Provincial Library
124

The Weekly News.

NO. 249. UNION COMOX DISTRICT, B. C., TUESDAY AUG., 24th, 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.

|o| SIMON LEISER

Buy the——
Best on the Market
Skeena River Salmon
IS THE BEST!
FOR SALE AT
Gus Hauck's.

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.

At. R. B. Anderson's,
UNION.
THE FOLLOWING PRICES WILL RULE, UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE:

Elgin main springs,	60 cts
Waltham main springs	60 cts
Swiss main springs,	75 cts
English main springs,	" "
Jewels, all patterns,	60 "
Watch cleaning,	50 "

All work guaranteed

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

TO NIGHT'S LAWN SOCIAL.

But fifteen cents a plate!
Aren't prices very low
For luscious cream and cake?—
Can't you scrape up the "dough?"

For five and twenty cents
You'll get enough for TWO,
And many a smiling glance
Will bring reward to you.

A glass of lemonade
You'll get for five cents more,
And none one half so good
Was ever made before.

R. GRANT'S LETTER.

Vivid Description of the Journey to Dyea—Majestic Scenery—Terrible Crush—Prospects of Teaming—Dangers, Etc.

EDITOR THE NEWS:

On Board, Aug. 6th.—Our party has been named R. Grant & Co., and I've been elected captain. The party is composed of R. Ennis, D. Ennis, N. McFadyen, H. Miller, J. Grieve, K. Sharp, and myself. We shipped on Wednesday Aug. 2d, at 6:30 p.m. Had a fine trip; called at different canneries on the way, meeting several I knew. At Skeena River, I saw John Carthew, he was looking well. At Fort Simpson I saw Mrs. Wilescroft. We hoisted the Union Jack as we entered American waters near Alaska. At May Island the boat had to be "cleared." The officers came along with us as far as Dyea, which is as far as we can go by steamer. The custom's officer, tell Mr. Clinton, is as fine a fellow as I ever met. He treated us like gentlemen, and he is nothing short of a gentleman himself. He might have given us lots of trouble with our stuff, but instead he tried every way to make it pleasant for us. There were with us about 100 passengers and 100 horses, all bound for the Yukon. The first night out, one horse broke his leg and had to be thrown overboard. Our horses came out fine.

Aug. 7th.—Last night had to anchor at Wrangell's Rapids; fog too thick to go through; had fine sailing all day. We are now running through lots of small ice-bergs. A more lovely sight I never saw: High mountains on both sides and large glaciers coming down out of the mountains into the sea. Expect to be in Dyea to-morrow evening.

Aug. 8th.—Landed at Dyea; got our horses out in good shape; everybody well and in good spirits. This is a very rough place. Two men were drowned here—one to-day and one two days ago. One of the men was from Seattle, and one—Tom Wall of Nanaimo. The river is rough and Tom was walking over with his pack on his back, and fell in. Then the party went to work and built a bridge.

It is the most terrible rush I ever saw any where—1,000 men and as many animals, everyone in tents, covering about a mile square. The rush is so great you can get any price you ask for horses. I was offered $250.00 for one of our mules or $500.00 for the lot, but would not sell them. There is a team of horses and a truck wagon here making $300.00 a day. I only wish I had taken a good team with me; it would have been as good a thing as I wan't. The man with the truck wagon charged $10.00 to take the body of the drowned man back a mile, although he was going there empty. This with other things stirred up the miners; so they called a meeting and served notice on the owner of the truck team, giving him 24 hours to make himself scarce. Lew Casey is with us; saw Harry Hamburger, who is going through.

R. GRANT.

Latest by Wire

Stirring News from the North—Judge Lynch Holds Court—Many Steamers Going Up—Enterprise of the Dunsmuirs—Strike News.

THE GREAT STRIKE.

Huntington, W. V. Aug. 20th.—1,700 coal miners joined the strikers to-day.

Cleveland, Ohio, Aug. 20th.—The decision reached here by the operators of Pittsburg district at their conference here last night, to open the mines regardless of consequences, will probably cause serious trouble. According to the local coal men, the intention of the Pittsburgh operators is to engage Pinkerton men and protect the non-union men. This action will probably precipitate a terrible calamity. Operators admit that blood will flow.

THEY WERE LUCKY.

Some of the Coquitlam crew descreted at Dyea and went packing at 30 cents a pound. On the day of their arrival five Oregonians arrived at Skagway with $45,000 in dust between them. They went in last spring. The first day they struck pay dirt on the Klondike river, getting $8,000. The trail from Skagway across the mountains is very bad and dangerous. Many horses have been drowned. The government has 4 men working on the Lake trail but the White pass trail is considered better. It's blazed all the way. The Mounted Police went through Skagway.

SHIPS SPOKEN OR SIGHTED.

The steamer Eliza Anderson was spoken at Fort Simpson; the tug Pioneer, with barges in tow bound for Dyea, was also spoken. The Rosalie, too, was spoken, Capilano and Elder were sighted.

CAPILANO GONE NORTH.

Vancouver, Aug. 20th.—The Capilano sailed for Dyea last night. She was loaded down to the water line with freight and passengers.

SUPPLIES FOR MOUNTED POLICE

Commissioner Herchemer has purchased several thousand dollars worth of goods for mounted police in Vancouver.

GOV'T. MINISTER TO GO NORTH.

Victoria, Aug. 21st.—A despatch received here says Hon. Clifford Sifton, Minister of Interior, will sail from Vancouver Sept. 20th for Dyea to see the condition of affairs for himself. The North West Territories are governed to a large extent by Sifton's department.

TERRIBLE HARDSHIPS.

Victoria, Aug. 23th.—Louis Casey, the lumberman, who has had great experience in the bush, says there are 2000 men at Skagway, who are not properly out-fitted and if they did get over the pass, would suffer many hardships on the way down the river.

JUDGE LYNCH

Vancouver, Aug. 21st.—The steamer Coquitlam arrived from Dyea this morning. The captain stated that no one was anxious to come back with him. There were 3000 people at Skagway and 600 at Dyea. The day they arrived was an eventful one. The body of a white man was swinging to a tree. He had been caught stealing baggage. His name and pedigree were not inquired into. He was strung up as a terrible warning

MORE EVIL PRORHESIES.

A letter received is to the effect that White Pass is in very bad condition and as Chilcoot is not passable to annimals very little of the 1000 tons of freight now at Skagway can be moved until spring.

AUSTRALIAN LINE

Vancouver, B. C. Aug. 20. The News Advertiser says the British Indian Navigation Co. have purchased the Canadian Australian Line and will continue the route.

AMERICANS LEAVE WITH SWAG

The citizens of New Westminster are greatly annoyed at 1000 American citizens fishing in disguise of the British subjects, and shipping to the states as soon as the season is over, without spending any of their earnings here.

THE DUNSMUIRS ENTERPRISING

Nanaimo, Aug. 21.—The machinery for the steamer and saw mill to be built on Teslin Lake by F. Yorke for the Dunsmuirs arrived here from the Sound to-day, and will be sent north on a special steamer.

MORE GOLD DUST.

Nanaimo.—57 pounds of gold was taken out of a hole near Stewart River a few days ago—so writes Jas. O'Brien.

McPhee & Moore,
General Merchants and Butchers,
UNION and COURTENY, - - - B. C.

NEWS--EXTRA

FROM EXTRA OF AUG. 20TH.

INCORPORATED

City of Cumberland!

The following telegram just received:

VICTORIA, AUG. 20, '97 To
L. P. Eckstein, Esq Union.

Application granted. Letters Patent to issue for Cumberland City. Signed:

Herbert E.A.Robertson.

The election of mayor and aldermen will take place in the fall, upon a date to be fixed by the government, and according to the mode prescribed in the Letters Patent which will be published in due course by THE NEWS. The post office name will of course be changed to Cumberland, taking effect January 1st, when the new city officers take their seats.

The Municipal Act provides that the Council of any City Municipality here after incorporated "shall consist of a Mayor and not more than nine nor less than five Aldermen."

QUALIFICATION OF VOTERS.

"Any person being a British subject of the age of twenty-one years, and a freeholder or pre-emptor within the boundaries of such municipality; and who has resided within the boundaries of such municipality for one year immediately preceding the date of the letters patent incorporating the municipality, shall be entitled to vote at the first election."

QUALIFICATION OF COUNCILLORS.

"The letters patent incorporating a municipality shall specify the name, limits, extent, and nature of such municipality, the number of the Municipal Council, what number shall form a quorum thereof, the qualification of the members of the first Council, the Returning Officer at the first election, the polling places, the day on which the Council shall first meet, and such other provision as may be necessary for the establishment of such municipality. All letters patent for the purposes aforesaid shall be published in the British Columbia Gazette, and also in a newspaper (if any) published, or if not, then in a newspaper circulating in the municipality."

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.

Subscribers who do not receive their paper regularly will please notify us at once.

Apply at the office for advertising rates.

THE NEWS.

UNION, B. C.

The Week's Commercial Summary.

The Canadian Pacific earnings for the fourth week of March were unusually large, being $536,000, an increase of $73,000.

The regular chartered insurance companies hold $837,872,884 in fire risks in Canada, and there is $327,814,465 of life insurance in force.

Wheat in Chicago is selling at the lowest prices in six months. May sold as low as 69 1-8c. on Monday as against 85½c. on January 4th last. A large corp of winter wheat is expected this season.

The consumption of the cotton mills in the Southern States is placed at 530,000 bales to date, against 518,000 bales in 1896, and 453,000 bales in 1895. Northern mills have taken 1,266,235 bales against 1,260,704 bales last season.

There has been an active speculation of late in street railway stocks. Toronto sold up to 74, the highest price for a long time. Increased earnings during March and a belief that the people will vote in favor of Sunday cars have stimulated the demand.

The visible supply of wheat in the United States and Canada is now 38,612,000 bushels as against 60,322,000 bushels a year ago. The amount on passage to Europe is 19,040,000 bushels as against 27,272,000 bushels a year ago. Together the amount is 57,652,000 bushels against 87,594,000 bushels a year a o, a decrease of 29,942,000 bushels.

The business situation at Toronto is unchanged. There is a fair volume of trade in wholesale merchandise, but the great drawback is small profits, prices being cut terribly. Merchants are cautious and acting slowly. We notice, however, that the imports of free and dutiable goods at Toronto for March show an increase over the same month of the two previous years.

There is still much complaint at Montreal regarding general collections, and there is evidently great scarcity of the circulating medium in the country parts, as numerous instances are cited of hitherto cash buyers now taking full credit terms, and of others who never renewed a note now asking indulgences in this respect. In the face of this, however, paper falling due on the 4th inst. in the clothing and dry goods trade, has been better provided for than was anticipated, and no noteworthy failures are reported as the result of default.

R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade in the United States says: Failures reported for the first quarter of 1897 number 3,992 against 4,031 last year, with liabilities of $48,007,911, against $57,425,135 last year. The manufacturing failures are slightly fewer in number, and smaller in liabilities chan last year, but the trading failures fall a little behind those of the corresponding quarter last year in number and very largely in magnitude. The average liabilities for all manufacturing is only $28,800, while the average of all trading concerns is only $7,810 against $10,080 last year, a decrease which indicates caution in buying and debt creating.

There are cases of consumption so far advanced that Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup will not cure, but none so bad that it will not give relief. For coughs, colds and all affections of the throat, lungs and chest, it is a specific which has never been known to fail. It promotes a free and easy expectoration, thereby removing the phlegm, and gives the diseased parts a chance to heal.

Here and There.

Raphael is said to have conceived, in dreams, the ideas of some of his greatest pictures.

Oliver Cromwell had the largest brain on record. It weighed a little over sixty ounces, but was found to be diseased.

Handel had one of the most phenomenal musical memories ever known. He knew, by heart, over fifty operas from beginning to end.

Ole Bull, the celebrated violinist, was such a master of the instrument that he could play a melody of considerable compass on only one string.

Lope de Vega was the most noted dramatist. There still remains over 1,800 plays of his composition. About 300 of the best have been collected and published.

True to Life.

"Harry says his life was a barren desert before he saw me."

"Well, he looks as if he had lived where he couldn't get water to drink."—Chicago Record.

PILL-OSOHPY.

There are pills and pills—but Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills at 20 cents a vial lead in demand. The sale borders on the phenomenal.

Sluggish liver, constipation or irregular bowels are the precursors of many physical disorders.

These little wonders remove the cause.

They are entirely vegetable. They act on the liver and bowels without disturbance to the system, diet or occupation. They never gripe. They act pleasantly 40 in a vial for 20 cents.

SELECTIONS

LIVED SIX MONTHS ON $70.

How a Newspaper Man In Hard Luck Managed to Exist.

Six months ago a newspaper man came to Chicago to get work on one of the big papers here. Like many another man from the country, he thought that the fact that he was head and shoulders above the other newspaper men in his little town was proof that he was able to stand the keen competition in Chicago. But he found that the places were filled, and that there were at least 50 per cent more pegs than holes. He was determined not to go back to his little town, so he remained in Chicago in the hope that he would get a place.

Meanwhile he had no money whatever and had to practice the closest economy. He wrote five or six columns of copy each week and tried to sell the stories to the Sunday papers. Now and then he sold something, but his income during the six months was about $2.50 per week, his total earnings for that period, in fact, being only $70. Nevertheless he managed to live without borrowing any money, for he had no friends in Chicago from whom he could borrow, and he was too proud to write home for money. Instead he wrote home glowing tales of the progress which he was making and told of the advantages of newspaper work in a big city and its consequent rewards.

Few people would believe that a man could live in Chicago for six months on $70, but he did it. Of course he did not dine at a fashionable restaurant. He ate his meals on Clark street at some sacrifice of his pride, but without the knowledge of any of his acquaintances. No one would know where he ate, for none of the men whom he saw during the day would go to such a place. His meals usually cost him 5 cents each, and they were good meals, in quantity, if not in quality.

You can buy a luxurious breakfast on Clark street for 5 cents. It will consist of three eggs, bread, butter and coffee, and any one inclined to doubt the statement can go and try the meals. The places are easily found. There are always big signs outside of them containing names of the articles of food and the prices. For 5 cents he bought his dinner, which consisted of any kind of meat, potatoes, bread and coffee. A similar bill of fare at the same expense formed his supper. Sometimes he would pay 10 cents for his dinner, and then he would get two more vegetables and some pie for dessert. Thus his meals cost 15 cents a day, or $1.05 a week.

He slept in a 10 cent lodging house in the same room with a half dozen other men. The beds were small, but he always slept soundly, and none of the inmates knew him. They were not inquisitive and were too much bothered by their own troubles to care to ask his. Seventy cents a week was the cost of his lodging. This was a total of $1.75 for a week's board and lodging. His other fixed expenses were for tobacco, newspapers and writing paper. He smoked a pipe, the tobacco costing 10 cents a week. He had to buy a couple of newspapers each day, which meant 25 cents a week, although sometimes he would look at those in the reading rooms of the libraries. His copy paper cost him only 10 cents a week, leaving a margin of 30 cents.

The only drawback about sleeping in a 10 cent lodging house was that there was no place afforded in which to write, but he used to go to the public or Newberry library and do his writing there, where there are ample facilities. Most of his time was spent in traveling around on the streets looking for good Sunday stories.

Such was the life he led for six months. A few weeks ago he was given a place as a spare writer on the city staff. Now he earns $10 or $12 a week, and he is able to live more luxuriously. But the reporter is now willing to believe, as he knows by practical experience, that a man who can make $2 or $3 a week need not starve in a big city. —Chicago Times-Herald.

Sale of Racing Cups.

A racing cup would seem to be one of those things, after a family wedding ring, which a man would hate to sell. The Earl of Rosslyn disposed of his plate in silver and gold, the total weight of which was 12,000 ounces, and among the lots were objects which had been in the family for centuries. Among the sporting trophies were the 1,000 guineas Ascot cup for 1892, in 18 carat gold and weighing 120 ounces, and sold for £438; the Edinburgh gold cup, 1891, £131 4s.; the Caledonian hunt cup, 1891, of 320 ounces, £120. These three were won by the present Lord Rosslyn's horse Buccaneer. Among notable prices obtained were: Vase shaped cup and cover, with double handles, 1777, £173; cup and cover, with double intwined snake handles, 1777, £212; double handled cup and cover, surmounted by melon, 1752, £153; large Monteith bowl, £157; oviform cup and cover, 1765, £140.—Exchange.

Astronomer Jackson.

John G. Jackson of Hockessin, Del., who died recently at the age of 80 years, was well known all over Delaware as a surveyor, civil engineer and astronomer. In 1838, with the aid of the best tables of the planet Venus then accessible, he made the needful calculations for the projection of the transit of that planet across the sun's disk to occur in 1882, 45 years thereafter. This had last been observed in the United States by David Rittenhouse in 1769. In 1882 he observed the transit of Venus, co-operating with other astronomers and being assisted by Professor Harkness of the Washington naval observatory, who was then president of the transit commission. — New York Tribune.

Disease Bearing Parasites.

Texas fever, an infectious disease of cattle which prevails as an endemic disease in certain regions in the southern portion of the United States, has been shown, by the researches of Theobald Smith and other bacteriologists belonging to the agricultural department, to be due to a blood parasite belonging to the protoza (Pyrosoma bigeminum of Smith). In this disease the tick has been shown to be the intermediate host of the parasite. The ticks which fall from infected animals give birth to a numerous progeny in the pastures frequented by them, and these young ticks attach themselves to other animals which subsequently feed in the same pastures and transmit to them the fatal infection.—Surgeon General Sternberg in Popular Science Monthly.

The first street railroad was laid in New York in 1832, between the city hall and Fourteenth street.

HEART RELIEF.

Eight Years Hanging Between Life and Death with Acute Heart Disease—And in 30 Minutes After Taking First Dose of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart Relief Comes—What It Did for Alfred Couldry, West Shefford, Que., It Can Do for any Sufferer From the Same Cause.

"I had been suffering from acute heart trouble for over four years. When doctors had tried, and failed to give me relief, I procured Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart.

In thirty minutes after the first dose I had relief, and although mine was a case of long standing, eight bottles effected a permanent cure, and I firmly believe, after knowing what it has done for me, that there is no hopeless case while this great cure is to be had. I cheerfully sanction the use of my testimony in whatever way it may do the most good."

Some Tales Always With Us.

"It is said we shall all pass away as a tale that is told."

"That sounds all right; but tales that are told don't pass away—they are forever being told over again."—Chicago Record.

THE ONLY ONE

Dodd's Kidney Pills Cure Where all other Remedies Fail.

BRIGHT'S DISEASE NOT INCURABLE

But there's only One Cure in the World, and that we have Named—Hundreds Testify to Cures—Never a Failure Recorded.

It used to be said, "If you have Bright's Disease, it won't be long before people are walking slow behind you."

Bright's Disease affects brainy men particularly. The brainier and more active a man, the more liable he is to Bright's Disease. Bright's Disease is a disease of the Kidneys. It is the name given to the fatty degeneration of those organs. It is caused by excessive use of alcoholic drinks. It is caused by excessive eating of rich food. It may be caused by exposure to cold and moisture. It may be caused by improper living.

But it's not with the cause we have to deal. It is with the cure.

It used to be thought that Bright's Disease was incurable. We know better now Restore the Kidneys to health, and you may eat what you like, drink what you like, work as hard or be as active as you like, and bid defiance to death-dealing Bright's Disease.

But woe to the man who doesn't take care of his Kidney's! When they cease to filter the blood, the blood reeks with poison. Urine actually flows in the veins. You die a lingering death. The spine and extremities first; the brain last. Dying at the bottom while living at the top!

Bright's Disease may be cured by DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS, which restore the Kidney's, making them filter the blood properly. DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS are the only specific for Bright's Disease. They were compounded just for that purpose. They have cured hundreds of cases. They will cure your Kidneys. Try them. Fifty cents a box. For sale at all druggists.

Wm. G. Wade, 940 Queen East, Toronto, says: "I have used thirty-six boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills and am cured of Bright's Disease after all else had failed."

T. E. Craig, 769 Queen East, Toronto, says: "Never expecting a cure of Bright's Disease, I have been agreeably disappointed by a few boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills."

Miss Maude Cotterell, Belleville, Ont., says: "I have used two boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills and have been cured of what the doctor said was Bright's Disease.

Mr. James Went, Orillia, Ont., says: "I began to use Dodd's Kidney Pills about six weeks ago, have taken three boxes which have cured me perfectly of Bright's Disease.

Catarrh of Long Standing Relieved in a Few Hours.

It is not alone the people of our own country, and prominent citizens like Urban Lippe, M.P., of Joliette, Que., and other members of Parliament, who, having used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, pronounce it the most effective remedy they have ever known, but people everywhere are expressing their gratification at the effectiveness of this medicine. C. G. Archer, of Brewer, Maine, says: "I have had catarrh for several years. Water would run from my eyes and nose days at a time. About four months ago I was induced to try Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, and since using the wonderful remedy I have not had an attack. I would not be without it." It relieves in ten minutes.

Only a Small Insult.

Mrs. Lightfist—The waiter appeared to be very much offended when you gave him that tip.

Mr. Lightfist (in surprise)—Why, he couldn't be very much offended; I only gave him 5 cents!—Puck.

PILES CURED IN 3 to 6 NIGHTS

Dr. Agnew's Ointment will cure all cases of Itching Piles in from three to six nights. One application brings comfort For blind and bleeding piles it is peerless. Also cures Tetter, Salt Rheum, Eczema, Barber's Itch and all eruptions of the skin. 35 cents.

Just the Other Way.

Western Transient—Did you ever live on the border, madam?

Landlady—No, indeed, sir, but I've had a good many boarders live on me. —Boston Courier.

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., 1886.

{ SEAL } 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.

Under False Colors.

Daughter—Pat wants us to get married on St. Patrick's day.

Mother—Phut's he thinkin' av? Shure, ye'd be kilt entoirely ef ye wore orange blossoms on thot day.

Are you a sufferer with corns? If you are get a bottle of Holloway's Corn Cure. It has never been known to fail.

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

C. B. SCANTLEBURY,
Box 840. Belleville, Ont.

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.,
99 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,

Shorthand.

DO YOU WANT TO LEARN IT? Write to the NORTHERN BUSINESS COLLEGE, Owen Sound, Ont., if you want a THOROUGH Course in Shorthand or a practical Business Education. Circulars free. C. A. FLEMING, Principal.

Always on Hand.—Mr. Thomas H. Porter, Lower Ireland, P. Q., writes: "My son, 18 months old, had croup so bad that nothing gave him relief until a neighbor brought me some of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, which I gave him, and in six hours he was cured. It is the best medicine I ever used, and I would not be without a bottle of it in my house."

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.

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.

Write to
Toronto Type Foundry,
44 Bay Street,
TORONTO, ONT.

Gold is King
Plant your home claim with
Steele, Briggs
"High Grade" Seeds, sold by leading dealers.
Ask for them.
Safe investment.
GOLDEN RETURNS
CATALOGUES FREE
The Steele, Briggs Seed Co.
TORONTO, ONT.

A PAIL WITHOUT HOOPS
That means a long lasting Pail.
Its many qualities are unique.
The price makes it available to all.

THE E. B. EDDY CO'S
INDURATED FIBREWARE
PAILS, TUBS, PANS, DISHES, ETC.

Splendid Equipment and Good Solid Work
—Have placed the—
CENTRAL Business College
OF TORONTO,
At the top. It has more teachers, more students, and assists many more young men and women into good positions than any other Canadian Business School. Get particulars. Enter any time. Write W. H. SHAW, Principal.
Yonge and Gerrard Streets, Toronto.

FARM AND GARDEN

HOW TO APPLY MANURE.

Comparative Merits of Surface Manuring and Plowing In Manure.

Elias A. Long learned a lesson in the application of manure when a boy in his father's nursery. He tells the story, as follows, in American Gardening: We purchased from a tannery a large pile of compost, hair, ashes, lime and other refuse, with enough bark in layers to make all pile up well. In the winter we drew this on land devoted to nursery and other crops, usually plowing it under in the spring. Sometimes on fall plowed land we would incorporate the mixture with the soil, by the use of the cultivator or share harrow, in the spring.

One of the things that vividly impressed me as we dug trees and plants from soil thus manured was the way in which rootlets would lay hold of congenial bits of plant food. The tufts and felted knots of hair would be the attraction to a mass of small roots. This is illustrated in the accompanying sketch, in which a a a show bunches of hair. This thing was seen not only in the case of seedling and tree roots, but also in those of strawberry plants, which lie much nearer the surface.

A lesson to be drawn from this is that the plowing in of manure as a method of applying it should not yield to surface applications in any marked degree. The avidity with which roots seek out and lay hold of particles of manure in the case stated showed to me that there can be no mistake in putting the plant food right where it will be needed. With the surface and application of manure in the fall and winter there is often great loss of fertility through escape by leaching and surface drainage during thaws in the winter. If it be drawn to the plat and be kept in piles until just before spring plowing or cultivating, such loss is not appreciable.

The question of the comparative merits of surface manuring and the plowing in of manure may depend somewhat on the crop also. It is plain in the case of shallow rooted crops, like lettuce, radishes, onions, strawberries, etc., that the manure is not wanted at the same level as with parsnips, cauliflower and other deeper rooters. Then, again, surface manuring may, as in the case of strawberries, serve an excellent purpose as a mulch in keeping the soil cool and in preserving moisture.

A LESSON IN MANURING.

Another thing, all crops do not need the same amount of manure. It is a poor plan, for instance, to be lavish in the use of manure on potatoes and then slight it on onions and celery. Among crops that do the better for high feeding I would place strawberries, celery, onions, lettuce, spinach, beets, radishes, cabbage, cauliflower, squashes and cucumbers. Of such, the extent of the crop is almost measured by the amount of manure, and 30 to 40 tons per acre each year is none too much. The bush small fruits need less manure than do strawberries, while vegetables, potatoes, peas, parsnips, carrots, beans, tomatoes and melons get along very well with one-half the manure called for by the others named.

Sugar Maple Trees.

The demand the last few years for maple sugar has been such as to warrant improved methods. The maple sugar worker of today is practical and modern. If he is the owner of a bush of 500 or 600 trees he can clear all the way from $300 to $500 a season. This is more than three times as much as the owner of 25 years ago made during the same period. It is claimed that a good maple tree will pay for itself in a couple of tappings, and in the course of a few years it will pay for itself in sugar over and above what it would bring for timber many times over. The consequence is, farmers are no longer anxious to cut down their hard maples and sell them for timber. In planting a sugar orchard care is taken to select only the broad leaf hard maple and straight young trees, trees sprung from the seed as often as possible, and not saplings grown from an old stump. These make the best sugar producers, according to an authority which tells that there are many degrees of maples, hybrids between the soft maple and the hard maple. They are all good sap producers, but the sap produces but little sugar. A soft maple tree will deliver twice as much sap as a hard maple, but it will not make one-quarter as much sugar, and what it does produce is of inferior quality.

Crops For Green Manuring.

Country Gentleman says: "We have used crimson clover, peas and barley for cover crops with great success. Barley stands the hot weather of August and September better than oats. We have also used rye to a limited extent. These various crops may be sown in the corn or on the inverted barley or oat stubble and either rye or wheat drilled in on the potato ground, although the field may not be clear until the first to the middle of October."

A SUCCESSFUL OAT CROP.

The Preparation of Soil—Commercial Fertilizers Drilled In—Change of Seed.

The unwise practice that has so largely prevailed among farmers as a class, and that has contributed to so great an extent in the diminished yields of this important product, has been that the oat crop, after all others are occupying the choicest and most productive portions of the farm, is the latest sown not only, but is destined to struggle for existence in soil least adapted to its growth and development. Oats sown on a seed bed following a grass crop or turf pasture seldom give good results, but grown as one of the crops of a regular four year rotation, following corn, potatoes, beans, etc., seems the most favorable course to pursue, according to a western New York farmer who writes as follows to Rural New Yorker:

After a long experience in oat culture, it has been learned that early and thorough preparation of the soil possessing a fair degree of fertility, good clean seed sown with a drill at the rate of two bushels per acre, as early in the season as the soil is found to work in a light and friable condition, are factors that cannot be omitted if success is to be expected. It has also been learned that no crop responds more readily to a moderate application of commercial fertilizers drilled into the soil at the time the seed is sown. After seeding, the ground should be well rolled, thus firming the soil, inducing early growth of the plants not only, but it also adds much to the ease and pleasure in running the binder at the time of harvest.

Care should be taken that this crop is not allowed to become overripe. Heavier, brighter and more nutritious grain is secured and the straw is made more valuable and appetizing by harvesting at a period when much of the straw is apparently quite green, the precaution being taken not to have the bundles so large as to prevent curing properly for housing or stacking, as the case may be.

Nor is it essential, as advocated by many, that an occasional change of seed is required for best results. And I may state that for nearly a half century I have grown each year continuously—with the exception of one year—a mixture of the same two varieties of oats that have gained for me a favorable reputation as a grower of this special crop.

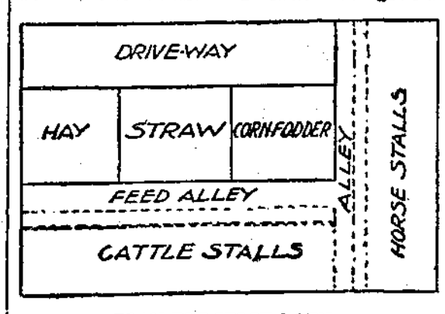
Fertilizers on Garden Crops.

In a report from the Massachusetts station a general resume is given of field experiments begun by the state station in 1891. The crops in 1895 upon which the different forms of nitrogen and potash were tested, were onions, sweet corn, beans and tomatoes. Notes and tabulated yields per plat are given for each crop and summaries for crops raised for several years in succession. The following conclusions are drawn from the summarized data:

Sulphate of potash in connection with nitrate of soda has given in every case but one (onions) the best results. Nitrate of soda as nitrogen source has yielded in every case, without reference to the form of potash, the best returns. Sulphate of ammonia as nitrogen source, in connection with muriate of potash as potash source, has given the least satisfactory returns. The influence of the difference in the general character of the weather, whether normal or dry, during succeeding seasons on the yield of crops has been greater than that of the different fertilizers used upon different plats during the same season.

Convenient Stock Barn.

Here is the plan of a Michigan stockman for a stock barn originally described in The Farm, Field and Fireside: The claim for it is, it is convenient, saves labor, and, above all, saves going behind the animal in order to give it its feed. You feed from the alley always, and save wading in the droppings. Besides, your feed, or at least your fodder, is just across an alley of 4 or 6 feet, as one likes. This barn may be made any size to suit the purse and stock of the builder, with or without a driveway, providing you leave room.



PLAN FOR STOCK BARN.

Reclassifying.

"Speaking of races," said Rivers, "there are in reality only two—the human race and the inhuman, or six day, race."—Chi-

THRIFT OF RUSSELL SAGE.

A Recent Occurrence Which Illustrates His Ruling Passion.

Many stories are told in New York of the thrift which invariably characterizes the habits and conduct of Russell Sage. A recent occurrence illustrates in a forcible manner his ruling passion. On Saturday last, while on his way to take an elevated train, the great financier stopped at a news stand and began looking over the papers there on sale. J. Arthur Joseph, an old friend of the "L" road magnate, came along.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Sage," cried Mr. Joseph cheerily. "Buying your evening papers?"

"Oh, no, Arthur," replied Mr. Sage. "No, no, Arthur. Not yet, Arthur. Hadn't quite made up my mind, Arthur—"

"Well, I'm just going to buy mine," said Joseph. "What paper do you read, Mr. Sage?"

"Oh, any of them—any of them—or all of them, Arthur," said Mr. Sage, as a strange light came into his eyes.

"Well, have a set of them with me; it's my treat," said Mr. Joseph, and he handed Mr. Sage a full set of the afternoon newspapers, for which he counted our eleven cents.

"Oh, very kind of you; very kind of you, indeed, Arthur," said Mr. Sage as he tucked the newspapers in his inside pocket, and, taking Mr. Joseph by the arm, escorted him up the steps in the rear toward the "L" station.

A train was just pulling up to the crowded platform as Mr. Sage and Mr. Joseph, arm in arm, the latter with an "L" ticket in his hand, approached the ticket chopper.

"Good evening, gentlemen," said the ticket chopper, who knows Mr. Sage too well to halt him for the formality of exhibiting his pass.

The two men ran aboard the train, the guard slammed the gates and was about to release his hand from the bell rope when Mr. Joseph discovered that he had forgotten to deposit his ticket in the box.

"By Jove, Mr. Sage," said Mr. Joseph, "look here! I forgot to put my ticket in the box and I suppose the chopper didn't stop me because he thought I was your guest."

"Oh, that's all right, Arthur; that's all right," said the great financier. "Just give me the ticket, Arthur; give me the ticket," and snatching the ticket Mr. Sage rushed to the door of the car. "Thomas! Come here, Thomas!" cried Mr. Sage to the ticket chopper, and the latter left his box and ran up to Mr. Sage.

"Put this ticket in the box, Thomas!" said Mr. Sage. Then rejoining Mr. Joseph, the great financier said:—

"Arthur, really now, Arthur, I would have treated you, but it wouldn't be fair to the stockholders." — Chicago Chronicle.

A Wail From a King.

Even a king—if he doesn't happen to be born in Germany or Spain—can learn something from experience, and can finally appreciate that the motion of the world carries royalty as well as other things along with it. This possibility is illustrated in a way at once amusing and pathetic by a letter which the consul general of the Niger Coast protectorate recently received from Nana, once a king of some eminence as African kings go, but for several years past a sorrowing exile at Accra, with nothing to do except to meditate upon the disastrous results of what, for a few days, he thought was a war with Great Britain. "I used to think my country big," he writes, "and no man fit or able to touch me. But I have now been away from my country nearly three years and have seen the world, and I know I have been very foolish." He asks the consul to remember that wisdom was not to be expected of a man who had never left his native village, and says that the first real instruction he ever received was when the English man-of-war bombarded him. "I learn big lesson now," the letter proceeds, "for I lose all my cargoes, all my cash, all my houses, and my town is now only sand and bush. All my people are far away and many of my family killed by the ship. I think your queen she punish me plenty. I beg you, consul, to ask queen to let me sit down for my river before I die. I swear I never do wrong again, but will make a small place for trade in one river close for Sapele. I hear queen have big play for this year because she live long past other king or queen. I beg you ask her to have mercy on me and pity my case." All this is decidedly unkingly, but Nana confronts a condition, not a theory, as formerly, and shows good sense, if not heroism, by expressing a desire to turn his royal mind to trade.—New York Times.

Knew Them.

"How can you speak so rudely of my dog? Surely, you do not know his fine points."

"Yes, I do. He socked as many of them as he could into me as I came through the front yard."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

What Man Is Good For.

"Men," said the presidentress of the Emancipated Ones—"men are really useful at times. They come in so handy at killing mice."—Indianapolis Journal.

Cannot Compromise Mathematics.

You cannot compromise the esentials of mathematics. You cannot agree to concede that two and two make a little less than five or a little more than three. Two and two make exactly four—neither more nor less. It is the same way with a money standard. You cannot agree that a dollar shall be either 23.22 grains of gold or 371.25 grains of silver, because one is really worth a dollar the world over, whether coined or uncoined, and the other is worth, now, only 52 cents and a month ago was worth 50 cents and five years ago was worth 76 cents. The friends and adovcates of the gold standard want a dollar for everybody as nearly stable as possible, whether to-day or next year. The dollar measured by gold is that, and nothing else is.—New York Times.

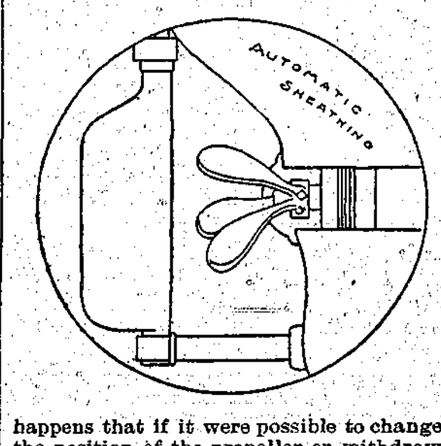
NOVEL INVENTION

MAY BE VALUABLE FOR YACHTS AND OTHER SMALL CRAFT.

The Invention of a Yachtsman of Scotland—A Sheathing Propeller—It May be Used at Will or Thrown Out of Action.

John Ferguson, of Scotland, vice-commodore of the Royal Forth Yacht Club, and owner of the famous cutter Petronilla, has invented a propeller which can be utilized to give the vessel speed through the water or be withdrawn within the hull at a moment's notice. The principle is such that the new invention is equally valuable to large and small craft, whether it fly the yacht club pennant or the company emblem that floats at the masthead of a transatlantic liner.

The one great difficulty with which the operation of the propeller has been confronted from its earliest day is that in sudden contact with a hard object, the result is like to be a broken or twisted blade, and that means that the vessel must lie up for repairs until the propeller is in good condition. While such accidents cannot always be avoided, it often happens that if it were possible to change the position of the propeller or withdraw it from the water, it could be saved from injury. This power is exactly that which Mr. Ferguson's invention possesses.

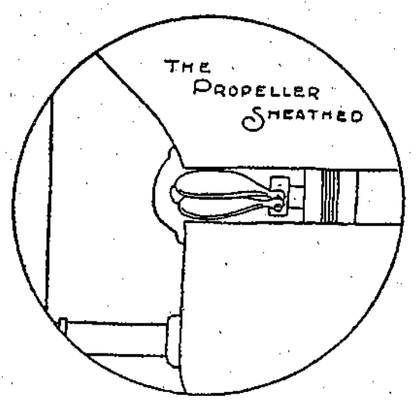


The first experiments with the sheathing propeller, as it is called, were carried out on a fishing boat of about seven tons, yacht measurement. When not in use, the propeller is invisible, as it is housed in a tube fixed through the stern post of the vessel. A movement of an extending rod, or rather rods, brought about by the pulling of a lever in the engine room, brings the propeller in position outside of the boat. The blades are still feathered—that is, they are folded together. The pull of a second lever unfolds the blades and places them in position. Now let the lever that gives the propeller motion be pulled and the vessel will at once receive that impetus which forces her through the water.

Although it is true that the invention is adjustable to crafts of any size, it is more particularly applicable to yachts and other vessels of comparatively small tonnage. Not only is the single propeller of this sort valuable, but so long as it is possible to withdraw it into the hull when not in use, propellers can be placed at almost any desired point. Again, it is not a necessity to operate these propeller by means of steam; electricity or oil of some sort may be utilized to equal advantage. This is one reason why the small craft would be benefited, for it would oftentimes do away with the big engine room force which the modern steam yacht requires, and permit the use in its stead of the more dainty electrical engine or that which finds oil to be its agent in making the wheels go round.

A fact well known to all sailor men who have served aboard steam craft is that the slower a propeller moves, the more difficult the ship becomes to control. It sometimes happens that a vessel whose engines are not over and above powerful, gets caught in the seas in such a way that her propeller becomes useless. She then loses steerage way and flops about in the trough of the sea and perhaps in the teeth of a gale becomes practically helpless. Mr. Ferguson's invention renders it possible for one of these propellers to be placed on each side of a boat, as well as at the stern. Equipped in this way, it would be difficult for a ship to take such a position that some one of the propellers could not be utilized.

There is no objection to the electrical engine. As the propeller may be operated by the latter as well as the former, it gives the owners of sailing yachts a chance to have all the benefits which result from proceeding under sail almost altogether and at the same time having sheathed in the hull a propeller that in case of a calm will enable the vessel to proceed without the loss of time which must otherwise follow. The propellers for small craft are only intended to promote a slow rate of speed, but this would be a great improvement upon the unpleasant and enforced idleness of a calm.



The Sacredness of Prayer Rugs.

Verses from the Koran and other passages considered sacred are generally stamped on the fabrics used as prayer rugs by the Mohammedans, and it is criminal in Oriental law to export such pieces. This is doubtless because use by the Occidentals means the treading of the sacred words under infidel feet, and when you think it over it is not to be wondered at. A few years ago an American succeeded in getting two such pieces as near home as Paris, but the inducements offered to him to return them to the Oriental dealer were potent enough to effect their purpose.

PLAIN COMMON WATER.

Some of Its Useful and Peculiar Properties—Up to All Kinds of Tricks.

Plain, common, everyday water would surprise you if you knew all about it. John S. McKay of the Packer Collegiate Institute lately wrote for the Brooklyn Eagle an article on water, of which what follows is an extract:—

The free surface of water acts like a stretched elastic membrane so that it may be heaped up in a glass without overflowing, if the edge be greased to prevent adhesion. It is this elastic skin that makes rain drops spherical while falling through the air, the particles of the drop being forced into the form which has the least surface for a given volume. It is this surface tension of liquids that causes them to rise in fine hair-like tubes and the cavities of bodies. The capillary and osmotic force produced by the absorption of liquids is sometimes very great, as may be seen in the rise of sap against the force of gravity to the very tops of the tallest trees. If a wedge of dry wood be driven into a cavity of a rock and water poured upon it, the wood will absorb the water and expand with such force as to burst the rock. In this way the roots of growing plants become powerful agents in the disintegration of rocks. Water expands with heat and contracts with cold until it is cooled to 39.2 degrees Fahrenheit, at which temperature it reaches its maximum density. If when at this temperature it be either cooled or warmed it expands and becomes lighter. And thus it happens that the water under the ice in ponds, lakes and rivers, even in the coldest weather, remains at about seven either solid or liquid. The amount of heat necessary to raise a pound of water continued to contract as it grew colder it would sink until the whole body of water was reduced to the freezing point and ice would form at the bottom instead of at the surface and the whole mass of water might freeze solid in a single winter. This would very seriously change the character of the climate as well as destroy all aquatic life.

Water has very high specific heat, that is it takes more heat to warm it and it gives up more heat in cooling than any other solid or liquid. The amount of water from the freezing point to the boiling point would make the same weight of iron red hot and would melt more than six times that weight of lead. Thus water becomes an excellent medium for storing and carrying heat energy. It cannot be heated hot enough to scorch or set fire to inflammable materials, yet in cooling through a few degrees it gives up large quantities of heat. For this reason it is extensively used in rubber bottles as bed warmers, and circulating through iron pipes to heat houses. A large body of water thus becomes a greater equalizer of climate, storing up large quantities of heat during the day and summer to give it out slowly during the night and winter. It is also the cause of land and sea breezes. The land requiring less heat to warm it than water, rises rapidly in temperature during the day, thus causing ascending currents of air over the land and a breeze from the water. At night the water having absorbed large quantities of heat cools more slowly than the land, causing a breeze from the land toward the sea.

When fresh water is cooled down to 32 degrees Fahrenheit, it begins to congeal and its temperature will remain constant until it is all frozen, but during the process it gives up large quantities of latent heat. A pound of water in turning to ice gives up enough heat to raise four-fifths of a pound from the freezing point to the boiling point. This heat is given to the air and surrounding bodies and hence it may be said that "freezing is a warming process," that is warming to other bodies. Farmers make use of this principle when they carry tubs of water into the cellar on a cold winter night to keep the vegetables from freezing. A heavy fall of snow usually raises the temperature of the air for the same reason. Water containing salt and other substances in solution may be cooled several degrees below 32 degrees without freezing.

Water is a very poor conductor of heat. It may be made to boil at the surface of a vessel while it is ice-cold a few inches below the surface. Hence it can be heated only by convection, that is by applying the heat to the lowest part of the vessel and thus producing a series of ascending and descending currents. It is by this means that hot water is made to circulate through pipes used for heating buildings. Pure water at the sea level begins to boil at a temperature of 212 degrees Fahrenheit, which is called its normal boiling point, having the same expansive force as the air. When water begins to boil it cannot be made any hotter, no matter how much heat is applied, unless the pressure of its surface is increased. But if it be placed in a closed vessel where the steam cannot escape it may be heated to a much higher temperature. This is the principle of Papin's digester which is used for extracting gelatine from bones. If, however, the pressure on the surface be decreased by any means water will boil at a much lower temperature than 212 degrees. It may even be made to boil at the freezing point. If the air and vapor be rapidly exhausted from a closed vessel containing water it will boil by consuming its own heat so vigorously as to freeze into a solid mass.

A Good Sanitarian.

Friend—Does your wife assist you any in your work? I often see her at your desk.

Humorist—Y-e-s, she goes over all I write and burns all my jokes about wives.

Gave Himself Away.

Tom—How cold that pretty Miss Jones does look, Bob. She ought to have something round her.

Bob (absent-mindedly)—She will have as soon as it gets dark.

THE WEEKLY NEWS

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

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

TUESDAY, AUG. 24th, 1897.

BETTER TIMES AHEAD.

THE news that another 100 coke ovens are to be built by the Union Colliery Co., at the wharf, as soon as practicable, means a good deal for this place. With the 200 ovens in full blast, we may expect them to consume 10,000 tons of coal each month. The local or provincial demand for coal is steadily increasing and requires at present even 6,000 tons per month. This will assure good times, but there is the export of coal, and the demand for our coal in California will continue. Within the next month or six weeks the old boats will be back and times doubtless be livelier than ever before. The San Mateo may be looked for at any time after the first of next month. And with the completion of the bunkers there will be no waiting for the steamers.

THE HOT WAVE.

WE were in hopes the trustees would have taken some action with reference to the school in the afternoon. Three hours a day is quite enough for the strongest children for study when the thermometer registers 90 in the shade. But they have escaped responsibility by throwing it upon Mr. Bennett, the very thing they should not have done. However, parents in some cases are taking the matter into their own hands—keeping their children at home. Some children are already sick from the heat. Watch them carefully, and if they seem oppressd, take them out until the weather is cooler. A good thing for the little ones is to let them go into the shady woods, or down by the beach. They need a change more than adults. Have a care for the children!

VANCOUVER'S WAY.

THE Board of Trade of the enterprising city of Vancouver has passed resolutions of indignation because the C. P .N. steamers, bound north, do not stop there. But to what use? There is only one way Vancouver can get its natural share of this trade and that is for its merchants and capitalists to own a steamship line of their own. The Union Steamship Co., is unable to supply the necessary steamers. It hasn't the capital. The Terminal City would have long since been able to command most of the trade of the north, and of the Fraser valley if its business men had stood by their steamship company. Now Victoria is waxing fat—and we are glad of it—out of the Yukon trade and Vancouver although much nearer, is helpless for want of transportation facilities, and can only sit idly by, while her rival is getting nearly all the out-fitting for the miners.

OPEN BUILDING FOR SCHOOLS and CHURCHES

IT is suggested that for schools in summer, an open building—that is, one without sides, a mere roof resting upon pillars—would be best. There should be green lattice screens, however, which, being removable, be placed so as to protect from sun or wind, when needed. In the wet season the building could be utilized as a "run" for the pupils who require at all times of the year fresh air, and exercise. An open building is used for school room, we are told, in some parts of Australia.

For church services in summer an open building should be located in a large central plat of ground and in a town of the size of Union, one would be quite sufficient for a union service for all religious societies. This would not only have the advantage of comfort, but draw many who do not usually attend church service. A short sermon and a plenty of good music should be the rule. This would also allow for a short vacation for each minister, only one being needed at a time—an arrangement which would give them all a period for rest and recuperation. The surroundings should be made beautiful with ornamental shade trees, green grass, flowers and small fountains. As an experiment a tent might be used, sides rolled up.

WONDERFUL KLONDIKE.

IT is wonderful how people are stirred about everything relating to the gold fields on the Yukon! Any story however ridiculous, they are ready to swallow. We have no doubt a good business in selling gold bricks, duly marked "from Klondike" could be carried on to advantage. And there need be but a very thin veneer of gold upon them. They would go off like hot cakes at two-thirds their supposed value. Writers who have never been there, delight to give the public information, they never themselves possessed. Lecturers, who, a few years ago crossed over some portion of the arctic circle, gravely describe the country and its auriferous appearance and probable recources. The passes are high mountain ranges, steep as the side of a house, over which mules cannot, but do ascend. The torrents, crowded into narrow channels, are tossed into spray, and all nature is wild, tumultuous and bewildering.

The people sacrifice the earnings of years, represented in comfortable homes for a little ready cash to join the "innumerable caravans" that pass into the "golden north." They watch from the "ramparts" for treasure-laden ships, accompanied with armed cruisers, to pass down the Straits. The government looses its head, and with mounted police, seize at one grab a whole half of the gold bearing claims. The miner, in his ice clad armor, thaws with fire and laborously digs, with pick and spade, down through the frozen ground, first here and then there, until after weary months, his eyes are gladdened with the sight of "golden sands;" and then the "paternal government" pounces down and takes a claim on either side!

No doubt its a wonderful country! It's wonderfully governed too! And the people going there will have some wonderful experiences! Let us steady ourselves, if we can, or we shall all be swept into the stream which is carrying so many away from their moorings.

NOTICE.

Cumberland and Union Water-works Company, Ld.

The above company will place the line of service from the mains to the line of the street at each house when the trenches are open, but after completion of the water system the charge will be $7.50 for tapping the main.

2380 F. B SMITH, Sec'y.

FOR SALE

FOR SALE.--My house and two lots in the village of Courtenay.
K. GRANT, Union.

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

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

WANTED—A good canvasser. Enquire at "NEWS OFFICE.

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

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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.

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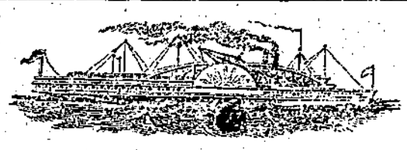

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Meets every alternate Wednesdays of each month at 8 o'clock p. m. Visiting brethren cordially invited to attend.
JOHN COMBE, Scribe.

Esquimalt & Nanaimo Railway Company.

NOTICE.

TO PROSPECTORS, Miners, and Holders of Mineral Claims on unoccupied land within the Esquimalt & Nanaimo Railway Company's Land Grant—FOR ONE YEAR ONLY from the the date of this notice, the Railway Company will sell their rights to all Minerals, (excepting Coal and Iron) and the Surface rights of Mineral Claims, at the price of $5.00 per acre. Such sales will be subject to all other reservations contained in conveyances from the Company prior to this date. One-half of the purchase money to be paid ten days after recording the Claim with the government, and a duplicate of the record to be filed in the Company's Land Office, Victoria, on payment of the first instalment. The balance of the purchase money to be paid in two equal instalments, at the expiration of six and twelve months, without interest. Present holders of Mineral Claims who have not previously made other arrangements with the Company for acquiring Surface and Mineral rights, are hereby notified to at once make the first payment on their Claims, as otherwise they will be deemed and treated as trespassers.

LEONARD H. SOLLY,
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June 1, 1897. } 2390

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T. D. McLEAN,
UNION, B. C

126

YUKON NOTES.

The government is considering a proposition to establish a bank at Dawson City, for safe keeping of miners gold dust, for which drafts will be issued. It follows that an assay office will also be established there.

Major Walsh has accepted the appointment of administrator of the Yukon region (in Canada) at a salary of $5,000 a year.

Dogs are to be used for the Yukon mail service. We shall doubtless have a monthly mail service if not oftener through the winter.

The Chilcoot pass is 3,500 feet high; the White pass is 2,650 feet high. The difficulty with the latter is boggy swamps, but these will be corduroyed.

Frontage of creek or river claims have been reduced from 500 to 100 feet. The annual renewal fee has been reduced from $100 to $15.

—

"Oh, hear my plea!" the lover cried,
"And if you do not yield,
"I'll pull my freight direct and straight
For Klondike's frozen field.
Mayhap in that bleak atmosphere
I'll perish with the cold,
Or yet I may come back some day
With barrels full of gold!"
"Go, get the gold," she said, "and when
You've got it, tackle me again."

Denver Post.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE.

UNDER and by virtue of the powers contained in a certain indenture of mortgage, TENDERS in writing are invited up to noon of Thursday the 2d, day of September 1897 addressed to the undersigned, for the purchase of the East one-half of Lot 9 Block 10, Town of Cumberland, Map 522a, subject to the reservations of the Esquimalt and Nanaimo Railway Company. There is a good one-story cottage upon the premises, which may be inspected upon application to the undersigned.

The highest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

The title deeds can be inspected at my office.

First Street
Union, B.C.

L. P. ECKSTEIN,
Solicitor for the Mortgagees.

KLONDIKE MAP.

We have received from the Province Publishing Co., a map of the Klondike District and the gold bearing regions of the Northwest Territory of Canada. The map shows careful, and as far as we know, accurate work. It is now on sale at all book dealers, and will doubtless meet with a ready sale, especially among those who have friends in the Klondike, or who purpose going themselves. The map most suited for use is in a waterproof case, and mounted on cloth. Price $1.00. The paper cover edition 50 cents.

COKE BARGE CONTRACT.

R. C. McAlpine of Vancouver, has been awarded a contract by Dunsmuir & Sons, to construct a huge ferry barge capable of carrying fifteen cars, to be used to take cars loaded with coke across the Gulf of Georgia from Union. They will be shipped over the Canadian Pacific railway to Kootenay.—TIMES.

NOTICE.

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

July 28th, GORDON MURDOCK.

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If our readers have any local news of interest, we will be pleased to insert same in the local column, if brought to the office.

Visiting cards printed at the NEWS OFFICE in neat script.

SUNDAY SERVICES

TRINITY CHURCH—Services in the evening. Rev. J. X. Willemar, rector.

METHODIST CHURCH— Services at the usual hours morning and evening. Rev. W. Hicks. pastor.

ST. GEORGE'S PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. J. C. Forste. Services at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday School at 2:30. Y.P.S.C.E. at close of evening service.

DISTRICT DIRECTORY

GOV'T AGENT Assessor and Collector.—W. B. ANDERSON, Office, Union, residence, Comox.

STIPENDIARY MAGISTRATE and Coroner.—JAMES ABRAMS, Union.

JUSTICES of the Peace.—UNION, A. McKnight, W. B. Walker, and H. P. Collis.—COMOX, Geo. F. Drabble, and Thomas Cairns.—COURTENAY, J. W. McKenzie.—SANDWICK, John Mundell.

CONSTABLES.—J. W. HUTCHINSON, and P. S. SCHARSCHMIDT, Union.

COURTENAY, B. C.

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

COURTENAY Directory.

COURTENAY HOUSE, A. H. McCallum, Proprietor.

RIVERSIDE HOTEL, J. J. Grant, Proprietor.

GEORGE B. LEIGHTON, Blacksmith and Carriage Maker.

COMOX.

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

COMOX DIRECTORY.

H. C. LUCAS, Proprietor, COMOX BAKERY, Comox, B. C.

UNION.

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

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

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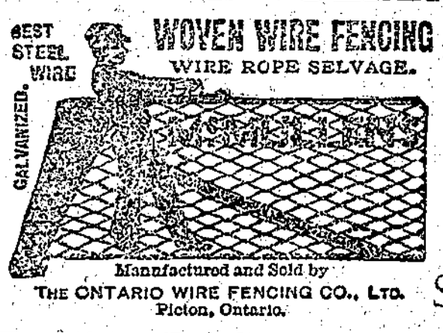

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I presume we have used over one hundred bottles of Piso's Cure for Consumption in my family, and I am continually advising others to get it. Undoubtedly it is the

Best Cough Medicine

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

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION. The Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by Druggists. 25 CTS.

The Sign of the Four.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

(CONTINUED.)

I looked out of the open window. The moon still shone brightly on that angle of the house. We were a good sixty feet from the ground, and, look where I would, I could see no foothold, nor as much as a crevice in the brickwork.

"It is absolutely impossible," I answered.

"Without aid it is so. But suppose you had a friend up here who lowered you this good stout rope which I see in the corner, securing one end of it to this great hook in the wall. Then, I think, if you were an active man, you might climb up, wooden leg and all. You would depart, of course, in the same fashion, and your ally would draw up the rope, untie it from the hook, shut the window, snib it on the inside, and get away in the way that he originally came. As a minor point it may be noted," he continued, fingering the rope, "that our wooden-legged friend, though a fair climber, was not a professional sailor. His hands were far from horny. My lens discloses more than one blood mark, especially toward the end of the rope, from which I gather that he slipped down with such velocity that he took the skin off his hands."

"This is all very well," said I, "but the thing becomes more unintelligible than ever. How about this mysterious ally? How came he into the room?"

"Yes, the ally!" repeated Holmes, pensively. "There are features of interest about this ally. He lifts the case from the regions of the commonplace. I fancy that this ally breaks fresh ground in the annals of crime in this country—though parallel cases suggest themselves from India, and, if my memory serves me, from Senegambia."

"How came he, then?" I reiterated. "The door is locked, the window is inaccessible. Was it through the chimney?"

"The grate is much too small," he answered. "I have already considered that possibility."

"How then?" I persisted.

"You will not apply my precept," he said, shaking his head. "How often have I said to you that when you have eliminated the impossible, whatever remains, however improbable, must be the truth? We know that he did not come through the door, the window, or the chimney. We also know that he could not have been concealed in the room, as there is no concealment possible. Whence, then, did he come?"

"He came through the hole in the roof," I cried.

"Of course he did. He must have done so. If you will have the kindness to hold the lamp for me, we shall now extend our researches to the room above—the secret room in which the treasure was found."

He mounted the steps, and, seizing a rafter with either hand, he swung himself up into the garret. Then, lying on his face, he reached down for the lamp and held it while I followed him.

The chamber in which we found ourselves was about ten feet one way and six the other. The floor was formed by the rafters, with thin lath and plaster between, so that in walking one had to step from beam to beam. The roof ran up to an apex, and was evidently the inner shell of the true roof of the house. There was no furniture of any sort, and the accumulated dust of years lay thick upon the floor.

"Here you are, you see," said Sherlock Holmes, putting his hand against the sloping wall. "This is a trap-door which leads out on to the roof. I can press it back, and here is the roof itself, sloping at a gentle angle. This, then, is the way by which Number One entered. Let us see if we can find some other traces of his individuality."

He held down the lamp to the floor, and as he did so I saw for the second time that night a startled, surprised look come over his face. For myself, as I followed his gaze, my skin was cold under my clothes. The floor was covered thickly with the prints of a naked foot—clear, well defined, perfectly formed, but scarce half the size of those of an ordinary man.

"Holmes," I said in a whisper, "a child has done this horrid thing."

He had recovered his self-possession in an instant. "I was staggered for the moment," he said, "but the thing is quite natural. My memory failed me, or I should have been able to foretell it. There is nothing more to be learned here. Let us go down."

"What is your theory, then, as to those footmarks?" I asked, eagerly, when we had regained the lower room once more.

"My dear Watson, try a little analysis yourself," said he, with a touch of impatience. "You know my methods. Apply them, and it will be instructive to compare results."

"I cannot conceive anything which will cover the facts," I answered.

"It will be clear enough to you soon," he said, in an off-hand way. "I think that there is nothing else of importance here, but I will look." He whipped out his lens and a tape-measure, and hurried about the room on his knees, measuring, comparing, examining, with his long thin nose only a few inches from the planks, and his beady eyes gleaming and deep-set like those of a bird. So swift, silent and furtive were his movements, like those of a trained blood-hound picking out a scent, that I could not but think what a terrible criminal he would have made had he turned his energy and sagacity against the law instead of exerting them in its defence. As he hunted about, he kept muttering to himself, and finally he broke out into a loud crow of delight.

"We are certainly in luck," said he. "We ought to have very little trouble now. Number One has had the misfortune to tread in the creosote. You can see the outline of the edge of his small foot here at the sight of this evil-smelling mess. The carboy has been cracked, you see, and the stuff has leaked out."

"What then?" I asked.

"Why, we have got him, that's all," said he. "I know a dog that would follow that scent to the world's end. If a pack can track a trailed herring across a shire, how far can a specially trained hound follow so pungent a smell as this? It sounds like a sum in the rule of three. The answer should give us the— But halloo! here are the accredited representatives of the law."

Heavy steps and the clamor of loud voices were audible from below, and the hall door shut with a loud crash.

"Before they come," said Holmes, "just put your hand here on this poor fellow's arm, and here on his leg. What do you feel?"

"The muscles are as hard as a board," I answered.

"Quite so. They are in a state of extreme contraction, far exceeding the usual rigor mortis. Coupled with this distortion of the face, this Hippocratic smile, or 'risus sardonicus,' as the old writers called it, what conclusion would it suggest to your mind?"

"Death from some powerful vegetable alkaloid," I answered; "some strychnine-like substance which would produce tetanus."

"That was the idea which occurred to me the instant I saw the drawn muscles of the face. On getting into the room I at once looked for the means by which the poison had entered the system. As you saw, I discovered a thorn which had been driven or shot with no great force into the scalp. You observe that the part struck was that which would be turned toward the hole in the ceiling if the man were erect in his chair. Now examine this thorn."

I took it up gingerly and held it in the light of the lantern. It was long, sharp and black, with a glazed look near the point as though some gummy substance had dried upon it. The blunt end had been trimmed and rounded off with a knife.

"Is that an English thorn?" he asked.

"No, it certainly is not."

"With all these data you should be able to draw some just inference. But here are the regulars; so the auxiliary forces may beat a retreat."

As he spoke, the steps which had been coming nearer sounded loudly on the passage, and a very stout, portly man in a gray suit strode heavily into the room. He was red-faced, burly and plethoric, with a pair of very small twinkling eyes which looked keenly out from between swollen and puffy pouches. He was closely followed by an inspector in uniform, and by the still palpitating Thaddeus Sholto.

"Here's a business!" he cried, in a muffled, husky voice. "Here's a pretty business! But who are all of these? Why, the house seems to be as full as a rabbit-warren."

"I think you must recollect me, Mr. Athelney Jones," said Holmes, quietly.

"Why, of course I do!" he wheezed, "It's Mr. Sherlock Holmes, the theorist. Remember you! I'll never forget how you lectured us all on causes, and inferences and effects in the Bishopgate jewel case. It's true you set us on the right track, but you'll own now that it was more by good luck than good guidance."

"It was a piece of very simple reasoning."

"Oh, come now, come! Never be ashamed to own up. But what is all this? Bad business! Bad business! Stern facts these—no room for theories. How lucky that I happened to be out at Norwood over another case! I was at the station when the message arrived. What d'you think the man died of?"

"Oh, this is hardly a case for me to theorize over," said Holmes, dryly.

"No, no. Still we can't deny that you hit the nail on the head sometimes. Dear me! Door locked, I understand. Jewels worth half a million missing. How was the window?"

"Fastened; but there are steps on the sill."

"Well, well; if it was fastened the steps could have nothing to do with the matter. That's common sense. Man might have died in a fit; but then the jewels are missing. Ha! I have a theory. These flashes come upon me at times. Just step outside, sergeant, and you, Mr. Sholto. Your friend can remain. What do you think of this, Holmes? Sholto was, on his own confession, with his brother last night. The brother died in a fit, on which Sholto walked off with the treasure. How's that?"

"On which the dead man very considerately got up and locked the door on the inside."

"Hum! There's a flaw there. Let us apply common sense to the matter. This Thaddeus Sholto was his brother; there was a quarrel; so much we know. The brother is dead and the jewels are gone. So much also we know. No one saw the brother from the time Thaddeus left him. His bed had not been slept in. Thaddeus is evidently in a most disturbed state of mind. His appearance is—well, not attractive. You see that I am weaving my web round Thaddeus. The net begins to close upon him."

"You are not quite in possession of the facts yet," said Holmes. "This splinter of wood, which I have every reason to believe to be poisoned, was in the man's scalp, where you still see the mark; this card, inscribed as you see it, was on the table; and beside it lay this rather curious stone-headed instrument. How does all this fit into your theory?"

"Confirms it in every respect," said the fat detective, pompously. "House is full of Indian curiosities. Thaddeus brought this up, and if this splinter be poisonous Thaddeus may as well have made murderous use of it as any other man. The card is some hocus-pocus—a blind, as like as not. The only question is, How did he depart? Ah, of course, here is a hole in the roof." With great activity, considering his bulk, he sprang up the steps and squeezed through into the garret, and immediately afterward we heard his exulting voice proclaiming that he had found the trapdoor.

"He can find something," remarked Holmes, shrugging his shoulders. "He has occasional glimmerings of reason. I'l n'y a pas des sots si incommodes que ceux qui ont de l' esprit!"

"You see!" said Athelney Jones, reappearing down the steps again. "Facts are better than mere theories, after all. My view of the case is confirmed. There is a trap door communicating with the roof, and it is partly open."

"It was I who opened it."

"Oh, indeed! You did notice it, then?" He seemed a little crestfallen at the discovery. "Well, whoever noticed it, it shows how our gentleman got away. Inspector!"

"Yes, sir," from the passage.

"Ask Mr. Sholto to step this way. Mr. Sholto, it is my duty to inform you that anything you may say will be used against you. I arrest you in the Queen's name as being concerned in the death of your brother."

"There, now! Didn't I tell you?" cried the poor little man, throwing out his hands, and looking from one to the other of us.

"Don't trouble yourself about it, Mr. Sholto," said Holmes. "I think that I can engage to clear you of the charge."

"Don't promise too much, Mr. Theorist—don't promise too much!" snapped the detective. "You may find it a harder matter than you think."

"Not only will I clear him, Mr. Jones, but I will make you a free present of the name and description of one of the two people who were in the room last night. His name, I have every reason to believe, is Jonathan Small. He is a poorly-educated man; small, active, with his right leg off, and wearing a wooden stump which is worn away upon the inner side. His left boot has a coarse, square-toed sole, with an iron band round the heel. He is a middle-aged man, much sunburned, and has been a convict. These few indications may be of some assistance to you, coupled with the fact that there is a good deal of skin missing from the palm of his hand. The other man—"

"Ah! the other man?" asked Athelney Jones, in a sneering voice, but impressed none the less, as I could easily see, by the precision of the other's manner.

"Is a rather curious person," said Sherlock Holmes, turning upon his heel. "I hope before very long to be able to intreduce you to the pair of them. A word with you, Watson."

He led me out to the head of the stair. "This unexpected occurrence," he said, "has caused us rather to lose sight of the original purpose of our journey."

"I have just been thinking so," I answered. "It is not right that Miss Morstan should remain in this stricken house."

"No. You must escort her home. She lives with Mrs. Cecil Forrester, in Lower Camberwell; so it is not very far. I will wait for you here, if you will drive out again. Or perhaps you are too tired?"

"By no means. I don't think I could rest until I know more of this fantastic business. I have seen something of the rough side of life, but I give you my word that this quick succession of strange surprises to-night has shaken my nerve completely. I should like, however, to see the matter through with you, now that I have got so far."

"Your presence will be of great service to me," he answered. "We shall work the case out independently, and leave this fellow Jones to exult over any mare's-nest which he may choose to construct. When you have dropped Miss Morstan I wish you to go on to No. 3 Pinchin Lane, down near the water's edge at Lambeth. The third house on the right hand side is a bird-stuffer's; Sherman is the name. You will see a weasel holding a young rabbit in the window. Rouse old Sherman up, and tell him, with my compliments, that I want Toby at once. You will bring Toby back in the cab with you."

"A dog, I suppose?"

"Yes, a queer mongrel, with a most amazing power of scent. I would rather have Toby's help than that of the whole detective force of London."

"I shall bring him, then," said I. "It is one now. I ought to be back before three, if I can get a fresh horse."

"And I," said Holmes, "shall see what I can learn from Mrs. Bernstone, and from the Indian servant, who, Mr. Thaddeus tells me, sleeps in the next garret. Then I shall study the great Jones' methods, and listen to his not too delicate sarcasms. 'Wir sind gewohnt dass die Menschen verhehnen was sie nicht verstehen.' Goethe is always pithy."

CHAPTER VII.

THE EPISODE OF THE BARREL.

The police had brought a cab with them, and in this I escorted Miss Morstan back to her home. After the angelic fashion of women, she had borne trouble with a calm face as long as there was some one weaker than herself to support, and I had found her bright and placid by the side of the frightened housekeeper. In the cab, however, she first turned faint, and then burst into a passion of weeping, so sorely had she been tried by the adventures of the night. She has told me since that she thought me cold and distant upon that journey. She little guessed the struggle within my breast, or the effort of self-restraint which held me back. My sympathies and my love went out to her, even as my hand had in the garden. I felt that years of the conventionalities of life could not teach me to know her sweet, brave nature as had this one day of strange experiences. Yet there were two thoughts which sealed the words of affection upon my lips. She was weak and helpless, shaken in mind and in nerve. It was to take her at a disadvantage to obtrude love upon her at such a time. Worse still, she was rich. If Holmes' researches were successful, she would be an heiress. Was it fair, was it honorable, that a half-pay surgeon should take advantage of an intimacy which chance had brought about? Might she not look upon me as a mere vulgar fortune-seeker? I could not bear to risk that such a thought should cross her mind. This Agra treasure intervened like an impassable barrier between us.

It was nearly two o'clock when we reached Mrs. Cecil Forrester's. The servants had retired hours ago, but Mrs. Forrester had been so interested by the strange message which Miss Morstan had received, that she had sat up in the hope of her return. She opened the door herself, a middle-aged, graceful woman, and it gave me joy to see how tenderly her arm stole round the other's waist and how motherly was the voice in which she greeted her. She was clearly no mere paid dependent, but an honored friend. I was introduced, and Mrs. Forrester earnestly begged me to step in and to tell her our adventures. I explained, however, the importance of my errand, and promised faithfully to call and report any progress which we might make with the case. As we drove away I stole a glance back, and I still seem to see that little group on the step, the two graceful, clinging figures, the half-opened door, the hall light shining through stained glass, the barometer, and the bright stair-rods. It was soothing to catch even that passing glimpse of a tranquil English home in the midst of the wild, dark business which had absorbed us.

And the more I thought of what had happened, the wilder and darker it grew. I reviewed the whole extraordinary sequence of events as I rattled on through the silent gas-lit streets. There was the original problem; that at least was pretty clear now. The death of Captain Morstan, the sending of the pearls, the advertisement, the letter—we had had light upon all those events. They had only led us, however, to a deeper and far more tragic mystery. The Indian treasure, the curious plan found among Morstan's baggage, the strange scene at Major Sholto's death, the rediscovery of the treasure immediately followed by the murder of the discoverer, the very singular accompaniments to the crime, the footsteps, the remarkable weapons, the words upon the card, corresponding with those upon Captain Morstan's chart—here was indeed a labyrinth in which a man less singularly endowed than my fellow-lodger might well despair of ever finding the clue.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Those Japanese Bicycles.

The daily papers of late have made much noise about Japanese bicycles being sold in San Francisco at the low price of $12.50. With an eye to business, I have made careful inquiries at 'Frisco and have been unable to find a single Jap wheel for sale My correspondent has taken the trouble to look up the records in the 'Frisco Custom House, without finding, however, any importation of Japanese bicycles. I returned quite recently from Japan. Foreigners there all ride English, German or American wheels, which fact seems remarkable when one reads in our papers that our manufacturers have gloomy prospects before them. The only decent wheels of Japanese make I saw while in Japan were shown at the Kioto Exhibition last June. They had been made expressly for the exhibition, but in spite of this recommendation, I doubt if a foreigner could be fund in Japan who would trust himself on one of them.

Scuttling a Ship.

Inquiring Boy—Pa, what do sailors mean by scuttling a ship?

Pa (worried over family expenses)—They mean, my son, that they put a big hole in it like the one which Bridget's scuttle has made in that last ton of coal.—New York Weekly.

Where He Got It.

"I've given up the idea of trying to break Willie of using coarse slang."

"Can't you keep him off the streets?"

"Yes, that's easy enough. But I can't keep him from reading Sam Jones' sermons."—Chicago Tribune.

A Spring Poem.

[After R. K. Munkettrick.]

Oh, the rootle-tootle-tootle
Of the striped pollywog
As he blows the second fiddle
In the fastness of the bog,
And the swosshle-gosshle-rosshle
Of the soggy, sifty fog
Puts a crimplet in the whiskers
Of the bumplet on the log,
And the joyous snozzle-snozzle
Of the little yellow dog
Puts the razzum-tazzum-tazzum
Of the dingbats on the hog.
And he didn't split the wood.

Oh, the mellow rinkle-tinkle
Of the huckster and his bells
And the heavy ump-ta-ra-rum
Of the shirtlets of the swells
Do the rinky doodle-doodle
With the double barreled yells
Of the ferryboats, lopsided,
Loaded down with oyster shells,
And the oofty-goofty-goofty
Of an atmosphere of smells
Don't do a thing-ta-rinktum
To the hydrostatic spells.
But he carried in the ice.

Oh, the drowsy little beelet,
With his steady hummy-hum,
And the little German bandlet,
With its paucity of drum,
And the sweet girl graduatelet,
With her wad of sticky gum,
And the man without a jobiet
Macing money from his chum
To release his overcoatlet
From the rumpty-tumpty-tum—
All give warning to his giglets
That the days of spring have come.
And the blow almost killed fathers.
—Martin Green in New York Journal.

FROM THE JOKE FOUNDRY.

To Those About to Marry.

Well may the omens make you falter,
For "altar" rhymes with "halter."

Precarious is the married life,
For "wife" rhymes with "strife."

Be very wary whom you catch,
For "match" rhymes with "scratch."

Look not for quiet in the house,
For "spouse" rhymes with "rows."

Reflect, when conjugally looped,
That "Cupid" rhymes with "stupid."

And don't blame me for telling you
That "woo" rhymes with "rue."
—Pick Me Up.

A Slur on His Phiz.

"Ol didn't mind the threats av 'im," Mr. Hogan explained, "as much as th' insultin sthyle av his remarks."

"And fwhat did he say?" asked Mr. Grogan.

"He says to me, 'Hogan,' says he, ''tis a great notion I have to jump on you and knock your face into shape.'"—Indianapolis Journal.

The Charge.

Magistrate Threehee—Officer Flannigan, what's the charge against this man?

Officer Flannigan—Batin an officer, sur.

Magistrate Threehee—What did he do?

Officer Flannigan—He borrowed a quarter from me, sur, and forgot to return it.—St. Paul Dispatch.

Just as Mother Used to Do.

He criticised her puddings, and he didn't like her cake.
He wished she'd make the biscuit that his mother used to make.
She didn't wash the dishes, and she didn't make a stew,
And she didn't mend his stockings as his mother used to do.
Ah, well, she wasn't perfect, though she tried to do her best,
Until at length she thought her time had come to have a rest.
So when one day he went the same old rigmarole all through
She turned and boxed his ears just as his mother used to do.
—New York Evening Sun.

A Long Needed Sea Story.

Publisher—I wish you would write us a good sea story.

Great Author—But I have never been to sea.

"I know it. I want a sea story that people can understand."—New York Weekly.

Her Place.

"I see that scientists have figured out there are 700,000,000 people in the world who are only partially dressed."

"Well, well! Then the society girl is not one of the 400, but one of the 700,000,000, isn't she?"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

An I O U.

'Tis said the loving letters
Of the alphabet are "U"
And "I," and when they are alone
The saying may be true.

The trouble is the letter "O"
Quite oft divides the two,
Transposing them and breaking off
The match they had in view.
—New York Journal.

He'd Plant It.

Billy—And, supposing Dr. Nansen was to find the north pole, wot would he do wiv it?

Tommy—Why, stick it up on the Thames embankment like they 'ave Cleoparty's Needle.—Punch.

Dreamed He Had Threes.

"But I pass," continued the parson, dismissing one head of his discourse.

"Raise 'er the limit!" yelled a man in a front seat, just awakening from happy dreams of last night's poker game.—New York Sun.

The Old Story.

Farmer, in a hotel. Bedtime.
Blows the light out. Bright man he!
"Found next morn asphyxiated?"
Nup. It was a candle. See?
Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Comforting.

Skinflint—Oh, I cannot bear to die and leave all my money behind me!

Gayboy—Don't worry, uncle. It'll come to the same end as if you took it along. I promise to burn it for you.—New York Journal.

A Hopeless Case.

Judge—How is it that at your preliminary examination you pleaded not guilty and now you plead guilty?

Prisoner—I've seen the young lawyer your honor named to defend me.—Exchange.

An Old Song With Variations.

Lives of presidents remind us
That with fair degree of luck,
Departing, we may leave behind us
The bones of many a juicy duck.
—Philadelphia North American.

Both Objectionable.

"Yes," replied the woman with the square jaw, "my husband is full all the time. When he isn't full of liquor, he's full of remorse, and I'd as lief have him one way as the other."—Town Topics.

Battle Hymn.

We've got the men, we've got the ships—
At least we think we've got 'em—
For to the hour of going to press
No more had hit the bottom.
—Indianapolis Journal.

For Principle.

She—If you kiss me, I'll scream.

He—But there is no one but ourselves in the house.

She—I don't care about that. It's the principle of the thing.—Town Topics.

A Warning.

Lives of great men should remind us
One diversion sense forbids—
Not to go and leave behind us
Lofty names on humdrum kids.
—Chicago Record.

Hornswoggled.

A swindler 'twas I traded with.
The way he cheated me was sin.
My bargain shoes have broken out
Before I got them broken in.
—Detroit News.

A BLESSED MISTAKE.

MARY MAGDALENE STANDING AT THE RIFLED TOMB.

Rev. Dr. Talmage Pictures the Working Day Christ in Common Apparel—The Scars of Earth—Glorious Thoughts Inspired by the Resurrection of Christ.

Washington, April 18.—This sermon of Dr. Talmage will set its readers to thinking on new lines and will make this season of Easter more inspiring than ever. The text is John xx, 15, "She, supposing him to be the gardener."

Here are Mary Magadalene and Christ, just after his resurrection. For 4000 years a grim and ghastly tyrant had been killing people and dragging them into his cold place. He had a passion for human skulls. For 40 centuries he had been unhindered in his work. He had taken down kings and queens and conquerors and those without fame. In that cold palace there were shelves of skulls, and pillars of skulls, and altars of skulls, and even the chalices at the table were made of bleached skulls. To the skeleton of Abel he had added the skeleton of all ages, and no one had disputed his right until one Good Friday, about 1,867 years ago, as near as I can calculate it, a mighty stranger came to the door of that awful place, rolled back the door and went in and seizing the tyrant, threw him to the pavement and put upon the tyrant's neck the heel of triumph.

Then the mighty stranger, exploring all the ghastly furniture of the place and walking through the labyrinths, and opening the dark cellars of mystery and tarrying under a roof the ribs of which were made of human bones—tarrying for two nights and a day, the nights very dark and the day very dismal, he seized the two chief pillars of that awful palace and rocked them until it began to fall, and then laying hold of the ponderous front gate, hoisted it from its hinges and marched forth, crying, "I am the Resurrection!" That event we celebrate this Easter morn, Handelian and Beethovean miracles of sound added to this floral decoration which has set the place abloom.

Scene at the Tomb.

There are three or four things which the world and the church have not noticed in regard to the resurrection of Christ. First, our Lord in gardener's attire. Mary Magdalene, grief struck, stands by the rifled sarcophagus of Christ and turns around, hoping she can find the track of the sacrilegious resurrectionist who has despoiled the grave, and she finds some one in working apparel come forth as if to water the flowers or uproot the weeds from the garden or set to reclimbing the fallen vine—some one in working apparel, his garments perhaps having the sign of the dust and the dirt of the occupation.

Mary Magdalene, on her face the rain of a fresh shower of weeping, turns to this workman and charges him with the desecration of the tomb, when, lo! the stranger responds, flinging his whole soul into one word which trembles with all the sweetest rhythm of earth and heaven, saying, "Mary!" In that peculiarity of accentuation all the incognito fell off, and she found that instead of talking with an humble gardener of Asia Minor she was talking with him who owns all the hanging gardens of heaven. Constellations the clusters of forgetmenots, the sunflower the chief of all, the morning sky and mid-night aurora, flaring terraces of beauty, blazing like a summer wall with coronation roses and giants of battle. Blessed and glorious mistake of Mary Magdalene! "She supposing him to be the gardener." What does that mean? It means that we have an everyday Christ for everyday work in everyday apparel. Not on Sabbath morning in our most seemly apparel are we more attractive to Christ than we are in our everyday work dress, managing our merchandise, smiting our anvil, plowing our field, tending the flying shuttles, mending the garments for our household, providing food for our families or toiling with weary pen or weary pencil or weary chisel. A working day Christ in working day apparel for us in our every-day toil. Put it into the highest strain of this Easter anthem, "Supposing him to be the gardener."

In Working Clothes.

If Christ had appeared at daybreak with a crown upon his head that would have seemed to suggest especial sympathy for monarchs; if Christ had appeared in chain of gold and with robe diamonded, that would have seemed to be especial sympathy for the affluent; if Christ had appeared with soldier's sash and sword dangling at his side, that would have seemed to imply especial sympathy for warriors; but when I find Christ in gardener's habit, with perhaps the flakes of the earth and of the upturned soil upon his garments, then I spell it out that he has hearty and pathetic understanding with everyday work and everyday anxiety and everyday fatigue.

Roll it down in comfort all through these isles. A working day Christ in working day apparel. Tell it in the darkest corridor of the mountain to the poor miner. Tell it to the factory maid in most unventilated establishment at Lowell or Lancaster. Tell it to the clearer of roughest new ground in western wilderness. Tell it to the sewing woman, a stitch in the side for every stitch in the garment, some of their cruel employers having no right to think that they will get through the door of heaven any more than they could through the eye of a broken needle which has just dropped on the bare floor from the pricked and bleeding fingers of the consumptive sewing girl. Away with your talk about hypostatic union, and soteriology of the council of Trent, and the metaphysics of religion which would freeze practical Christianity our of the world, but pass along this gardener's coat to all nations that they may touch the hem of it and feel the thrill of the Christly brotherhood. Not supposing the man to be Caesar, not supposing him to be Socrates, but "supposing him to be the gardener."

Oh, that is what helped Joseph Wedgwood, toiling amid the heat and the dust of the potteries, until he could make for Queen Charlotte the first royal table service of English manufacture! That was what helped James Watt, scoffed at and caricatured until he could put on wheels the thunderbolt of power which roars by day and night in every furnace of the locomotive engines of America. That is what helped Hugh Miller, toiling amid the quarries of Cromarty, until every rock became to him a volume of the world's biography and he found the footsteps of the Creator in the old red sandstone. Oh, the world wants a Christ for the office, a Christ for the kitchen, a Christ for the shop, a Christ for the banking house, a Christ for the garden, while spading and planting and irrigating the territory! Oh, of course we want to see Christ at last in royal robe and bediamonded, a celestial equestrian mounting the white horse, but from this Easter of 1897 to our last Easter on earth we most need to see Christ as Mary Magdalene saw him at the daybreak, "supposing him to be the gardener!"

Hope for Great Sinners.

Another thing which the church and the world have not noticed in regard to the resurrection of Christ is that he made his first post mortem appearance to one who had been the seven deviled Mary Magdalene. One would have supposed he would have made his first posthumous appearance to a woman who had always been illustrious for goodness. There are saintly women who have always been saintly, saintly in girlhood, saintly in infancy, always saintly. In nearly all our families there have been saintly aunts. In my family circle it was saintly Aunt Phebe. In yours saintly Aunt Martha or saintly Aunt Ruth. One always saintly. But not so was the one spoken of in the text.

While you are not to confound her with the repentant courtesan who had made her long locks do the work of towel at Christ's foot washing, you are not to forget that she was exocrised of seven devils. What a capital of demonology she must have been! What a chorus of all diabolism! Seven devils—two for the eyes and two for the hands, and two for the feet, and one for the tongue. Seven devils. Yet all these are extirpated, and now she is as good as once she was bad, and Christ honors her with the first posthumous appearance. What does that mean?

Why, it means for worst sinner greatest grace. It means those lowest down shall come perhaps highest up. It means that the clock that strikes 12 at midnight may strike 12 at midnoon. It means that the grace of God is seven times stronger than sin. Mary Magdalene the seven deviled became Mary Magdalene the seven angeled. It means that when the Lord meets us at last he will not throw up to us what we have been. All he said to her was "Mary!" Many people having met her under such circumstances would have said: "Let me see, how many devils did you have? One two, three, four, five, six, seven. What a terrible piece you were when I first met you." The most of the Christian women in our day would have nothing to do with Mary Magdalene, even after her conversion, lest somehow they be compromised. The only thing I have to say against women is that they have not enough mercy for Mary Magdalene. Christ put all pathos, and all reminiscence, and all anticipation, and all pardon, and all comfort, and all heaven into one word of four letters, "Mary!" Mark you, Christ did not appear to some Bible Elizabeth, or Bible Hannah, or Bible Esther, or Bible Deborah, or Bible Vashti, but to Mary; not to a Mary against whom nothing was said, not to Mary, the mother of Jesus, not to Mary, the mother of James, not to Mary, the sister of Lazarus, but to a seven deviled Mary.

There is a man seven deviled—devil of avarice, devil of pride, devil of hate, devil of indolence, devil of falsehood, devil of strong drink, devil of impurity. Good can take them all away, 7 or 70. I rode over the new cantalever bridge that spans Niagara—a bridge 900 feet long, 850 feet of chasm from bluff to bluff. I passed over it without any anxiety. Why? Because 22 locomotives and 22 cars laden with gravel had tested the bridge, thousands of people standing on the Canadian side, thousands standing on the American side to applaud the achievement And however long the train of our immortal interests may be, we are to remember that God's bridge of mercy spanning the chasm of sin has been fully tested by the awful tonnage of all the pardoned sin of all ages, church militant standing on one bank, church triumphant standing on the other bank. Oh, it was to the seven de .ed Mary that Christ made his first post mortem appearance.

There is another thing that the world and the church have not observed in regard to this resurrection, and that is, it was the morning twilight.

Easter Dawn.

If the chronometer had been invented and Mary had as good a watch as some of the Marys of our time have, she would have found it was about half-past 5 o'clock a. m. Matthew says it was in the dawn. Mark says it was at the sunrising. Luke says it was very early in the morning. John says it was while it was yet dark. In other words, it was twilight. That was the o'clock at which Mary Magdalene mistook Christ for the gardener. What does that mean? It means there a.e shadows over the grave unlifted, shadows of mystery that are hovering. Mary stooped down and tried to look to the other end of the crypt. She gave hysteric outcry. She could not see to the other end of that crypt.

Neither can you see to the other end of the grave of your dead. Neither can we see to the other end of our own grave. Oh, if there were shadows over the family plot belonging to Joseph of Arimathea, is it strange that there should be some shadows over our family lot? Easter dawn, not Easter noon.

Shadow of unanswered question! Why were they taken away from us? Why were they ever given to us if they were to be taken so soon? Why were they taken so suddenly. Why could they not have uttered some farewell words Why? A short question, but a whole crucifixion of agony in it. Why? Shadow on the graves of good men and women who seemed to die before their work was done. Shadow on all the graves of children because we ask ourselves why so beautiful a craft launched at all if it was to be wrecked one mile outside of the harbor? But what did Mary Magdalene have to do in order to get more light on that grave? She had only to wait. After awhile the Easter sun rolled up, and the whole place was flooded with light. What have you and I to do in order to get more light on our own graves and light up... the graves of our dear loved ones? Only to wait.

Charles V of Spain with his servants and torches went down into the vault of the necropolis where his ancestors were buried, and went deeper, farther on until he came to a cross around which were arranged the caskets of his ancestors. He also found a casket containing the body of one of his own family. He had that casket opened, and there by the embalmer's art he found that the body was as perfect as 18 years before when it was entombed But under the exploration his body and mind perished. Oh, my friends, do not let us morbidly struggle with the shadows of the sepulcher. What are we to do? Wait. It is not the evening twilight that gets darker and darker. It is the morning twilight that gets brighter and brighter into the perfect day. I preach it to-day. Sunrise over Pere le Chaise, sunrise over Greyfriars churchyard, sunrise over Greenwood, over Woodlawn, over Laurel Hill, over Mount Auburn, over Congressional burying ground, sunrise over every country graveyard, sunrise over the catacombs, sunrise over the sarcophagi, where the ships lie buried. Half past 5 o'clock among the tombs now, but soon to be the noonday of explanation and beatitude. It was in the morning twilight that Mary Magdalene mistook Christ for a gardener.

Another thing the world and the church have not observed—that is, Christ's pathetic credentials. How do you know it was not a gardener? His garments said he was a gardener. The flakes of the upturned earth scattered upon his garments said he was a gardener. How do you know he was not a gardener? Ah! Before Easter had gone by he gave to some of his disciples his three credentials. He showed them his hands and his side. Three paragraphs written in rigid or depressed letters. A scar in the right palm, a scar in the left palm, a scar amid the ribs—scars, scars. That is the way they knew him. That is the way you and I will know him.

Aye, am I saying this morning too much when I say that will be one of the ways in which you and I will know each other by the scars of earth; scars of accident, scars of sickness, scars of persecution, scars of hard work, scars of battle, scars of old age? When I see Christ's resurrected body having scars, it makes me think that our remodeled and resurrected bodies will have scars. Why, before we get out of this world some of us will be covered with scars all over. Heaven will not be a bay into which float summer yachts after a pleasuring, with the gay bunting and with the embroidered sails as fair as when they were first unfurled. Heaven will be more like a navy yard where men-of-war come in from Trafalgar and Lepanto, men-of-war with maists twisted by a cyclone, men-of-war struck on all sides by 74 pounders, men-of-war with decks scorched of the shell. Old Constitution, old Constellations, floating in discharged from service to rest forever. In the resurrection Christ credentialed by scars. You and I will be credentialed, and will recognize each other by scars. Do you think them now a disfigurement? Do you think them now a badge of endurance? I tell you the glorious thought this morning, they are going to be the means of heavenly recognition.

There is one more thing that the world and the church have not noticed in this resurrection of Christ, and that is that Christ from Friday to Sabbath was lifeless in a hot climate where sanitary prudence demanded that burial take place the same day as death, and where there was no ice to retard dissolution. Yet, after three days he comes up so healthful, so robust and so rubicund Mary Magdalene takes him for a gardener. Not supposing him to be an invalid from a hospital, not supposing him to be a corpse from the tomb, but supposing him to be the gardener. Healthful by the breath of the upturned sod, and by a perpetual life in the sunshine.

Glorious Consolation.

After Christ's interment every celullar tissue broke down, and nerve and artery and brain were a physiological wreck, and yet he comes up swarthy, rubicund and well. When I see after such mortuary silence such radiant appearance, that settles it that whatever should become of the bodies of our Christian dead they are going to come up, the nerves restrung, the optic nerve reillumined, the ear drum a-vibrate, the whole body lifted up, without its weaknesses and worldly uses for which there is no resurrection. Come, is it not almost time for us to go out to meet our reanimated dead? Can you not hear the lifting of the rusted latch?

Oh, the glorious thought, the glorious consolation of this subject when I find Christ coming up without any of the lacerations—for you must remember he was lacerated and wounded fearfully in the crucifixion—coming up without one! What does that make me think? That the grave will get nothing of us except our wounds and imperfections. Christ went into the grave exhausted and bloodless. All the currents of his life had poured out from his wounds. He had lived a life of trouble, sorrow and privation, and then he died a lingering death. His entire body hung on four spikes. No invalid of 20 years' suffering ever went into the grave so white and ghastly and broken down as Christ, and yet here he comes up so rubicund and robust she supposed him to be the gardener.

Ah, all the side aches, and the headaches, and the back aches, and the leg aches, and the heart aches we will leave where Christ left his. The ear will come up without its heaviness, the eye will come up without its dimness, the lungs will come up without oppressed respiration. Oh, what races we will run when we become immortal athletes! Oh, what circuits we will take when, all earthly imperfections subtracted and all celestial velocities added, we shall set up our residence in that city which, though vaster than all the cities of this world, shall never have one obsequy!

Standing this morning round the shattered masonry of our Lord's tomb I point you to a world without hearse, without muffled drum, without tumulus, without catafalque and without a tear. Amid all the cathedrals of the blessed no longer the "Dead March in Saul," but whole libretti of "Halleluiah Chorus." Oh, put trumpet to lip and finger to key and loving forehead against the bosom of a risen Christ! Halleluiah, amen. Halleluiah, amen!

Took It for a Tip.

An officer of the United States Lighthouse Bureau tells a good story on himself. While on a trip to England he visited one of the big lighthouses with an English official. He was examining the mechanism of the monster revolving lamp and wished to see how many seconds would elapse before it completed a revolution. He took a half-crown piece from his pocket and placed it on the revolving framework.

Watch in hand he patiently waited for the coin to come round again to where he was standing, but no half crown appeared. The seconds lengthened into minutes—still no half crown!

"Strange!" he exclaimed. "What can be the meaning of it?"

In order to ascertain the cause of the strange phenomenon, he walked round to the other side of the lamp, and in doing so encountered one of the lighthouse men, who touched his hat and said: "Thank you, sir," in an undertone.

The man, seeing the coin coming towards him, had pocketed it, thinking it was meant for a tip.

A Century of Dismemberment.

The idle talk about the integrity of the Turkish empire deceives nobody today. The dismemberment of Turkey began over 100 years ago. In 1783 Turkey lost the Crimea. In 1830 she lost Greece. In 1857 Moldavia and Wallachia, the two Danubian principalities, were united, and finally became the present flourishing kingdom of Roumania under King Charles in 1881. In 1862 the Turkish garrison evacuated Belgarde, and in 1878 Servia became an independent kingdom. Bulgaria is virtually independent under Prince Ferdinand, and Turkey quietly acquiesced in the absorption of eastern Roumelia in 1887. Kars and Batum were snatched by Russia in 1878. England seized Cyprus in the same year, and Austria was comfortably installed in Bosnia and Herzegovina. Where is the alleged integrity of the Turkish empire in the face of the above historical facts? Bosnia and Herzegovina, two essentially Mussulman provinces, have nothing in common with Austria, which now rules over them.

But when the question of Crete and Greece comes to be considered, all Christian Europe shakes with holy horror at the unreasonable aspirations of Greece in seeking to free an island inhabited by a homogeneous population, professing the same faith and situated at its very doors. But in this advanced era of civilization a new force, that makes for justice, is always felt on occasions like this among civilized nations, and that is public opinion. While Lord Salisbury was declaring in the house of Lords that Crete cannot be united to Greece, 100 English Liberals were signing a telegram of sympathy to King George, and a monster meeting of 30,000 Englishmen in Hyde Park were passing resolutions in favor of Greece. —Demetrius N. Botassi, Grecian Consul General at New York, in North American Review.

Had an Easy Time.

"What most impresses you in regard to George Washington?" asked the teacher.

The boy debated with himself for several minutes before answering. Then he said:

"The easy time he had when he went to school."

"What do you mean by that?" demanded the teacher.

"Well, he didn't have any long list of presidents to learn in their regular order." —Chicago Post.

A Level Headed Guy.

Bunko Bill—That guy was so level headed I kind o' hated to swipe his roll.

Steering Sam—How's that, pardner?

Bunko Bill—Before leavin Hickory Corners he bought a return ticket.—New York Sunday Journal.

A Long Wait.

Mike, having been directed to go down to the station and see when the next train left, is gone about two hours.

Perkins (anxiously)—Well, Mike?

Mike—Well, sor, I had to wait a long toime, sor, but it has just left.—Harper's Bazar.

Sleeplessness is due to nervous excitement. The delicately constituted, the financier, the business man, and those whose occupation necessitates great mental strain or worry, all suffer less or more from it. Sleep is the great restorer of a worried brain, and to get sleep cleanse the stomach from all impurities with a few doses of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, gelatine coated, containing no mercury, and are guaranteod to give satisfaction or the money will be refunded.

A Bear In Her Path.

"This baby carriage with a canopy top is a good thing," said the early spring nursegirl to the policeman in the park.

"Then push it along," grimly ordered the bobby.—Detroit Free Press.

Operations Postponed.

Justwed—If you will get me the oil, my dear, I will oil the casters in this chair so they won't creak.

Mrs. Justwed—But there isn't a drop of castor oil in the house.—New York Sunday Journal.

WAS SLOWLY DYING.

THE RESULT OF AN ATTACK OF LA GRIPPE AND PNEUMONIA.

The Strange Case of Mr. James Owen, of Johnville—Doctors Told Him His Lungs Were Affected and He Could Not Recover —Now in Good Health.

From the Sherbrooke Gazette.

When a man faces what medical authorities tell him is certain death, and regains health and strength, he is naturally grateful to the medicine that has restored him. Such a man is Mr. James Owen, one of the best known farmers in the vicinity of Johnville, Que. Mr. Owen tells his story of shatttered health and renewed strength as follows: "On the 17th of December, 1894, I was attacked with la grippe. A week later the trouble developed into pneumonia in its worst form, and I did not leave my bed until the first of March, 1895, and then I was so weak that I was unable to walk alone. All winter my life hung in the balance. Summer came, and I was still weak and feeble, though with the warm weather I gained a little strength. I had however, but very little power in my legs, and I could not ride a mile in a buggy owing to the pain they caused me. My lungs also troubled me and I raised a great deal of matter. I then consulted the best doctor we have in this section of province. He told me candidly that I was past medical help. He said that my left lung was in a state of collapse and that my right lung was also affected. This was in July, 1895. For the next three

months, every day seemed to draw me nearer the end. I was so pressed for breath at times that I could not walk any distance without stopping to regain it. In the month of November I began to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. It was certainly a forlorn hope and I admit I did not expect much benefit from them, but took them rather to please a friend who urged me to do so. I believe I was surprised when I found they were helping me, for I thought I was beyond the aid of medicine, but help me they did, and I gladly continued their use. The result is they have made a well man of me. I have not a pain about me, my breath comes as freely as it ever did, and I am strong and vigorous. My case can be briefly summed up in a few words. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have given me a new lease of life and I am glad to let everybody know it."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills create new blood, build up the nerves, and thus drive disease from the system. In hundreds of cases they have cured after all other medicines had failed, thus establishing the claim that they are a marvel among the triumphs of modern medical science. The genuine Pink Pills are sold only in boxes, bearing the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." Protect yourself from imposition by refusing any pill that does not bear the registered trade mark around the box.

Why He Wouldn't Shoot.

An English guardsman the other day was discussing politics in a public house in the Edgware Road with two seedy Hyde Park orators.

"Tell us," they asked him, "if one day the down-trodden British workman were to revolt, would you fire on him?"

"Never!"

"You're one of the right sort. You must have a drink with us. Three pints, please."

After they had drank the soldier's health, one of them casually asked:—

"How many men like yourself can we count on in your barracks?"

"All the band; they will all act as myself. I play on the big drum, you know," the guardsman quietly remarked as he finished the contents of his glass.

Jenny Lind's Terrible Nervousness.

A reminiscent article on Jenny Lind and her home life has been prepared by her daughter, Mrs. Raymond Maude, for publication in the May Ladies' Home Journal. It is said to be filled with interesting memories of the famous singer, and is noteworthy also as being the first view we have of her through the eyes of her adoring daughter. Mrs. Maude brings to light the fact that Jenny Lind was always nervous and overstrung before events—just before singing in a new opera or oratorio, but was quite calm when the very moment of action arrived.

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

A Thin Wrapper.

She—Why don't you say something, Mr. Folly?

He—Oh, I beg your pardon, dear. I was completely wrapped up in thought.

She—Aren't you cold?—New York Evening Journal.

PERSONALS.

Mr. Dave Roy left Thursday for Texada Island.

Miss Roy of Royal Beach, is visiting in Vancouver.

Mrs. Geo. Roe of Courtenay, went down to Nanaimo last week. She will visit Seattle before returning.

Dr. Millard has returned from Jubilee Hospital, and in a short time will be able to attend to his professional duties.

Mr. Harry Urquhart of Courtenay, was a passenger on the City of Nanaimo, Friday, for Victoria. He will make a visit to the west coast of the island before he returns.

Mrs. Lewis Mounce, Mrs. Watson Mounce and Mrs. Mounce of Wellington and their families, with Miss Dimmick of Wellington, are camping during the hot spell, at or near Camp Bonita.

LOCALS

LAWN SOCIAL TO-NIGHT.

The H. M. S. Imperieuse sailed on Friday last from Comox harbor.

Urquhart Bros., of Courtenay have furnished the timber for Trent River bridge

LAWN SOCIAL TO-NIGHT.

We understand W. B. McInnes, M. P. will be up this way before a great while, to meet his constituents and discuss with them matters affecting their interests.

The new hospital at Revelstoke has been opened with success. Dr. Jeffs is the surgeon, and the number of patients shows that the institution was needed.

The hot spell through which we have passed has been unprecedented for Union, the thermometer registering as high as 92 in the shade at times. It was a few degrees lower in the Valley.

ICE CREAM AND LEMONADE MUSIC!

The receipt of complimentary tickets to the Fruit Fair to be held at Spokane, Wash. Oct. 5th to 16th, by the "editor of THE NEWS and his lady" is acknowlekged. Why not arrange for a Press Excursion ?

We have received, per order, from Mr. M. J. Henry of Vancouver, a box of plants in fine condition, carefully packed. Every body knows how Mr. Henry does a straight business, and we can recommend him to any contemplating ordering trees, roses, etc.

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

Mr Calnan Remembered Returns Thanks.

Mr. John E. Calnan, who was injured in the mines some time ago, was the recipient Saturday of the very neat sum of $59.35 collected of the miners, by Mr. John Combe and Mr. Dave Jones. Mr. Calnan desires to return his thanks for this kind remberance.

Lanterns swinging;
Clear as day;
Music ringing;—
Won't it be gay?
Come along.
Come to the Lawn Social and bring your friends. Remember it is to-night.

Str. CITY of NANAIMO

Passenger list, Aug, 29th.—F. Welch, R. Nightingale, Mr. Westwood, G. Williams, Mr. Haskins, J. N. Muire, A. M. McDonald, S. L. Dowell, G. L. Scheoty, Mrs. Smythe, Rev. W. Hicks, Mrs. Forster, B.I. Westwood, Miss Westwood, Ira Westwood Mrs. McKinnon, Mrs. Wilson, Mr. Hortel, T. Atkins.

UNION SHIPPING.

On the 17th the str. Maude left with 146 tons of coal for the C. P. N. Co., Victoria; and on same date the steamer Tees called for 24 tons of fuel, and the Danube took 128 tons of coal.

The Glory of the Seas left on the 18th with 2,500 tons of coal and 481 tons of coke for San Francisco.

On the 19th the tug Lorne took 21 tons of coal for fuel; the Thistle left with 154 tons of coal for the U.S. steamer Monterey, Seattle; and the Tepic took over 229 tons of coal for the C. P. R. and 188 tons of coke for the Trail smelter.

20th.—Geo. E. Star, bound for Seattle, took 21 tons of coal.

On Jack Roe's grounds
This Tuesday night,
Ice cream abounds
'Pon honor brigt!
Ice cream.

If you are dry,
You there will find
Some lemonade
Just to your mind.
Lemonade

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

NOTICE.

The Solicitor to the Indian Department, (Mr. T. E. Rothwell,) has been commissioned by the Dominion Government to hold an inquiry at Nanaimo into the claims of certain settlers to coal, etc. against the Dominion—arising out of the Settlement Act 1883.

The investigation will take place early in September. Some of the settlers are preparing their cases and it is desirable that ALL interested should present their case.

British Columbia Directory.

THE WILLIAMS guaranteed to be the only complete Directory of British Columbia that will be published this year. As soon as issued from the press it will be delivered throughout Comox District. Take no other and see you get THE WILLIAMS'.

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The only First Class Tensorial Artist in the City.

When you may wish an easy shave
As good as barbers ever gave,
Just call at my shaving parlor
At morn, eve or busy noon.
I cut and dress the hair with grace
To suit the contour of the face.
The room is neat and towels clean,
Scissors sharp and razors keen,
And everything I think you'll find
To suit the taste and please the mind;
And all my art and skill can do,
If you just call I'll do for you.

SID C. HOOVER
Union, B. C.

Opposite Vendome Hotel.

TO SAIL AUG. 25TH.

The steamer Bristol will sail from Union, Oregon, on 25th, for St Michaels, conveying the river steamer Eugene to that port.

THE KINGSTON TAKES A LOAD UP.

Victoria, Aug. 20.—The steamer Kingston left for Dyea to-day with over 200 passengers, 150 horses and 500 tons of freight.

MUST PAY DUTY.

Seattle, Aug. 21.—Steamer which just arrived in port yesterday from Dyea brought the following letter: Skaguay, Alaska, Aug. 4th: Twelve Canadian Customs Officers arrived here and have a Custom house at the portage of Lake Bennet and Tagish Lake. The duty is about $30 on the average outfit of the Yukoners. The officers all are armed and have the assistance of the mounted police forces. Miners and prospectors are very excited over the situation. This may lead to complications. Canadian officers will enforce the law.

Rev. Mr. Hardy of Vancouver, formerly of Glasgow, Scotland, will preach in the Presbyterian Church on Sunday

NOTICE

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

V. E. Norris, Sec'y

SUBSCRIBE FOR "THE NEWS." $2 00 PER ANNUM.

LAWN SOCIAL

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UNDER THE AUSPICES OF

Ladies of Trinity Church

On THIS TUESDAY Evening

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ON THE BEAUTIFUL GROUNDS OF

MR. JOHN ROE, OPPOSITE HOSPITAL

+ × +

Ice Cream and Lemonade

—MUSIC—

Everybody COME!

ADMISSION TO GROUNDS FREE

JERSEY STOCK

...FOR SALE...

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.

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. & Sund'y
Lv. Victoria for Nanaimo and Wellington	A. M. 8.00	P. M. 4.00
Ar. Nanaimo	11.48	7.25
Ar. Wellington	12.15	7.45

GOING SOUTH—READ UP.

	A M Daily.	P M. Sat. & Sund'y.
Ar. Victoria	12.20	8.00
Lv. Nanaimo for Victoria	8.40	4.33
Lv. Wellington for Victoria	8.15	4.15

For rates and information apply at Company's offices.

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

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Before placing your orders for anything in this line for fall planting, you will find it to your interest to correspond with me. I am prepared to furnish better stock than ever and can give special prices on several varieties of which I have a surplus.

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Shoes! Shoes! Shoes!

King & Co.

We have just received 400 pairs of ladies' and Children's shoes from J. D. King & Co. the acknowledged best makers of children's shoes in Canada. Their lines at $1.00 and $1.25 can't be beat and we will guarantee every pair of them for style and finish. They are first class.

SLATER'S—It is needless to tell you anything about this make. You already know that theirs are the leaders for men. We have just received all the latest styles for the fall. The Bull-dog, with heavy rubber soles, the Broad-foot, the Piccadilly and the Coin, are some of the new ones. You will be well repaid by having a look at these before buying. e have them to fit all feet, long or short, broad or narrow.

AMES HOLDE AND CO.—We have as usual, a full line of this popular firm's in ladies', misses, child's, men's and boys', in prices to suit every one

Our entire stock of

Ladies' and misses Oxford shoes must be cleared out. See the lines at 75c. $1.00 and $1.25.

SIMON LEISER, UNION.