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# The Weekly News.

NO. 231. UNION COMOX DISTRICT. B. C., TUESDAY APRIL, 20th, 1897. \$2.00 PER ANNUM.

## UNION MEAT MARKET

For the choicest meats we are head quarters. If you have not tried our noted sausages, bologna and head cheese, you should do so at once. Fresh vegetables, eggs and butter, salmon bellies, Mackerel, etc.

SHIPPING SUPPLIES.

101 SIMON LEISER

## Change of Business.

### HARRY HAMBURGER'S

Stock in trade, book-accounts and goodwill of business has been purchased by Mr. Gustav Hauck formerly of Ladner's Landing. All persons indebted to me will please settle their accounts with my successor, for whom I solicit a continuance of their patronage.

Union, April 1st., 1897.

Harry Hamburger.

## YOUR CHOICE.

In a Complete Stock of—

Groceries, Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes, Fancy Articles.....

Having purchased the stock of Mr. Hamburger and Mr. Barrett, and secured the commodious stand formerly occupied by Mr. Holmes, I am now offering to the public of Union and Comox District: a well assorted and large stock of

Boots and Shoes, Clothing, Table and Fancy Dry Goods, Groceries, Crockery, etc. etc., at BED-ROCK PRICES.

New goods arriving by each steamer. Call and convince yourself that my goods and prices are right.

Prompt Attention. Free Delivery.

Gustav Hauck.

Union, April 12th 1897.

### The New Road.

At last work has been commenced on what is known as the Roy road—the road from Union to the beach. The Government agent will doubtless have this finished during the present fiscal year—before the 30th of June. We understand the Trent River bridge will be built this season, and the road will be opened in fairly good shape to Union wharf. From there the road now extends to Bayne Sound river, which will probably be bridged during the coming summer. If the \$8000 appropriated for the Trunk road is expended at this end, as it should be, the road will be extended south to Fanny Bay and beyond, leaving at most but a short distance to complete the line.

Some eighteen or twenty years ago, a road was built through from Nanaimo to Comox. During the following spring the rains carried away the bridges washed out the culverts and rendered it impassible. No work was afterwards done upon it, and it became overgrown with brush and trees.

A little less than four years ago THE NEWS began the agitation for the reconstruction of the Nanaimo-Comox trunk road. Single handed and alone it set the ball in

motion. The Free Press gave it its support and afterwards the Wellington Enterprise. Not long after this Mr. John Bryden at a public meeting pledged his assistance, a pledge he has faithfully kept.

During the last contest for member in this electoral district the matter was discussed, Mr. Scharschmidt favoring the road and Mr. Hunter declaring for it providing the railway was not extended into the district. The railway was not built and Mr. Hunter united with Bryden in having put in the estimates the next legislative session \$3,000 for the construction of a trunk road from Nanaimo and Wellington north, connecting with the road system of Comox district. And now \$24,000 in all has been appropriated for this purpose. Next year we hope to be able to congratulate the people of Union, and Comox district upon the completion of this important enterprise.

The Odd Fellows will meet at their hall next Sunday evening, and march to the Presbyterian Church. Rev. Mr. Logan will deliver a discourse suitable to the occasion. The Odd Fellows will be accompanied by the Sisters of Rebekah.

## Latest by Wire

### DRIVEN ASHORE.

LONDON, April 18.—During a gale in the Channel to-day, the British steamer *Mo'enne*, 3015 tons, outward bound for India, was driven ashore off Strathness Point, passengers and crew were rescued by the Rocket Parachute.

GREEK-TURKISH NEWS.—Reports that the situation as a reign of terror. The Turks are laying the country in waste near Epesus with fire and sword. War fully declared.

NO MUSIC HALL LICENSES.—The Licenses Committee of Vancouver by vote of 3 to 2 settled the license question for the rest of the year, by refusing all petitions for licenses, and acceding to the request of the petitioners to refuse any licenses for music halls.

### RAILWAY BILL.

VICTORIA, April 17.—The Premier on the second reading of the Railway Aid Bill, said it would be so amended as to make section C. to read for a railway from English Bluff via Chilliwack to Penikese, approximately 320 miles; no company to get the grant unless it's arranged to run a daily train to some point on Vancouver Island.

NANAIMO STEAMER.—The steam schooner *Florence* has secured her registration, and will start on the Texada-Nanaimo route at once.

### SULLIVAN WANTS TO FIGHT.

NEW YORK, April 18.—Nelse Innes, representing John L. Sullivan's backer, has notified Fitzsimmons that the former champion was ready to make a match for \$50,000 aside. Lbb said he did not care to arrange for a match at once, but would consider Sullivan's proposition.

TRIED TO SUICIDE.—Saurault of the Alberni Hotel, cut his throat with a razor—only a severe scratch—is under bonds.

DROWNED.—Harry Eustice of Nanaimo was drowned. He went with his son, 8 years old in a canoe to Gabriola Island. When about 100 yards from the beach the canoe was suddenly upset. The father succeeded in keeping the boy afloat until he righted the canoe; he then placed him in the boat and commenced swimming for the shore when he disappeared. The body was found some hours later. He was an active member of the Fire Department and an old and respected citizen of the town.

ANOTHER PAPER.—A new weekly paper has made its appearance in Nanaimo.

OUR HATCHISON.—The *Colonist* says: Good luck has followed Hatchison ever since he has been on the police force. Saturday in coming down from Union he chanced to see Wm Mayer whom he knew was wanted as a defaulter of Singer Sewing Co. at Nanaimo in sum of \$700. He gathered him in.

### NOTICE.

WE, the undersigned, hereby agree that until further notice, we will close our places of business at 7 o'clock in the evening, beginning on the 31. day of May next; except on Saturday and the week immediately following pay-day.

Union, B. C. April 14th, 1897.

McPhee & Moore, SIMON LEISER,  
C. H. TARBELL, GUSTAV HAUCK,  
C. E. STEVENSON & Co., T. D. MCLEAN.

### School Visited.

DURING the school session Thursday afternoon the certificates issued by the Department of Education were formally presented in the Principal's Division to the pupils who had successfully passed the recent examination for admission to a high school. The certificates were handed to the pupils—Amy Williams, Ellen Tarbell and George A. Tarbell—by Rev. J. A. Logan, accompanied by appropriate and felicitous remarks. Remarks were also made by Mr. Alex. Grant, trustee, and M. Whitney. Mesdames Tarbell and Williams were the other visitors.

The school was very orderly and the pupils appeared interested in their work. The accuracy and despatch with which examples in arithmetic were performed showed good training.

The other Divisions were also visited.

FOR SALE.—A lady's Cleveland wheel almost new, in first class order. Apply at Anderson's Metal Works.

## McPhee & Moore,

General Merchants and Butchers,  
UNION and COURTENAY. B. C.

### Town Incorporation Endorsed.

LAST SATURDAY evening there was a good turn-out at the school house of the owners of real estate in Cumberland townsite for the purpose of considering the question of incorporating the town, and also of more adequate fire protection.

Mr. M. Whitney was voted to the chair and Mr. F. B. Smith chosen secretary.

To bring the question of incorporation before the meeting, Dr. Lawrence moved that this meeting avors the incorporation of the town, and that a committee be appointed to attend to the necessary work to effectuate the purpose. This was seconded by Mr. A. Grant, and upon being stated by the chair, discussion was requested. There was a pretty general interchange of views, the speakers generally favoring incorporation. The following facts were brought out: the real estate appraisement within the townsite is at present \$160,000; hotel licences (3) \$600.00; a licence of \$10.00 for each store, shop, etc.; livery, and team licences. It was estimated that without increasing the taxes, but with the imposition of such additional licences as were usual and would protect our merchants against peddlers, dog tax, etc., about \$2,500 could be raised. This could all be kept at home, and the town have the benefit, whereas now, none of this was expended here with the exception of a few dollars, for repairs on the main highway through the town. The Provincial government would collect the poll taxes, and would take care of the schools, public buildings, and hospital, etc., as at present. It was made manifest that we can have no sewer until incorporation, and that we might expect the presence of infectious disease in our midst unless water from the outside be introduced and SEWERS CONSTRUCTED.

One gentleman objected on the ground that Mr. Lieser would have an advantage his big store being outside the proposed limits. It was explained that all Mr. Lieser's taxable property in this district was within the townsite; that no tax was placed on a merchant's stock in trade; and that Mr. Lieser's store tax of \$10.00 would have to be paid, the only difference being it would go into the Provincial treasury—a small matter. Upon a vote being taken the motion was overwhelmingly carried, only two voting against it.

The following committee was chosen to look after incorporation: Dr. R. Lawrence, A. Grant, Robert Grant, W. Mitchell, Geo. W. Clinton, Dr. Westwood, and M. Whitney.

The officers of the Water-Works Co., were questioned as to the placing hydrants for purpose of fire protection. The meeting was informed that 15 hydrants had been ordered, and would be placed where they would be most serviceable; the cost being about \$40.00 for each hydrant; that if the town was incorporated, it could purchase them or pay rent; if not incorporated the citizens would be expected to arrange for purchase or rent.

There being no further business the meeting adjourned.

Immediately after adjournment the Committee on Incorporation met and organized by electing Dr. Lawrence chairman, and M. Whitney secretary.

The committee then adjourned to meet at THE NEWS OFFICE at 8:30 Wednesday evening. The presence of every member is requested.

### NOTICE.

All members of the Fire Company are requested to meet in the hall on Friday evening, at 7:30 o'clock to consider the holding of a celebration on the 24th May.

L. P. ECKSTEIN, Sec'y.

### MARINE CONCERT.



VERY ONE will desire to attend the Minstrel and Musical performance of the band—20—connected with H. M. S. Comox, at Knights of Pythias Hall on Saturday evening, April 24th. It will be a capital treat and there will be any amount of fun. Admission only 25 cents. A. Comox.

### AN EASTER NUMBER.

A special cover, a colored frontispiece and an increased number of illustrations distinguish the Easter number of The Canadian Magazine. Madge Merton contributes an Easter story; Mrs. Crawford, the famous Paris correspondent of the London News, writes of the peculiar customs in connection with Easter in Paris. Both these contributions are illustrated. Besides these there are five other stories, three of which are illustrated. A most attractive article is the one on Nansen, by Fritz Hope, which is embellished with ten very fine illustrations. Donald McCaig writes of Alexander McLachlan, the deceased Canadian poet; W. Tobin, Deputy Surgeon-General, gives a plan for the reorganization of "The Militia Medical Service"; S. J. McLean writes of "Social Amelioration and the University Settlement"; G. E. McCraney writes of the proposed Victoria Day as a permanent holiday on the 24th of May; Dr. Ferguson gives some information concerning the Indian plague; David Christie Murray tells some interesting things about Kipling; while Herbert H. Gowen describes very accurately a botanical trip up one of the most important mountains of British Columbia.

### A RUN AWAY.



ABOUT a week ago Mr. Geo. Turnbull got into his two wheeler behind an unbroken colt and started for Courtenay. When a little past the railroad track, a bicycle appeared and a friendly hand held the colt until it past; when the hand was lifted, the colt shot forward like a missile from catapult. Becoming unmanageable it left the road, tore itself from the cart which it hung upon a stump, and dashed on. It was stopped this side of Courtenay. But, oh my! you should have seen the harness!

### NOTICE.

The firm of Grant and Macphail doing business at Courtenay, B. C. as hotel keepers, has been dissolved, by mutual consent. All accounts due the firm should be paid to Mr. J. J. Grant, who will pay all accounts against the late firm.

Dated at Courtenay, April 16th, 1897.

H. J. MONTGOMERY,  
J. J. GRANT.

### HUTCHINSON-McDONALD.

This morning at 5 o'clock in the City of Victoria, Mr. John William Hutchinson of Union, and Miss Mamie Frances McDonald of Victoria, were united in the bonds of matrimony, the Rev. Mr. Nicolay officiating.

The happy couple are expected to reach Union by tomorrow's steamer, and will go at once to house-keeping in Mr. Hutchinson's handsome cottage on Marjport avenue. THE NEWS extends its hearty congratulations.

Men's new styles in Hard and Soft Hats at Leiser's.



Subscribers who do not receive their paper regularly will please notify us at once.  
Apply at the office for advertising rates.

## THE NEWS.

UNION, B. C.

### The Week's Commercial Summary.

The Imperial Bank has opened a branch at Revelstoke, British Columbia.  
Choice light hogs, live, are higher in Toronto, with sales at 4 1/2c per lb. Lambs also sold at 4 1/2c per lb.

Peas are weaker, with sales in Ontario at 38c high freight. At Liverpool the market is 1/2d weaker at 45 1/2d.

The stock of wheat in Toronto is 217,776 bushels, as against 209,296 bushels a week ago, and 25,046 bushels a year ago.

The amount of wheat afloat to Europe is 24,640,000 bushels, a decrease of 1,250,000 bushels for the week. A year ago the total was 27,860,000 bushels.

The visible supply of wheat in the United States and Canada in 45,215,000 bushels, a decrease of 1,443,000 bushels for the week. A year ago the total was 65,011,000 bushels and two years ago 79,476,000 bushels. Stocks in America and afloat to Europe are 9,855,000 bushels, as against 92,871,000 bushels a year ago, a decrease of 22,516,000 bushels.

A tremendous sensation, says the Eau Claire (Wis.) Leader, has been created throughout the country by the discovery that the patents of the celebrated Welsbach (known in Canada as the Auer Light) Company on their well-known gas burners have expired. The price for this article has ranged from \$2.50 to \$4, while it is claimed the cost does not exceed 40c. The Welsbach Company are reputed to have cleared over \$30,000,000 in this country and Europe, while the patents held, so that as far as they are concerned there should be no kick coming. An immediate crash in the price is looked for, as anyone can make and sell the burners now, without fear of molestation.

### Here and There.

A Nebraska contemporary has a timely article on "The Mistakes of Our Neighbors." An article on that subject is always timely, and welcome.

Chicago's anti-high hat ordinance seems to be working first-rate, but men still stumble over the young ladies' feet when they are going out between the acts.

It must be a cause of sincere grief to the Bradley Martins that Richard Harding Davis is writing history down in Cuba, and so can't describe the ball as he did the coronation.

A bill has been introduced in the Missouri legislature which prohibits trainmen from flirting with women passengers. Hood, the author of the bill, is a Populist and was formerly a school teacher. Doubtless he understands the dangers to be avoided.

Two great events are offering the Pacific roads new promise of life, one being the great prize fight in Nevada and the other the great Christian Endeavor gathering at San Francisco. So far the roads dare not offer cut rate to one for fear of offending the other. Suggestive rivalry, this.

### THEY WORKED WONDERS.

Two Years of Bladder Torment—Had Attacks of Inflammation—Cured by A Few Boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Owen Sound, March 1.—(Special)—The people of this town are talking again of another cure credited to Dodd's Kidney Pills. This is the case of Mr. W. Cruise, caretaker of town buildings, who, when seen had this to say of the matter:

"For over two years I have been an intense sufferer from kidney disease with occasionally acute attacks of inflammation of the bladder.

"Was under doctor's treatment and have been compelled to resort to instrumental relief many times.

"I have taken eighteen boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills and am satisfied with results being perfectly relieved of all suffering."

The superiority of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is shown by its good effects on the children. Purchase a bottle and give it a trial.

When George III came to the throne, one of his first acts was to issue an order prohibiting any of the clergy who should preach before him from paying him compliments in their sermons. This was especially aimed at a prebendary of Westminster who had in his discourse before him indulged in fulsome adulation. Instead of thanks, the King gave him the information that he came to church to hear the praises of God, and not his own.

### They Stick to Candles.

At the Prince of Wales' own particular club in London neither gas, electric light nor oil is commonly used, but in most of the rooms shaded candles.

## 20 CENTS SECURES A GOOD LIVER AND GOOD HEALTH.

As a System Renovator and Blood Builder  
Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills Are  
Supplanting All Others.

So Great Has Been the Demand That It's  
Hard to Supply It.

Cure Constipation or Nervous Headache, clear the complexion, rid it of eruptions, yellow skin, coated tongue, etc. Act easy—never gripe, and the after effects are a positive pleasure. In vials, 40 pills, 20 cents.

## TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

### HERE IS THE NEWS IN SHORT ORDER.

Tidings from all Parts of the Globe, Condensed and Arranged for Busy Readers.

#### CANADIAN.

Mr. A. M. Williamson, Town Clerk of Kincardine, is dead.

Mrs. Pense, wife of the proprietor of The Kingston Whig, is dead.

Mr. John McMurtrie, a Kippen farmer, was crushed to death by a falling tree.

Sheriff Shirreff, of the County of Northumberland, N.B., died Friday at Chatham, N. B.

The present population of Canada is estimated by the Department of Agriculture to be 5,125,436.

Mr. John W. Martin, a prominent farmer of Waterloo Township, aged about 70, died very suddenly in Galt.

Mr. W. C. Macdonald, of Montreal, has made another gift to McGill University amounting to over \$600,000.

Mr. Gibson, a school teacher at Donaldson's Mills, was chased by a wolf. He secured a club and killed the animal.

Mr. A. M. Williamson, collector of Customs and town clerk of Kincardine, Ont., died Thursday, in his 66th year.

Mr. R. M. Chester, a Winnipeg seed merchant, has been missing since Wednesday last. He formerly lived in Toronto.

In a fight at Dalhousie Mills Mr. J. Dewar was hit on the head with a stake. He died from his injuries a few days later.

Mr. David Winter, formerly of Sarnia, died at the Bernard House, London, from the effects of an overdose of tincture of opium.

Major E. L. Bond, of Montreal, has consented to accept the position of chairman of the Quebec provincial plebiscite executive.

Mr. Thomas Newbigging, J. P. and Clerk of the Division Court, Welland County, for 34 years, died at Bridgeburg, aged 87 years.

Bro. H. Gummer, of Guelph, was elected H. C. R. of the Canadian Order of Foresters. The High Court meets next year at Peterboro.

Michael McCarthy was accidentally shot through the left breast and instantly killed in Malden, near Amherstburg, while rabbit shooting.

The Methodist ministers of London have passed a resolution expressing disapproval of the proposed amendments to the Ontario license act.

The German tank steamer Diamant, which had been given up for lost, arrived Friday off Halifax in tow of the steamer British Empire.

The Hamilton Board of Trade Council passed a resolution in favor of the Government building and operating the Crow's Nest Pass Railway.

A private despatch in Montreal announced the death in Chicago of the oldest medical graduate of McGill University, Dr. Robert Todd Reynolds.

Mr. Hugh John Macdonald Monday formally announced his intention of accepting the leadership of the Opposition in the Manitoba Legislature.

At a meeting of the Mutual Fire Underwriters of Ontario, held in Toronto, Mr. John Hobson, of Mosborne, was elected president for the current year.

The creditors of the Carrick financial institution met at Midway on Saturday and heard a statement of affairs, which showed that the assets will probably pay fair dividend.

According to a blue book just issued the mineral production of Canada for the year was \$24,000,000. Since 1886 the total value of Canada's mineral production has nearly doubled.

A Ridgetown young man named Patrick Mannix was shot through the shoulder by Joseph Hall, who runs a billiard parlor in the town. The wound is a very serious one.

There are still some parties who desire to be heard by the Tariff Commission, but as the committee has completed taking evidence, their representations must be sent in writing.

At a meeting of the Toronto Humane Society a form of petition was approved of to be presented to the Dominion Government in favor of enacting legislation against the docking of horses.

Mayor Bingham, of Ottawa, entertained at luncheon five hundred ladies at the Russell house in that city, he being the only gentleman present. There was only one toast, "The Queen."

Mr. John Fahey, proprietor of the Imperial Hotel, Hamilton, died from erysipelas, said to be due to a wound received in his hand a week ago. Coroner MacKellan will hold an inquest.

Mr. Lawrence E. Vogler, an old and respected resident and for many years reeve of the township of Zone, Ont., was drowned Friday by falling through an airhole whilst crossing the River Thames.

Hon. Geo. E. Foster, discussing the Crow's Nest Pass Railway at Winnipeg, said that the Government would not be wise in building it, as a company could do it cheaper and with better results to the country.

Mr. Gustave Drolet, who has just returned to Montreal from Rome, has given an authorized statement, in which he denies that he was the representative of the Dominion Government, but declares that he was requested by prominent politicians to place their grievances before the Papal authorities.

Lieut.-Col. Herchmer, Commissioner of the Northwest Mounted Police, who is at present in Ottawa, received a telegram Friday, stating that Deerfoot, the once world-renowned Indian runner, died on Thursday at Calgary, in the police barracks, where he was confined for an assault on another Indian and his wife.

Mr. Whitney, leader of the Provincial

Opposition, called the attention of the Legislature to the high-handed proceedings of Matthew Frankish, a fishery inspector at Uxbridge, who unwarrantably seized a lot of fish belonging to a poor woman, and kept the proceeds of the sale. The Government stated that the matter was being investigated.

Mr. Sydney Fisher, Minister of Agriculture, addressed the members of the Dominion Alliance in Montreal. Referring to the coming plebiscite, he said if the temperance people won a prohibitory law would follow, and the liquor traffic would be killed in this country. It was his emphatic belief that the temperance people would win.

#### UNITED STATES.

David Wright, a prominent Cayuga, N. Y., lawyer, is dead, aged 91.

It is proposed to spend \$35,728,284 on the United States navy this year.

The United States Senate held a regular business session on Sunday afternoon.

Five persons were probably fatally injured in a railway wreck at Shelbourne Falls, Mass.

The Manhattan Elevated Railroad, New York City, has constructed a compressed air locomotive.

The American Senate passed the bill authorizing the construction of a bridge across the St. Lawrence River from Hogansburg to Cornwall.

President Cleveland has not yet vetoed the obnoxious immigration bill, and unless he does so before to-morrow the measure will become law.

On Saturday four special agents of the United States Treasury seized opium at San Francisco valued at \$400,000, for violation of the Customs law.

Resolutions favoring the adoption of the arbitration treaty between the United States and England were adopted at a meeting of the Reform Club in New York.

Cornas cause intolerable pain. Hollo way's Corn Cure removes the trouble. Try it, and see what an amount of pain is saved.

Gov. Holcomb, in a message to the Nebraska Legislature, stated that over half a million dollars yet remain to be accounted for by ex-State Treasurer Bartley, and he asked for an investigation.

#### FOREIGN.

Bolivia has increased her customs tariff 25 per cent.

Mlle. Marie Falcon, a former noted French singer, is dead at Paris, aged 83.

The boundary dispute between France and Brazil is to be referred to arbitration.

The bill placing the High Court of the Transvaal under control of the Volksraad has been passed.

Atlantic steamers arriving in the Clyde report extremely tempestuous weather the last few days.

Anarchy is said to prevail once more in Armenia. New cruelties to the Armenians are reported.

A report from Brisbane, Queensland, says that Paquans have massacred Mr. Green, a British resident at Mombare, and several gold miners.

It is believed that if the powers insist upon the Greek troops evacuating the Island of Crete King George will abdicate in favor of the Crown Prince.

Russia, through the Russian Minister at Athens, has called upon Greece to withdraw all of her troops and her fleet from Crete within three days.

The left wing of the monastery of St. Bernard has been destroyed by an avalanche, and the monks had to tunnel through the snow to make their exit.

It is stated that Captain General Weyler has forwarded his resignation to the Spanish Government at Madrid because of the release of Julio Sangulley.

Fire broke out in a mine at Zacatecas, Mexico, in which 175 miners were at work. Every effort is being made to save them, but it is feared they are all dead.

England has prohibited the pilgrimages to Mecca, on account of the plague. Austria and Russia have taken similar action. Italy and France have concurred.

Further details from New Guinea of the massacre by natives of Mamabare, in which the British Government Resident, Mr. Greene, was killed, say that in addition six miners and forty natives were murdered.

The syndicate appointed by Cambridge University to consider the question of granting degrees to women recommends that the degree of B. A. be conferred by diploma upon those who have already passed or hereafter passing the final tripos.

Out of Sorts.—Symptoms, Headache, loss of appetite, furred tongue, and general indisposition. These symptoms, if neglected, develop into acute disease. It is a trite saying that an "ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," and a little attention at this point may save months of sickness and large doctor bills. For this complaint take from two to three of Parmenter's Vegetable Pills on going to bed, and one or two for three nights in succession, and a cure will be effected.

#### Probably.

Gautier—Is it true as some French writer has said that virtue is a disease?  
Dunstar—Must be so in Paris, from the desperate extremes people will go to get rid of it.

There are so many cough medicines in the market, that it is sometimes difficult to tell which to buy; but if we had a cough, a cold or any affliction of the throat or lungs, we would try Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. Those who have used it think it is far ahead of all other preparations recommended for such complaints. The little folks like it as it is as pleasant as syrup.

#### A Hopeful Circumstance.

"I think," said young Mrs. Torkins, "that we will like the new servant better than we did the other."

"For what reason?" inquired her husband.

"She carries a smaller basket to and from her home."—Washington Star.

## RELIEF IN SIX HOURS.

Geo. Seales, a Well-Known Contractor of Niagara Falls, Completely Restored by the Great South American Kidney Cure—Thousands More Can Bear the Same Testimony.

I was a great sufferer for years with acute kidney disorder and pain in my side. When almost all other known remedies had been fairly tried and had failed. I was advised to take South American Kidney Cure. One bottle did me so much good I purchased two more. I am now completely restored—feel better than I have for five years. It's a great cure; will give relief in six hours, and I delight in recommending it to others.

#### His Winning Suit.

Mrs. Kirtland—And why do you think, Mr. Dunley, that the world is better now and more beautiful than it was thirty-five years ago?

Mr. Dunley (who is after her sweet daughter)—Because—because you were not in it then.

Papa Kirtland's objection to the young man have been overridden.

## MIRACLES TO-DAY.

William H. White, of Portuguese Cove, Racked by the Tortures of Rheumatism, is Quickly Relieved and Permanently Cured by the Great South American Rheumatic Cure.

"I was a martyr to acute rheumatism for years. All the known remedies and best doctors were given a trial, but nothing ever gave me any permanent relief until I obtained your great South American Rheumatic Cure. It has done so much for me that I gladly give my testimony, that other sufferers from the agonies of rheumatism may take my advice and try this great remedy. I am satisfied it will cure them as it has me."

#### Badly Tangled.

The Hon. Sammy—Our marriage can't come off. My silly old dad's got engaged to your sister.

Gertie (of the Sisters Thinites)—Oh, that's all right; that only our stage name; she's my daughter, really.

## I CAN'T SLEEP.

Is the Daily Wail of Thousands of Humanity Who Have Suffered as Wm. Froude, of Huntsville, Has—Read What the Great South American Nerve Did For Him.

I was greatly troubled with general nervous debility, indigestion and sleeplessness. I tried a number of cures and consulted best physicians without any benefit. I was finally induced to give South American Nerve a trial. I had heard of some great cures by it. I took it, got relief from my sufferings, and after using one bottle sweet sleep came to me. I slept like a child. Six bottles have completely cured me.

#### An Angel.

"Husband and I have never quarreled," declared Mrs. Hotly.

"What a perfectly angelic disposition he must have," purred her dearest friend.

## DEAFNESS CANNOT BE CURED

by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed, you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. Nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

J. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.  
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Sore Feet.—Mrs. E. J. Neill, New Armagh, P. Q., writes: "For nearly six months I was troubled with burning aches and pains in my feet to such an extent that I could not sleep at night, and as my feet were badly swollen I could not wear my boots for weeks. At last I got a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil and resolved to try it and to my astonishment I got almost instant relief, and the one bottle 'completely' a perfect cure."

#### Gossip.

Eleanor—Is it true, then, that Mrs. Higlyff starves her servants?

Nanette—Yes. She has heard that it is quite the swaggiest thing to have a lot of family skeletons about the house to give it tone, you know.

Mrs. Celeste Coon, Syracuse, N. Y., writes: "For years I could not eat many kinds of food without producing a burning, excruciating pain in my stomach. I took Parmenter's Pills according to directions under the head of 'Dyspepsia or Indigestion.' One box entirely cured me. I can now eat anything I choose, without distressing me in the least." These Pills do not cause pain or griping, and should be used when a cathartic is required.

#### Cup and All.

Hewitt—I told my wife she made very poor tea.

Jewett—You shouldn't throw it in her face.

Hewitt—I didn't. She threw it in my face.

**Gold is King**  
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## THE NEXT WAR

TO BE THE GREATEST THE WORLD  
HAS EVER SEEN.

A New Smokeless Powder Invented in  
Russia—A Field Gun Without Recoil  
Devised by a French Artilleryman.

The next war is going to be the most appalling catastrophe the world has ever seen. A public man of large experience said to me the other day that he believed the inevitable conflict would not be precipitated by a king or an emperor, but by an inventor. Then tension of international hatred is so great in Europe, he says, that if an inventor in any one country produces some appallingly deadly explosive, or constructs a gun so destructive that no armor at present known to mankind can stand against it, the nation which has possession of this powder or weapon will declare war against its enemy, and conquer the other country before the world in general becomes aware of the new equipment.

There is a possible danger that this theory may be true, but the country that would stake its existence on a new invention would certainly have more than an ordinary share of bravery.

France went jubilantly to war with Germany largely on the strength of its new gun, the Mitrailleuse, which was heralded as a weapon so destructive that no modern army could live in front of it. It certainly proved to be a death-dealing instrument, and the frightful mortality in the German army paid a ghastly tribute to its qualities; nevertheless it was not capable of stemming the flood of invasion that poured over the land.

Nothing can exceed the jealousy with which European nations are now watching their own men, so that no hint of any invention may get abroad. France is sending officers after officers into prison or exile, after secretly conducted trials, where no reporters are present, these star chamber courts holding that the officers have betrayed government secrets to other nations. In Germany practically the same state of things exist. But in spite of all precaution it is amazing how quickly a secret becomes public property.

One would think that if any country could keep a secret, Russia would be that country; but there is its new smokeless powder, invented by Prof. Mendelieff. The whole world knows its composition, and there is therefore no reason why I should withhold the formula from these columns; it is simply C<sub>8</sub>H<sub>8</sub> (NO<sub>2</sub>)<sub>12</sub>, O<sub>2</sub>. At a trial the other day from an eight-inch gun this explosive drove a hardened steel projectile clear through a Harveyized steel Krupp armor plate, and the velocity when the shot struck the plate was 2,850 feet-seconds, whatever they may mean.

France has a new gun to fit this new powder, and, curiously enough, France and Russia are allies. An enlightened republic with the motto "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity" is thus linked with a despotism under which no man's life is safe, and where no man not belonging to the ruling classes has a word to say in the conduct of the government.

It is a somewhat disquieting thing for the rest of Europe to know that these two countries between them possess the best field gun in existence and the best explosive.

I am not an expert in military matters, but I believe it to be the case that the trouble with a light field gun is this: When such a gun is fired, the recoil causes the muzzle to jump upwards, the wheels to run back, so that the gun must be readjusted before it can again be fired. This readjusting takes time, and, in a battle, time is everything.

Monsieur Canet, the manager of the artillery works of France, which are situated on the Mediterranean, has by a very simple device neutralized the effects of the recoil, so that his gun, once it is accurately aimed, may be fired as quickly as it can be reloaded. The trail of the gun carriage consists of two steel tubes, one of which slides within the other. The end of one tube carries the gun cradle, while the other, the end of which trails on the ground, is attached to a spade which can be thrust deeply into the earth to hold the gun steady. When the gun is fired the carriage wheels roll back a few inches, the end of the inner sliding tube compressing the air in the recoil chamber, while the compressed air, acting like a strong spring, shoves the wheels and gun carriage forward again into their former position.

During a recent trial of this gun when ten shots were fired in rapid succession, without reaiming, each shot struck the target, and there was an entire absence of jerk in the gun itself. No rectification of the training was needed, after a shot was fired.

The largest of these guns has a caliber of nearly three inches, and with the ordinary French powder it has thrown a shot more than four miles, so that what these guns will do if loaded with the new Russian powder, the Lord only knows. Germany has no gun or powder that is particularly new, but she will doubtless speedily adopt the armament and explosive of her two terrible neighbors. A recent cartoon in one of the comic German papers (doubtless the editor is in jail by this time for publishing it), represented the nearly exhausted taxpayer of Germany pulling up a hill a hand cart loaded with the armaments of war. The unfortunate human beast of burden is already about to drop in his tracks, but the jaunty German emperor, with a new Canet gun in his hands, says:—

"Stop a bit; I want to add this to the load."

Last summer while in Germany I stopped at the ancient town of Traves, and in the hotel where I put up there was a large picture that is extremely popular in Germany, showing the old Emperor William with his son by his side, and Von Moltke and Bismarck nearby, standing all on a height watching a battle going on in the valley below. As I looked at this picture a German officer, with whom I had become acquainted, said:—

"There will be none of that in the next war."

"None of what?" I asked.

"No standing on heights and watching battles. Smokeless powder and long-reaching guns have made that sort of thing impossible. Hereafter everyone in sight will be killed."

"Then what of the army?" I asked.

"Well, most of the soldiers will be killed also. The fact is that future battles will be go-as-you-please affairs. The battles will be planned out as well as possible beforehand, but when actual engagement takes place the officers will have to dismount and trust largely to luck. Anyone in a conspicuous position will be doomed. The fate of the day will depend on the ingenuity and expertness of captains of small divisions, probably not more than a hundred men in each. Every officer will have to do the best he can with the soldiers immediately under him, doing what seems to him the most effective on the spur of the moment. The slaughter will be something so appalling that the civilized world will stand aghast."

It seems, then, there is coming a complete revolution in military tactics, and that experience of the past will be no guide to the commander of the future.

Germany is at the present moment taking the lead in preparing for this and is now training her small officers, lieutenants, captains and the like, who command merely a hundred or two hundred men, to work these small bodies to the best advantage in a battle. In the battle of the future it will be catch-as-catch-can, hit wherever you see a head of the enemy, with no orders from headquarters.

In case of a scrimmage I should be inclined to bet my money on the German army, for I think it is the greatest fighting machine there is at present in existence, and I believe Germany will be able to hold her own even if attacked by the combined forces of Russia and France.

Italy is already bankrupted by her tremendous expenditure on army and navy, and her attempt to keep pace with the others of the triple alliance. Spain is a pauper and counts for nothing in European affairs; Austria, not quite so bad, but nearly so. Everywhere in Europe taxes are impossibly excessive.

England tries to keep out of the turmoil, and does not go in, to any extent, for new powders or guns, having a conservative distrust for much blazoned inventions, but freezing on to what is proven practicable, as, for instance, the Maxim gun, relying almost entirely on her navy, which she is enormously increasing. She realizes that once the foot of the invader gets upon English soil she is doomed; in fact, the landing of Caesar, and later of William the Conqueror, form ominous precedents of the inability of the inhabitants of the island to hold it once a landing is made.

Thus at the end of the nineteenth century stand the countries of Europe, armed to the teeth like so many brigands, each jealously watching for a truceful move on the part of the other. An indiscreet sentence from a voluble emperor heated with wine, a boil on the neck of the czar, may at any moment set the continent aflame. And each country supports a state church, endowing with equal liberality an army and a religion. Each potentate and despot is certain that God is his partner. Russia, on its lips the sacred name of Christ who preached peace on earth and good will towards men, has just started a crusade against the followers of Tolstol, imprisoning them, banishing them, transporting them to Siberia, and confiscating their goods. The crime of Tolstol is that he wishes people to live as Christ lived; preaching the doctrine of non-resistance. "Such a doctrine," says one of the rulers of Russia, "is against the law and order of any state. If we allow it to spread, how are we to recruit our army?"—Luke Sharp.

### His One Great Trouble.

An old, bedridden fisherman at a fashionable watering-place, was frequently visited during his last illness by a kind-hearted clergyman, who wore one of those close-fitting clerical vests which button behind.

The clergyman saw the near approach of death one day in the old man's face, and asked if his mind was perfectly at ease.

"Oo ay, I'm a richt," came the feeble reply.

"You are sure there is nothing troubling you? Do not be afraid to tell me."

The old man seemed to hesitate, and at length, with a faint return of animation said: "Weel, there's just ane thing that troubles me, but I dinna like to speak o't."

"Believe me, I am most anxious to comfort you," replied the clergyman. "Tell me what it is that troubles and perplexes you."

"Weel, sir, it's just like this," said the old man, eagerly. "I canna for the life o' me mak' oot hoo ye manage tae get intae that westcoat."

### Dining Room Plants.

No one quite knows why, but every one does know that the table ferneries left persistently in the dining room dry and rust or grow in straggling fashion or otherwise fail of their original beauty very quickly. Florists say gas, furnace air and various things in explanation. It is a good plan to have two or three of these centerpiece growing at once and change them about from an upper room that is not kept at top heat all day to the dining table. In this way the life of all will be much prolonged. Small baskets the size of the fern dish may hold the duplicates.

A dish of ice cream made in four minutes was part of a test examination of a class in sickroom cookery recently. Two tablespoonfuls of cream were put in a bowl, sweetened with powdered sugar, flavored with a teaspoonful of clear strong coffee and beaten light in a minute with a cream whisk. The cream was then put in a little half pint oyster pail, the cover carefully fitted on. This was set in a quart pail, the space between filled with shredded ice and fine salt. Three minutes turning in this freezing mixture secured a saucerful of smooth coffee ice cream for the imaginary waiting invalid.—New York Post.

## CHANGES IN DRESS.

FETTICOATS AND SUCH LIKE FAST  
BEING DISCARDED.

Those Who See Only Picture Hats and Long Skirts Know Not of What Is Going On—Bloomers Have Taken a Place In Nearly Every Feminine Wardrobe.

If anybody doubts, simply because long dress skirts, picture hats and corsets are still the fashion, that dress reform has failed to make any real impression on the feminine habit, they should only be allowed a peep into the well stocked wardrobe of a genuinely modern and sensible girl or matron of the moment. A few years ago chiffonier drawers and closet shelves would have been found high piled, like snowdrifts, with amazingly flounced white petticoats, lace trimmed pantaloons, long skirted chemises and gay little flannel petticoats.

Beautiful to look at, but so expensive to buy, to have laundered, so clumsy to wear and so inadequate as a protection against the cold, the heat, the mud or the rain, it is hardly to be wondered at that women no longer wear them at all.

The fact is, except for occasions of elaborate toilet, the petticoat, all saving the one top skirt, has been actually swept out of existence, and the knickerbocker idea has done it. No woman who professes to dress with anything like regard for cleanliness and comfort wears the old style petticoat any longer.

Her one ambition now is to so regulate her costume that everything except her dress skirt will cling closely to her body. In cold weather, when making a toilet, she draws down over her shoulders and up over knees and hips a vest and tights of silk stockinet or a weave of mixed silk and wool. Over these go her stays, and then she is ready to get into her stockings, which are pulled up and held by a slender elastic cord, drawn from a single hook in the front of her stays.

If dressing for indoors, her next maneuver is to step into a pair of large, easy silk bloomers. They are made on to a deep yoke, that fits flat over the corset, and hang full and slightly depending at the knee. On one hip there is a row of buttons and bands, and buttons hold them at the knees, and with these few preliminaries she is ready for her dress.

If a corset cover is worn at all, that is the merest skeleton bodice, with no skirts below the waist line, and is just as often woven of silk or thin lisle thread, like the underwear. When the hour comes to go out, the silk bloomers are slipped off and a pair of woolen knickerbockers, made exactly like a man's golf trousers, but hung on a yoke, are drawn on. They are not very full and hook flat at one hip, buttoning at both knees. A pair of high bicycle shoes or soft brown gray or black suede leggings are buttoned up over the calf of the leg.

Upon this falls the dress skirt, and for the first time a woman walking is in actual comfort. By exchanging chemise, pantaloons, cotton petticoat and flannel skirt for tights and knickerbockers neatness and perfect warmth have been gained. The same woman might on a cold day hang a dozen petticoats from her waist, and some of them ponderous, padded ones, but she never could be truly warm. She would carry just triple the weight needed and be obliged to lift yards of heavy material over every mud puddle, where now her top dress skirt is her only care.

In these days of petticoat independence a woman can pack a dozen changes of undergarments in the space one used to occupy. She keeps her shoes just twice as clean, for there is naught now to whisk mud or dust over them. She exchanges her winter wools for summer lisle thread, and at the counter where big flounces used to tempt her eye she soberly asks to see the latest thing in trousers.

These are for sale in every shade of silk, made of the new dark blue, red and green ribbon serge that washes and wears like Irish linen. There are sober heaps of tweed trousers, for cold, rainy days, and some of them made with pockets, where, when traveling, a woman can store her rings and money. For women excessively sensitive to cold one can buy trousers lightly wadded with down. They look like dainty football breeches, but they are a comfort, as well as the red flannel ones made for rheumatic women.

Before this growing pile of bifurcated things the petticoat counters steadily dwindle, and the handsomest silk skirts are going at a bargain, for, as one woman expressed it, "a nice pair of trousers is worth a dozen silly skirts."

The college girls have taken to them because they save on the washwoman's bill, working girls find them a joy and protection against streaming, snowy streets and dusty office floors, while it's no secret that every woman on the golf links wears togs just like her brother, only they are underneath. In the course of time, it's clear to see, a white cotton or lace trimmed silk petticoat will become as much of a curiosity as the hoopskirt of 30 years back, and that women are none the less dress reformers because picture hats, corsets and long dress skirts are still the fashion.—Boston Globe.

### Huck Toweling.

Huck toweling in all the various qualities in which it appears in the market is perhaps more useful for general house purposes than any other of the crash family. It is invaluable as a hand and roller towel, as an embroidery fabric and for the manufacture of ladies' and men's scarfs, etc., in the finer grades. In the ordinary heavy makes the price ranges from 8 cents to 16 cents per yard, but the kind which is most in demand for embroidery purposes is 27 inches wide and is retailed at about 37½ cents per yard. Of course there are much finer and wider cloths than these which can be had as high as 75 cents per yard in French and Irish bucks.—Dry Goods Chronicle.

### Fluffy Hair.

To arrange the hair fluffily and yet securely is the despair of the amateur. A "woman who knows" says an infallible way of keeping the hair in position is this: Take a small strand at the middle of the crown, a trifle higher or lower, according to the style required; twist this closely and make it secure with hairpins; then brush and arrange the hair over this little

knob. A strand of perhaps two fingers' thickness should be used. It furnishes a solid something upon which to fasten the loose, wavy superstructure and make it secure.

### Pictures.

In arranging pictures it should be remembered that oils, etchings and water colors should not hang together and that the drawing room walls are not to be packed with canvases if one is fortunate enough to be able to buy them. Two or three fine oil paintings are about all any room can stand, too many giving the effect of a picture gallery.

### Perfumes.

Some authorities insist that perfumes have an evil effect upon certain constitutions. One writer affirms that if perfumes are too concentrated "they may give rise to serious symptoms, to convulsions and spasms, or even death."

Plants with white blossoms have a larger proportion of fragrance. Lillac, heliotrope, myrtle, violet, lily of the valley, mignonette and the pale rose furnish very sweet and choice perfumes. One of the most delicious of scents, and the only floral perfume which cannot be imitated, is the jasmine, or Persian "yassmin." It is greatly prized in the east and referred to by Persian and Arabian poets. A variety of this flower known as "noogree" is held sacred to Vishnu and largely used in the Hindoo religious ceremonies. Among the prospective delights of the Hindoo paradise are the prodigality of rich perfumes and the gardens of jasmine and lilies. In Turkey the wood of the jasmine is made into long pipes, which are valued for their aroma. The Chinese use the flower for scenting tea. An acre of land is computed to yield about 500 pounds of flowers during a season. This is valued at from \$25 to \$35.

Perfumes are procured in several ways. From the wood, such as sandal; from the bark, as cinnamon; from the leaves, as patchouli; from the flowers, as rose; from the fruit, as citron, and from the seeds, as almond.—London Society.

### Care of Hairbrushes.

The hairbrushes on many of the daintiest dressing tables would strike terror to the heart of a physician were he to examine them closely. They are dainty, with silver or beautiful fragile handles, but the bristles! They may not look dusty or full of dirt to the casual glance, but run the comb briskly through them and see the particles fly! Every one of those atoms means death and disease to the hair, "the crowning glory of woman."

Hairbrushes, to be in good condition, should be washed once a week and that very carefully, as too frequent exposure to water softens the bristles and spoils them. One teaspoonful of ammonia to a quart of water is the correct solution, and in this the bristles of the brush should be dipped briefly in and out, taking care not to allow the back of the handle to touch the water. Dry near artificial heat, but not too quickly.—Exchange.

### Mattress Pincushions.

A popular wedding present of the day is a large sized mattress pincushion of white brocade, with a spray of forget-me-nots and orange buds worked in a medallion in the center and the bride's initial letter or letters in elongated tracery passed apparently through the outline of the medallion, as if it was of gold wire and lightly hung up. At the four corners are white pins, two being of colored beads, while all round the side are put in small and large black and white guarded pins, with a pearl-headed one at each corner. They are not new by any means, these mattress pincushions, but lately they seem to have "caught on" amazingly. Perhaps the secret is that a royal princess purchased one for her toilet table at a fashionable bazaar, or that they are handsome and convenient and contain every pin that the feminine mind can possibly desire or dress require.—Exchange.

### Kitchen Aprons.

The very simplicity of some new method often makes one feel a sense of stupidity at not having been the fortunate originator of the improvement. Here is a suggestion that may be new to some housekeepers, and sewing societies which make kitchen aprons for sale will do well to follow it: Make your kitchen aprons with a ruffle on the bottom. This will stand out a little fuller than your dress skirt and will catch whatever you may drop or spill, thus protecting the dress skirt. The front hem of a dress is often soiled because the apron does not quite cover it or is drawn tightly across it, but this ruffle will remedy the matter so effectually that you will wonder you did not think of it before.

### Water In the Room.

As water collects and generates impurities it is a good thing to empty the washing basin and jug in the bedroom every morning so as to insure the refilling them with fresh. Drinking water should be boiled, analysis having proved that filters are not to be trusted, for, after having been in use for some time, they add to the water the dangerous accumulations they have taken up in previous use. To remove the insipid taste of boiled water pour it backward and forward from one jug to another.

### Moths Must Be Watched In Winter.

Moths will work in carpets in rooms that are kept warm in the winter as well as in the summer. A sure method of removing the pests is to pour strong alum water on the floor to the distance of half a yard around the edges before laying the carpets. Then once or twice during the season sprinkle dry salt over the carpet before sweeping. Insects do not like salt, and sufficient adheres to the carpet to prevent their alighting upon it.—New York World.

### White Feathers.

Soiled white feathers, after being washed, are dried by patting and shaking over the fire. A dull silver knife must be used to curl each fiber for the best effect. In preparing for washing pour boiling water on shavings of white soap and a little soda. When a lather has been formed that is not too hot for the hand, each feather is washed separately. If the lather becomes dark colored, another must be made. The rinsing water should be cold and a trifle blue.

## CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

### BELINDA JANE'S VICTORY.

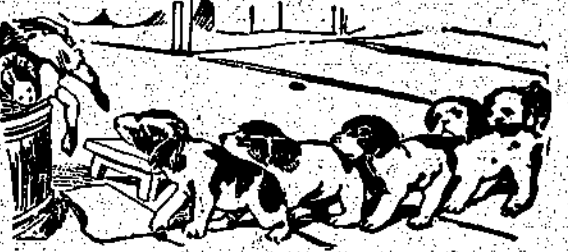
Belinda Jane was a jointed doll, somewhat stiff and lanky, 'tis true, but full of pride. In her wooden inside, because of the many things she could do. She could shut up small like a pocketknife or straighten out tall, as large as life. She could turn all her joints the wrong way about, and her shoes and gloves could never wear out because they were part of her hands and her feet, which were very neat. Oh, Belinda's charms were very complete!



### HESITATION.

But pride, you know, must have a fall, and proud Belinda Jane was left one day by her mistress small. Lying out in the rain. The housemaid picked her up from the grass. "My, but she's wet," said she, and she hung her over the edge of a keg to dry each waving arm and leg. In the sunshine thoroughly, just where every one had to pass. Who went by the kitchen door, as you see.

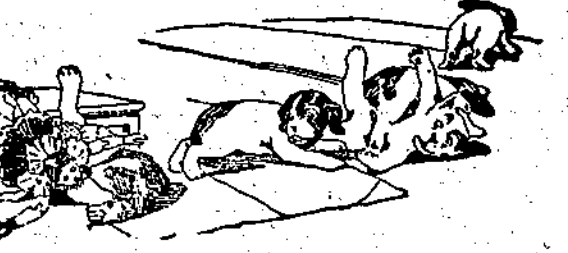
Skip and Tip and Dot and Spot. And Dash, whose pictures you'll find just here. Were five small puppies, whose juvenile lot was cast in the kennel under the shed. And whose knowledge of life was limited, as by our story will soon appear. They never had seen a wooden doll or any kind indeed at all. China or worsted or rag or wax, yet they bravely refused to turn their backs on the strange and challenging surprise. That met their wondering canine eyes as they paused before the familiar keg. Where, with wildly flourishing arm and leg, Belinda Jane sprawled spiderwise.



### INVESTIGATION.

"Brothers," cried Spot, who was indeed always the one to take the lead, "Fall in behind and follow me. Until I find what this can be." His voice was trembling, yet his tail disdained between his legs to trail. Onward he marched, and Skip and Dot and Tip and Dash upon the spot fell into line and followed close. Though Tip said faintly, "What do you s'pose it really is? I'm half afraid." "Courage," cried Spot, "and come ahead!"

Belinda Jane with angry spite beheld them from her helpless height. Indignant glances down she threw, but not a single puppy knew the language of the eye, and so her frowns were wasted on the foe. Onward they came till Spot's black nose was sniffing round her painted toes. Then in Belinda's wooden head a sudden warlike plan was bred. Silent she lay still, grown more bold, Spot's teeth upon her shoe took hold. Quick at the touch her wrath arose. "Avaunt!" she cried. And spreading wide Each stiff and rattling arm and leg. And hurtling downward from her keg. She threw herself, with flashing eyes And angry creak in every joint, Among her youthful enemies. Striking Spot's tender muzzle point Like sudden lightning from the skies.



### CONSTERNATION.

Alas for canine courage then! Not all the puppies' pedigree Their shattered valor could sustain. Wildly they fled and yelped and fell Over each other's backs, pell-mell. While, flushed with well won victory, Belinda Jane with grim delight Surveyed the outcome of the fight And pinned to earth with outstretched arm The vanquished Spot's unhappy form. —Frisella Leonols in Churchman.

### Animals That Do Not Grow Thirsty.

How long would you be contented without a drop of water to drink? There are many different kinds of animals in the world that never in all their lives sip so much as a drop of water. Among these are the llamas of Patagonia, and the gazelles of the far east. A parrot lived for 52 years in the zoo at London without drinking a drop of water, and many naturalists believe the only moisture imbibed by wild rabbits is derived from green herbage laden with dew. Many reptiles—serpents, lizards and certain batrachians—live and thrive in places entirely devoid of water, and sloths are also said never to drink. An arid district in France has produced a race of nondrinking cows and sheep, and from the milk of the former Roquefort cheese is made. There is a species of mouse which has established itself on the waterless plains of western America and which flourishes, notwithstanding the absence of moisture.

"Tell me something peculiar to Vermont," said the teacher. "Dey all sleeps in stone beds," said Hans. "Why, how do you know that?" asked the teacher. "The book say 'great beds of rock is found here,'" said Hans.—Youth's Companion.

### The Obedient Doll.

A little girl was overheard talking to her doll, whose arm had come off, exposing the sawdust stuffing: "You dear, good, obedient dolly! I knew I had told you to chew your food fine, but I didn't think you would chew it so fine as that!"—American Kitchen Magazine.



## THE WEEKLY NEWS

Issued Every Tuesday

At Union, B. C.

M Whitney, Editor.

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

## IN ADVANCE.

One Year	\$2.00
Six Months	1.25
Single Copy	0.05

## RATES OF ADVERTISING:

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eight inch per year	25.00
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TUESDAY, APRIL, 20th, 1897.

## COMMISSION LAW.

ALL thoughtful minds are placing less faith in laws enacted by legislators, untrained for such work, and who look chiefly to the political effect, rather than to the practical benefits to result therefrom. It is apparent that the ordinary legislator is incapable of framing laws to properly restrict trusts and giant monopolies like the Canadian Pacific railway, and it must be apparent that legislative acts are often unjust towards corporations, forgetful that they can no more be robbed or ill-treated than private individuals. The work of preparing measures should be left to a Commission of competent men, who would make a study of the subjects involved, and report the facts gathered with their conclusions to parliament, and then intelligent action could be taken. It is gratifying to find that ex-President Harrison, who cannot be charged with being unfriendly to legitimate corporations, strongly urges the plan of providing a commission for the preparation of laws governing trusts, and incorporated companies, men who would be able to safeguard the rights of the people without impairing the usefulness of enterprises requiring the employment of large capital. A tariff bill can only be properly prepared by a commission; the whole subject should be lifted out of the realm of politics. What is wanted is less politics and more statesmanship; less catering for votes, and more effort to promote the commonweal.

## THE GLOBE AND MR. MCINNES.

THE question of by whom the Crow's Nest Pass Railway ought to be constructed is a somewhat vexed one. If built as an independent line, will it pay? What are to be its eastern connections? If not owned by the government, would it not be soon united with the C.P.R., in its traffic arrangements? If built by the C.P.R., under a reservation of power in the government to fix the maximum rate to be charged for passenger and freight rates, would not the best interest of the people be conserved? These are some of the questions asked by the Globe, and the conclusions reached by it have been favorable to such an arrangement as would permit the C.P.R., to build the railway under restrictions. The Globe is supposed to have very great influence with the government, and to foreshadow its policy. Mr. McInnes, without doubt attacked it with great virulence on the floor of parliament, and doubtless also without any proof of his assertions. Nevertheless the Globe by its course has greatly assisted the C.P.R., in its designs and the effect of its powerful advocacy has been to discourage those who would be glad to see the government build, or at least assist an independent line upon condition that it should be operated as such under proper penalties for the forfeiture of its franchises. Eastern connections could be provided; but of course, all this would involve vast expense. The whole subject is one for legitimate discussion. If Mr. McInnes' language was unwarranted, as we think it was, still it must be said that of the Globe was equally intemperate and undignified. The majority of the people do not favor the position taken

by the Globe; they consider the C.P.R. is already too powerful, and will look with unfriendly eyes upon any plan which will enable it to further tighten its grasp upon the throat of the people. Its influence already casts a shadow over the whole Dominion. The present government seems, like the former, to be yielding to its seductions. The C.P.R.'s surveys are already at work in the Kootenay on the proposed line. The B. C. Southern with its vast crown grants of coal and timber lands has doubtless been secured. It is evident the road from Lethbridge into the Kootenay is all it contemplates—a feeder of the C.P.R. and a robber of the Coast. So while we do not approve of the language used, we think the position taken by our member is correct; don't turn the balance of the country over to the C.P.R. Our chief hope is in our own legislature. It need not be too timid. Assist the railway from the head of Butte Inlet to Quesnelle and from the Coast into the Kootenay, leaving no gap. In time the Panama or Nicaraguan canal will be built, and then we can trade directly with England and be no longer compelled to be the tail to the eastern kite.

## W. C. T. U. NOTES

The Pittsburgh Dispatch says the following is a true story in all respects, except that the name is changed. Do you know it appears to me that the majority of the fathers who keep saloons are said to be kind, good-hearted men so far as the treatment of their own children is concerned. It is a pity that the sorrows which their business brings upon the children of their customers do not oftener touch their hearts and cause them to give up so harmful a method of making a living. Isn't it rather gaining a "dying" if one might say in such an expression?

"I hear that Smith has just sold his saloon," said one of a couple of middle-aged who sat sipping their beer and eating a bit of cheese in a Smithfield street saloon.

"Yes," responded the other rather slowly. "What was the reason? I thought he was just coming money there."

The other nibbled a cracker abstractedly for a moment, and then said, "It's rather a funny story. Smith, you know, lives on Mt. Washington, right near me, where he has an excellent wife, a nice home, and three as pretty children as ever played out doors—all boys, you know, the oldest not over nine, and all about the same size. Smith is a pretty respectable sort of citizen, never drinks or gambles, and shuns the world of his family."

"Well he went home one afternoon last week, and found his wife out shopping on something of that sort. He went through the house into the back yard, and there under the apple tree were the little fellows playing. They had a bench and some bottles and tumblers, and were playing 'keep saloon.' He noticed that they were drinking something out of a pail, and that they acted tipsy. The youngest who was behind the bar, had a towel tied around his waist, and was setting the drinks up pretty free. Smith walked over and looked in the pail. It was beer and two of the boys were so drunk that they staggered. A neighbour's boy, two years older, lay asleep behind the tree. "Boys, you must not drink that!" he said as he lifted the six-year-old from behind the bench.

"We're playin' saloon, papa, and I was a sellin' it just like you," said the little fellow. Smith poured out the beer, carried the drunken boy home, and then took his own boys home and put them to bed. When his wife came back she found him crying like a child. He came down that night and sold out his business, and says he will never sell or drink another drop of liquor. His wife told him about it, and she broke down crying while she told about it."

## How to Mend a Whip.

If the break is in the large part of the whip and the cover remains whole, cover the broken place with a ferrule, or stiffen it with splints of whalebone, and wind closely with linen thread.

If the cover also is broken, it will be necessary to make wire fasteners. This is done by cutting small wire (that used for hairpins is about right) into two-inch lengths, sharpening both ends and bending them at each end so as to make fasteners.

Have the broken parts held firmly together and drive in the fasteners. Three will be sufficient for a break in the small part of the whip, but five or six will be necessary for the stock.

After the fasteners are in place wind closely with linen thread to cover them and extend one-half inch at each end. The color of the whip can be matched in Ulster rope linen, which costs only 3 cents per skein, and the mended place will be scarcely noticeable. If the cracker is worn a new one can be made from the skin of rope linen.

A carriage whip should be hung up when not in use. A convenient holder is made by driving two nails into the wall almost close together. This will catch the knot in the cracker and the weight of the whip will keep it straight.

A good whip to use about the farm is made from the stock of a worn out carriage whip and a l-h cut from thick cow-hide. Turn one end of the lash on itself and fasten it with a copper rivet to form a small loop. Draw a six-inch strip of l-h over the loop, tack one end of each side of the whip stock and wind it secure with a waxed end such as shoemakers use.

## COURTENAY.

COURTENAY is a pleasant village situated on both sides of the Courtenay River, and on the road up the Settlement, three miles from Courtenay Bay. The road to Union also passes through it. It has a central position. Here are two hotels, one first class store, a saw mill, saw-water works, post office, shops, etc. It is a favorite place for fishermen and hunters.

## COMOX.

COMOX is a village beautifully located on the bay of the same name, in Comox District. A Practice Range, Mess House and Wharf, have lately been established on the Sand Spit which forms the harbor, by the naval authorities, and here some one of Her Majesty's Ships is to be found two-thirds of the time. Here is a post office, two hotels, two stores, bakery, etc. The scenery is grand, and good hunting near. The City of Nanaimo from Victoria calls here on Wednesdays, and departs from Friday mornings.

## UNION.

THIS TOWN, the eastern part of which is called Cumberland, is finely situated on the foot hills, of the Buford Mountains, about 500 feet above the waters of the Georgian Straits, and 60 miles north of Nanaimo. It is connected with Bayne Sound, by a line of railway 13 miles in length. Its principal industry is coal mining. It turns out from 700 tons to 1,000 tons of coal per day of the best steam coal. This is transferred over the railway to Union wharf (Bayne Sound) to the ships and steamers and tugs with scows awaiting to receive it. The fine coal is manufactured here into a good article of coke which bids fair to grow into an immense industry of itself. Extensive bunkers are being constructed at the Wharf in connection with the coal industry.

Union is the market place for the Comox farming settlement, and contains 3,000 population. It has one large Departmental Store besides two general stores, four large hotels, two saw mills, two merchant tailoring establishments, various shops, such as dry goods, tin and hardware, metal, harness and saddlery, livery, jewelry, stationery, bakeries, and barber shops, photograph gallery, brass band, a graded school, four churches, and a newspaper. It is reached by steamer from Victoria and Nanaimo.

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Watches, clocks and jewellery  
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Manufactures the finest cigars and employs none but white labor.

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Write for anything you need and get it by return boat.

J. SAMPSON,

Box 387. Nanaimo B.C.

Drs. Lawrence &amp; Westwood.

Physicians and Surgeons.

UNION B.C.

We have appointed Mr. James Abrams our collector until further notice, to whom all overdue accounts may be paid.



Esquimalt and Nanaimo Ry.

## Steamer City of Nanaimo

OWENS MASTER

The Steamer CITY of NANAIMO will sail as follows

CALLING AT WAY PORTS as passengers and freight may offer

Leave Victoria, Tuesday, 7 a.m.

Nanaimo for Comox, Wednesday, 7 a.m.

Leave Comox for Nanaimo, Friday, 7 a.m.

Nanaimo for Victoria, Saturday, 7 a.m.

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

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Florist, Seedsman and Landscape Gardener

Seeds, Ornamental Trees and Shrubs always.

Also bulbs in variety, including Hyacinths, Narcissus, Fuchsias, Tulips and Lillies.

Union, — — B. C.

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Contracts and Day Work WANTED

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I have moved into my new shop on Dunsmuir Avenue, where I am prepared to manufacture and repair all kinds of men's, women's, and children's shoes. Give me a call.

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Union Lodge, No. 11, meets every Friday night at 8 o'clock. Visiting brethren cordially invited to attend.

F. A. ANLEY, R. S.

Cumberland Lodge,

A. F. & A. M., B. C. R. UNION, B. C.

Lodge meets first Friday in each month. Visiting brethren are cordially invited to attend.

L. MOUNCE, Sec.

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

Lodge meets on every Saturday on or before the full of the moon. Visiting Brethren cordially requested to attend.

R. S. McConnell, Secretary.

Cumberland Encampment.

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

Meets every alternate Wednesday of each month at 8 o'clock p.m. Visiting Brethren cordially invited to attend.

JOHN GOMBE, Scribe.

S. OF T.

Union Division No. 7, Sons of Temperance meets in Free Mason's Hall, Union every Monday evening at 7:30.

Visiting friends cordially invited to attend.

THOS. DICKINSON, R. S.

## NOTICE

Any person or persons destroying or withholding the kegs and barrels of the Union Brewery Company Ltd of Nanaimo, will be prosecuted. A liberal reward will be paid for information leading to conviction.

W. E. Norris, Sec'y

## LIVERY.

I am prepared to

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Union, B. C.

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## CHOICE LOTS

FOR SALE ON Dunsmuir ave; consisting of lots 4 and 5 in block 15, lots 7 and 8 in block 16, lots 3, 4 and 5 in block 10, and other lots in Cumberland Townsite. Bargains, JAMES ABRAMS.



## NEWS REVIEWED.

The clash of arms between Greece and Turkey has begun. The Greeks have crossed the frontier into Macedonia, and then issued a proclamation calling upon the people to rise for freedom. Gladstone predicts success for the Greeks.

There appears little new, with reference to Cuba, the Cubans pursuing a dilatory policy and avoiding a pitched battle.

It is announced Great Britain has secured Thyack Island at the entrance to Delagoa bay. It is said the bay itself has been leased from Portugal by the Imperial government.

The First Lord of the Admiralty in a speech at the farewell banquet tendered to the newly appointed High Commissioner in South Africa, said referring to the presence of British blue jackets and marines in South Africa: "They are there to support Sir Alfred Milner. This country is determined to maintain its supremacy in these quarters, and will back its high commissioner with the power of the British empire."

The Imperial parliament has lately discussed the food question. It claims its reserve food supply would not last three weeks. Mr. Balfour did not think there was danger of foreign countries refusing to supply Great Britain with food. The United States, he insisted would not allow food to be declared contraband of war. The two countries could stand against any conceivable combination of powers. Great Britain depended on her navy.

Canada will be well represented at the Queen's Jubilee.

The Dominion estimates are down, but show nothing for this district which can get only a weekly mail for its 4,000 inhabitants, but the Victoria post office get \$73,000; Nanaimo harbor \$6,000; Columbia river improvements, above Golden, \$5,000; Fraser river, improvement of the ship channel, \$2,000; general repairs and improvements to harbor, river and bridge works, \$3,000; Skeena river, \$3,500; Columbia river, removal of rock Revelstoke, \$2,000; Duncan river, improvements \$3,000; Okanagan river, improvement of, \$5,000; William Head quarantine, repairs to wharf and improvement of water service, \$675.

The Coquitlam ran upon the rocks at Grief Point near Texada Island and is reported a total loss.

The Czar and President of the French Republic are to exchange visits next summer.

Lady Aberdeen delivered the Address before the University of Chicago, April 1st.

Daniel Lamont is to be placed at the head of the Northern Pacific railway.

The newspapers are calling upon the Attorney-General to prosecute the Rossland Mining Review for declaring the B. C. government is composed of thieves and the owners of the B. C. Southern charter are thieves, highway robbers and pirates.

William Henry Theodore Durrant has been again sentenced to death. This time the execution is fixed for June 11th. The latest reports from the Yukon confirm its richness. The news from Kootenay, Texada and Alberni, is also of the most encouraging character.

The mayor of Nanaimo has been summoned before the Police Magistrate to answer the charge of libel—a result of the petty police embroglio.

The devastation caused by the floods in the Mississippi valley is assuming tremendous proportion.

## FOR SALE

FOR SALE.—My house and two lots in the village of Courtenay.

K. GRANT, Union.

FOR SALE.—Cleared corner lot on Pen-Penrith Avenue, sell cheap, terms easy. Enquire at "News Office."

FOR SALE, RANCH.—One mile and a half from Union, contains 160 acres and will be disposed of at a low figure. Enquire of JAMES ABRAMS.

FOR SALE.—Centre board boat fifteen feet reel, mast and sails complete. Cost \$75.00 last year. Will be sold for \$30.00 cash. Apply to H. Kirby, Kingcome Inlet, or to Duncan Bros., Comox.

FOR SALE.—The dwelling house and lot on Maryport avenue belonging to Mr. J. S. Kendall. The house is 1½ storey, well built, good well of water and garden lot is full size. Will be sold at a bargain. Apply to M. Whitney, NEWS OFFICE.

WANTED.—A good canvasser. Enquire at "News Office."

FOR RENT.—The boarding house lately occupied by Mr. A. Lindsay. Apply to H. P. Collis at the Union Department Store.

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So here it is :

Single Harness at \$10, \$12, \$15 per set and up.—Sweat Pads at 50 cents. Whips at 10, 25, 50 and a good Rawhide for 75 cents, and a Whale Bone at \$1 and up to \$2.

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Repairing PROMPTLY AND NEATLY DONE

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## Ladies Home Journal.

This is a journal which every Canadian lady should have. It is edited by Faith Fenton, and has a department in charge of the Countess of Aberdeen. It is worthy to be in every home in the Dominion. The price is \$1.00 per annum. We have made such arrangements that we are able to furnish it for 50 cents per annum to every subscriber to THE NEWS not in arrears for his subscription. The 50 cents must be paid in advance and will be sent with the name to the home office of the journal and the magazine will be mailed direct from Toronto to the subscriber. Remember it will be no use to ask us to take your names without handing in at the time the cash. Where the husband subscribes for the NEWS, the wife may have the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL (which is a large magnificent monthly gotten up in the best of style) sent her on the above terms.

SUBSCRIBE FOR "THE NEWS." \$2.00 PER ANNUM.



## Notice to Taxpayers.

Assessment Act and Provincial Revenue Tax.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, in accordance with the Statutes, that Provincial Revenue Tax and Taxes levied under the Assessment Act are now due for the year 1897. All of the above named Taxes collectible within the Comox, Nelson, Newcastle, Denman and Hornby Islands Division of the District of Comox, are payable at my office.

Assessed Taxes are collectible at the following rates, viz: IF PAID ON OR BEFORE JUNE 30th, 1897—Provincial Revenue, \$3.00 per capita.

Three-fifths of one per cent on Real Property.

Two and one-half per cent on Wild Land.

One-half of one per cent on Personal Property.

One-half of one per cent on Income.

IF PAID AFTER JUNE 30th, 1897—Four-fifths of one per cent on Real Property.

Three per cent on Wild Land.

Three-fourths of one per cent on Personal Property.

Three-fourths of one per cent on Income.

W. B. ANDERSON, Assessor and Collector.

January 1897.

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—JEWELLER— UNION, B. C.

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## NOTICE

"An Act to Prevent Certain Animals from Running at Large—1896"

Stock owners are hereby notified to keep all Swine, Stallions of one year old and upwards, and Bulls over nine months old, under proper enclosure, as all animals of these descriptions, found running at large will be dealt with under the provisions of the Act referred to.

Comox, B. C. W. B. ANDERSON, June 7th, 1896. GOV'T AGENT.

We do all kinds of Job Printing, anything from a Dodger to the neatest Business Card or Circular.

## Puntledge Bottling Works.

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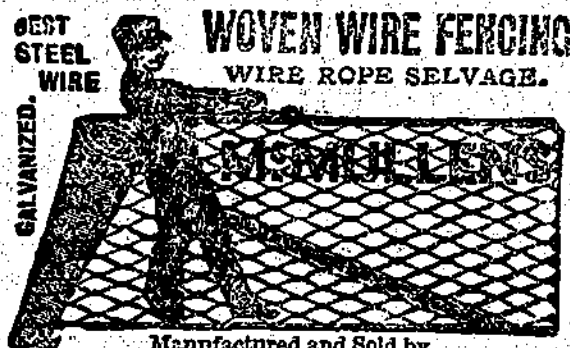
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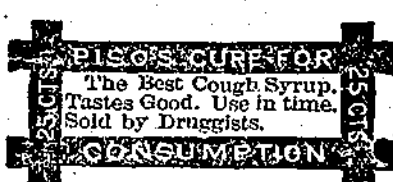
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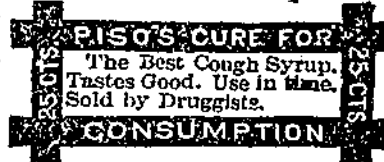
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I presume we have used over one hundred bottles of Piso's Cure for Consumption in my family, and I am continually advising others to get it. Undoubtedly it is the

## Best Cough Medicine

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



## JAMES ABRAMS

Notary Public.

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

Agent for the Provincial Building and Loan Association of Toronto.

Union, B. C.

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## A SONG OF THE CAMPFIRE.

Oh, the sparkle of the campfire on the sheltered woodland shore,  
With the forest for a background and the lake spread out before,  
While the frail canoes come tossing home to harbor in the bay  
And the star above the sunset marks the passing of the day!

As the summer night grows deeper, how the flame illumines the pines  
And its wavering reflection on the starlit water shines!  
We have drawn a ring of magic in the wilderness and gloom,  
And the darkness looms beyond it like the walls of some vast room.

Gathers now the twilight circle, each bronzed camper in his place,  
While the laughter of the firelight meets the laughter on his face,  
And we sing the good old ballads and the rolling college glees  
Till the owl far up the mountain hoots defiance in the trees.

Then the story and the laughter pass the merry circle round,  
And the intervening silence thrills with many a woodland sound—  
Now the weird and ghostly challenge of the solitary loon,  
Now the whistle of a plover journeying southward 'neath the moon.

Ah, the charm that hangs forever round the campfire's ruddy glow  
For the sage and for the savage, for the high and for the low!  
There is something grand and godlike being roofed with stars and skies  
And lulled solemnly to slumber by primeval lullabies.

—James Buckham in Youth's Companion.

## SHAKO AND COIF.

Renee L. to Blanche S.:

ANGERS, May 15, 1871.

Here we are, my dear Blanche, comfortably established in a country house near Angers belonging to Mère Ste. Ursule's brother-in-law, and have been here for the past week. But I am still so bewildered by all that has happened that I feel as if awakening from a dream. As you know, I remained at the convent at Neully with my little sister Lili and six other boarders, orphans like ourselves, or whose parents, living in foreign parts, could not come to take them away. There were in all four little and four large girls. At first all went smoothly—no more lessons or tasks; only a short recitation in the afternoon for fun. We spent the day in the park, playing or reading amusing books. But the mothers looked sad and worried, and to be sure our quiet did not last long.

Although you have been a year in society, you have not, I am sure, forgotten one of the oddest customs at the dear old convent.

Every little while, you remember, during recreation one of the mothers crossed the court and sounded her clapper.

This was a signal to stop our play and remain silent while the mother repeated a verse or two of the gospel or the "Imitation."

Then the clapper sounded again and recreation was resumed. This was to remind us that we have souls to save and that our games of croquet or ball must not make us forget it.

Well, one day—the 25th of March, I remember—we were about to play hide and seek, when Mère Ste. Angele came out with her clapper. Clack, clack! Everybody stood still. The mother began, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world?"

Boum, boum! It was a shell, my dear, thrown by the commune. It burst in a tree not ten feet away. Mère Ste. Angele had not the courage to finish her sentence. The clapper fell from her hand. The little ones began to cry. I took Lili in my arms and we ran to the study room. The rest of the day and the night passed without incident, and we began to quiet down, but when we were in the refectory and the soup had just been served:

Boum, boum! A shell burst on the roof of an adjoining house.

"Do the cellars, children, quick, quick," cried the superior, Mère Ste. Ursule. "Take your plates and napkins!" And down the stairs we rushed, plate in hand, spilling half our soup on the steps. The little ones thought it very amusing this time, and Lili was delighted.

"Into the coal cellar—that is safest!" cried the mother superior from above. The lay sisters spread sheets on the ground, and we seated ourselves on sticks of wood thrown down here and there and finished this highly dramatic breakfast right merrily. Not the least sign of a shell till nightfall. We went to bed in the dormitory, as usual; but, as you may suppose, we did not sleep much, excepting Lili, whom I had taken into my little bed. The lights had been extinguished, and we were much more afraid in the dark. About 10 o'clock a great blaze of light suddenly illumined our windows. Almost at the same moment the glass was shattered to atoms by a violent explosion.

"Jesus—Maria!" cried Mère Ste. Ursule, whose bed was near ours. "Quick, to the parlor, children!" A new procession was formed, more melancholy than that of the morning. The lay sisters followed, carrying our mattresses, while we dragged our sheets and coverlets along by the light of the dim lantern.

I carried Lili, for in all this noise and confusion she had wakened only a moment and had fallen asleep again at once. We arranged our beds in the great parlor and lay down as we were told to do.

But further explosions were heard near by.

"To the cellars, to the cellars!" cried the superior again. "You will be safer there. Be good little girls and pray to God!"

We staid there a fortnight. The noise of firing was almost continuous. We saw through the loopholes the beautiful trees in our park shattered by shells. We read, we played games, even blind man's buff and hide and seek, for there were good hiding places behind the piles of wood and rubbish, only, unfortunately, we knew them all in a few days. The little ones grew very weary, and the big girls cried now and then. I controlled myself not to alarm little Lili. Sometimes between noon and 2 o'clock there was a little lull, and we stole cautiously out and picked up pieces of exploded shells in the garden.

The time was very long. Fat Mère Ste. Felicite—you remember her, she who went through the Crimean war—could not bear the stifling air of the cellar and said quite seriously to the mother superior, "Pray, mother, let me go out; I will take an umbrella." We had been four or five days in hiding, when a company of Versailles soldiers took possession of the convent. The captain paid us a visit to encourage us, as he said, but partly, I fancy, to gratify his curiosity. He was very nice indeed, this captain, and quite aristocratic looking. Not very good looking, perhaps, but with a slender, graceful figure and an air of goodness, frankness and energy. They called him Captain d'Orsanne. It was easy to see that he was of noble birth, still very young and wearing a medal for bravery during the war. He staid a full hour with us, talked cheerfully, gave Mère Ste. Felicite news of an old general whom she had known in the Crimea and found out that Mère Ste. Ursule was sister to one of his comrades at St. Cyr.

He was charming and petted Lili till he quite won her heart. The next day he sent us fresh meat and vegetables—we had nothing left but dried provisions. He came to see us every day, often bringing bonbons and dainties to the little ones, always giving Lili the lion's share.

On Easter day our good chaplain, Abbe Jusselin, whom we saw now and then, told us that he would hear our confessions as usual.

Captain d'Orsanne had told us that very morning that a sort of the communists was expected and that his company would probably fight that day. He added that we had nothing to fear, but you may imagine our feelings.

Abbe Jusselin heard our confessions in a corner of the coal cellar. The big girls—especially Bertha Malvan, who always wore her handsome cousin's picture in a locket; you remember her—sobbed bitterly and thought their last hour had come. Lili, who is 6, made her first confession that day. I can't imagine what she told Abbe Jusselin, but she would do what big sister did.

Confession over, Abbe Jusselin gave us a very solemn general absolution, as in time of great danger, and exhorted us to make the sacrifice of our lives to God. "Bah," I heard Mère Ste. Felicite mutter, "he should not talk so to children." Then he administered communion, still in the cellar where the Holy Sacrament had been brought several days before. It was very impressive, I can tell you, and we felt like the early Christians in the catacombs.

That evening Captain d'Orsanne came back with his company. They were victorious, of course (I will confess to you that I had made special prayers for the captain), but they brought back several wounded.

One of the cellars was cleared out for their reception, and the nuns took care of them. I wanted to help nurse them, but the superior would not let me. I complained to the captain, and he told me smilingly that my duty was to stay with my little sister. But we could not stay in the cellar forever. The captain said that the war would certainly last a month longer, so we must decide what to do. The 8th of May the superior told us that we were going to Angers, where her brother-in-law, a wealthy manufacturer, had offered us his protection and a shelter. We each took a little bundle of clothes, and, in order to carry as much as possible, wore two pairs of stockings, two chemises and two or three petticoats. The nuns, by way of precaution, put on ordinary dresses and hats, instead of their habits and veils. Such dresses, my dear, and such hats! Mère Ste. Felicite had unearthed them from heaven knows where, and the poor mothers looked like frights, excepting poor little Mère Ste. Agathe, who is so pretty that she looked quite a fine lady.

We left the convent at nightfall by the little gate at the end of the park, and Captain d'Orsanne accompanied us to the last outpost. On the bridge over the Seine a puff of wind carried away Mère Ste. Ursule's bonnet, and we all laughed a little, but just as the captain was about to leave us a shell hissed over our heads and made us serious enough again. The captain bade us farewell, and Mère Ste. Ursule thanked him warmly for his kindness to us. He asked leave to shake hands with her, then with me and with Mère Ste. Felicite, and he kissed Lili several times.

My heart was full at the thought that I should probably never again see this poor captain, who had been so good to us.

We soon reached Courbevoie, where two carts were waiting for us, and at 10 o'clock we reached Versailles, where we took the train for Angers. And, now, that is all.

We should be very contented here at any other time, but everything that happens is so sad. Write to me soon, dearest. I embrace you fondly. Yours, RENE.

Fragment of a letter from Captain d'Orsanne to Jean L.:

NEULLY, VISITATION CONVENT, May 15, 1871.

Just fancy, my dear fellow, I have been here a fortnight with my company in a convent full of nuns. We found here, besides the sisters, half a dozen boarders hidden in the cellars, for shells were falling about like hail. These sisters were regular trumps, not much scared, and I lived on the best of terms with them for about ten days. One old sister knew our former chief in the Crimea.

But the pluckiest of all, the prettiest, the merriest, was a little boarder about 16 or 17, I suppose, named Renee. She had a little sister, 5 or 6, to whom she made an adorable little mother.

I escorted the party to Courbevoie the other day, for they could not stay any longer in the cellars. As I left them a shell whistled past our ears. Mlle. Renee lifted her little sister and put her in my arms without a word, but with such a confiding air and such pretty, appealing eyes that I was quite overcome. I shall probably never see the little girl again and only mention the pretty apparition en passant. Yours, JACQUES.

Fragment of a letter from Renee L. to Blanche S.:

PARIS, Sept. 21, 1874.

Last Sunday my guardian and I went to dine with Mme. de Lys, an old friend of poor mamma's. Mme. de Lys said to me, "You are going to meet a charming man, Commandant d'Orsanne," and just then in he came, not changed in the least, not a bit older. I knew him at once. He looked rather embarrassed, as if he thought he knew me, but was not quite sure. Then

I began to laugh like a little goose, and he said without preamble, "Well, Mlle. Renee, how is little Lili and Mère Ste. Ursule and Mère Ste. Felicite?"

Mme. de Lys and my guardian did not understand it at all and looked at us in amazement. In short, we met like two old friends, the commandant and I—for he is a commandant at 35, my dear.

To be sure, he is not a count or a marquis, as I fancied, but that makes no difference.

Fragment of a letter from Commandant d'Orsanne to Jean L.:

PARIS, Sept. 21, 1874.

Guess whom I met the other day at your Aunt de Lys'. My little convent girl of the commune. Do you remember? She is 30 now and perfectly charming. We renewed our campaign experiences.

JACQUES.

PARIS, Nov. 15, 1874.

M. P. has the honor to announce the marriage of Mlle. Renee L., his ward, to M. Jacques d'Orsanne, chief of battalion of the Thirty-first line and chevalier of the Legion of Honor.—From the French For Short Stories.

## Geological Puzzle.

Take a map of the northern coast of British Columbia, and locate upon it the long, narrow island, running northwest and southeast, marked Texada. This is the island upon which exists one of the greatest natural wonders ever discovered on the coast. Towards the northern extremity of the island quartz mining operations are being carried on. It is here the Van Anda and Volunteer claims are situated, and it was while the development work was being done here a few months ago that there was discovered a series of caves which have puzzled geologists, and which contain the bones of animals not yet classified by the naturalists of the continent. Starting at the surface, where the seam was traceable from, a tunnel was driven into the side of the mountain, and continued for some distance without any other than the ordinary conditions generally observable; but suddenly, after the firing of a shot, the end of the tunnel was found to have opened out into a natural cave. On being entered this cave was found to contain the whitened bones of some large animals in a state of perfect preservation and the general indications that this had, at some prehistoric age, been the den of some members of the tribe of mammals, hitherto unknown. The seam, or vein, however, the course of which the tunnel was following, was found continuing its course at the other side of the cave, and tunnelling was proceeded with there. After going a little further, another cave, a little larger than the first, was discovered, large enough, in fact, for half a dozen men with candles to walk around and reaching to some considerable height. More bones, similar to those in the first cave, were found there also, and then, at a little distance beyond this again, a third and still larger cave was entered. How it was that these caves could have been formed in the direct course of the seam, by what means of ingress the beasts whose skeletons were found had gained an entrance, what kind of animals they were, and what remoteness in the world's history is thus brought, as it were, down right to the end of the nineteenth century, are, and may ever remain, impenetrable mysteries.

## The Erring Burglar.

A curious romance of burglary and filial affection is told in the French newspapers. It has generally been supposed to be almost impossible to escape from the French penal settlement at Cayenne, and that the perils to be confronted in the forests, both from animals and natives, not to talk of starvation, appalled the convicts to such an extent that they never even thought of attempting flight. This theory has just received a severe shock, the description of no less than thirty recently escaped convicts having been circulated to the police by the Minister of the Interior.

One or two have been already captured in France. Among these is a certain Petitjean, who is accused of new misdeeds. Petitjean escaped from Guiana some time ago for no other reason, he said, than to come and embrace his old mother, who lives at Bagnole. He was arrested, but in deference to public opinion, which was impressed by filial affection, he was set at liberty and allowed to remain in France.

A fortnight ago a robbery took place on the Boulevard Diderot, in Paris, and by tracing back the stolen goods four persons were arrested. They were all carrying knives, knuckledusters and revolvers, and made a most desperate fight for their liberty. Once in prison, however, they confessed they belonged to a large gang whose chief was Petitjean. Hence the latter's arrest.

## The Cause of Pain.

The immediate cause of pain is that there is over-stimulation of that part of the brain where consciousness exists. All sensations, even pleasant ones, become painful when excessive, and there is no definite characteristic that separates pain from pleasure, for what is painful at one time may be pleasant at another, and the difference lies in the sensitiveness of the conscious center and not in the external cause. Many sights and noises for example, that are pleasant to a healthy man may become most painful to a sick one, and what is a pleasant taste or smell to a hungry man may be painful and repulsive to a full one. Excessive stimulation producing pain may be excited in the brain itself, as when a man "thinks" he is in pain, for there can be no difference between thinking one is in pain and being in pain, and the intelligence may elaborate a simple stimulus into a painful one as when a cruel sight causes pain. In fact, any external or internal stimulus may produce over-stimulation of the conscious center, and so become the immediate cause of pain.

## Like a Dog.

"She treats her baby as though it were a dog."

"Is that possible?"

"Yes, she's hugging and kissing it all the time."—Chicago Journal.

## Differences with Germany.

Germany cannot forgive our country for attracting every year a large number of young men who are fit for military service. She says, and with some show of justice, "We have given these young men their education at the expense of the state, and now, when they are in position to pay back to the fatherland the debt they owe, they sail away to a new country and become Americans." The German is unwilling to believe that his fellow countrymen emigrate to America because they prefer American institutions to those of their own country. On the contrary, he is firmly persuaded that we, in some underhand manner, entice good Germans away by means of heavy bounties or fraudulent representations made by government agents. In fact, so deeply grounded is the German suspicion regarding things American that they are ready to believe anything about our country, so long as it is not complimentary.

For instance, I have not only seen it taken for granted in print, but even heard it stated in conversation by educated Germans who certainly meant no disrespect to me, that our war of independence, as well as the civil war, was won because we had in our ranks so large a number of Germans or because our men were drilled and commanded by Germans. These absurd propositions are made in such good faith that it is impossible to dispute the matter with a German for fear of wounding his national pride. To him there was but one hero in the war of 1776—namely, Steuben—and as for the war of 1860, of course the hero was Franz Sigel.—North American Review.

## Lady Fingers.

A general and justifiable complaint is lodged against the ubiquitous small cakes known as "lady fingers," and everywhere seen during the season upon the tray which bears a teapot at 5 o'clock. It is asked why "lady fingers" should be so generally dry and stale, and the inquisitive wonder if it is impossible to procure them under a week or two in age. The trouble lies in not knowing how to treat the cakes. If they, or any other sort of sponge cakes, are taken while still warm from the baker's oven into the excessively cold outer air, it will be found on reaching home that they are dry and leathery. Should they be set in a closely covered vessel, as a glass jar, in a cool place they will soften again, and thus cared for last for several weeks and be perfectly palatable. Bread also suffers from exposure to extreme cold, and a loaf should have several layers of paper wrapped about it if carried any distance in winter. Otherwise it will seem as hard as if it had been baked for a week. Lady fingers, it may be added, serving as goodies at cheerful feasts, are always a surprise to country bred English folk when they come over here. In rural England they are commercially known as "funeral biscuits" and sold only for use as mourners' refreshment with a glass of wine after the long drive to assist at some county funeral.—New York Post.

## Tools of the Lake Dwellers.

Since flint is not plentiful in Switzerland we find the larger implements, such as axes, generally made of diorite, serpentine and the other hard stones, and even of jade. The presence of the latter stone is a matter of great interest, inasmuch as it probably was imported from the far east. It therefore seems to bear witness to the fact that the lake dwellers had commercial relations with other countries. Jade is not found in Europe, but occurs in China, India and Egypt. This subject, however, is still rather a matter of controversy, for, though in spite of many inquiries, no site for native jade has been yet discovered in Europe, some authorities believe that the people found it somewhere in their own neighborhood. It is certain, from the presence of chips in many places, that they worked it up themselves on the spot and that gives some countenance to the idea. There are as many as 4,000 specimens of jade from Lake Constance alone. Two other minerals, known as jadeite and chloromelanite, closely resemble jade, and these are also found in the settlements, as well as in dolmens in Europe.—Hutchinson's "Prehistoric Man and Beast."

## The Pin Race.

Place two rows of pins on the carpet, one on each side of the room. The pins should be six inches apart. Then, at the word of command, the two players are to pick up one pin at a time, return with it and place it in a bowl. The one who has picked up all the pins first, of course, wins. There is no stipulation as to which pin is to be first picked up. Counters may take the place of pins, or nuts would do. But pins are best because of the difficulty in picking them up. Some fun may be made by guessing who will be the winner in the pin race.

To encourage children in some form of charitable work is a valuable lesson in coming good citizenship. If it is only saving pictures to make scrapbooks for hospitals or taking care of toys and books that they may have a second life in some less favored household, the interest aroused is a laudable one.

Do not overdo the matter when arranging decorations for a dinner table with ribbons, satin, gauzes or tulle and natural blossoms. Have a careful eye and a sparing hand or the table will look as if one had utilized an old ball costume for decoration.

## SPRING CHEESEMAKING.

Another Professor Takes 22 Hours and Speaks His Mind.

In cheesemaking, as in all other lines of dairying, in order to gain the best results cleanliness must be observed in every particular by patron and maker alike, the cheesemaker being careful to reject all tainted or sour milk, as first class goods can be made only from first class materials.

For early cheese heat the milk to 84 or 86 degrees F. Stir the milk gently while heating, for quick or rough stirring at this stage causes a loss of butter fat. The rennet test should then be made as soon as possible to ascertain the degree of ripeness. To make the test, to 8 ounces of milk at a temperature of 86 degrees add 1 dram of rennet (of known strength) and stir rapidly for 10 seconds. If coagulation takes place in from 18 to 20 seconds, the milk is sufficiently matured, and the rennet should be added at once. If a piece of match one-half inch long be dropped in the milk as the milk is started in motion around the glass, the instant coagulation takes place can be readily noted by the sudden stoppage of the piece of stick. It may be necessary to vary the test a few seconds to suit the conditions of different localities, but with judgment a few trials will enable the maker to tell just when the milk is matured sufficiently for setting.

Ripen the milk so that sufficient acid for dipping will develop in 2½ hours after setting. When dipped, the curd should not show more than one-eighth inch acid by the hot iron test. Great care and watchfulness should be exercised at this stage, as the acid develops very rapidly.

Use sufficient rennet (from 3 to 5 ounces per 1,000 pounds of milk) to coagulate the milk fit for cutting in from 15 to 20 minutes. The curd is then cut by using first the horizontal knife and then the perpendicular one, cutting continuously until completed. Commence cutting early, taking plenty of time to do it properly.

Stir the curd gently with the hands for ten minutes before any steam is turned on and be sure that the curd is free from the sides of the vat before applying the steam. Rough handling at this stage means a loss both in quantity and quality, as a greater percentage of butter fat will be lost in the whey.

Heat the curd slowly to 98 degrees, taking from about 30 to 35 minutes to do so. After the heat is up to the desired point continue stirring for 15 or 20 minutes to insure uniform cooking. Draw off a portion of the whey early, stirring occasionally; then dip the curd with a small acid, from one-sixteenth to one-eighth inch, as shown by the hot iron test. Stir well in the sink to let the whey escape before allowing to mat. When the curd is matted firm enough to stand handling without breaking, cut into narrow strips, about 6 inches wide, and turn every 10 or 15 minutes or often enough to prevent the whey from gathering in pools on the curd. After they are turned once or twice these strips may be piled two deep. Keep the temperature at from 90° to 94 degrees until the curd is ready for milling. Mill early—as soon as the curd becomes flaky and shows three-quarters of an inch acid by the hot iron test.

Air well by stirring and salt the curd when it becomes mellow, feels like velvet and smells like newly made butter. Use some brand of pure dairy salt, salting at the rate of 1½ to 2 pounds of salt per 1,000 pounds of milk. At the time of salting the temperature of the curd should be from 83 to 86 degrees, and when the salt is thoroughly dissolved put to press, having the temperature about 80 degrees.

Apply the pressure gently at first until the whey begins to run clear, then gradually increase the pressure. After the cheeses have been in the press 45 minutes or rather longer take them out, pare off all shoulders and bandage properly by pulling up the bandage neatly, leaving no wrinkles on the side and trimming the ends so as to leave about three-quarters of an inch of bandage on each end. Turn them in the hoops in the morning, allow them to remain in the press at least 20 hours and see that each cheese is finished perfectly before allowing it to be taken to the curing room. The curing room should be kept at an even temperature of from 65 to 70 degrees and should be well ventilated.

Note.—When quick curing cheese is not desired, use less rennet and more salt.—T. B. Miller, Guelph Dairy School Bulletin.

There are 10,000 creameries and 25,000 cream separators in operation in the United States. The factory makes it possible for butter to be made as successfully in the south as in the north.

Skimmilk is an excellent human food. It makes muscle. If the milkman can sell it for 2 cents a quart, that will be equal to \$1 per 100 pounds for it, and at such a price he will realize good profit. The progressive milkman might educate his customers gradually to a realization of the value of skimmilk food.

Another way in which skimmilk may be used up is to mix bread with it instead of with water. Milk bread—skimmilk bread—is whiter, sweeter and more nourishing than bread made with water. A recent writer on this subject recommends that prizes be offered by all agricultural societies for the best samples of skimmilk bread.



# A FESTIVE RELIGION.

REV. DR. TALMAGE INVITES THE WORLD TO A BANQUET.

He Takes as a Text, "Bring Hither the Fatted Calf," and Preaches an Inspiring Sermon on the Joy of a Saved Soul—A Grand Peroration.

Washington, March 7.—The gladness of religion are set forth by Dr. Talmage in his sermon under the figure of a banquet, and all the world is invited to be guests. The text is Luke xv, 23, "Bring hither the fatted calf and kill it."

In all ages of the world it has been customary to celebrate joyful events by festivity—the signing of treaties, the proclamation of peace, the inauguration of presidents, the coronation of kings, the Christmas, the marriage. However much on other days of the year our table may have a stinted supply, on Thanksgiving day there must be something bounteous. And all the comfortable homes of Christendom have at some time celebrated joyful events by banquet and festivity. Something has happened on the old homestead greater than anything that has ever happened before. A favorite son whom the world supposed would become a vagabond and outlaw forever has got tired of sightseeing and has returned to his father's house. The world said he never would come back. The old man always said his son would come back. He had been looking for him day after day and year after year. He knew he would come back. Now, having returned to his father's house, the father proclaims celebration. There is in the paddock a calf that has been kept up and fed to utmost capacity, so as to be ready for some occasion of joy that might come along. Ah, there never would be a grander day on the old homestead than this day. Let the butchers do their work and the housekeepers bring in to the table the smoking meat. The musicians will take their places, and the gay groups will move up and down the floor. All the friends and neighbors are gathered in, and an extra supply is sent out to the table of the servants. The father presides at the table and says grace and thanks God that his long absent boy is home again. Oh, how they missed him! How glad they are to have him back!

One brother stands pointing at the back door and says: "This is a great ado about nothing. This bad boy should have been chastised instead of greeted. Vengeance is too good for him." But the father says: "Nothing is too good; nothing is good enough." There sits the young man, glad at the hearty reception, but a shadow of sorrow flitting across his brow at the remembrance of the trouble he had seen. All ready now. Let the covers be lifted. Music. He was dead, and he is alive again. He was lost, and he is found. By such bold imagery does the Bible set forth the merry-making when a soul comes home to God.

The Joy of a Convert.

First of all, there is the new convert's joy. It is no tame thing to become a Christian. The most tremendous moment in a man's life is when he surrenders himself to God. The grandest time on the father's homestead is when the boy comes back. Among the great throng who in the parlors of our church professed Christ one night was a young man who next morning rang my doorbell and said: "Sir, I cannot contain myself with the joy I feel. I came here this morning to express it. I have found more joy in five minutes in serving God than in all the years of my prodigality, and I came here to say so." You have seen perhaps a man running for his temporal liberty and the officers of the law after him, and you saw him escape, or afterward you hear the judge had pardoned him, and how great was the glee of that rescued man, but it is a very tame thing, compared with the running for one's everlasting life, the terrors of the law after him and Christ coming in to pardon and bless and rescue and save.

You remember John Bunyan in his great story tells how the pilgrim put his fingers to his ears and ran, crying, "Life, life, eternal life!" A poor car driver some time ago, after years having had to struggle to support his family, suddenly was informed that a large inheritance was his, and there was a joy amounting to bewilderment, but that is a small thing compared with the experience of one when he has put in his hands the title deed to the joys, the raptures, the splendors of heaven, and he can truly say, "His mansions are mine; its temples are mine; its songs are mine; its God is mine!" Oh, it is no tame thing to become a Christian! It is a merry-making; it is the killing of the fatted calf; it is a jubilee. You know the Bible never compares it to a funeral, but always compares it to something delightful. It is more apt to be compared to a banquet than anything else. It is compared in the Bible to water—bright, flashing water, to the morning—rosate, fireworked, mountain transfigured morning.

I wish I could to-day take all the Bible expressions about pardon and peace and life and comfort and hope and heaven and twist them into one garland and put it on the brow of the humblest child of God in this assemblage and cry, "Wear it, wear it now, wear it forever, son of God, daughter of the Lord God Almighty!" Oh, the joy of the new convert! Oh, the gladness of the Christian service! You have seen sometimes a man in a religious assembly get up and give his experience. Well, Paul gave his experience. He arose in the presence of two churches—the church on earth and the church in heaven—and he said, "Now, this is my experience, sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; poor, yet making many rich; having nothing, yet possessing all things." If the people in this house knew the joys of the Christian religion, they would all pass over into the kingdom of God the next moment. When Daniel Sandeman was dying of cholera, his attendant said, "Have you much pain?" "Oh," he replied, "since I found the Lord I have never had any pain except sin." Then they said to him,

"Would you like to send a message to your friends?" "Yes, I would. Tell them that only last night the love of Jesus came rushing into my soul like the surges of the sea, and I had to cry out: 'Stop, Lord, it is enough; stop, Lord, enough!' Oh, the joys of this Christian religion! Just pass over from those tame joys of this world, into the raptures of the gospel. The world cannot satisfy you; you have found that out. Alexander, longing for other worlds to conquer, and yet drowned in his own bottle; Byron whipped by disquietudes around the world; Voltaire cursing his own soul while all the streets of Paris were applauding him; Henry II consuming with hatred against poor Thomas a Becket—all illustrations of the fact that this world cannot make a man happy. The very man who poisoned the pommel of the saddle on which Queen Elizabeth rode shouted in the street, 'God save the queen!' One moment the world applauds, and the next moment the world anathematizes. Oh, come over into this greater joy, this sublime solace, this magnificent beatitude! The night after the battle of Shiloh, and there were thousands of wounded on the field, and the ambulances had not come, one Christian soldier lying there a-dying under the starlight, began to sing—

There is a land of pure delight,  
And when he came to the next line there were scores of voices singing:—

Where saints immortal reign.

The song was caught up all through the fields among the wounded until it was said there were at least 10,000 wounded men uniting their voices as they came to the verse:—

There everlasting spring abides  
And never withering flowers.  
'Tis but a narrow stream divides  
This heavenly land from ours.

A Momentous Step.

Oh, it is a great religion to live by and a great religion to die by! There is only one heart throb between you and that religion. Just look into the face of your pardoning God and surrender yourself for time and for eternity, and all is yours. Some of you, like the young man of the text, have gone far astray. I know not the history, but you know it. When a young man went forth into life, the legend says, his guardian angel went forth with him, and getting him into a field, the guardian angel swept a circle around where the young man stood. It was a circle of virtue and honor, and he must not step beyond that circle. Armed foes came down, but were obliged to halt at the circle. They could not pass. But one day a temptress, with diamonded hand, stretched forth and crossed that circle with the hand, and the tempted soul took it, and by that one fell grip was brought beyond the circle and died. Some of you have stepped beyond that circle. Would you not like this day, by the grace of God, to step back? This, I say to you, is your hour of salvation. There was in the closing hours of Queen Anne what is called the clock scene. Flat down on the pillow in helpless sickness, she could not move her head or move her hand. She was waiting for the hour when the ministers of state should gather in angry contest and, worried and worn out by the coming hour and in momentary absence of the nurse, in the power—the strange power which delirium sometimes gives one—she arose and stood in front of the clock, and stood there watching the clock when the nurse returned. The nurse said, "Do you see anything peculiar about that clock?" She made no answer, but soon died. There is a clock scene in every history. If some of you would rise from the bed of lethargy and come out from your delirium of sin and look on the clock of your destiny this moment, you would see and hear something you have not seen or heard before, and every tick of the minute, and every stroke of the hour, and every swing of the pendulum would say, "Now, now, now, now!" Oh, come home to your Father's house! Come home, O prodigal, from the wilderness! Come home, come home!

But I notice that when the prodigal came there was the father's joy. He did not greet him with any formal "How do you do?" He did not come out and say, "You are unfit to enter. Go and wash in the trough by the well, and then you can come in. We have had enough trouble with you." Ah, no! When the proprietor of that estate proclaimed festival, it was an outburst of a father's love and a father's joy. God is your Father. I have not much sympathy with the description of God I sometimes hear, as though he were a Turkish sultan, hard and unsympathetic and listening not to the cry of his subjects. A man told me he saw in one of the eastern lands a king riding along, and two men were in altercation, and one charged the other with having eaten his rice, and the king said, "Then slay the man, and by post mortem examination find whether he has eaten the rice." And he was slain. Ah, the cruelty of a scene like that! Our God is not a sultan, not a despot, but a Father, kind, loving, forgiving, and he makes all heaven ring again when a prodigal comes back. "I have no pleasure," he says, "in the death of him that dieth." All may be saved. If a man does not get to heaven, it is because he will not go there. No difference the color, no difference the antecedents, no difference the surroundings, no difference the sin. When the white horses of Christ's victory are brought out to celebrate the eternal triumph, you may ride one of them, and, as God is greater than all, his joy is greater, and when a soul comes back there is in his heart the surging of an infinite ocean of gladness, and to express that gladness it takes all the rivers of pleasure, all the thrones of pomp and all the ages of eternity. It is a joy deeper than all depth, and higher than all height, and wider than all width, and vaster than all immensity. It overtops, it undergirds, it outweighs all the united splendor and joy of the universe, and who can tell what God's joy is? You remember reading the story of a king who on some great day of festivity scattered silver and gold among the people, who sent valuable presents to his courtiers, but methinks, when a soul comes back,

God is so glad that to express his joy he flings out new worlds into space and kindles up new suns and rolls among the white-robed anthems of the redeemed a greater halleluiah, while with a voice that reverberates among the mountains of frankincense and is echoed back from the everlasting gates he cries, "This my son was dead, and he is alive again!"

The Home Coming.

At the opening of the exposition in New Orleans I saw a Mexican flutist, and he played the solo, and then afterward the eight or ten bands of music, accompanied by the great organ, came in, but the sound of that one flute, as compared with all the orchestras, was greater than all the combined joy of the universe when compared with the resounding heart of Almighty God. For ten years father went three times a day to the depot. His son went off in aggravating circumstances, but the father said, "He will come back." The strain was too much, and his mind parted, and three times a day the father went. In the early morning he watched the train. Its arrival, the stepping out of the passengers, and then the departure of the train. At noon he was there again watching the advance of the train, watching the departure. At night he was there again watching the coming, watching the going, for ten years. He was sure his son would come back. God has been watching and waiting for some of you, my brothers, 10 years, 20 years, 30 years, 40 years, perhaps 50 years, waiting, waiting, watching, watching, and if now the prodigal should come home what a scene of gladness and festivity, and how the great Father's heart would rejoice at your coming home. You will come, some of you, will you not? You will, you will. I notice also that when a prodigal comes home there is the joy of the ministers of religion. Oh, it is a grand thing to preach this gospel! I know there has been a great deal said about the trials and the hardships of the Christian ministry. I wish somebody would write a good, rousing book about the joys of the Christian ministry. Since I entered the profession I have seen more of the goodness of God than I will be able to celebrate in all eternity. I know some boast about their equilibrium, and they do not rise into enthusiasm, and they do not break down with emotion, but I confess to you plainly that when I see a man coming to God and giving up his sin I feel in body, mind and soul a transport. When I see a man bound hand and foot in evil habit emancipated, I rejoice over it as though it were my own emancipation.

Joy of Saving Souls.

When in one communion service such throngs of young and old stood up and in the presence of heaven and earth and hell attested their allegiance to Jesus Christ, I felt a joy something akin to that which the apostle describes when he says: "Whether in the body I cannot tell; God knoweth." Oh, have not ministers a right to rejoice when a prodigal comes home? They blow the trumpet, and ought they not to be glad of the gathering of the host? They pointed to the full supply, and ought they not to rejoice when thirsty souls plunge as the heart for the water brooks? They came forth, saying, "All things are now ready." Ought they not to rejoice when the prodigal sits down at the banquet? Life insurance men will all tell you that ministers of religion as a class live longer than any other. It is the statistics of all those who calculate upon human longevity that ministers of religion as a class live longer than any other. Why is it? There is more draft upon the nervous system than in any other profession, and their toil is most exhausting. I have seen ministers kept on miserable stipends by parsimonious congregations who wondered, at the dullness of the sermon when the men of God were perplexed almost to death by questions of livelihood and had not enough nutritious food to keep any fire in their temperament. No fuel, no fire. I have sometimes seen the inside of the life of many of the American clergymen, never accepting their hospitality because they cannot afford it, but I have seen them struggle on with salaries of five or \$600 a year—the average less than that—their struggle well depicted by the western missionary, who says in a letter: "Thank you for the last remittance. Until it came we had not any meat in our house for one year, and all last winter, although it was a severe winter, our children wore their summer clothes." And these men of God I find in different parts of the land struggling against annoyance and exasperations innumerable, some of them week after week entertaining agents who have maps or lightning rods to sell and submitting themselves to all styles of annoyance and yet without complaint and cheerful of soul.

How do you do?

For the fact that these life insurance men tell us that ministers as a class live longer than any other? It is because of the joy of their work, the joy of the harvest field, the joy of greeting prodigals home to their Father's house. Oh, we are in sympathy with all innocent hilarities. We can enjoy a hearty song, and we can be merry with the merriest, but those of us who have toiled in the service are ready to testify that all these joys are tame compared with the satisfaction of seeing men enter the kingdom of God. The great error of every ministry are outpourings of the Holy Ghost, and I thank God I have seen 16 of them. Thank God, thank God!

Short Prayers.

I notice also when the prodigal comes back all earnest Christians rejoice. If you stood on Montauk point, and there was a hurricane at sea, and it was blowing toward the shore, and you saw people get ashore in the lifeboats, and the very last man got on the rocks in safety, you could not control your joy. And it is a glad time when the church of God sees men who are tossed on the ocean of their sins plant their feet on the rock Christ Jesus. Oh, when prodigals come home, just hear the Christians sing! Just hear the Christians pray! It is not a stereotyped supplication we have heard over and over again for 20 years, but a putting of the case in the hands of God with an important pleading. No long prayers. Men

never pray at great length unless they have nothing to say and their hearts are hard and cold. All the prayers in the Bible that were answered were short prayers. "God be merciful to me, a sinner." "Lord, that I may receive my sight." "Lord, save me, or I perish." The longest prayer, Solomon's prayer at the dedication of the temple, less than eight minutes in length, according to the ordinary rate of enunciation. And just hear them pray now that the prodigals are coming home. Just see them shake hands. No putting forth the four tips of the fingers in a formal way, but a hearty grasp, where the muscles of the heart seem to clench the fingers of one hand around the other hand. And then see those Christian faces, how illuminated they are! And see that old man get up and with the same voice he sang 50 years ago in the old country meeting house, say, "Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

A Fine Picture.

At the banquet of Lucullus sat Cicero the orator, at the Macedonian festival sat Philip the conqueror, at the Grecian banquet sat Socrates the philosopher, but at our Father's table sit all the returned prodigals, more than conquerors. The table is so wide its leaves reach across seas and lands. Its guests are the redeemed of earth and the glorified of heaven. The ring of God's forgiveness on every hand. The robe of a Saviour's righteousness a-droop from every shoulder. The wine that grows in the cups is from the bowls of 10,000 sacraments. Let all the redeemed of earth and all the glorified of heaven rise and with gleaming chalices drink to the return of a thousand prodigals. Sing, sing, sing! "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive blessing and riches and honor and glory and power, world without end!" That scene of jubilation comes out before me at this moment as in a sort of picture gallery. All heaven in pictures.

Look, look! There is Christ! Cuyper painted him for earthly galleries, and Correggio and Tintoretto and Benjamin West and Dore painted him for earthly galleries, but all those pictures are eclipsed by this masterpiece of heaven. Christ, Christ! There is Paul, the hero of the sanhedrin, and of Agrippa's courtroom, and of Mars hill, and of Nero's infamy, shaking his chained fist in the very face of teeth chattering royalty. Here is Joshua, the fighter of Bethoron and Gibeon, the man that postponed sundown. And here is Vashti, the profligacy of the Persian court unable to remove her veil of modesty or rend it or lift it. And along the corridors of this picture gallery I find other great heroes and heroines—David with his harp, and Miriam with the cymbals, and Zechariah with the scroll, and St. John with the seven vials, and the resurrection angel with the trumpet. On farther in the corridors, see the faces of our loved ones. The cough gone from the throat, the wanness gone from the limbs, the languor gone from the eye. Let us go up and greet them. Let us go up and embrace them. Let us go up and live with them. We will, we will!

From this hilltop I catch a glimpse of those hilltops where all sorrow and sighing shall be done away. Oh, that God would make that world to us a reality! Faith in that world helped old Dr. Tynge when he stood by the casket of his dead son whose arm had been torn off in the thrashing machine, death ensuing, and Dr. Tynge, with infinite composure, preached the funeral sermon of his own beloved son. Faith in that world helped Martin Luther without one tear to put away in death his favorite child. Faith in that world helped the dying woman to see on the sky the letter "W," and they asked her what she supposed the letter "W" on the sky meant. "Oh," she said, "don't you know? 'W' stands for 'Welcome!' Oh, heaven, swing open thy gates! Oh, heaven, roll upon us some of the sunshine anthems! Oh, heaven, flash upon us the vision of thy bluster! An old writer tells us of a ship coming from India to France. The crew was made up of French sailors who had been long from home, and as the ship came along the coast of France the men skipped the deck with glee, and they pointed to the spires of the churches where they once worshipped and to the hills where they had played in boyhood. But when the ship came into port, and these sailors saw father and mother and wife and loved ones on the wharf, they sprung ashore and rushed up the banks into the city, and the captain had to get another crew to bring the ship to her moorings. So heaven will after awhile come so fully in sight we can see its towers, its mansions, its hills, and as we go into port and our loved ones shall call from that shining shore and speak our names we will spring to the beach, leaving this old ship of a world to be managed by another crew, our rough voyaging of the seas ended forever.

## A VICTIM OF ASTHMA

HAD NOT SLEPT IN BED FOR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS.

Seemed Doomed to Torture and Continual Misery—Father, Grandfather and Great-Grandfather Had Died from the Trouble—Release Comes in Old Age—The Cure Looked Upon as a Miracle.

From the Whitby Chronicle.

For years stories of famous cures wrought by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have appeared in the Chronicle. During this time we have been casting about for a local case of such a nature as to leave no doubt of the efficiency of these pills. We have found several, but in each case it proved to be a sensitive body who could not bear to have his or her name and disease made public. Recently, however, a most striking case came to our ears.

Mr. Solomon Thompson lives on a beautiful farm on the west shore of Mud Lake in Carden township, North Victoria. He has resided there for forty years, being the first settler around the

lake. He was reeve of Carden and Dalton townships thirty-five years ago, before the counties of Peterboro and Victoria were separated, and he used to attend the counties' council at Peterboro. Mr. Thompson has been a victim of asthma for forty years or more. However, we will let him tell his own story on that head.

On October 16th, 1896, we took a trip to Mud Lake to visit the hamlets long familiar to us, and made it a duty and found it a pleasure to call upon Mr. Thompson and learn from seeing him and hearing his account of it how he had been cured. For twenty-five years we had known him as a gasping, suffering asthmatic, the worst we ever knew who managed to live at all. We often wondered how he lived from day to day. On calling he met us with cheerful aspect and without displaying a trace of his old trouble. Being at once ushered into his house, we naturally made it our first business to enquire if it were all true about the benefits he had received from using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. "Beyond doubt," said he, "How long have you used them, and how many boxes have you used?" he was asked. "I started a year ago, and took eight boxes." We next asked him if he felt that the cure was permanent. "Well," said he, "I have not taken any of the pills for three or four months. Still I am not entirely satisfied yet. You see my father, grandfather and great-grandfather died of asthma. My people all take it sooner or later and it always ends their days. I have lost three brothers from the fatal thing. Knowing my family history it is hard for me to gain faith, but I can tell you for nearly thirty years I have never slept in bed until I took Pink Pills. As you must have known, I always slept sitting in the chair you now occupy. I had a sling from that hook in the ceiling and always sat with my head resting in it while I slept. I now retire to my bed when the other members of my family do." "How old are you, Mr. Thompson?" "Seventy-six," was the reply, "and I feel younger than I did thirty years ago. I was troubled a great deal with rheumatism and other miseries, probably nervous troubles arising from want of sleep, but nearly all the rheumatism is gone with the asthma."

During the conversation Mrs. Thompson, a hale old lady, the mother of thirteen children, came in and after listening to her husband's recital of these matters, she took up the theme. "I never expected that anything could cure Solomon," said she. "We were always trying to find something which would give him relief, so that he would be able to sleep nights, but nothing ever seemed to make much difference. At first he took one of the pills after each meal, but after a time he increased the dose to two. We noticed when we saw beyond doubt that he was much better, I recommended the pills to a niece of mine, Miss Day, whose blood had apparently turned into water and who had run down in health and spirits so bad that she did not care to live. Why, she got as yellow as saffron, and looked as if she would not live a week. You would hardly believe it," said Mrs. Thompson, "but that girl was the healthiest and handsomest girl in the neighborhood before three months had passed, and all from taking Pink Pills." Mrs. Thompson was called from the room at this juncture to attend to some household duties, and Mr. Thompson resumed the subject of his marvellous cure. "You can have no idea," said he, "what it is to go through twenty-five years without a good night's sleep without pain. I can find no words to make plain to you the contrast between the comforts I now enjoy and the awful life I had for so long. I had a big family of mouths to feed and had to work when at times I felt more like lying down to die. I would come in at night completely tucked out, but even that was no guarantee of rest. There was no rest for me. I seemed doomed to torture and continual misery. When my folks urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I thought it would be useless, but I had to do something or die soon, and here I am as right as a fiddle." The old gentleman shook his head to add emphasis to his last sentence, and looked like a man who felt joyful over a renewed lease of life, with all his old miseries removed.

After congratulating our old friend on his divorce from the hereditary destroyer of his kindred, we drove away. At many places in the neighborhood we opened discussions upon the case and found that all regarded it as a marvellous cure. Where the Thompson family are known, no person would have believed for a moment that anything but death would relieve him from the grip of asthma. Every word that is written here can be verified by writing Mr. Solomon Thompson, Dalrymple post-office, and an intimate acquaintance of twenty-five years enables the writer to vouch for the facts narrated above, and for the veracity of Mr. Thompson in any statement he may make.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that every box you purchase is enclosed in a wrapping bearing the full trade mark, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

Grimaldi's Grave.

"In a gloomy and crowded part of Pentonville," says London, "there lies an old and neglected graveyard, which contains the remains of Grimaldi, the famous clown; also the family grave of the Dibbins, though the great song writer himself does not rest there, and the graves of many other persons more or less known in London annals. The Metropolitan Gardens association has now begun to lay it out as a public garden, and the Clarks' vestry will keep it in order as an open space for the children, the toilers and the aged of the locality. Grimaldi's grave will be preserved and protected and the headstones restored. The family tomb of the Dibbins will also be raised in and likewise the tomb of Hardy, the famous astronomical clock-maker."



## RANDOM TALK.

WE are rapidly approaching warm weather; in fact we have had a week of pretty warm weather already. It is time therefore to change our diet; eat less pork, fat, sugar and starchy foods. Greens, salads, fruits are in order; and exercise followed by a bath. Our drinking water should be boiled.

We must clean up our yards, look after the proper disposition of our slops, etc., and get ready for the heated season.

People are beginning to think about where they shall go this summer. Every one ought to get away a little while for a change is a great benefit. Even a few miles takes one out of the rut. Camping on the beach brings us into new conditions. If the Roy road be cut through we will be only four and a half miles from the "briny." And what a change!

Of course it is pretty difficult to attend to regular business and live out of town. And what is wanted is a slight vacation, a period during which there is respite from the usual toil. It requires the exercise of some resolution to do this; and yet if it be not done voluntarily, illness may enforce it. I believe that a month's vacation will enable any one to accomplish more in the other eleven months of the year, than he could do in twelve months, uninterrupted labor. A month out of the harness is such a restorative.

Teachers and scholars of our public schools are wisely provided with a vacation of a few weeks in midsummer; notwithstanding on Saturdays there is a cessation of the usual labors.

I believe churches would be vastly the gainer if the ministers had a vacation. In the cities this is often done, but in the country where is more of the humdrum they are kept at work. A month away would enable them to return with an increased store of energy and vitality. New scenes would engender new thoughts, give birth to new plans, fill the mind with richer imagery and qualify them for the satisfactory discharge of their duties. The attendance upon synods, conferences, etc., often involves work of the hardest kind. What is needed is rest with change.

The housewife, too, sighs for relief from the monotony of her work, and the housemaid as well; the nurse in the hospital; man, woman and child, all should be given a holiday time.

A woman with a large family, so circumstanced she felt it impossible to leave home, was accustomed, when depressed with fatigue, to spend a day in bed. A day and two nights perfect repose was wonderfully helpful, a great rejuvenator. But this was only a makeshift, vastly better than nothing, but not to be compared with a season away from home.

What wonderful healing there is on the wings of travel! what balm in a change of atmosphere! what an elixir of life in living close to nature! Hunting and fishing for men and boys; bathing, out-door sports, bicycling, walking, riding, boating, rambling, kodaking, and sketching for all. This is an ideal life. It only requires a little planning ahead to make it practicable for every one.

East the country editor drops one issue of his paper each season for a needed relaxation. Why not here? So with the preacher; why not drop a Sunday's service? The physician should make some arrangement for an outing. At the stores one clerk at a time can be spared. The saloons—well, if closed for a few days, the town might survive! The miner would be benefitted by getting out of sight of coal dust for a few days; go prospecting. Women and children should flee to their tent. The men might "bach" a while and then join their families. No one is essential however useful; the world will wag along somehow after he has taken his final departure; then can't he be spared a few days? "Of course he can," as the man in the minstrel show says. Then let us make our plans now and later on celebrate the jubilee of freedom from the tread mill.

BILLY BLUM.

## CONCERT.

The last Concert of the Presbyterian Society will be given in the Church on Monday evening, April 26th. The musical part is under the direction of Mr. Louis Howells, who with the aid of the best available local talent will spare no pains to provide one of the best entertainments of the season. Quartets, duets, solos, dialogues, recitations, will make up the program. Keep this notice in mind until the 26th inst.

NOTICE.—All subscriptions in aid of the Fire Brigade and its appliances, should be paid to Mr. Frank Dalby.

PREBYTERIAN CHURCH CONCERT, APRIL 26—UNION.

## LOCALS

Bert Creech left this week on the Tepic.

Mr. L. P. Eekstien returned Wednesday.

Mr. Hiram Pillsbury has returned from an extended trip to California.

Slater Bros' noted shoes for gents at Leiser's.

The shipping has been light the past week only a few small boats loading—the Tepic.

Mr. Clark of Comox Settlement has been taken to the New Westminster asylum.

CAMPBELL.—At Union, April 15, Mrs. Harry Campbell, of a daughter.

Mr. J. J. McKim is here again after spending some months at Jarvis Inlet.

Wedding presents. See the stock new of silverware at Leiser's.

Capt. Henry Hart Dyke, Assistant paymaster A. J. Dyer, Sub-Lieut. O. Backhouse, Midshipman R. Backhouse and R. Kenyon of the H.M.S. Comus, visited Union on Saturday last.

Next Sunday evening Rev. Mr. Kane, the chaplain of H.M.S. Comus will occupy Rev. Mr. Willemar's pulpit at Trinity Church, in Union.

Mr. Donaher left last week for a trip into the Kootenay country.

Mr. W. H. Lomas, Indian agent came up on the City of Nanaimo in the interest of the "red brethren."

Look out for the marine minstrels at Pythian Hall, Comox, Saturday night. Only 25 cents admission.

Sandon is progressing. A. D. Williams and P. Amrance are erecting a large two storey business block, the lower floor to be occupied by stores, and the upper as offices.

Officer Hutchenson left Friday for Victoria.

Postmaster Roe took the City of Nanaimo for the Capital, Friday.

Mr. K. Sharp was a passenger down to Victoria last week.

Mr. Forsyth, missionary on Denman Island was, was a guest for a couple of days last week of Rev. Mr. Logan.

For Vegetable and Flower Seeds, go to the UNION STORE.

CANADA is an Indian name meaning a collection of huts.

"A dark night with the blacks," is a screaming nigger absurdity which will be presented, among other attractions Saturday night at Pythian Hall, Comox.

REMEMBER THE LAST CONCERT OF THE LECTURE-CONCERT-COURSE, AT THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, NEXT MONDAY EVENING.

We gladly publish in this issue a notice with reference to the closing of the stores during the evenings beginning on the third of May next. This is a good movement, for which the clerks have to thank the Rev. Mr. Logan who engineered it.

Received at Willards, a fine line of buggy whips, ranging from 15 to 25 cents.

The Union Club will give tonight (Tuesday) an Opening Social, a sort of Conversation at its rooms. It will be attended by members and invited friends.

Inspector of Fisheries, McNab, arrived by last steamer on a tour of inspection. He will consider the matter of putting up a ladder at the falls on the Courtenay River for the use of the fish.

The rain of yesterday afternoon prevented the person who was expected to bring the Graphophone, from being at the "Greek Tea."

The Greek Tea and Operetta given by the ladies of Trinity Church was meritorious, as it was enjoyable. Too late to give an extended report of it.

Seed Potatoes and Oats at the Union Store.

Friday evening at 7:30 the Annual Meeting of the Vestry of Trinity Church will be held. There will be an election of officers and presentation of reports. Members and adherents are earnestly requested to be present.

Bargains in white and colored shirts at Leiser's.

## Esquimalt & Nanaimo Ry.

### Time Table No. 28,

To take effect at 8 a.m. on Monday March 29th 1897. Trains run on Pacific Standard time.

GOING NORTH—READ DOWN.

	Daily	Sat. & Sunday
Lv. Victoria for Nanaimo and Esquimalt	8.00	4.00
Ar. Nanaimo	11.48	7.25
Ar. Wellington	12.15	7.45

GOING SOUTH—READ UP.

	Daily	Sat. & Sunday
Ar. Victoria	12.30	8.00
Lv. Nanaimo for Victoria	8.10	4.33
Lv. Wellington for Victoria	8.15	4.15

For rates and information apply at Company's offices.

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

## M. J. HENRY,

NURSERYMAN

AND

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Are a few of the new lines we have just opened, and are all of the very newest and latest styles to be had.

## These Goods

Have been bought direct from the manufacturer, and we mean to give our customers the advantage, by marking them lower than ever before.

## We have

Anything and everything you want, and you can get the very latest goods of all kinds and save money by calling at our store, when there is anything you want.

**SIMON LEISER.**