Provincial Library
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The Weekly News.

NO. 258. UNION COMOX DISTRICT, B. C., TUESDAY OCT., 26th, 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

SIMON LEISER

JUST THE SIZE!

Fresh Salmon, 1897 Pack, in Half ound Tins, two for 15 cents.

British Columbia CODFISH

Whole Strips, Boneless Two Pound Blocks.

Pears for Preserving.

A Full Line of the BEST GROCERIES for Family Trade. Look at our Fall Stock in Men's, Ladies and Children's Clothing and Underwear.

GUS HAUCK

We Have

Just received a shipment of Rubber Goods direct from the from the factory, composed of Water Bags, Ice Bags, Syringes, Atomizers, Tubing, etc.

GOOD SUPPLY OF ALL THE POPULAR

PATENT MEDICINES.

Perfume and Toilet Articles, Soaps, Brushes & Combs.

Prescription and Family Recipes Accurately Dispensed . . . . . .

HEADQUARTERS

for Stationery & School Books.

Peacey & Co. Druggists, Union.

Open on Sundays from 10 to 11 o'clock a. m. and from 3 to 6 o'clock p. m.

M. J. HENRY,

Nurseryman and FLORIST

VANCOUVER, B. C.

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

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

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

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

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

GORDON MURDOCK'S . . .

LIVERY.

Single and Double Rigs to let

—at—

Reasonable Prices

Near Blacksmith Shop, 3rd St.

UNION, B. C

NOTICE

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

NOTICE.

THE s. s. City of Nanaimo will leave Comox for Nanaimo at NOON Thursday, the 28th, inst., instead of Friday morning the 29th.

H. K. PRIOR,
Acting General Manager.

THE PARKERS.

A little over a year ago the Parkers—Mr and Mrs.—came here from Zeean, Tasmania. They were good singers and at once came to the front as favorites in concerts, and were prominent in a church choir. There is a little girl in the family of about seven years, small of her age, pale and pinched in appearance. It has a fashion of crying out at times, and curiously enough it sometimes exhibited a bloody nose and mouth. On Monday of last week the child was noticed with a big lump on its forehead, as if it had been hit with a stick. The kind-hearted neighbors finally complained, or at least some one of them did, to the proper authorities and a citation was issued for Mrs. Parker to explain before Magistrates Abrams and McKnight. The trial came off on Thursday evening. Mrs. Parker denied having struck the child on the head; said she noticed the lump on its forehead when it came home, enquired the cause, and was told by her little girl SHE DIDN'T KNOW. The evidence was necessarily confined to the charge of the 18th, and as the child was too young to testify, and as no one saw Mrs. P. strike it, the case was dismissed. But the end is not yet.

There is another charge which has been fyled in the Court of Public Opinion, and may find its way into the courts of the land. The charge is a very serious one, and if not true can be very easily disproved, and we hope it may be. It is in effect that the man and woman known as Mr. and Mrs. Parker and who have passed as such here, are not in fact married. This report is brought by people coming from the same place that the Parkers did. As a result they are not wanted in the choir where they have been accustomed to appear, nor until this matter is cleared up, will they be likely to appear on concert platforms. The News will gladly publish evidence calculated to exonerate them, if such evidence shall be furnished.

Saturday evening 23d, inst., Mrs. Parker was again brought up before Magistrates Abrams and McKnight on the charge of ill-treating her little girl, between July 1st, and 15th.

J. B. McLean testified: "I reside in Union, I came home from work on evening in question; passing around to the back of my house I entered it. My wife went out shortly after my arrival and called me outside. She drew my attention to Mrs. Parker's house where the little girl was standing out-side leaning against the wall—the little girl who goes under the name of Maudie Parker. She seemed to be suffering somewhat, judging by her attitude. My wife went over to see what was the matter and I followed. We found, on examination, blood issuing from her nose and mouth. Mrs. McLean entered Mrs. Parker's house with the object of getting some water to put on the child's neck; and Mrs. Parker appeared and ordered us to go home and mind our own business. Mrs. McLean asked Mrs. Parker why she was treating the child like that, when she replied that she would do as she pleased again if necessary. Mrs. McLean asked Mr. Parker, who was standing behind us splitting wood, why he did not attempt to stop the bleeding and he replied: 'It's no use; she means to kill her any way.' Mrs. Parker drew the child into the house and we returned to our home."

In answer to a question by Magistrate Abrams witness said: "I took it for granted she had abused the child by its appearance. It was about 5:30 in the afternoon."

Mrs. McLean being sworn said: "I corroberate my husband's statement in every particular. I have nothing to add to it."

Mrs. Parker was then sworn in her behalf and testified as follows: "I will say on the day referred to I certainly did strike the child with the back of my hand and suppose I hit her on the nose, but I did not intend to hit her on the nose or do her any harm. It did make her nose bleed, but nothing to speak of, and her mouth was not bleeding at all. I was not aware I had hit her on the nose at the time until I heard Mrs. McLean blast out something in the back yard. She came inside my back kitchen and took a rag off of the bench. As she did so I followed her to the back door and told her to clear out of the yard as soon as she liked and mind her own business, not interfere with me as I never interfered with her, or any one else; that she whiped hers when she thougnt fit and I would whip mine when it was necessary. At that Mr. McLean put in his spoke and I can't exactly say what I said, but I slammed the door in his face and told him to go home, too. I took the child by the shoulder and put her inside the door Her nose had stopped bleeding. The child's nose will bleed most any time—even when she coughs. It has been inclined to bleed since she had the measles. I gave her a smack in the face for not doing as she was told. It was three years ago when she had the measles. Her nose bleeds nearly all the time."

Mr. Parker sworn for defence, said: "I heard Mrs. Parker's evidence and I corroberate it in every particular. Mrs. McLean asked me to try and stop the blood. I told her I would not interfere between mother and child—have nothing to do with it. That's what I stated. I don't know whether the child had the measles. Mrs. Parker wasn't abusing the child. If I thought there was any thing wrong I would have interfered. I did not interfere because Mrs. McLean was doing it; it didn't require two. A slap in the mouth, what is that? Yes, it is not right to strike a child in the face [in answer to a question.] I thought it wasn't necessary to interfere as long as Mrs. McLean was doing it. That child is in bed. I know of no one else being in the house. I locked the house when I left home; the keys are in my pocket [time 8:30 p. m.] The child was not asleep when I left. Think it best; the child is best in bed; think it all right to leave it so. The child was not sick yesterday—don't think she was at school; don't know why."

Mrs. Parker recalled, said: "My child is at home in bed; put her in bed about 7 o'clock; not asleep when I left I very frequently leave her alone. She is locked up; not timid; will go out in the dark. Mrs. Thorburn generally keeps an eye on the house I think it is perfectly safe. I wouldn't leave her only two hours at a time. She has sometimes been in at Mrs. Thorburn's when I knew I was going out. I will keep her from school after this, so she won't go to neighbors and ask for food; will teach her myself."

There being no farther evidence the magistrates retired for consultation. They soon came back when Magistrate Abrams announced their conclusions. He said they were satisfied from the evidence the child [aged 7 years] had been ill-treated. He thought Mr. Parker had not performed his duty by not interfering. He said several had complained to him during the day that they knew the child had been abused; one person said he saw Mrs. Parker strike it with a shovel, but at other times than laid in the complaint upon which Mrs. Parker had been tried. He suggested to Mrs. Parker that if she didn't want to keep the child there were several homes which were open to it in town where it would be taken good care of. To this suggestion Mrs. Parker said she would not give it up. Well, said the magistrate we could impose a fine of $100.00 and give you six months in jail. However we shall fine you $5.00 and costs or ten days. And we hope we shall hear no more complaints in regard to your treatment of your child. Magistrate McKnight concurred in what had been said, adding a few admonitory words.

TIGER BRANDS

UNDERWEAR! UNDERWEAR!

ALL KINDS, QUALITIES & SIZES

Just arrived from the Galt Knitting Mills, men's sizes ranging from 36 to 46. Boys' underwear, a Specialty, prices away down at

McPHEE & MOORE'S.

FROM BENNETT LAKE.

EDITOR NEWS:

BENNETT LAKE, Sept. 26th.—According to promise I write you from this point. The boys—eight of us—are all well and in the best of spirits. We have had a hard time in getting here from Skagway Bay. The first three or four miles a wagon could be used, but after we started to climb the mountains, we kept going up until I thought we would reach the sky! Then we went down the other side; then over rivers and through swamps. There were hundreds of dead horses on the route. Some died of starvation; others got their legs broken. I have seen them stumble down the mountain-side hundreds of feet—sometimes dead before they reached the bottom. In one case I saw a horse go down 400 feet into the river and come up and go to packing again; but packing after such a tumble didn't often occur. At the swamps you could step from one dead to another. Often when they got mired they were too weak to get out.

When we left Skagway we had four horses but before we got here we had to buy twenty more, without which I don't think we could have made it this season. The mules we got of Mr. Little stood us all the way through, though when we got here they were about "played;" so Joe Greaves shot them rather than let them starve, as there is very little feed here for animals.

We are now nearly ready to go down the river. We have two boats almost complete. It is very hard to get lumber for boat building. The trees are small and rough. We had to whipsaw the lumber for our two boats. Lumber is selling here for $750.00 per thousand feet or 75c per foot. I often think of the lots of lumber I left at home. If I had it here I'd not go to the gold fields. Flour is $25.00 a sack. At Skagway Bay horses were worth from $200.00 to $500.00 each; here they can be bought from $5.00 to $25.00. Boats to go down the river sell from $400 to $600, and poor ones at that. The two boats we have built are large and will take all our "stuff." My address will be hereafter Dawson City, British Yukon.

YOURS TRULY,
ROBERT GRANT

UNION SHIPPING.

19th. Oct.—Str. Tees 48 tons of fuel.
20 " " — " Thistle 12 of fuel.
21 " " — " Maude 42 tons of fuel.
22 d, " —Tug Vancouver 251 tons of coal.
22 " " —Tepic 217 tons of coal for C P.R., and 195 tons of coke for Trail.
24th, " —Mamie 12 tons of fuel.
25 " " —Str. Bristol 2,350 tons of coal San Francisco.

San Mateo is loading.

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

DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER

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

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

Apply at the office for advertising rates.

THE NEWS.

UNION, B.C.

The Week's Commercial Summary.

Call loans on choice collateral are being made in Toronto at 4 per cent.

The net gold balance of the United States treasury is $143,570,000.

In some quarters of Ontario we hear of too much rain for the grain crops.

The wool market at Toronto is quiet with prices easy. Dealers are paying 18c for wool in the fleece.

The stocks of wheat at Toronto are now 98,384 bushels as against 112,793 bushels last week and 64,149 bushels a year ago.

Stocks of wheat at Port Arthur and Fort William are 1,990,143 bushels as against 1,704,318 bushels a week ago and 1,635,916 a year ago.

The traffic returns of the Canadian Pacific railway for the week ended June 7, 1897, amounted to $469,000; for the corresponding week of last year the returns were $403,000.

The visible supply of wheat in the United States and Canada decreased 2,445,000 bushels last week, and the total is now only 24,450,000 bushels as compared with 50,147,000 bushels a year ago. The amount afloat to Europe is 18,560,000 bushels, the same as last week, while a year ago the total was 30,720,000 bushels.

The quiet trade in wholesale circles at Toronto this week is due in a measure to the unfavorable weather. The sorting up trade in dry goods is backward, the demand being slow owing to cool and wet atmosphere. The grain crops are not as promising as a week ago for the same reason, but the hay crop is likely to be very heavy. Some improvement is reported in groceries, there being a good demand for teas and sugars. The latter are firm in prices, with larger purchases than usual in consequence of the approach of the berry season.

Trade conditions at Montreal are practically unaltered, and our general remarks of last week will apply at date. Reports continue to come in from different parts of the province regarding frost damaged meadows, and delayed field work. The dry goods trade benefited by a few days fine weather after last writing, but unfavorable conditions have again intervened. Travelers in this line are now out with full lines of fall samples, but orders have not yet begun to come in freely, and at the moment wholesale business is confined to a moderate sorting demand, mainly from the country.

The German chemists, says The Toronto World, are busy at work on almost every conceivable scientific problem. The latest victory is said to be the discovery of a process for making dough directly from wheat, the milling process being entirely dispensed with. The following interesting facts in regard to the invention are translated from the German newspaper Die Neue Heibkuns. According to that journal a factory running under the new system has been established at Altona, and the trade done thereat is so great that additions to the plant have become necessary. The machinery not only transforms whole grains directly into dough, but also at the same time kneads it, no grinding or milling process being employed at all. After the wheat is first thoroughly cleaned in the dry state, it is placed in running water until the latter is no longer turbid, and it is then allowed to soak for a few hours in a temperature of 50 degrees to 52 degrees centigrade. In the slimy condition in which it is then found it is placed in the dough machine, where it goes through a patented process, whereby the mass is vigorously squeezed and at the same time passed through a seive. The doughy mass is then passed through a seive with finer meshes, finding its way into wooden boxes and then into souring vats. The quantity of dirt which the process removes from the grain is said to be frightening, both in cleansing the dry grain and during the doughing process, when the surface of the water is covered with a disgusting layer of stuff made up of dust, weeds and the ejections of mice and birds, all of which the machine is said to thoroughly remove. The writer of the article claims that the bread made by this process is not only healthier and more palatible than that of ordinary manufacture but also more nutritious. All the nutritive portions are preserved, especially those nearest the outer surface, which it is claimed, are lost by milling operations. That none of the nitrogenous substances are removed is proved by the fact the albuminoid ratio of the bread is 1.5, and even the most fibrous or woody portions are in such a condition. Finally, the new process is said to be most economical.

Odd Items About Money.

The London people are computed to spend $6,000,000 daily.

The wealth of New York grows by $100,000,000 every year.

Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars worth of gold is added to the world's stock every week.

The notes of the Bank of England cost about one cent each.

Only 37 per cent. of the gold in currency is of the proper weight.

Standard gold contains 11-12th of fine metals and 1-12th of alloy.

In Fiji the coinage consists chiefly of whale's teeth, those of greater value being dyed red. The natives exchange 200 white teeth for one red one, as we change nickels for a dollar.

THE LIMEKILN CLUB.

BROTHER GARDNER STOPS A DISPUTE ABOUT NOAH'S ARK.

Whether It Was Red or Blue, He Declares, Was a Matter of Little Importance—He Also Settles a Row About Dan'l and the Lion's Den.

"My frens," said Brother Gardner as the routine work of the meeting had been disposed of at the last meeting of the Limekiln club, "I want to say to yo' right yere an now dat bylaw No. 46,860 will be vigorously enforced dis winter. Dat bylaw, as mos' of yo' know, am to de effeck dat any member of dis club who shall start a religus discushun shall be deemed guilty of misdemeanor an render hisself liable to a fine of $25,000. This club numbers Baptists, Methodists, Presbyterians, Unitarians, Universalists, atheists, Adventists an seberal other sorts of religion among its members, an dat bylaw was a wise fo'thought. If a man wants a perticklar brand of religun, dat's all right, an he must raise no objeckshuns ag'in somebody else's brand. Let each one live up to his own an make de best of it.

"'Bout two weeks ago I was in a coal ya'd to ask if coal had riz up or gone down, an I run across Brudder Shindig Watkins an Brudder Badfoot Jones. Brudder Watkins am a Baptist, an Brudder Jones hangs out wid de Universalists. Dey had got into a dispute 'bout Noah's ark. De one said it was painted red an de other blue, an dey had got mad an was fightin ober it. I took off my coat an sailed in, an if dose two members am still laid up in bed it's only what dey desarve. Dat ark may hev bin painted de reddest sort o' red or de bluest sort o' blue, or it might not hev bin painted at all. What's de difference to us? It am our bizness to pay our rent, go to church on Sunday an keep de ole woman an chill'en in shoes, an de color of Noah's ark or de color of Noah's whiskers ain't gwine to help us out.

"A few days ago I went ober to call on Brudder Waydown Bebee, who owes me $2, an 'pears to hev forgotten it. I found a row in progress in his back ya'd. Brudder Comealong Thompson had called to borry some butter, an dey had begun to talk 'bout Dan'l in de lion's den. Brudder Bebee said dat Dan'l was so skeert when he was shet up wid de lions dat his ha'r all curled up. Brudder Thompson contended dat Dan'l wasn't skeert 'tall, but dat he jest looked de lions in de face an smiled. Den dey called each other liars an dodos an pitched in. I ar' happy to obsarve dat I also took a hand in. It was a sort o' surpriso party to de crowd, an dey hain't got ober it yit. What we got to do wid Dan'l in de lion's den? He may hev bin skeert, an he may hev had a reg'lar picnic ober it, but how does dat help us to keep de cook stove gwine? What happened 1,800 y'ars ago hain't gwine to buy codfish fur tomorrer.

"Tain't werry long ago dat Samuel Shin an Giveadam Jones got together to see 'bout church matters. Boaf am Methodists, but while Brudder Shin believes de whale swallered Jonah, Brudder Jones won't hev it dat way. Dey had no bizness to bring up dat whale, but dey hadn't talked ten minits when up he riz an each man begun to blow an shake his fists. De natural consekence was a fight. I wasn't dar to swing my right, but it is consolin to know dat Brudder Shin had his nose broken, an Brudder Jones lost a heap o' ha'r an will limp around on one leg fur weeks to cum. What if dat whale did or didn't swaller Jonah? How's dat gwine to keep flour in de bar'l at home? Dar was a whale or dar wasn't. Dar was a Jonah or dar wasn't. Put it either way, an is it gwine to take anythin off de price of a red flannel shirt?

"Neither Sir Isaac Walpole nor de Rev. Penstock am yere in deir places dis evenin! Why not? 'Kase de two of 'em sot down to play checkers a few nights ago, an dey hadn't bin playin above five minits when Sir Isaac observed dat he had bin readin 'bout Moses in de bulrushes an didn't believe de yarn. De Rev. Penstock fired up in a moment an said it was all true an he could lick de man who denied it. Sir Isaac hit him on de jaw an got one back on de left eye, an dey had a reg'lar scrappin match an war' boaf badly used up. What was it to either one of 'em whether Moses was hid away in de bulrushes or in a holler log? Mebbe dar wasn't no Moses 'tall. If dar was one or fo' Moses, it wasn't nuffin fur Walpole an Penstock to fight ober. Dey hev got back rent to pay up an debts to settle, an scrappin ober Moses won't help 'em. I hev said to yo' befo' an I want to say agin, dat de past am de past. Lots of things happened 2,000 y'ars ago, but de grocers don't let dat make de price of 'taters. If dar was or dar was not an ark de price of butter am jest de same today. Some folks say dat de chill'en of Egypt crossed de Red sea. Kin yo' buy bacon any cheaper on dat account? Some folks say dey didn't cross 'tall. Does yo'r landlord raise de price of rent on yo' 'kase he doan't believe it?

"A long time ago, befo' I got sense in my head, I used to go around claimin dat Cain was all right an dat Abel made up faces at him an desarved what he got. Ebery few days I run across an Abel man an hev a row, an I kept it up till I had bin licked 'bout ten times. Den it suddenly occurred to me dat I was backin a man who had bin dead ober 2,000 y'ars, an dat it didn't make de least difference to him whether I stood up fur him or went back on him, an so I quit.

"In my younger days I was a great friend of Lot's wife, de woman who looked back an was turned into a pillar of salt. I contended dat she had a right to look back to see if a dawg was chasin her, an dat it was a mean trick to turn her to salt when she could jest as well hev bin turned to sugar. I met up wid folks who thought different, an we argued an jawed an fit, an one day de man who was payin me $12 a week fur my labor knocked me down an frowed me out. I've bin all frew it an know what it's made of, and I don't want no mo' of it. While I lean toward de Baptists, I hain't got nuffin agin any other sect. Religun am all right, an de Bible am all right. But I hain't gwine to argy 'bout it. I'm jest gwine right 'long, payin cash as fur as I kin, an shall lose no sleep bkase sumbody don't believe as I do. Dat's what I hope de rest of yo' will do. If yo' can't do it, yo'd better git outer dis club, fur if dat bylaw am broken agin dis winter de men who break it will feel de airth tip up on one side! Dat's all I've got to say, an we will now blow out de lights, empty de water pail into de stove an break de meetin in two."

M. QUAD.

A CALL TO BATTLE.

Dr. DeWitt Talmage Sends Out a Ringing Bugle Blast.

It seems to me that it is about time for the 17,000,000 professors of religion in America to take sides.

It is going to be an out and out battle between drunkenness and sobriety, between Heaven and hell between God and the devil.

Take sides before there is any further national decadence, takes sides before your sons are sacrificed and the homes of your daughters go down under the alcoholism of imbruted husbands.

If the 17,000,000 professors of religion should take sides on this subject, it would not be very long before the destiny of this nation would be decided in the right direction.

I tell you what any of you may never have thought of—that to-day, not in the millennium but to-day—the church holds the balance of power in America and if Christian people, the men and women who profess to love the Lord Jesus Christ, and to love purity, and to be the sworn enemies of all uncleanliness and debauchery and sin, if all such would march side by side and shoulder to shoulder, this evil would soon be overthrown.

Think of 30,000 churches and Sunday schools in christendom marching shoulder to shoulder!

How very short a time it would take them to put down this evil if all the churches of God, trans-Atlantic and cis-Atlantic, were armed on this subject.

What a hell on earth a woman lives in who has a drunken husband!

Oh death, how lovely thou art to her, and how soft and warm thy skeleton hand!

The sepulcher at midnight in winter is a king's drawing room compared with that woman's home.

It is not so much the blow on the head that hurts as the blow on the heart.

The rum fiend came to the door of that beautiful home and opened the door and stood there and said:—

"I curse this dwelling with unrelenting curses."

"I curse that father into a maniac."

"I curse that mother into a pauper."

"I curse those sons into vagabonds."

"I curse those daughters into profligacy."

"Cursed be bread tray and cradle."

"Cursed be couch and chair and family Bible with records of marriages and births and deaths."

"Curse upon curse."

Oh, how many wives there are waiting to see if something cannot be done to shake these frosts of the second death off the orange blossoms.

Yea, God is waiting—the God who works through human instrumentalities—waiting to see if this nation is going to overthrow this evil, and if it refuse to do so God will wipe out the nation as he did Phoenicia, as he did Rome, as he did Thebes, as he did Babylon.

Aye, He is waiting to see what the church of God will do.

If the church will not do its work, then He will wipe it out as He did the church of Ephesus, the church of Thyatira, the church of Sardis.

The Protestant and Roman Catholic churches to-day stand side by side with an impotent look, gazing on this evil, which costs this country more than $1,000,000,000 a year to take care of the 800,000 paupers and 815,000 criminals and the 300,000 idiots, and to bury the 75,000 drunkards.

All on Account of the Wheel.

The bicycle sundry business has reached vast proportions. Every article needed by the wheelman, and some that he'll never need, is the subject of fierce competition. The competition not only covers the manufacturer, but extends to the retail dealer as well. Bicycle sundries can be found in all sorts of unexpected places. Some of the dry goods people make a specialty of them, and there are many other concerns that carry them as they would any prime necessity. Of course all this makes competition fast and furious at the regular bicycle stores. Here is an illustration of the way the thing sometimes goes:—

An eagle eyed customer walked into a Euclid avenue wheel depot last Saturday evening and asked to look at locks. He was shown a lock and chain and inquired the price. The proprietor had sized him up and was determined to make a sale, even if he sacrificed profits to do it.

"Ten cents," he replied.

A smile of ineffable contempt came over the customer's classic features. He held the lock to the light and viewed it at every possible angle.

Then he handed it back to the proprietor.

"'Tain't worth more'n a nickel," he remarked.

The proprietor looked at him in sorrow.

"If I had known with whom I was dealing," he plaintively remarked, "I wouldn't have put up the price on you. Here, take it as a gift."

And the customer, with a gratified smirk creeping around the corners of his finely chiseled mouth, pocketed the lock and went out into the night.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Made It a Bargain.

"It's a swindle!" she said. "The idea of charging $4 for that!"

"Under the circumstances, madam," returned the floorwalker who had been attracted to the spot, "we will make it $3.99 to you."

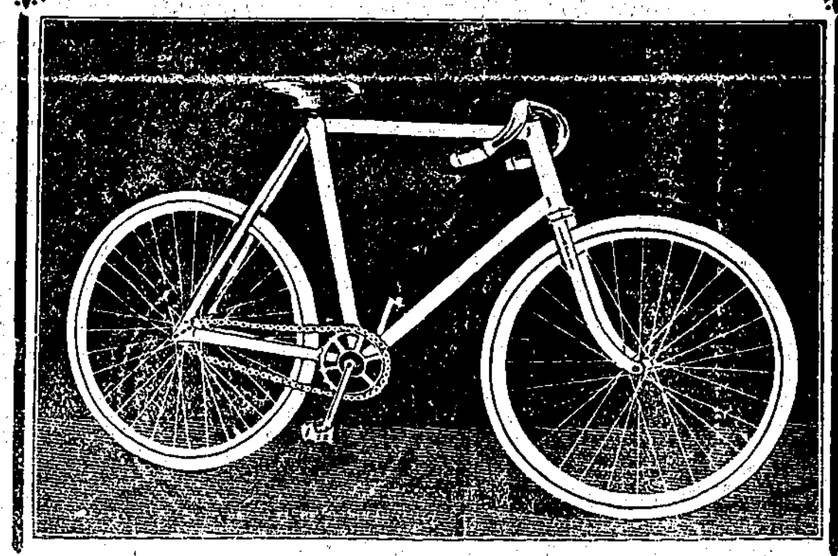
"Ah," she said, producing her purse, "that's more like it."—Chicago Post.

The Nature of the Creature.

"Waiter, it is almost half an hour since I ordered that turtle soup."

Waiter—Sorry, sir, but you know how slow turtles are.—Tit-Bits.

"NEW BARNES 97"



STRONGEST WHEEL MADE.

Agents Wanted.

Write for Catalogue and Terms Immediately to

Lee & Company, Sole Selling Agents WOODSTOCK, ONT.

You must carry a purse deep and capacious if you have any idea of traveling in China. For a start, if you exchange a dollar for its equivalent in the money of the Celstial Empire, you ought to receive some 1,200 brass coins, in various weights and sizes, every one pierced with a square hole in the center and strung on a string.

Doctors Recommend

"SALADA"

CEYLON TEA

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

MANITOBA HOMESEEKERS' EXCURSIONS.

The Canadian Pacific Railway will run Three Excursions to Manitoba on June 29, July 6 and 20.

From any part of Ontario 28.00 To any part of Manitoba.

Tickets Good for 60 Days. See the Winnipeg Exhibition, July 19 to 24.

For any information, maps, etc., write to W. D. SCOTT, Manitoba Government Emigration Agent, 39 York Street, Toronto.

Catarrh Cannot be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

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

Sold by druggists, price 75c.

Taking Things Good Naturedly.

"Confound you, what are you grinning at?" asked the man who was getting himself held up.

"Oh, well," chuckled the footpad, "I never was a man to take things seriously."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Dyspepsia or Indigestion is occasioned by the want of action in the biliary ducts, loss of vitality in the stomach to secret the gastric juices, without which digestion cannot go on; also, being the principal cause of Headache. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills taken before going to bed, for a while, never fail to give relief and effect a cure. Mr. F. W. Ashdown, Ashdown, Ont., writes: Parmelee's Pills are taking the lead against ten other makes which I have in stock."

The Necessary Size.

Colonel Kaintuck—I want hip pockets in those trousers.

Tailor—Yes, sir. Large or small?

Colonel Kaintuck—Half-pint size.—New York Advertiser.

Cannot Be Beat.—Mr. D. Steinbach, Zurich, writes:—"I have used Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil in my family for a number of years, and I can safely say that it cannot be beat for the cure of croup, fresh cuts and sprains. My little boy has had attacks of croup several times, and one dose of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil was sufficient for a perfect cure. I take great pleasure in recommending it as a family medicine, and I would not be without a bottle in my house."

A Ingenious Fellow.

"Chollie is real ingenious for a fellow of his class."

"What has he been doing?"

"He ran over a broken bottle out in the country and cut his tire too bad for repair, so he took the stuffing out of his stockings and filled it up sufficiently to get home."—Indiana.

Useful Poetry.

"Does your poetry pay?"

"Well, it just keeps the wolf from the door."

"I suppose you read it to him?"—London Tit-Bits.

The Long Wait.

The Comedian—There are some terrible long waits in this piece.

The Soubrette—Well, I should think so. I've been waiting for eight weeks for my salary.—Yonkers Statesman.

At the last census a number of people described their religious faith on their census papers as dollars and cents.

Wrinkles

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

Peach Bloom Skin Food.

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

Perfect Health-pills.

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

Splendid Equipment and Good Solid Work

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TELEGRAPH

TELEPHONE

TIGER

Are the brands of our celebrated sulphur matches.

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Learn to Write

By attending the Northern Business College, Owen Sound, Ont. If you want to know what is taught in our Business Course besides writing, send for Annual Announcement, which is sent free. C. A. Fleming, Prin'l.

LIVE STOCK

SOME BRITISH TYPES.

Pictures of Horses That Won Prizes at the Islington Shows.

Every year in Islington, a suburb of London, three horse shows are given. They occupy three weeks, one class of horses following another, each class having one week in which to be exhibited.

At the last show shire horses held the first week.

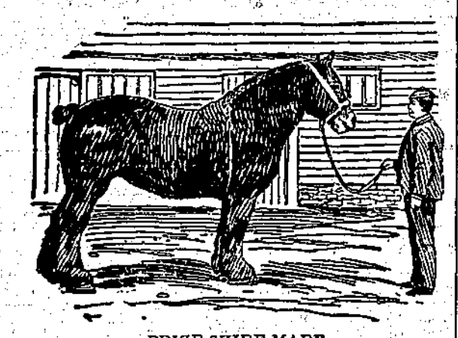
The champion stallion of this breed is shown in the first picture. He is a fine

CHAMPION SHIRE STALLION.

animal indeed, nearly as heavy as his name, which is Markeaton Royal Harold.

Mr. Alexander Henderson, owner of the horse with the heavy name, was also successful in winning a prize with his shire mare Aurea, whose picture is shown in the second illustration.

English people feel sure that mechanical power will never be able to dispos-



PRIZE SHIRE MARE.

ess the great shire horse. Still, never is a long time.

The second week of this three headed Islington show was devoted to the hackney, of which there were 486 entries. The noticeable feature of the hackney show was the increased average height of the animals. Since, however, Mr. Burdett-Coutts, the famous British hackney breeder and member of parliament, has given it as his opinion that

CHAMPION HACKNEY.

the greatest height of the hackney type compatible with elegance of form and appearance is 15.3 hands, it is not likely that breeders will encourage the tendency to greater height.

The champion hackney was Rosador, shown in the third illustration.

After the shires and hackneys came hunters and thoroughbreds.

One of the thoroughbreds, as the race or running horse is commonly called,

THOROUGHBRED.

was Four Poster, the horse represented in the cut.

The Islington shows always draw immense crowds, showing the inborn love of horses in the British soul.

A Roundabout Deception.

"Mrs. Sprightly must be older than she looks."

"What makes you think so?"

"The way she keeps that big daughter of hers in short frocks."—Detroit News.

Not Worth It.

Prisoner—Forty shillings for stealing a pair of shoes?

Magistrate—That's what I said.

Prisoner—Why, your worship, they didn't fit.—Tit-Bits.

Explained.

"He seems to be a remarkably well informed man. What's his business?"

"Everybody's."—Detroit News.

A ROUND UP.

The Eastern Tenderfoot Has Little Idea What It Is Like.

All along the western borders of South Dakota the round up campfires burn brightly. Far to the west, bounded only by the snowcapped Rockies, hundreds of mess wagons staked camp last night. The Missouri river marks the eastern border of the great western ranges. In Dakota alone at least 1,500 riders are engaged in rounding up cattle and branding the calf crop. Twenty-five outfits have planned and laid out their routes, and at least six weeks of continuous riding will be necessary to do the work. Fifty to 60 riders will follow each wagon or outfit.

The outfit consists of the mess wagon, drawn by four or six horses, loaded down with provisions necessary to feed its crew; the bed wagon, containing all the bedding and camp equipments; the horse wrangler, who takes charge of the bunch of horses to be used in the work, usually consisting of 200 to 300 horses. These horses are moved with the camp, and whenever a rider wants a fresh horse he throws a rope into the bunch and brings out his animal. Then follows the scene of "bucking" and plunging, for often the broncho has to be "busted" before he can be used on the work. Camp is moved every day, or at least every second day, from five to eight miles along the route. Every morning the line rider foreman leaves camp with his crew of riders and takes a course at right angles with the route. Every half mile or mile he starts a couple of riders to ride parallel with the route, to throw in all the cattle they find toward the route and camp. After five or six lines are started out the foreman takes the balance of the riders and swings around in front to drive all the bunches gathered toward camp, coming in for dinner.

In the afternoon the same course is adopted in the opposite direction, and both sides of the camp are worked. The cattle gathered are all thrown into one bunch, which is known as the "cavvy," and are moved along with the camp. Calves are branded each day, and every one is branded the same brand as its mother, no matter where or who the owner may be. This part of the work is done with the greatest care, and every cowboy is faithful to this trust.

Whenever 4,000 or 5,000 cattle are in the "cavvy," and while cattle are on their own ranges, the work of "cutting out" is carried on. In this the peculiar skill and ability of the cowboy are drawn out, and only men of well known expertness with brands and cattle are detailed to do this work. The cutting horse must learn his part as well as the rider. He must be able to turn about as quickly and on less ground than any other and dodge the attacks of the wildest steer with as much ease and grace as the circus horse. The rider dashes into the "cavvy" and separates the cattle of each particular brand belonging on the range they are passing over. He drives his animal to the outside of the bunch and dashes back after another. On the outside are a number of riders who drive these cattle off to the owner. Each brand held in this way is driven back on its own ranch, for these range cattle become located. This is called "working the cavvy," and the main bunch is pushed ahead until everybody's cattle are cut out and the calves branded. The cattle have been wandering at will over the range the last winter and the work of the round up will be to separate the cattle bearing the brands of different owners and to mark the calves running with the stock, each calf being given the same brand as that borne by the cow it is following. To look up all these cattle it will be necessary to ride over a section of country about 135 miles long and 90 miles wide, covering approximately 12,000 square miles.

Live Stock Points.

Among the leading beef breeds will be found in any given herd cows yielding sufficient milk to supply the families of their owners with milk, butter and cream. In England even the Herefords are considered very good general purpose cows.

At auction sales of live stock there are too frequently bogus bidders who do not want to buy animals at all, but merely want to run the price up, and it is a humiliating fact for honest breeders to swallow that these fellows are sometimes in league with the auctioneer or even the owner of the animals. Now, without mincing matters, this bogus bidding is dishonest and only brings disrepute on auction live stock sales in general. In every case where such fraud is practiced the right thing to do is to leave the animal on the hands of the bogus bidder and make him take it.

The man who prepares to sell his stock at auction should beforehand fix for each animal a price below which he will not let it go. Unless the sum bid reaches at least that amount then let the animal be withdrawn, but bogus bidding—never.

Do not feed brood sows too much corn after they have weaned a litter. It makes them fat and feverish. Their food should be bulky and not too highly concentrated.

Count the teats on a young sow that you intend to keep for breeding purposes. Unless the number is equal to a large litter fatten that animal and sell her for meat.

BREVITIES

PERSONALITIES.

Prince Bismarck says he is a "bankrupt in nerves."

The infant daughter of General and Mrs. Harrison was christened Elizabeth.

Lotta says that the thought of going back upon the stage never seriously enters her mind.

Mgr. Allen, who has just been appointed bishop of Shrewsbury by the pope, was one of the stenographers at the Vatican council 27 years ago.

Richard Olney told a crowd of lawyers the other evening that the study and practice of the law "inevitably engender the altruistic habit of man."

Mrs. Mary Clement Leavitt, who has acquired an international reputation as traveler, lecturer and organizer for the W. C. T. U., has visited 43 countries and has organized 130 temperance societies.

The birth of a daughter to the Duke and Duchess of York makes the number of Queen Victoria's living descendants 70. There are 7 living sons and daughters, 33 grandchildren and 30 great-grandchildren.

Black Hawk, the chief of the Winnebagoes, will visit the Iowa state fair this summer. The chief is now 90 years old and has not been as strong as usual since he was stricken with paralysis some time ago.

Emanuel Lasker, the world's chess champion, has proposed the presentation of a testimonial to William Steinitz, who so long held that distinction, and a committee is to be formed in London to do this.

Colonel Robert Cranston of Edinburgh, commander of the Second battalion, Queen's Rifle guards, Royal Scots, who is visiting in this country, thinks that Washington is the best paved city in the United States.

John Tannis and his nine sons voted at the spring election in Sheridan township, Newago county, Mich., and had to pay the penalty afterward by sitting for a photograph as the biggest family of voters in the Wolverene State.

In his speech at the dedication in Dallas of the monument to the Confederate dead Judge Reagan said, "President Davis had the chivalric courage of Richard Cœur de Lion and Cato's virtue, constancy and love of liberty."

Henry M. Stanley and his wfe recently paid a visit to Budapest, where the explorer went to see Professor Vambery, the famous orientalist. On their return northward they visited Brussels, where Stanley was to have a conference with King Leopold over the affairs of the Kongo State.

Father Phiambolis, the Greek priest of Chicago whose zeal for Greece brought him into public notice, was born 55 years ago in Roumania and has held charges in Bucharest and Athens. He came to Chicago in 1892, bringing his wife, two sons and three daughters with him. The oldest son, aged 22 years, is a medical student.

STAGE GLINTS.

It is said that Joseph Murphy will appear in "The Kerry Gow" in London this summer.

William E. Philp of the Bostonians has filed his declaration of intent to become naturalized.

Fay Templeton, who is now in Paris, is desirous to return to America and resume active professional work.

Nellie O'Neil and Lillie Sutherland have signed for two more years with Charles E. Blaney's attractions.

Sarony Lambert has been re-engaged by the Hanlons as leading comedian with "Superba" for next season.

Lillian Washburn, under the direction of Jess Burns, will open her season early in August in "The Land of the Living."

Richard Carroll has been engaged as leading comedian for the summer production of "Le Petit Faust" at Manhattan Beach.

Vernona Jarbeau's season in De Koven and Smith's new musical comedy, "The French Doll," will open on Sept. 6 in New York city.

V. M. de Silke has been specially engaged by David Henderson to play Hughie Jacqueson in "Gentleman Joe" at McVicker's theater, Chicago.

Joseph Haworth has received, among several offers, one from Charles Frohman to play the leading role in "Under the Red Robe." He has also had a proposal to star.

John A. Stevens has just finished an American comedy drama called "Nobody," which will be produced by Osmund Tearle in Plymouth, England, next season, and by himself in this country.

Toeing the Mark.

Wister—They say the boy is father of the man.

Lobkins—That's right. You know that Griggs never opens his mouth but he puts his foot in it? Well, hundreds of times when he was a baby I've seen him doing the same thing.—Boston Transcript.

Thought It Was a Mushroom.

Recently I met a former acquaintance of mine in Ohio who went "out west" to grow rich in a prairie boom town several years ago. There was telltale fringe at the bottom of his trousers, and he was a walking exposition of hard luck.

"Why, I'm surprised, Jimmie," I remarked. "I thought you were doing well and getting rich. The last time I saw you everything seemed to be coming your way. You owned about half the town, and it was growing like a mushroom."

"Well, that's what I thought," he said sadly, "but it was a toadstool."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Our Illustrated Dictionary.

Collaborator—n., a joint worker.—Webster.

—New York Journal.

He Understood.

The professor of mechanics at an English college records that he once gave a lecture upon the locomotive and was particularly struck by the absorption of one juvenile listener. He spoke to this student after the lecture and asked him, "Well, I suppose you understand all about the locomotive now?"

"Yes," was the reply, "all but one thing."

"And what is that?" said the professor kindly.

"I can't make out what makes the locomotive move without horses."—Tit-Bits.

Not Domestic.

He was 7 years old and was sitting on the porch when the census taker came around. It was Jack's first experience in this line, and he willingly gave the names of the several members of the household, winding up with that of Bridget McCarthy. "Bridget McCarthy," repeated the census taker, "is she a domestic?" It was a new word for Jack, but he was equal to the occasion. "No, sir," he said. "She's from Ireland—Irish, and not domestic."—Philadelphia Times.

The Modern Child.

"I sometimes feel," said the old gentleman, "like taking that 4-year-old grandson of mine and slamming him against the wall."

"What has he done?"

"I told him that beautiful 'sleeping beauty' story—about how, as soon as the princess was kissed, all the clocks began to go and the servants began to work and all that kind of thing, and then he said, 'Who pressed the button?'"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Reason.

Patient—Isn't it a little dangerous to administer anæsthetics? Must be terrible to have one die in your chair after you have given him ether.

Dentist—Yes; it was for that reason that we adopted a rule that where an anæsthetic is administered the patient must pay in advance.—Boston Transcript.

Not at All.

Mrs. Dunleigh—It is very singular that your mother always happens to call on me when I am out.

Little Flossie Dimpleton—Oh, we can see from our front window whenever you go away.—Cleveland Leader.

Not a Common Carrier.

"George, I wish you'd leave this little package at the express office."

"Me carry a bundle? I guess not. Besides, I've got to lug both my tires and a handle bar down to the repair shop."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Just His Way.

She—It's funny, but all the time I have known Mr. Tigg he never has paid me a compliment.

He—Tigg never pays anybody anything.—Boston Transcript.

Too Patient.

"You protest that you love me, Emily, but I am still waiting for the first kiss."

"Well, why do you wait?"—Fliegende Blatter.

Justice.

"So you believe in rotation in office?"

"Of course I do. Those who go in for politics should go out for politics."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A TANGLED TALE.

That of the Discovery of Pure Chloroform.

Dumas, the eminent French chemist, originally separated and identified the substance, about 1831, but as an anesthetic it first came into use in another form some years later. The success of ether was no sooner established, to the wonder and delight of the medical world—and, indeed, of the public—than enterprising chemists cast about for other drugs of like power; and it occurred to a Mr. Jacob Bell that "chloric ether" might answer the purpose. Dr. Bigelow seems to have tried it in America about the same time, but without success. Mr. Bell, however, suggested it to Mr. Coote, one of the surgeons of St. Bartholomew's and he induced his colleague, the great Lawrence, to try it. So the first operation took place under chloroform; but the substance used was chloric ether, otherwise known as spirit of chloroform—that is to say, a mixture of chloroform and alcohol. It did not occur to any of those concerned that the alcohol had nothing to do with the effect produced. That discovery was reserved for another chemist, a Mr. Waldie, who carried the news of what had been done in London to Sir James Simpson, at Edinburgh, and suggested to him the use of pure chloroform. Simpson was engrossed with anesthetics at the time, and had some of the new drug prepared for him; but, according to the account of an eye-witness, he only came to use it by a sort of accident. He was then constantly experimenting on the production of anesthesia by all sorts of agents, with the help of his pupils, Keith and Matthews Duncan, both destined to become famous men. They used to meet of an evening, and test the various drugs on themselves by inhaling the vapor from a tumbler.

One evening some one produced a small bottle of a heavy liquid from under some lumber, and they proceeded to put it to the test with all the recklessness of scientific enthusiasm. That night the learned conclave became a scene of the wildest intoxication. Each member of the party was found prostrate and insensible upon the floor, or staggering helplessly about the room, a convincing proof of the efficacy of the new agent. It was chloroform, and Simpson lost no time in applying it in his practice, whence its fame spread far and wide. The story is sure to be denied by somebody; but whether true or not, it is a good one, and probably not far from the truth. A legend has grown up and obtained general currency that Simpson not only discovered chloroform, but invented anesthesia. As a matter of fact, he did neither, but, none the less, his name deserves to be commemorated in connection with both. His high position in the profession, his ardor in research, boldness in practice and adroitness in advocacy all combined to render invaluable service in establishing the use of anesthetics, which, like all innovations, met with much opposition. It is amusing to read the objections that used to be brought against them in the early days. One was that they were sinful and contrary to divine ordinance. Simpson ingeniously disposed of this fantastic scruple by pointing out that the first operation on record took place under anesthesia divinely induced, when a deep sleep was made to fall upon Adam in order that his rib might be taken to form Eve.

Can Have Two Wives.

Italy enjoys at the present moment the distinction of being the only civilized country in Europe where it is possible to commit bigamy without exposing one's self to any danger of punishment. Since the constitution of the kingdom in 1870, says the New York Tribune, the authorities have insisted that only a civil marriage is legally binding. On the other hand, the Church refuses to recognize this form of matrimonial union as valid, and requires the faithful to go through the religious service, venting its displeasure on those who seek any civil sanction to their alliance.

The Government has repeatedly tried to secure the enactment of a law providing for the punishment of any priest who should have performed the religious marriage service without the latter having been preceded by a civil ceremony. But the vast body of the people in Italy are Catholics to the core, and would not tolerate any measure which had the appearance of encroaching upon the rights of the Church. The result is that to-day large numbers of unscrupulous people take advantage of this condition of affairs to have two wives, one in the eyes of the Church and the other in the eyes of the civil authorities. And they can do this without the slightest danger of being called to account or of being punished.

Another Way.

"Bolt, sir?" said the statesman, turning and glancing at the interviewer; "did I understand you to ask me whether I intend to bolt?"

"That was the question. I thought perhaps you might feel that you had not been well treated."

"However that may be, I shall not bolt. I shall stay inside the party, where I can make trouble."

Shifting the Blame.

"What have you got to say for yourself?" said the judge to the prisoner. "This man says you took $10 from his pocket."

"It was my first offense, judge," replied the prisoner. "I was an honest man until I met him."—Yonkers Statesman.

The Old Story.

"Yes," said the pearl reflectively, "I was a happy grain of sand once, but ten years in an oyster has ruined my usefulness. Why, oh, why"—

She sobbed.

—"was a folding bed ever invented?"—New York Press.

All Profit, No Loss.

Lemuel—Say, dad, do yer want me ter kill ther old blind cow?

Farmer Graball—Naw, yer fool! Put antlers on 'er an let them summer boarders kill the critter. Thar's money in it.—New York Sunday Journal.

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Persons having any business with THE NEWS will please call at the office or write.

TUESDAY, OCT. 26th, 1897.

ONE law should be enforced as well as well as another.

DISTURBANCE of the peace is a common offense here.

WE don't believe in an aristoracy of learning or wealth, but of character. Let us draw the line on that.

PEOPLE who are constantly moving from place to place illustrate the old maxim that a rolling stone gathers no moss.

"AND the cat came back." We are reminded of this as we see one after another returning to find Union after all the best place they have seen. "They can't stay away."

WHEN we notice the heavy shipments of food to Europe, we thank our stars that we live near the source of supply. There is no sign of famine ever visible here.

JOE MARTIN has become a solicitor for B.C. We don't know whether he will find much law business, but if he could get appointed a police officer he might obtain plenty of work in keeping the peace among the Liberals.

WE have no cyclones, no earth-quakes, no drouths; but the croakers born amid these visitations illustrate the force of habit until we sometimes wish they were compelled to go through a brief experience with all of them in a jolly mixture.

TEN days to Dawson City! That's the program by the Stickeen route from Victoria next spring. What a contrast to the White Pass journey of this fall? And then the ease compared with the hardship now! It seems as though we almost had the "golden fleece" within our grasp! And yet for most of us it were better to think twice before we start.

O'er all that spread their wings to fly
A hawk is hovering in the sky
To stay at home is best.

THE government has arranged for Mr. Patterson, a practical man and writer of experience, to lecture in the Province, and aid in the promotion of Farmers' Institutes. These Institutes receive governmental aid provided they conform to the required conditions. It would be a good idea for the directorate of the Comox Agricultural and Industrial Association to secure his attendance in Comox. We suppose the government pays his expenses, and we ought to hear what he has to say.

WHARF ROAD—TRUNK LINE.

THE fall rains have come, and but little if any more road work can be expected. We regret to say the road to Union wharf is not in a fit condition for travel, except on foot or horseback, and if one goes on horseback the animal's legs are liable to go through the rotten uncovered corduroy which disfigures the Union-Roy branch. The contracts for road work south of Howe's, for some inscrutable reason, were let, as was the case last year, just before the fall rainy season.

THE COUNTRY EDITOR'S WIFE.

You have heard of the country editor's life.
With its care and worry and doubt,
Of the shabby-genteel of his seedy clothes,
Of his diamond pins and his calm repose,
His happiness, money and gout.

But say, have you heard of the editor's wife;
Of that silent co-partner, who,
With a blending of sentiment, beauty and skill,
With a temperate knowledge, tact and will,
The whole of his labor can do?

It is she who embroiders the garments worn
By the editor's hard old chair,
Now dressed up with cushions, soft and neat,
And trimed up with tidies and ribbons sweet
Which once was so poor and bare.

If the editor's sick, or away or behind;
In need of more hands and more haste,
She directs his wrappers so they can be read,
And writes his leaders right out of her head,
And willingly makes his paste.

She reads the magazines, papers and books,
As the cradle she softly rocks,
While the editor sits in his easy chair,
With his fingers thrust in his tangled hair,
She quietly mends his socks.

Then she reads the ads with the editor,
Just to find out what each has paid.
"But the column ad of the jeweler, there,
So he says, "the harness and human hair,
Must be taken out in trade."

So she wears the dresses he gete for ads,
And rattles his sewing machine;
She uses the butter and eggs and things
The country subscriber so faithfully brings
With a cheerfullness seldom seen.

But her life so full of many delights,
Has one dark cloud, alas!
Though she shares his tickets to the circus and play,
To lectures and negro minstrels gay,
She can't use his railroad pass!

When time hangs heavy on his hands
She beguiles his hours away
With joke and laughter, music and song,
And pleasant talk, and thus ripples along
The whole of each leisure day.

Oh! who would exchange this sweet content,
This simple and trusting life,
For that of a queen of royalbirth?
For the happiest woman in all this earth
Is the country editor's wife.

—SELECTED

THE DAWN OF PROSPERITY.

Good times are coming. With them will come great opportunities. Who will make the most of such opportunities? Will they be weak, puny, insignificant men? Or will they be strong, hardy, energetic, ambitious, level headed self-confident men? There is but one answer. Health is the foundation of all

SUCCESS IN LIFE.

The greatest triumphs in the financial, as well as in the social world, are made by men whose physical, mental and sexual manhood is complete. Are you such a man? If you are then you are prepared for the

GREAT BATTLES

of life. But if you are not such a man; if you feel that your precious manhood is slowly, steadily, silently slipping away from you; or if you have Varicocele, Hydrocele, Gonorrhoea, Gleet, Stricture or Syphilitic Taints in your system; or if you are tormented with Rheumatism, Rupture, Catarrh, Piles or any Blood or Skin Disea e; or if a Chronic Disorder is seated in your heart,

Lungs, Liver, Stomach, Kidneys, Bladder or Urinary Organs—if that is your unfortunate condition, you will hope in vain for your share of the splendid prosperity that will be enjoyed by others, unless you first do something to recover your failing health. No one is better

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

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

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

FOR SALE

FOR SALE a good second hand bicycle cheap. Enquire at NEWS OFFICE.

FOR SALE.—My house and two lots in the village of Courtenay.
K. GRANT, Union.

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

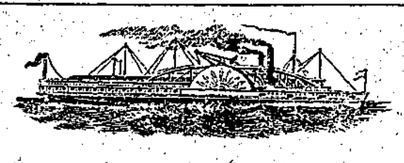
FOR SALE.—The dwelling house and lot on Maryport avenue belonging to Mr J. S. Kendall. The house is 1½ storey, well built, good well of water and garden Lot is full size. Will be sold at a bargain. Apply to M. Whitney, NEWS OFFICE.

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

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

If our readers have any local news of interest, we will be pleased to insert same in the local column, if brought to the office.

Visiting cards printed at the NEWS OFFICE in neat script.



Esquimalt and Nanaimo Ry.

Steamer City of Nanaimo
OWENS MASTER

The Steamer CITY of NANAIMO will sail as follows
CALLING AT WAY PORTS as passengers and freight may offer
Leave Victoria Tuesday, 7 a. m.
" Nanaimo for Comox, Wednesday, 7 a. m
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For freight or state rooms apply on board, or at the Company's ticket office, Victoria Station, Store street.

Society Cards

I. O. O. F.
Union Lodge, No. 11, meets every Friday night at 8 o'clock. Visiting brethren cordially invited to attend.
F. A. ANLEY, R. S.

Cumberland Lodge,
A. F. & A. M, B. C. R.
UNION, B. C.
Lodge meets first Friday in each month. Visiting brethren are cordially invited to attend.
L. MOUNCE, Sec.

Hiram Lodge No 14 A.F .& A.M., B.C.R
Courtenay B. C.
Lodge meets on every Saturday on or before the full of the moon
Visiting Brothers cordially requested to attend.
R. S. McConnell,
Secretary.

Cumberland Encampment.
No. 6, I. O. O. F., Union.
Meets every alternate Wednesdays of each month at 8 o'clock p. m. Visiting Brethren cordially invited to attend.
JOHN COMBE, Scribe.

Esquimalt & Nanaimo Railway Company.

NOTICE.

TO PROSPECTORS, Miners, and Holders of Mineral Claims on unoccupied land within the Esquimalt & Nanaimo Railway Company's Land Grant—FOR ONE YEAR ONLY from the the date of this notice, the Railway Company will sell their rights to all Minerals, (excepting Coal and Iron) and the Surface rights of Mineral Claims, at the price of $5.00 per acre. Such sales will be subject to all other reservations contained in conveyances from the Company prior to this date. One-half of the purchase money to be paid ten days after recording the Claim with the government, and a duplicate of the record to be filed in the Company's Land Office, Victoria, on payment of the first instalment. The balance of the purchase money to be paid in two equal instalments, at the expiration of six and twelve months, without interest. Present holders of Mineral Claims who have not previously made other arrangements with the Company for acquiring Surface and Mineral rights, are hereby notified to at once make the first payment on their Claims, as otherwise they will be deemed and treated as trespassers.

LEONARD H. SOLLY,
Victoria, B.C. June 1, 1897. } LAND COMMISSIONER
2390

T. D. McLean
Matchmaker & Stationer
Dealer in
Watches, clocks, jewelry, books, magazines, stationery and fishing tackle. Special attention given to all kinds of watch, clock and jewelry repairing. We guarantee each job turned out by us to give satisfaction. Give us a trial and be convinced. Just arrived—the new Presbyterian Hymnal.
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PROMPTLY DONE
☞Agent for the
Celebrated Gurney Souvenir Stoves and Ranges
Manufacturer of the
New Air-tight heaters

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It publishes all that is worthy of notice of THE LOCAL NEWS.
It Gives
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It Supports
GOOD ORDER, PUBLIC ENTERPRISES, THE CHURCHES, FRATERNAL SOCIETIES, everything worthy of encouragement.
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Bright Original Poems,
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Give it your generous support and there will be increased improvements.

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CUMBERLAND SHOE SHOP.
I have moved into my new shop on Dunsmuir Avenue, where I am prepared to manufacture and repair all kinds of men's, women's, and children's shoes.
Give me a call.
NELSON PARKS.

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

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

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

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP

The firm of Richardson & Crawford, composed of John Richardson and Frank Crawford, heretofore carrying on the business of hotel keeping in the Waverly House, Union, B. C., has this day been disolved by mutual consent, Frank C. Crawford retiring. Mr. John Richardson will continue the business at the old stand in his own name, and to whom all bills in favor of the late firm must be paid, and bills against said firm presented for payment.

JOHN RICHARDSON.
FRANK C. CRAWFORD

Oct. 1st, 1897.

Referring to the above I desire to thank the public for past favors, and to request that the generous patronage accorded the late firm may be extended to the Waverly House under its new management, where the best of everything will be kept, and the best of hotel accommodation given.

FRANK C CRAWFORD.

PRIVATE BILL
NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that application will be made to the Legislative Assembly of the Province of British Columbia, at its next Session, for an Act to incorporate a Company with power to construct, equip, operate and maintain a railway, either standard or narrow gauge, for the purpose of conveying passengers, freight, and ore from a point on Douglas Channel, at or near the head of navigation on Kitamat Inlet, along the Kitamat Valley to Lakelse Lake; thence to a point on the Skeena River to a point at or near the mouth of the Zymoetz River; thence following the valley of the Skeena River; thence either by way of Kitsum Kalem or Kitwancool Valleys, or by Kispyox and the old trail to the Stickeen River to a point at or near Telegraph Creek; thence by the most direct and feasible route to Teslin Lake, with power to construct, equip, operate and maintain a branch line from Telegraph Creek to Glenora; and with power to construct, equip, operate and maintain branch lines and all necessary roads, bridges ways, ferries, wharves, docks and coal bunkers; and with power to build, own, equip, operate and maintain steam and other vessels and boats; and with power to build, equip, operate and maintain telegraph and telephone lines in connection with the said railway and branches, and to generate electricity for the supply of light, heat and power; and with power to expropriate lands for the purposes of the Company, and to acquire lands, bonuses, privileges or other aids from any Government or persons or bodies corporate, and to make traffic or other arrangements with railways, steamboat or other companies; and with power to build waggon roads to be used in the construction of of such railways, and in advance of the same, and to levy and collect tolls from all parties using, and on all freight passing over, any of such roads built by the Company, whether built before or after the passage of the Act hereby applied for, and with all other usual, necessary or incidental rights, powers or privileges, as may be necessary or incidental or conductive to the attainment of the above objects, or any of them.

BODWELL, IRVING & DUFF,
SOLICITORS FOR THE APPLICANTS

Victoria, 8th September, 1897.

2530

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that application will be made to the Legislative Assembly of the Province of British Columbia at its next session for an Act to incorporate a company with power to construct, equip, maintain and operate a line of railway, commencing at a point at or near the head of navigation on the Stickeen River, in the District of Cassiar, Province of British Columbia; thence by the most feasible route to a point at or near the south end of Teslin Lake, in the District aforesaid; thence along the said Teslin Lake, by the side thereof which shall be found most feasible for the purposes of the company, in a northerly direction to a point at or near the northern boundary of the said Province of British Columbia.

And with further power to extend the said line of railway in a southerly direction by the most feasible route to a point on or near the head of Portland Canal, or some convenient port on the west coast of British Columbia.

And with further power to build, construct, equip, maintain and operate telegraph and telephone lines to be used in connection with the undertaking of the company, and to transmit messages thereon for the public, and to levy and collect tolls therefor; and with further power to build, equip, maintain and operate steamships and other vessels to be used in connection with the said railway, whether on the Stikeen River or elsewhere, and with further power to expropriate lands for the purposes of the company, and to acquire lands, bonuses, privileges, or other aid or concessions, from any government municipality, persons or bodies corporate, and to make traffic and other arrangements with railway, steamboat or other companies; and for all other usual necessary or incidental rights, powers and privileges as may be necessary.

Dated 13th day of September, A. D. 1897

McPHILLIPS, WOOTTEN & BARNARD,
Solicitors for the Applicants.

2-5-3

NOTICE.—All subscriptions in aid of the Fire Brigade and its appliances, should be aid to Mr. Frank Dalby.

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

NOTICE.

ALL water rates are due and payable at the Company's Office, First Street, on the last week of each month. Rates payable to Geo. Stevens, Supt. or Lawrence Nunns, Collector.

OFFICE HOURS, Tuesdays and Friday, from 12 noon till 1 p.m., and 7 p.m. till 8:30 p.m.

F. B. SMITH, SEC.

SUNDAY SERVICES

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

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

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

DISTRICT DIRECTORY

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

STIPENDIARY MAGISTRATE and Coroner.—JAMES ABRAMS, Union.

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

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

COURTENAY, B. C.

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

COURTENAY
Directory.

COURTENAY HOUSE, A. H. McCallum, Proprietor.

RIVERSIDE HOTEL, J. J. Grant, Proprietor.

GEORGE B. LEIGHTON, Blacksmith and Carriage Maker.

COMOX.

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

COMOX DIRECTORY.

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

UNION.

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

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

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

Teaming & Livery....

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

D. Kilpatrick,
Union, B. C.

× also ×

HORSESHOING AND GENERAL
Blacksmithing.

Cumberland Hotel.

Union, B. C.

The finest hotel building
Fixtures and Bar
North of Victoria,
And the best kept house.

Spacious Billiard Room
and new
Billiard and Pool Tables

Best of Wines and Liquors.

Barber Shop : :
— AND —
: : Bathing Establishment

O. H. Fechner,
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JAMES ABRAMS

Notary Public.

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

Agent for the Provincial Building and Loan Association of Toronto.

Union, B. C.

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

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.

Nanaimo Cigar Factory

Phillip Gable and Co., Prop's

Bastion Street — Nanaimo B. C

Manufactures the finest cigars and employes none but white labor.

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

NOTICE

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

W. E. Norris, Sec'y

J. A. Carthew

ARCHITECT and BUILDER,
UNION, B. C.

THE NEWS
$2.00 a year.

Puntledge Bottling Works.

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

CHEAP! CHEAP!! CHEAP!!

THESE FENCINGS, AS WELL AS McMULLEN'S choice Steel Wire Netting for Trellis, Poultry Yards, Lawn Fencng, etc., are sold much LOWER this year, than ever before.

THEY ARE THE BEST. Ask your Hardware Merchant for them.

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Your Job Printing

Good Work

— AT —

Reasonable Prices.

If you have anything to sell....

Advertise it!

- in -

THE "WEEKLY NEWS."

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

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

Best Cough Medicine

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

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

TIME'S TEST.

Two lovers there are—I know them well—
Who learned the lesson love comes to teach,
Whose eyes are bright with the old, old light,
Whose hands seek each for each.
And this love of theirs seems a thing most rare,
For each of the lovers has silver hair.

His face is mellow with passing years,
But with never a line that is hard or bleak.
Her face is a rhyme of the olden time
With a tinge of red in her cheek.
And I deem this more than passing fair,
Since both of these lovers have silver hair.

Let time go by, but love may last,
As true as ever true love may be.
May theirs be the smile that after awhile
Shall wait for you and me!
Ah, sweeter would seem life's toil and care
If there were more lovers with silver hair!

—Post Wheeler in New York Press.

A MATTER OF VANITY

When I heard that Maud Jeffries was engaged to Jack Meadows, I took an early opportunity of congratulating them both, for they were both old friends of mine and charming people—especially Maud. She was an artist and painted very zealously in oil colors. She was in her studio when I called. So I went up to it and found her enveloped in a linen apron covered with the variegated colors of her palette. She was working at an unfinished painting, and so absorbed in it that at first she did not hear me enter. When she did, she turned quickly.

"No, it's not Meadows. I'm sorry," I said sympathetically.

"Oh, but I'm very glad to see you," she answered. "And you are just in time to help me. Do tell me what is wrong with this thing," and she pointed to the canvas.

"That is Meadows' privilege," I said. I offered her my good wishes and told her I was sure she would be happy.

She blushed prettily and said, "We are very happy now."

"But how have you satisfied your conscience?" I asked. "I understood you had vowed yourself to the service of your art."

"Oh, but I will never give up my work," she protested earnestly. "Jack knows that. He wouldn't want me to. I think it is so wrong not to use one's gifts. Don't you?"

"Certainly, and I'm glad Jack sees that. He must be very proud of you."

She hesitated. "I'm afraid he is not naturally very fond of art," she said, "but I hope he will soon learn to love it.

"He is really awfully good about it," she went on. "He is going to let me paint his portrait, and then we shall hang it in our dining room."

"That will be delightful," I said.

"Look, here are some sketches for it," said Maud, drawing out some panels and charcoal drawings. "Don't you think they are like him?"

I recognized Meadows in spite of the varying expressions Maude had given him and said so at once. She was pleased, and just then Meadows came in.

"I am just admiring the studies for the great portrait," I said genially.

"Ah, yes, they are only rough sketches. The thing itself will be quite different, won't it, darling?" he said, with, I imagined, a shade of anxiety.

"Mr. Raller thinks they are excellent likenesses, Jack," she said happily.

He looked at me sharply, but I boldly repeated my opinion.

A fortnight or so passed before I saw anything of Meadows or Maud, then I met Meadows. He looked worried, and when I asked him after Miss Jeffries he said shortly, "I believe she is quite well, thanks."

"And how is the portrait going on?"

"It's not going on at all at present," he answered.

"How's that? Is she dissatisfied with it?"

"No, she's not," he said, emphasizing the pronoun.

"Surely you are pleased?" said I.

"Look here, Raller," he said, with a burst of confidence. "That wretched portrait is undermining my happiness. It's no more like me than that poster," and he pointed to a flaming placard. "I'm not a vain chap, you know, but I do bar being handed down to posterity looking like a criminal lunatic."

"But it can't be as bad as that? Maud would never do you injustice," I said.

"Not intentionally, but she swears to the good likeness, though I can't see how she can. When I suggested it was a bit unflattering, she said she must paint what she saw, and that she could not tamper with the truth of art. I just laughed and said, joking, that there was room for a little more truth, and then she was hurt and said she had no idea that men could be so vain."

"And you left it at that?"

"Yes, if you saw the thing you wouldn't be surprised."

"I should like to see it," I said.

"Come along then. Maud is out this afternoon, her sister told me so. We will go to her studio, and you can give me your unbiased opinion."

So we went together and climbed up to Maud's painting room. The portrait, still wet, was on the easel. Meadows pointed to it in eloquent silence. I was silent too. It was so painfully realistic that it verged on caricature.

"Well," said Meadows, "could you live in the same house with it if it were your portrait?"

"One might get used to it in time," I answered.

"Yet she is fond of you," I said. "Surely if you ask her to suppress it as a personal favor"—

"She would only say it was my vanity," he answered gloomily. "There is nothing to be done. She must choose between me and my portrait, unless"—

"Unless what?" I asked as he paused.

"You could persuade her. Tell her it doesn't do her justice, either of us justice. Do, there's a good fellow. She has no end of respect for you."

I could not resist his appeal and promised to do my best. "And surely that is she coming up the stairs now," said I as we heard footsteps.

"Yes. Well, speak to her now," said Meadows.

He left me alone in the studio as Maud entered.

She greeted me with a weary smile and glanced directly at the portrait. "You have been looking at it?" she asked, mechanically taking up her palette and brushes.

"Yes," I said, and she seemed to expect me to say more.

"It's a good likeness, isn't it?" she remarked presently.

"It is too flattering," I answered, sitting down opposite it.

She looked at me suspiciously, but my face was full of innocence. "Jack doesn't think so," she said.

"But he is so absurdly vain," said I.

"Not more than other men, I suppose," she retorted.

Her back was toward me and I could see her listlessly dabbing at the background of the portrait. "Yet you say he is not satisfied with that painting," I said. "What fault can he find?"

"Nothing definite; but he wants me to alter it."

"However painful it may be, you must keep your art pure. It is true that in the noble cause of realism you have accentuated his worse points"—

"No, I haven't," she said with some heat.

"I honor you for it. Very few girls would have had the courage to treat the portrait of a lover in so bold a way, even to the suggestion of caricature."

"But you said I had flattered him," she cried.

"Truth is the highest flattery," I answered sententiously. "And if Meadows be not high minded enough to see it you will not regret his loss."

"His loss? What do you mean?" she exclaimed.

"I saw him just now. He does not appreciate your noble self sacrifice. He said if you had really loved him you would not have pointed out his homeliness to the world. He seemed to feel it a good deal."

"Homeliness! He is beautiful!" she cried indignantly.

"Really, my dear young lady, you can't say that with that almost speaking likeness in front of us," and I pointed to the portrait.

With a sudden movement she smudged a brushful of paint over the face on the canvas.

"What are you doing? Are you mad?" I said.

"No, not now."

"But remember the fine technique."

For an instant she paused—but only for an instant. Then she took some more paint and rubbed it violently over the portrait. I saw Meadows looking round the door and beckoned him in.

"Your portrait is done for," I said.

She threw down her palette. "Jack! Look at it!" she cried, with a laugh that seemed to catch in her throat.

There is now hanging in the Meadows' dining room a portrait of the master of the house. It is not at all a good painting, but Jack gazes at it with satisfaction. It is by his wife, and when her friends suggest that she has flattered her husband she smiles.

Once I saw her looking at it rather sadly and I asked her if she were regretting the one she had destroyed. Perhaps it was an indiscreet question.

She shook her head. "No, sometimes I think I acted hastily, for it really was good," she said.

"But surely this one is, on the whole, better?" said I.

"Jack thinks so," she answered, and she sighed.—Westminster Budget.

"Yes or No?"

A pretty story of how Henry M. Stanley wooed and won Miss Dorothy Tennant, though coming to us from private sources, has been made sufficiently public to avert the charge of undue personality. Miss Tennant, it is well known, was the original of Sir John Millais' famous picture, "Yes or No?" It seems that Stanley had asked the question, and the reply was "No."

The great explorer went to Africa again, and after several years returned to London, to find himself the most talked of man of the day.

The thought of Miss Tennant was still uppermost in his mind, and he resolved that his first visit should be to her home. In his impatience for the morrow he turned over the cards and notes with which the table was strewn, and selecting one haphazard decided to while away the time by attending a certain reception.

The first person he met there was Miss Tennant. They greeted each other formally, but later in the evening Stanley retired to a small anteroom, to find that Miss Tennant had likewise sought solitude. A somewhat embarrassing silence ensued, broken at last by the woman saying, with the manner of one "making conversation:"

"Do you find London much changed, Mr. Stanley?"

"No, I haven't found London changed, and I've not changed either," returned the explorer, with his usual intrepidity. "Have you?"

"Yes, I've changed," answered Miss Tennant softly.

A few days later Millais received a note from his former subject, beginning:

"MY DEAR SIR JOHN—The momentous question has been at last decided. It is a joyful and triumphant 'Yes!'"

—Youth's Companion.

When She Listened.

"Listen!" he hissed.

"No," she answered, and turning upon her heel brusquely she left him there alone.

For she was a telephone girl by profession, and it was not her wont to listen to anything unless she was sure it was none of her business. —Detroit Journal.

Jap Oddities In Eating.

The Japanese preserve their potatoes in sugar, pickle their plums and salt cherry blossoms to infuse as tea. They eat candy and other sweets at the same time with their soups, fish and vegetables. The more noise they make in the chewing of food the greater is the compliment to the host.

ON THE GROUND FLOOR.

How Roundollar Investigated the Flying Machine and Got Some Stock.

His way had the breeziness of the west and at the same time the punctilious courtesy of the south.

"It's the most remarkable discovery of the century," he told Mr. Roundollar. "I have entire control of it. At first I poohpoohed the idea just as everybody does now"—

"To what do you refer?" inquired Mr. Roundollar mildly.

"You won't laugh when I tell you, will you?"

"No. I give you my word I will not."

"It's a flying machine."

"I'm much obliged to you for telling me about it, but I don't believe I care to have anything to do with it."

"I'm not asking you to invest your money in any uncertainty, you know. This is a sure thing. I am letting you in on the ground floor."

"Yes, they look all right on paper, and there isn't any excuse in all the books on physics for their not doing exactly as you tell them, but they don't."

"I wish I could take you for a trip in this one."

"If you could I would buy stock in it."

"Would it satisfy you to know that my flying machine traveled all the way here from Chicago?"

"Yes, if you can convince me of it."

"There's nothing easier. You know Mr. Ruffedge. If you will walk over to see him, he will corroborate what I say."

"All right. If Ruffedge says it's a good thing, I'll trust it."

"I'll wait here till you get back," said the promoter.

As Mr. Roundollar walked into Ruffedge's office the latter looked up from his desk and exclaimed rather impatiently:

"I suppose you want to know whether that flying machine came here from Chicago yesterday."

"Yes."

"Well, it did. You're the seventh man who has asked me that question today. I'm getting tired of answering it." And he plunged his nose into his mass of correspondence once more.

Twenty minutes later Mr. Roundollar had exchanged money for some neatly executed engraving on bond paper. In a few days Mr. Roundollar called at Ruffedge's office, and, taking a chair, glared at him with silent reproach for several minutes.

"I suppose you're thinking about that flying machine," said Mr. Ruffedge uneasily.

"I am."

"You're not the only one who has been here this morning. I admit that I ought to have taken more time to explain, but I was very busy that day."

"You said that it had traveled all the way here from Chicago."

"Yes, and it had. The fellow got me so interested in it that I went over to the freight yards and with my own eyes I saw them unload it from a flat car that had just gotten in from the west."—Washington Star.

Pure Charity.

"I wish," said the great sugar manufacturer to his secretary, "that you would write a note to the new senator from Scroodloodo conveying my compliments and inviting him to visit our factory with me. He seems to be good stuff, and it is a pity for him to be without—ahem—refining influences."—New York Press.

What She Said.

Little Teddie—I guess sister Laura likes you pretty well, Mr. Twiddle.

Charles Twiddle—Indeed? Come now, my little man, what makes you think so?

Little Teddie—When Sue Dollyers and her was talkin about you yistady, she just kept callin you that sweet thing all the time.—Cleveland Leader.

How He Played It.

"What do you think," asked the day boarder, "of a man who will keep his neighbors awake half the night by practicing 'Rocked In the Cradle of the Deep' on a bass horn?"

"On a bass horn?" repeated the cheerful idiot. "That is what I should call playing it pretty low down.—Indianapolis Journal.

Faith.

Faith stands for the religion of the heart; work stands for the religion of the life. These two God has joined together. Let no man put them asunder; for there is no genuine religion without them in active union. Just as love in the soul finds a way to manifest itself so as to attract the attention, please and benefit the one loved, so genuine faith in the Lord Jesus moves its possessor to earnest, joyful action along lines of practical Christian usefulness. Where there is no such action there is no genuine faith.

EASY FOR HIM.

His Training Made the Task Before Him Simplicity Itself.

"Harold?"

The bell toned voice of the fair girl rang with interrogation, and a look of determined inquiry nestled in the recesses of her violet orbs.

"Yes, dearest."

"Do you love me truly?"

"By all I hold dear in this world—aye, on a stack of 1897 models ten feet high—I swear I love you with surpassing love."

"And me alone?"

"In a world's congress of beauties, my darling, I would have eyes but for you alone. It is with me as if all the world, save you, had ceased to exist."

With a sigh of most exquisite relief the fair girl, her doubts all lulled to rest, dropped her golden head upon his manly breast.

"Now am I indeed satisfied," she said, "for I know you could not look me straight in the eye and swear to a falsehood."

He drew her close, and smothering five or six peals of derisive laughter with great difficulty, murmured to himself: "Oh, can't I, though. I'm not behind a 'washable nonshrinkable nonfadeable summer fabrics' counter for nothing."—George E. Creel in New York Journal.

Reflections of a Bachelor.

A man who will admit that he is sentimental has no more of it about him than a frog.

The average woman goes to her grave remembering what girl gave her the cheapest wedding present she got.

Old bachelors know more than married men because they have a more varied experience.

The average woman would have no use for a man if she could succeed in reforming all his bad habits.

A girl's idea of a lovely married couple is one that always gives a party on the anniversary of the day they first met.

When a girl who has pretty feet lies down in a hammock, she always goes to lots of trouble to cover them up—and doesn't.

The only thing necessary for a man to know about any one woman is when to take her at her word and when not to, and then not to.—New York Press.

Love's Sacrifices.

"How do I know that you really love me?" she asked. "What assurance have I that you would be willing to make sacrifices and endure hardships for my sake?"

He looked at her in reproachful astonishment and exclaimed:

"What more can you ask? Haven't I for six months refrained from laying violent hands on your little brother?"—Washington Star.

Curse of Competition.

"Twenty-five dollars a month seems a pitiful salary for a schoolteacher," sighed the applicant.

"I know it does, miss," replied the director of district No. 14, "but we kin git Miss Gilflippin of the Pine Ridge neighborhood fur that, an she's twicet as big a young woman as you be."—Chicago Tribune.

Seed Well Sown.

"My erring brother," said the Salvation Army worker, "do you not know that it is just as great a sin to steal a pin as to steal a dollar?"

"Guess you got it about right," said Billy the Dil. "After this I ain't goin to steal nothin that ain't worth nothin."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Not Her Kind.

Mabel—You have been wanting some slippers. Here's your chance. A "gigantic slipper sale" is advertised in the paper.

Amy—You had better get a pair yourself. I don't wear gigantic slippers.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

A Servant Problem Solved.

Mrs. Bonntonn—Why does Mrs. Newriche talk so continually about her servants?

Miss Tonntonn—If she didn't, how would everybody know she keeps 14?—New York Sunday Journal.

Another Turn.

First Villager—There is no telling how a boy will turn out.

Second Villager—No, but since we got the curfew law we have the satisfaction of knowing when he will turn in.—Indianapolis Journal.

Quite Probable.

She—How do you account for the enormous increase of the English sparrow in America?

He—They're too ugly to go on women's hats!—Chicago Record.

Youthful Depravity.

Mother—Now, Johnny, are you telling me the truth?

Johnny—If I ain't, why do you want to make me tell another lie by asking me such a question as that?—Boston Transcript.

APPARENTLY A HOPELESS CASE

A Kincardine Banker who Suffered Distressingly from Indigestion—Apparently a Hopeless Case of Stomach Trouble Until South American Nervine was Used—His Words are: "It Cured Me Absolutely."

What this wonderful remedy for all forms of stomach trouble can do is best told in the words of John Boyer, banker, Kincardine, Ont. "About a year ago, as a result of heavy work no doubt, I became very much troubled with indigestion; associated with it were those terribly distressing feelings that can hardly be described in any language. I had tried various methods of ridding myself of the trouble, but without success, until I was influenced to use South American Nervine. The result, and I gladly say it for the benefit of others—this remedy cured me, and I never hesitate to recommend it to any person afflicted with any form of stomach trouble."

How the Cement Worked.

"Chadbrook got an idea that he should stop himself from taking headers."

"What was the idea?"

"He put cement on the saddle and sat on it. But he took a header, just the same."

"Didn't the cement hold on to him?"

"No; it only held on to his knickerbockers."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

TEN YEARS A SUFFERER

From Kidney Disease—Gravel and Stricture—An Absolute Cure Found in South American Kidney Cure—A Remedy that Never Fails in the Most Distressing Cases.

The solid evidence of experience is behind South American Kidney Cure. Mr. Wilbur Goff, of Chippewa, Ont., is simply one of the hundreds who have spoken in equally strong terms. He says: "After taking six bottles of South American Kidney Cure I am completely cured of stricture and gravel, having suffered from these complaints for over ten years. I found great relief after taking one bottle but continued the remedy until I was perfectly cured and I am now enjoying the best of health."

Could Not Stand That.

Weary Walker—Say, I'm a-goin' ter strangle meself ter death!

Miles O'Day (in amazement)—What fer?

Weary Walker—Just listen what it says in dis paper: "Every time we breathe 100 muscles in our body are set to work."—Judge.

WHERE RHEUMATISM IS UNKNOWN.

No Matter How Intense the Pain South American Rheumatic Cure will Remove it Quickly—A Lady of Highgate Tells What It Did for her—Permanent Cure of a Case of Years Standing.

It has been declared by scientists that every disease has a remedy. The difficulty is to always find the remedy. In rheumatism South American Rheumatic Cure has been found a certain antidote for this painful disease. It is always effective. Mrs. N. Ferris, wife of a well-known manufacturer of Highgate, Ont., says: "I was seriously affected with rheumatic pains in my ankles, and at times was almost disabled. I tried everything, as I thought, and doctored for years without much benefit. I was induced to use South American Rheumatic Cure. To my delight, the first dose gave me more relief than I had had for years, and two bottles have completely cured me."

Hands and Feet.

Family Friend—I congratulate you, my dear friend, on the marriage of your daughter. I see you are gradually getting all the girls off your hands.

Old Olivebranch—Off my hands—yes; but the worst of it is I have to keep all of their husbands on their feet.—Tit-Bits.

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

Sharing Their Troubles.

Willie Slimpson—I put a pin in the teacher's chair this morning, and he was wild.

Bobby Smitem—Well, he won't sit down in such a hurry again.

Willie Slimpson—No; neither will I.—Tit-Bits.

How to Cure Headache.—Some people suffer untold misery day after day with Headache. There is rest neither day or night until the nerves are all unstrung. The cause is generally a disordered stomach, and a cure can be effected by using Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, containing Mandrake and Dandelion. Mr. Finlay Wark, Lysander, P. Q., writes: "I find Parmelee's Pills a first-class article for Bilious Headache."

What They Saved.

"Did they save anything from the fire?"

"Well, Mrs. Wiser brought out the fire extinguisher."—Detroit News.

VICTORIA'S JUBILEE.

REV. DR. TALMAGE PREACHES UPON A TIMELY THEME.

He Pays a Glowing Tribute to Great Britain's Venerable Ruler—The Capacity of Women—The Splendors of Earth and of Heaven.

Beatrice, Neb., June 20.—This is Dr. Talmage's third annual visit to the Chautauqua here, one of the greatest throngs ever assembled on this continent. He lectured yesterday; he preaches today. Text, Esther v, 3, "What wilt thou, Queen Esther?"

This question, which was asked of a queen thousands of years ago, all civilized nations are this day asking of Queen Victoria. "What wilt thou have of honor, of reward or reverence or service of national and international acclamation? What wilt thou, the queen of the nineteenth century?" The seven miles of procession through the streets of London day after to-morrow will be a small part of the congratulatory procession whose multitudinous tramp will encircle the earth. The celebrative anthems that will sound up from Westminster abbey and St. Paul's cathedral in London will be less than the vibration of one harp string as compared with the doxologies which this hour roll up from all nations in praise to God for the beautiful life and the glorious reign of this oldest queen amid centuries. From 5 o'clock of the morning of 1837, when the archbishop of Canterbury addressed the embarrassed and weeping and almost affrighted girl of 18 years with the startling words, "your majesty," until this sixtieth anniversary of her enthronement, the prayer of all good people on all side of the seas, whether that prayer be offered by the 300,000,000 of her subjects or the larger number of millions who are not her subjects, whether that prayer be solemnized in church, or rolled from great orchestras or poured forth by military bands from forts and battlements and in front of triumphant armies all around the world, has been and is now, "God save the queen!" Amid the innumerable columns that have been printed in eulogy of this queen at the approaching anniversary—columns which, put to gether, would be literally miles long—it seems to me that the chief cause of congratulation to her and of praise to God has not yet been properly emphasized, and in many cases the chief keynote has not been struck at all.

We have been told over and over again what has occurred in the Victorian era. The mightiest thing she has done has been almost ignored, while she has been honored by having her name attached to individuals and events for whom and for which she had no responsibility. We have put before us the names of potent and grandly useful men and women who have lived during her reign, but I do not suppose that she at all helped Thomas Carlyle in twisting his involved and mighty satires, or helped Disraeli in issuance of his epigrammatic wit, or helped Cardinal Newman in his crossing over from religion to religion, or helped to inspire the enchanted sentiments of George Eliot and Harriet Martineau and Mrs. Browning, or helped to invent any of George Cruikshank's healthful cartoons, or helped George Grey in founding a British South African empire, or kindled the patriotic fervor with which John Bright stirred the masses, or had anything to do with the invention of the telephone or photograph, or the building up of the science of bacteriology, or the directing of the Roentgen rays which have revolutionized surgery, or helped in the inventions for facilitating printing and railroading and ocean voyaging. One is not to be credited or discredited for the virtue or the vice, the brilliance or the stupidity, of his or her contemporaries. While Queen Victoria has been the friend of all art, all literature, all science, all invention, all reform, her reign will be most remembered for all time and all eternity as the reign of Christianity. Beginning with the scene at 5 o'clock in the morning in Kensington palace, where she asked the archbishop of Canterbury to pray for her, and they knelt down, imploring divine guidance, until this hour, not only in the sublime liturgy of her established church, but on all occasions, she has directly or indirectly declared, "I believe in God the Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ, his only begotten Son." I declare it, fearless of contradiction, that the mightiest champion of Christianity to-day is the throne of England.

The queen's book, so much criticised at the time of its appearance, some saying it was not skillfully done and some saying that the private affairs of a household ought not so to have been exposed, was nevertheless a book of vast usefulness from the fact that it showed that God was acknowledged in all her life and that "Rock of Ages" was not an unusual song in Windsor castle. Was her son, the Prince of Wales, down with an illness that baffled the greatest doctors of England? Then she proclaimed a day of prayer to Almighty God, and in answer to the prayers of the whole civilized world the prince got well. Was Sevastopol to be taken and the thousands of bereaved homes of soldiers to be comforted? She called her nation to its knees, and the prayer was answered. See her walking through the hospitals like an angel of mercy! Was there ever an explosion of fire damp in the mines of Sheffield or Wales and her telegram was not the first to arrive with help and Christian sympathy? Is President Garfield dying at Long Branch, and is not the cable under the sea, reaching to Balmoral castle, kept busy in announcing the symptoms of the sufferer?

Victoria's Throne.

I believe that no throne since the throne of David, and the throne of Hezekiah, and the throne of Esther has been in such constant touch with the throne of heaven as the throne of Victoria. From what I know of her habits she reads the Bible more than she does Shakespeare. She admires the hymns of Horatio Bonar more than she does Byron's "Corsair." She has not knowingly admitted into her presence a corrupt man or dissolute woman. To very distinguished novelists and very celebrated prima donnas she has declined reception because they were immoral. All the coming centuries of time cannot revoke the advantages of having had 60 years of Christian womanhood inthroned in the palaces of England. Compare her court surroundings with what were the court surroundings in the time of Henry VIII, or what were the court surroundings in the time of Napoleon, in the time of Louis XVI, in the times of men and women whose names may not be mentioned in decent society. Alas for the revelries, and the worse than Belshazzar feasts, and the more than Herodian dances, and the scenes from which the veil must not be lifted.

You need, however, in order to appreciate the purity and virtuous splendor of Victoria's reign to contrast it somewhat with the gehennas and the pandemoniums of many of the thronerooms of the past and some of the thronerooms of the present. I call the roll of the queens of the earth, not that I would have them come up or come back, but that I may make them the background of a picture in which I can better present the present septuagenarian, so soon to be an octogenarian, now on the throne of England, her example so thoroughly on the right side that all the scandal mongers in all the nations in six decades have not been able to manufacture an evil suspicion in regard to her that could be made to stick: Maria of Portugal, Isabella and Eleanor and Joanna of Spain, Catherine of Russia, Mary of Scotland, Maria Theresa of Germany, Marie Antoinette of France and all the queens of England, as Miss Strickland has put them before us in her charming 12 volumes. And while some queen may surpass our modern queen in learning, and another in attractiveness of feature, and another in gracefulness of form, and another in romance of history, Victoria surpasses them all in nobility and grandeur and thoroughness of Christian character. I hail her, the Christian daughter, the Christian wife, the Christian mother, the Christian queen, and let the church of God and all benign and gracious institutions the world over cry out, as they come, with music and bannered host and million voiced huzza and the benedictions of earth and heaven, "What wilt thou, Queen Esther?"

Life Uncorrupted.

Another thing I call to your attention in this illustrious woman's career is that she is a specimen of high life uncorrupted. Would she have lived to celebrate the sixtieth anniversary of her coronation and the seventy-eighth anniversary of her birthday, had she not been an example of good principals and good habits? While there have been bad men and women in exalted station and humble station who have carried their vices clear on into the seventies and eighties and even the nineties of their lifetime, such persons are very rare. The majority of the vicious die in their thirties, and fewer reach the forties, and they are exceedingly scarce in the fifties. Longevity has not been the characteristic of the most of those who have reached high places in that or this country. In many cases their wealth leads them into indulgences, or their honors make them reckless, or their opportunities of doing wrong are multiplied into the overwhelming, and it is as true now as when the Bible first presented it, "The wicked live not out half their days." Longevity is not a positive proof of goodness, but it is prima facie evidence in that direction. A loose life has killed hundreds of eminent Americans and Europeans. The doctors are very kind, and the certificate given after the distinguished man of dissipation is dead, says, "Died of congestion of the brain," although it was delirium tremens, or "Died of cirrhosis of the liver," although it was a round of libertinism, or "Died of heart failure," although it was the vengeance of outraged law that slew him. Thanks, doctor, for you are right in saving the feelings of the bereft household by not being more specific. Look, all ye who are in high places of the earth, and see one who has been plied by all the temptations which wealth and honor and the secret place of palaces could produce, and yet next Tuesday she will ride along in the presence of 7,000,000 people, if they can get within sight of her chariot, in a vigorous old age, no more hurt by the splendors that have surrounded her for 78 years than is the plain country woman come down from her mountain home in an oxcart to attend the Saturday marketing. The temptations of social life among the successful class have been so great that every winter is a holocaust of human nerves, and the beaches of this tossing sea of high life are constantly strewn with physical and mental and moral shipwreck. Beware, all ye successful ones. Take a good look at the venerable queen as she rides through Regent street and along the Strand and through Trafalgar square and by the Nelson monument. What is the use of your dying at 40, when you may just as well live to be 80?

If you are doing nothing for God or the race, the sooner you quit the better. But if you are worth anything for the world's betterment, in the strength of God and through good habits, lay out a plan for a life that will reach through most of a century. How many people are practically suicides from the fact that their gormandizing or their recklessness or their defiance of dietetics and plain sanitary law cuts short their days! Indeed, so great is the temptation of those who have bountiful tables and full wine closets that Solomon suggests that instead of putting the knife into the meat on their plate they direct the edge of it across their throat. Proverbs xxiii, 1, "When thou sittest to eat with a ruler, consider diligently what is before thee, and put a knife to thy throat if thou be a man given to appetite." I believe more people die of improper eating than die of strong drink. The former causes no delirium or violence and works more gradually, but none the less fatally. Queen Victoria's habits, self denying and almost ascetic, under a good Providence, account for her magnificent longevity. It may be a homely lesson for a sexagesimal anniversary in British places, but it is worth all the millions of dollars the celebration will cost and the laborious convocation of the representatives from all the zones of the planet if the nations will learn the sanitary lesson of good hours, plain food, out door exercise, reasonable abstinence and common sense habits. That which Paul said to the jailer is just as appropriate for you and for me, "Do thyself no harm." And here let me say, no people outside of Great Britain ought to be more interested in this queen's jubilee than our nation. The cradles of most of our ancestors were rocked in Great Britain. They played in childhood on the banks of the Thames, or the Clyde, or the Shannon. Take from my veins the Welsh blood and the Scotch blood, and the streams of my life would be a shallow. Great Britain is our grandmother. We have read in the family records that without our grandmother's consent her daughter, our mother, left home and married the genius of American independence, and for awhile there was bitter estrangement. But the family quarrel has ended, and all has been forgiven, and we shake hands every day across the seas.

At this queenly anniversary our authorized representative will offer greeting in Buckingham palace, and our warships will thunder congratulation in English waters. They are over there, bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh. It is our John Bunyan, our Wilberforce, our Coleridge, our De Quincey, our John Milton, our John Wesley, our John Knox, our Thomas Chalmers, our Bishop Charnock, our Latimer, our Ridley, our Walter Scott, our Daniel O'Connell, our Robert Emmet, our Havelock, our Henry Lawrence our William E. Gladstone, our Queen Victoria! Long live the daughter of the Duchess of Kent!

Again, this international occasion impresses me with the fact that woman is competent for political government when God calls her to it. Great fears have been experienced in this country that woman would get the right of suffrage, and as a consequence, after awhile, woman might get into congressional chair, and, perhaps after awhile, reach the chief magistracy. Awful! Well, better quiet your perturbations, as you look across the sea, in this anniversary time, and behold a woman who for 60 years has ruled over the mightiest empire of all time and ruled well. In approval of her government, the hands of all nations are clapping, the flags of all nations are waving, the batteries of all nations booming. Look here! Men have not made such a wonderful success of government that they need be afraid that women should ever take a turn at power. The fact is that men have made a bad mess of it. The most damnably corrupt thing on earth is American politics after men have had it all their own way in this country for 121 years. Other things being equal, for there are fools among women as well as among men—I say other things being equal, woman has generally a keener sense of what is right and what is wrong than has man—has naturally more faith in God and knows better how to make self sacrifices and would more boldly act against intemperance and the social evil, and worse things might come to this country than a supreme courtroom and a senate chamber and a house of representatives in which womanly voices were sometimes heard.

We men had better drop some of the strut out of our pompous gait and with a little less of superciliousness thrust the thumbs into the sleeves of our vests and be less apprehensive of the other sex, who seem to be the Lord's favorite from the fact that he has made more of them. If woman had possessed an influential and controlling vote on Capitol hill at Washington and in the English parliament, do you think that the two ruffian and murderous nations of the earth could have gone on until this time with the butcheries in Armenia and Cuba? No! The Christian nations would have gone forth with bread and medicine and bandages and military relief, until Abdul Hamid would have had no throne to sit on, and Weyler, the commanding assassin in Cuba, would have been thrust into a prison as dark as that in which they murdered Dr. Ruiz I am no adovcate for female suffrage, and I do not know whether it would be best to have it, but I point you to the queen of Great Britain and the nation over which she rules as proof that woman may be politically dominant and prosperity reign. God save the queen, whether now, on the throne in Buckingham palace, or in some time to come in American White House.

And now I pray God that day after to-morrow the uncertain skies of England, so economic of sunshine, may pour golden light upon all the scene, and that since the day when in Westminster abbey, the girlish queen took in one hand the scepter and in the other the orb of empire, there may have been no day so happy as that one in which she shall this week receive the plaudits of Christendom. May she be strengthened in her aged body to ride the whirlwind of international excitement and her failing vision be illumined with bright memories of the past and brighter visions of the future, and when she quits the throne of earth may she have a throne in heaven, and as the doors of the eternal palace are swung open, may the question of the text sound in her enraptured ears, "What wilt thou, Queen Esther?"

Two Coronations.

But as all of us will be denied attendance on that sixtieth anniversary coronation I invite you, not to the anniversary of a coronation, but to a coronation itself—aye, to two coronations. Brought up as we are, to love as no other form of government that which is republican and democratic, we living on this side of the sea cannot so easily as those living on the other side of the sea appreciate the two coronations to which all up and down the Bible you and I are urgently invited. Some of you have such morbid ideas of religion that you think of it as going down into a dark cellar, or out on a barren commons, or as a flagellation, when, so far from a dark cellar, it is a palace, and instead of a barren commons it is a garden, atoss with the brightest fountains that were ever rainbowed, and instead of flagellation it is coronation, but a coronation utterly eclipsing the one whose sixtieth anniversary is now being celebrated. It was a great day when David, the little king who was large enough to thrash Goliath, took the crown at Rabbah—a crown weighing a talent of gold and encircled with precious stones—and the people shouted, "Long live the king!" It was a great day when Petrarch, surrounded by 12 patrician youths clothed in scarlet, received from a senator the laurel crown, and the people shouted, "Long live the poet!" It was a great day when Mark Antony put upon Caesar the mightiest tiara of all the earth, and in honor of divine authority Caesar had it placed afterward on the head of the statue of Jupiter Olymus. It was a great day when the greatest of Frenchmen took the diadem of Charlemagne and put it on his own brow. It was a great day when, about an eighth of a mile from the gate of Jerusalem, under a sky pallid with thickest darkness, and on a mountain trammeled of earthquake, and the air on fire with the blasphemies of a mob, a crown of spikes was put upon the pallid and agonized brow of our Jesus. But that particular coronation, amid tears and blood and groans and shivering cataclysms, made your own coronation possible.

Paul was not a man to lose his equilibrium, but when that old missionary, with crooked back and inflamed eyes, got a glimpse of the crown coming to him and coming to you, if you will by repentance and faith accept it, he went into ecstasies, and his poor eyes flashed and his crooked back straightened as he cried to Timothy, "There is laid up for me a crown of righteousness," and to the Corinthians, "These athletes run to 'obtain a corruptible, we an incorruptible' crown." And to the Thessalonians he speaks of "the crown of glory," and to the Philippians he says, "My joy and crown." The Apostle Peter catches the inspiration and cries out, "Ye shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away," and St. John joins in the rapture and says, "Faithful to death, and I will give thee a crown of life," and elsewhere exclaims, "Hold fast, that no man take thy crown." Crowns, crowns, crowns! You did not expect in coming here to day to be invited to a coronation. You can scarcely believe your own ears, but in the name of a pardoning God, and a sacrificing Christ, and an omnipotent Holy Spirit, and a triumphant heaven I offer each one a crown for the asking. Crowns, crowns! How to get the crown? The way Victoria got her crown—on her knees. Although eight duchesses and marquises, all in cloth of silver, carried her train, and the windows and arches and roof of the abbey shook with the "Te Deum" of the organ in full diapason, she had to kneel, she had to come down. To get the crown of pardon and eternal life you will have to kneel, you will have to come down. Yea! History says that at her coronation not only the entire assembly wept with profound emotion, but Victoria was in tears. So you will have to have your dry eyes moistened with tears, in your case tears of repentance, tears of joy, tears of coronation, and you will feel like crying out with Jeremiah, "Oh, that my head were waters and mine eyes fountains of tears." Yes, she was during the ceremony seated for awhile on a lowly stone called the Lia Fail, which, as I remember it, as I have seen it again and again, was rough and not a foot high, a lowly and humble place in which to be seated, and if you are to be crowned king or queen to God forever, you must be seated on the Lia Fail of profound humiliation.

After all that she was ready for the throne, and let me say that God is not going to leave your exaltation half done. There are thrones as well as crowns awaiting you. St. John shouted, "I saw thrones!" and again he said, "They shall reign forever and ever." Thrones! Thrones! Get ready for the coronation. But I invite you not only to your own coronation, but to a mightier and the mightiest. In all the ages of time no one ever had such a hard time as Christ while he was on earth. Brambles for his brow, expectoration for his cheek, whips for his back, spears for his side, spikes for his feet, contumely for his name, and even in our time, how many say he is no Christ at all, and there are tens of thousands of hands trying to push him back and keep him down. But, oh, the human and satanic impotency! Can a spider stop an albatross? Can the hole which the toy shovel of a child digs in the sand at Cape May swallow the Atlantic? Can the breath of a summer fan drive back the Mediterranean euroclydon? Yes, when all the combined forces of earth and hell can keep Christ from ascending the throne of universal dominion. David the psalmist foresaw that coronation, and cried out in regard to the Messiah, "Unto himself shall his crown flourish." From the cave of black basalt St. John foresaw it, and cried, "On his head were many crowns." Now do not miss the beauty of that figure. There is no room in any head for more than one crown of silver, gold or diamond. Then what does the book mean when it says, "On his head were many crowns?" Well, it means twisted and enwreathed flowers. To prepare a crown for your child and make her the "queen of the May," you might take the white flowers out of one parterre, and the crimson flowers out of another parterre, and the blue flowers out of another parterre, and the pink flowers out of another parterre, and gracefully and skillfully work these four or five crowns into one crown of beauty. So all the splendors of earth and heaven are to be enwreathed into one coronal for our Lord's forehead—one blazing glory, one dazzling brightness, one overpowering perfume, one down flashing, up rolling, outspreading magnificence—and so on his head shall be many crowns.

Cross and Crown.

The world's best music will yet be sounded in his praise, the world's best architecture built for his worship, the world's best paintings descriptive of his triumphs, the world's best sculpture perpetuate the memory of his heroes and heroines. Already the crown woven out of many crowns is being put upon his brow. His scarred feet are already ascending the throne. A careful statistician estimates that in 1950 there will be 170,000,000 people in the United States, and by the present ratio of uniting with the church 100,000,000 of them will be church members. What think ye of that, ye pessimists inspired by the devil? the deadest failure in the universe is the kingdom of satan. The grandest throne of all time and all eternity is the one that Christ is now mounting. The most of us will not see the consummation of this world, but we will gaze on it from the high heavens. The morning of that consummation will arrive, and what a stir in the holy city! All the towers of gold will ring its arrival. All the chariots will roll into line. The armies of heaven which John saw seated on white horses passing in infinite cavalcade. The inhabitants of Europe, Asia, Africa, North and South America and of all islands of the sea, and perhaps of other worlds, will join in a procession, compared with which that of next Tuesday will not make one battalion. The Conqueror ahead, having on his vesture and on his thigh written "King of Kings and Lord of Lords," and when he passes through the chief of the 12 uplifted gates, all nations following, may you and I be there to hear the combined shout of church militant and church triumphant. Until the choirs standing on "the sea of glass mingled with fire" shall sound the triumph in more jubiliant strains, accompanied by harpers with their harps and trumpeters with their trumpets, the hundred and forty and four thousand coming into the chorus, I think we will stick to Isaac Watts' old hymn, which the 5,000 natives of Tonga, Fiji and Samoa sang when they gave up their idolatries for Christianity, and I would not be surprised to see some of you old heroes of the cross, who for a life time have been toiling in the service, beating time with your right hand, a little tremulous with many years:—

Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his sucessive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore
Till suns shall rise and set no more.
Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud amen.

SHE COULD NOT EAT.

THE STATEMENT OF A LADY WHO WAS A DYSPEPTIC.

Afflicted With Pains in the Stomach, Nausea and Vomiting—Constipation, Headaches and Other Distressing Symptoms Followed.

From Le Sorelois, Sorel, Que.

Dyspepsia and kindred disorders of the digestive organs are becoming alarming ly prevalent among the people of all classes, and it is safe to say that there are few ills afflicting mankind productive of more real misery than indigestion. It is said that happiness and a good digestion go hand in hand, and the statement contains more truth than has been generally admitted. It may be safely said, therefore, that the medicine that will cure dyspepsia is a blessing to mankind, a promotor of human happiness, whose good work cannot be too widely known. Such is the opinion of Mrs. P. Lussier, of Sorel, Que., and it is because of this that she gave the folowing statement to a representative of Le Sorelois. "For some time past," she said, "I had been suffering from a malady that at first I could not define, but which proved to be a severe attack of dyspepsia. After each meal I felt a sensation of over fullness, even when I had eaten most sparingly. This feeling was accompanied by severe pains in the region of the stomach, and frequently by nausea, and sometimes vomiting. Constipation followed, which added to my misery. In the interval I suffered from fever and slight headache and became generally indisposed. At times the pain in the stomach was less severe. My appetite was leaving me, I had no taste for anything and at this stage my son, Alfred, assistant manager of Le Sorelois urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, at the same time urging me to read an article in that paper which related to the cure of a person similarly afflicted. I was skeptical and did not believe the pills would help me, but a few days later I re-read the article and decided that I would try this medicine and I have much reason to be glad that I did so. I took a couple of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills after each meal and little by little perceived that my digestion was becoming more easy. I continued the use of the pills for a little more than a month, and have pleasure in stating that my cure is complete. At my age (66 years) one greatly appreciates being able to enjoy one's meals, and I bless the day I began to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I heartily recomend them to other sufferers."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure indigestion, rheumatism, neuralgia, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, nervous headache and prostration, diseases of the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, and restores pale and sallow complexions to the glow of health. They are a specific for all the troubles peculiar to the female sex, and in men cure all cases arising from worry, overwork, or excesses. Sold by all chemists and by Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., at 50c per box or six boxes for $2.50. There are imitation pills colored pink against which the public are warned. The genuine pills are put up in boxes, the wrapper around which bears the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." Take nothing else.

The amount of money actually in circuation in this country is estimated to be $1,600,000,000.

A Matter of Opinion.

Swipes—I heerd a feller say dat de loidy an de dawg was a case of beauty an de beast.

Grimsey—Well, de purp suttinly is a beaut.—New York Journal.

PERSONALS.

Mr. Ed McKim returned from Vancouver last Wednesday.

Dr. Jeffs, formerly of this town, is erecting himself a residence in Revelstoke.

Mr. Harry Watson is salesman and Manager of Mr. J. B. Holmes store at the Bay.

Mr. H. M. Williams, formaly of Union, left Nelson last April for some place in Idaho

Rev, J. X. Willemar is moving into his new residence this week. It is a comfortable and roomy building, solidly put together. by that master builder Mr McKay.

Mr F. Hussey, Superintendent of Provincial Police paid this district an official visit last week. He was accompanied by his wife

Mr. J F Doyle, formerly manager of Stevenson & Co's dry goods branch here, is now manager for that firm's branch in Revelstoke, B C.

Mr. John Baird of Nob Hill is again among us. This time he is located in the government building, Union, doing the work formerly done by ex-Officer Schmidt. It is a good selection.

Mr. and Mrs. F B. Smith took a carriage Thursday evening for Comox Bay going immediately to the s. s. City of Nanaimo on which they left Friday morning enroute for their new home in East Kootenay

Mr. J. B. McLean, station agent, met with a painful accident on Monday of last week while making some repairs to the edge of the palace car roof. He was standing on a ladder endeavoring to pull out a screw which was rusted in. It required considerable muscle and when it started it came by no easy stages. The result was the shock was communicated to the ladder and Mr McLean fell thirteen feet striking flat on his back on a spot he had the day previous carefully cleared of all stones. He was badly bruised but fortunately no bones were broken. It was a narrow escape from fatal injury.

For the Best Patterns in Air-tight Stoves, go to the Union Store.

LOCAL.

The infant daughter of Mr. D. McLeod died Saturday morning.

—A good oak bedstead cheap. Enquire at News office.

It is expected Mr. John Thomson will enter upon his duties as constable here Nov 1st.

Messers. McCallum, McKim, Oscar Davis and Walter McPhee left Friday for Campbell river on a hunting expedition

A special says the entire arctic whaling fleet has been caught in the ice, and that only two succeeded in escaping.

A birthday party will be held in the interests of the Epworth League at the Methodist Church Tuesday evening, Nov 9th

Sunday 17th was celebrated at Trinity Church by Harvest Thanksgiving services. The church was profusely decorated with cereals and plants, and the choir was stronger than usual adding to the impressive services.

—The D. B. & L. Association allows interest on deposits.

On Monday of last week the Union Club entertained at their second whist party. These evenings at the Club prove very enjoyable and are anticipated with much pleasure by the ladies, who are admitted "within the gates" on these occasions.

A pumkin pie social under the auspices of the Ladies Aid Society of the Pres. Church will be held in the Agricultual Hall, Courtenay, on Friday the 29th at 7.30 p m

Admission 25 cents.

—CELEBRATION.— 5th of November; social and supper by Mt Horeb L.O.L 1676 at I.O.O.F Hall. Tickets admitting gentleman and lady $1.00. This is sure to be a pleasant affair.

As a sign of expansion we notice that Dr. Lawrence is about to put upon the market from 1 to 5 acre lots near the mouth of the Trent river. This is the best of land for gardening, and fruit, and at or near the beach. And with the new road to the wharf, very desirable.

The serivces at the Methodist Church were conducted last Sunday by the Rev. Thos. Crosby, the venerable Indian Missionary. The congregation in the evening was large, and was highly edified by the interesting description of missionary work in which for 35 years Rev. Mr Crosby has been sucessfully engaged. On Monday evening the rev gentleman lectured at Courtenay.

A letter was received last week from Mr. Frank C. Whitney, formerly of the NEWS, who was then in Java, expecting the next day to sail for Manilla, the capital of the Phillipine Islands. He is on a merchants sailing vessel, and will pass over the China sea, Indian Ocean, Suez Canal, and Mediterean sea, landing at Liverpool in from five to seven months.

OFFICER HUTCHISON RESIGNED.

It has been known for some time that Officer Hutchinson was not satisfied with his position here, and contemplated leaving. His resignation will take effect with the close of this month. We are glad to know another field awaits him. He has made many warm friends here, and all wish him much prosperity.

—CALL at Tarbell's store, if you want a good air tight stove. Quality of material, and workmanship guaranteed. No cheap iron used in construction. His prices for the fall trade defy competition.

A KINDLY FAREWELL.

It was a pleasant party of ladies and gentlemen which met at Cumberland Hall Wednesday evening last. The gathering was select being strictly by invitation, and was composed of the friends of Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Smith, and intended as a kindly farewell to them upon the eve of their departure to make their home in Kootenay—at Fort Steele, for the present. Dancing was the order and no more enjoyable affair has ever occurred in our midst.

—ANDERSON'S air-tights knock them cold. Catch 'em at Cheap John's and at the works.

Hospital Benefit

It is intended to give an entertainment after the November pay-day, in aid of the Hospital. The specific purpose is to raise funds for a furnace to heat the hospital building—a thing much needed.

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

NEWS SUMMARY.

Chas. A. Dana, the great journalist, is dead.

Geo. Pullman of Chicago died suddenly Oct. 19th.

Sir Edward Arnold has married a Japanese lady.

Windsor, N.S. was almost destroyed by fire on the 18th.

The Corean king now calls himself emperor and is said to have thrown off the suzerainty of China.

I is claimed the Chilcoot Road & Transportation Co., will have a tramway in operation from Dyea to Greater Lake. by Jan 1st.

Editor, Greenier gets six months imprisonment, and must give bond to keep the peace for two years more, for libeling Minister Tarte.

Mrs. Fanny Slinkard of San Jose, Cal., celebrated Oct. 10, her 100rd birthday, and is still in good health, clear mind and remarkable memory.

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

Passenger List.

CITY OF NANAIMO Oct. 22d,: Piercy' H. Swatsky, P.North, M. Gillis, J. Boyd, M. Franklin, D. Galloway, Joe(Italian), Joe. Beuch, J. Gray, Mrs. Gray, Mrs Gillespie, Mr. Hanna, Mrs. Hunter, Mr. Hunrer, Ralph Hunter, Lewin Hunter, E. McKim, Mrs. Wain, G. Howe, M. A. Crake, W. R. Scaife, Nora Horth, Mr. and Mrs. F. Hussey, Hashim, Mr. Doran T. D. McLean, J. Graham, Kwong Au Lung, Yee chung Lung, and twenty three Japs and chinese.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that application will be made to the Legislative Assembly of the Province of British Columbia at its next session by The Trusts and Guarantee Company, (Limited), a corporation incorporated in Ontario under "The Trusts Company Act 1895" and under "The Ontario Joint Stock Companies' Letters Patent Act" on the 24th day of February 1897 for an act confirming and conferring upon it the powers of the said company as thesame appear in the Letters Patent deposited in Ontario with the Provincial Registrar and upon the approval of the Lieutenant-Governor-in-Council, and with its consent that the said company may be appointed by any judge of the Supreme or County courts of the Province of British Columbia to execute the office of executor, administrator, trustee, receiver, assignee, guardian of minor, or committee of a lunatic without giving security; and for all further and necessary powers as may be incidental or conducive to the attainment of the above objects or any of them.

Dated October 6th 1897.

HERBERT E. A. ROBERTSON,
8 Bastion Square.. Victoria B.C.
Sollisitor for The Trusts and Guarantee Company, Limited

2-5-7

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Comox Road, Nanaimo, B. C.
Fruit trees of all descriptions.
Ornamental trees and shrubs.

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HUTCHERSON & PERRY.

—MONEY to loan upon improved real estate.——L. P. ECKSTEIN.

Esquimalt & Nanaimo Ry.

Time Table No. 28,

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

GOING NORTH—READ DOWN.

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

GOING SOUTH—READ UP.

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

For rates and information apply at Company's offices.

A. DUNSMUIR, President. JOSEPH HUNTER, Gen'l Supt
H. K. PRIOR, Gen. Freight and Passenger Agt.

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Dress Goods, Flannels, Flannelettes, Mackentoshes, Jackets, Capes Chinille covers, Towels, Blankets, Quilts, Umbrellas, cotton Blankets, Boots and Shoes, Rubber Goods, Moccassins and Hunters' Shoepacks.

This is only a small portion of the stock to hand and to arrive

These Goods have been bought direct from the Manufacturer and are Cheaper than ever before offered in Union.

We have just received a lot of the latest improved patterns of Air Tight Heating Stoves. Call and see them before you buy.

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