer with it.

He must also be able to give his children every advantage for obtaining a liberal education. "The greatest need of farmers at the present time is a thorough education," and the uneducated man will soon find that as far as success is concerned, "none others need apply." But while the farmer is providing for the needs of his family, shall he overlook his own necessities in this line? No, his table should be supplied with the best that the times afford in newspapers and magazines. His library should be furnished with books upon every topic, the consideration of which could possibly be turned to profit. Perhaps some would look upon these as luxuries. I say they are necessities. Were I obliged to make a choice between the two, I should prefer to live upon the plainest food, providing it was wholesome, rather than give up my books and papers.

The farmer and the farmer's family need to cultivate the æsthetic side of their natures. This world would be a dreary place, indeed, with all the beauty left out. What wonder then, that he who sees no morning splendor or sunset radiance carries ever about with him a gloomy visage? It is the farmer's bounden duty to study nature's lesson-book. "I have no time," says one. But the successful farmer will find time. He will do it while the unsuccessful farmer is smoking his pipe. Nature will whisper her secrets to him while he plows his field and gathers his grain. His mind is ever busy with her problems and he finds more pleasure therein than his unwise brother farmer finds in the rude jokes cracked at the country grocery. This is something which the successful farmer takes along with him from the beginning of his career to its close, something which although of real money value, is not dependent upon money for enjoyment.

Allowing that a certain amount of capital is necessary to the farmer, that he may be relieved from the harassing worry of restriction, the next question to consider is, how is he to obtain it? There are many avenues leading to success, and in the words of a late essayist. "The fault with too many writers is that they forget there are so many varied surrounding of climate, that a rule for one place is no guide for another. In very many cases the rule for one farm is not the rule for an adjoining farm; and the adaptability of people is just as varied. One man cannot work in the groove of another." But perhaps it is safe to lay down one general rule. Begin at the foot of the ladder, but do not be content to stay there.

It is perhaps an axiom as true as trite, that "there is room at the top." Perhaps the greatest hinderance that the average farmer meets is want of method. It is more destructive than flood or fire. The old saying is "be good and you will be happy," but I say, be methodical and you will be successful.

From Manuring to Mowing.

F. A. Putnam writes as follows to the New England Farmer:—I have often congratulated myself that I went from the shop to the farm, as by so doing I was free from all antequated practices and superstitions, leaving me free to start on a level with the times instead of deep in the ruts of old methods. I have always believed that the hay crop was worthy of better treatment than that generally given it by farmers.

Our grange ritual says, "Grass is the basis of agriculture, from its lofty growths in the tropics, to the tiniest spears in Arctic regions; it is the most widely diffused, the most useful, and the most valuable production of the vegetable kingdom; without it the higher orders of animals, including man, could not exist, and the earth would be an arid, barren waste."

It is asking a good deal of nature, or trusting too much to luck, to sow small and delicate grass seed along with a rank growing spring grain crop like oats and expect the grass to take root, thrive and produce several paying crops of hay and what available plant food is left after the grain crop is off.

In my early farm experience I soon found this fact out and gave up seeding with spring grain crops, as if I manured the oats enough to insure a liberal supply of plant food for the young grass plants, it would be too rich for the oats, causing them to lodge and smother the young grass. Another objection to seeding with spring grain, I found was that it gave weeds an equal or even better chance than the grass to get a good foothold. Especially is this the case with the perennial red sorrel.

I finally adopted the practice of seeding in the summer and fall usually with some foster crop like strep-leaved turnips or barley thinly sown, both of which furnish partial shade to the young grass plants, as well as gathering up the surplus plant food that becomes rapidly available at this time of the year and might otherwise be washed down and out of the soil before the young grass roots were strong enough to gather it up.

Having secured a good stand of grass the next thing is to keep it in a strong and vigorous condition, so as to insure two or more good crops in a season. Next to plenty of plant food, I think, in importance is early cutting as a means of maintaining a vigorous condition of the grass plants so as to insure future good crops. The first mission of all animal and plant life is to produce seed and thus perpetuate the species. The annual plant as soon as once established in the soil as an independent plant devotes all its energies to perpetuating its growth with the ultimate end in view of producing a crop of seed for a succeeding generation; having produced the seed it dies. The biennial requires the first season to perfect its growth and the second to produce a crop of seed and then dies, while the perennials, like timothy and red top, will, if allowed, live and produce a crop of seeds for several years but require a long rest to recuperate after each succeeding crop of seed is matured. Now if by early cutting just as the majority of the grass plants have come into bloom we can prevent the exhausting process of producing seed we will have the plant food and vigor that would otherwise have gone to the production of seed as well as a lot of young and vigorous roots to assist in carrying it through the winter. Long ago man learned that castrating the pig and the steer would increase their size and the quality of their meat. A similar practice applied to our cultivated grass will produce similar results.

I use my grass lands all through the year as a bank of deposit for all manure not otherwise needed immediately for other crops. I never have any fears of its being stolen (providing I keep my mowings free from weeds and similar robbers) not drying up and blowing away, and there is seldom much danger of its running away unless spread on the land when coated with ice in the winter; at other times when the ground is frozen it cannot leach down through the frozen ground and as soon as the ground is thawed out the grass roots begin growing and are ready to take it up.

As a result of this practice I am able to manure nearly all of my mowing land at least once a year and notwithstanding the season is very late this year I had June 5 timothy grass that stood twenty inches high with five leaves on the spear of grass, not a few scattering spears here and there in the field but whole fields, some of which have been six or eight years down and were mowed twice last year and then lightly fed by calves and cows. I am not an advocate of pasturing mowing lands, although I sometimes feed off a thick crop of second or third growth that has been pounded down by heavy rains too flat to mow easily with the machine.

Having grown a good crop of grass the next important thing is to cut, cure and house it with the least possible loss of nutritious elements and with due regard to the expense for labor. Heavy grass such as I like to grow, if cut before ripe, will not cure in one day sufficiently to house with safety and in "catchy" weather it requires some courage to down a field of heavy grass when the signs indicate rain the next day, but with the probability of getting four and five hours sunshine and reinforced with a supply of hay caps I never hesitate to go ahead, as by turning once or twice it will become wilted sufficient to cure safely in the cock under a hay cap, provided they are made large enough to heat sufficient to prevent souring and turning yellow. In case they heat too much the cock can be reversed by putting the tops at the bottom during a lull between showers. When fair weather comes again a little sunshine will fit it for carting.

For hay caps I use two bran sacks sown together at the sides. These are heavy enough to prevent blowing off unless the wind blows hard enough to blow the cock over and if the top of the cock is well rounded up they will turn off a steady down-pour for a week at a time. Two cottonseed meal or fertilizer bags will make a good cap but not quite as large as the bran sacks. I usually have a supply of both and use the latter on the smaller cocks and the others on the largest cocks.

The second crop or rowen I always cure in the cock after getting it sufficiently wilted to not heat too much; also all hay that has much clover in it, as, if cured in the sun, the leaves will become dry and brittle and will be lost.

It seems as if in recent years injurious insects have been more numerous and destructive than formerly, and I think are likely to be more so in the future. One cause that has led to this result is the destruction of thousands of insect eating birds and animals and the spread of insects from hitherto restricted localities.

Some of the birds and animals that grass farmers should especially protect and encourage to increase in numbers are the meadow lark, king bird, bobolink, redwing, black bird and quail, all of the several species of native sparrows, sparrow hawk, whip-poor-will, robins and bluebirds. The crow destroys large numbers of grasshoppers, crickets and white grubs of the May beetles and probably offsets the damage he does by pulling corn in the spring of the year.

The skunk although much despised and always killed by most people when it can be safely done, is one of the most valuable destroyers of grasshoppers and crickets that we have; besides he often visits the potato field and feasts on potato bugs. Judging from a close study of the habits of the skunk, I should place the amount of grasshoppers, crickets and white-grubs that a pair and their progeny would destroy in a single season as fully a couple of bushels. So long as Mr. Skunk keeps away from the house, barn and chicken coops don't kill or disturb him as he is your friend.

The king bird feeds largely on cut worm moths, as does also the whip-poor-will, while most of the others destroy large quantities of grasshoppers and numerous other injurious insects. The meadow-lark and quail are relentlessly hunted by gunners and I believe the decreasing numbers of the larks is one of the causes of the rapid increase of the spittle bug in his vicinity in the past few years, Every farmer should post his land against gunners and then if they trespass go gunning for them.

Potato Insects and Diseases.

The Colorado potato beetle or the potato bug you probably all know. It is not necessary to describe the fellow. If you do not know him you will before you harvest your potatoes for he is sure to appear. If you go out in the spring and look around you will discover him sitting upon the fences, etc., waiting for you to plant your potatoes, or if you have planted them waiting for them to come up. He has crawled into the crevices and cracks, with the squash bug, the wasps, etc., and they are all ready for business.

It is an insect that has brood after brood in the same season. There is in my opinion but one remedy and that some are afraid of Paris green will do the work effectually. I have used it for a number of years, have tried it with plaster, ashes and flour, but think water is the best of all. You get rid of the dust of paris green when used in water and you can apply it any time, while on the other hand paris green mixed with plaster wants to be applied early in the morning when the dew is on in order to have it stick to the plant, and if there is any wind you are liable to inhale more or less of the mixture. I apply it with a sprinkler watering pot that will hold a common pail full.

I use one teaspoonful of paris green to one pail of water stirred up while using it and I think sometimes that is too strong. It does not require a large quantity to kill them. The great point is to get a single particle on the potato leaf. Paris green is an impalpable powder, it is exceedingly fine and it is necessary to apply but a single atom of it in one spot; but you want to apply it evenly over the whole foliage of the potato and to do it, water I think is the best.

The same effect will be produced on any insect or worm that eats leaves in the same way. The currant worm and the gooseberry worm eat the leaf in the same way, their mouth takes both sides of it and when the green is applied it will kill them the same as it does the potato worm. I would not use it on current or gooseberry except for the first crop of worms, after that I would use something else.

To produce a large crop of fine potatoes select a piece of grass land in the spring with a soil adapted to this crop. Plow it about six inches deep, turn the furrow flat, spread about 25 cart-loads of manure to the acre, take a good wheel harrow and pulverize it in thoroughly with the soil. Then bush it and mark it out one way three feet and one-half between the rows. Then take a small plow and furrow about four inches deep. Select good sound and smooth potatoes, good fair size; cut them two or three eyes as near as you can. Then put one piece in the hill about twelve or fifteen inches apart, with a handful of phosphate; cover about three inches deep and with good care they will do well. I usually have a fine crop without much rot or disease.

My potatoes have been struck with the rust two or three times in fifteen years, but it never caused them to rot. I think however if we would be more careful to pick our potatoes over to plant and not plant any that are not sound there would be less rot in the crop. If the potatoes planted are not good and healthy the offsprings from them will show disease as they advance to maturity.

He Couldn't.

A clergyman and one of his elderly parishioners were walking home from church one icy day last winter, when the old gentleman slipped and fell flat on his back.

The minister, looking at him a moment, and being assured that he was not hurt, said to him: "Sinners stand on slippery places."

The old gentleman looked up, as if to assure himself of the fact, and said: "I see they do; but I can't."

A Certain Remedy for Corns.

And one always to be relied upon, is Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Safe, sure and always painless. Nearly fifty imitations prove its value. Beware of such. Get Putnam's at druggists.

HEALTH.

Poke-Root for Diphtheria.

If one realized the value of the common poke-root as a remedial agent there would be more gathering in the summer and fall time for the purpose of using it in cases of sickness through the winter. In a recent report it was asserted that there are very few specific conditions where poke-root cannot be used to great advantage. It is a vegetable alterative, and acts most easily upon the glandular system, giving prompt relief when the lymphatic glands have been enlarged. In inflammation it is also of great value as a poultice, and should be applied immediately when one's breasts have become sore from any cause. In certain diphtheric cases it acts so wonderfully that it is being used in most hospitals as a remedy. The best preparation is a tincture of poke-root gathered in the autumn of the year. The fresh roots should be gathered then, and dried just enough to evaporate what water there is. Then cut the roots into small pieces, and add twice as much clear alcohol as there are roots. Put this away in a dark room and let it stand for eight days, keeping it cool meanwhile. After this period has elapsed filter it, and keep the liquid in a dark-colored, well-stoppered bottle until needed for use. The usual dose internally is from ten to twenty drops in four ounces of water, and taken about every two or four hours. This is a homemade preparation that should be kept in the house at all times, for its remedial value is great.

The Absinthe Habit.

One of the worst drugs that is afflicting France to-day, and which is rapidly working into favor in this country, is the deadly absinthe, the greenish yellow liquid that so many quaff with relish. This decoction is playing wild havoc with the nerves of the French people, and is filling the asylums with thousands of lunatics. In this country it is increasing rapidly in popularity, and where a few years ago it was not known here it is now for sale at nearly every hotel and bar-room. This liquid is quaffed in large quantities throughout the day, a subject generally beginning with one or two glasses, and ending with a dozen or more. Though less injurious for a time than morphine, it works as much harm in the end. It stimulates the nerves, soothes them, and gives to the patient a quiet, dreamery feeling. This, however, is always followed by the reaction, and in time the weakened nerves cannot live without it. They crave it so that the person is almost compelled to drink it to quiet himself. It does not pay to dally with the terrible curse, for it is more insidious than a serpent, and more wily than the blandishments of woman's charms. It has ruined more constitutions in France than any one war, and it is working gradually the same direful results in the United States.

The deadly drug comes from wormwood, and it is really the juice of this plant, which grows abundantly in the valleys of the Swiss Alps. The discovery of the peculiar qualities of the juice of the wormwood was made by an enterprising physician in the French army, who some sixty years ago prescribed it to the soldiers in Algiers to counteract the debilitating effect of the climate and hard marching. The bitterness of the plant made a good tonic, and it was for this reason that the physician prescribed it. It did help all of those who took it, but the whole army soon got to taking it in large quantities. It became the favorite drink of the army, and was then imported to France where the fashionable and social set took it up as good tonic beverage. When taken in small quantities it is a good tonic, and works successfully, but its danger lies in the desire to continue taking it for every little complaint. The upper leaves of the wormwood plant are taken and bruised with hyssop, calamus, and anise. After this the absinthe wort is distilled, and mixed with sugar, alcohol, and other ingredients. It is a species of narcotic that is rather distasteful, and a acquired taste is necessary for it; but as it is now mixed and sold at hotels it is not so unpleasant. The drink was first introduced into this country by the French-Canadian immigrants, and it has spread rapidly, as most evils do, to the principal cities all over the country. The mania for its subtle and poisonous charms is hard to explain; it is as much a mystery as that of morphine.

The Use of the Voice.

There is no sound more pleasing to the ear than a clear, well-modulated and musical voice, but only one in a thousand possesses or knows how to use such a voice. One should make an effort to cultivate and use the voice properly for health's sake as well as for the pleasure it gives. Elocutionary exercises should be practised daily, for this strengthens the voice, throat and lungs. Women as a rule are inclined to pitch their voice too high and men too low, so that the former is too shrill and squeaky to sound well, and the latter too heavy and monotonous for effect. The lower notes are the hardest to use, and one should try to use them every day, as it will bring out new qualities in the voice never dreamed of before. Nervousness will often prevent a public speaker from commanding his voice, but if it is used continually every day in exercise this rarely occurs. The person may be nervous, but his voice will triumph over it, and show the results of practise and use.

How to Work off Human Fat.

Human fat is composed of 79 per cent. carbon, a little over 11 per cent. hydrogen, and a little over nine per cent. oxygen. Of course this fat cannot be accumulated unless its ingredients are taken into the body in food. The food which has a preponderence of these ingredients can be worked off by open air exercise, because the oxygen of the air uniting with the carbon goes out of the lungs in the form of carbonic acid gas and relieves the system of so much fat. This is the reason why people who lead an open air life or live in the country or on mountains and breathe a great deal of fresh air are less likely to be corpulent than business men, shopkeepers and others who are habitually in the atmosphere with less oxygen and who take less exercise. Open-air respiration is one of the best ways of working off fat.

A Clever Doctor.

Hadland: "Hello, Bingley! How did the doctor succeed in breaking up your fever?"

Bingley: "Oh, easy enough! He presented his bill, and I had a chill in fifteen minutes."

A Virginia maid jumped from a window of her Roanoke home to join her lover and elope. She was picked up with a broken leg, taken to a church yard and patched up, and the wedding came off on time.

Talk's cheap, but when it's backed up by a pledge of the hard cash of a financially responsible firm, or company, of world-wide reputation for fair and honorable dealing, it means business!

Now, there are scores of sarsaparillas and other blood-purifiers, all cracked up to be the best, purest, most peculiar and wonderful, but bear in mind (for your own sake), there's only one guaranteed blood-purifier and remedy for torpid liver and all diseases that come from bad blood.

That one—standing solitary and alone—sold on trial, is

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

If it doesn't do good in skin, scalp and scrofulous diseases—and pulmonary consumption is only long-scrofula—just let its makers know and get your money back.

Talk's cheap, but to back a poor medicine, or a common one, by selling it on trial, as "Golden Medical Discovery" is sold, would bankrupt the largest fortune.

Talk's cheap, but only "Discovery" is guaranteed.

CANADIAN PLUCK.

A Successful Canadian Business Extended to England.

Although but a Short Time in That Country the Press Pronounces the Success Phenomenal.

We have much pleasure in reproducing the following article from the Montreal Witness, relative to the success in Great Britain of a well known Canadian firm. We have done business with the firm in question for a number of years and can heartily endorse what the Witness says concerning their honorable business methods, and the care exercised in the publication of the articles appearing in the press relative to their preparation. These cases are always written up by influential newspapers in the localities in which they occur, after a full and thorough investigation that leaves no doubt of their impartiality and truthful character. We are quite certain that the confidence reposed in the firm and their preparation is not misplaced:—

The phrase "British pluck" has become an adage, and not without good reason, for wherever enterprise, courage or "bull-dog tenacity" is required to sweep away or surmount opposing obstacles in order that the pinnacle of success may be reached, your true Briton never flinches, and facing all obstacles works until success has been achieved. This same "British pluck" is a characteristic of the native born Canadian, and there are very few walks in life in which it does not bring success as the reward. This much by way of prelude to what bears every indication of being a successful venture on the part of a well-known Canadian house. When it was announced a few months ago that the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., of Brockville, intended establishing a branch of their business in the motherland, there were not a few who were inclined to be skeptical as to the success of the venture, while some boldly predicted failure. "There would be an objection," they urged, "to taking up a colonial remedy." "Their business methods differed from those prevailing in Canada;" "the field was already crowded with proprietory remedies long established, and well advertised." These and many other objections were urged as reasons why the venture was a doubtful one. But the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. was not to be deterred by any objections that might be raised. They had unbounded confidence in the merit of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and the pluck to back up their confidence with their cash. This latter is well known to Canadian newspaper men, who know that less than three years ago the company first put upon the market in the form of Pink Pills a prescription which had previously only been used in private practice, and with a skill and audacity that has not been surpassed in the annals of Canadian advertising, pushed it in the van of all competitors. Of course, the remedy had to have merit, or this would not have been done, and it was the company's sincere belief in the merit of their remedy that endowed them with the pluck to place their capital behind it. It was this same conviction that merit, skillfully advocated, will command success that induced them to venture into competition with the long-established remedies of the motherland. We are glad to know—indeed we believe that all Canadians will be glad to learn—that short as is the time the Dr. Williams' Company has been in that field, their success has been rapid and ever increasing. As an instance of this success the "Chemist and druggist," the leading drug journal of the world—and probably the most conservative—in a recent issue states that the success of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in Great Britain has been unprecedented and phenomenal. While, no doubt, it is the advertising that has brought this remedy into such rapid prominence in England, it is the merit of the preparation that keeps it there and makes it popular with the people. There are few newspaper readers in Canada who have not read of the cures, that to say the least, border on the marvellous, brought about by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and already we see by the English papers that the same results are being achieved there. Is it any wonder then that Pink Pills are popular wherever introduced? We have done business with this firm for a number of years. We have found them honorable and reliable, and worthy of credence in all that they claim for their remedy.

We cannot close this article better than by giving in condensed form the particulars of a striking cure in Nottingham, England, by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The cure is vouched for by the Nottingham Daily Express, the leading journal of the Midland Counties.

"The picturesque suburb of Old Basford, some three miles from the market-place of Nottingham, has just been the scene of an occurrence which has excited considerable attention among the local residents, and of which rumors have reached Nottingham itself. The circumstances affect Mr. Arthur Watson, of Old Basford, formerly an employee in the bleach yard at Messrs. H. Ashwell & Co.'s hosiery factory, in New Basford, and afterwards employed at the Bestwood Coal and Iron Co.'s factory, near Nottingham. In consequence of the gossip, which has been in circulation with regard to this case, a local reporter called upon Mr. Watson, at his bright little house, situated at No. 10 Mountpleasant, Whitemoor road, Old Basford, and made inquiries as to the curious circumstances alleged. The visitor was met by Mrs. Watson, but Mr. Watson himself immediately afterwards entered the room, looking very little like the victim of sudden paralysis. He told the story of his life's health as follows: In boyhood he was prostrated by a severe attack of rheumatic fever, which, after his slow recovery, left behind it a permanent weakness, and uncertainty of action of the heart, and he had always been debilitated and more or less feeble. On giving up his work at Mr. Ashwell's bleach factory, he sought change of employment and undertook the work of attending to furnaces at kilns at the Bestwood Coal and Iron Co's Works, being at the time an out-patient at the General Hospital, Nottingham, where he was treated for weakness of the heart. The circumstances of his work at the furnaces were somewhat peculiar. Exposed on one side to the extreme heat of the furnace, he was attacked on the other by the chilling winds which proved so distressing to many people last October, and one day in that month he was suddenly prostrated by a stroke which had all the appearance of permanent paralysis, and was pronounced such by the doctors who attended him. The course of the stroke appears to have been down the entire right side. His leg was entirely powerless, and he was unable to stand. He could not lift his right arm from his side or from any position in which he was placed. His face was horribly distorted, and the organs of speech completely paralyzed, so that he was able neither to stand nor speak. His condition is described by those acquainted with him as being most pitiable. He lay in this condition for more than three months suffering intermittently considerable pain, but more afflicted by his utter helplessness than by sufferings of any other kind. His wishes were indicated by signs and feeble mumblings. The distortion of his face was rendered the more apparent by the ghastly pallor of his features, and he lay in bed, anticipating nothing better than that death should eventually relieve him of his helplessness.

The Rev. Walter Cooper, Wesleyan Methodist minister, whose flock have their spiritual habitation in a substantial building in High street, Old Basford, took a pastor's interest in the case of this unfortunate man, and is acquainted with the circumstances from almost first to last. A week or two ago Mr. Watson began to astonish all his neighbors by the sudden improvement in his appearance and capacity. He is able to walk about, and his right arm, which was formerly perfectly incapable of motion, is now moved almost as readily as the other, though the fingers have not yet recovered their usual delicate touch. Perhaps the most striking circumstance, however, is the great improvement in the personal aspect of the man. The deformity of feature caused by the paralysis is entirely removed. His speech is restored, and the right leg, the displacement of which kept him to his bed or chair, has now recovered its function so completely that he is about to take some out-door work at Basford and Nottingham.

Questioned as to the cause of this remarkable improvement in a case universally regarded as incurable by the medical profession, Mrs. Watson, wife of the patient, unhesitatingly attributed her husband's miraculous recovery to the use of a medicine called Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and brought into considerable prominence by the publication of some remarkable cures affected by their means in Canada and elsewhere. "Since I have taken Dr. Williams' Pink Pills," said Mr. Watson, "I have unquestionably been better not only than I was before the stroke of paralysis seized me, but, than I have been at any time since my boyhood," a statement confirmed by Mrs. Watson, who said the appearance of her husband now was proof of the enormous improvement in his health. "The Pills," she said, "seem not only to have cured the paralysis of the face and leg, but to have effected a most remarkable change in his general health."

Mr. Watson was always remarkably pallid and of a sickly appearance, but the ruddy glow of the patient's face confirmed Mrs. Watson's words. "I assure you," said she, "we can speak in the highest possible terms of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Nothing either at the General Hospital or from the doctors, who have attended my husband at different times, has done anything like the good which the few boxes of Dr. Williams' Pills he has taken have effected, and, under Providence, we feel he owes his life and his restoration to work and usefulness to this wonderful medicine."

Mr. Charles Leavesly, Insurance agent, at Cowley street Old Basford, has among other neighbors been deeply moved by the sufferings of Mr. Watson, and profoundly impressed by his miraculous restoration to health. The case has, in fact, been a topic of conversation in the entire neighborhood.

Attention is drawn to the circumstance that every fact in the above remarkable history is vouched for by independent evidence, which it would be morally impossible to doubt. It is shown by conclusively attested evidence that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are not a patent medicine in the ordinary sense, but a scientific preparation, from a formula long used in regular practice. They are shown to positively and unfailingly cure all diseases arising from impovished blood, such as pale and sallow complexion, general muscular weakness, loss of appetite, depression of spirits, anæmia, green sickness, palpitation of the heart, shortness of breath, pain in the back, nervous headache, dizziness, loss of memory, early decay, all forms of female weakness, hysteria, paralysis, locomotor ataxia, rheumatism, sciatica, all diseases depending on vitiated humors in the blood, causing scrofula, rickets, hip joint disease, chronic erysipelas, catarrh, consumption of the bowels and lungs, and also invigorates the blood and system when broken down by overwork, worry, diseases. These pills are not a purgative medicine. They contain nothing that could injure the most delicate system. They act directly on the blood, supplying to the blood its life-giving qualities, by asssting it to absorb oxygen, that great supporter of all organic life. In this way the blood becoming "built up" and being supplied with its lacking constitutents, becomes rich and red, nourishes the various organs, stimulates them to activity in the performance of their functions, and thus to eliminate disease from the system.

These pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, of 42 Holborn Viaduct, London, England, (and of Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y.) and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrappers at 2s 9d a box, or six boxes for 13s 9d. Pamphlet free by post on application. Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are never sold in bulk or by the dozen or hundred and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you and should be avoided.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all chemists or direct by post from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., from the above address. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

Experiments in Telepathy.

Experiments in "telepathy" are in favor for evening entertainments. A simple one that is intensely interesting, and that may include a number of persons, consists in blindfolding one of them and forming a circle in which all stand with hands joined. A card is selected from a pack and placed where it may plainly be seen by all but the person blindfolded. He is expected to maintain a perfectly passive state, while the attention of the others is fixed exclusively on the card. After a time the image of the object on the card is "suggested to the mind" and named. In one instance where this experiment was tried the ten of diamonds was on the card selected, and the blindfolded person, being ignorant of the object decided upon, described ten real diamonds that he saw arranged as they would be upon the card. In blindfolding the light may be entirely shut out from eyes by folding kid gloves into pads to lay over them, and then binding with a handkerchief.

The mistletoe, which has so long been shipped every year in such large quantities from France to England, will be more difficult to find next winter. That which was sent across the Channel came almost exclusively from the orchards of Normandy, where it flourished on the apple trees. The Government have decided that all the mistletoe must be cut off the apple trees at once, on the ground that it sucks the sap of the trees and impoverishes them.

Nature has Provided

A remedy for every ache and pain, and science through ceaseless activity and experiment is constantly wresting the secrets of her domain. A new and wonderful discovery has recently been made by means of which tens of thousands will be freed from pain. Nerviline, or nerve pain cure represents in very concentrated form the most potent pain relieving substitutes known to medical science, and strange to say, it is composed of substances soley vegetable in origin. Polson's Nerviline is the most prompt, certain, and pleasant pain remedy in the world. Try Nerviline for toothache, neuralgia, cramps, &c., always safe and efficient.

An adult labouring man uses up about five ounces of his muscle every day.

That Tired Feeling

The marked benefit which people overcome by That Tired Feeling derive from Hood's Sarsaparilla, conclusively proves that this medicine "makes the weak strong." J. B. Emerton, a well known merchant of Auburn, Maine, says: "About five years ago I began to suffer with very severe **pain in my Stomach**, gradually growing worse. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla, being convinced that I was troubled with **Dyspepsia** complicated with **Liver and Kidney** troubles. I improved at once and am certainly very much better and feel more like working.

Mr. J. B. Emerton.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

always gives me relief and great comfort. **It is a God-send** to any one suffering as I did."

HOOD'S PILLS cure Habitual Constipation by restoring peristaltic action of the alimentary canal.

$200 Found.

Mr. Editor:—California is a lovely country, the sick get well, the poor get rich, cyclones and frosts are practically unknown. A hundred to three hundred dollars per acre is made each year on fruits with irrigation. The California Land and Water Exchange, of Dayton, O., control large quantities of land in California, which they plant, cultivate, pay taxes for ten years, paying you $40 per acre on one $200 on five acres each year as your part of the profit, they keeping the balance for the care and cultivation. They give an acre of land away with each 4 certificates. All they ask you to do is to pay for the irrigation, which can be done in small payments each month. They will send you the names of 90 persons who last year received from $26 to $500 on one year's investment, President Harrison says, "Half of the good things of California have not been told." The Hon. Jeremiah Rusk says, "Truly California is a poor man's paradise." To five-acre holders the California Land and Water Exchange of Dayton, O., give a free return ticket to view the property and two hundred dollars per year. Why should any one be poor when such a chance remains open and you do not have to do any labor or work to get the profits and do not have to leave home. Write them today and get full particulars.

—[A Californian.

Newspapers and Progress.

Newspapers, above all other enterprises, must keep up with the march of progress, says Murat Halstead. Fifteen years ago a New York newspaper in getting a new outfit of printing presses congratulated itself that the acme of perfection had been reached and that no change would be needed until the presses were worn out. But in less than five years every one of those presses were in the junk shop, although they were doing better work than when first set up, and from $15,000 to $25,000 had to be sacrificed on every one of them. They were not worn out, but new inventions had put them behind the times.

The number of fires in the metropolis last year was considerably above the average. It appears from the report of the London Salvage Corps that 3,146 fires were attended by the Metropolitan Fire Brigade, or at the rate of nearly nine a day. This is 254 more than in the previous year, and 814 more than the average of the nine years preceding.

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

A.P. 664.

Scott's Emulsion

of Cod-liver Oil and Hypophosphites is both a food and a remedy. It is useful as a fat producer and at the same time gives vital force to the body. It is beneficial in

CONSUMPTION

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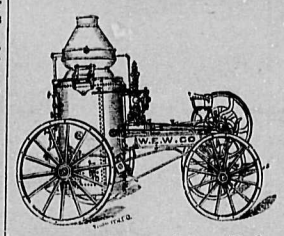

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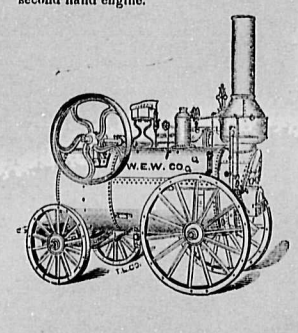

HIS HEIRESS;

OR, LOVE IS ALWAYS THE SAME.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A footman entering lays an exquisite white bouquet upon the table.

"Macpherson sent these in, my lord," he says, in a subdued voice.

"Hah! very good. But wait—wait," mumbles Branksmere. The footman stands immovable. Branksmere flings down his pen. He looks up at the ceiling as if for inspiration, and finally seizing the pen again he signs his name at the end of the paper. He had meant to write the formal "Branksmere," but some hidden force had compelled him to inscribe the more similar—the less formal—"George." He dashes it off in a *tremendous hurry as though scarcely sure* of himself and as though a little ashamed, and, having twisted his note into shape, seals it and thrusts it hurriedly into the white bouquet laying on the table behind him, as one disdaining any pretense at secrecy. The footman, however, seeing nothing of the transaction, and is even blind to the presence of the curtain-hidden madame, who has seen a good deal and understood the rest.

"Tell Bridgman to place that in her ladyship's room with my compliments," says Branksmere. He points to the white bouquet as he speaks, and then hastens from the library.

Madame, coming softly from behind the curtains rather startles the footman, as he is taking up the flowers from the table.

"Ah! Jenkins, I was just going to ring for you, she says, pleasantly. "Can you tell me where his lordship is?"

"He was 'ere this very moment, m'm; you've missed him by chance," replies Jenkins, graciously. Madame, as a rule, stands well with all the servants. "'E just went out as you come in."

"Ah! unfortunate. Have you any idea where he has gone?"

"No, m'm. Seemed in a 'urry, I thought. 'E give me these flowers to give Mrs. Bridgman."

"For Mrs. Bridgman?"

"Yes, m'm, to place in my lady's room, and then went out hisself, quite suddent like. Wait, ma'm—shall I see where 'e is?"

"Yes. Though"—musingly—"it is of little importance. Still— Leave the flowers there, Jenkins, until your return, and bring me word if his lordship is disengaged. But do not disturb him if he is busy. Simply bring me word where he now is."

"Yes, m'm. Jenkins bows himself from the room, and starts on his quest.

Madame, taking up the bouquet, deliberately draws from it the hidden note, and breaks open the seal. It is a short note, yet its contents both anger and perplex her.

"I shall have to run up to town first thing in the morning, but hope to return by the three o'clock train. May I hope you will grant me an interview? There are a few things I would say and explain to you. Yours, GEORGE."

This "George" that had so exercised his mind causes a throb of anger in the breast of madame. He has made an appointment for the morrow, an appointment that means disclo ure, confidence—and to her, madame, ruin! So long as the secret is hers and his alone she holds the cards, and can defy even his wife; but that once disclosed her reign will surely be over. The coward! The miscreant! That no love is lost between him and his cold, irresponsive wife is believed by madame, and yet for the sake of a quiet life he would betray all! Peace is his cry, but it will be hardly "Peace with honor!" How to prevent this interview! Her very soul seems set upon the accomplishment of this!

To burn the letter, to fling it into those tempting greedy flames over there, is a simple thing. Nay, there shall be a less clumsy method of gaining her ends. Mechanically she folds the note again, and lighting a taper seals it with the Branksmere crest lying on the table before her; she even slips it amongst the flowers again, but after a moment's reflection removes it from thence and places it in her pocket. Yet she is no nearer a solution of her difficulty now than she was before. She is so lost in thought *that presently when Captain Staines lays* his hand upon her arm she starts violently and turns pale.

"Dreaming?" questions he lightly. "Of the donor of these flowers, no doubt."

"You are right," with a curious smile, "though the donation is not to me."

"No? For whom then?"

"For Lady Branksmere from her husband." For the first time she notices that he too is carrying a very exquisite bouquet of white heath.

"She is favored," she says in a bitter tone.

"He is coming out in a new light. To pose as the attentive husband is quite a departure for him," says Staines. "What a farce it all is! Yet she will wear his flowers in preference to mine to-night."

"I hardly see how she dare do otherwise—if—if you permit it. It is a rather early stage in the proceedings for her to defy openly her husband, and that thing so far more important—the world."

"Perilously early. But the question is, not whether I will permit it, but how to prevent it. She will, as you say, not dare to defy the world—she will wear his flowers."

"Whilst longing for yours!" She regards him keenly as she drops this sop to his pride. "It is true. She will do this thing if—"

"Well?"

"You give her the chance."

"Pah, riddles are a bore. Speak plainly if you will speak," retorts he, rudely.

"Gently, my friend," says madame. "There is nothing to be gained by loud speaking save unenviable attention. What I would say to you is this. How marvelously alike both in construction and color are these two charming bouquets."

"I see. You would have me destroy his, and send mine in his name," says Staines, slowly.

"Poof! No! We must think of something less heavy than that," returns she. "Of what use is the advance of intellect of which we hear so much if we can not produce a safer plan? And besides it would be a pity surely to condemn either of these gracious things to an ignominious death."

"What is your purpose, then?" demands he, sulkily.

"Why, to exchange them, of course," airily. "Fair exchange is no robbery. It defrauds no man. And, indeed, who shall say that your flowers do not carry away the palm of beauty? Send yours up to Lady Branksmere with—her husband's compliments, and trust me to have his delivered later on with yours! It sounds a pretty complexity, does it not? And it will work well, believe me."

"You would place me a good deal in your power," he says at last, slowly.

"Your heart fails you?" with a slight shrug. "Then do not proceed, I advise you. Give up this little affair. To know fear is to insure failure."

"You mistake me. I do not fear you," coldly. "I understand myself sufficiently to know I have talent enough to swear myself out of any difficulty should the worst come. What I am now pondering is the possibility—not of my own failure, but that of your excellent plan. You think she will select the flowers she believes to be Branksmere's. But how if, after all, she should elect to wear mine? That would be one to him, and check to me, even though she did mean it."

"She will not defy him to that extent—yet. I tell you my scheme will not fall through, and will injure her materially in his eyes. Jenkins will be back directly—the message I gave had no meaning in it. Shall I change them?"

"As an experiment it will be amusing," returns Staines dryly. Taking up his own flowers, he lays them ready for Jenkin's hand.

"Do not let him see the others, Servants as a rule are fatally troublesome," says madame, removing the delicate waxen blossoms that Branksmere had ordered and dropping them into a safe corner, where they lie hidden by some falling lace.

She has said nothing to him about the extracted letter.

"There is another thing," she says softly. "Something I learned by chance, and it has suddenly occurred to me it may be of some small use to you. Having gone into partnership with you in this matter, when I see an opportunity of helping you, I make a point of remembering it." She pauses.

"Go on," he says stolidly.

"Branksmere has written to his wife demanding, or rather entreating, an interview with her on the morrow."

"For what purpose? Is it a quarrel?" asks he, sharply.

"Far from that. A reconciliation rather. A meeting that threatens to be full of domestic tenderness, and will upset your arrangements cleverly. Ha! You see how he dreads your influence over her already, when he can condescend to beseech her."

"I wish I was as sure of that as you seem to be," returns he.

"He has to go to town by the early train in the morning, and has asked her to grant him a private audience on his return."

"When will that be?"

"Three o'clock."

"And she—what does she say?"

"Nothing, as yet."

"She hesitates, then," eagerly.

"Not so much that, as—The fact is," says madame, "she has not yet seen that letter to which I have alluded."

"And you have!" he remarks dryly. "Keep your own counsel about that, by all means, but give me a hint or two that may serve—us. You have reminded me that the victory of one means victory for both."

"Hardly—but I am content to take my chance."

"She knows nothing yet, then, of his desire for this interview! And he has appointed three o'clock to-morrow for it to take place? Is this how the matter stands?"

"Yes, and if by some lucky chance she should fail to keep this appointment—how would it be, then?"

"You give me food for thought."

"Digest it then. If she should fail, let me remind you that probably a reconciliation would be further off than ever."

"Get that letter destroyed. If she knows nothing of its contents, she can not keep the appointment."

"As I hinted to you before, my friend, you grow clumsy. Your constructions are too crude. A letter is a tangible thing—when lost—which is very seldom in these days of admirable management—one cries aloud for it. One demands restitution. No; better the letter should be delivered just a little too late. That rests with me. With you it remains to see that she is nowhere within the castle grounds at the time named."

"Three, did you say?"

"Have you thought it out?"

"Give me time," smiling. "At present I can only assure you that whoever fails to-morrow it shall not be I."

He disappears through the window into the gardens as Jenkins' returning footsteps sounded in the hall.

"My lord has gone up to one of the hom farms, m'm, with Mr. Donaldson," he informs madame. Mr. Donaldson is the Scotch steward.

"Very well. It scarcely matters. Take these flowers up now to Lady Branksmere's maid."

As she gives them to him she watches his face narrowly, as though to detect any suspicion or surprise in it. Mr. Jenkins' countenance continues to be a most satisfactory blank. He departs with a decorous languor of gait to Mrs. Bridgman, and desires her to lay the fragrant heaths upon my lady's table with "my lord's compliments."

Some hours later, when Muriel is sitting in her bedroom letting her maid put some finishing touches to a toilet of white and gold, a second bouquet is brought to her with Captain Staines's kind regards.

"No, not there?" she cries a little sharply, as Bridgman would have placed the new gift next to Lord Branksmere's flowers upon the small table near the screen, and dismising her woman, takes up both bouquets and examines them with a strange tightening at her throat.

Branksmere's delicate offering, following as suddenly as it did upon the bitter scene that had passed between him and her, had roused within her a very storm of passionate indignation. It had come without a word, without so much as even a poor message. During that last terrible interview, in which she had imperiously demanded from him an explanation of madame's words "Ask Branksmere," he had almost promised her one, and now these flowers had been sent to fill its place.

She had flung them from her in a very transport of fury, had picked them up again, and pulled *out their best leaves and* laid them tenderly on the table. What if, after all, she had been mistaken. If! A sorry hope.

As Staines' flowers now lie side by side with Branksmere's, where she has laid them down, an expression that suggests revenge darkens her face. To discard his flowers, and then give honor to his rival's. She shivers a little as that word "rival" forces itself upon her; With a cold sense of self-contempt she declares openly to herself that this lover of hers in the fond careless irrecoverable past is her lover still.

Again that absurd doubt cries aloud for house room in her heart. At times it may lie scorched, but always life lingers in it. There is no love for her husband to guide or restrain the wayward workings of her soul, but yet some instinct warns her that his dark, determined face hides no evil, and that his eyes have never yet fallen before hers. She is but a woman, too, and her good name is dear to her. As yet no touch of blight has come to it; and—and there is always Margery, and pale Angelica, and the pretty fat, innocent twins!

Rising to her feet, she snatches up the flowers that she—alas! believes to be Branksmere's, and with white lips and trembling fingers goes down-stairs.

The other carriages have started ten minutes ago, Lady Anne and Lord Primrose have waited to accompany her. With a little hurried apology for the delay she has caused, they, too, step into the waiting brougham, and are driven toward the town.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Night is waning; the stars are shining with even a keener brilliance than distinguished them an hour ago. The ball is at its height; the band is at last becoming impressed by the sad plaints it has been holding forth so long; it begins to excel itself.

It has failed, however, to impress Margery Daryl with a sense of its own sentimental sorrow. She is laughing gayly surrounded by a little group of admirers, amongst whom are Curzon Bellew—a man from Loming Barracks, and little Mr. Goldie the curate. The County Ball is not only a fashionable but a very sociable affair, to which both the rectors and the curates of the town around are permitted to accompany their womankind without a rebuff being delivered to them next day in the papers. "We shall just drop in for a moment or two to get a glimpse of our friends," the rector is wont to say annually but Mr. Goldie's moment or two has grown *into hours, so loath is he to drag himself* away from the fair Margery.

She is looking more than ordinarily charming to-night. She is radiant, happy—many triumphs have fallen to her share, many scalps to her innocent bow.

Peter, too, is in high feather; and is having quite a gay old time of it amongst the prettiest girls in the room. The Honorable Tommy seems determined his protege shall make a night of it, and Peter may honestly be said to be reveling.

"Your brother seems to me to be—er—going it," says Halkett, to Miss Daryl.

"Ah! Peter was 'born in a merry hour!'" returns she, laughing. "Mark his increasing amiability," looking at her brother as she sees him paying open court to a young woman of the Roman-nosed type.

"His astounding effrontery, you mean," corrects Halkett, mildly. "I myself with all my seasoning would not take a small fortune to crack jokes with Lady Emma Forbes, which it occurs to me is what he is now doing. Watch him, he doesn't look in the least frightened."

"The other way round rather," says Branksmere, with a little smile.

"It is cruel. It makes me feel old," sighs Halkett, mournfully. "I can't keep up with the rising generation; already they *distance me. Last time I spent five minutes* alone in Lady Emma's company was in July, '84. It was an exceptionally warm evening I remember, yet even when those dire five minutes came to an end I was obliged to fly to the nearest kitchen fire to try and impart some heat into my chilled marrow. Yet there is the valiant Peter in the same situation, warm and comfortable."

"More than that. Actually enjoying himself. Now he is laughing. And—and so is Lady Emma, by Jove. See!"

"Laughing! Oh, no, I won't believe that. laughing! Lady Emma laughing! Miss Daryl, this is our waltz, I think. Will you kindly take me away?"

She does so, and, passing by Mrs. Amyot who is holding a court of her own, attracts her attention.

"Pretty thing, that Margery Daryl is," she says. "Soft as a crayon sketch. She always seems to me the very incarnation of youth and spring, and freshness and—er—all that sort of thing."

"You are growing amazingly fresh and youthful yourself," whispers Mrs. Vyner. "What an outburst! What ravishing sentiment! Is all that the result of Halkett's dancing with her?"

"Margery is charming—but not to be named in the same day with her sister, for all that," remarks Mr. Paulyn.

"No? Well it would ill become me to dispute it. Lady Branksmere is certainly lovely."

"To a fault," finishes Mrs. Vyner.

"That expresses it in a nutshell," says Primrose, laughing. "She is beautiful, we can all see, and yet—is she? One hardly knows, after all. I confess at all events, it is a beauty that puzzles me. I am Goth enough not to be able to understand it. She is too volcanic—too repressing. One is always wondering when the denouncement will be."

"Soon, I shouldn't wonder!" lisps Mrs. Vyner.

"It will be curious when it comes. These intense-looking women are generally very trying—very."

"Social extinction, did you say?" asks Mrs Vyner, artlessly.

"No; total."

"It is possible to go too far, Louisa," says Mrs. Amyot.

"Just what I think," returns that irrepressible person. "Much too far. My very own sentiment, I assure you. Ah! talk of the dev—an angel, I mean—there goes Lady Branksmere."

"How that white and gold suits her," said Mrs. Amyot. "White seems a favorite of hers."

"So does Captain Staines," laughs Mrs. Vyner, pointing to Muriel's companion.

"Funny selection," exclaims a tall man of the lanky order, "I should call Staines ugly myself."

"Oh, no! handsome rather."

"I agree with Varnyshe; ugly, ugly decidedly," exclaims Lord Primrose. "All the outer veneer he can put on does not blind me to the defects beneath."

"Ah! Lord Primrose!" murmurs Mrs. Amyot. "You grow severe! I shudder to think what will become of me when you once see through my veloutine."

"You are a hypocrite to your veloutine," returns the small man gallantly. "You pretend it is of service to you when it isn't?"

"Ah! Primrose!" cries she, "you shall have a share of my seat for that. Come take it. I know you are longing for the repose Mr. Varnyshe is so fond of telling us about."

"The general impression is that of rest, but is hardly safe in believing it. Her eyes, the petulant underlip, mock at it. At the first glance she is an exquisite 'still life,' if you will, but with a storm brooding on the distant hill-tops."

"Would you have them impolite? How do you treat those with whom you are on friendly terms?"

"Ah! you should know!" murmurs she, "I don't scowl at them, at all events, behind their backs. And I have remarked that Captain Staines looks as black as an Ethiopian when Mrs. Daryl's eyes are off him."

"Poor soul?" says Primrose. "I fear he he is not long for this world. Hanwell will be enriched by him before many months go by."

"Ever hear any fellow talk of one's in*side like him?" burst out Mr. Paulyn.* "Doocid odd I call it, and before ladies, too. One would think he was the private possessor of a telescope that could see into a fellow, eh?"

"Dwell on his many inches and be lenient," says Mrs. Amyot. "And bring to mind at the same time your Bacon: 'My Lord St. Albans said that nature never put her precious jewels into a garret four stories high, and, therefore, that exceeding tall men ever had very empty heads.' Poor Mr. Varnyshe! One feels for him after that. I should be afraid to criticise any one so many miles above me."

"Mrs. Vyner, we miss you. Your thoughts? Give us those at least."

"Alas! I never learned how to think. Mrs. Amyot will tell you so," lisps she, "I was merely looking at the little American woman with the robin's eyes. The Daryl's *sister-in-law, I mean.*"

"See how she watches Lady Branksmere's every movement," exclaims Mrs. Amyot.

"Or is it Captain Staines'? I am so wretchedly short-sighted," protests Mrs. Vyner. "Do you know I often wonder what it is Captain Staines can possibly have done to her or she to him; they treat each other with such a rigorous politeness when compelled to speak?"

"If Lady Branksmere is to be bracketed as a 'still life,' how may Miss Daryl be designated?" asks Primrose, blandly. "As 'an interior'?"

"Yes, yes, Very aptly put. And what a perfect 'interior!' All love and peace and grace!"

"You admire Miss Daryl the most, then?" says Mrs. Amyot, smiling.

"Ah, yes!" responds the lanky man.

"No wonder! They are very pretty eyes. I suppose he would rather have them on him."

"That I question."

"Fancy you remarking anything!" says Mrs. Amyot.

"That surprises you. Do you know, of late," ventures Mrs. Vyner, meekly, "it has occurred to me that, perhaps, I look more stupid than I really am?"

"You must not let that fear trouble you again," whispered her friend, gayly. "It isn't true!"

"Anybody got their eyes on Aunt Selina?" exclaims Mr. Paulyn. "It so, he or she will be richly rewarded. Such spite! such venom could hardly be excelled! See how she glowers at Muriel! What's she been doing?"

"That is just what we all want to know," sighs Mrs. Vyner, mildly.

"My gentle aunt has her eye on her to night, at all events," says Mr. Paulyn "And what an eye it is! Thank goodness! she has taken up a new hobby. As a rule, that eye was dedicated to a discovery of my delinquencies."

"I'm very sorry if I offend you, Mr. Paulyn," murmurs Mrs. Vyner, "But I must always regard it as a personal injury that that old lady, your aunt, ever saw the light. Why don't you renounce her?"

"'Twouldn't have done you a bit of good if she'd been born blind," returns Mr. Paulyn, "She'd have found you out all the same!"

Mrs. Amyot, bending over her fan, gives way to silent mirth.

"You were right in what you said yesterday," she whispers to Mrs. Vyner. "He is a nice boy."

"Perhaps if she hadn't been born at all it would have simplified matters," says Mrs. Vyner, "She is a living nightmare."

"Puts on her clothes with a pitchfork, and is never happy unless she is taking away somebody's character—shocking habits, both," murmurs Mrs. Amyot.

"Shocking, indeed," agrees Helkott.

"Ah, you?" she cries, "Well, Mentor, and where have you been all this long time. We have been discussing Lady Branksmere's charms in comparison with those of her sister. I am prejudiced in favor of Margery, but public opinion gives the apple to *Lady Branksmere. Yes, Mr. Paulyn, you* were right when you said Margery's perfections were eclipsed by those of her sister."

"Perhaps it will add a little additional interest to that remark of mine to know that it was not made in allusion to Lady Branksmere at all," returns Mr. Paulyn, "but to Margery's younger sister—Angelica."

"They are a handsome lot, those Daryls," says Primrose.

"And virtue," supplements Mrs. Vyner sweetly. As she says this Lady Branksmere, with Staines still beside her, passes by them, and, slipping through an open window, disappears into the mystic recesses of the night.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Upon the broad stone-flagged terrace *great tubs of odorous evergreens are dotted* here and there, casting their perfumes into the dewy darkness. A little harmless baby shower had *fallen from heaven about an* hour ago, and still the large shining leaves are wet with it, and sparkle softly in the moonbeams. Up above, the pale drifting clouds have been scattered by a wandering wind, and now the Queen of Night is sailing calm and tranquil in the blue ether.

Far beyond again lies the fountain, its sprays rising and falling in a lazy, fashion suggestive of the thought that it would fain slumber, but is driven into action by some tyrannical Pixie. Muriel, coming to a standstill beside it, seats herself on the marble edge, pulls off her glove and lets her fingers play amongst the opening buds that lie on the water's bosom.

Staines watches her with a curious intentness. Never before, perhaps, has he felt so keenly the power and perfection of her beauty. The mystic hour—the sense of farness,—all tend to bring passion into life. It seems impossible that any one should be awake save these two. All the world might indeed be dead, and that sweet, mournful music their requiem, with only two to hear it!

Muriel's white gown is making a vivid blot against the dark background of firs. The moonbeams have descended and caught her, and are encircling her with their white flames, and glancing off the gems that deck her.

Presently she lifts her head and looks round her with an air of one suddenly startled.

"How apart we seem to be," says she discontentedly.

"I am glad of it," returned Staines, in a manner hurried, impulsive.

"You are changed," she says. "What is it! The moonlight? *It* always makes me, too, long to be alone!"

He checks the eager words he would have uttered, and instead, stooping toward her, points to the white flowers she holds.

"I hardly dared hope so much."

"So much?"

"That you would wear my flowers."

"You mistake," she says, coldly. "These are not yours. You will understand that I thought yours charming; that I was much gratified, but I have not used them."

"How then," with an admirably puzzled air, "you received two bouquets the same?"

"In effect, yes. But the flowers are different. Yours were lilies, if you remember."

"Pardon me," smiling pleasantly, "mine were heath. Whose the lilies were I am at a loss to conjecture, but certainly my bou*quet was composed of heath.*"

"I do not comprehend," she says. "Of course there is a mistake somewhere. But, I repeat I had no idea I was wearing the flowers you so kindly sent me."

"Ah! That knowledge I have taken to heart. Pray, do not be afraid I shall imagine otherwise," returns he. "I must express my regret that that sorry gift of mine, has occasioned you some annoyance. Whoever sent you the other flowers, is to be envied."

"Lord Branksmore sent them," returns she quickly. Something in her manner that Staines chooses to translate to his own satisfaction sends a sudden light of triumph to his eyes.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Naming of Babies.

In some countries curious customs prevail in regard to selecting a name for the baby.

A Hindoo baby is named when it is twelve days old, and usually by the mother. Sometimes the father wishes for another name than that selected by the mother; in that case two lamps are placed over the two names, and the name over which the lamps burns the brightest is the one given to the child.

In an Egyptian family the parents choose a name for their baby by lighting three wax candles: to each of these they give a name, one of three always belonging to some deified personage. The candle that burns the longest bestows the name upon the baby.

The Mohammedans sometimes write desirable names on five slips of paper, and these they place in the Koran. The name upon the first slip drawn out is given to the *child.*

The children of the Alnos, a people living in Northern Japan, do not receive their names until they are five years old. It is the father who then chooses the name by which the child is afterwards called.

The Chinese give their boy babies a name in addition to their surnames, and they must call themselves by these names until they are twenty years old. At that age the father gives his son a name.

The Chinese care so little for their gir babies that they do not give them a baby name, but just call them Number One, Number Two, Number Three, according to their birth.

Boys are thought so much more of in China than girls are that if you ask a Chinese father who has both a boy and girl how many children he has, he will always reply: "Only one child."

German parents sometimes change the name of their baby if it is ill, and the Japanese are said to change the name of a child four times.

What He Couldn't Do.

A student had been bragging at a party of his varied accomplishments, until one of the party, losing all patience, said:

"Now we have heard quite enough of what you can do; just tell us what you can't do, and I will undertake to do it my self."

"Indeed," replied the student. "Well, I cannot pay my bill, and am very glad to find that you can do it."

Amid the hilarity of the company, the guest redeemed his promise.

Full And Free Forgiveness.

"I hope, Johnny," said the Sunday-school teacher, "that you have forgiven Freddy for throwing mud on you?"

"Yes'm."

"That's right," the teacher replied, happy to know that her instruction in the virtue of meekness was bearing good fruit. "Now tell me why you forgave him?"

"Because he's bigger'n me."

CHINESE EXCLUSION.

China is Resentful and the United States Will Send New War Ships to Chinese Waters.

It is said that the American Government intends to despatch to Chinese waters more than one of their most recently built and best equipped war vessels, although it is carefully explained that these are only to replace ships which have been stationed at or near ports in China for years, and which now need repair. At the same time the message of a fortnight ago from the Chinese to the American Government leads to questions and speculations as to what might happen in the event of relations betwe n the two powers becoming further strained than they are now. That message informed the Government at Washington that if the Geary Act for the exclusion of all unregistered Chinese from the United States were enforced, Pekin will break off all relations with the American Government, and will direct all Americans to withdraw from China. The London Economist thinks that even if things came to that point it would hardly lead to war, because the United States could hardly attack or even blockade the treaty ports without coming into collision with the Maritime world; but it might seriously affect the American carrying trade and greatly irritate the pride of Americans throughout Asia. Looked at as a matter of tit for tat, it may be assumed that the Chinese Government has just as much right to say that it will not have Americans within its boundaries as the Government at Washington has to exclude the Chinese laundrymen and labourers. Every country has the right to restrict the ingress of foreign residents, and as countries grow densely populated that right may have to *be exercised more and more. If this were* not so, and if the right were not exercised *when needful, a nation* might be entirely swamped by the descent upon it of a host of men, not with swords in their hands to conquer, but simply without any knowledge of its laws or any respect for its economic conditions. So long as the ocean was really a barrier and the means of communication difficult, countries on opposite sides of the globe had little to fear from invasions of this kind. But with speedy ships going to and fro over the waters of the globe, and railways bringing the far ends of continents together, a new source of difficulty has sprung up, which in the coming century may cause friction or even more. We impose a tax on Chinese labor here, and so does Australia, and in England there is a protest arising against Russian Jews being dumped at British sea ports to an unlimited extent. Germany is perpetually sending swarms of Polish laborers across the frontier with accompanying circumstances that seem rather cruel. Austria has put a decisive end to the importation of pauper Jews from Russia as dangerous, even at times calling in the cavalry to insure that the order is effectively carried out. There is a popular feeling in France against Italian and Belgian labor, and although the French Government does not countenance the attempts that are made from time to time to expel the workmen of these countries, it does not resolutely punish them.

China is not aggressive, although it has a well-trained army of more than a million men, and though it could easily raise a million more. Though it has a navy of fifty warships, including two or three as big as those that recently manœuvred in New York harbour, and some corvettes and armoured cruisers that are quite up to date, it will be a long time probably before the ancient Empire does anything but endeavour to protect itself in its conservative reserve. Its population of six times that of the United States will be content to exist as their fathers existed ages ago, and to cherish the belief that it has nothing to learn from the West. But it would seem to be a pity that anything should occur that would make the Chinese exclude Americans from their boundaries. They could probably do it, but it would put a stop to the labours of a number of devoted missionaries, and to a development of their country that now seems possible. The action of President Cleveland seems to show that he is in favour of a very lenient administration of restrictive laws on this side. It is probable, therefore, that for a time, at least, this Chinese difficulty will be over*come.*

Wonder Workers.

When showing the violet shade the thickness of the film of a soap bubble is about 1-240000th of an inch.

Some extensive experiments have recently been made in connection with the German Army, the object of which has been to provide continuous electric illuminations at night from balloons.

In the good old times when oil was used in lighthouses, a 6,000-candle power lamp was considered immense. The latest electric lighthouse, built in France (Heve, at Havre), will have the power of 2,500,000 candles.

Professor Barnard of the Lick Observatory, expects that three years will be required to complete the series of photographs he is making of the Milky Way. The work is proceeding rapidly at the observatory, and the astronomer is confident that when his labors are finished the results will revolutionize the old conception of the Milky Way. He expects to reveal the presence of at least 500,000,000 suns.

It is a well known fact that heavenly bodies invisible to the human eye, even when assisted by the most powerful telescope, may be detected by the photographic plate. A practical illustration of the value of photography in this connection is found in the experience of March when no fewer than eighteen small planets were detected photographically. Twelve of these were discovered by M Charlois, at Nice.

A Hungarian inventor claims to be able to spin ordinary wood pulp or cellulose into yarn from which all sorts of tissues can be made, in the ordinary way, equalling in *durability, appearance and fastness of color* the best cotton goods. If his scheme is practicable it will revolutionize the textile industry. It is claimed the method is applicable not only to cellulose, but to every sort of short fibrous material, rags, scraps of cotton and linen goods and the like, where the fibre can be dyed before being spun into yarn.

A new smokeless powder, called Apyrite has given remarkable results in trials at Stockholm. The powder is claimed to burn without flame or smoke, can be handled and transported without danger, and is uneffected by moisture or heat. Nitro-cellulose is supposed to enter largely into its composition. Fifteen shots with ordinary Swedish powder, and ten shots with nitro-glycerine powder, did not heat the gun so much as twenty shots with Aperyte. After 800 shots the gun was still clean. The manufacture of the powder is said to require no special appliances or buildings.

Feathers Flying About.

In a rural district of Haddingtonshire a young farm labourer once went courting one Saturday night. A preliminary interview with the object of his affection passed off successfully, and in due time he found himself seated by the fire in the farmhouse kitchen.

This was the young man's first appearance in that character, and, as he and the girl had had little previous acquaintance he found himself sadly at a loss for something to say in order to begin conversation, from which he expected much pleasure.

In vain—he could call up no subject at all suitable for the occasion—not one sentence could he utter, and for a long time he sat on in silent despair.

The girl herself was equally silent; she no doubt remembered the teaching of the old Scotch song, "Men maun be the first to speak." At last the young man suddenly exclaimed:—

"Jenny, there's a feather on yer apron."

"I widna ha'e wondered if there had been twa," replied Jenny, "for I've been sittin' aside a goose a lang while."

TRANSPORTATION FACILITIES.

Canada Will Compare Favorably With any Country in This Respect.

The trade of a country can generally be measured by its transportation facilities. They are essentially co-relative and in sensitive touch and response. In the development of home and international commerce trend of trade has followed the carrier, and the enterprise of the carrier developed the trade. In some countries more than others inventive ingenuity and executive skill have increased the efficiency and economic movement of merchandise, and in this important particular secured a commercial advantage over active and formidable competitors. In fact transportation rates may be discisive factors in commercial success, and its equipment and management can assure a premium or compel a discount. The importance of the carrier cannot be over estimated; he is the middle man between the producer and the consumer. We sometimes complain of inferior service, and exorbitant rates, but all considered, Canada will compare very favorably in this respect with any country, and especially with any European country. It is estimated that on Canadian lines the average load transported is from five to six times that of the average load in Great Britain, and the average rate there is much higher than here, in some cases over 300 per cent. The average tare weight of the ordinary four wheeled English railway mineral wagon is about 70 per cent. of its carrying capacity, while that of the Canadian freight car is more than 35 to 40 per cent. of its carrying capacity. In loading and unloading facilities the methods are less cumbersome in Canada than in Great Britain, and in other details where the small economics of traffic are operative and influential, we have the advantages which totalize in wide difference in cost and earnings. As affecting the commercial destiny of any country the efficiency of the public carrier is an essential and indispensable factor.

THE FROZEN MEAT TRADE.

An Industry Which is Assuming Mammoth Proportions.

The commercial value of refrigerating plant and machinery is yearly increasing. In Great Britain alone the imports of food products preserved by means of refrigerators, both cooled, chilled and frozen, amounted last year to over $35,000,000. In twelve years' imports the total covered over $250,000,000, an increase in the same time of 290 per cent. The frozen meat trade *was inaugurated somewhere in the seven*ties, when the first cargo was carried from New York to Liverpool. This was practically the commencement on a large scale of the Atlantic trade in frozen meats, though ether and ammonia machines had been used in chilled cargoes before that event. The cold-air machine, a later and more satisfactory device, was the means of opening up the antipodal trade between Australia and Europe, the exportation of mutton alone being about two and a half million carcasses as compared with 2,227,-403 carcasses in 1891 and 1,740,215 in 1890. Beef exported from the same sources reached a total of 230,000 carcasses in 1891, with a demand in excess of storage capacities last year. The principle, as applied to dairy products, as well as to frozen meats, is seen in the manifest of a cargo comprising 33,708 carcasses of mutton, 403 qrs. of beef, 878 packages of butter and 445 packages of cheese, representing a money value of over $195,000. It is perhaps impossible to over-rate the importance of this departure to the industrial populations accessible to the markets supplied with this imported food, while in the development of a new phase in commerce, and in the industries established by the demand for refrigerating machinery, the benefits are of constantly increasing and widening value.

Substitution.

Just at this moment the door leading into the side aisle was violently pushed open, and the best man entered. He looked slightly disturbed, and held a yellow paper crushed in his hand.

"I have news for you, Miss Manners," he said, drawing her away from the bridal party and speaking in a low voice,—"very provoking news. I've just had a telegram. Philip's train has been delayed by a wash-out, and he can't possibly be here to-day."

Miss Eleanor depressed the corners of her lips.

"Good gracious!" she murmured, "how ghastly! And how very inconsiderate of Philip!"

"What shall we do? The church is packed. The bishop is here, and four clergymen."

"It's dreadfully annoying," observed the bride, nervously fingering Aunt Louise's old Flemish point, "and while we're all at sixes and sevens here I suppose Philip is sitting on the wash-out reading 'Prometheus Unbound.'"

"What shall I say? I can go back and tell the bishop that the wedding is postponed,—that the bridgroom has met with a wash-out."

"That will be horrible! Fancy sending all those clergymen away without giving them a thing to eat! And all the flowers will be faded by to-morrow. What shall I do?"

"Nothing but postpone it. We can't have a wedding without a bridegroom; that's an established fact."

"And my trunks packed, and the presents so beautifully arranged; and then to disappoint all these people!"

"Well, of course, if you've no objection, here I am. If you'd rather marry me than disappoint the bishop and the people, I am more than happy to be able to oblige you."

"Oh, Mr. Trevor, you are always so kind!" An expression of relief relaxed the bride's features. "But I hardly like to accept such a favor."

The best man smiled deprecatingly:

"Pray don't mention it. To be able to oblige you is a privilege; to be of service to you a pleasure. And really it does seem a pity not to have a wedding when everything has been so nicely arranged."

"Are you sure that you are quite willing,—that you are not sacrificing yourself to save the occasion?" queried the bride, smoothing the rumpled telegram in her white-gloved hand.

"Not in the least. Have I not always been your slave? Of course I am entirely at your commands, but my advice is that you had better marry me. These people have been invited here to see a wedding. True consideration for your guests should prompt you to have a wedding, even though it isn't the one they came to see."—[Lippincott's.

A Miniature Republic.

The independent republic of Andorra is divided into six parishes, of which the largest is Andorra, with 1,300 inhabitants; the smallest Eucamps, with only 600. In the whole country there are not 6,000 people, but the territory is only twelve square miles. Each parish is governed by a Minor Consul, and by an elected Consul.

Each parish has a right to half its revenue; the other half belongs to the country. The people are really of the Catalonian race; but their language, although of the Catalonian family, is regarded as a language and not as a dialect. The Andoran men wear the Catalonian headdress, which is a kind of "liberty cap," a short Andalusian jacket and homespun knee breeches. The women are considered inferior, receive no instruction, serve their husbands, and are not per*mitted to eat at the table with them.*

Hard on the Profession.

Visitor (the doctor's wife): "You are very ill, Janet. Do you not think you ought to have medical advice?"

Janet: "Thank you kindly, mum, but I'd rather die a natural death."

YOUNG FOLKS.

The Boy that Laughs.

I know a funny little boy,
  The happiest ever born;
His face is a beam of joy
  Although his clothes are torn.

I saw him tumble on his nose,
  And waited for a groan:
But how he laughed! Do you suppose
  He struck his funny bone?

There's sunshine in each word he speaks,
  His laugh is something grand;
Its ripples overrun his cheeks
  Like waves on snowy sand.

He laughs the moment he awakes,
  And till the day is done;
The schoolroom for a joke he takes,
  His lessons are but fun.

No matter how the day may go,
  You cannot make him cry;
He's worth a dozen boys I know
  Who pout, and mope, and sigh.
—[Wide Awake

THE CHIMNEY-ELF'S STORY.

BY AN OLD-FASHIONED FELLOW.

Roared the wind and waves without, blazed the fire within, and around it sat four golden haired children, Otho and Echert, Rita and Ella. The great black log snapped and crackled furiously, and sent out showers of sparks; the bright beams flashed back from the window pane and danced over the ceiling, and, as it grew darker, they grew bolder and came out plainer, and at last the children saw that they were those bright-faced and merry little sprites, the Chimney-elves.

Then said Otho, who was the eldest, and very bold:

"Oh! Chimney-elves, tells us a story!"

And then all the Chimney-elves began to dance about and whisper among themselves, and finally settled in a great, broad glare of light on the opposite wall, from whence came out a clear, little voice as follows:

"Once upon a time there was a great Princess named Cillipehirde. She lived in a castle of gold; the ceilings and floors were of diamonds; the walls were long mirrors, made of single plates of glass set in pearl. Her bath was of cedar wood and was filled. three times a day with rose water; her bed was a silver shell, the curtains of lace, and satin coverlets. She had three hundred and sixty-five dresses—one for every day in the year—each thickly sown with pearls and rubies. Ten lovely waiting-maids followed her everywhere; one carried her painted fan; one her handkerchief; a third her smelling bottle; a fourth a velvet cushion on which to rest her feet; a fifth her slippers; a sixth her diamond comb; while the other four waited on her, and would have saved her the trouble of walking had t been in their power.

"In short, so great was this beautiful Princess that she fancied herself made out of a different and finer clay than the rest of mankind, and lived in perfect solitude the year around, because there was no one great enough for her to speak to. But Cillipehirde had never any warmth about her heart; it beat regularly like other hearts, but it might have been a lump of ice or marble for all the glow and heat there was about it; and year by year the cold grew greater, till at last she sat all day with her hand on her heart and sent for a doctor.

"The doctor came, looked wise, shook his head, and ordered warm applications; then there was nothing to be seen but golden teakettles boiling furiously and pages and ladies-of-honor running hither and thither with warm clothes and yards of toweling; *but the cold grew worse instead of better*, and the Princess sent for another doctor, who looked wise, shook his head, and ordered 'exercise.'

"So, every day the Princess' palfry was brought up to the door and the Princess went to ride in the forest with all her knights and ladies riding after her; but it happened one day, passing close by a field where mowers were sharpening their scythes, Cillipehirde's horse took fright and ran away. Her reins, which should have been of leather, were made of lace, and broke at once, so that she had nothing left to do but to cling fast to the horse's mane and scream with all her might. The courtiers wrung their hands and went home to order mourning, but none of them thought of going after her. Cillipehirde had made it a crime, punishable with death, to ride nearer to her than thirty yards, so her horse ran till he was tired, and then, stopping short, sent her headlong at the door of a poor widow, who lived there all alone with her daughter. The widow, who knew nothing about Cillipehirde or her laws, ran out and picked her up.

"'You must not touch me,' groaned Cillipehirde; 'you are a vulgar person.'

"'Are you hurt?' asked the widow.

"'How dare you speak to me,' returned Cillipehirde.

"'Poor thing, how she raves! She is out of her head,' said the widow and her daughter, and, taking her up gently, they bore her in and laid her on their only bed. Cillipehirde tried to kick and struggle, but her leg was broken, so she was forced to be quiet; she had only been there a little while when she felt something odd about her heart—something like a warmth, and, looking about her, she spied a cherry fire and saw the Chimney-elves dancing on the hearth and walls, and knew that the warmth came from them.

"Long time she lay there, for a broken leg doesn't heal in a day, and every night the Elves came out and talked, and they told her how the widow lived there, always cheerful, and how she helped the sick and gladdened the sorrowful, poor as she was, and how she always kept a cheerful hearth and chimney for them, and how they loved her; and as Cillipehirde listened, her heart grew warm, till, by the time she was well, it was actually in a glow. Then she said to the Elves:

"'Dear little sprites, come to my castle.'

"'No,' said they. 'Your hearth is desolate: no human faces gladden it; no poor man blesses it.'

"'Only come,' said the princess, 'and it shall be so no longer.'

"'*And, going home, she sent the doctors* to the right-about and opened wide her castle gates, and the Elves came to her hearth in troops and ever after gladdened and warmed her heart."

"Thank you," said Otho, when the little voice had finished. "And now let us go to bed." Whereat all the children went, and dreamed that their hearts were frozen all night.

Is the Length of the Day at the Equato the Same all the Year Round?

Yes, such is the case. The earth revolves at a mean distance of about 91,430,000 miles from the sun's centre, in a year of 365 days six hours, nine minutes, at the same time that it rotates in twenty-four hours about an axis which always remains parallel to itself and inclined at an angle of 23 deg. 27 min. 28 sec. to the plane of the ecliptic; and consequently the days and nights are of equal length at the equator, from whence they progressively differ more and more as the latitude increases, till at each pole alternately there is perpetual day for six months, and a night of the same duration. At Quito, the only equatorial city, the sun rises at 6 a. m. and sets at 6 p. m. the whole year round. This occurs with such unfailing regularity that the people regulate their clocks and watches by the sun. Throughout the tropics on each side of the equator the variation of the length of the day is so small that practically the days and nights are equal in length throughout the year, each lasting for twelve hours. In the northern-most part of Norway, the land of the midnight sun, daylight lasts without interruption from May 21 to July 22 each year, and, in the Arctic island of Spitzbergen, for a full month and a-half longer.

All honest men are working for the good of their fellow men; all love of industry, all love of integrity, all love of kindred, all love of neighbor, all love of country, and all love of humanity are expressed in labor for others.

THE WEEKLY NEWS

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Wednesday, July 19, 1893

Capture of Kennedy.

The capture of Kennedy was a brilliant affair and reflects great credit upon Superintendent Hussy, Chief Stewart and officers EcKinnon, McCloud, Anderson Maitland Dougall and assistants. Kennedy was known to be a desperate character, a dead shot, and to have expressed a determination to resist to the last extremity. Like Sontag and Evans he had retreated to the mountain fastnesses. Rocks and trees shielded him from observation and protected him from assault Arrived in his neighborhood every step was fraught with deadly peril. Still the officers bravely moved forward. There was no retreat that did not end in an advance. Courage was tempered with prudence, but there was no faltering. At one time Hussy and McKinnon stood boldly facing him and his rifle for a brief moment and then by a fortunate detour forced him to move in the direction of his camp. The fire of the officers advancing from that quarter quickly brought him to a halt. He realized that which way he turned was death. He was fairly overmatched. Hunger had re-enforced his natural cowardice. He dared not fire at those determined men who were hemming him about. The sight of his weapons did not carry terror to their hearts. His spirit of bravado forsook him. He might, indeed, shoot an officer but there were avenging rifles to respond. He had not the courage to die, and threw up his hands in token of submission.

All honor to the heroes of our Provincial and constabulary force! While we have such men to enforce the law, society is safe. But while in the possession of that security which we enjoy let us not forget how much we owe to the guardians of the public peace. But for their fidelity and heroism the mountains would no give up the criminal, and the safety of life and property would be menaced. For the arduous accomplishment of useful deeds there are none more deserving or that are entitled to a larger share of gratitude.

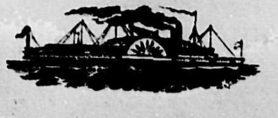
Editorial Notes.

The threats of Kennedy to shoot any one attempting his capture raises the interesting question of the right of his pursuers to treat him to a dose of his own medicine. Human life is sacred and it cannot be needlessly taken even in the attempt to capture an unconvicted murderer, and yet the law is not so unreasonable as to leave itself without the means of enforcement. There can be no doubt about this: Where the criminal resists arrest by arms he may be overcome by arms; nay more, when he attempts the use of weapons in resisting arrest, he may be shot down.

Witnesses of a crime although not officers are charged with the duty of arresting the criminal in all cases. The law is their warrant, and in effecting an arrest in such cases, if they are menaced with deadly weapons, they should defend themselves as best they may. The law does not connive at a felons escape through intimidation. After the murder, Kennedy made men hold up their hands at the mouth of a pistol. He was an outlaw and mignt have been properly treated as such.

Silos are becoming more common in the east. In Montreal and Toronto associations have been formed to encourage their use. By their general adoption the dairy business would be largely augmented, as it could be carried on profitably the entire year. The process is very simple. Fodder while green is, so to speak, bottled up and thus preserved in that state for use. The air and water must be kept from it, and it must not be too wilted when packed in the silo. The packing must be solid so as to leave no insterstices and for that purpose the material is generally passed through a cutter. Ensillage costs but one forth as much as hay, and the farmer can make butter by its use with the largest profit at the smallest cost.

In the east corn ensillage is most highly prized although pease, oats, rye and clover are used for the purpose. As this is a rainy climate, and the curing of hay sometimes a difficult thing it would seem as if the silo would be of increased value to us. The old expensive method of constructing the silo is found unnecessary and now it is frequently built into the barn, made of plank with walls filled in with sand or sawdust. Who will try the experiment in Comox?



Esquimalt and Nanaimo Ry.

Steamer Joan

J. E. BUTLER, 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, 5 a. m.
" Nanaimo for Comox, Wednesday, 7 a. m
" Comox for Valdez Island, evey alternate Thursday 7 a.m.(Returning same day.)
Leave Comox for Nanaimo, Fridays, 7 a.m.
" Nanaimo for Victoria, Saturdey, 7 a.m

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

Esquimalt & Nanaimo R'y.

Time Table No. 17,

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

GOING SOUTH. READ UP No. 3 Passenger Saturdays Sundays.	GOING SOUTH. READ UP No. 1 Passenger Daily	Mls Fm Wel'gn	Stations	Miles Fm Vic	GOING NORTH READ DONW No. 4 Passenger Saturdays Sundays	GOING NORTH READ DONW No. 2 Passenger Daily.
Ar 5 58	Ar 12 24	78	VICTORIA		De 2 30 PM	8 00 AM
" 5 54	" 12 20	77	RUSSELL'S	1	" 2 34	" 8 04
" 5 44	" 12 10 PM	74	ESQUIMALT	4	" 2 44	" 8 14
" 5 19	" 11 45 AM	67	GOLDSTREAM	11	" 3 09	" 8 39
" 4 50	" 11 10	58	SUMMIT SIDING	20	" 3 38	" 9 14
" 4 24	" 10 50	50	SHAWNIGAN L'E	25	" 4 04	" 9 34
" 4 14	" 10 40	47	COBBLE HILL	31	" 4 14	" 9 44
" 3 53	" 10 27	43	McPHERSON'S	35	" 4 29	" 9 57
" 3 49	" 10 17	40	KOKSILAH	38	" 4 39	" 10 07
" 3 44	" 10 12	38	DUNCAN'S	40	" 4 44	" 10 12
" 3 34	" 10 02	35	SOMENOS	[illegible]	" 4 [illegible]	" 10 22
" 3 12	" 9 36	26	CHEMAINUS	52	" 5 [illegible]	" 10 48
" 2 55	" 9 15	19	OYSTER BAY S G	59	" 5 33	" 11 09
	De 8 34	5	NANAIMO	73		A 11 50
" 2 14	Ar 8 25		NANAIMO		" 6 14	De 11 59
De 1 30 PM	De 8 10 AM		WELLINGTON	78	Ar 6 29	Ar 12 14 PM

On Saturdays and Sundays

Return Tickets will be issued between all points for a fare and a quarter, good for return not later than Monday.

Return Tickets for one and a half ordinary fare may be purchased daily to all points, good for seven days, including day of issue.

No Return Tickets issued for a fare and a quarter where the single fare is twenty-five cents.

Through rates between Victoria and Comox.

A. DUNSMUIR, President. **JOSEPH HUNTER.** Gen'l Supt.
H. K. PRIOR, Gen. Freight and Passenger Agt

Chas R Hardy & Co

Estate
And Financial Broker
Notary Public, Conveyancer.
Nanaimo, B. C.

WARNING

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

S. Creech
Gov. Agent.

For Sale

521 Acres of Choice Land,

— and —

9 Horses, 100 Sheep, and 90 Cows together with 2 Mowing Machines, 1 Steel Roller 1 Reaping Machine, 1 Seed Sower, 1 Drill Sower, 1 Spring wagon, and Double Wagon.

Title deeds can be seen in my possession.

Adam McKelvey

J. W. McKenzie

Courtenay, B. C.

General Blacksmithing and Horse Shoeing. Loggers' Work a Specialty.

UNION BAKERY

Courtenay B. C.

Best of Everything in this Line Constantly on Hand.

Clay & Viles, Props.

LOOK.

UNION LIVERY

— AND —

FEED STABLE

All Kinds of Teaming Done. Horses and Rigs for Hire at ALL TIMES

LOOK HERE

UNION Saw Mill

All kinds of Rough and Dressed Lumber always on hand and delivered at short notice.

Also all kinds of Moulding, Lath, Sawn and Split Shingles, and dressed Pine and Cedar always on hand.

Orders promptly executed.

NOTICE THIS!

The Giant Stumper

Which we possess will do your stumping speedily, neatly, and at reasonable rates.

IMPROVE Your STOCK

OUR PRIZE STALION

Norman McLeod

The justly celebrated Clydesdale, will travel through the District this season.

R. Grant & L. Mounce, Props. Union, B. C.

G B Leighton

At the Bay, Comox, B. C. Blacksmithing and Repairing of all kinds Carriage Work and Horseshoeing a specialty

Nanaimo Saw Mill

— and —

Sash and Door Factory

A Haslam, Prop. Mill St., P O Box 35, Tel. 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. All orders accompanied with CASH promptly and carefully attended to.

Steamer Estell

Harbor and outside towing done at reasonable rates.

F. W. Hart

Manufacturer, Importer, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in FURNITURE

CARPETS, LINOLEUM, OIL CLOTH AND - HOUSE FURINISHING -

Largest Establishment of its kind.

1-24 Cordova St. Vancouver, B. C

J. W. McCann

Carpenter* * *And Builder

General Job Work

UNDERTAKER.

Courtenay B. C.

John Fraser

Stage and Livery Business

Stage connects with all steamers at the Bay.

Also do a general

Teaming Business

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

Dr W J Curry

(DENTIST.)

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

H A Simpson

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

Nanaimo, B. C.

SPRING MILLENERY

We have received our new Millenery and are very busy filling orders for spring Hats and Bonnets, Come down and see us at once

DRESS GOODS

We have surpassed anything ever attempted before in this line, and the trimmings are simply elegant.

All our New Jackets and Capes are to hand

SLOAN & SCOTT

Commercial Street Nanaimo B. C.

I Make It a Point To Know

THE GOODS I HANDLE.

For the last thirty years having handled Silver Ware, manufactured by the Celebrated firms of Ried and Barton—Rodgers 1847—and Meriden Britannia, I know them to be A 1. In Jewelry, Clocks, Watches, and Spectacles, I Show the Largest Stock in the city, AT HARD TIMES PRICES. Special attention given to reparing in ALL Branches of the Trade.

Orders by mail will have prompt attention.

M. R. Counter,

Crescent Jewelry Store. Nanaimo B. C.

Vancouver Furniture Warehouse.

Established 1873.

BASTION, WHARF AND FRONT STREETS

JOHN HILBERT.

MANUFACTURER AND DIRECT IMPORTER

— Also Dealer in —

CARPETS BEDDING AND WALL PAPER, GENERAL HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS, AGENT WHITE SEWING MACHINES. UNDERTAKER.

NANAIMO B. C. P. O. box 16.

Nanaimo Cigar Factory.

Philip Gable, Proprietor.

Baston Street — Nanaimo B. C.

Manufactures the finest cigares, employing none but white labor.

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

Raper Raper & Co.

Booksellers, Statiouers, General News Agents.

Nanaimo. B. C.

Nanaimo Machine Works

OF

Robert J. Wenborn'

Fraser Street Near Bastion Street Bridge Nanaimo' B. C.

All Kinds of Machinery made to order and repaired.

Fruit Trees

Mainland Nursery *

* Ladners Landing B. C.

A large supply of three and four year old

APPLE TREES

Also Pears Plumes, Prunes, and Peaches Ornamental trees for lawns and grass plots. Small fruits, shrubs and evergreens of every variety.

M. B. Gilchrist,

Courtenay

C. B.

The Nanaimo Pharmacy

Nanaimo B. C.

W. E. Mc Cartney Chemist, Manager.

Pure Drugs Chemicals and Patent Medicines.

Physicans Presciptions and all orders filled with care and dispatch. P. O. box 12

Geo. Bevilockway,

Red House

Commercial St. = Nanaimo. B. C.

Dealer in General Merchandise.

Highest cash Price Paid for Furs, Hides, and Country Produce.

Ralph Craig's

Nanaimo Steam

CARRAGE WORKS.

Baston St. Bridge, Nanaimo, B. C.

General Blacksmithing, Horseshoeing Carrage Building, etc.

Wagons and Farming Implements made aud repaired. Miners' Auger Drilling Machines made to order on short notice.

Wm Mathewson.

will deliver daily at

UNION

and during warm weather twice a day Pure Milk from His Ranch

And also will deliver to his custome daily Fresh Eggs, Butter, Vegeta Poultry. etc.

Farmers having above for sale or delivery should consult him.

Passengers carried to and from Union.

Eureka Bottling Works,

LOUIS LAWRENCE, PROPRIETOR,

— MANUFACTURER OF —

SODA WATER, LEMONADE, GINGER ALE,

Sarsaparalla and Champagne Cider, Iron Phosphates, Syrups.

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

Nanaimo and Courtenay B. C.

T. D. McLean

Jeweler, Bookseller and Dealer in

Organs, Pianos, Music Stationery, and Notions of all kinds.

Union Mines, B. C.

Kaslo City Bargains

and other splendid investments.

We offer you

SNAPS NOT SNIPS

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

Gilchrist and McArdle, Courtenay.

Riverside Hotel

Courtenay B C

J. J. Grant, Proprietor

The Hotel is one of the best equipped on the Pacific Coast, and is situated at the mouth of the Courtenay River, between Union and the large farming settlement of Comox.

Trout are plentiful in the river, and large game abounds in the neighborhood

The Bar connected with the hotel is kept well supplied with the best wines and liquors. Stage connects with all Steamers. Terms moderate

COURTENAY HOUSE.

COURTENAY, B.C.

The leading hotel in Comox district. New and handsomely furnished, 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.

COURTENAY

This town is located in the midst of the largest agricultural settlement on Vancouver Island. It is within six miles of Union Mines affording the farmers of the valley the very best home market, and is situated on the only highway leading from the settlement to the mines. The lumber interests of this section are most extensive. and are an important factor in our progress.

The per cent of improvements of this town during the present year is greater than any other place the Coast can boast of, and the march of improvement is still onward.

The prosperity of the town has for its foundations, therefore large mineral, agricultural, and timber recources. It may also be added that no section furnishes a better field for the sportsman. Fish and game are always abundant and our hotels of the best.

Wm. Cheney

[Office at the bridge]

COURTENAY B. C.

Real Estate Agent and Auctioneer.

Lots sold on easy terms.

SETTLERS SATISFACTORILY LOCATED ON PUBLIC LANDS.

Comox Saw Mills.

Rough and Dressed Lumber

White Pine always in stock.

All orders executed promptly.

Urquhart Bros. Proprs. Comox B. C,