The Weekly News.

NO. 276 CUMBERLAND, B. C. [P. O., UNION,] TUESDAY MAR. 1st 1898. $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.

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SIMON LEISER

AT AWAY DOWN PRICES.

Ladies Winter Jackets, Capes, Wraps,
Felt Sailor and Walking Hats,
Blouses and Wrappers.

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A large Stock of the Choicest Patterns just arrived direct from the manufacturers in all Widths and Prices.

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The New Stock of
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For your cough try Scott's Emulsion,
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Milk,
Eggs,
Vegetables.

Having secured the Hartigan ranch I am prepared to deliver daily pure fresh milk, fresh eggs, and vegetables, in Union and Cumberland, A share of patronage is solicited.

JAMES REID.

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NANAIMO, B. C.

GENERAL OUTFITTERS FOR MINERS GOING TO THE KLONDIKE.

STEAMBOAT AGENTS. TICKETS SOLD. PARTICULARS ON APPLICATION.

NEWS FROM SHEEP CAMP.

A. R. Johnston & Co., Furnish the Best Outfits That Went Over the Passes.

Such is the Verdict of all the Nanaimo Boys.

The Free Press is again indebted to the courtesy of Mr. Dan Dalley, our leading tonsorial artist, for the following interesting extracts from a letter received by him from his friend James Rice, now at Dyea Pass.

Sheep Creek, Alaska, Nov 16th '97.

Friend Daniel—I received your letter today, and was glad to get it, but I wish you had got my other letter, which would have given you quite a budget of news. I suppose there are a number of the boys who have left here and returned to Nanaimo who will be able to give you all the news. The old timers in the country fooled a lot of us when they told us there was no use in trying to get over the passes in October or November. But they were away off. The country is not so bad as some of them would have you believe. The weather is nice here at present. There is plenty of snow—clear and frosty but not down to zero yet. It is one of the best places I was ever in—when it does not rain. I have got a good job here working for a Tacoma Company, who are getting on well with their tramway, and I feel confident that they will complete it all right. I am thinking of going down on the steamer City of Seattle next trip, but I hesitate to leave a good job like this. I will have lots to tell you when I go down. You can tell A. R. Johnston & Co, that all the boys who got outfits from them had the best on the road, for all the boys were loud in their praise of the goods supplied by Johnston & Co. This is the reason why I would like to return to Nanaimo so as to get my outfit from them. Your old friend Mike King, of Victoria, went through here to take a look at the trail, and he will no doubt tell you all about it. I have seen Walter Thompson, but only for a few minutes. He is not stuck on the country or the situation.

LATEST BY WIRE.

RELIEF EXPEDITION.—The U. S. relief expedition has sailed for Skagway.

MAINE DISASTER.—There is nothing new, the investigation not being finished.

FRIENDLY.—French relations with England are friendly. French are not at Sakota.

ONTARIO ELECTION.—A special Feb. 23d, say defeat of present administration, inevitable.

DYING.—Perry, M.P., for Prince Edwards Island is—Feb. 23d,—at the point of death.

ADDRESS ADOPTED.—In the local parliament the time has been wasted discussing the Address.

ROYALTY REDUCTIONS.—From Ottawa comes the news that sweeping reductions in Yukon royalties are to be made.

A BILL to amend Coal Mines Regulation Act by providing a penalty has been introduced by the Minister of Mines.

MISS FRANCES WILLARD left at her death an estate, which will pass to the W.C.T.U., fund after life interests of her secretary and sister-in-law have expired.

ARRESTED.—The police arrested Friday at Nanaimo a man named Callons on charge of robbing Mr. McKinnion of $500.00 and a gold watch.

ANOTHER ROAD.—An English Co., will build a railway into the Yukon from Lynn Canal over White Pass, under a charter granted some time ago. Work to commence soon

Suits, Suits, Suits.

TO SUIT THE MEN, TO SUIT THE YOUTHS, TO SUIT THE BOYS, AND TO SUIT THE PURSE. COME AND SUIT YOURSELF WITH A SUIT BEFORE THEY ARE ALL GONE.

OUR SHOES

are going like "hot cakes" and must be cleared out.

DRESS GOODS.

Blue Black Serges, Cashmeres, etc.
A few Dress lenghts left to be sold, at COST.

FLANNELETTES, GINGHAMS, ART MUSLINS, RED, WHITE, AND GRAY FLANNELS, PRINTS, AND SATEENS.

A COUNTER OF REMNANTS FOR YOUR INSPECTION.

McPHEE & MOORE.

ZOLA.—(Paris, Feb.23d.) M. Zola was found guilty on all counts, and sentenced to imprisonment for one year and fined 3,000 francs. The publisher fined 3,000 francs and four months imprisonment.

OYSTER RIVER.—The Alexander Extention Mine coal will be shipped from Oyster Bay in a short time, the company being unable to get a suitable site at Nanaimo. The cars will run so the work men can live in Nanaimo.

EPIDEMIC—The str. Oregon arrived at Departure Bay from Skgway reports an epidemic likely to result in fearful loss of life—caused by wind from the mountains Fifteen deaths had taken place during the 24 hours before the boat left there.

SAILED—Strs. Australia and Noys left Victoria Monday for Dyea with 432 passengers including 108 soldiers.

STEAMER IN DISTRESS—Str Mamie from the north reports passing steamship which resembled one leaving Vancouver a few days ago. It was on fire, blowing her whistle and shooting rockets. Suddenly she made for a small harbour taking down her flags.

CITY COUNCIL.

The Council met Feb. 21st. All present but Ald. Carthew.

Minutes of last meeting were read, adopted and signed.

ACCOUNTS.

Account of Mr. Leiser for $42.50 laid over. Hauck's bill for coal oil, $1.65 ordered paid. Gordon Murdock's bill for $20.00 for gravelling street, ordered paid. J. P. Davis' bill for repairing sidewalk near Second street bridge, $8.00 ordered paid. A. H. Peacey & Co.'s bill, $11.00 for books ordered paid. Bill of B. C. Gazette, $14.00 for publishing Trades Licence by-law ordered paid. Bill of News, $1.50 for publishing call for tenders ordered paid. Bill of The News, $20.00 for publishing Letters Patent, referred to Incorporation Committee.

DEFERRED BUSINESS.

The question of taking over hydrants was discussed and the Clerk instructed to ascertain from Water Works Co., time limit for purchase, also rent charges if not purchased.

In accordance with notice, the date of Council meeting was changed to the 2d, and 4th Fridays of the month.

NOTICES.

Ald. Westwood gave notice of intention to bring in a by-law that may be cited as the City of Cumberland General Municipal by-law.

Ald. Willard gave notice that he intended to introduce a Public Moral by-law.

Ald. Calnan gave notice of proposed Sunday Observance by-law.

NEW BUSINESS.

It was moved by Ald. Calnan, seconded by Ald. Willard that the Clerk see the owner of the City Hall and ask him to paint and paper the same. Carried.

The matter of procuring dog tax was left to the Board of Works.

The Mayor appointed Ald. Willard as a member of the Board of Works, in place of Ald. Carthew, absent on leave.

The Board of Works was empowered to attend to the repair of street, corner of Third street and Dunsmuir Ave.

The clerk was directed to procure a bulletin board to be put in City Hall window.

Meeting adjourned to March 11.

NOT SO ROSY.

Eldorado, Dec. 12, 1897.

FRIEND DAVE, Union:

I write to let you know I am well, and have been prospecting; but I never got any color. The weather got too cold to stay in a tent, and now I am working for Pender & Walkson at a dollar and a quarter an hour. Some get $1.50, but a dollar is the usual price. There are lots of work, but more men than jobs. Dave, there are some very rich claims here and the gold that will be taken out will be astonishing. The greatest swindle ever known is going on here. It is in selling claims which are no good. They take a crowd of men to some creek, stake out claims and then sell their right for so much, and then if they can't make that go, sell outside.

Davie, the Yukon is a beautiful picture outside, but its a hard country to those who have so far to pack their grub. And it's so cold! Weather 45 degrees below zero last week—was 52 below in Dawson The man who leaves a comfortable home to work in here makes a BLUNDER. I have seen all the Union boys and THINK THEY WILL SOON BE BACK.

Harry Waugh will leave on the 14th. He is going to sell out his property. There is a good chance for a man with money. Hoping this finds you and family in good health, I am truly,

JOHN BULLOCK.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT.

Union B. C. Feb. 24th 1898.

We the undersigned Committee in charge of the collection in aid of Edward Davis, a miner, beg to report that we collected $77.40, at the office, Nov. pay. This amount was handed to Mr. W. Mitchell who acted as treasurer. He purchased a steerage ticket from Mr. G. W. Clinton, Agent, from Nanaimo to Liverpool, for $84. The balance of amount was made up by sale of a few household articles and private contributions. Please excuse our neglect in handing in this report sooner, and accept our thanks for your kindness and assistance.

James Austin } Committee
William McCallen }
W. Mitchel, Treasurer

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.

The Diamond Coterie

BY LAWRENCE C. LYNCH.

(CONTINUED.)

Constance had loved Sybil Lamotte as a sister; she thought and sorrowed not a little over the strange freak Fate had played with her friend's life, and she wondered often if Doctor Heath had really lost all regard for her; she knew, as what woman does not, that a warm regard had once existed; and she assured herself that whether he had or not, was a matter of no consequence to her. "She had not the slightest interest in Doctor Heath," so she told Mrs. Aliston, and, like him, she never sought nor avoided a meeting.

It is singular, however, that a man who possessed for her "not the slightest interest" should so often present himself to her thoughts, and certain it is that at this period of our story her mind had a most provoking habit of running away from a variety of subjects straight to Clifford Heath, M. D. But women at best are strange creatures, and subject to singular phenomena.

Mrs. Aliston just here experienced some dissatisfaction; Clifford Heath was with her a favorite; Francis Lamotte was her pet hatred. To see the favorite made conspicuous by his absence, and have his name, like that of a disinherited daughter, tabooed from the family converse, while the obnoxious Francis, because of his provokingly good behavior, made rapid strides into the good graces of the queen of the castle, would have exasperated most good, maneuvering old ladies, but Mrs. Aliston maneuvered principally for her own comfort, so she sighed a little, regretted the present state of affairs in a resigned and becoming manner, ceased to mention the name of Doctor Heath, and condescended to receive Francis graciously, after that young man had made a special call, during which he saw only Mrs. Aliston, and apologized amply and most humbly for his unceremonious ejectment of that lady in favor of Constance, on the day when the former undertook, "as gently as possible," to break to him the news of his sister's flight.

To make an apology gracefully is in itself, an art; and this art Francis Lamotte was skilled in; indeed but for a certain physical weakness, he would have been an ornament to the diplomatic service. Alas, that there must always be a "but" in the way of our moral completeness, our physical perfection and our life's success. Days and weeks passed on, and the household of Wardour remained in utmost quiet; that at Mapleton, shrouded in gloom and sorrowful seclusion. Mrs. Lamotte saw no one. Mr. Lamotte went out only to look after his business interests.

When the copy of Sybil's marriage certificate came, Frank, like a loyal knight, came to Constance with the news, told it with a sad countenance and in few words, and went away soon and sorrowfully.

One day, not long after, Mrs. Aliston returned from the town where she had spent four long hours in calling upon the wives of the Episcopalian, the Unitarian and the Presbyterian ministers, for Mrs. Aliston was a liberal soul, and hurled herself into Constance's favorite sitting room, in a state of unusual excitement.

"Well, Con.," she panted, pulling hard the while at her squeezed glove, "I've found it out;" and she dropped into the easiest chair, and pulled and panted afresh.

Constance looked up from a rather uninteresting "Novel with a Moral," and asked, as indifferently as possible:—

"What have you found out, auntie?"

"About Sybil."

Constance laid down her book, and her tone underwent a change.

"If it's any thing more than gossip, auntie, tell me quick."

"Oh, it isn't gossip; at least they all say it's true. And as for gossip, Con., I tell you, you have done something toward stopping that."

Con. laughed like one who is conscious of her power.

"Yes, indeed," rattled on Mrs. Aliston. "Mrs. Wooster says, and if she is a Unitarian she is certainly a very good and truthful woman, that she has heard from various ones that you have openly declared against the handling of poor Sybil's name among the people who have called themselves her friend, and accepted so often her mother's hospitality. And she said—these are her very words, Con.—'I was delighted, dear Mrs. Aliston, for we all know that these gossip lovers, every one of them, will deny themselves the luxury of tearing Sybil to pieces, knowing that she has a champion in Miss Wardour.' So much for influence, Con."

"Bah!" retorted Con., wise in her generation, "So much for money, and how do I know that I have not lost prestige along with my diamonds. Auntie, you have lost the thread of your discourse; you always do."

"So you always tell me," laughed the elderly chatterbox. "Well, Con., they say that Sybil has sacrificed herself."

"Do they?" said Con., sarcastically; "the wise heads. I hope that conclusion has not exhausted their keen intellects, whoever 'they' may be. As if the sacrifice were not patent on the face of the thing."

"Con. you talk like a—a stump orator."

"Do I? Well, I'm glad of it; it would not be so bad to be 'a stump orator,' or any other sort of male animal, for the older I grow the more I incline to the belief that women are fools. But go on, auntie; I believe I get 'riled' every time I hear Sybil's name. What else do 'they' say?"

"You don't deserve to be told, you are so impatient; but I will tell you this once. I was about to add that it seems to be an accepted fact that Sybil sacrificed herself to save Evan from some sort of exposure and disgrace. And they say that some of those rough men in a saloon threw the thing in Evan's teeth, and that he replied in his odd way:—

"'Yes, she did it for my sake, and now the first man of you that mentions my sister's name in my hearing will go under.' You know they are afraid of Evan in his rages."

Constance opened her mouth impulsively, but she choked back the words that rushed forward for utterance, and closing her lips tightly, sat staring straight before her, a strange expression creeping into her face.

She seemed to hear anew Evan's words: "Do your part, I will do mine. I, Evan Lamotte, worthless, black sheep, sot; I will find a reason that will not be questioned, and that will spare Sybil."

And he had found a reason. The black sheep was offered up a sacrifice. Evan Lamotte had flung away his last rag of respectability for his sister's sake. Henceforth he would appear in the eyes of the people doubly blackened, doubly degraded, the destroyer of his sister's happiness, the blight upon her life, and yet, he was innocent of this; he was a martyr; he the ne'er-do-well, the inebriate.

Constance was strangely moved by this self-sacrifice, coming from one who was so morally weak; if it had been Frank, but here her lip curled contemptuously; instinctively she knew that such self-sacrifice was not in Frank's nature, any more than was such self-abandonment to weakness. Constance began to wonder if Frank and his parents knew the truth. If they had permitted the weakest shoulders to bear the burden; or, if Evan had deceived them too, and then she murmured, almost in the language of the tramp detective:—

"It's a thing for time to unravel. It's a play just begun. It's a hard, hard knot."

And, then and there, she took Sybil and Evan to her generous heart of hearts, and mentally resolved to be their champion and friend to the uttermost, while she would judge their parents and their brother according as these dealt by the unfortunates.

It was many days before she saw Evan, for, although in true woman fashion, she longed to scold him first for so sacrificing himself, and praise him after for his generous true heartedness, she knew that he would only be distressed by such an interview, and would obey a summons from her reluctantly if at all.

But one day, just as she was driving her ponies out through the gates of Wardour Place, she saw a horseman riding furiously up the road, and a nearer view revealed Frank Lamotte's fine horse and mounted by Evan.

His eyes were flaming with excitement, and there was a burning spot of red on either cheek as he reined up his horse beside her, and Constance saw at a glance that, again, he was perfectly sober.

"Conny," he cried breathlessly, "it has come."

"What has come, Evan?"

"The day we hoped for; we have heard from Sybil."

"A letter! Oh, Evan, tell me all about it."

"I can't, there is no time; only, Con., it's your turn now. It's your time to strike for Sybil. They are holding council over the letter, and can't decide, whether the old gentleman shall go at once and see Sybil; whether they shall bring her back and swallow that Burrill; for, it seems he must be swallowed, and what society will think about it, are the questions that they are agitating. Mother says, that Sybil must and shall come back; father says he will go and see her; and Frank—" he broke off abruptly and bent down to look at his saddle girth.

"And Frank; what does he say, Evan?"

"Frank is a fool," snapped Evan irrelevantly. "What he says is no matter; only, Conny, now is your time, if you will only have faith in what I say. You are out with your ponies; drive straight to Mapleton, and don't mention me. You will be admitted to mother. Father is there, and Frank; give them the least chance, and they will tell you about Sybil, and then you can manage the rest. Tell them to bring her back, even with that beastly incumbrance. They will listen to you; they won't to me. If you fail me here, then—"

"Then your sacrifice goes for nothing. Oh, Evan, did you think I would not understand that? You have wronged yourself for Sybil's sake. But you shall have a tithe of your reward. And, dear boy, you should not have done this thing; we might have found another way."

"Nonsense, Conny! It was the only way. And what is my life worth, or my reputation, either? It can't hurt a poor devil like me... Con., will you go?"

"I will go straight to Mapleton, Evan. You shall see that I have faith in you. I will do just as you direct, and all will go well."

"Then I'm off. I stole Frank's horse. I must get him back to avoid a row. Thank you, Conny; you are a true friend."

"Good-bye, Evan. Come to me with all the news, or when you want help."

"I won't forget," wheeling his horse about; then, in a choking voice, "God bless you, Conny," and a moment later, he was away down the road, galloping in a cloud of dust.

Constance followed in his wake, keeping her ponies at a sober pace.

"I wonder how he found out these things. Poor boy!" she murmured, half aloud, "he is not one at their family councils; of that I am sure. His father has lost all patience with him; and yet, he knows all that is going on. I wonder how."

If Evan Lamotte had heard this query, and had chosen to answer it, he would have said: "I watch and I listen."

CHAPTER XIII.

Miss Wardour, being Miss Wardour, was apt to succeed in most things, and it is fair to suppose that her visit to Mapleton, in the character of intercessor for the erring Sybil, was not a fruitless one. Certainly, it was not barren of results.

On the day following the call from Constance, Mrs. Lamotte came forth from her seclusion; her carriage bore her out from the gates of Mapleton, and straight to Wardour Place. Here she took up the heiress and Mrs. Aliston, and the three drove ostentatiously through the streets of W—, bowing smilingly here and there, as calm, serene, and elegant a trio, to all outward seeming, as ever passed before admiring eyes on velvet cushions.

This act informed W— that Mrs. Lamotte was once more visible, and "at home," and when a day or two later, Constance and her aunt, in splendid array, drove again into W—, calling here and there, and dropping upon each hearthstone a bit of manna, for family digestion, the result was what they intended it should be.

"Have you heard the news?" asks Mrs. Hopkins, fashionable busybody, running in for an informal call on Mrs. O'Meara, who is warm-hearted and sensible, and who listens to the babblings of Mrs. Hopkins, with a patience and benignity worthy of a Spartan mother.

"No! Well, I am dying to tell it, then. Sybil Lamotte is coming back—actually coming back—and that man with her; and—won't it be queer? We shall have him in society, of course, for I am told, from the best of sources, that the Lamottes will accept him as Sybil's choice, and make the best of him."

"But we need not accept him, my dear," comments the Spartan mother, whose lawyer husband is rich and independent, and does not count fees. "As for Sybil, she was always a favorite with us; we shall be glad to have her back."

"Yes, that's very well for you and Mr. O'Meara, who are very exclusive, and go out little, but we poor society people will have to submit to the powers that be. Constance Wardour, the Lamottes, the Vandycks, have led us as they would, and queer as it may seem, the Lamottes are backed up in this business of forcing John Burrill upon us, by Constance, on one hand, and the Vandycks, mother and son, on the other."

"And Mrs. Aliston?"

"Mrs. Aliston, of course. When did she ever oppose Constance? It's making a great furore, I can tell you; but no one is going to step forward and openly oppose Constance and the Vandycks. I for one am Sybil's staunch friend, and—well, as Constance says, 'let us take it for granted that this bear of Sybil's has some good qualities, or he would never have won her,' and, then, too, it's so romantic, about Evan you know, and how Sybil, in some way, saved him from something, by marrying this man. I never could get the right end, or any end of that story, nor have I found any one who knows the plain facts. Well, Mrs. O'Meara, I must go; I have seven more calls to make, and I really have talked too long."

"She'll take him up fast enough," mused Mrs. O'Meara, in solitude. "That's the way of society; they can't oppose wealth and prestige, even when prestige and wealth command them to fellowship with a grizzly bear; rather they will whitewash their bear, and call him a thing of beauty, and laugh in their silken sleeves to see him dance."

It was quite true, that bombshell of Mrs. Hopkin's—Sybil Lamotte was coming back. Mr. Lamotte went somewhere, nobody could name just the place, and returned, having done, nobody knew precisely what; and as the result of that journey, so said W—, Sybil and John Burrill were coming soon, to breast the waves of public opinion, and take up their abode in Mapleton.

When this fact became well established, tongues wagged briskly; some were sorry; some were glad; some eager for the advent of the ill-assorted pair.

The sorriest one of all was unhappy Ray Vandyck, who realized how hard a task would devolve upon him; and the gladdest of the glad was poor Evan, who celebrated his rejoicing with one of the wildest and most protracted of all his sprees.

Constance had won Sybil's battle. In accordance with the hint given by Dr. Heath, Raymond Vandyck had called at Wardour Place, and the result of that call was patent to the eyes of all W—. Ray, the rejected, had gone over to the support of his lost love and taken his mother with him.

At last they came, after the nine days' talk had subsided, after W— had become accustomed to the idea, quiet, unostentatiously. Before their arrival had become known, they were established at Mapleton.

Everybody admitted that they displayed good taste and judgment in the manner of their home coming, but when, except in the case of this horrible choice of Sybil's, did not the Lamottes display good taste. People said "The Lamottes," without so much as recognizing the existence of poor Evan.

Meantime the days were numbering themselves. It was June when Sybil Lamotte fled away with her Bear. It is September before they return; during these three months Constance has heard from Detective Belknap. He is always afar off, always on the track of her robbers, and she reads his reports, honors his drafts for "expense money," and troubles her head no more about the "Wardour robbery" or the "Wardour diamonds."

Of Detective Bathurst there came never a word or sign, either to the heiress or to Doctor Heath.

But it is time to introduce our Bear.

CHAPTER XIV.

Mapleton stands high on an eminence, which may have arisen expressly to hold, and to exhibit, the splendid edifice erected thereon by Mr. Jasper Lamotte. It is the only hill within sight on that side of the river, and renders Mapleton a most conspicuous as well as most beautiful abiding place.

In front of the dwelling and its ground flows the river, broad and glittering in the sunshine, on this day of which I write. In the rear stretches a grove, large enough to be termed "the grove" by the people of W—; and dense enough for Robin Hood and his merry men to find comfort in, for Jasper Lamotte has chosen to let it remain en naturale, since it first came into his possession.

To reach Mapleton from Wardour Place one must drive directly to the center of W—, turn eastward, then cross a handsome new iron bridge, and go southward a short distance, coming finally to the broad curve which sweeps up to the mansion, and away from the river, along which the road winds.

In the old days, when Sybil Lamotte and Constance Wardour found excellent reasons for meeting and chatting together, at least once in every twenty-four hours, this fair river was a source of alternate pleasure and annoyance to them. Of pleasure, when the days were fair, and Sybil and Frank could pull their boat up stream, and land at the grassy slope in the rear of Wardour Place, where, often, they found Constance and a gay party awaiting them. Or, when Constance could drift down stream with scarcely the stroke of an oar necessary, until she came opposite "the hill," as Mapleton was often called. Of annoyance, when winds blew cold and rough, and the waters of the river turned black and angry, and surged high between its banks. Then the two young ladies voted the iron bridge "the coldest place possible," and wished that no dark, wintry river flowed between them.

The river is very calm to-day, however; it is flowing gently, murmuring softly, and gleaming silver and blue, beneath a soft September sun. Away down, where the factories stand, and the great wheels turn, it loses its blue and silver, flowing under that ever moving, never lifting curtain of smoke, that darkens and dims the skies themselves, and gives to the sun's face the look of a disreputable celestial tramp.

It's always gray, "down at the factories," and why not? What need have the toilers there for sunlight? They have work and sleep.

There is nothing gray or dreary about Mapleton, as we enter there and survey the inmates who, just now, are loitering about the lunch table. Nothing gray, if we except a few silver threads in the hair of Mrs. Lamotte; nothing dreary, unless it may be a look which, now and then, and only for an instant, creeps into the eyes of Mrs. John Burrill.

They sit about the lunch table—all but Sybil. She has arisen, and reseated herself in a great easy chair, which seems to swallow up her light form, and renders her quite invisible to all at the table, save Evan, who, from time to time, glances furtively across at her.

There may be dissension in this family, but they look the embodiment of high-bred ease and serene contentment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Female Munchausen.

Lady Middelton has written for an English magazine an account of some remarkable recoveries of lost property, says the New York Journal. In one case a valuable ring was lost. Years afterward, when a floor was removed, the jewel was found wedged tightly around the neck of the skeleton of a mouse. The ring had fallen through a crack in the floor, and the mouse, half-grown at the time, had thrust its head into it, had thus been caught and had grown until it was strangled.

Another case: A gentleman shot and wounded a sand piper, which, fluttering across a pond, was seized and devoured by a pike. That afternoon the sportsman's brother, while fishing in the pond, caught a pike in whose stomach was found the identical sand piper.

Another case: A lady who was visiting a relative lost a ring. Six years after, while visiting the same person, then living in a far distant locality, she slipped her hand thoughtlessly in a recess of the chair she was sitting in and found the missing ring.

Another case: A lady supped at a royal ball, and one of the golden spoons lodged, unknown to her, in one of the pockets formed by the plaits on the front of her dress. The following year, in presentation to the Queen, she wore the same gown. As she bent in courtesying the plait opened and out fell the missing spoon at her sovereign's feet.

She Got It.

The hostess was thinking of the compliments she would be sure to hear by the beverage which she was preparing when she discovered that some necessary ingredients were missing. A colored woman who had been employed only a few days before was called to the rescue.

"Hannah," said the hostess, "can you do an errand for me in a hurry?"

"Yes'm."

"Can I depend on you?"

"Yes'm."

"I am afraid most of the groceries will be closed at this hour, but I want you to go after some lime juice, and see that you don't come back without it"

The colored woman hurried away An hour passed, and she did not return. Guests began to arrive, but there was no trace of the messenger. At last she came.

"Did you get it?" asked her mistress

"Yes'm—dat is, I come ez close to it ez I could I didn't bother 'bout no groceries, caze I knowed 'twould be wastin' time"

"Where did you go?"

"I went straight to de limekiln I found de watchman dar, an he said he didn't reckon dar was no lime juice round de place So I made him gimme dis chunk, an I reckons de bes' t'ing foh me ter do is ter hurry right along and put watah on it so's ter soak de juice out"—Detroit Free Press

The Snapdragon Catchfly.

Some plants—the catchflies, for example—have their stems and leaves covered with sticky hairs that catch and hold intruders before they can reach the blossoms. Next time you are in the country look for the snapdragon catchfly. You will find it in almost any field or roadside at the beginning of summer. It is not at all a showy plant—in fact, it is rather weedy looking. Its flowers are small and white, opening at dusk and closing in the daytime. The curious thing about it is that there is a dark brown sticky band around the stems between each two of the upper joints. Here may be seen sticking small particles of sand and sometimes tiny insects caught in the act of trying to rob the plant. Some botanists think that these plants with sticky hairs that catch insects in self-defense are a connecting link between ordinary plants and insect feeders, such as the sundew and the Venus flytrap.

EXTREME NERVOUSNESS

FREQUENTLY BRINGS ITS VICTIM TO THE VERGE OF INSANITY.

The Case of a Young Lady in Smith's Falls Who Suffered Severely—Given Up by Two Doctors—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Have Restored Her Health.

From the Smith's Falls News.

Many cases have been reported of how invalids who had suffered for years and whose case had been given up by the attending physician, have been restored to health and vigor through that now world-famed medicine, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but we doubt if there is one more startling or more convincing than that of Miss Elizabeth Minshull, who resides with her brother, Mr. Thos. Minshull, of this town, an employee in Frost & Wood's Agricultural Works. The News heard of this remarkable case, and meeting Mr. Minshull asked him if the story was correct. He replied: "All I know is that my sister had been given up as incurable by two physicians. She is now well enough to do any kind of housework and can go and come as she pleases, and this change has, it is my honest conviction, been brought about by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills." Mr. Minshull then related the following story to the News: "My sister is twenty years of age. She came to Canada from England about ten years ago, and resided with a Baptist minister, Rev. Mr Cody, at Sorel, Que. In April, of 1896, she took ill and gradually grew worse. She was under a local physician's care for over five months. The doctor said that she was suffering from a complication of nervous diseases, and that he could do little for her. The minister with whom she lived then wrote me of my sister's state of health, and I had her come to Smith's Falls, in the hope that a change and rest would do her good. When she arrived here she was in a very weak state and a local physician was called in to see her. He attended her for some time, but with poor results, and finally acknowledged that the case was one which he could do very little for. My sister had by this time become a pitiable object; the slightest noise would disturb her, and the slightest exertion would almost make her insane. It required someone to be with her at all times, and often after a fit of extreme nervousness she would become unconscious and remain in that state for hours. When I went home I had to take my boots off at the door-step so as not to disturb her. When the doctor told me he could do nothing for her, I consulted with my wife, who had great faith in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, as she knew of several cases where they had worked wonderful cures, and I concluded it would do no harm to try them anyway, and mentioned the fact to the doctor. The doctor did not oppose their use, but said he thought they might do her good, as they were certainly a good medicine. In September of last year she began to use the Pills, and before two boxes had been used, she began to show signs of improvement. She has continued their use since and is to-day a living testimony of the curative power of Dr. William's Pink Pills." Mr. Minshull has no hesitation in sounding the praises of a remedy that has worked such a change in the health of his sister and cheerfully gave the "News" the above particulars, and when asked to do so most willingly signed the following declaration:—

Smith's Falls, Sept. 11th, 1897.

I hereby make declaration that the statements in above as to the condition of my sister, and the benefit she received from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are absolutely correct.

THOS. MINSHULL.

Witness, J. H. ROSS.

More Useful.

An intrepid courage is at best but a holiday-kind of virtue, to be seldom exercised, and never but in cases of necessity. Affability, mildness, tenderness and a word which I would fain bring back to its original signification of virtue, I mean good-nature, are of daily use; they are the bread of mankind, and staff of life.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

A Necessary Measurement.

"I want to buy a cane," she said as she tripped into the store.

"For a young man, I suppose?" asked th polite clerk.

"Yes."

"Did you bring his measure?"

"His measure? I didn't know that a man had to be measured for a cane."

"Well, we ought to have the size of his mouth."

RHEUMATIC SLAVES

Are Being Freed by the Thousands Under the Benign Influence of South American Rheumatic Cure.

"I was a slave to Rheumatism in a very acute form for over a year. I could not attend to business. The pains in my limbs were intense. I tried South American Rheumatic Cure. After using one bottle I was so greatly benefitted I continued using it, and to-day after using only three bottles, I am perfectly well." F. G. Cole, Grain Merchant, Flesherton, Ont.

BREVITIES

PERSONAL CHATS.

Benjamin Paris Hamilton, now living at Springvale, Me., is one of the four living descendants of General Joseph Warren, the hero of Bunker Hill.

George Nathaniel Curzon, who married Miss Leiter of Washington, had the honor of initiating the king of Siam into the mysteries of the house of commons during the latter's stay in London.

Particles of the glass from an incandescent light bulb which collapsed entered the eyes of Mrs. R. D. Hookins, wife of a supreme court clerk of Bismarck, N. D., and destroyed her sight.

Rev. Dr. Henry M. Field, 70 years of age, is still doing active duty as editor of the New York Evangelist, being able to work a dozen hours a day. Dr. Field is of the same family as Judge Field of the United States supreme court.

Governor Pingree of Michigan delivered an address of welcome the other day at the annual convention of the Concatenated Order of Hoo Hoos at Detroit, after an introduction by the presiding officer, the grand snark of the universe.

Mme. Louise Bliagi, for 25 years a famous soprano in Budapest, has her portrait on the new 1,000 florin notes of the Austria-Hungarian bank. A night's singing used to be worth more to her than the face value of one of these notes.

George Peacock, a gravedigger at Gillingham in Kent, England, who died recently, had buried over 12,000 persons in the 37 years that he held his position. His father and grandfather had held the place before him and his son succeeds him.

Captain Francis Martin, who lives in Detroit, is the oldest retired naval officer in the United States. He was born in the city of New York in 1800 and carries his 97 years well. Every summer he visits Staten Island, where he generally spends a month or two.

Brigands in the Roman Campagna have no luck. They held up Prince Francesco Borghese, duke of Bomarzo, and his agent recently, but the two had only $7 between them. Two years ago, when the Duke of Saxe-Meiningen was robbed, he had just $10 on his person.

People often wonder where Mr. Pinero picks up the queer names and titles which adorn his plays. The mystery has now been solved. The dramatist himself has confessed he looks for them among the tombstones. It was in some old churchyard that the "Second Mrs. Tanqueray" was dug up.

James Rood Doolittle, who died recently, was one of the 19 senators of the United States who voted not guilty at the impeachment trial of Andrew Johnson, nearly 30 years ago. The vote stood: Guilty, 35; not guilty, 19. As a two-third vote was needed to convict the impeachment proceedings failed by one vote.

Although President Faure's life has several times been attempted, he declined to permit any members of the French police or Parisian detective force to accompany him to St. Petersburg, declaring that it would constitute a slur upon the hospitality of the Muscovite nation. Emperor William, during his stay in the Russian capital a fortnight previously, was guarded by a perfect horde of Berlin police officers.

FAMOUS BATTLES.

The battle of Cerro Gordo took its name from a mountain pass of Mexico 40 miles northwest of Vera Cruz.

The Shipka passes, where terrible conflicts took place between the Russians and the Turks, are in the central Balkans, west of Schumba.

The village of Naseby gave its name to the great victory won by the troops of the parliament over Charles I. It is situated in Northamptonshire, 12 miles northwest of Northampton.

Gettysburg, where the tide of southern invasion was stopped, is in southwestern Pennsylvania, 36 miles from Harrisburg. The cannonading at Gettysburg during the three days' battle was distinctly heard in Washington.

Sedan, where Emperor Napoleon III surrendered himself and his army to the Germans, is a small fortified town of the French department of Ardennes, 130 miles northeast of Paris. It is famous for having been the place where the sedan chair was invented and first used.

The battle of Bosworth, where Richard III lost his life, was fought at a little hamlet of the same name 12 miles west of Leicester. On the hill over the town, now called Crown hill, a monument marks the spot where the crown of Richard was placed on the head of Henry.

The battle of Plassey took its name from the town in the presidency of Bengal where Lord Clive, with 900 Europeans and 2,000 sepoys, defeated an Indian army of 40,000 infantry, 15,000 cavalry and 50 pieces of artillery, and thus established the English rule in India. It was in some respects the most notable victory ever won on any field.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

HOW TO CARE FOR CLOTHING.

The Art of Keeping Clothing Fresh and Shapely.

When a lady takes a heavy dress off, she should shake the skirt lightly, pass a brush through its silk ruffles and remove every particle of dust from both material and trimmings. It is then slipped over a wire rack to prevent limpness in hanging, a big violet sachet is suspended inside and the hole enveloped in a long, loose, white cotton bag that draws up with strings, and keeps it clean, crisp and perfumed for future use. As to the waist of frocks, have roomy pasteboard boxes for every one of them, lined with cotton batting that has been liberally sprinkled wtih sachet powder and incased in pink or blue muslin. A slip pasted on the end shows which bodice is in the box, and consequently there is never the least confusion.

After brushing a waist lay it at full length, pull out its bows, pass the lace through the fingers and smooth every inch of ribbon. Next stuff the sleeves and shoulders with tissue paper, crushed lightly, to hold the garment in good shape. Unless you have tried this scheme you have no idea how it preserves the fine lines and freshness of basque or jacket. Another important rule is never to put a bodice away with a tarnished neck ruche or stained shields. One is always less hurried when disrobing than dressing, and it is impossible to infuse clothing with that delicious subtle fragrance every woman covets unless she is fastidiously dainty in these details. After every two or three wearings wash the shields in warm water, clouded with ammonia, dry them in the sun, and they will last for years.

Never take off a pair of boots without immediately lacing or buttoning them on their trees and rubbing them thoroughly with a soft flannel cloth. Treated thus shoes will wear six months longer than ordinarily and are always shapely and brightly polished. Use cast off evening gloves to protect the toes of patent leathers. By cutting off the fingers and slipping the suede up over the foot of the shoes they are protected from sudden changes of temperature and dust, both of which cause them to crack badly. French women preserve the forms of their slippers by binding a strip of whalebone to fit in heels and toes and spring in the center: an easy, inexpensive contrivance, and when used the slipper never loses its narrowness of outline.

Bonnets and hats should rest upon upright wooden pegs, with flat flaring tops that hold them firmly and are not so apt to allow crushing as when they are kept in boxes. Immediately one is taken off dust with a soft velvet brush, smarten the trimmings between the fingers, straighten and roll the strings in smooth, tight wads, so when unpinned again they are fresh and free of wrinkles. With paste and scissors make huge tissue paper caps to sit over hats that are big enough not to touch them and yet exclude flying dust.

What Ten Dollars a Week Will Do.

In the Ladies' Home Journal Mrs S T Rorer shows that a family of two with one servant can live well on an expenditure of eight dollars a week for food in Philadelphia and the East, six dollars in the South and ten dollars in New England. These figures, she says, cover milk, flour, meat and marketing, as well as groceries, and are based upon the presumption that the woman of the family is a practical housekeeper. "Last summer," Mrs Rorer writes, "I was superintending very closely and carefully my own household, which numbered at the time eight persons, and without the slightest difficulty I arranged an exceedingly attractive table with an expenditure of only ten dollars per week, and this covered everything used on the table, three meals a day. To do this I purchased beef by the loin, taking out the fillet, using it as a roast one day for dinner; made stock from the bones and rough pieces, quite enough to last for half the week. The back was taken off and cut into steaks, and the tough lean end divided, one portion being used for Hamburg steaks and the other for a brown stew with vegetables. From this one loin, which cost one dollar and seventy-five cents, I had sufficient stock for three days, and meat for four dinners, freshly cooked for each meal, making an average cost of forty-four cents a meal."

Mrs. Rorer also states that a family of six, with two servants, "can live quite well with an expenditure for the table of fourteen dollars a week. Where people have sufficient means to live as the world calls well, but which, from a hygienic standpoint, is really bad, five-hundred dollars a year is a very liberal allowance. On this, in winter, you may have an occasional dish of terrapin, providing you use the 'fresh water;' poultry, at least twice a week, an entree now and then, oysters and the more dainty varieties of fish. The dinner may be served in three or four courses. Breakfast may consist of a fruit, a cereal, eggs or chop, muffins and coffee; luncheon, a little entree, some well-cooked vegetables, and, perhaps, a water muffin toasted, or a little fruit with a light cake; the dinner, a soup, a meat with two vegetables, a salad with wafers and cheese, a light dessert and coffee. Now and then you may put in a little entree following the soup."

Gratitude.

Mr. Skinflint (to stranger who has saved him from drowning)—My dear, good friend I'll never forget you as lon as I live! Come up to my shop and get some nice, clean, dry clothes. I'll let you have them as cheap as anybody.—London Fun.

Recruiting British Soldiers.

The London Chronicle, under the caption "Is This Conscription?" reports a speech made by Solicitor-General Finlay, in which, urging the necessity for an increase in the army, he said it might be necessary to resort to the ballot so that a certain proportion of the citizens might be required to serve in the militia.

WILL HAWKIN'S WIFE.

JOE LINCOLN.

WILL HAWKIN'S wife's a worker, I'm willin' an' free to say,
There ain't no laziness in her, she's hustlin' night an' day,
An' tellin' yer jest the truth on't, an' givin' Old Nick his due,
There may be thriftier women, but I guess they're mighty few.
Her house is as clean as a whistle, there's nary a speck nor crumb,
An' she'd a-been jest perfection if only they'd made her dumb;
But her tongue's got more rough aiges than a rake-tooth, cross-cut saw,
An' she rasps yer all to thunder whenever she starts her jaw.

We've been there a-visitin' lately, Mary—my wife—and me,
Stayed there a fortnight, I reckon, an' it made us sick to see
The way she'd light on William for the littlest, triflin' things,
An' the kinder talk she give him is the kind that sticks and stings.
An' him, good land! he dasn't tell folks his soul's his own,
An' he answers her awful humble, in the meekest kind of a tone.
I sez to him, "Have some gumption," but he only sez, "Gee whiz!
I reckon you never see her when her dander'd reely riz."

But say, one night—oh, lordy! I ain't got over it yit—
Will started away with a pitcher, intendin' to go an' git
Some cider they had in the cellar, but his foot ketched unawares,
An' away went Will an' the crock'ry to the foot of the cellar stairs—
Bumpety-crash-telarrup! wonder he wa'n't killed dead;
But his wife she thought of the pitcher, an' not of the old man's head.
"Did yer break the pitcher, yer looney?" she hollered to him, just so,
An' William riz up, b'ilin', and he fairly screeched out *"No!"*

"It ain't hurt nary an atom, it ain't got even a crack,
But you'd think of a ten-cent pitcher if I broke my tarnal back;
Your blamed old jug is solid, but now I'll settle its hash"—
An' he up with the thing, by ginger, an' busted it all to smash.
Well, wa'n't that woman a picter, her mouth was as big as a cup,
But before she could get it to workin', Will sings out, *"Yew shet up!"*
An' I reckon yer won't believe it, but I wish that I might be hung
If the rest of that blessed evenin' she didn't jest hold her tongue.

COMMANDER IN INDIA.

General White's Long and Honorable Career In the British Army.

Sir George Stuart White, the commander in chief of the British army in India and the man to whom England has intrusted the task of subduing the most serious rebellion which has occurred within the empire for many years, is a man who has won his honors late in life. He has been in the army for nearly 45 years, and for more than two-thirds of that time he served in obscure foreign stations.

His first commission, which he won in 1853, was that of an ensign, and it took him ten years to reach the rank of captain. It was ten years more before he became a regimental major. Along in the eighties, however, his ability and valor began to be recognized, and since then he has been rapidly advanced, until now he is in supreme command of 225,000 troops, 75,000 of whom are British regulars. All England looks to him to save for the crown the imperial province. He is, in fact, very much in the public eye, and can well afford to forget the long years when his was merely an unknown name on the army roll.

In the meantime, however, he has seen lots of hard service and some exciting campaigning. He won his K. C. B. on the battlefield, being knighted in 1889. Although an Irishman by descent, he

GENERAL SIR GEORGE STUART WHITE.

served most of his time as major in a Scotch regiment, having been attached for many years to the famous Ninety-Second regiment, now known as the Second Battalion Gordon highlanders. In 1879 he was on the staff of Lord Ripon, viceroy of India, at Calcutta, as military secretary. He resigned his post when the second Afghan war broke out and went to the front with his regiment, winning distinction in several fierce engagements.

In the march from Kabul to Kandahar for the relief of General Primrose White led the van with his highlanders, beat back the Paythans, captured their strongholds and cleared the way for the rest of the brigade. For that day's work he was given the brevet of lieutenant colonel, a C. B. and that decoration which the British soldier most prizes, the Victoria cross. After that he served in Egypt and in Burma, doing signal service in both campaigns and winning more honors and long delayed promotion. From 1889 to 1893 he commanded the division at Quetta, that great garrison on the Afghan frontier.

CURRENT COMMENT.

The work of compiling the United States census of 1890 is nearing completion. If we mistake not, the work on the census of 1880 is all done.—Kansas City Journal.

The size of the fish stories this year indicates that the campaign lie will be coming along presently with the determination to break the record.—Baltimore American.

"Now let cotton knock the ball over the fence," says a New England paper. Not now. Cotton is now in the field, you see, and will be batting later on.—Galveston News.

Probably Paul Revere would have been staggered had he anticipated that Boston would one day pay $240,000 for a site for a schoolhouse to be named in his honor.—Boston Herald.

A celebrated musician plays Kipling's "Vampire" on the violin. This is eminently appropriate. A violin's merely a board and a bow and a hank of hair.—Atlanta Constitution.

A scheme is on foot in New York to purify Coney Island. The only way to do that would be to knock the props from under it and let it soak in the ocean for a few years and then leave it submerged.—Denver Post.

At the request of the president of Honduras the president of Guatemala has exiled a former Honduras official who was suspected of plotting a revolution. Evidently there is a presidents' trust in Central America.—Buffalo Express.

Now that Stephen Crane, Richard Harding Davis, John Hay, Bret Harte, Henry James and Harold Frederic are all settled across the Atlantic, The Chap Book is perhaps justified in observing that the literary center of America is London.—Springfield Republican.

PERT PERSONALS.

Dr. Jameson has returned to South Africa, but is exercising great care not to walk on any Transvaal grass.—Cleveland Leader.

In the absence of other arrangements Emperor William could do well by forming an alliance with his subjects.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Papa Kipling is now promenading o' nights with a gag, a groan and a yank of hair. But that is another story.—New York Press.

M. Faure has escaped several bombs recently without having to pay a cent for clerk hire. How this must gall Uncle Russell Sage!—Cleveland Leader.

The announcement that Mrs. Lease is going to Klondike seems to be a scheme of those who are trying to prevent such a rush for the gold mines.—Council Bluffs Nonpareil.

It is stated that the new German embassador to this country is a doctor of philosophy, a diplomat and a duelist. He is certainly entitled to the distinction of a D. D. D.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

To all inquiries about the platform upon which John L. Sullivan will run for mayor of Boston it is enough to say that the thing will be about 20 feet square and well roped in.—San Francisco Chronicle.

HOME NOTES.

Kettles should be washed as soon a you are through using them and not be allowed to stand until cold.

To make glue waterproof, a cabinet maker says, soak it in water and then melt it in linseed oil that has been heated.

A good knife should never be used for stirring potatoes or other vegetables when frying, as the heat destroys the temper of the steel.

In either hot or cold weather the windows should be open at night and the house thoroughly ventilated at all times and seasons.

"OLD FOLKS AT HOME."

Story of the Famous Song and Others by the Same Composer.

The story which forms the theme of "Old Folks at Home," says the "Friend at Court," was that of a negro owned on a plantation near Suwanee river, who had been sold and taken away from the old plantation, and years afterward, when an old man, he returned and found no vestige of the old place remaining. Stephen C. Foster, the author of this famous song, was born in Pittsburg, Pa., July 4, 1826. Early in life he learned unaided to play on several musical instruments, and having a good voice, he delighted to sing songs of his own composition. As a merchant's clerk in Cincinnati, O., in 1842, he wrote his first song, "Open Thy Lattice, Love," which was published in Baltimore and was very favorably received. This was soon followed by "Old Uncle Ned" and "O, Susannah," written for negro minstrels. These songs sprang at once into popular favor, and Mr Foster gave up his mercantile position and devoted himself exclusively to the composition of music. He married in 1850 and lived a few months in New York, but returned to Pittsburg, and soon afterward gave to the world that famous song, "Old Folks at Home." Christy's minstrels paid him $500 for the privilege of singing it in public, and it is said to have been the most profitable song of its composer that has ever been published in America, between 3,000 and 4,000 copies of it being sold, and some others obtained an almost equal popularity. Mr Foster wrote 125 songs in rapid succession, about one-fourth of which were negro melodies. The last one, "Old Black Joe," was published in 1861. The most popular of his many were these: "O, Susannah," "Old Uncle Ned," "Nellie Was a Lady," "Old Dog Tray," "Nellie Bly," "Old Kentucky Home," "Willie, We Have Missed You," "Louisiana Belle," "Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground," "O, Boys, Carry Me 'Long."

Training the Deaf.

The first few months of the school life are devoted chiefly to exercises for the development and training of those senses still possessed by the child, which must do the work of the missing sense in addition to their own, and in cultivating in him the habits of obedience, attention, and concentration, without which he can make no progress. The attention on the part of the deaf child in the class-room must be closer than is required of a hearing pupil; for if his eyes wander from the teacher's lips he immediately loses the connection, since his ears do not tell him what is being said. The habits formed in the earliest classes are of fundamental importance and a great responsibility rests upon the teachers of the lowest grades.

Before the actual teaching of speech the attention of the child must be aroused, his interest awakened, the spirit of observation, imitation, and obedience cultivated, and the senses of sight and touch rendered alert. This is attained by a series of introductory exercises nearly in the form of play. The games are arranged to train the sight to rapid and accurate recognition of objects, colors, number, forms and movements, and to develop in the sense of touch a swift and delicate discrimination between forms, surfaces, textures, weights, and finally vibrations. The eyes must do the work of the ears in comprehending the speech of others, and the tactile sense must come to the rescue in the training and guiding of the pupil's own organs of speech. The ability to distinguish difference of vibration by touch is the objective point of all tactile training, and the exercises bearing directly upon this are conducted with musical instruments such as the guitar, zither, and piano, and then applied to the vibrations of the voice as felt in the chest, throat, and head.—"Speech and Speech-Reading for the Deaf," by John Dutton Wright, in the Century.

Vain Longing.

Ardup looked up bitterly from the book he was reading. The words "one touch of nature" had caught his eye and had started a train of thought.

"I wish it were possible," he soliloquized. "I've touched everybody else."—Chicago Tribune.

The Art of Not Hearing.

The art of not hearing should be learned by all. There are so many things which it is painful to hear, very much which, if heard, will disturb the temper, corrupt simplicity and modesty, detract from contentment and happiness. If a man falls into a violent passion and calls all manner of names, at the first words we should shut our ears and hear no more. If in a quiet voyage of life we find ourselves caught in one of those domestic whirlwinds of scolding, we should shut our ears as a sailor would furl his sail, and, making all tight, scud before the gale. If a hot, restless man begins to inflame our feelings, we should consider what mischief the fiery sparks may do in our magazine below, where our temper is kept, and instantly close the door. If all the petty things said of man by heedless and ill-natured idlers were brought home to him he would become a mere walking pin cushion, stuck full of sharp remarks. If we would be happy when among good men we should open our ears; when among bad men, shut them. It is not worth while to hear what our neighbors say about our children, what our rivals say about our business, our dress or our affairs.

A Difference.

Mrs. Hudson (to her husband, who has come home with a black eye and no hat)—Ah, that's what you get for riding a bicycle.

Mr Hudson—No, my dear; it's what I get for not being able to ride one.

Opportune once signified nothing more than "to be at the harbor." An opportune ship was a ship which had come to port.

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TUERDAY, Mar. 1st, 1898.

OUR member, Mr. Joseph Hunter, made the best speech yet delivered in the House this session.

THE Clara Nevada wrecked in the northern waters was not only a total loss but all on board perished.

THE FIGHT is on between the C. P. R. and the American through lines, and rates have been cut in two. Let us all take a ride.

THE government promises to bring in a bill to provide a penalty for violation of the Chinese Act. Then we suppose the constitutionality of the Act will be tested in the higher court.

THE MINING CRITIC estimaes the cost of the Stickine-Teslin railway at $1,500,000, and Mr. Hunter declared in the House the cost would not exceed $1,600 000. Why don't we hear another howl about the Cassiar railway?

Since Mr. Eckstein's return Friday, it is announced we are to have a Campaign Weekly to be published in the Times establishment, Victoria, and freighted here for distribution. It will of course be an out and out Opposition sheet, and run in the interest of Mr. Eckstein's candidacy Well, we don't object. It will add to the gayety of the coming contest.

ROSLAND is attracting a good deal of attention lately. A mid-winter festival, in which toboggoning from the mountain top forms a feature, is advertised; and two mail burglaries in two successive days have successfully taken place there. What next?

Dr. Walkem, M.P.P., declared in the House that he stood where he did last winter, an Independent, when Mr. C. F. Colton, M.P.P., of Vancouver enquired if he was quite sure. This was a little strange, considering the senior member of Vancouver's position was such at that time that his party friends insisted on a written pledge that he would not desert them.

We notice some papers attack the United States because a few papers there attribute the terrible tragedy of the Maine to the Spanish. It is true the cause of the disaster is not kuown. But these fiery journals no more represent that country than does the Weekly Province, British Columbia.

The U. S. government is making a rigid investigation into the cause of the disaster. If it shall appear to be the work of an enemy, Spain will be held to accountability, and such demands made upon her, that in the present temper of her people, she may not be able to meet. Then war will follow. The U. S. government is already taking active steps for such an emergency. It is to be hoped the disaster will be found to be of accidental origin.

THE total loss of lifs was two officers and 246 men, besides 57 men injured.

THE HIGH SCHOOL SYSTEM

THE HIGH SCHOOL system needs reforming. It may be all right for the larger cities, but for towns and small cities in the country where there is a graded school, an additional teacher could be appointed, and another room provided. In other words the branches usually taught in a high school might be taught in the local graded school, enabling students living at home to acquire a higher education. As it is now the expense of sending children away from home to attend a high school is prohibitive. As an illustration: In erecting a school building here, provide for a high school room and from the highest class, as the school is at present constituted, let the pupils pass, upon examination, into the higher department. Pupils from schools in the district, after passing an examination, could enter this department.

The result would be greater economy; the education of children under home influence; and the education of many in place of a few. It would also in a measure counteract the tendency among the young to remove to the large cities.—a growing evil.

MODEL SCHOOL

IT IS TIME the government established a Model School in this province. Probably Vancouver would be the best location. Applicants for teachers' certificates should be required to attend it for a prescribed length of time. We would except from this requirement all teachers who had an experience of five years in teaching. The present system gives us a great many incompetent teachers. The fact one can pass an examination is no guarantee that such person has the requisite knowledge or qualifications. In most other callings one has to serve an apprenticeship, but in the art of school teaching an ability to answer a certain set of questions is deemed all sufficient. It is time all this were changed. There are plenty of teachers, and higher qualifications should be demanded. Our Department of Education costs the province a large sum of money. Last year the expenditur was $220,810.38. The cost of a Model School would not exceed $3,000 to$5000 per year. Is there any reason why we should be behind other provinces in this important matter.

NOTICE.

Whereas Sunday seems to be the day set apart by certain parties for shooting and trespassing, therefore we, the undersigned residents of Comox valley, hereby give notice that all shooting on our property, on the Sabbath day, is strictly prohibited.

John Mundell, J.P.,	Sam J. Piercy,
Rev. Alexander Tait,	J. R. Berkley,
Berkley Grieve,	Jos. McPhee,
William Beech,	J. Mason,
George Grieve,	S. F. Crawford,
R. J. Smith,	James Rees,
M. H. Piercy,	N. E Harmstone,
Isaac Grieve,	A. Salmond,
Wm. Machin,	Thos. Cairns,
J. W. Smith.	W. R. Robb,
James Smith,	A. Urquhart,
John Grieve,	R. Mc Donald,
J. A. Halliday,	Rev. J. X. Willemar,
H. W. Ross,	Hugh Grant & Son,
Frank Childs,	Oliver Duncan,
Wm. Parkin,	Duncan Bros.

PRIZE MEDAL.

The Mining and Scientific Press will give massive gold special championship medal to the prize winner in the drilling contest on Miners' Day at the Mining Fair in San Francisco.

NOTICE TO TAXPAYERS.

Assessment Act and Provincial Revenue Tax.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, in accordance with the Statutes, that Provincial Revenue Tax and Taxes levied under Assessment Act are now due for the year 1898. All of the above named Taxes collectible within the Comox, Nelson, Newcastle, Denman, and Hornby Islands Division of the District o Comox, are payable at my office

Assessed Taxes are collectible at the following rates, viz:

IF PAID ON OR BEFORE JUNE 30th, 1898—Provincial Revenue, $3.00 per capita.

Three-fifths of one per cent on Real Property.

Two and one-half per cent on Wild Land.

One-half of one per cent on Personal Property.

One-half of one per cent on Income.

IF PAID AFTER JUNE 30th, 1898—Four-fifths of one per cent on Real Property.

Three per cent on Wild Land

Three-fourths of one per cent on Personal Property.

Three-fourths of one per cent on Income.

January, 1898. W. B. ANDERSON, Assessor and Collector

THE MERCHANTS' BANK OF HALIFAX.

Incorporated 1869

Capital paid up, $1,500,000 Reserve Fund, $1,175,000

Head Office, Halifax, N. S.

RANCHES.

Antigonish, N.S., Bathurst, N.B., Bridgewater, N.S., Charlottetown, P.E.I., Dorchester, N.B., Fredericton, N.B., Guysboro, N.S., Halifax, N.S., Kingston, N.B., Londonderry, N.S., Lunenburg, N.S., Mairland, N.S., Moncton, N.B., Montreal, P.Q., NANAIMO, B.C., Nelson, B.C., Newcastle, N.B., Pictou, N.S., Port Hawkesbury, N.S., Rossland, B.C., Sackville, N.B., Shubenacadie, N.S.; St. Johns, Nfld., Summerside, P.E.I., Sydney, N.S., Truro, N.S.; Vancouver, B.C., Weymouth, N.S., Woodstock, N.B.

BANKERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

LONDON,—The Bank of Scotland; PARIS,—Credit Lyonnais; BERMUDA,—Bank of Bermuda; NEW YORK,—Chase National Bank; SAN FRANCISCO,—Hongkong and Shanghai Banking Corporation; BOSTON,—National Hide and Leather Bank; CHICAGO,—American Exchange National Bank; CHINA and JAPAN,—Hongkong and Shanghai Banking Corporation.

—o—

Accounts received on the most favorable terms.
Interest allowed on Special Deposits and on Savings Bank Accounts.
All business by mail will be promptly and carefully attended to.

W. A. SPENCER,
MANAGER NANAIMO BRANCH.

KLONDIKE OUTFITS

You are going and you want to get the right goods at lowest prices. We can fill that bill. We outfitted nearly all the men from Union and Vicinity last season, and our Stock to-day is Second to none in B. C

Remember we can give you PRICES you CANNOT BEAT and save you from $10 to $20 in expenses, to other cities. Call and get our prices. We carry everything wanted in Clothing Blankets, Boots, and Moccossins.

STEVENSON & CO. Nanaimo, B. C.

KLONDIKE

How to Go—When to Go—What to Take—Where to Outfit.

FOR advice on these all-important matters, and for purchasing supplies of best quality at lowest prices, with suitable packing for the journey, go to the Pioneer Outfitters of British Columbia.

OPPENHEIMER Bros., Ld. Lby.

IMPORTERS, WHOLESALE GROCERS, AND MINERS' OTTFITTERS

100 and 102 Powell Street, Vancouver. B. C

who have had 35 years experience in outfitting miners and surveying parties. The most reliable information cheerfully afforded. Get our circular and give us the address of your friends to whom we will mail it free of charge. REMEMBER THAT GOODS PURCHASED IN CANADA ARE ADMITTED INTO THE KLONDIKE FREE OF DUTY. AMERICAN GOODS MUST PAY DUTY

YUKON GOLD FIELDS

—SAVE MONEY BY BUYING YOUR OUTFIT AT—

Headquarters.

Tents, Sleds, Tobogans, Sleeping Bags, Whip-saws, Gold Pans, Gold Scales, Shovels, Picks, Axes, Etc., Etc.

Also the Celebrated

YUKON TELESCOPE STOVE

—Made of Heavy Sheet Steel—

Thos. Dunn & Co., Ltd.

Write for Prices, and Information. VANCOUVER, B. C.

PROFESSIONAL.

L. P. ECKSTEIN.

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

HARRISON P. MILLARD,

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

YARWOOD & YOUNG.

BARRISTERS and SOLICITORS

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

Teaming & Livery....

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

D. Kilpatrick,
Union, B. C.

× also ×

Horseshoing and GENERAL *Blacksmithing*

NOTICE.

DRIVING through the new cemetery with teams is strictly forbidden.

By order. M. Whitney
Dec. 13, 1867. Sec'y pro tem

Esquimalt & Nanaimo Ry

COMMENCING TUESDAY 15TH, INST, THE STEAMER CITY OF NANAIMO WILL RUN AS FOLLOWS:

W.D. OWEN, MASTER,

Cailing at Way Ports as Freight and Passengers may offer:

Leave Victoria for Nanaimo, Tuesday 7 a.m.
" Nanaimo for Comox, Wednesday 7 a.m.
" Comox for Nanaimo, Friday 8 a.m.
" Nanaimo for Victoria, Saturday 7 a.m.

FOR Freight or Staterooms apply on board, or at the Company's Ticket Office, Victoria Station, Store Street.

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 239

Barber Shop : :
— AND
: : Bathing Establishment

O. H. Fechner,
PROPRIETOR

JAMES ABRAMS

Notary Public.

Agent for the Alliance Fire Insurance Company of London and the Phoenix of Hartford.....

Agent for the Provincial Building and Loan Association of Toronto.....

Union, B. C.

J. R. McLEOD

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

COURTENAY

Directory.

COURTENAY HOUSE, A. H. McCallum, Proprietor.

RIVERSIDE HOTEL, J. J. Grant, Proprietor.

GEORGE B. LEIGHTON, Blacksmith and Carriage Maker.

COMOX DIRECTORY.

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

MINING

THIRTY-SEVENTH YEAR.
WORLD-WIDE CIRCULATION.
Twenty Pages; Weekly; Illustrated.
INDISPENSABLE TO MINING MEN.
THREE DOLLARS PER YEAR, POSTPAID.
SAMPLE COPIES FREE.
MINING AND SCIENTIFIC PRESS,
220 MARKET ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

MY TRIP.

By Billy Blum.

It was a rough day when I started on the good ship City of Nanaimo, week before last, for the Black Diamond City. The winds blew and the great gulf shook and tossed its foam, and the boat danced upon its white capped waves as lively as ever a ballot girl upon the stage. I was struck with admiration and paid to Neptune a handsome contribution—because I couldn't help it. But I remembered my dear mother's comforting words uttered on a similar occasion that "when I got over it I would feel better," and I braved it out with a smile which plainly indicated there was satisfaction in martyrdom.

When I arrived in Nanaimo I followed the crowd on to Commercial street and was first attracted by the large show windows and the handsome goods I saw through them in Good's auction rooms. There was everything from a baby carriage to a piano, and so cheap! I next noticed five Klondikers headed by Mr. John Fraser making their way to A. R. Johnson & Co.'s who with Stevenson & Co., do the out-fitting here. The "boys" took the Islander for the north.

Bverything wears the aspect of hopefulness and expectation here. The waves of prosperity are rising so high at Victoria and Vancouver that a good deal of the spray falls in Nanaimo, very much to the delight of its traders

Next day was Friday and notwithstanding the superstition clinging about it, I left for Victoria. The parliamentary show was over. I ought to have wired I was on the way I suppose; of course the Speaker would have ordered cold lunch for the crowd and waited until I could have taken his arm. But thank goodness the buildings were to be seen in all their glory. And they are beautiful! Those at Washington, while larger are not more so. Every British Columbian may justly feel proud of them and also a sense of proprietorship.

It's all Klondike in Victoria. The opening of parliament, was but a passing show. Everybody looked at it and then turned to the more profitable business of trade. In every window in great glaring letters starring at you was "Klondike." For awhile you would gaze, and then go to your hotel to shut out the sights that filled your eyes and the one sound that was dinned into your ears. Klondike goods filled the sidewalk. Wholesale dealers tore open cases and crammed into sacks whatever you would take. This trade bubbled and seethed about Leiser's great establishment, who had an army of clerks to wait upon buyers, the largest of whom Mr. Leiser, who seemed to be everywhere, attended upon himself, er looked after.

He is a regular steam engine, with enough motive power, to run the whole Klondike trade. And he has the goods to provide for it.

I went out to Esquimalt to see the torpedo destroyers in the dry dock for fear I might get the prevailing fever. There were two each 213½ feet long, narrow, and thin as a shingle at the ends, chuck full of machinery, and said to be regular greyhounds. Their business was to slip in under the darkness of night, get in their work and scoot. The marines claimed they could make 37 knots an hour, and of course, they wouldn't lie! They had guns, too, but their defence was in their heels, or what shall we call it?

FARMERS INSTITUTE.

The second regular meeting of the above institute will be held at Courtenay Agricultural Hall, Wednesday 9th March 7:30 P. M.

PROGRAMME.

Lecture on Butter and Cheese Making by W. McGillivray of Sumas, or by Mr. A. A. King, manager of Delta Creamery; Mr. W. R. R. Robb will lead in discussion.

Paper on Corn Growing by Mr. J. J. R. Miller; Mr. E. Phillips will lead in discussion.

Paper on Silos and Ensilage by W. A. R. Seafe; Mr. Thos. Cairns will lead in discussion.

Mr. J. R. Anderson Dep. Min. of Agriculture has promised to attend. A good attendance is desired.

The first Regular meeting of the Comox farmers' institute was held in the Agricultural Hall Courtenay on Wednesday 23rd ult. There was an attendance of about forty.

THE INSTITUTE MEETING.

The farmers meeting last week was quite successful, nor only in point of members, but in the interest manifested and the admirable practical and useful pepers read Mr. G. H. Hadwin read a paper on Cooperation and Mr. John J. R. Miller on Fruit Culture; also Mr. Collins of Salt Springs Island gave an interesting address. These will appear in due course in the News.

SUNDAY SERVICES

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

METHODIST CHURCH.—Services at the usual hours morning and evening. Epworth League meets at the close of evening service. Sunday School at 2:30. Rev. W. Hicks, pastor.

ST. GEORGE'S PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Services at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Sunday School at 2:30. Y. P. S. C. E. meets at the close of evening service. Rev. W. C. Dodds, pastor.

NOTICE

NOTICE is hereby given that application will be made to the Legislative Assembly of the Province of British Columbia, at its present session, for an Act to incorporate a Company with power to construct, equip, operate by any kind of kinds of motive power, and maintain either a standard or narrow gauge railway for the purpose of conveying passengers and freight, including all kinds of merchandise, from a point on Kwanat Inlet Coast District by the most direct and feasible route to a point at or near Hazelton on the Skeena River, Cassiar District, British Columbia, with power to construct, equip, operate and maintain ranch lines and all necessary roads, bridges, ways, ferries, wharves, docks and coal bunkers; and with power to build, own, equip, operate and maintain telegraph and telephone lines in connection with said railway and branches, and to carry on a general express business, and to build and operate all kinds of plant for the purpose of supplying light, heat, electricity or any kind of motive power; and with power to expropiate lands for the purposes of the Company, and to acquire lands, bonuses, privileges or other aids from any Government, municipality or other persons or bodies corporate; and to make traffic or other arrangements with railway, steamboat or other companies; and with power to build wagon roads to be used in the construction of such railway, and in advance of the same, and to levy and collect tolls from all parties using and on all freight passing over any of such roads built by the Company, whether built before or after the construction of the railway; and with all other usual, necessary or incidental or conducive to the attainment of the above objects or any of them.

Dated at the City of Victoria the 14th day of February. A. D 1898.

BODWELL & DUFF.
Solicitors for Applicants.

NOTICE

During my temporary absence Mr. Kenneth Grant will conduct for me the under taking business. Orders left at my residence on Maryport Avenue will receive prompt attention. P.O. Box No 5

Cumberland, Jan. 29. 98. Alex. Grant.

NOTICE

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

V. E. Norris, Sec'y

FOR SALE

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

K. Grant, Union.

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

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

CERTIFICATES of IMPROVEMENT

JULIE, JENNIE B. & STELLA MINERAL CLAIMS

Situate in Nanaimo Mining Division of Coast District. Where Located—Phillips Arm.

TAKE NOTICE that I, W. A. Bauer, Free Miner's Certificate No. 91,667, intend, sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a Certificate of Improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant of the above claim.

And further take notice that action, under section 37, must be commenced before the issuance of such Certificate of Improvements.

Dated this 26th day of January, 1898.

ENID MINERAL CLAIM

Situate in the Nanaimo Mining Division of Coast District. Where Located—Phillips Arm

TAKE NOTICE that I, William A. Bauer, Free Miner's Certificate No. 91,667, intend, sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a Certificate of Improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant of the above claim.

And further take notice that action, under section 37, must be commenced before the issuance of such Certificate of Improvements

Dated this 26th day of January, 1898.

NOTICE

All trade licences are now due and should be paid. Parties trading without licences will be liable to the penalties prescribed by statute and by-law.

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.

C. H. TARBELL

Dealer in

Stoves and Tinware

Plumbing and general Sheetiron work

PROMPTLY DONE

Agent for the

Celebrated Gurney Souvenir Stoves and Ranges

Manufacturer of the

New Air-tight heaters

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that application will be made to the Legilative Assembly of the Province of British Columbia, at its next Session, for a Private Bill to incorporate a Railway and Colonization Company to build, equip, maintain and operate a line or lines of railway from some point at or near the head of steamboat navigation on the Skeena River; thence by the most feasible route to a point at or near the Yellow Head Pass, or in the alternative to some point on the eastern boundary of the Province of British Columbia by way of the Parsnip River, with power to extend the said line from the starting point down to the mouth of the said Skeena River; and also to authorize and empower the company to build from time to time branch lines to farming lands and to groups of mines and concentrators from any of the above mentioned lines of railways such branch lines not to exceed thirty miles in length; with power to build telegraph and telephone lines, and to equip and operate the said railway and its branches, and to erect and maintain all necessary works for the generation and transmission of electricity or power within the area of the operations of the said Company, and power to build maintain and operate wharves, dock and steamboats, saw-mills, and acquire water privileges; to construct dams, flumes, etc for improving and increasing the water privileges, and to make traffic or other arrangements with railways, steamboats or other companies and for all other usual and necessary powers, rights or privileges for the purpose of a railway and colonization company.

BODWELL, IRVING & DUFF,
Solicitors for Applicants.

Victoria, B.C., 24th November, A.D 1897.

oc70

City of Cumberland Dog Tax By-law 1898.

A By-law relating to dogs, and the taxing thereof.

Be it enacted by the Mayor, and Council of the Corporation of the City of Cumberland as follows.

1. For the period ending on the 31st day of December 1898 a tax payable on or before the first day of March 1898 and thereafter a tax shall be paid annually for each dog one dollar, for each bitch two dollars, within the limits of the City of Cumberland by the owner or keeper thereof to the City Clerk, for the use of the City, at his Office; such annual tax to become due and payable on the first day of January in each year, and upon the owner or keeper of such dog, or bitch neglecting or refusing to pay the tax herein imposed within fifteen days after the same shall become due and payable he shall be dealt with as provided by section 81 of the Municipal Clauses Act 1896, and subject to a fine not to exceed five dollars.

2. The owner of every dog or bitch in the City shall cause such dog or bitch to wear a leather, or metal collar, to which shall be attached a tag, provided free of charge by the City for that purpose indicating in figures the number corresponding to the number under which such dog or bitch is registered, and the period or year for which such tax is paid.

3. Every fierce, malicious, or dangerous dog or bitch known to be such by the owner or keeper, shall be kept muzzled, and chained by the owner or keeper, and not permitted to go at large under a penalty of five dollars.

4. The owner or keeper of a bitch shall not suffer such bitch to go at large during the season of her being in heat under a penalty of five dollars.

5 If any dog or bitch shall, unprovoked, bite any person, or attempt to bite any person, on complaint made before the Police Magistrate, or a Justice of the Peace, on oath, and corroborated in some material particular, the owner or keeper shall distroy such dog or bitch, or remove such dog, or bitch rom the said City, and keep such dog or bitch removed under penalty of ten dollars.

6. Any person in possession of any dog or bitch who shall suffer such dog or bitch to remain about his house, or premises, shall be deemed the owner of such dog or bitch for all purposes of this by-law.

7. This by-law may be cited for all purposes as City of Cumberland Dog Tax By-law 1898.

Passed by the Municipal Council the 27th, day of January A. D. 1898.

Reconsidered and finally passed the 10th day of February A. D. 1898.

Signed and sealed the 15th day of February, A. D. 1898.

Lewis Mounce
Mayor.
L. W. Nunns
City Clerk.

FOR SALE. Garden, Park, and Residental Lots.

23

The undersigned offers for sale his land on the Trent River flats; also lot No. 10 Nelson district in from One to Five Acre lots, as purchaser may require, on the following conditions:

One acre lots on water-front, Trent River flats $125.
One acre lots on water-front, lot 10 Nelson district, $100.
One acre lots, on Government Road $85.
Two acre lots " " " $150
Three " " " " " 200
Four " " " " " 250
Five " " " " " 300

One-third cash at time of sale, and the balance in two years, with interet at 7 per cent per annum.

For further particulars apply to F. Dalby, Real Estate Agent, Cumberland.

ROBERT LAWRENCE

Cumberland, Nov. 12, 1891

NOTICE is hereby given that application will be made to the Parliament of Canada at the next Session thereof, for an Act to incorporate a Company to construct, maintain, and operate a Railway or Tramway from the North end of Marsh Lake; thence in a North-Easterly direction by the most feasible route from a point on the Hootalinqua River a distance of about thirty-five miles; and also to construct, maintain and operate a Railway or Tramway to run on either side of Mile Canon and Whitehorse Rapids; all in the North West Territory of Canada; together with power to exappropriate land and all other powers and privileges which may be necessary, incidental, or advantageous to the full exercise of the powers above mentioned.

F. M. RATTENBURG,
For self and other applicants.

Dated at Victoria, British Columbia, January 20th, 1898.

NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that application will be made to the Parliament of Canada, at its next Session, for an Act to incorporate the Pacific and Yukon Railway, Navigation and Mining Company, for the purpose of constructing a railway from a point at or near Pyramid Harbor, near the head of Lynn Canal, or from a point at or near the International boundary between Canada and the United States of America in the vicinity of Lynn Canal, thence through the Chilkat Pass, thence to Dalton's Post, on the Alsek River, and thence by the best feasible route to a point below Five Finger Rapids on the Lewis River; with power to vary the route as may be necessary or advisable; also with power to receive from the Government of Canada or other corporations or persons grants of land or money or other assistance in aid of the construction of the work; to build telegraph and telephone lines; to exercise mining rights and powers; to construct roads, tramways, wharves, mills, and other works necessary for the Company; to charter vessels for the same purpose upon the lakes and rivers in or adjacent to the territory served by the said railway; to erect and manage electrical works, for the use and transmission of electrical power, and acquire and make use of natural and other water powers for that purpose; to maintain stores and trading posts, and to carry on a milling and smelting business, including the erection of saw-mills and smelters; also to enter into traffic and other arrangements with other railway and transportation Companies; to issue preference stock and bonds, and with all such powers, rights and privileges as may be necessary for the purpose of the undertaking.

Kingsmill, Saunders & Torrence,
Solicitors for the applicants.

Dated at Toronto, this 26 day of November, 1897.

cc67

Pianos AND Organs.

REV. W. HICKS, UNON, B. C HAS ACCEPTED THE AGENCY FROM THE BERLIN PIANO AND ORGAN CO., BERLIN, ONT., TO SELL THEIR HIGH CLASS INSTRUMENTS IN THIS DISTRICT. THESE INSTRUMENTS ARE OF SUPERIOR TOUCH, TONE, AND TUNE, AND HANDSOMELY FINISHED IN VARIOUS DESIGNS. PRICES VERY MODERATE.

GORDON MURDOCK'S ....
LIVERY.

Single and Double Rigs to let

—at—

Reasonable Prices

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

WANTS.

AGENTS Sell "Klondike Gold Fields" like a whirlwind. Prospectus 25c, worth $1. Big pay. Capital unnecessary.
Bradley-Garretson, Ltd. Toronto.

WANTED.
Industrious Men of Character.
THE LINSCOTT COMPANY,
TORONTO.

WANTED—CANVASSERS.

"Queen Victoria: Her Life and Reign." has captured the British Empire. Extraordinary testimonials from the great men; send for copy free. Marquis of Lorne says: "The best popular Life of the Queen I have seen." Her Majesty sends a kind letter of appreciation. Selling by thousands; gives enthusiastic satisfaction. Canvassers make $15 to $40 weekly.—BRADLEY-GARRETSON CO., (Limited) TORONTO.

WANTED—A good canvasser. Enquire at "News Office.

If You Are Energetic and Strong,

If you are above foolish prejudice against canvassing for a good book, write and get my proposition. The information will cost you nothing.

I have put hundreds of men in the way of making money; some of whom are now rich I can do good things for you, if you are honorable and will work hard

T. S. LINTCOOT, Toronto.

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.

R. Lawrence, 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.

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

The Diamond Coterie

BY LAWRENCE C. LYNCH.

(CONTINUED.)

"Well, that's another of the things that brought me to you. I was overwhelmed with misery, and my head was choas. I was wild to wreak vengeance upon that man, and filled with dread at the thought that Sybil might come back and meet with no welcome. I believe she will come. I know that man would not miss the triumph of bringing her back among us. Now, Con., my father thinks you infallible, and you can do anything with Frank. I want you to see them, and make them take Syl il home, when she comes. Yes, and John Burrill, too, if she will have him."

"Why, Evan!"

"Then, he went on, breathlessly, "the world must have a reason for this marriage; for, not the greatest fool in W— will believe that Sybil freely chose that villain. Do you pave the way for Sybil's return; I will find a reason for the marriage—a bone to throw to the dogs. For, I tell you, Con., the true reason will never be told."

Thinking of Sybil's letter, Constance could but agree with him in this; and that letter, too, had caused her to think that Sybil had expected, or hoped, or feared, a return to W—; which, she could only guess.

"You will furnish a reason, Evan? You are mystifying me."

"Never mind that. I, Evan Lamotte, worthless—black sheep—sot; I will find a reason, I tell you; one that will not be questioned, and that will spare Sybil."

"And what then?"

"Then, aided by you, Sybil can come back to us. Aided by my new strong resolve, I will receive that Burrill—it nearly chokes me to speak his name—just as Sybil shall dictate; and then, aided by the old man's money, we may be able to buy him off and get him out of the country."

"Why, Evan Lamotte," cried Constance, with a burst of hopefulness, "you have actually evolved a practical scheme. I begin to feel less hopeless."

"Oh, I have a brain or two left, when a firm hand like yours, shakes me up, sets me straight, and gets me in running order. Will you help, Con.?"

"Will I help! Sybil Lamotte, if she comes back, will be warmly welcomed by me, and by all W—, if I can bring it about."

He sprang to his feet and seized her hands. "Thank you, Conny," he cried; "my heart is lightened now; I can 'bide my time,' as the novels say. Only do your part, Con."

"Trust me for that. Now come to luncheon, Evan."

He dropped her hands, and turned away abruptly.

"I won't! I can't," he said, almost gruffly. "Go in, Con., and be prepared to welcome Sybil back; and I," he added, moving away, and turning a wicked look over his shoulder, "will be prepared to welcome Burrill; a low, ironical laugh followed these words, and Evan Lamotte leaped the low garden palings, and went back as he had come, by the river way.

"What can that strange boy mean," thought Constance, gazing after him; "he makes me nervous, and yet he was reasonable after his fashion. Poor Evan, he is indeed unfortunate; here he has been breaking his heart over Sybil, and before night he may be singing in some saloon, in a state of mad intoxication. Altogether, they are a very uncomfortable pair to entertain in one half day, Frank and Evan Lamotte."

CHAPTER XI.

Doctor Clifford Heath sat alone in his office at half-past eleven o'clock. His horse, "all saddled and bridled," stood below in the street, awaiting him. On a small stand, near the door, lay his hat, riding whip, gloves. On the desk beside him, lay a small pyramid of letters and papers, and these he was opening, and scanning in a careless, leisurely fashion, with his chair tilted back, his heels on high, his entire person very much at ease.

Over one letter he seemed to ponder, blowing great clouds of smoke from the secret depths of a huge black Dutch pipe the while. Finally, he laid letter and pipe aside, lowered his feet, wheeled about in his chair, drew pen, ink, and paper before him on the desk, and began to write rapidly only a few lines, and the letter was done, and signed, and sealed, with grim satisfaction; then he gathered up his scattered missives, and locked them away carefully.

"I won't go back," he muttered, picking up his pipe once more. I wouldn't go now for a kingdom; I won't be put to rout by a woman, and that is just what it would amount to. I'll see the play played out, and I'll stay in W—."

Again the smoke puffed out from the black pipe; again the heels were elevated, and, drawing some papers toward him, Dr. Heath began to absorb the latest news, looking as little like a jilted lover or a despairing swain, as possible.

Presently the office door opened to admit a tall, fair-haired, blue-eyed young man, of aristocratic bearing and handsome countenance, but looking extremely haggard and heavy eyed.

Doctor Heath turned his head lazily at the sound of the opening door, but seeing who his visitor was, he laid his pipe aside and arose with kindly alacrity.

"Come along, Ray, old fellow," he said cheerily, "why you look as if the witches had made your bed."

"It's about the way I feel, too," said the new comer, dropping wearily into the easy chair pushed toward him. "Heath, you are a good fellow, and I can't blame you for thinking me a cad. Don't stop your smoke."

"Why as to that," replied the doctor, easily, and taking a long pull at his pipe, "we are all cads, more or less, in certain emergencies, and yours was an unusually severe blow. We all have to take them in some shape or other, at one time, or another; these soft hands hit hard, but—it's the penalty we pay for being sons of Adam. Although now that I come to think of it, I can't recall that I ever insisted upon being a son of Adam."

"Why!" said Raymond Vandyck, opening his eyes in languid surprise, "you talk as if you had received one of those hard hits."

"So I have, my boy; so I have," he replied debonairly. "If I were a woman I would get out a fresh handkerchief and tell you all about it. Being a man I—smoke."

Young Vandyck sighed heavily, and picked up a newspaper, running his eye listlessly over the columns. Here was another upon whom the flight of Sybil Lamotte had fallen a heavy blow. He had loved Sybil since they were a boy and girl, and lately for a few short months they had been betrothed, then Sybil had asked to be released; and in such a manner that it left him no room for remonstrance. The engagement had been broken, but the young man had not quite abandoned hope.

Now, however, hope had deserted him. Sybil was lost to him utterly, and hearing the news of her flight he had rushed into Doctor Heath's presence a temporary madman. He could not have found a wiser or more sympathetic friend and adviser, and he fully realized this fact. The doctor's patience, delicacy and discretion had screened him from the prying eyes and prating tongues of the curious ones, who were anxious to probe his wounds, and see how "Vandyck would take it," and had made him his firm friend for always.

Ever since the advent of Doctor Heath, Vandyck had been one of his warmest admirers, and this admiration had now ripened into a sincere and lasting friendship.

"You are a good fellow, Heath," said Vandyck, suddenly throwing down his paper. "I want to tell you that I appreciate such kindness as you did me. I don't suppose you would ever go off your head like that. I shan't again."

"No, I don't think you will," responded the doctor soberly. "As for going off my head, Lord bless you, man, it's in the temperament. I might never lose my head in just that way. We're not made alike, you see. Now I should be struck with a dumb devil, and grow surly and cynical as time went on, and of all contemptible men a cynic is the worst. You will have your burst of passion, and carry a tender spot to your grave, but you can't squeeze all the sunshine out of your soul, any more than out of your Saxon face."

Vandyck laughed dismally.

"It's hard lines, however," he said. "But I'm bound to face the music. Only—I wish I could understand it."

"So do all her friends. Ray, let me give you a little advice."

"Well,"

"After a little, go call on Miss Wardour and talk with her about this affair. I think she knows as much as is known, and I am certain she has not lost her faith in her friend."

"Thank you, Heath; I will."

Just here the office door admitted another visitor in the form of Francis Lamotte.

He, too, looked pale and worn, but he carried his head erect, if not with some defiance. "Do, Heath. Morning, Vandyck," he mumbled, flinging himself upon a settee with scant ceremony. "You will excuse me from asking 'what's the news?' "

"I should ask what's the matter?" retorted Clifford Heath, eyeing him closely.

"Fix me up one of your potions, Heath," replied Francis, drawing a hard breath. "I've had another of those cursed attacks."

Dr. Heath arose and went slowly toward a cabinet, slowly unlocked it and then turned and surveyed his patient.

"Another attack," he said somewhat severely, "the second one in three days, and not a light one, if I can judge. Let me tell you, Lamotte, you must not have a third of these attacks for some time to come."

"I won't," replied Lamotte, with a nervous laugh. "This one has done me up; I feel weak as a kitten, meek as a lamb."

"Humph," this from Doctor Heath, who proceeded to drop into a druggist's glass, sundry globules of dark liquid, which he qualified with other globules from another bottle, and then half filling the glass with some pale brandy, handed it to Lamotte who drained it off eagerly.

"Physician, heal thyself," quoted Raymond Vandyck, watching the patient with some interest. "Why don't you do your own dosing, Lamotte?"

"I'm shaky," replied Lamotte, lifting an unsteady hand. "And then we are advised to have faith in our physician. I should swallow my own mixture with fear and trembling."

"And pour it down your neighbor's throat with entire satisfaction," interpolated Doctor Heath.

"Precisely, just as you pour this stuff down mine. Thanks, Heath," handing back the glass. "Now then, we are all friends here, and you two know what I wish to learn. Heath," shading his eyes with his hand as he reclined on the settee. "I came back, from a two day's tramp about the country in search of Miss Wardour's robbers, or traces of them, this morning. Let that pass. I called at Wardour Place first of all, have just come from there in fact—and Constance tells me—"

He paused as if struggling with some emotion, and Ray Vandyck stirred uneasily, flushed slightly, and partially turned away his face. Only Clifford Heath retained his stoical calm.

"Well!" he said coolly, "Miss Wardour tells you—what?"

"That my sister has run—away."

"Oh! Well, Lamotte, I am glad you know it. It's a hard story to tell a friend."

"So thought Constance, and she would give me no particulars, she told me," letting his hand fall from before his face, "to come to you."

"And why to me?" coldly.

"She said that you knew the particulars—that you brought her news."

"True; I did. Still it's a hard story to tell, Lamotte."

"And no one will tell it more kindly, I know. Say on, Heath; don't spare me, or mind Vandyck's presence—I don't. I know that I must hear this thing, and I know that Ray is my friend. Go on, Heath; get it over soon."

Raymond Vandyck arose and walked to the window, standing with his back toward them while Doctor Heath, in a plain, straightforward, kindly manner, told the story of Sybil's flight, just as he had told it to Constance Wardour.

For a long time after the story was done, Lamotte lay with his face buried in his arms, silent and motionless, while young Vandyck stood like a graven image at his post by the window.

Finally, Lamotte brought himself to a sitting posture, and, with the look and tone of a man utterly crushed, said:—

"Thank you, Heath. You have done me a kindness. This is the most terrible, most unheard of thing. My poor sister must be mad. She has not been herself, now that I remember, for some weeks. Something has been preying upon her spirits. There has been—by heavens! Ray, Ray Vandyck, can you guess at the cause of this madness?"

Raymond Vandyck wheeled suddenly, and came close to his interlocutor, the hot, angry blood surging to his face.

"There was plenty of 'method in this madness,' " he sneered. "As to the cause, it may not be so hard to discover as you seem to imagine." And, before they could recover from their astonishment, he was out and away, banging the door fiercely as he went.

For a moment the lurid light gleamed in Frank Lamotte's eye, and it seemed that another "attack" was about to seize him, but he calmed himself with a mighty effort, and turning toward Doctor Heath, said, plaintively:—

"Has all the world run mad, Heath? What the devil does that fellow mean?"

"I know no more than you, Lamotte," said the doctor, upon whose face sat a look of genuine suprise. "I don't think he quite knows himself. He has been sadly worked up by this affair."

"Humph! I suppose so. Well, for Sybil's sake, I forgive him, this once; but—I hope he will outgrow these hallucinations."

"Doubtless he will," replied the doctor, somewhat drily. "I say, Lamotte, you had better run down to my house, and turn in for a couple of hours; you look done up—and you can't stand much more of this sort of thing. I must go now, to see old Mrs. Grady, over at the mills."

"Then I will just stretch myself here, Heath," replied Lamotte. "I don't feel equal to a start out just now; and, look here, old fellow," turning a shade paler, as he spoke, "deal gently with a fallen rival after this—disgrace. Of course, I quit the field; but—don't ride over me too hard."

The doctor drew on his riding gloves with grave precision, put his hat on his head, and took up his riding whip; then he turned toward Lamotte.

"I suppose you refer to Miss Wardour?" he said blandly.

"Of course."

"Then rest easy. I do not pretend to that quarter. Miss Wardour is yours for all me; and—you are not such a fool as to think that she will let your sister's affair alter her feelings for you—if she cares for you?"

Lamotte sprang up, staring with surprise.

"Why, but—Heath, you owned yourself my rival!"

"True."

"And—upon my word, I believe you were ahead of the field."

"True again; but—I have withdrawn." And Doctor Heath went out, closed the door deliberately, and ran lightly down the stairs. He found Ray Vandyck loitering on the pavement.

"I knew you would be down presently," said Vandyck, anxiously; "I want to say, Heath, don't notice what I said to that cad. He maddened me; above all, don't think that one word I uttered was intended to reflect upon her."

"He has withdrawn," muttered Francis Lamotte, settling himself back as comfortably as posible, and clasping his hands behind his head.

"And he means what he says; something has happened in my absence; I can't understand it, but it's so much the better for me."

CHAPTER XII.

Saturday, Sunday, Monday, three days; three nights. The events chronicled in the foregoing chapters, crowded themselves into the space of three days.

But these were exceptional days; life does not move on thus, especially in the usually staid and well regulated town of W—. Men and women are not qualified to run a long, high pressure race. Action, and then—reaction. Reaction from every emotion, every sorrow, every joy. God help us.

We weep for days, but not for years. We suffer, but here and there comes a respite from our pain. We live in a delirium of joy for a brief space, and vegetate in dullness, in apathy, in hardness of heart, in indifference, or in despair, according to our various natures, for the rest of our natural lives. So let it be, it is the lot common to all.

"No man can hide from it, but it will find him out,
Nor run from it, but it overtaketh him."

After the robbery, after the flight, after the coming and departure of the two detectives, dullness settled down upon our friends in W—.

It is needless to chronicle the effect of the news of their daughter's flight, upon Mr. and Mrs. Lamotte.

That is a thing we can all understand; we can picture it for ourselves.

Mrs. Lamotte shut herself up in her chamber, and refused to be comforted by family or friends. Mr. Lamotte, bitterly grieved, terribly shocked, did all that a father could do, which was in effect, nothing.

One day, the mail brought them a copy of the marriage certificate of Sybil Lamotte and John Burrill; but that was all. Where the fugitives had gone, could not be discovered.

Francis Lamotte went about as usual; with a little more of haughtiness, a little more reserve, and just a tinge of melancholy in his manner. He took Constance at her word, and came and went very much as of old, but was so watchful over himself, so subdued, and as she thought, improved in manner, that she declared confidentially to her aunt that he had become "really quite a comfortable person to have in one's parlor." She ceased snubbing him altogether, and received him with the frank graciousness that used to charm Doctor Heath; assuring herself, often, that "trouble was improving poor Frank."

Evan Lamotte was Evan Lamotte still. Now drunk, now sober; a little more furious and ready to quarrel than usual, when in his cups; a little more taciturn and inclined to solitude in his sober moments.

Doctor Heath went about among his patients, wearing his usual cheery smile, speaking the usual comforting word, smoking, philosophizing, rallying his friends, satirizing his enemies, genial, independent, inscrutable as ever. He never called at Wardour Place, of course. He never sought an opportunity for meeting or seeing Constance, and he never avoided her; altogether, his conduct, from a romantic standpoint, was very reprehensible.

And Constance; perhaps of them all, these three days had effected the greatest change in her, as any chain of startling or strange events must, in a measure, change the current of thought and feeling in a life that has hitherto, floated under a roseate cloud, on a sea without a ripple. She had been rocked by storm waves; had seen a bark shipwrecked close beside her; had even encountered mutiny in her own craft; when the lull came, and she drifted quietly, she found herself forever face to face with the facts that sorrow and trouble were abroad in the land that crime existed outside of the newpapers; that heartache and self dissatisfaction were possibilities, and that even a queen absolute might come under the shadow of each and all. Not that Constance had never been aware of all these things, but we never can realize what we have never experienced.

We look sadly sympathetic, and murmur "poor things," when we see some mourner weeping over a dead loved one, but we never comprehend the sorrow until we bury our own dead.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Trolley Car Harems.

One of the questions that agitated Cairo last winter was, "How can the street railway company be compelled to curtain more effectually the trolley car harems?" A large part of the city, and by no means the European section exclusively, is served by a rapid transit system. The cars do not differ materially from the open cars employed on Canadian lines, but the rear seat is reserved for women instead of smokers, and its use is indicated by curtains that might be drawn, but in practice are not drawn, at the sides. There is no curtain in front to divide the harem from the other seats, and on an important route, like that, for example, from the Ezbekiyeh through the Boulevard Mehemet Ali to Old Cairo, the ceaseless chatter of its black cloaked, black veiled occupants, regardless of the silk robed men in front and the bed night capped hangers on at the sides, gives a hysteric suggestion of a picnic attended by masked mourners.

Many of the solid Moslems of Cairo are disquieted by the publicity of the street car harems, and their feelings are understood and to some extent shared by a few of the Anglo-Egpytians of the second and third generations. The short line of the Constantinople underground railway is more mindful of Moslem customs. The harem divisions of its cars are fully curtained. But these divisions are too small to hold the women who flock from the Galata-Pera sections during shopping hours to the bazaars of Stamboul, and there is usually an overflow in the main part of the car. No seats are provided, and the privacy of the Turkish woman homeward bound at sunset after a war of wits with the stately diplomats of the oriental bargain counters, is comparable to that of the standing throng in a rush trip on a Brooklyn bridge car.—Cosopmolitan Magazine.

Private Access.

What a blessing no man can hinder our private access to God. Every man can build a chapel in his breast, himself the priest, his heart the sacrifice and the earth he treads on the altar.—Jeremy Taylor.

Highly Developed Sense of Smell.

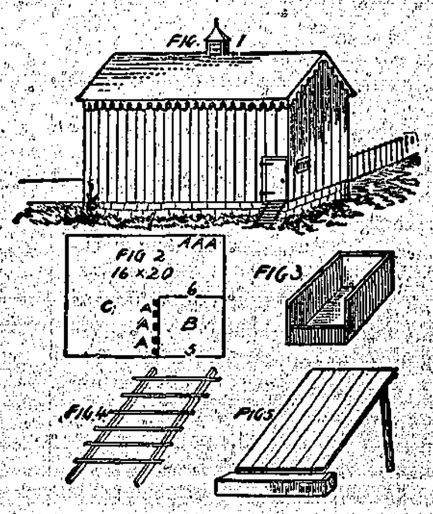
Why should it be considered strange that an animal depending on its nose as much as the dog does should be able to distinguish one scent from another when mankind can do the same to fully as delicate a degree? A friend of mine told me he could lean over a kettle of boiling glue stock (horrible smelling stuff) and distinguish any perfume from any other on a handkerchief. Julia Brace (deaf-blind) could assort the clothing of her fellow pupils after coming from the wash by smelling it. Linnie Haguewood (another deaf-blind girl) knows every dish on the table on coming into the room. James Mitchell (a deaf-blind man who died about 1830) recognized his friends by their smell, and even formed his likes or dislikes of strangers by that means. The Rev. M. B. Wynne wrote me that his young brother-in-law could always tell whether a rabbit was in its burrow by smelling at the opening.

The deaf-blind always display this extreme delicacy of scenting powers (except, of course, in such cases as Laura Bridgeman, Ragnhild Kaata, Willie Caton, etc., where the senses of taste and smell were destroyed by the disease which ruined their sight and hearing), and it would seem that they only appreciate distinctions which those in possession of all their senses neglect. I know that doctors will say that the organ of smell is but vestigial in man, while fully developed in dogs, but no trained man tracking hound ever displayed more delicate "nose" that Julia Brace did, and a stubborn fact like that counts strong, regardless of what anatomy says.—Forest and Stream.

CHEAP, BUT COMMODIOUS.

A Hennery That Will House a Large Number of Fowls.

Those who wish a plan for a cheap and commodious hennery that will if necessary accommodate a large number of fowls will be interested in one just completed by a practical poultryman. The drawing of the building shows the north and west sides. The building is 16 by 20 feet, 16 feet high to roof peak. Fig. 2 represents the inside of the building as follows: C, roosting and general room; B, eggroom, feedroom, etc.; A A A are nests. In the recess there are three rows of nests, one above the other; 5, door opening from outside building; 6, door opening from feedroom to recess, nest boxes and roosting room. Fig. 3, nest boxes, 13 by 20 inches. These boxes are all movable for arranging to suit circumstances. By raising a board,



A CONVENIENT HENNERY.

hinged, one can readily examine the nests from the feed or egg room. Should a hen wish to sit, take out one of the nest boxes, turn it end for end, thereby placing the end that is closed up in the roosting room, which prevents the other hens from bothering or annoying her. It is so arranged that the sitting hen can go out in a little yard, scratch and dust without any inconvenience or annoyance from the others. The egg or feed room has shelves in it and a loft (which is reached by a ladder made fast up the side) where the feed is kept. Fig. 4 represents the roosts, two feet apart, of sassafras. Fig. 5 represents a flooring of boards, with the same slant as the roosts, but placed two feet away from the roost. The droppings, falling on these boards, roll down into a trough at the lower end, as shown. In the east side of the house is one large sliding window and in the south side two, with wire fenders or screens over all three. A building of this size and kind can accommodate 200 chickens with ample room.

Watch the Poultry.

When fowls are judiciously fed, made to take exercise and their quarters kept clean and free from lice, there is comparatively no trouble with sickness, except in cases of contagion.

When the combs and wattles of the fowls are of a bright red color, it indicates a condition of health.

When you can enter the henhouse after dark and hear no wheezing, it proves there are not any roupy fowls in the flock.

When the edge of the comb and wattles is of a purplish red and the movements sluggish, there is something wrong.

When fowls lie around, indifferent to their surroundings, they are too fat, and death from apoplexy, indigestion or liver complaint will result unless the trouble is corrected.

When the fowls are restless and constantly picking their feathers, they are infested with vermin.

When young poultry, especially ducklings, appear to have a sore throat and swallowing is difficult, it is the symptom of the large gray lice on the neck.

As soon as a fowl gets ill isolate it and commence doctoring it at once. The trouble with far too many is that they wait until the disease is in its advanced stages before giving medicine. A very sick fowl is difficult to cure, and when cured it is seldom of value afterward.—Cable in Massachusetts Plowman.

Preserved Eggs.

A chemist has announced that he has discovered a method of treating eggs so that they will not spoil, and he asserts that in the future drinks in which eggs are used will be mixed with eggs chemically insured. Eggs have been manufactured by artificial means so cleverly that it was difficult to tell them from the real article, but the discoverer of this remarkable method of preserving eggs alleges that he is the first man in the field to succeed. Nearly all of the small soda water stands that may be found through the thickly populated New York districts serve egg phosphate during the summer months, and it occasionally happens that an egg of the 1896 model gets mixed with a 1897 phosphate, with results that are disastrous to the soda water proprietor. The inventor of the new method believes that his eggs will do more than the police to keep the peace during the summer months in these soda water districts. Thus far he has made no explanation of his new invention, but he alleges that it has been thoroughly tested and found satisfactory.

LEPERS TO BE FREE.

NEW YORK PHYSICIANS SAY LEPROSY IS NOT CONTAGIOUS.

Four Patients Escape, but No Search Will be Made for Them—The International Leprosy Conference Recently Decided That Leprosy is Contagious.

In the future lepers will be allowed to walk the streets of New York with just as much freedom and with the same immunity from arrest as is enjoyed by that part of mankind free from the dread disease.

This statement is official. It comes direct from President Wilson of the board of health.

"Under no circumstances," he said recently, "will the board of health of New York city ever again recognize leprosy as a disease that should be isolated. The best experts in the city of New York have declared that it is not a contagious disease and that with the conditions existing in New York it is entirely unnecessary to isolate those suffering with it."

This statement was brought out when President Wilson was asked about the recent escape of the four lepers from North Brother island.

For more than a year these sufferers from the scourge have been isolated on North Brother island. Time and again each of them has expressed a desire for freedom, but on account of the precedent established by Dr. Joseph D. Bryant and Dr. Edison of isolating lepers they were kept in strict seclusion. Dr. George B. Fowler, the medical adviser of the board of health, has protested continually against the isolation of these men, claiming that leprosy is not a contagious disease.

In his contention he was upheld by such specialists in skin diseases as Dr. George Henry Fox, Dr. H. J. Piffard, Dr. E. R. Bronson and Dr. A. R. Smith. These physicians, with Dr. George B. Fowler as chairman, constituted a committee appointed last December by the Medical Society of the County of New York to investigate leprosy. After an exhaustive study of the disease they reported to the society that leprosy is probably an infectious disease. A disease though infectious is not necessarily contagious.

This contention of the New York specialists in skin diseases is in direct contradiction to the conclusion arrived at by the international leprosy conference which closed its session in Berlin a few days ago. The conference which was attended by the most eminent and learned leprosy specialists in the world, decided:

"The leprosy bacillus is the true cause of the disease. Leprosy is contagious but not hereditary."

After the report of the special committee appointed by the Medical Society of the County of New York had been made Dr. Fowler began to agitate the doing away with the house of isolation on North Brother island for lepers. A half dozen victims of the disease were inmates of the house at that time, and two of them recently escaped. The remaining four continued to be isolated until a few nights ago. Then, the watch on them having been relaxed, they lowered a boat from its davits and the four of them rowed to New York where they have been ever since, associating with those with whom they come in contact without let or hindrance.

This freedom they will continue to enjoy. "We are not only not making any attempts to capture them," said President Wilson, "but we will not take them back even though they should return on their own accord. We are through with lepers, because the board of health has every confidence in the statement of the eminent committee that examined the subject thoroughly and declared that with the surroundings that exist in this city leprosy is not a contagious disease. Of course every effort will be made to keep lepers from other countries from coming to America, but under no circumstances will the board of health ever again isolate a person because he may be afflicted with leprosy."

This position of President Wilson is upheld by Dr. Fowler, who is the medical adviser of the board.

"It is an outrage," said Dr. Fowler, "both on the lepers and on the public to isolate the former. Backed up by the opinion of some of the most learned men of the world, I have decided, in spite of public opinion, to do away with the isolation of lepers. My course will be unpopular, I know, but I will fight the thing out on the lines I have indicated so long as I remain connected with the board of health.

"It is not the province of the board of health to take care of lepers. That is a duty devolving on the Federal Government. The latter should establish a hospital for the treatment of leprosy, but with the conditions that exist in New York or any other American city it is worse than foolish to pursue the policy of isolation."—New York Journal.

Believe Also in Me.

There is no journey of life but has its cloudy days; and there are some days in which our eyes are so blinded with tears that we find it hard to see our way, or even read God's promises. Those days that have a bright sunrise followed by sudden thunder-claps and bursts of unlooked-for sorrows are the ones that test certain of our graces the most severely. Yet the law of spiritual eyesight very closely resembles the law of physical optics. When we come suddenly out of the sunlight into a room even moderately darkened, we can discern nothing; but the pupil of our eye gradually enlarges until unseen objects become visible. Even so the pupil of the eye of faith has the blessed faculty of enlarging in dark hours of bereavement, so that we discover that our loving Father's hand is holding the cup of trial, and by and by the cup becomes luminous with glory. The fourteenth chapter of John never falls with such music on our ears as when we catch its sweet strains amidst the pauses of a storm: "Let not our hearts be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me. I will not leave you comfortless."—T. L. Cuyler.

Why She Didn't Laugh.

Little Ethel, who had been sent an errand, returned rather hurriedly, and called out to her mother:—

"Oh, mamma, what do you think? A little girl was crying in the street just now, because she had lost some money her mother had given her. Some people laughed, but not me."

"And why did not you laugh, dear?" asked the mother.

"Because, mamma," said the child, with trembling lip—"because the little girl was me."

SAVED BY A SONG.

How a Georgia Negro Minstrel Earned His Passage Home From London.

"As an illustration of the sentiment awakened by the old songs that belong to the southland," said a Virginian to a Cincinnati Enquirer reporter, "I want to relate the story of an incident that came under my observation while I was in London eight or nine years ago.

"I was a stranger and the prospect was not a pleasant one, but I happened to see the name of a man from my own State on the hotel register, and, although I did not know him, determined to send my card to his room. Then a happy thought struck me, and I hunted up all the Southerners who were stopping in the house, and running a sprig of mint through a number of cards, sent the hall boy to deliver them. A half-hour later, eight men, two from Virginia, four from Kentucky, one from Georgia and two from Louisana lined up before the bar, and—well, the friendship thus formed lasted through the week, and a few evenings before my steamer was to sail the party was augmented by five more from the new world, who were gathered around a table in a comfortable cafe partaking of a farewell supper.

"In the midst of the noise and laughter no one noticed an aged negro who entered and stole quietly to one corner of the room. Placing his hat on the floor he swung his guitar into position and attracted our attention by striking a few preliminary chords, then in a sweet, melodious baritone he began to sing 'Ella Rea.' Glasses were placed quietly on the table, the noise and laughter ceased, and we all were thinking alike—of home.

"I know I was, for there was a lump in my throat as big as a yam.

"The musician followed with 'Belinda May':—

" 'Lovely Belinda, Belinda, Belinda,
My sweet Belinda May;
I could work in the fields
And be happy all day
If you would only smile on me,
My sweet Belinda May.'

"And then the guitar spoke softly for a moment, and I fancied the old fellow's voice quivered with emotion as the sweet strains of 'Old Kentucky Home' flooded the room with a mist of tender memories.

"The hat was filled in a moment, paper money, silver and gold pieces were fairly showered into it, the recipient looking on in amazement. At last he broke out with:—

" 'Bress Gawd, gen'l'men. You all must come from home. Yes seh, gen'l'men, I knows you do, cause day don' do no sech things as dis yeah in dis country.'

" 'Where do you come from, uncle?' asked some one, 'and how do you happen to be way out here?'

" 'Lemme tell you, gen'l'men. I come from Geo'gia, an' I was born in Atlanta. You see I kin sing tol'ably well, an' one day a Yankee gen'l'man come down our way an' he says as how he want to get some cull'd folks to trabble in Europe, in a sort o' minstrel company. Wull, sehs, he done tell we all how much money we gwine get, so me an' some of de young folks go long wid him. He takes us to England fust, but de business ain' no good nohow, so he try Paris, an' at las' we go to Germany. Things kepter gittin' wuss, an' so one mo'nin' we wake up an' fin' we all ain' got no manager an' no money nuther.

" 'Mos' ob de young bucks dee gits a chance to do waitin' an' sech, but de ol' man jus' been workin' his way roun' de kentry singin' songs dat nobody seems to wanter hear nohow.

" 'Soon as I see you gen'l'men tu'n roun' an' lis'en dis evenin' I know rigth erway you all must come from home, an' I wanter thank you gen'l'men, 'deed 'n does. Grecious! I ain' seeh so much money in my life befo. Gen'lmen, do you low thers nuff money here to git the ol' man back home?'

"Well, there's not much more to tell, only the following Saturday saw the old fellow on one of the big steamers with his passage paid to America and enough money to carry him back to his old home in Georgia."

Progress in Victoria's Reign.

"When Victoria was called to the throne the United Kingdom contained 26,000,000 people," writes William George Jordon of "What Victoria Has Seen," reviewing, in the Ladies' Home Journal, the world's progress during the sixty years of of the English sovereign's rule. "To-day it has over 39,000,000. The 'wise men' of the time said the nation would go to pieces. They claimed it could never govern its home and colonial possessions. Under Victoria the new territory acquired alone is one-sixth larger than all Europe. To-day Victoria rules over 402,514,000 people, or twenty-seven per cent. of the population of the globe. Her Empire extends over 11,399,316 square miles, covering twenty-one per cent of the land of the world. The United States, at the time of Victoria's coronation, had only 17,000,000 people; to-day it has 70,000,000. Arkansas, Missouri and Louisiana were then Western frontier States. All our territory west of the Mississippi contained less people than Philadelphia has to-day. Our present trans-Mississippi population exceeds in number that of the whole country in 1837. Our territorial area has increased seventy-five per cent.; our National wealth has increased about seventeen hundred per cent."

ROCKS AND LEGHORNS.

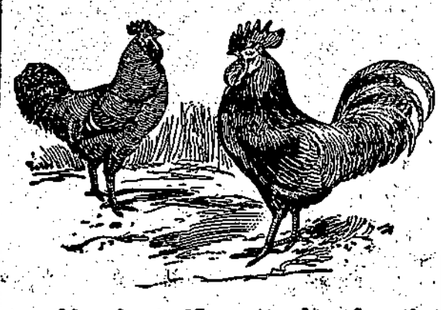
Why They Are Among the Best of All Breeds of Poultry.

Mr. E. O. Roessle, the well known poultry breeder, says in an exchange that the breed par excellence known from one end of the country to the other is the Barred Plymouth Rock. There is not a farmer, amateur or fancier who does not at once recognize the sterling qualities of this most popular of all breeds. It is almost useless to enumerate their qualities, they are so well known. Yet they live up to these qualities and maintain year after year the excellence which is the foundation of their popularity. For egg producers, when eggs are highest in price, they are reliable. For good, large bodied specimens, when meat is demanded, they seldom fail, and for hardiness and general health they have no superiors. They are not beautiful, except in the eyes of their admirers, yet there is a certain steady, businesslike air about these plain specimens which appeals to all classes and stamps them the great money makers of poultrydom.

Farmer Timothy: "Them sofies, young man, may be all the style, but it would take a circus actor to lie down in one of 'em."

It is safe to say that the demand for Plymouth Rocks is far in excess of that for any other breed. This does not reflect unfavorably on the other breeds. It simply shows that they are the public's favorites.

The very best quality any breed can have is hardiness. A vigorous constitution in fowls is the first thing to consider. With it we may expect a good growth, an early maturity, a good egg yield and a fine carcass; without it we cannot depend upon any of these results with certainty. Health and prime condition go hand in hand, and both mean the best results obtainable in poultry. The healthy hen is the egg type and the showroom specimen. Condition should be the first consideration. Where can be found a healthier, stronger and more reliable breed than the Barred Plymouth Rocks? Climatic conditions do not affect them. They are bred in all sections of our country. They are alike indifferent



to cold or heat. No matter how low the temperature, this popular American breed attends strictly to business, and if they are comfortably housed at night and kept busy during the day we may look for a full nest box at gathering time. Still, they lay a brown egg, and if the demand should be for white eggs, or both white and brown, we must look for another breed to run side by side with them, in order that the demand for both may be supplied.

Among the business breeds which lay white eggs our choice is limited—we have the Leghorns, Minorcas and Andalusians. The Minorcas lay a large, fine egg, and, if properly handled, plenty of them—but are they business egg machines? The Andalusians also are prolific layers, but if we breed them to perfection is the demand sufficient to justify their being kept for profit? We are forced to fall back on the Leghorns. Here we have truly egg-machines. Can they be beaten in this quality? The choice of the entire family is probably the White, Brown or Buff. It matters little which we select—it is a fancy; admirers of each claim superiority. Are they popular? Yes—almost as much so as the Plymouth Rocks. They are well distributed throughout the country. The public has adopted them, and the demand for them has been, is and always will be strong. Any person who cannot make money out of eggs and keeps White, Brown or Buff Leghorns does not deserve to be called an egg farmer. They are active, healthy, beautiful and profitable. Does any other breed combine more good qualities?

Their enemies, and they have some, call them spring and summer layers. They will lay as strong in the dead of winter as any other breed if properly housed. Being a closely feathered variety, they need warm quarters. Keep them shut up all winter in a house where the water never freezes in the pans, feed them liberally and keep them busy and they will lay continuously, and when spring comes and the warmer air permits them to run out they will, like all other breeds, increase their egg yield, but in greater proportion. They are the fit mates for the Plymouth Rocks for egg production. Being a nonsitting variety, they continue the laying when the Plymouth Rocks become broody.

The great objection to the Leghorn is said to be its small carcass for market purposes. This is hardly an objection except to those who demand size and weight alone. As the chicks grow very rapidly and are very active, they can be made to dress as fine a broiler for sweet, fine grained meat as any breed known and at the earliest broiler season. As roasters there is nothing better than a well fatted, three pound Leghorn cockerel.

To conclude, therefore, we may consider that the great business team of all the breeds is the Plymouth Rock and the Leghorn.

Sell Eggs at Home.

Farmers should never ship eggs until they have first endeavored to get better prices for them nearer home. If they would retail their eggs and seek customers, a large sum would be added to the receipts from poultry. Fresh eggs are always salable, for every family must at times have them. It frequently happens, when eggs are scarce, that one farmer must buy them from another, and in every village and town will be found those who prefer to buy from the farmer than from the dealers.

Mere Trespass.

The second floor front was furious.

"A woman who will serve hash with hair in it," he insisted, "ought to be hanged!"

"Isn't that rather a severe penalty for mere tress-passing?" faltered the hall bedroom, who could be as mean as if he were the parlor down stairs.—Detroit Journal.

Wicker Furniture.

There is an impression that wicker furniture is for summer or cottage use only. This is a mistake. Wicker furniture when suitably upholstered is an excellent all round furniture, and especially adapted to small rooms where massive pieces are out of place. Here is what a writer in The Woman's Companion says about it, and her remarks are supplemented with an illustration of some bits of English wicker:

There are wicker settles, as there are wicker chairs, galore, strong, graceful,

WICKER SETTLE, STAND AND CHAIR.

comfortable and adapted to meet the wants of the woman with a slender purse and artistic longings. Mattress cushions of liberty cretonnes transform these seats into positive luxury.

Then He Began.

He—What would you say if I were to kiss you?

She—Well, if you knew your business, I wouldn't get a chance to say anything.—Cleveland Leader.

BY SEA TO SIBERIA.

A Successful Expedition of Twelve Steamers to the Yenisei and Obi.

The attempt to reach the Siberian markets by sea from England proved very successful and profitable this year, though Captain Wiggins, the pioneer of the route, took no part in the expedition. Last summer after delivering his cargo safely at the Yenisei Captain Wiggins lost his steamer, the North Star, by stranding in the fog on the Yugor strait, but brought his ship's company home without harm after a long journey through the Samoyed country.

The expedition this year was on a more ambitious scale than any sent out previously. A fleet of 12 steamers left England at the end of July. The vessels made their way separately across the White sea to Chabarowa, on the Yugor strait, to which a coaling ship had been sent in advance, and then proceeded together in the ice formation between Waigatsch island and the mainland with the Bleucathra, the strongest vessel, as an ice breaker in the lead. The precautions taken were useless, however, as the season happened to be unusually open. The Kara sea and the straits were free from ice, and the expedition saw none either going or returning. Nevertheless the lead had to be used constantly, as the charts proved worthless.

After rounding White island in safety the fleet separated, four steamers working their way south up the long and shallow gulf of Obi, while the others followed Captain Wiggins' usual route to the Yenisei river, where their cargoes, consisting in part of supplies and material for the Transsiberian railroad, were discharged, and three of the vessels, intended for service on Siberian rivers and on Lake Baikal, were left. Little or no return cargo, save specimens of timber, was taken. The Obi squadron went as far as Nabodka bay, which is near the mouth of the Obi river, where a flotilla of tugs and large barges met it, and a fortnight was spent in exchanging freight. The Obi barges were 200 feet long and carried each 1,000 tons of grain. Wheat, oats, flour of a high grade, horse hair and hemp were loaded on the British ships.

The cargo taken out by this fleet is interesting. It consisted in main part of tea pressed into bricks, which was all disposed of at high prices. Until the railroad is completed it has been proven that it is cheaper to ship tea from China around the world to London and to transport it thence by sea to within a comparitively short distance of its starting point than to use the primitive methods of caravan transportation, on which Siberia still depends for its trade with China. The Transsiberian railroad will change all this. It is of interest, too, that some of the steamers towed freight barges with them from Vardoe. The fleet assembled for the return at White island. It was out of the Yugor strait by the middle of September, and though it had very rough weather all the way back to England it encountered no peculiarly arctic adventures.—New York Sun.

CATCHING A BURGLAR.

The Young Electrician's Clever Plan and How It Worked.

The brilliant young amateur electrician had a great scheme.

It so happened that there had been a large number of burglaries in the neighborhood, and the young electrician thought it would be a great thing for him if he could catch the perpetrators.

The father of the young electrician had great confidence in his boy, and in consequence he entered heartily into the plan.

"Late tonight when you come in," explained the young electrician, "you must leave your key in the door. That will be the bait."

The old gentleman nodded.

"I will have a wire strung so that the key may be charged with electricity," went on the young electrician. "That will be the hook."

The old gentleman rubbed his hands and nodded again.

"Between the bait and the hook we will land some of these prowlers tonight," asserted the young electrician.

"Well, I rather guess," returned the old gentleman enthusiastically.

That night the old gentleman went to his club.

The young electrician strung his wire and waited.

The policeman on the beat stopped at the basement entrance just to "get a bite" and see that no one had run away with the cook.

The young electrician became tired waiting and began experimenting with his wire and the battery.

The old gentleman came home from the club in a cab a little before midnight.

The cabman had "been there before," and he solicitously inquired if he should find the keyhole for the old gentleman.

The old gentleman thought it would be a good plan.

As the cabman turned a back somersault over the railing of the front porch he kicked the old gentleman in the stomach and knocked him down the steps.

He also gave a yell that could be heard eight blocks and landed on the neck of the policeman, who was just backing away from the basement door with a piece of pie in his mouth.

It spoiled the pie.—Chicago Post.

A Brutal Sport.

"How tradition repeats itself!"

"Does it?"

"Yes. The original Cain rush resulted in the death of Abel."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Tube Straightening Machine.

As is generally known, when cold drawn steel tubing emerges from the die it curves more or less and must be straightened before it can be used. This process of straightening has usually been done by hand, but a machine which is made at Hagerstown, Ind., not only straightens tubing, but at the same time polishes it and removes dents, kinks and all other imperfections. It will operate equally well on gas pipe or shaftings.—Iron Age.

HAVE YOU SEEN.

THE 1898

REGAL Perfection RANGE

Unapproachable in Design, Finish and Selling Points.
Has a Patented Draw-out Grate Feature
Second to None as a Baker and Cooker.
Entirely New Flue Construction.
Will work where others Fail.
Most Economical on Fuel.
Very Easy to Manage.
Get one of these Ranges and see how much it is ahead of all others.
Every Cooking Stove fully Guaranteed.
All Casting kept on hand.
Write for Catalogue.

J. H. Good,

AUCTIONEER.

SOLE AGENT NANAIMO, B.C.

PERSONAL.

P. Scharschimidt has been putting in the winter at Fort Yukon.

Mr. Geo. Creech left Victoria for the Yukon about two weeks ago.

Mr. Louis Davidson has been confined to the house for several days with cold.

Mr. F. J. Dalby expects to leave on Friday, his objective point is Skagway.

Mr. Sam Vass was injured yesterday in the mine, but not seriously it is hoped.

Mr. John Piercy will sell off his stock, etc., and leave for the Yukon in a month or so.

Mr. A.J. Lindsay and, family formerly of the Lindsay House, are residing in Victoria.

Mrs. L. P, Eckstien will leave on Friday for the east. Mrs. Eckstien's health necessitates a change of climate.

Mr. Robert Graham left three weeks ago with horses to sell at Victoria. From there he left for the Yukon.

We are glad to learn that Rev. Mr. Dodds who has been confined to the house with a short illness is out again.

Mrs. C. G. Garrison, formerly of this place, died in Los Angeles on Feb. 16th. The family are moving to Vancouver.

Mr. Bert Moore is rapidly learning photography of Mr. M. F. Kelly, and is ready to take your picture natural as life.

Mr. W. R. Robb of Comox had a very sudden attack of illness last week; from which we are pleased to learn he is rapidly recovering.

We regret to hear that Mrs. Hauck—wife of our popular merchant and fellow citizen, Mr. Gus Hauck—has been quite ill while visiting in Victoria.

Mrs. Chas. Watson and children will leave on Friday's boat to join Mr. Chas. Watson in Victoria where he has a position with Mr. Simon Lieser. Mr. Watson and family have resided here for four years and will be missed by their friends. Master George Watson, the carrier boy of the News, is probably the best known lad in the city, and has proved in every way capable and trustworthy since entering our service. George has also acted as janitor for Trinity Church in a satisfactory manner. We wish the best of luck to all the family in their new home.

LOCALS.

Marrochi Bros' whole wheat bread can't be beat. Give it a trial.

Invitations are out for the marriage of Mr. Tom Hudson and Miss Nellie Piket.

A new shaft will be sunk not far from the saw-mill near the railroad track.

H.M.S. Pheaton sailed from Comox harbor last Friday. Two boats are expected in during this week.

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.

A number of families are expected to arrive here from Nova Scotia—perhaps 50 or a 100. The men will find employment in the mines.

About 50 people were down to the station to see the "boys" off for Klondike last Friday morning. As the train steamed out a ringing cheer was given the departing adventurers.

A sailor died on board the H. M. S. Pheaton and was buried in the English Church yard last week on Tuesday; just two years from the time the sailor who died on the H.M.S. Sattelite, was buried there.

The concert last evening in aid of Trinity Church drew an audience which overflowed the seating capacity of Comberland Hall Miss Chambers assisted by Miss Flo Watson an entiled to much credit for its success.

A letter received from Mr. Edward Davis, from England says he arrived home safe, but is no better, the doctor there declares there is no hopes of his being better. Mr. and Mrs Davis desire to be remembered to their many friends here to whom they feel grateful for the help extended to them.

A party headed by John Fraser which left here three weeks ago expecting to take the Islander at Nanaimo for the north; but that boat got all the passengers it could carry at Victoria and gave Nanaimo the go-by. The Union boys shipped the 23d on steamship Pakshan which called at Nanaimo from Vancouver.

We will have located in our midst in a short time Mr. Alex. Pirie, who will carry on a general photographing business introducing new scenic effects with all the latest novelties in the photographic art study. Copying and enlarging promptly attended to. and first class work guaranteed. Babies Pets and Parlor Interiors a specialty.

The effects of the assigned estate of A. C. Fulton, consisting of a cooking stove, heating stove, mattresses, scales, steelyards, meat hooks, cleavers, saws, feed boiler, sausage machine, also butter worker, 2 rifles, saws, shovels, picks, etc., will be sold at auction at Courtenay at 2 p m., March 5th. A. H. McCallum auctioneer.

BIRTH

CALLANDER.—At Union Feb. 16 to the wife of Mr. James Callender, a son.

AUCTION.

I will sell on my premises at auction on Tuesday March 8th, at 1 p.m., my stock consisting of horses, harness, wagons, sleds, cows, farm tools, machinery etc.,

All sales under $25.00 cash; over $25.00 on approved notes at 8 per cent interest, for six months.

JOHN PIERCY.

FOR LEASE.—The fine stock ranch of John Piercy on the beach about two 2 miles below Courtenay. Enquire at NEWS OFFICE or on primises.

A H. MCCALLUM, licensed auctioneer, will attend to all sales in the district on reasonable terms.

UNION SHIPPING.

Feb; 1—Wellington left with 2650 tons coal for Frisco.
" "—Tug Tepic, 208 tons coke 213 tons coal for C P. R.
" 22—Capliano, 70 tons fuel
" 23—Mamie 23 " "
" 24.—Oscar, 140 tons coal for C. P.R.
" San Mateo, 4300 tons fo; S. P.
" Pakshan, 66 tons fuel.
26 Rapid Transit, 257 tons coal for U. S. str. Oregon, at Seattle
" Tepic, 213 tons coal & 193 of coke
" Minnesota, 3250 tons for S. P.
" Mischief, 4 tons fuel.
28 Lois, 200 tons for Sugar Refin'ry
Bark Carondelet loading coke for Mexico.

Passenger List.

Per City of Nanaimo, Feb. 55:

Carto, E Keyser, G. Williams, M. Merritt, Hashim, J. T Collins, H. Hadwin, T. Aranck, Bennie, M. Poff, Raby, Mr. and Mrs. O-tacy, Mrs. Pollock, James Pollock, Alex. Pollcak, Miss McCann, Mrs. Wilkinson, J. McGill, Mr. S. Rinner, Mrs. Spence R. Swan, J. Coburn Graham, Chalmers, G. Hauck, F. D. Little, Mr, Graham, M Boyle Miss Graham, Mr, and Mrs. J. Piercy.

The crowded state of our columns prevent the publication this week of the very interesting proceedings of the Farmers' Institute They will appear next week and the admirable papers read there will also be given a place as soon as practicable.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Harrigan have left—Mrs. Harrigan for the old country and Mr. Harrigan for—perhaps up north.

Gordon Murdock,
Third St. Union, B.C.
Blacksmithing
in all its branches,
and Wagons neatly Repaired

NOTICE

During my temporary absence Mr. Kenneth Grant will conduct for me the undertaking business. Orders left at my residence on Maryport Avenue will receive prompt attention. P.O. Box No 5

Cumberland, Jan. 29. 98. Alex. Grant.

Esquimalt & Nanaimo Ry.

Time Table No. 29,

To take effect at 7 a.m. on Thursday Nov. 4th 1897. Trains run on Pacific Standard time.

GOING NORTH—READ DOWN.

	Daily.	Sat. & Sund'y
Lv. Victoria for Nanaimo and Wellington	A.M. 9.00	P.M. 3.00
Ar. Nanaimo	12.20	6.10
Ar. Wellington	12.45	6.35

GOING SOUTH—READ UP.

	A.M Daily.	P.M Sat. & Sund'y.
Ar. Victoria	12.07	7.00
Lv. Nanaimo for Victoria	8.46	3.38
Lv. Wellington for Victoria	8.25	3.25

For rates and information apply at Company's offices.

A. DUNSMUIR, President. JOSEPH HUNTER. Gen'l Sup't

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

FURNITURE SALE.

There will be offered for sale by and after Friday, the 4th March inst all the furniture in my house in Union consisting of piano, cutlery, crockery, drawining room furniture, over-mantle fixtures, ornaments, curtains, chairs, oilcloth, tables, bedroom furniture, stove, etc.

The articles to be sold may be inspected and bought after said 4th March.

Apply to L. P. Eckstein.

FURNITURE.

We have just received a carload from the Manufactory consisting of

Bedroom Sets,
Sideboards,
Hall Racks,
Bed Lounges, Dinning Tables, Chairs,
Center Tables

These Goods are all of the Latest Patterns and are Cheap.

SIMON LEISER.