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The Weekly News.

NO. 228. UNION COMOX DISTRICT, B. C., TUESDAY MARCH. 30th, 1897. $2.00 PER ANNUM.

UNION MEAT MARKET

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

SHIPPING SUPPLIES.

—o— SIMON LEISER

Show Us

A successful merchant and we will show you a man who keeps thoroughly posted and watches the cost of every single article he purchases.

Same Rule Applies to Economical Housekeepers.

That's the reason the women of Union use our prices as a standard for what they should pay for goods elsewhere.

PRICES ON APPLICATION AT:

HAMBURGER'S

FISHING — — TACKLE

—o—

A full line of Rods, Lines, Flies, Minnows, Spoons, Baskets, Fly-books, Gut, Casts, Hooks, etc, in stock.

Write for anything you need and get it by return boat.

J. SAMPSON,
Box 387. Nanaimo B.C.

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

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

The Directors of the Union and Comox District Hospital beg (through the medium of THE NEWS) to tender their hearty thanks to Mr. Louis Howell, to Mrs. Piket for the use of the hall, and to all those who in anyway assisted at the Benefit Concert in aid of the hospital. The net proceeds after paying all expenses amounted to the handsome sum of $109,50.

The Peace of Europe.

They are gathering round the island,
They're besieging little Crete;
They have tons of guns and powder
On the vessels of each fleet;
They could blow the isle to atoms—
Yes, and smile, too, as they blew it—
For they'll keep the peace of Europe
If it takes a fight to do it!

They are growling at each other
Like a lot of angry curs;
Each is jealous and suspicious
If another bulldog stirs;
Each would like to crush the others,
Yet each knows that he would rue it
And they'll keep the peace of Europe
If it takes a fight to do it!

—SELECTED.

Ingenious Mechanism.

We had the pleasure of seeing two or three days ago a toy metal steam launch, which was the work of little John Anderson, son of Mr. Anderson, the metal worker.

The launch was made entirely of metal and was operated in a metal tank. A spirit magazine furnished the power. The tin deck was pierced by a smoke-stack, and at the lower end of this was a small coil of wire tubing, reaching two arms down into the water. The blaze from the magazine or lamp fell full upon the coil, heating it and producing steam, which found resistance in one direction in the water, and the launch furnishing the less resistance was propelled forward.

It is certainly a remarkable piece of work for one so young, and shows the little fellow is a chip of the old block.

Notice

The Annual Meeting of the members of the Union and Comox District Hospital Co. will be held in the School House, Union, on Saturday next, April 3d, 1897, commencing at 7. 30 oclock, p. m.

James B. McLean,
Secretary

BIRTH.

BANDEZOVNIA—At Union, March 22nd, Mrs. Bandelovnia of a daughter.

SUBSCRIBE TO THE NEWS $2.00 PER ANNUM.

RANDOM TALK.

MARCH WEATHER! The month came in like a lamb and true to its nature goes out like a lion. But if the weather truly represents these animals, then give me the lamb every time and all the time. But after March, what? I hope a good deal of the lamb. I have had a stomach full of lion and won't require any more for a long time.

—

We are having our exodus. Mostly of young men, smitten with the gold fever. For this there is no specific but a journey, and a large dose of that. A solid half dozen of our young men started for "where rolls the Yukon and hears no sound save his own dashings." A journey of 900 miles from the coast into the wilderness, over mountains, through morasses into the heart of isolation, where no fish swim the river, nor bird flies in the air, nor wild beast roams the desolate wilds; where ice and snow reign supreme; where starvation and death or a wealth of gold dust awaits the daring intruder. What enchantment there is in danger, privation, distance, coupled with the possible realization of gold! And next week more are going to start from here; and this is a sample of what is going on elsewhere.

Well, I wonder why more don't see golden sands nearer home—in the islands of the gulf, or on our own Vancouver Island with its huge ungainly vertebra filled with golden marrow, on the coast of the Mainland between Howe Sound and Alaska, whose secret wealth is lapped with the briny tongue of the sea.

—

The local medical struggle has at last subsided—very much as was expected. It ended in a secret ballot—a fair test—and there it should be allowed to rest. The majority of those desiring to cast a vote who had the right—by more than two to one have decided it—and it is just to say that the majority in favor of Dr. Lawrence among the inhabitants of Cumberland, are gratified with the result. This is a goodly sized town, and without sewerage, and yet the death rate has been almost nix. Surely there must have been both skill and patient attention or such a luminous record would not have been left. Not only as a family physician has he excelled but he has handled very many difficult surgical cases, with eminent success. I know there are two or three crooked limbs in town pointed out as evidence of want of skill, but an investigation shows that the orders of the physician were disobeyed, and the limbs moved, even used when they should have been left in splints. It has also been said he does not keep up with the latest discoveries, etc. Now any one visiting his office, if possessed in the least with the useful habit of observation, must have noticed well-thumbed on his desk a medical monthly published at Montreal, one published at Battle Creek, Mich., one at St. Louis, and one at Portland, Ore., the reading of which must keep him in touch with the latest knowledge and best thought of the profession. It may indeed be true that he is given to pursuing safe paths, and relying on approved and tried medicines and methods, instead of experimenting. I think this habit commends him to the approval of most people. Durrant and those like him furnish the right kind of subjects for experimentation. I don't want any of it in mine.

—

The organization of a Social Club with Rev. Mr. Logan as President, is a hopeful sign for the young men; but doesn't it portend evil for the young women? Or are there so few of the latter that it was Hobson's choice with the young fellows? The club surely is a much better place than the streets or the saloons, is next to the home in fact, to which in many cases I hope it will prove the vestibule.

BILLY BLUM.

Union Shipping.

The Queen left on the 22d, with 811 tons of coal for San Francisco.

The ship C. F. Sargeant is loading for Alaska.

The Glory of the Seas is loading for San Francisco.

The San Mateo will be due Friday.

McPhee & Moore,

General Merchants and Butchers,

UNION and COURTENAY, - - - B. C

Anniversary Services.

THE SUPPER AND SOCIAL at the Methodist Church this (Tuesday) evening will doubtless be attended by all friends of that Society as well as those who delight in a good wholesome time. The Methodist know how to make everyone feel at home. The Supper will take place from 6 to 8 o'clock, and will be followed by a Social. There will be the following

PROGRAM.

INSTRUMENTAL SELECTION, ... Miss Bertram.
ANTHEM, "See they come a glorious army." ..... Choir.
READING, ... Mr. Denton.
SONG, "The Pilgrim of Love." Mr. Searle.
RECITATION, "Selling the Baby" ..... Miss Lilly Weir.
SONG, ... Miss Rachel Daniel.
DIALOGUE, Messrs Dickinson & McNaughton
SONG, ... Miss Abrams.
RECITATION, ... Miss Amy Weir.
SONG, "Marguerite" ... Mrs Parker
SONG, "Thy Sentinel am I" Mr. G. Hicks.
RECITATION, ... Miss Laura Abrams.
SONG, "The Children's Home" Mrs Lowe.
SONG, ... Ruth Denton.
SONG, "Out on the Deep" Rev. Wm. Hicks

Card of Thanks.

THE undersigned hereby tenders to the Employees of the Union Colliery Company here, his sincere thanks for their expression of confidence in him, as shown by last Saturday's ballot.

R. LAWRENCE.

Union, March 29th, 1897.

FAMINE FUND.

STAR OFFICE. MONTREAL, MARCH 10, 1897.

REV. J. A. LOGAN,
ST. GORGE'S PRESBYTER CHURCH,
UNION. B. C.

REV. AND DEAR SIR:

The subscriptions for the Famine Fund have crowded in upon us so fast that more than a mere acknowledgement of individual subscriptions has been impossible. The contribution of $106.45 received from the people of your church was a most acceptable addition to the Fund, and in estimating its value, regard must be had for the effect of example upon others, as well as the amount contributed. The churches particulary have done grand work, and have set the whole world talking of the practical Christianity and loyality manifested by Canadians in this hour of the Empire's need. You will be glad to hear the amount received at the Star office now exceeds $45.000, the largest food fund in the history of the Dominion. We have been urged to republish the entire list of subscriptions received at the Star office in special form to make a record of historical value, to send to Her Majesty the Queen. Your church people will be entitled to a copy each of this publication. If you drop us a postal card, we will see they are duly forwarded.

Yours truly,
GRAHAM & CO.

NOTE.—Three dollars ($3 00) more has been sent to the Fund, making a total of $109.45

—

In replying to the above as requested, Rev. J. A. Logan stated that he had no doubt but the Union subscribers would be delighted to receive a copy of the special list, as proposed by the enterprising Star publishers.

Subscribe for THE NEWS $2.00 per annum.

Wires Down.

The telegraph wires have been down since last Wednesday, and hence we have no news of the outer world to present this week.

Visit to the Hospital.

THE present directory have made some very pleasant and useful improvements at the hospital lately.

The first thing we noticed was the wide cork matting on the wide hall running through the building. It wasn't so much the looks, although the change in that was marked, but the reedom from noise which it gives. This must be very grateful to the patients, and much pleasanter for the nurses who have so much walking to do.

A look up and one sees the dingy walls and ceilings have given place to the brightness of new paint and tinted kalsomining. What a transformation! So simple a thing, and yet such a change.

The carpet on the stairs had not yet been laid, but was ready, and as soon as a little time can be spared, will be put in place. The same noiseless carpet adorns the upper hall. A carpet has also been provided for the nurses' room, and for the family sitting room. But the paint and kalsomming had extended everywhere, brightening the wards and all the rooms. Two or three invalid chairs were welcome guests in the wards, as were half a dozen very neat chairs of ordinary pattern.

Then there is the library. It is located in what is known as the nurses' room—a sort of reception room, and where the invalids gather when convalescing. This room has some easy chairs, a large table, but best of all a good sized book case filled with books. They have been well selected, of pleasing variety, and furnish a healthy tonic to hours of invalidism.

Improvements are still needed in many directions which must await the receipt of money. Nevertheless the hospital in its present condition is a credit to the place. The following is the directory: James Abrams, President, A. McKnight, Vice-President, Dr. Lawrence, Treasurer, J. B. McLean, Secretary, Thos. Russell, C. H. Tarbell, Wm. Mitchell, John Reid and John Thompson under whose intelligent direction the affairs of the hospital have been admirably managed.

DEATHS

LEVER.—At Upper Comox Settlement, Wednesday March 24th, Mr. Thos Lever.

Dr. Lawrence Sustained.

A Secret ballot was taken by the (white) miners FOR and AGAINST Dr. Lawrence last Saturday. One hundred and ninety-three and a half votes were polled, of which 59½ were against him and 134 for him—more than 2 to 1 in his favor. It is to be presumed the others didn't take enough interest in the matter to cast a vote.

Song Service.

The Song Service at the Methodist Church Sunday evening, drew an audience which filled the entire seating capacity. It was a part of the Anniversary Celebration—the third—and was eminently successful. In fact the song services of this church form a special and very attractive feature. Rev. Mr. Hicks is not only a fine singer, but a splendid conductor, bringing out the best there is in the choir. Sunday evening, the choir had been strengthened for the occasion a notable addition being Mr G. Hicks, brother of the pastor. It was in splendid form and its work unusually good, and thoroughly enjoyed.

A financial statement showing a deficiency of $159 35. During the day $62 45 were paid or subscribed towards the deficiency, which together with $6.00 previously subscribed leaves $90 90 to be met which it is hoped may be realized to-night.

The Weekly News.

M. WHITNEY, Publisher.

UNION.....BRITISH COLUMBIA

When voting by machine comes to be the rule, as it is bound to be in time, the counting of ballots will be automatic, and mistakes and recounts will be things of the past. This is one of the strongest arguments in favor of the early adoption of voting machines everywhere.

At an anise-seed hunt on Long Island, the other day, a real fox crossed the trail and off went the hounds in pursuit. This seems to be one of the incidents that justify somebody's remarks that the more he saw of men the better he liked dogs. In other words, the hounds showed better sense than their owners.

The Athens Archeological Society recently made excavations near Agya, in Northwestern Thessaly, which have brought to light the foundations of ancient towns and citadels, the very names of which are forgotten, with tombs of the Mycenian period, containing terra cotta vases, with inscriptions, arms and works of art.

In a case in court a New York woman alleged as one of her complaints against her husband that he could not be kept from washing the dishes and doing the other work about the house contrary to her wishes. Her protests angered him to such an extent that he assaulted her, and he was put under bonds to keep the peace. From this it would appear that the New York man would make an ideal helpmeet for a woman who devotes her time to politics and the uplifting of the masses.

Referring to the statement by the Rev. Dr. Parkhurst that "a beer drinker is depraved," and the observation by the Buffalo Times that "all Kentucky will agree with him," the Louisville Courier-Journal says: "This is hardly a fair statement. Kentucky does not regard a beer drinker as necessarily depraved any more than she does a water drinker. Both beer and water have their uses. It is the man who habitually drinks beer in preference to anything else that Kentucky regards as depraved."

When Sir John Sloane died years ago in England he left three sealed cupboards which were to be respectively opened in 1866, 1886 and 1896. The first and second were found to contain valuable statuary and pictures for the Sloane museum, but the third, which was opened last week, proved to be a testamentary joke, for the cablegram says it had nothing in it but a lot of valueless papers. It must have been a bit of grim humor on the part of the testator to devise such a joke on the museum which he founded. It is more likely that the contents of the cupboard were stolen years ago or that the papers are not so valueless as is supposed.

The X ray has taken a new hold upon public interest, and one recent Saturday it appeared in various forms of news items. From New York came the information that Edison has demonstrated beyond a doubt that the blind can be made to see by means of the fluoroscope. At Salem, Mass., the Roentgen discovery is asserted to have caused hair to grow on a bald head. In Washington there is a man who claims to have been terribly injured by the ray while subjected to its influence during a search for a bullet in some part of his anatomy, and from far-off Butte, Mont., we learn that the district court has rejected the X ray as evidence in a suit for damages. Altogether it was a great day for the ray.

The town of Trilby, Fla., was named for the heroine of Du Maurier's novel before this became a fad, but it is only within the last few weeks that the town has been laid out and its streets and squares named for characters in the book. The lake near by—Lake Little Billee—has been renamed Lake Du Maurier. At the suggestion of a friend of the manager of the railroad which runs through the town a letter apprising Mr. Du Maurier of the name given to the town and bearing the Trilby postmark on the envelope was sent to the novelist last spring, and called forth from him a charming note of appreciation on behalf of himself as godfather and of his heroine as godmother, for "an honor that does not usually fall to the likes of Trilby O'Ferrall."

The proposal is being agitated in England of erecting a memorial to John Walker, the inventor of lucifer matches. Walker sold his first box of matches in 1827. The brass place on the door of his shop in Stockton still remains, but otherwise there is no existing memorial to mark his great services to mankind. It is worth noting that Walker did not call his lucifers "matches," but referred to them as "friction lights." The development of matches to their present perfection is an interesting subject of inquiry. It suffices to say, speaking generally, that the man who invented matches more richly deserves a monument than all the inventors of improved guns combined. The public recently did honor to the man who first applied anesthetics to relieve pain. He deserves a monument. Likewise does the man who invented matches deserve one. How many lives have been saved by the ability to produce light quickly will never be known. The world will always build memorials. That there will yet be a fairer distribution of them than has appeared in former days may well be anticipated. England should erect a tall monument to John Walker after the pattern of a modern parlor match. A device in imitation of brimstone at the top would hardly be appropriate, however.

Englishmen are argry over a message given by Li Hung Chang to the Westminster Gazette as the result of the experience of a few miles in an American special train in the most luxurious of private cars. The Viceroy says "the Marquis of Tweeddale and the Duke of Devonshire and the directors of the Barrow-in-Furness railroad told him while in England that the English railroads were faster and more comfortable and safer than the American railroads, and the American trains were full of accidents and many more people killed by them. The Viceroy understands that this is all kinds of lies." The London Chronicle's comment on this statement is: "Whether the American car or the British carriage is more comfortable is a matter of opinion, but that the British railroads are very much safer, that our percentage of accidents is very much less, and that, on the whole, our fast trains are faster than American ones, are facts."

A highly interesting decision has recently been made by the English court of appeal upon the subject of strikes and picketing. The English law recognizes the trades unions, and affords them large latitude in respect to dealings with employers, and when a strike is on protects them in the use of all equitable methods of action. It also admits of "picketing," and the question now decided is what does "picketing" mean. The workmen in a certain business went on a strike, and afterward not only "picketed" the place of their employer, but also threatened another firm, with whom they had no dispute, that if this firm continued to do business with the one against which they had struck their workmen would also strike and their place be "picketed." An injunction was applied for against the trades union, to which the workmen belonged, to prevent them from "picketing" the first firm and from threatening the second. The court of last resort granted the injunction, holding that the striking workmen must not injure their former employer by their acts nor prevent his doing business with other firms. They could picket his premises, but picketers must not prevent other workmen from taking the employment they had left, and that the picketing must be confined to the giving and obtaining information. The court also held that "peaceful persuasion" could not be prevented on the part of the picketers toward new employes. In view of such decisions by the courts the principle of arbitration by state boards on all questions between employers and employes should be more and more encouraged.

Following horrifying picture is from a letter in the London Times: Dongola is in ruins; not a house in it remains whole; every building has been gutted; where once were busy streets the palms now rise above the wrecked habitations, and every thoroughfare is choked with a dense undergrowth of thorny bushes and tall, rank grass. The great bazar, with its covered arcades, one of the chief marts of Africa, is now a heap of rubble. Of the public buildings and the handsome, well-furnished mansions of the principal merchants the red brick walls, with gracefully arched doors and windows, alone remain standing, while within them one can still see traces of columned corridors and delicate Eastern ornamentation. Where once extended riverside quays, swampy ground now slopes to the Nile. The broad avenue where the market used to be held has disappeared; the pleasant gardens of fruit trees and flowers have been destroyed. For twelve years Dongola has been uninhabited; for the Baggara declared it to be—as the city of the unbelieving Turks—an accursed place, in which no man should be permitted to dwell. Those who knew the Dongola of old find it difficult now to find their way through the wrecked streets, and can scarcely recognize the house in which they formerly lived. It is a scene of wanton destruction; the proverb says that "where the foot of the Turk has trod, the grass does not grow." So it is with the Baggara. He disdains to do any work; by profession he is a robber, and destruction is his pastime; he enslaves where he does not kill, and in the place of what he destroys he creates nothing. Civilization is abhorrent to him; after plundering and destroying the city he left the bodies of the massacred and mutilated inhabitants to rot in the streets, and went out into the desert content to live the life of a savage in one of the squalid hovels of which a Dervish deym, or permanent camp, is composed.

THREE AMERICAN-BORN BEAUTIES.

LADY NAYLOR-LEYLAND, nee Chamberlain.

THE HON. MRS. CURZON, nee Leiter.

LADY ARTHUR BUTLER, nee Stager.

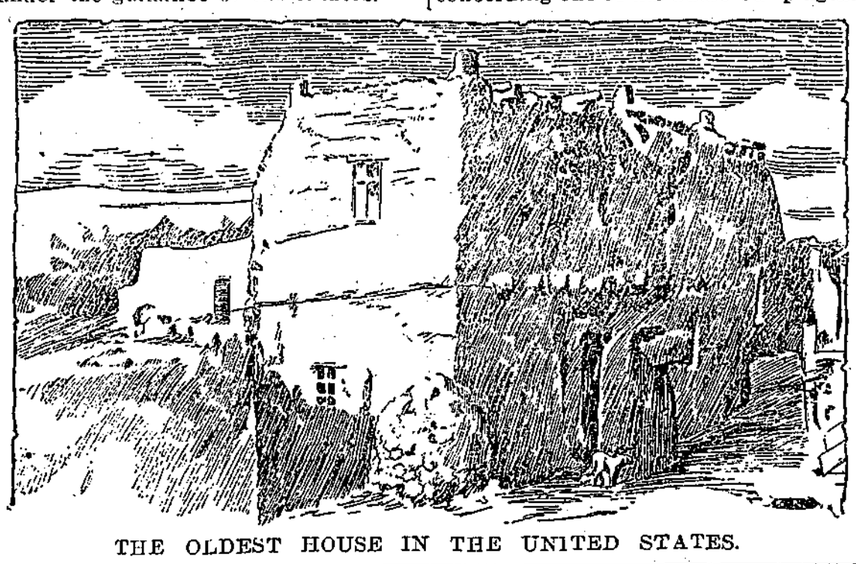
The Ancient City of Santa Fe.

The city of Santa Fe, N. M., was founded by the Spaniards in 1598 under the name of Santa Fe, on the site of Tigeux or Tigua, one of the celebrated "Seven Cities" at the founding of the Aztec Confederacy, in 1426. Its streets, museums, and private collections of curios absolutely teem with relics and records of a stirring history, and include famous pictures of saint or shrine, painted on elk and puma skins, sabre thrusts where they had been used as banners during the march of Coronado in 1541, others with arrow holes from attacks by Indians on the line of march up the valley of the Rio Grande. There are quaint maps in Latin and French, showing three cities of note on the continent, and giving California as an island of the Pacific.

The palace has become the home of the choicest collection of Mexican and Spanish pictures in the Southwest, and in its historical rooms are priceless treasures of record or relic. Around it, too, lingers much of the romance of the city. For 300 years it has been the home of its rulers, seventy-six Mexican and Spanish and seventeen American governors having held sway within its walls. In its early days it lay under the shadow of the dread inquisition, and within its walls, in later times, "Ben Hur" first saw the light under the pen of General Lew Wallace.

From its windows could be heard the ring of steel and the din of warriors in the plaza when Onate set up his camp in 1662, and when the Pueblo Indians conquered the city in 1680, burning the archives and sacred vessels, while twelve years later, in 1692, the same plaza witnessed the triumphal entry of Diego de Vargas, after his vow and the victory which followed it, which again placed the city under Spanish rule. Here General Kearney elevated the Stars and Stripes in 1846, and here, also, surrounded by living memories and fond regrets, amid beautiful foliage, is a monument to the soldiers who fell at duty's call at Valverde and Apache Canyon.

In Santa Fe are the military headquarters for New Mexico, it being also the oldest military establishment in America, created by the Spaniards in 1602, and in almost continuous occupation ever since. Here, too, is the oldest house in the United States, in which Coronado is said to have lodged in 1540, and, perhaps, even more interesting, here is the oldest church, San Miguel, built about 1543, partially destroyed in 1680, wholly restored in 1710, the restorers leaving intact all that was possible of the old roof, hewn by Indians under the guidance of the fathers.



THE OLDEST HOUSE IN THE UNITED STATES.

In this church is the great bell, almost solid, cast in 1356, and having an inscription in Spanish round it as a band, the letters and figures being still well raised in the solid casting. This bell was brought over from Spain and hung in the tower, but finally, being thought too heavy for the tower, it was removed to a substantial timber support in the entrance to the church. In the cathedral and other churches are remarkable reredoses, paintings and vestments, many of them of considerable antiquity, all inviting the visitor to linger in this home of the past.

But the city is also a city of the present, and a very pleasant present it is. An equable climate and delightful sunshine hover over streets in which the houses have enough of the sanctity of age to infuse a restful spirit in the air. Fruitful orchards and fertile lands lie round about the city, which is at once a monument to the spirit of the past and the activity, beauty and progress of the present day.—New York Herald.

BUILT CHICAGO'S FIRST HOUSE.

It Was a Hotel and the Builder Now Lives in Texas.

In the village of Rockport, Tex., lives a man who saw Chicago ere Chicago was, who fought Indians on the spot where now stands its palaces of industry and commerce, who built the first house ever inhabited by a white man in this western metropolis, and who has lived while a city of nearly 2,000,000 inhabitants has risen on the swamps which, in his youth, he deserted. That man is N. E. Phillips, who is now 87 years of age.

N. E. PHILLIPS.

Phillips went to the present site of Chicago in 1832. It was a dismal place then, with nothing but the old structure known as Fort Dearborn and a few wretched log hovels where the Indians did some trading. There was no habitation for a white man except in the fort. Phillips almost immediately set to work building a house for Mark Beaubien, which when completed was opened as a hotel. It had only four living rooms, but was regarded as a model. Long John Wentworth was the first guest. Phillips fought in the Black Hawk war, but went to Texas about 60 years ago and has since lived there.

Plagiarism.

That was a neat defense which Marion Crawford interposed when he was accused of plagiarizing the elopement scene in "Casa Braccio" from an old magazine story. He simply admitted the fact and stated that the story in question was written by his wife's aunt, Mrs. Hobson, who herself told him the story, which was founded on an actual occurrence, so that there was no plagiarism involved. Charles Reade, concerning one of his nume ou p agiarisms, alleged that he had purchased the right to use the material from its author; but the plea was not allowed, because the story was not true, but the invention of the other man, which an author had no right to pass off as his own.—Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

The rare visitor is a jolly companion.

Improving.

A celebrated German physician was once called upon to treat an aristocratic lady the sole cause of whose complaint was high living and lack of exercise. But it would have never done to tell her so; so his medical advice ran thus:

"Arise at 5 o'clock, take a walk in the park for one hour, then drink a cup of tea, then walk another hour, and take a cup of chocolate. Take breakfast at 8 o'clock."

Her condition improved visibly, until one fine morning the carriage of the Baroness was seen to approach the physician's residence at lightning speed.

The patient dashed up to the Doctor's house, and, on his appearing on the scene, she gasped out:

"Oh, Doctor, I took the chocolate first."

"Then drive home as fast as you can," directed the astute disciple of Aesculapius, rapidly writing a prescription, "and take this emetic. The tea must be underneath."

The grateful patient complied. She is still improving.

Pausias, of Sicyon, was the inventor of caustic painting, a method of burning colors into wood or ivory.

THE : FAIR : CANDIDATE.

THE "machine" of one of the political parties of Butte County was at work. The wheel-horses of the organization were in executive session and the manufacture of a "slate" for the ratification of the county convention was in progress. Everything had been settled without friction up to a certain point, but here the making of candidates came to a full stop. Some one must be selected to run for Superintendent of Schools, and some one else must be found who was disinterested enough to stand for the place of County Surveyor, with the nominal emoluments pertaining thereto. This latter problem was settled, after a brief discussion, by the powers insisting that Al Wood, the incumbent, who was present, must stand for re-election, whether he liked it or not; but a duly qualified candidate for Superintendent of Schools was not so easily found. The man who had held that position for two years past had the bad taste to give up his office and his grasp on life at the same time, only two weeks before, thus leaving his party in a quandary for a candidate to succeed him. Of course, there were plenty of asprants for the nomination, but most of them were unavailable for reasons political, and the candidate must be a person who was popular with the voters of the county.

"Jimmie" Van Wert, the handsome young assayer of the Spread Eagle Mill, had been sitting in a dark corner of the office in which the conference was being held, smoking quietly and saying very little until now; but he finally put in his oar long enough to suggest that "Professor" Striker, the young principal of the local school, would make a good man for the office.

"Ya-as," assented Judge Bullock, the venerable Justice of the Peace, "but they don't know him out in th' kentry, an' we got t' have some feller th't c'n ketch th' aoutside vote. Now, Jimmie, look yere. What's th' matter with you runnin' f'r Super'ntend'nt y'rself?"

"Don't get me mixed in on a deal like that!" ejaculated Van Wert, fervently. "I don't want any old office. I've got troubles enough now."

But Judge Bullock's suggestion met with unanimous approval on the part of all the others present, and, very much against his will, Mr. Van Wert was slated for the nomination, and duly placed in nomintion by the convention a few days later. It was two weeks before he found out what sort of an opponent he was to have, and then, much to his disgust, he learned that the other party had nominated a girl.

This was almost enough to make him throw up the canvass. The idea of the other fellows thinking that he could be beaten by a woman. Then he consoled himself with the reflection that perhaps they knew they couldn't beat him, and had merely put up this Miss Smith to act as a forlorn hope. Thenceforth he did not put much activity into his canvass, but attended to business pretty much as usual, serene in the belief that the voters of Butte County were not yet arrived at the stage of progression when they would permit a woman to hold office. And all this time, be it known, this heretofore unknown and mysterious Miss Smith was becoming known to the voters of the county, and, what was more, she was winning a good deal of support from sources upon which Van Wert confidently counted.

It lacked only about ten days of election day when Van Wert, with a sudden shock, came to his senses. Two or three things had occurred to detract from his overconfidence. Among these was the avowal on the part of several personal and political friends of their intention to support Miss Smith, giving as their reasons that she had a good record as an educator and was without doubt well qualified for the office; that she wanted the office, and was making a hard fight for it; and that Van Wert didn't want it and didn't need it. On top of this he was informed that his opponent had been out in the "cow districts," and had the cowboy vote pretty well "cinched." This cheering announcement came from two or three of the "bosses" who called on him to see if he didn't think it worth while to get out and save his political scalp by "rustling" like the rest of the candidates. "We'll have the committee fix some dates for you to speak, and you've got to fill 'em, Jimmie; if you don't you're a gone goose," said they.

So, with the inward fear that he might, after all, be defeated, Van Wert began in earnest the effort to save himself. He did not care for the office, but he dreaded defeat at the hands of a woman, being one of the kind of men who do not believe the gentler sex has any business in politics. He pictured Miss Smith as a big, gaunt, red-haired, self-assertive person, with large red hands and a snappy way of speaking—and was quite surprised to learn that she was really a very ladylike young woman, tipping the beam at about 110 pounds.

It lacked but four days of election day, and the various candidates were putting in every hour possible in making speeches and seeing their constituents and other people. Van Wert had put in some very telling work in several places where it would do the most good, but in two or three precincts it was found that a strong sentiment in favor of his opponent had developed, and must be overcome by some means if he hoped to win. Unfortunately, he was worried, and his actions showed it; on one or two occasions while speaking he had given way to puerile bursts of temper that by no means enhanced his chances for success. Some of the older heads had warned him that by making slurring remarks about his opponent he would only hurt himself, to which he responded by the childlike remark: "Well, if a woman doesn't want to get herself talked about she'd better keep out of politics."

This he practically repeated to a mixed crowd at Conover's schoolhouse, in one of the strong "cow districts," on Friday night before election, adding: "I cannot believe that parents interested in the future welfare of their children are willing to intrust their early training to the hands and methods of one who so far forgets her womanhood as to stand as a candidate for a public office." Of course he regretted the remark almost as soon as it was uttered, and recognized that the silence with which it was received was the silence of a disapproval too strong to find expression in words. But it was too late for regrets, and he expressed none.

The next afternoon came a brief but pointed note from Miss Smith, in which she gently reminded him that his youth had evidently led him astray so far as to forget the fact that she was practically defenseless, and that in speaking of her as he had he had been both unmanly and ungentlemanly. This, coming as it did, at a time when he was mentally cursing himself for an ass and a brute, did not tend to soothe him, for he knew that every word the note contained was true. So, instead of answering it as a man should, he wrote at the bottom of the sheet: "You have no business in politics if you don't want to stand the consequences," then signed it and remailed it to the original sender. An hour later he was sorry he had done so, and tried to get the letter out of the postoffice, but failed.

Thus it was that the next evening, as he rode along the lonely trail leading to the "enemy's country," where he was to address a big meeting of cattlemen and make an effort to redeem himself by practically recanting all that he had said derogatory to the opposing candidate without losing too much of his already shattered self-respect, he was so absorbed mentally in thinking over what he should say that he did not hear a sudden command to halt, and realized that he was in trouble only when a sinuous, swishing thing hurtled through the air, pinioned his arms to his sides, and jerked him from his saddle to the rough ground.

"Good shot, ol' man!" said some one in cowboy costume, who came up and sat on the victim's chest. "Ye got him right 'round th' elbows, fust throw o' the rope."

"Let me up, you —— scoundrel!" fumed Van Wert. "You can take my money without taking my wind at the same time, can't you?"

"Easy, m' son," chuckled the giant who was sitting astride him, as he held the candidate's wrists so that the other man, who now came up, could the more easily tie them. "We don't want y'r stuff. Do we, pardner?"

"Nopey, Van," said the second man, in a voice that Van Wert tried in vain to recognize. "We jest want t' put ye where ye won't make no mo' fool r'marks 'bout th' lady th's' ag'n ye—*not this evenin', anyways.*"

"See here, boys," said Van Wert, more calmly, "this isn't a square deal. You know I've got to be at the meeting at Meeker at 8 o'clock? Well, it's almost that now, so let me go."

"Oh, no, Jimmie!" laughed one of his captors heartlessly. "Not t'night. 'Squar' deal,' I b'lieve ye said? Was it a squar' deal f'r you t' git up an' make th' talk ye did 'bout th' little schoolma'am las' night? Not any. So stan' up, Jimmie, an' let th' gent tackle ye to th' tree. We'll let ye go 'fore ye git cold. Easy, lad. Ef ye git gay we won't do a thing but hawg-tie ye an' leave ye lay till mawnin'."

The next hour was as long a one as Jimmie Van Wert ever spent. The night was a chilly one, and the ropes with which he was bound prevented the free circulation of blood, so that in a very short time his extremities were aching with cold. To add to his discomfort, an owl took its station in the brush near by and hooted derisively whenever the prisoner shouted, and the cries of the owl were responded to by several wolves, whose voices sounded as though they were very close at hand.

Several times Van Wert heard people go by on horseback and in wagons, and shouted to them at the top of his lungs, but the trail was some distance from the clump of brush, and they did not hear him. At last, however, when he had about given up all hope of escaping until his captors should come and release him, he heard the sound of horses coming along the trail, their riders laughing and chatting, and he lifted up his voice in a mighty effort to make himself heard. The riders evidently heard him, and stopped. He shouted again, and presently heard them coming toward him.

"Where are you?" called a feminine voice, in response to another bleat from Van Wert, and in a moment there was a crashing of underbrush, and the face and form of a young woman were outlined in the moonlight, followed a second later by the wondering countenance of a lad of about 12 years.

"How did it happen?" queried the young woman, after she and the boy had released the candidate from his uncomfortable predicament, and he was untying his horse from a neighboring tree.

Van Wert explained in an injured tone, adding, with as much dignity as he could command: "I am the candidate for Superintendent of Schools, and I suppose this is a sample of the methods Miss Smith and her cowboy friends have adopted to defeat me. They knew I was to speak at Meeker to-night, and thought that by preventing me from doing so they could gain a few votes. I'll show 'em when I get there."

The young woman laughed merrily. "Politics is a funny business, isn't it?" she said. "The idea of resorting to such measures! But," she added soberly, "you should not blame Miss Smith for what her over-zealous friends have done. I—Miss Smith is a friend of mine, and I know she would not sanction such a thing. It—it would be most unfair to accuse her of it, don't you think, without being certain of your ground?"

Van Wert admitted that it would.

"Then as a favor to me," said his fair rescuer, "do not, please, say anything about it, at least by way of connecting her with the affair. I'm sure no one would regret it more than she, if she knew about it."

After some hesitation Van Wert promised, and presently his rescuer and her escort left him, branching off on a trail that led toward a farmhouse that he could see in the distance.

The candidate noted with a grim smile, on his return, the consternation his appearance created in a certain part of the room, and concluded that two or three men whom he knew to be friends of his looked rather sheepish, but he kept his own counsel and made no reference to his adventure. In the course of the excellent speech he presently made he "took back" what he had said about his opponent in a manner so graceful as to win for him rounds of applause, and when he sat down it was with the consciousness that he had in part redeemed himself.

As he started, along with some of the other candidates, to leave the hall, he noticed for the first time that the young woman who had rescued him from the "fix" in which the cowboys had left him had not gone home to stay when she left him, for there she was, just leaving the hall in company with an older woman in widow's weeds.

"Who is that?" he asked of the candidate for Sheriff, who was at his side.

"That girl?" queried the other. "Why, boy, that's your hated adversary, Miss Smith. Hadn't you seen her before?"

But Van Wert did not hear the question. He hurried to catch up with the opposing candidate, who started when he addressed her, but quickly recovered herself and smiled sweetly upon him.

"Miss Smith," he burst out impetuously, "I don't know what you must think of me, after all the low-down things I've said about you, and the holy show I made of myself this evening. But I hope you'll believe me when I say I'm sorry for the things I've said—and I honestly hope you'll be elected, after all. I shall vote for you, any way, and you can count on lots of my friends."

But his boyish enthusiasm in behalf of his opponent came too late to be of service to her, for the returns showed that Van Wert was elected by a small majority, for which he was indebted to the miners. On Thursday after election he went to Miss Smith.

"I regret this as much as you do," he said, earnestly. "I wish I had met you earlier in the campaign. But I have a proposition to make. What are you going to do now?"

"I don't know," she said, trying to conceal the sadness in her tones. "You see, I had to give up my school, and there are no vacancies now."

"Well, what I was going to propose is this: Will you take an appointment as my deputy? Remember, all the work will devolve upon you."

Miss Smith gasped, and her pretty face grew a rosy red, then turned pale. She did not wish to be under obligations to this man—and yet, there was the mother to be considered, and the invalid sister in Chicago, whose hospital bills were such a severe tax on the family resources. "Yes," she said, finally, "and thank you, very much, for offering me the place. You have lifted a great load from my mind."

There was some comment on this arrangement by the voters of the county, but it was hardly adverse, and the deputy soon showed that she was the right one in the right place. She worked day and night, and denied herself necessary sleep that her beloved schools should not retrograde; in fact, in the course of a few weeks she succeeded in making herself almost ill, for the death of the former superintendent had left the affairs of the office in rather chaotic condition, and although Van Wert and his deputy qualified at once after the meeting of the canvassing board, it was almost Christmas before they got matters straightened out.

And it was just at this time, when the little deputy, more than half ill from overwork, was spending a couple of days at home, that she got a brief note from her superior, which read:

"Miss Smith: For some time past I have been dissatisfied with you as Deputy Superintendent of Schools, and your resignation as such will be accepted. I will do myself the honor of calling upon you and explaining matters more fully to-morrow night. Very truly yours,

"JAMES VAN WERT."

Miss Smith burst into tears. "Just to think, mamma! After I have worked so hard! What shall we do?"

"I suppose they want the job for some politician that doesn't need it," commented Mrs. Smith, grimly. "But to think he has the audacity to come here after that! I won't let him in, the treacherous thing!—discharging you, after bing so friendly, and all that."

"Yes, you will, mamma," interjected the girl, recovering herself. "We must not forget ourselves in our own home."

Just then the door bell rang, and the girl hastened away to hide the traces of her tears. When she returned to the little parlor Van Wert was standing there, big and handsome, in front of the fireplace. He advanced to meet her as her mother vanished from the room.

"You got my note?" he said. "I'll tell you how it is," he went on awkwardly. "I'm not satisfied with you as a deputy because—because I want you to take the office itself and me with it."

And that was the way they arranged it.—New York Daily Tribune.

The Dangers of a Scratch.

Scarcely a day passes that many persons do not, in some way or other, get a scratch, a small cut, or a bruise that may break the skin.

In most instances not the slightest attention is paid to this beyond the temporary annoyance of the pain and the possible irritation when the hands are put into water, or some subsequent blow in the same spot brings an exclamation on account of the hurt.

This, while a common practice, is by no means a wise one. The air is full of floating disease germs, especially the air of cities and towns, and an injury of this sort, be it ever so slight, might furnish excellent breeding ground for some deadly bacteria.

It is a good plan always to keep a bottle of prepared carbolic acid and glycerine, and frequently touch all bruises or sore spots with it.

This is one of the most convenient and effective germicides imaginable. It is believed that many cases of fever and other serious ailments can be contracted by a floating germ coming in contact with the abraded skin.

Once snugly lodged in this most congenial dwelling-place, the germ multiplies with amazing rapidity, and soon overruns the entire system. Therefore, whenever there is a bruise or scratch, or any injury of this sort, germicidal applications should be at once resorted to.

Cremation Common in Italy.

Cremation is more extensively practiced in Italy than in any country. The first crematorium was established in Milan in 1876 and there are now fifty in operation in Italian territory.

Sore dismayed was the Boston maid
When fractured was her bicycle;
She heaved a sigh and from her eye
There fell a limpid icicle.
—Indianapolis Journal.

Carrie—Jack thinks I'm fickle. Lena—That's probably the reason he doesn't propose a second time.—Life.

Reginald—My darling, will you share my lot? Miss Uptodate—Is it city or suburban?—Baltimore News.

She—The Misses Brown usually sing duets, do they not? He—Yes; they divide the responsibility.—Puck.

The maid from Boston swept the street with her glance. It was noticeable that the asphalt was covered with a glare of ice.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"Men generally admire business sense in a woman, don't they?" "Yes; but they admire it only in other men's wives and daughters."—Chicago Record.

First tramp—The papers all say that work is starting up everywhere. Second ditto—I know; isn't it awful? You and I may be drawn into it yet.—Boston Transcript.

Across the board she winked at me—
Nay—do not deem her conduct free;
That wink was in its proper place,
For then I knew she held the ace.
—Chicago Record.

First Artist—Where did Scratchwell get his artistic education? Second artist (savagely)—At some school for mechanical drawing.—Cincinnati Tribune.

"Tell Elsie to hurry! If she doesn't we'll miss the first act entirely!" "You're not going to get her there early to-night. She's got a new hat."—Chicago Tribune.

She—Once you vowed that I was the sunshine of your life. Now you stay out night after night. He—Er—why—I don't expect sunshine after dark.—Dublin Freeman.

"How did I turn over a new leaf?" he repeated dreamily. "Oh, with about four fingers. Eh?" with a start, he recalled himself to his surroundings.—New York Press.

Hoax—What! You buying a bicycle? I thought you detested them. Joax—So I do, but I've been run over long enough. Now I'm going to have my revenge.—Spare Moments.

A solemn pause! At length he spoke;
His words were full of strength.
The congregation slept, nor woke
For hours. He spoke at length.
—Philadelphia Record.

Chollie Chapington—Haw! I always say just what I think, don't you know! Haw! Grace Golightly—What an easy time your vocal chords must have!—Baltimore News.

"Mrs. Riffraff had her husband arrested for cruelty." "What had he been doing?" "Tried to make her stop buying novels and read the encyclopedia."—Chicago Record.

"He seems to take after his father," said the visitor. "I don't when they is apple dumplings," volunteered the little boy. "He don't leave none to take."—Indianapolis Journal.

She—It seems almost impossible that you should love me. He—That's what my mother says. How nicely you and she will get along if you always agree like that.—Harlem Life.

George—I just saw you coming from the conservatory with Miss Goldie. Rather handsome girl, but too reserved for me. Thomas—Yes. I just reserved her for life.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Soon will the man who owns a sleigh
Declare there's money in it;
He will not rent it by the day;
He's rent it by the minute.
—Washington Star.

"The papers say that after the fashionable wedding at St. Jehu's yesterday the entire bridal party went to the horse show. Did you see them there?" "Well, I saw a number of grooms."—Harper's Bazar.

Teacher—Johnny, what is wind? Johnny—Wind, sir, is air put in motion. Teacher—Right. Next boy: What is the cause of wind? Next boy—Rivalry for the prize-ring championship.—Boston Courier.

Mother—When the boy in the other house threw stones at you, why didn't you come and tell me? Bobby—Because, mamma, I can throw them back better than you. He's more likely to get hit.—Hartford Times.

Tom—Where shall you stop—at the Baldorf? Harry—I hope so. I'm afraid, however, that Parker will hear I'm in town, and insist upon my putting up with him. Tom—Don't you like Parker? Harry—Yes, very much; but he has three daughters, and I don't know if I can afford it.—Bazar.

Guy—Could you spare me a cigarette? Gontran—My dear fellow, my doctor has strictly forbidden me to smoke. (A fortnight later Guy meets his friend puffing away at a splendid Havana.) Guy—I thought you had to give up smoking? Gontran—Oh, my doctor died a week ago.—Le Figaro.

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M. Whitney, Editor.

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Tuesday, MAR. 30, 1897.

Neither Corbett or Fitzsimmons is a hero, only a brutal slugger.

The Dingley tariff bill has been introduced into Congress and will probably become, after amendments, a law by May 1st.

Mr. D. R. Young, the publisher of the Slocan News, very sensibly advises the American residents of the district to become naturalized British subjects. He has taken the lead in taking out his own naturalization papers.

April 1st is near at hand, but we hear nothing about the PROMISED twice-a-week mail service going into operation at that time. As the tender was only $4.600 according to Mr. McInnes, there seems NO EXCUSE for non-action on the part of the government.

STATISTICAL CIRCULAR.

The circular sent out by the provincial government for information from merchants and business men should receive a careful but prompt answer. The returns will be confidential, and will be of the greatest benefit, by enabling a summary to be made showing the character and extent of the inter-provincial trade as between the Province of British Columbia and the Dominion of Canada.

RAILWAY MATTERS.

The people of the Province are awaiting anxiously for the government to bring down a railway bill or bills. There has been but little accomplished so far of any general interest. A small amount of legislation well digested and of a wise and practical nature is all that is desirable. But everybody is looking for railway legislation. Something in this line is expected, and something is demanded by the best interest of the province. It is pretty evident, however unpalatable the idea may be, that the Canadian Pacific Railway will build the road from Lethbridge, through the Crow's Nest Pass into the Kootenay country. This will be a feeder for the main line and turn the auriferous stream east instead of towards the south. In other words the East will be benefited, but how about the Coast? Neither the Dominion Government nor the C.P.R., can be depended on to look out for the Coast section. We must look to our Provincial government for that. Doubtless if sufficient assistance be rendered that the Dominion will help.

There should be aid extended to a railroad to Cariboo. It might be sufficient if it started from the head of Butte Inlet. This would bring the rich gold fields of that region within reach of the Coast, and steamers would furnish the necessary additional transportation facilities. With these railways in operation British Columbia would enter upon a career of unxampled prosperity.

Can we depend upon our members in the Dominion parliament to stand together for British Columbia? or will they put party before the province? Justice to British Columbia should be the price of party fealty

NEWS REVIEWED.

The Cretan embroglio remains the question of the hour. The liberal press of England is indignant and the late pamphlet of Rt. Hon. William E. Gladstone fans the flames of criticism. In the meantime the Greeks are still aiding their Cretan brothers, and the peace of Europe may yet be broken.

A good deal is being written both in Canada and England with reference to President McKinley's tariff policy. It however has developed nothing unexpected, nor that rightly considered, which should be considered unneighborly. It is too early to discuss the provisions of the Dingley bill; it is not yet a law.

News comes that the French are making some headway with the Panama Canal, and that Secretary Sherman favors the Nicaraguan Canal. We may yet be able to reach England by water.

The burning of Ely, Walker & Co.'s fire proof block in St Louis at a loss of $1 000.000 indicates that the art of erecting fire proof buildings has not reached perfection.

Several Danes are now on their way to Cape Scott, upper end of Vancouver Island They form a colony and are receiving some encouragement from the government.

The Cuban patriots have met with some success lately, and the attitude of Secretary Sherman is much firmer towards Spain than was that of Olney.

The relations of the Transvaal with Great Britain are becoming strained. The Transvaal is being armed, ammunition and war material placed at strategic points.

Party Government.

One of the strangest phenomena of the nineteenth century is this system of party government. A peculiarity is that its votaries are ashamed of it and proud of it at one and the same time. This may seem paradoxical, but it is true. What is the highest praise one can bestow upon a statesman? It is that he is "above party," does not allow party influences to interfere with his political convictions. On the other hand, excesses of weaker men are excused on the ground of "over zeal for party." Statesmen, we are told, should be "above the Shibboleths" of party." We hear of persons being called upon to vote "from a sense of duty and not for a mere party advantage." We read that men sometimes, indeed often, "stretch their consciences to give party votes." Phrases like these could be piled to a heap "huge as high Olympus." The great question that agitates a nation discover a similar sentiment. In the face of a great crisis, party government not only breaks down, but it is expected to break down. "In a crisis like this," it is often said, "we must sink party differences and support the Government;" or, "in face of a common danger, we must unite—we must rise above party and act as one nation." "The common welfare," we are assured "should be above the interests of any political party." There are questions that are "too great for party," and so on. And that these are sincere expressions is shown by the fact that when a man is above party the true-hearted ones of all parties sympathize with him; whereas, "fidelity to party at the cost of principle" is never regarded as a virtue, though often as a quality which should be rewarded with a worldly reward. From this it follows "as the night the day" that the common welfare and party interests are not held to be identical, but distinct and opposite.

All this is pitiable; because what does it imply? For a man to be praised because he is superior to party considerations can only mean that the considerations of his party are something of which he ought to be ashamed. We never hear of a man being above his political convictions. When a man holds certain principles we praise him for sticking to those principles, for fighting for them, for suffering for them. We do not laud him to the skies because he is superior to what he believes to be right, and just and proper. We do that only when he throws to the winds the party that is supposed to be working out his principles. So, too, in regard to great crises and important measures of State. If party government be a good thing, why should it be necessary to thrust it aside? If a party be based on sound principles—as its supporters hold it to be—why, in times of of difficulty, should the party be forsaken, its principles thrown overboard, and its members go over for the occasion to the party they oppose and with whose avowed principles they disagree? If this state of things signifies anything at all, it is that political parties are hollow shams, mere playground for prattlers, to be cast aside when serious business begins.

—CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

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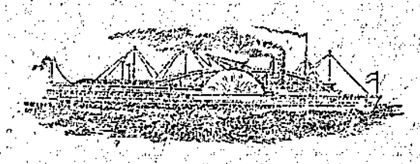

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Visiting Brothers cordially requested to attend.
R. S. McConnell,
Secretary.

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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.

S. OF T.

Union Division No. 7, Sons of Temperance meets in Free Mason's Hall, Union every Monday evening at 7:30.
Visiting friends cordially invited to attend.
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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.
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JAMES ABRAMS.

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47

KOOTENAY.

We copy the following from a mining journal as a brief and fair outline of the Kootenay towns and their prospects:

I have at last ended my travels in British Columbia and am settled in Brandon. This This is a larger place than Slocan City at present, and they are about a quarter of a mile apart. As Slocan City has the larger site, I think it will have the larger boom. The place is more talked of in Kootenay than any other. At present, however, it is very dull.

I have been in Revelstoke, Nakusp, New Denver, Slocan, Kaslo, Nelson, Northport, Salmon Siding, Rossland and Trail, and found all thriving. Revelstoke has a great future.

Sandon is in the centre of more rich mines than any town in the Dominion. No one will ever make it their residence except for business. It will be a mining camp, not a city.

New Denver is prosperous and progressive It is not overdone in any line. It may become a city. The railway and boats have sidetracked it so far. I doubt if they can continue to do so. It is the seat of Government offices for Slocan.

Kaslo cannot fail to be prosperous. Up the Kaslo and Slocan Railway to Sandon, a large string of rich mines look to it for supplies. The stores are much finer, numerous and better supplied than those of any other Slocan town. Morally it is a sink.

Nelson is steadily prosperous. There does not seem to be so much of the boom and gouge as elsewhere. Geographically I cannot see why it should be so important. But the Government and the Canadian Pacific Railway make it their Kootenay headquarters. The Nelson and Fort Sheppard road made straight for it. No one dreams of the Crow's Nest road sidetracking it. Loan companies are willing to invest in it, wholesale houses locate there, and men who wish a sure thing invest there. Why? Numerous other sites would seem more convenient, more suitable for junctions and more certainly in the line of travel.

Salmon Siding is booming. Rich prospects are reported near, Lots are selling high. Trail and Rossland parties are engineering the deals. At present only a few barn-looking shacks are standing there. It may be all right.

Trail has a great smelter. Heinze, the C. P. R., and others think it will have more. One railway now taps it and the Columbia flows past it. Other railways seem profitable. As a smelting, commercial and railway town, I am inclined to place it high for the future.

W. C. T. U. NOTES

The Doings of the Drink in England.

On a recent morning there lay stretched out the corpses of two men who had killed themselves with drink on New Year's Day.

The younger one's last journey was to go to the spirit shop to buy a half-crown bottle of drink. A few minutes after his return he dropped dead on the floor. The place was like the prophet's roll, "written within and without with lamentation, and mourning and woe." As these men lay in that cheerless house on that Sabbath morning, their upturned faces toward the open skylight that they could not see, they seemed to charge someone else with their guilt.

See a young man leaning against a shop window too intoxicated to walk; beside him stood his little girl, about three years old, crying bitterly, because he could not come home. He was too besotted to be conscious of the sorrow of his child. Her tears as they splashed on the cold street sounded in the ears of God. Who is responsible for he tears that fall and the hearts that break unseen? The cry of sorrow is drowned in the noise of sin.

A workingman who often came home the worse for drink, when warned by his wife, said, "Oh, if God only gives me two or three days to repent on my death-bed, I shall be all right." He came home one Friday night, went up stairs, reeled backward at the top, fell to the bottom, and broke his neck.

A pilot said, "You may lecture me as you like; it is no use unless you do away with the whole trade in drink. I know all you can tell me, and if they would agree to abolish the whole trade I would sign for it with both my hands. I can come home after having fasted for hours, and hear to put off with my dinner, tho' I see it ready before me; but when the thirst for drink comes I must have it—nothing can stop me."

The signs of depravity this Christmas seem to be without a parallel in the history of Sunderland. It is enough to make the whole christian world mourn. What are the churches doing to oppose this enormous organization for the destruction of men? If we do not do all in our power to stem this scourge of our land, our prayers are but a mockery. No wonder that in many of our churches the heavens are as iron and the earth is as brass.

The Jews have a legend that Rachel is still weeping for her children. Who weeps for the children of the drunkard? At the judgment to many a parent to whom God entrusted children the question will be asked: "Where is the flock I gave thee—thy beautiful flock?"—E. Binns, in London Christian.

There is Nothing

LIKE LEATHER

If it is Well Put Together

So here it is : :

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

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

Best Axle Grease at 2 BOXES

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Trunks at Prices to Suit the Times.

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Wesley Willard

NOTICE

"An Act to Prevent Certain Animals from Running at Large—1896"

Stock owners are hereby notified to keep all Swine, Stallions of one year old and upwards, and Bulls over nine months old, under proper enclosure, as all animals of these descriptions, found running at large will be dealt with under the provisions of the Act referred to.

Comox, B. C. W. B. ANDERSON,
June 7th, 1896. GOV'T AGENT.

A FINE STOCK:

Clocks, watches, books and stationery.

T. D. McLean

—JEWELER—

UNION, B. C.

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 the Assessment Act are now due for the year 1897. All of the above named Taxes collectible within the Comox, Nelson, Newcastle, Denman and Hornby Islands Division of the District of Comox, are payable at my office.

Assessed Taxes are collectible at the following rates, viz:

IF PAID ON OR BEFORE JUNE 30th, 1897—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, 1897—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.

W. B. ANDERSON,
Assessor and Collector.

January 1897.

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Manufactures the finest cigars and employes none but white labor.

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DAVID JONES, Proprietor,

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GOOD INK

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

Best Cough Medicine

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

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Union, B. C.

HOW THE PEOPLE LIVE

DROWSY EXISTENCE OF THE CITIZENS OF HAVANA.

Military Display the Only Change in the Conditions Surrounding the Place—Coffee, Siesta, Promenades and Bull Fights Go On as Usual.

Few Indications of War.

While Cuba, as a whole, has been terrifically and completely changed by the violent upheavals of war, its chief city still sits on the shores of the northern sea, sunlit and odorous. Havana, too, has undergone changes, says the New York Herald, but the changes are not those of fire and sword and famine. It has become decidedly more military than a few years ago, but this is all. Its cafes, formerly haunted by well-dressed crowds of civilian Cubans and Spaniards, now clank with spurs and sabers and ring with brimstone gossip of trochas, of battles and red routs, where the men who formerly sat cheek by jowl in the restaurants have met in deadly conflict.

Havana is full of marching soldiers that signify nothing but harmless dress parades, relief detachments and the like. The civil guards still form on the Prado and sweep down between the trees to the tune of a lively Spanish quickstep, with rifles at all sorts of angles and their hippy-hoppy hats cocked over their eyes in a style that would be considered aggressive in any other country.

But the real life of the city moves on steadily and quietly, just as it will continue to move until the day of judgment, unless stricken by some mighty cataclysm. Across the blue waters of the bay the low white houses of Casa Blanca sleep under the shelter of the bushy hill. Farther away, beyond the tile-roofed sugar houses that are empty and deserted now, and on the high mesa of the palm-dotted prairie hill, are the sleepy houses of Regia, and farther still the village of Guanabocoa, where the insurgents have made things lively during the past month.

But outside of the bodies of moving troops you could not discover a sign of war in Havana's front with a microscope. The lovely land conveys no hint of the savage and bloody exterior. The muleteers still perambulate the lonely roads with their enormous pack saddles, crooning to their sun-dreaming animals, while hammering them townward with their ragged heels.

"Venga, Moolah! Arrica, Moolah!" But Moolah, wise from experience, only lays his long ears back in dogged resentment, and plods on in sleepy comfort.

In Havana proper, while business is comparatively stagnant, there is still enough to give the usual air of slow and easy life to the streets. The narrow thoroughfares are swarming with low-topped carriages, beasts of burden, jostling drivers and negro women with such huge panniers on their heads that the mind tries in vain to grasp the effect of such a burden on the Caucasian brain. Some of these panniers are filled with bread. Others contain fruit and vegetables. Visitors have seen an Havana negro woman walking along the streets with a basket upon her head the size of a bureau, and smoking a cigar which for general size and black suggestions of nicotine has never been equaled. They are physical wonders, these tropic negresses.

The morning life of Havana is brisk. Then everything looks dewy and fresh and bright, and whatever odors there may be have not yet risen. Odors are late risers in Havana, although it may be truthfully observed that many of them never go to sleep at all. In the morning come the peddlers, with their strange wares and shrill cries. Here and there half dozens of asses may be seen waddling along with full udders of milk. They are attended by a ragged owner, who milks into a measure whatever you may choose to buy. This is a decidedly comfortable way of running a milk route, and you are sure of getting the pure article.

Said to Be Wholesome.

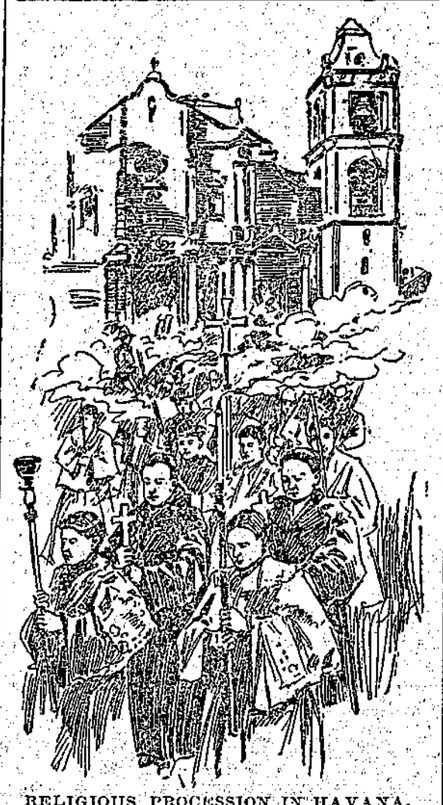
This asses' milk is said to be very wholesome, too. There is no tuberculosis about a jackass, except in his heels. On one occasion the writer saw one of these lowly and intelligent beasts kick a yellow dog over the counter of a "casa de cambio," or "money changer's," and knock down $187 in gold coins that were stacked in the rear. Only one stack was left standing, and it

A CAFE IN HAVANA.

was generally regarded as a "spare." But the jackass didn't care much about it. He simply closed his eyes and kept on thinking long eared thoughts.

All Havana breakfasts on black coffee and oranges. Somehow Americans always found this poor fare for a matutinal Anglo-Saxon stomach. The oranges are the best in the world, but the coffee has the strength of a porous plaster. After coffee at 9 o'clock comes a period of comparative activity for Cubans. They hustle about and attend to their marketing and other necessary duties. They go shopping in little peseta carriages, drawn by small and sturdy Cuban horses. But young and pretty Cuban girls do not go shopping unaccompanied. In fact, they never go out on the streets alone. They are always accompanied by a forbidding relative with a machete a yard long.

All the courting of Cuban sweethearts is done through perpendicular iron window bars three inches apart. This is pretty hard lines on anybody accustomed to the delights of a solitary parlor, low gas jets and a rocking chair built wide enough for two. In fact, the Cuban youths have



RELIGIOUS PROCESSION IN HAVANA.

a rather hard time of it. The writer has seen more than one of them come into the cafes with the red marks of the iron window bars along his face. But just now the boys are all away to the wars and the maids have no sweethearts.

They Make Siesta.

About noontime the average Cuban becomes too strong to work. He must have his siesta, and the world may wag on as it will while he takes it. Each member of an establishment has his own particular spot in which to take a nap, and it is a very rude thing for another to pre-empt it. The writer always knew where to find the barkeeper of one particular cafe when he wanted a "rabo de gallo" at siesta time. He would reach over the bar and prod vigorously around among the empty bottles and buckets until he struck a protest. Then he had him. "Here, Chico! Get up and attend to business."

"Si, hombre! Si! Que dice? Oh, dos mil cientos."

Then he would fish out an old lottery ticket, of which he had been dreaming, lay his head on the counter and go to sleep again, leaving the cafe in charge of his 6-year-old daughter, who ran about the place in a state of unblushing and Eve-like nudity.

Siesta time lasts anywhere from noon to 3 o'clock. Then Havana yawns, stretches itself and resumes business where it left off a few hours before. Even the beggars, who have also had their siesta, begin to show signs of almost human intelligence. They creep out from their various lairs and begin languidly to ply their trade. The blind girl, who put her own eyes out in a fit of pique, starts on her sunlit journey in tow of her brother. The man with the horrible leprous foot, bare and terrifying, stretches himself out in the shade of a deserted building on the Prado like a huge and offensive spider.

Many of these beggars are manufactured to order in Spain or the Canary islands, and they are certainly champions in their classes. There is one old fellow, ragged and with a yellow, withered face, like a boiled onion, gray whiskered, pursy and pop-eyed, who walks about the streets. And yet he used to be one of Havana's most wealthy and prominent merchants. He lost all his money through drink and morphine, and at present has just sense enough to beg for more. He has a staring, strabismic eye, which he winks broadcast, and a dicebox laugh. He is a Havana landmark.

In the Evening.

In the evenings the church bells begin to ring. They do not ring with the slow, measured cadence heard in Northern climes, but whang away as if hit with a hammer. And such is really the case. Two men climb up into the belfries and pound away for dear life until the ethics of Cuban bell ringing are fulfilled.

After nightfall begins the most attractive features of Havana life to a foreigner. The parks are filled with a strolling, chattering crowd. The Cuban girls and their mammas, while hooded in their mantillas, are dressed in the lightest and fluffiest of pink, blue and white frocks. The bands play, the seats are filled with spectators, officers, mashers and plantation owners, and the scene is full of life and movement. Ten cents "plata" is the price for a seat on one of these benches, and the revenue is supposed to go to the municipal authorities. It is doubtful, however, if a tithe of it ever finds its way into the public coffers. There are three collectors, and they never overlook anything, that any man could discover. There are no tickets to punch, no cash registers or bells to ring. It seemed to me to be one gigantic game of "grab."

Over in the Inglaterra and the neighboring resorts the cafes are full of Spanish officers, laughing, drinking, talking and smoking their endless cigarettes. Whenever an American makes his appearance they scowl and make remarks that are very audible even if not understood.

Every well regulated Cuban is afraid of the moon. There is no kind of lunacy that is not attributed, either directly or indirectly, to the effects of moonlight. Mothers teach their children to avoid its rays as they would the smallpox. There is so much difference in the temperature of the Cuban sunlight and shadow that the sensitive constitutions of a rather delicate people feel the change dreadfully. In the first place the atmosphere is ever surcharged with moisture that boils and steams in the sun and grows cool in the shade, like the air at the bottom of a well. Then up comes the moon, with her attendant fogs, and gets all the glory of breeding rheumatism, colds, fevers and consumption. "Keep out of the moonlight," is a Cuban mother's first maxim.

Have Bull Fights Now.

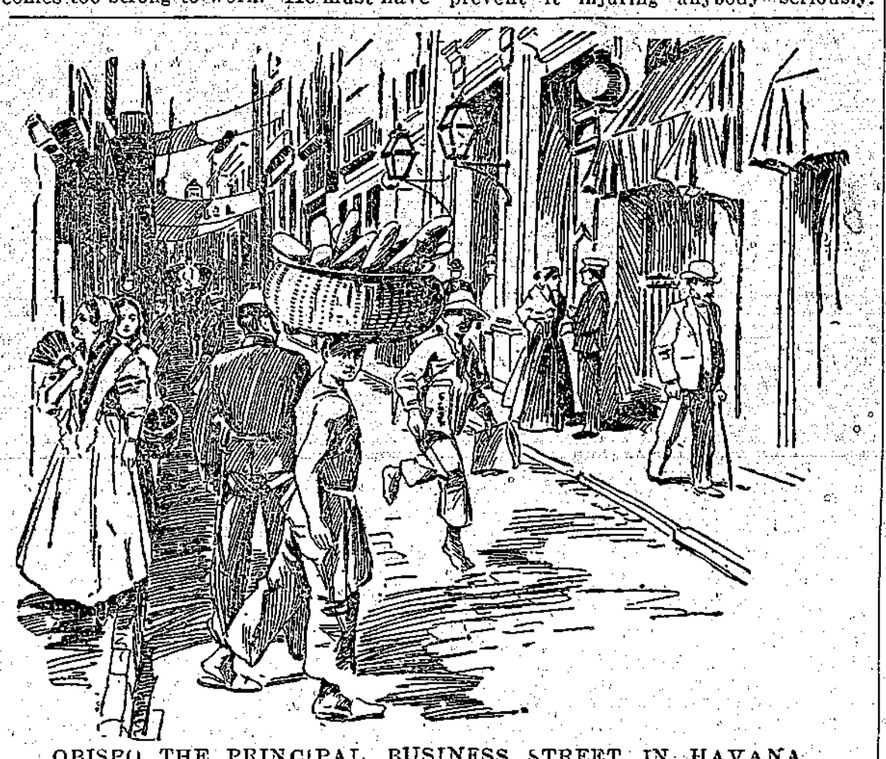
During the first year of the present war there were no bull fights in Havana. They are being indulged in again, however, and are as thoroughly enjoyed as in ante-bellum days. There is one feature of these bull fights that is seldom dwelt upon by chroniclers of Spanish customs.

It is the "bull for the people." After the matadors have properly slaughtered their bulls an animal is brought in for the pastime of the spectators. Its horns are sawed off until their ends are about an inch and a half in diameter, enough to prevent it injuring anybody seriously. Then a gold piece is fastened to the end of one of its horns and the public is given an opportunity to take it off. And how the spectators rush to the fray! The writer saw a dozen sailors jump into the ring and fairly hack the bull to death before it had time to find out where it was. It was slashed with machetes until its hide would not have held pumpkins. It fought as well as it knew how, and on one occasion caught its most daring persecutor and tossed him a beautiful somersault over the ring fence. Not until the bull had fallen did the sailors get the gold piece.

Altogether, however, Havana cannot be called a beautiful place. It looms above the sea like a gaunt, white coral reef ridged about a blue pool of a bay, which it clutches in its rocky arms like a sapphire. The houses, small and plain and white, stand in long rows like the tombs of the dead, and it takes an Anglo-Saxon some time to get rid of this graveyard feeling.

Carpets are unknown in Havana hotels. The writer came across one once and was tempted to throw it into the street; it looked so stuffy and out of place. The smooth marble stones, which are universal, are very cool and grateful to the feet in this hot climate. With stone floors and broad windows without glass, the Cuban sleeping apartments are well adapted to the climate.

And the sunsets are dreams of loveliness. The western sky at times is one vast rose-colored ocean, flecked with small crimson cloudships that sail placidly along, fading gradually from orange to saffron and from saffron to purple and from purple to black. The writer has stood on the punta and watched the sun go down behind the western gulf. Twenty minutes later it was night and the lamps were glimmering along the Prado.



OBISPO, THE PRINCIPAL BUSINESS STREET IN HAVANA.

Blouse Bodices.

A blouse bodice of black velvet, covered back and front with a lattice trimming of gold cord, and turquoise beads set in at intervals, so that there is a bead at each crossing, is very effective with a wide corselet belt of black satin, a black satin collar, and plain sleeves of velvet with a small puff at the top.

"No," said Miggles, "few railroads in this country are conducted on the square." "I'd like to know why not." "Oh, because most of them maintain round houses."—Philadelphia North American.

DUSKY BELLES IN BLOOMERS.

Bicycle Costumes the Rage Among the New Women of Africa.

Who knows but the bicycle may yet be recognized as one of the foremost agents of civilization! Much stranger things have happened in the world's economy. It is recorded that the new woman has suddenly appeared among the native tribes of Africa, where the black belles have discarded earrings and breechloths and donned bicycle bloomers, much to the astonishment of the swarthy warriors. The negro women on the outskirts of the forest, where they come into close contact with European civilization, have gone crazy over the bicycle.

Hitherto it has been a comparatively easy matter for the young black men to satisfy the cravings of their sweethearts for articles of personal adornment, as the styles never changed and the amount of clothing the women were

NATAL'S NEW WOMAN.

in the habit of wearing was extremely limited. Now, however, the latter not only want a complete bicycle outfit, including bloomers, hat and stockings, but an up-to-date machine as well, with cyclometer, lamp, kit of tools and all the other attachments.

At first the native swains of Natal bought for their sweethearts the old, high-wheeled bicycles which were discarded by the European market. These for a time satisfied the aspirations of the native African belles. They quickly learned, however, that wheels of this pattern were out of date, and that the safety with inflated tires was the proper thing. Since that time no black girl making any pretensions to style in Natal will be satisfied with anything less than a wheel of the '95 or '96 pattern.

One of these ladies of color in Natal recently posed for a photograph against a background of gum trees and buffalo grass, with a native kraal in the distance. She wore a checked suit, consisting of a Norfolk jacket, with a belt and bloomers that fitted close about the hips. On her head an Alpine hat was jauntily set. So up to date was this African maid that she disdained bicycle stockings, and wore the short socks coming halfway to the knee that are the latest thing among the fair bicyclers of Paris.

TO TURN GLOBE TROTTER.

A Young Woman Barber Who Is to Make a Tour of the World.

Miss I. A. Grey, who is at present employed in a well known barber shop in Savannah, Ga., has almost completed arrangements for making a tour of the world and practicing her profession. Miss Grey is 22 years old, medium height and a decided brunette. She was born near Chicago, and learned her trade in that city eight years ago. She will start alone and without a cent, earning her way with her trade, bringing back a specified amount of cash, thus identifying herself as the greatest and most novel "tourist" the world has ever known. She is bound to succeed, for beside being of an energetic, ambitious and attractive nature, she has the proper amount of deter-

MISS I. A. GREY.

mination to succeed at anything she may undertake. She also has worked up some very clever schemes that she expects will net her no small amount when turned into cash. She is said to be very clever with both razor and shears. "Next."

Embarrassing.

"Here, take my seat, lady," said the little boy on the car, as he sprang from his father's knee and doffed his hat.

The lady looked like a blush rose, the women giggled, the father signaled the conductor to stop, and half a dozen men stood up while urging the lady to sit down.—Detroit Free Press.

GREATER THAN NIAGARA.

Venezuelan Cataract More than Three Hundred Feet High.

Dr. L. O. Dart, who is a member of the American expedition on the Orinoco River, sends us the following highly entertaining letter describing a magnificent cataract which he has just discovered. We take great pleasure in publishing the letter:

"The people of the West Indies will no doubt be interested to learn that S. A. Thompson and myself, while exploring in the Imataca Mountains, some fifty miles south by east from Catalena, discovered a waterfall which promises, when the whole truth is definitely known, to rival some of the great waterfalls of the world.

"It was three days after first hearing the roar of falling water before we reached the river, so difficult were the mountains to climb and the forest to penetrate. But the sight that greeted us when we reached the river well repaid us for our hard work. Before our eyes was a great white wall of water 200 feet wide and more than 300 feet in height. Above this the fall curved behind a cliff and precluded farther view from below. By the aid of lianas hanging from or over the rocks above, and bushes growing in the crevices of the cliff, we ascended near the brink of the fall till our barometer registered a height of 350 feet above our first point of view, and far up and around the vertical mountain the falling water again disappeared, because of the curve in the river. The river—what river we know not for a certainty—appeared to flow from the west, and, leaping the cliff, strikes against a concave wall of rock on the southeast and is deflected from its course till the fall faces the north. Above the point where our barometer registered the 350 feet of sheer fall we could not ascend, as we stood at the base of a perpendicular wall of granite. And by this time the hour was late and we were forced to return to our camp—a camp that consisted only of our hammocks and a huge fire to dispel the dampness of the dark forest. As our provisions were low—in fact, for some days we had been living on wild game—we thought it wise to return to Catalena. This we did. Further knowledge of this grand waterfall we hope to gain in the near future, and on our second trip we shall not be surprised if we find there exists in the Imatacas one of the great waterfalls of the world.

"Asserting the rights of discoverers, we have given to this grand scene the name of the Falls of Manoah. This name seems especially fit because of its association with the legends of the people concerning the Imatacas."—Caracas (Venezuela) Herald.

VIBRATING IN TUNEFUL ACCORD,

Like the strings of a musical instrument, the nervous system in health harmonizes pleasantly with the other parts of the system. But weakened or overwrought, it jangles most inharmoniously. Quiet and invigorate it with the great tranquilizer and tonic, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which promotes digestion, bilious secretion and a regular action of the bowels, and prevents malarial, rheumatic and kidney complaints.

Dropping or striking a steel magnet, or causing it to vibrate by any other means, diminishes its magnetism.

HOME PRODUCTS AND PURE FOOD.

All Eastern Syrup, so-called, usually very light colored and of heavy body, is made from glucose. *"Tea Garden Drips"* is made from Sugar Cane and is strictly pure. It is for sale by first-class grocers, in cans only. Manufactured by the PACIFIC COAST SYRUP CO. All genuine *"Tea Garden Drips"* have the manufacturer's name lithographed on every can.

In Germany asparagus is peeled before it is canned by the aid of a special machine.

White quartz with a great deal of free gold has been struck near Hill City, in the Black Hills.

Glycerine is derived from the lye left after making soap, which for ages was considered of no use.

A Pennsylvania court has decided that to call a man a Mugwump is not a libel, but a compliment.

At Salem, Mass., the Roentgen ray discovery is asserted to have caused hair to grow on a bald head.

fine and imprisonment, which fine, when collected, shall go into the common school fund of the county.

The Transvaal is the thirty-ninth power to welcome the Red Cross Society.

F. H. Suizer, of West Bergen, owns a Bible printed in London 297 years ago.

The camel has the most complicated system of digestive organs.

There are said to be pelicans with a wing spread as far as fifteen feet.

We can afford to have you try all five flavors—one after another—of *Schilling's Best* tea, and get your money back if you don't like any.

Your tea-trade for the next ten years is worth having.

A Schilling & Company
San Francisco

411

A SOLID BASIS.

Gold is a solid basis of financial transaction, and for business that's the best thing for us. It is so in the physical conditions. If by some carelessness or exposure to sudden cold the muscles of the back are contracted and stiffened, we have at once lumbago, or lame back, sometimes called "crick in the back," which is disabling and unfits all all who have it for any activity. Now, to get back to a solid basis of health and strength, St. Jacobs Oil should at once be used to relax the twisted muscles and restore to their natural condition. It takes but a short time to perform the cure and the cure is certain. The back is then on a solid basis for strength and work, and nothing will bring about the change like this great remedy for pain.

Fossil animals, bearing a close resemblance to our horses, have been found in many parts of the world.

I never used so quick a cure as Piso's Cure for Consumption.—J. B. Palmer, Box 1171, Seattle, Wash., Nov. 25, 1895.

Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills, which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge, that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, laxatives or other remedies are then not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

Beware Of the Knife.

Mr. Lincoln Nelson, of Marshfield, Mo., writes: "For six years I have been a sufferer from a scrofulous affection of the glands of my neck, and all efforts of physicians in Washington, D. C., Springfield, Ill., and St. Louis failed to reduce the enlargement. After six months' constant treatment here, my physician urged me to submit to a removal of the gland. At this critical moment a friend recommended S.S.S., and laying aside a deep-rooted prejudice against all patent medicines, I began its use. Before I had used one bottle the enlargement began to disappear, and now it is entirely gone, though I am not through with my second bottle yet. Had I only used your S.S.S. long ago, I would have escaped years of misery and saved over $150."

This experience is like that of all who suffer with deep-seated blood troubles. The doctors can do no good, and even their resorts to the knife prove either fruitless or fatal. S.S.S. is the only real blood remedy; it gets at the root of the disease and forces it out permanently.

S.S.S. (*guaranteed purely vegetable*)

A Real Blood Remedy.

is a blood remedy for real blood troubles; it cures the most obstinate cases of Scrofula, Eczema, Cancer, Rheumatism, etc., which other so-called blood remedies fail to touch. S.S.S. gets at the root of the disease and forces it out permanently. Valuable books will be sent free to any address by the Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.

SSS

WHEAT. Make money by successful speculation in Chicago. We buy and sell wheat there on margins. Fortunes have been made on a small beginning by trading in futures. Write for full particulars. Best of reference given. Several years' experience on the Chicago Board of Trade, and a thorough knowledge of the business. Downing, Hopkins & Co., Chicago Board of Trade Brokers. Offices in Portland, Oregon, Spokane and Seattle, Wash.

FRAZER AXLE GREASE
BEST IN THE WORLD.

Its wearing qualities are unsurpassed, actually outlasting two boxes of any other brand. Free from Animal Oils. GET THE GENUINE.
FOR SALE BY OREGON AND WASHINGTON MERCHANTS and Dealers generally.

FOR PEOPLE THAT ARE SICK or "Just Don't Feel Well," DR. GUNN'S IMPROVED **LIVER PILLS** are the One Thing to use.
Only One for a Dose.
Sold by Druggists at 25c. a box. Samples mailed free. Address Dr. Bosanko Med. Co. Phila. Pa.

His works and name shall ever live
Till chaos rules the earth;
Let every patriot hail the day
That celebrates his birth.

"Please, Dan'pa, will 'oo tell me," asked a small but thoughtful youth,
"Why is a little hatchet called a symbol of the truth?"
"Why, don't you know?" said grandpa. Little Bobby shook his head.
"I tooly don't," he answered. "Then you ought to," grandpa said.

"All ready," he continued, taking Bobby on his knee,
"It's going to be a story, and you're wide awake, I see.
Once on a time a little boy of just about your lift
Received a little hatchet from his father for a gift—"

"Oh, what a funny present," thoughtful Bobby cried. "Suppose
That boy had chopped his fingers off and bloodied all his clothes;
I dess his foolish papa then would cry a lot, I say!
Why didn't that boy's mamma take the hatchet right away?"

"Perhaps she didn't know it," grandpa laughed; "at any rate
Next morning bright and early rose that little boy elate,
To try his little hatchet; in his father's garden he
Displayed his skill by cutting down a favorite cherry tree."

"A cherry tree?" cried Bobby. "Weren't any woods around?
Why, cherries are the goodest things to eat I ever found;
I dess that little fellow wasn't smart a bit, like me—
Say, Dan'pa! Do you fink I'd kill a lovely cherry tree?"

"Of course you wouldn't, Bobby; you're too fond of things to eat;
But, just for fun, suppose you did, and then had chanced to meet
Your father in the garden, and he sternly asked you who
Cut down his favorite cherry tree. Now, tell me what you'd do."

"Well, Dan'pa! let me fink. If I cut down his cherry tree
And papa came and caught me with the hatchet, wouldn't he
Know certain sure I did it? If I told a story, why
He'd whip me twice as hard, you know, for telling him a lie.

"But if I looked real sorry and I didn't skip, and said,
'Dear pop! forgive poor Bobby, who cut down your tree;' instead
Of getting any whipping wouldn't papa say, 'My son!
Because you didn't tell a lie, no whipping will be done?'"

"Ahem!" said Grandpa, startled by the wisdom of the tot,
"That's just the thing that happened in the story. Now you trot
Away to bed, and say your prayers before you close your eyes,
And dream about the whippings bad boys get for telling lies."
—Detroit Free Press.

Washington's Greatest Glory.

The transcendent glory of Washington as a soldier is that when the war was ended he surrendered his victorious and stainless sword to the civil authority. For eight long years he had carried that great trust without salary or pecuniary compensation of any kind, never but once seeing his beloved Mount Vernon. A pliant army, smarting under grievances, would have made him king or dictator. He crushed the very suggestion with indignant rebuke. Cromwell and Napoleon, after successful revolutions, had held on to power. There is hardly another case in history where, under like circumstances, power has been voluntarily surrendered. Washington set for all successful generals, in all ages after him, a noble and immortal example, when he sought out that weak and migratory congress at Annapolis and in such dignified and manly words as these closed his impressive speech of resignation:

"Having now finished the work assigned me, I retire from the great theater of action, and bidding an affectionate farewell to this august body, under whose orders I have so long acted, I here offer my commission and take my leave of all the employments of public life."

WASHINGTON'S COACH.

It Is Now a Roost for Chickens in an Old Barn in New York.

Washington's coach, in which the father of his country rode to his inauguration and which should be treasured as a precious relic, is now rusting away in an old stable in New York, serving as a roost for chickens and a catch-all for discarded things usually thrown into garrets. A few years ago this coach was purchased for $6,500, but to-day it is virtually neglected.

With what delight, says the New York Press in commenting on this, would the French take this graceful relic and array

WASHINGTON'S MISUSED COACH.

it in the Musee de Cluny beside the Napoleon carriages guarded so reverently! None would esteem it better as a public possession than the Swiss or Tyroleans, who have his portrait and that of Abraham Lincoln in honored places on the walls of their homes. His appeal is as strong as that of the other who "made way for liberty"—brave Arnold Winkelried. And wouldn't the Italians like to wheel it into the great armory at Turin! It would look interesting beside the stuffed skin of the horse that carried the hero of Marengo, and the picturesque accoutrements of Garibaldi. Here in New York it is falling away with neglect.

If all men knew what they say of one another, there would not be four friends in the world. This appears by the quarrels which are sometimes caused by indiscreet reports.

Get this Package When You Call for It.

And Don't Be Defrauded by any Substitute That Some Dealers Try to Sell You for the Sake of the Larger Profit!

FERRY'S SEEDS

There has never been a time when growers should guard against failure with more care. There has never been a time when *Ferry's Seeds* were more essential. They are **always the best.** For sale by leading dealers everywhere. Insist on having them.

FERRY'S SEED ANNUAL

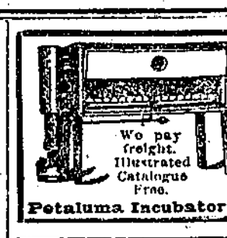
is full of information for gardeners and planters. There will never be a better time than now to send for the 1897 edition. **Free.**
D. M. Ferry & Co., Detroit, Mich.

Sent Free!

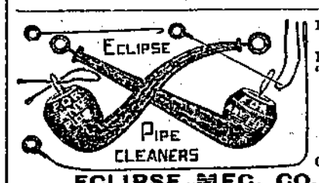
To any person interested in humane matters, or who loves animals, we will send free, upon application, a copy of the "ALLIANCE," the organ of this Society. In addition to its intensely interesting reading, it contains a list of the valuable and unusual premiums given by the paper. Address

THE NATIONAL HUMANE ALLIANCE,
410-411 United Charities Building, New York.

SURE CURE FOR PILES
Itching and Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles yield at once to **DR. BO-SAN-KO'S PILE REMEDY.** Stops Itching, allays tumors. A positive cure. Circulars sent free. Price 50c. Druggists or mail. DR. BOSANKO, Phila., Pa.



EVERY HEN Hatched in **Petaluma Incubators** has **started right,** and is better prepared to give **profitable** returns because these machines exclusively embody the features which produce the greatest number of vigorous **Chickens.** Incubators from $10 up.
We pay freight. Illustrated Catalogue Free.
Petaluma Incubator Co., Petaluma, Cal.



INDISPENSABLE TO ANY PIPE SMOKER. "AWAY WITH MAKESHIFTS." Dealers' Best Seller. SAMPLE, 10c. ONE DOZEN, 80c By Mail.
ECLIPSE MFG. CO.
Agents Wanted. Portland, Or., U. S. A.

RUPTURE and PILES cured; no pay until cured; send for book. DRS. MANSFIELD & PORTERFIELD, 838 Market St., San Francisco.

RODS For tracing and locating Gold or Silver ore, lost or hidden treasures. M. D. FOWLER, Box 337 Southington, Conn.

OPIUM HABIT AND **DRUNKENNESS** Cured in 10 to 20 Days. No Pay till Cured. DR. J. L. STEPHENS, LEBANON, OHIO.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

LOCALS

Mr. James Dunsmuir, President of the Union Colliery Co., reached here last Wednesday on the City of Nanaimo, accompanied by the Misses Dunsmuir.

Mr. Simon Leiser was up last week.

Mr. Eckstein and wife have returned from Vancouver.

Buy your sugar at Leiser's $5.00 per cwt

Mr. Mathew Mitchell returned from Nanaimo Wednesday, much improved.

Mr. G. Hicks, brother of Rev. W. Hicks, arrived last Wednesday.

Bargains in white and colored Shirts at Leiser's

Mr. S. Langdon, agent of the Birbeck was in town last week.

Mr. Reifel, manager of the Union Brewery Co., Ltd., paid Union a visit last week.

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

Mr. Harry Hamburger left for Victoria Friday.

Mr. Canonica has left, and his fruit store in Union will know him no more forever.

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

Seven trees were cut out of the road between Courtenay and Union the last of the week.

An Italian has opened a fruit stand in the Biggs' block, next to Tarbell's tin and stove store.

—The lowest prices you seeadvertised are the prices you pay at Hamburger's.

About half a dozen young men left Union Friday morning for the Yukon country, and it is said a few more will leave for the same place this week, provided they can get passage.

Mr. E Barrett, formerly of Chemainus, has opened at Holmes' Old Stand, a cash store. His family is expected up in about a fortnight.

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

Mr. Maurice McArgle of Comox has gone —not expected back. His family had not gone at last accounts, but will probably be sent for.

Mr. Wilson, Inspector of Schools, has been in the district some days, and will conduct examinations for entrance to a High School before he returns.

COAL OIL $3.00 per case at Leiser's.

Mr. T. W. Holland of Vancouver, general agent for British Columbia, of the Dominion Building and Loan Association, is in town looking after the interests of the Association.

Saturday was a very windy and stormy day. The gulf waters fairly raged in their fury. The Glory of the Seas at Union wharf put out both of her anchors.

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

Messrs Geo. Barrett, G. Fletcher and Mr. Langdon, were the guests of Mr. Uusworth at the Waverly Hotel, after the arrival of the train on Wednesday last.

FOR SALE.—Centre board boat fifteen feet reel, mast and sails complete. Cost $75.00 last year. Will be sold for $30.00 cash. Apply to H. Kirby, Kingcome Inlet, or to Duncan Bros., Comox.

The naval mess house at the Sand Spit is practically completed. The floating wharf at the Sand Spit is being constructed by Messrs Hawkins and Millett, and will be finished in about a week. It is expected a warship will visit the Bay within a fortnight.

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

Navigation has been so rough that it has delayed shipping. The City of Nanaimo which put out of here Friday morning was compelled owing to the roughness on the water to put in for awhile at Denman Island before resuming her journey.

James Lewis fractured the small bone of the right leg Saturday, in No. 4 slope owing to the fall of a stringer he was trying to put in position. He was taken to the hospital.

Ladies, have you seen those fine shoes in N. Parks' window?

Massey's for March reached here rather late, last Wednesday. It is a fairly good number, but not exceptionally brilliant. "With Parkman through Canada" maintains its interest, and "Winnipeg Field Battery" is well illustrated, besides a few short stories and poems of no great merit "The Literary Kingdom" is pleasant reading, reviving memory of old associations of great authors.

Those who have pianos to tune should not forget that Mr. G. Hicks, who is an expert in this line, is in town. He is expected to leave on Friday morning.

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.

Subscribe for THE NEWS $2.00 per annum.

The series of mining maps of British Columbia issued by the Province Publishing Co are well executed, and meet a pressing want. Anyone interested in the mines of the Province should have a copy. The leading mines are named and located, also the mining towns, smelters, and railways. There has been so much development lately, especially in Kootenay, that it has been difficult to keep track of railways, locations etc. If the book store does not have them, write to the Province Pub., Co., Victoria.

Visiting cards printed at the NEWS OFFICE in neat script.

We regret if the publication of the item respecting the school trouble at the landing should have led anyone to take an unfair view of the case. The fact that the young lady referred to, has held her present position for over three years, is in itself proof that her management of the school, has on the whole been acceptable to the trustees. In judging of such cases the nervous strain of teaching and the provocation given should not be overlooked.

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

Mr Portray, an old man boarding with Dave Anthony, was badly bruised by a falling rock yesterday afternoon. It occurred in No. 4 Slope.

The examination of pupils for a High School will commence at Courtenay, Wednesday, March 31 at 9 a. m.

The prediction that the handsome little cottage on Maryport avenue, with the unique roof and beautifully windowed entrance-hall, would not long remain without an occupant, appears to be fulfilled But how long this lonliness?

Do You Take Your Local Paper?

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

It Gives

the cream of TELEGRAPHIC NEWS.

It Supports

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

It Publishes Occasionally,

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

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

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

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

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

Esquimalt & Nanaimo Ry.

Time Table No. 27,

To take effect at 8 a.m. on Monday Nov. 2nd. 1896. Trains run on Pacific Standard time.

GOING NORTH

	Daily.	Sat'dy
Lv. Victoria for Nanaimo and Wellington	A. M. 8.00	P. M. 3.20
Ar. Nanaimo	11.40	6.38
Ar. Wellington	12.00	6.55

GOING SOUTH

	A M Daily.	P M Sat'dy.
Lv. Wellington for Victor	8.20	3.30
Lv. Nanaimo for Victoria	8.40	3.45
Ar. Victoria	12.20	7.00

For rates and information apply at Company's offices.

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

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

SUNDAY SERVICES

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

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

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

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

M. J. HENRY,

NURSERYMAN AND

FLORIST

POST OFFICE ADDRESS

604 WESTMINSTER ROAD,
VANCOUVER, B. C.

Send for new 60 page Catalogue before placing your orders for Spring Planting, if you are interested in saving money for yourself and getting good stock of first hands.

Most complete stock of Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, Roses, Etc., in the Province.

Thousands of small Fruit Plants and Vines of leading varieties, suitable for this Climate.

Fertilizers, Agricultural Implements, Spray Pumps, Etc., best to be had.

No Agents. List tells you all about it. Eastern Prices or Less.

GREENHOUSE, NURSERY AND APIARY: 604 WESTMINSTER ROAD.

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

A RARE CHANCE FOR BOYS!

AT THE BIG STORE

Boys' serge, tweed suits, two pieces,	...	$1.00
" strong tweed suits, " "	... ...	$1.25
" plain and fancy tweeds, two pieces,		$1.25 and $1.50
" light and dark all wool suits,	... ...	$1.50
" all wool Scotch tweed suits,	...	$1.75 and $2.00
" all wool Cheviot suits,		$2.50 and $3.00
" sailor suits, two pieces, gold braided,		$1.25, 1.40, 1.50 and 1.75

Boys' Galatea Waists & Suits, 90 cents to $1.50

A Big lot of Boys' Tweed pants to be Cleared out, 50 cents per pair, also a big lot of cottonade pants at 25 cents each—

Youths' coats and vests, sizes 32, 33, 34 and 35; to be sold at $2.50 each, to make room for our SPRING GOODS.

Our men's pants will be sold at prices REGARDLESS OF COST.

SIMON LEISER.