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The Weekly News.

NO. 244. UNION COMOX DISTRICT, B. C., TUESDAY JULY, 20th, 1897. $2.00 PER ANNUM.

UNION MEAT MARKET

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

SHIPPING SUPPLIES.

|o| SIMON LEISER

GO TO
Gustav Hauck
—FOR—
SUMMER WEAR.
BLOUSES AND STRAW HATS
REDUCED TO COST.....
Shilling's Teas and Coffees
ALWAYS ON HAND.

The Undersigned having Purchased
E. PIMBURY AND CO'S
business here, beg to inform the public that they are prepared to supply
Pure Drugs & Druggist Sundries
as cheaply as they can be procured from any house in British Columbia. A full line of
Patent Medicines
always kept on hand.
We are desirous, particularly, of calling your attention to our complete stock of
Stationery and School Books
In this line we will sell as cheaply as any house in Union.
PRESCRIPTIONS & FAMILY RECEIPTS
CAREFULLY COMPOUNDED.....
A. H. PEACEY & CO. UNION.

Comox Notes.

Mrs. Dempster returned last boat from Nanaimo.

The H.M.S. Wild Swan arrived in the harbour Monday 19th.

The H.M.S. Pheasant has gone north to the Behring Sea.

J. B. Holmes was a passenger down by last week's steamer.

Seed Potatoes and Oats at the Union Store.

On Sunday Evening.

Rev. Mr. Tait occupied Rev. Mr Logan's pulpit, preaching an earnest sermon, at the close of which, he read the citation from the Presbytery at Vic oria, calling upon the church here to appear by representatives at a session to be held there July 26th, to present any reasons, if any they had, why Rv. Mr. Logan should not be transferred to the pastorate of Eburne Church. A meeting of the church society was announced for Wednesday evening of this week, to consider the matter, at the close of the regular prayer meeting.

At the Methedist Church there was a good attendance, to listen to a service of song, which, as usual was excellent.

At the Presbyterian Church, Comox, Rev. Mr. Logan delivered an eloquent discourse. The church was crowded as it usually is there when it is announced he will preach.

NORTH POLE EXPEDITION.

Stockholm, July 16.—In a private letter just received here from Prof. Andree, the aeronaut and explorer, he says: "I will take the first opportunity to make the baloon start northwards even though the winds should be less favorable than we might desire.

Latest by Wire

EX PRIEST ARRESTED.

Victoria, B. C., July 16.—Ruthvenu, who claims to be an ex-priest, was arrested this morning for the circulation of indecent literature, a book entitled "Crimes of Romish Priests."

LARGE SHIPMENT.

The Hudson Bay Co., this morning shipped seven carloads of liquors and groceries to the Clondyke. The Albion Iron Works also sent a cargo of stoves. The whole shipment was valued at $25,000.

YUKON TRAIL.

The work on the trail from Telegraph Creek to Teshan Lake, the first section of the new route to the Yukon, is proceeding satisfactorily.

SPANISH MERCHANTS ARRESTED.

New York, July 16.—A special despatch from Havana says eighty rich Spanish merchants and bankers were arrested there today, accused of selling merchandise and medicines to the Cuban patriots. Those under arrest include prominent persons, men who hold important official positions. The excitement is intense.

NOT EXAGERATED.

Victoria, B. C., July 16.—Mr. E. M. Sullivan, a Yukon trader, who arrived here this morning, says that the reports from the Clondyke are not exagerated in the least.

MORE JAPS.

One hundred more Japs arrived on the steamer Pelican this evening the 16th, to go to work fishing on the Fraser River.

SLOWLY DYING.

Geo. Brown of Beecher Bay, who was shot by Jno. Aitken some months ago, is slowly dying.

GREAT STORM.

New York, July 15.—All along the Sound, a storm raged with fury yesterday and great damage done to small crafts along the shore.

CUBAN REPORTS.

Havanna, July 15.—Official advices from Pinar Del Rio, announce that the insurgent leader has been killed and another leader has surrendered to the authorities with 16 of his followers.

TURKS ARRESTED.

Constantinople, July 15.—A hundred additional arrests followed the investigations of the military and naval commission oppointed to try 25 students of the Naval, Military and Medical Schools, who are charged with conducting a political propaganda in the interests of the young Turkish party.

COMING BACK RICH.

Nanaimo, July 15. Wm. Sloan, late Sloan and Scott, and Wilkinson who left for Yukon a year ago have sold their claims there for $50,000 each. They are coming out next steamer.

WANT OUR COAL.

Victoria, B. C., July 16.—The representatives of the Pittsburg Co., which contemplates the starting of a steel and iron works at Port Angeles were here yesterday endeavoring to make arrangements for the supply of coal and iron ore from B. C. mines. It's understood they are well satisfied with the interview they had with the owners.

RICHEST STRIKE EVER KNOWN.

A special to the NEWS, dated 17th, says richest gold strike the world has ever known was made in Clondyke region last August, but news did not reach Circle city until December 15th, 300 miles distant. Hundreds of claims have been staked out, all equally rich. The largest nugget found was worth $257; next $231. About 75 miners have reached St Michaels, bringing a portion of their clean-ups. J. J. Clements of Los Angeles has $175,000: Prof. Lippy of Seattle $65,000; Wm. Stanley $112,000; Clarence Berry $110,000; Henry Anderson $33,000. F. Keller $25,000; F. J. Kelly $33,000; Wm Sloane of Nanaimo $85,000. There are some 30 or 40 more who stand guard over their treasures in their state rooms, but will not talk. The aggregate is $1.000,000. The claims are numerous and wonderful not so much for their richness as extent, there being hundreds of them staked out equally rich. The steamer Excelsior of San Francisco was the first to get through the ice to the island; Portland of Seattle was four days later. Ice went out of the Yukon June 15th and the steamer P. B. Weare, which wintered at Dawson reached St Michaels June 27th bringing 95 miners, every man bringing a fortune in gold dust.

Nanaimo is ablaze with excitement and many are leaving.

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

A GREAT DAY
For Cumberland and Union.

THE INTRODUCTION of pure water from Hamilton Creek into town last Thursday was a most important event in our history. The day was slightly cloudy but cool and pleasant. At 10 a. m. the officers and directors of the Cumberland & Union Water-Works Co., with their ladies, and a goodly number of the general public gathered at No.2 Slope to witness the ceremony of turning on the water. The ladies of the directors—Mrs. R. Lawrence, Mrs. R. Grant, Mrs. L. Mounce, Mrs. F. B. Smith, and Miss Sarah Lewis—formed a semi-circle around a turning wheel, the rim and spokes of which were covered with beautiful and many-colored ribbons. Mr. Kelly then took a photograph of the ladies, after which Mr. George Stevens, contractor for the erection of the reservoir, and superintendent of the works, stepped forward and in a neat speech presented the "key." The ladies turned the wheel and the waiting water rushed into the mains. It was just 13 minutes to 11 and the water pressure was 100 pounds to the square inch. A group including the officers and directors of the company was here caught by the camera. Carriages were now taken for Cumberland, but upon reaching the office of the Union Colliery Co., a wait of a few minutes was had during which the hose attached to the hydrant was tested. The presence of air in the pipes and want of pressure prevented the display which followed when Cumberland was reached, an account of which will be found under its appropriate head.

Following the firemen's exercises with the hose, came the banquet in the Union Club rooms which had been provided by the directors of the Water-Works Co., and to which the shareholders and their friends had been invited. Messrs. Strang & Campbell were the caterers; and it is needless to say performed the part assigned them most satisfactorily. All available space was occupied and every chair taken. When the "inner man" had been satisfied the Chairman, Dr. Lawrence, president of the company, arose and proposed as the first toast, "The Queen," which was responded to in a hearty manner. The toast to the Union Colliery Co., was happily responded to by Messers. Clinton and Russell. Rev. Mr. Logan after a very complimentary introduction, delivered in his usual excellent style, proposed the Cumberland & Union Water-Works Co., associating with it the names of the directors. In response Dr. Lawrence, the president, made a very neat and appropriate address in which he expressed the satisfaction of the directors at the presence of so many of the shareholders, their ladies, and friends, gave an interesting resume of the organization of the company and its work, and showed that the prices charged for water supply were as low as that of any town or city in the Province with the single exception of Vancouver, which owned its own water system, and where if there was any deficiency it could be met out of the general revenue. He further stated that if the rates now fixed gave to the shareholders over 10 per cent on their investment they would be lowered. He also paid a glowing tribute to the Union Colliery Co., acknowledging the great aid received at the hands of Mr. James Dunsmuirs and the courtesy of Mr. Superintendent Little. He also took this occasion to thank and compliment the directors who he said were all practical men, and Mr. Secretary Smith, whose skilled ability had been of greatest value. Rev. Mr. Hicks proposed in well chosen words as the next toast, "The Prosperity of Cumberland," and associated with it the name of Mr. M. Whitney, editor of THE NEWS. The response was an earnest effort to show that Cumberland—a city soon to be—was no ephemeral town but had resources which were bound to make it a place of very considerable importance commanding the trade of a large area of country, and giving employment to a large number of men; possessing all the social, educational, political, and religious advantages which characterize a live, progressive and prosperous community.

Speeches were also made of a pleasant and effective character by Mr. L. P. Eckstien, attorney for the company, Judge Abrams, and Dr. Westwood. Dr. Dalby, and Mr. Frank Dalby were called upon to speak for "The Ladies," and briefly but humorously responded. Mr. Wm. Lewis in eulogistic terms called upon Mr. George Stevens, who interestingly spoke of his connection with the Water-Works, saying this was the 30th, water system he had introduced into towns on this Coast and that this while not large was about the best; in fact he thought our Hamilton Creek water superior to the Capalino water, for which Vancouver was so proud.

FOR SALE.—Five acres of land within 10 minutes walk of Comox wharf. Price $225. Apply to R. WILCOX, Comox.

UNION SHIPPING.

The Tepic took away 170 tons of coke for Trail, and 214 tons of coal for C.P.R. on the 13th; and on the same day the Kildonan left for New Westminster with 157 tons of coal for Gilles & Rogers.

July the 14th, the Rapid Transit took 249 tons of coal for U.S. Warship Oregon at at Port Angeles; and on the 16th, the Transit took 230 tons for the U.S. Steamer Concord at Port Angeles; and on the 15th, the Tepic took 186 tons of coke for Trail, and 211 tons of coal for the C.P.R.

Two hundred and fifteen tons of coal were taken on the 16th, by the Dominion steamer, Quadra.

The Princess Louise took 118 tons of coal for the C.P.N. Co, on the 16th; and the mystic the same day took 43 tons of coal for the vessel's use.

On the 18th, the Maude took 344 tons of coal for the C.P.N. Co; and the Active took 43 tons for vessel's use.

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

PERSONAL.

Mrs. James McKim is home again after a pleasant visit to Tacoma and Victoria.

Mr. P. Dunne, and Mr. W. Merriman returned Thursday from a brief visit to Vancouver.

Dr. Millard is reported to be ill with typhoid fever at the Jubilee Hospital, Victoria.

Mr. Postmaster Roe is back again after a visit at the Capital, where he was detained by sickness.

Mrs. Hunter and Mrs. Curry of Nanaimo, nieces of Mr. R. W. Robb are paying him and Mrs. Robb a visit. They came up on the last steamer and will remain a week.

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

Highest Honors—World's Fair,
Gold Medal, Midwinter Fair.
DR.
PRICE'S
CREAM
BAKING
POWDER
A Pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder.
40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

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

Apply at the office for advertising rates.

THE NEWS.

UNION, B. C.

The Week's Commercial Summary.

The price of silver bullion in London is down to 29 3-16 pence per ounce.

Stocks of wheat at Fort William and Port Arthur are now 2,834,000 bushels, an increase of 94,000 for the week. A year ago the stocks were 3,265,000 bushels.

It is estimated that the stocks of wheat in farmers' hands on March 1st were 96,000,000 bushels, as compared with 123,000,000 bushels a year ago and 75,000,000 bushels two years ago.

This week's American Agriculturist says: Carefully consolidated and average returns from local county correspondents indicate that 26.4 per cent. of the wheat crop of the United States of 1896 still remains in growers' hands. The total thus indicated in first hands amounts to 124,175,000 bushels, or the smallest farm supply of wheat reported on March 1st since 1891, when the Government estimate of 112,000,000 bushels was followed by practical exhaustion of all old stocks before the new crop became available. Farm stocks on March 1, 1896, were 145,000,000.

Consul Taney, of Belfast, writes the State Department at Washington that the discussion in American cities regarding the cost of illuminating gas suggests to him that they would be interested to learn that the City Council, which controls the gas works at Belfast, has reduced the price to 60 cents per 1,000, from 66 cents per 1,000 cubic feet, beginning with the current quarter. This price is also subject to a discount of 5 per cent. between 50,000 and 100,000 cubic feet, and 10 and 15 per cent. for greater amounts. The reduction was contemplated last year, because the profits amounted to $327,892 at 66 cents per 1,000 feet. This surplus was disposed of in various ways, such as new works, contributions to public libraries, parks, etc. The largest item of expense was coal, costing $3.09 per ton, delivered at the works. The actual cost of manufacture to the gas holders before distribution last year was a small fraction over 19½ cents per 1,000.

Here and There.

March came in like a cold storage warehouse.

There are now two living ex-presidents of the United States.

A New York newspaper artist has been sentenced to death—but it is for murder.

How can any true American woman fail to be interested in the fact that Mrs. McKinley's inauguration slippers came off a 4-C last?

So Uncle Sam and John Bull are to look for that Alaska boundary line together. If two heads are better than one, four eyes ought to be better than two.

If General Horace Porter is made ambassador to France and Colonel John Hay is made ambassador to England, the "literary fellers" will be doing tolerably well.

If it is true that John D. Rockefeller is going to give $10,000,000 more to the University of Chicago, it ought in time to be able to produce a winning football team.

The high-bred ladies who visit bull fights in the Spanish towns would probably be shocked at the thought of attending a prize fight in the slugger state. "It's all 'cordin' to how yer raised," as they say in the woolly west.

One reads of forty-four degrees below at White River, Ont., and thirty degrees below in South Dakota at this season, with a sort of realization that beautiful spring is destined to meet with not a few hold-ups on the road.

A New York journal evidently thinks to have made something clear by saying that the German empress was Princess Augusta Victoria, of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Augustenburg, the daughter of Duke Frederic, of Schleswig-Holstein, a branch of the house of Holstein-Oldenburg. How much better does anybody know the lady after this explanation?

According to Henry Labouchere, a London shop-keeper, who caught a richly dressed lady shoplifting gave her her choice of being punished by the law or birched in the old-fashioned way by his lady manager, she chose to be birched and had her preference. He has not seen her since, and Mr. Labouchere thinks he has discovered an effective cure for kleptomania.

Can Recommend It.—Mr. Enos Bornberry, Tuscarora, writes: "I am pleased to say that Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil is all that you claim it to be, as we have been using it for years, both internally and externally, and have always received benefit from its use. It is our family medicine, and I take great pleasure in recommending it."

Worthy of Record.

Brindle—Most remarkable thing you ever heard of happened in our neighborhood last night.

Dolliver—Indeed?"

Brindle—Yes. Man actually threw a boot-jack at a cat.

Greece still remains defiant, and King George is reported to have said that if the powers attempt to separate Crete from Greece the operation will be attended by blood-letting.

LONDON MADMEN.

Some of the Queer Characters That Haunt the City Streets.

There is scarcely a neighborhood in London which cannot boast of its local madman. Some strange or eccentric figure is to be found in every parish and in almost every important thoroughfare.

Marylebone has a religious maniac who is by profession a collector of rags and bones.

South Kensington a short time ago possessed two madmen—one who imagined himself to be Napoleon and walked slowly backward and forward, gravely saluting every one he met, and another who firmly believed himself to be Henry VIII. It is said that on one occasion he accosted a famous physician and instructed him to get him a divorce from Anne Boleyn. "If you can't manage it any other way," he said, "off with her head, off with her head!"

A man in Brompton would hail a cab and drive to a certain street in Chelsea. There he would wander up and down for hours looking in vain for a house which had been pulled to pieces nearly 20 years before. It had evidently been associated with some important crisis in his life's history, and his mind refused to dissociate itself from the spot.

At one time there came forth every evening from across Westminster bridge, walking along Whitehall to the Strand, a man wearing a long overcoat with a cape, a soft hat and leggings. He had a bunch of primroses or yellow flowers of some kind in his buttonhole and another in his hat. He carried a pipe and strode along with bent head and with one hand behind his back. He ignored every one, looked neither to the right nor the left and walked always at the same rate. Every now and then he would suddenly throw up his hands and shout in a deep voice, "Here's to the Jacobites all over England!" Then he would march on as before, and people who turned in alarm would see nothing but an eccentric looking figure, going steadily in the direction of the Strand. —Pearson's Magazine.

LINCOLN AT SCHOOL.

A Schoolmate of the President Tells of His Early Life.

Mr. George H. Yenowine contributes a paper on "The Birthplace of Lincoln" to St. Nicholas. Mr. Yenowine quotes the following from an old man named Austin Gollaher, who went to school with the emancipator: "Lincoln was an unusually bright boy, and he made good progress in his books—better than almost any one else in school—and he studied very hard, although he was young. He would get spice wood bushes and hack them up on a log and put a few of them in the fire at a time to make a light for him to read his books by. It did not make a very good light, but it was all he had at night. Young Lincoln was never good looking. He was angular and awkward. His mother was a rather slim woman of medium height. Tom Lincoln, his father, was tall. Abe was not very much like him, for Tom Lincoln had a fuller face and was of a heavier build."

In answer to a question as to Lincoln's brothers or sisters, the old man brightened up and said: "Oh, yes, he had a sister. Her name was Sally, and she was about my age. That was one reason why I thought so much of Abe. But when the Lincolns moved to Indiana I did not say goodby to either of them.

"I next heard of Lincoln several years afterward. It was said that he would make rails during the summer and thus earn money to go to school. Then I heard no more of Lincoln until he was nominated for president. I told the boys that no matter what happened I was going to vote for Abe. I said I was going to vote for him if it was the last act of my life, because I had played with him when a boy, and I was glad he had gone up in the world, and I did vote for him!" said the old man.

Not Full Yet.

The world is by no means full up yet. Queensland has still an area of 430,000,000 acres to a population of about 450,000 people. Its government has lately been offering more tempting conditions to settlers, who may now hold ordinary land for 20 years at a rental of threepence per acre, while "scrub land" may be selected in areas up to 10,000 acres and held for 30 years at an average rental per acre of very much less than a penny. This ought to be good news for many struggling for a bare living in the mother country. Of course the climatic conditions in many portions of the colony are trying, but so they are in western Australia, which at the present time is adding 750 per week to its population, and the revenue of which has been increasing at a rate far outstripping the calculations of its treasurer. But this may be only temporary, and it may be that Queensland will be the home of millions of our fellow countrymen after the golden age in the west of the colonial continent has passed away.—Westminster Gazette.

Ancient Wills.

The antiquity of legal methods is curiously illustrated by the recent discovery of the oldest will extant. This unique document was unearthed by Professor Petrie at Kahum, Egypt, and is at least 4,000 years old. In its phraseology the will is singularly modern in form, and it is said that it might be admitted to probate today.

A Conundrum.

In the latest "Echoes From the Oxford Magazine" one of the humorous verse writers suggests that in the summer term, when the university is given over to young lady teachers attending the university extension lectures, it should be called a "school of flirtation." The examiners in it should then prepare their questions in the following fashion:

If A. be good looking and twenty;
If B. be divine and eighteen;
If C. be—well, fifty, with plenty
Of wit preternaturally keen,
Can you show by what use of quadratics
The squaring of C. may be done?
And when by applied mathematics
Will eighteen and twenty be one?

AN ADDRESS NOT REJECTED.

In Fact It Brought an Unprecedentedly Large Sum to the Writer.

The Star reporter was taking an intellectual fall or two out of the literary person, just to show that individual that all the literature in the world wasn't centered in one human being, when the literary person became catechetical.

"Do you know," he said, "the highest price ever paid for a single short poem?"

That was easy for the reporter.

"Of course I do," he said. "It was that $1,000 one of our American periodicals paid up to Tennyson for a couple of dozen lines or so."

The literary person simply withered the reporter by a look.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "but the highest price ever received for a short poem was by a man, an Englishman, too, by the way, bearing the plebeian name of Smith. His poem was shorter than Tennyson's, and he got 15 times as much for it."

"I'll bet you," interrupted the reporter, "that no American publisher, however Anglomaniac he may be, was fool enough to put up that amount for a poem."

"I'll admit it was an Englishman who paid the money," said the literary person in a tone of regret. "This Mr. Smith, who died in 1839, at the age of 65, was a brother of Horace Smith, and the two Smiths wrote those very clever things of a bygone day known as 'The Rejected Addresses,' being imitations of famous authors. On one occasion our Mr. Smith dined with Mr. Strahan, the king's printer, who was suffering from old age and gout, though his mental faculties were as bright as ever, and the next morning Mr. Strahan received from Mr. Smith the following stanza of eight lines:

Your lower limbs seemed far from stout
When last I saw you walk.
The cause I presently found out
When you began to talk.
The power that props the body's length,
In due proportion spread,
In you mounts upward, and the strength
All settles in the head.

"This compliment was so pleasing to Mr. Strahan that he forthwith added a codicil to his will, by which he bequeathed £3,000 in cash to the poetical Mr. Smith.

"This price," concluded the literary person, "is at the rate of $1,875 a line of our money, and, as there are 47 words in the poem, each word brought the lucky genius about $319.10, a price for poetry which even the promised era of prosperity will scarcely bring to modern bare backed riders of Pegasus."—Washington Star.

Words and Their Uses.

Editor—This joke of yours is capital!

Artist—Yes; but how much capital?

DEAFNESS CANNOT BE CURED

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

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

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Parents buy Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator because they know it is a safe medicine for their children and an effectual expeller of worms.

Knew Something About Dressing.

Mistress—Do you understand all the duties of a waitress?

Servant—Yes, ma'am.

Mistress—Can you make mayonnaise dressing?

Servant—No, ma'am, but I can do plain sewing.—Truth.

The great lung healer is found in that excellent medicine sold as Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It soothes and diminishes the sensibility of the membrane of the throat and air passages, and is a sovereign remedy for all coughs, colds, hoarseness, pain or soreness in the chest, bronchitis, etc. It has cured many when supposed to be far advanced in consumption.

Didn't Know the Difference.

Young Husband—Ethel, my dear, is this canned lobster or canned chicken?

Young Wife—Really, I don't know' John. The label has been torn off the can.

WOMAN, WHY?

You Have Sallow Skin, Pimples, Eruptions, Discolorations.

Why resort to cosmetics and powders to hide the effects?

Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills regulate the system and restore to the cheek the healthful rosy bloom and peach blush of youth.

Disorders like these arise from sluggish liver. From one to two pills a dose, will clarify and purify the complexion in short order. Dr. Agnew's pills at all druggists. See that you get what you ask for. 20c. for 40 doses.

RHEUMATISM CURED.

Eighteen Months Trying to Get Cured—Had the Best Doctors—He Found What He Wanted in Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Goderich, March 15.—(Special)—A case of great interest here just now is that of Mr. Alexander J. Sharkey who for some time has been an extreme sufferer from Rheumatism. His statement to the correspondent is as follows:—

"For eighteen months I was a victim of Rheumatism and during the whole of that time was trying every means to cure it. I had the best doctors in Canada and took their prescriptions with faith and patience.

"I got tired at last for I found the disappointment nearly as killing as the disease.

"But one friend wiser than the others convinced me that my disease must be cured by way of the kidneys and recommended Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"I have used two boxes of these pills to effect a perfect cure and I don't care who knows it."

A Remarkable Echo.

One of the most remarkable echoes in the world is that produced by the suspension bridge across the Menai Straits, in Wales. The sound of a blow with a hammer on one of the main piers is returned in succession from each of the cross-beams which support the roadway; in addition to which the sound is many times repeated between the water and the roadway, at the rate of twenty-eight times in five seconds.

SAD FOREBODINGS OF AUTUMN WEATHER.

Thousands Who Dread an Attack of Catarrh as Winter's Cold Approaches—Yet Catarrh Can be Banished Under the Magic Touch of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder.

This is not a dogmatic statement, strong as it may seem. Leading members of Parliament, the most prominent clergymen of the Episcopal, Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptist and Roman Catholic churches, have borne testimony to the effectiveness of this medicine. Mr. John MacEdwards, the popular purser of the Canadian Pacific steamer "Arthabasca," is one who was cured of intense suffering from catharrhal troubles by the use of this medicine. Good Samaritan-like, he has ever since recommended it to any who suffer. Head off an attack of catarrh by having this medicine at your hand.

Her Last Chance.

Mrs. Rambo—Well, of all things! You remember my cousin Jane, who went to Kansas two years ago? Well, she has been appointed a constable in Haytown. The idea?

Mr. Rambo—Capital idea! Now she will have a chance to catch a man.

DEATH FROM SUFFOCATION.

Almost a Fatality, But for Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart—Strange Story of a Northwest Lady.

A death to be dreaded is that from suffocation, and yet this is one of the usual phases of heart disease. Mrs. J. L. Hillier, of Whitewood, N.W.T., came as near this dangerous point as need be. She says: "I was much afflicted with heart failure, in fact I could not sleep or lie down for fear of suffocation. I tried all the doctors in this section of the country, but they failed to give me relief. A local druggist recommended Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. I tried it, and with the result that I immediately secured ease that I did not know before, and after taking further doses of the medicine the trouble altogether left me. It is not too much to say that it saved my life."

Straightening It Out.

Stranger—You struck me with your cane last night, sir.

Oklahoma Man—I did?

Stranger—Yes, you did.

Oklahoma Man—Then I reckon I couldn't have had my gun with me, boss.

PILES CURED IN 3 TO 6 NIGHTS.

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

Herself Alone.

She—Do you love me for myself alone, dearest?

He—Of course I do. You don't suppose I want your mother about all the time, do you?

Size Him Up.

He—When I met you in the street today I looked full at you. Why don't you recognize me?

She—I never speak to anyone in that condition.

Wrinkles

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

Peach Bloom Skin Food.

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

Perfect Health-pills.

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

No family living in a bilious country should be without Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. A few doses taken now and then will keep the Liver active, cleanse the stomach and bowels from all bilious matter, and prevent Ague. Mr. J. L. Price, Shoals, Martin Co., Ind., writes: "I have tried a box of Parmelee's Pills and find them the best medicine for Fever and Ague I have ever used."

How It Worked.

Sipes—Halloa, Bilby! Still in the patent fire extinguisher business?

Bilby—No. The fact is, Sipes, the building we were doing business in got burnt down. We lost everything.

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SHE SEES THE UNSEEN

Widow Wade Fathoms the Deepest Mysteries.

HAS THE GIFT OF SECOND SIGHT.

All Her Neighbors Believe In Her Remarkable Power and Give Many Authentic Instances of Its Demonstration. Finds Lost Persons and Articles.

In most places when persons lose things they try to get them back either by looking for them or by advertising. In the town of Castile, N. Y., it is different. There if anything of value is lost the loser consults the Widow Wade. The local stories of the Widow Wade's achievements at finding lost articles would be incredible if there were not many trustworthy witnesses to vouch for every one of them.

Mrs. Wade is past 60, and for 40 years she has been finding things for her Wyoming county neighbors. Their feelings

WIDOW WADE.

toward her were well expressed by an old farmer named Willetts on the outskirts of Castile. A lot of his grain had been stolen, he said, and when he appealed to the Widow Wade she told him where it had been concealed. He went to the spot, and, sure enough, he found the bags of grain, bearing his name.

"But do you really believe it possible that this woman can possess such power?" he was asked.

"I don'no," said the old man, scratching his head in perplexity. "I don't understand how it is, but she found my oats."

The Widow Wade owns a little house and a small patch of ground in the village; but, having no family ties, she passes much of her time in "visiting round" among her relatives in Castile and Pike. She is a pleasant faced old lady and is always willing to receive visitors and to talk to them, but she is not fond of speaking about her power of clairvoyance. She is cheerful, sometimes even jolly. Her way of finding lost articles is very simple. Take, for instance, the case of Farmer Willetts and his stolen grain. When he had told his story to Mrs. Wade, she took out a small glass which looks like any ordinary glass. It is her only "medium." She gazed fixedly into it for some time. Then she said:

"I see two men carrying bags of grain from your barn to a wagon which stands by the road. Now they drive to the west." Then she described their trip along the road which ran past the farmer's house and on for three or four miles. "Here they turned to the right and went up a hill," she said, and so on. She went carefully over the route, which afterward was found to be the one the thieves had taken, and ended her statement by telling the farmer that in the haymow of a certain barn several miles away he would find his grain, and he did.

Within the borders of Wyoming county it would be possible to get records of a hundred authentic instances in which the Widow Wade has exercised her strange ability in unraveling mystery. Some years ago there lived near her a well to do farmer named Grover. He owned a farm of several hundred acres, bounded on two sides by parallel roads about a mile and a half apart. Becoming too old to manage the farm alone, Mr. Grover divided it into two parts. The one on which his house stood he gave to his son, and he built another house for his married daughter on the other road. The two houses were therefore at opposite ends of the original farm, nearly two miles apart. Old Mr. Grover used to divide his time between the two, going back and forth across lots. One winter afternoon he set out from his son's house for his daughter's, going through a strip of woods that stood in the middle of the farm. A few days later his son-in-law happened to drive over to the Grover house, and casually inquired after the old farmer.

"Father," said the younger Grover, "is at your house, isn't he?"

"No," said the other. "We haven't seen him."

It was at once surmised that the old man had been injured or perhaps killed by a falling limb in the woods. A search was begun, but a snowstorm had covered up the old man's footprints, and it was impossible to follow his course. The search was kept up for two or three days and every corner of the two farms was visited, but no trace of the missing man was found. Then Widow Wade was called in.

With glass in hand the old woman gazed long and carefully. Then she told how the old man took the path from his son's house to the woods, how he picked his way carefully among the trees to avoid the deepest snow, how he came to the rail fence which separated the two farms and walked along it for some distance, looking for a convenient spot to climb over.

"He must have been very tired," she said, "for he waited here at the fence for a long time. On the other side of it are some deep drifts of snow, and there you will find him."

And there they found him after following the course which the woman had described, his body covered by the snow.

Another case in which the Widow Wade's faculties were employed for a more trivial matter is vouched for by B. J. Frank, a farmer living near Castile. Mr. Frank says that one day two young fellows drove up to his house and said they had heard that he had a sugar evaporator to sell. Mr. Frank told them his price for the evaporator, and giving them the key to his sugar house sent them down to the maple grove to look at it. Presently they came back.

"It's a good evaporator," said one, "but we can't pay what you ask, for two pans are gone."

The farmer felt certain that there were no parts missing, for he had locked the sugar house. But when he came to look, sure enough two of the pans were missing. He told the men to come back in a few days, and meanwhile he visited the Widow Wade. She told him that the men had taken the pans and hidden them under a certain brush heap in a neighboring woods a quarter of a mile away. There the pans were found.

Both these and many other cases are attested not only by the persons directly interested, but also by conspicuous men of the town. Whether it is a case of lost cattle, stolen goods or runaway children, the Widow Wade is called upon to "see" them in her glass.

Mrs. Wade says she learned of her power by accident long before she became a widow. On the farm where she lived when a young woman a tool had been lost. She found it by looking in a glass. Later she found other things in the same way, until it came to be accepted by her family that her vision was not bounded by ordinary physical barriers. Many years ago a murder was committed in Wyoming county. After an unsuccessful hunt for the murderer the authorities went to the Widow Wade. She looked in her glass and then described one of the men who had been active in the search for the murderer as the one who had done the killing. The man was accused, and he confessed. The widow does not pretend to be infallible—at least she cannot always see the object sought distinctly enough to locate it exactly.

Widow Wade will not accept money for her services, though she is often urged to do so. "Since the Lord has sent this gift," she said, "he certainly intends me to use it for the benefit of my fellow creatures."

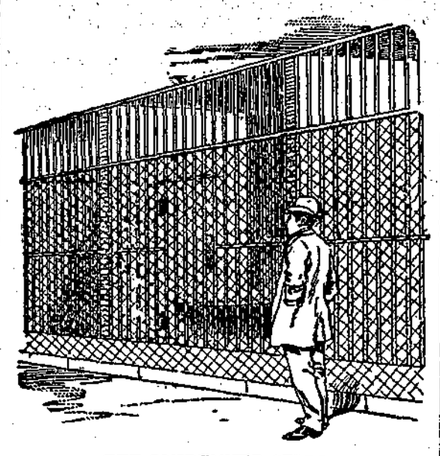
THE CONDEMNED CELLS.

How Prisoners Under Death Sentence Are Treated at Sing Sing.

The man who goes to the New York state prison at Sing Sing to be killed for murder is treated better from the first moment of his arrival than the one whose papers read, "Murder, second degree; life," or even the one whose credentials for citizenship in the striped community name nothing more serious than larceny. The ordinary malefactor is shorn and shaved, stripped of every vestige of clothing with which he may have come from the sunshine of free life into the gloom of degrading captivity and is hustled away to a little, dingy cell, where, over a picee of bread and a dipperful of "bootleg coffee," he may ruminate over his condition.

The condemned murderer is neither shaven nor shorn when he comes to the prison. He is divested of contraband property, but is allowed to retain the clothing in which he arrived, and is taken to one of the condemned cells and has a bed and other accommodations far better than he had while on trial. Prior to his coming every movable article had been taken from the cell and new ones had been placed there by trustworthy people. Having been thoroughly searched before his induction into his new abode, the condemned man is looked upon as safe against himself and secure in the grasp of the law. The object of the prison authorities from that time is to make the man's existence comfortable, and they usually succeed. The food for the men in the condemned cells is not prepared with the regular prison food by the mess hall cooks. It comes from the hospital kitchen and is in every way superior.

"The men get practically what they want to eat," said Warden Sage, "and as the end approaches we make special efforts to find out just what they would like, and we have it for them. It seems strange, but it is true, that, despite the terrible fate that awaits them, the men in the condemned cells rarely decline to eat, and they are more cheerful than the average prisoner. I have never seen one who was not full of hope until the last moment. They read, and when they wish to write paper



THE CONDEMNED CELLS.

and pencil are given to them. Those who wish to smoke may have pipes and tobacco, and even cigars are furnished when a preference for them is expressed. But the cigars are among the luxuries which come only with the bitter end."

The place where these people are confined contains eight cells, larger, lighter, better ventilated and better furnished than any others in the institution.

But they are more carefully guarded also. Two men are constantly on duty there, and the cells are so arranged that the occupants are always in full sight. In describing them Warden Sage said:

"The floor of the condemned cells is about six inches higher than that of the room into which they look. This and the fact that the whole front of the cells is open, except for the steel bars which run from the top to the bottom, make it easy to keep a thorough watch on the occupants. In each of the cells there are a cot and a table. The inner space is about 7 by 8 feet, the skylights give perfect light by day, and there are many electric lamps in the place for use at night.

ENORMOUS DEATH DUES

Old English Families May be Ruined by Them.

In order to realize the terrible strain imposed by Sir William Harcourt's so called "death duties," which excited so much resentment among the landowning class of Great Britain last year, it may be mentioned that most of the territorial magnates who, through the death of a father or other relative, recently have come into possession of the family property, have been compelled by the burden thus imposed upon them to close up their country houses and to let their shooting to the highest bidder.

Thus when, a few months ago, the Marquis of Bath succeeded to the entailed estates of his father, he was forced by the death duties which he had to pay on his father's estate to close up Longlat and to lease all the sporting privileges of the estate to a city merchant, and now it is announced that the new Lord Saville (husband of that pretty Mrs. Horace Helyar who, with her first husband, was connected with the English embassy at Washington in the days of Lord Sackville) will have to close Rufford abbey, one of the most beautiful country seats in "the dukeries," the duties in this case amounting to nearly $1,000,000.

The duties are exceptionally heavy in this instance, in the first place because the new Lord Saville is merely the nephew instead of the son of the testator, and, secondly, because of the immense and extremely valuable art collection gathered together by the late lord, who was a famous connoisseur. Each of his pictures, each of his pieces of bric-a-brac, has been valued by experts, and on every separate piece succession duty has to be paid.

It will readily be seen what a heavy charge this is upon any inheritance, and one cannot help pitying to a certain extent the great landowners and county families. They are debarred by the laws of entail from getting rid of any of their treasures in which they have only a life interest, and yet at their death their estate is charged with succession duties thereon.

If the property happens to change hands more than once in a year, the estate is, of course, charged with just double the amount of duty, and the Duke of Devonshire and other opponents of the death duties cannot be accused of any exaggeration in that they declared in parliament and from the platform that the duties in question, unless altered, will ultimately result in the ruin of every old family in England.

It is understood that during the forthcoming session the Salisbury government will bring forward a measure modifying the death duties as now constituted and will restrict them merely to the so called "personal estate," exempting all entailed property and such things as art treasures.—Chicago Record.

Gone Into Trade.

There have recently been two notable instances of aristocrats going into trade and dragging their aristocracy in after them. In Europe the Princes August and Charles of Bourbon have hung out their signs as wine dealers. They have also published a circular, in which they explain why they have disregarded the traditions of their class and come down to the level of everyday citizens. They tell how their ancestress, Marie Antoinette, darned the stockings of their grandfather, the Dauphin; how Louis XVII was a watchmaker, and how Charles XI, their uncle and the head of their house, earned his livelihood by manual labor and by trading. Since the court of appeals in Paris refuses to recognize their rights they cannot become soldiers in France. "Only one career is open to us," they say—"that of the merchant or tradesman."

In our own country some excitement has been created by the action of Miss Florence Cornelia Pell in opening a millinery shop in New York, and not only putting her aristocratic name over the door, but having the family motto and crest printed in the crown of every bonnet that goes out of her shop. Miss Pell, who has just secured a divorce from Nathan Clifford Brown, of a well known Portland (Me.) family, is the eldest daughter of the late John Howland Pell. The family is an old Huguenot one and has been prominent in the social annals of New York city for 200 years. The fair shopkeeper is Mr. Pell's child by his first marriage, and the children of the second marriage, Mr. S. Osgood Pell and Miss Mary Howland Pell, are thrown into aristocratic hysterics by the idea of their family crest and motto decorating the bonnets of every Mary Ann who has the money to patronize their half sister's shop. But Miss Florence Cornelia will doubtless thrive, for there are quite a number of Americans who enjoy having heraldic blazonings on their personal belongings, even though those heraldic blazonings be those of their tradesmen.—San Francisco Argonaut.

A Year of the X Rays.

Many experiments were made to determine the source from which the rays proceed before it was learned definitely that they emanate from the surface upon which the cathode rays first impinge, a fact that was announced almost simultaneously by several experimenters. It is one of the important points that have been determined, and even this was distinctly intimated by Professor Roentgen in the twelfth section of his original paper.

In intensity they vary as the square of the distance from their source.

They electrify some bodies positively and some negatively, and, whatever charge a body may already have, they reduce or change it to the charge which they would independently give to the body. Their penetrating power depends upon the length of time they act.

Thus gradually these and many additional isolated facts have been established, and no doubt enough data will be accumulated eventually to permit generalization into laws, but that stage has not yet been reached.

Four theories have been suggested:—

First—They are either waves, like ordinary light, but of exceedingly brief period, therefore ultra ultra-violet.

Second—They are streams of material particles.

Third—They are vortexes of the intermolecular ether, forced from the cathode when the gas pressure is sufficiently low. Rectilinear propagation, absence of reflection, etc., follow from the properties of vortexes.

Fourth—They are variations of stress in the dielectric surrounding the vacuum tubes.

Each of these theories is entitled to the Scotch verdict, "Not proved," though the preponderance of opinion is on the side of the first. Still it cannot yet be said to be more than opinion.—Professor D. W. Hering in Popular Science Monthly.

GREEKS IN AMERICA.

King George Could Now Recruit a Big Army in the United States.

By the federal census of 1890 there were only 1,887 natives of Greece in the United States. There were fewer Greeks than men of any other nationality of which computation was made, fewer even than Turks or Sandwich Islanders. Of the Greeks returned by the federal census, 413 were in New York, 259 in California, 254 in Illinois, 145 in Texas—insignificant figures when compared with the fact that in California alone there were by the same census 9,859 natives of Portugual, and there were in one state, Iowa, 953 natives of the little duchy of Luxemburg. Under these circumstances the proposed enlistment of 250 Greeks in Chicago to aid their compatriots on the Mediterranean in the warfare in Crete (Chicago, which had by the last census only 254 Greek residents, men, women and children!) might appear to be, to say the least, a somewhat surprising evidence of fervent patriotism, to be explained, perhaps, by the tendency to verbal exaggeration found by some disinterested and unsympathetic tourist to be general in the countries of the Orient. In Pittsburg, too, where 6½ years ago there were 12 Greeks of both sexes and of all ages, there were 150 Greek volunteers for Crete.

The explanation of this is as follows: There are now not 1,800 Greeks in the United States, but 18,000. They have increased in numbers by immigration 1,000 per cent. in less than seven years, and there are now 4,800 in New York city alone, 3,500 in Chicago, 1,000 in Boston, and so on. Greece is territorily just two-thirds of the size of Scotland. The population of the country is about the same as the present population of the city of New York, 2,000,000. The Greeks are farmers, fishermen and fruit raisers, and material prosperity is not pervasive in the little kingdom of King George. The Greeks are not, according to the American standard, intelligent and progressive husbandmen or fruit raisers. They have few local manufactures. The debt of the country is heavy, its credit fair and its resources not abundant or increasing. With the increase in the American fruit business, the enormous development of fruit products of California and Florida, and the relative decline in the fruit importations from the West Indies, the Greeks have found a market for their knowledge, skill and industry in the United States, and they have been coming across the ocean in great numbers and establishing themselves in the big cities of the country. They are peddlers, fruit dealers and retail vendors and possess many advantages. They are quick witted. They learn English readily. They have a natural aptitude for trade, for negotiations and for bargaining, so much so that Greeks have come to be known as "the Jews of the Mediterranean." They are the money changers, bankers, factors and traders of all Egypt. They are to be found in all the large cities of Turkey, both in Europe and in Asia, and in southern France, particularly in and about the city of Marseilles, they are very numerous and influential.

But the Greeks and Italians in the big cities of the United States are always quarreling. They are business rivals. They do not dwell together in harmony.

The ardent temperament of the men and women of both nations, neighbors abroad, but of different races; the difference in religion and the jealousy of centuries—all these things have the effect of fostering their lack of friendliness for each other. More than twenty centuries ago Greece and Rome were rivals for the political mastery of the civilized world. To-day a dozen Greeks and a dozen Italians, if residents of one house, will wrangle and dispute with each other over anything from a masquerade ball ticket to the location of a fruit or a peanut stand. Oddly enough, as has been observed, the Greeks in New York and elsewhere dwell in harmony with other foreigners except the Italians and the Italians with other foreigners except the Greeks.—Philadelphia Press.

New Letters of Edward Gibbon.

Gibbon's "Letters," now first published, are most pleasant reading, and they throw new light on the character of the historian and his age. The "fierce light that beats upon" a great name now reveals to us the historian as one of the most genial, affectionate, sane and contented natures in literary history, with a genius for friendship, indulgent almost to a fault toward all failings, gently fond of all pleasant things and people and willing to put up with much for the sake of an easy life. Never was any man less heroic, who less pretended to the heroic, with more perfectly worldly ideals and a more instinctive repugnance to any enthusiasm. A cosmopolitan philosopher of the eighteenth century to the bone with all the optimism, the cool brain, the apolausticism, the insensibility to the moral and spiritual reformation to come, which mark the literary aristocrat of the time. We are not likely now to overrate the good sense and good nature of such men. We see all their blindness, their grossness, their egoism. But their culture and their balance of mind still interest us. The life they led fascinates us in a way, as does the life of Horace and of Pliny. Peace to their ashes! Let us utter a half pagan sigh over the classical urn, sacred to the Dis Manibus of the historian of Rome.—Frederic Harrison in Forum.

COLONEL SELLERS.

ORIGIN OF THE FAMOUS PHRASE, "THERE'S MILLIONS IN IT."

How Dr. Stephenson's Works Spread From Dahlonega, Ga., to the Mining Camps of California—Mark Twain's Use of the Expression In "The Gilded Age."

Ever since the publication of The Gilded Age Mulberry Sellers' pet remark, "There's millions in it," has been quoted all over the English speaking world, but the true origin of that famous expression has never before been made public. W. P. Price, ex-congressman from Georgia, gives the following authentic account of the coining of that saying, which had its birth in the sleepy little town of Dahlonega, Ga. It was, in fact, one of the few things born there that ever became famous, for the old fashioned village has nestled among the mountains for nearly a century utterly unaware of the progress the outside world was making. But in 1850, when the gold fever was at its height, the craze penetrated even to this secluded valley, where gold had been found upon the mountain sides long before the Indians had been driven from the possessions of their fathers. The yield had not been great, but just sufficient to whet the appetities of these mountaineers and make them ready to believe the most fabulous stories of the golden treasures on the Pacific coast.

Day by day the little group that sat in front of the corner store diligently whittling discussed the wonderful finds in California, and the storekeeper would even stop the absorbing game of checkers he was playing with the sheriff in order to join in the conversation when it became most exciting. Such entrancing yarns as were spun there! Such stories as were told about poor devils like themselves who had struck it lucky and were now rich beyond their wildest expectations! The more they talked the more enthusiastic they became, until soon an expedition was formed, composed of the more adventurous spirits, to start for the gold regions. The news spread like wildfire and soon every ablebodied man in the country was willing and anxious to join them.

When Dr. Matthew F. Stephenson, assayer in the United States branch mint, then located in Dahlonega, heard of this, he shook his head and denounced it as a foolish craze, for the doctor had great faith in the resources of his native town. Then, too, he was an authority in the village, and his opinion was always listened to with respect. When prospectors and investors, hearing of the gold found in that section, came there to investigate it, Dr. Stephenson was always the one deputed to talk to them and dilate upon the hidden wealth of the neighborhood. Poor in pocket himself, the old doctor nevertheless had large ideas, and on these occasions he never condescended to mention any smaller sum than millions.

When he saw that the men were in earnest about starting for the goldfields of the west, the doctor became greatly exercised and announced that he wished to make a speech to them before they made any further arrangements. The next afternoon, being Saturday, was selected as a fitting time for his oration, and all the men, women and children of the village assembled in front of the courthouse at the appointed hour, for he had fame in the county as an orator and all were anxious to hear what he would say. The speech has not been handed down by his admirers, but Colonel Price, who was then a printer's boy in the village, remembers how, standing on the courthouse steps, his long tailed coat flapping in the breeze, the old doctor pointed one finger to Crown mountain, just south of the mint building, and cried dramatically, "Boys, there's millions in it." A shout of derision was his only answer, for his hearers felt they had exhausted all the possibilities of these mines. "There's millions in it!" the doctor repeated, still pointing to the mountains, but even this prophecy failed to alter the determination of his hearers, and a week later they set out on their long journey overland to California.

Rapid transit was then a thing unknown, and slowy did the bulky wagon train make its way through forests and prairies. Often, when the way was long and the difficulties and vexations many, some one would point to the west and cry, "There's millions in it!" and crack would go the whips. Thus did Dr. Stephenson's remark become the word of cheer. When at last they reached California, that expression was still the byword of the camp and often used to encourage a disheartened brother. If a claim refused to yield and the poor miner was about to give up in despair, a comrade need only point to it and say, "There's millions in it," to make its discouraged owner smile and seize his pick with renewed energy. One day an individual by the name of James Sellers came to the camp of some of these Georgia miners and cast his lot with them, and likewise adopted their byword. In fact, it pleased him so much that it was never off his tongue long, and he seemed to derive as much satisfaction as Dr. Stephenson had in rolling it out in sonorous accents.

The end of the story has already been told—how Mark Twain met Mr. Sellers and was so amused by his favorite expression that he determined to immortalize both it and James Sellers. When the first edition of The Gilded Age came out, great was the indignation of Mr. Sellers to find himself famous by reason of his pet saying, and he swore vengeance against the genial humorist. In fact, he is reported to have said that nothing but the abundant locks of a man by the name of Clemens, with the scalp attached, would satisfy him. Fortunately his ire had time to cool before he again encountered the humorist, though he was still desirous of having a pugilistic exhibition on first sight. Peace was finally restored between them, but not until Mark Twain had promised that in the next edition of his book he would christen Mr. Sellers "Mulberry," thus forever obliterating the bona fide James Sellers from the story. As the name of "Mulberry" was purely fictitious and therefore not applicable to any of the Sellers family the irate James was pacified by this arrangement. Mark Twain was as good as his word, and at the present time to Mulberry Sellers is ascribed the now world famous expression, "There's millions in it."—New York Tribune.

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TUESDAY, JULY 20th, 1897.

FARMERS should make hay when sun shines.

SMALL fruits rather than vegetables is what there is a demand for

LANDS bordering on on the salt water appear to be best for apples and pears.

Farmers would consult their interest by selling off all land they cannot use, for what it will bring.

THE price of land is not determined by what it costs to clear but by the price at which the products from the outside can be laid down here.

THE bellicose airs assumed by Japan and the United States may serve to amuse us, but will result in nothing serious.

IT is said cheese is more profitable than butter. We are glad to note Mr. A. Urquhart, one of our leading farmers, is turning his attention in this direction.

NOW that we are supplied with some means of fighting fire, we should not cease to be cautious. Every flue should be examined, and every precaution taken. We are too young yet as a town to sustain a serious conflagration and quickly recover from it.

THE Powers will insist on Turkey obeying their mandate as respects the terms of peace between that country and Greece. We hope they will have to fight to compel obedience; in that way the out-law nation may be stripped of some of her power for mischief.

E. & N. RAILWAY LAND

WE publish the following taken from the Vancouver World, which will be of especial interest here:

While in this city last week James Dunsmuir stated that in order to meet in every way possible the views of miners and prospectors regarding the precious metals within the railway belt on Vancouver Island, it had been decided that the price in fee simple for the land was to be $5.00 per acre; that, beyond coal and iron, any discoveries made in the shape of precious metal-bearing lands, or rock, marble, or other building stone, sand, lime, and timber, are to be the property of the purchaser or locator of a mineral claim; that the period for prospecting the claim is to be extended from 10 days to one month, and if further extension of time is necessary it will be granted. So far as charging interest on deferred payments on land purchases was concerned, that too will be arranged for in the most liberal manner. "My policy hereafter," said Mr. Dunsmuir, "is to be such a one as will meet as far as possible the wishes of those desiring to take up land for either settlement or mining purposes, and I feel certain that all will concede that the course to be adopted will be acceptable, and be such as will induce settlement on the island lands, much of which are all that can be desired for either agricultural, fruit raising, lumbering or mining pursuits."

TO MUCH SPUTTER.

THERE is a good deal of unnecessary fuss made over the proposition of the U. S. government to brand the female seals, and pen up the male seals on the islands belonging to her and the waters adjacent over which she has absolute control. This is being done to make the furs valueless for the present, so as to protect seal life and preserve the industry. Why should we object? In this matter the Americans are within their rights. It is about time we regulated our affairs to suit ourselves, and had less to say about our neighbors. Let them do as they please about this and the tariff. Scolding ill befits us. We can live without the seal fur industry, and without the trade of that country. Wise legislation and less splutter is needed.

DEVELOPMENT OF IRELAND.

THE Imperial Government proposes the following important work in Ireland:

The construction of light railways through the congested districts of North Donegal, and to open up by means of steamboats and coaches a new tourist route right across the West of Ireland. A steamer service a hundred miles up the Shannon will begin on the 1st of August, while other lines of steamers and coaches will connect Killarney district with Connemara.

CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL

The Canadian Home Journal for July, published in Toronto, has just reached us. It is artistically gotten up, full of spirit, well illustrated, and in every way lays just claim to be the ladies' leading paper of Canada. Music, art, fashions, games, the household, fascinating and seasonable stories written specially for the Journal, bright, timely articles on books, people and current events are among its leading features, and commend it to every woman in the Dominion. Single copies 10 cents, or $1 00 a year Address: Canadian Home Journal, McKinnon Building, Toronto.

GRAND BALL.

We are authorized to announce a grand ball under the auspieces of the Firemen will be given in Cumberland Hall about the 26th, of August.

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

The July number of The Canadian Magazine is a bulky number, and bears the marks of prosperity. It opens with a beautiful picture of Brock's Monument, and has as its leading article a thoughtful contribution from T. Arnold Haulton, entitled "Complaining of our tools." The illustrated articles in this issue are: "Picturesque St. Pierre," the pretty little French island in the Gulf of St. Lawrence; "A glimpse of Norway," being the first of four articles on the rugged scenery of that country; "The Premiers of New Brunswick Since Confederation," by James Hannay, of St. John Telegraph; "The Royal Grenadiers' Colors," "The Queen Victoria Niagara Falls Park," and two illustrated stories by Ella S. Atkinson (Madge Merton) and Esther Talbot Kingsmill. The sub departments: Current Thoughts, Literary Chat, and Books and Authors, are filled with bright work and decidedly taking features.

The announcement is made that the August number, will be a special fiction number, and that in that issue will be commenced "Hagar of the Pawnshop," a continued story by Fergus Hume, author of "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab," "The Lost Inn," etc. This story is said to be very much like the best work of Charles Dickens, and should add much to the value of each number of our national Magazine.

NOTICE.

Cumberland and Union Water-works Company, Ld.

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

2385 F. B. SMITH, Sec'y.

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.

SCHOOL AT BAYNE SOUND.

As there are quite a number of school children at Union Wharf or Bayne Sound, to give it its post office name, an effort is being made to establish a school there. Rev. Mr. Logan, with his usual public spirit has been active in promoting the project. We trust the Department of Education, if it consistently can will accede to the request for a school. Once established we are sure it will be maintained, as it is rapidly improving ands is assuming a position of a good deal of importance.

WHAT HE WANTED.

"The fine will be three dollars and costs," announced the police magistrate.

"I'm willing to make it ten dollars and costs, Squire," said the schorcher, "if you'll have it entered in the printed record that I was going twenty miles an hour and my machine was a greased lightning, geared to 84."—CHICAGO TRIBUNE.

The lot of the florist who advertises should be a bed of roses.

Subscribe for THE NEWS $2.00 per annum

DISTRICT DIRECTORY

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

STIPENDIARY MAGISTRATE and Coroner.—JAMES ABRAMS, Union.

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

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

COURTENAY, B. C.

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

COURTENAY Directory.

COURTENAY HOUSE, A. H. McCallum, Proprietor.

RIVERSIDE HOTEL, J. J. Grant, Proprietor.

GEORGE B. LEIGHTON, Blacksmith and Carriage Maker.

COMOX.

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

COMOX DIRECTORY.

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

UNION.

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

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

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. A. Logan, pastor. Services at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday School at 2:30. Y.P.S.C.E. at close of evening service.

NOTICE

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

W. E. Norris, Sec'y

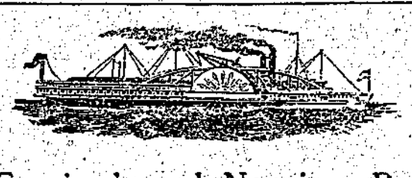
Nanaimo Cigar Factory

Phillip Gable and Co., Prop's
Bastion Street — Nanaimo B. C.

Manufactures the finest cigars and employes none but white labor.

Why purchase inferior foreign cigars when you can obtain a SUPERIOR ARTICLE for the same money

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.



Esquimalt and Nanaimo Ry.

Steamer City of Nanaimo

OWENS MASTER

The Steamer CITY of NANAIMO will sail as follows

CALLING AT WAY PORTS as passengers and freight may offer

Leave Victoria, Tuesday, 7 a. m.
" Nanaimo for Comox, Wednesday, 7 a. m
Leave Comox for Nanaimo, Fridays, 7 a.m.
" Nanaimo for Victoria Saturday, 7 a.m

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

Society Cards

I. O. O. F.

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

F. A. ANLEY, R. S.

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

UNION, B. C.

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

L. MOUNCE, Sec.

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

Lodge meets on every Saturday on or before the full of the moon

Visiting Brothers cordially requested to attend.

R. S. McConnell,
Secretary.

Cumberland Encampment.
No. 6, 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 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,
Victoria, B.C. June 1, 1897. } LAND COMMISSIONER
2390

FOR SALE

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

K. GRANT, Union.

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

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

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

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

C.H. TARBELL

Dealer in
Stoves and Tinware

Plumbing and general Sheetiron work
PROMPTLY DONE

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Celebrated Gurney Souvenir Stoves and Ranges

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New Air-tight heaters

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It publishes all that is worthy of notice of THE LOCAL NEWS.

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GOOD ORDER, PUBLIC ENTERPRISES, THE CHURCHES, FRATERNAL SOCIETIES, everything worthy of encouragement.

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Bright Original Stories,
Bright Original Poems,
Bright Original "Chatter."

And is the ONLY WEEKLY COUNTRY PAPER in the PROVINCE which has a TELEGRAPHIC SERVICE.

It is the exponent of the district, and by it the district will be judged by the outside public.

It is as CHEAP as a good paper can be produced in a country district.

Give it your generous support and there will be increased improvements.

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Florist, Seedsman and Landscape Gardener

Seeds. Ornamental Trees and Shrubs always.
Also bulbs in variety, including Hyacinths, Narcissus, Fuchias, Tulips and Lillies.

Union, - - B. C.

J. R. McLEOD

General Teaming. Powder Oil, Etc., Hauled. Wood in Blocks Furnished.
SCAVENGER WORK DONE

CUMBERLAND SHOE SHOP.

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

Give me a call.

NELSON PARKS.

T. D. McLEAN,

WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER.

WE KEEP
A select stock of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Stationery, Fishing Tackle etc. In our Repairing Department we can give the very best of satisfaction. We have secured a first class Watchmaker who has had many years experience on fine Repairing in the East, and are now better prepared than ever before to do all kinds of Watch, Clock and Jewelry Repairing.

YOU CAN
rely on getting a First Class Job if left with us.

ALL ORDERS
will receive prompt attention. Give us a call.

T. D. McLEAN,
UNION, B. C

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

What A Boy Can Do.

A boy can make the world more pure
By kindly word and deed;
As blossoms call for nature's light,
So hearts love's sunshine need.

A boy can make the world more pure,
By lips kept ever clean:
Silence can influence shed as sure
As speech—oft more doth mean.

A boy can make the world more true,
By an exalted aim;
Let one a given end pursue,
Others will seek the same.

Full simple things, indeed, these three,
Thus stated in my rhyme;
Yet what, dear lad, could greater be—
What grander, more sublime?

WASTE.

By Mac P. Bell.

In thy morning of life there is a larger waste of time and opportunities than there is in the afternoon.

In the forenoon we are apt to be prodigal and thriftless. It is our seed time. We reap in the afternoon.

This thought is as exacting and sure as mathematics. Young men you needn't wait to prove it by hard personal experience. Believe it in advance. The waste of estate of body and soul by drink is the crime of Christendom. You needn't go out of any circle to find sad illustrations of this. The family is rare that hasn't this mark of waste upon it—near or remote.

He did a good thing for the world—for every thoughful soul—who shaped this proverb: "Willful waste is woeful want."

Proverbs do more for mankind in averting wrecks than do lighthouses. Happy and prosperous the individual and family that heed them.

One wide-a-wake lad will learn the whole of a business in a year or two, and not strain himself either. A hustler he. Others will know less by one-half after seven years of service.

The wide-awake turns his time and pennies to account. His teacher taught him "time is money." Time well handled fetches money in—keeps it from going out.

Keep your eye on the NON-ESSENTIAL if you'd be independent.

The wise cook—we praise Thee, Lord, for her—will nourish the family better on a V than the unwise one will do on a X.

And the neat seamstress has her price above rubies.

Both mighty in the economies.

They have learned what Christ meant when He told us to gather up the fragments. The basis this of all prosperity. This the recipe which takes the skin off the wolf's back and tans it into leather.

Extravagance and waste—waste more than extravagance—send the howling wolves to our doors.

Teach the boys and girls—in the schools—to write frequent compositions on the hardships of waste.

'Tis the little makes the muckle. Learn this. Parents, teach this. With this mastered, your boys and girls are well equipped for the journey of life. Farms and factories go to ruin because of the non-use of helpful material lying neglected all around.

We know how to take care of our piano and horse; but what about our bodies—those harps of a thousand delicate strings?

Take to tobacco, liquor, morphine? What madness.

Better give your dollars to the banker rather than your proud flesh.

Parts That Do Not Grow Old.

Dr. Balfour tells us that there are two parts of the human organism which, if wisely used, "largely escape senile failure." These two are the brain and heart. Persons who think have often wondered why brain workers, great statesmen, and others should continue to work with almost unimpaired activity and energy up to a period when most of the organs and functions of the body are in a condition of advanced senile decay. There is a physiological reason for this, and Dr. Balfour tells us what it is. The normal brain, he affirms, "remains vigorous to the last," and that "because its nutrition is specially provided for."

About middle life, or a little later, the general arteries of the blood begin to lose their elasticity and to slowly but surely dilate. They become, therefore, much less efficient carriers of the nutrient blood to the capillary areas. But this is not the case with the internal carotids, which supply the capillary areas of the brain. On the contrary, those large vessels "continue to retain their pristine elasticity, so that the blood pressure remains normally higher than within the capillary area of any other organ of the body. The cerebral blood-paths being thus kept open, the brain tissue is kept better nourished than the other tissues of the body."

Who is there among those who have reached or passed middle age that will not be rejoiced to find such admirable physiological warrant for the belief that the brain may continue to work, and even to improve, almost to the very last hour of life?—SELECTED.

I. O. O. F. INSTALLATION.

On Friday the 9th, the officers of Union Lodge No. 11, I.O.O.F., were installed by District Deputy Grand Master, James P. Pritchard.

The names of the elected officers are as follows:

John Fulcher, Noble Grand; Mathew Piercy, Vice Grand; F. A. Anley, Recording Secretary; Robert Cessford, Taeasurer

☞ There is Nothing

LIKE LEATHER

If it is Well Put Together

So here it is : :

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

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

Best Axle Grease at 2 BOXES

.....For Twenty-Five Cents.....

Trunks at Prices to Suit the Times.

Repairing { PROMPTLY AND NEATLY DONE

Wesley Willard

PROFESSIONAL.

Drs. Lawrence & Westwood.
Physicians and Surgeons.
UNION B.C.

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

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PHYSICIAN, SURGEON AND ACCOUCHEUR.
Office: WILLARD BLOCK, CUMBERLAND
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Hours of Consultation: CUMBERLAND, 10 to 12 A. M. TUESDAYS AND FRIDAYS.
COURTENAY 7 to 9
A. M. AND P. M.

W. S. DALBY, D.D.S. & L.D.S.
Dentistry in all its Branches
Plate work, filling and extracting
Office opposite Waverly Hotel, Union
Hours—9 a.m. to 5 p.m. and from 6 p.m. to 8 p.m.

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BARRISTERS,
SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, &c.
Office Room 2, McPhee & Moore B'ld'g and at
NANAIMO, B. C.
P. O. DRAWER 18.

H. A. Simpson
Barrister & Solicitor, No's 2 & 4 Commercial Street.
NANAIMO, B. C.

L. P. ECKSTEIN.
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR NOTARY PUBLIC
Office:—First Street, Union, B. C.

YARWOOD & YOUNG
BARRISTERS and SOLICITORS
Corner of Bastion and Commercial Streets, Nanaimo, B. C.
BRANCH OFFICE, Third Street and Dunsmuir Avenue, B. C.
Will be in Union the 3rd Wednesday of each month and remain ten days.

ONE GIVES RELIEF.
R·I·P·A·N·S
The modern standard Family Medicine: Cures the common every-day ills of humanity.
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LIVERY

I am prepared to furnish Stylish Rigs and do Teaming At reasonable rates.

D. Kilpatrick,
Union, B. C.

TEAMING.

Cumberland Hotel.
Union, B. C.
The finest hotel building
Fixtures and Bar
North of Victoria,
And the best kept house.
Spacious Billiard Room
and new
Billiard and Pool Tables
Best of Wines and Liquors.

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All Orders Promptly Attended to
Union, B. C.

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AND
: : Bathing Establishment
O. H. Fechner,
PROPRIETOR

CHOICE LOTS

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

JAMES ABRAMS.

JAMES ABRAMS
Notary Public.
Agent for the Alliance Fire Insurance Company of London and the Phoenix of Hartford.....
Agent for the Provincial Building and Loan Association of Toronto.....
Union, B.C.

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

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Do you know that we can print you just as neat a business card as you can get in any other printing office in the Province, and just as cheap too? Bear in mind, we print meal tickets also? In fact we can do anything in the line of job printing. Give us a trial.

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DAVID JONES, Proprietor,
— MANUFACTURER OF —
SODA WATER, LEMONADE, GINGER ALE,
Sarsaparalla, Champagne Cider, Iron Phosphates and Syrups.
Bottler of Different Brands of Lager Beer, Steam Beer and Porter
Agent for the Union Brewery Company.
KEG BEER SOLD FOR CASH ONLY
COURTENAY, B. C.

CHEAP! CHEAP!! CHEAP!!
BEST STEEL WIRE GALVANIZED. WOVEN WIRE FENCING WIRE ROPE SELVAGE. McMULLEN'S
Manufactured and Sold by THE ONTARIO WIRE FENCING CO., LTD. Picton, Ontario.
THESE FENCINGS, AS WELL AS McMULLEN'S choice Steel Wire Netting for Trellis, Poultry Yards, Lawn Fencng, etc., are sold much LOWER this year, than ever before.
THEY ARE THE BEST. Ask your Hardware Merchant for them.

GO TO
THE NEWS
FOR
Your Job Printing
Good Work
AT
Reasonable Prices.
We Print

Posters	Dance Programmes	Menues
Pamphle	Visiting Card	Mourning Card
Circulars	Billheads	Statements
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GOOD PAPER
GOOD INK
☞ OUR WORK SPEAKS OUR WORTH

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

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

Best Cough Medicine

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

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

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beautifully illustrated, largest circulation of any scientific journal, weekly, terms $3.00 a year; $1.50 six months. Specimen copies and HAND BOOK ON PATENTS sent free. Address
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361 Broadway, New York.

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.

J. A. Carthew
ARCHITECT and BUILDER,
UNION, B. C.

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MINING AND SCIENTIFIC PRESS,
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Visiting cards printed at the NEWS OFFICE in neat script.

The Sign of the Four.

By A. Conan Doyle.

CHAPTER I.

THE SCIENCE OF DEDUCTION.

Sherlock Holmes took his bottle from the corner of the mantelpiece and his hypodermic syringe from its neat morocco case. With his long, white, nervous fingers he adjusted the delicate needle, and rolled back his left shirt-cuff. For some little time his eyes rested thoughtfully upon the sinewy forearm and wrist, all dotted and scarred with innumerable puncture marks. Finally he thrust the sharp point home, pressed down the tiny piston, and sank back into the velvet-lined arm chair with a long sigh of satisfaction.

Three times a day for many months I had witnessed this performance, but custom had not reconciled my mind to it. On the contrary, from day to day I had become more irritable at the sight, and my conscience swelled nightly within me at the thought that I had lacked the courage to protest. Again and again I had registered a vow that I should deliver my soul upon the subject, but there was that in the cool, nonchalant air of my companion which made him the last man with whom one would care to take anything approaching to a liberty. His great powers, his masterly manner, and the experience which I had had of his many extraordinary qualities, all made me diffident and backward in crossing him.

Yet upon that afternoon, whether it was the claret which I had taken with my lunch, or the additional exasperation produced by the extreme deliberation of his manner, I suddenly felt that I could hold out no longer.

"Which is it to-day?" I asked. "Morphine or cocaine?"

He raised his eyes languidly from the old black-letter volume which he had opened. "It is cocaine," he said; "a seven per cent. solution. Would you care to try it?"

"No, indeed," I answered, brusquely. "My constitution has not got over the Afghan campaign yet. I cannot afford to throw any extra strain upon it."

He smiled at my vehemence. "Perhaps you are right, Watson," he said. "I suppose that its influence is physically a bad one. I find it, however, so transcendently stimulating and clarifying to the mind that its secondary action is a matter of small moment."

"But consider!" I said, earnestly. "Count the cost! Your brain may, as you say, be roused and excited, but it is a pathological and morbid process, which involves increased tissue-change and may at last leave a permanent weakness. You know, too, what a black reaction comes upon you. Surely the game is hardly worth the candle. Why should you, for a mere passing pleasure, risk the loss of those great powers with which you have been endowed? Remember that I speak not only as one comrade to another, but as a medical man to one for whose constitution he is to some extent answerable."

He did not seem offended. On the contrary, he put his finger-tips together and leaned his elbows on the arms of his chair, like one who has a relish for conversation.

"My mind," he said, "rebels at stagnation. Give me problems, give me work, give me the most abstruse cryptogram, or the most intricate analysis, and I am in my own proper atmosphere. I can dispense then with artificial stimulants. But I abhor the dull routine of existence. I crave for mental exaltation. That is why I have chosen my own particular profession—or rather created it, for I am the only one in the world."

"The only unofficial detective?" I said, raising my eyebrows.

"The only unofficial consulting detective," he answered. "I am the last and highest court of appeal in detection. When Gregson, or Lestrade, or Athelney Jones are out of their depths—which, by the way, is their normal state—the matter is laid before me. I examine the data, as an expert, and pronounce a specialist's opinion. I claim no credit in such cases. My name figures in no newspaper. The work itself, the pleasure of finding a field for my peculiar powers, is my highest reward. But you have yourself had some experience of my methods of work in the Jefferson Hope case."

"Yes, indeed," said I, cordially. "I was never so struck by anything in my life. I even embodied it in a small brochure with the somewhat fantastic title of 'A Study in Scarlet.'"

He shook his head sadly. "I glanced over it," said he. "Honestly I can not congratulate you upon it. Detection is, or ought to be, an exact science, and should be treated in the same cold and unemotional manner. You have attempted to tinge it with romanticism, which produces much the same effect as if you worked a love story or an elopement into the fifth proposition of Euclid."

"But the romance was there," I remonstrated. "I could not tamper with the facts."

"Some facts should be suppressed, or at least a just sense of proportion should be observed in treating them. The only point in the case which deserved mention was the curious analytical reasoning from effects to causes by which I succeeded in unraveling it."

I was annoyed at this criticism of a work which had been specially designed to please him. I confess, too, that I was irritated by the egotism which seemed to demand that every line of my pamphlet should be devoted to his own special doings. More than once during the years that I had lived with him in Baker street I had observed that a small vanity underlay my companion's quiet and didactic manner. I made no remark, however, but sat nursing my wounded leg. I had had a Jezail bullet through it some time before, and though it did not prevent me from walking, it ached wearily at every change of the weather.

"My practice has extended recently to the Continent," said Holmes, after a while, filling up his old briar-root pipe. "I was consulted last week by Francois Le Villard, who, as you probably know, has come rather to the front lately in the French detective service. He has all the Celtic power of quick intuition, but he is deficient in the wide range of exact knowledge which is essential to the higher developments of his art. The case was concerned with a will, and possessed some features of interest. I was able to refer him to two parallel cases; the one at Riga id 1857, and the other at St. Louis in 1871, which have suggested to him the true solution. Here is the letter which I had this morning acknowledging my assistance." He tossed over, as he spoke, a crumpled sheet of foreign note-paper. I glanced my eyes down it, catching a profusion of notes of admiration, with stray "magnifiques," "coup-de-maitres," and "tours de force," all testifying to the ardent admiration of the Frenchman.

"He speaks as a pupil to his master," said I.

"Oh, he rates my assistance too highly," said Sherlock Holmes, lightly. "He has considerable gifts himself. He possesses two out of the three qualities necessary for the ideal detective. He has the power of observation and that of deduction. He is only wanting in knowledge; and that may come in time. He is now translating my small works into French."

"Your works?"

"Oh, didn't you know?" he cried, laughing. "Yes, I have been guilty of several monographs. They are all upon technical subjects. Here, for example, is one 'Upon the Distinction Between the Ashes of the Various Tobaccos.' In it I enumerate a hundred and forty forms of cigar, cigarette and pipe tobacco, with colored plates illustrating the difference in the ash. It is a point which is continually turning up in criminal trials, and which is sometimes of supreme importance as a clue. If you can say definitely, for example, that some murder has been done by a man who was smoking an Indian lunkah, it obviously narrows your field of search. To the trained eye there is as much difference between the black ash of a Trinchinopoly and the white fluff of bird's-eye as there is between a cabbage and a potato."

"You have an extraordinary genius for minutiæ," I remarked.

"I appreciate their importance. Here is my monograph upon the tracing of footsteps, with some remarks upon the uses of plaster of paris as a preserver of impresses. Here, too, is a curious little work upon the influence of a trade upon the form of the hand, with lithotypes of the hands of slaters, sailors, cork-cutters, compositors, weavers and diamond-polishers. That is a matter of great practical interest to the scientific detective—especially in cases of unclaimed bodies, or in discovering the antecedents of criminals. But I weary you with my hobby."

"Not at all," I answered, earnestly. "It is is of the greatest interest to me, especially since I have had the opportunity of observing your practical application of it. But you spoke just now of observation and deduction. Surely the one to some extent implies the other."

"Why, hardly," he answered, leaning back luxuriously in his arm-chair, and sending up thick blue wreaths from his pipe. "For example, observation shows me that you have been to the Wigmore street Postoffice this morning, but deduction lets me know that when there you dispatched a telegram."

"Right!" said I. "Right on both points! But I confess that I don't see how you arrived at it. It was a sudden impulse upon my part, and I have mentioned it to no one."

"It is simplicity itself," he remarked, chuckling at my surprise; "so absurdly simple that an explanation is superfluous; and yet it may serve to define the limits of observation and of deduction. Observation tells me that you have a little reddish mold adhering to your instep. Just opposite the Seymour street office they have taken up the pavement and thrown up some earth which lies in such a way that it is difficult to avoid treading in it in entering. The earth is of this peculiar reddish tint which is found, so far as I know, nowhere else in the neighborhood. So much is observation. The rest is deduction."

"How, then, did you deduce the telegram?"

"Why, of course I knew that you had not written a letter, since I sat opposite to you all morning. I see also in your open desk there that you have a sheet of stamps and a thick bundle of post-cards. What could you go into the postoffice for, then, but to send a wire? Eliminate all other factors, and the one which remains must be the truth."

"In this case it certainly is so," I replied, after a little thought. "The thing, however, is, as you say, of the simplest. Would you think me impertinent if I were to put your theories to a more severe test?"

"On the contrary," he answered, "it would prevent me from taking a second dose of cocaine. I should be delighted to look into any problem which you might submit to me."

"I have heard you say that it is difficult for a man to have any object in daily use without leaving the impress of his individuality upon it in such a way that a trained observer might read it. Now, I have here a watch which has recently come into my possession. Would you have the kindness to let me have an opinion upon the character or habits of the late owner?"

I handed him the watch with some slight feeling of amusement in my heart, for the test was, as I thought, an impossible one, and I intended it as a lesson against the somewhat dogmatic tone which he occasionally assumed. He balanced the watch in his hand, gazed hard at the dial, opened the back, and examined the works, first with his naked eyes and then with a powerful convex lens. I could hardly keep from smiling at his crest-fallen face when he finally snapped the case to and handed it back.

"There are hardly any data," he remarked. "The watch has been recently cleaned, which robs me of my most suggestive facts."

"You are right," I answered. "It was cleaned before being sent to me." In my heart I accused my companion of putting forward a most lame and impotent excuse to cover his failure. What data could he expect from an uncleaned watch?

"Though unsatisfactory, my research has not been entirely barren," he observed, staring up at the ceiling with dreamy, lack-luster eyes. "Subject to your correction, I should judge that the watch belonged to your elder brother, who inherited it from your father."

"That you gather, no doubt, from the H. W. upon the back?"

"Quite so. The W. suggests your own name. The date of the watch is nearly fifty years back, and the initials are as old as the watch; so it was made for the last generation. Jewelery usually descends to the eldest son, and he is most likely to have the same name as the father. Your father has, if I remember right, been dead many years. It has, therefore, been in the hands of your eldest brother."

"Right, so far," said I. "Anything else?"

"He was a man of untidy habits—very untidy and careless. He was left with good prospects, but he threw away his chances, lived for some time in poverty, with occasional short intervals of prosperity, and finally, taking to drink, he died. That is all I can gather."

I sprang from my chair and limped impatiently about the room with considerable bitterness in my heart.

"This is unworthy of you, Holmes," I said. "I could not have believed that you would have descended to this. You have made inquiries into the history of my unhappy brother, and you now pretend to deduce this knowledge in some fanciful way. You can not expect me to believe that you have read all this from his old watch! It is unkind, and, to speak plainly, has a touch of charlatanism in it."

"My dear doctor," said he, kindly, "pray accept my apologies. Viewing the matter as an abstract problem, I had forgotten how personal and painful a thing it might be to you, I assure you, however, that I never even knew that you had a brother until you handed me the watch."

"Then how in the name of all that is wonderful did you get all these facts? They are absolutely correct in every particular."

"Ah, that is good luck. I could only say what was the balance of probability. I did not at all expect to be so accurate."

"But it was not mere guess-work?"

"No, no; I never guess. It is a shocking habit—destructive to the logical faculty. What seems strange to you is only so because you do not follow my train of thought or observe the small facts upon which large inferences may depend. For example, I began by stating that your brother was careless. When you observe the lower part of that watch-case you notice that it is not only dented in two places, but it is cut and marked all over from the habit of keeping other hard objects, such as coins or keys, in the same pocket. Surely it is no great feat to assume that a man who treats a fifty-guinea watch so cavalierly must be a careless man. Neither is it a very far-fetched inference that a man who inherits one article of such value is pretty well provided for in other respects."

I nodded to show that I followed his reasoning.

"It is very customary for pawnbrokers in England, when they take a watch, to scratch the number of the ticket with a pin-point upon the inside of the case. It is more handy than a label, as there is no risk of the number being lost or transposed. There are no less than four such numbers visible to my lens on the inside of this case. Inference—that your brother was often at low water. Secondary inference—that he had occasional bursts of prosperity, or he could not heve redeemed the pledge. Finally, I ask you to look at the inner plate which contains the key-hole. Look at the thousands of scratches all around the hole—marks where the key has slipped. What sober man's key could have scored those grooves? But you will never see a drunkard's watch without them. He winds it at night, and he leaves these traces of his unsteady hand. Where is the mystery in all this?"

"It is as clear as daylight," I answered. "I regret the injustice which I did you. I should have had more faith in your marvelous faculty. May I ask whether you have any professional inquiry on foot at present?"

"None. Hence the cocaine. I can not live wlthout brain-work. What else is there to live for? Stand at the window here. Was ever such a dreary, dismal, unprofitable world? See how the yellow fog swirls down the street and drifts across dun-colored houses. What could be more hopelessly prosaic and material? What is the use of having powers, doctor, when one has no field upon which to exert them? Crime is commonplace, and existence is commonplace, and no qualities save those which are commonplace have any function upon earth."

I had opened my mouth to reply to his tirade, when, with a crisp knock, our landlady entered, bearing a card upon the brass salver.

"A young lady for you, sir," she said, addressing my companion.

"Miss Mary Morstan," he read. "Hum! I have no recollection of that name. Ask the young lady to step up, Mrs. Hudson. Don't go, doctor. I shall prefer that you remain."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The first Gladstone who engaged in mercantile life was a malster, and the family owned large slave estates in the West Indies. William E. began his political life as an extreme Tory.

MUSIC AND THE HAIR.

Peculiar Effect of Vibrations on the Head Covering.

In a recent scientific assemblage a discussion took place upon the influence of sleep in skin diseases. One of the gentlemen who took part stated in his criticism of the paper which had been read that one might as well talk of the influence of music upon the growth of the hair. It would seem that the suggestion of a possible connection thus thrown out in a jesting way has been taken seriously. At least a correspondent of Le Temps has made the discovery that music of certain kinds does in reality prevent the hair from falling, while that produced by certain instruments has the most disastrous effects in causing rapid development of baldness. He finds that while composers are as prone as others to lose their hair at an early age, those who play their compositions upon the piano preserve, if they do not acquire, a luxuriant growth of hair. On the other hand, wind instruments, and especially the cornet and trombone, are fatal to hirsute adornment. The violoncello and the harp keep the hair in pretty well, but the flute cannot be depended upon to preserve a strong growth after the fiftieth year of age.

A number of pianists, including Paderewski, are cited in confirmation of the pronounced influence of piano music. It has been admitted for some time that music has a certain therapeutic worth, and it will be recalled that Dr. Ferrand presented a report to the French Academy on the physiological influence of music, pointing out in what ways it could be employed with therapeutic aims. Subsequently Dr. Betzchinsky reported an instance of night terrors in a child of 3 years, who was cured by having played to it each night music of a calming nature written in a minor key. A test was made after a few nights by omitting the music, and that night alone the child had an attack. It has not as yet been determined just what key is most favorable to the prevention of an early bald state. Probably a reasonable way of settling the disputed point would be to make a few experiments on dogs, thus proving a tolerance for different strains and avoiding the horripilation to which some patients of refined tastes might be subjected. Wind instruments are always dangerous if the hair has not a good hold, while stiff haired people can stand anything. Possibly a good rule for any musician would be, as soon as he finds his hair falling, to cease playing for others.—Medical Record.

ITALY'S POWER IN AMERICA.

Natives of the Sunny Land Monopolizing Many Trades.

Having shaken the stove and kicked the cat from under Maloney's chair, Casey thus delivered himself:

"Sure, this country will have an Eyetalyun king yet. They're the risin ginération here, and no mistake. I mind the time whin the Irish dug all the sewers and cellars, did all the laborin work. But they ain't in it any more.

"Eyetalyun hodcarriers has druv the Irish out. Beyant on the new row, all the bricklayers are Eyetalyuns. Hivin only knows how many Eyetalyun stonemasons are workin in this city today. If you want a tap put on your boot, it's an Eyetalyun shoemaker what does it. They're doin all the shavin and hairecuttin. They kape all the fruit stores. Av course they shine all the shoes.

"I wint down to Liberty hall Monday night to the dance of the Kelly association. For tin years that gang had music from a Dutch band, but what should I see this time but an Eyetalyun crowd of fiddlers. An Eyetalyun book agent kem in here the other day, selling the 'Life of Parnell.' We have an Eyetalyun organist at church, and a woman, with a name as long as your arm, sings the screechin parts that Mrs. Curley ust to yell so well.

"An Eyetalyun comes along this block onct a week with a pack full of suspinders, shoe laces and collar buttons. For years Mike Dugan, him as has a daughter marrit to Clancy, the harse policeman, med a livin around here mindin wash bilers and umbrellas. Sure, a big Eyetalyun has druv him into the home of the Little Sisters of the Poor.

"There's no use of talkin, us Americans will have nothin to say or do in this country before long. You all know Tony, the rag man. I'll bet you think he's as poor as Maloney. Well, he kem in here Saturday night an offered me two t'ousand dollars for the place. He'll be runnin for alderman next fall, I know say."—New York Mail and Express.

JOKERS AND JINGLERS.

On to Washington.

From Kankakee and Fond du Lac
The serried lines advance.
From Chaska and from Hackensack
Their flaunting banners dance.

From Sakarappa, Shakopee,
From Dead Man's Gulch, they come.
From Galveston, Menominee,
We hear their busy hum.

From Billville and from Sutton's Mine,
Tucson, Arapahoe,
From Burnups Corners, see the line
By long additions grow.

Their pockets with petitions bulge,
Their hearts with springing hopes.
The fond delusion all indulge—
They rather know the ropes.

Though each state send its quota full
To swell the mighty host,
Advancing boldly with its pull,
Ohio sends the most.

—Detroit News.

No Place For Him.

Pale in conscious rectitude, the young man stood. "Father," said he, "I cannot tell a lie."

"Oh, you can't!" growled the old man. "Here, take this order for your expenses and get out of the state. I'll go and do the testifying in that trust investigation myself. I cannot tell a lie either, of course. But you know at my age a man's memory is apt to be a little treacherous."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Lover's Reminiscence.

The lover said:
"Modest was she when first we wed,
So shy, indeed, I can't forget
Her blushes red.
And when she mounted her pony true
For a canter down Fifth avenue
She wore a long skirt of sober blue,
Hiding her feet and sidesaddle too."

Again he said:
"Now she's a bold and airy maid,
A biking miss, of naught afraid,
All coyness fled.
She wears a jaunty bloomer faddle,
And when mounting her cycle saddle
She nimbly leaps and lands a-straddle.
Then pedestrians just skedaddle."

—Albany Express.

A Lost Lesson.

"Look at the successful men in life," said the philosopher. "They are not the fault finders. They are not the people who make a study of grievances."

"Humph!" replied his irritable friend. "That is easily explained. They are so situated as to be able to have their own way about things."—Washington Star.

Wot's the Use.

Wot's the use o' eatin, say?
Gotter eat again.
Wot's the use t' go t' sleep?
Gittin up's sech pain.
Work until yer simply lame—
Nex' day gotter work the same!

Wot's the use o' gittin full?
Gotter sober up.
Wot's the use t' ride a wheel?
Only gotter stop.
Wot's the use o' livin, say?
Only gotter die some day.

—New York Sunday Journal.

Calm and Collected.

Reporter—It is said that yourself and your comrade, O'Hoggarty, were calm and collected after the dynamite explosion at the quarry?

McLubberty—Wull, it was loike this. Oi was calm an O'Hoggarty was collicted.—New York Sunday World.

The Temperature of the Flat.

The tenant swore and walked the floor,
But all in vain was the storm.
The janitor sat by the furnace chill
And sang, "You're not so warm."

—Indianapolis Journal.

A Plenty Needed.

Perry Patettic—Uv course I'd take a bath if I took a notion.

Wayworn Watson—That's about what it would take, I guess.

"What's about what it would take?"

"An ocean."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Stage Heroine.

The lover hugged her on the stage.
To her it was not funny.
He earned his salary, while she found
She was hard pressed for money.

—New York Sunday World.

Not a Good Name.

Mr. Blair—Did that titled foreigner leave his children much?

Miss Fair—No, not even a good name.

Mr. B.—You don't say so?

Miss F.—Yes, it was Bjorklanizonogvitz.—Up to Date.

Why He Would Miss Her.

"Would Willie miss his grandma
If grandma were to die?"
He would. She always helps him to
A second piece of pie.

—Indianapolis Journal.

Going Him One Better.

Newlywed (proudly)—I always make it a point to tell my wife everything that happens.

Old Sport—Pooh! That's nothing. I tell my wife lots of things that never happen.—Tit-Bits.

Justifiable Rage.

He stood on the bridge at midnight,
And the way he swore was a sin.
Yet do not condemn him lightly.
'Twas the bridge of his violin.

—Chicago Record.

At the Gates.

Actress—Hello, who are you?

St. Peter—Be more respectful, please. Don't you know I'm an angel?

Actress—At last, thank goodness! You're the very man I've been looking for.—New York Journal.

The Widow's Might.

The widow coyly bid him hope.
His heart beat with delight.
Then yearned with insufficiency—
'Twas but a widow's might.

—Up to Date.

A Waterspout.

The Major—Colonel, did you ever see a waterspout?

The Colonel—Yes. I dropped in to hear a temperance lecture once for a few minutes.—Up to Date.

A GREAT SACRIFICE.

REV. DR. TALMAGE ILLUSTRATES THE ATONEMENT.

He Explains the Theory of Vicarious Sacrifice—The Blood of Christ—Cases of Substitution—Life for Life—Frequence of Suffering for Others.

Washington, March 21.—From many conditions of life Dr. Talmage, in this sermon, draws graphic illustrations of one of the sublimest theories of religion—namely, vicarious sacrifice. His text was Hebrews ix, 22, "Without shedding of blood is no remission."

John G. Whittier, the last of the great school of American poets that made the last quarter of a century brilliant, asked me in the White mountains, one morning after prayers, in which I had given out Cowper's famous hymn about the "fountain filled with blood," "Do you really believe there is a literal application of the blood of Christ to the soul?" My negative reply then is my negative reply now. The Bible statement agrees with all physicians, and all physiologists, and all scientists, in saying that the blood is the life, and in the Christian religion it means simply that Christ's life was given for our life. Hence all this talk of men who say the Bible story of blood is disgusting and that they don't want what they call a "slaughter house religion" only shows their incapacity or unwillingness to look through the figure of speech toward the thing signified. The blood that, on the darkest Friday the world ever saw, oozed or trickled or poured from the brow, and the side, and the hands, and the feet of the illustrious sufferer, back of Jerusalem, in a few hours coagulated and dried up and forever disappeared, and if man had depended on the application of the literal blood of Christ there would not have been a soul saved for the last 18 centuries.

Voluntary Suffering.

In order to understand this red word of my text we only have to exercise as much common sense in religion as we do in everything else. Pang for pang, hunger for hunger, fatigue for fatigue, tear for tear, blood for blood, life for life, we see every day illustrated. The act of substitution is no novelty, although I hear men talk as though the idea of Christ's suffering substituted for our suffering were something abnormal, something distressingly odd, something wildly eccentric, a solitary episode in the world's history, when I could take you out into this city, and before sundown point you to 500 cases of substitution and voluntary suffering of one in behalf of another.

At 2 o'clock to-morrow afternoon go among the places of business or toil. It will be no difficult thing for you to find men who, by their looks, show you that they are overworked. They are prematurely old. They are hastening rapidly toward their decease. They have gone through crises in business that shattered their nervous system and pulled on the brain. They have a shortness of breath and a pain in the back of the head, and at night an insomnia that alarms them. Why are they drudging at business early and late? For fun? No; it would be difficult to extract any amusement out of that exhaustion. Because they are avaricious? In many cases no. Because their own personal expenses are lavish? No; a few hundred dollars would meet all their wants. The simple fact is the man is enduring all that fatigue and exasperation and wear and tear to keep his home prosperous. There is an invisible line reaching from that store, from that bank, from that shop, from that scaffolding, to a quiet scene a few blocks away, a few miles away, and there is the secret of that business endurance. He is simply the champion of a homestead, for which he wins bread and wardrobe and education and prosperity, and in such battle 10,000 men fall. Of ten business men whom I bury, nine die of overwork for others. Some sudden disease finds them with no power of resistance, and they are gone. Life for life, blood for blood. Substitution!

At 1 o'clock to-morrow morning, the hour when slumber is most uninterrupted and most profound, walk amid the dwelling houses of the city. Here and there you will find a dim light because it's the household custom to keep a subdued light burning, but most of the houses from base to top are as dark as though uninhabited. A merciful God has sent forth the archangel of sleep, and he puts his wings over the city. But yonder is a clear light burning, and outside on the window casement is a glass or pitcher containing food for a sick child. The food is set in the fresh air. This is the sixth night that mother has sat up with that sufferer. She has to the last point obeyed the physician's prescription, not giving a drop too much or too little, or a moment too soon or too late. She is very anxious, for she has buried three children with the same disease, and she prays and weeps, each prayer and sob ending with a kiss of the pale cheek. By dint of kindness she gets the little one through the ordeal. After it is all over the mother is taken down. Brain or nervous fever sets in, and one day she leaves the convalescent child with a mother's blessing and goes up to join the three in the kingdom of heaven. Life for life. Substitution! The fact is that there are an uncounted number of mothers who, after they have navigated a large family of children through all the diseases of infancy and got them fairly started up the flowering slope of boyhood and girlhood, have only strength enough left to die. They fade away. Some call it consumption, some call it nervous prostration, some call it intermittent or malarial indisposition, but I call it martyrdom of the domestic circle. Life for life. Blood for blood. Substitution!

A Sacrificing Mother.

Or perhaps the mother lingers long enough to see a son get on the wrong road, and his former kindness becomes rough reply when she expresses anxiety about him. But she goes right on, looking carefully after his apparel, remembering his every birthday with some memento, and, when he is brought home, worn out with dissipation, nurses him till he gets well and starts him again and hopes and expects and prays and counsels and suffers until her strength gives out and she fails. She is going, and attendants, bending over her pillow and ask her if she has any message to leave, and she makes great effort to say something, but out of three or four minutes of indistinct utterance they can catch but three words, "My poor boy!" The simple fact is she died for him. Life for life. Substitution!

About 36 years ago there went forth from our northern and southern homes hundreds of thousands of men to do battle for their country. All the poetry of war soon vanished and left them nothing but the terrible prose. They waded knee deep in mud; they slept in snowbanks; they marched till their cut feet tracked the earth; they were swindled out of their honest rations and lived on meat not fit for a dog; they had jaws all fractured, and eyes extinguished, and limbs shot away. Thousands of them cried for water as they lay dying on the field the night after the battle and got it not. They were homesick and received no message from their loved ones. They died in barns, in bushes, in ditches, the buzzards of the summer heat the only attendants on their obsequies. No one but the infinite God, who knows everything, knows the ten-thousandth part of the length and breadth and depth and height of the anguish of the northern and southern battlefields. Why did these fathers leave their children and go to the front and why did these young men, postponing the marriage day start out into the probabilities of never coming back? For the country they died. Life for life. Blood for blood. Substitution!

Cases of Heroism.

But we need not go so far. What is that monument in Greenwood? It is to the doctors who fell in the southern epidemics. Why go? Were there not enough sick to be attended in these northern latitudes? Oh, yes! But the doctor puts a few medical books in his valise and some vials of medicine and leaves his patients here in the hands of other physicians and takes the rail train Before he gets to the infected regions he passes crowded rail trains, regular and extra, taking the flying and affrighted populations. He arrives in a city over which a great horror is brooding. He goes from couch to couch, feeling of the pulse and studying symptoms and prescribing day after day, night after night, until a fellow physician says: "Doctor, you had better go home and rest. You look miserable." But he cannot rest while so many are suffering. On and on, until some morning finds him in a delirium in which he talks of home, and then rises and says he must go and look after those patients. He is told to lie down, but he fights his attendants until he falls back and is weaker and weaker and dies for people with whom he had no kinship, and far away from his own family, and is hastily put away in a stranger's tomb, and only the fifth part of a newspaper line tells us of his sacrifice, his name just mentioned among five. Yet he has touched the farthest height of sublimity in that three weeks of humanitarian serivce. He goes straight as an arrow to the bosom of him who said, "I was sick, and ye visited me." Life for life. Blood for blood. Substitution!

In the legal profession I see the same principle of self sacrifice. In 1846 William Freeman, a pauperized and idiotic negro, was at Auburn, N. Y., on trial for murder.

He had slain the entire Van Nest family. The foaming wrath of the community could be kept off him only by armed constables. Who would volunteer to be his counsel? No attorney wanted to sacrifice his popularity by such an ungrateful task. All were silent, save one, a young lawyer with feeble voice, that could hardly be heard outside the bar, pale and thin and awkward. It was William H. Seward, who saw that the prisoner was idiotic and irresponsible and ought to be put in an asylum rather than put to death, the heroic counsel uttering these beautiful words:—

"I speak now in the hearing of a people who have prejudiced the prisoner and condemned me for pleading in his behalf. He is a convict, a pauper, a negro, without intellect, sense or emotion. My child, with an affectionate smile, disarms my careworn face of its frown whenever I cross my threshold. The beggar in the street obliges me to give because he says, 'God bless you!' as I pass. My dog caresses me with fondness if I will but smile on him. My horse recognizes me when I fill his manger. What reward, what gratitude what sympathy and affection can I expect here? There the prisoner sits. Look at him. Look at the assemblage around you. Listen to their ill suppressed censures and their excited fears and tell me where among my neighbors or my fellow men, where, even in his heart, I can expect to find a sentiment, a thought, not to say of reward or of acknowledgment, or even of recognition? Gentlemen, you may think of this evidence what you please, bring in what verdict you can, but I asseverate before heaven and you that, to the best of my knowledge and belief, the prisoner at the bar does not at this moment know why it is that my shadow falls on you instead of his own."

The gallows got its victim, but the post mortem examination of the poor creature showed to all the surgeons and to all the world that the public was wrong, that William H. Seward was right, and that hard, stony step of obloquy in the Auburn court-room was the first step of the stairs of fame up which he went to the top, or to within one step of the top, the last denied him through the treachery of American politics. Nothing sublimer was ever seen in an American court-room than William H. Seward, without reward, standing between the fury of the populace and the loathsome imbecile. Substitution!

What Ruskin Did.

In the realm of the fine arts there was as remarkable an instance. A brilliant but hypercriticised painter, Joseph William Turner, was met by a volley of abuse from all the art galleries of Europe. His paintings, which have since won the applause of all civilized nations—"The Fifth Plague of Egypt," "Fishermen on a Lee Shore In Squally Weather," "Calais Pier," "The Sun Rising Through Mist" and "Dido Building Carthage"—were then targets for critics to shoot at. In defense of this outrageously abused man, a young author of 24 years, just one years out of college, came forth with his pen and wrote the ablest and most famous essays on art that the world ever saw, or ever will see—John Ruskin's "Modern Painters." For 17 years this author fought the battles of the maltreated artist, and after, in poverty and broken heartedness, the painter had died, and the public tried to undo their cruelties toward him by giving him a big funeral and burial in St. Paul's cathedral, his old time friend took out of a tin box 19,000 pieces of paper containing drawings by the old painter, and through many weary and uncompensated months assorted and arranged them for public observation. People say John Ruskin in his old days is cross, misanthropic and morbid. Whatever he may do that he ought not to do, and whatever he may say that he ought not to say between now and his death, he will leave this world insolvent as far as it has any capacity to pay this author's pen for its chivalric and Christian defense of a poor painter's pencil. John Ruskin for William Turner. Blood for blood. Substitution!

What an exalting principle this which leads one to suffer for another! Nothing so kindles enthusiasm, or awakens eloquence, or chimes poetic canto, or moves nations. The principle is the dominant one in our religion—Christ, the martyr, Christ the celestial hero, Christ the defender, Christ the substitute. No new principle, for it was as old as human nature, but now on a grander, wider, higher, deeper and more world resounding scale. The shepherd boy as a champion for Israel with a sling toppled the giant of Philistine braggadocio in the dust, but here is another David, who, for all the armies of churches militant and triumphant, hurls the Goliath of perdition into defeat, the crash of his brazen armor like an explosion at Hell Gate. Abraham had at God's command agreed to sacrifice his son Isaac, and the same God just in time had provided a ram of the thicket as a substitute, but here is another Isaac bound to the altar, and no hand arrests the sharp edges of laceration and death, and the universe shivers and quakes and recoils and groans at the horror.

All good men have for centuries been trying to tell who this substitute was like, and every comparison, inspired and uninspired, evangelistic, prophetic, apostolic and human, falls short, for Christ was the Great Unlike. Adam a type of Christ because he came directly from God, Noah a type of Christ because he delivered his own family from the deluge, Melchisedec a type of Christ because he had no predecessor or successor, Joseph a type of Christ because he was cast out by his brethren, Moses a type of Christ because he was a deliverer from bondage, Samson a type of Christ because of his strength to slay the lions and carry off the iron gates of impossibility, Solomon a type of Christ in the affluence of his dominion, Jonah a type of Christ because of the stormy sea in which he threw himself for the rescue of others, but put together Adam and Noah and Melchisedec and Joseph and Moses and Joshua and Samson and Solomon and Jonah, and they would not make a fragment of a Christ, the half of a Christ or the millionth part of a Christ.

What Christ Did.

He forsook a throne and sat down on his own footstool. He came from the top of glory to the bottom of humiliation and changed a circumference seraphic or a circumference diabolic. Once waited on by angels, now hissed at by brigands. From afar and high up he came down; past meteors swifter than they; by starry thrones, himself more lustrous; past larger worlds to smaller worlds; down stairs of firmaments, and from cloud to cloud, and through tree tops and into the camel's stall, to thrust his shoulders under our burdens and take the lances of pain through his vitals, and wrapped himself in all the agonies which we desere for our misdoings, and stood on the splitting decks of a foundering vessel amid the drenching surf of the sea, and passed midnights on the mountains amid wild beasts of prey, and stood at the point where all earthly and infernal hostilities charged on him at once with their keen sabers—our substitute!

When did attorney ever endure so much for a pauper client, or physician for the patient in the lazaretto, or mother for the child in membranous croup, as Christ for us, as Christ for you, as Christ for me? Shall any man or woman or child in this audience who has ever suffered for another find it hard to understand this Christly suffering for us? Shall those whose sympathies have been wrung in behalf of the unfortunate have no appreciation of that one moment which was lifted out of all the ages of eternity as most conspicuous when Christ gathered up all the sins of those to be redeemed under his one arm and all his sorrows under his other arm and said: "I will atone for these under my right arm and will heal all those under my left arm. Strike me with all thy glittering shafts, O eternal justice! Roll over me with all thy surges, ye oceans of sorrow!" And the thunderbolts struck him from above, and the seas of trouble rolled up from beneath, hurricane after hurricane, and cyclone after cyclone, and then there in presence of heaven and earth and hell—yea, all worlds witnesssing—the price, the bitter price, the transcendant price, the awful price, the glorious price, the infinite price, the eternal price, was paid that sets us free.

Waterloo.

The most exciting and overpowering day of one summer was the day I spent on the battlefield of Waterloo. Starting out with the morning train from Brussels, we arrived in about an hour on that famous spot. A son of one who was in the battle, and who had heard from his father a thousand times the whole scene recited, accompanied us over the field. There stood the old Hougomont chateau, the walls dented and scratched and broken and shattered by grapeshot and cannon ball. There is the well in which 300 dying and dead were pitched. There is the chapel, with the head of the infant Christ shot off. There are the gates at which for many hours English and French armies wrestled. Yonder were the 160 guns of the English and the 250 guns of the French. Yonder the Hanoverian hussars fled for the woods. Yonder was the ravine of Ohain, where the French cavalry, not knowing there was a hollow in the ground, rolled over and down, troop after troop, tumbling into one awful mass of suffering hoof, of kicking horses against brow and breast of captains and colonels and private soldiers, the human and the beastly groan kept up until, the day after, all was shoveled under because of the malodor arising in that hot month of June.

"There," said our guide, "the highland regiments lay down on their faces waiting for the moment to spring upon the foe. In that orchard 2,500 men were cut to pieces. Here stood Wellington, with white lips, and up that knoll rode Marshal Ney on his sixth horse, five having been shot under him. Here the ranks of the French broke, and Marshal Ney, with his boot slashed off by a sword, and his hat off, and his face covered with powder and blood, tried to rally his troops as he cried, 'Come and see how a marshal of France dies on the battlefield!' From yonder direction Grouchy was expected for the French re-enforcement, but he came not. Around those woods Blucher was looked for to re-enforce the English, and just in time he came up. Yonder is the field where Napoleon stood, his arms through the reins of the horse's bridle, dazed and insane, trying to go back." Scene from a battle that went on from 25 minutes to 12 o'clock, on the 18th of June, until 4 o'clock, when the English seemed defeated, and their commander cried out: "Boys, can you think of giving way? Remember old England!" and the tide turned, and at 8 o'clock in the evening the man of destiny, who was called by his troops Old Two Hundred Thousand, turned away with broken heart, and the fate of centuries was decided.

Lion and Lamb.

No wonder a great mound has been reared there, hundreds of feet high—a mound at the expense of millions of dollars and many years rising—and on the top is the great Belgian lion of bronze, and a grand old lion it is. But our great Waterloo was in Palestine. There came a day when all hell rode up, led by Apollyon, and the captain of our salvation confronted them alone. The rider on the white horse of the Apocalypse going out against the black horse cavalry of death, and the battalions of the demoniac, and the myrmidons of darkness. From 12 o'clock at noon to 3 o'clock in the afternoon the greatest battle of the universe went on. Eternal destinies were being decided. All the arrows of hell pierced our chieftain, and the battleaxes struck him, until brow and cheek and shoulder and hand and foot were incarnadined with oozing life, but he fought on until he gave a final stroke, and the commander in chief of hell and all his forces fell back in everlasting ruin, and the victory is ours. And on the mound that celebrates the triumph we plant this day two figures not in bronze or iron or sculptured marble, but two figures of living light, the lion of Judah's tribe, and the lamb that was slain.

Becoming Aristocratic.

Odorous Oliver—Wat's become o' Wandering Will?

Mangy Mike—Aw, he's too stuck on his self fer me.

Odorous Oliver—W'yso?

Mangy Mike—W'y, las' time I met him I offered him a snipe, an' he actually had de nerve ter refuse 'cause it wasn't swiped on Fift' avenoo.

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POVERTY OF THE BLOOD.

A TROUBLE THAT IS MAKING THE LIVES OF THOUSANDS MISERABLE.

It Brings in Its Train Nervousness, Pains in the Back and Side, Headaches, Heart Palpitation, and Results Fatally Where Efficacious Treatment is Not Resorted to.

From the Sussex, N. B., Record.

There are many ways in which people may prove benefactors of the human race. There are those who of their abundance spend large sums in erecting public buildings and beautifying public parks. Others spend their money in charitable work, and in alleviating the sufferings of less forutnate fellows, and for these acts these people are honored. The person who having obtained relief from sickness and makes public the means by which health was regained, is none the less a public benefactor. Among these latter is Miss Elena O'Neil, daughter of Mr. James O'Neil, a well-to-do farmer living near Millstream, Kings Co., N. B. Miss O'Neil was attacked with anaemia (poverty of the blood) a trouble unfortunately too common among the young girls of the present day, and one which is certain to terminate fatally if not promptly checked, and the blood enriched and renewed. Having discovered a remedy that will achieve this happy result, Miss O'Neil is willing that less fortunate sufferers may reap the benefit of her experience. To a correspondent of the Record, Miss O'Neil related the story of her illness and cure. She said: "I believe that had I not begun the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills my trouble would have ended fatally. My illness came about so gradually that I can scarcely say when it began. The first symptoms were a loss of color, and a feeling of tiredness following even moderate exertion. Gradually I became as pale as a corpse, and was extremely nervous. Then I was attacked with a pain in the side, which daily grew more and more intense. I coughed a great deal and finally grew so weak that if I went upstairs I had to rest when I reached the top. My appetite forsook me. I was subject to spells of dizziness, and severe headaches and was gradually wasting away until I lost all interest in life. I had tried a number of medicines but found no relief. In this apparently hopeless condition, while reading a newspaper I saw a statement of a young lady whose symptoms were almost identical with my own, whose health had been restored through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. This statement was so encouraging that I determined that I would try this medicine. In my case as in that of the young lady whom I had read about, the result was marvellous. The pain in my side from which I had sufferd so much, disappeared, my nerves were strengthened, my appetite returned and my whole system seemed to be strengthened and renewed. I am now as well as any member in the family and have not known what sickness was since I discontinued the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

"My gratitude towards this grand medicine is unbounded and I hope my statement may be the means of bringing encouragement and health to some other sufferer."

The gratifying results following the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, in the case of Miss O'Neil prove that they are unequalled as a blood builder and nerve tonic. In the case of young girls who are pale or sallow, listless, troubled with a fluttering or palpitation of the heart, weak and easily tired, no time should be lost in taking a course of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which will speedily enrich the blood and bring a rosy glow of health to the cheeks. They are a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of whatever nature.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose form by the dozen or hundred) at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

They Never Fail.—Mrs. S. M. Boughner, 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.

G. A. McBain & Co., Real Estate Brokers, Nanaimo, B.C.

PRIZE CONTEST.

A few weeks ago THE NEWS offered to the pupils who had successfully passed the examination to a high school, at Courtenay this year, a certain prize for the best historical and descriptive article on Comox District including Union, or any part or division thereof, and the Rev. Jno. A. Logan authorized us to offer in his name a certain prize for the second best article. A committee of ladies consisting of Mrs. F. D. Little, Mrs. J. A. Logan, Mrs. L. Mounce, Mrs. J. J. Wier, and Mrs. M. Whitney, was selected to examine and pass upon the relative merits of the papers submitted--five in all. Each manuscript was numbered by the editor when received, and a corresponding number placed upon the letter accompanying it. The letters were retained unopened, and the papers handed to a member of the committee for her decision, which was in each case given independently and without consultation with any other member. The majority of opinion awards first prize to article No.5, and second prize to article No.3. Nos. 2 and 4 were entitled to prizes in the opinion of some, while others not so deciding deemed them worthy of favorable mention. THE NEWS is so pleased with ALL the articles, that it will give in just recognition of their merits a third prize for No. 4, a fourth prize for No.2, and a fifth prize for No.1. These prizes will be graded and all the articles published, being deemed worthy.

The presentation of the prizes will take place at a public meeting to be held in the Presbyterian Church on Thursday evening, August 12th, in honor of the prize winners, who with their friends, and the committee of ladies who have kindly acted as literary critics, and the general public as well are cordially invited to attend. The letters disclosing the names of the writers will not be opened until just before the presentation. An attractive program will be presented, consisting of music and speeches. The contestants are requested to furnish THE NEWS as soon as practicable comparatively late photographs of themselves that we may have cuts prepared.

NOTE.—Rev. Mr. Hicks has kindly consented to take charge of the musical part of the program, and the church choirs of Union will be massed for the occasion.

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

THE HOSE TEST.

THE FIRE LADDIES were out in all their glory last Thursday. The ceremony of letting the water into the mains had been completed and the boys gathered in force at the usual signal about 11 a. m. at the corner of First street and Dunsmuir avenue, under Capt. Grant. There was a big crowd of interested spectators when the hose was seized by the "heavy weights" and the word given to "let her go, Gallagher." The pressure was not on in full, for it was feared the "stays" of the hose might give way; nevertheless a strong stream of water rose, quickly drenching the elevated roof of Mrs. Davis', two story building on the northeast corner and sending volumes of spray on to the roof of the Waverly; the hose was lowered towards the front and along the sidewalk Such a getting out of the way in short order, is seldom seen. The men made a dash which would have created a storm of applause in an athletic tournament, the small boys, who had not fallen over the scampering dogs, vanished as if by magic; but the yelps of the luckless canines in the way of the fleeing crowd, and the yells of the drenched youngsters as they lay sprawling along the sidewalk, were not more comical than the wild rush of those not quite so near, but who seemed to think that the spouting hose might any moment be pointed their way. Among those who moved with a gait which would by no means pass as dignified were pedagogues, ministers, editors, grave deacons, and magistrates. And up on the piazza opposite stood A BEVY OF LADIES laughing!

In the evening the fire laddies were out again in force. This time there was pressure enough, for those who handled the hose!

Some huge stumps and other material had been kindled into a small fire. It was burning fiercely when the "boys" turned on a stream. The fire hissed and sputtered for a moment in defiance, but was soon quenched by the steady flood poured upon it.

A stream was thrown 20 feet higher than the tall roof of the Waverly block, and the street was deluged with water. "Let's go to THE NEWS' corner" cried some one of the boys; the captain assented, and about as quick as you could say "Jack Robinson" they were down to Third street, and the hose attached to the hydrant. Anderson's and THE NEWS' building were baptized in a flood of Hamilton Lake water, which would have quenched any fire in a jiffy.

Next a stream passed up over the Willard brick block without half trying.

The test was a big success. The Firemen seemed to delight in their work, and the onlookers were certainly proud of their fire laddies. After the exhibition the boys repaired to the Union Club rooms where they partook of the hospitalities of the Cumberland & Union Water-Works Co. The people of Union slept that night with a new sense of peaceful security.

Fill your glasses and drink to the Fire Laddies. And now a tiger—Hip, hip, hurrah!

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

LOCALS

There is a case of typhoid fever in town, directly traceable to well-water.

Mr. Matt Piercy and Miss Combe, Union, were married last Thursday at the manse, Sandwick, by the Rev. Mr. Tait.

Passenger List.

The following is a part of the passenger list of the City of Nanaimo on its upward trip Thursday of last week:

Mrs. Mellardo, Mr. McKinley (not the president), Mrs. Horne, the Misses Walker, Mrs. Concioon, Mrs. Ployart of Comox, Mrs. Marshall of Bayne Sound, Mrs. Morrs, Miss. Nicholls, Mrs. Edmunds, Mr. J. Sage, Miss Lucas, J. Tolton, C. Williams, G. Pottery, C. Munn.

LEMON SOCIAL.

At Methodist Church, Tuesday evening, the 27th inst.

Ice cream and candy stalls.

SPLENDID PROGRAMME.

Admission 25 cents, including "lemon pie" and cake.

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

The Orange Picnic.

The celebration of the Battle of the Boyne—207th—by the Orangemen of Union, last week, on Monday, was a very interesting and successful affair. We could not get the particulars in time for last week's issue, and gladly give a further notice now.

The majority left here at 9:30 with the band playing and flags flying. The number which turned out was gratifyingly large.

Arrived at Courtenay, they left their carriages, formed a procession and marched through the main street. Re-entering carriages they were soon at McKutcheon's Point which is a beautiful plain extending out into the Gulf, and backed by the forest clad hills.

At 12 a. m. a splendid spread was served by Mr. H. C. Lucas, the Comox baker, after which the band leader led the company in singing the National Anthem. Mr. L. C. Macdonald next introduced as the "orator of the day" Rev. J. A. Logan, who spoke of this as the year of celebrations. His address was a splendid effort. Dr. Lawrence followed in a most interesting address of an historical nature. Following this were pleasant speeches by Mr. Forsythe and Judge Abrams. Mr. Abrams has been a member of the order for 30 years.

SPORTS.

Putting heavy shot. First prize L. C. McDonald; 2nd, Robert Gilmore.

Tug of war Nine Orangemen and nine Outsiders; won by the latter.

Four hundred yard foot race. Beckensell 1; T. White 2nd.

Boy's race under twelve. W. McPhee 1; Harry Logan 2nd.

Girls under twelve. Lilly Creech 1; Mira Cliffe 2nd.

Special—100 yd. dash. H. Watson 1; Frank Dalby 2.

Mounted Marshal, Bro. S. Creech. Parade Marshal, Bro. Dee.

Bargains in white and colored Shirts at Leiser's

COL. CROCKER DEAD.

Col. Crocker, Vice-President of the Southern Pacific Railway Co, and part owner of the Union Colliery Co, died on Saturday night

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

A Clean Bill.

Dr. Roper, Provincial Veterinary surgeon, has been paying Comox District and this town an official visit. He visited all the milk dairies, and dairy cattle and found them in a satisfactory condition. He remarked that excepting a very few cattle which were thin, they appeared to be well kept and were in good shape, and that the stock was now much better than when he first visited the district. He was pleased, he said, to find such splendid crops of hay, grain and vegetables. They were better than he had ever seen here before, and that was, he thought saying a good deal.

Rev. Mr. Logan Receives a Call.

The Rev. John A. Logan of this town has received a flattering call by the congregation at Eburne on Sea Island, near the City of Vancouver. The salary is $900.00, a free manse, and four weeks holiday annualy. The call has been sustained by the Presbytery. Whether Rev. Mr. Logan will accept, we do not know. If it be his intention to do so, the announcement will doubtless be first made by him to his own church.

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. A. M.	Sat. & Sund'y P. M.
Lv. Victoria for Nanaimo and Wellington	8.00	4.00
Ar. Nanaimo	11.42	7.25
Ar. Wellington	12.15	7.45

GOING SOUTH—READ UP.

	Daily. A M	Sat. & Sund'y. P M
Ar. Victoria	12.30	3.00
Lv. Nanaimo for Victoria	8.40	4.33
Lv. Wellington for Victoria	8.15	4.15

For rates and information apply at Company's offices.

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

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

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.

Midsummer Clearance Sale Continued...

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

YOUR INSPECTION INVITED.

Bargains in dress goods, silks, - - Blouses, etc. - -

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

Our usual full line of Groceries just to hand.

Victoria & Nanaimo Beer always on hand.

SIMON LEISER, UNION.