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VOL. I. NANAIMO, BRITISH COLUMBIA, SATURDAY NIGHT, JUNE 6, 1896. NO. 55.

IS THE TARIFF A TAX?

They say it is not; maybe so; but look over this order we filled a few days ago. It may help you to judge.

	Price.	Duty.
25lbs Good Raisins	$1.00	25
12lbs Good Currants, cleaned	1.00	12
12lbs Prunes, choice	1.00	12
8lbs Evaporated Peaches	1.00	12
10lbs Evaporated Apples	1.00	18
10lbs Choice Codfish	1.00	10
10 tins Good Sardines	1.00	20
12lbs Farina	1.00	18
12lb box Gloss Starch	1.00	18
10 packets Corn Starch	1.00	15
8 tins Good Jam	1.00	24
8 boxes Best Figs	1.00	20
17lbs Best Sago	1.00	12
1 box Yellow Soap	2.25	50
2 bars White Castile	1.00	12
7 packets Pearline	1.00	25
8 bars Sapolio	1.00	25
1 tin Coal Oil	1.50	30
7 tins Milk	1.00	21
4lbs Green Coffee, extra	1.00	08
6lbs Chicory. Best English	1.00	24
17lbs Pearl Barley	1.00	15
3lbs Eagle Chocolate	90	12
3lbs Cocoa	90	12
4lbs Dessicated Cocoanut	1.00	20
	$26.55	$4.70

$4 70 is the amount of the duty on this small order. In addition there is the wholesaler's profit on that amount and my small profit on all. The man who gave the order paid the whole lot. Maybe it isn't a tax. Still if you note the figures you will see plainly that you can get more for your money than elsewhere, at

The People's Store

VICTORIA CRESCENT.

The "Slater Shoe"

FOR MEN

In Black and Tan.

BALS AND CONGRESS.

Ladies' Canvas Oxfords, } In Black and Tan.
Ladies' Kid Oxfords, }

Children's Tan Button Boots and Low Shoes.

Cash Boot and Shoe Store,

No. 17 & 19 Commercial Street.

E. E. C. JOHNSON, Manager.

LADIES !

As the New Spring Season is now upon us - - - - - - Do Not Fail to come and inspect our stock of

Ladies' AND Children's Millinery

Our stock this season we assure you is complete in every respect and bound to please. It comprises all the latest novelties, etc. A very fine and well assorted stock of Ladies' Sailors and Children's Galatea, Silk and Lace Hats.

J. S. STANNARD & CO.,

Crescent Store, Nanaimo, B. C.

THE LIQUOR QUESTION.

Provinces Cannot Enact Prohibitory Laws.

Their Powers Limited to Granting Local Option to Municipalites. Judgment of the Imperial Privy Council.

On a careful examination of the judgment of the Privy Council, the conclusion must be reached that their lordships have not expressed, and did not intend to express, an opinion upon question No. 1: "Has a provincial legislature jurisdiction to prohibit the sale within the province of spirituous, fermented or other intoxicating liquors?" They have definitely answered the inquiry regarding local option, and have held that both the Scott act and the provision regarding local option are within the powers of the Dominion Parliament and local legislatures respectively. They hold that the authority to pass the Scott act has been assigned to the Dominion by section 91 of the B. N. A. act, under which parliament may make laws for the peace, order and good government of Canada. The power to pass the local option law is given to the provinces by section 92, Nos. 13 and 16, which assign to their exclusive jurisdiction (1) "property and civil rights in the province," and (2) "generally all matters of a merely local and private nature in the province."

As to question No. 1, their lordships say it differs from the question to which the answer has been given in this respect: that it relates to matters which may possibly become litigious in the future, but has not yet given rise to any real and present controversy. They further observe that, the question being in in its nature academic rather than judicial, it is better fitted for the consideration of the officers of the Crown than of a court of law. This is a distinct statement that question No. 1 has not been answered, except in so far as an answer to the question regarding local option has a bearing upon local option for the whole province. Further, their lordships say that "any reply given to the question will necessarily depend upon the circumstances in which they may arise for decision, and these circumstances are in this case left to speculation."

The conclusion, therefore, to be drawn from the judgment is that the Privy Council has decided that, under the authority of the B. N. A. act, section 92, No. 16, "matters of a merely local or private nature," the provinces have the right to pass laws regarding local option, and that the words, "merely local or private nature,' when used in connection with provincial matters, have reference to localities or municipalities within the provinces, and not to a whole province as representing a collection or unit of municipalities. The power, therefore, of the provinces is a limited one. On the other hand, their lordships hold that, as the Dominion Government may make laws for the peace, order and good government of Canada, the Scott act is constitutional. There is no restriction or limitation in the words, "peace, order and good government of Canada," and it is presumably left to the Dominion Parliament to say what shall be embraced therein.

Parliament has so far decided that the peace, order and good government of Canada will be maintained by a restriction of the liquor traffic in the manner provided by the Scott act, and the Privy Council has supported this view. If a limited restriction comes within the powers of the Dominion, a still further restriction, even to total prohibition, must also be within their powers, and therefore with the Dominion Parliament alone rests the power to pass a total prohibitory measure.

At the concluding meeting of the British Women's Temperance Association, yesterday, various resolutions of a temperance character, and urging the government to insist upon Armenian reforms, were adopted. Votes of thanks were accorded to Lady Henry Somerset and Miss Francis Willard amid great enthusiasm.

THE RUSSIA OF TO-DAY.

Rapid Advance Being Made in Social and Commercial Progress.

If Michael Romanoff, the founder of the present dynasty, is cognizant of events in the material world, he must have been well satisfied with the splendor and magnitude of the display at Moscow when his youthful descendant, Nicholas Romanoff, was crowned Emperor of All the Russias, investing him with power and authority to rule over one-sixth of the land surface of the globe and whose subjects number more than 100,000,000.

The Emperor of Russia is, by what Russians are pleased to call, "divine right," the autocrat of every inch of the vast nation; besides, he is the supreme head of the church, thus being the vicar of the Almighty in all matters appertaining to the material and spiritual welfare of the people. That this power has been often abused, no one will pretend to deny; but since 1861 reforms have been instituted fully as rapidly as the people were ready to appreciate them. In that year Alexander II. issued a proclamation which emancipated the slaves, but not without indemnifying those who had claims upon them. That event was the beginning of a new era in Russia's social and commercial life, and no step backward has since been taken. Although Nihilism has been rampant, even conspiring to overthrow the system of government, the empire has moved forward. The educational system has steadily improved until now it compares favorably with neighboring countries, and no more liberal patron of art, science and music will be found in the old world than the Russian autocrat. Still, his life is threatened because he cannot do in a day what requires years to accomplish.

Russia is essentially an agricultural country, and so helping has been the policy of the government in recent years that Russian cereals now exert a powerful influence in all the breadstuffs markets of Europe. American farm machinery may be seen in all the agricultural districts, and in many localities farming is carried on as scientifically as anywhere. Railway construction has been steadily pushed between the more important trade centers. The Siberian railway is one of the greatest enterprises of modern times, and when completed will have a total mileage of nearly 5000 miles. Several hundred miles are already in successful operation, and by it new and valuable mining and agricultural districts have been made profitable and accessible. Over 6,000,000 bushels of high-grade wheat were exported from these new regions last year—regions as yet sparsely settled—and great inducements are being offered to the farmers of other countries to settle on the line of the Siberian railway, which many are taking advantage of.

The government is encouraging the establishment of manufactories of every kind that can find the raw material within the empire, and boasts are already made that the time will come when Russian-made goods will be found in active competition with the manufacture of other countries in all the markets of the world. It is a mistake to think of Russia as a country whose people and rulers are still groping in the shadow of barbarism.

Assaulting a Chinaman.

The charge of assault against J. W. McKenzie came up before the police magistrate this morning. The evidence produced brought out the following facts: A Chinaman named Yick Chong, while riding on his bicycle on Victoria Road on Monday last, between 12 and 1 o'clock, was struck on the back by a stone thrown by the son of J. W. McKenzie, of Victoria Road. The Chinaman was knocked off his wheel. He followed the boy into Mr. McKenzie's yard and was unceremoniously pushed out by the boy's father. Afterwards a scuffle was engaged in on the sidewalk by the boy and the Chinaman, the boy having his arm around the Chinaman's neck. While in this position McKenzie senior engaged in a little pleasantry by way of applying his boot to the Chinaman's after part. The fight was stopped by a bystander, E. V. Chambers, who was the principal witness on behalf of the complainant. His Worship, after summing up the case, fined the defendant $15 and costs. T. R. E. McInnes appeared for the defense and G. F. Cane for the prosecution.

COUNCIL OF WOMEN.

Third Annual Session of the National Council.

Many Important Questions Discussed. Organization Now Extending From Halifax to Vancouver, B. C.

The third annual meeting of the National Council of Women of Canada, recently concluded in Montreal, has given an object lesson in the power of organization, not only in stimulating reformatory efforts, but in concentrating and intelligently directing them. It is a common misconception that the mission of the council is to secure the extension of the political franchise to women, and much criticism has been bestowed on its supposed efforts in that direction. Composed as it is of delegates from local organizations made up entirely or partly of women, and from societies of similar membership having a national organization, as many divergent views on the question of women's political enfranchisement can be found in the council as in any similarly-constituted organization of men. The council exists for the intelligent interchange of opinion on matters of interest to women, and no argument is needed to prove its beneficial influence, not only to the delegates and to the societies they represent, but to all within the sphere of their influence. "How mothers can best teach their children the necessary elements of physiology," the title of a paper selected at random from the programme, is suggestive of the wide field of usefulness open to this organization. The free discussion of such problems, the intelligent comparison of divergent views and instructive experiences, cannot fail to spread a beneficial influence among the homes of the Dominion.

The experience and observation of an intelligent woman during a life of ordinary activity is of inestimable value, and it is indeed fortunate that a perfect organization has established a means of communicating and perpetuating such acquired knowledge. The council discussed such public questions as the immigration of women, the importation of waifs and strays, the excess of home lessons for school children, the working of associated charities and the introduction of manual training in schools. The discussions naturally called forth widely divergent views, but many of the suggestions and experiences recorded will be found of material aid in guiding legislation through such debatable ground. Many of the subjects were beyond the ordinary sphere of legislation, but the discussions were none the less valuable. Among these may be classed "The recent development of athleticism among women and girls," "The relation of food and recreation to intemperance," "How to form home reading circles," and "How to encourage Canadian literature." The council makes provision for communicating its views on public questions to the proper legislative bodies. Among the matters which will be brought to the attention of the Dominion Government by petition is the need of medical aid in the Northwest Territories. In three years the organization of local councils has extended from Halifax to Vancouver.

This rapid development and unequaled success are due in a great measure to the work of her Excellency Lady Aberdeen, who has used the influence of her position and devoted her recognized ability to promoting the organization and furthering its objects. In thus recognizing her ladyship's distinguished services there is no lack of appreciation of the able manner in which they have been supplemented by the other officers and members.

Some of the opinions and resolutions of the council have been warmly combatted by the labor organizations. In view of the cleavage which makes almost a caste distinction between employers and employes in industrial callings, it need not be expected that the council and the labor organizations shall see eye to eye on questions having a direct bearing on industrial problems and disputes.

A VISIT TO DOORNKOP.

The Scene of Jameson's Memorable Encounter and Surrender.

Mr. F. G. Lockwood of Johannesburg has paid a visit to Doornkop, near Krugersdorp, the scene of Dr. Jameson's memorable encounter with the Boers, and sends the following account of his visit to the Retford and Gainsborough Times (Nottingham): "Leaving Johannesburg, we go along by the main reef, which is dotted for miles with gold mines. The road is very rough in places, being over hills. A drive of two and a half hours brought us to the scene of the late battle, where Jameson's 400 men fought against over 4000 Boers. All the houses we could see at Doornkop were only about half-a-dozen in number and were principally occupied by Dutch farmers. The driver acting as guide, we were shown the respective positions held by both parties during the encounter. We then visited the grave wherein lie the poor fellows who lost their lives. The grave is part of an old disused prospector's track. There are seven buried together in this one grave, just as they were found after the surrender. There is some talk of the bodies being taken up and reburied at Krugersdorp, and the present burial ground is to have a wall built around to mark the place. Next we come to the dead horses of Jameson's men. They still lie scattered all around the place. Needless to say, however, they are now nothing but bones. There is *not a tooth nor a hoof to be seen*, all of these having been taken by visitors as mementoes of the war. All the bullets and cartridge cases have been picked up—at least, all that could be found. An old Dutchman living close by sells them at the rate of three for 1s. 6d. Near the horses is the house from which Jameson secured the Kaffir woman's white apron to make the flag of truce. The Boers had a splendid position. It would have taken a large army to have forced them into the open. Picture if you can Jameson's men, about 400 in number, on the top of a hill, with hardly any cover; so small, in fact, as to consist of only half-a-dozen pieces of rock, which was very poor shelter, and the Boers nearly all around them. All round this hill are kopies (rough rock), behind which the Boers took up their position, and of course were able to fire at Jameson's men without themselves being seen. Jameson's men hardly had the chance of a shot to any advantage. What made it worse for the so-called raiders was the want of water. A spruit (small stream) ran a few hundreds of yards from their position, but it was guarded by the Boers, who prevented them from obtaining the water they so much needed. We met the old Dutch farmer who buried the troopers who were slain and to whose house also the wounded were taken. He said that Jameson washed and cared for the wounded, and in fact did all for them he could. He said he should always think a lot of Dr. Jameson, for he was a brave and good man. The place being only about 15 miles from Johannesburg, has been visited by thousands since the battle was fought, and we left it with sorrowful hearts, thinking of the brave and gallant men who had fought with dauntless courage against fearful odds.

That Five-Acre Wiseacre.

EDITOR MAIL: In last night's issue of the Free Press Mr. McInnes is referred to in a very scurrilous manner by a no less prominent person than Five Acres, simply because he dared mention Mr. D. W. Gordon's name. Surely the difference between Mr. McInnes and the late Mr. Gordon is not greater than the difference between our Lord and His followers; and if they were deprived of the right of mentioning His name, what would become of Christianity? Still, if one judged from the source from which it emanated, or at least take the signature for granted, he would not be surprised, for altho' there are good and wise men on five acre lots, there are others who display anything but common sense. When a man pays an exorbitant price for five acres of gravel land, I can hardly see how he could be held responsible for any opinion. As to Mr. Haslam doing so much publicly and privately, I can only say that publicly he filled a seat in the House of Commons, but privately he has done much, but for whom—for Andrew Haslam. While enconiums are not in order, I must say for Mr. McInnes, at least, that he straightened up our police affairs in this city. CEDAR DISTRICT.

The Methodist Conference is session at Winnipeg to-day, by a unanimous vote adopted a resolution in favor of civil and religious liberty and the maintenance of a uniform system of non-denominational public schools.

The election in Oregon has resulted in a victory for the Populists. Two Populists, Quinn and Vanderberg, have been elected to Congress, and ex-Governor Pennoyer mayor of Portland by a sweeping majority.

The committee of the French Chamber of Deputies has unanimously approved the bill making Madagascar a French colony.

The Overton Claim.

By Martha McCulloch Williams.

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At the close of the meal the two men went out together, pausing for a minute at the half open front door to watch the dashing raindrops vex the limpid pool spread over all the yard. One of the long summer storms had broken since morning. The sky was a dun cup, without fold or rift. The slightest hollows held such rainy runnels as assured all who knew the lay of the land that the creeks must be at flood. It was full of sharp hills, from which the waters ran fast as they fell. Already above the plash of the rain came the roar and boom of torrents in the lowlands. But young Fauntleroy stepped without the hall door and said:

"Major Overton, I feel this intrusion of mine to be so impertinent that if your woman will return me my own garments I will make my way somewhere else till the storm is over."

The grim ghost of a smile played on Major Overton's face.

"That would be suicide, which is the worst form of cowardice," he said. "Either side of us is a stream that now a man with two good arms could not safely pass on horseback. On foot and crippled you would surely drown. Ridgeley's door can let no man go out to his death. Stay and be sure of your welcome until you can go in safety."

"If only you would let me speak," the other began. A gesture stopped him. Major Overton had raised his hand, a look of pain unutterable upon his face. After a minute he said slowly, as though weighing each word:

"It is not my wish to embarrass you or add to your discomfort, but surely you must understand that of all men you are the last with whom I can discuss—anything."

"Why, because of that old trouble? Believe me, Major Overton, whatever imputation there may have been in the past, I do not believe"— Young Fauntleroy burst out before he could be silenced. His pause, when it came, was due to amazement. The old face fronting him was rage incarnate, the old hands clinched hard. By a supreme effort Major Overton controlled himself and said, half turning away:

"Belief amounts to nothing, certainly as against deeds. It is just possible that you came in ignorance of some things that have gone before. Pray pardon me if I ask to be spared further reference to all painful subjects. Be simply the stranger within my gate for the rest of your stay."

"In one minute, sir. All I ask is that you will believe I came simply with the honest purpose of trying to better a bad matter, a very sad one. I am not a sneak. They told me to approach you under a feigned name, but I refused. I did not give my full name at first because I feared to startle the young lady"——

"Will you come to my office for a smoke?' Major Overton said, as though he had not heard, leading the way to a small bare room just off the back piazza. As the two came into it they found themselves face to face with Dare. She did not flush, look conscious or seek to evade her grandfather's disapproving eye. Instead she gathered up a handful of torn papers, and stepping to the door stopped beside it to say:

"I knew you would want to smoke, grandfather, so I lit the fire, if it is July, and put pipes ready filled there over the mantel."

"Very good. I am obliged," Major Overton said grimly, stepping so as to hide his granddaughter from his guest. Dare moved lightly aside, drew a chair to the corner of the hearth and said to Fauntleroy:

"Sit down, and I will give you a light for your pipe, as you have but one hand now."

"You spoil me," he protested, sinking into the seat and looking straight into the girl's eyes. Major Overton frowned heavily, took the girl by the arm and led her through the door, saying, "Stay in your room, Dare, until I send for you."

CHAPTER VIII.

By midnight the storm had sobbed out its wrath. Morning broke fair over the radiant, new washed world. The rays of dawn were struggling through the window panes ere Allen Fauntleroy dropped asleep. When at last his eyes opened, the sun was high in heaven. His host stood at his bedside, grayer, harder, sterner looking in the light of the golden day than in that of rainy skies. Yet still his voice was a well bred monotone, bare of all feeling.

"Pardon me for disturbing you. I fear you slept poorly," he said. "But a friend has come in search of you, and I had no choice but to wake you. Here comes Jubilee with your boots. He will help you to dress and wait on you at breakfast. Take your time. There is no need of hurry. I will take care that your friend does not grow impatient."

"Who is it—Hawkins? I thought he'd look me up if the horse got back without me. I beg you not to let him get at that precious old brandy. He will stay till he drains the bowl," Young Fauntleroy said in an effort to speak lightly. He was far from feeling so. All his sleep had been a phantasmagoria of trouble of thick clouds, of swelling waters, with Dare in the midst of them, swept forever away in their flood. The night through he had not hidden from himself the fact that in their all too brief encounter she had taken captive his heart and his fancy. He must not, he could not, would not go away without further sight and speech of her. He would not startle, maybe distress her with any talk of love. Instead he would speak a little of the gratitude he felt for her timely aid and beg her, if ever the time came that she needed help, to remember that she had in him a faithful friend.

But how achieve so much, guarded as she was? After breakfast he must go away, and throughout the meal mammy would certainly attend him. If he could get her away—a voice broke through his musings. Jubilee, black and slim, with woolly head and big upturned eyes, stood in the door, saying:

"What corrections does you have ter gimme, sir, 'bout puttin on your clothes?"

Jubilee, turned 14, had been to free school since he was 6, and now could spell in three letters, knew all the figures except seven and had a great desire to use the longest words he heard and to overcome his tendency to the dialect of his race.

Withal he was a sharp lad, as full of resource as of mischief. So much young Fauntleroy discovered before his clothes were in place. Dropping his voice, he spoke rapidly to the boy, who answered with winks and nods and hushed "Yes, sirs." As the stranger made an end by pushing $1 in his palm, Jubilee said:

"Who—ee—I do my best, sir, but maybe I can't. The ole lady is very expicious."

Notwithstanding, when young Fauntleroy sat dawdling over rolls, coffee and boiled chicken under mammy's wrathful eye, Jubilee's head came through the door, Jubilee's voice said in accents of weary disgust:

"Aunt Diney, you better come help me. Somebody's knocked over your turkey pen, and that old fool is huffin it to the woods as fast as her young ones can go. I ran so hard tryin to head her, my breath is still clean obflusticated."

"De laws a massy, 'pon my soul, dat ole hen tukkey gwine make me lose all my 'ligion, quor'lin at 'er," mammy cried, making a dash for the door. It hardly closed behind her when Dare came through the one opposite and said, with a rosy flush:

"Jubilee said you sent for me. Do you want your arm bandaged afresh?"

"No, no. Something much more important. Miss Overton—Dare—come closer, please. Lay your hand again in mine. Ah, thank you for coming! I sent for you because I—what I want to say is—don't take your hand away—I shall never forget you. Your kindness, your help, and—and—if ever—I can straighten all this tangle I shall come back to you. Meantime if I can serve you—one never knows what may happen—you—you are to give me the privilege. Don't forget that," the young man said disjointedly, holding fast to Dare's hand.

It was harder than he thought to choke back the words of love, yet to speak them would be madness. She would leave him in affright. Yet he could not forbear raising to his lips the slim rosy fingers that lay fluttering in his own.

"Why should I remember you?" Dare asked, half turning away. "Next week you will forget my existence, except maybe as the heir to a claim that troubles you. Ah, you see, I know something of family affairs. Believe me, I am not so disloyal to our side of the quarrel as to have come here thus clandestinely if I had not thought that maybe you needed me—were in pain that I could ease."

"I am," Fauntleroy said, getting quickly to his feet and flinging his sound arm around her. "Dare! Dare! I love you better than my life. I did not mean to tell you just yet. It is so sudden. But from the first look of your eyes into mine as you knelt, an angel of rescue, beside that living grave, I have felt that I belonged to you—solely, entirely; that I would give my life for you and die happy in the sacrifice."

"You may have the opportunity elsewhere," Major Overton said from the door behind him. Hawkins darted through it and caught young Fauntleroy's arm, crying out:

'Allen, Allen, are you mad? Come away at once. You should never have come here, though," turning to the old man, who stood a statue of white fury. "I swear, Major Overton, he did not know everything."

With one stride the old man caught Dare's arm and essayed to drag her from the room. The girl shook herself free of his hold and said, with eyes outblazing his own:

"I am no child, grandfather. Even from you I demand the courtesy due a woman."

"I see. You demonstrate your womanhood by slinking thus to a rendez-

"I cannot go, Mr. Fauntleroy. I am an Overton.

vous," the old man said through his teeth. Fauntleroy sprang to the girl's side, caught her hand in his and cried out:

"Major Overton, you—no man shall breathe one hurtful word of her. Here to your teeth I beg her to come away with me as my wife—chosen, honored above all the world."

Dare shivered through and through. A red tide swept up over brow and cheek, then faded, leaving her white, with eyes of fire. She was so young, barely turned 17, all this seemed so wonderful, so terrible, it put her happy, careless girl life years and years behind her. She drew her hand gently from Fauntleroy's clasp and said, staring straight before her at her grandfather, who stood a shaking embodiment of speechless fury:

"I cannot go, Mr. Fauntleroy. I am an Overton. I cannot turn against my own, no matter how I may be wronged."

"Forgive me, Dare, forgive me! You are your father's child, thank God! Forgive my doubt of you," the old man almost sobbed, drawing the girl's hand through his arm as though to lead her away. She half turned from him, but not in anger, and said to her young lover:

"Goodby. Go away, please, and forget that you ever came."

"I go, since I must, but I will never give you up so long as we both do live," Allen Fauntleroy said. Even as he spoke she vanished. Hawkins caught his arm and drew him away to the vehicle waiting outside the door. As they took their seats in it Major Overton stepped over the threshold, gave them a courteous adieu, then laid his hand lightly in detention upon the reins and said slowly:

"Mr. Fauntleroy, I give you safe conduct from my home. If ever you set foot on it again, your life will pay for it."

CHAPTER IX.

Until they were past the ford that marked Ridgeley's boundary line, Allen Fauntleroy sat silent, leaning in his corner of the carriage. Hawkins spoke once or twice, but getting no answer relapsed likewise into silence.

When they had splashed through the swift stream, still flush and palely turbid, Fauntleroy said, drawing a long breath:

"I could not hear it upon his ground, but now in heaven's name tell me what all this means."

"Seems to me a matter of names, Fauntleroy versus Overton — Overton versus Fauntleroy," Hawkins said, folding his arms and sticking his chin in the air.

The other looked at him impatiently and said very low:

"Don't fence, Hawkins. The time for that is past. Tell me now, on your honor, the whole cause of grievance that old man cherishes."

"Why didn't you ask him? You had time enough. But I reckon you were so struck with the girl you forgot everything else. 'Pon my life, Fauntleroy, you must have rushed things. It is not quite common to find a fellow proposing formally to a young woman he has known not quite 24 hours. But if you could make the rifle there—run away with the girl—what a card it would be for our side! She's the major's sole heir, and with her thus well in hand the syndicate would grab at the property at our own figure."

For answer Fauntleroy called to the driver: "Stop! Open the door!"

"What's wrong?" asked Hawkins impatiently as the man clambered down from his seat.

"Nothing," said Fauntleroy, "only I refuse to ride with a man who gives me insult in place of information."

"You are a touchy one," the lawyer retorted, banging to the door. "Go on, Dick. I'll give this young man what he wants."

"Very well, but be a little careful how you do it," his client retorted, sinking back upon his cushions so as to look the other full in the face. Hawkins shifted a trifle under the scrutiny, but said:

"You are an odd fish, Allen—nearly as odd as the old one back there," nodding behind them "You know I warned you against going there—as yourself, that is. If the old man hadn't known who you were, I'm persuaded you would easily have got into his good graces, enough so maybe to induce him to listen to reason. You see, you are to him not merely the heir and agent of the Fauntleroys. There's a heap more that you, that almost nobody knows."

"Why was I not told?" the young man asked sternly. The other laughed disagreeably, saying:

"Well, now, it's a bit awkward to say to a fellow in plain English, 'Your father was a thorough paced scoundrel.' But that's the frozen fact of the case."

"How did he prove it?" The tone was even, but Hawkins saw that the other's eyes had begun to blaze. He drew a little more away before he said:

"It's a long story. Did you never hear how he died?"

"He was drowned before he was 30, five years after I was born—at least that is what I have been told and believe."

"Correct, not a doubt of it. In fact, I saw it myself, and somebody else was drowned with him. Can you guess who it was?'

"No. Not my mother?"

"Not by a long shot. She went mad at your birth and spent the rest of her life—10 years—in a lunatic asylum. I don't think Peyton, your father, ever cared much for her or she for him if the truth were told. The old folks made the match. So it isn't astonishing that after her misfortune the sight of him set her fairly wild. So he put her wholly out of his mind and went the pace. I tell you I was a lad in those days, but remember well how he opened people's eyes. He drank his company blind, yet went away with head in air, bet high and nearly always won. While as for women, they ran after him until I wonder he didn't despise the whole sex.

"One winter he went to Alabama and there met Margaret Overton"——

"The major's daughter?" Allen cried, in spite of himself. The other went on:

[CONTINUED.]

Glad She Lives In America.

"I'm glad I live in America," said a pretty young woman, talking to a Philadelphia Inquirer reporter, "because I am never afraid to travel by myself. Last year I was in London and went around with a friend who is married, and we were spoken to in an insulting manner every time we went out. Paris was still worse. People speak of the French politeness, but it is only a veneer. The men would get in front of us on every street corner and smirk and ogle and chatter like monkeys. I'm glad I didn't understand anything they said. There are no men like the American men, and I never was so fully able to appreciate it as I am, now I have seen those of other nations in their own lands. Besides, the girls are treated better here than anywhere else on earth, and I don't want to cross the ocean any more."

THE OPIUM SMOKER.

I am engulfed and drown deliciously.
Soft music, like a perfume, and sweet light,
Golden with audible odors exquisite,
Swathe me with cerements for eternity.
Time is no more. I pause, and yet I flee.
A million ages wrap me round with night.
I drain a million ages of delight.
I hold the future in my memory.
Also I have this garret which I rent,
This bed of straw and this that was a chair,
This wornout body like a tattered tent,
This crust of which the rats have eaten part,
This pipe of opium, rage, remorse, despair,
This soul at pawn and this delirious heart.

—Arthur Symons.

THE HERMIT.

When ladies go alligator hunting, they should clearly understand that people whom they find and associate with freely in an Alabama bayou should not always be bowed to in Piccadilly. This sounds simple—an axiom, in fact—but because Miss Wilcoxn did such an uncalled for bowing, things happened which put two most respectable families in a condition of open fury, and I earned dislike as the origin of evil. As a matter of accuracy, my yachtmate was far more guilty than I. He had gone a-fishing one day in his shirt, and had spent eight hours sandwiched between wind and water, and had naturally returned with his legs bitten red raw by the sun. He developed a temper in consequence that would have made him shunned in the pit, and I was driven into a deed of temporary separation.

Our yacht was then in the bayou of Bon Secours, which opens off Mobile bay, and the man with the sunburned legs said with many adjectives that movement for him was out of the question. He remarked that he would stay on the sloop and fish for gaff tops'ls (as they call the catfish), and cavallos and sheepheads and sharks and whatever else he could get, and said that polite conversation was a strain to him. He stated that our crew (of one negro) would make a suitable butt for his future remarks, and put forward the suggestions that I should take myself off. "Go and hunt alligators up the lagoons, and live a savage in the swamps, and eat crackers and trout, and catch fever if there's any throwing about," said the man with the sunburned legs. "That'll be about your form." So I pitied the nigger and went off—in pale pink pyjamas and the ten foot yawlboat.

The subsequent sail down the lagoon, under a brazen torrent of sunshine, came as one of the seven pleasures of life. There was a great wall of trees on the landward side, rearing itself from the water's lip in a hedge of undergrowth. To southward, from over the rambling line of dunes, with their fringes of scrub grass and palmetto, came the dim bellow of the surf as it creamed and crumbled on the white gulf sand. And down the silver ripples of the lagoon there blew an air, faintly salt, which chilled the wet cotton against one's spine.

The lagoon bayed to an end, and there opened out another channel to be punted through, a narrow winding canal of twirls and branches through quaking marsh land, a waterway rustling with fish and ablaze with yellow lilies. Cardinal birds peered at one from the bushes, and purple herons thrust out curious beaks from the grass clumps. It was all very peaceable and extremely hot.

Then there came a lake with islands, a lake of water called by courtesy fresh, which was lemon yellow to look through and black to look upon. It swarmed with fish, which took the hook and were supped upon for their sins, and because there was no whisky in the yawlboat for dilution it served as a beverage in all its sulphurous nastiness. Then the sun dipped behind the forests at the back, and night followed like the shutting down of a box. One mounted a bullseye lantern on the hatband, which would shine down a rifle's sights, and put out again in the boat, paddling stealthily. It is not always easy to distinguish between a firefly and the gleam of an alligator's eye, and shots are apt to be wasted and the neighborhood scared. But on that night fortune held, and the lead went home six several times. Then the dead were made more safely dead with the ax, and their slayer laid him down to sleep on the boat's floor with his head beside the centerboard trunk.

So passed my first night away from the sloop. The morning was occupied in the process of skinning, and then once more on toward the east. There were more lakes and more canals all full of their own new wonders, and ever away in the distance on the starboard hand was the noise of the surf as it broke where the logs from the gulf rivers bristle in the milky sand. In late afternoon I came to a lagoon with a wooded island in it, and among the trees of the island, when they grew distinct from one another, I saw a man.

I bore down on him under sail, for there was a spanking breeze coming in from the sea, and when we were within hailing distance the boat grounded.

"Do you want to land here?" he shouted.

"I don't mind if I do."

"Then shove off again and drop down to the tail of the island and luff up sharp where you see a barked tree on the beach. There's no deep water until you come to there."

I did as he told me, put the boat's nose on a small beach of pebbles and waited, smoking. I waited half an hour maybe, and then he strolled up very leisurely with his thumbs in the waist belt of his trousers. I can't say he seemed overpleased to see me. He asked with point what I had come for.

I told him, and then said, "By the way, you're a varsity man, aren't you?"

"Yes, Oxford—the House. You are, too, I've a notion."

"From over the way—Pembroke."

"Well, if you've nothing better on, leave your boat and come up to my place. Sorry I didn't tumble to you at first, but then you don't look over respectable just now. Are you much down on your luck?"

"Oh, I'm not hunting alligators professionally. I'm here for amusement."

I concluded he was there because he had got into trouble with the law of the land elsewhere, but I did not suggest this because it is considered rude to touch upon family matters uninvited. But after a minute he broached the topic himself. "I'm here for amusement myself," he said. "I'm here permanently."

By this time we had got into a bit of a clearing inside the wall of trees—a patch of sorghum, another of sweet potatoes, another of corn with stalks that stood ten feet high, and a goodly planting of green tobacco plants, with shambling palmetto growth at the back.

"Faith," I said, "you've queer notions of a pleasure resort."

"I'm a man," he said, "with an imagination. Consequently I make a most comfortable hermit. Come in and take a hammock. Where's our eight on the river?"

I told him, and we went on hard at boating shop till the sun went out.

I began to have a strong idea that the man was mad, but I stopped my hunger on his victuals for all that, and then relit my pipe and went on with the talk.

From the other side of the clearing came the noises of the night—the chatter of katydids and rustle of jarflies, the love song of tree crickets and toads, the deep reed notes of frogs in their patches of marsh, and through all mingled the heavy diapason of the surf, from across the dunes, and the forest, and the black waters of the lake, mellowed by its passage through the purple night. I am the most practical and unpoetical creature in the world, as a general thing, but the influence of it was too heavy for me. I started on to chat again about the boats, and about women and yachts and books and the other interests of the outer world, but the things fell flat, and presently the talk died out of us altogether. We lay there, hung in silence and sensuously drinking in what the night gave up. We must have spent hours without throwing down a word.

Then Atcheson spoke. "That is my usual concert," he said. "One gets to like it."

I did not answer at once. I could not, although his words came clearly enough to my ears. A sort of mesmeric doze pinned me down.

When I managed to rouse, I felt angry with myself for weakness and spoke with a sneer. "You must find it mighty monotonous," I said.

"A mistake; an utter mistake. It is full of infinite variety; it never repeats itself, and I know, because I have listened to it now for three years, in calm, in cyclone, in every kind of night which God will give. It is his orchestra, but until the taste has grown one does not know this."

Another pause. Then, "Are you going to write about this Walden pond of yours?" I asked.

"I am no Thoreau with a pen. Besides, I am selfish and if I could set this down I would not. One man in ten thousand might understand, some wild fellow who had lived in the air with the things that grow in the air away from the pestilence of cities, and he would never lift a book, but the others would either yawn or deride and I take it this is no matter to be profaned. And yet there is nothing new in it at all; only the old things changed. I have rambled over the world and seen and tried most pleasures; the sounds here give it all back to me again, only here it is idealized."

The spell of the place was closing down again and pinning me. I roused myself with an effort and swore for relief. "Atcheson," I said, "I believe you are either the devil or Circe with a changed sex. Be merciful and speak no more and let me sleep. If I listen on, I shall forget the place from whence I am come and stay here and become as one of the swine."

"I am sorry," Atcheson said, "and because I do not want converts or companions I will say no more. Therefore sleep you."

* * * * * *

The miasma of the lotus was in my veins and I knew it and feared. I woke sullen and suspicious with the first lift of day and got down to my boat. Atcheson came after and cried a pleasant auf wiedersehen, and I answered with a scowl and threw out the sculls. I was very angry with myself and still more frightened. I had been in that kind of temptation before and knew what it was afterward to wish that I had fallen. Consequently I made up my mind to get back to the yacht without a halt and so put in a day of savage toil, and because the sun above burned like a kettle of molten brass and the air baked, the material pains of the body gave me other matters to think about. And when I made out the sloop's riding light dancing on her forestay I knew there was another antidote close at hand. The man with the sunburned legs was a very carnal and practical sort of person.

He received me affably. He fed me first with sumptuousness, referred to the decrease of his own affliction, and then told me that we and the oysterman no longer had the bayou to ourselves.

"The Van Sciaks have come in with their schooner," he said, "and they've a girl on board who says she knows you—a Miss Wilcoxn."

"Ah," I said, "I know her well enough. We used to see a goodish deal of one another once."

"If you mean that you were spoons on the lady," said the man with the sunburned legs, "I guess you'd better forget that. She's engaged to a Yankee man from Massachusetts now, a person with culture and dollars—heaps of dollars—about 10,000,000 of 'em, so I believe. And being anno ætatis suæ 28, she knows what is a soft thing and is not likely to chuck it up. Take off those rags and put on something respectable and we'll make the nigger scull us across. She said I was to bring you when you turned up."

"Not now. At present I am going to turn in to sleep. Probably I shall die in the course of the night. It will save me the trouble and pain of kicking myself if I do."

"Did you," said the man with the sunburned legs, "in the course of your wanderings find a place where they sold corn whisky? Oh, you're snoring already, are you? Surely it's drunk you are, my son, because otherwise you've come back very dotty. What rot to go and live like a hermit all by your lonesome."

* * * * * *

Miss Wilcoxn was a young woman with a great notion of having her own way. Had I known her less I should have tried to avoid speaking on a matter which I preferred to keep silence upon. Being acquainted, as we were, I did not bring out any futile stubbornness.

She wanted to know what there was to be seen in the lagoons and lakes, and I told her, with one reservation, but my tale did not quite hold water, and she twigged that there was something left out and demanded to hear what it was, whereupon I shrugged my shoulders helplessly and told her about Atcheson, chapter, commas and verse, merely lying in the solitary instance of a personal name.

"You say that he is a Christchurch man?" she demanded, when I had finished.

"Did I say so?"

"You did, and you mentioned also that he rowed against you at Henley's for the Stewards' and Ladies' plate. That fixes him. If you'd done me the compliment to remember, I was down there on a houseboat that year. And so, of course, his name isn't Foote at all?"

"Perhaps it's got changed," I admitted weakly. "Men's names do, you know, when they climb down the scale as he's done."

"Hum," she said, and pulled down a chart of the northern gulf coast from its cleat in the cabin roof. "Now show exactly where this hermit lives."

"The chart's all wrong. The place there isn't surveyed."

"Precisely. But you've been there, and you know the lay of it. Don't be shy. Your powers, my dear Mac, in that direction are notorious. Here's a pencil. Fill it in accurately and tell me the landmarks from the gulf side."

"If you go up there and see this fellow and sleep even one night in those swamps, you'll catch fever and die; also the mosquitoes and the sand flies will eat most of you before death comes. Don't be a fool. What more do you want to know about the man? Stay here, and I will tell you."

"My excellent Mac, I have pumped you dry. For the rest I must see him myself. And I shall not die of fever, because I shall get this yacht to take me around to the outside and go from there, and so not have to spend a night ashore at all. Nor will the insects of the swamp devour me, because I own a wide brimmed hat and a large and most excellent veil."

In an hour's time the two yachts were standing out board and board over the bar which guards the entrance to Bayou Bon Secours. There was a romping breeze from the nor'ard, and we sped at eight knots past the low shore, where only the tree stems show above the water. Then we slipped out through the channel between Dauphin island and Fort Morgan, and lifted to the swing of the outer sea, running east along the gulf coast.

Of course Miss Wilcoxn did go to see Atcheson. I took her to the island myself, through an intolerable maze of lakes and waterways, and told the Van Sciaks that we hoped to slay alligators by daylight, which is probably the baldest excuse a grown man with a pretty invention ever made. But I will give the girl credit for one thing—she didn't stay talking to the fellow for more than ten minutes. What she said to him I don't know, because my instructions were to stay by the boat and see that it didn't drift away. But when she came back and we rowed off she found cause to comment that Atcheson was a curious handful.

"I told you that before," I said. "Now you've learned it for yourself, I trust you're satisfied?"

"I am entirely, Mac. I hope you are too."

But when I got back to town, and to my vast astonishment saw Atcheson there, then a light began to dawn upon me. He was marching down Pall Mall as large as life and very resplendent. He had on a frock coat down to his heels, the last gift of the gods in the way of hat and tie, and a new reaped chin, which stood out refreshingly white against the rest of his countenance. He shook me by the hand and said I was a great man. Then we went into a club and talked for several hours without a stop, and he explained to me how a hermit cannot hermitize unless he has a disease vulgarly known as the "hump."

"It's enjoyable enough while you have that," said Atcheson, "but when the hump goes the bottom's knocked out of the hermit business altogether. What a filthy, squalid brute I must have been all that time."

"But you liked it well enough?"

"I believe I did, in my morbid way. But it's over and done with now, thank heaven, and 'I'm going to marry Yum-Yum, Yum-Yum, your anger pray tarry'— Oh, bother, I've forgotten the words. Jove! I shall have a lot to pick up again."

"That's a fact," I said. "Ordinary sanity, among other things. And so you're going to marry Mary Wilcoxn, after all?"

"It's a sure thing. Of course her people were mad, because I'm not very well off, don't you know, and the other Johnnie's people are mad, too, at his being cut out. But you're the person they can't get over. It's you they were wild at principally. They will persist in it that you were at the bottom of the whole thing. Isn't it delightfully funny?"

I didn't think it funny at all. I make quite sufficient enemies off my own bat for personal consumption. And besides, as I have said, if the other fool hadn't got his legs sunburned, I shouldn't have gone off solus in the yawlboat and meddled with Atcheson at all.—C. J. Cutcliffe Hyne in Chambers' Journal.

State Chemist, California:

The ROYAL fulfils all the requirements. Our tests show it has greater leavening power than any other.

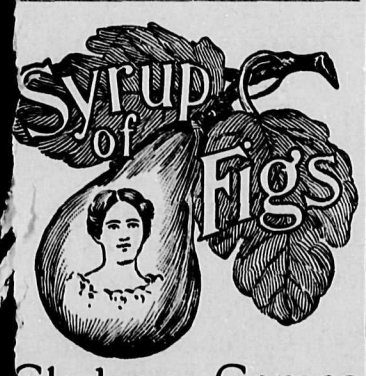
About Stationery.

Every girl should practice writing on paper that is not ruled, for the finest note paper is without lines. There is nothing about which a woman of refinement is more particular than her stationery. In spite of the beautiful shades varying from pale cream to deep purple, the usage of the best society remains the same year after year—namely, plain, thick, white paper for formal correspondence. A delicately scented sachet should be kept in the portfolio with the paper.

Black ink is usually preferred, though alike gay colored paper, colored inks are not rejected as being bad taste.

The choice of pens lies with the writer. Teachers will tell you, however, that you are more apt to blot with a large pen. The writer's advice is to practice with a business pen, for by that means alone can freedom in penmanship be obtained. A fine pen requires a thin penholder, and, as every one who has done much writing knows, a short or thin penholder cramps the hand.—Margaret Compton in Brooklyn Eagle.

A woman should be chary with her kisses and caresses, even to her husband. We get tired even of canvas-back duck if we have it every day.



Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills, which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge, that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, laxatives or other remedies are then not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, we should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

ECZEMA From early childhood until I was grown my family spent a fortune trying to cure me of this disease. I visited Hot Springs and was treated by the best medical men, but was not benefited. When all things had failed I determined to try S.S.S. and in four months was entirely cured. The terrible eczema was gone, not a sign of it left. My general health built up, and I have never had any return of the disease. **FROM CHILDHOOD**

I have often recommended S.S.S. and have never yet known a failure to cure.

GEO. W. IRWIN, Irwin, Pa.

SSS Never fails to cure, even when all other remedies have. Our treatise on blood and skin diseases mailed free to any address.

SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

The Voice of a Child.

Professor Drummond tells the story of a little girl who once said to her father: "Papa, I want you to say something to God for me, something I want to tell him very much. I have such a little voice that I don't think he could hear it way up in heaven, but you have a great big man's voice, and he will be sure to hear you." The father took his little girl in his arms and told her that, even though God were at that moment surrounded by all his holy angels, sounding on their golden harps and singing to him one of the grandest and sweetest songs of praise ever was heard in heaven, he was sure that he would say to them: "Hush! Stop the singing for a little while. There's a little girl away down on the earth who wants to whisper something in my ear."

Gertrude Hopkins.

Miss Gertrude Hopkins of Cleveland was recently appointed official stenographer of the Cuyahoga county common pleas court. She has been engaged in stenography and typewriting for four years. She has reported a number of important cases in the courts and has earned the reputation of being one of the most proficient stenographers in the county, especially at court work. Miss Hopkins is described as a pretty and accomplished young woman, who keeps house in a cozy little home for two younger sisters and a little brother, their parents being dead.

Margaret Seymour Hall.

Miss Margaret Seymour Hall, daughter of the late Rev. Dr. Charles Hall, the venerable rector of Trinity church, Brooklyn, has inherited her father's literary talent. She is an indefatigable worker, particularly fond of the study afforded by travel and of utilizing the impressions and knowledge thereby gained. Miss Hall is New York correspondent of a Hebrew newspaper, the only one of its kind published in the Holy Land. It is named The Hind—the ancient name of Palestine.

CONSUMPTION CURED

AN ABSOLUTE REMEDY FOR ALL PULMONARY COMPLAINTS.

T. A. Slocum offers to Send Two Bottles Free of His Remedy to Cure Consumption and All Lung Troubles —An Elixir of Life.

Nothing could be fairer, more philanthropic or carry more joy in its wake than the offer of T. A. Slocum, M. C., of 183 Pear. street, New York. Perfectly confident that he has an absolute remedy for the cure of consumption and all pulmonary complaints, he offers through this paper to send two bottles free to any reader who is suffering from lung trouble or consumption, also loss of flesh and all conditions of wasting. He invites those desirous of obtaining this remedy to send their express and postoffice address, and to receive in return the two bottles free, which will arrest the approach of death. Already this remedy, by its timely use, has permanently cured thousands of cases which were given up, and death was looked upon as an early visitor.

Knowing his remedy as he does, and being so proof-positive of its beneficent results, Dr. Slocum considers it his religious duty, a duty which he owes to humanity, to donate his infallible remedy where it will assault the enemy in its cidatel, and, by its inherent potency, stay the current of dissolution, bringing joy to homes over which the shadow of the grave has been gradually growing more strongly defined, causing fond hearts to grieve. The cheapness of the remedy—offered freely—apart from its inherent strength, is enough to commend it, and more so is the perfect confidence of the great chemist making the offer, who holds out life to those already becoming emaciated, and says: "Be cured."

The invitation is certainly worthy of the consideration of the afflicted, who for years, have been taking nauseous nostrums without effect; who have ostracised themselves from home and friends to live in more salubrious climes, where the atmosphere is more congenial to weakened lungs, and who have fought against death with all the weapons and strength in their hands. There will be no mistake in sending for these free bottles—the mistake will be in passing the invitation by.

Mr. Wallace—Is your sister Alice an obliging girl? Willie—Obliging ain't no name for it. She's all the time obliging me to do what I don't like.

OFFICE OF
BLACKWELL'S DURHAM TOBACCO COMPANY.
DURHAM, N. C.

To ALL Merchants Who Retail TOBACCO.

Dear Sir:

You are entitled to receive FREE from your wholesale dealer, WHITE STAR SOAP with all the **Blackwell's Genuine Durham Smoking Tobacco** you buy. One bar of soap Free with each pound, whether 16 oz., 8 oz., 4 oz., or 2 oz., packages.

We have notified every wholesale dealer in the United States that we will supply them with soap to give you FREE. Order a good supply of GENUINE DURHAM at once, and insist on getting your soap. One bar of Soap FREE with each pound you buy. Soap is offered for a limited time, so order to-day. Yours very truly,

BLACKWELL'S DURHAM TOBACCO COMPANY.

If you have any difficulty in procuring your soap, cut out this notice and send it with your order to your wholesale dealer.

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

THE A. T. C. CLUB.

It Is an Organization of Brooklyn Boys Who Are Animal Trainers.

How many readers will be able to guess what the A. T. C. means? Guess again! Oh, well, it is a hopeless case. You will never be able to guess the right answer, so you might as well be told first as last. The A. T. C. is the Animal Training club, and its members are little Brooklyn boys who have an assortment of animals as pets. These boys agreed to teach their pets a number of tricks and to meet and confer with one another and exchange experiences. As all of the boys are near neighbors, it was not much trouble for them to congregate in the back yard of one of the members and there hold teachers' conventions.

There is one peculiarity about the Animal Training club, and that is that every member is an officer. There are the president, vice president, secretary,

treasurer and a number of subordinate officers not usually thought of by the formers of clubs. The term of office is not very long—only two months. The membership dues are 5 cents a week, which is used in giving entertainments for the club and such guests as it invites. In the picture printed here you may view all the members of the club. The picture was taken by a young amateur photographer, Charlie Anderson, the brother of Willie Anderson, who educated two turtles.

Harry Rose and his brother, Waldemar Rose, who live at 146 Lefferts place, Brooklyn, have three rabbits, one canary bird, five turtles, two cats and a silver fish. Of these pets the silver fish and the cats proved to be the most difficult to educate. About the extent of education that a silver fish is capable of is to come up to the top of the water and get a fly. Birds can be taught all sorts of tricks if they are handled when they are quite young.—New York Recorder.

Wynken, Blynken and Nod.

Wynken, Blynken and Nod one night
Sailed off in a wooden shoe—
Sailed on a river of misty light
Into a sea of dew.
"Where are you going, and what do you wish?"
The old man asked the three.
"We have come to fish for the herring fish
That live in the beautiful sea.
Nets of silver and gold have we,"
Said Wynken,
Blynken
And Nod.

The old moon laughed and sang a song
As they rocked in the wooden shoe,
And the wind that sped them all night long
Ruffled the waves of dew.
The little stars were the herring fish
That lived in that beautiful sea.
"Now cast your nets wherever you wish,
But never afeared are we"—
So cried the stars to the fishermen three,
Wynken,
Blynken
And Nod.

All night long their nets they threw
For the fish in the twinkling foam.
Then down from the sky came the wooden shoe,
Bringing the fishermen home.
'Twas all so pretty a sail it seemed
As if it could not be,
And some folks thought 'twas a dream they'd dreamed
Of sailing that beautiful sea.
But I shall name you the fishermen three—
Wynken,
Blynken
And Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
And Nod is a little head,
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
Is a wee one's trundle bed.
So shut your eyes while mother sings
Of the wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the beautiful things
As you rock in the misty sea
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three—
Wynken,
Blynken
And Nod.

—Eugene Field.

Bothered the Little Princess.

One of the little English princesses, the young daughter of the Princess of Battenberg, and a granddaughter therefore of the queen of England, was perplexed recently, as any little girl might have been. Like all small princesses, she has begun the study of European languages early, and already speaks French and German with considerable fluency. But the other day when her patient governess began to teach her some Italian phrases her royal highness very nearly struck. "Grandmamma makes me say, 'Thank you,' when she gives me anything,' she exclaimed, "and father, 'Ich danke Ihnen.' Then you used to tell me to say 'Merci,' and now it's something else! What a lot of different ways there must be of talking!'

Table Football.

A good table game that is easy to contrive does not need much preparation. Get a large cloth on which you can mark with chalk, or if you prefer you can stitch the lines with red cotton. The boys will tell you if you do not know how to lay out the football field. The ball is an egg that has been blown. A hen's egg is generally used, but a robin's egg is better. It is not kicked, but blown from point to point. There is not much danger to the combatant, but a new ball has to be provided for almost every match. Touch downs and five yard limits are not possible, but the general rules for football may be observed.

How Women Hide Their Jewels.

The average woman carries her treasures in a small leather bag slipped inside her corset, but this is out of the question with women who own from $50,000 to $500,000 worth of jewels. Not only would the load be cumbersome, but it would be injurious. Any continued pressure of clothes or bone against a woman's bosom is hurtful, but the burden of gold and stones would undoubtedly create cancer. A physician whom I queried on the subject said he had instituted a crusade against the habit. A woman's breast, he remarked, was one of the most sensitive spots to cancerous growth; therefore the slightest pressure there should be avoided.

A well known actress who owns a few dozens of diamonds has had several little bags made that are fastened with safety pins along the lines of her stocking supporters These supporters consist of four strong silk elastic straps, depending from a small satin belt which she fastens securely about her waist, giving it additional safety by doubly pinning it to her corsets. So down the straps, which are kept taut by the stockings, are fastened these little jewel cases. She says they do not interfere at all with her walking; but, as she is a poor pedestrienne, it would scarcely do to take her word for it.—Chicago Tribune.

An Agricultural Peer.

The Earl of Winchelsea is best known to the English public by the great interest he takes in matters agricultural. His interest in birds has led him to make many expeditions, some of which have extended as far as Egypt, and to risk his life at the end of a rope many scores of times on the west coast of Scotland. He has the finest collection of eagles' eggs in England. The earl is also keenly interested in pet animals of different kinds, and he used to walk about the park at his ancestral Haverholme accompanied by a lioness.

POT BOILING.

From the running of the maple trough in the Spring to the boiling of the apple butter pot in the fall, and all the household boiling between times, there are a thousand chances of very severe scalds and burns. In all household work, winter and summer, in great factories and in nurseries, where careless children play with matches, there is need of something to be always on hand in such emergencies, and St. Jacobs Oil fills that want to the letter. With careful attention to directions for use, there is nothing more soothing, healing and curative than this great remedy for pain. It cures promptly, and, making a new surface, leaves no scars. The pain of scalds or burns is acute and torturing, and the relief by the use of the Oil is immediate and sure.

Hark, the springtime poets sing;
"I have seen the bluebird's wing;"
Yes—the wretch—but what of that?
On his sweetheart's winter hat.
—Louisville Courier Journal.

FAIR AND FRUITFUL

As the West is, it is often malarious. But it is pleasant to know that a competent safeguard in the shape of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters exists, which absolutely nullifies the poison of miasma. Western bound emigrants should bear this in mind. Nor should it be forgotten, the Bitters is a sterling remedy for dyspepsia, biliousness constipation, kidney and nervous complaints and rheumatism.

An event: She—You should have been at church Sunday. The minister preached such an interesting sermon. He—Indeed? She—Yes you know it was his debut as a heritic.—Puck

BEWARE OF OINTMENTS FOR CATARRH THAT CONTAIN MERCURY,

As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by druggists, price 75c per bottle.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

FITS.—All fits stopped free by **Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer.** No fits after the first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

We will forfeit $1,000 if any of our published testimonials are proven to be not genuine. THE PISO CO., Warren, Pa.

TRY GERMEA for breakfast.

Nervous

People find just the help they so much need, in Hood's Sarsaparilla. It furnishes the desired strength by purifying, vitalizing and enriching the blood, and thus builds up the nerves, tones the stomach and regulates the whole system. Read this:

"I want to praise Hood's Sarsaparilla. My health run down, and I had the grip. After that, my heart and nervous system were badly affected, so that I could not do my own work. Our physician gave me some help, but did not cure. I decided to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. Soon I could do all my own housework. I have taken

Cured

Hood's Pills with Hood's Sarsaparilla, and they have done me much good. I will not be without them. I have taken 13 bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and through the blessing of God, it has cured me. I worked as hard as ever the past summer, and I am thankful to say I am well. Hood's Pills when taken with Hood's Sarsaparilla help very much." MRS. M. M. MESSENGER, Freehold, Penn.

This and many other cures prove that

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. $1. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills act easily, promptly and effectively. 25 cents.

SURE CURE FOR PILES

Itching and Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles yield at once to **DR. BO-SAN-KO'S PILE REMEDY.** Stops Itching, absorbs tumors. A positive cure. Circulars sent free. Price 50c. Druggists or mail. DR. BOSANKO, Phila., Pa.

BANK PRESIDENT BEALS.

The Great Financier Found Health in Paine's Celery Compound.

Prominent among the New England men whose brains and energy have helped to make the western states rich and powerful is General David T. Beals, president of the Union national bank of Kansas City. Successful in his many enterprises, he lives today in a fine mansion at the corner of Independence and Wabash aves.

The work and the responsibility incumbent upon the president of so important a banking institution as the Union national would endanger the sturdiest health. Gen. Beals' clear-headedness and good sense were as manifest in the choice of a remedy as in his business enterprises. He strengthened his tired nervous system by the use of Paine's celery compound. Its invigorating, health-giving effects justified his expectations, and showed in his own case the remarkable power of this much-discussed remedy for thoroughly restoring and strengthening the "run-down" system.

"I found Paine's celery compound an agreeable tonic and soothing to the nerves," says General Beals.

These are the concise words of commendation characteristic of the conservative business man and the influential banker, who has learned to weigh well his words.

The scanty sunlight and the stagnant, used-up air of living rooms during the winter reduces the strength and nervous energy, especially of persons employed constantly indoors. The need—the absolute necessity—of a genuine ingivorator at this spring season has impressed itself on the attention of all thinking people.

In the famous laboratory of Dartmouth Medical School, Prof. Edward E. Phelps, M. D., LL. D, discovered the formula of Paine's celery compound, a remedy that has become the standard nerve restorer, blood purifier, and strengthener from one end of the country to the other, a preparation that stands unrivalled as the medicine that makes people well.

It is a fact much commented upon that men and women of national reputation and prominence, like Gen. Beals, State Treas. Colvin of New York, Mr. Carlisle's private secretary, Mayor McShane of Montreal, Rev. Fr. Ouellet, Com. Howell, ex-Minister to Austria John M. Francis, and a host of others who are careful what they employ when sick, and have the amplest opportunities for finding out what is best, have of their own accord sent letters describing fully their permanent recovery from rheumatism, heart weakness, sleeplessness, debility, kidney trouble, and diseases of the stomach and liver. In all these cases Paine's celery compound was the remedy that was able to completely and permanently bring back health, make poor blood again rich and pure, and regulate and build up the nervous system when weakened and deranged.

CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH, RED CROSS **PENNYROYAL PILLS** DIAMOND BRAND

THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE. The only Safe, Sure, and reliable Pill for sale. Ladies, ask Druggist for Chichester's English Diamond Brand in Red and Gold metallic boxes sealed with blue ribbon. Take no other kind. Refuse Substitutions and Imitations. All pills in pasteboard boxes, pink wrappers, are dangerous counterfeits. At Druggists, or send us 4c. in stamps for particulars, testimonials, and "Relief for Ladies," in letter, by return Mail. 10,000 Testimonials. Name Paper. Sold by all Local Druggists.
CHICHESTER CHEMICAL CO., 2821 Madison Sq., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

WOMAN FOR YOU

The very remarkable and certain relief given woman by MOORE'S REVEALED REMEDY has given it the name of Woman's Friend. It is uniformly successful in relieving the backaches, headaches and weakness which burden and shorten a woman's life. Thousands of women testify for it. It will give health and strength and make life a pleasure. For sale by all druggists. BLUMAUER-FRANK DRUG CO., PORTLAND, Agents.

SAW MILL, FLOUR MILL, MINING, MARINE, WARE-HOUSE MACHINERY AT FIRST COST... BY CORRESPONDING WITH **THE WILLAMETTE IRON WORKS** PORTLAND, OREGON

Now Plain William McKinley.

A business letter from ex-Governor McKinley to a gentleman in Columbus, O., bears the simple imprint, "William McKinley, Canton, O." It is understood that he will not engage in the practice of law or any other occupation for the present, and will have no other office than his study in his residence. Ex-Governor McKinley recently said he intended to employ no secretary, and would have no need of one at Canton.—Chicago Times-Herald.

That Ubiquitous People.

The president of the Boers once said, "You may protect yourself against the cold air with weather strips, but there is no protection against English infiltration." The remark probably holds good if America is excepted.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

The Unscrupulous Merchant

who tries to make you believe some other skirt binding is as good as

S·H·&M· REGISTERED TRADE MARK.

Bias Velveteen Skirt Binding

should be taught a lesson—buy it elsewhere.

Look for "S. H. & M.," *on the Label,* and take no other.

If your dealer will not supply you we will.

Send for samples showing labels and materials, to the S. H. & M. Co., P. O. Box 699, New York City.

FOR PEOPLE THAT ARE SICK or "Just Don't Feel Well," DR. GUNN'S IMPROVED **LIVER PILLS** are the One Thing to use. Only One for a Dose. Sold by Druggists at 25c. a box. Samples mailed free. Address Dr. Bosanko Med. Co. Phila. Pa.

Is this what ails you?

Have you a feeling of weight in the Stomach—Bloating after eating—Belching of Wind—Vomiting of Food—Waterbrash—Heartburn—Bad Taste in the Mouth in the Morning—Palpitation of the Heart, due to Distension of Stomach—Cankered Mouth—Gas in the Bowels—Loss of Flesh—Fickle Appetite—Depressed, Irritable Condition of the Mind—Dizziness—Headache—Constipation or Diarrhœa?

Then you have

DYSPEPSIA

in one of its many forms. The one positive cure for this distressing complaint is

Acker's Dyspepsia Tablets,

by mail, prepaid, on receipt of 25 cents

CHARLES RAMSEY, Hotel Imperial, New York, says: "I suffered horribly from dyspepsia, but Acker's Tablets, taken after meals, have cured me."

ACKER MEDICINE CO., 10 & 18 Chambers St., N.Y.

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

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

N. P. N. U. No. 647—S. F. N. U. No. 724

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SATURDAY NIGHT, - - - - JUNE 8, 1895.

In Union There Is Strength.

Mr. McInnes returned from Comox and Union last Friday accompanied by the senator, who has been canvassing the upper districts for the past ten days. Successful meetings were held on Denman Island, Courtenay and Union. At Courtenay the assembly was the largest ever held in the valley and throughout was sympathetic and enthusiastic. Mr. J. B. Holmes took the chair and in complimentary terms introduced the candidate, who was received with marked approval. His remarks were well received and made a deep impression on those present. Senator McInnes addressed his remarks especially to the farmers present, and evidently succeeded in removing the slanders circulated by the government supporters against the Liberal trade policy. The meeting broke up with cheers for Laurier and McInnes.

At Union the meeting was in Piket's hall, which was crowded to overflowing. Dr. Lawrence took the chair. The candidate here was also well received, and when he proceeded to deal with the Chinese question especially the expressions of approval from the audience were enthusiastic in the extreme. Senator McInnes also addressed the meeting, after which several questions were put to the candidate and satisfactorily answered. The meeting broke up at 12:10 a.m., with cheers for the candidate. Throughout these districts our candidate met with a splendid reception, both in private and public, and the pledges of support were numerous, and in many cases were whispered from the most unlikely sources.

Mr. Laurier's Principle.

The following is Mr. Laurier's declaration against sectarianism in politics which called down the wrath of Bishop Lafleche, who ordered his parishioners, under pain of grievous sin, to support the Government candidate:

So long as I occupy a seat in this House, so long as I fill the post I now do, on every occasion when it shall be my duty to take a stand upon any question whatever, that stand I shall not take from the point of view of Catholicism, not from the point of view of Protestantism, but I will be guided by motives which appeal to the consciences of all men independent of their faith, motives which animate all men loving justice, liberty and tolerance.

Of this declaration the Hamilton Herald says:

This is a noble, a statesmanlike utterance. It is a declaration of freedom of thought and action. It is a broad, tolerant, righteous deliverance. If all Mr. Laurier's utterances were as bold and clear as this trumpet-toned defiance to bigotry and sectionalism, he would be the idol of the Canadian people and the ideal of Canadian manhood. One would think that such an utterance would move a responsive chord in every generous soul in this country.

It was a hot-headed clerical champion of James G. Blaine who, fulminating from the pulpit against "Rum, Romanism and Rebellion," did more than any other one man to bring about Blaine's defeat in a presidential election; and it may turn out that Sir Charles Tupper will have cause to regret the incautious attack on Mr. Laurier which has been made by the Bishop of Three Rivers.

In the course of an address before the Methodist ministers in Chicago, the Rev. W. W. Painter said: "Grasping capitalists who flourish by crushing out competition and depriving thousands of an opportunity to make an honorable and comfortable living take a portion of their surplus and devote it to great institutions, already rich in resources, and the praises of these givers are sung throughout the land. Some of these noted men are millionaires because they have withheld from the great company of their employes a portion of what their services were worth, as well as what they need to provide the absolute necessaries of life. Some of these donors of hundreds of thousands and millions are giving away that which does not belong to them, and deserve no credit for their apparent generosity. Honest wages for honest work is a thousand times better than dispensing charity to those who have failed to receive their just dues. To rob Peter to pay Paul is far from the divine idea of honesty."

As a railroad corporation could obtain no original rights without permission of the state, by what logic can it be denied that the state has lost its power to regulate and abolish the wrongs and abuses enforced by such corporation? The tendency of public opinion is to control absolutely the conduct of chartered franchises, and although the movement is of slow progress, the day will come when relief will be assured.—*Typographical Journal.*

A CLEAR RECORD.

What Mr. Haslam Has Done for This District at Ottawa.

KASLO

WILL OUTSTRIP

ROSSLAND.

More Money in Silver and Lead at the back of

KASLO

Than Gold at the Back of

Rossland.

MONEY MAKES TOWNS.

ROSSLAND'S POPULATION

Twelve months ago 150
To-day - - - 3,500

And estimated to reach
10,000
Within 12 months from date

BUT
Rossland lots are worth
$1000 to $6000
And out of your reach as a speculation;

WHEREAS

I will sell you good

KASLO

INSIDE CITY LOTS
At $150 to $200.
Easy Terms.
Other good lots from $50 to $150

These prices are an advance on last quotations, but

KASLO

Is beginning to go ahead in good shape.

If you buy now you WILL make big money. I should like to see more in Nanaimo interested, as IT IS A GENUINE, GOOD INVESTMENT that I can recommend to my clients and others.

The reader of this must acknowledge I am right, and I will give you an easy, square deal to suit the times. Business is improving all along the line

THOMAS KITCHIN.

Mining Exchange Department.

Shares in various mines for sale from 10c. up. Also, one-half and one-fourth interests in some of the best claims on the Island for sale at reasonable prices.

AN OPINION CHANGED.

We have come to the conclusion that business must be done for CASH, and consequently are offering you the most startling bargains ever announced in Nanaimo, as the following prices will clearly show:

Suits that were		$45.00	are now		$36.00
"	"	" 42.00	"	"	33.00
"	"	" 40.00	"	"	31.00
"	"	" 35.00	"	"	28.00
"	"	" 30.00	"	"	23.00
"	"	" 27.00	"	"	17.50
"	"	" 25.00	"	"	16.50

The Largest Range of Goods in the City to Select From.

JAS. A. CALDWELL,

Cash Tailor, -:- Commercial Street.

The Most Complete Stock
—OF—
Gents' Furnishings
IN THE CITY, AT
Jas. McGregor's
Victoria Crescent.

OUR STOCK OF
GROCERIES
Cannot be surpassed in the City. We keep a special line of
Choice Teas and Coffee,
Canned Fruits, Etc.

OUR PRICES ARE LOW AND THE QUALITY OF OUR GOODS EXCELLENT

Don't go elsewhere until you have tried
-:- THE ARCADE -:-
Where they Defy all Competition.
J. H. McMILLAN,
15 Victoria Crescent.

RE-OPENING
The Globe Hotel
FRONT STREET,

Has been renovated and re-furnished, and is now conducted as a first-class hotel.

MR. ALBERT RAUCH can be found as mixologist.

Superior accommodation is provided for the public.

P. O. Box 225. Telephone 7-9.

Nanaimo Meat Market,
VICTORIA CRESCENT,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in all kinds of
-:- Fresh and Salt Meats, Sausages, Etc.

Meats Delivered—
To any part of the City free of charge.
Special Attention paid to Shipping Orders.
A Trial Solicited.
M. LEBERRY & CO.

Arlington Hotel.
MR. J. A. THOMPSON

Having completed the erection of the Arlington Hotel at NANOOSE BAY, this handsome and commodious hotel is now prepared to receive and comfortably entertain travelers and others.

THE CUISINE

Is presided over by Mrs. Thompson, and the Table d'Hote constantly provided with all the delicacies of the season. Combined with the elegant furnished apartments, the visitor finds the surroundings of the most pleasant description.

FISH AND GAME.
MARKET, BASTION STREET.

Steamers and Shipping supplied on short notice at Wholesale Prices.

People who Appreciate
PURE DRUGS
Have their prescriptions dispensed at
PIMBURY'S DRUG STORE.
Their Prices are Right. Telephone 3.

BEST VALUE IN
PHOTOS
AT BROOKS', 50 VICTORIA CRESCENT Nanaimo, B. C.

PIONEER
Carbonating and Bottling WORKS.
MITCHELL & RUMMING, Proprietors.

Manufacturers of Lemonade, Ginger Ale, Sarsaparilla, Ciders, Etc.

TRY OUR GINGER BEER.

All Orders Promptly Attended To.

Telephone 20. P. O. Box 90.

IF YOU WANT A TREAT
—TRY—
Okell & Morris' Pure Preserves
Prepared from Choice B. C. Fruits and B. C. Sugar.
They are the Purest and Best.
SOLD BY ALL GROCERS.

Notice to Ladies.

I AM AGENT for Nanaimo and Districts for the New and Perfect Carter's Tailors' System. This system is up to date; a perfect ladies' system; is without a rival and easy to learn; is noted for its graceful lines and elegant forms; it is not an experiment but a development. I can also teach how to use this system, and also all kinds of Dressmaking executed in first-class style. Prices to suit the times. Address,

Margaret M. Macdonald,
No. 69 Haliburton Street,
D. S. Macdonald's Store.

THE BEST —:— IS THE CHEAPEST
The Nanaimo Bakery Excels
SMART & THORNE,
The Popular Bakers.

ICE CREAM
Will be in season after Sunday, and you should not fail to get the richest and best flavored, for which you must call at
Excelsior Bakery.

"CRITERION"
Restaurant and Chop House
COMMERCIAL STREET.

Oysters in every style.
Meals, 25c. and upwards.
Good Beds, 25c. and upwards.
Spring Chicken always on hand.

Try Philpott's Tomato Catsup
25c. and 50c. per Bottle.

We Never Sleep. Open Day and Night.

Cuban Cigar Factory.
Our Cigars are made of the Choicest Havana Tobaccos. Our famous
Cuban Blossom AND Black Diamond
Are called for everywhere, and are superior to any imported cigar. Made by Union Labor.
M. J. BOOTH, Wharf Street.

C. C. McKENZIE,
Land Agent and Conveyancer,
AND ACCOUNTANT.
OFFICE: FRONT STREET, NANAIMO.
Town Lots and Farms for Sale. Money to Loan on Mortgage at low rates.
Agent for the United Fire Insurance Company of Manchester, England.

PEOPLE PAY POSTAGE.

Government Use the Mails for Campaign Literature.

Ottawa, June 5—The government are circulating Bishop Lafleche's sermon as campaign literature. Over 100,000 were published in Quebec Province.

At the last session of parliament a bill extending the time of the charter of the Chignecto marine railway was not passed, but since then an order-in-council has been passed, and approved by His Excellency, extending the time of the charter until 1898. This statement is made on the authority of Hon. Mr. Dickey, minister of justice.

The financial statement, which is prepared by the finance department, will show that the deficit of the year ending 30th June, will be nearly $1,250,000, instead of a surplus as predicted by Hon. Mr. Foster.

Prince Albert, June 4.—Captain Craig, of Wingford, has announced his intention of contesting the pending election in Saskatchewan as an independent Conservative candidate. Captain Craig declined to allow his name to go before the Conservative convention which accordingly chose James McKay, who is the regular nominee of the "straight" Conservative party in Saskatchewan.

Winnipeg, June 4.—Last evening the Free Press received the following telegram from Mr. Morrow, Patron candidate in Lisgar:

"Owing to the disorganized state of the Patrons of Industry and the lack of promised financial assistance, and not being able to personally bear the necessary expense of a contest in so large a constituency as Lisgar, I have decided, after consulting my numerous friends throughout the division, to withdraw from the contest in Lisgar. (Signed.) James Morrow."

An important batch of militia orders were issued yesterday. The relative rank of medical and veterinary surgeons has been abolished and the brevet and honorary rank of the different officers revised. Paymasters have been restored to the list of the regimental establishments. The imperial cavalry drill of 1896 will supersede the drill of 1885, hitherto in use. The duties of inspectors of cavalry and infantry are defined under to-day's orders.

The department of railways and canals has on exhibition the plans for the proposed enlargement of the Eastern or Iroquois division of the Galops canal. The estimated cost of the work is $1,750,000.

Baroness Macdonald, of Earnscliffe, leaves for Kingston to-morrow to be present at the anniversary service at Cataraqui cemetery on Sunday, that being the fifth anniversary of Sir John Macdonald's death. Then she will proceed to Toronto, Winnipeg and Banff.

GERMANY COLONY IN SAMOA.

Assisting the Pretender Tamasese—Mrs. Stevenson's Intention.

Samoa, May 30, per steamer Alameda to San Francisco, June 5.—Just now, if appearances go for any thing, an attempt is being made by the Germans here to assist the present pretender Tamasese as they did his father some years ago, thus having a puppet upon the throne of Samoa. The Tamasese party has lately been making a demonstration of defiance, and it is very doubtful if the trouble can be kept off much longer.

Mrs. Robt. Louis Stevenson, accompanied by her son Lloyd Osbourne, arrived here last week, and purposes remaining for two years, during which time, it is said, she will devote her attention to Mr. Stevenson's unfinished works.

THEY WANT MORE MONEY.

For the Relief of Half a Million Starving Armenians.

Chicago, June 5.—S. M. Moore, chairman of the Chicago Armenian relief committee, is now in Constattinople, where he met his daughter, Mrs. President Gates, of Harpoot. He cables the committee as follows: "Relief must be continued until the fall. Large contributions must come, or half a million people will starve."

RUSSIAN ART EXHIBITION.

To Be Opened After the Coronation Festivities are Over.

Washington, D. C., June 5.—Advices received at the Russian legation here are that after the closing of the coronation festivities there will be opened, on the 9th of June, an exhibition of Russian art and manufactures at Nizini Novgorod.

SOUNDING BRASS RELIGION.

Col. Hadley and Friends Find New Means for Notoriety.

New York, June 5—The United States Church Army, a body like the Salvation Army, has been founded in this city. Col. Hadley commands it, and ex-Postmaster Gen. Thos. T. James is treasurer. They have leased a building on Lexington avenue, which, on the return of Col. Hadley from Europe, will be used as a training school. Like schools will be established in the slums. Col. Hadley sails for Europe Saturday. From July 15th to September 7th the army will centre its wrok at Ashbury ark. The officers will be attired in a uniform of bright blue with silver, gold and black trimmings.

Kansas City, Mo., June 5.—Kansas City has produced a claimant for the estate of the late Mrs. Stokes-Stetson, whose recent death at Boston son after the death of her husband, the millionaire theatrical manager, was widely chronicled. The contestant is Mrs. Catherine Shirley, who has lived here for a year, and whose husband, from whom she is separated, is a resident of Chicago. According to Mrs. Shirley's story, she is Kate Stetson's daughter.

Chicago, June 5.—Joseph Windrath was hanged shortly after noon to-day. Windrath was executed for the murder and robbery of Carrie B. Birch, money receiver at Armitage avenue station of the West Chicago street railway company.

DEMANDS INDEMNITY.

For Attack by the Chinese Upon German Officers.

London, June 5.—A special dispatch from Shanghai says that in consequence of the indignities to which German officers have been subjected recently by the Chinese soldiers whom they were detailed to train, ending in the murder of one of the Germans by the bodyguard of the Viceroy of Nankin, many of these officers have left Nankin. A German warship has arrived there and demanded a heavy indemnity for the attack made by the Chinese upon the German officers. The attacks, according to the dispatch, are believed to be part of a scheme to drive out the Germans and place the Chinese army under Russian control.

Miss Francis Willard and Lady Henry Somerset are greatly pleased with the work concluded by the English Women's Temperance Association yesterday evening. The following have been elected delegates to attend the meeting of the Women's Christian Temperance Union at St. Louis, in November next: Lady Henry Somerset, Mesdames Hughes and Ward Poole, and Misses Agnes Weston, Agnes Stack and Mary Phillips.

Berlin, June 5.—There was a terrible panic yesterday on an excursion steamer on Gremmener lake. Some 250 pupils of the public school were on board. When the centre of the lake had been reached the engineer appeared on deck. "Teachers and children," he said, "say your last prayer, as I intend to blow up the steamer." He would do it, he declared, to revenge himself on the boat's master. A frightful panic prevailed, and the members of the crew threw themselves on him and bound him with ropes. An investigation showed that the villain had so fixed the engine that an explosion was imminent. Boats were immediately lowered and screaming children hurried into them. Many children leaped into the water, but boats arrived from shore and everyone was rescued. Within a minute or two after the last one was taken off the steamer it exploded. The engineer made full confession, and is not thought to be insane.

Brass Guinea, West Africa, June 5.—The French Niger expendition from Salaga has been totally routed, many of its number being killed by poisoned arrows in Bourgeou country. A remnant of the expedition arrived at Kiama on May 12.

DODDS DOESN'T TAKE.

His Peroration Fell Flat on the Honest Kamloops Electors.

Kamloops, B. C., June 2.—A large and representative meeting gathered to hear Mr. Mara and E. King Dodds last night. Both were accorded a fair hearing, but without enthusiasm. Mr. Dodds' burst of eloquence over the riches that the national policy had heaped upon us fell on unbelieving ears. He was cheered, however, by the faithful as per programme. Mr. Bostock, unfortunately, was not able to be present, but was well represented by H. McCutcheon and W. Marchant, Victoria. The latter exposed the fallacies advanced by Dodds in every instance. As usual as soon as the Conservative speakers had finished the faithful applauders began to leave the hall without waiting to hear from the other side, which so disgusted the better portion of the audience, that they rose en masse, and after three cheers for the Queen gave three rousing cheers and a tiger for Messrs. Laurier and Bostock. It kept two Conservative reporters busy, one to get copy for the Ashcroft Mining Journal and the other to eke out a column and a half for the Vernon News' special edition.

Mr. Bostock is now en route from Cariboo, via Lillooet, where he is meeting with most flattering success. Mr. Mara's meeting last night was simply a repetition of that at Revelstoke on the 23rd.

BALLOON EXPEDITION.

Provincial Government Given Notice Regarding Andree's Expedition.

The British Columbia Gazette of last evening contains the following notice:

"Public notice is hereby given that the government of His Majesty the King of Sweden and Norway proposes sending, in the summer of 1896, a balloon expedition to the North Pole for exploration in the interests of science. The balloon will convey a party of three Swedish scientists, namely, Mr. Salomono August Andree, aged 42; Dr. Nils Gustaf Ekholm, aged 48; and Mr. Nils Strinberg, aged 24. It is understood that the expedition will start from Spitzbergen in the early summer.

"The Swedish and Norwegian minister at the Court of St. James having, in the name of his government, invoked the assistance of Her Majesty's government with a view of making it generally known in the British possessions adjacent to the Polar Basin that the expedition in question will be attempted, and the Swedish government being anxious also that the project should be made known to the authorities in other parts of Canada and to the general public in the Dominion through the medium of the press, Her Majesty's principal secretary of state for the colonies has requested His Excellency's government to do all in their power to meet the wishes of the government of His Swedish and Norwegian Majesty in this matter.

"Accordingly, Her Majesty's loyal subjects throughout the province of British Columbia are hereby notified in the premises and are requested to give the explorers, should an opportunity present itself, all the help in their power. If the balloon be seen only and no communication be had with the exploring party, it is requested that the following particulars may be noted and communicated either to a local newspaper or to this office (that of the provincial secretary), namely, the day and the hour in which the balloon was seen, the direction of the balloon, and the direction of any locality having lost the balloon, the the wind. Should any accident befall the explorers and should they arrive in inhabitants are asked to give them all possible assistance."

London, June 5.—The initial meeting of the Pacific cable convention took place to-day, 2:30 p.m., in the Colonial office. The Earl of Selbourne, undersecretary of the Colonial office, presided. The meeting was strictly private.

FENIANISM IS FEARED.

Discovery of Arms and Ammunition in Dublin.

Dublin, June 3.—The police here have made an extraordinary discovery of military rifles, bayonets, and a large quantity of ammunition. This war material was found yesterday evening in a house on Lower Tyrone street. But all the articles are out of date, and appear to have been hidden there for a considerable time.

Paris, June 3.—A dispatch from Brussels to L'Eclair says that a confidential note has just been addressed by the Belgian government announcing that the ex-Empress Eugenie has summoned a great meeting of French monarchists to take place at Brussels during the coming month of August.

Madrid, June 3.—Reports of a cabinet crisis here are believed to be devoid of foundation.

Berne, June 3.—The National council has expressed regret that the United States government has not replied to the Swiss proposal for the conclusion of an arbitration treaty, and has requested the Bundesrath to demand a categoric answer. The president of the confederation, M. Adrien Dachenal, has declined to make such demand, although joining in the expression of regret at the non-receipt of a reply on the subject from America.

London, June 3.—A special dispatch from Shanghai says that the German officers lent to drill the Chinese army have been subject for some time to indignities and outrage in the hope of forcing them to resign. Recently two of the Germans were beaten by soldiers, and now an officer named Kruss has been murdered by the body guard of Lin Kun Yah, viceroy of Nankin. Consequently, it is added, the entire German squadron in Chinese waters, has been ordered to Nankin. It is expected that Germany will withdraw the fifty officers now in the Chinese army, and insist upon payment for the whole time of their contract.

Another dispatch says that the Kassus rebels defeated the Chinese general, Tung, with terrible slaughter, and that the viceroy of Nankin has ordered the dispatch of German drilled troops to assist in suppressing the rebellion.

WITHOUT FOUNDATION.

A Fake Article of the Government Organ Exposed.

Ottawa, June 2.—Much amusement was caused here to-day over the publication of a long article in the Citizen, bewailing that a combine had been arranged between the Liberals, Patrons and McCarthyites to defeat the government.

The government organ gets very angry over the fact that such a combination should exist to destroy the present pure government.

To add interest to the story, the Citizen says that Edward Farrer is on the side of the Patrons. The publication of the story in government circles has given out the idea that the government cannot now be saved under any means. It has had a terribly depressing effect here.

The Evening Journal sent a telegram to Hon. Mr. Laurier to-day asking as to the truth of the report of the Toronto News, that he, McCarthy and Mallory were negotiating a deal, through Farrer, for a combination of the Patrons and McCarthyites with Mr. Laurier.

The following reply was received: "Arthabaskaville, Que., June 2nd.—The article of the News is absolutely without foundation. I have no negotiations with any one. (Signed) Wilfrid Laurier."

Halifax, June 2.—Sir Hibbert Tupper, it is announced, has accepted the Conservative nomination for the combined counties of Queen's and Shelbourne. For some years he has represented Pictou in the house of commons.

Montral, June 2.—Owing to a slight indisposition, Hon. Mr. Taillon, postmaster-general, has been obliged to desist from his campaign labors for a few days.

Toronto, June 2.—Sir Oliver Mowat will make his first appearance in Dominion politics to-night, when he will speak at Oakwood, in Victoria South in the interests of Mr. McHugh, the opponent of Mr. Fairbairn.

Port Colborne, June 2.—Abraham Simpson, nearly 60 years old, proprietor of the Commercial Hotel here, has committed suicide by jumping into the canal in front of his hotel.

Montreal, June 2.—R. R. Dobell, of Quebec, will probably oppose Mr. McGreevy in Quebec West.

D. McIlroy has accepted the McCarthyite nomination in North Lanark.

Sir Charles Tupper will open his Ontario campaign June 8th.

FAVORS ANNEXATION TO U. S.

Great Britain Defends a Subject Against Hawaiian Injustice.

Honolulu, May 28, per steamer Alameda, San Francisco, June 4.—The senate and house have passed annexation resolutions declaring, on the eve of adjournment, that the Hawaiian legislature continues in favor of annexation to the United States, as do the Hawaiian voters.

Great Britain has made a demand on this government on behalf of Volney V. Ashford, of Belleville, Ont., exiled for complicity in the 1895 rebellion, saying, in plain language, that Ashford must be allowed a landing here. Ashford has repeatedly asked permission to land here, but each request was refused. Finally he appealed to the home government, and it has taken action.

It is understood that President Dole replied to the demand, refusing to allow Ashford to come here. In close official circles it is believed that a British man-of-war will come here and Ashford will be landed without respect to the wish of this government. The Hawaiian government will be firm in this matter and will probably appeal to the United States for aid. Ashford is a native of Belleville, Ont., and is now in San Francisco.

THE ENGLISH DERBY.

The Prince of Wales and Persimmon the Heroes of the Hovr.

London, June 3.—The Epsom summer meeting opened to-day in brilliant weather and with great crowds of people present. The Prince of Wales and a large party arrived by special train. The race for the Craver stakes, 200 sovereigns, was won by Lord Roseberry's Berkley, Baron De Rothschild's Amanadin second, and Mr. R. Lebaudy's Gribou third.

In the race for the Woodcote stakes, value 1000 sovereigns, by subscription of 25 sovereigns each, owner of the second horse to receive 50 sovereigns out of the stakes, distance six furlongs, Lord Roseberry's Chalandry was first, Sir R. Waldie Griffith's Princess Annie second, and Mr. M. R. Lebaudy's Javelin third.

London, June 3.—"Persimmon has won the Derby," is on everybody's lips, and for the moment the great quadruped is the most famous living creature, in the human or animal creation, in the United Kingdom.

Epsom, June 3.—This is the second day of the Epsom summer meeting, and is the Derby day. The weather is hot and oppressive, although there were several showers during the morning. But the rain has not affected the course, which is pronounced to be the hardest on record.

The usual Derby crowd assembled. There was the customary procession by road and the familiar gathering of nondescripts in the shape of vehicles, horses and people, sights so frequently described that they need but brief mention to be recalled by any one who has ever witnessed this great race. Like last year, the majority of the people present came by train, specials leaving Victoria and Waterloo stations every few minutes. On the downs from daybreak the often-pictured crowds assembled, and the always joyous scenes were enacted. But the holiday element proper was largely eliminated, as the roundabouts, shooting galleries, and similar attractions were closed.

Many people witnessed the early work of the Prince of Wales' entry, Persimmon, as well as the preliminary gallops of other favorites, and it is safe to say that everybody was pleased to hear that the report circulated yesterday by the Pall Mall Gazettee that Persimmon, the second favorite for the blue ribbon of the turf, had been injured, was entirely unfounded. The Prince's colt did well and looked fit to give St. Frusquin, the favorite, a hard push for the race. As the morning wore on the crowd promised to beat the record in point of numbers. The Prince of Wales, with his party, arrived by train from Victoria station just before the first race and was greeted with much enthusiasm. The heir apparent's party included his daughters, Princesses Victoria and Maud; Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Cobourg and Gotha, Prince Charles of Denmark, Duke and Duchess of York, Duke of Cambridge, Prince Christian and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, Duke of Westminster, Marchioness of Salisbury, Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, owner of the Derby favorite, St. Frusquin, and the Marquis of Londonderry. As the Prince of Wales entered the carriage at Downs station, someone in the crowd shouted "Good luck to you," and the Prince smilingly acknowledged the good wishes expressed.

In the opinion of the oldest race goers there never was so little betting on the Derby as this year.

The Duke of Westminster's Regret was scratched at noon, owing to the hardnes of the course. Betting at half past one this afternoon was 13 to 8 on St. Frusquin, 9 to 2 against Persimmon and 9 to 1 against Teufel.

Among the Americans and Canadians present were: Marshal H. Wilder, Jas. Murphy, James Harris Hearn, all of New York; James Shaw, of Brooklyn; S. H. Kaufman, of the Star, Washington; Mr. Henry Rose, San Francisco, Mrs. M. M. H. Campbell and Miss Campbell, with party of friends, who arrived in a private coach; Mr. Arthur Armour, Toronto; M. J. S. Ward, of Boston; Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hillyard, Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Barrymoe, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Bady, and the Fuller sisters.

The Americans present became enthusiastic when Mr. Wichard's Helen Nicol, ridden by Reff, won the Epsom plate. The conditions were: The Epsom town plate, 103 sovereigns, for three-year-olds and upwards, distance, five furlongs, entrance free, three sovereigns. Royal Flush was second; Marvel third. Eight horses ran.

Persimmon won by a neck. Two lengths separated St. Frusquin, the second horse, from Earwig, third horse, and Teufel fourth. The time was 2:42, which is very fast considering the fact that the course was the fastest on record. Lord Roseberry's Sir Visto went last year over a better course in 2:43 4-5. Of recent years, from 1867 down, Persimmon's time has only been beaten once, in 1893, when W. H. McCalmont's Isinglass carried off the blue ribbon in 2:33. Gulistan led to the top of the hill and then Bay Ronald showed in front. On Entering the straight St. Frusquin headed the string but was challenged by Persimmon, and a most exciting finish was the result. In fact the finish was so close as to cause much comment, and only the judges were in a position to tell accurately which horse was the winner. Many persons thought St. Frusquin had crossed the line first.

Eleven horses came to the post for the Derby stakes, 800 sovereigns, for three-year-olds, colts to carry 126 lbs. and fillies 121, the nominator of the winner to receive 500 sovereigns and the owner of the second horse to receive 200 sovereigns out of the stake, distance about one and a half miles. Among the starters were: The Prince of Wales' bay colt Persimmon, Mr. T. Phillips' brown colt Bay Ronald, Mr. J. H. Platt's brown and bay colt Earwig, and Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's brown colt St. Frusquin. The horses got away at 3:23, with betting at the post 5 to 1 against Persimmon, 13 to 8 on St. Frusquin and 23 to 1 against Earwig. The victory of Persimmon caused a scene of almost unparalleled enthusiasm about the race course. The Prince of Wales was evidently greatly pleased and it was with difficulty that the police were able to make way for him to the weighing room amid the greatest excitement and loud and hearty cheering. The Prince of Wales started racing in 1877 but never was very successful until 1895. Just 108 years have elapsed since any Prince of Wales won the Derby. Curious to add, too, when St. Thomas won, there were also eleven starters.

STRIKERS RESUME WORK.

Without Having Gained a Settlement of Their Grievance.

Lafayette, Col., June 1.—A strike in the Northern Colorado mines ordered a week ago by the Western Federation of Miners ended to-day, the men returning to work without having gained a settlement of their grievances.

Mrs. Maybrick Again.

London, June 4.—Sir Matthew White Riddle, home secretary, replying in the house of commons, to-day, to Dr. G. B. Clarke, Liberal member for Caithnesshire, who asked whether Mrs. Florence Maybrick was detained for murder, or for administration of arsenic with intent to murder, said that the prisoner was serving imprisonment for life after having been convicted of murder, and, he added, the government did not see any reason for further clemency, the sentence of death having been imposed upon her and subsequently commuted to imprisonment for life.

The Cable Conference.

The imperial commisioners having been appointed, the conference to discuss the Pacific cable scheme will meet at the colonial department and continue daily until a decision is reached. It has been decided, however, that the sittings are to be private, and that nothing of the discussion is to be made public until the close. Lord Shelbourne will preside over the deliberations.

Madrid, June 5.—A "jury of honor," composed of generals, will be apointed to arrange the dispute between Marshall Martinez de Campos and General Borrero.

Brian O'Lynn had no boots to wear,
So he came to Nanaimo to buy him a pair;
"I'll have one pair of thick and one pair of thin,
If I can find Whitfield's," says Brian O'Lynn.

He hunted the stores all along the main route,
Says he: "The right one I've not yet found out.
I want Whitfield—I'll buy only from him,
For he sells the cheapest," says Brian O'Lynn.

He stepped a little west of Albert street;
He saw Whitfield's sign—sure 'twas a treat;
He opened the door and George stood within—
"I've found it at last," says Brian O'Lynn.

We showed him our calf boots, kid and cowhide,
The ones we praise most—no seams at the side.
We've boots of all kinds from Quebec and Berlin.
"Sure you've boots for the million," says Brian O'Lynn. [no trash:

He bought him his boots, which of course were
He paid down his money, for we sell only for
To the public he says: "Be not taken in, [cash.
Buy only from Whitfield," says Brian O'Lynn

"If there's a leak in the toe or side of your shoe.
Just take it to Whitfield, that's all you need do;
He will peg it or patch just while you are in,
And the charge seems like nothing," says Brian O'Lynn.

WHITFIELD, the Shoe Man.
VICTORIA CRESCENT, NANAIMO.

TABLE

Showing the Dates and Places of Courts of Assize, Nisi Prius, Oyer and Terminer, and General Gaol Delivery for the year 1896.

Spring Assizes.

Nanaimo	Tuesday	5th May
New Westminster	Tuesday	12th May
Vancouver	Tuesday	19th May
Clinton	Monday	25th May
Victoria	Tuesday	26th May
Kamloops	Monday	1st June
Vernon	Monday	8th June
*Nelson	Monday	15th June
*Donald	Monday	22nd June

*Special Assize.

Partnership Notice

SCOTCH BAKERY,
VICTORIA CRESCENT.

NOTICE is hereby given that Edwin Matthews has been admitted a partner in the above business. In future the business will be carried on by the undersigned under the style and name of WILSON & MATTHEWS, who will assume all liabilities and collect all debts due the said business, and we trust that by careful attention to the needs of our customers, to merit a continuance of the patronage so liberally bestowed in the past.

JEROME WILSON,
EDWIN MATTHEWS,

Nanaimo, B. C., April 7, 1896.

On and After June 1st the

PEOPLE'S STORE

Will Close Every Wednesday

AT 1 O'CLOCK P. M.

☞ *Note this and send in your orders in good time, so they can be delivered.*

JAMES YOUNG.

First-class Accommodation. Fire-proof building

Terms: $1.00 Per Day and Upwards.

The Doon Hotel,

JAS. BENNETT, Proprietor.
Commercial St., Nanaimo, B. C.

Lodge Notices.

Inkerman Lodge, No. 325, Sons of St. George.—Regular weekly meeting is held in Hilbert's Hall, Wharf street, on SATURDAY evening at 8 o'clock. Visiting brethren cordially invited to attend.

FRED. WAGSTAFF, Sec.

J. H. PLEACE,
—GENERAL—
Hardware Merchant

A Full Assortment at the Lowest Market Rates

JOB WORK
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All kinds of
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Invites Inspection and Comparison as to Quality and Price.

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Awarded First Prize at the Agricultural Show.

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Bastion Street, opp. Telegraph Office

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ALWAYS IN STOCK
GROCERIES,
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UNDERWEAR,
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TAXIDERMIST DEPARTMENT
BIRDS AND ANIMALS set up in a thorough workmanship manner.
On Hand—Four fine Deers' Heads, which will be sold for price of setting them up. Also a fine case of Birds.
SEWING MACHINE NEEDLES OF ALL KINDS.
D. S. McDONALD.
69 Haliburton Street, Nanaimo.

Commercial Hotel.

Corner Commercial and Bastion Sts.

This long-established Hotel is comfortably fitted up with superior accommodations for travelers and others.

None but the best brands of Wines, Liquors, Ales and Cigars dispensed at the bar.

T. O'CONNEL, Prop.

Nanaimo Business Directory

BARRISTERS.

BARKER & POTTS, Barristers and Solicitors. Commercial street.

G. F. CANE, Barrister and Solicitor, Room 11, Johnston Block.

MCINNES & MCINNES, Barristers, Room 6, Johnston Block, Commercial street.

YARWOOD & YOUNG, Barristers, corner of Commercial and Bastion streets.

BOTANIST.

T. HARDY, Botanic Druggist, Winfield Crescent. Try Hardy's Pile Ointment.

DENTISTS.

DR. MASON, Dentist. Extracting a specialty. Gas and Ether administered. Office, Odd-Fellow's Block, Nanaimo.

W. J. CURRY, D. D. S., Green Block. First-class work guaranteed.

DRUGGISTS.

CRESCENT PHARMACY. HALL & STEARMAN, proprietors. Victoria Crescent. Dispensing and family recipes a specialty.

MCDOWELL, ATKINS, WATSON CO., Limited. Medical Hall, corner Commercial and Bastion streets. Telephone 1-3-5.

DYE WORKS.

NANAIMO DYE WORKS.—Dyeing, Cleaning and Repairing 14 Nicol street. C. CHARLTON, Manager.

FISH MARKET.

G. MARSH, Wholesale Dealer in Fish and Game, Bastion Street, Nanaimo.

HOTELS.

GRAND HOTEL—W. STEEL, Proprietor—Victoria Crescent.

INTERNATIONAL HOTEL—PETER WEIGLE, Proprietor. Victoria Crescent.

INSURANCE AND FINANCIAL AGENT

M. WOLFE, Financial and Insurance Agent, Johnston Block.

PAINTING, PAPER-HANGING.

A. NASH, House and Sign Painter, Paper-Hanger, etc. Corner Albert and Milton streets. P. O. box 298.

REAL ESTATE—INSURANCE.

FOREMAN & HARDY, Real Estate Brokers, Bastion street.

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D. TAYLOR, Dealer in all kinds of New and Second-Hand Furniture, and Fancy Articles of every description. Masonic Building, Commercial street.

THE NANAIMO MAIL

MAIL PUBLISHING CO.

NANAIMO. ...BRITISH COLUMBIA

A Horse as a Retainer.

A criminal lawyer in Chicago, who is noted for his facility in acquitting any prisoner in whose defense he may be employed, without much regard to the character of the evidence, is in great demand, particularly among those who feel that their cases may be precarious. He received a letter the other day from a prisoner in the county jail. It related that the writer had been arrested for horse-stealing and was indicted at the last session of the grand jury. It declared that the writer had little hope of acquittal unless good talent could be enlisted in his behalf, and he begged the lawyer addressed to take the case. Then came the pathetic part of the letter.

"I have no money," the writer said, "to pay for legal services, and very little property. But the horse is a good family driving horse; it can do a mile in 2:36, and is gentle enough for any lady to use. I'll give you the horse if you'll take the case."

The lawyer is still undecided.—Chicago Record.

A Competent Witness.

A little girl was in the witness box, and as usual, before she was allowed to be sworn, she was examined by the presiding judge—Mr. Judge Maule—as to her understanding the nature of an oath and her belief in a future state.

"Do you know what an oath is, my child?" asked the judge.

"Yes, sir; I am obliged to tell the truth."

"If you always tell the truth, where will you go when you die?"

"Up to heaven, sir."

"And what will become of you if you tell lies?"

"I shall go to the naughty place, sir."

"Are you quite sure of that?"

"Yes, sir; quite sure."

"Let her be sworn," said Maule. "It is quite clear she knows a great deal more than I do."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

A Gentlemanly Judge.

In a conversation the other day District Attorney Graham told of his twenty-five years' experience at the bar with the late Judge Allison, and incidentally paid a sterling compliment to the dead jurist. "He was," said Mr. Graham, "a splendid judge, with a stock of patience that was inexhaustible. No lawyer can say that he was ever turned away from Judge Allison's bar without a kindly, courteous, complete hearing. His bearing both on and off the bench reminded me always of a passage in 'David Copperfield,' where Dickens writes, in effect, that 'a man might assume a gentlemanly demeanor for an occasion, but it is only nature's true nobleman who never lays it aside.'"—Philadelphia Record.

CHARLES OF ROUMANIA.

European Monarch Who Wears a Crown Made from Cannons.

No king in Europe is a better king or a hardier or stronger one than is Charles, who is the King of Roumania. This monarch is one of the most interesting of the rulers of Europe. It is now thirty years since Charles was made prince of the country he now rules, and he was recognized by the great powers just six months after his election to the throne. But the life of a prince is not always a happy one, and Charles found out this truth early in life. But he had a strong hand and a strong mind and he emerged from his troubles in trimuph. He is universally acknowledged to be a great soldier, a clever statesman and a popular sov-

CHARLES OF ROUMANIA.

ereign. It was only a year or so ago that he reached the full measure of his hope and ambition. It was then that he successfully negotiated the marriage between his heir and the daughter of no less powers than the imperial house of Russia and Great Britain. King Charles' crown is an iron one. It was made of metal from the cannons taken from the Turks at Plevna some years before it was fashioned into the little circlet that rests on his brows whenever he cares to fit it to his head. He fought gallantly for that crown, and those who like monarchies and the things that to them belong will not grudge him his reward, such as it is. He is liked by his people, and is not averse to treating them pretty well even in times of peace.

From Good to Better.

Hungary celebrates its one thousandth anniversary this year. It has a great national history and a spirited, patriotic population, but with all its attractions 750,000 of its people have chosen to become citizens of the United States.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

KING OF TIGRE.

King of Tigre, comrade true,
Where in all thine isles art thou?
Sailing on Fonseca blue?
Wearing Amapala now?
King of Tigre, where art thou?

Batting for Antilles' queen?
Saber hilt or olive bough?
Crown of dust or laurel green?
Raving love or marriage vow?
King and comrade, where art thou?

Sailing on Pacific seas?
Pitching tents in Pima now?
Underneath magnolia trees?
Thatch of palm or cedar bough?
Soldier singer, where art thou?

Coasting on the Oregon?
Saddle bow or birchen prow?
Round the isles of Amazon?
Pampas, plain or mountain brow?
Prince of rovers, where art thou?

Answer me from out the west!
I am weary, stricken now;
Thou art strong, and I would rest;
Reach a hand with lifted brow!
King of Tigre, where art thou?"

—Charles Warren Stoddard.

FANNING'S HEART.

Miss Irwin was very busy. She was handling a difficult assignment which by rights should have been given to one of the men reporters, and so it happened that she remained after every one else had gone to dinner, and for some time the walls of the city editor's room had listened to the unsusual sound at such an hour of a bad stub pen scratching over thin brown paper.

Finally the monotonous scratching was interrupted by the opening of a door, and Fanning, the police reporter, hastily entered. Miss Irwin paused in her story long enough to look up.

"Oh," she said, "it's you, Fanning. Been to dinner already?"

"No, ma'am, not yet. I'm looking for Scranton. Hasn't come back yet, has he?"

"Not yet. Anything I can do for you?"

"No, thanks. I just wanted to see him about a story—that little chap that was hurt. Read about it, didn't you? Scranton's interested. The little chap's dying. I've just come from the house. The doctors all say he'll die tonight, and I wanted to tell Scranton. I am so worried. Pshaw, I'm worried sick. I"—He paused, ran his fingers through his hair and looked embarrassed.

"Come, now, Fanning, tell me all about it," said the thoroughly interested Miss Irwin.

"There ain't much to tell. Oh, you mean what I'm worrying about? Well, to put the whole thing in a few lines, I'm afraid he might not die in time for me to get my story for the morning's paper. Just think of what I'd lose—such a beautiful story."

Miss Irwin looked shocked, and Fanning saw it. His blue eyes took on a resolute expression, but the muscles of his face did not move, nor did his red cheeks grow the least bit redder. He lit a cigarette and said doggedly:

"Yes, ma'am; so long as he's going to die—they said he won't live through tonight—he might have enough consideration for me to arrange it in time. Just my luck to get scooped." And he knocked off some cigarette ashes.

Miss Irwin gazed at the boy in astonishment.

"Why, you cruel, cruel fellow," she exclaimed, in a disappointed tone, "I didn't think you were that sort."

It was Fanning's turn to look disappointed. "You seem to think, because I talk as I do, that a police reporter hasn't any feelings at all," he said, in an injured way. "Maybe we've got more than you think. Now, there ain't anybody sorrier than I am for that little boy. Why, his mother and sister think I'm the best friend they've got, because if I hadn't said my say, the bully who hurt the little chap wouldn't have been held at all. I fixed him all right enough, though; made things pretty lively at the police court, didn't I? Well, I guess.

"Say, if he would only hurry up and die in time I could write the most elegant and touching story. You just ought to see him. Everybody takes so much interest in him, and folks send him books and toys and jelly and all sorts of good things to eat. When I saw him this evening, the bed was covered with playthings, but if you'll believe it, he didn't seem to care for 'em at all. The only thing he noticed was a bunch of roses somebody had sent him. He wouldn't part with 'em, and when I saw him lying back there with the flowers against his cheek, I thought how pretty it would be for me to have him die with them in his hand. Say, wouldn't that be picturesque? I won't bother you, though, any longer. If you see Scranton, tell him about it; he'll be interested."

The door closed, and Miss Irwin was again alone. She couldn't take up the train of thought she had been pursuing when interrupted, and she still had the shocked look she assumed at the beginning of Fanning's conversation.

"Such a hardened fellow," she muttered, "and yet at heart I really believe him to be what he says he is."

The next morning Miss Irwin scanned the papers, but saw nothing about the boy. The evening papers contained long accounts of his life and death. Miss Irwin felt rather sorry that Fanning, with all his cruel, kind heart, had been scooped. She was sure his account would have surpassed those she had read, and she sighed as she thought of the roses. They had not been mentioned at all.

Several days passed. She was anxious to meet the police reporter. Curiosity caused her to wonder what he would say. Finally the chance came. She happened to be waiting for a car when Fanning passed. She stopped him.

"By the way, Fanning, I saw you were cheated out of your story about the little boy."

'Yes, I was. Luck's dead against me."

"What time did he die?"

"Three a. m. exactly. Just too late for me to get in even a line. I was there when he died."

"Poor, dear, little fellow! How did he die?"

"He died on space rates, ma'am."

Miss Irwin thought that she had become used to the reporter's peculiar style, but his reply was too much for her. When she regained her composure, she said:

"I mean, did he know anybody? Was he conscious to the last?"

"Oh, yes. He just opened his eyes; then he shut 'em again, and he opened 'em again and smiled real sweet at his mother and sister and me, and then, and then he—he just died nice, real nice.

"Say," he touched Miss Irwin on the arm and laughed, "what do you suppose? His mother thinks so much of me she asked me to pick out the coffin; said she didn't know what would be appropriate. I selected a little beauty. Say, you ought to have seen him in it."

Miss Irwin was becoming vastly interested in Fanning. He was so different from any one she had ever met before. Then, too, he puzzled her. His conversation was certainly of a "don't care" style, but somehow she couldn't believe him to be as heartless as he seemed. His story about the death of the little boy had affected her greatly; so much so, in fact, that she went to see the sorrow stricken mother.

"Oh," said the mother, between her tears, "you are from The Morning Herald, you say? It is so kind of you to come. My poor little boy thought The Herald was the best paper in town; he often sold it. If all the people on The Herald are so good and kind as you and Mr. Fanning"—

"Fanning!"

"Yes, do you know him? I don't know what on earth I would have done in all my trouble if it hadn't been for him. He's got the kindest, most generous heart. 'The Lord loveth a cheerful giver,' but then, Mr. Fanning can afford to give, and"—

"Fanning afford to give!" ejaculated Miss Irwin. "Why"—

"It's a blessed thing to be rich, and to have so much power on a great big paper like The Herald," continued the elder woman. 'Of course, if he had been poorer off than he really is, I wouldn't have let him do what he did."

"May I ask what he did?" inquired Miss Irwin.

"Yes, indeed, and I'm only too glad to tell you about it. I believe in mentioning good deeds. Mr. Fanning's paper took such an interest in my little boy that it printed long columns about him, and then Mr. Fanning had the man who injured my boy put in jail, and then he sent him flowers — beautiful roses, the ones he was buried with—and Mr. Fanning even bought the coffin with his own money. When I told him not to do that, he laughed and said that was nothing—he could afford it."

"So," mused the lady reporter, as she walked away, "Fanning has spent all his hard earned savings on the flowers and coffin. He's a dear, good boy."—Omaha Herald.

Always Room For "Isers."

"The kind of men I want to hire," said a newspaper publisher the other day while talking to a friend, "are seldom to be had. No matter what their lines of business 'isers' (a word that rhymes with scissors) are never out of work and always get good money. I want some isers."

"Isers?" exclaimed his companion. "What on earth are isers?"

"To explain what they are," replied the publisher, "let me tell you a story of a 'want ad.' Once a man wished to employ for his circus an acrobat who could throw triple somersaults. So he put a 'want ad.' in the paper. In reply to the advertisement he received 50 letters. Together with a friend he read them over. Some of the letters he put in a pile by themselves. They were the ones that read something like this:

"DEAR SIR—You advertise for a man who can throw a triple somersault. I used to throw triple somersaults and think that after a little practice I could do it again. I'd like a trial.

"The other letters were put in another pile and ran something like this:

"DEAR SIR—I am a good acrobat; but, while I never have thrown triple somersaults, I think with a little practice I could do it. I'd like to have a trial.

"'Well,' said the circus man, as he shook his head sadly, 'there are 50 letters from 50 acrobats. Twenty-five of them are "has beens," 25 are "going to bes," but there ain't an "iser" in the whole lot.' Now, I want 'isers,' and so does every other business man, but they are all employed."—New York Tribune.

Mistaken Kindness.

One of the first resolutions which are formed by men and women who are succeeding in life, that is, as measured by the only standard in use nowadays, increasing their possessions far beyond their actual needs, is that they will put safeguards around their children; the hardships which they themselves contended against shall never, if they can help it, be encountered by their offspring. They not only coddle themselves, indulge themselves with unaccustomed luxuries and spare themselves all avoidable physical exertion, but they believe this course to be the right way to live, and that if it is good for them, it is good for their children. They do not understand that character is formed under the pressure of the compulsory hardships and self denials of youth, just as they forget that health is not a gift or an accident, but the reward of abstinence and of hard work under natural conditions, perhaps continued through several generations.—Frederick Tudor.

First Electric Light In a Theater.

It is believed that the first electric light installed in an American theater was a Jablochkoff candle, used as a focusing lamp in the old California theater, in Bush street, San Francisco, in 1878. The managers of the theater at that time were Messrs. Barton & Hill, General Barton and Frank Lawler. The play was "Antony and Cleopatra," Rose Eytinge and Cyril Searle taking the leading parts. Mr. A. H. Reece was the engineer in charge of the work.

Time has worked a complete revolution in theatrical lighting, and today there is not a theater in the United States which could dispense with the electric light.—Electricity.

IT WORRIES MR. SAGE

A SMALL RAILROAD THAT CAUSES HIM MUCH TROUBLE.

Has Photographs Made of His Employees Showing Them Sleeping or Lounging. One Crew Camped by a Fire—Great Is the Poughkeepsie and Eastern.

Russell Sage is the proprietor of a railroad 40 miles long that gives him more trouble than all his other mileage and his millions put together. It is called the Poughkeepsie and Eastern, and, as its name implies, one end of it is anchored in what people who live there call the Queen City of the Hudson. The other end is at present located in a cornfield in the direction of Boston. Every time Mr. Sage gets out of sorts with the Vanderbilts or annoyed at the New York and New Haven people he stretches out his Poughkeepsie and Eastern a little and employs several men with pickaxes. Then his surveyors squint due east through theodolites and there is big talk about the Poughkeepsie and Eastern paralleling the Boston and Albany. Threats are also made of an extension west to Chicago.

Mr. Sage decided recently to take an active part in the operating of his pet road. This determination was due to information he received privately that things were not going on all right. The locomotive engineers were exceeding their allowance of three-quarters of a pound of coal per train mile, and were running freight trains over the whole length of the road in less than two days, the schedule time, or taking a week, just as caprice dictated. Then other irregularities were discovered. At the annual inventory, Jan. 1, three coupling pins and one chamois leather washrag were missing.

"The whole root of the difficulty is laziness," said President Sage. "These things will always happen to a railroad whose employees are not industrious. Discharge all the lazy men we have at present and get more."

But this was more easily said than done. They couldn't locate the lazy men. A freight crew would set out from Boston Corners with every appearance of wakefulness and energy, but just as soon as it got around a curve where the master car builder or the division superintendent couldn't see it, the engineer would run it on a siding and the crew would go to sleep or fall to picking blackberries. Mr. Sage at one time even thought of stringing wires along the track, so that he might learn where his trains were, but this involved a large outlay, and he racked his brain for some simpler plan.

He at length evolved a scheme by which the division superintendent, the master car builder and the track foreman should hide in a caboose and keep tabs on a sample train. But he found out that the division superintendent, the master car builder and the track foreman, who was one and the same person, had to attend to the turntable at Boston Corners and couldn't leave his work. The trains were getting slower and slower. The Cannon Ball express, which was put on as a menace to the New Haven company, occupied nine hours in running over the road. Then President Sage took counsel with himself and decided that something must be done.

He consulted a firm of detectives. He told them that he had ballasted and bonded the road in a style that brought it up to date, and he wanted them to find out how the employees spent their time, and why an up to date roadbed did not bring up to date speed. They gave him every assurance that they would bring the men to time.

Equipped with a camera, a detective who makes a specialty of railroad work went to Poughkeepsie. He knew that the presence of a passenger on a Poughkeepsie and Eastern train would excite suspicion, so he disguised himself as a tramp by a marvelously small number of artistic touches, and began to loiter along the grass grown line of the road.

The result of his labors, it is said, is an immense collection of cabinet photographs. They were taken by the instantaneous process, but they might just as easily have been done with a time exposure, for they show that employees of the Poughkeepsie and Eastern rarely move. Some of the pictures are so realistic that one who sees them can almost hear the conductors and brakemen snore.

One especially good view represents the "Lightning Bug" freight train, which brings maple sirup down from Vermont regularly every day, standing at ease on the track while her crew, camped round a log fire, are listening to the fireman, who is reading a dime novel. There are cobwebs on the driving wheel of the locomotive.

An interesting physiological fact brought out by the detective is that employees of the Poughkeepsie and Eastern have the rare faculty of sleeping while standing up. The pictures positively prove this. The open mouths and closed eyes eloquently describe a condition of sound slumber. When this convincing evidence that insomnia was not one of his maladies was shown to a brakeman, he said:

"That's the way I always act. I keep my eyes shut so as not to wear them out, and my mouth is one of those that falls open all the time and only closes when I remember to shut it. That's a habit I learned since I came to live in Poughkeepsie."

Mr. Sage does not know exactly what to do with his bundle of photographs. There is some talk of his pasting them up in the Poughkeepsie station as a warning to the employees in general. The men know all about the pictures and are very much alarmed.

"They took me eating a piece of pie," said a freight handler, "when it wasn't the dinner hour, and I should have been chucking pig iron on a flat car. Then they've got a picture of a political debate in the roundhouse, when the men should have been cleaning the engines."—New York World.

THE FIRST IN INDIA.

Miss Alice Maude Sorabji, the Girl Bachelor of Science.

Miss Alice Maude Sorabji, the first girl bachelor of science in all India, is the daughter of the late Rev. Sorabji Kharsedji of the Church Missionary society and of Mrs. Sorabji, so well known in western India for many educational charities. Her earlier educa-

tion was obtained at the Victoria High school, Poona, whence she matriculated at the age of 15, appearing nineteenth in a list of candidates who were drawn from the whole Bombay Presidency. For her degree she read at Wilson college, Bombay, and has, all through her course, displayed a peculiar aptitude for science. In the degree examination, held last November, she was the only woman candidate and obtained more marks than any of the others, coming first in the order of merit. Miss Sorabji hopes now to study medicine with a view to helping Indian ladies who are denied visits from a man doctor. Her great ambition is a London M. D. Miss Alice Sorabji is a sister of the distinguished Miss Cornelia Sorabji, the first girl graduate of western India, who was at Oxford, England, not long ago.—Philadelphia Press.

Wedding Effects.

A recent bride wore at the altar, with her rich ivory satin gown, a broad belt of white silk webbing thickly sewed with pearl sequins and pearls. The clasp was of pearl and diamonds. At another wedding the bridesmaids carried white sticks, to which were attached bunches of pink roses. At a third wedding of the month, this one in London, the corselet bodice figured rather unbecomingly, according to the report of a guest. The eight bridesmaids wore high satin waistbands of cerise satin over frocks of cream faille, fichus of the same shade of chiffon being also a part of the trimming. The effect was not pretty, reproduced so many times, and save for the grace of the large white picture hats, with nodding plumes, would have made very stiff looking toilets.—New York Letter.

For the Complexion.

A young lady of Chicago, while sojourning in Egypt last winter, secured some of the famous philter used by the ladies of the khedive's harem for the complexion, and said to be the most wonderful cosmetic of the world. Instead of using it herself she gave it to a friend who was a chemist and had it analyzed. It turned out to be nothing more or less than a tincture of benzoin, a little castor oil and a few drops of attar of rose. While it is not a cure all for facial disfigurements the chemist says it is about the most sensible preparation for the skin he has ever encountered.

Manners and Matrimony.

Out of a class of girls who have studied together at college, affirms a writer in the London News, those who have married are not the most intellectual, nor the prettiest, but girls with a certain pleasant manner, brightness of small talk and average good looks. Thackeray and Dickens chose for their heroines the sort of women men admire and marry. Amelia Sedley, Laura Pendennis and Dora Copperfield are all unambitious women with some prettiness, mind not above the average and domestic tastes, devoted to their lovers before marriage and to the children after.

The Effect of Heredity.

It was about 1776 in Massachusetts that the first woman, Mrs. Abigail Adams, asked for the right of suffrage. Miss Mabel E. Adams of Quincy, in that state, who has just been elected to the school board and who is one of the leading orators in the political equality cause, is said to be one of her descendants. Miss Adams is a student as well as a speaker and writer, and has given considerable time and thought to the domestic relations and conditions of American society at the present time.

Women In Municipal Affairs.

In the city of Waltham, Mass., Mayor Lyman has nominated as overseer of the poor Mrs. C. H. Daniels; as trustee of the Leland fund, Miss Anna Adams, and as director of the public library, Mrs. J. L. Harvey. Those who know these women think that the mayor's nominations have reflected great credit on himself, for they are all distinctive women of marked ability. This new departure will result in a more general participation of qualified women in municipal affairs.

Another Point Gained.

The Russian woman doctors have gained another point, the medical board, which is a department of the ministry of the interior, having decreed that the emblem which doctors wear on the breast may also be worn by ladies who have passed an examination giving them the right to practice.

Did y'u know I wuz
As tall as ma?
Am! Pa measured us,
An' you ask pa!
Ma wouldn't b'lieve it;
Says, "The idee
Of that boy bein'
As tall as me!"

An' pa he plagued ma;
Told her that she
Was the baby, now,
Of our fam'ly;
I tried to love ma,
Same as before;
She says, "You can't be
Baby no more!"

It tickles my pa
Fur me to be

Taller than my ma;
An' tickles me,
'Cause, see, I know it's
My only chance—
Nex' suit that I git
I want long pants!

A BIKE FOR LOVERS.

The Machine May Be Ridden by On or by Two Persons.

The great objection to the tandem bicycle is the difficulty of carrying on conversation. The one seated in the rear cannot hear very well the remarks of the person in front, and as the person in front is usually the young man it may be guessed that a great many remarks have thus been wasted on the desert air. With a view of conquering this obstacle to free conversation while two persons are riding a machine, a bicycle has been invented which, among a certain class of riders promises to become extremely popular. It is called the "companion side-seat bicycle," and the manner of its construction is very well shown by the picture.

In this bicycle the two riders are seated side by side, as in the old fashioned "sociable" tricycle. In many points the machine resembles this old style tricycle, the chief difference being that the third wheel is abandoned. The long axle of the rear wheel enables the use of two sprockets at the extremities, so far apart as to admit of each one being acted upon through a separate pair of sprockets, each actuated by a separate rider. There is a triple head and double frame, the latter carrying two saddles placed side by side at a proper distance apart for two riders to work pedals freely.

It is said that a difference of pounds weight in the riders is not noticeable, and that a person who is ignorant of riding can be taken out on this wheel with perfect safety. The system of mounting is peculiar and

THE NEWEST BICYCLE BUILT FOR TW

somewhat complicated. For the first one who mounts the wheel is inclined to one side, and the rider takes his or her place on the lower saddle. The machine is then brought again to an upright position and the second rider mounts by means of the pedal, and so the start is made. The dismount is made in the same way, reversing, of course, the operations.

Live to 100.

Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson states it as his fixed opinion that every man and every woman should attain the age of 100. According to Sir Benjamin the would-be centenarian must have a blonde complexion, with hazel eyes, light brown hair and reddish cheeks. He must never smoke nor drink, must eat very little meat and he must not work by artificial light.—London Globe.

We would rather enlist in the army for three years, in time of war, than have a back tooth pulled.

LITTLE FOLKS.

THE TWO REEDBIRDS.

Fable In Which May Be Found a Valuable Lesson.

ll of the year was well nigh its
Each fitful gust brought in its
s of belated songsters, sweep-
rd toward their winter haunts
uth.

is one bird, however, that lin-
g among the marshes of the
t is the "reedy," as he is called
oys. One morning two reedies
r feeding ground and directed
urse as if in quest of a more
; one farther inland. You might
cied from the larger one's cau-
surely flight that he was the
nd more temperate, and that the
as heedless and extravagant.

they arrived at a pleasant valley.
g its way through the low lying
vs, which already seemed to
as if in dread of the coming
here flowed a sluggish stream.
s regaled themselves for a time
lainties that the beds of swamp
cattered at intervals along the
d to afford them.

ne of the calm disposition be-
t his meal as if he were not
taken up with the demands of a
us craw. The other, however,
fferent, and so absorbed was he
g that he did not hear the shrill
, tweet," of his companion.

note was uttered as in alarm at
nwelcome news that the wind
him. Flakes of snow fell down
on the ground, and still the
ed gormand worked away with
l. The snow increased; the wind
the banks of tall grass in the
until they fairly groaned beneath
asts.

n the thoughtless bird, awakened
nse of his danger, tried in vain
A victim to his greed, he was
by the cold, and found a swampy

brother, the philosopher, roosted
ght under the eave of a southern
house, lamenting in his reveries
te of his greedy companion.

rom this fable learn the lesson
r heeding the voice of discretion.
ladelphia Times.

A Spanish Boy Editor.

re lives in New York a lad of 15
olds some very decided opinions
the right of Cuba to be a free
y. This is an important question
ow, and it will probably not be
for some time to come. The
man previously mentioned has
the matter to his own satisfac-

SEÑOR ARTURO BALDASANO, JR.

nd what he says on the subject is
ting, even if you do not agree
his views, as many persons will
he is decidedly favorable to the
Spain. The young philosopher is
Arturo Baldasano, Jr., and he is
iest son of General A. Baldasano,
nish consul in New York. Young
sano, together with the other
olks of his family, issues a week-
spaper called El Mundo, which is
ted throughout the Spanish colony
city.—New York Recorder.

Girls Out of School.

e girls who are just leaving
will for awhile rejoice in their
n, though it is to be hoped that
are some among you who will feel
tinge of regret at saying goodby
familiar round of duties. The am-
, who are preparing for college
rofession, will be busy and, there-
appy and contented, but the oth-
ose who have nothing definite in
will do well to consider the ad-
a celebrated physician who says:
hobby. If you cannot find pleas-
geology, natural history, astron-
collect old china, make scrapbooks
ms. You need some such interest
r to keep you in health." Read-
not enough, household work, un-
u set out to do some one thing
n constantly to accomplish it,
ot satisfy. Society success will
you least of all, you thoughtful
Charity, if well directed, by those
now its pitfalls, is admirable, but
st out of school cannot undertake
hropy on their own account with
pe of being of much use to the
nity.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Estelle's Astronomy.

Our little Estelle
Was perplexed when she found
That this wonderful world
That we live on is round.

How 'tis held in its place
In its orbit so true
Was a puzzle to her,
With no answer in view.

It must be," said Estelle,
"Like a ball in the air
That is hung by a string,
But the string isn't there."
—Delia Hart Stone in St. Nicholas.

His Motto.

y walked into a merchant's office
er day in search of a situation.
being put through a catechism by
rchant, he was asked, "Well, my
l what is your motto?"

ne as yours, sir," he replied;
as you have on your door,
,"

was engaged.—Pearson's Weekly.

Hide and Seek.

A pastime in which all the cats delight is hide and seek behind the pillows of a bed or sofa. In the drawing room there are some old fashioned divans against the wall with several cushions set upright, which have been the playground of generations of pets; the mothers begin by playing with their kittens, the kittens keep it up together, and teach it to younger sets. The point of the game is which shall see the other first and surprise her by a cuff on the nose, which stands for "I spy." When two play, it is simple enough, but when there are three or four one always remains outside the cushions to seek, and by degrees the little pink nosed white faces peep between the cushions with the inimitable and provocative expressions of a kitten at play, and the seeker is surprised by a tap. If she be on the alert, the hider sometimes vanishes, and sometimes they try which can get within the other's guard and give the first whack.

M'liss was particularly fond of hide and seek, and established a mode of playing it with us while we were at dinner. She would hide on the window sill behind the long winter curtains which are dropped in the evening, and would peep out at one side or between them and mew, popping back again as we called, "I see you." She never tired of this slipping unseen from window to window to vary the surprise until we had more than enough of it.—Temple Bar.

Mrs. McSwat's Husband's Suggestion.

"The Woman's club is going to discuss parliamentary law tomorrow evening, Billiger," remarked Mrs. McSwat, "and I don't think I shall go. I don't take any interest in it."

"Parliamentary law, Lobelia," said Mr. McSwat magisterially, "is something you can't know too much about. You ought to familiarize yourself thoroughly with its usages. A clear understanding of parliamentary law," he went on, warming with his subject, "would be useful in all the relations of life. If I were asked to name one thing, Lobelia, that is calculated to add self reliance to character, assist in solving the problems that arise from day to day, and make the burden of life less"—

"Now, what is the use of your going on like that, Billiger?" interrupted Mrs. McSwat. "What good would it do me to study parliamentary law, I'd like to know?"

"You would learn not to talk when you are not in order," replied Billiger, burying himself in his newspaper again.

And Mrs. McSwat went out to the kitchen and talked in a loud and expostulatory tone of voice to Bridget for the next 15 minutes.—Chicago Tribune.

A Master's Conception.

Froude has admirably described the spirit in which Carlyle views the revolution, the spirit of a Hebrew prophet, discerning divine retribution on ill doing, and Carlyle himself styles it, in a letter to Sterling, "a wild, savage book, itself a kind of French revolution. * * * It has come hot out of my own soul, born in blackness, whirlwind and sorrow." He thought it had "probably no chance of being liked by any existing class of British men," but it speedily achieved popularity. Mill described it in this Review as "one of those works of genius which are above all rules, and are a law to themselves," while Kingsley says, "No book, always excepting Milton, so quickened and exalted my poetical view of man and his history as that great prose poem, the single epic of modern days, Thomas Carlyle's 'French Revolution.'"—Westminster Review.

Europe's Holdings In Africa.

Within the scope of a magazine article it is impossible to describe the steps which France, Germany and Italy severally took. A sufficient idea, however, may be gained by the casual reader of what has been done when I say that within the last ten years France has acquired of equatorial Africa about 300,000 square miles, in which there are now 300 Europeans; Germany, 400,000 square miles; Italy, 547,000 square miles; and Portugal has now a defined territory extending over 710,000 square miles. France, moreover, has been active farther north, in the Sahara and in west Africa, and claims rights over 1,600,000 square miles, while Germany, in southwest Africa and the Cameroons, asserts her rule over 540,000 square miles.—Henry M. Stanley in Century.

Asbestus In Boots.

The invention consists of a preparation of asbestus wool compressed into thin sheets by hydraulic pressure. These sheets are then waterproofed on one side by a special solution, and portions inserted into the boots as middle soles. Asbestus being a nonconductor of heat, its interpolation into the fabric of our boots and shoes in conjunction with a waterproof material has the effect of counteracting the influences of heat, cold and moisture. Asbestus lined boots cannot creak in wear, and are, besides, many times more flexible than boots made in the ordinary manner. Lastly, asbestus being a nonconductor of electricity, persons wearing boots thus made may walk over live electric wires in perfect safety.—Public Opinion.

Lighted Cigars on the Elevated.

"Perhaps it would be too much to expect the elevated road to enforce its rule prohibiting the carrying of lighted cigars on the cars," said Mr. Biffington, "but how would it do to amend that rule so as to make it prohibit the carrying of lighted bad cigars and then enforce it? It would be a difficult thing to do, I know; the man who stood on the platform to prevent the carrying aboard of lighted 'twofers' would need to be not only a connoisseur in tobacco, but an athlete, too, and even then he might make mistakes in one way or the other, but it would be an effort in the right direction."—New York Sun.

According to Ovid, the white anemone sprang from the tears Venus shed for Adonis.

Marsh Gas Under Ice.

An interesting chemical experiment, quite new to me, was performed by a party of skaters in the neighborhood of Baltimore. It is possible that it has been performed before, but I have not yet found any one who has seen or heard of it. The skaters were on a large artificial lake upon which remarkably clear ice had formed. In various places white spots were noticed in the ice, suggesting, as one of the skaters said to me, "air bubbles." Some one bored a hole through one of these white places and applied a flame to the gas, which took fire. This led to further experiments, and it was found that by boring a small hole a long thin jet of flame could be obtained, and this continued for some time.

The gas was of course marsh gas, formed by the decomposition of the vegetable matter at the bottom of the lake. The above method of demonstrating the formation of this gas in nature is, from the æsthetic point of view, a great improvement on the usual method described in the textbooks, which consists in stirring a pool of stagnant water with a stick and collecting the gas that rises to the surface. Skating ponds illuminated by natural gas are among the possibilities of the future.—Letter in Science.

Watched Himself Die.

"Our village doctor, good man that he was," says a woman visiting in the city from an interior town, "has just died. He was very much absorbed in his profession and studied every case, from a run of typhoid fever down to an attack of measles, as if it were his first patient. When his own mortal illness prostrated him, he diagnosed it clearly, watched his symptoms and the effect of the remedies used, and warned the attending physician several days before his death of the hopelessness of his condition, as evidenced by certain feelings no one but a professional patient, with every sense alert, could have discovered. He was conscious up to the last, and as the end approached had himself bolstered among his pillows into a half sitting position. He kept the fingers of one hand on the pulse of the other, and though he said nothing, the expression of his face showed that he was interested professionally in watching himself die. As he drew his last breath the fluttering at his wrist must have indicated it, for he let his fingers drop, looked around the group gathered about him with as clear and intelligent expression as any that ever shone on his face, said aloud and distinctly, 'Dead now,' and was."—New York Times.

The Court Smiled.

Some years ago, in a suit which turned on the state of mind of a lady who had been a member of a sisterhood, the late chief justice, then Mr. Coleridge, was cross examining a witness, who gave evidence as to the plaintiff's behavior while an inmate of the sisters' home. Among other things it had been deposed that plaintiff had been guilty of a breach of discipline in eating a certain plate of strawberries.

Mr. Coleridge—Eating strawberries, really?

Witness—Yes, sir. She was eating strawberries.

Mr. Coleridge—How shocking!

Witness—It was forbidden, sir.

Mr. Coleridge—And did you, madam, really consider there was any harm in that?

Witness—No, sir, not in itself, any more than there was in eating an apple, but you know, sir, the mischief that came from that.

The court smiled, and Mr. Coleridge seemed to lose the thread of his ideas for the moment.—Household Words.

One of His Tricks.

Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, Hannibal Hamlin's father, was a man who put considerable faith in human nature. He also owned sheep when he lived on Paris Hill, and he took considerable pride in them. One day when a neighbor brought in a particularly fine wether and offered to sell it at a reasonable figure the doctor took the neighbor's word that he had raised it and purchased. He was later informed by his observant son that he had bought one of his own sheep that the speculative neighbor had purloined. So the doctor hunted up the scamp, made him disgorge and then asked him what he meant by such actions. The neighbor was wholly unabashed, and looking the doctor shrewdly in the eye he stuttered, for he was afflicted in that way, "Dud-dud-dud-doctor, y-y-you know I'm tricky as the dud-dud-devil, 'n that's one of my tut-tut-tricks."—Lewiston Journal.

Widener's Advice.

According to a veracious Pittsburg contemporary, P. A. B. Widener of this city was holding on to a strap as a Broadway cable car in New York swung around the Fourteenth street curve. The car was crowded to suffocation. "Never invest your money in a cable car company, my boy. It won't do you a bit of good," said Mr. Widener to the young man who was with him. "Why not?" was the reply. "I should think this line must be a gold mine. Do you mean to say they don't pay up their dividends?" "Oh, yes, I get my dividends all right, but I never get a seat."—Philadelphia Record.

No More Managers.

There are no more managers in the theatrical business—at least, if there are, they are back numbers. Nowadays we have only directors. It is Modjeska, direction of Frank L. Perley; John Hare, direction of Clarence Fleming; James O'Neil, direction of William F. Connor; Stuart Robson, direction of William Hayden. It is only the man with a diamond globe in his shirt front and a howitzer sized cigar between his fingers that "manages."—Theatrical Tidings.

A List That Might Be Extended.

Shakespeare was never laureate, nor Milton, nor Pope, nor Crabbe, nor Burns, nor Byron, nor Shelley, nor Coleridge, nor Keats.—Edinburgh Scotsman.

Killing the Fox.

We had hunted up and down the sides for the greater part of a day, and finally, with the scent at its hottest, we seemed to have lost the fox in the neighborhood of a little cottage, with a pigsty tacked on to it. The hounds were giving tongue around the pigsty, while its occupants protested with no less noise. The hubbub was tremendous, and the tumult increased tenfold when the second whip climbed the sty palings and began to search the tenement for the missing fox. There was no sign of him. Still the hounds kept giving tongue around the dwelling as if the fox were there. The whip, after drawing the pigsty blank, knocked at the cottage door and, receiving no answer, entered. The sole inmate was a bedridden old woman, who protested with vehemence equal to the pigs' against this invasion of her privacy, adding that no fox could possibly have come in, for the door had not been opened since her grandson had gone out to work in the morning.

The man in pink was about to retire with apologies when a bold hound burst in through the door, with a terrible burst of melody. He stopped to ask no questions of the poor old lady, but went under the bed like a tiger. More hounds dashed in; there was a scuffle and a worry under the bed, shrieks from the poor old woman that lay on it, furious death notes of the hounds—and in a second or two all was over. It took a deal of silver and consolation to make the lady realize that the hounds had not killed her as well as the fox. She still protested solemnly that the fox could not have entered the cottage because the door had been shut all the time, but it was obvious enough, from the sootiness of the old fellow's coat, that his way in had been, not through the door, but down the chimney.—Macmillan's Magazine.

Man's Sixth Sense.

"There is every reason to believe that man was once vastly superior to his present self," said Claude Fales Wright, the theosophist, in New York the other day.

"You all have possibly heard the expression, which comes down from centuries, 'Frightened out of his seven senses.' It is not ridiculous to believe that man at one time had seven senses. What these other two senses were it is not now within our province to know. It is possibly just as difficult to find out as to teach a person who has no sense of music what music is. You might play and sing for such a person, but without some intuitive knowledge of harmonious sounds you could not make him appreciate music. The main thing for us to do is to get rid of old ideas if we would learn. Socrates said that the way to learn is to forget. If a man tells me something new, I do not doubt the truth of it until I have investigated it. If we make up our minds that we cannot do a thing, then we will never do it.

"Almost all animals are susceptible to intuitive qualities, which cannot be defined. In man these qualities are often strongly marked. You have noted the peculiar influence which the presence of certain persons has upon you. Sometimes one cannot think evil or good of another in his presence without his knowing it. This is a sensitiveness to which we are all more or less subject. But we must not let this feeling control us. We may have it and control it, and this, then, constitutes the sixth sense. It is the living in the world and not being of it—not giving up foolishly all you have. It is evident that we are coming to an appreciation of the sixth sense. No doubt by philosophy we will recover the senses, two of which have been temporarily dormant."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

On the Trek.

We have now had a real trial of trekking life, and thus far it is the greatest success. This is how our day passes: We trek from about 3 in the morning till about 7. As the road is usually pretty jolty, and therefore not conducive to slumber, Mrs. Grey and I sleep on for another hour after we stop—that is, from 7 to 8. During this time the tent is put up, and some water got, if possible, for our baths. Meanwhile the men have gone out shooting. We have breakfast on the veldt about 9:30 or 10. After that till about 1:30 is free. I sometimes sketch, but I usually want to walk as well; or I ought to be writing journal or washing clothes or dusting out the wagon or skinning birds or darning my stockings (especially the last), and the time available is all too short. At 1 we have a cup of cocoa and a biscuit, and then pack up for another two hours' trek from 2 to 4. One has to pack everything in most carefully, as otherwise it would be either jolted to pieces or tossed out. Washstand, camp stools, ladder, books, etc., are all located in our wagon and have to be taken in and out at each trek. From 10 to 3 is the only quiet time for sleeping, so one tries to make the most of it. The "boys" usually sleep under the wagons. Almost the only drawback of the life is the dirt and dust. For the first week the roads were muddy, and our buck wagon got "stuck" several times—once for about eight hours. They had to use 20 pairs of oxen to pull it out, taking the spans from the other wagons, and even then only succeeded after "off loading" and much digging in front of the wheels.—"Twelve Hundred Miles In a Wagon," by Miss Balfour.

Early Piety.

D. L. Moody, the evangelist, told a story in Philadelphia the other day about his life before his conversion, when a boy of 17. He said that while he was a pretty bad boy in his unregenerate days, deep in the follies and errors of the world, he never broke so far away from his early religious training as to forget to say his prayers every night. "I used to sleep with my brother," he said, "and if either one of us happened to jump into bed without first getting on his knees the other would swear at him vigorously and kick him out on the floor."

PROPER NAMES.

Pronounced Like English, but With the Right Syllable Accented.

As the English language has well settled rules of pronunciation, and is well able to deal in its own manner with almost any possible combination of letters brought into it from other languages, it would seem to be not only permissible but proper for English speaking people to pronounce foreign names according to English analogies. It is not incumbent upon Americans or Englishmen to familiarize themselves with Russian, for example, before they may venture to pronounce the name of a Russian diplomat, or study Chinese in order to be in a position to mention casually some Chinese proper name. It is enough, as a general rule, to give to the old combination of sounds presented to us in dispatches from Japan, Bulgaria, the Transvaal or Venezuela such utterance as the laws of our own language prescribe. Hit or miss, life is too short to master the orthoepy of every tongue and we must be content to do the best we can in our own way. Especially is this the case with proper names that have long had place in the English language and have a recognized English pronunciation. It is mere affectation to convert Paris into Paree, or ape the German pronunciation of the name of Wagner, the well known musician and composer, by giving a v twist to the first letter. Paris is Paris, and Wagner is Wagner, the names being common and well understood. A person in the first enthusiasm of his acquaintance with a foreign language may be pardoned for airing his superior knowledge when uncommon names, not adopted in common English speech, are in question, but he becomes ridiculous when he undertakes to impart a foreign accent to familiar names. There is a story of a New York clerk, named Gordon, who after a month's stay in France became "Gor-r-rdong" and refused to answer to any other appellation. His case was an extreme one perhaps, but it illustrates the vice—too common—of using with excessive ostentation foreign instead of the more useful and intelligible English pronunciations.

With respect to Latin and Greek proper names a stricter rule may perhaps be conceded to apply. These languages are the implements of culture. The rules of pronunciation applicable to words transferred from them into English are simple and few, and well within the reach of every one who pretends to a classical education. A false accent is accordingly unpardonable, and among classic scholars correctness of accent is the accepted test of sound and thorough training. But in the sounds given to particular letters there is room for the manifestation of vanity or immature judgment. Cicero's name during the lifetime of the great Roman orator was undoubtedly pronounced Kikero, and Cæsar was Kaisar. Other consonants and all the vowels were in classical Latin pronounced in a way which our English letters once followed, but from which they have now for the most part departed. At college it is well to learn what is thought to have been the true Latin pronunciation. All knowledge is useful. But it is unnecessary in quoting Latin after leaving college to aim at a painful consistency. In respect indeed to names like Cicero and Cæsar, which have been domesticated, so to speak, in the English language, the usual rule applies. They are to be pronounced like English words, only taking care to get the accent on the right syllable. The English speaking American people accept, in fact, the common sense rule that pure English is always preferable to a potpourri of German, Latin and other pronunciations.—Baltimore Sun.

George Sand at Seventy-one.

La Revue de Paris prints a statement by George Sand on her views of novel writing and her views of life in general. It was written when she was 71 years old and was meant as a preface to a new edition of her works, but the project of the new edition was given up. Though she was looking forward to death at the time, it expresses only the most cheerful sentiments, for there was a stubbornness about her optimism as about her idealism. Concerning this last she has a good deal to say, of which the substance is this: she has been charged with idealizing her personages. Well, she meant them to be as they are. And, which is not the same thing, she saw them so, and often met people like them in the world. But if she had only met one such noble personage that same would have been real, and she would be within her rights in depicting him. She is aware the present temper of the world is hard. She has done her level best to soften the feelings of her contemporaries and altogether failed. But she means to go on her old way at 71, and, if she can persuade a single soul of the reality of ideal virtue, will say her time has not been lost. And all will come right. As for the world going to the dogs or dying of feebleness—not a bit of it. The groaner only echoes his own miserable condition. — London Bookman.

He Conquered Carlyle.

The Rev. Thomas Alexander, a Presbyterian minister long resident in Chelsea, and well known as a brother Scot, was most anxious to know Carlyle, but had no opportunity of getting an introduction to him. One day, in the King's road, he saw Carlyle coming in his direction, and took advantage of the opportunity by going up to the sage and saying, "Thomas Carlyle, I believe?" Carlyle's reply was, "Tom Alexander, I know!" They became good friends, and later Mr. Alexander wrote to Carlyle for a subscription toward a school building fund, and Carlyle wrote back a refusal in doggerel, whereupon Mr. Alexander replied that if he did not send him £5 he would sell his poetry to a collector or publish it. The £5 was at once forthcoming.—San Francisco Argonaut.

AN EASY BET TO WIN.

It Took Only a Short Time to Collect "More Than Twenty" Fools.

They stepped to the edge of the sidewalk and looked long and earnestly in the direction of the cornice of one of the big buildings. Of course under the circumstances the man who had been standing in the doorway felt impelled to join them. He could not see anything extraordinary at the top of the building, but he kept his eyes upturned because they did.

A man who was hurrying along saw the three, and he at once forgot where he was going and what he had to do, and joined them.

"I told you so," said the man who had first cast his eyes in that direction, and he made a motion as if to point out something to his companion.

Four men who were passing saw the gesture and stopped to investigate, and before they had fairly fixed their gaze upon the cornice three others joined them.

"You may be right," returned the companion of the man who had first spoken, "but you said 20, you know."

Six more people, including two women, were now straining their eyes to see what was wrong with the cornice, and a rumor was in circulation that some one had tried to throw a child out of one of the windows. This was promptly denied by the man who knows it all and who is always present on such an occasion. He said that a gang of counterfeiters had been found on the top floor and had taken refuge on the roof, where they were preparing to do battle with the officers who had been sent to arrest them.

Meanwhile the little group at the edge of the sidewalk had swelled to a crowd of over a hundred.

"Well, are you satisfied now?" asked the man who had first stopped.

"Yes," replied his companion. "There are more than 20."

"More than 20 what?" anxiously inquired several of those nearest the two.

"Fools," returned the first speaker promptly, "inspired idiots. You see, we had a dispute as to the number of fools to be seen on the streets of a great city, and I bet him we could gather 20 around us in ten minutes by simply standing out here and looking up at the cornice. Gentlemen, there are more than 20 of you here, and I win."

Then a hundred or more solemn looking men, and a few women, went on about their business, and they all felt like kicking themselves without intermission for a period of not less than two hours.—Chicago Post.

The Wheel and England.

Take the Great North road. Except upon market days, one might have traveled any 50 miles along it between Highgate and York without meeting 50 people. Towns which literally lived by the road had drifted into a helplessly somnolent condition, from which no apparent human agency could awaken them, and the stranger thereto was stared at as much as if he had been a highlander or an Iroquois in full warpaint. The highway itself, being of no particular value to anybody since the Great Northern railway began to whirl the old patrons of the road along at 45 miles an hour, was allowed to decay, and in wet seasons or snowy weather was well nigh impassable.

The rage for wheeling has produced a rapid transformation. Station yourself at any point you like, and try to count the machines which pass on a fine Saturday afternoon during the course of an hour, and you will soon abandon the task as hopeless. Then, consider that every rider of every machine spends something during his trip, even if it be but the cost of a temperance drink. Consider that a very large number of Saturday riders sleep out and make good meals during their journey; that they are constantly spending something over and above their actual traveling expenses; that the wonderful extension of our acquaintance with our own country resulting from these peaceful invasions of it by the inhabitants, not merely of the metropolis, but of every city and considerable town in the land, has led to the refurbishing up of such local lions as the castle, or the abbey, or the great Somebody's birthplace, or the waterfall, or the view (the inspection of all of which means the expenditure of money), and an approximate idea may be gained of the influence upon national trade which this pastime alone exercises.—Chambers' Journal.

Superstitions About the Weather.

Popular superstititions about the weather linger long, and in spite of the teachings of science people persist in believing that seaweed hung up in a backyard will become damp at the approach of rain, or that a similar indication is to be found in the fact that a pig is seen chewing straw. Mr. Richard Inwards, the president of the Meteorological society, it is needless to say, has no belief whatever in such methods of prophesying the weather. What belief could be more firmly rooted in many people than the belief that if it rains on St. Swithin's day it will rain for 40 days? "An unadulterated fallacy," such is what Mr. Inwards calls it, yet in spite of the evidence accumulated upon the subject by the Meteorological office, people go on putting faith in it as though there were no such thing as experience. Then, again, it is said that a full moon will clear away clouds, and that a change of moon on a Saturday or a Sunday is an indication of floods, although not a little evidence in favor of either belief has ever been adduced.—London News.

An Advantage.

"What advantage do spiritualists have over other men?"

"Their first wives always advise them to marry again."—Chicago Record.

The Australian sword found in use among the aborigines when that country was first discovered by Europeans was modeled after the sword grass which grows wild in that continent.

SATURDAY'S SPORTS.

The Capitals Win the Senior Lacrosse Match.

The senior lacrosse match played at New Westminster to-day resulted in a victory for Victoria by 4 goals to 2. The home team made the first two goals, and then Victoria redeemed herself by four straights.

The Rifle Shoot.

Following are the scores made this afternoon in the cup competition:

W. Hygh	30	31	27
G. E. T. Pittendrigh	28	27	26
R. Watson	24	31	23
C. H. Barker	24	27	26
James McGregor	27	28	22
W. Wall	22	30	22
W. McGregor	23	26	21
W. A. Young	27	23	17
Dr. Drysdale	13	23	19
M. Miller	23	12	18
Dr. Hall	19	24	5
Dr. McKechnie	16	12	11
Dr. Mason	9	11	0

TOTALS.

W. Hygh	88	W. A. Young	67
Geo. Pittendrigh	81	Dr. Drysdale	55
R. Watson	78	M. Miller	53
C. H. Barker	77	Dr. Hall	48
Jas. McGregor	77	Dr. McKechnie	39
W. Wall	74	Dr. Mason	20
W. McGregor	70		

The Meteor Wins Again.

A London dispatch says the Meteor again won to-day, arriving at Dover at 4.05.58; Britannia 2nd, Satanita 3rd and and Ailsa 4th. They started from the Nore. They carried jib topsails and club topsails. The weather was almost a dead calm. The London Times says: "It is unquestionable that the Meteor is a phenomenal vessel in light weather, and as she has less beam and is finer lined than the Valkyrie, there is no reason why she should not acquit herself well in a smart blow."

Albert Deeming met with a rather serious accident at the Vancouver bicycle track on Saturday last, and as a result is now carrying his hand in a most important looking bandage; he also received a severe cut on one of his knee-caps and bruised his shoulder. Notwithstanding the mishap, however, Albert rode in the subsequent three-mile professional and captured second place, James taking first.

The Wellington sports committee are making good progress with the preparation of their programme of events for the 1st of July celebration. It is expected that horse racing will form an additional attraction for the occasion.

Attorney-General Eberts is en route to London to represent British Columbia before the Imperial Privy Council on the railway belt question.

CITY AND PROVINCE.

Mr. Alf. Davis, who was recently stricken with paralysis at Nelson, is now out of danger.

Rev. C. E. Cooper will not return from England until August, and it is said he will not return alone.

The Gospel temperance meeting under the auspices of the W. C. T. U. will be held June 14 instead of June 7.

Dr. J. K. Garrow of Victoria has been committed for trial an a charge of performing an abortion in March, 1894.

The members of the Black Diamond Cycle Club will meet at the Athletic Club rooms at 1:30 p. m. to-morrow for a run to Wellington.

A London dispatch says that the Le Roi, War Eagle and Iron Mask mines in Kootenay have been sold to British capitalists for $5,000,000, $2,000,000 and $1,000,000 respectively.

Contracts for the construction of the Nanaimo Hotel have been awarded as follows: Building, W. N. Shaw; painting, N. G. Foster; plumbing, Randle Bros. Work will be commenced at once.

On May 29, at Rochester, N. Y., Dan McLeod defeated Ed. Atherton, the middleweight champion, by two straight falls in 48 and 12 minutes respectively. Both men weighed in at 158 pounds. The match was for $500 aside.

Robert McKay, an employe of Hemans & Wamsley, was riding along Commercial street Thursday when his horse fell, rolling on the rider's right leg and bruising it severely. He was conveyed to the hospital, where he is doing well.

Messrs. J. J. Honeyman and James Kelly, architects, acting under instructions from Mayor Davison and Ald. Foreman, chairman of the Street committee, to-day made a careful and thorough inspection of the Green block, and a report thereon will be submitted to the Council on Monday evening.

Coal Shipments This Week.

Following are the foreign shipments of coal for the week ending June 6:

BY THE NEW VANCOUVER COMPANY.

Date,	Name and Destination.	Tons.
2	Str Puritan, Alaska	15
5	Sp Kynance, San Francisco	3,247
5	Sp Elwell, San Francisco,	2,550
	FROM WELLINGTON.	
1	Str Excelsior, San Francisco	800
5	Str Discovery, Port Townsend	35
	FROM UNION.	
5	Str Rapid Transit, Seattle	223

FRATERNAL NOTES.

Sons and Daughters of St. George.

At a meeting of Inkerman Lodge, No. 325, held to-night W. D. D. W. G. P. Bro. Hy. Allsopp, assisted by Bro. John Hilbert, G. M., installed the following officers for the ensuing term of six months:

W. P. President—John Gregory.
President—J. W. Wagstaff.
Vice President—G. Mottishaw.
Secretary—F. Wagstaff.
Assistant Secretary—Wm. Mottishaw.
Treasurer—W. Dean.
Assistant Messenger—I. Storey.
Chaplain—John Chadwick.
Inside Sentinel—William Pywell.
Outside Sentinel—T. P. Piper, jun.
Grand Lodge Representative — John Hilbert. Alternate, J. H. Cocking.
Trustees—T. Wilson, R. Kenyon and John Piper.
Finance Committee—John Chadwick, Thomas Wilson and E. Mottishaw.
Relief Committee—W. Pywell, J. H. Cocking and John Gregory.

Bro. Gregory was presented with a Past President's badge, and Bro. Wm. Mottishaw with a charm for securing the most members.

Rev. Canon Good will become the next acquisition to the lodge.

At a meeting of Oliver Lodge, No. 102, Daughters of St. George, Sister Penketh, D. D. G. P., assisted by Sister Bradbury, G. M., installed the following officers for the ensuing term:

W. P. President—Sister E. Mottishaw.
President—Sister E. Wagstaff.
Vice President—Sister E. Mottishaw.
Financial Secretary—Sis. E. Mitchell.
Recording Sec.—Sister B. Wagstaff.
Treasurer—Sister Bowen.
Chaplain—Sister Hodgson.
First Conductor—Sister Hathaway.
Second Conductor—Sister T. Gregory.
Outside Guard—Sister Thrall.
Inside Guard—Sister Snowden.
Trustees—Sisters E. Mottishaw, B. Wagstaff and T. Thrall
Auditors—Sisters B. Pollard, F. Hathaway and E. Snowden.

Sister Mottishaw was presented with a Past President's badge.

After the installation ceremonies the officers and members were tendered a banquet, which was done full justice.

Grand Lodge K. of P.

The Grand Lodge, K. of P., which has been in session in Nanaimo during the week, elected the following officers:

P. G. C., Theron Ackerman, Royal Lodge, No. 6.

Grand Chancellor, F. W. Dowling, Rathbone Lodge, No. 7.

G. V. C., J. B. Kennedy, Fraser River Lodge, No. 12.

G. P., James Haddow, Damon Lodge, No. 8.

G. K. of R. & S., Emil Pferdner, Far West Lodge, No. 1.

G. M. of Ex., W. K. Leighton, Myrtle Lodge, No. 9.

G. M. at A., G. B. Trites, Wellington Lodge Eo. 2.

G. I. G., Robert Rivers, Nanaimo Lodge, No. 4.

G. O. G., Dr. P. Scharschmidt, Comox Lodge, No. 5.

The installation was performed by Supreme Representative H. J. Austin, assisted by Supreme Representative James Crossan, acting as Supreme Prelate, and George Madigan, acting as Supreme M. at A.

The Grand Lodge adjourned to meet again the second Tuesday in May, 1897, at New Westminster.

Miners' Meeting.

An important mass meeting of the Miners' ann Mine Laborers' Protective Association was held in the opera house this morning for the purpose of considering the question of continuing the office of the agency and secretaryship now held by Mr. Ralph Smith. Mr. Smith had previously expressed a wish to have the matter openly discussed at a mass meeting. As the result of this morning's meeting, it was almost unanimously resolved to continue the agency and Mr. Smith as agent. It was also decided to substitute monthly for weekly meetings during the summer months, such meetings to be held on the first Saturday in every month. The secretary, however, is empowered to call a meeting for some special purpose at any time.

The San Francisco Chronicle says:—"The English whaleback Progressist is not long for the coast. When her charter expires, about two months hence, it is said the Dunsmuirs will be glad to have the homely looking coal carrier off their hands. When the vessel was chartered to run between here and Wellington for the Dunsmuirs, the latter reserved the privilege of purchasing her at a given figure at the end of the year. Their experience with the whaleback, however, has been such as to convince them that they do not wish to own her at the price asked. The owners of the Progressist guaranteed when the charter was entered into that she would carry 4,200 tons. A trial showed that on the return trip, light, she required 1000 tons of rock ballast, and as the cost of lifting that amount of ballast out of the ship at Wellington each trip w s greater than would be the freight charges on the increased amount of coal she would be enabled to carry by the removal of the ballast, it was found necessary to reduce the weight of her coal cargo and carry the ballast both ways.'

THE VICTORIA HORROR.

The Bridge Loaded Three Times Beyond Its Capacity.

A correspondent writes the Province as follows: "The condition of this bridge has long been questioned by many and in 1893 a stern warning was given. With what result? Some repairs, but we hear nothing of a thorough inquiry into its capabilities. This year the bridge received the customary inspection, and the customary report of its excellent condition was handed in. The inquiry now proceeding may tell us whether this report was justified by the real condition of the bridge. Let that pass. But the safety of every bridge must be judged in relation to the work it has to do. What report was there made about this? Last Tuesday the state of affairs seems to have been about as follows: The bridge, when built, was intended to carry a moving load of 1,000 pounds to the running foot, equivalent to 18,750 pounds to each panel, or 9,375 pounds to each truss. There is said to have been in addition a safety factor of five, and this may, or may not, have been the case originally, but the safety margin ought never to be intentionally drawn upon. It is intended for safety, not for deliberate use. What was that bridge asked to do? The car and its passengers probably weighed 38,000 pounds. Now, taking the centre of the car track as being five feet from the edge of the roadway, which was 19 feet wide, the nearer truss would carry fourteen-nineteenths of this weight or 28,000 pounds, without including anything for other weights which we know were on the bridge. Great Heavens! the bridge was loaded to nearly three times what should have been its "safe load." The weight of the car, empty, was was greater than the bridge was expected to carry when it was built, and this we only learn at a cost which is heartbreaking. It is inconceivable that that the responsible parties ever actually realized that they were playing with human lives, but their ignorance was culpably careless. They OUGHT to have known."

SUNDAY SERVICES.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH.

First Sunday after Trinity—8 a. m., Holy Communion; celebrant, the bishop. 10 a. m., Sunday school; 11 a. m., Short Matins, Confirmation and sermon. The Lord Bishop of the Diocese will deliver the rite of Confirmation after Matins to a number of candidates and preach on the occasion. 7 p. m., Evensong and sermon.

Throughout the summer months Evensong will be shortened—only one canticle and brief address. The second bell will not be rung till 7 o'clock.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Morning service at 11 o'clock; Bible class and Sabbath school at 2 p. m.; evening service at 7. All welcome. Rev. S. C. Stewart, pastor pro tem.

Y. P. S. C. E. prayer meeting immediately after the evening service.

Midweek meeting, Thursday evening at 8 o'clock.

BAPTIST CHURCH.

Services at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. Sunday school and pastor's Bible class at 2:30 P. M. Midweek meeting, Wednesday, 7:30 P. M. All seats free; all are invited. Rev. W. A. Gunton, pastor, 169 Farquar street.

ST. ALBAN'S CHURCH.

First Sunday after Trinity—Holy Communion, 8 a. m.; Morning Prayer, Holy Communion and sermon, 11 a. m.; Sunday school, 2:30 p. m.; Evening Prayer and sermon, 7 p. m.

The Lord Bishop of the Diocese will preach at the evening service. Evening anthem, "The Hymn of Peace" (Calcott). Solo by Mr. Brenton.

Week-day services as usual.

WALLACE STREET METHODIST CHURCH.

Mr. W. Manson, sr., will preach in the morning, and Mr. Ralph Smith in the evening. Services at usual hours. All welcome.

Local Retail Market.

Flour—Ogilvie's Hungarian	$5.00	℔ bl.
Green Crown	6.00	"
Hercules	4.00	"
Sugar—Best granulated	$5.50	℔ sack
Bright yellow	4.25	"
Hams	From 15c. to 17c.	℔ lb.
Breakfast Bacon	12c. to 18c	"
Lard—Best	15c	"
Butter—Creamery	30c	"
Dairy	20c@25c	"
Onions	3c	"
Eggs	20c. per dozen	
Apples	$2.00 per box	
Potatoes	75c per sack	
Chickens	25 to 50 cents	

Awarded
Highest Honors—World's Fair.
DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER
MOST PERFECT MADE.
A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant
40 Years the Standard.

Dominion Elections.

MR. W. W. B. McINNES,

OPPOSITION CANDIDATE,

will address meetings as follows:

Salt Spring Island (North)	May	19
" " " (South)	"	20
Alberni	"	28
Nanaimo City	"	30
Duncan's	June	1
Comox	"	3
Union	"	4
Cedar	"	6
Somenos	"	8
McPherson's	"	9
Royal Oaks	"	10
Sooke	"	12
Gabriola Island	"	15
Nanaimo City	"	16
Nanoose	"	17
Wellington	"	18
Northfield	"	19

At the above named meetings Mr. McInnes will be assisted by other eminent speakers. The co-operation of all opposed to the present government are cordially invited.

The government candidate or candidates, or anyone on their behalf, are invited to be present and will be given ample opportunity to take part in the discussion.

A. D. McKENZIE, Secretary. G. F. CANE, Chairman of Executive.

Revier House
SKINNER STREET,

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