

The Weekly News.

NO. 247. UNION COMOX DISTRICT, B. C., TUESDAY AUG., 10th, 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

Go To Gustav Hauck —FOR— SUMMER WEAR.

BLOUSES AND STRAW HATS
REDUCED TO COST.....

Shilling's Teas and Coffees
ALWAYS ON HAND.

The Undersigned having Purchased E. PIMBURY AND CO'S

business here, beg to inform the public that they are prepared to supply

Pure Drugs & Druggist Sundries

as cheaply as they can be procured from any house in British Columbia. A full line of

Patent Medicines

always kept on hand.

We are desirous, particularly, of calling your attention to our complete stock of

Stationery and School Books

In this line we will sell as cheaply as any house in Union.

**PRESCRIPTIONS & FAMILY RECEIPTS
CAREFULLY COMPOUNDED.....**

A. H. PEACEY & CO. UNION.

GAME ACT.

West of the Cascades, the open season to shoot blue grouse, duck, ptarmigan, meadow lark, and deer, commences Aug. 21st. On Vancouver Island for mallard, widgeon, teal, pintail, and canvass back ducks, season opens Aug. 21st, and for cock pheasants Oct. 1st.

This act does not apply to Indians or settlers of this Province with regard to game killed for their own immediate use for food only, and for the reasonable necessities of the persons killing the same, and his family, and not for the purpose of sale or traffic, nor to free miners actually engaged in mining or prospecting, who may kill game for food, and providing they are not mining at a camp where boarding houses are maintained. Deer exposed for sale must have its head on.

UNION SHIPPING.

On the 4th, the tug Hope left with 506 tons of coal for the Electric Railway, Victoria.—Rapid Transit took on the 4th, 76 tons of fuel for Dyea.—The Geo. E. Star on the 4th, called on its way to St. Michaels, and took 58 tons of coal for fuel.—On the 5th, Tepic left with 220 tons of coal for C. P. R., and 87 tons of coke for Trail.—The Thistle on the 5th, took 247 tons of coal for the C.P.N., Victoria.—The Magnet on the 5th, took 22 tons of coal for fuel.—Tepic on the 7th, took 193 tons of coke for Trail, and 10 tons of coke and 219 tons of coal for the Sugar Refinery, Vancouver.

NOTICE.—The Board of Directors of the Hospital will meet next Saturday evening at 8 o'clock.

FAREWELL WORDS.

Rev. John A. Logan's Last Sermon in Union—An Able Discourse before an Immense Audience.

ALTHOUGH SUNDAY evening was sultry yet every seat was occupied in an auditorium unusually large for a town of the size of Union. People were there from the valley; the Masons came in a body in their beautiful regalia, although the sermon was known to be a farewell address to the pastor's flock; their presence was a silent testimony of their sympathy and esteem. The Methodist service for the evening was dropped and Mr. Hicks and his congregation attended—an act creditable to them, and kindly considerate of the retiring pastor. Mr. Logan was in good form and spoke with much earnestness and power. The following is a very full synopsis of the sermon:

II Cor. 13:11. "Finally, brethren, farewell. Be perfect, be of good comfort, be of one mind, live in peace; and the Lord of love and peace shall be with you."

The apostle Paul was a man not generally demonstrative; yet his letters are full of the spirit of kindly sympathy. While he seems most himself while discussing some theological question, yet no one can mistake the tenderness, and solicitude for others which he breathes forth in every epistle. He had established the church at Corinth, had written to them twice and visited them one or more times, and even cherished a deep interest in their welfare. The church there was in truth, "a light shining in a dark place." The truth was opposed by superstition, worldliness, so-called science, and evils of the most debasing kind, and worse than all, there were divisions among them. It may be that the tried condition of the church, and the strained relations of some of its members increased his anxiety for its welfare. He had not come to them with the wisdom of a philosopher, but with the plain gospel, and he was anxious lest their minds should be turned aside from the simplicity of a pure Christian life.

The rev. gentleman then discussed at length the different clauses of the text in their order.

"Be perfect." He pointed out that this was not to be taken absolutely. There were different ideas of perfection. The Pharisee was described as a man quite satisfied with himself, although he might lack many qualities of honor. Paul had a better idea of himself at the outset, than at the latter part of his life when he understood himself better. Then he described the man perfect in the eyes of the world, upright, honest, no bad habits, and generally respected. He pointed out that the character spoken of in the Bible as "the man in Christ," came nearest to the idea of the text, and went on to show that we should all have the high aim of perfection. The pattern for our lives is a divine one, a perfect one,—the man Christ Jesus; and we are exhorted, "to live as he lived, and to walk as he walked." Our aim should be perfection, in life, in speech, in thought. We may not reach it here, but should press on, until

"To perfection's sacred height,
We nearer still may rise;
And all we think and all we do
Be pleasing in His eyes."

"Be of good comfort," i. e. be good comforters to one another. The burden bearers are often forgotten. Many need comfort. There are the sorrowing, the sick, the wearied, the down-hearted, the despondent, the solitary, those who have experienced reverses;—wherefore I beseech of you comfort one another. This is something all may spare; give it spontaneously and freely. The sympathetic word, or act, or look, will help to cheer the heart and lighten the load. Then the good and kindly deed will re-act, and the remembrance of it will be a bright spot on the page of life.

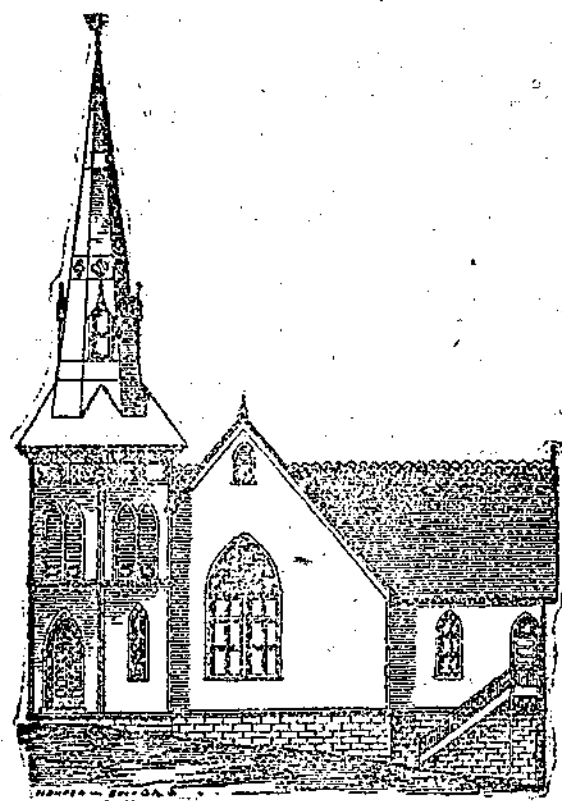
"Be of one mind." Unity in the church is the idea. Paul knew that if the church at Corinth was to be prosperous and continue its work there, that the members must be of one mind—must act in harmony. This characterized the apostolic

McPhee & Moore,

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

church. "They continued daily with one accord," and it was thus that Pentecost found it, which so deepened the spiritual life, and invested with power the hearts of Christ's followers. This is an especial bond and special duty of a church. What more natural than that there should be unity among those of a like faith, who worship in the one church, sit at the same communion table, take part in the prayer meeting, subscribe to the same belief, adore and praise the one common Father, looking forward to the same Home,—among whom should ever glow the spirit of loyalty and love? Try then and see eye to eye. Don't press your opinions to the breaking point. Be mindful of each other's failings, crotchets, hobbies. Dismiss selfishness and remember that it is far nobler and more Christlike to do your duty and do it faithfully than to insist on your rights.

"Live in peace." Don't quarrel. Sin dismembers. Christ came bringing peace. This was his first and latest message: "Be at peace among yourselves." Religion can never flourish in the midst of jealousy, suspicion and strife. Live in peace towards others—other denominations. You are not to be indifferent to your own, but loyal; at the same time remember that love to Christ and to all called by his name is a higher duty than love and loyalty to any system, however venerable. If we cannot be one in doctrine we can be one in Christ; in charities and acts of kindness. We should never spend our forces against any branch of Christ's church, but co-operate with it. The best way to contend for the faith is to show by our own good life the power of faith within us. If everyone would live up to the light they have, a brighter day would soon dawn upon the world.



The church during the past year and a half has had its share of prosperity. It has suffered somewhat from the fluctuations that are common to mining towns, and from the indifference of many who should have been its stay and support. The attendance on Sabbath in that time has at least doubled, which is an encouragement. The attendance at the Sabbath school has grown largely, and the difficulty at the present time is to get a sufficient number of teachers. The Y. P. S. C. E., and prayer meeting have not received the attention from the members of the church that could reasonably be expected. These mid-week meetings are means of grace that are very helpful, and they cannot be disregarded without calamity to the followers of Christ. The Ladies Aid has maintained a steady increase. They have done nobly and have proved themselves ready to advance every good work. Every lady in the church should be connected with that society and every addition should increase its power for good.

The work of the choir speaks for itself, and yet I feel sure that their self-denying labor is not appreciated as it ought to be. Two evenings in the week they spend preparing themselves for the two services on the Sabbath, giving their time and

strength, taking the criticisms of the thoughtless, without remuneration. They at least deserve your encouragement. The increase in membership has steadily progressed, 16 members being added to the roll in the last six months. From this brief survey we have reason to "thank God and take courage."

Next Sabbath the Rev. J. C. Forster by direction of the Presbytery, will dissolve the pastoral tie which binds us in co-operative work and kindly affection. The whole responsibility for the welfare of the church will then rest on you, and may the spirit of God guide and assist you in the selection of one who shall break unto you the bread of life. "I commend you to God and the word of his grace, which is able to build you up and to give you an inheritance among all them which are sanctified."

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

Latest by Wire

COKE BARGES.—The Dunsmuir's are having a barge made for carrying coke-laden cars from Union wharf to Vancouver.

KLONDIKE.—All the gold from Klondike taken to San Francisco mint does not exceed \$200,000.—Word has been received that the "boys" who left Nanaimo last week for Klondike have arrived at Dyea in good health. [This includes the "boys" who left Union.]-Capt. Miles Standish who is down from Alaska says to attending prospectors—"Don't!" "Not enough food for all going and gold can only be gotten by patient search and then not in barrels full."

SWIFT JUSTICE.—Jas. Mark who stole the other day a bicycle in Blaine and rode into New Westminster, has already commenced his five year's term in the penitentiary.

SUICIDE.—John Drummond has committed suicide in Chilliwack.

DISCOURAGED.—Nanaimo fishing boats have returned from the Fraser. Fish at two cents and canneries not able to handle what are caught.

BADLY BURNED.—Infant child of Alex. McMiller, Nanaimo, nearly burned to death. Lighted match fell into the baby's crib.

GOOD CHINAMAN.—Eugene son of R. Heyland slipped off a log in Millstream, Nanaimo, and was saved by a Chinaman.

BIG CATCH.—Ten thousand salmon were caught in Beecher Bay Aug. 6th, by 8 Indians—straits crowded with salmon.

MINERAL rights of settlers in E. & N. belt are to be investigated.

HIGHLY APPRECIATED.

The presence of so many Freemasons, some of whom had come from Courtenay, and also of Rev. Mr. Hicks and his congregation, although of a different denomination, to listen to Rev. Mr. Logan's farewell sermon to his own people, was most highly appreciated by him, and for which he extends his warmest thanks.

Awarded
Highest Honors—World's Fair,
Gold Medal, Midwinter Fair.

DR.
**PRICE'S
CREAM
BAKING
POWDER**

A Pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder.
40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

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Apply at the office for advertising rates.

THE NEWS.

UNION, B.C.

The Week's Commercial Summary.

The earnings of the Grand Trunk Railway for the first week of April were \$350,408, an increase of \$9,396.

Stocks of wheat at Port Arthur and Fort William are 3,262,000 bushels as compared with 3,430,000 bushels a year ago.

The stock of wheat of Toronto is 155,000 bushels as compared with 173,000 bushels a week ago and 29,000 bushels a year ago.

Packers of hides at Chicago show some anxiety to sell, and the tendency is toward lower prices, but there is scarcely any change in quotations.

Canadian Pacific earnings continue to improve, the increase for the first week of April being \$48,000 over the corresponding week of last year.

The United States government report on the condition of winter wheat suggests a crop of about 306,000,000 bushels, whereas the amount harvested last year was 268,000,000 bushels.

The leading wheat markets are more active and stronger. European complications had the effect of stimulating the demand. After the great decline the beginning of the year, a good rally would surprise but few.

As to the European crop outlook, winter wheat condition in Great Britain, France and Holland is reported below the average because of excessive rains. Field work in Western Europe has been so delayed by rains that the spring wheat area will be greatly out down, the shortage in France alone being 750,000 acres.

There was a decrease of 906,000 bushels in the visible supply of wheat in the United States and Canada last week. The total is 37,706,000 bushels as against 39,350,000 bushels a year ago. The amount afloat to Europe decreased 880,000 bushels last week, and the total is now 18,160,000 bushels as compared with 29,960,000 bushels a year ago. The world's shipment of wheat last week were 3,783,000 bushels as against 4,446,000 bushels the corresponding week of last year.

Here and There.

A handy device for lacing the shoes is formed of a button attached to the flap and having a pulley over which the thread runs, so that a pull on the end of the lace tightens the cord its whole length.

A handy device for small rooms consists of a metal band attached to a bracket to hold the wash bowl, which can be swung down against the wall when not in use to hold the bowl out of the way.

One of the latest bicycle bells is attached to the head of the machine directly over the front wheel, a corrugated wheel which revolves the bell being pressed down on the tire by a lever near the handle bar.

A hook and eye which needs no sewing to fasten it to the garment has recently been invented, each member having a pin to fasten in the cloth, the point running into a slot to fasten it and prevent its catching.

Messrs. Northrop & Lyman Co. are the proprietors of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, which is now being sold in immense quantities throughout the Dominion. It is welcomed by the suffering invalid everywhere with emotions of delight, because it banishes pain and gives instant relief. This valuable specific for almost "every ill that flesh is heir to," is valued by the sufferer as more precious than gold. It is the elixir of life to many a wasted frame. To the farmer it is indispensable, and it should be in every house.

At the Owen Sound Assizes Miss McNevin sued Rev. Mr. Lediard for slander. The minister had told the plaintiff's husband something that caused him to break the engagement. The young lady finally consented to accept a complete retraction and apology from the minister, who will also pay the costs.

There never was, and never will be, a universal panacea, in one remedy, for all ills to which flesh is heir—the very nature of many curatives being such that were the germs of other and differently seated diseases rooted in the system of the patient—what would relieve one ill in turn would aggravate the other. We have, however, in Quinine Wine, when obtainable in a sound unadulterated state, a remedy for many and grievous ills. By its gradual and judicious use, the frailest systems are led into convalescence and strength, by the influence which Quinine exerts on Nature's own restoratives. It relieves the drooping spirits of those with whom a chronic state of morbid despondency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and, by tranquilizing the nerves, disposes to sound and refreshing sleep—imparts vigor to the action of the blood, which, being stimulated, courses throughout the veins, strengthening the healthy animal functions of the system, thereby making activity a necessary result, strengthening the frame, and giving life to the digestive organs, which naturally demand increased substance—result, improved appetite. Northrop & Lyman of Toronto, have given to the public their superior Quinine Wine at the usual rate, and, gauged by the opinion of scientists, this wine approaches nearest perfection of any in the market. All druggists sell it.

The Ten Short Poems.

An interesting though perplexing task for the fancy of erudition is here proposed:

To the Editor of The Sun:
Sir—Will you please name the best ten short poems in the English language? H. D.

Before the choice is attempted we must agree what poem is short. Compared with the great epics, "Comus" and "Sohrab" and "Rustum" are short. Compared with the latter, "Lycidas" and the "Pied Piper" are short. If these four were eligible, they would have to be among the ten. "L'Allegro" and "Blenheim" are shorter still. But interpreting our correspondent's wishes by his words we will choose from the truly short only. In doing so it will be well to say that, to prevent the list from being swamped by Shakespeare or Milton, we will take but one poem from each. Again, that one will be chosen somewhat arbitrarily, without prejudice to its rivals. With these preliminary explanations we venture upon selection:

"When In Disgrace," Shakespeare; "Banquo's Curse," Burns; "The Tiger," Blake; "Pi-broch of Donald Dhu," Scott; "Bugle Song," Tennyson; "When I Consider," Milton; "Hohenlinden," Campbell; "Brahma," Emerson; "At the Church Gate," Thackeray; "Gunga Din," Kipling.

The list of others, running from more unalloyed sentiment to more intense and purely distilled poetry, is by no means brief. But, looking among the short poems bearing the divine stamp of poetic genius, for the vivid, the picturesque, the lyrically complete, the intellectually impressive and the passionately inspiring, the ten given above are certainly very powerful claimants for their places. And what a marvelous lot they are!—New York Sun.

World's Supply of Cotton.

According to the best sources of information, the world's supply of cotton in 1895 aggregates 18,200,000 bales, or 7,280,000,000 pounds.

Of this immense crop, 10,500,000 bales were produced in the United States, 2,600,000 in India and 643,000 in Egypt. The remaining bales were produced in the various parts of the globe. In different countries different standards of measurement obtain, and in no two countries is the weight of a bale of cotton exactly the same. The American bale averages 450 pounds, the Indian bale 400 pounds and the Egyptian bale 717 pounds. Some idea of the vast extent of the world's cotton area may be gathered from the fact that in the United States alone it covers over 20,000,000 acres.

In 1830 the world's output of cotton aggregated only 636,000,000 pounds, or 11 times less than in 1895. Within a single decade, however, the product almost doubled, amounting in 1840 to 1,102,000,000 pounds. Since then the world's product has been as follows: 2,391,000,000 pounds in 1860, 4,039,000,000 pounds in 1880 and 7,280,000,000 in 1895.

From these figures some idea of the vast importance of the cotton plant as a factor in the world's growth and progress may be obtained.—Atlanta Constitution.

Is She to Be a Four Day Ship?

A recent issue of the London Shipping World says that the three sets of engines that will drive the triple screws of the new colossal racer of the White Star line, the Oceanic, are expected to give her a speed of 27 knots an hour. The officials of the White Star line in this city and on the other side of the ocean have not intimated that the Oceanic was going in for record breaking on so huge a scale as the articles in The Shipping World declare.

Twenty-seven knots an hour over the short course between Queenstown and Sandy Hook mean a trip of four days and about seven hours, or 24 hours faster than the fastest trip of the Cunarder Lucania, which is 5 days, 7 hours and 23 minutes. The best hourly average of the Lucania for a voyage is 22.01 knots. If she fulfills expectations, the Oceanic will be able to leave Queenstown on Thursday morning and get here on the afternoon of the following Monday. The Shipping World's article on the new liner concludes thus:

"It is too early to give any details as yet, but as no time is to be lost in constructing the vessel, an immense coffer dam having been built at the lower end of the slip in order that work may proceed independently of the state of the tide, these will no doubt soon be forthcoming."

An Exciting Career.

John Parshall, who recently died in Indianapolis, was a member of the Alexander expedition sent to Salt Lake City to force Brigham Young to evacuate his office and allow the successor whom President Buchanan had appointed to take his seat. He was the driver of one of the ammunition wagons, and with his own hands burst open an iron gate which was preventing the entrance of the army into the Mormon capital. He was also one of the six men who disposed of the body of John Wilkes Booth, the slayer of Abraham Lincoln. He attended the performance at Ford's theater, saw the fatal shot fired and was one of the soldiers who pursued the assassin through the wings to the stage door. When the actor murderer was finally shot and taken, Parshall was one of the six men who were deputed to dispose of his remains in such a manner that the secret of their resting place should never be known.

LET'S LIVE LONGER!

Why Die a Lingering Death of Direful Diabetes?

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS CURE IT

Other Medicines never touch it—But Dodd's Pills Infinitely Cure—Expelling Poison and Preserving Sugar and Strength—Don't Die! Get Well.

Who would not live longer if he could? More men shorten their lives by over-indulgence in food and drink than ever die from starvation. Health can be maintained by eating and drinking just what is good for us—no more, no less.

But most of us don't do that. In health the body expels what it doesn't require, and retains what it needs. In disease either the body doesn't expel the poison or it does not retain what is needed to nourish it. In the disease called Diabetes the kidneys expel sugar. Its presence can be detected in the urine. The body needs sugar. In Diabetes the sufferer dies a lingering death.

Until recently Diabetes was supposed to be incurable. The science of to-day says that Diabetes may be cured. The kidneys may be restored to healthy action. Sugar may be retained in the system. Instead of filtering out the good that is in the food the kidneys may be made to filter out the poison.

With Poison goes Pain. With Sugar stays Strength.

Diabetes disappears like magic before DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS. Other medicines never touch it. That's the difference. If you have Diabetes get cured quickly. Don't bother with medicines that do not cure. Many will stand up to be counted among those who have been cured of Diabetes by taking DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

Mr. Fred Stokes, Barrie, Ont., says: "I have been promptly restored to health by a few boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills. Diabetes had reduced my weight forty-five pounds, which I have regained."

Mr. D. Roblin, Bandmaster, Allandale, Ont., says: "Could for years get no relief for Diabetes which it seemed would end my days. Six boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills have cured me."

Mr. Chas. Gilchrist, Port Hope, Ont., says: "For ten years a victim of Diabetes. Suffered fearfully, especially in passing water. My cure has resulted from taking a few boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills."

Mr. James K. Nesbitt, county constable, Stayner, Ont., says: "Becoming aware of the fact that I was a victim of Diabetes, I resorted to Dodd's Kidney Pills. I commenced to get well with the first box and am perfectly cured."

It Was Warm There.

Mr. Drayton—So that is a picture of Miss Lallo in the dress that she wore at the horse show, is it? I shouldn't think she would dare go to such a place in a costume so pronouncedly décolleté as that.

Miss Lunlun—Oh, indeed they had steam heat and it was quite comfortable.

INSOMNIA.

Three Months Without Sleep—Wasted in Flesh and Given Up to Die, but the Great South American Nerve Soothers to Rest With One Dose and Effects a Rapid and Permanent Cure.

Mrs. White, of Mono Township, Beaver-ton, P.O., was dangerously ill from nervous trouble. She was so nervous that she had not slept a night for three months. She was so low that her friends despaired of her recovery, in fact, had given her up to die. She was persuaded to try South American Nerve. Her relief was so instantaneous that after taking one dose she slept soundly all night. She persisted in the use of this great cure and gained in health rapidly, so that now there is not a sign of the nervousness, and she feels she is entirely cured. If you doubt it, write and ask her.

What Struck Him.

"What struck you most during your recent tour of the Pacific slope?"

"My wife's sporty brother, and he never struck me for less than \$10 at a time either."—Atlanta Constitution.

Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup stands at the head of the list for all diseases of the throat and lungs. It acts like magic in breaking up a cold. A cough is soon subdued, tightness of the chest is relieved, even the worst case of consumption is relieved, while in recent cases it may be said never to fail. It is a medicine prepared from the active principles or virtues of several medicinal herbs, and can be depended upon for all pulmonary complaints.

She Wanted One.

"My task in life," said the pastor complacently, "consists in saving young men."

"Ah," replied the maiden with a soulful longing, "save a nice looking one for me!"—Dublin World.

Extreme Provocation.

"Did you strike this man?" asked the court sternly.

"I did, but he made the first assault."

"How was that?"

"Struck me for \$10."—Detroit Free Press.

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 Parnelee's Vegetable Pills on going to bed, and one or two for three nights in succession, and a cure will be effected.

Finger-Nail Statistics.

The statistical man who will tell you how many pounds of leather you will wear from your shoes in a lifetime, and how many tons of food you will eat, provided you live to the biblical limit of "threescore and ten," has just finished some odd statistics on finger-nail growth. He finds that the average human being cuts away about the one-thirty-second part of an inch of nail each week, or a little more than an inch and a half each year. He also finds that the average length of life the world over is about forty years, and that there are 1,300,000,000 miles of finger-nails in each generation.

The Weighty Charge.

The Friend—The Judge's charge was a weighty one, wasn't it?
The Litigant—Nothing compared to my lawyer's.

Rapid Progress.

"So you think Miss New-woman is up to snuff, eh?"
"Well, rather."
"She must have made rapid strides, then, for when I knew her she was only up to cigarettes."

The proprietors of Parnelee's Pills are constantly receiving letters similar to the following, which explains itself. Mr. John A. Beane, Waterloo, Ont., writes: "I never used any medicine that can equal Parnelee's Pills for Dyspepsia or Liver and Kidney Complaints. The relief experienced after using them was wonderful." As a safe family medicine Parnelee's Vegetable Pills can be given in all cases requiring a Cathartic.

Condensing Milk.

Many methods of preserving, and condensing milk are employed in different countries, and the process has within recent years been brought to a state of comparative perfection.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, ss.

LUCAS COUNTY.
FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D., 1895.

A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by druggists, 75c.

A Partnership.

Life is a partnership with one another, in which the profits are in proportion to what is put in. There is no investment in this business that pays better than kindness.

NEVER WORRY

Take them and go about your business—they do their work while you are doing yours.

Dr. Aznew's Liver Pills are purely vegetable and upon the liver without disturbance to the system, diet, or occupation. 25 cents a vial.

They are system renovators, blood purifiers, and builders; every gland and tissue in the whole anatomy is benefited and stimulated in the use of them.

THE WALL PAPER KING OF CANADA.

Sample books of Choice Wall Paper for Residences, Churches, Offices, Lodge Rooms, Public Halls, Hotels, Stores, and our booklet "How to Paper" sent free to any address. Write a postal to

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Mention what prices you expect to pay; the rooms you wish to paper and where you saw this advertisement.
We pay express charges.
AGENTS WANTED.

"GOLD MINES"

Get in on the Ground Floor if You Want to Make Money.

A limited number of promoters' shares in a first-class company for sale. Promoters' profits are large and they are sure. Agents wanted Standard stocks at lowest rates.

R. S. WRIGHT & CO.,
90 BAY STREET, TORONTO.

AGENTS—"VICTORIA SIXTY YEARS A Queen"—the book of the year; is going to sell; defies competition; over 100 illustrations; elegant bindings; popular prices; outfit only 50c; write quick. G. M. ROSE & SONS, Toronto.

"THE VICTOR" ELECTRIC MOTOR.

1-2 Horse Power \$ 50
1 Horse Power 65
2 Horse Power 75
3 Horse Power 110
5 Horse Power 140

Write for Cash Discounts.

Special prices on larger sizes. Every Electric Motor is guaranteed.

TORONTO TYPE FOUNDRY, Ltd.
44 Bay Street, Toronto,

Commissioner Roosevelt has resigned from the police department of New York.

Doctors Recommend

"SALADA" CEYLON TEA

Lead Packets Only, 25c, 40c, 50c & 60c.

Wrinkles

Can be Removed and the Skin made Soft and Youthful in appearance by using

Peach Bloom Skin Food.

To Purify the Blood, Tone up the System and give new Life and Vigor nothing equals

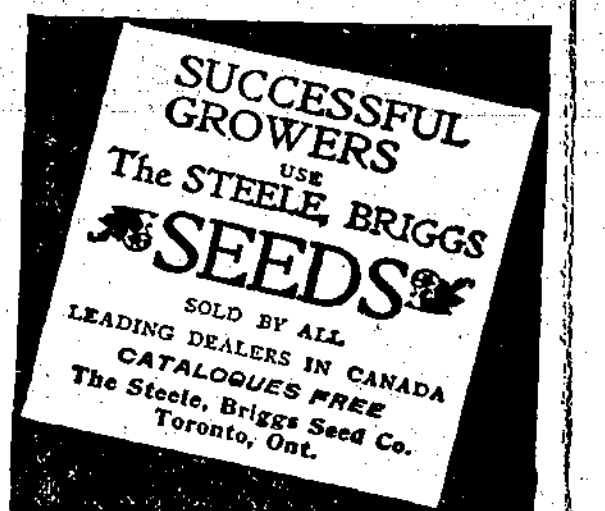
Perfect Health-pills.

50 cts. each at Drug stores or sent prepaid on receipt of price. CROWN MEDICINE CO., TORONTO.

Do You Use Them?

The . . .
E. B. EDDY
CO'S
MATCHES

They Are The Best.



We Always have on hand a large stock of

2d HAND MATERIAL

in Type, Presses, Paper Cutters, Stands, Cases, Imposing Stones,

and in fact almost anything used in the printing office, taken in exchange for new material. You can always find a BARGAIN.

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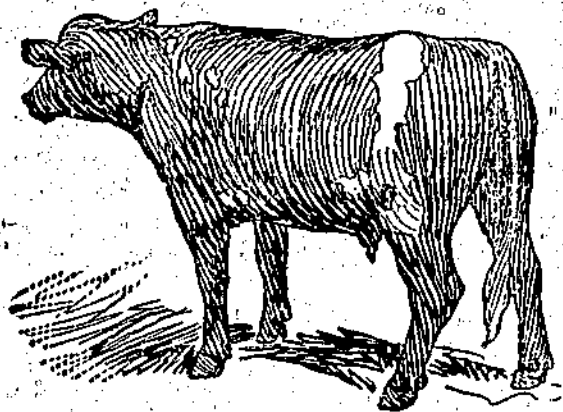
LIVE STOCK

STEER FATTENING.

Results From a Generous Diet of Corn and Linseed Meal.

The steer shown here was one of a lot of 12 fattened by L. L. Roby of Kansas. Some of our eastern readers will be interested to know how the polish was put on this beef.

Mr. Roby calls the steer a "scrub" because it did not show strong markings of any particular breed. It was, evidently, a mixture of Galloway, Short Horn and "native." He says that the black cattle do not take on fat as well as the red ones. The 12 steers were bought at the Kansas City stockyards.



KANSAS FAT STEER.

They were all dehorned and were from 2½ to 3½ years old. Three years is young for such cattle. It is best to take them just as they finish their rapid growth, and then put the fat on them quickly.

The steers were turned into an open yard, the only shelter being a sideless shed in one corner large enough to protect the feed troughs in stormy weather. Hay was fed in a small rack, and fresh water was supplied in an open trough. The grain fed consisted of a mixture of equal parts of crushed corn and linseed meal. Beginning with a small amount, this was increased till the steers finally received 23 pounds each per day. With this heavy feeding, the steers ate but little hay—seldom over 3 or 4 pounds each per day. In 75 days of such feeding the 12 steers gained 4,616 pounds, an average of 385 pounds per head, or over 5 pounds per day. They were never sick, but were smooth and sleek all through the feeding. Hogs were put with the steers, and these made an excellent growth from what was left in the manure.

This test was made several years ago, when bran and other foods were higher in price. We asked Mr. Roby if he would use the linseed this year. He replies:

"Now bran is lower in price and so are corn and linseed meal, so that the ratio is about the same now as when I made the test. Several of my neighbors are already feeding. They use corn and linseed meal mixed, about 6 pounds of meal and 15 to 18 pounds of corn to a feed. I shall follow practically the same course as before. There is really nothing to compare with the linseed meal for certain results, and I have never known it to be out of proportion in price, as compared with corn. The price of one always affects the price of the other, and they go up or down about alike in price."

We think that the most successful feeders now generally realize that, where one is feeding large quantities of corn, it is an advantage to add a quantity of some food that is laxative in its effects. Ensilage tends to keep the bowels open, while dry corn and fodder are constipating. Bran, fed with crushed or cracked corn, will keep the system in order, so that more of the corn will be digested than would be the case if it were fed alone. Linseed meal is even better for this purpose.—Rural New Yorker.

Breed For Intelligence.

When will we begin to breed the higher domestic animals with direct reference to their mental faculties? We select with care for meat, milk, wool, labor and speed and let intelligence take care of itself, even among horses, to whose behavior we trust our lives daily.

Man has religiously denied to animals the possession of mental attributes, and while stoutly maintaining that all their actions were the fruit of impulse and not of concentrated nervous activity the dog has developed in his hands and through association with man until we are sorely puzzled to draw such a line between instinct and intelligence as shall leave the dog on the right side.

Though no other domestic animal approaches the horse and the dog, all of them have often certain pronounced mental traits on which selection may well be based. Pigs differ greatly in their nervous constitution, and all animals differ in the identical instinct. A hog that is destitute of this, as many are, is worse than worthless.

Everybody knows all these things and more. The difficulty is to induce breeders to acknowledge it and to be influenced by that knowledge in the selection of breeding animals.—E. Davenport in Farmers' Voice.

Beginning Work In Spring.

It is best not to urge the teams very much the first few days after they begin spring work. This is especially true for

teams that have had little to do through the winter. There is not only the lassitude due to warmth after the more invigorating air of the winter, but a greater evil from the sweating of collars and the galling of the horses' shoulders, which have become tender by not having the friction of a collar against them for two or three months. It is much easier to prevent a gail than to stop or cure one when it has started. When the team is dragging or plowing, it should be frequently stopped and the horse backed enough so as to allow a current of cool air to bathe the heated shoulder.

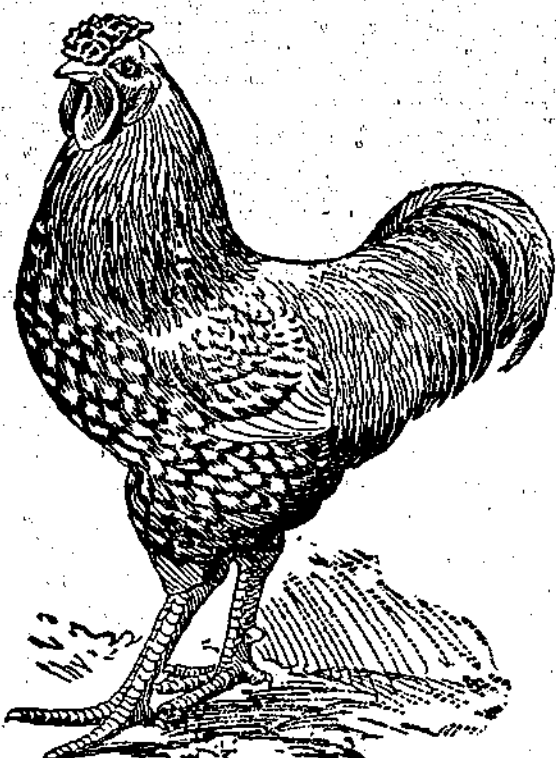
Begin With Thoroughbreds.

Chickens bred for laying eggs lay more eggs and larger eggs than the fowls allowed to run at large, pick up their feed where they can find it and roost about like a tramp. It costs no more money to keep a thoroughbred chicken than it does to keep a common one, but the point is to house them carefully and their stock will bring the results desired. There is but one item which in the eyes of some is a great expense, and that is the original cost of a set of thoroughbred birds. The financial results from such an investment, however, are manifold and at the same time steady and can be depended upon, while with the common birds it is all chance as to whether results are obtained. One male and five female thoroughbreds can be purchased for \$25. In a year, by using a good setting hen of any breed, the henry will be increased by more than 100—that is, provided there is none killed off for the table—and they will all be money makers in another year.

WYANDOTTE FOWLS.

The Different Varieties and Where They Come From.

The old, original Wyandottes of the silver laced variety were bred in New York state for many years under different names and were introduced to many of the western states and were usually called American Seabrights. Along in the seventies they began to find a place in the showroom, and their admirers began seeking admission for them in the American standard. At the standard revision meeting of 1883 this breed was admitted to the standard under the name of Silver Laced Wyandottes. Their handsome color, together with their plump, rounded forms and elegant egg record gave them a great boom. In fact, so great was the demand for them that anything resembling a Wyandotte sold



A SILVER LACED WYANDOTTE COCKEREL.

at a fabulous price. This, of course, gave the huckster and trickster just the opportunity he was looking for, and as a result the country was flooded with stuff worse than culls. There was so much of this worthless stuff sent out that it came near killing the breed altogether. Had it not been for a few who could see more in future honesty than present dishonesty, the breed would have been pushed to the wall and lost sight of entirely. Those few began carefully to make something of the new breed, and by careful selections and close inbreeding they held a place in the fancy that the fraud could not dislodge them from. Hardly any two breeders had the same idea as to which line of breeding would give the best product, and as a result one was breeding light, another dark and still another medium colored birds. The breeder that was breeding the light colors was not only surprised but delighted to find a few solid white chicks from his mating, which, mated together, bred true to color, while the dark mating gave some solid black birds with the same results. This gave us the two solid colors, with the true Wyandotte shape and qualities.

The golden variety came from introducing some outside blood, presumably Partridge Cochins, that by breeding back and forth finally got the Wyandotte shape, but for a long time gave lots of trouble by throwing feathers on feet and legs. The buff variety came with a fad for buff color and was a result of careful matings, some using the Buff Cochins to get the color, others using a cross of Rhode Island Reds. No amateur need be afraid to take up the silver, gold, white or black variety, as they will not only breed true, but are one of our very best breeds and rank today alongside of the Barred Plymouth Rock.

A horse is more liable to scare with than without blinders. He is seldom afraid of what he can fairly see.

CATCHING A DOLPHIN.

Exciting Sport In the Santa Catalina Channel.

The Santa Catalina (Cal.) channel is famous for its large game of the sea. Here the porpoise is found in large herds, the big orca is occasionally seen, while whales of many kinds roam up and down, feeding on the swarms of jelly-fishes and other small animals.

The sail-boat was now bearing to the northwest, where, not 100 yards away, the shining backs of porpoises or dolphins were flashing in the sun, and suddenly the water appeared to be fairly alive with them, a big school making gradually up the channel. Up came the boat in the wind, the sail flapping violently, while the fishermen endeavored to get a shot. The animals appeared but for a moment, giving a loud puff, that came distinctly down the wind. Three shots rang out, and a second later a bottle-nosed black creature bounded with a high leap into the air, full with a thundering crash, and began to swim about in a circle, beating the water furiously with its powerful tail.

The boat fell away a moment to gain headway, then rounded to near the leaping animal, two of the sportsmen entering the small boat towing astern and cautiously approaching the dying game while the sail-boat laid off and on.

It was a matter requiring no little care to give this struggling animal its quietus, and the man rowed slowly toward it to avoid its wild rushes. When it had quieted down he roved alongside and the man in the bow raised his spear and sent it into the porpoise, expecting to tow it to the sail-boat by the rope. It is the unexpected, however, that always happens. The fish had not been killed; in fact, was only stunned, and upon feeling the cold steel it dashed off with a force and speed that jerked the two men from their feet, sending them to the bottom among the oars, from which they rose to find themselves behind a spirited steed as one would wish in a high sea in an open boat. It happened the harpoon-ropes was fast to the painter, so a capsize was avoided, and the boat rushed away, piling up a big white wave on either side of the bow.

The men got well in the stern to lift the bow as much as possible, and simply waited for the animal to tire itself out, noting that the sail-boat had filled away and was following them.

It was an exciting experience, and the majority of persons would have cut the rope and allowed the maddened steed to escape, as, swimming low and deep, it dragged the boat directly through the waves, giving little or no chance for a rise, so that very shortly seas began to come in, and one comber half-filled the boat.

It was looking serious, and one of the men crept forward, knife in hand, ready to cut the rope if necessary, but the increased weight of the water in the boat began to tell on the game, and it was obliged to rise to breathe, which gave the sportsmen an opportunity to seize the rope and haul in, by the most desperate efforts gaining 20 feet on the animal that was now diving again, but its struggles were not so fierce, and after several heavy plunges it slowed up and allowed the men to take it in, hand over hand, and soon the big, black form was visible moving slowly along, making little, or no resistance beyond a vicious blow with its tail when the boat hauled alongside. The captive was not a porpoise, but a dolphin, with a long, slender snout, armed with sharp teeth. The animal was nearly as long as the boat, and when the sail-boat caught up it was with the greatest difficulty hauled aboard, when the boat bore away in chase of the herd that was beating the ocean into foam nearly a mile away.

What Mother Says.

She—It seems almost impossible that you should love me.

He—That's what my mother says. How nicely you and she will get along if you always agree like that.

The Two Clean Cities.

The two cleanest cities on the continent to-day are Toronto and New York, and they are both cleaned by direct labor.

New York not only employs and thus directs all its street cleaning and garbage disposal forces, but it has an organized department, with an adequate and properly adjusted equipment of horses, carts, brooms, stables and stations, and it pays its men \$2 a day and upward for eight hours' work. To be sure, it has had a Colonel Waring, but had Colonel Waring been a contractor or a contractor's superintendent the metropolis would not have been the clean city it is to-day. It is by the method of direct labor, under model conditions of employment, that this first worthy result of the kind in a large American city has been achieved.

Toronto, the other of these two exemplary cities, has gone even further than New York in eliminating the contractor. In this enterprising Canadian town, with its 190,000 people, Street Commissioner Jones has during the last seven years entirely revolutionized the care of the streets of the city. He has not only organized the execution of this work under a distinct department, but out of the margin thus saved from the annual appropriations for caring for the streets he has actually built and equipped a modest but complete set of workshops, where the entire construction and repair work of the department is executed.

Not only are the sprinklers, rotary sweepers, automatic loading carts and snow scrapers, each after a special pattern devised by the commissioner or under his direction, built in these shops, but even the harnesses are made there, the horses are shod there, and it is the truthful boast of the commissioner that every article of manufacture used by the department is produced from the raw material in these shops. It is exceedingly refreshing to find there inventive genius constantly brought to bear to produce appliances not for sale in the general market, and hence of that crude adjustment which can be used anywhere, but appliances precisely adapted to the particular needs of Toronto, with its own climate, soil, street mileage and pavements.—Review of Reviews.

THE STORY OF A SPY.

How the Missing Man's Death Was Proved Thirty-four Years After He Was Shot.

Here is a short story that it has taken history 36 years to write:—

At the beginning of the great civil war in 1861 Samuel W. Kenney, a Pennsylvanian by birth, was engaged in business in Pulaski, Tenn. He owned a farm of 281 acres near that place, and had \$3,000 worth of cotton stored there. He was a strong Union man, and the southerners burned his cotton and made it impossible for him to live among them. A mob attacked his house, and he and his family, after hiding several days in the woods, made their way northward and went to their old home in Pennsylvania.

In September, 1862, Kenney joined the command of General James S. Negley at Pittsburg, and entered active service as a spy. He went to Louisville, and thence entered the Confederate lines. He was recognized and betrayed by one of his old Tennessee neighbors and was arrested by Bragg's forces at Lynchburg.

From this point Samuel W. Kenney disappeared. His family knew that he had been captured and believed that he had been executed, but proof of the fact was unobtainable. In 1867 Mrs. Kenney left Pennsylvania and removed to Dwight, Ill., where she has resided ever since. Two sons, now grown to sturdy manhood, live in this city—Alexander at 688 Monroe street and John, at 3401 Parnell avenue.

Twenty years ago they made an attempt to obtain a pension for their mother, but failed, because the department records at Washington did not show that the missing spy of 1862 had been regularly enlisted, and there was no proof of his death. Quite recently, however, Congressman Woodman of this city found in the war department an unofficial reference to the execution of a northern spy named Kenney at Tullahoma, Tenn., Feb. 13, 1863. This proof was regarded as sufficient, and a pension had just been granted to the aged widow in Dwight.

Last week Alexander Kenney and his brother John went to Tennessee to discover, if possible, any further facts about the fate of their father. They visited Tullahoma, and were most hospitably received by the town officials. It was suggested by the mayor that an aged woman who had lived in the place ever since the war might know something about the death of the northern spy, and she was visited.

"There were only four men killed in Tullahoma during the war," she said positively. "Three of them were Confederates, and they were buried in the town cemetery. The other one was a spy, who had been caught by Bragg's men. I saw them take him out of the jail and put him into a wagon and saw him sitting on a coffin. They drove away with him, and I heard that he had been hanged, but I don't know where."

"Can you remember the name of that spy?" asked one of the Chicagoans.

"Yes," she replied slowly; "his name was Kenney."

But this seemed to be as far as the search could be carried. There were no town records which would throw light upon the matter, and no additional facts could be learned. Returning to the railway station, the two Chicagoans fell into conversation with the railway agent, Archibald Smith, and incidentally mentioned their mission while waiting for a train.

"Well, boys, I'm sorry for you," he said, "but I guess I can help you some. I saw your father hanged. I was only 12 years old then, and the sight was stamped upon my mind indelibly, for I was scared nearly to death. Besides, the body was buried on my father's farm, and for many years after I used to shudder and run as fast as I could whenever I had to pass the spot."

The trio, led by the southerner, quickly passed through the little town, and just outside the suburbs, on the northwestern side, a halt was made.

"They hanged your father to that sycamore tree there by the spring," said the guide. "His body was buried about half way up that hill over there, and the grave wasn't marked. You'll never find it now."

But the two Chicagoans went over every foot of the hillside. A recent freshet had washed away part of the bank and undermined the hill so that part of the ragged edge gave way beneath the feet of Alexander Kenney, and he saw protruding from the bank the two lower leg bones of a skeleton. The spy who disappeared 34 years ago had been found.

The remains were brought to Chicago and interred in the family lot in Dwight.

—Chicago Times-Herald.

A Luminous Life Line.

In spite of the magnificent work of the life saving corps of the government, and regardless of the apparatus for the rendering of aid to the shipwrecked which is at their command, many a life has been lost by the inability of the persons who are clinging to a wreck to see the line shot at them from the shore, or, if it reaches the rigging, to tell just where it might be seized upon. As in such cases minutes mean lives, the inability to see and grasp the life line without the delay of a second has lessened the population of the earth by several in many instances.

The idea which Mr. Plass has successfully evolved is to provide a life line which emits a phosphorescent light of sufficient luminosity to be visible for a long distance immediately it leaves the mortar's mouth and is shot through the gale and across the waves to the wreck. In the past, if it happened to be daylight when the life savers were at work, they could, by means of their glasses, tell whether or not they had landed a life line aboard the wreck. It unfortunately happens, though, that the majority of wrecks occur at night, and therefore a luminous life line becomes an invention of the first importance. By its use the life savers can tell exactly what has happened to the line. There need be no more uncertainty.

It is estimated that the luminous line of Mr. Plass will be visible with as much distinctness as if the light were emitted

from a 56 candle power electric bulb. In that way, unless the storm were too dense, the line would be visible its entire length from shore to wreck, and the watcher on the beach could tell just what progress toward safety was being made by those whose lives they were striving to save.—Washington Letter in Austin Statesman.

IN BENIN.

The People of a Queer Country and Their King.

The people of the Benin country generally are an intelligent set of black men, and the Jekris, or traders, are an exceedingly shrewd lot, who pick up the technical education of their calling very quickly. Old Calabar is the principal town of the country, and its people, who are commonly known as "Efiks," are a very intelligent set of keen traders.

All things considered, the people will put in a fair amount of work for their employers during the week. Indeed, in this respect, they do not compare unfavorably with the British workman, who considers Monday is merely a prolongation of Sunday, to prepare for which day of rest a good half-holiday is necessary for his well-being on Saturday.

What the Cardinal Prime Ministers were to the kings of France, and the ordinary "medicine men" are to savage tribes in general, the "Ju Ju" is to his dusky majesty the King of Benin City. They are not only the priests of the fetish worship, but are the councillors and advisers of the King, who, so far as can be made out—for his ways and theirs have not been lighted up by the sun of civilization and inquiry—does nothing without their advice. They surround the throne, and any communication which a trader desires to make to the King goes through their hands, accompanied, it need hardly be added, by coin of the realm.

These Ju-Ju men have others of a lower class dependent on them, so that any message which reaches the King has to pass many mouths, and is naturally a good deal distorted before it reaches headquarters.

The Ju-Ju men wear a peculiar costume. It is as elaborate and gaudy as the ordinary garb of the native is simple.

These priests are decked out in flowing robes, elaborately embroidered, and obtained, no doubt, from traders who visit the country. Their head-dress is elaborate and lofty, while their faces are decorated with paint. When squatting on the ground, which is by no means an infrequent attitude of theirs, they look for all the world like a gigantic China figure of a mandarin.

These Ju-Ju men have given their name to a custom which is analogous to that of the "taboo." If the King wishes to prohibit the manufacture of a certain article, or to inhibit its importation into the country, he "puts a Ju-Ju" on it, and the article becomes taboo at once.

As the lesser is sometimes used symbolically for the greater, the Ju-Ju's name is applied by the natives to the fetish who presides over the river and stream and forest and the other superstitions of savage life. There is thus a River Ju-Ju, and a Forest Ju-Ju, and so on. These deities must be propitiated by offerings in order to bestow their favor on the individual who desires their protection.

If, therefore, a man is going on a long journey he makes an offering to the River Ju-Ju, or the Forest Ju-Ju, according to the way his road lies. In order to make this offering he erects a little mound on the bank of the river, or at the commencement of the forest, as the case may be. Upon this he lays a dead fowl, usually taking the precaution to see that its feathers are white, or else some other gift of the kind which he believes will appeal to the senses of the mythological deity he worships.

The system of life of the people is by no means different from that of the ancient feudal system. To secure the protection of a chief, a man allies himself to the house of a chief, rendering certain services for the safety which he finds in the name of the powerful member of the tribe. In his turn he has other people dependent on him, and so the scale runs till the lowest and poorest of the country are reached.

The chief method of punishment of a capital nature—and the taking of life is not at all an infrequent thing in savage countries—is by means of crucifixion, although beheading is not unknown. When the King desires to make an offering to his Ju-Ju, or protecting deity, he frequently selects human beings for the purpose. Then he orders some of his subordinates to supply the necessary slaves, who are slaughtered in order to make a fitting sacrifice. Naturally, these slaves are, if possible, of the lowest type, and, perhaps, because their lives are held as of no account by their masters, they have a partiality for not being sent before their time to another world.

When they are told off for slaughter, they exhibit none of that fortitude which characterizes the Chinese, for instance, whose philosophy enables them to meet death with a perfect stoicism and indifference. These unfortunate wretches exhibit all the symptoms of great fear, for, though they believe in something like the immortality of the soul, believing that their spirit will go to another world, their religion does not seem to be of such a character as to sustain them in the hour of their need.

There is reason to assume that when they are offered up in this manner their flesh is not eaten as is the custom of certain savage races, for, although the Benin people may eat the bodies of their enemies, as our own ancestors did in the belief that they would thereby acquire strength, cannibalism is not considered among the whites who are resident in the country to prevail to any great extent.

Romance and Reality.

He—And you father refuses to give his consent?

She—Absolutely.

"Then we must elope."

"Ah, let us fly away on the wings of love!"

"Yes, dearest, I will see if I can work a railroad pass tomorrow."—Yonkers Statesman.

THE WEEKLY NEWS

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M. Whitney, Editor.

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No Advertisement inserted for less than 50 cents.

Persons failing to get THE NEWS regularly should notify the OFFICE.

TUESDAY, AUG. 10th, 1897.

THE American tariff—Dingley bill—is now a law.

THE plague spot is still allowed to remain on our main avenue undisturbed.

Mr. Hoover is to be congratulated upon his change of location.

THE treaties with other powers whereby Canada could not arrange for preferential trade with Great Britain are to be abrogated, to take effect in a year's time.

Great Britain has accepted the proposition of the United States for an international conference on the question of pelagic sealing in Behring Sea, to be held in Washington City next fall.

THE Department of Education has granted \$125.00 to the trustees of Union school for repairs. We cannot say that all reasonable demands for the school here have not been acceded to.

WE see the Canadian Pacific railway is considering the advisability of building west from Edmonton to the Klondike gold fields. That is what that company may be expected to do, just as it is doing for the Kootenay region, so as to benefit the east. Our local government should look speedily to the interest of this province.

WHY is not the liquor law enforced? One day last week three large kegs of beer were boldly taken to an Italian shop on our main street, whose proprietor has no licence to sell beer. It is common knowledge that intoxicants are dispensed at more places than one in town, in violation of law. Why are licences exacted of some and others allowed to ply their trade without contributing to the Provincial revenue? Is there a law for some and not for others?

EIGHTEEN NINETY-SEVEN.

THIS year will be memorable for the gold excitement which has carried off so many of our citizens to the Klondike. Those of us who cannot go may live to thank our stars that we remained, for gold is not the only thing of value, and that is not within the reach of all, even on the Yukon. Most people by steady industry and reasonable economy, can acquire all they need. For what more should we ask? Not surely a period of inglorious ease. Whoever seeks for that is, no matter what his age, on the downward road. Toil within the limits of health and strength is best for all. To be most useful is to be most happy. The paths of ambition whether for wealth or fame, lead but to the grave.

YUKON REGULATIONS.

THE new mining regulations established for the Yukon by the Dominion government are deemed unnecessarily harsh. They provide a royalty of 10 per cent on a weekly output of less than \$500 and a royalty of 20 per cent on a yield of \$500 or more per week, and the government to hold every alternate claim. We think these regulations are impracticable of enforcement, and will have to be modified. They are oppressive, and unpopular. Public opinion will force a change. The miners take their lives in their hands and should be treated

liberally.

The worst feature about this business is that the government proposes to sell its claims (alternate) to the highest bidder at auction. This means that one half of the gold fields will be thrown into the hands of the capitalist.

PRIZE AWARD
ENTERTAINMENT.

THE ENTERTAINMENT at which the prizes offered by THE NEWS, and supplemented by the Rev. John A. Logan, and later by Mr. T. D. McLean, will be publicly awarded, will take place at the Presbyterian Church, Thursday evening August 12th.

A program of unusual interest will be provided.

The Church Choirs will be massed for the occasion. Rev. W. Hicks will be the Musical Director, and Mrs. Ed. McKim Pianist.

The following gentlemen are expected to deliver addresses: Rev. John A. Logan, Rev. A. Tait, Principal Bennett of the Union School, Mr. J. A. Halliday, teacher at Grantham, Mr. Laudell, teacher of Courtenay School, Rev. J. N. Willemar, and M. Whitney, editor of THE NEWS.

Everybody cordially invited. No charge for admission. Doors open at 7:30 p.m.

FIRST PRIZE BY THE NEWS—"Queen of England," two volumes, illustrated with 19 steel portraits.

SECOND PRIZE BY REV. J. A. Logan—"Audubon, the Naturalist," "Young Folks' Scottish Tales," "Mary Queen of Scots," and "Queen Victoria," four volumes.

THIRD PRIZE BY MR. T. D. McLean—"Poetical Works of Longfellow," one volume, illustrated.

FOURTH PRIZE BY THE NEWS—"History of English Literature," one volume.

FIFTH PRIZE BY THE NEWS—"Cowpers Poems," one volume, illustrated.

Pilgrim's Progress Illustrated.

A notice of the excellent singing service at the Presbyterian Church Sunday evening August 7th, was through some blunder left out of our last issue. The work of the choir was so satisfactory that it certainly deserves notice. While, lengthily, there was no drag. Nothing could have been more appropriate for a Sabbath evening service, and as rendered it was both inspiring and impressive. The rendering of the connective and explanatory parts was admirably done by Mr. Wm. Duncan of Sandwick. The duet by the Misses Bennie, as well as the solos by Mrs. Kenney, Miss Bennie, Miss Nichol, and Messrs. Alsop, and Strang were well executed. The choir had an efficient organist in Mrs. Frank Williams.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE.

UNDER and by virtue of the Powers contained in a certain Indenture of Mortgage, TENDERS in writing are invited up to Friday the 13th, August next addressed to the undersigned for the purchase of LOT 82, Courtenay Townsite (subject to the usual E. & N. Ry. reservations.)

There is a good one and a half storey, six roomed house upon the premises. Further particulars can be had on application to Mr. James Abrams, Union.

The highest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

Title deeds can be inspected at our office.

BARKER & POTTS, Nanaimo, B. C.
July 27th, '97 Solicitors for the Mortgagees.

NOTICE.

Having purchased the livery outfit of Mr. Ed Woods' I am prepared to accommodate the public with good rigs at reasonable prices.

July 28th, GORDON MURDOCK.

ONE GIVES RELIEF.

R-I-P-A-N-S

The modern standard Family Medicine: Cures the common every-day ills of humanity.



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LIKE LEATHER

If it is Well Put Together

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.

I have the largest Stock of WHIPS in town and also the

Best Axle Grease at 2 BOXES

For Twenty-Five Cents

Trunks at Prices to Suit the Times.

Repairing PROMPTLY AND NEATLY DONE

Wesley Willard

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The Sign of the Four.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

(CONTINUED.)

Pinchin Lane was a row of shabby two-story brick houses in the lower quarter of Lambeth. I had to knock for some time at No. 3 before I could make any impression. At last, however, there was a glint of a candle, behind the blind, and a face looked out at the upper window.

"Go on, you drunken vagabond," said the face. "If you kick up any more row I'll open the kennels and let out forty-three dogs at you."

"If you'll let one out it's just what I have come for," said I.

"Go on!" yelled the voice. "So help me gracious, I have a wiper in this bag, and I'll drop it on your head if you don't hook it."

"But I want a dog," I cried.

"I won't be argued with!" shouted Mr. Sherman. "New stand clear, for when I say 'three,' down goes the wiper."

"Mr. Sherlock Holmes—" I began, but the words had a most magical effect, for the window instantly slammed down, and within a minute the door was unbarred and open. Mr. Sherman was a lanky, lean old man, with stooping shoulders, a stringy neck, and blue-tinted glasses.

"A friend of Mr. Sherlock is always welcome," said he. "Step in, sir. Keep clear of the badger, for he bites. Ah, naughty, naughty! would you take a nip at the gentleman?" This to a stout which thrust its wicked head and red eyes between the bars of its cage.

"Don't mind that, sir; it's only a slow worm. It hasn't got no fangs, so I gives it the run of the room, for it keeps the beetles down. You must not mind my bein' just a little short w' you at first, for I'm guded by the children, and there's many a one just comes down this lane to rouse me up. What was it that Mr. Sherlock Holmes wanted, sir?"

"He wanted a dog of yours."

"Ah! that would be Toby."

"Yes, Toby was the name."

"Toby lives at No. 7, on the left here." He moved slowly forward with his candle among the queer animal family which he had gathered round him. In the uncertain, shadowy light I could see dimly that there were glancing, glimmering eyes peeping down at us from every cranny and corner. Even the rafters above our heads were lined by solemn fowls, who lazily shifted their weight from one leg to the other as our voices disturbed their slumbers.

Toby proved to be an ugly, long-haired, lop-eared creature, half-spaniel and half-lurcher, brown and white in color, and with a very clumsy, waddling gait. It accepted, after some hesitation, a lump of sugar which the old naturalist handed to me, and, having thus sealed an alliance, it followed me to the cab, and made no difficulties about accompanying me. It had just struck three on the Palace clock when I found myself back once more at Pondicherry Lodge. The ex-prize-fighter, McMurdo, had, I found, been arrested as an accessory, and both he and Mr. Sholto had been marched off to the station. Two constables guarded the narrow gate, but they allowed me to pass with the dog on my mentioning the detective's name.

Holmes was standing on the doorstep, with his hands in his pockets, smoking his pipe.

"Ah, you have him there!" said he. "Good dog, then! Athelney Jones has gone. We have had an immense display of energy since you left. He has arrested not only friend Thaddeus, but the gatekeeper, the housekeeper, and the Indian servant. We have the place to ourselves but for a sergeant upstairs. Leave the dog here and come up."

"We tied Toby to the hall table, and reascended the stairs. The room was as we had left it, save that a sheet had been draped over the central figure. A weary-looking police sergeant reclined in the corner.

"Lend me your bull's-eye, sergeant," said my companion. "Now tie this bit of eard round my neck, so as to hang it in front of me. Thank you. Now I must kick off my boots and stockings. Just you carry them down with you, Watson. I am going to do a little climbing. And dip my handkerchief into the creosote. That will do. Now come up into the garret with me for a moment."

We clambered up through the hole. Holmes turned his light once more upon the footprints in the dust.

"I wish you particularly to notice these footmarks," he said. "Do you observe anything noteworthy about them?"

"They belong," I said, "to a child or a small woman."

"Apart from their size, though. Is there nothing else?"

"They appear to be much as other footmarks."

"Not at all. Look here! This is the print of a right foot in the dust. Now I make one with my naked foot beside it. What is the chief difference?"

"Your toes are all cramped together. The other print has each toe distinctly divided."

"Quite so. That is the point. Bear that in mind. Now, would you kindly step over to that flap-window and smell the edge of the wood-work? I shall stay over here as I have this handkerchief in my hand."

I did as he directed, and was instantly conscious of a strong tarry smell.

"That is where he put his foot in getting out. If you can trace him, I should think that Toby will have no

difficulty. Now run down stairs and loose the dog, and look out for Blondin."

By the time that I got out into the grounds, Sherlock Holmes was on the roof, and I could see him like an enormous glow-worm crawling very slowly along the ridge. I lost sight of him behind a stack of chimneys, but he presently reappeared, and then vanished once more upon the opposite side. When I made my way round there I found him seated at one of the corner eaves.

"That you, Watson?" he cried.

"Yes."

"This is the place. What is that black thing down there?"

"A water-barrel."

"Top on it?"

"No sign of a ladder?"

"No."

"Confound the fellow! It's a most break-neck place. I ought to be able to come down where he could climb up. The water-pipe feels pretty firm, here goes, anyhow."

There was a scuffling of the feet, and the lantern began to come steadily down the side of the wall. Then with a light spring he came on to the barrel, and from there to the earth.

"It was easy to follow him," he said, drawing on his stockings and boots. "Files were loosened the whole way along, and in his hurry he had dropped this. It confirms my diagnosis, as you doctors express it."

The object which he held up to me was a small pocket or pouch, woven out of colored grasses and with a few tawdry beads strung round it. In shape and size it was not unlike a cigarette-case. Inside were half a dozen spines of dark wood, sharp at one end and rounded at the other, like that which had struck Bartholomew Sholto.

"They are hellish things," said he. "Look out that you don't prick yourself. I'm delighted to have them, for the chances are that they are all he has. There is the less fear of you or me finding one in our skin before long. I would sooner face a Martini bullet myself. Are you game for a six-mile trudge, Watson?"

"Certainly," I answered.

"Your leg will stand it?"

"Oh, yes."

"Here you are, doggy? Good old Toby! Smell it, Toby; smell it!" He pushed the creosote handkerchief under the dog's nose, while the creature stood with its fluffy legs separated, and with a most comical cock to its head, like a connoisseur sniffing the bouquet of a famous vintage. Holmes then threw the handkerchief to a distance, fastened a stout cord to the mongrel's collar, and led him to the foot of the water-barrel. The creature instantly broke into a succession of high, tremulous yelps, and, with his nose on the ground, and his tail in the air, pattered off upon the trail at a pace which strained his leash and kept us at the top of our speed.

The east had been gradually whitening, and we could now see some distance in the cold, gray light. The square, massive house, with its black, empty windows and high, bare walls, towered up, sad and forlorn, behind us. Our coursed right across the grounds, in and out among the trenches and pits with which they were scarred and intersected. The whole place, with its scattered dirt heaps and ill-grown shrubs, had a blighted, ill-omened look which harmonized with the black tragedy which hung over it.

On reaching the boundary wall Toby ran along, whining eagerly, underneath its shadow, and stopped finally in a corner screened by a young beech. Where the two walls joined, several bricks had been loosened, and the crevices left were worn down and rounded upon the lower side, as though they had frequently been used as a ladder. Holmes clambered up, and, taking the dog from me, he dropped it over upon the other side.

"There's the print of wooden-leg's hand," he remarked, as I mounted up beside him. "You see the slight smudge of blood upon the plaster. What a lucky thing it is that we have had no very heavy rain since yesterday! The scent will lie upon the road in spite of their eight-and-twenty hours' start."

I confess that I had my doubts myself when I reflected upon the great traffic which had passed along the London road in the interval. My fears were soon appeased, however. Toby never hesitated or swerved, but waddled on in his peculiar rolling fashion. Clearly, the pungent smell of the creosote rose high above all other contending scents.

"Do not imagine," said Holmes, "that I depend for my success in this case upon the mere chance of one of those fellows having put his foot in the chemical. I have knowledge now which would enable me to trace them in many different ways. This, however, is the readiest, and, since fortune has put it into my hands, I should be culpable if I neglected it. It has, however, prevented the case from becoming the petty little intellectual problem which it at one time promised to be. There might have been some credit to be gained out of it, but for this too palpable clue."

"I assure you, Holmes, that I marvel at the means by which you obtain your results in this case even more than I did in the Jefferson Hope murder. The thing seems to me to be deeper and more inexplicable. How, for example, could you describe with such confidence the wooden-legged man?"

"Pshaw, my dear boy! It was simplicity itself. I don't wish to be theatrical. It is all patent and above board. Two officers who are in command of a convict guard learn an important secret as to buried treasure. A map is drawn for them by an Englishman named Jonathan Small. You remember that we saw the name upon the chart in Captain Morstan's possession. He had signed it in behalf of him-

self and his associates—the sign of the four, as he somewhat dramatically called it. Aided by this chart, the officers—or one of them—gets the treasure and brings it to England, leaving, we will suppose, some condition under which he received it unfulfilled. Now, then, why did not Jonathan Small get the treasure himself? The answer is obvious. The chart is dated at a time when Morstan was brought into close association with convicts. Jonathan Small did not get the treasure because he and his associates were themselves convicts and could not get away."

"But this is mere speculation," said I.

"It is more than that. It is the only hypothesis which covers the facts. Let us see how it fits in with the sequel. Major Sholto remains at peace for some years, happy in the possession of his treasure. Then he receives a letter from India which gives him a great fright. What was that?"

"A letter to say that the men whom he had wronged had been set free."

"Or had escaped. That is much more likely, for he would have known what their term of imprisonment was. It would not have been a surprise to him. What does he do then? He guards himself against a wooden-legged man—a white man, mark you, for he mistakes a white tradesman for him, and actually fires a pistol at him. Now, only one white man's name is on the chart. The others are Hindoos or Mohammedans. There is no other white man. Therefore we may say with confidence that the wooden-legged man is identical with Jonathan Small. Does the reasoning strike you as being faulty?"

"No; it is clear and concise."

"Well, now, let us put ourselves in the place of Jonathan Small. Let us look at it from his point of view. He comes to England with the double idea of regaining what he would consider to be his rights and of having his revenge upon the man who had wronged him. He found out where Sholto lived, and very possibly he established communications with some one inside the house. There is this butler, Lal Rao, whom we have not seen. Mrs. Bernstone gives him far from a good character. Small could not find out, however, where the treasure was hid, for no one ever knew, save the major and one faithful servant who had died. Suddenly Small learns that the major is on his death-bed. In a frenzy lest the secret of the treasure die with him, he runs the gauntlet of the guards, makes his way to the dying man's window, and is only deterred from entering by the presence of his two sons. Mad with hate, however, against the dead man, he enters the room that night, searches his private papers in the hope of discovering some memorandum relating to the treasure, and finally leaves a memento of his visit in the short inscription upon the card. He had doubtless planned beforehand that should he slay the major he would leave some such record upon the body as a sign that it was not a common murder, but, from the point of view of the four associates, something in the nature of an act of justice. Whimsical and bizarre conceits of this kind are common enough in the annals of crime, and usually afford valuable indications as to the criminal. Do you follow all this?"

"Very clearly."

"Now, what could Jonathan Small do? He could only continue to keep a secret watch upon the efforts made to find the treasure. Possibly he leaves England and only comes back at intervals. Then comes the discovery of the garret, and he is instantly informed of it. We again trace the presence of some confederate in the household. Jonathan, with his wooden leg, is utterly unable to reach the lofty room of Bartholomew Sholto. He takes with him, however, a rather curious associate, who gets over this difficulty, but dips his naked foot into creosote, whence come Toby, and a six-mile limp for a half-pay officer with a damaged Achilles tendon."

"But it was the associate, and not Jonathan, who committed the crime."

"Quite so. And rather to Jonathan's disgust, to judge by the way he stamped about when he got into the room. He bore no grudge against Bartholomew Sholto, and would have preferred if he could have been simply bound and gagged. He did not wish to put his head in a halter. There was no help for it, however; the savage instincts of his companion had broken out, and the poison had done its work; so Jonathan Small left his record, lowered the treasure-box to the ground, and followed it himself. That was the train of events as far as I can decipher them. Of course as to his personal appearance he must be middle-aged, and must be sunburned after serving his time in such an oven as the Andamans. His height is readily calculated from the length of his stride, and we know that he was bearded. His hairiness was the one point which impressed itself upon Thaddeus Sholto when he saw him at the window. I don't know that there is anything else."

"The associate?"

"Ah, well, there is no great mystery in that. But you will know all about it soon enough. How sweet the morning air is! See how that one little cloud floats like a pink feather from some gigantic flamingo. Now the red rim of the sun pushes itself over the London cloud-bank. It shines on a good many folk, but on none, I dare bet, who are on a stranger errand than you and I. How small we feel with our petty ambitions and strivings in the presence of the great elemental forces of nature! Are you well up in your Jean Paul?"

"Fairly so. I worked back to him through Carlyle."

"That was like following the brook to the parent lake. He makes one curious but profound remark. It is that the chief proof of man's real greatness lies in his perception of his own smallness. It argues, you see, a power of comparison and of appreciation, which is in itself a proof of nobility. There is much food for thought in Richter.

You have not a pistol, have you?"

"I have my stick."

"It is just possible that we may need something of the sort if we get to their lair. Jonathan I shall leave to you, but if the other turns nasty I shall shoot him dead." He took out his revolver as he spoke, and, having loaded two of the chambers, he put it back into the right-hand pocket of his jacket.

We had, during this time, been following the guidance of Toby down the half-rural, villa-lined roads which lead to the metropolis. Now, however, we were beginning to come among continuous streets, where laborers and dockmen were already astir, and slatternly women were taking down shutters and brushing doorsteps. At the square-topped corner public houses business was just beginning, and rough-looking men were emerging, rubbing their sleeves across their beards after their morning wet. Strange dogs sauntered up, and stared wonderingly at us as we passed, but our inimitable Toby looked neither to the right nor to the left, but trotted onward with his nose to the ground and an occasional eager whine, which spoke of a hot scent.

We had traversed Streatham, Brixton, Camberwell, and now found ourselves in Kennington Lane, having borne away through the side streets to the east of the Oval. The men whom we pursued seemed to have taken a curiously zigzag road. They had never kept to the main road if a parallel side street would serve their turn. At the foot of Kennington Lane they had edged away to the left through Bond street and Miles street. Where the latter street turns into Knight's place, Toby ceased to advance, but began to run backward and forward with one ear cocked and the other drooping, the very picture of canine indecision. Then he waddled round in circles, looking up to us from time to time, as if to ask for sympathy in his embarrassment.

"What the deuce is the matter with the dog?" growled Holmes. "They surely would not take a cab, or go off in a balloon."

"Perhaps they stood here for some time," I suggested.

"Ah! it's all right. He's off again," said my companion in a tone of relief. He was, indeed, off; for, after sniffing round again, he suddenly made up his mind, and darted away with an energy and determination such as he had not yet shown. The scent appeared to be much hotter than before, for he had not even to put his nose on the ground, but tugged at his leash, and tried to break into a run. I could see by the gleam in Holmes' eyes that he thought we were nearing the end of our journey.

TO BE CONTINUED.)

Honesty Rewarded in Life.

"The case presented in last night's paper of a reward of \$10 being paid for the return of \$50 reminds me of a similar anecdote—only different," said the ancient New England member of the club this morning. "It happened in Providence, R. I., 40 years ago, when the city contained but one millionaire, who was an old Scotchman named Alexander Duncan. One day Mr. Duncan, in leaving his office, dropped a large roll of bank notes in the street. They escaped his eye, but not that of the small boy who is around everywhere, and who pounced upon the bills immediately. The roll contained \$500. When Mr. Duncan received it he eagerly counted the money, and finding it correct, he turned to the boy and said: 'I thank you, my little man.' Then noticing the look of dismay in the poor lad's countenance, he felt in his trousers pocket and fished out a coin, which he handed to the finder of his wealth. And the coin represented—what do you think?"

"Five dollars."

"A dollar."

"A half dollar."

"A quarter of a dollar."

"Just half of that. It was an old Spanish coin that we used to call ninepence in New England and that you called a shilling in New York. In other words, it was 12½ cents which Alexander Duncan, the millionaire of Providence, paid to the honest boy who found and returned to him \$500."—Utica Observer.

A Beautiful Bluff.

Mrs. Broker—My dear, do you suppose it is possible for a young man, almost any man, to sit alongside of a beautiful creature all day long, watching her pretty fingers toying with a typewriting machine, without falling in love with her?"

Mr. Broker (suddenly becoming absorbed in a newspaper)—Oh, he might, if she was pretty; but I never saw a pretty typewriter girl yet.

"What! I saw a typewriter girl at your office who could—"

"That red-haired thing?"

"Red haired! She has the loveliest, sunniest tresses I ever gazed on."

"Don't know who you can mean. My typewriter girl has ugly red hair, not beautiful black locks, like yours, my dear; and her eyes instead of being such a charming, soulful, black-brown, like yours, are watery gray."

"They are divinely blue."

"And her mouth doesn't look as if it were made of anything but pie."

"I—I thought she had the mouth of a cherub."

"And I do hate pug noses."

"Queer. I had an idea that it was Grecian."

"Besides, I can't bear these tiny, bony, rail-fence women." (Resumes reading.)

Mrs. Broker (aside)—She has the face of a Madonna and the form of a sylph! but, bless his fond, foolish heart, he hasn't eyes for anyone but me.

Punctured.

"A circulating medium should never be inflated."

Marked a college lecturer, who spoke as if he knew.

But I felt impelled to hint to him that truth he hadn't stated.

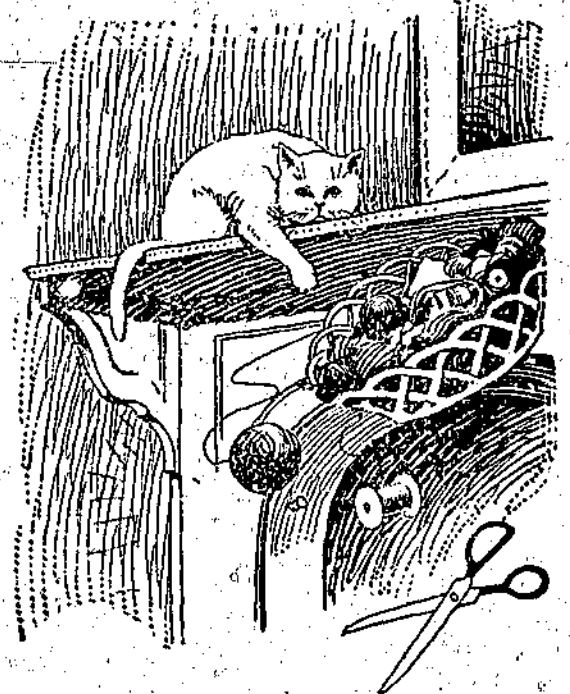
For otherwise, great jiminy, what would we opellists do? —Chicago Times-Herald.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

KITTY'S DIARY.

It Tells of One Whole Day's Doings and Will Be Readily Recognized.

7 a. m.—Got up and took a little exercise before breakfast. Mistress' work basket was on the mantelpiece. Didn't think it was in proper order, so tried to set it to



rights, but didn't succeed somehow. The whole thing tumbled to the floor, and the thread got all tangled around the chair legs. Gave it up as a bad job.

9 a. m.—Got hungry. Tired waiting for the folks to come down, so helped myself to cream, which was not so thick as usual.

10 a. m.—Found my claws needed sharpening. Tried to do it on lace curtains, but the flimsy stuff came to pieces the moment I touched it.

11 a. m.—Time for my nap. Found a comfortable place on top of large clock.

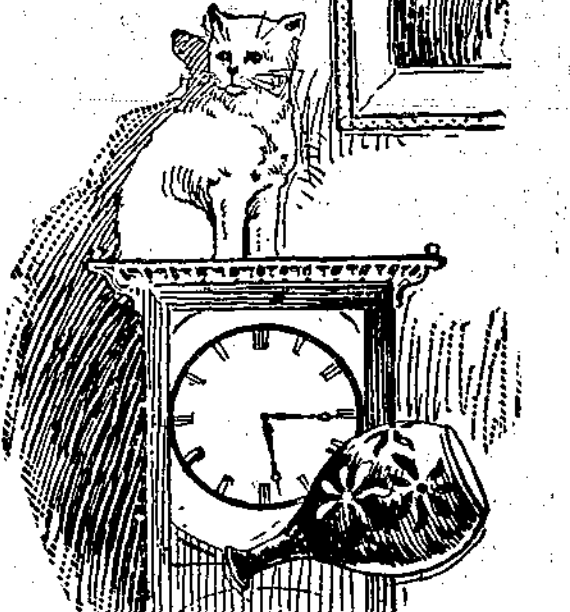


Moved the big vase that stood on top of it out of my way. It fell to the floor and made a terrible racket. Had a fine nap.

2 p. m.—Slept till way past dinner time. They would not give me a bite, so had to find mouse.

3 p. m.—Succeeded. A fine fat fellow made me feel good.

4 p. m.—Saw my mother asleep in the sun. Climbed up in a tree and jumped



down on her just for fun. She didn't take it that way. Had to run and stay hidden for a long time.

6 p. m.—Saw a bird in the cherry tree that looked as if he had been made up for purpose for my supper. Got him.

8 p. m.—Happy at last on this delightful roof. Shall sit here and sing all night long. M-i-a-ow!—Mabel C. Mecchi (a Little Girl) in San Francisco Examiner.

Timorous Tommy.

Just list a moment, and I will tell Of a strange adventure that befell A timid youngster I knew quite well— Young Timorous Tommy of Glenwood dell.

Just out of dell, half up the hill, There stood a towering, tall windmill, And still beyond stood a cottage small, Where lived a lad named Timothy Hall.

A playmate of Timorous Tommy.

One night young Tommy essayed to go To Timothy's house, for a call, you know. The thin, new moon with its faint, pale glow Scarce lighted the objects on the earth below.

As Timorous Tommy stole up the road Toward the cottage small where his friend abode His heart grew sick with a nameless fear; He felt some danger was lurking near.

Apprehensive Timorous Tommy!

Then, what do you think? Alack! Alack! A terrible thing stood in his track.

'Twas tall and shadowy and weird and black, And its waving arms seemed warning him back.

While there came a grinding, munching noise, As though the creature were eating boys. With a cry of terror he turned and fled, And down the road to his home he sped.

Poor, terrified Timorous Tommy!

He trod that road the following day And then discovered to his dismay That the creature fierce that blocked his way And led him such terror to display

Was naught but the busy, long armed mill That clanked and creaked as with hearty will It labored all day and turned all night, Innocent of all intent to fright.

This trembling Timorous Tommy. —Arthur J. Burdick in Chicago Record.

Food and Drink Consumed in a Lifetime.

The average man takes 5½ pounds of food and drink each day, amounting to a ton of solid and liquid nourishment annually. In 70 years he eats and drinks 1,000 times his own weight.—Ladies' Home Journal.

UNFAILING FRIENDS.

A SERMON FULL OF THE BREATH OF THE FIELDS.

Showing How the Attachment of Boaz for Ruth was Full of Undying Interest to the Church of God in All Ages—Darkness and Daylight.

Washington, April 25.—This sermon of Dr. Talmage could not have been prepared by any one not born in the country. It is full of the breath of the fields. The text is Ruth ii, 3, "And she went and came and gleaned in the field after the reapers, and her hap was to light on a part of the field belonging unto Boaz, who was of the kindred of Elimelech."

The time that Ruth and Naomi arrive at Bethlehem is harvest time. It was the custom when a sheaf fell from a load in the harvest field for the reapers to refuse to gather it up. That was to be left for the poor who might happen to come along that way. If there were handfuls of grain scattered across the field after the main harvest had been reaped, instead of raking it, as farmers do now, it was by the custom of the land left in its place, so that the poor coming along that way might glean it and get their bread. But you say: "What is the use of all these harvest fields to Ruth and Naomi? Naomi is too old and feeble to go out and toil in the sun, and can you expect that Ruth, the young and the beautiful, should tan her cheeks and blister her hands in the harvest field?"

Boaz owns a large farm, and he goes out to see the reapers gather in the grain. Coming there right behind the swarthy, sun-browned reapers, he beholds a beautiful woman glean—*a woman more fit to bend to a harp or sit upon a throne than to stoop among the sheaves. Ah, that was an eventful day!*

It was love at first sight. Boaz forms an attachment for the womanly gleaner—an attachment full of undying interest to the church of God in all ages, while Ruth, with an ephah, or nearly a bushel of barley, goes home to Naomi to tell her the successes and adventures of the day. That Ruth who left her native land of Moab in darkness and traveled, through an undying affection for her mother-in-law, is in the harvest field of Boaz, is affianced to one of the best families in Judah and becomes in after time the ancestress of Jesus Christ, the Lord of glory. Out of so dark a night did there ever dawn so bright a morning!

The Use of Trouble.

I learn, in the first place, from this subject how trouble develops character. It was bereavement, poverty and exile that developed, illustrated and announced to all ages the sublimity of Ruth's character. That is a very unfortunate man who has no trouble. It was sorrow that made John Bunyan the better dreamer, and Dr. Young the better poet, and O'Connell the better orator, and Bishop Hall the better preacher, and Havelock the better soldier, and Kitto the better encyclopedist, and Ruth the better daughter-in-law.

I once asked an aged man in regard to his pastor, who was a very brilliant man. "Why is it that your pastor, so very brilliant, seems to have so little heart and tenderness in his sermons?" "Well," he replied, "the reason is our pastor has never had any trouble. When misfortune comes upon him, his style will be different." After awhile the Lord took a child out of that pastor's house, and though the preacher was just as brilliant as he was before, oh, the warmth, the tenderness of his discourse! The fact is that trouble is a great educator. You see sometimes a musician sit down at an instrument, and his execution is cold and formal and unfeeling. The reason is that all his life he has been prospered. But let misfortune or bereavement come to that man, and he sits down at the instrument, and you discover the pathos in the first sweep of the keys.

Misfortune and trials are great educators. A young doctor comes into a sick-room where there is a dying child. Perhaps he is very rough in his prescription, and very rough in his manner, and rough in the feeling of the pulse, and rough in his answer to the mother's anxious question. But years roll on, and there has been one dead in his own house, and now he comes into the sickroom, and with tearful eye he looks at the dying child, and he says, "Oh, how this reminds me of my Charlie!" Trouble, the great educator. Sorrow—I see its touch in the grandest painting; I hear its tremor in the sweetest song; I feel its power in the mightiest argument.

Grecian mythology said that the fountain of Hippocrene was struck out by the foot of the winged horse Pegasus. I have often noticed in life that the brightest and most beautiful fountains of Christian comfort and spiritual life have been struck out by the iron shod hoof of disaster and calamity. I see Daniel's courage best by the flash of Nebuchadnezzar's furnace. I see Paul's prowess best when I find him on the foundering ship under the glare of the lightning in the breakers of Melita. God crowns his children amid the howling of wild beasts and the chopping of blood splashed guillotine and the cracking fires of martyrdom. It took the persecutions of Marcus Aurelius to develop Polycarp and Justin Martyr. It took all the hostilities against the Scotch Covenanters and the fury of Lord Claverhouse to develop James Renwick and Andrew Melville and Hugh McKail, the glorious martyrs of Scotch history. It took the stormy sea, and the December blast, and the desolate New England coast, and the warwhoop of savages, to show forth the prowess of the pilgrim fathers—

When amid the storms they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea,
And the sounding aisles of the dim wood
Rang to the anthems of the free.

It took all our past national distresses, and it took all our present national sorrows to lift up our nation on that high career where it will march long after the foreign aristocracies that have mocked and tyrannies that have feared shall be

swept down under the omnipotent wrath of God, who hates despotism, and who, by the strength of his own red right arm, will make all men free. And so it is individually, and in the family, and in the church, and in the world, that, through darkness and storm and trouble, men, women, churches, nations, are developed.

The Beauty of Friendship.

Again, I see in my text the beauty of unflinching friendship. I suppose there were plenty of friends for Naomi while she was in prosperity, but of all her acquaintances how many were willing to trudge off with her toward Judah when she had to make that lonely journey? One, the heroine of my text. One, absolutely one. I suppose when Naomi's husband was living, and they had plenty of money, and all things went well, they had a great many callers, but I suppose that after her husband died, and her property went, and she got old and poor, she was not troubled very much with callers. All the birds that sung in the bower while the sun shone have gone to their nests, now the night has fallen.

Oh, these beautiful sunflowers that spread out their color in the morning hour! But they are always asleep when the sun is going down! Job had plenty of friends when he was the richest man in Uz, but when his property went and the trials came, then there were none so much that pestered as Eliphaz the Temanite and Bildad the Shuhite and Zophar the Naamathite.

Life often seems to be a mere game, where the successful player pulls down all the other men into his own lap. Let suspicion arise about a man's character and he becomes like a bank in a panic, and all the imputations rush on him and break down in a day that character which in due time would have had strength to defend itself. There are reputations that have been half a century in building which go down under one push, as a vast temple is consumed by the touch of a sulphurous match. A hog can uproot a century plant.

In this world, so full of heartlessness and hypocrisy, how thrilling it is to find some friend as faithful in days of adversity as in days of prosperity! David had such a friend in Hushai; the Jews had such a friend in Mordecai, who never forgot their cause; Paul had such a friend in Onesiphorus, who visited him in jail; Christ had such in the Marys, who adhered to him on the cross; Naomi had such a one in Ruth, who cried out: "Entreat me not to leave thee or to return from following after thee, for whither thou goest I will go, and whither thou lodgest I will lodge. Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. Where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried. The Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me."

From Darkness to Light.

Again, I learn from this subject that paths which open in hardship and darkness often come out in places of joy. When Ruth started from Moab toward Jerusalem, to go along with her mother-in-law, I suppose the people said: "Oh, what a foolish creature to go away from her father's house, to go off with a poor old woman toward the land of Judah! They won't live to get across the desert. They will be drowned in the sea or the jackals of the wilderness will destroy them." It was a very dark morning when Ruth started off with Naomi, but behold her in my text in the harvest field of Boaz, to be affianced to one of the lords of the land and become one of the grandmothers of Jesus Christ, the Lord of glory. And so it often is that a path which often starts very darkly ends very brightly.

When you started out for heaven, oh, how dark was the hour of conviction! How Sinai thundered, and devils tormented, and darkness thickened! All the sins of your life pounced upon you, and it was the darkest hour you ever saw when you first found out your sins. After awhile you went into the harvest field of God's mercy. You began to glean in the fields of divine promise, and you had more sheaves than you could carry, as the voice of God addressed you, saying, "Blessed is the man whose transgression are forgiven and whose sins are covered." A very dark starting in conviction, a very bright ending in the pardon and the hope and the triumph of the gospel.

So very often in our worldly business or in our spiritual career we start off on a very dark path. We must go. The flesh may shrink back, but there is a voice within, or a voice from above, saying, "You must go," and we have to drink the gall, and we have to carry the cross, and we have to traverse the desert, and we are pounded and fluted of misrepresentation and abuse, and we have to urge our way through 10,000 obstacles that have been slain by our own right arm. We have to ford the river, we have to climb the mountain, we have to storm the castle; but, blessed be God, the day of rest and reward will come. On the tip of the captured battlements we will shout the victory, if not in this world, then in that world where there is no gall to drink, no burdens to carry, no battles to fight. How do I know it? Know it! I know it because God says so, "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat, for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water, and God shall wipe all tears from their eyes."

It was very hard for Noah to endure the scoffing of the people in his day, while he was trying to build the ark, and was every morning quizzed about his old boat that would never be of any practical use. But when the deluge came and the tops of the mountains disappeared like the backs of sea monsters, and the elements, lashed up in fury, clapped their hands over a drowned world, then Noah in the ark rejoiced in his own safety and in the safety of his family, and looked out on the wreck of a ruined earth.

Christ, hounded of persecutors, denied a pillow, worse maltreated than the thieves on either side of the cross, human hate smacking its lips in satisfaction after it had been draining his last drop of blood, the sheeted dead bursting from

the sepulchres at his crucifixion. Tell me, O Gethsemane and Golgotha, were there ever darker times than those? Like the booming of the midnight sea against the rock, the surges of Christ's anguish beat against the gates of eternity, to be echoed back by all the thrones of heaven and all the dungeons of hell. But the day of reward comes for Christ. All the pomp and dominion of this world are to be hung on his throne, crowned heads are to bow before him on whose head are many crowns, and all the celestial worship is to come up at his feet, like the humming of the forest, like the rushing of the waters, like the thundering of the seas, while all heaven, rising on their thrones, beat time with their scepters, "Halleluiah, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth."

That song of love, now low and far, Ere long shall swell from star to star; That light, the breaking day which tips The golden spired Apocalypse.

Momentous Incidents.

Again, I learn from my subject that events which seem to be most insignificant may be momentous. Can you imagine anything more unimportant than the coming of a poor woman from Moab to Judah? Can you imagine anything more trivial than the fact that this Ruth just happened to alight—as they say—just happened to alight on that field of Boaz? Yet all ages, all generations, have an interest in the fact that she was to become an ancestress of the Lord Jesus Christ, and all nations and kingdoms must look at that one little incident with a thrill of unspeakable and eternal satisfaction. So it is in your history and in mine, events that you thought of no importance at all have been of very great moment. That casual conversation, that accidental meeting—you did not think of it again for a long while. But how it changed all the phases of your life!

It seemed to be of no importance that Jubal invented rude instruments of music, calling them harp and organ, but they were the introduction of all the world's minstrelsy, and as you hear the vibration of a stringed instrument, even after the fingers have been taken away from it, so all music now of lute and drum and cornet is only the long continued strains of Jubal's harp and Jubal's organ. It seemed to be a matter of very little importance that Tubal Cain learned the uses of copper and iron, but that rude foundry of ancient days has its echo in the rattle of Birmingham machinery and the roar and bang of factories on the Merrimac.

It seemed to be a matter of no importance that Luther found a Bible in a monastery, but as he opened that Bible and the brass bound lids fell back they jarred everything, and the rustling of the worn leaves was the sound of the wings of the angel of the reformation. It seemed to be a matter of no importance that a woman whose name has been forgotten dropped a tract in the way of a very bad man by the name of Richard Baxter. He picked up the tract and read it, and it was the means of his salvation. In after days that man wrote a book called "The Call to the Unconverted," that was the means of bringing a multitude to God, among others Philip Doddridge. Philip Doddridge wrote a book called "The Rise and Progress of Religion," which has brought thousands and tens of thousands into the kingdom of God, and among others the great Wilberforce. Wilberforce wrote a book called "A Practical View of Christianity," which was the means of bringing a great multitude to Christ, among others Legh Richmond. Legh Richmond wrote a tract called "The Dairyman's Daughter," which has been the means of the salvation of unconverted multitudes. And that tide of influence started from the fact that one Christian woman dropped a Christian tract in the way of Richard Baxter, the tide of influence rolling on through Richard Baxter, through Philip Doddridge, through the great Wilberforce, through Legh Richmond, on, on, on, forever, forever. So the insignificant events of this world seem, after all, to be most momentous.

Beauty of Female Industry.

Again, I see in my subject an illustration of the beauty of female industry. Behold Ruth toiling in the harvest field under the hot sun, or at noon taking plain bread with the reapers or eating the parched corn which Boaz handed to her. The customs of society, of course, have changed, and without the hardships and exposure to which Ruth was subjected every intelligent woman will find something to do.

I know there is a sickly sentimentality on this subject. In some families there are persons of no real service to the household or community, and though there are so many woes all around about them in the world, they spend their time languishing over a new pattern, or bursting into tears at midnight over the story of some lover who shot himself. They would not deign to look at Ruth carrying back the barley on her way home to her mother-in-law, Naomi. All this fastidiousness may seem to do very well while they are under the shelter of their father's house; but when the sharp winter of misfortune comes, what of these butterflies? Persons under indulgent parentage may get upon themselves habits of indolence, but when they come out into practical life their soul will recoil with disgust and chagrin. They will feel in their hearts what the poet so severely satirized when he said:—

Folks are so awkward, things so impolite, They're elegantly pained from morning until night.

Through that gate of indolence how many men and women have marched, useless on earth, to a destroyed eternity. Spinoza said to Sir Horace Vere, "Of what did your brother die?" "Of having nothing to do," was the answer. "Ah!" said Spinoza, "that's enough to kill any general of us." Oh, can it be possible in this world, where there is so much suffering to be alleviated, so much darkness to be enlightened and so many burdens to be carried, that there is any person who cannot find anything to do?

Mine de Stael did a world of work in her time, and one day, while she was seated amid instruments of music, all of which she had mastered, and amid man-

uscript books which she had written, some one said to her, "How do you find time to attend to all these things?" "Oh," she replied, "these are not the things I am proud of. My chief boast is in the fact that I have 17 trades, by any one of which I could make a livelihood if necessary." And in secular spheres there is so much to be done, in spiritual work how vast the field! How many dying all around about us without one word of comfort! We want more Abigail, more Hainahs, more Rebecas, more Marys, more Deborahs consecrated—body, mind, soul—to the Lord who bought them.

Value of Gleaning.

Once more I learn from my subject the value of gleaning.

Ruth going into that harvest field might have said: "There is a straw, and there is a straw, but what is a straw? I can't get any barley for myself or my mother-in-law out of these separate straws." Not so said beautiful Ruth. She gathered two straws, and she put them together, and more straws, until she got enough to make a sheaf. Putting that down, she went and gathered more straws until she had another sheaf, and another and another, and another, and then she brought them altogether, and she thrashed them out, and she had an ephah of barley, nigh a bushel. Oh, that we might all be gleaners!

Elihu Burritt learned many things while toiling in a blacksmith shop. Abercrombie, the world renowned philosopher, a philosopher in Scotland, and he got his philosophy, or the chief part of it, while as a physician he was waiting for the door of the sickroom to open. Yet how many there are in this day who say they are so busy they have no time for mental or spiritual improvement. The great duties of life cross the field like strong reapers and carry off all the hours, and there is only here and there a fragment left that is not worth gleaning. Ah, my friends, you could go into the busiest day and busiest week of your life and find golden opportunities which, gathered, might at last make a whole sheaf for the Lord's garner. It is the stray opportunities and the stray privileges which, taken up and bound together and beaten out, will at last fill you with much joy.

There are a few moments left worth the gleaning. Now, Ruth, to the field! May each one have measure full and running over! Oh, you gleaners, to the field! And if there be in your household an aged one or a sick relative that is not strong enough to come forth and toil in this field, then let Ruth take home to feeble Naomi this sheaf of gleaning: "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." May the Lord God of Ruth and Naomi be our portion forever!

Curious Coincidence.

Bishop Cox, on one of his trips to England, visited an old Elizabethan manor, rich in historic associations, and the family being away the housekeeper was empowered to show the place. Seeing that the bishop was so much interested and evinced such a knowledge of the history of the place, she gave him at his departure an engraving of the picturesque old mansion. After he returned home he frequently looked at this engraving, but owing to some change in household arrangements, which all of us men know are sometimes disturbing, it was mislaid and could not be found. In vain it was searched for, and finally given up as lost. Twenty years afterward the bishop had occasion to go to an old trunk in which some old books had been hastily thrust, when near the bottom of it what should he see but the treasure trove, the valued engraving. Seeing the picture, his mind reverted to the nice person who had given it to him, and he thought he should like to know if she were still alive and well and happy. This thought often recurred to him.

In about two weeks the postman brought an English letter, when, presto, it proved to be from this veritable person, who said that latterly she had been quite anxious to learn something concerning his welfare. This certainly seems to have been more than a mere coincidence. Was it thought transference?

His Place a Bit Shaky.

Satan—What makes you look so worried lately?

Ananias—Oh, nothing; only if that man Weyer should be killed off, I hope you will remember my long and conscientious service.

Their Usual Advice.

"I notice that some people claim that a doctor's whiskers may carry disease germs."

"Why don't the doctors boil their whiskers?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Strongest Limestone.

The strongest American limestone comes from Kingston, N.Y., and will stand a pressure of 13,900 pounds to the cubic inch.

MUST BE DISSOLVED.

Kidney Disease Can Only Be Cured by a Remedy Which is in Liquid Form—Common Sense of Science.

For a disordered stomach or sick headache, pills and powders are not without effect, but when these same remedies are said to cure kidney disease the common sense of science rebukes the claim. This insidious and growing disease will not be driven from the system unless a medicine is given that will dissolve the hard substance—uric acid and oxalate of lime—that give rise to the distress and pain that is common to all who suffer from kidney complaint. South American Kidney Cure is a kidney specific. It dissolves these hard substances, and while it dissolves it also heals. The cures effected leave no question of its worth.

The Difference.

She—I can sympathize with you. I was married once myself.

He—But you weren't married to a woman.

A CRIPPLE FOR LIFE.

SO DOCTORS SAID CONCERNING RICHARD B. COLLINS.

He Spent Months in the Toronto Hospital Without Any Benefit—Pink Pills Cured Him After All Other Treatment Failed.

From the Echo, Warton, Ont.

The Echo presents to its readers the following plain statement of fact, with the simple comment that a medicine that can perform so remarkable a cure is simply invaluable, and it is no wonder that the aggregate of its sales throughout the country is enormous.

I, Richard B. Collins, hereby make the following statement, which can be confirmed by any number of witnesses in this section of the country. I first began to complain about five years ago. I had then been working in a fish shanty, and was wet almost the whole time, summer and winter. I was then confined to the house for three months. This was my first attack and on getting better I commenced work again the first of the following February and continued at it until the next January when I took a much worse attack. The doctors pronounced it rheumatism and after treating me for that disease until about the first of May, they discovered that my trouble was disease of the hip joint, and advised to go to an hospital. I went to Toronto and stayed in the hospital five weeks and then returned home. I, however, did not recover, and was compelled during the following summer to go back to the hospital where I remained three months, getting worse all the time. I



was told I could not be cured and when I left was only able to walk by the aid of crutches. I then came home and was not there long before I was taken to my bed. I continued in this state until January following, when I was advised by several friends to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I took their advice and before I had finished the fifth box I began to improve, and by the time I had completed a dozen boxes I was able to walk without crutches, and have never used them since. I was able to do light work in a short time, and in January last (1897) I commenced working in the woods and have no trouble from the hip unless over-exerted. During the last three years I have spent \$300 in doctor's bills, and medicines, trying everything recommended, but without any good results until I took Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, to which I owe my restored condition, as the doctors gave up all hopes of ever seeing me out of bed alive and well. I may say that before I began taking Pink Pills during my last attack, I put in many a night so bad that I never expected to be alive in the morning.

Rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, nervous headache, nervous prostration and diseases depending upon humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc., all disappear before a fair treatment with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions and build up and renew the entire system. Sold by all dealers and post paid at 50c. a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Do not be persuaded to take some substitute.

Car Wheels.

In car wheels it is desirable to combine toughness of structure with an intensely hard rolling surface, and to this end the outside surface is sometimes case-hardened or made almost as hard as "cold steel."

UNTOLD AGONY.

Distracted by Excruciating Rheumatic Pains—Seven Years' Untold Misery—No Remedy to Help—No Physician to Thwart the Onslaught—But South American Rheumatic Cure Churns A Way the Pains in 12 Hours and the Suffering Slave is Emancipated.

J. D. McLeod, of Leith, Ont., says: "I have been a victim of rheumatism for seven years, being confined to my bed for months at a time, and unable to turn myself. Have been treated by many of the best physicians without benefit. I had no faith in cures I saw advertised, but my wife induced me to get a bottle of South American Rheumatic Cure. At that time I was suffering agonizing pains, but inside of 12 hours after I had taken the first dose the pains left me. Three bottles completely cured me, and I rejoice in having the opportunity of telling what a great cure it has wrought in me.

Of Course.

Reginald—There is one word in the English language that is spelled atrociously.

Reginald's Sister—What is that?

Reginald—Why, atrociously.

Christ in commandment craves cheerful-ness of mind and brightens every condition in life. It secures the Divine favor, love and blessing. It fosters conscientiousness, conserves morals and delivers from numerous temptations and sins. Thus viewed, it is a prize worthy of every honest effort, a golden crown which should adorn every brow, a glory which should adorn every character, and a treasure which should enrich every life.

You are Invited TO THE ENTERTAINMENT

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
THURSDAY EVENING, AUG. 12,
(THIS WEEK.)

There will be Presentation of prizes to the competitors for Best Article on Comox and Union, by pupils who successfully passed last spring's examination for admission to a high school.

GOOD SPEAKING AND FINE MUSICAL PROGRAM.

Glee by many voices; song by Mrs. Dangerfield; Selection by Orchestra; song by Mr. Allsop; quartette by Mr. and Mrs. Parker and Miss Dimick and Mr. Searle; song by Rev. Mr. Hicks; closing with

"DAMASCUS TRIUMPHAL MARCH."

Participated in by 30 voices.

Rev. J. A. LOGAN, Chairman.
Rev. WM. HICKS, Musical Dir.
Mrs. ED. McKIM, Accompanist.

NO CHARGE for admission. Collection taken to defray expenses of concert. Doors open at 7:30. Entertainment commences at 8 o'clock. Come and show your interest in educational affairs.

Plumbing is now on at Anderson's Metal Works. Give him a call, and he will show you what he can do, and more too!

PERSONALS.

Mr. Dick, Mine Inspector, came up last week.

Mrs. Jno. Williams returned last Wednesday.

Mr. Jack Thompson has returned from a trip to Victoria.

Miss Nickerson took charge yesterday of Division II, Union school.

Robert McNaughton is in New Westminster; will return in a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Barrett have returned from a week's outing on Oyster River.

Robert Kilpatrick of the Wellington Stables, with his wife, returned on Friday.

Mrs. R. Short left Friday to be gone until Spring. She will visit relatives in Australia.

Miss Gladys Butler, one of Principal Bennett's pupils, obtained a third class B certificate.

Mrs. L. P. Bekstein left for Vancouver on the Tepic Thursday last. She will be away some weeks.

Mr. Coleman, Chinese Missionary, returned Friday to his home in Vancouver, after a week's stay here.

Officer Scharschmidt when last heard from was in Victoria, but whether he is still an officer we cannot say.

Mr. W. J. Jeffree, representing J. A. Lawrence, wholesale confectioner, Victoria, was in town last week.

Miss Webster, teacher, returned with a second class B certificate. She is in charge of division 3, Union school.

Owen Grant and James Lewis, did not get off on the northern boat, and it is said will try some other "whereabouts."

Miss Bullman of Victoria, who has been a guest of Mrs. R. H. Eunis, left for Englishman's River Friday morning.

Mr. Sam Davis returned by last steamer. He had no notion of leaving his prosperous business for anything they had to offer on the Yukon.

Miss Bennett, teacher, Vancouver, who has been spending her vacation at Hornby Island, came up Wednesday, as a guest of her brother, the Principal of the schools here.

Mr. John Fraser learned enough about the frozen north, the terrors of Chilcoot Pass, and the new mining regulations to convince him that it would be a mistake to go, so he returned.

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

Accidental Death.

On Saturday, at 3 p. m. as Cheu Kwon gwen and two others were coming out of No. 4 slope they met some empties coming down. In some way Cheu was caught by the incoming cars and run over, badly crushing him. He died about 8 o'clock Saturday evening.

LOCALS

Mr. and Mrs. R. Kenny are camping this week on Oyster River.

There was a very pleasant whist party at the residence of Mr. Charles Watson, on Monday night of last week.

For the comfort of those attending the entertainment Thursday evening, the building will be rendered as cool as possible.

Mr. Harry Watson when last heard from was at Nelson. He left before the Yukon excitement. The Kootenay region is not in it now.

The "Shield of the Sword" will rebound with wonderful musical effects next Thursday evening. Not to hear it will be a distinct loss.

Four prizes in the great Literary Tournament, go to the Valley. Comox should be strongly represented next Thursday at the concert at the Presbyterian Church.

It is predicted that Prof. Blakewell will be the first mayor of Cumberland. He is a liberal man and offers to give a weekly banquet, to enable the official machine to run harmoniously.

The musical treat provided for Thursday evening at Presbyterians Church, Union, promises to be unusually fine. "The Damascus Triumphal March"—thirty voices—will be the closing piece. Admission free. Collection taken to defray expenses of concert. Prizes in literary Tournament awarded.

The Bob Grant party obtained their outfit of J. R. Johnson & Co., Nanaimo. They will go through to Klondike if they break a trace. It is said they have a patent spring machine to raise themselves over the Chilcoot Pass, and an air brake contrivance whereby their boats will glide slowly and safely through the rapids.

COMOX ITEMS.

Mrs. Geo. Leighton returned Wednesday. Dr. Millard is still in the Hospital in Victoria, but is reported as improving.

Mrs. (Dr.) Beadnell of Denman Island came over Wednesday.

An American man-of-war passed up Thursday on its way to Behring Sea.

The Church of England picnic at McOutch on's Point Thursday, was a very pleasant affair.

Mr. McDonald of Black Creek left for Victoria Friday.

Miss Willemar left last week for Victoria to attend the high school there.

Miss Dingwell has gone to Nanaimo to attend the high school there.

Miss Cathcart returned on last steamer to take charge of her school, Monday. She has a second class B certificate.

The Presbyterian Sunday School of Sandwick held an enjoyable picnic at McOutch on's Point, Friday.

There was a small fire at the house of Mr. F. Childs—Friday last—on Thursday, which caused Mr. Childs to remove his house over to the road away from the barns.

BIRTHS.

WALKER.—At Union, Aug. 4th, the wife of Mr. George Walker, of a daughter.

THE CHOIR PICNIC

The Presbyterian choir with several of their friends, to the number of 35 picnicked on Thursday at the kind invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Robb on the beautiful lawn of Bay farm, where under the shade of the trees, and amid a profusion of flowers

a most delightful day was spent.

The start was made from the church at 10 o'clock, and the party drove down leisurely along, reaching their destination about noon, when a warm welcome awaited every one. A most excellent dinner was served on the lawn by Mrs. Robb, after which boats were provided, and all went out on the water, returning in time for lunch, and remaining awhile for some games on the green.

"All aboard!" was called at 8 o'clock, and after three hearty cheers for Mr. and Mrs. Robb the party turned homewards, arriving at Union at 10 o'clock, when three ringing cheers were given for Mr. Wm. Mitchell, who most generously furnished the teams for the occasion. Every one came home tired but delighted with the day's enjoyment.

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Consisting of Cows, Heifers, Calves, Bulls, all a No. 1 stock of the best strains, and registered in A. J. C. C.; also Berkshire Swine from

Imported Stock.

and Italian Bees, prices low.

Address: J. S. SMITH

Cloverwork Farm...
CHILLIWACK, B.C.

PLEASANT OUTING.

A very pleasant outing and picnic was had at Grant & Mounce's farm about a mile and a half out of town. The party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Mounce, and Rev. and Mrs. Hicks, and children of the two families and guests of Mrs. Mounce. The day was perfect, and the farm embowered in the forest, with its hay, grain, vegetables, fruit and flowers, an almost ideal place to spend a warm summer day.

AUGUST THE TWELFTH.

ENTERTAINMENT AUG. 12th.

Esquimalt & Nanaimo Ry.

Time Table No. 28,

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

GOING NORTH—READ DOWN.

	Daily	Sat. & Sunday
Lv. Victoria for Nanaimo and Wellington	8.00	9.00
Ar. Nanaimo	11.15	7.25
Ar. Wellington	12.15	7.45

GOING SOUTH—READ UP.

	Daily	Sat. & Sunday
Lv. Victoria	12.20	8.00
Lv. Nanaimo for Victoria	8.40	4.25
Lv. Wellington for Victoria	9.15	4.15

For rates and information apply at Company's offices.

A. DUNSMUIR, President. JOSEPH HUNTER, Gen'l Supt.

H. K. PRIOR, Gen. Freight and Passenger Agt.

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Midsummer Clearance Sale Continued...

We still have a few lines of goods left which must be sold, regardless of cost.

YOUR INSPECTION INVITED.

Bargains in dress goods, silks,
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Mens', Ladies' and Children's Trimmed and Untrimmed Straw Hats. Children's Muslin Hats, Bonnets and Capes. Ladies' Underwear, and all kinds of Cotton hose.

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