Provincial Library
108

The Weekly News.

NO. 245. UNION COMOX DISTRICT, B. C., TUESDAY JULY, 27th, 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.

|6| 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.

Dyke and Evans
Arcade, Vancouver, B. C. Dealers in everything known to music. Agents for all leading pianos, including the celebrated
Karn Pianos.
All the latest songs, etc.

FAIR WARNING.

We have received a communication relative to the establishment kept on our main street in bold defiance of the law. We call upon the authorities to take action in the matter.

SONG SERVICE

There will be a Special Song Service in the Presbyterian Church on Sabbath evening. The subject is an Illustration of Pilgrims Progress with appropriate music, arranged with adapted consecutive readings.

The choir has lately much improved; and many, we feel sure, will be surprised as well as delighted with the service.

Latest by Wire

One Hundred Men at St. Michael's Loaded With Gold;—Want to Come Home and Spend it;—Coal Oil Cans Full of it!—Dozens Leaving Nanaimo—People of Wellington Would Go if They had the Needful—New Steamer to go on the Route—Turkey on her Knees—Nanaimo Fires.

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

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

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

NOTE.—Originally but two prizes were offered. The first by THE NEWS for the best historical and discriptive article on Comox District, including Union, or any division thereof, and the second by Rev. J. A. Logan for second best article. The contest was confined to pupils who successfully passed the last examination at Courtenay for a high school. The Committee of five ladies passed upon the merits of the articles, each one acting independently of and without consulting the others. As all the articles were meritorious, and as tastes differ, it was to be expected, as in fact happened, that opinions were not uniform. The majority of opinion has been followed in grading the prizes; but in order to give effect to all the views expressed, and our appreciation of their merit, three additional prizes will be presented. They will be apportioned in value, No. 1 being the greatest, No. 2, next, etc.

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

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

TRIP IN THE COUNTRY.

NOTHING is more delightful at this season of the year than a trip into the country. The Comox valley is at its loveliest. As you come out from the woods on the Union road the broad expanse of valley spreads out to view like a panorama of marvelous beauty. The farms of Thos. Cairns, Bryan Crawford, A. Urquhart, Wm. Lewis, and the Duncans' are taken in with one sweeping glance. Last week the work of cutting the grass, and gathering in the hay was at its height. Many of the hay fields were thickly studded with cocks, showing richness of soil, and without doubt, paying a deserved compliment to a season most favorable to an immensity of crop not only of grass, but grain, vegetables and fruits.

In some fields they were loading the hay, in others riding leisurely upon an easy seat above the revolving knives, behind a pair of horses which showed the best of keep. An inspection of some gardens was made from a nearer point of view. Mason's, and McCann's in the village were prolific of vegetables.

Up the road a half mile we came to Rev. Mr. Willemar's. What a profusion of flowers! And then the fruit trees! The latter were propped up, they were so heavily laden. There were apples and pears in abundance. And the raspberries were mouth-watering; had not ripened fast but slowly, growing large and juicy. Here as elsewhere there was no end of vegetables.

We turned and rode up the hill to Mundell's. What a delightful place! The view of valley and mountain is unsurpassed; and the bracing air from the gulf made us feel young again. His place is not large, but is a fine example of much in a little. It is well and intelligently kept, and vegetables, fruits and flowers seemed to respond with their best. The trees were bending under their load. And they were in such variety! It was here we secured a few pounds of good Presbyterian raspberries, first testing them. With these and rich cream, fine scone, and oat-meal wafers, we enjoyed a luncheon which made us feel if we could not be Scotch ourselves, we knew how to appreciate Scotch hospitality.

A ride up by Halliday's, out beyond Uncle George's, and down through the woods by Bridges' splendid farm brought us to the Middle Prairie road, from which point we reluctantly turned our horse's head toward Courtenay. We did not fail to notice as we passed, the old house of the Bailey farm, looking handsome in its newly windowed, doored, and painted condition, with the fields croppy and orderly; yard and fences spruced up as if expecting visitors.

We were soon passing the home of the author of "Rural Rhymes;" rested ourselves at the fine hostelry of A. H. McCallum, and then slowly rode up through the "Avenue of Pines," to Cumberland—"city soon to be."

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

The Suicide's Route.

A Chinaman of Chinatown lost his pile gambling Saturday night, Sunday morning took a heavy dose of poison. At 12:30 Sunday night he finished his career.

Why are the Chinese allowed to sell opium and poisons? They are not pharmacists; neither do they put it up in bottles with the ominous sign of the cross-bones upon it.

Str. CITY of NANAIMO Passenger List. July 21st.

Mr. Puetz, T. Campbell, Mr. Gough, Miss Davie, Miss E. Davie, Mrs. A. Walker, R. E. McDonald, Mrs. B. Westwood, Susan Doby, Ira Westwood, Miss Dick, W. Stevens, Hashine, Mrs. Larsen Mrs. G. Hauck, Mrs. White, H. Bennett, C. W. Price, Mr. Steward, Mrs. Frew, Mrs. O'Brien, H. Mitchell, L. Stofells, Mrs. Parks, M. McPhee, Mrs. McMillan, Mary Haymond, Miss Piercey, Doney, J Norton, Miss Smith, G. Hauck, Mr. and Mrs. Mellardo, W. Larsew.

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

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

GOING SOUTH—READ UP.

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

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NOTHING is more delightful at this season of the year than a trip into the country. The Comox valley is at its loveliest. As you come out from the woods on the Union road the broad expanse of valley spreads out to view like a panorama of marvelous beauty. The farms of Thos. Cairns, Bryan Crawford, A. Urquhart, Wm. Lewis, and the Duncans' are taken in with one sweeping glance. Last week the work of cutting the grass, and gathering in the hay was at its height. Many of the hay fields were thickly studded with cocks, showing richness of soil, and without doubt, paying a deserved compliment to a season most favorable to an immensity of crops, not only of grass, but grain, vegetables and fruits.

In some fields they were binding the hay, in others riding leisurely upon an easy seat above the revolving knives, behind a pair of horses which showed the best of keep. An inspection of some gardens was made from a nearer point of view. Mason's, and McCann's in the village were prolific of vegetables.

Up the road a half mile we came to Rev. Mr. Willemar's. What a profusion of flowers! And then the fruit trees! The latter were propped up, they were so heavily laden. There were apples and pears in abundance. And the raspberries were mouth-watering: had not ripened fast but slowly, growing large and juicy. Here as elsewhere there was no end of vegetables.

We turned and rode up the hill to Mundell's. What a delightful place! The view of valley and mountain is unsurpassed; and the bracing air from the gulf made us feel young again. His place is not large, but is a fine example of much in a little. It is well and intelligently kept, and vegetables, fruits and flowers seemed to respond with their best. The trees were bending under their load. And they were in such variety! It was here we secured a few pounds of good Presbyterian raspberries, first testing them. With these and rich cream, fine scone, and oat-meal wafers, we enjoyed a luncheon which made us feel if we could not be Scotch ourselves, we knew how to appreciate Scotch hospitality.

A ride up by Halliday's, out beyond Uncle George's, and down through the woods by Bridges' splendid farm brought us to the Middle Prairie road, from which point we reluctantly turned our horse's head toward Courtenay. We did not fail to notice as we passed, the old house of the Bailey farm, looking handsome in its newly windowed, doored, and painted condition, with the fields croppy and orderly; yard and fences spruced up as if expecting visitors.

We were soon passing the home of the author of "Rural Rhymes;" rested ourselves at the fine hostelry of A. H. McCallum, and then slowly rode up through the "Avenue of Pines," to Cumberland—"city soon to be."

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

The Suicide's Route.

A Chinaman of Chinatown lost his pile gambling Saturday night, Sunday morning took a heavy dose of poison. At 12:30 Sunday night he finished his career.

Why are the Chinese allowed to sell opium and poisons? They are not pharmacists; neither do they put it up in bottles with the ominous sign of the crossbones upon it.

Str. CITY of NANAIMO Passenger List. July 21st.

Mr. Puetz, T. Campbell, Mr. Gough, Miss Davie, Miss E. Davie, Mrs. A. Walker, R. E. McDonald, Mrs. B. Westwood, Susan Doby, Ira Westwood, Miss Dick, W. Stevens, Hashine, Mrs. Larsen Mrs. G. Hauck, Mrs. White, H. Bennett, C. W. Price, Mr. Steward, Mrs. Frew, Mrs. O'Brien, H. Mitchell, L. Stofells, Mrs. Parks, M. McPhee, Mrs. McMillan, Mary Haymond, Miss Piercey, Doney, J Norton, Miss Smith, G. Hauck, Mr. and Mrs. Mellardo, W. Larsew.

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

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

Apply at the office for advertising rates.

THE NEWS.

UNION, B. C.

The Week's Commercial Summary.

The world's visible supply of wheat decreased 4,000,000 bushels last week.

Fifty failures are reported for last week, being nine less than in the previous week.

Choice securities are firmer in Canada. There has been a good demand of late for bank shares.

Eggs are very low at this season of the year. Case lots of fresh at Toronto bring only 11c. per dozen.

Bran in Ontario is very scarce, owing to many mills running only part time. At outside points $12 per ton has been paid.

The stock of wheat at Toronto amounts to 208,407 bushels as against 199,844 bushels last week and 31,889 bushels a year ago.

The Russian wheat crop of 1896 is now reported at 387,648,000 bushels against 388,112,000 bushels in 1895 and 464,312,000 bushels in 1894.

The stocks of wheat at Port Arthur and Fort William are 2,874,000 bushels, a slight increase for the week. A year ago the amount was 3,372,000 bushels.

There have been liberal purchases of grains of late for export to Europe but the proportion of wheat shipments is comparatively small. The corn market has been stronger than that for wheat for the past few days.

The visible supply of wheat in the United States and Canada decreased 1,819,000 bushels last week, and the total is now only 41,449,000 bushels as against 62,128,000 bushels a year ago. The amount afloat to Europe decreased 1,200,000 bushels last week, and the total is 20,080,000 bushels as against 28,960,000 bushels a year ago. Together the amount in sight is 61,529,000 bushels as against 91,088,000 bushels a year ago, a decrease of 29,554,000.

Here and There.

Procrastination cuts its ice in summer.

The higher you go in life the colder it gets.

A sealskin sacque may cover a mighty cold heart.

The sheriff clerks for those who do not advertise.

Solid banks are not based on good resolutions.

It is better to have your socks darned than your credit.

Those who crown others with thorns will walk thereon.

Happiness is seldom knocked down to the highest bidder.

A shabby bonnet may cover more faith than a cathedral's roof.

The mistakes of charity are virtues; those of avarice crimes.

It does not follow that because goods are marked down dealers are going up.

There may be more help in a loaf of bread than in a hundred dollar subscription.

If you want to find the bargain counter, ask for the place where folks go broke.

There are more public men who would like to have a law requiring newspapers to print their portraits than there are who want a law prohibiting newspapers from doing so.

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

A Question of Crops.

Farmer—If this weather keeps up it'll bring things right out of the ground, won't it?

Widower—I hope not. I've got two wives there already.

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

SUBMERGED HAVRE.

A PROMISING VILLAGE DESTROYED BY LAKE ERIE.

The Town Made an Unusually Ambitious Start, and Its Projectors Expected Great Things From It—Now Its Site, All That Is Left, Is a Creek Bottom.

Within a few miles of the corporation line of Toledo lies the site of a lost village, which was peopled not so long ago by several hundred souls. Its existence is almost forgotten, and only a few of the oldest inhabitants are able to indicate even vaguely where the town once stood. The blue waters of Lake Erie ripple over town lots and building lots which it was hoped would some day bring great wealth to the projectors of the village.

A few miles north of Toledo, Ten Mile creek, dignified by geographers with the name of Ottawa river, marks the boundary on the lake front between Ohio and Michigan. On the north bank of the stream, just within Monroe county, Mich., is the site of what once was the town of Havre. It was not a hamlet, such as is gradually formed around a few fishing shanties when a country is young, but a town that was created by hundreds of colonists. When Havre was laid out, it was the only place that was more than a mere settlement between Monroe, Mich., and historic old Maumee, O. Toledo was only a name, for when the colonists landed in 1836 this city was just a year old, and its future growth was highly problematical. It was situated 12 miles from the island that marks the western end of the lake, while Havre, situated to the north of Gard island, was practically on the broad highway of waters.

The colonists were brought to the site of the town by the steamer Superior from Buffalo. It is probable that this steamer was the first craft other than an Indian canoe that had ever ventured into the channel between Gard island and the mainland. Many of the colonists of Havre were French, and they named the new town after the famous port in their mother country. Denis Morin, whose descendants still live on the water front near the old town site, laid out the streets with his plow and helped to grade the locations of the principal buildings. Old Peter Trevick, who is still living in Vienna, Mich., also helped to build the town. Houses rose rapidly. A first rate church was built, and stores out of all proportion to the business of that day and a commodious tavern were erected. In short, within two years from the time the first colonists landed 500 houses had been built along the water front, and the little steamer that plied between Detroit, Monroe and Maumee found profitable trading at Havre.

Then came the cataclysm. Old Lake Erie began slowly to rise. The town was only a few feet above the level of the creek, and the country was marshy. It was at first thought that it was only a remarkable stage of high water. But the water came over the sills of the doors nearest the lake and slowly but surely rose higher and higher. House after house was invaded, and the pretty little creek mouth gradually widened until it was nearly a mile across. On the water came until the floors in the highest portion of the town stood four feet deep in water. The people were, of course, badly frightened. With everything that could float they hurried to the highest spot on the mainland and waited for the end. Finding after a day or two that the waters had apparently ceased to rise, they returned and took away all the property that could be moved by the old fashioned canoes, which were an indispensable adjunct to every French trapper's outfit. The boats were rowed right into the houses, and when it came to transporting the barrels of good liquor with which the tavern taproom was stocked there was many a poor Frenchman who had an opportunity of drinking better spirits than he had ever tasted before. In fact, the whole settlement had about as memorable a drunk as this part of the country had ever seen.

Then came what is still remembered as the big winter. Ten Mile creek was frozen to its bottom, and the snow was very deep. The founders of Have, who had encamped along the water front against the day when the waters should recede and they should come into their own again, were forced by the inclement weather to hunt for new homes. Monroe received many of them, and other towns and the adjacent farms absorbed the rest of the villagers. The waters never went back, and the following spring there was a great sale of the town's buildings. They went cheap, and the settlers came from miles around to bid for them.

The houses were raised before the ice had gone out of the creek and were hauled away by ox teams while the ground was still in good condition for sledding. Only a few of the houses were left near the village site, and the only one that can now be identified is occupied by young Trevick and stands over a mile from where it was first built. The great tavern was taken bodily to Vienna, Mich., where it stood for years. Even the pioneer steamer was broken up, and today some of the planks are built into the house of Levi Morin, whose uncle plowed the first street line of Havre. All that is left of Havre is a few piles that can still be seen rotting in Ten Mile creek.

Whether the water of Lake Erie actually rose or whether the land about the town site sank is a question. Certainly no other port on western Lake Erie has any record of such an increase in its waters, but it is argued by those who believe that the waters rose that the effect would not have been so noticeable at any other point as at Havre on account of the low level of the town site. Whatever the cause, the waters are high above its streets, and many a fine pike and black bass has been taken on the site of the old town, although few of the many fishers from Toledo who visit Ten Mile creek are familiar with the story of the town beneath its surface.—Toledo Correspondence.

Dickens as Critic.

Charles Dickens had a great love for music and particularly enjoyed songs and ballads, anything pathetic in the strains of which quickly moved him.

He had his own ideas of the way in which songs should be rendered, and when occasion offered he made them known.

One day a member of his household was singing a ballad, when suddenly the novelist, who had apparently been deep in a book at the farther end of the room, got up, saying, "You don't make enough of that word."

He seated himself at the piano and illustrated his idea of the way in which the word to which he referred should be emphasized and did not rise until the phrase had been sung to his satisfaction.

After that, whenever the song which became a favorite with him was sung, he listened with his head a little on one side until the had made sure that his instructions had not been forgotten that time.—Youth's Companion.

Du Maurier's Drawings.

Young Gerald Du Maurier, being interviewed by a reporter, said one thing about his father that will surprise everybody who was familiar with Mr. Du Maurier's drawings, and that is that he had no idea of appropriateness in dress and did not know one fashion from another. "My sisters," said Mr. Du Maurier, "looked to it that he got the right things in his pictures. He would come home sometimes and sketch something which had artracted him in a passer by on the street. Often it would be some impossibly queer arrangement, and my sisters would protest: 'Why, father, you mustn't use that in Punch. Nobody wears those things now. They're dreadfully old fashioned,' and he would give in immediately to what he recognized as their superior judgment." This will be a blow to the hundreds of people who modeled their dress upon that of Du Maurier's men and women. His fashions, however, were correct, for his family saw to it that they should be.

A Success.

"Were your theatrical entertainments for charity a success?" asked one girl.

"Yes, indeed. We got $107.25."

"Indeed! You must have had a large audience."

"No. We took in $7.25 at the ticket office, and father gave us $100 never to do it again."—Washington Star.

Hard Times.

"Where is your father?"

"He's down to the Corners talking about hard times."

"And your mother, where is she?"

"She's having one out at the woodpile, I guess."

NO USE OF HIS LEGS.

Doctors Could Not Help Him, But Two Bottles of South American Kidney Cure Removed the Disease—The Story of a Wingham Farmer.

Kidney disease can be cured. Mr. John Snell, a retired farmer of Wingham, Ont., says: "For two years I suffered untold misery, and at all times could not walk, and any standing position gave intense pain, the result of kidney disease. Local physicians could not help me, and I was continually growing worse, which alarmed family and friends. Seeing South American Kidney Cure advertised, I grasped at it as a dying man will grasp at anything. Result—before half a bottle had been taken I was totally relieved of pain, and two bottles entirely cured me." To cure kidney disease a liquid medicine must be taken, and one that is a solvent, and can thus dissolve the sand-like particles in the blood.

Cheated.

Smith—I suppose you heard that Jones is dead?

Brown—Confound the rogue! He always did the mean thing. He said only yesterday he would pay me or die.

COULD NOT TURN IN BED.

Terrible Suffering of an Elora Lady From Rheumatism—Fifteen Years a Sufferer, But Cured by Two Bottles of South American Rheumatic Cure.

No pen can describe the intensity of suffering that may come from an attack of rheumatism. "For fifteen years," says Mrs. John Beaumont, of Elora, Ont., "I have been more or less troubled with rheumatism, which took the form of pains in my back, often confining me to my bed, and rendering me part of the time wholly unfit for my duties. At times I suffered so intensely that I could not turn in my bed, and the disease was fast reaching a point where both myself and my husband had become thoroughly discouraged of recovery. A friend recommended South American Rheumatic Cure, and after the first bottle I was able to sit up, and before four bottles were taken I was able to go about as usual, and have been in excellent health ever since."

To Polish Brass Kettles.

To polish brass kettles or anything brass that is very much tarnished, first rub it with a solution of oxalic acid and then dry and polish with rotten stone or very fine emery dust.

Free and easy expectoration immediately relieves and frees the throat and lungs from viscid phlegm, and a medicine that promotes this is the best medicine to use for coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs and all affections of the throat and chest. This is precisely what Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup is a specific for, and wherever used it has given unbounded satisfaction. Children like it because it is pleasant, adults like it because it relieves and cures the disease.

PILL-ANTHROPY

Or philanthropy to give you good health for 20 cents—the cost of Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills.

Sure, safe, quick and pleasant to act. No pain, no griping.

For Sick Headaches, for distress after eating, for Billiousness, for coated Tongue, for Constipation. They work wonderful cures. All druggists have them. 40 in a vial, 20c.

CURED OF SCIATICA.

Left Hip Affected—Suspected Kidney Trouble—Relieved and Perfectly Cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Toronto Junction, March 22.—(Special)—Mr. H. Playter, is not a difficult man to find as everybody here knows that he is foreman at No. 1 Fire Hall. He was the picture of health when called upon by your correspondent and told his story thus:—

"In April, 1896, I suffered from a severe attack of Sciatica affecting my left hip and the leg to the tip of the toes. I suspected it came from some form of kidney trouble and as they had been recommended I procured a box of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"At the end of the fourth day I was entirely relieved but desiring a permanent cure I continued to use that and another box and am now perfectly cured and as well as ever in my life. A brother of mine living at Pine Orchard has been cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills."

A BROKEN DOWN LUMBERMAN.

Not a Financial, But Worse, a Physical Wreck—Past Doctors' Skill, But Cured by South American Nervine.

Prostrated by nervous debility Mr. E. Errett, lumber merchant and mill owner of Merrickville, Ont., was forced to withdraw from the activities of business. He says: "I tried everything in the way of doctors' skill and proprietary medicines, but nothing helped me. I was influenced to use South American Nervine, and I can truthfully say that I had not taken half a bottle before I found beneficial effects. As a result of several bottles I find myself to-day strong and healthy, and ready for any amount of business, where before my nervous system was so undermined that I could scarcely sign my own name with a pen or pencil. I say, feelingly and knowingly, get a bottle of this wonderful medicine."

He Thought He Did.

Judge—Do you understand the nature of an oath?

Juvenile Witness—It's like this:——! ——!! ——!!!

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.

Very Simple.

Wiggins—I wish I could find a remedy for insomnia.

Mrs. Chatt—Why don't you take a good sleep?

"GOLD MINES"

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

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

R. SAWRIGHT & CO.,
99 BAY STREET, TORONTO.

Assessment System — Mutual Principle.

MUTUAL RESERVE FUND LIFE ASSOCIATION.

(INCORPORATED)

FREDERICK. A. BURNHAM, President.
305, 307, 309 Broadway, New York City.

Sixteenth Annual Statement.

Covering Year Ending December 31st, 1896.

INCREASES.

In Cash Income	$ 283,195 41
In Invested Assets	273,059 28
In Net Surplus	447,420 64
In New Business Received	15,142,102 00
In Business in force	16,366,690 00
In Number of Policies in force	12,571
New Busines Received	$ 84,167,997 00
New Business Written	73,026,330 00
Total Business in Force	325,026,061 00

DECREASES.

In Expenses of Management	$163,341 13
In Total Disbursements	269,691 52
In Liabilities	349,642 36
Death Claims paid in 1895	$ 3,967,083 94
Death Claims paid since Organization	28,825,665 66

A Total Membership of 118,449 Interested.

A. R. McNICHOL, Manager for Manitoba, British Columbia and North-West Territories, Mcintyre Block, Winnipeg, Man.; D. Z. BESSETTE, Manager for Quebec, 12 Place d'Armes, Montreal, Que.; W. J. MURRAY, Manager for Nova Scotia, Halifax, N. S.

W. J. McMURTRY, Manager for Ontario, Freehold Loan Building, Toronto, Ont.

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.

Very Trying.

Cholly Swellboy—This being a—aw—membah of society is a great strain, don't chaknow.

John Jones—So I should imagine. These police raids must keep a man thinking.

The Horse—noblest of the brute creation—when suffering from a cut, abrasion, or sore, derives as much benefit as its master in a like predicament, from the healing, soothing action of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. Lameness, swelling of the neck, stiffness of the joints, throat and lungs, are relieved by it.

Words and Their Uses.

Editor—This joke of yours is capital.

Artist—Yes but how much capital?

Be wise and taste

"SALADA"

CEYLON TEA

Sold only in lead packets.

We Always have on hand a large stock of

2D HAND MATERIAL

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

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

Write to

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

SUCCESSFUL GROWERS USE The STEELE, BRIGGS SEEDS
SOLD BY ALL LEADING DEALERS IN CANADA
CATALOGUES FREE
The Steele, Briggs Seed Co.
Toronto, Ont.

A PAIL WITHOUT HOOPS

That means a long lasting Pail.

Its many qualities are unique.

The price makes it available to all.

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

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

Splendid Equipment and Good Solid Work

—Have placed the—

CENTRAL Business College

OF TORONTO,

At the top. It has more teachers, more students, and assists many more young men and women into good positions than any other Canadian Business School. Get particulars. Enter any time. Write W. H. SHAW, Principal.
Yonge and Gerrard Streets, Toronto.

T. N. U. 108

IT Will Pay YOU

TO ATTEND THE NORTHERN BUSINESS COLLEGE,

For either a Business or a Shorthand Course. No one should expect to succeed without a good business training. Announcement free. C. A. Fleming, Owen Sound

LIVE STOCK

VALUE OF A LAMB.

Worth When Measured by What Is Called the Block Test.

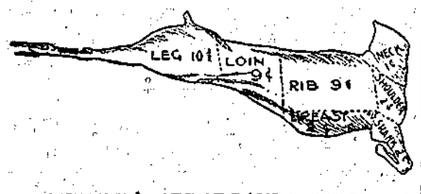
Professor Curtiss of the Iowa experiment station has published in The Breeder's Gazette an account of how the different breeds of lambs pan out when their carcasses are cut up by the butchers. He takes the style of cutting used by two of the leading slaughter firms of the country. He says:

In the slaughter test the Merinos averaged 51.8 per cent of dressed mutton; Dorsets, 52 6; Suffolks, 53.6; crossbreds, 53.7; range, 55.6; Southdowns, 55.4; Cotswolds, 54.9; Lincolns, 55.7; Oxfords, 55.2; Shropshires, 56.3; Leicesters, 57.8, and yearling Shropshires, 62.3.

The block test was made by cutting as indicated in the accompanying diagram. This particular drawing is one furnished by one firm that I have had prepared for illustration in class work, but the other firm use practically the same method except that the parts marked "breast," "shank," "shoulder" and "neck" generally go as one piece called "chuck," and this cut was rated uniformly at 2 cents a pound in each lot of the station sheep. When the "neck" piece is sold separate it usually brings about a cent per pound. All of these prices are wholesale.

The prices put on the other cuts of the station sheep varied somewhat in the different breeds, owing to quality and size. The Southdown and Shropshire lambs were rated highest, the prices being as given in the illustration.

It will be seen that there is a marked variation in the value of the different parts of a carcass of mutton according to the Chicago wholesale market. There is also more or less variation of the prices of the principal cuts, one to another, but a prime leg of lamb is always a choice cut. The leg cut in a good carcass of mutton constitutes 30 per cent by weight and sells for 40 per cent of the entire value. All of the hind part of the carcass, it will be observed, consists of high priced mutton, while the cheap mutton is all found in front. In the wholesale market much of the mutton is only cut through the middle, leaving all but the last rib on the front cut. This puts the loin and leg into one cut, termed a "saddle" of mutton. The front half, then, contains the "rib" and the other cuts, which together constitute the "chuck," and the whole half taken thus is called the "rack." Cut in this manner a carcass consists of a "saddle" and a "rack." Packers rate a sheep that cuts as much weight in the saddle (rear half) as in the rack (front half) a good one. In the station lambs the saddles taken entire were valued at 8 cents a pound and the racks at 4 cents. This makes the rear half of a lamb worth twice as much as the front half. These lambs also cut on the average more than half in saddles, making the difference still greater. Sheep or lambs unnecessarily heavy in shoulder, head and neck are objectionable. By way of explanation I will here say that this objection was given as a reason for rating the Dorsets below the others. The slaughter and block tests to some extent substantiated this objection, though it is probable that it was overestimated.



BUTCHER'S CUT OF LAMB CARCASS.

In addition to the foregoing comparisons, the legs, loins and ribs of two representative animals in each lot were photographed on the block in such position as to give cross section views, showing the thickness and other characteristics of each cut. All of the internal organs, fat and offal, were weighed and the percentage of the whole determined.

Full Corncribs and Lean Cattle.

With overflowing corncribs everywhere and corn selling in the country as low as 11 cents a bushel, says The Stockman, it is difficult to account for the large numbers of half fat cattle that are being sent to market. Great numbers of 1,100 to 1,200 pound steers that have been fed 60 to 90 days keep coming here and have to be sold at ruinously low prices—$3.60 to $4 per 100 pounds. Then there are lots of 1,250 to 1,350 pound steers selling between $4 and $4.50 that are too light for either the eastern shippers or the exporters, and consequently they are taken by dressed beef concerns. If these 1,250 to 1,350 pound cattle were only made heavy enough for the wants of eastern shippers or exporters, they would easily sell for 25 to 40 cents per 100 pounds more. By holding them back and putting on this extra flesh the feeder would certainly consult his own interests, as he would add largely to his profits.

Devon Cattle.

Comparatively little has been heard of Devon cattle of late years, says an exchange, but there are now some signs of a revival of interest in them. Their hardiness and ability to take care of themselves commend them to ranchmen, and those who have tried them on the range are giving very favorable reports. Their disposition to thoroughly ripen at a light weight is also in their favor now, when heavy fat cattle are losing and light ones gaining in popularity. At one of the Pittsburg yards recently Devon steers averaging in the neighborhood of 1,000 pounds brought $4.75 per hundredweight, an exceedingly good price for the weight. They were tidy butcher beeves, the kind most wanted these days. This change in market demands should be favorable to these beautiful and useful cattle.

STRICKEN HERDS

The Cattle of South Africa Threatened With Extinction.

A disease known as rinderpest, which takes the form of a slow but fatal fever, has stricken the cattle and has spread to such an alarming extent it is not thought now it can be checked until the continent has been denuded of its herds. It was brought into Africa, it is believed, by some of the oxen carried by the Italians to Massaua. Mr. Howard, editor of the Bulawayo Chronicle, says of it:

"It spread southward, simply mowing down in its way all cattle, both wild and tame. The buffaloes seemed to have suffered just as heavily as the domesticated animals kept by the natives. It touches neither horses, mules, elephants nor sheep, and the carnivora are, of course, exempt. They will suffer only by the diminution of their food supplies. The rinderpest is still marching southward, nor is there any hope that it will be arrested short of the sea. We did hope at one time that the great waterway of the Zambezi would check its march southward, but it was a vain delusion, and all the efforts made to stem its advance have been fruitless. Of course this has crippled our transport immensely and compels us more than ever to rely upon the railway."

The beginning of this march of an inexorable scourge was made thus ten years ago, but for years it did not cause any general alarm. It has "trickled along southward little by little until the extent of the scourge can be imagined from this summary of its spread:

"The countries that already have been swept are Zambezi, Bechuanaland, South African Republic, Rhodesia, Orange Free State, Zululand, Natal, all the German and Portuguese possessions in east and west Africa, and now Cape Colony, the southernmost country, is being devastated. Millions and millions of cattle have died, and south of the Zambezi river alone 1,250,000 square miles of country have been attacked."

In Cape Colony it is estimated there are 2,000,000 cattle, and it is not expected more than 1 per cent can be saved. The immediate effect of this absolute annihilation of cattle will be to leave the people impoverished. Most of the natives depend on the cattle for beef, their chief food and the only meat available, and on the draft oxen for means of transport. With the cattle gone, a meager supply of cereals will be left as the only means of sustenance, while, owing to the few railroads, the means of moving even this produce will also be taken away. The worst phase of the situation is its absolute hopelessness.

The farming industry will be killed temporarily by this devastation. F. R. Thompson, a pioneer of Matabeleland and a member of the legislature of the Cape, prophesies that the scourge will drive into the cities the thousands of people "who own small farms with 50 head of cattle" and will force them into trades to make a living. But the ultimate effect on the farming industry of the continent, an effect that may not be developed for many years, should be wholesome. The "half nomad population, which has been devoted to idleness and soldiering" in merely tending the herds of cattle, will be forced into agricultural pursuits in order to live.

Live Stock Points.

The Highland Society of Scotch Farmers this year held its show at Perth. The display of Clydesdale horses was magnificent. It was declared to represent at last the perfect type of farmers' working horse. But the same authority says there was no improvement at all in the Aberdeen-Angus cattle shown. The reason given is the curious one that maybe the Aberdeen-Angus breed has reached its climax and cannot be improved on further. What do American Aberdeen-Angus breeders think of this opinion?

The preventive for hog cholera is cleanliness, pure and simple. Disinfect the pens, sheds, yards and feeding troughs where diseased animals have been and burn up all the litter and bedding. When you buy hogs for fattening or other purposes, on no account turn them in with those you already have. Quarantine them three weeks or a month till you are certain there is no disease among them. The United States government is a great sinner in this matter in one way—in not seeing to it that railroad companies carry out to the very letter the sanitary regulations for animal shipments. Much of the hog cholera infection is carried from one part of the country to another by the shipping cars.

War In Congress.

He who talks and talks away
Will live to talk some other day.
—Chicago Tribune.

BREVITIES

PERSONALITIES.

The Duke of Fife is credited with a private income of $400,000 a year.

President Kruger rises each morning at 5, and smokes almost continuously until he goes to bed.

Vice President E. C. Chamberlain of the Western Mining company is training elks for driving at Portland, Or.

The largest annual pension is $95,000, paid by Great Britain to the Duke of Richmond. It is a perpetuity from the time of Charles II.

Queen Margherita of Italy stood godmother recently for the son of the Marchese Capranica del Grillo, son of the great Italian actress, Ristori.

Mr. Stanley is greatly interested in the society recently formed in France to prevent the extinction of the African elephant. He has congratulated it on its aims and asked to be chosen a member.

Bishop Quintard of Tennessee was in the Confederate army, and his first work of the war was to plant a cross on Sewance mountain, where the University of the South afterward rose through his energy.

John Cooper Van Tassell, who died the other day in Greensburg, N. Y., at the age of 95 years, was the son of William C. Van Tassell, who fought in the war of 1812, and the grandson of a Van Tassell who fought in the Revolutionary war.

Ex-Judge W. W. Crump, who died at his home in Richmond at the age of 80, was ranked as one of the ablest criminal lawyers of the south, having figured in the most famous Virginia cases, notably the Jeter Phillips and Cluverius murder trials.

Frederick Alfred Krupp, the German gun manufacturer, is the largest employer of labor in the world. On the pay rolls of his vast establishment at Essen are over 25,000 men, all engaged in making munitions of war. Herr Krupp is 42 years old.

Queen Victoria's coronation ring is never out of her sight and is worn by her every evening. It is a band of gold containing a cross in rubies, surrounded by white brilliants. A coronation ring is supposed to symbolize the wedding of the sovereign with the nation.

Professor S. P. Langley of the Smithsonian institution said in a recent interview that if he had the time and money to spend he believed he could make a flying machine "on a scale such as would demonstrate to the world that a large passenger carrying flying machine can be a commercial as well as a scientific success."

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

A first rate collection of insects contains about 25,000 perfectly distinct species.

The depth of water has a considerable influence on the speed of steamers, which are found to move more slowly in shallow water.

The citizens of New Hampshire have raised $8,700, with which they will erect a statue of President Pierce in some appropriate place.

A farmer of Ozella, Fla., recently found a hairpin made of something like gutta percha four feet below the surface in an Indian shell mound.

The new oriental baths in St. Petersburg are said to surpass in luxurious arrangements anything of the kind ever built. The building was begun 20 years ago.

Fourteen centenarians died in Great Britain last year. The oldest of them was Bernard O'Neill, an Irish soldier, who was reputed to be 110 years of age. Eleven of the 14 were women.

FIGS AND THISTLES.

Every lie has other sins hiding behind it.

Every crown bestowed by the world rests on an aching brow.

If good advice were gold, every pocket would be full of money.

Hypocrisy is a certificate of good character vice gives to virtue.

The world's creed is, "He is the best man who wears the best coat."

Gray hair and wrinkles may come, but a happy heart is always young.

Open the door of your mind to good thoughts, and evil ones will be driven out.

Trying to look like a sheep has never yet produced any wool on the back of a goat.

The devil is too often the only gainer when a young man becomes his own master.

If we have to do a certain work, the best thing we can do is to best learn how to do it best.—Ram's Horn.

EQUINE HISTORY.

Close observers declare that the horse really sheds tears when grieved.

Celer, the racer of the Roman Emperor Verus, was fed on almonds and raisins, was covered with royal purple and stalled in the imperial palace.

The greatest picture of Benjamin West was his "Death on the Pale Horse." When first exhibited, men turned pale and women fainted at the sight.

The horses of Tartary are small, not larger than the mustangs of America, but are exceedingly tough and capable of traveling long distances without food, water or rest.

The Thessalians were the first Europeans to use the horse for war purposes, and thus originated the Greek fable of the centaur, a monster of half horse and half man.

HORSE TALK.

Frank Voorhees is to have Obadiah, 2:14¼.

Nathalie, 2:17, will be shipped to Austria.

"Pa" Daly has 25 horses in training this season.

Dick, 2:12¼, has been bought by George Hall.

Ella T, 2:08¼, will be raced through the Montana circuit.

No trotting meeting will be held at Dubois, Pa., this year.

Directum II has been purchased by F. A. Shultz of Red Bank, N. J.

Stote Clark and John Koster will train at Point Breeze track this season.

Marin, Jr., 2:13, will be trained in California by Pat Farrell this season.

Dame Winnie's youngest foal, born in 1891, is named Governor Pacheco.

The trotting meeting at David City, Neb., occurs this year Sept. 21 to 24.

Winged Fairy, which is a full sister to Applegate and Winged Foot, is highly spoken of.

Aug. 10 to 13 are the dates claimed by the Hedrick (Ia.) association for its trotting meeting this year.

W. A. Baggs of Springfield, Mass., will train the pony pacer Artful Maid, 2:13¾, by Ashland Wilkes.

Nominator, 2:17¼, by Stranger—Sapphire, now in Austria, will be returned to America at the end of this year.

It is said that Bob Kneebs will be tried on other charges as soon as his present term of imprisonment in Germany is ended.

A mile novelty race, with money for the first horse at every quarter, is one of the attractions for ladies' day at the Denver meeting.

WHAT WOMEN WEAR.

There is an excellent demand for linen duck, canvas and pique.

The best qualities of duck and the heavier fabrics of this class are made up in tailor style.

There is no dress more economical or useful than one made of a tolerably good quality of india silk.

There are many striped fabrics in cotton, some of them evidently modeled after the Dresden ribbon idea.

According to all appearances, we are going into a period of trimming the like of which the present generation has never dreamed of.

The woman who likes polka dots can scarcely go amiss. They never go out of fashion, and merchants find them among their most reliable purchases.

A novelty hat is made of lappets of embroidery set up around the front of a frame to form a coronet. The crown is of embroidery and velvet, the trimming is of large aigrets and ostrich plumes.

English lace over very close frills of silk muslin, and these over a closely plaited flounce of taffeta, is the trimming on some of the new petticoats. Above the lace is a soft ruche of white silk muslin.

An evening waist is shirred at the top of the low corsage and the belt. Over the shoulders are flouncings of lace gathered full and caught up at intervals with very large rosette bows of ribbon. The trimming is of wistaria blossoms, and the effect is exceedingly pretty.

It is said that taffetas are to be simply a rage. They are exceedingly handsome and not very expensive, unless one chooses to run into the extreme of high novelty. Besides this they are dressy, stylish and reasonably durable, and every woman wants one.—New York Ledger.

STAGE GLINTS.

Thomas Leary has succeeded Jefferson De Angelis in "Brian Boru."

Bram Stoker, Sir Henry Irving's manager, has written another novel.

The engagement of marriage between Marguerite Sylva and Gerald Du Maurier has been broken.

Jordan and Williamson have signed with Hoyt & McKee for next season with "A Stranger In New York."

William Bechtel is now successfully playing Ikey Eisenstein in "An American Beauty," with Lillian Russell.

Carlton Wells has secured the rights for "Face to Face," a new romantic play, in which he will star, opening in a short time.

Manager Edward E. Rice took with him to England the book and score of "Wang," which he will endeavor to place on the other side.

Carrie Turner, who underwent a severe surgical operation this winter, has in view a spring tour in a new play written for her by Clyde Fitch.

THE PRACTICE OF MASSAGE.

A Demand That it Should be Restricted by Law to the Instructed Only.

While the public is protected by necessary laws and regulations against the deception and quackery formerly existing in many professions and vocations having relation to its health and general affairs, there exists no protection, under any law or government, against the palpable incompetency of a certain very numerous class of masseurs and masseuses, who, while professing a profound knowledge of mechanical therapeutics in general, and especially massage, are yet wholly destitute of the requisite education, ability and talent.

In many cases where massage, as an auxiliary to medical and surgical practice, would produce a most desirable effect it is left to be applied by ignorant impostors of either sex, with no qualification beyond their own assertion displayed on sign-boards or in deceptive advertisements in certain newspapers. The danger of this practice is easily perceived. The limits of massage are well defined. But these bold adepts of Ling and Metzger fear no consequences. They will "rub" a malignant tumor as cheerfully as they will treat a purulent process or any infectious disease when noli me tangere should be the watchword. I have known them in cases of lateral curvature of the spine to rub and exercise the muscles of the concave side and consecrate this method by giving to it the assuring name of "Swedish" massage. The embellishment and modification of the female figure are the latest achievements in modern mechanical therapeutics of this category. The fact is that the prevailing "massage operator," or so called "medical rubber," is well aware that he can do no good. But his utter ignorance of the physiological effects of massage prevents him from knowing that he can inflict great injury.

It is strange that the United States should possess the best physicians and surgeons in the world, but the worst masseurs. The virtue of massage is not overlooked. But the difficulty of finding educated and skillful men is the root of the evil. Proofs of this assertion are visible every day. In a recent article in The Medical Record a well known physician remarks that: "Massage, to be of any value, must be properly and scientifically done. There are many people who pose as masseurs and masseuses who do not know the first thing about the subject, and these people must be avoided if one would not do his patient harm."

Dr. Benjamin Lee, in his valuable essay on "Swedish Movements and Massage," confirms this opinion by saying:—

"It is not too much to require that no one of either sex shall attempt to perform remedial manipulations upon our patients who does not possess a knowledge of the leading facts in anatomy, such as the position and comparative size of the various organs and the position and course of the larger blood vessels and nerves and of such facts in physiology as the functions of the organs, the course of the circulation, assimilation and nutrition, of the modes of applying massage and movements in such a way as to secure the best results in the briefest time and with the least discomfort to the patient, of the effects produced locally and generally upon the system by the different methods of procedure, of the order in which they should be used and of the injury which may be inflicted by employing them improperly or in inappropriate cases. No one is competent to acquire such knowledge who has not had a certain amount of education. To these endowments of nature and education must be added a manual dexterity in the application of the various procedures which can only be acquired by careful training under an experienced instructor. Hence it will be understood that the stable and the laundry are not, on the whole, the best schools from which to graduate practitioners of this art."

There exists no good reason why the practice of massage should not be regulated and restricted. In Sweden and other countries where the practitioners of mechanotherapy enjoy the confidence of the medical profession no one is permitted to administer massage who is not qualified by the state board of medicine. The same method could easily be adopted here. If a reputable masseur or masseuse should apply to a state board of medicine for a certificate, let his or her competency and record be vouched for by a certain number of physicians. I believe that a legislative act of this kind would be hailed with delight by the public, the medical profession and by all legitimate masseurs. Until something is done in this direction cheap schools of massage will continue to furnish grooms and servant girls with "diplomas," and a valuable auxiliary to medical and surgical practice will remain a constant source of danger and abuse in the hands of unlettered and unskilled assumers.—Axel C. Hallbeck in New York Sun.

A New Book Canvasser.

Here is a picture of the Roman book canvasser. The snow white Mauritanian steeds, with the heaving flanks, the pointed ears, the crimson nostrils, are reined up. From the chariot descended the master, who, giving his flowing toga an extra graceful fold, entered a house on the Via Aurelia. Presently a Scythian slave followed his lord, bearing in his sturdy arms a precious fassiculus, fully illustrated, up to date and superbly bound in Persion cloth. It was a Pliny in 16 volumes, a subscription book. Such were the methods of the canvasser in the palmy days of Rome.

It we are to credit a recent florid description in a leading literary review, the Roman method is the way of a certain kind of book agent of to-day. He rides in his own coupe, drawn by what the French call a steppare. The princely canvasser never would debase his calling by carrying the book he offers himself. His servant in livery totes it. The book he works for costs from $1,000 to $2,500 a copy. It is a volume which common people may not buy. It is only offered to "shahs, maharajahs, emperors, kings, presidents." Here are indeed the heroics of the subscription book business.

THE WEEKLY NEWS

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At Union, B. C.
M. Whitney, Editor.

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No Advertisment inserted for less than 50 cents.

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

TUESDAY, JULY 27th, 1897.

Foreign labor will not be employed in building the Crow's Nest Pass railway.

The great coal strike in the United State is likely soon to be settled by arbitration.

Plain servicable bicycles are the kind to buy if you are not a scorcher, and care for your neck.

The Queen will not abdicate. In a late letter she says: "I shall pray God to bless them [my people] and enable me still to discharge my duties for their wellfare as long as life last."

Bryan represents discontent, and discontent comes from bad times. If congress fools much longer with the tariff bill, keeping business unsettled, Bryan will be the next president.

With the abandonment of well-water we will get rid of diptheria and contagious fevers. Well-water has already put more than one child in the grave, and yet there are those who object to the introduction of water from the pure mountain stream into their premises.

Andre is off for the North Pole in his balloon, but his carriage is a sort of arrangement on stilts. The winds will push him along, instead of the dogs drawing him. He will keep close to the ground or not high up, using drag ropes. If he can make fair speed he will not be long in getting there.

Speaker Higgins now announces he will resign his office when the legislature meets, and if it appears the wish of his constituency, he will also resign as a member of the legislature. The only way to test whether those who elected him desire to be represented in Oposition is by a ballot. An election is the proper thing.

Will not some of the great dailies give us a reliable map of the Yukon country indicating the best routes to get there? The British Yukon Co. have opened, it is reported, a new route through the White Pass, and on the 16th, a train was to start carrying 40 tons of merchandise. Do the lands, where the "rivers flow over sands of gold" come within this company's domain? It is supposed the construction of a railway will follow soon up this route. But first where is it? Give us an out-line map.

SAN JOSE SCALE.

This pest, according to the Country Gentlemen, attacks all deciduous fruit trees—peaches, pears, plums, apples, quinces, and ornamentals which belong to this class. Are the trees in this district filling in the leaf? Do they show signs of decay? If so it would be well to consider if this pest is the cause. The Board of Horticulture is working hard to keep this past out, and should have our support. Examine your trees.

THE CLONDYKE REGION.

THE news from the Clondyke is of a very exciting character. The details are such as indicate that while there may be more or less exageration, nevertheless, there have been immensely rich fields of gold found, bringing to mind the early days of Cariboo. And then it is not quartz but placer mining; not for the capitalist, but for the miner. Here is the chance for the young man with a little money, plenty of pluck, good habits and constitution, and the sense and strength to keep them. Doubtless there will be hardships, and the weak will be wrecked, morally and physically, and as elsewhere it will be a survival of the fittest. Young men having faith in their ability to stand the ordeal and come out unscathed, and having none depending upon them for support, may do well to go; even some of these will fall by the wayside; but for those settled in life, with families, aged parents, etc., our advice must be—stay where you are. It is not all to get wealth and if it were, steady plodding is the surest way for most people. The miners of '49 generally led a wandering life, and died poor.

SENSATIONAL JOURNALISM.

WE have been surfeited with sensational journalism across the line, but the late out-burst of the British press against Secretary Sherman's letter to Ambassador Hay upon the sealing question is of the most inexcusable and mischievous character. There is nothing whatever to justify it. Bad blood is created between the people of two great nations that the papers may profit. There is not a threat or even a bluff word in the communication. It is simply a straight forward dignified, but strong presentation of the case from the United States' view. Lord Salisbury does not consider it offensive in tone, and any attempt to create a flurry about it, is little less than criminal. The proposition of Secretary Sherman that the experts of Britain, Russia, and the United States should meet together to compare views, and if possible agree upon certain data and recommendations was eminently sensible. The claim that England will have to fight the United States in defense of its existence is consummate folly. There are plenty of people there—alas! too many, who delight to twist the lion's tail, but the great business element will never permit the two great nations to drift into war. The great majority of the people of both countries are friendly; and the demonstrations during jubilee week throughout the States were genuine manifestations of Bro. Jonathan's friendly attitude.

NOTICE.

Cumberland and Union Water-works Company, Ld.

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

2380 F. B. SMITH, Sec'y.

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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.

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COMOX.

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

COMOX DIRECTORY.

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

UNION.

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

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

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

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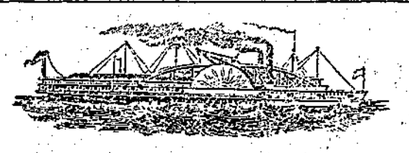

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Society Cards

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

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

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

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

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"I DON'T CARE!"

"I don't care!" How many troubles
From these hateful words have sprung!
Far too often falls the sentence
From the lips of old and young.
How it lowers man's true standard!
How it hurries to despair!
Spleen, and spite, and hate are nourished
In the baleful "I don't care!"

"I don't care!" Oh, why so common
Should this vile expression be?
Did it ever soothe a sorrow,
Or to flight put misery?
Did it e'er dispel a shadow,
Or bring sunshine anywhere?
Came there ever yet a blessing
With the spiteful "I don't care!"

Pauper in thy wretched garret,
Did it ever bring thee gold?
Maiden, did it mend the quarrel
Which arose when love grew cold?
Sailor on the boundless ocean,
Would you ever danger dare
On a ship, however worthy,
With the captain, "I don't care!"

Heart-crushed pilgrim on life's highway,
Did it ever bring thee balm?
Toiler roused by man's injustice,
Did it e'er thy spirit calm?
Christian reaching after heaven,
Did it ever lead to prayer?
Parent, did thy child's amendment
Ever follow "I don't care!"

Many a wretch in anguish groaning,
Racked and wasted by disease—
Many a thief his crime atoning
In his sin-bought miseries—
Many a low-browed, ruthless murd'rer
Doomed to dangle in the air,
Owe the climax of their follies
To the reckless "I don't care!"

"I don't care!" Oh, let the sentence
Never pass your lips again!
It can never bring you pleasure,
But it may engender pain.
'Mid all Satan's vile inventions,
None more surely can insnare,
Than the worthless, good-for-nothing,
Stupid saying, "I don't care!"

—FRANCIS S. SMITH.

GRAND BALL.

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

Why Women Do Not Marry.

Somebody, writing in London Woman declares that women are becoming more marriageable. The writer declares that they are not so ready to rush into matrimony, certainly, for their lives are no longer stunted and empty, and they are perhaps inclined to subject suitors to a little mental criticism. Moreover, men are happily, not too eager to marry young. "I think we shall find, as the world goes on," says the writer referred to, "more happy marriages to rejoice our quality of benevolence, for the reasons that I have just stated are deep and powerful incentives to happiness. If only each sex would more fully realize the honor done to it at the alter by the other! The nicest, most chivalrous hearted men sometimes say that half their pleasure in a wife consists in taking care of her, yet one cannot help agreeing with the saying of some writer that a 'woman' in order to give her hand with dignity, must be able to stand alone.' The gift is then complete, open hearted and generous, a meet return for the honor, grace and reverence which havh been freely paid to her."

"It Pays."

Boys, the writer knows this to be true. Several years ago a young man in the interior of Iowa wanted to go into business. He had money to pay for part of the goods needed and wanted to buy as many more on short time. The wholesale man he wished to buy of had the reputation of being a difficult man to deal with. He visited him and laid the matter before him. "Well," said he, "I shall have to consider that before giving you an answer, but let me offer you a drink," pointing to a sideboard filled with the choicest selection of wines and other liquors kept in his private office. "No, thank you." said the young man, "I never drink liquors of any kind." The gentleman frowned and urged him to taste some especially nice wine. The young man replied: "I dislike very much to offend you, sir, but I have promised my mother never under any circumstances to touch wine, have never broken my word to her, and cannot now." "Young man," said the merchant, turning and embracing him to his great astonishment, "you can have all the goods you wish, and need pay no money down if it is not convenient." It is needless to add that young man was prospered in his business, and has led a happy, useful life. It pays! —The Gatling Gun.

TO BOIL a HAM.

To boil a whole ham Mrs. Lincoln, in the American Kitchen Magazine, says:

"Thoroughly brush and clean a large ham in lukewarm water in which a teaspoonful of borax has been dissolved. Then soak in cold water over night. In the morning shave off every particle of the hardened surface. Put it into a large kettle and cover with cold water. Let it heat slowly, and as it begins to boil remove the scum. Then add a bay leaf, two large sprigs of parsley and one quart of sweet pickle vinegar, or one pint of clear vinegar or cider. Keep the kettle where it will barely bubble, and let it cook till tender; allow twenty minutes to one pound from the time simmering commences. If a fork will pierce through the thickest part and the skin peel off easily, it is done. Let it remain in the liquor until cold. Then carefully peel off the skin, trim off any ragged edges, and with a cloth sop the melted fat from the top. Mix one cup of fine cracker crumbs, half a cup of brown sugar, salt, spoonful of pepper and one salt spoonful of powdered tarragon, and moisten slightly with melted butter. Spread this thickly over the fat surface, and return to the oven till brown and crisp.

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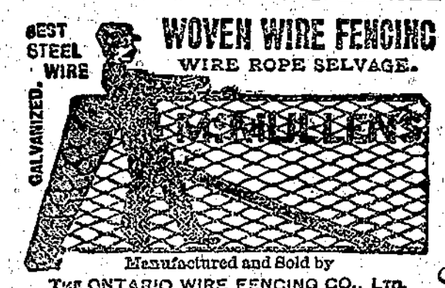

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The Sign of the Four.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER I.

THE STATEMENT OF THE CASE.

Miss Morstan entered the room with a firm step and an outward composure of manner. She was a blonde young lady; small, dainty, well gloved, and dressed in the most perfect taste. There was, however, a plainness and simplicity about her costume which bore with it a suggestion of limited means. The dress was a somber grayish beige, untrimed and unbraided, and she wore a a small turban of the same dull hue, relieved only by a suspicion of white feather in the side. Her face had neither regularity of feature nor beauty of complexion, but her expression was sweet and amiable, and her large blue eyes were singularly spiritual and sympathetic. In an experience of women which extends over many nations and three separate continents I have never looked upon a face which gave a clearer promise of a refined and sensitive nature. I could not but observe that, as she took the seat which Sherlock Holmes placed for her, her lip trembled, her hand quivered, and she showed every sign of intense inward agitation.

"I have come to you, Mr. Holmes," she said, "because you once enabled my employer, Mrs. Cecil Forrester, to unravel a little domestic complication. She was much impressed by your kindness and skill."

"Mrs. Cecil Forrester," he repeated, thoughtfully. I believe that I was of some slight service to her. The case, however, as I remember it was a very simple one."

"She did not think so. But, at least, you cannot say the same of mine. I can hardly imagine anything more strange, more utterly inexplicable, than the situation in which I find myself."

Holmes rubbed his hands, and his eyes glistened. He leaned forward in his chair with an expression of extraordinary concentration upon his clear-cut, hawklike features, "State your case," said he, in brisk, business tones.

I felt that my position was an embarrassing one. "You will, I am sure, excuse me," I said, rising from my chair.

To my surprise, the young lady held up her gloved hand to detain me. "If your friend," she said, "would be good enough to stay, he might be of inestimable service to me,"

I relapsed into my chair.

"Briefly," she continued, "the facts are these. My father was an officer in an Indian regiment, who sent me home when I was quite a child. My mother was dead, and I had no relative in England. I was placed, however, in a comfortable boarding establishment at Edinburgh, and there I remained until I was seventeen years of age. In the year 1878 my father, who was senior captain of his regiment, obtained twelve months' leave and came home. He telegraphed to me from London that he had arrived all safe, and directed me to come down at once, giving the Langham Hotel as his address. His message, as I remember, was full of kindness and love. On reaching London I drove to the Langham. and was informed that Captain Morstan was staying there, but that he had gone out the night before and had not returned. I waited all day without news of him. That night, on the advice of the manager of the hotel, I communicated with the police, and next morning we advertised in all the papers. Our inquiries led to no result: and from that day to this no word has ever been heard of my unfortunate father. He came home, with his heart full of hope, to find some peace. some comfort, and instead—" She put her hand to her throat, and a choking sob cut short the sentence.

"The date?" asked Holmes, opening his notebook.

"He disappeared upon the 3rd of December. 1878—nearly ten years ago."

"His luggage?"

"Remained at the hotel. There was nothing in it to suggest a clue—some clothes. some books and a considerable number of curiosities from the Andaman Island. He had been one of the officers in charge of the convict guard there."

"Had he any friends in town?"

"Only one that we know of—Major Sholto. of his own regiment. the Thirty-fourth Bombay Infantry. The major had retired some little time before, and lived at Upper Norwood. We communicated with him, of course, but he did not even know that his brother officer was in England."

"A singular case," remarked Holmes.

"I have not yet described to you the most singular part. About six years ago—to be exact. upon the 4th of May, 1882—an advertisement appeared in the Times asking for the address of Miss Mary Morstan, and stating that it would be to her advantage to come forward. There was no name or address appended. I had at that time just entered the family of Mrs. Cecil Forrester in the capacity of governess. By her advice I published my address in the advertisement column. The same day there arrived through the post a small card-board box addressed to me, which I found to contain a very large and lustrous pearl. No word of writing was enclosed. Since then every year upon the same date there has appeared a similar box. containing a similar pearl, without any clue to the sender. They have been pronounced by an expert to be of a rare variety and of considerable value. You can see for yourselves that they are very handsome." She opened a flat box as she spoke, and showed me six of the finest pearls that I had ever seen.

"Your statement is most interesting," said Sherlock Holmes. "Has anything else occurred to you?"

"Yes; and no later than to-day. That is why I have come to you. This morning I received this letter, which you will perhaps read for yourself,"

"Thank you," said Holmes. "The envelope, too, please. Post-mark, London, S.W., date, July 7. Hum! Man's thumb-mark on corner—probably postman. Best quality paper. Envelopes at sixpence a packet. Particular man in his stationery. No address. 'Be at the third pillar from the left outside the Lyceum Theater to-night at seven o'clock. If you are distrustful bring two friends. You are a wronged woman, and shall have justice. Do not bring police. If you do, all will be in vain. Your unknown friend.' Well, really, this is a very pretty little mystery. What do you intend to do, Miss Morstan?"

"That is exactly what I want to ask you."

"Then we shall most certainly go. You and I and—yes, why, Doctor Watson is the very man. Your correspondent says two friends. He and I have worked together before."

"But would he come?" she asked, with something appealing in her voice and expression.

"I should be proud and happy," said I, fervently, "if I can be of any service."

"You are both very kind," she answered. "I have led a retired life, and have no friends whom I could appeal to. If I am here at six it will do, I suppose?"

"You must not be later," said Holmes. "There is one other point. however. Is this handwriting the same as that upon the pearl-box addresses?"

"I have them here," she answered, producing half-a-dozen pieces of paper.

"You are certainly a model client. You have the correct intuition. Let us see, now," He spread out the papers upon the table, and gave little darting glances from one to the other. "They are disguised hands, except the letter," he said presently, "and there can be no question as to the authorship. See how the irrepressible Greek e will break out, and see the twirl of the final s. They are undoubtedly by the same person. I should not like to suggest false hopes, Miss Morstan, but is there any resemblance between this hand and that of your father?"

"Nothing could be more unlike."

"I expected to hear you say so. We shall look out for you, then, at six. Pray allow me to keep the papers. I may look into the matter before then. It is only half-past three. Au revoir, then."

"Au revoir," said our visitor, and, with a bright, kindly glance from one to the other of us, she replaced her pearl-box in her bosom and hurried away. Standing at the window I watched her walking briskly down the street, until the gray turban and white feather were but a speck in the somber crowd.

"What a very attractive woman!" I exclaimed, turning to my companion.

He had lit his pipe again. and was leaning back with drooping eyelids. "Is she?" he said, languidly. "I did not observe."

"You really are an automaton—a calculating-machine?" I cried. "There is something positively inhuman in you at times."

He smiled gently. "It is of the first importance," he said, "not to allow your judgment to be biassed by personal qualities. A client is to me a mere unit—a factor in a problem. The emotional qualities are antagonistic to clear reasoning. I assure you that the most winning woman I ever knew was hanged for poisoning three little children for their insurance money, and the most repellant man of my acquaintance is a philanthropist who has spent nearly a quarter of a million upon the London poor."

"In this case, however—"

"I never make exceptions. An exception disproves the rule. Have you ever had occasion to study character in handwriting? What do you make of this fellow's scribble?"

"It is legible and regular." I answered. "A man of business habits and some force of character."

Holmes shook his head. "Look at his long letters," he said. "They hardly rise above the common herd. That d might be an a, and that l an e. Men of character always differentiate their long letters, however illegibly they may write. There is vacillation in his k's and self-esteem in his capitals. I am going out now. I have some few references to make. Let me recommend this book—one of the most remarkable ever penned. It is Winwood Reade's 'Martyrdom of Man.' I shall be back in an hour."

I sat in the window with the volume in my hand, but my thoughts were far from the daring speculations of the writer. My mind ran upon our late visitor—her smiles, the deep, rich tones of her voice, the strange mystery which overhung her life. If she were seventeen at the time of her father's disappearance she must be seven-and-twenty now—a sweet age, when youth has lost its self-consciousness and become a little sobered by experience. So I sat and mused, until such dangerous thoughts came into my head that I hurried away to my desk and plunged furiously into the latest treatise upon pathology. What was I, an army officer with a weak leg and a weaker banking account, that I should dare to think of such things? She was a unit, a factor—nothing more. If my future were black, it was better surely to face it like a man than to attempt to brighten it by mere will-o'-the-wisps of the imagination.

CHAPTER III.

IN QUEST OF A SOLUTION.

It was half-past five before Holmes returned. He was bright, eager and in excellent spirits—a mood which in his case alternated with fits of the blackest depression.

"There is no great mystery in this matter," he said, taking the cup of tea which I had poured out for him. "The facts appear to admit of only one explanation."

"What! you have solved it already?"

"Well, that will be too much to say. I have discovered a suggestive fact, that is all. It is, however, very suggestive: The details are still to be added. I have just found, on consulting the back files of the Times, that Major Sholto of Upper Norwood, late of the Thirty-fourth Bombay Infantry, died upon the 28th of April, 1882."

"I may be very obtuse, Holmes, but I fail to see what this suggests."

"No! You surprise me. Look at it in this way, then. Captain Morstan disappears. The only person in London whom he could have visited is Major Sholto. Major Sholto denies having heard that he was in London. Four years later Sholto dies. Within a week of his death, Captain Morstan's daughter receives a valuable present, which is repeated from year to year, and now culminates in a letter which describes her as a wronged woman. What wrong can it refer to except this deprivation of her father? And why should the presents begin immediately after Sholto's death, unless it is that Sholto's heir knows something of the mystery, and desires to make compensation? Have you any alternative theory which will meet the facts?"

"But what a strange compensation! And how strangely made! Why, too, should he write a letter now, rather than six years ago? Again, the letter speaks of giving her justice. What justice can she have? It is too much to suppose that her father is still alive. There is no other injustice in her case that you know of."

"There are difficulties; there are certainly difficulties," said Sherlock Holmes, pensively. "But our expedition of to-night will solve them all. Ah, here is a four-wheeler, and Miss Morstan is inside. Are you all ready? Then we had better go down, for it is a little past the hour."

I picked up my hat and my heaviest stick, but I observed that Holmes took his revolver from his drawer and slipped it into his pocket. It was clear that he thought our night's work might be a serious one.

Miss Morstan was muffled in a dark cloak, and her sensitive face was composed, but pale. She must have been more than woman if she did not feel some uneasiness at the strange enterprise upon which we were embarking, yet her self-control was perfect, and she readily answered the few additional questions which Sherlock Holmes put to her.

"Major Sholto was a very particula friend of papa's," she said. "His letters were full of allusions to the major. He and papa were in command of the troops at the Andaman Islands, so they were thrown a great deal together. By the way, a curious paper was found in papa's desk which no one could understand. I don't suppose that it is of the slightest importance, but I thought you might care to see it, so I brought it with me. It is here."

Holmes unfolded the paper carefully and smoothed it out upon his knee. He then very methodically examined it all over with his double lens.

"It is paper of native Indian manufacture," he remarked. "It has at some time been pinned to a board. The diagram upon it appears to be a plan of part of a large building, with numerous halls, corridors, and passages. At one point is a small cross done in red ink, and above it is "3.37 from left," in faded pencil-writing. In the left-hand corner is a curious hieroglyphic, like four crosses in a line with their arms touching. Beside it is written in very rough and coarse characters, 'The sign of the four—Jonathan Small, Mahomet Singh, Abdullah Khan, Dost Akbar.' No, I confess that I do not see how this bears upon the matter! Yet it is evidently a document of importance. It has been kept carefully in a pocket-book; for the one side is as clean as the other."

"It was in his pocket-book that we found it."

"Preserve it carefully, then, Miss Morstan, for it may prove to be of use to us. I begin to suspect that this matter may turn out to be much deeper and more subtle than I at first supposed. I must reconsider my ideas." He leaned back in the cab, and I could see by his drawn brow and his vacant eye that he was thinking intently. Miss Morstan and I chatted in an undertone about our present expedition and its possible outcome, but our companion maintained his impenetrable reserve until the end of our journey.

It was a September evening, and not yet seven o'clock, but the day had had been a dreary one, and a dense, drizzling fog lay low upon the great city. Mud-colored clouds drooped sadly over the muddy streets. Down the Strand the lamps were but misty splotches of diffused light which threw a feeble circular glimmer upon the slimy pavement. The yellow glare from the shop windows streamed out into the steamy, vaporous air, and threw a murky, shifting radiance across the crowded thoroughfare. There was to my mind something eerie and ghostlike in the endless procession of faces which flitted across these narrow bars of light—sad faces and glad, haggard and merry. Like all human kind, they flitted from the gloom into the light and so brck into the gloom once more. I am not subject to impressions, but the dull, heavy evening, with the strange business upon which we were engaged, combined to make me nervous and depressed. I could see from Miss Morstan's manner that she was suffering from the same feeling. Holmes alone could rise superior to petty influences. He held his open note-book upon his knee, and from time to time he jotted down figures and memoranda in the light of his pocket-lantern.

At the Lyceum Theater the crowds were already thick at the side-entrances. In front a continuous stream of hansoms and four-wheelers were rattling up, discharging their cargoes of shirt-fronted men and beshawled, bediamonded women. We had hardly reached the third pillar, which was our rendezvous, before a small, dark, brisk man, in the dress of a coachman, accosted us.

"Are you the parties who come with Miss Morstan?" he asked.

"I am Miss Morstan, and these two gentlemen are my friends," said she.

He bent a pair of wonderfully penetrating and questioning eyes upon us. "You will excuse me, miss," he said, with a certain dogged manner, "but I was to ask you to give me your word that neither of your companions is a police officer."

"I give you my word on that," she answered.

He gave a shrill whistle, on which a street Arab led across a four-wheeler, and opened the door. The man who had addressed us mounted to the box, while we took our places inside. We had hardly done so before the driver whipped up his horse, and we plunged away at a furious pace through the foggy streets.

The situation was a curious one. We were driving to an unknown place, on an unknown errand. Yet our invitation was either a complete hoax, which was an inconceivable hypothesis, or else we had good reason to think that important issues might hang upon our journey. Miss Morstan's demeanor was as resolute and collected as ever. I endeavored to cheer and amuse her by reminiscences of my adventures in Afghanistan; but, to tell the truth, I was myself so excited at our situation and so curious as to our destination that my stories were slightly involved. To this day she declares that I told her one moving anecdote as to how a musket looked into my tent at the dead of night, and how I fired a double-barreled tiger cub at it. At first I had some idea as to the direction in which we were driving; but soon, what with our pace, the fog and my own limited knowledge of London, I lost my bearings, and knew nothing, save that we seemed to be going a very long way. Sherlock Holmes was never at fault, however, and he muttered the names as the cab rattled through squares and in and out by tortuous by-streets.

"Rochester Row," said he. "Now Vincent Square. Now we come out on the Vauxhall Bridge Road. We are making for the Surrey side apparently. Yes, I thought so. Now we are on the bridge. You can catch glimpses of the river."

We did indeed get a fleeting view of a stretch of the Thames, with the lamps shining upon the broad, silent water; but our cab dashed on, and was soon involved in a labyrinth of streets upon the other side.

"Wordsworth Road," said my companion. "Priory Road. Lark Hall Lane. Stockwell Place. Robert street. Cold Harbor Lane. Our quest does not appear to take us to very fashionable regions."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Hypnotism at a Fire.

The professional hypnotist who has been in the city for several days had an opportunity the other night of demonstrating his power beyond contradiction and in a manner that caused physicians to look amazed and interested. Just about the close of a performance at the opera house last night the fire alarm was sounded, and a lady and a gentleman attending had left their babe at the house which was burning. When the father discovered the house on fire, he seemed to have lost his reason and frantically ran to the place and kicked through a large window light, cutting his shoe in three or four places and getting an ugly gash in his foot. He then made a dive through the window, regardless of glass or sash, and ran into the burning room from where it took four men to carry him, and assurances by them that his only babe was safe in a house just across the street were unheeded by him.

They then carried him by force, which required the combined strength of four strong men, to where the child was; but he evidenced symptoms of convulsions and was placed upon a bed, and it seemed that scarcely enough men could get to him to hold him there. In the struggle the bedstead was torn down. A prominent physician began preparation of a medicine to be administered. Meanwhile a boy had gone for the hypnotist, who came up, requesting those holding the gentleman to release him, remarking, "He is only sleepy." Then, gently placing his hands on his head, he said: "You are almost asleep. You are going to sleep. Now, when I count three, you will sleep." The man ceased his struggling and slept. He was allowed to remain quiet for only a few minutes, when the hypnotist began to talk to him, assuring him that he would soon awake and would know nothing about what had happened, which he did at the operator's command and in amazement asked how he came to be there and what had soiled his clothes. The babe was brought to him, and the hypnotist quietly slipped out of the crowd and departed. Skepticism in regard to hypnotic power is a back issue here, and the most learned men are the ones most interested and puzzled.—Palestine (Tex.) Letter in Galveston News.

How to Seat Your Guests.

The host leads the way to the dining room, offering his arm to the oldest lady or the greatest stranger, unless it happens that the dinner is given for one lady in particular, in which case she, as the guest of honor, is taken in by the host and seated at his right. The other guests follow, each gentleman giving his arm to the lady he is to take in. The hostess follows last, with the oldest gentleman or the greatest stranger, who is then seated at her right.

THE PUZZLER

No. 53.—Transpositions.

A charming rustic beauty she,
Who wakes up with the sun,
Just as the lark's sweet matin's poured
In musical, fresh ONE.
No TWO of stiff formalities
Her glad young life infold,
But what of that? Though simply reared,
She hath a heart of gold,
Her cheek is white as snowflakes are,
With ne'er a flaw or mote,
Her — THREES — a soft, green, vandyked ruche—
Clasp close her dainty throat,
And as in dreams I see her now,
So fair, though plainly dressed,
My heart, to beauty long so cold,
FOUR warmly in my breast,
And sore I sigh the dreary FIVE
Of winter months before
I walk the fragrant fields in spring
And see her face once more.
But May will soon roll round again
In time's swift onward whirl,
Then, little daisy, sweet field flower,
Wilt be my "summer girl?"

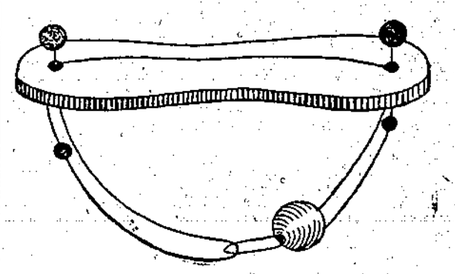
No. 54.—A Curious Insect.

Which is always found where there is "ample;" always where there is "scarcity;" always in "a slow movement;" always "before the given time;" always following "a behest;" always before "the one who contends for the prize in public games;" always bearing the same relation to "demand" as to "forbid;" never absent from "the south polar regions;" always found in the stamens of flowers; infolded in "a purple or white immortelle;" nearly in the center of a tree called "the tree of heaven;" always found in a certain wrap.

No. 55.—Enigma.

I am one of a large family, and, though crooked from my birth, I am able to perform the tasks given to me as well as any of my brethren. I am of more importance than any of my family, for, although without me they can perform their duty, yet they cannot add strength or soundness to any of it. I am useful to others also, from the senator to the schoolboy, and, though I am sometimes avoided by little children, yet, when they grow up, they will take me as an assistant in all their pleasures. You can always employ me for the completion of your own happiness, but you can make your friend happy without me. I take a treble interest in all your losses and am always ready to assist you.

No. 56.—Board and Ball Puzzle.



Get the cover of a small cigar box or any other thin board about 5 inches long and cut it out the shape of the engraving. Then arrange the strings and balls as shown in the same, with knots in the string beneath the wood.

The trick is to get the large ball off the string without untying it or removing any of the smaller balls. This good old puzzle will entertain those of the boys who have not yet learned the trick of it.

No. 57.—Crossword Enigma.

In stove, not in range;
In queer, not in strange;
In tune, not in song;
In wide, not in long;
In brace and in prop;
In tarry, not in stop;
In fear, not in fright;
In nearly, not in quite.
Now search these words all
For an animal small.

No. 58.—Head Changes.

1. Change the head of an animal and form to listen.
2. Change the head of a color and form shiftless.
3. Change the head of a bag and form a bed.
4. Change the head of animals to a plaything.
5. Change the head of behind time and form told.
6. Change the head of to dally and form part of the hand.
7. Change the head of a heathen and form devastation.
8. Change the head of a weapon and form to frisk.

A Few Riddles Solved.

What magazine would be likely to give the best report of a fire? A powder magazine.

Though I dance at a ball, yet I'm nothing at all. What am I? A shadow.

Why is death like a man breaking your windows? He puts an end to your pains (panes).

What sort of a countenance should an auctioneer have? One that is for-bidding.

When is a man not a man? When he is a-shaving.

Tell me how to make a tall man short. Try to borrow $5 of him.

The Typewriter Touch.

Now that typewriters are found in homes almost as commonly as the writing desk it is perhaps pertinent to remind women that the use of the machine is very hurtful to a piano player. The sharp staccato movements of the writing machine stiffen the fingers and tend to lessen the suppleness necessary for the piano keys.

Fought With Bows and Arrows.

The last European battle in which bows and arrows were used was that of Leipsic, in October, 1813, when the French were defeated by the allies. The Russians brought into the field some Tartars whose only weapons were bows and arrows, and a French general was wounded by an arrow in the battle.

PRAISE FOR GREECE.

REV. DR. TALMAGE ON A SUBJECT OF WORLDWIDE INTEREST.

He Shows What We Owe the Greeks—A Debt in Language, Art, Heroism and Medicine—The Best Way to Pay the Debt.

Washington, March 28.—As Dr. Talmage's sermons are published on both sides of the ocean, this discourse on a subject of worldwide interest will attract universal attention. His text was Romans i, 14, "I am debtor both to the Greeks and to the barbarians."

At this time, when that behemoth of abominations, Mohammedanism, after having gorged itself on the carcassses of 100,000 Armenians, is trying to put its paws upon one of the fairest of all nations, that of the Greeks, I preach this sermon of sympathy and protest, for every intelligent person on this side of the sea, as well as the other side, like Paul, who wrote the text, is debtor to the Greeks. The present crisis is emphasized by the guns of the allied powers of Europe, ready to be unlimbered against the Hellenes, and I am asked to speak out. Paul, with a master intellect of the ages, sat in brilliant Corinth, the great Acro-Corinthus fortress frowning from the height of 1,686 feet, and in the house of Gaius, where he was a guest, a big pile of money near him, which he was taking to Jerusalem for the poor.

In this letter to the Romans, which Chrysostom admired so much that he had it read to him twice a week, Paul practically says: "I, the apostle, am bankrupt. I owe what I cannot pay, but I will pay as large a percentage as I can. It is an obligation for what Greek literature and Greek sculpture and Greek architecture and Greek prowess have done for me. I will pay all I can in instalments of evangelism. I am insolvent to the Greeks." Hellas, as the inhabitants call it, or Greece, as we call it, is insignificant in size, about a third as large as the state of New York, but what it lacks in breadth it makes up in height, with its mountains Cylene and Eta and Taygetus and Tymphrestus, each over 7,000 feet in elevation, and it Parnassus, over 8,000. Just the country for mighty men to be born in, for in all lands the most of the intellectual and moral giants were not born on the plain, but had for cradle the valley between two moutains. That country, no part of which is more than 40 miles from the sea, has made its impress upon the world as no other nation, and it to-day holds a first mortgage of obligation upon all civilized people. While we must leave to statesmanship and diplomacy the settlement of the intricate questions which now involve all Europe and indirectly all nations, it is time for all churches, all schools, all universities, all arts, all literature, to sound out in the most emphatic way the declaration, "I am debtor to the Greeks."

The Greek Language.

In the first place, we owe to their language our New Testament. All of it was first written in Greek, except the book of Matthew, and that, written in the Aramaean language, was soon put into Greek by our Saviour's brother James. To the Greek language we owe the best sermon ever preached, the best letters ever wirtten, the best visions ever kindled. All the parables in Greek. All the miracles in Greek. The sermon on the mount in Greek. The story of Bethlehem and Golgotha and Olivet and Jordan banks and Galilean beaches and Pauline embarkation and Pentecostal rongues and seven trumpets that sounded over Patmos have come to the world in liquid, symmetrical, picturesque, philosophic, unrivaled Greek, instead of the gibberish language in which many of the nations of the earth at that time jabbered. Who can forget it, and who can exaggerate its thrilling importance, that Christ and heaven were introduced to us in the language of the Greeks, the language in which Homer had sung and Sophocles dramatized and Pato dialogued and Socrates discoursed and Lycurgus legislated and Demosthenes thundered his oration on "The Crown?" Everlasting thanks to God that the waters of life were not handed to the world in the unwashed cup of corrupt languages from which nations had been drinking, but in the clean, bright, golden lipped, emerald handled chalice of the Hellenes. Learned Curtius wrote a whole volume about the Greek verb. Philologists century after century have been measuring the symmetry of that language, laden with elegy and philippic, drama and comedy. "Odyssey" and "Iliad," but the grandest thing that Greek language ever accomplished was to give to the world the benediction, the comfort, the irradiation, the salvation, of the gospel of the Son of God. For that we are debtors to the Greeks.

And while speaking of our philological obligations let me call your attention to the fact that many of the intellectual and moral and theological leaders of the ages got much of their discipline and effectiveness from Greek literature. It is popular to scoff at the dead languages, but 50 per cent. of the world's intellectuality would have been taken off if through learned institutions our young men had not, under competent professors, been drilled in Greek masterpieces, Hesiod's "Weeks and Days," or the eulogium by Simonides of the slain in war, or Pindar's "Odes of Victory," or "The Recollections of Socrates," or "The Art of Words," by Corax, or Xenophon's "Anabasis."

History and the Greeks.

From the Greeks the world learned how to make history. Had there been no Herodotus and Thucydides there would have been no Macaulay or Bancroft. Had there been no Sophocles in tragedy there would have been no Shakespeare. Had there been no Homer there would have been no Milton. The modern wits, who are now or have been put on the divine mission of making the world laugh at the right time, can be traced back to Aristophanes, the Athenian, and many of the jocosities that are now taken as new had their suggestions 2,300 years ago in the 54 comedies of that master of merriment. Grecian mythology has been the richest mine from which orators and essayists have drawn their illustrations and painters the themes for their canvas, and, although now an nearly exhausted mine, Grecian mythology has done a work that nothing else could have accomplished. Boreas, representing the north wind; Sisyphus, rolling the stone up the hill, only to have the same thing to do over again; Tantalus, with fruits above him that he could not reach; Achilles, with his arrows; Icarus, with his waxen wings, flying too near the sun; the Centaurs, half man and half beast; Orpheus, with his lyre; Atlas, with the world on his back—all these and more have helped literature, from the graduates speech on commencement day to Rufus Choate's eulogium on Daniel Webster at Dartmouth. Tragedy and comedy were born in the festivals of Dionysius at Athens. The lyric and elegiac and epic poetry of Greece 500 years before Christ has its echoes in the Tennysons, Longfellows and Bryants of 1,800 and 1,900 years after Christ. There is not an effective pulpit or editorial chair or professor's room, cultured parlor or intelligent farmhouse to-day in America or Europe that could not appropriately employ Paul's ejaculation and say, "I am debtor to the Greeks."

The fact is this—Paul had got much of his oratorical power of expression from the Greeks. That he had studied their literature was evident when, standing in the presence of an audience of Greek scholars on Mars hill, which overlooks Athens, he dared to quote from one of their own Greek poets, either Cleanthus or Aratus, declaring, "As certain also of your own poets have said, 'For we are also his offspring.'" And he made accurate quotation, Cleanthus, one of the poets, having written:—

For we thine offspring are. All things that creep
Are but the echo of the voice divine.

And Aratus, one of their own poets, had written:—

Doth care perplex? Is lowering danger nigh?
We are his offspring, and to Jove we fly.

It was rather a risky thing for Paul to attempt to quote extemporaneously, from a poem in a language foreign to his and before Greek scholars, but Paul did it without stammering and then acknowledged before the most distinguished audience on the planet his indebtedness to the Greeks, crying out in his oration, "As one of your own poets has said."

Greek Architecture.

Furthermore, all the civilized world, like Paul, is indebted to the Greeks for architecture. The world before the time of the Greeks had built monoliths, obelisks, cromlechs, sphinxes and pyramids, but they were mostly monumental to the dead whom they failed to memorialize. We are not certain even of the names of those in whose commemoration the pyramids were built. But Greek architecture did most for the living. Ignoring Egyptian precedents and borrowing nothing from other nations. Greek architecture carved its own columns, set its own pediments, adjusted its own entablatures, rounded its own molding and carried out as never before the three qualities of right building, called by an old author "firmitas, utilitas, venustas"—namely, firmness, usefulness, beauty. Although the Parthenon on the Acropolis of Athens is only a wreck of the storms and earthquakes and bombardments of many centuries, and although Lord Elgin took from one side of that building, at an expense of $250,000, two shiploads of sculpture, one shipload going down in the Mediterranean and the other shipload now to be found in the British museum, the Parthenon, though in comparative ruins, has been an inspiration to all architects for centuries past and will be an inspiration all the time from now until the world itself is a temple of ruin. Oh, that Parthenon! One never gets over having once seen it. But what must it have been when it stood as its architects Ikitnos and Kallikrates, built it out of Pentelican marble, white as Mont Blanc at noonday and as overwhelming. Height above height. Overtopping the august and majestic pile and rising from its roof was a statue of Pallas Promachus in bronze, so tall and flashing that sailors far out at sea beheld the plume of her helmet. Without the aid of the eternal God it never could have been planned, and without the aid of God the chisels and trowels never could have constructed it. There is not a fine church building in all the world, or a properly constructed courthouse, or a beautiful art gallery, or an appropriate auditorium, or a tasteful home, which, because of that Parthenon, whether its style or some other style be adopted, is not directly or indirectly a debtor to the Greeks

But there is another art in my mind—the most facinating, elevating and inspiring of all arts and the nearest to the divine—for which all the world owes a debt to the Hellenes that will never be paid. I mean sculpture. At least 650 years before Christ the Greeks perpetuated the human face and form in terra cotta and marble. What a blessing to the human family that men and women, mightly useful, who could live only within a century may be perpetuated for five or six or ten centuries! How I wish that some sculptor contemporaneous with Christ could have put his matchless form in marble! But for every grand and exquisite statue of Martin Luther, of John Knox, of William Penn, of Thomas Chalmers, of Wellington, of Lafayette, of any of the great statesmen or emancipators or conquerors who adorn your parks or fill the niches of your grand academies, you are debtors to the Greeks. They covered the Acropolis, they glorified the temples, they adorned the cemeteries with statues, some in cedar, some in ivory, some in silver, some in gold, some in size diminutive and some in size colossal. Thanks to Phidias, who worked in stone; to Clearchus, who worked in bronze; to Dontas, who worked in gold, and to all ancient chisels of commemoration. Do you not realize that for many of the wonders of sculpture we are debtors to the Greeks?

The Art of Healing.

Yea, for the science of medicine, the great art of healing, we must thank the Greeks. There is the immortal Greek doctor, Hippocrates, who first opened the door for disease to go out and health to come in. He first set forth the importance of cleanliness and sleep, making the patient before treatment to be washed and take slumber on the hide of a sacrificed beast. He first discovered the importance of thorough prognosis and diagnosis. He formulated the famous oath of Hippocrates which is taken by physicians of our day. He emancipated medicine from superstition, empiricism and priestcraft. He was the father of all the infirmaries, hospitals and medical colleges of the last 23 centuries. Ancient medicament and surgery had before that been anatomical and physiological assault and battery, and long after the time of Hippocrates, the Greek doctor, where his theories were not known, the Bible speaks of fatal medical treatment when it says, "In his disease he sought not to the Lord, but to the physicians, and Asa slept with his fathers." And we read in the New Testament of the poor woman who had been treated by incompetent doctors, who asked large fees, where it says, "She had suffered many things of many physicians and had spent all that she had and was nothing better, but rather grew worse." For our glorious science of medicine and surgery—more sublime than astronomy, for we have more to do with disease than with the stars; more beautiful than botany, for bloom of health in the cheek of wife and child is worth more to us than all the roses of the garden—for this grandest of all sciences, the science of healing, every pillow of recovered invalid, every ward of American and European hospital, may well cry out: "Thank God for old Dr. Hippocrates. I, like Paul, am indebted to the Greeks."

Furthermore, all the world is obligated to Hellas more than it can ever pay for its heroics in the cause of liberty and right. United Europe to-day had not better think that the Greeks will not fight. There may be fallings back and vacillations and temporary defeat, but if Greece is right all Europe cannot put her down. The other nations, before they open the portholes of their men-of-war against that small kingdom, had better read of the battle of Marathon, where 10,000 Athenians, led on by Miltiades, triumphed over 100,000 of their enemies. At that time, in Greek council of war, five generals were for beginning the battle and five were against it. Callimachus presided at the councils of war, had the deciding vote, and Miltiades addressed him, saying:—

"It now rests with you, Callimachus, either to enslave Athens, or, by insuring her freedom, to win yourself an immortality of fame, for never since the Athenians were a people were they in such danger as they are in at this moment. If they bow the knee to these Medes, they are to be given up to Hippias, and you know what they will then have to suffer, but if Athens comes victorious out of this contest she has it in her power to become the first city of Greece. Your vote is to decide whether we are to join battle or not. If we do not bring on a battle presently, some factious intrigue will disunite the Athenians, and the city will be betrayed to the Medes, but if we fight before there is anything rotten in the state of Athens I believe that, provided the gods will give fair field and no favor, we are able to get the best of it in the engagement."

Debt to the Greeks.

But now comes the practical question, How can we pay that debt or a part of it? For we cannot pay more than 10 per cent. of that debt in which Paul acknowledged himself a bankrupt. By praying Almighty God that he will help Greece in its present war with Mohammendanism and the concerted empires of Europe. I know her queen, a noble, Christian woman, her face the throne of all beneficence and loveliness, her life an example of noble wifehood and motherhood. God help those palaces in these days of awful exigency! Our American senate did well the other day, when, in that capitol building which owes to Greece its columnar impressiveness, they passed a hearty resolution of sympathy for that nation. Would that all who have potent words that can be heard in Europe would utter them now, when they are so much needed! Let us repeat to them in English what they centuries ago declared to the world in Greek, "Blessed are those who are persecuted for righteousness' sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

Another way of partly paying our debt to the Greeks is by higher appreciation of the learning and self-sacrifice of the men who in our own land stand for all that the ancient Greeks stood While here and there one comes to public approval and reward the most of them live in privation or on salary disgracefully small. The scholars, the archaeologists, the artists, the literati—most of them live up three or four flight of stairs and by small windows that do not let in the full sunlight You pass them every every day in your streets without any recognition. Grub street, where many of the mighty men of the past suffered, is long enough to reach around the world. No need of wasting our sympathy upon the unappreciated thinkers and workers of the past, though Linnaeus sold his works for a single ducat, though Noah Webster's spelling book yielded him more than his dictionary, though Correggio, the great painter, receiving for long continued work payment of $39, died from overjoy; though when Goldsmith's friends visited him they were obliged to sit in the window, as he had but one chair; though Samuel Boyse, the great poet, starved to death; though the author of "Hudibras" died in a garret, though "Paradise Lost" brought its author only $25 cash down, with promise of $50 more if the sale warranted it, so that $75 was all that was paid for what is considered the greatest poem ever written. Better turn our attention to the fact that there are at this moment hundreds of authors painters, sculptors, architects, brain workers, without bread and without fuel and without competent apparel. As far as you can afford it, buy their sculpture, read their books, purchase their pictures, encourage their pen, their pencil, their chisel, their engraver's knife, their architect's compass. The world calls them "bookworms" or "Dr. Dryasdust," but if there had been no bookworms or dry doctors of law and science and theology there would have been no Apocalyptic angel. They are the Greeks of our country and time and your obligation to them in infinite.

Way to Pay the Debt.

But there is a better way to pay them, and that is by their personal salvation, which will never come to them through books or through learned presentation, because in literature and intelectual realms they are masters. They can outargue, outquote, outdogmatize you. Not through the gate of the head, but through the gate of the heart, you may capture them. When men of learning and might are brought to God, they are brought by the simplest story of what religion can do for a soul. They have lost children. Oh, tell them how Christ comforted you when you lost your bright boy or blue eyed girl! They have found life a struggle. Oh, tell them how Christ has helped you all the way through! They are in bewilderment. Oh, tell them with how many hands of joy heaven beckons you upward! "When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war," but when a warm hearted Christian meets a man who needs pardon and sympathy and comfort and eternal life then comes victory. If you can, by some incident of self sacrifice, bring to such scholarly men and women what Christ has done for their eternal rescue, you may bring them in. Where Demosthenic eloquence and Homeric imagery would fail a kindly heart throb may succeed. A gentleman of this city sends me the statetment of what occurred a few days ago among the mines of British Columbia. It seems that Frank Conson and Jem Smith were down in the narrow shaft of a mine. They had loaded an iron bucket with coal, and Jim Hemsworth, standing above ground, was hauling the bucket up by windlass, when the windlass broke, and the loaded bucket was descending upon the two miners. Then Jim Hemsworth, seeing what must be certain death to the miners beneath, threw himself against the cogs of the whirling windlass, and though his flesh was torn and his bones were broken he stopped the whirling windlass and arrested the descending bucket and saved the lives of the two miners beneath. The superintendent of the mine flew to the rescue and blocked the machinery. When Jim Hemsworth's bleeding and broken body was put on a litter and carried homeward and some one exclaimed, "Jim, this is awful!" he replied, "Oh, what's the difference so long as I saved the boys?"

What an illustration it was of suffering for others, and what a text from which to illustrate the behavior of our Christ, limping and lacerated and broken and torn and crushed in the work of stopping the descending ruin that would have destroyed our souls! Try such a scene of vicarious suffering as this on that man capable of overthrowing all your arguments, for the truth, and he will sit down and weep. Draw your illustrations from the classics, and it is to him an old story, but Leyden jars and electric batteries and telescopes and Greek drama will all surrender to the story of Jim Hemsworth's "Oh, what's the difference so long as I saved the boys?"

Then, if your illustration of Christ's self sacrifice, drawn from some scene of to-day, and your story of what Christ has done for you do not quite fetch him into the right way, just say to him, "Professor—doctor—judge, why was it that Paul declared he was a debtor to the Greeks?" And ask your learned friend to take his Greek testament and translate for you, in his own way, from Greek into English, the splendid peroration of Paul's sermon on Mars hill, under the power of which the scholarly Dionysius surrendered—namely, "The times of this ignorance God winked at, but now commandeth all men everywhere to repent, because he hath appointed a day in the which he will judge the world in righteousness, by what man whom he hath ordained, whereof he hath given assurance unto all men in that he hath raised him from the dead." By the time he has got through the translation from the Greek I think you will see his lip tremble, and there will come a pallor on his face like the pallor on the sky at daybreak. By the eternal salvation of that scholar, that great thinker, that splendid man, you will have done something to help pay your indebtedness to the Greeks. And now to God the Father, God the Son and God the Holy Ghost be honor and glory and dominion and victory and song, world without end. Amen.

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Had Been Weak and Sickly From Infancy—Neither Doctor Nor Friends Thought She Would Survive—Dr. William's Pink Pills Saved Her Life—Advice to Parents

From the Fergus News-Record.

Mr. C. M. Post, fruit and confectionery dealer, St. Andrew street, Fergus, last week related to a representative of the News-Record the sad story of the terrible suffering and sickness of his little daughter Ella, his only child, now a strong and healthy little maiden of ten years of age. At the time of the child's illness Mr. Post was a resident of Hamilton. His story is substantially as follows: "My daughter had been very delicate from childhood until about three years ago, and the money it cost me for doctor's bills made me poor as it was seldom she was without a doctor's care, and at times we have had as many as three doctors in attendance and hope of saving her despaired of. The doctors succeeded in keeping her alive, but she was gradually growing worse and we all thought she was going to die. Our regular physician had given up hope of saving her life and remarked that if it were only warm weather, (it was then winter) there might be a chance But seven summers had passed since her birth and she had gradually become feebler, and my wife and I thought it was just a matter of time until the child would be called to a better home. About this time Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were prominently brought to our notice through a cure they wrought in a neighbor's child. I thought I would give them a trial and so informed the doctor, but he only laughed at the idea of them helping her. However I bought a box of the Pink Pills, and began giving them to her, half a pill at a time. After a short treatment there was such an improvement that neither her mother nor I could doubt that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were helping her, and I decided to abandon the doctor's services altogether. The Pink Pill treatment was continued and although the progress towards health and strength was necessarily slow, it was none the less certain and it was continued until she is as well and strong as you see her to-day, and I am thankful to say she has had no occasion for medical treatment since. I am a strong believer in the efficacy of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, for weak and delicate children, and I firmly believe it was this medicine that saved my child."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are an all-round-year medicine and are quite as efficacious in the case of children as in adults. They restore to the blood its lacking constituents and make it rich, red and pure. In this way they strengthen the system and drive out disease. There are many cases like the above in which this wonderful medicine has restored health and strength after the best medical advice had failed. The genuine Pink Pills are sold in boxes, the wrapper round which bars the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." There are other pills colored pink, but they are base imitations offered only because they give the dealer a greater profit. They should always be refused.

Penitence.

Dorothea—Did you go to the party last evening?

Mildred—Oh, dear, no! I'm keeping Lent. I staid home and played solitaire and ate marshmallows all night. It was just lovely!—Cleveland Leader.

Her Fall.

"Merciful heaven!" she gasped.

But she did not fall upon her knees.

She fell upon the knees of those merely who had seats.

In the meanwhile the trolley car sped on as before.—Detroit Journal.

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

PERSONAL.

Mr. F. B. Smith left for Trail last Friday

Mr. James Dunsmuir came up last Wednesday and returned on Friday.

Mrs. Ben. Westwood and family came up on Wednesday's boat from Nanaimo.

Mrs. Gustave Hauck and little Miss Hauck returned last week from Victoria.

Mrs. J. O'Brien returned on Wednesday from an extended visit to relatives in Victoria.

Mr. Roderick of Vancouver is visiting Dr. Lawrence and family. He is a brother-in-law of the doctor.

Mr. J. J. McKim returned yesterday from Jervis Inlet by row-boat. The tunnel is now in paying ore.

Mrs. Mounce and children, and Miss Dimmock of Wellington, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Mounce.

Mrs. Owens, wife of the genial Capt. Owens, of the S. S. City of Nanaimo, was a guest of Mr. Wm. Lewis and family, Courtenay.

Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Mellado, and Miss Canie Mellado were passengers for Union last week, after a visit to friends in Nanaimo.

Mrs. John Williams left Friday morning for a few weeks visit among friends on the Lower Fraser, where she will be joined by her daughters who have been on a visit to Sandon.

Seed Potatoes and Oats at the Union Store.

LOCALS

Good program at the Lemon Pie Social to-night.

The most artistically laid out garden in town is Mr. B. Mellado's

The crop of hay cut from a portion of the Big Meadow this year is just immense.

AUGUST THE TWELFTH.

Farmers will be interested in taking a look at the ad of Mr. Smith of Chilliwack.

The Epworth League was well attended last Sunday evening. The meeting as usual was very interesting.

The front yard of the parsonage of the Methodist Church is being graded off, and a neat front fence put up.

Mrs. Ed McKim has kindly consented to act as accompanist at the NEWS Price Entertainment August 12th.

The contract for the Trent River and Tsable River bridges has been let to a Mr. Rockett of Victoria.

AUGUST THE TWELFTH.

Wm. Beech reports crops good up the Settlement; says his fruit trees are bearing splendidly, and fruits all spoken for.

What has become of the fire hose? Only two lengths were to be found in their place cor. of 1st and Dunsmuir avenue. Have things ready in case of fire.

A number will undoubtedly go from Union, bound for the Klondike next Friday. It is also believed some will leave from Comox for the same destination.

There were off to the Yukon last Friday from Union, Bob. McGargle, James Callender, John Marsden, Mr. Mitchell, brother of Mr. Nat Mitchell, and a Mr. Bullock.

Family outings are in order just now. Last week among those who sought the lakeside were Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Wier and children; and Mr. A. J. McKay and wife

Two Swedes were arrested at Mrs. King's place, one for stealing a gold watch, and the other for receiving it. Why not arrest the wretches who come up each pay week?

AUGUST THE TWELFTH.

There were two cases before Magistrate Abrams last Friday: Robert Losey of Comox, arrested at McLeod's barn, charged with vagrancy; dismissed with reprimand. Oseaki a Jap, for being drunk and disorderly Sunday night was fined $5 and cost.

Rev. W. Hicks will, in about a fortnight, open a class in music for the benefit of his church choir. This will be a great advantage to the singers connected with the choir and society of the Methodist Church. To read music at sight is an acquirement which all who can sing should aspire to.

Mr. A. H. McCallum's horse broke through one of the corduroy bridges on the Roy road last Friday, but fortunately escaped without injury, except to the harness, This corduroy is rough and loose and needs to be covered with brush and gravel. What the people want is a good road, not a trail.

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!

Card of Thanks.

I desire to avail myself of the medium of the NEWS to thank the friends, who, out of sympathy for my injury in the mines, contributed to a fund for my benefit. I also desire to thank the surgeons, matron, and nurses at the hospital for skillful treatment and kindly attention there.

ANDREW FORTNEY.

Aug. 26 h. 1897

ONLY 25 cents admission to Lemon Pie Social TO-NIGHT: no extra charge for the "pie."

COMOX ITEMS.

H.M.S. Wild Swan left Tuesday of last week for Behring Sea.

The hay this season was plentiful but much of it gathered in bad condition.

In some places trees are not in bearing, but on many farms there will be a prodigious crop

Mrs. Smith, who has been staying at Mr. John Urquhart's, Courtenay, a few weeks, returned by last steamer.

Miss F. McDonald was a passenger Friday on the out-going steamer for Nanaimo. She will attend High School there.

Mrs. Jones of Nanaimo, who has been a guest of her son, Mr. Dave Jones of Courtenay for a month, took the boat Friday for her home in the Black Diamond City.

Work on the new parsonage for Rev. J. X. Willemar will be commenced this week. The family will live in the present building until the other is completed; the new one is to be built immediately in the rear of the old building, which will be removed when the other is ready for occupancy.

Bargains in white and colored Shirts at Leiser's

That Wrestling Match.

The wrestling match, Saturday evening between Donald McKay and Tommy Hudson, resulted in favor of the former. Forty eight dollars and fifty cents were taken at the door. Some money exchanged hands, Hudson being the favorite; his backers are now claiming the whole thing was a "fake," but so far as known without proof. Nobody is crying over their misfortune.

UNION BAY ITEMS.

Work on the new bunkers is progressing rapidly, and Road Master Harwood is putting in the railway approaches in good shape.

A rumor comes from below that additional coke ovens are to be built, but nothing relating to the matter can be learned from the officials here.

A school is badly needed here, and while there may not be 20 scholars to attend here now, there would soon be if once a school is started, as families are prevented from coming in owing to want of school facilities.

All but about eight of the 100 coke ovens are finished; and this time the work has been done in a thorough manner. The rest of the ovens are expected to be finished by the first of the month.

People down this way are clamoring for the opening of the road to Union. When the Trent river is bridged, as it should be in six weeks, there will be a large amount of travel over the road provided it is put in good condition. The demand is for a good road, and if it is not had, the matter will enter into the election next summer.

UNION BAY.

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

Will Give a Prize.

Mr. T. D. McLean, the jeweler, has informed THE NEWS he will provide the third prize for award August 12th, in THE NEWS prize contest. This offer is gladly accepted. It will consist of an illustrated volume of Longfellow's Poetical Works.

The Woods for Safety.

Last week Mr. McCallum, mine host of the Courtenay House, drove up to Oyster River with Mr. Chas. Watson, the veteran grocery salesman at Leiser's Departmental Store. On the way they encountered two buggies, one occupied by Miss Burdette and companion followed closely by Mrs. Burdette and some man-clothed individual. The young people held up their horse, the road being narrow, when Mrs. Burdette applied the "gad" to her steed and with a whoop drove into the buggy ahead of her.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed McCallum, as he caught sight of the gad-plying Amazonian.

"What in h—, are you stopping there for?" screamed the irate female in the back buggy.

"To the woods!" shouted McCallum, as he turned his horse's head, and drove abruptly into the forest. When he got back into the road it was filled with dust, and the clatter of hoofs was faintly heard in the distance.

JERSEY STOCK

...FOR SALE...

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

Imported Stock.

and Italian Bees, prices low.

Address: J. S. SMITH,

...Cloverwork Farm...

CHILLIWACK, B.C.

Esquimalt & Nanaimo Ry.

Time Table No. 28,

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

GOING NORTH—READ DOWN.

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

GOING SOUTH—READ UP.

	A M Daily.	P M Sat. & Sund'y.
Ar. Victoria	12.30	8.00
Lv. Nanaimo for Victoria	8.40	4.33
Lv. Wellington for Victoria	8.15	4.15

For rates and information apply at Company's offices.

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

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

LEMON PIE SOCIAL at the Methodist Church TO-NIGHT.

M J HENRY

NURSERYMAN AND FLORIST

FRUIT & ORNAMENTAL TREES, ROSES, ETC.

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

POST OFFICE ADDRESS

604 WESTMINSTER ROAD, VANCOUVER, B. C.

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.