

The Weekly News.

NO. 250. UNION COMOX DISTRICT, B. C., TUESDAY AUG. 31st, 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.

| 0 |

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

All work guaranteed

SPECIAL PRIZE.

A prize of two dollars will be given by Mrs. M. Whitney for dressed doll to be exhibited at the Comox Agricultural and Industrial Show at Courtenay, Oct. 7th, by girl not over 12 years of age. To be awarded to most neatly made and complete costume, irrespective of quality of material.

Latest by Wire

Millions in Gold from the Klondike—Steamer and Sawmill for Teslin Lake. The Nanaimo Boys Over the Summit, which means Union Boys, too—Gold from the Treadwell Mines—Gold in the Wheat Rise. Mount St. Elias Successfully Ascended—Minor Items.

MOUNT ST. ELIAS ASCENDED.

Nanaimo, Aug. 26.—The steamer Topeka arrived this morning with Duke of Abruzzi, Prince Louis of Savoy, Italy, and party aboard, who successfully climbed Mt. St. Elias. The party speak highly of the trip. Valuable scientific observations were made. The party is reticent, but full reports will be made to the Alpine Club, in the course of a few months, by the prince. The party reached the summit at noon, July 31st; no accident occurred on the trip.

TONS OF GOLD.

Archie Shelp, Mackey and Birch, from Klondike arrived at Juneau from Dawson, having left there July 30th. They reached Dyea by the pass on the 18th inst. Shelp says over three and a half tons of gold, valued at \$2,000,000, were shipped on the steamer Portland. Bonanza Creek is all staked and paying well. Wages are \$15 a day. One claim on Eldorado yielding the owner \$10,000, he has handed over to his friends, being well satisfied with what he already had. The Skagway trail is blocked. Packing is 40 cts. per pound. Thirteen Victorians are returning on the steamer Danube due next week.

MORE GOING.

The steamer Coquitlam left Hirst's wharf last night, loaded down to her water line, with loadmakers and freight.

SUSPENDED.

Seattle.—As an out come of the inquiry into the wrecking of the steamer Mexico, both captain Thomas and pilot Connell have been suspended.

DEATH IN NANAIMO.

Nanaimo, Aug. 28.—Barbara, wife of Walter T. Rowbottom, formerly of Union, died at 11:30 o'clock yesterday morning.

WOODS HANGED.

Nelson, B.C., Aug. 30.—Jas. Woods, the murderer of Paddy Woods, was hanged in the jail here early this morning.

NANAIMO KLONDIKERS O.K.

Nanaimo, Aug. 28.—Letter received here states that the Nanaimo party got over the summit all right. One of them swears if he were in Nanaimo now, he wouldn't leave it for \$1000.

POSITIVELY A SMELTER.

Vancouver, Aug. 27.—J. H. Rothschild writes that his syndicate will positively build a smelter in Vancouver, costing \$250,000, work to commence this coming winter, and to be finished in June.

TREADWELL MINES THIS TIME.

Nanaimo, Aug. 28.—A shipment of gold bricks, valued at fully \$100,000 were brought down from the Treadwell mine by the City of Topeka, which arrived yesterday.

FOR TESLIN LAKE.

The steamer Thistle passed Nanaimo on her way to Wrangell from Victoria, with materials for two sawmills and two steamers to be built on Teslin Lake.

CAUGHT IN THE NORTH.

Port Townsend, Aug. 28.—The steamer Portland has on board a murderer who has been chased by the detectives half way around the world. He is in irons and under constant watch. His name is Wm. Smith, and is wanted for murder in the States.

GOLDEN WHEAT.

Woodstock, Ont.—Mrs. C. Thomas, of this place, made \$11,000 from an investment of \$300 in the wheat market at Chicago.

Mr. D. Kilpatrick has opened a blacksmith shop on the corner of Second St. and Dunsmuir Avenue, and has secured a first class mechanic to attend promptly to all business offered.

The Lawn Social last week netted about \$30.00 over expenses.

Any one wishing photographs should call at once. I leave September 10th.

KELLY

McPhee & Moore,

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

The Lawn Social

PERHAPS NO social or entertainment was ever gotten up in Union on so short notice as the Lawn Social by the ladies of Trinity Church last Tuesday evening. The weather had been—as some declare—intolerably hot, and when the idea of an out-door ice cream social was broached, it was feared a "coolness" might soon begin—in the weather. So the ladies accepting the kind offer of Mr. Jno. Roe, of the use of his handsome lawn and residence, quickly arranged for the cakes, the art of making which is not new to them. An abundance of ice and cream were procured. Mrs. Ben Westwood gave the use of her piano. A short musical program was prepared. Hanging lights and Chinese lanterns were obtained. How to get the ear of the public—and attendance was the puzzle. The NEWS was issued earlier than usual, but could only give a few hours notice. It put the notices into rhyme to attract attention, and issued a small supplement which it placed in the hands of Master George Watson for gratuitous circulation.

Everything seemed swimming, but, alas! the clerk of the weather had not been consulted. How the clever ladies in charge, overlooked the Weather Prophet is indeed a wonder! But they did. The clouds gathered during the day, and at one time sent down ominous drops of rain. The winds grew chilly. Then, as if to afford ground for hope, the sun came out brightly, and the dark omens disappeared. Undeterred the ladies continued their preparations, but not without many misgivings.

When night approached—like all earthly things—it was not altogether good; not wholly bad—a mixture; not raining nor particularly windy, but chilly, and damp. One medical gentleman appeared on the scene with an overcoat, which snatched of comfort.

The residence was well lighted, and the front and lawn looked bright and fairy like with gay colored lanterns. And as the music "rose and swelled" and floated out upon the air, a goodly-sized crowd gathered; and "there was hurrying to and fro" smiling-faced ladies with ice cream and cake for ladies and gentlemen seated around little square tables. The cream was excellent and cakes ditto; and they went off much better than could be expected under the circumstance. Said one, "I enjoy this ice cream," putting a very unnecessary emphasis upon the ice; "but I do wish I could trade it off for something hot." He seemed in good humour, and so did everybody. Everything was nice, and the dear ladies exerted themselves so much to please! After sitting awhile, and partaking of ice cream, the chill compelled a walk, and that prevented the chairs being occupied by the same persons long; and there was a chance for all to get at the tables. It broke up any little sets which are apt to be found at such places, and all joined in the promiscuous march "to and fro."

After a while there was some good singing on the front porch—enjoyable solos from Mrs. Kenny, Mrs. Dangerfield and Miss Bertram. Then the piano was moved into the hall, and in the rooms on either side the terpsichorean art was beautifully illustrated, and it had many devotees.

At an early hour the social and dance broke up, everyone feeling that barring the weather, it was a most delightful entertainment, and financially, too, it proved "the correct thing," quite a handsome sum being realized.

The ladies of Trinity are to be congratulated, and especially is Mrs. Ed McKim, who initiated the affair, upon having wrested success from the elements against it. With favorable weather, it would have been most complete; and as it was, the memory of it will long linger as a pleasant dream from which we would not wholly awake.

BILLY BLUM

EXHIBITION.

The Comox Agricultural and Industrial Association, will hold its next
EXHIBITION

—ON—

Thursday, Oct. 7th,

AT THEIR HALL, AT
THE VILLAGE OF
COURTENAY

A fine Prize List

Entries must be made
three clear days before the
Show.

About the School Closing.

Last week, under the title of "The Hot Wave" we referred to the school in Union, and the oppressive heat, stating the trustees "had escaped responsibility" (with reference to closing the school) "by throwing it upon Mr. Bennett, the very thing they should not have done." We find this language was misunderstood. We meant no reflection upon Mr. Bennett for whom we have the greatest respect. We believed that if he closed the school, no matter how hot it was, some parents would take offence, and that if he did not close the school, there were others who would criticise him. Upon the propriety of closing the school there was a manifest difference of opinion, as shown by the fact that some kept their children at home while others continued to send theirs. As a teacher of some experience, we felt the burden of responsibility should not be thrown upon the principal, not that he would not wisely use his discretion.

The other view and upon which the trustees not unnaturally acted, and beyond question with the best of intentions was this: The weather is changeable; to day very hot, to morrow cool. One of our members is at the beach, and the others cannot meet daily to consider this question. It is right for the school to be kept running, the weather permitting. The matter will be safe in the hands of the principal, and there we will place it. No doubt Mr. Bennett has acted prudently, keeping the school together, so far as the children sent enabled him to do so, and closing the school during the hot sultry afternoons.

The hot wave has now past; no harm has been done, and so far as we know everybody is satisfied. Let us all take a drink—of pure Hamilton Creek water.

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

**PRICE'S
CREAM
BAKING
POWDER**

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

Subscribe for THE NEWS
\$2.00 per annum.

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.

Minneapolis is showing enormous shipments of flour.

The world's visible supply of wheat decreased about 3,000,000 bushels last week.

The trade returns for nine months of the present fiscal year were \$184,734,000, nearly ten millions better than last year.

Statistically, the wheat situation is very strong. There is a decrease of about 750,000 bushels in the visible supply in United States and Canada, and a decrease of 1,440,000 bushels in the amount afloat to Europe. Taken together the total is 53,500,000 bushels, or about 32,000,000 bushels less than a year ago.

Of the 382,300 square miles which form the area of the Pacific Province, about 285,000 square miles of these are wood lands. In her timber wealth, British Columbia has almost as rich an asset as in mineral resources. There are forty varieties of timber in the forests of British Columbia. The Douglas fir has obtained the widest fame of the British Columbia woods. Dr. Nansen, whose vessel in the recent famous Arctic expedition, the "Fram," was constructed of Douglas fir, gives to this wood the highest encomiums for strength and elasticity. The red cedar is another famous wood of the Pacific coast and is used chiefly as an interior material. The yellow cedar is also a staple product. Cypress is grown on Vancouver Island and the North Coast. White spruce finds a use in wood pulp manufactures, as well as in making packing cases, of which the salmon canners use, each year, an enormous supply. Among the many excellent cabinet woods in the province are white pine, maple, alder and the arbutus. It is unfortunate that so much of the wood is sent from British Columbia—and this applies almost equally to other parts of Canada—in a comparatively unmanufactured condition. Timber suited to the construction of buildings, public works and other similar uses, must of necessity be exported in a rough condition. But there are many wood products which could be made advantageously in Canada if manufacturers could obtain the necessary information of the market's requirements. —Monetary Times.

The remarkable light which has been brought forward in Germany and known as the Durr light is declared to be equally capable of use for interior illumination. It is originated by automatic evaporation and overheating of the vapors from ordinary lamp petroleum. The vapors, being converted into gas, when burned yield a light of from 8,500 to 14,000 candle power. The apparatus consists of a tank containing the supply of petroleum, which is removed sufficiently from the burner to avoid all danger of fire from the flame. The oil is conducted by drops into a burner of special construction, after the latter has been heated for about five minutes by means of oil which is burned in small heating pans furnished with the apparatus. Behind the burner from which the flame issues there is a second burner, which, after the heating of the pans has been removed, continually produces the vapors and heats them to a high temperature, at the same time completely surrounding the first burner with a strong flame. This arrangement is said to make the extinction of the light an impossibility, even in the strongest wind. Fresh air is drawn in between the burner and the external cylinder by the force of the flame rushing out, and by using this air in the burner a smokeless flame results on account of the air supply being heated. The oil used is ordinary 100 proof coal oil, the consumption of which is about 1 1/2 pints per 1,000 candle power.

Human Oddities.

Sir Joshua Reynolds needed but one sitting when intending to paint a portrait. Sometimes he would not take even that, but would casually glance at the sitter and proceed to paint the portrait.

Galbana, an Arabian giant, who was brought to Rome by the Emperor Claudius to serve in the Imperial body guard, was 9 feet 9 inches high. Pliny says that he was the tallest man ever seen in Rome.

John Elwes is the typical miser of English history. Although worth over \$3,000,000 he denied himself the necessities of life for fear of spending too much money and finally died of want. He was probably insane.

Maximin was the only giant among the Roman Emperors. He was 8 1/2 feet in height and very heavily built even for that stature. He was a Thracian "barbarian," and rose to the Imperial dignity by military skill and ability.

Totally Deaf.—Mrs. S. E. Crandell, Port Perry, writes: "I contracted a severe cold last winter, which resulted in my becoming totally deaf in one ear and partially so in the other. After trying various remedies, and consulting several doctors, without obtaining any relief, I was advised to try Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. I warmed the Oil and poured a little of it into my ear, and before one-half the bottle was used my hearing was completely restored. I have heard of other cases of deafness being cured by the use of this medicine."

Chicago Federation of Labor endorsed, at the request of business men, the movement against department stores.

He Knew.

Teacher—Now I have explained to you the difference between good and evil, tell me what sort of little boys go to heaven.
Billy Snooks (promptly)—Dead 'uns.
—Pick-me-up.

OVER THE TEA URN.

He sat on the edge of his chair and stared at her miserably over the top of his teacup.

"The popularity of the teakettle and the chafing dish in good society seems to me a graceful recognition by women of the charm that housewifely cares still have for them. The kitchen is so attractive that even the drawing room cannot dispense with its graces. A woman who is barred out of her kitchen by a French chef will still cling to the privilege of using her chafing dish, and in her case it is beautiful and significant that it should be so, but—" He hesitated a moment.

"Well?" asked she politely.

"I don't see what, from that point of view, you are doing with a teakettle. You have injured all that it stands for. You have found something better than the domestic life."

"That's nonsense," responded the woman of genius crossly, for her work had not gone well that day. "Personally I adore domestic life. In general it adds the element of grace to the life and of graciousness to the woman when she takes up that form of existence not because it is the only form, but because it is the sweetest of all."

"Those are very pretty views—very pretty," he remarked gloomily, "but I have not observed that you practiced them. It isn't of any particular avail with one's intellect to any orthodox doctrine while one's actions are still heretic. You have refused the things that are the best of all."

"Who said I had refused them?" she demanded impatiently. "You wouldn't have me marry the wrong man just to show that my views upon the woman question were conservative, would you?"

"That is an easy thing to say, but you know you will never find the right one." She looked at him—a curious, measured, wondering gaze. There was scorn in it, but was it all scorn? "No," she said slowly, "I am not emancipated enough for that. I intend to let him find me, even though we play at hide and seek together all our days."

"Do you mean—would you really listen? I—"

It was half an hour later before it occurred to him that all this was violating precedent.

"Do you suppose you can be happy?" he implored, and then he brought up the subject of the books in which the married woman of genius had always been miserable. He refrained, however, from speaking of those households which had fallen under his observation in which the husband of the genius had been dissatisfied with the cooking of the breakfast.

"Oh, books," said she, with an infinite scorn. "Haven't you noticed that people write best about things of which they know absolutely nothing? Do you really mean to say that you have been influenced in this by books?"

He nodded silently. "And so you thought I did not care, and would not marry you, dear?"

"I thought so. Yes."

An adorable smile bent her lips. "Don't you think you were rather hasty, not to say unkind, in adopting so completely the generalization that the artist rejects—love and with it life?"

"But if you had heard yourself talking of your work," he cried. "You seemed to think art the one thing in the world. Every word fell like a clod on a coffin."

"Why should I not speak of art with fervor? I feel it all, and you had not offered me any career which I preferred."

"Ah, but do you, will you always prefer it? It is not as if you were merely talented, you know, to give up—"

"Give up? But I intend to give up nothing! I am afraid you are a little stupid."

"Would you mind explaining the situation to me?" he asked humbly.

"That is very easy," she said composedly. "I simply don't intend to be unequal to the combination of love and art."

The luminous brilliancy of this solution kept him silent, while she went on:

"Those women you read about, you know, were under the disadvantage of not being modern when they tried to do things. They were working against tremendous though perhaps invisible pressure. The world wasn't adjusted so as to help them and make the solution of their problems easy. They felt that horrible weight—the pressure of the disapproval of the universe—and could not stand out against it. One has a deliciously buoyant sensation—the Lord is on our side feeling—that is in itself a guarantee of success. Then, you know, we have better health and fewer nerves than women used to have, and that makes a difference."

"But suppose," he persisted, "just suppose that you were to fail. What then?"

"One is willing to pay a certain price for the best things," she admitted slowly,

"if the goods are delivered. It is possible that happiness might be a very bad bargain, even though I paid for it with art."

"Ah, darling!"—he began. But she went on: "But I shall not have to do it. I shall have my cake and eat it too."

"You are," he said, with sudden illumination, "something more advanced than modern. You are she of whom we have heard—the coming woman."

"Ah, no!" she said softly. But he heard her. "Whether I succeed in combining love and art or not, it seems to me I have arrived!"—Exchange.

They Never Fail.—Mrs. S. M. Boughton, Langton, writes: "For about two years I was troubled with Inward Piles, but by using Parmelee's Pills, I was completely cured, and although four years have elapsed since then they have not returned." Parmelee's Pills are antibilious and a specific for the cure of Liver and Kidney Complaints, Dyspepsia, Costiveness, Headache, Piles, etc., and will regulate the secretions and remove all bilious matter.

That Strange Sound.
"Caoutchouc! Caoutchouc!" The sudden noise startled the Circassian girl, who was new to the museum. But she had no cause for alarm. It was only the india rubber man sneezing.—New York Journal.

In Chicago.

First Preacher—Doing much in the wedding trade now?

Second Preacher—Yes. Business is good. People getting married this year who never got married before.—Truth.

Understood Her.

She—That little fool, Johnnie Moore, has proposed to me.

Her Dearest Friend—When will the wedding take place?—Brooklyn Life.

There is danger in neglecting a cold. Many who have died of consumption dated their troubles from exposure, followed by a cold which settled on their lungs, and in a short time they were beyond the skill of the best physician. Had they used Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, before it was too late, their lives would have been spared. This medicine has no equal for curing coughs, colds and all affections of the throat and lungs.

Police Cruelty.

Aunt Hetty—My! Some of them New York policemen are fearful brutal.

Uncle Josh—What have they been doing now?

Aunt Hetty—Here's an account of a poor unfortunate man that says they pinched him.—Puck.

MAN AND WIFE IN DISTRESS

From Chronic Catarrh—But instantaneous Relief Follows the First Application of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder—Don't Neglect the Simplest Cold in the Head, It May Develop Into This Disgusting Malady Almost Before You Can Realize It.

Rev. Dr. Bochor, of Buffalo, says: "My wife and I were both troubled with distressing catarrh, but we have enjoyed freedom from this aggravating malady since the day we first used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. Its action was instantaneous, giving the most grateful relief within ten minutes after first application. We consider it a godsend to humanity, and believe that no case can be so chronic or deeply seated that it will not immediately relieve and permanently cure."

A Diplomatic Proposal.

"What!" exclaimed the good housewife, angrily, "now that you have eaten your fill, you refuse to chop wood?"

"I'll tell you what we'll do," said Weary Willie, a born diplomat; "lets bury the hatchet."—New York Journal.

HEART'S HEALER.

Mrs. Muggor, Wife of Capt. Charles Muggor, of Sydney, C.B., Got Relief in 30 Minutes From Heart Disease of Four Years' Standing, and Declares She Owe Her Life to Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart.

"It affords me great pleasure to commend Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. I was sorely afflicted with heart trouble, accompanied with dizziness, palpitation and smothering sensations. For over four years I was treated by best physicians, and used all remedies known to man. I determined to try Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. The first dose gave me great relief inside of thirty minutes. I used two bottles, and feel to-day I have been completely cured."

Mr. T. J. Humes, Columbus, Ohio, writes: "I have been afflicted for some time with Kidney and Liver Complaint, and find Parmelee's Pills the best medicine for these diseases. These Pills do not cause pain or griping, and should be used when a cathartic is required. They are Gelatine Coated, and rolled in the Flour of Licorice to preserve their purity, and give them a pleasant agreeable taste."

The Roman Howl.

"What was it that made Rome howl?" "Don't you suppose that any of the Romans had twins?"—New York Tribune.

TAKE ONE

Of Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills after dinner, it will promote digestion and overcome any evil effects of too hearty eating.

Entirely vegetable—Do not disturb the system.

Safe, prompt, active, painless and pleasant. This effective little pill is supplanting all the old school nauseous purgatives. The demand is hard to keep up with since placing it on the Canadian market. Take no substitute. 40 doses, 20c., at all druggists.

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

THE KING OF MAN-KILLERS.

Bright's Disease of the Kidneys Baffled the World's Most Eminent Medical Authorities until

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

Came to the Rescue and Delivery of Man-kind Stopping Forever the Deadly Assaults of Life's Most Insidious Foe.

Men are dropping from the ranks everywhere. Cut down in the flower of youth or the fruitage of manhood by that ruthless destroyer—Bright's Disease of the Kidneys.

Only a few days ago Sir Hercules Robinson, the doughty Governor of Cape Colony, was forced to resign that post because of encroaching Bright's Disease.

Hardly had his successor been appointed when the wires brought tidings of the death of William P. St. John, a New York banker, and remembered by everyone as the treasurer of the National Democratic party during the last national campaign. Bright's Disease carried him off.

It has killed many better men than most of us. So has Diabetes, its twin curse. Yet there is one cure (and only one), that never fails in cases of Diabetes and Bright's Disease. Let these testimonials bear witness:

Mr. Fred Carstens, Palmerston, Ont., says: "After many years suffering with Bright's Disease, I am a new man, cured by using three boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills."

Mr. F. X. Groulx, Ottawa, Ont., says: "Dodd's Kidney Pills have been a godsend to me as they have cured me of Bright's Disease of the Kidneys."

S. G. Moore, King St., London, Ont., says: "After taking a few boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills I am as well as ever in my life, despairing of recovery from Bright's Disease."

Mr. Chas. T. Bye, Garryowen, P.O., Ont., says: "For the past three years have suffered of Diabetes, but nothing cures published I have used Dodd's Kidney Pills which have perfectly cured me."

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS are for sale by druggists everywhere, and by the Dodd's Medicine Co., Toronto, Ont. Price 50 cents a box.

An Intelligent Baby.

"Is your baby intelligent?" "Intelligent! Why, say, if she wasn't she'd never be able to understand the language my wife talks to her."—Boston Courier.

Itching, Burning Skin Disease Cured for 35 Cents.

Dr. Agnew's Ointment relieves in one day, cures tetter, salt rheum, piles, scald head, eczema, barbers' itch, ulcers, blotches and all eruptions of the skin. It is soothing and quieting, and acts like magic in the cure of all baby humors. 35 cents.

The 48th Highlanders, of Toronto, have entered a team of eight men in various events in the Royal military tournament at Islington, Eng., which begins on the 27th prox. They are the only representatives Canada will have at the tournament.

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., 50 BAY STREET, 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,

Another Example.
"I saw a man today who had no hands play the piano."
"That's nothing! We've got a girl down in our flat who has no voice and who sings!"—Yonkers Statesman.

Doctors Recommend

"SALADA"

CEYLON TEA

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

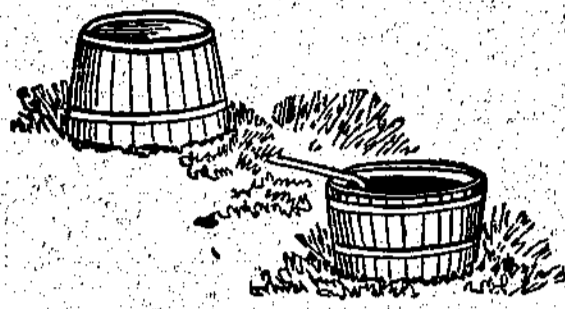
DAIRY AND CREAMERY

MAKING TWO SPRINGS.

Good Way to Save Water Flow In Dry Weather.

The device in the illustration explains itself. Often springs and brooks go nearly dry in hot weather, with still enough water for thirsty cows if it could all be collected.

When pasture springs are near the surface and in open fields, the ground around them and the water itself be-



SAVING THE WATER.

come foul and muddy through the tramping of the cows' feet. Cut a tight barrel in two in the middle. Dig around the spring and sink one-half the barrel into the hole over it. Lead by a pipe the overflow from the spring into the other half of the barrel, placed in lower ground. This will make two springs where one was before and save the short supply of water, besides keeping it pure.

Valuable Table.

The Storrs experiment station in Connecticut has prepared the following list of successive sowing crops, with time of sowing, quantity of seed, etc., in the latitude of New England:

KIND OF FODDER.	No. of bushels of seed per acre.	Time of sowing.
Wheat	2 1/2	Sept. 1-10
Oats	3 1/2	Sept. 1-10
Barley	3 1/2	Sept. 1-10
Timothy	1 1/2	Sept. 1-10
Alfalfa	1 1/2	Sept. 1-10
Clover	1 1/2	Sept. 1-10
Orchard grass	1 1/2	Sept. 1-10
Red clover	1 1/2	Sept. 1-10
White clover	1 1/2	Sept. 1-10
Lucerne	1 1/2	Sept. 1-10
Timothy	1 1/2	Sept. 1-10
Alfalfa	1 1/2	Sept. 1-10
Clover	1 1/2	Sept. 1-10
Orchard grass	1 1/2	Sept. 1-10
Red clover	1 1/2	Sept. 1-10
White clover	1 1/2	Sept. 1-10
Lucerne	1 1/2	Sept. 1-10

Hoar's Dairyman comments as follows:

This scheme entirely omits Indian corn, but that may well take the place of soy beans and cowpeas where these cannot be grown to advantage.

Indeed a full scheme for soiling includes a summer silo that will furnish succulent food at any time it may be required. Every man, so far as we have information, who has tried the summer silo is enthusiastic in its praise.

Butter Making Rules.

The instructor at Cornell Agricultural college, Ithaca, N. Y., has sent out a list of rules about butter making and ripening cream. He says:

The practical part of cream ripening is this: Keep your vessel so that it may all ripen evenly and thus avoid loss in churning. Raise the temperature to 62 or 68 degrees and keep it as near that temperature as possible until ripe, and then cool before churning. Well-ripened cream should be coagulated or thickened. It should run from a height in a smooth stream like oil. When a paddle is dipped into it and held in the hand, it should stick all over in a thick, even coat, not running off in streaks and showing the surface of the paddle. When the last drops run off the paddle back into the vat, they should leave little dents or depressions on the surface, which do not close up for an instant. The cream should have a satin gloss or fresh surface. Churn until the granules are the size of wheat kernels, then draw off the buttermilk and wash through two or three waters, whirling the churn a few times around. Use from a pint to a quart of water per pound of butter. Have the water at a temperature of 40 to 45 degrees in hot weather and from 50 to 62 degrees in winter, always depending upon season, natural solidity of the butter, warmth of room and size of granules. If you do not care about feeding the washings, I would put some salt in my first wash water. It will help to float the granules better and perhaps dissolve out the casein to some extent. I would generally salt the butter in the churn.

Requirements For Export Butter.

The butter should be of a uniform, fine flavor (it need not be of such a high, fine flavor as is required in the highest grades at home), packed solid in square boxes, the packages to be lined with heavy parchment paper. The butter should be of a lighter color and less salt than is wanted in this country, and it

must be worked drier, as the Englishman objects to buying water at so much per pound mixed in with his butter.

As to Turnips and Rye.

Mr. T. J. Dillon, superintendent of dairying in Prince Edward Island, says he lost two valuable customers, who had been buying 2,000 or 3,000 pounds of cheese at a time, just because some of the patrons would persist in feeding turnips. The grazing of cows on rye was also condemned unless the cows were turned on when the rye was young and tender, and so kept well grazed down.

WISE OBSERVATIONS.

Concerning Calf Feeding—Cream Ripening and Butter Salting.

Calves fed three times daily for the first month are less exposed to the dreaded trouble scours.

New method oil cake is not so suitable for replacing the fat of milk for calf feeding. Flaxseed is better.

Butter fat is worth more sold as butter than sold as veal.

The cow with her first calf that is milked but six to eight months has been spoiled.

Some say that cows are simply machines. Possibly so, but they should not be housed during the winter in nature's shed nevertheless.

If 150 pounds of butter annually is the dividing line between profit and loss, the cow that makes 200 pounds annually is worth twice as much as the one that makes 175 pounds, while the cow that makes up 155 pounds is worth but one-fifth of the latter and one-tenth of the former, provided they all cost the same to feed.

Many farmers own unprofitable cows and do not know it. Quantity of milk is an unsafe guide, since quality and length of milking period are potent matters.

Color of milk is not a safe guide whereby to judge of its content of fat. Yellow milk is not necessarily rich milk, neither is white milk necessarily poor milk.

If one cow returns \$15 profit, two cows do not necessarily give \$30. Many people build up herds, however, as if the opposite were the case.

It is important that cows in milk should have all the salt they want whenever they want it.

One sided rations do not produce as much butter as properly balanced rations, neither do they produce butter of as fine quality.

Trouble frequently arises in churning due to improper feeding. Other things being equal, a varied diet results in more and better butter than a narrow ration and is less likely to cause difficulties when churning the cream. We have tested buttermilk with as much as 6 per cent of fat in it when we knew that one cause was coarse pasture with many objectionable weed growths in it.

The summer feeding, a mixture of the cereals and the legumes, gives more satisfactory results than either separately, besides giving more produce per acre.

Corn fodder in the stock loses much of its value when exposed to autumn rains.

While autumn rye, rape, turnips and turnip tops may not be the most desirable foods for milk cows, they may often be sown advantageously to feed the other stock, thus reserving the better foods for the milk producing part of the herd.

Ripening cream and churning it at high temperatures results always in two evils. First, the churning is not thoroughly done, and some of the butter—often much of it—remains in the buttermilk. It is not economical to feed 20 cents a pound butter fat to 5 cents a pound veal. Secondly, the butter which one does get is not of as fine a quality. The texture, flavor and keeping quality are all injured very materially by the practice. Moral—Avoid high temperatures in butter making.

Salting butter in the churn has much to recommend it, especially in warm weather. When the churning is finished and the buttermilk washed from the butter, the latter is drained for a time, then half the salt is sifted on to the granular butter in the churn, the churn tilted to turn the butter over, and the other half is put on. Then turn the churn partly over, back and forth, to sift the fine salt through the particles of butter. The cover is then put on and the churn given ten or a dozen complete turns, the butter allowed to stand a couple of hours and then worked. Two-thirds of the usual working will be found sufficient. Try it. —Montreal Herald.

Dairy and Creamery.

Pack your butter in tubs made of seasoned lumber. Then the staves will not be always swelling and shrinking like the troubled sea.

Do not store your empty butter tubs in a place that is too damp. If you do, mold will grow upon the outside of them and strike in, and it will be dead sure to give the butter a taste of the grave, so to speak. Did you never notice that taste upon nice looking butter?

If by any mischance mold has gathered upon your butter tubs, they must be either thoroughly steamed or else boiled in soda before being used again. Nothing short of this will destroy the mold growth. It is a tiny vegetable growth with intensely penetrative roots and a yet more penetrative flavor, which is certain to strike through into the butter.

VIEWS OF GREECE.

ATHENS NOT LIKELY TO SUFFER FROM BOMBARDMENT.

Present State of the Antiquities—Priceless Monuments—The Parthenon—Temple of Theseus—Notes by One Who Knows the Country Well.

King George of Greece is a fortunate man in one way. Never had a monarch on the eve of a great war so little reason to be concerned about his capital. Athens belongs not only to Greece, but to Europe, to the civilized world. Not a hair of its head, to use a threadbare metaphor in an incorrect way, is likely to be injured, and the city is of no great consequence as the seat of the national resources, for few of the Greeks who have any money live in Greece, except here and there a retired merchant who had made his fortune by spending his life among less quick-witted foreigners, and goes to Athens to spend the evening of his days in dreaming, not of his own prime, but of the prime of Greece, the dawn of civilization. One is quite safe in prophesying that not a shot will be fired to endanger one ancient olive tree on the banks of the Cephissus, one fragment of the ruined temple of Eleusis, much less the temple of Theseus, or the glorious pile of buildings preserved from the antique world on the summit of the Acropolis, the pile which culminates in the Parthenon. The Emperor William does not love Greece, but the Germans above all nations have taken an interest in the scientific excavations of Greece from the day when Dr. Schliemann made the giants' dwellings at Tiryns and Mycenae give up the treasury of prehistoric kings. France, except in Napoleon's curio-hunting days, has ever been enthusiastic, if rash, about historic remains. Italy and England would not stand any vandalism on the part of their commanders, and Russia, the only one likely to turn Vandal, looks at Athens from the interested point of view of a residuary legatee.

Besides, all the world has had an awful lesson with regard to the antiquities of Athens. Two thousand years and more the Parthenon stood in all its matchless perfection; its present mutilated glory dates only from 1687, when Morosini, the Venetian, was laying siege to it. The Turkish defenders had stored their powder in the Parthenon and it exploded, just as another powder magazine had exploded in the Propylaea 81 years before. It is not known if the explosion was caused by a Venetian bomb. I hope it was, because I have in my possession a bomb weighing three or four pounds, evidently by the state of the iron, of great age, which I picked up when they were excavating on the Acropolis in 1887, 200 years after that most disastrous of explosions. It is more the shape of a truncated pear than round, and the hollow in it is hardly big enough to hold a penny bottle of ink. But it would be pleasant to think that one possessed the follow of that historic bomb. I picked it up myself; the guard did not think that the fragments of shot—of which there were a good many—were of the least interest; and, in fact, pressed them on me. He was there to prevent people taking fragments of antique art or architecture. He had no instructions about such comparatively modern matters as the wars of the Turks; indeed, his Government had only a little before taken down the tall mediaeval Turkish tower so long a landmark at the gates of the Acropolis.

Athens is protected from the assault of civilized nations by the fact that nearly all its glorious monuments are on, or in the neighborhood of, the Acropolis, the fortress of Athens from prehistoric times, towering as it does, 300 feet above the city. It is, of course, not fortified at present; but, in their present excited condition, the very thing the Greeks might be most likely to do would be hurriedly to fortify it, and (as small a loss of life as possible) see the modern kingdom of the Hellenes go down amid irreparable ruin to the monuments of the old Greek glory. The Greeks are so melodramatic.

The Acropolis has probably suffered almost as much from fortification as from sieges. The beautiful little Temple of the Wingless Victory, made wingless that Victory might not be able to fly away, stands as a monument to this fact. It was rescued bit by bit from Turkish bastions, and only put together in our own day. Apropos of wingless Victory, I may mention that the Winged Victory (it was a winged Victory, that stood in the hand of the great image of Athena which was the masterpiece of the world's greatest sculptor) was the prototype of the Christian angel. There are many representations of these winged Victories, hardly distinguishable from the angels of Christian art, long anterior to the Christian era. The angel was, of course, part of the Jewish creed as well as the Christian; but there could have been no representation of angels before the Christian era, because the Jews shared the Mohammedan objection to having any kind of image pictured or sculptured in their worship. There is a curious example of the Mohammedan objection to images in the great Mosque of Santa Sophia at Constantinople, where the huge figures of angels which adorned the Greek Church of the Holy Wisdom have been altered to bunches of wings.

It will, perhaps, be best to devote the remainder of this article to an enumeration of some of the priceless monuments of antiquity whose presence at Athens would prevent the indignant powers firing one shot against the holy city of literature. Above all rises the vast rock of the Acropolis, crowned by the Parthenon. But the Acropolis contains much that is worthy to stand beside the Parthenon, built, though the Parthenon was, at the instance of the greatest Athenian, Pericles, in the zenith of the glory of Athens, by her greatest architect, Ictinus, and adorned with sculptures by the sculptor who has never been equalled, though 2,000 years of time have passed since Phidias was carried to his grave, a grave that may yet, perhaps, be discovered in the streets of white marble tombs, which leads from the Dipylon to the marshes of

the Ceramicus. There is, for instance, the glorious Propylaea, the world's finest porch, guarding the entrance to the Acropolis, and the most revered shrine of the ancient city, the temple of Athena Polias, the goddess of the city, part of the building popularly known as the Erechtheum. The so-called Erechtheum consists really of three temples, and beside it has been laid bare a building of still greater interest to the archaeologist pure and simple, the house of King Erechtheus, built in so-called Pelasgian times, Erechtheus or Erichonius being the Romulus of Athens. It was he who was judge in the competition between Athena (Minerva) and Poseidon (Neptune) for the patronage of Athens. Neptune struck the rock with his trident, and produced a horse, and incidentally a salt spring, which still exists to show that the story is true. Athena produced an olive tree, which was shown in the adjoining temple throughout classical times, and Erechtheus gave the award in her favor, a judgment that would have appeared prejudiced in our eyes if he had not been handicapped by the fact that Athena was already, or was going to be, Athena, and that to have anybody but Athena as the patron of Athens (Athenai) would have been very clumsy. In the Erechtheum were concentrated the most important memorials alike of the religion and the history of the Athenian State.

Beside the quartette of world-famous buildings on the Acropolis there is a museum containing treasures of sculpture, which are in no whit their inferiors, for, in addition to the sculptures of Phidias removed from the Parthenon for preservation, there is a hoard of ancient statues, discovered between ten and fifteen years ago, which are of the very highest interest, whether viewed from the point of history or viewed from the point of art, for they were thrown down and buried under the ruins of the citadel in the day of Marathon or Salamis. There they stand in the low, humble rooms of a museum that is only a glorified shed, as crisp and clear in every feature as they were in the days of Xerxes. Their very color is clinging to most of them, thanks to their having been buried for four-and-twenty centuries in the bosom of the tender earth (in that dry climate never rotted with wet). Not one of them can be newer than the fifth century before Christ, one is at least 100 years older. In two of the statues one can detect the very stars painted on the dress.

On the slopes of the Acropolis and in the places where are congregated objects of equal, even higher interest, and in one instance, at any rate, of equal artistic value, I refer, of course, to the Temple of Theseus, alike the oldest and most perfect of the temples of Athens, which lies at its northwestern foot; indeed, the only objects of the highest importance in the way of classical art at any distance from the Acropolis are the vast but ruinous temple of the Olympian Zeus, and the street of exquisite tombs dating back to the sixth century before Christ, which runs past the marshes of Ceramicus—and the railway station. As far as I remember, the discovery of this street, which was quite recent, was due to a railway cutting or something of the kind. Right against the Acropolis lie three objects at least of superlative interest and importance—the theater of Dionysos, the Pnyx and the Areopagus. The theater of Dionysos, repaired in Roman times, a hundred years or so after the birth of Christianity, is yet very much as it must have been when it was crowded by the aesthetic citizens of Athens to see a play of Aeschylus founded on the lives of the heroes of the previous great struggle between the Greek and the Asiatic, which had raged round Troy instead of their own devastated city. The men who saw the plays of Aeschylus were the men that had seen and fought the Persian invader, who is no doubt on this very day being made to furnish a parallel to the Turk by every newspaper in Athens.

Right under the Acropolis are the Odeon of Herodes Atticus, a kind of ancient Greek Albert Hall, the precinct of Esculapian, and the Choric monument of Lycabettus, famous alike as being the earliest known example of Corinthian architecture and as being a haunt of Byron—the poor Greeks still know it as Byron's study. Whilst under the other side of the Acropolis is the exquisite little tower known as the Temple of the Winds, the model of the ancient Italian baptisteries.

I can only allude to the porticoes of Hadrian and King Attalus, and the stadium where the games so dear to the Greeks were held.—Douglas Sladen.

The Sufficiency of Life.

What business has the young vigor of 20 to demand that the fire shall be warm and the seat cushioned and the road smooth? Let him not parade his incompetence for life by insisting that life is not worth living unless a man is rich—unless, that is, the abundance of life should be eked out with wealth, which is an accident of life, not of its essence. Let him not insult himself by behaving as if the sunshine or the shower made a difference to him. Let those poor slaves wait until the heart is soured and the knees are weak. No, the young man's place is to scorn delights. Our gilded youth are not—and they ought to know that they are not—choice young men when they study of their life is to spare themselves pain and surround themselves with creature comforts. It is a sign that they have not got hold of the sufficiency of life. They do not know what pure gold is, and so they try to eke it out with gilding.—Phillips Brooks.

Her One Fault.

Pat—Th' odd mare is perfect but f'r wan exception.
Mike—What's that?
Pat—Ef yez lik'er f'r balkin'er bitin', she'll kick loike a soon as a goon.—Texas Siftings.

A Necessity of State.

Grump—I don't see the use of keeping up our costly diplomatic service.
Wiggins—My dear fellow, the government needs it to contradict newspaper dispatches by cable.—Truth.

ADMIRAL CANAVARO.

Commander of the Joint European Fleet in Cretan Waters.

Admiral Napoleon Canavaro, the naval officer in command of the joint European fleet engaged in the blockade of Crete, is one of the high officials of the Italian navy and one of the most efficient commanders afloat. Although a trusted officer under the government of Italy, the admiral is not a native of that country. His father is the owner of a large sugar plantation near Lima, Peru, and it was there that he was born. When he was a lad his father sent him to Italy for his education, and he entered the navy as a youth. By hard work, attention to duty and innate capacity, Canavaro rose through all the grades in the



ADMIRAL CANAVARO.

service until he reached his present high position. He is just 59 years old, and it was owing to his seniority that he was chosen by the admirals in Cretan waters to command the combined fleets. Canavaro has seen some good service in the Italian navy. He passed with credit through the wars of 1859, 1860-1 and 1866, and was in command of the Cristoforo Colombo on that ship's noted voyage of circumnavigation of the globe. The Canavaros are a distinguished South American family. He has one brother who is the Peruvian minister to Italy. Another brother was Peruvian minister at Washington for three years, not long ago, and returned to become vice-president, but was stopped by a revolution. Gen. Canavaro, father of the family, was mayor of Lima in 1891. When Prince Louis of Italy visited Peru he was entertained with a lavish feast at the Canavaro plantation and was greatly pleased with Peruvian hospitality. The admiral is now commander-in-chief of the three naval departments of Italy.

A Question of Heads.

A painful story comes from Lin Ching Chow, China, concerning the serious embarrassment of a public official in that district, and the result of his efforts to extricate himself will be awaited with great anxiety. A few months ago the village of Chien-Chuang, in the interior of China, was raided by brigands, who broke into several houses, confiscated a large amount of property and did much other damage. The taoist of that district commanded Lo Feng Tsi, a local mandarin, to use his best efforts to detect and capture the gang, which was done. The mandarin was then directed to execute the leader and bring his head to the taoist at Lin Ching Chow as a sort of voucher that the work had been properly done. Lo Feng Tsi carried out his instructions and started for Lin Ching Chow with the head of the bandit in charge of his yari, or orderly, who wrapped it in cerements of cloth so that it might have the appearance of an ordinary bundle, such as the natives are accustomed to carry.

Arriving at a village about midway of his journey the mandarin stopped for rest and refreshments; likewise the yari, who left his bundle in the room which had been assigned to him and started out to call upon some friends. But, alas, when he returned he discovered, as may properly be remarked, that he had lost his head. That is a frequent misfortune in oriental countries, but it is unusual to lose a head that belongs to another person. The town was searched, every suspicious person was arrested, but the unhappy mandarin up to the last advice had not been able to recover the precious package.

The taoist, like other Chinese magistrates, lacks the sense of humor, and he does not see anything funny in these extraordinary circumstances. On the contrary, he believes, or pretends to believe, that the mandarin, Lo Feng Tsi, has been guilty of gross negligence and lack of respect and should be punished with the severest sort of penalty. He has given him a certain length of time to recover the missing head, and if he fails to do so he will undoubtedly be compelled to offer his own to supply the vacancy.—Washington Post.

Demand For Graduates.

"Your son is graduated this spring?"
"Yes."
"What position will he accept?"
"He hasn't decided yet. The Brooklyns have made him an offer to play short and the Bostons want him at second."—Ohio State Journal.

Envy.

"White, the farce man, tells me that he is on the lookout for dramatic material all the time," said the mutual friend.
"You bet he is," said Black, the tragedian. "He never picks up a paper without cutting out the jokes."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

City Experiences.

"Aunt Jerusha didn't get a wink of sleep last night."
"Poor soul! What was the matter?"
"She couldn't find out whether the folding bed was in the chiffonier, the bookcase or the wardrobe."—Truth.

THE WEEKLY NEWS

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

TUESDAY, AUG. 31st, 1897.

THE ROY ROAD

There are portions of the road built from Union to Roy's which are fairly good; but there are other parts which do not constitute a decent trail. The old corduroy forms stretches which are so narrow that teams cannot pass, so rough that horses must be walked over, and of such rotten timber as to endanger the limbs of animals.

THE TRUNK ROAD PREMIER ASKED TO VISIT US

This end of the Nanaimo-Comox trunk road is in some sections but little better than a cow trail. The building of the bridge over the Trent river is just money thrown away, for the simple reason that there is only a trail leading to it, which is utterly unfit to drive a buggy over. Union Bay, which is our outer-wharf, is closely connected with Union in business and is but nine miles distant. It has a hotel, two stores, two coke ovens, more building; has applied for a school; and is the shipping point of the Union Colliery Co. We have a right to a good wagon road to it. Such a road would be largely used, but a trail is an abomination. And to make matters worse instead of improving the trail and making it into a road, tenders are called to extend the trail.

The opening of a good road to Nanaimo should and would be the means of greatly strengthening the present Provincial government in this district which is chafing on account of its isolated condition and want of adequate mail service; but owing to the miserable way this so-called road has been constructed, and other grievances, real or fancied, the people have become so irritated, that what was a safe district has become so doubtful that it will require these grievances to be quickly abated, and a little more consideration given to the wishes of the people, or it will be no use to put a government candidate in the field at the next election.

This is the third year money has been placed in the estimates for the construction of the Nanaimo-Comox trunk road yet we are but very little better off than when work was commenced. How not to do it appears to be what is striven after. Instead of commencing at this end and building a good road as far as and as fast as practicable, work was begun at intermediate points, so that no part has been available, and simply trails built!

The government is respectfully asked to send up some competent person to examine this end of the trunk road, and report upon its condition. In the mean time Premier Turner would do well to make a visit to this district. He would be sure of a good reception, and would be able to learn much of the actual condition of things here of which we feel sure he must now be ignorant. Doubtless he desires to do whatever he reasonably can for the best interests of this district. He can best aid us and the government of which he is the head by a visit among us.

A new schedule covering the movements of the Canadian-Australian lines is to come into effect next month, providing for a third vessel on the line, and making Wellington, New Zealand, a regular port of call.

The frontier rising in India is not likely to become general, and is receiving vigorous treatment.

We are glad to notice the papers are demanding a training school for teachers. We gladly join in that demand. The legislature should provide for one next winter.

If there are to be any sports in connection with the Fair at Courtenay, a committee should be appointed at once, and a program prepared. The gate receipts are an important item.

The Comox Agricultural and Industrial Association will hold its Exhibition this year at Courtenay, Oct. 7th. The prize list is out, but offers of any special prize will be duly noticed in these columns.

We notice a farmer's dinner is to be given in connection with the Fair at Chilliwack. An annual dinner would be an appropriate feature here, affording an opportunity for social intercourse between members and visitors.

It is reported the U. S. and Canadian governments will unite to give a good mail service to the Klondike. At present if one wishes to send a paper it will be best to enclose it in a large envelope and pay letter postage.

Those interesting people who condemn the E. & N. railway policy as to numbers and yet defend the Yukon regulations have queer notions of consistency. If the latter are justifiable, the company's policy in regard to its private property appears liberal to the verge of prodigality by comparison.—COLONIST.

Another feature of the Chilliwack Show is to be a grand parade in which the school children of the Valley have been invited to take part. Children marching in parade will be admitted free to the grounds, and presented with a bag of candy. A prize will be given to the best drilled school.

The officers of the Courtenay Exhibition might take a hint from this.

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FOR SALE

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

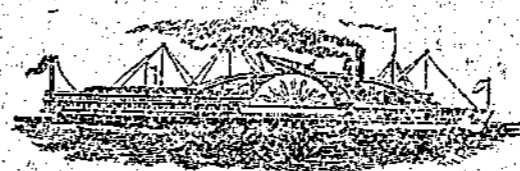
FOR SALE.—The dwelling house and lot on Maryport avenue belonging to Mr. J. S. Kendall. The house is 1½ storey, well built, good well of water and garden Lot is full size. Will be sold at a bargain. Apply to M. Whitney, NEWS OFFICE.

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

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

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Visiting Brothers cordially requested to attend.

R. S. McConnell, Secretary.

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No. 5, I. O. O. F., Union.

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 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,
LAND COMMISSIONER
June 1, 1897. 2390

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Increase in our repairing department, under the supervision of Mr. Ash, speaks for itself of the quality of work turned out. We guarantee every watch repaired by us to give perfect satisfaction.

OUR PRICES
Are the lowest consistent with good work.

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Just received a shipment of the latest novels in paper covers, which are selling rapidly. All orders by mail or otherwise will receive prompt attention.

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TWO TO MAKE IT.

There's a knowing little proverb
From the sunny land of Spain
But in northland, as in southland,
Is its meaning clear and plain.
Look it up within your heart,
Neither lose nor lend it:
Two it takes to make a quarrel,
One can always end it.

Try it well in every way,
Still you'll find it true.
In a fight without a foe
Pray what could you do?

If the wrath is yours alone,
Soon you will expend it.
Two it takes to make a quarrel,
One can always end it.

Let's suppose that both are wroth
And the strife began.
If one voice shall cry for peace,
Soon it will be done.
If but one shall span the breach,
He will quickly mend it.
Two it takes to make a quarrel,
One can always end it.

—New Moon.

To Make Lavender Water.

Take one pint of rectified spirit, half an ounce of the oil of lavender and four ounces of rosewater. Mix and filter through filtering paper. This is very refreshing to use in warm weather.

A Green Denim Carpet.

A young housekeeper with more taste than means at her command recently furnished an apartment according to her own idea and after no hard and fast rules.

"What a unique carpet!" exclaimed her friends on entering. "Is it a carpet?" they inquire after inspecting it longer. "I never saw one so pretty."

"It's not very costly," explains the hostess. "It's denim."

"Denim! This lovely green! The tone is so good! Did you have it made to order?"

"It is ordinary plain denim that can be bought for 25 cents a yard at most of the dry goods stores. The breadths are sewed together evenly and it is put down over a carpet lining."

The conversation veers to other topics, but the unobtrusive green expanse underfoot is regarded narrowly, and now and again some question is put as to what made the hostess first think of using it. "Does it wear well?" and so on.—New York Sun.

MORTGAGEES 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 21 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 5224, 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 L. P. ECKSTEIN,
Union, B.C. Solicitor for the
Mortgagees.

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.

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.

R. T. WILLIAMS, PUBLISHER
28 Broad St., Victoria, B.C.

NOTICE.

Cumberland and Union Water-works Company, Ltd.

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.

F. B. SMITH, Sec'y.

NOTICE

Any person or persons destroying or withholding the keys 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

NOTICE.

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

July 28th, GORDON MURDOCK.

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. Forster. 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 Mandell.

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

COURTENAY

Directory.

COURTENAY HOUSE, A. H. McCullum, 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 Frigate Range, Mess House and Wharf, have lately been completed on the Sand Spit which forms the harbor. The naval authorities, and here come one of Her Majesty's ships to be found two-thirds of the time. There is a post office, two hotels, two sawmills, etc. The scenery is grand, and good hunting and fishing. The City of Nanaimo from Victoria calls here on Wednesdays, and departs Friday mornings.

COMOX DIRECTORY.

H. G. LUSAK, 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 Mountains, about 500 feet above the waters of the Georgian Straits, and 65 miles north of Nanaimo. It is connected with Bayne Sound, by a line of railway 13 miles in length. Its principal industry is coal mining. It turns out from 700 tons to 1,000 tons of coal per day of the best steam coal. This is transferred over the railway to Union wharf (Bayne Sound) to the ships and steamers and tugs with scows awaiting to receive it. The fine coal is manufactured here into a good article of coke which bids fair to grow into an immense industry of itself. Extensive bunkers are being constructed at the Wharf, in connection with the coal industry.

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

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Bastion Street — Nanaimo B. C.

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Union, B. C.

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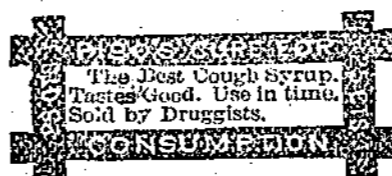
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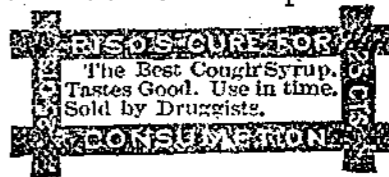
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Best Cough Medicine

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.



The Sign of the Four.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

(CONTINUED.)

Our course now ran down Nine Elms until we came to Broderick and Nelson's large timber yard, just past the White Eagle tavern. Here the dog, frantic with excitement, turned down through the side gate into the inclosure, where the sawyers were already at work. On the dog raced through sawdust and shavings, down an alley, round a passage, between two wood-piles, and finally, with a triumphant yelp, sprang upon a large barrel, which still stood upon the hand-trolley on which it had been brought. With lolling tongue and blinking eyes, Toby stood upon the cask, looking from one to the other of us for some sign of appreciation. The staves of the barrel and the wheels of the trolley were smeared with a dark liquid, and the whole air was heavy with the smell of creosote.

Sherlock Holmes and I looked blankly at each other, and then burst simultaneously into an uncontrollable fit of laughter.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BAKER STREET IRREGULARS.

"What now?" I asked. "Toby has lost his character for infallibility." "He acted according to his lights," said Holmes, lifting him down from the barrel and walking him out of the timber yard. "If you consider how much creosote is carried about London in one day, it is no great wonder that our trail should have been crossed. It is much used now, especially for the seasoning of wood. Poor Toby is not to blame."

"We must get on the main scent again, I suppose."

"Yes. And, fortunately, we have no distance to go. Evidently what puzzled the dog at the corner of Knight's Place was that there were two different trails running in opposite directions. We took the wrong one. It only remains to follow the other."

There was no difficulty about this. On leading Toby to the place where he had committed his fault, he cast about in a wide circle, and finally dashed off in a fresh direction.

"We must take care that he does not now bring us to the place where the creosote barrel came from," I observed. "I had thought of that. But you notice that he keeps on the pavement, whereas the barrel passed down the roadway. No, we are on the true scent now."

It tended down toward the riverside, running through Belmont Place and Prince's street. At the end of Broad street it ran down to the water's edge, where there was a small wooden wharf. Toby led us to the very edge of this, and there stood whining, looking out on the dark current beyond.

"We are out of luck," said Holmes. "They have taken to a boat here. Several small punts and skiffs were lying about in the water and on the edge of the wharf. We took Toby round to each in turn, but, though he sniffed earnestly, he made no sign."

Close to the rude landing-stage was a small brick house, with a wooden placard slung out through the second window. "Mordecai Smith" was printed across it in large letters, and, underneath, "Boats to hire by the hour or day." A second inscription above the door informed us that a steam launch was kept—a statement which was confirmed by a great pile of coke upon the jetty. Sherlock Holmes looked slowly round, and his face assumed an ominous suppression.

"This looks bad," said he. "These fellows are sharper than I expected. They seem to have covered their tracks. There has, I fear, been preconcerted management here."

He was approaching the door of the house, when it opened, and a little, curly-headed lad of six came running out, followed by a stoutish, red-faced woman, with a large sponge in her hand.

"You come back and be washed, Jack," she shouted. "Come back, you young imp; for if your father comes home and finds you like that, he'll let us hear of it."

"Dear little chap!" said Holmes, strategically. "What a rosy-cheeked young rascal! Now, Jack, is there anything you would like?"

The youth pondered for a moment. "I'd like a shillin'!" said he.

"Nothing you would like better?"

"I'd like two shillin' better," the prodigy answered, after some thought.

"Here you are then! Catch!—A fine child, Mrs. Smith."

"Lor' bless you, sir, he is that, and forward. He gets a most too much for me to manage, specially when my man is away days at a time."

"Away, is he?" said Holmes, in a disappointed voice. "I am sorry for that, for I wanted to speak to Mr. Smith."

"He's been away since yesterday mornin', sir, and truth to tell, I am beginning to feel frightened about him. But if it was about a boat, sir, maybe I could serve as well."

"I wanted to hire his steam launch."

"Why, bless you, sir, it is in the steam launch that he has gone. That's what puzzles me; for I know there ain't more coals in her than would take her to about Woolwich and back. If he'd been away in the barge I'd ha' thought nothin'; for many a time a job has taken him as far as Gravesend, and then if there was much down there he might ha' stayed over. But what good is a steam launch without coals?"

"He might have bought some at a wharf down the river."

"He might, sir, but it weren't his way. Many a time I've heard him call out at the prices they charge for a few odd bags. Besides, I don't like that wooden-legged man, w' his ugly face and outlandish talk. What did he want always knockin' about here for?"

"A wooden-legged man?" said Holmes, with bland surprise. "Yes, sir; a brown, monkey-faced chap that's called more'n once for my old man. It was him that roused him up yesternight, and what's more, my man knew he was comin', for he had steam up in the launch. I tell you straight, sir, I don't feel easy in my mind about it."

"But, my dear Mrs. Smith," said Holmes, shrugging his shoulders, "you are frightening yourself about nothing. How could you possibly tell that it was the wooden-legged man who came in the night? I don't quite understand how you can be so sure."

"His voice, sir. I knew his voice, which is kind o' thick and foggy. He tapped at the window—about three it would be. 'Show a leg, matey,' says he; 'time to turn out guard.' My old man woke up Jim—that's my eldest—and away they went, without so much as a word to me. I could hear the wooden leg clackin' on the stones."

"And was this wooden-legged man alone?"

"Couldn't say, I am sure, sir. I didn't hear no one else."

"I am sorry, Mrs. Smith, for I wanted a steam launch, and I have heard good reports of the—Let me see, what is her name?"

"The Aurora, sir."

"Ah! She's not that old green launch with a yellow line, very broad in the beam?"

"No, indeed. She's as trim a little thing as any on the river. She's been fresh painted, black with two red streaks."

"Thanks. I hope that you will hear soon from Mr. Smith. I am going down the river; and if I should see anything of the Aurora I shall let him know that you are uneasy. A black funnel, you say?"

"No, sir. Black with a white band."

"Ah, of course. It was the sides which were black. Good morning, Mrs. Smith. There is a boatman here with a wherry, Watson. We shall take it and cross the river."

"The main thing with people of that sort," said Holmes, as we sat in the sheets of the wherry, "is never to let them think that their information can be of the slightest importance to you. If you do, they will instantly shut up like an oyster. If you listen to them under protest, as it were, you are very likely to get what you want."

"Our course now seems pretty clear," said I.

"What would you do then?"

"I would engage a launch and go down the track of the Aurora."

"My dear fellow, it would be a colossal task. She may have touched at any wharf on either side of the stream between here and Greenwich. Below the bridge there is a perfect labyrinth of landing-places for miles. It would take you days and days to exhaust them, if you set about it alone."

"Employ the police, then."

"No. I shall probably call Athelney Jones in at the last moment. He is not a bad fellow, and I should not like to do anything which would injure him professionally. But I have a fancy for working it out myself, now that we have gone so far."

"Could we advertise, then, asking for information from wharfingers?"

"Worse and worse! Our men would know that the chase was hot at their heels, and they would be off out of the country. As it is, they are likely enough to leave, but so long as they think they are perfectly safe they will be in no hurry. Jones' energy will be of use to us there, for his view of the case is sure to push itself into the daily press, and the runaways will think that everyone is off on the wrong scent."

"What are we to do then?" I asked, as we landed near Millbank Penitentiary.

"Take this hansom, drive home, have some breakfast, and get an hour's sleep. It is quite on the cards that we may be afoot to-night again. Stop at the telegraph office, cabby! We will keep Toby, for he may be of use to us yet."

We pulled up at the Great Peter street postoffice, and Holmes dispatched his wire. "Whom do you think that is to?" he asked, as we resumed our journey.

"I am sure I don't know."

"You remember the Baker street division of the detective police force whom I employed in the Jefferson Hope case?"

"Well," said I, laughing.

"This is just the case where they might be invaluable. If they fail, I have other resources; but I shall try them first. That wire was to my dirty little lieutenant, Wiggins, and I expect that he and his gang will be with us before we have finished our breakfast."

It was between eight and nine o'clock now, and I was conscious of a strong reaction after the successive excitements of the night. I was limp and weary, befogged in mind and fatigued in body. I had not the professional enthusiasm which carried my companion on, nor could I look at the matter as a mere abstract intellectual problem. As far as the death of Bartholomew Sholto went, I had heard little good of him, and could feel no intense antipathy to his murderers. The treasure, however, was a different matter. That, or part of it, belonged rightfully to Miss Morstan. While there was a chance of recovering it, I was ready to devote my life to the one object. True, if I found it, it would probably put her forever beyond my reach. Yet it would be a petty and selfish love which would be influenced by such a thought as that. If Holmes could work to find the criminals, I had a tenfold stronger reason to urge me on to find the treasure.

A bath at Baker street and a complete change freshened me up wonderfully. When I came down to our room

I found the breakfast laid and Holmes pouring out the coffee.

"Here it is," said he, laughing, and pointing to an open newspaper. "The energetic Jones and the ubiquitous reporter have fixed it up between them. But you have had enough of the case. Better have your ham and eggs first."

I took the paper from him and read the short notice, which was headed "Mysterious Business at Upper Norwood."

"About twelve o'clock last night," said the Standard, "Mr. Bartholomew Sholto, of Pondicherry Lodge, Upper Norwood, was found dead in his room under circumstances which point to foul play. As far as we can learn, no traces of violence were found upon Mr. Sholto's person, but a valuable collection of Indian gems, which the deceased gentleman had inherited from his father has been carried off. The discovery was first made by Mr. Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson, who had called at the house with Mr. Thaddeus Sholto, brother of the deceased. By a singular piece of good fortune, Mr. Athelney Jones, the well-known member of the detective police force, happened to be at the Norwood police station, and was on the ground within half an hour of the first alarm. His trained and experienced faculties were at once directed toward the detection of the criminals, with the gratifying result that the brother, Thaddeus Sholto, has already been arrested, together with the housekeeper, Mrs. Bernstone, an Indian butler named Lal Rao, and a porter, or gatekeeper, named McMurdo. It is quite certain that the thief or thieves were well acquainted with the house, for Mr. Jones' well-known technical knowledge and his powers of minute observation have enabled him to prove conclusively that the miscreants could not have entered by the door or by the window, but must have made their way across the roof of the building, and so through a trap-door into a room which communicated with that in which the body was found. This fact, which has been very clearly made out, proves conclusively that it was no mere haphazard burglary. The prompt and energetic action of the officers of the law shows the great advantage of the presence on such occasions of a single vigorous and masterful mind. We cannot but think that it supplies an argument to those who would wish to see our detectives more decentralized, and so brought into closer and more effective touch with the cases which it is their duty to investigate."

"Isn't it gorgeous!" said Holmes, grinning over his coffee cup. "What do you think of it?"

"I think that we have had a close shave ourselves of being arrested for the crime."

"So do I. I wouldn't answer for our safety now, if he should happen to have another of his attacks of energy."

At this moment there was a loud ring at the bell, and I could hear Mrs. Hudson, our landlady, raising her voice in a wail of expostulation and dismay.

"By heaven, Holmes," I said, half-rising, "I believe they are really after us."

"No, it's not quite so bad as that. It is the unofficial force—the Baker street irregulars."

As he spoke, there came a swift pattering of naked feet upon the stairs, a clatter of high voices, and in rushed a dozen dirty and ragged little street Arabs. There was some show of discipline among them, despite their tumultuous entry, for they instantly drew up in line and stood facing us with expectant faces. One of their number, taller and older than the others, stood forward with an air of lounging superiority which was very funny in such a disreputable little scarecrow.

"Got your message, sir," said he, "and brought 'em on sharp. Three bob and a tanner for tickets."

"Here you are," said Holmes, producing some silver. "In future they can report to you, Wiggins, and you to me. I cannot have the house invaded in this way. However, it is just as well that you should all hear the instructions. I want to find the whereabouts of a steam launch called the Aurora, owner, Mordecai Smith, black with two red streaks, funnel black with a white band. She is down the river somewhere. I want one boy to be at Mordecai Smith's landing stage, opposite Millbank, to see if the boat comes back. You must divide it out among yourselves, and do both banks thoroughly. Let me know the moment you have news. Is that all clear?"

"Yes, guv'nor," said Wiggins.

"The old scale of pay, and a guinea to the boy who finds the boat. Here's a day in advance. Now off you go!" He handed them a shilling each, and away they buzzed down the stairs, and I saw them a moment later streaming down the street.

"If the launch is above water they will find her," said Holmes, as he rose from the table and lit his pipe. "They can go everywhere, see everything, overhear everyone. I expect to hear before evening that they have spotted her. In the meanwhile, we can do nothing but await results. We cannot pick up the broken trail until we find either the Aurora or Mr. Mordecai Smith."

"Toby could eat these scraps, I dare say. Are you going to bed, Holmes?"

"No; I am not tired. I have a curious constitution. I never remember feeling tired by work, though idleness exhausts me completely. I am going to smoke and to think over this queer business to which my fair client has introduced us. If ever man had an easy task this of ours ought to be. Wooden-legged men are not so common, but the other man must, I should think, be absolutely unique."

"That other man again!"

"I have no wish to make a mystery of him—to you, anyway. But you must have formed your own opinion. Now, to consider the date. Diminutive footmarks, toes never fettered by boots,

naked feet, stone-headed wooden mace, great agility, small poisoned darts. What do you make of all this?"

"A savage!" I exclaimed. "Perhaps one of those Indians who were the associates of Jonathan Small."

"Hardly that," said he. "When first I saw signs of strange weapons I was inclined to think so, but the remarkable character of the footmarks caused me to reconsider my views. Some of the inhabitants of the Indian Peninsula are small men, but none could have left such marks as that. The Hindoo proper has long and thin feet. The sandal-wearing, Mohammedan has the great toe well separated from the others, because the thong is commonly passed between. These little darts, too, could only be shot in one way. They are from a blow-pipe. Now, then, where are we to find our savage?"

"South American," I hazarded.

He stretched his hand up, and took down a bulky volume from the shelf. "This is the first volume of a gazetteer which is now being published. It may be looked upon as the very latest authority. What have we here? 'Andaman Islands, situated three hundred and forty miles to the north of Sumatra in the Bay of Bengal.' Hum! hum! What's all this? Moist climate, coral reefs, sharks, Port Blair, convict barracks, Rutland Island, cottonwoods—ah, here we are. 'The aborigines of the Andaman Islands may perhaps claim the distinction of being the smallest race upon this earth, though some anthropologists prefer the Bushmen of Africa, the Digger Indians of America, and the Terra del Fuegians. The average height is rather below four feet, although many full-grown adults may be found who are very much smaller than this. They are a fierce, morose and intractable people, though capable of forming most devoted friendships when their confidence has been once gained.' Mark that, Watson. Now, then, listen to this. 'They are naturally hideous, having large, misshapen heads, small, fierce eyes, and distorted features. Their feet and hands, however, are remarkably small. So, intractable and fierce are they that all the efforts of the British officials have failed to win them over in any degree. They have always been a terror to shipwrecked crews, braining the survivors with their stone-headed clubs, or shooting them with their poisoned arrows. These massacres are invariably concluded by a cannibal feast.' Nice, amiable people, Watson! If this fellow had been left to his own unaided devices this affair might have taken an even more ghastly turn. I fancy that, even as it is, Jonathan Small would give a good deal not to have employed him."

TO BE CONTINUED.)

Dr. Hale's Twin Brother.

Dr. Henry M. Field of The Evangelist and Dr. Edward Everett Hale are the same age to a day. Both were born on April 8, 1825. It pleases them that their years are equal, and the fact that they have but one birthday between them has formed one of many ties that have helped to maintain a long continued intimacy. Dr. Field sends The Weekly the last birthday letter he received from Dr. Hale. It is dated at Washington and begins, "My dear young friend." In the course of it Dr. Hale says:—

"Frankly I ought to say that I am hardly conscious that I am an old man. I sometimes think it would be better if I looked in the glass more often. I am, when I think of it, quite aware that I do not see myself as others see me."

"I think I enjoy life more than I did 50 years ago. I am sure that some things which I cannot manage fret me less than they did then. And I am quite sure that I see better how man, the child, can be a fellow worker with God, the Father, than I did then. Such a coworker has, of course, infinite power—so far forth—and he who has that is apt to be cheerful. I try to learn to let younger men and the women of their age do the hard work of the world. I try to confine myself to giving them advice and encouragement, but do not always succeed."

Judging from Dr. Hale's mood and philosophy, it is a remunerative experience to be 75 years old, provided the preliminary steps are well taken. The letter winds up with Dr. Hale's expression of regard for his "dear twin brother." "So he calls me his twin brother," says Dr. Field. "I am very proud of my twin brother, and he, to judge from his letter, seems well satisfied with his."

Long life to these brethren and many cheerful returns of their joint birthday!—Harper's Weekly.

Depew's Physicians.

Chauncey M. Depew is to take his vacation earlier than usual this year. He will sail for Europe the second week in May, to be gone seven weeks.

"My doctor tells me that I need a rest," Dr. Depew said yesterday. "I have been doing my full share of work lately, and am still doing it, in fact. But he thinks that a rest will do me lots of good. Mr. Webb has been ill for six months. He came back to work Monday, apparently restored to health. Mr. C. C. Clarke, the first vice-president of the Central, is now on his way back from California, and will be at his desk on Monday. Their absence has kept me busy, but with them back and things running easily, it won't be difficult for me to get away."

"Who is your physician?" Dr. Depew was asked.

"Don't ask me. I'd rather not say," he said, with a deprecating wave of his hand. "I have several, and I call upon them according to what seems to be the matter with me. To mention any particular one might create jealousy, and I don't care to do that."

Dr. Depew's large staff of medical attendants is something of a standing joke among prominent New York doctors. One of them said yesterday that probably one-third of the best known physicians in the city had been called in at various times by Dr. Depew, according to his own diagnosis of the complaint he wanted to be treated for.—New York Herald.

SUMMER STYLES.

Dainty Fluffy Capes Elaborately Trimmed and Very Short Jackets.

Jet embroidery of various sorts is seen on fashionable capes, either covering them or placed around the top, in front or at the shoulders. Large bows close the cape, smaller ones being placed as epaulets. A combination of the bolero and cape is seen in which the latter is represented by very ample sleeves composed of many platings of mousseline de soie or one wide one gathered under a shoulder knot.

Capes are seen in all colors and are often made to match gowns. Many pretty ones will be seen this summer trimmed with white mousseline de soie and lace, with bows of green, straw, rose and blue. Although the cape was not fashionable in the eighteenth century, the Louis Quinze effect is given to it, since that is seen in everything. These light, bright, fluffy capes, matching the costume, are the fad of the season. Black, of course, will be much used, whether in satin or silk, more or less embroidered, for it accompanies all gowns equally well and is serviceable.

Summer jackets are exceedingly short, reaching very little below the waist, and are often much trimmed, although plain ones are also fashionable. Fancy revers and collars of white or light cloth, embroidered or braided, form, with large and

small buttons, the chief decorations. The buttons should be small when they are used for a vest effect, which is seen on some of the new jacket models. The particularly novel fancy in jackets is that of having them made in bright colors—deep violet, cornflower, blue, scarlet and clear green. This idea is a very pretty and pleasing one, whether the jacket is plain or decorated. But no ornamentation is really required, the color alone being sufficient adornment.

A picture is given of a matinee of straw surah. It is close fitting at the back, but loose in front, the full vest being adorned by a horizontal trimming of lace and narrow, pale blue ribbon. The large revers, forming coquilles, are similarly trimmed, as is the collar. There is a capuchon of surah trimming, with lace. The sleeves are gathered up the outside and are finished at the wrist by frills of lace.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

White Nut Cake.

The whites of 6 eggs, 2 cupfuls of sugar, 1 cupful of butter, 1 of milk, 3 of flour and 2 teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Flavor with almond and add a half pound of English walnuts, broken not too fine.

The Decoration of Doors.

The decoration of doors as screens is, according to The Puritan, becoming usual in many places where a hanging was formerly used. The tapestry or bro-

cade fastened to the door makes a pleasant break for the eye in the scheme of wall treatment and is not only decorative but durable. The authority quoted illustrates the effect of tapestry decorations not only on the doors but walls of a dining room.

Things Women Want to Know.

Handkerchief bags are small and flat and are worn at the side.

The white silk and satin bodice is a pretty feature of the new cloth gowns.

The princess dress is very popular in Paris, and many handsome gowns of velvet and silk for weddings and other dressy occasions are out in this style.

The sleeve of the moment certainly has length to recommend it almost in proportion to the size it has lost, and the pretty fall of lace at the wrist is very becoming to any but the short, stout arm.

Hats of taffeta silk are novelties in millinery.

The walking stick for women is said to be coming in again.

It is the fashion just now to appear very metaphysical and philosophical, and it is said in this connection that gray hairs are fashionable.

A good cook is one who can make stewed prunes taste as if she had washed them before cooking them.

TAPESTRY DECORATIONS.

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AN APPEAL FOR INDIA

REV. DR. TALMAGE IN BEHALF OF
A FAMINE STRICKEN PEOPLE.

"Blessed is He That Considereth the Poor:
the Lord Will Deliver Him in Time of
Trouble"—A Thrilling Story of a Pro-
strate People.

Chicago, May 2.—Dr. Talmage is on a mission of bread for the famine sufferers of India. He is speaking every day to vast audiences in Iowa and Illinois, helping to fill the ships provided by the United States government for carrying corn to India. Text, Esther 1, 1, "This is Ahasuerus which reigned from India even unto Ethiopia."

Among the 773,693 words which make up the Bible only once occurs the word "India." In this part of the Scriptures, which the rabbis call "Megillah Esther," or the volume of Esther, a book sometimes complained against because the word "God" is not even once mentioned in it, although one rightly disposed can see God in it from the first chapter to the last, we have it set forth that Xerxes, or Ahasuerus, who invaded Greece with 2,000,000 men, but returned in a poor fisher's boat, had a vast dominion, among other regions, India. In my text India takes its place in Bible geography, and the interest in that land has continued to increase until with more and more enthusiasm all around the world Bishop Heber's hymn about "India's coral strand" is being sung. Never will I forget the thrill of anticipation that went through my body and mind and soul when after two week's tossing on the seas around Ceylon and India—for the winds did not, according to the old hymn "blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle"—our ship sailed up one of the mouths of the Ganges past James and Mary island so named because a royal ship of that name was wrecked there, and I stepped ashore at Calcutta, amid the shrines and temples and sculptures of that City of Palaces, the strange physiognomies of the living and the cremations of the dead.

I had never expected to be there, because the sea and I long ago had a serious falling out, but the facilities of travel are so increasing that you or your children will probably visit that land of boundless fascination. Its configuration is such as no one but God could have architected, and it seems as if a man who had no religion going there would be obliged to acknowledge a God, as did the cowboy in Colorado. His companion, an atheist, had about persuaded the cowboy that there was no God, but coming amid some of that tremendous scenery of high rocks and awful chasms, and depths dug under depths, and mountains piled on mountains, the cowboy said to his atheistic companion, "Jack, if there is no God, I guess from the looks of things around here there must have been a God some time." No one but the Omnipotent could have planned India, and no one but the Omnipotent could have built it. It is a great triangle, its base the Himalayas, a word meaning "the dwelling place of snows," those mountains pouring out of their crystal cup the Indus, the Brahmaputra and the Ganges to slake the thirst of the vast populations of India. That country is the home of 240,000,000 souls. Whatever be one's taste, going there his taste is gratified. Some go as hunters of great game, and there is no end to their entertainment. Mighty fauna—bison, buffalo, rhinoceros, elephant, panther, lion, tiger, this last to be the perpetual game for Americans and Europeans because he comes up from the malarial swamps where no human being dare enter, the deer, and antelope his accustomed food, but once having obtained the taste of human blood he wants nothing else, and is called "the man eater." You cannot see the tiger's natural ferocity after he has been humiliated by a voyage across the sea. You need to hear his growl as he presses his iron paw against the cage in Calcutta. Thirteen towns have been abandoned as residence because of the work of this cruel invader.

In India, in the year 1877, 819 people were slain by the tiger and 10,000 cattle destroyed. From the back of the elephant or from galleries built among the trees 1,500 tigers went down and \$18,000 of government reward was paid the sportsmen. I advise all those who in America and other lands find amusement in shooting singing birds, coming home at night with empty powder flask and a whole choir of heaven slung over their shoulder to absent themselves for awhile and attack the justifiable game of India. Or if you go as botanists, oh, what opulence of flora! With no distinct flora of its own, it is the chorus of all the flora of Persia and Siberia and China and Arabia and Egypt.

Two Great Passions.

The Baptist missionary Carey, who did infinite good to India, had two great passions—first, a passion for souls, and, next, a passion for flowers—and he adorned his Asiatic home and the American homes of his friends and museums on either side the sea with the results of his floral expeditions in India. To prepare himself for morning prayers he was accustomed to walk amid the flowers and trees. It is the heaven of the magnolia and abelmosk and palm tree. The ethnologist going there will find endless entertainment in the study of the races now living there and the races of whose blood they are a commingling.

The historian going there will find his theory of Warren Hastings' government in India the reverse from that which Edmund Burke gave him in the most famous address ever made in a courtroom, its two characteristics matchless eloquence and onesidedness of statement. The archaeologist will be thrown into a frenzy of delight as he visits Delhi of India and digs down and finds seven dead cities underneath the now living city. All success to the hunters, and the botanists, and the ethnologists, and the historians, and the archaeologists who visit India, each one on his or her errand. But we to-day visit India as Christian women and men to hear the full meaning of a groan of hunger that has travelled 14,000

miles, yet gets louder and more agonizing as the days go by. But why have any interest in people so far away that it is evening there when it is morning here, their complexion darker, their language to us a jargon, their attire unlike that found in any American wardrobe, their memory and their ambition unlike anything that we recall or hope for?

With more emphasis than you put into the interrogatory "Why?" I answer, first, because our Christ was an Asiatic. Egypt gave to us its monuments, Rome gave to us its law, Germany gave to us its philosophy, but Asia gave to us its Christ. His mother an Asiatic; the mountains that looked down upon him, Asiatic; the lakes on whose pebbly banks he rested and on whose chopped waves he walked, Asiatic; the apostles whom he first commissioned, Asiatic; the audiences he wheeled with his illustrations drawn from blooming lilies and salt crystals and great rainfalls and belching tempests and hypocrites' long faces and creaking ravens—all those audiences Asiatic. Christ during his earthly stay was never outside of Asia. When he had 16 or 18 years to spare from his active work, instead of spending that time in Europe, I think he goes farther toward the heart of Asia—namely, India. The Bible says nothing of Christ from 12 years of age until 30, but there are records in India and traditions in India which represent a strange, wonderful, most excellent and supernatural being as staying in India about that time. I think Christ was there much of the time between his twelfth and his thirtieth year, but however that may be, Christ was born in Asia, suffered in Asia, died in Asia and ascended from Asia, and all that makes me turn my ear more attentively toward that continent as I hear its cry of distress.

Noble Missionaries.

Besides that, I remember that some of the most splendid achievements for the cause of that Asiatic Christ have been made in India. How the heart of every intelligent Christian beats with admiration at the mere mention of the name of Henry Martyn! Having read the life of our American David Brainerd, who gave his life to evangelizing our American savages, Henry Martyn goes forward to give his life for the salvation of India, dying from exhaustion of service at 31 years of age. Lord Macaulay, writing of him, says:—

Here Martyn lies. In manhood's early bloom
The Christian hero found a pagan tomb.
Religion, sorrowing o'er her favorite son,
Points to the glorious trophies which he won.

Immortal trophies! Not with slaughter red,
Nor stained with tears by friendless orphans shed,
But trophies of the cross. In that dear name,
Through every scene of danger, toil and shame,
Onward he journeyed to that happy shore,
Where danger, toil and shame are known no more.

Is there in all history, secular or religious, a more wondrous character than William Carey, the converted shoemaker of England, daring all things for God in India, translating the Bible into many dialects, building chapels and opening mission houses and laying foundations for the redemption of the country, and although Sydney Smith, who sometimes laughed at things he ought not to have satirized, had in the learned Edinburgh Review scoffed at the idea of what he called "lowborn, lowbred mechanics" like Carey attempting to convert the Brahmans, Carey stopped not until he had started influences that eternity, no more than time, shall have power to arrest, 213,000 Bibles going forth from his printing presses at Serampore. His sublime humility showing itself in the epitaph he ordered from the old gospel hymn:—

A wretched, poor and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall.

Need I tell you of Alphonse Lacroix, the Swiss missionary in India, or of William Butler, the glorious American Methodist missionary in India, or of the royal family of the Scuders, of the Reformed Church of America, my dear mother church to whom I give a kiss of love in passing, or of Dr. Alexander Duff, the Scotch missionary whose visit to this country some of us will remember forever? When he stood in the old Broadway tabernacle, New York, and pleaded for India until there was no other depth of religious emotion for him to stir and no loftier height of Christian eloquence for him to scale, and closed in a whirlwind of halleluiahs, I could easily believe that which was said of him, that while pleading the cause of India in one of the churches in Scotland he got so overwrought that he fell in the pulpit in a swoon and was carried into the vestry to be resuscitated, and when restored to his senses and preparation was being made to carry him out to some dwelling where he could be put to bed, he compelled his friends to take him back to the pulpit to complete his plea for the salvation of India, no sooner getting on his feet than he began where he left off, but with more gigantic power than before he fainted.

But just as noble as any I have mentioned are the men and women who are there now for Christ's sake and the redemption of that people. Far away from their native land, famine on one side and black plague on the other side, swamps breathing on them malaria, and jungles howling on them with wild beasts or hissing with cobras; the names of those missionaries of all denominations to be written so high on the roll of martyrs that no names of the last 1,800 years shall be written above them. You need to see them at their work in schools and churches and lazarettos to appreciate them. All honor upon them and their households, while I smite the lying lips of their slanderers!

Their Religion.

Most interesting are the people of India. At Calcutta, I said to one of our leaders, who spoke English well:—
"Have these idols which I see any power of themselves to help or destroy?"

He said: "No; they only represent God. There is but one God."

"When people die, where do they go to?"

"That depends upon what they have been doing; if they have been doing good, to heaven; and if they have been doing evil, to hell."

"But do you not believe in the transmigration of souls, and that after death we go into birds or animals of some sort?"

"Yes; the last creature a man is thinking of while dying is the one into which he will go. If he is thinking of a bird, he will go into a bird; if he is thinking of a beast, he will go into a beast."

"I thought you said that at death the soul goes to heaven or hell?"

"He goes there by a gradual process. It may take him years and years."

"Can any one become a Hindoo? Could I become a Hindoo?"

"Yes, you could."

"How could I become a Hindoo?"

"By doing as the Hindoos do."

From the walls of one of their museums at Jaipur I had translated for me these beautiful sentiments:—

The wise make failure equal to success. Like threads, of silver seen through crystal beads, let love through good deeds show.

Do not to others that which if done to thee would cause thee pain. And this is the sum of duty.

A man obtains a proper rule of action by looking on his neighbor as himself.

An Eloquent Appeal.

From that continent of interesting folk, from that continent that gave the Christ, from that continent which has been endeared by so many missionary heroics, there comes a groan of 80,000,000 people in hunger. More people are in danger of starving to death in India to-day than the entire population of the United States. In the famine in India in the year 1877 about 6,000,000 people starved to death. That is more than all the people of Washington, of New York, of Philadelphia, of Chicago put together. But that famine was not a tenth part as awful as the one there now raging. Twenty thousand are dying there of famine every day. Whole villages and towns have died—every man, woman and child; none left to bury the dead. The vultures and the jackals are the only pall-bearers. Though some help has been sent, before full relief can reach them I suppose there will be at least 10,000,000 dead. Starvation, even for one person, is an awful process. No food, the vitals gnaw upon themselves, and faintness and languor and pangs from head to foot, and horror and despair and insanity take full possession. One handful of wheat or corn or rice per day would keep life going but they cannot get a handful. The crops failed and the millions are dying. Oh, it is hard to be hungry in a world where there are enough grain and fruit and meat to fill all the hungry mouths on the planet! But, alas, that the sufferer and the supply cannot be brought together. There stands India to-day. Look at her. Her face dusky from the hot suns of many centuries. Under her turban such aching of brow as only a dying nation feels; her eyes hollow with unutterable woe; the tears rolling down her sunken cheek; her back bent with more agonies than she knows how to carry; her ovens containing nothing but ashes; Gaunt, ghastly, wasted, the dew of death upon her forehead and a pallor such as the last hour brings, she stretches forth her trembling hand toward us with hoarse whisper she says: "I am dying! Give me bread! That is what I want! Bread! Give it to me quick. Give it to me now. Bread, bread, bread!"

America has heard the cry. Many thousands of dollars have already been contributed. One ship laden with breadstuffs has sailed from San Francisco for India. Our senate and house of representatives in a bill signed by our sympathetic president have authorized the secretary of the navy to charter a vessel to carry food to the famine sufferers, and you may help fill that ship. We want to send at least 600,000 bushels of corn. That will save the lives of at least 600,000 people. Many will respond in contributions of money, and the barns and corncribs of the entire United States will pour forth their treasures of food. When that ship is laden till it can carry no more, we will ask him who holds the winds in his fist and plants his triumphant foot on stormy waves to let nothing but good happen to the ship till it anchors in Bengal or Arabian waters. They who help by contributions of money or breadstuffs toward filling that relief ship will flavor their own food for their lifetime with appetizing qualities and insure their own welfare through the promise of him who said, "Blessed is he that considereth the poor; the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble."

Something to Eat.

Oh, what a relief ship that will be! It shall not turn a screw nor hoist a sail until we have had something to do with its cargo. Just 17 years ago from these Eastern times a ship on similar errand went out from New York harbor—the old war frigate Constellation. It had once carried guns of death, but there was famine in Ireland, and the Constellation was loaded with 500 tons of food. That ship, once covered with smoke of battle, then covered with Easter hosannas! That ship, constructed to battle England, going forth over the waters to carry relief to some of her starving subjects. Better than sword into plowshare, better than spear into pruning hook, was that old war frigate turned into a white winged angel of resurrection to roll away the stone from the mouth of Ireland's sepulcher.

On like errand five years ago the ship Leo put out with many tons of food for famine struck Russia. One Saturday afternoon, on the deck of that steamer as she lay at Brooklyn wharf, a wondrous scene took place. A committee of the King's Daughters had decorated the ship with streamers and bunting, American and Russian flags intertwining. Thousands of people on the wharfs and on the decks joined us in invoking God's blessing on the cargo, and the long meter Doxology in "Old Hundred" sounded

grandly up amid the masts and railings. Having had the joy of seeing that ship thus consecrated we had the additional joy of standing on the docks at St. Petersburg when the planks of the relief ship were thrown out and the representatives of the municipalities and of royalty went aboard her, the long freight train at the same time rolling down to take the food to the starving, and on alternate cars of that train American and Russian flags floating. But now the hunger in India is mightier than any that Ireland or Russia ever suffered. Quicker ought to be the response and on so vast a scale that the one ship would become a whole flotilla—New York sending one, Boston another, Philadelphia another, Charleston another, New Orleans another. Then let them all meet in some harbor of India. What a peroration of mercy for the nineteenth century! I would like to stand on the wharf at Calcutta or Bombay and see such a fleet come in. With what joy it would be welcomed! The emaciated would lift their heads on shriveled hands and elbows and with thin lips ask, "Is it coming—something, to eat?" And whole villages and towns, too weak to walk, would crawl out on hands and knees to get the first grain of corn, they could reach and put it to their famished lips. May I cry out for you and for others to those sufferers: "Wait a little longer, bear up a little more, O dying men of India! Relief is on the way, and more relief will soon be coming. We send it in the name of the Asiatic Christ, who said, 'I was hungry and ye fed me; inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me.'"

Christian people of America! I call your attention to the fact that we may now, as never before, by one magnificent stroke open the widest door for the evangelization of Asia. A stupendous obstacle in the way of Christianizing Asia has been the difference of language, but all those people understand the gospel of bread. Another obstacle has been the law of caste, but in what better way can we teach them the brotherhood of man? Another huge difficulty in the way of Christianizing Asia has been that those people thought the religion we would have them take was no better than their Hindooism or Mohammedanism, but they will now see by this crusade for the relief of people 14,000 miles away that the Christian religion is of a higher, better and grander type than any other religion, for when did the followers of Brahma, or Vishnu, or Buddha, or Confucius, or Mohammed ever demonstrate like interest in people on the opposite side of the world? Having taken the bread of this life from our hands, they will be more apt to take from us the bread of eternal life. The missionaries of different denominations in India at 46 stations are already distributing relief sent through The Christian Herald. Is it not plain that those missionaries, after feeding the hunger of the body, will be at better advantage to feed the hunger of the soul? When Christ, before preaching to the 5,000 in the wilderness broke for them the miraculous loaves, he indicated that the best way to prepare the world for spiritual and eternal considerations is first to look after their temporal interests. Oh, church of God in America and Europe! This is your opportunity. We have on occasions of Christian patriotism cried, "America for God!" Now let us add the battle shout, "Asia for God!" In this movement to give food to starving India I hear the rustling of the wings of the Apocalyptic angel, ready to fly through the midst of heaven proclaiming to all the kingdoms and people and tongues the unsearchable riches of Jesus Christ.

A Divine Circle.

And now I bethink myself of something I never thought of before. I had noticed that the circle is God's favorite figure; and upon that subject I addressed you some time ago, but it did not occur to me until now that the gospel seems to be moving in a circle. It started in Asia, Bethlehem, an Asiatic village; Jordan, an Asiatic river; Calvary, an Asiatic mountain. Then this gospel moved on to Europe; witness the chapels and churches and cathedrals and Christian universities of that continent. Then it crossed to America. It has prayed and preached and sung its way across our continent. It has crossed to Asia, taking the Sandwich Islands in its way, and now in all the great cities on the coast of China people are singing "Rock of Ages" and "There is a Fountain Filled With Blood," for you must know that not only have the Scriptures been translated into those Asiatic tongues, but also the evangelical hymns.

My missionary brother John translated some of them into Chinese, and Mr. Gladstone gave me a copy of the hymn, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," which he had himself translated into Greek. The Christ who it seems spent 16 or 18 years of his life in India is there now in spirit, converting and saving the people by the hundreds of thousands, and the gospel will move right on through Asia until the story of the Saviour's birth will anew be made known in Bethlehem, and the story of a Saviour's sacrifice be told anew on and around Mount Calvary, and the story of a Saviour's ascension be told anew on the shoulder of Mount Olivet. And then do you not see the circle will be complete? The glorious circle, the circle of the earth. This old planet, gashed with earthquake and scorched with conflagration and torn with revolutions, will be girdled with churches, with schools, with universities, with millennial festivities.

How cheering and how inspiring the thought that we are, whether giving temporal or spiritual relief, working on the segment of such a circle, and that the Christly mission which started in Asia will keep on its way until it goes clear around to the place where it started. Then the earth will have demonstrated that for which it was created, and as soon as a world has completed its mission it dies. Part of the heavens is a cemetery of dead worlds. Our world, built to demonstrate to the worlds which have been loyal to God the awful results of disloyalty, so that none of them may ever attempt it—I say our world, having finished its mission, may then go out of existence. The central fires of the world

which are burning out rapidly toward the crust may have reached the surface by that time and the Bible prophecy be fulfilled, which declares that the earth and all things that are therein shall be burned up. The ransomed human race at that time on earth will start unhurt in those chariots of fire for the great metropolis of the universe, the heaven, where the redeemed of the Lord shall talk over the famines, and the plagues, and the wars which this earth suffered and against which we struggled and prayed as long as there was any breath in us. Glorious consummation!

THE CIRCUIT RIDER.

CHRISTIANITY OWES MUCH TO
HIS ZEAL AND ENDURANCE.

His Life During the Early Days of Methodism in Canada Was Often One of Great Hardship—The Story of One Now Enjoying a Ripe Old Age.

From the Simcoe Reformer.

In the early days of Methodism in Canada the gospel was spread abroad in the land by the active exertions of the circuit rider. It required a man of no ordinary health and strength, an iron constitution and unflagging determination to fulfill the arduous duties incumbent on one who undertook to preach salvation to his fellowmen. It was no easy task that these men set themselves to, but they were strong in the faith and hope of ultimate reward. Many fell by the wayside, while others struggled on and prospered, and a few are to-day enjoying a ripe old age, happy in the knowledge that a lasting reward will soon be theirs. Most of these old timers are not now engaged in active church work, but have been placed on the supernumerary list, and are now living a quiet life in town or on a farm, free from the cares of the world, they await the call to come up higher.

Rev. David Williams, who lives two miles southwest of Nixon, Ont., in the township of Windham, Norfolk County, was one of these early days circuit riders. He was a man of vigorous health and although without many advantages in the way of early education he succeeded, by dint of hard and constant study in being admitted to the ministry. He was the first born in the first house built in Glen Williams, near Georgetown, Mr. Geo. Kennedy, the founder of Georgetown, being a brother of his mother. To-day he is 70 years old and for the past 26 years has lived in this country. For many years he had been a sufferer from kidney and kindred diseases. He tried all kinds of remedies, and although sometimes temporarily relieved, he gradually grew worse until in October, 1895, he was stricken with paralysis. From this he partially recovered, and recovered his powers of speech, but his mind was badly wrecked and his memory was so poor that he could not remember the name of the person to whom he wished to speak without thinking intently for several minutes. One day driving to church he wished to speak of a neighbor who lived next to him for twenty years, but he could not recall the name for an hour or more. In addition to his mental trouble, he had intense bodily suffering; pains in the head, across the forehead, in the temples and behind the ears, across the lower part of the skull and in the joint of the neck. He had great weakness and pains in the back, hips and legs. In fact, so much did he suffer that sleep was almost an impossibility, and he fell away in weight until he weighed only 145 pounds. By this time, Dec., 1895, he became despondent and felt that if he did not soon obtain relief, he would soon bid adieu to the things of this world. On the 20th of December he read of a cure in The Reformer by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and being seized with a sudden inspiration at once wrote to Brockville for a supply of that marvellous remedy. Immediate good results followed their use and he has improved wonderfully during the past year. He has recovered his bodily health and strength, is comparatively free from pain and his memory is nearly as good as it ever was and as the improvements continue the prospects are very bright for complete recovery. He has gained 20 pounds in weight since beginning the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mr. Williams says: "I can heartily endorse the many good things said of these pills in the papers, and strongly recommend them to any one suffering as I was."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a blood builder and nerve restorer. They supply the blood with its life and health-giving properties, thus driving disease from the system. There are numerous pink colored imitations, against which the public is warned. The genuine Pink Pills can be had only in boxes the wrapper around which bears the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." Refuse all others.

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., 1896.

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.

The Wretch.

The Brooklyn school principal whose suit for reinstatement is being tried before a jury in Brooklyn admits having said, "Let any one of you gentlemen try the experience of being an unmarried man thrown daily among 45 old maids and see what will come of it." Away with him!—Boston Globe.

PERSONALS.

Mrs. Kenny and Mrs. Hauck are at Camp Bonita.

Rev. Mr. Forster and wife returned to Victoria last week.

Miss L. M. Powell, formerly teacher here, is now teaching in Clinton.

Miss Edith Dalby of Victoria came up last week and is staying at Bayne Sound.

Miss Sarah Lewis left Friday to attend another term of St. Ann's school, Victoria.

Mr. Reifel, Manager of the Union Brewery of Nanaimo, was up last week.

Mrs. J. J. Vier returned on Wednesday from a visit to her mother in Victoria.

Mr. Abram's family broke up camp on the beach to-day, to enable the children to attend school.

Messrs. Dowell & Edwards of Hornby Island are among the northern wayfarers in search for gold.

Mr. S. J. Piercy, the best housed, and one of Comox' most prosperous farmers, was in town last week.

Mrs. J. A. Halliday and Miss Barnes left on Friday morning for Victoria as delegates to the W. C. T. U. convention.

Mr. Richard Creech was up for a week from Victoria to lend his brother, Harry Creech of the Bailey farm a helping hand.

Mr. T. H. Piercy of Deaman Island was over here last week. The Klondike fever is slowly working its way and in the spring "well, may be."

Mr. John Ford of Hornby Island returned Friday. His pulse shows a normal beat and the Yukon has no charms to win him from his "sea-girl isle."

Mr. B. C. Randall, once well known here for his work among the Chinese and as a temperance advocate, was married at Canton on the 5th of July ult.

Mr. John Urquhart and Mr. Stafford McKelvey rode into town Thursday. Mr. Urquhart, when asked the usual question about Klondike vaguely hinted that the flowers bloomed after the winter is past.

Mrs. Richard Mounce and Miss Dimmick, who had been visiting Mrs. L. Mounce for some weeks, took the steamer City of Nanaimo, last Friday for their home in New Westminster.

Dr. Robert Lawrence left Friday on a business trip East. He will be absent about a month. This is his first outing since he came to Union. Dr. Westwood, his associate, will of course, until Dr. Lawrence returns, attend to all colliery patients as well as all other professional calls.

LOCALS

Help out the Courtenay Exhibition by special prizes.

There was a dance at Piket's hall on Friday night.

Monday night of last week a panther swooped up five sheep belonging to Mr. Bridges of the Settlement. The tracks indicated there were two cubs—just to break them in.

Great fire in Chicago was started by Mrs. O'Farley's cow kicking over a lantern. The small fire in No. 4 slope last week was started by a Mr. Somebody's lantern. Happily it was soon put out. It is to be hoped Mr. Charles Evans will direct his well-recognized inventive talent to the production of a fire proof lantern.

A meeting of the employees of the U. C. Co. will be held this (Tuesday) evening, in the band hall, at 8 o'clock, for the election of three members for the Sick Fund, appointment of two members of Sick Fund by the U. C. Co., hearing of statement of accounts of Sick Fund, and for suggestions for benefit of employees.

NOTICE

All persons are forbidden to deposit night soil or garbage upon or near the hospital grounds, under penalty of the law.

BIRTHS.

SCAVADA.—At Union, Aug. 26th, to the wife of Mr. Scavada, a son.

UNION SHIPPING.

Aug. 23.—Str. Maude took 135 tons of coal for the C. P. N. Co.

Aug. 23.—The Topic took 318 tons of coke for Trail.

Aug. 24.—Rapid Transit took 21 tons of coal for fuel.

Aug. 26.—The Topic took 218 tons of coal for the C. P. R., and 196 tons of coke for Trail.

Aug. 26.—The Thistle took 65 tons of coal and 255 tons of clay for Victoria.

Aug. 27.—Tug Ozar left with 343 tons of coal for Chemical Works, Victoria.

Aug. 28.—The Geo. E. Star came in for 63 tons of fuel.

Aug. 28.—Str. Tees took 42 tons of fuel. The Bristol reached here from Dyea on Sunday afternoon.

The San Mateo will be due this week.

REV. D. MCINTYRE
HEARD FROM.

We clip the following from "The North and West" relative to Rev. D. McIntyre, who filled for a year very acceptably, the Presbyterian pulpit in Union. His many friends here will be glad to hear that he is well settled:

"Rolla, North Dakota.—Rev. D. McIntyre, who has so ably filled the pulpit here for the last three Sabbaths, has received a very hearty call to the pastorate, and has accepted. The people know a good thing when they see it, and are to be congratulated on the choice they have made."

TEXADA MATTERS.

While all the talk is about the Klondike, a good deal of work is being done nearer home. The outlook at Texada is daily growing brighter. As the work is carried down values increase.

Some ore is being shipped.

Wages are \$75 per month.

The new hotel is about finished.

The lime works are to be started again soon.

Passenger List.

By the s.s. City of Nanaimo, Aug. 31st:
Miss Dally, E. Gartley, Mr. Bloomingdale, W. Bell, J. M. Stokes, R. Prouse, H. Thomson, W. Crossan, G. R. Ella, R. Craig, E. Roberts, E. Bray, M. Marison, E. Lauson, A. Allenson, Miss Harney, Mr. Hardie, Mrs. McKenzie, E. Livestone, Miss Coburn, J. Fork, Mrs. Heatherbell, T. Piercy, Mr. Millett, Mrs. McKelvie, Mr. T. Marshall.

Gordon Murdock,
Third St. Union, B. C.

Blacksmithing

in all its branches,
and Wagons neatly Repaired

Subscribe for THE NEWS \$2.00 per annum

M. J. HENRY,
Nurseryman and
FLORIST
VANCOUVER, B. C.

Greenhouse, Nursery, Apiary and Post-office Address, 604 Westminster Road.

Large stock of flowering bulbs for fall planting at eastern prices or less.

Finest stock of transplanted three and four years old fruit trees ever offered.

An extra choice assortment of small fruit plants and bushes, roses, ornamentals, etc. at lowest cash prices.

NO AGENTS! Send for catalogue before placing your order; it will pay you.

Why send away for your printing when you can get it done equally as well at the News? Our prices are reasonable, and we are now prepared to turn out everything in the line of JOB PRINTING.

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.

GORDON MURDOCK'S

LIVERY.

Single and Double Rigs to let

—at—

Reasonable Prices

Near Blacksmith Shop, 3rd St. UNION, B. C.

NOTICE.

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

July 28th, GORDON MURDOCK.

Esquimalt & Nanaimo Ry.

Time Table No. 28,

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

GOING NORTH—READ DOWN.

	Daily.	Sat. & Sunday
Lv. Victoria for Nanaimo and Wellington	8.00	4.00
Ar. Nanaimo	11.45	7.25
Ar. Wellington	12.15	7.45

GOING SOUTH—READ UP.

	A. M.	P. M.
Daily.	Sat. & Sunday.	
Ar. Victoria	12.30	8.00
Lv. Nanaimo for Victoria	8.40	4.35
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.
H. K. PRIOR, Gen. Freight and Passenger Agt.

—GO TO—

SID C. HOOVER'S

The only First Class Tonsorial Artist in the City.

When you may wish an easy shave As good as barbers ever gave, Just call at my shaving parlor At noon, 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.

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. We have them to fit all feet, long or short, broad or narrow.

AMES HOLDEN 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.