Provincial Library
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The Weekly News.

NO. 251. UNION COMOX DISTRICT, B. C., TUESDAY SEPT., 7th, 1897. $2.00 PER ANNUM.

UNION MEAT MARKET

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

SHIPPING SUPPLIES.

|o| SIMON LEISER

Buy the
Best on the Market
Skeena River Salmon
IS THE BEST!
FOR SALE AT
Gus Hauck's.

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 Recipies 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.

GORDON MURDOCK'S . . .
LIVERY.
Single and Double Rigs to let
—at—
Reasonable Prices
Near Blacksmith Shop, 3rd St.
UNION, B. C.

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.

SPECIAL PRIZE.

A prize of two dollars will be given by Mrs. M. Whitney for dressed doll to be exhibited at the Comox Agricultural and Industrial Show at Courtenay, Oct. 7th, by girl not over 12 years of age. To be awarded to most neatly made and complete costume, irrespective of quality of material.

STEAMBOAT EPISODE.

THE BRISTOL reached here last Wednesday, having in tow the small stern wheeler Eugene. The Eugene had not a scrap of paper showing authority to plough the main, being a river boat; and had neglected to report at Victoria, according to customary usage and customs' requirements. The result was Customs' Officer Roe was wired by Collector Milne of Victoria, to seize the [piratical] craft. Mr. Roe with his usual promptness, and without waiting for the arrival of re-enforcements, proceeded to beard the "Eugene." He remained on "deck" until 11 a. m. or thereabouts of Thursday, when he concluded to stick the Dominion arrow into the boat's side, spread a few ounces of red wax on the rope which held it to the wharf, duly affixing the official seal, and go ashore for a short time to get needed refreshments and to "stretch his legs." Mr. McFarland, owner of the "Eugene," a passenger on the Bristol, accompanied Mr. Roe on his pilgrimage. He was unusually, polite full of stories, and brimming over with good humor. After awhile Collector Roe succeeded in disengaging himself from the very friendly attention of McFarland, and turning to look in the direction of the gulf suddenly, exclaimed:

"Why! there is the Eugene going out!"

"So she is," calmly replied Mr. McFarland; "when the captain gets back I'll discharge him for that piece of business. I don't see what he means!"

Office Roe started to run forward, and realizing he could not, even with his long legs, span the widening space of water separating them, stopped and threw up his arms, motioning the boat to come back. For answer the "Eugene" ran up the stars and stripes, and then dipping them three times gracefully in the briny, sped on her way northward.

Not to be baffled Collector Roe offered the officer in charge of the Danube $200 to go in pursuit.

"If Milne will pledge that, I'll go" said the officer; "not otherwise."

The Collector rushed to the telephone station closely followed by THE NEWS reporter, and directed Horne, at Union, to wire his explanation of the situation to Victoria. Word quickly came back from Milne that he would not be responsible for any such expense. An effort was also made by Roe to get the assistance of the tug "Hope," but without avail, and so all idea of a chase had to be abandoned.

Within an hour after the "Eugene" left the Bristol got ready to take in her ropes. Just before the gang-plank was removed, a telegram was handed to the captain of the Bristol who without stopping to notice it, allowed the "bridge" to be pulled in; and then turning toward the customs' officer on the wharf shouted:

"We'll bring you a nugget to settle the damage when we return."

There was a call for three cheers from the Bristol crowd, and such a throat-splitting yell has seldom been heard. A hundred hats filled, and twice that number of arms sawed the air, as the boat steamed away, leaving the Eugene fine of $400.00 unpaid.

The Thistle came in from the north on Saturday and brought word that she passed the Bristol with the "Eugene" in tow near the Queen Charlotte Island.

Officer Roe though the object of good natured raillery was not at all to blame. He had authority but no power to enforce it. Everybody sympathized with the passengers who were detained through no fault of theirs and had the officer remained aboard, the "Eugene" would have sailed with him. The government should provide a big swivel gun at our port for such emergencies.

—MRS. C. calls on Mrs. J.—"Good morning Mrs. J. Did you hear that Cheap John has 20 tons of goods coming up on next boat?" "No." "Well, he has, and he says he will hew to the line, let the chips fall where they may." "Good for him! that's what we need."

POWER OF ATTORNEY.

THIS is to certify that I have this day made Frank Parks my Power of Attorney to transact all of my business while I am absent from Union.

NELSON PARKS.

Witness W. B. WALKER, J. P.

Union, Aug. 26th, 1897.

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

LETTERS FROM THE NORTH BY UNION "BOYS."

Grant's Party All Right. His Address.—Robert McGargle's Interesting Chat—Queer Indians—Will Go Through or Die.—Stewart River Their Destination.

MR. ROBERT GRANT writes from Skagway, Alaska, Aug. 13th, that his party had reached there all right, that there were 3000 people on the trail. His address for the present is as follows: R. Grant & Co.'s Camp, Skagway Bay, Alaska, care of W. Henderson Transfer Co. They were 15 miles up the trail.

MR. ROBERT MCGARGLE writes Aug. 6th.—"Tom Wall of Nanaimo was drowned last night. * * * We were taken over at same time but strectched a rope across the river and pulled over. Tom ran too many risks. He was often up to his neck in water. The current was very strong and swept him away. We could do nothing to save him.

Three or four steamers came today, all anchored in the bay. Many are making $50 to $100 per day. Burdette of Union is here. The Indians here black their faces, all but their chin. They are queer looking people. We are busy packing—passing everybody with our horses, which we have agreed to sell for $150. From the bottom of the Summit the Indians will pack for us—three tons and a half; 300 lbs for two wheels at $15. We are about six miles on the mountains today. It is very hot. There are lots of people up here; tents everywhere. A good many are going home on next boat.

Tom Hunter of Nanaimo who is with Mr. McGargle, writes that they were very much discouraged at first, the work was so hard, but said they would go through or die, although he thinks it will be a hard fight to get there this winter. Spooner of Nanaimo and Callender of Union were ahead of them, getting the boats ready on the lake so they might proceed as soon as they reached it. The party expect to go to the Stewart River where there is believed to be a good showing.

Friday the Rosalie called at Union wharf on her way down from Dyea. She brought news that the Grant party was well and over Chilcoot Pass. It is not thought they will have any great difficulty now.

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

UNION SHIPPING.

Aug. 31st.—Tug Louis took 204 tons of coal for the C.P.N., Victoria.

Aug. 31st.—Tug Tzar took 21 tons of fuel.

Sept. 1st.—Steamer Bristol left with 1200 tons of coal for fuel and for American Com. Co., Dutch Harbor, Alaska.

Sept. 1st.—Str. Maude took 350 tons of coal for the C.P.N.Co., Victoria.

Sept. 1st.—Tug Comet and scow took 179 tons of coke for Hall mines, Trail.

Sept. 2d.—Tug Tepic took 442 tons of coal for the C.P.R., Vancouver.

Sept. 2d.—The Danube took 278 tons of coal for the C.P.N., Victoria.

Sept. 2d.—The Hope took 21 tons of fuel.

Sept. 3d.—Str. Rosalie took 80 tons of fuel.

Sept. 3d.—Str. Tees took 30 tons of fuel.

Sept. 4th.—The Thistle took 96 tons of coal and 91 tons of clay for Victoria.

Sept. 6th.—The Rapid Transit took 62 tons of coal.

Sept. 7th.—The San Mateo left with 4400 tons of coal for Los Angeles.

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

EXHIBITION

The Comox Agricultural and Industrial Association, will hold its next

EXHIBITION
—ON—
Thursday, Oct. 7th,
AT THEIR HALL, AT THE VILLAGE OF COURTENAY

A fine Prize List

☞ Entries must be made three clear days before the Show.

Latest by Wire

LITTLE WORK AND FOOD.

Nanaimo, Sept. 4.—A. McIndoo, who just returned from Dawson City, says, that a food famine in the Klondike this winter is sure. He says previous to his leaving Dawson City, a steamer arrived with a load of provisions, and by the following day not a pound was to be had. Hams of a very remote grade, almost able to walk, sold at 65 cents per pound. Regarding work, he stated there are fully 200 men on the ground for every job, and on the way from Dawson City to St. Michaels 770 men were met bound for Klondike without any provisions, expecting to find full supplies at the mines. He states every available claim on the Klondike was staked off before last Christmas. He verifies the country's richness; yet there are prospectors who have been in the country the last twenty years, and have yet to find paying claims. Typhoid fever has broken out in a severe form at Dawson City and six deaths occurred previous to his leaving. He reports the sanitary condition of Dawson City is in a horrible state and an epidemic feared.

SIBERIAN CRIMINALS.

London, Sept. 3.—The Daily Chronicle this morning publishes the announcement that the Czar has decided upon the partial abolition of the plan of exiling criminals to Siberia, and the substitution, therefore, of confinement in a large central prison.

WHITE PASS SURVEY.

Victoria.—P. E. Georgeson, C. E., has gone to Skagway to make a survey of a railway through the White pass, for a Victoria company.

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

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.

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

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

Apply at the office for advertising rates.

THE NEWS.

UNION, B.C.

The Week's Commercial Summary.

The stocks of wheat at Toronto are 139,978 bushels as against 30,083 bushels a year ago.

The earnings of the Grand Trunk Railway for the week ended April 21 were $848,265, an increase of $6,779.

Stocks of wheat at Fort William and Port Arthur are 3,382,666 bushels as compared with 3,436,224 bushels a year ago.

There has been some improvement in cotton securities since the changes in the tariff have been announced. Dominion cotton has, however, re-acted some from the best prices.

Advices from Russia seem to make it certain that her crop will be below an average, while in the United States the outlook is bad and steadily growing worse. In addition to the light stocks of winter heat in first hands and steadily diminishing stocks of all kinds in store, the outlook for the growing crop is far from encouraging, and a curtailment in the spring wheat seeding seems highly probable.

The visible supply of wheat in the United States and Canada decreased 778,000 bushels last week, and the total is now 36,201,000 as compared with 57,946,000 bushels a year ago. The amount afloat to Europe increased 800,000 bushels and the total is 17,520,000 bushels as against 27,680,000 bushels a year ago. The visible and amount afloat combined aggregate 23,721,000 bushels, which is nearly 30,000,000 bushels less than a year ago.

The note circulation of Canadian banks increased slightly during the month of March, and the total is $31,082,500, which is about half a million in excess of a year ago. Deposits on demand increased over $2,300,000 last month and the total is $67,456,000. Time deposits are practically unchanged at $126,191,000. The discounts of Canadian banks are heavy, the total at the end of March being $213,232,000, an increase of $4,500,000 for the month. Over due debts are $3,869,000. Cash assets show an increase. Species held now amounts to $8,847,000, and Dominion notes $15,956,000. The amount due our banks by agents in Great Britain is $7,965,000, and the amount due from United States is $15,484,000. Railway securities held amount to over $12,500,000.

The Strangest Books.

The first anthology was a collection of Greek poems, epigrams and other small pieces by Archilochus, Sappho Somonides, Meleager, Plato and others, between 680 and 95 B.C.

In 1471 a French baron offered a pledge of 10 marks of silver that a copy of Avicenna, which he desired to read, would be returned, and even with this security, equal in our money to over $60, his request was refused.

It is asserted by typographical authorities that the first Bible printed in America was "John Eliot's Indian Bible," in 1663. The language into which this Bible translated is extinct, and it is said only one or two persons are able to read it.

The "Book of Common Prayer" was prepared by the command of Henry VIII., in 1546. It underwent several revisions, but the second, made in the reign of Edward VI., very nearly approaches the prayer book as used to-day in the Church of England. The prayer for the royal family was introduced by James I.

Most of the chapters of Livy, as well as some of the entire compositions of Cicero and other ancient authors, have been recovered from the palimpsests, the original writing having been partially effaced in order that the monkish transcribers might use the parchment for their homilies.

"The Gold and Silver Gospels" is the name of a very peculiar book now preserved in the Upsala Library, in Sweden. It is printed with metal type, on violet colored vellum, the letters being silver and the initials gold. When it was printed, by whom or what were the methods employed are questions which have great interest for the curious, but have never been answered.

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

THE ARIZONA KICKER

HOW THE ABLE EDITOR SETTLED A BIG LIBEL SUIT.

Sad Death of Mrs. McGowan, a Society Leader Who Could Mix a Cocktail and Chuck a Sandwich In a Charming Manner—Taylor's Bank All Right.

A few weeks ago we referred to James Davidson of Lone Jack as a man who would look well dangling at the end of a rope and wondered why the vigilance committee of that town had not taken the same view of the matter. It seems that Mr. Davidson is a sensitive man, and instead of getting out of the country or committing suicide he employed a lawyer to sue us for $100,000 damages. The lawyer arrived in Giveadam Gulch one day last week and hunted us up and offered to settle the case for $95,000 cash on the nail. He was talking to us with two guns strapped to his body and his right hand behind him, but at a favorable moment we got the drop on him and stood him up against the wall. Then we asked him to scale his figures down, and in the course of five minutes he had dropped from $95,000 to $15,000. He stuck there a minute and then dropped to $5,000. We then explained the policy we had always pursued in such matters and he went down to $3,000, $2,000 and finally halted at $500. We still held our gun on him, however, and five minutes later he asked us out to drink and gave us a receipt in full and seemed glad to wind up the affair in that way. On our part we agreed to say that perhaps Mr. Davidson wouldn't look well dangling at the end of a rope, and we have said it and hope he is satisfied.

In the Shadow.

We reach forth the hand of sympathy to Major George McGowan, who lost the partner of his joys and sorrows by death last Sunday. Mrs. McGowan was a resident of Ohio until her marriage, and when she married the major could milk a cow, harness a horse, lick a tramp, make a pumpkin pie, patch a pair of trousers or lead the german in a bonton crowd. She took her place at the head of society in this town and could not be bounced. Her weekly "at homes" in the winter season were something charming, and in summer her picnics in the back yard were never equaled. With a few hints from us as to how to handle a demijohn and sling a frosted cake around she was dead letter perfect in the art of entertaining, and high society in Giveadam Gulch will miss her more than we can say. We understand that the heartbroken major will soon go to Chicago and bring home another bride. But it may be doubted if he finds the peer of his lost Lenore. The funeral services were largely attended, and among those who freely shed tears during the pathetic remarks of the minister was ourself. It is said that society is cold hearted. But when we remembered the charming manner with which the deceased used to mix a cocktail and chuck a sandwich across the room to a favorite guest the wellspring of our heart was broken up and our feelings overcame us.

The Bank Is Safe.

The rumors circulating around town last Thursday in regard to Taylor's bank were entirely without foundation, and were probably set afloat by some malicious person. The bank is not shaky. Mr. Taylor has no idea of taking a journey. There has been no loss and no embezzlement. We were one of the committee of three called in to count the cash and look over the books, and we found things all O. K. When Mr. Taylor opened his bank four years ago, he was given to understand that if the institution failed or the banker skipped out there would be a hanging. He began business under that policy, and is still continuing it. He is making money, and is satisfied. And we may add that he has the entire confidence of the business community. He has always been free to admit that his banking career in New Mexico ended one night when he stuffed $12,000 into a satchel and took a walk. But that was to get capital to go into business on in another community, and he will not try the trick again. Our readers should discredit all reports intended to injure a sound financial institution and an honorable, hardworking man.

Making It Redhot.

For the last two months numerous subscribers of The Kicker have been finding fault with us because the editorials were not redhot enough to please them. Our editorial page this week was prepared with special reference to meet their complaints, and we trust the complainers will be satisfied. The editorials take in a wide range, and all are covered with blood. We advise a war with England, a row with Spain, a racket with Germany and the conquest of Mexico. We threaten rebellion if Arizona is not admitted into the Union, advise office hunters who have got left to blow up the White House with dynamite, and demanded the abolition of the whisky tax or a civil war which shall sweep the fragments of this republic into the sea. By the time we got through writing we felt so bloodthirsty that we wanted to go out and shoot three or four men, and at this writing we are picking our teeth with a bowie knife and glaring with murderous eye across the street at the shanty of our esteemed contemporary. We have done our level best to please the kickers, and the first critter who shows his head to find any fault will find the hand of death reaching out for him.

A Brief Explanation.

In delivering his lecture on "The Origin of the Jack Rabbit" at Devil's Elbow the other evening Captain Freeman, late of this town, paused in his discourse to pitch into us personally. He declared that we were selfish, egotistical, dangerously ambitious and a man whom Arizona should get rid of at the first opportunity. We have received many letters of inquiry in regard to his bitter attack, and it is due to us to say that the captain owes us a grudge simply because we refused to lend him a red necktie and a white shirt when he started out on his lecturing tour. We own one white shirt and one red necktie. Both are in use about three evenings per week to assist us in leading society, and though it pained us to do so we had to refuse the captain's request. We should have done the same by our own brother. We draw the line right there and shall continue to do so, and if maligned on that account we shall have to stand it. Some day we may send to Chicago for another white shirt and more red neckties, and then our friends can call upon us to favor them, but until that time arrives we shall defend our property against all comers. We shall not go out of our way to find Captain Freeman and demand an apology, but should we meet him accidentally his jack rabbit will need a new spinal column before we are through with him. M. QUAD.

No Marriages in Korea.

One year ago the Queen of Korea was assassinated, and because she has been unburied no marriages have been allowed to take place since then. No fond pair may marry while the King or Queen is dead and unburied. The Queen's mourning husband cannot bear to have her officially interred. For a year, then, passionate Koreans have been kept apart. Recently a fox entered the royal park, and as Koreans have a superstition regarding the fox the unwedded lovers took the appearance of the animal to be a good omen. The King does not see it in the same light.—New York Press.

He'll Break You.

You may break, you may shatter,
The vase if you will;
But you can't faze the florist
Who sends you the bill.

Exasperatingly Indefinite.

"If that isn't aggravating!"

"What's the matter?"

"I just got a letter from my brother in which he says he is going to marry a blue grass widow. I don't know whether he is engaged to a Kentucky woman or a freak."

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY,

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.
FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D., 1886.

{ SEAL } A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by druggists, 75c.

Dead to the World.

"I never saw a woman mourn her husband as deeply as Mrs. Fitzjones does."

"Does she really seem bereaved?"

"She hasn't crimped her hair since he died."

Pneumatic pressure is used to operate railway gates in a recent patent, the air being forced through pipes to each gate by means of an air pump to act on a cylinder containing a piston-rod attached to each gate bar.

A NEW MAN.

C. G. Chapin, Jeweler, of Burk's Falls, Says He is a New Man Since Using the Great South American Nervine. His Testimony is Endorsed by Thousands of Others.

"For years I have been greatly troubled with nervous debility and affection of the kidneys. I believe I tried every proprietary medicine under the sun, but none seemed to give me any relief until I had tried South American Nervine. To my surprise the first bottle gave me great relief. I have persevered in taking it, and can say that I have not felt so well for years. I do heartily recommend this great cure."

Couldn't Say for Certain.

A gentleman living in the country recently drove to town, and, coming into collision with another vehicle on the road, was thrown from his carriage, fortunately without sustaining any injury.

On arriving home he made his way to the nearest public house and asked for the evening paper, as he wished to see if he was much hurt.

FROM AGONY TO JOY.

Acute Sufferings From Acute Rheumatic Ailment Relieved by South American Rheumatic Cure When Hope Had Well-Nigh Gone—Mrs. W. Ferris, Wife of a Well-Known Manufacturer of Glencoe, Cheerfully Tells the Story of Her Cure.

"I was for years a great sufferer from rheumatic affection in my ankles, and at times was so bad that I could not walk. I tried every known remedy and treated with best physicians for years, but no permanent relief. Although my confidence in remedies was about exhausted, I was induced to try South American Rheumatic Cure. I purchased a bottle. The very first dose gave me relief, and after taking two bottles all pain had vanished and there has been no return of it. I do cheerfully recommend this great remedy."

The Delineator.

The May number of the Delineator is called the spring number, and its resume of up-to-date modes includes a lengthy illustrated article on the appropriate attire for this season's fair girl graduates. Order from the local agent for the Butterick Patterns, or address 33 Richmond street west, Toronto.

Mr Joseph Chamberlain testified before the Transvaal Commission, and stated that the Colonial Office had no intimation of the Jameson raid.

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

SUFFERING WOMEN

Troubled with Weaknesses Peculiar to Their Sex.

HOW THEY MAY BE CURED

Dodd's Kidney Pills Act upon the Female Organs as well as upon the Kidneys—Many a Woman suffers needlessly.

Women suffer more than men. From the time a girl-child turns the corner into womanhood, she has more troubles than men ever dream of. We look upon women as weak and fragile, but considering what they endure they are stronger by far.

Women suffer many times more than they need to. Partly because they don't know what ails them at first; then because they are ashamed to tell a doctor; latterly because they hate to be a continual source of expense to their husbands.

"Female Weaknesses" are what we term the disease peculiar to the female sex. They are often confounded with female Kidney troubles, and Kidney troubles are often mistaken for other troubles. All those delicate organs are closely connected. What affects one affects the others.

What cures one, cures the others, too. DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS, which are a sovereign cure for all Kidney ills, act to regulate and control the female organs and to relieve their difficulties. This is worth while for every woman to remember.

Mrs. Lucy Crabbe, Chambers P. O., says: "For a long time I have suffered from a complication of Kidney Trouble and Female Disease; and am glad to say have no pain or ache since using Dodd's Kidney Pills."

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS cure Kidney Disease and Female Weakness. Try them. They are on sale at all druggists.

Price 50 cents per box, 6 boxes for $2.50. Dodd's Medicine Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

Only Natural.

Tenant—Say, who is the man in the flat below mine? He's always pounding on the floor under our feet.

Landlord—Oh, he does that in his business.

Tenant—What's his business?

Landlord—He's a manufacturer of ceiling whacks.

NO AVAIL.

Adam Soper, of Burk's Falls, Found All Remedies for Kidney Disease of No Avail Until He Used South American Kidney Cure—To-day He is a Well Man and Gives the Credit Where it is Due.

"For a long time I have been a great sufferer from disease of the kidneys. The pains I suffered were the severest. I had tried all kinds of remedies, but all to no avail. I was persuaded to try South American Kidney Cure. Have taken half a dozen bottles, and I can confidently say that to-day I am a cured man, and can highly recommend this great medicine to all sufferers from kidney trouble.'

The Berlin correspondent of The Daily Mail learns that the powers will not consent to the levying of indemnity upon Greece, and that Austria and Germany are trying to induce the Porte to modify its demands.

"BEST AND CHEAPEST"

Never was a greater truth than when said of Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills, 20c. a vial. Little priced, little doses, but little terrors to drive out impurities and leave you a clear brain and a bright eye.

Do you suffer from Constipation or other disorder arising from this cause? Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills are a safe and pleasant cure.

At all druggists, 40 doses in a vial.

Money Saved and pain relieved by the leading household remedy, Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil—a small quantity of which usually suffices to cure a cough, heal a sore, cut, bruise or sprain, relieve lumbago, rheumatism, neuralgia, excoriated nipples, or inflamed breast.

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

"THE VICTOR"

ELECTRIC MOTOR.

****

1-2 Horse Power	$ 50
1 Horse Power	65
2 Horse Power	75
3 Horse Power	110
5 Horse Power	140

Write for Cash Discounts.

Special prices on larger sizes. Every Electric Motor is guaranteed.

****

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IS THE PLACE TO ATTEND if you want either a Business Education or a course in Shorthand.

THE BEST IN CANADA.

Handsome Annual Announcement free. Address—
C. A. FLEMING, Principal, Owen Sound, Ont

The Chancellor of the Exchequer, in his recent budget speech, stated that the cost of the monarchy is less now than it was sixty years ago.

Doctors Recommend

"SALADA"

CEYLON TEA

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

Wrinkles

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

Peach Bloom Skin Food.

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

Perfect Health-pills.

50 cts. each at Drug stores or sent prepaid on receipt of price.
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LIVE STOCK

WOOL AND MUTTON.

Rambouillet Mutton Merino With Long Fleece Free From Grease.

Professor Wing sends the picture of this young sheep to The Breeder's Gazette, from which we copy it. Mr. Wing says of the animal:

The mutton Merino lamb herewith illustrated I call Magnificent. He is a full Rambouillet from the flock of one of the Ohio colony of Rambouillet breeders. While the cut (which is from a photograph and not overdrawn) describes him well, I will say that he car-

WOOL AND MUTTON.

ries a superb fleece and that it is as free from grease or gum as a Shropshire. He is a model of vigor and robust health. He was born in April and at Christmas weighed 125 pounds, with no extra care, having had ear corn for a few weeks only.

Can any man give a reason why a flock of such sheep would not be profitable in Ohio or anywhere, besides being "a thing of beauty and a joy forever?" It is to the long continued efforts of selection of one of our most skillful and persistent breeders that this lamb owes his smooth head, his straight back, deep chest, long fleece free from grease, his constitution and hardiness. All honor to such a breeder, and see to it that in the chase after "foreign gods" we do not forget the merit that is to be found at home.

Indre, the French Coacher.

Every year that passes accentuates the fact that our people have made a great mistake in not devoting more attention to the size, symmetry, style and action of our harness horses. In all of these particulars the French have been leading the way in a most thorough and practical manner. They have also foreseen the necessity of a reasonable amount of speed and the greatest possible endurance to meet the demand in our rapidly growing cities, where long drives make bottom an absolute essential, and we can say with perfect safety, for the record showeth, that no nation now possesses horses of so great speed that have the size, finish and endurance of the French coach breed.

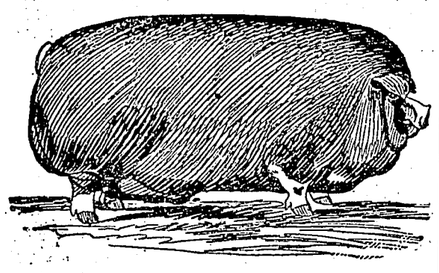
Few of our people know that the fastest of the French breed have so far been able to hold the speed record on French soil for one mile on the turf against all foreign competitors. Indre, winner at the New York horse show for French coach stallions kept for service, is a brother of the sire of the horse that holds the record of France for a mile on the turf. Indre is a golden chestnut, 16 hands, 10 years old, of great finish and wonderful muscular development. He possesses a forceful and resolute way of going that captivates every one. Although his action is very high, he steps so quick and adjusts his stride with such ease to the pace demanded that he appears equally graceful when going a 2:30 gait as at the ordinary carriage speed.—Rider and Driver.

Mountain of Meat.

The legs as well as head have almost disappeared from the old Poland-China boar in the illustration, leaving only a mountain of meat.

This animal is one of the most famous prize winners in the northwest. He is also a very noted sire.

He may be considered the perfect Poland-China type—and Poland-Chinas



MEAT CLEAR THROUGH.

are the most profitable breed of hogs that have yet been developed in many parts of the United States. The hog is all body. He is long and deep, with only just enough head to hold his nose and ears and only leg enough, and scarcely that, to hold up his body.

KNEE SPRUNG.

Why Horses Become Thus Affected and the Remedy.

In the first place, if horses were kept in a natural condition, turned into large box stalls instead of standing in narrow ones, their feet soaked just enough to keep them in about the condition of pliableness that the foot is in when the horse is running at large, and in shoeing keeping the natural shape and position of the foot as nearly as possible, and the animal treated rationally in other respects, a horse would not become knee sprung.

I am neither a veterinarian nor a horseshoer, but from observation and experience I am decidedly in favor of low heels for knee sprung horses.

If the heels are left high, it has a tendency to contract and shorten the tendons and ligaments, and the knee is thrown forward and out of line and becomes shaky.

If the heels are low, there are a gradual stretching and lengthening of the tendons and a drawing of the knee back into plumb. Take a knee sprung horse and stop him going down hill and see how his knees will go forward and teeter. The decline in the ground lets the toe down, and the effect on the leg is the same as a high heel.

Now turn the horse around and head him up hill, and his knees will be drawn back and he will stand much firmer and straighter.

Without expressing an opinion as to the equity of always showing a horse to the best advantage to the seller I notice when a horse a little shaky on the knees is being shown he is never stopped on descending ground. It must be plain to every one that in descending a hill the decline gives a horse a high heel, and in ascending a low one.

The change from high to low heel must be gradual, so as not to suddenly strain the tendons.

One writer reasonably says that contracted heels cause the knees to go forward to relieve the pressure on the foot.

A horse's heels must not be allowed to contract. If the foot is kept from drying up, heels let down in shoeing so the frog can get a little ground pressure, giving the heels natural expansion, they will never contract.—C. Stevens in American Cultivator.

Horses' Sore Mouth.

Many horses, especially during the first year of their working period, are constantly in possession of a sore mouth, and this not only causes the animal great suffering and usually loss of flesh, but is also a matter of great inconvenience to the driver.

This, if continued for several months, is also liable to leave the animal with a chronic habit, such as throwing the head while hitching or unhitching. We have in view one very valuable young horse, owned by a neighbor, which became almost worthless on account of the habit of throwing its head, and at the same time lunging sideways into the ditches.

The most effective plan which we have ever tried consists of winding any ordinary bit at the corners and down on the same for about an inch, with tanned sheepskin (which can be procured at any harness store), being sure that it is not too thick and heavy. With this well wound on, now have a cup of sulphur, and each time as the bit is placed in the horse's mouth moisten the leather and rub on a little of the pulverized article. It is well also to lengthen the bridle as much as possible during this time and not drive with a tight checking rein.

After having adopted this plan we succeeded in curing a young horse of a very sore mouth which was contracted during the working period the past season.—Exchange.

Live Stock Points.

There was an awful loss of live stock on the ranges the past winter. In some parts of South Dakota and in other localities the loss is from 40 to 50 per cent. The price of beef is high already. Those who have been fortunate enough to preserve their stock will reap rich rewards.

There is this season a brisk demand for beef bulls on the western ranges. Hereford blood especially goes off well. Some of the breeding herds in the middle belt have not a sale bull of any size left.

Remember there is a difference and a big one between the Canada field pea and the southern cowpea. The southern cowpea is extremely valuable both for forage and for plowing under as a fertilizer, but it is doubtful if it will thrive north of the latitude of southern Indiana. The Canada field pea, also valuable as feed, is as hardy as wheat.

An Australian shearer named Pulley took the wool of 33,825 sheep last year, earning $1,700. He was a Pulley sure enough.

A quarter of an acre of mixed field peas and oats sown together will make ample forage for one hog. It takes a month for the growth to be large enough to eat. Different sowings may be made a month apart from the time the ground can be worked in spring up to July 1. When the hogs have eaten off one plot, the next will be ready for them. Plant 1½ bushels of oats and one of peas to the acre, sowing broadcast the oats first and covering them with the cultivator. Then sow the peas, harrowing them in.

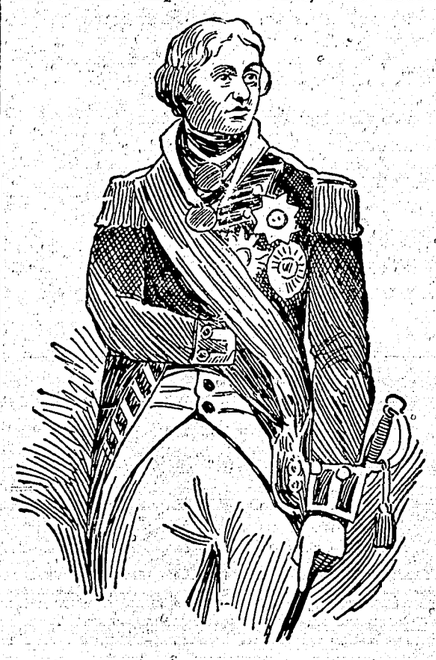
HERO OF TRAFALGAR.

As Described by Captain Mahan, the Naval Writer.

A book which is attracting a vast amount of attention, not only in this country, but in England as well, is a new life of Lord Nelson, from the pen of Captain A. T. Mahan, of the United States Navy, known previously as the author of a "Life of Admiral Farragut" and also of two remarkable and widely discussed books on "Sea Power."

Captain Mahan's "Life of Nelson" is in two volumes, and has just been issued from the press of Little, Brown & Co., of Boston. An English edition, issued simultaneously with the American one, has already achieved a wide circulation and won the hearty praise of even the British naval authorities of the sort quoted above.

It is doubtful if any life of England's great naval hero that has ever been published can compare with this, the most



NELSON AS HE APPEARED AT TRAFALGAR.

recent work on the subject, in point of accuracy, excellence of style and deep human interest. Few romances are more interesting than the story of Lord Nelson's life as Captain Mahan has told it, and, moreover, one cannot read it without realizing intuitively that the portrait that he draws of his hero is an accurate one, unflattering as it may be in more than one particular.

Concerning the famous signal at Trafalgar, which is so closely interwoven with Nelson's glory as to have become a shining part of it, the author says that just before it was sent the officer, Blackwood, was standing on the poop deck awaiting the Admiral's final instructions before going into battle.

To him Nelson said: "I will now amuse the fleet with a signal," and he asked if he did not think there was one yet wanting. Blackwood replied that the whole fleet seemed very clearly to understand what they were about, and were vieing with each other to get as near as possible to the leaders of the columns. Upon this succeeded the celebrated signal, the development of which to its final wording is a little uncertain. Comparing the various accounts of witnesses, it seems probable to have been as follows: Nelson mused for a little while, as one who phrases a thought in his own mind before uttering it, and then said, "Suppose we telegraph 'Nelson confides that every man will do his duty.'"

In this form it was the call of the leader to the followers, the personal appeal of one who trusts to those in whom he trusts, a feeling particularly characteristic of the speaker, whose strong hold over others lay above all in the transparent and unswerving faith he showed in their loyal support, and to arouse it now in full force he used the watchword, "duty," sure that the chord it struck in him would find its quick response in every man of the same blood. The officer to whom the remark was made suggested "England" instead of "Nelson." To the fleet it could have made no difference, to them the two names meant the same thing, but Nelson accepted the change with delight.

"Mr. Pasco," he called to the signal officer, "I wish to say to the fleet, 'England confides that every man will do his duty,'" and he added, "You must be quick, for I have one more to make, which is for close action."

This remark shows that the columns, and particularly Collingwood's ship, were already nearing the enemy.

Pasco answered, "If your Lordship will permit me to substitute 'expects' for 'confides' it will be sooner completed, because 'expects' is in the vocabulary, and 'confides' must be spelt."

Nelson replied hastily, but apparently satisfied, "That will do, Pasco, make it directly," but the slightly mandatory "expects" is less representative of the author of this renowned sentence than the cordial and sympathetic "confides." It is "allez" rather than "allons," yet even so, become now the voice of the distant motherland, it carries with it the shade of reverence, as well as of affection, which patriotism exacts.

There is no more pathetic or stirring story in all English history than that of the death of Nelson in this very battle, and only a few hours after he had sent the immortal message along the line of battleships. Captain Mahan devotes several pages to a description of the last hours of the hero, going into minute details in a way that indicates the amount of conscientious care that he has bestowed upon his work. The whole book contains no chapter of such solemn, thrilling interest as this, none that is better written. It is almost a model of a great story, told so simply as to captivate a child, and with a sense of the dignity of the subject that would touch an old battle-stained veteran. It was during the duel between the Victory, Nelson's flagship, and the French seventy-four, the Redoubtable, and while the two ships were drifting side by side, before the wind, and pouring into each other a murderous fire that Lord Nelson and Captain Hardy were walking back and forth together on their quarterdeck, on the side farthest from the Redoubtable, where there was a cleared space from the wheel to the hatch ladder leading down to the cabin.

The mizzentop of the Redoubtable, garnished with sharpshooters, was about fifty feet above them. Fifteen minutes after the vessels came together, as the two officers were walking forward, and had nearly reached the usual place of turning, Nelson, who was on Hardy's left, suddenly faced about. Hardy, after taking a step farther, turned also, and saw the Admiral in the act of falling—on his knees, with his left hand touching the deck; then, the arm giving away, he fell on his side. It was the exact spot where Scott, the secretary, had been killed an hour before.

To Hardy's natural exclamation that he hoped he was not badly hurt, he replied, "They have done for me at last," and when the expression of hope was repeated, he said again, "Yes, my backbone is shot through."

"I felt it break my back," he told the surgeon a few minutes later.

The ball had struck him on the left shoulder, on the forward part of the epaulette, piercing the lung, where it severed a large artery, and then passed through the spine from left to right, lodging in the muscles of the back. Although there was more than one mortal injury, the immediate and merciful cause of his speedy death was the internal bleeding from the artery. Within a few moments of his wounding, some forty officers and men were cut down by the same murderous fire from the tops of the enemy. Indeed, so stripped of men was the upper deck of the Victory that the French made a movement to board, which was repulsed, though, with heavy loss.

The stricken hero was at once carried below, himself covering his face and the decorations of his coat with his handkerchief, that the sight of their loss might not affect the ship's company at this critical instant. The cock-pit was already cumbered with the wounded and dying, but, the handkerchief falling from his face, the surgeon recognized him and came at once to him.

"You can do nothing for me, Beatty," he said. "I have but a short time to live."

Reaction, of course, followed, and he told Hardy he felt that in a few minutes he should be no more.

"Don't throw me overboard," he added; "you know what to do."

Hardy, having given assurance that these wishes should be attended to, Nelson then said: "Take care of my dear Lady Hamilton, Hardy; take care of poor Lady Hamilton. Kiss me, Hardy."

Hardy rose and stood looking silently at him for an instant or two, then knelt down again and kissed his forehead.

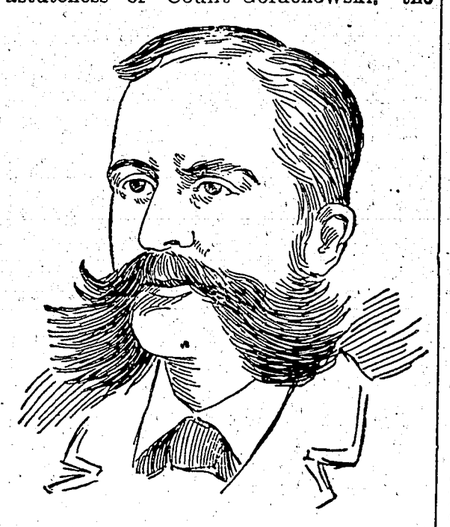
"Who is that?" asked Nelson.

The Captain answered: "It is Hardy." To which his Lordship replied: "God bless you, Hardy!" The latter then returned to the quarter-deck, having passed about eight minutes in this final interview.

COUNT GOLUCHOWSKI.

The Peace of Europe Rests Largely in His Hands.

The attitude of the Austro-Hungarian empire, in the present crisis in the East, is of vast moment, in view of the proximity of that nation to the Balkan nations, which are largely under Austrian influence. It is believed that the astuteness of Count Goluchowski, the



COUNT GOLUCHOWSKI.

Austrian Minister of Foreign Affairs, has already accomplished the task of restraining the Balkan countries from throwing their lots in with Greece in the existing imbroglio, and thus averting aggressive action on the part of Greece.

ORIGIN OF SMOKING.

It is a Question Whether Tobacco Was Used Before Sir Walter Raleigh's Time.

Whether people in the Old World smoked or not before Sir Walter Raleigh is a question still obscure. It is alleged that "elf pipes," the little, thick, short clays which the later Mr. Charles Keene patronized, have been found among the debris of Roman settlements, says the London News. If the Roman army smoked, it does not follow that it smoked tobacco. The fumes of other herbs and roots were certainly inhaled by various ancient peoples, who would doubtless have preferred our own weed if they could have got it.

There are some who believe tobacco to be indigenous in China and South Africa, and it would be interesting to know whether the Zulus took snuff, as they do at present, when they were first met and observed by Europeans. The cigar of the Carib was, apparently, seen and appreciated by the Spanish discoverers long before the red stone pipe of the Huron, Algonquin and Iroquois. These races attributed the easily-worked and beautiful pipestone to a special gift of the Great Spirit, and the tobacco plant, like maize, had originally been a beautiful maiden.

ROSA BONHEUR'S LIFE.

Some Interesting Reminiscences Neatly Told by Herself.

Rosa Bonheur has just published her autobiography in Paris. It appears that before she took to painting she was apprenticed to a dressmaker. Then she began coloring kaleidoscopic views. Her first picture was a bunch of cherries. Later on she made copies in the Louvre, where her strange costume and independent airs won for her the nickname of "The Little Hussar."

"The Little Hussar" grew rapidly. In 1853 Rosa Bonheur exhibited the "Horse Fair," which was bought by M. Gambard for 40,000 francs. It was exhibited in the United States, and brought in 300,000 francs.

"In 1858," she says, "I bought the property of By in the heart of the forest of Fontainebleau, where I still live today. I gave 50,000 francs for it, and built a big studio. The emperor gave me permission to hunt in the forest around my own park. I lived there happily, receiving the visits of a few intimate friends, and working as well as I could. In 1865 I was busy one afternoon with my pictures. I had upon my easel the 'Stags in the Long Rocher,' when I heard the cracking of a postilion's whip and the rolling of a carriage. My little maid, Olive, rushed into the apartment in a state of excitement.

"'Mademoiselle! Mademoiselle!' she exclaimed, 'her majesty, the empress!'

"I just had time enough to put a petticoat over my trousers and to take off my long blue blouse and replace it with a velvet jacket.

"'I have here,' said the empress, 'a little jewel which I bring to you on the part of the emperor. He authorizes me to announce to you your enrollment in the Legion of Honor.'

"The empress kissed the new knight and pinned the cross upon the black velvet jacket. A few days afterward I received an invitation to dine at the imperial court in Fontainebleau. On the

ROSA BONHEUR.

appointed day they sent a gala carriage for me. I went to the wrong door when I arrived, and came near losing my way, when M. Mocquard came to my relief by giving me his arm. I was seated beside the emperor, and during the entire repast he spoke to me about the intelligence of animals. Then the empress brought me out upon the lake.

"At Fontainebleau I live like a peasant. I get up early and go to bed late. Every morning at an early hour I make a tour of the garden with my dog, and after that take a drive in my pony cart in the forest of Fontainebleau. At nine o'clock I am seated before my easel, and I work till 11.30. Then I breakfast very simply, smoke a cigarette and glance over the newspapers. I take my brushes again at one o'clock, and at five o'clock I make another excursion. I love to see the setting sun behind the great trees of the forest. My dinner is as modest as my breakfast. I finish the day by reading. I prefer the books on travel, hunting and history.

"Before commencing a picture I study my subject thoroughly, preparing myself for it by an attentive and careful observation of nature. I seek the kind of sky and land suitable to my idea, and I never make a single feature before studying it. My only guide is the desire to reach truth and simplicity as closely as possible. Study and work never tire me. They are to-day, as they have been during all my life, my greatest happiness, because assiduous work is the only thing that will bring one near the solution of the problem, which is perhaps insoluble, of ever-changing nature. It is a problem which, more than any other, elevates the mind by filling it with thoughts of justice, goodness and charity."

Reflections of a Bachelor.

When she gets to heaven, the first thing a woman will ask is whether there are swing shelves in the basement.

Sympathy is the fender on life's trolley car. It's all right as far as it goes, but it isn't meant to take free rides on.

The worse behaved a woman's children are the more she always thinks she knows about bringing up other people's.

When a girl's corns hurt her so she limps, she always says she must have twisted her foot somehow when she didn't know it.

A good woman may believe that she loves the Lord better than she does her husband, but she isn't apt to brag around the house about it.—New York Press.

More Reliable.

"Bridget has had breakfast late every day this week. Can't you do something to get her up on time?"

"Well, there's the alarm clock."

"That doesn't always go off. Lend her the baby."—Chicago Record.

Securely to seal a bottle a new device consists of two wires with arrow-pointed heads, the ends of which are forced into holes in the end of the bottle neck, the heads spreading out and engaging at the bottom of the holes.

An extension bicycle lock to fit any size chain is formed of a number of sections of metal, hinged U-shaped, the sides of the U sliding on each other to open or close the loop, one end of which contains a lock to secure the other end.

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M. Whitney, Editor.

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TUESDAY, SEPT. 7th, 1897.

ERA OF PROSPERITY SET IN.

THE great rise in wheat is having a marvelous effect in the United States. The prosperity of the farmer means prosperity to all. In Manitoba the effect will be equally felt, and what with that and the wonderfully rich placer mining in the North West, the clouds of business depression are rapidily being dissipated. An era of prosperity has set in which may be expected to last for some years.

STICKINE TESLIN ROUTE.

WE are glad to see the Victoria merchants are moving to open the Stickine Lake Teslin route to the Klondike, and trust the Provincial government will give this project what aid it can. Vancouver merchants should join in this movement. Boats in passing up the Stickine would go through only 60 miles of American territory, and by treaty, these would be free to us without the obstructions of customs lines. It would, therefore, be practically wholly within British territory. From Victoria by steamer to Wrangel would be three days, two days up the river to Glenora, Telegraph Creek; and a pack train from there to Lake Teslin, a distance of about 125 miles, say five days. Lake Teslin is 50 or 60 miles long, and small serviceable steamers in the knock down were taken up last week by the Thistle, to be placed on its waters. Lake Teslin flows into and forms the Hootalinqua river—a navigable stream—which empties into the Yukon.

This route has no obstruction; and barring the distance from Glenora to Lake Teslin is by navigable water with no dangerous rapids. The connecting trail is over level land, or at least there are no elevations worth mentioning. There may be some swamps, but passing around them, not much increasing the distance, a good dry nearly level trail is found. Pack trains will answer until a railway is built. But the Provincial government should promptly, early in the winter's session of the legislature, bring down a bill for a railway connecting the lake with the Stickine, thus making a continuous rail and water route. Doubtless this will be done, and then this will at once become the favorite, and principally traveled route from the coast to the gold fields, and secure the benefits flowing from the vast out-fitting trade to our cities.

Through the building of the Crows Nest Pass railway into the Kootenay, and the refusal of the Dominion government to aid a road to the coast, we shall loose to a great extent the trade of that section. The Klondike trade is largely within our grasp through the opening of this route. Let us have a railway charter promptly with reasonable aid, conditioned that the road shall be promptly built. One hundred and twenty-five miles of railway completing the link, can be constructed in a few weeks. This is our opportunity and it must not be neglected.

* * *

Gold was found on the Stickine in 1862 and doubtless there and on the Hootalinqua river are good chances for the prospector. The climate is not severe Those who were up there going as far as Dease Lake, a little to the east, tell us that in October of the year that section was visited by them, there was no snow, and that during the winter even a tent was used, and grass abundant.

UNION BAY ITEMS.

Work on the new coke ovens has commenced.

The bunkers are about finished; bnt considerable remains to be done on the approaches.

Mr. Geo. Howe says that he is frequently called upon for a conveyance to Union, but of course cannot supply it as there is no road.

The steamer Bristol reached Union Wharf Wednesday morning last, coming from Victoria on her way to St. Michaels. She had aboard ninety-eight passengers.

The people are greatly annoyed because there appears to be a disposition on the part of the government agent to leave them for another year without a road to Union. A trail is not what is wanted, and it will be allowed to grow up for want of travel.

The trustees of the Bayne Sound school are: A. McKay, Lindsay Ray, and M. Marshall. It is understood they have engaged Miss Edith Dalby of Victoria as teacher. It is expected the building would be ready to enable the school to begin this week.

Williams' B. C. Dirictory.

We have received a copy of Williams Directory of British Columbia just out. It is a well bound volume of 750 pages, and by far the best directory which has ever been published of the Province. Its only competitor in the field is a smaller work known as Henderson's Directory, which only gives 12 names for Union, while in Williams there are fully 300 names and an appreciative write-up of the town. As great a difference may be noted with reference to many other places.

A good Directory like Williams' is a most convenient book to a business man, as it is a very complete hand book of the Province, giving a person a very correct idea of the different towns, locations, business, etc.

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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.

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

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Said one little chick, with a funny little squirm,
"I wish I could find a nice fat worm."
Said another little chicken, with a queer little shrug,
"I wish I could find a nice fat bug."
Said a third little chick, with a strange little squeal,
"I wish I could find some nice yellow meal."
"Now, look here," said the mother, from the green garden patch,
"If you want any breakfast you must get up and scratch."

Selected.

NOTICE.

Cumberland and Union Water-works Company, Ld.

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

2380 F. B SMITH, Sec'y.

Like Anybody's Mother.

For all her incomparable diginity of deportment there is something homely and gentle about the queen of England. "I don't know how it is," remarked one of her great officers not long ago, "I'm such a shy man, and really to chat with some princesses embarrasses me, but as soon as I see the queen all shyness vanishes . Why, she is as easy to talk with as your own or anybody's mother! No one can feel shy of the queen, and, what is more, it would vex her if they did."

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Aprons for use when doing domestic work have the pockets deep enough to hold a dusting brush or cloth brush. This saves much weariness of body and spirit, for one has not to hunt round the room for the particular brush for each different object. A special small ring is attached to housework aprons far back to carry the keys.

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28 Broad St., Victoria, B.C.

Why He Quit.

A professional gentleman, who was accustomed to take his morning glass, stepped into a saloon, and going up to the bar called for whiskey. A seedy individual stepped up to him and said, "I say 'squire, can't you ask an unfortunate fellow to join you?"

He was annoyed by the man's familiarity, and roughly told him, "I am not in the habit of drinking with tramps."

The tramp replied: "You need not be so cranky and high minded, my friend. I venture to say that I am of just as good a family as you are, have just as good an education, and before I took to drink was just as respectable as you are. What is more, I always knew how to act the gentleman. Take my word for it, you stick to John Barleycorn and he will bring you to just the same place I am."

Struck with his words, the gentleman set down his glass and turned to look at him. His eyes were bloodshot, his face bloated, his boots mismated, his clothing filthy. "Then was it drinking that made you like this?"

"Yes, it was, and it will bring you to the same if you stick to it."

Picking up his untouched glass, he poured the contents upon the floor and said, "Then it's time I quit," and left the saloon never to enter it again.

Selected.

NOTICE

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

V. E. Norris, Sec'y

NOTICE

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

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DISTRICT DIRECTORY

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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. 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.

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COMOX.

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

COMOX DIRECTORY.

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

UNION.

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

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

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Best Cough Medicine

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

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

The Sign of the Four.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

(CONTINUED.)

"But how came he to have so singular a companion?"

"Ah, that is more than I can tell. Since, however, we had already determined that Small had come from the Andamans, it is not so very wonderful that this islander should be with him. No doubt we shall know all about it in time. Look here, Watson; you look regularly done. Lie down there on the sofa, and see if I can put you to sleep."

He took up his violin from the corner, and as I stretched myself out he began to play some low, dreamy, melodious air—his own, no doubt, for he had a remarkable gift for improvisation. I have a vague remembrance of his gaunt limbs, his earnest face, and the rise and fall of his bow. Then I seemed to be floating peacefully away upon a soft sea of sound, until I found myself in dreamland, with the sweet face of Mary Morstan looking down upon me.

CHAPTER IX.

A BREAK IN THE CHAIN.

It was late in the afternoon before I awoke, strengthened and refreshed. Sherlock Holmes still sat exactly as I had left him, save that he had laid aside his violin and was deep in a book. He looked across at me as I stirred, and I noticed that his face was dark and troubled.

"You have slept soundly," he said. "I feared that our talk would wake you."

"I heard nothing," I answered. "Have you had fresh news, then?"

"Unfortunately, no. I confess that I am surprised and disappointed. I expected something definite by this time. Wiggins has just been up to report. He says that no trace can be found of the launch. It is a provoking check, for every hour is of importance."

"Can I do anything? I am perfectly fresh now, and quite ready for another night's outing."

"No; we can do nothing. We can only wait. If we go ourselves, the message might come in our absence, and delay be caused. You can do what you will, but I must remain on guard."

"Then I shall run over to Camberwell and call upon Mrs. Cecil Forrester. She asked me to yesterday."

"On Mrs. Cecil Forrester?" asked Holmes, with the twinkle of a smile in his eyes.

"Well, of course, on Miss Morstan, too. They were anxious to hear what happened."

"I would not tell them too much," said Holmes. "Women are never to be entirely trusted—not the best of them."

I did not pause to argue over this atrocious sentiment. "I shall be back in an hour or two," I remarked.

"All right! Good luck! But, I say, if you are crossing the river you may as well return Toby, for I don't think it at all likely that we shall have any use for him now."

I took our mongrel accordingly, and left him, together with a half-sovereign, at the old naturalist's in Pinchin lane. At Camberwell I found Miss Morstan a little weary after her night's adventures, but very eager to hear the news. Mrs. Forrester, too, was full of curiosity. I told them all that we had done, suppressing, however, the more dreadful parts of the tragedy. Thus, although I spoke of Mr. Sholto's death, I said nothing of the exact manner and method of it. With all my omissions, however, there was enough to startle and amaze them.

"It is a romance!" cried Mrs. Forrester. "An injured lady, half a million in treasure, a black cannibal and a wooden-legged ruffian. They take the place of the conventional dragon or wicked earl."

"And two knight-errants to the rescue," added Miss Morstan, with a bright glance at me.

"Why, Mary, your fortune depends upon the issue of this search. I don't think that you are nearly excited enough. Just imagine what it must be to be so rich and to have the world at your feet."

It sent a thrill of joy to my heart to notice that she showed no sign of elation at the prospect. On the contrary, she gave a toss of her proud head, as though the matter were one in which she took small interest.

"It is for Mr. Thaddeus Sholto that I am anxious," she said. "Nothing else is of any consequence; but I think that he has behaved most kindly and honorably throughout. It is our duty to clear him of this dreadful and unfounded charge."

It was evening before I left Camberwell, and quite dark by the time I reached home. My companion's book and pipe lay by his chair, but he had disappeared. I looked about in the hope of seeing a note, but there was none.

"I suppose that Mr. Sherlock Holmes has gone out," I said to Mrs. Hudson, as she came up to lower the blinds.

"No, sir. He has gone to his room, sir. Do you know, sir," sinking her voice into an impressive whisper, "I am afraid for his health!"

"Why so, Mrs. Hudson?"

"Well, he's that strange, sir. After you was gone he walked, and he walked, up and down, and up and down, until I was weary of the sound of his footstep. Then I heard him talking to himself, and muttering, and every time the bell rang out he came on the stairhead, with, 'What is that, Mrs. Hudson?' And now he has slammed off to his room, but I can hear him walking away the same as ever. I hope he's not going to be ill, sir. I ventured to say something to him about cooling medicine, but he turned on me, sir, with such a look that I don't know how I ever got out of the room."

"I don't think that you have any cause to be uneasy, Mrs. Hudson," I answered. "I have seen him like this before. He has some small matter upon his mind which makes him restless." I tried to speak lightly to our worthy landlady, but I was myself somewhat uneasy when through the long night I still, from time to time, heard the dull sound of his tread, and knew how his keen spirit was chafing against this involuntary inaction.

At breakfast time he looked worn and haggard, with a little fleck of feverish color upon either cheek.

"You are knocking yourself up, old man," I remarked. "I heard you marching about in the night."

"No, I could not sleep," he answered. "This infernal problem is consuming me. It is too much to be balked by so petty an obstacle, when all else had been overcome. I know the men, the launch, everything; and yet I can get no news. I have set other agencies at work, and used every means at my disposal. The whole river has been searched on either side, but there is no news, nor has Mrs. Smith heard of her husband. I shall come to the conclusion soon that they have scuttled the craft. But there are objections to that."

"Or that Mrs. Smith has put us on a wrong scent."

"No, I think that may be dismissed. I had inquiries made, and there is a launch of that description."

"Could it have gone up the river?"

"I have considered that possibility, too, and there is a search party who will work up as far as Richmond. If no news comes to-day, I shall start off myself to-morrow, and go for the men rather than the boat. But surely, surely, we shall hear something."

We did not, however. Not a word came to us either from Wiggins or other agencies. There were articles in most of the papers upon the Norwood tragedy. They all appeared to be rather hostile to the unfortunate Thaddeus Sholto. No fresh details were to be found, however, in any of them, save that an inquest was to be held upon the following day. I walked over to Camberwell in the evening to report our ill success to the ladies, and on my return I found Holmes dejected and morose. He would hardly reply to my questions, and busied himself all evening in an abstruse chemical analysis which involved much heating of retorts and distilling of vapors, ending at last in a smell which fairly drove me out of the apartment. Up to the small hours of the morning I could hear the clinking of his test tubes, which told me that he was still engaged in his malodorous experiment.

In the early dawn I woke with a start, and was surprised to find him standing by my bedside, clad in a rude sailor dress, with a peajacket and a coarse red scarf round his neck.

"I am off down the river, Watson," said he. "I have been turning it over in my mind, and I can see only one way of it. It is worth trying, at all events."

"Surely I can come with you, then?" said I.

"No; you can be much more useful if you will remain here as my representative. I am loath to go, for it is quite on the cards that some message may come during the day, though Wiggins was despondent about it last night. I want you to open all notes and telegrams, and to act on your own judgment if any news should come. Can I rely upon you?"

"Most certainly."

"I am afraid that you will not be able to wire to me, for I can hardly tell yet where I may find myself. If I am in luck, however, I may not be gone so very long. I shall have news of some sort or other before I get back."

I had heard nothing of him by breakfast time. On opening the Standard, however, I found that there was a fresh allusion to the business. "With reference to the Upper Norwood tragedy," it remarked, "we have reason to believe that the matter promises to be even more complex and mysterious than was originally supposed. Fresh evidence has shown that it is quite impossible that Mr. Thaddeus Sholto could have been in any way concerned in the matter. He and the housekeeper, Mrs. Bernstone, were both released yesterday evening. It is believed, however, that the police have a clue to the real culprits, and that it is being prosecuted by Mr. Athelney Jones, of Scotland Yard, with all his well-known energy and sagacity. Further arrests may be expected at any moment."

"That is satisfactory as far as it goes," thought I. "Friend Sholto is safe, at any rate. I wonder what the fresh clue may be; though it seems to be a stereotyped form whenever the police have made a blunder."

I tossed the paper down upon the table, but at that moment my eye caught an advertisement in the agony column. It ran in this way:

"LOST.—Whereas, Mordecai Smith, boatman, and his son Jim, left Smith's Wharf at or about three o'clock last Tuesday morning, in the steam launch Aurora, black with two red stripes, funnel black with a white band; the sum of five pounds will be paid to any one who can give information to Mrs. Smith, Smith's wharf, or at 221b Baker street, as to the whereabouts of the said Mordecai Smith and the launch Aurora."

This was clearly Holmes' doing. The Baker street address was enough to prove that. It struck me as rather ingenious, because it might be read by the fugitives without their seeing in it more than the natural anxiety of a wife for her missing husband.

It was a long day. Every time that a knock came to the door, or a sharp step passed in the street, I imagined that it was either Holmes returning or an answer to his advertisement. I tried to read, but my thoughts would wander off to our strange quest and to the ill-assorted and villainous pair whom we were pursuing. Could there be, I wondered, some radical flaw in my companion's reasoning? Might he be suffering from some huge self-deception? Was it not possible that this nimble and speculative mind had built up this wild theory upon faulty premises? I had never known him to be wrong; and yet the keenest reasoner may occasionally be deceived. He was likely, I thought, to fall into error through the over-refinement of his logic—his preference for a subtle and bizarre explanation when a plainer and more commonplace one lay ready to his hand. Yet, on the other hand, I had myself seen the evidence, and I had heard the reasons for his deductions. When I looked back on the long chain of curious circumstances, many of them trivial in themselves, but all tending in the same direction, I could not disguise from myself that even if Holmes' explanation were incorrect the true theory must be equally outre and startling.

At three o'clock in the afternoon there was a loud peel at the bell, an authoritative voice in the hall, and, to my surprise, no less a person than Mr. Athelney Jones was shown up to me. Very different was he, however, from the brusque and masterful professor of common-sense who had taken over the case so confidently at Upper Norwood. His expression was downcast, and his bearing meek and even apologetic.

"Good-day, sir; good-day," said he. "Mr. Sherlock Holmes is out, I understand."

"Yes, and I cannot be sure when he will be back. But perhaps you would care to wait. Take that chair and try one of these cigars."

"Thank you; I don't mind if I do," said he, mopping his face with a red bandanna handkerchief.

"And a whisky and soda?"

"Well, half a glass. It is very hot for the time of year; and I have had a good deal to worry and try me. You know my theory about this Norwood case?"

"I remember that you expressed one."

"Well, I have been obliged to reconsider it. I had my net drawn tightly round Mr. Sholto, sir, when pop he went through a hole in the middle of it. He was able to prove an alibi which could not be shaken. From the time that he left his brother's room he was never out of sight of some one or other. So it could not be he who climbed over roofs and through trap-doors. It's a very dark case, and my professional credit is at stake. I should be very glad of a little assistance."

"We all need help sometimes," said I.

"Your friend, Mr. Sherlock Holmes, is a wonderful man, sir," said he, in a husky and confidential tone. "He's a man who is not to be beat. I have known that young man go into a good many cases, but I never saw the case yet that he could not throw a light upon. He is irregular in his methods, and a little quick, perhaps, in jumping at theories, but, on the whole, I think he would have made a most promising officer, and I don't care who knows it. I have had a wire from him this morning, by which I understand that he has got some clue to this Sholto business. Here is his message."

He took the telegram out of his pocket, and handed it to me. It was dated from Poplar at twelve o'clock. "Go to Baker street at once," it said. "If I have not returned, wait for me. I am close on the track of the Sholto gang. You can come with us to-night if you want to be in at the finish."

"This sounds well. He has evidently picked up the scent again," said I.

"Ah, then he has been at fault, too," exclaimed Jones, with evident satisfaction. "Even the best of us are thrown off sometimes. Of course this may prove to be a false alarm; but it is my duty as an officer of the law to allow no chance to slip. But there is some one at the door. Perhaps this is he."

A heavy step was heard ascending the stairs, with a great wheezing and rattling as from a man who was sorely put to it for breath. Once or twice he stopped, as though the climb were too much for him, but at last he made his way to our door and entered. His appearance corresponded to the sounds which we had heard. He was an aged man, clad in seafaring garb, and with an old peajacket buttoned up to the throat. His back was bowed, his knees were shaky, and his breathing was painfully asthmatic. As he leaned upon a thick oaken cudgel his shoulders heaved in the effort to draw the air into his lungs. He had a colored scarf round his chin, and I could see little of his face save a pair of keen, dark eyes, overhung by bushy white brows, and long gray sidewhiskers. Altogether he gave me the impression of a respectable master mariner who had fallen into years and poverty.

"What is it, my man?" I asked.

He looked about him in the slow, methodical fashion of the age.

"Is Mr. Sherlock Holmes here?" said he.

"No; but I am acting for him. You can tell me any message you have for him."

"It was to himself I was to tell it," said he.

"But I tell you that I am acting for him. Was it about Mordecai Smith's boat?"

"Yes. I knows well where it is. An' I knows where the men he is after are. An' I knows where the treasure is. I knows all about it."

"Then tell me, and I shall let him know."

"It was to him I was to tell it," he repeated, with the petulant obstinacy of a very old man.

"Well, you must wait for him."

"No, no; I ain't goin' to lose a whole day to please no one. If Mr. Holmes ain't here, then Mr. Holmes must find it out for himself. I don't care about the look of either of you, and I won't tell a word."

He shuffled toward the door, but Athelney Jones got in front of him.

"Wait a bit, my friend," said he. "You have important information, and you must not walk off. We shall keep you, whether you like it or not, until our friend returns."

The old man made a little run toward the door, but, as Athelney Jones put his broad back against it, he recognized the uselessness of resistance.

"Pretty sort o' treatment this!" he cried, stamping his stick. "I come here to see a gentleman, and you two, who I never saw in my life, seize me and treat me in this fashion!"

"You will be none the worse," I said. "We shall recompense you for the loss of your time. Sit over here on the sofa, and you will not have long to wait."

He came across sullenly enough, and seated himself with his face resting on his hands. Jones and I resumed our cigars and our talk. Suddenly, however, Holmes' voice broke in upon us.

"I think that you might offer me a cigar, too," he said.

We both started in our chairs. There was Holmes sitting close to us with an air of quiet amusement.

"Holmes!" I exclaimed. "You here! But where is the old man?"

"Here is the old man," said he, holding out a heap of white hair. "Here he is—wig, whiskers, eyebrows and all. I thought my disguise was pretty good, but I hardly expected that it would stand that test."

"Ah, you rogue!" cried Jones, highly delighted. "You would have made an actor, and a rare one. You had the proper workhouse cough, and those weak legs of yours are worth ten pound a week. I thought I knew the glint of your eye, though. You didn't get away from us so easily, you see."

"I have been working in that get-up all day," he said, lighting his cigar. "You see, a good many of the criminal classes begin to know me—especially since our friend here took to publishing some of my cases, so I can only go on the warpath under some simple disguise like this. You got my wire?"

"Yes; that was what brought me here."

"How has your case prospered?"

"It has all come to nothing. I had to release two of my prisoners and there is no evidence against the other two."

"Never mind. We shall give you two others in the place of them. But you must put yourself under my orders. You are welcome to all the official credit, but you must act on the lines that I point out. Is that agreed?"

"Entirely, if you will help me to the men."

"Well, then, in the first place I shall want a fast police-boat—a steam launch—to be at the Westminster stairs at seven o'clock."

"That is easily managed. There is always one about there; but I can step across the road and telephone to make sure."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TWO MONTANA EDITORS.

Have a Fraternal Time Together and Go In for a Brotherly Shave.

In attendance upon the recent inaugural ball at Helena, Mon., was E. H. Becker of the Billings Gazette and A. K. Yerkes of the Bozeman Chronicle, two men who would reflect credit upon journalism anywhere. They roomed together. During the evening of the ball Orpheus F. Goddard was sent out to buy some white neckties, but returned with the information that, while he found a store open, the proprietor could not sell him a thing, as it was after hours and he was afraid of a boycott.

This announcement caused more or less defamation, especially when Goddard pulled out a necktie and quietly remarked that he took it when the proprietor wasn't looking and would pay him for it in the morning. It was not until Goddard had fished out two more, similarly abstracted from the store, that Becker agreed to attend the ball. Then he discovered that he needed a shave.

"Oh, that's all right," said Yerkes. "I have a safety with me, and I'll give you a shave that'll make you think I ought to have been a barber."

"What in the name of heaven is a safety?" said Becker.

"Never you mind," said Yerkes. "Just lie back in the chair and go to sleep. I'll wake you up when I get through."

Becker lay back while Yerkes pinioned his hands behind the chair and went at him with a lawn mower razor. It was a beard of a week's growth, and the operator pulled and sawed with vigor. During the scrape, through which Becker yelled and swore and shed tears, a man from the next room came in and asked:—

"What in thunder are you tearing the paper off the wall for?"

This did not disturb the imperturbable Yerkes one bit, but it made Becker swear, plead and threaten all the harder. Nevertheless Yerkes held his victim down and shaved him to a finish. Then he remarked:—

"I haven't any bay rum, or, in fact, anything to put on that countenance, Becker, but I want to say that the face would turn an edge on a corncutter. If it hadn't been for the fact that the barber shops were all closed there'd been danger of a boycott if a barber had shaved you, I never would have staid with the job."

When Becker got his breath, he sat up in the chair with a wild look, and said—

"So that's what you call a safety, is it? Well, I want to say that I'd rather have my whiskers pulled out by a corn sheller every time."

"Why?" asked Yerkes. "Wasn't that a good shave?"

"A good shave?" yelled Becker. "Why, who in the name of heaven and earth ever heard of a man being shaved without lather?"

"Well, I'll be cussed!" Yerkes replied quietly. "I thought I had overlooked something by the way you howled and kicked."—Helena Independent.

At Shanghai, on April 5, one thousand striking coolies precipitated a riot and started to burn the city and assault the local militia.

JINGLES AND JESTS.

A Pair.

Heigho! The ball last night I thought
(Although the men for dances fought,
And I looked at my best)
The slowest, stupidest affair—
(That firm is horrid, I declare,
To send Jack west!)

Except one waltz. He danced like Jack.
I shut my eyes and thought him back,
So well did it deceive.
And then, while we went circling round,
Just looked in silence on the ground
And made believe.

The music stopped. He begged my card.
"What! Full?" then bit his pencil hard
And drew a little sigh.
"You dance so like her!" he confessed.
"A girl I know at home, out west."
"How strange!" said I.

—J. M. Chater in Truth.

A Sharp Retort.

The retort given by a certain learned scientist must have been more amusing to the onlookers than to the learned gentleman's antagonist.

It happened at dinner that one of the guests began to deride philosophy and went on rudely to express the opinion that philosopher was but another way of spelling fool.

"What is your opinion, profess—?" he asked. "Is there much distance 'twee'n them?"

The professor, with a polite bow to his boorish vis-a-vis, responded gravely, "Sometimes only the width of a table."—Youth's Companion.

Equal to the Emergency.

Justin Huntly McCarthy was once showing a young American woman over the houses of parliament. In escorting her through the library of the commons he casually mentioned, as a more or less interesting fact, that it was against the rules for a woman to sit down there. "Is that really a law of the place?" asked the fair American. "That is so," answered McCarthy gravely. "Then," said his visitor, "you just see me break it," and, drawing up a chair, she sat resolutely down at the table.—Argonaut.

The Ruling Passion.

About the "scorcher's" dying bed
His parents stood in grief profound;
A candle flickered at his head,
Hushed weeping was the only sound.

The battered "bike" outside the door
Told plainly how the deed was done—
The speedway ne'er would see him more,
For death would come by set of sun.

But see, across that face so dear
A ray of reason seems to glide—
He starts, then whispers strangely clear,
"I wonder what wheels angels ride!"

—Lurana W. Sheldon in New York Journal.

A Possible Assistance.

"Willie is a remarkable boy," said the lad's mother to the eminent musician. "He remembers every tune he hears."

"Indeed!"

"Isn't that a valuable faculty?"

"Well, it may enable him to become a successful composer."—Washington Star.

A Sympathetic Chord.

"What did you do with that kleptomaniac in your literary club?"

"We didn't do anything. She made us all weep by confessing that she had been led astray by having to pick her husband's pockets for pin money."—Chicago Record.

Drawing the Line.

There are distinctions to be made
That oft are very fine,
And he is wise who always knows
Just where to draw the line.
To say that Johnson "has a wheel"
Is deemed to be all right,
But tell him he "has wheels," and then
He'll straightway want to fight.

—Cleveland Leader.

She Was Safe.

Mr. Grubbs (10 p. m.)—I hate to go to sleep knowing that a strange young man is down in the parlor with our daughter.

Mrs. Grubbs—Don't you worry. We had onions tonight, you know.—New York Weekly.

Sufficiently Equipped.

"Do you know, I have half a mind to go out of party politics and become a Mugwump?"

"Half a mind? That is quite sufficient for the purpose."—Indianapolis Journal.

The Envious Crow.

As the daffodil raised its pretty head
And into the sunlight slid
A passing crow cawed loud and long,
"Get on to de yeller kid!"

—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Looking Ahead.

Wheeler—I suppose when flying machines are invented you'll get one and be happy.

Mrs. Wheeler—Yes, until the next year's model comes out.—Truth.

A Mistake.

Martha the Cook (to Lizzy the Housemaid)—'Ere's an 'orrible mistake. In 'is subscription list the heditor 'as spelt your name with a "hi" and a "he" instead of a "y."—Punch.

Portrait of a Lady.

Her form is like Diana's.
She's the statue's counterpart,
With deeper semblance also,
For she has a marble heart.

—Chicago Record.

A Nice Job.

"Thank you so much for your song, Mr. Guthrie. But would you mind singing it over again into my mother's ear trumpet? She is so deaf, you know, unfortunately."—Judy.

Street Car Gallantry.

No wonder men should have the nerve
To let the girls hang on the straps,
For when the car goes round a curve
It throws the darlings in our laps.

—New York Journal.

Faithful Unto Death.

Dying Irishman—Bedad, an I'd have loiked to live a little longer, if it was only to see phwat the shpalpeens would say about me afther I was gone!—Pick Me Up.

A BATTLE FOR BREAD

DR. TALMAGE ON FAMINES PHYSICAL AND SPIRITUAL.

The Birds of the Bible—Elijah and the Ravens That Fed Him—The Ravens That the Lord Has To-day—The Vast Family of God.

Washington, May 9.—Dr. Talmage has returned home after a most remarkably successful tour through the west, and in behalf of the famine struck of India, speaking in the great corn centers to vast multitudes of people and raising many carloads of breadstuffs and many thousands of dollars. His subject is to-day to the last degree appropriate to all who are trying to achieve a livelihood. Text, I Kings xvii. 6, "And the ravens brought him bread and flesh in the morning and bread and flesh in the evening."

The ornithology of the Bible is a very interesting study. The stork which knoweth her appointed time; the common sparrows teaching the lessons of God's providence; the ostriches of the desert by careless incubation illustrating the recklessness of parents who do not take enough pains with their children; the eagle symbolizing solitude; the bat, a flake of the darkness; the night hawk, the ossifrage, the cuckoo, the lapwing, the osprey, by the command of God in Leviticus, flung out of the world's bill of fare.

I would like to have been with Audubon as he went through the woods, with gun and pencil, bringing down and sketching the fowls of heaven, his unfolded portfolio thrilling all Christendom. What wonderful creatures of God the birds are! Some of them, this morning, like the songs of heaven let loose, bursting through the gates of heaven. Consider their feathers, which are clothing and conveyance at the same time; the nine vertebræ of the neck, the three eyelids to each eye, the third eyelid an extra curtain for graduating the light of the sun. Some of these birds scavengers and some of them orchestra. Thank God for quail's whistle, and lark's carol, and the twitter of the wren, called by the ancients the king of birds, because when the fowls of heaven went into a contest as to who should fly the highest, and the eagle swung nearest the sun, a wren on the back of the eagle, after the eagle was exhausted, sprang up much higher, and so was called by the ancients the king of birds. Consider those of them that have golden crowns and crests, showing them to be feather imperials. And listen to the humming bird's serenade in the ear of the honeysuckle. Look at the belted kingfisher, striking like a dart from sky to water. Listen to the voice of the owl, giving the keynote to all croakers. And behold the condor among the Andes, battling with the reindeer. I do not know whether an aquarium or aviary is the best altar from which to worship God.

Elijah and the Ravens.

There is an incident in my text that baffles all the ornithological wonders of the world. The grain crop had been cut off. Famine was in the land. In a cave by the brook Cherith sat a minister of God, Elijah, waiting for something to eat. Why did he not go to the neighbors? There were no neighbors; it was a wilderness. Why did he not pick some of the berries? There were none. If there had been, they would have been dried up. Seated one morning at the mouth of his cave, the prophet sees a flock of birds approaching. Oh, if they were only partridges, or if he only had an arrow with which to bring them down! But as they come nearer, he finds that they are not comestible, but unclean, and the eating of them would be spiritual death. The strength of their beak, the length of their wings, the blackness of their color, their loud, harsh "cruck, cruck," prove them to be ravens.

They whir around about the prophet's head, and then they come on fluttering wing and pause on the level of his lips, and one of the ravens brings bread, and another raven brings meat, and after they have discharged their tiny cargo they wheel past, and other come, until after awhile the prophet has enough, and these black servants of the wilderness table are gone. For six months, and some say a whole year, morning and evening, a breakfast and supper bell sounded as these ravens rang out on the air their "cruck cruck!" Guess where they got the food from. The old rabbins say they got it from the kitchen of King Ahab. Others say that the ravens got their food from pious Obadiah, who was in the habit of feeding the persecuted. Some say that the ravens brought the food to their young in the trees, and that Elijah had only to climb up and get it. Some say that the whole story is improbable, for these were carnivorous birds, and the food they carried was the torn flesh of living beasts, and therefore ceremonially unclean, or it was carrion, and would have been unfit for the prophet. Some say they were not ravens at all but that the word translated "ravens" in my text ought to have been translated "Arabs." So it would have read, "The Arabs brought bread and flesh in the morning and bread and flesh in the evening." Anything but admit the Bible to be true.

The Battle for Bread.

Hew away at this miracle until all the miracle is gone Go on with the depleting process, but know, my brother, that you are robbing only one man—and that is yourself—of one of the most comforting, beautiful, pathetic and triumphant lessons in all the ages. I can tell you who these purveyors were. They were ravens. I can tell you who freighted them with provisions—God. I can tell you who launched them —God. I can tell you who taught them which way to fly—God. I can tell you who told them at what cave to swoop—God. I can tell you who introduced raven to prophet and prophet to raven—God. There is one passage I will whisper in your ear, for I would not want to utter it aloud, lest some one should drop down under its power, "If any man shall take away from the words of the prophecy of this book, God shall take away his part out of the book of life and out of the Holy City."

While, then, we watch the ravens feeding Elijah, let the swift dove of God's spirit sweep down the sky with divine food, and on outspread wing pause at the lip of every soul hungering for comfort.

On the banks of what rivers have been the great battles of the world? While you are looking over the map of the world to answer that I will tell you that the great conflict of to-day is on the Potomac, on the Hudson, on the Mississippi, on the Thames, on the Savannah, on the Rhine, on the Nile, on the Ganges, on the Hoang-Ho. It is a battle that has been going on for 6,000 years. The troops engaged in it are 1,600,000,000, and those who have fallen by the way are vaster in number than those who march. It is a battle for bread.

Sentimentalists sit in a cushioned chair, in their pictured study, with their slippered feet on a damask ottoman, and say that this world is a great scene of avarice and greed. It does not seem so to me. If it were not for the absolute necessities of the case, nine-tenth of the stores, factories, shops and banking houses of the land would be closed to-morrow. Who is that man delving in the Colorado hills, or toiling in a New England factory, or going through a roll of bills in the bank, or measuring a fabric on the counter? He is a champion sent forth in behalf of some home circle that has to be cared for, in behalf of some church of God that has to be supported, in behalf of some asylum of mercy that has to be sustained. Who is that woman bending over the sewing machine, or carrying the bundle or sweeping the room, or mending the garment, or sweltering at the washtub? That is Deborah, one of the Lord's heroines, battling against Amalekitish want which comes down with iron chariot to crush her and hers. The great question with the vast majority of people to-day is not "home rule," but whether there shall be any home to rule; not one of tariff, but whether there shall be anything to tax. The great questions with the vast majority of people are: "How shall I support my family? How shall I meet my notes? How shall I pay my rent? How shall I give food, clothing and education to those who are dependent upon me?" Oh, if God would help me to-day to assist you in the solution of that problem, the happiest man in this house would be your preacher! I have gone out on a cold morning with expert sportsmen to hunt for pigeons. I have gone out on the meadows to hunt for pigeons. I have gone out on the meadows to hunt for quail. I have gone out on the marsh to hunt for reed birds; but to-day I am out for ravens.

Notice, in the first place in the story of my text, that these winged caterers came to Elijah direct from God.

"I have commanded the ravens that they feed thee" we find God saying in an adjoining passage. They did not come out of some other cave. They did not just happen to alight there. God freighted them, God launched them and God told them by what cave to swoop. That is the same God that is going to supply you. He is your Father. You would have to make an elaborate calculation before you could tell me how many pounds of food and how many yards of clothing would be necessary for you and your family. But God knows without any calculation. You have a plate at his table, and you are going to be waited on, unless you act like a naughty child and kick and scramble and pound saucily the plate and try to upset things.

God the All-Wise Parent.

God has a vast family and everything is methodized, and you are going to be served if you will only wait your turn. God has already ordered all the suits of clothes you will ever need down to the last suit in which you will be laid out. God has already ordered all the food you will ever eat down to the last crumb that will be put in your mouth in the dying sacrament. It may not be just the kind of food or apparel we would prefer. The sensible parent depends on his own judgment as to what ought to be the apparel and the food of the minor in the family. The child would say, "Give me sugars and confections." "Oh, no," says the parent. "You must have something plainer first." The child would say, "Oh, give me these great blotches of color in the garment." "No," says the parent. "That wouldn't be suitable."

Now, God is our Father and we are minors, and he is going to clothe us and feed us, although he may not always yield to our infantile wish for the sweets and glitter. Those ravens of the text did not bring pomegranates from the glittering platter of King Ahab. They brought bread and meat. God had all the heavens and earth before him and under him, and yet he sends this plain food because it was best for Elijah to have it. Oh, be strong, my hearer, in the fact that the same God is going to supply you! It is never "hard times" with him. His ships never break on the rocks. His banks never fail. He has the supply for you, and he has the means for sending it. He has not only the cargo, but the ship. If it were necessary, he would swing out from the heavens a flock of ravens reaching from his gate to yours, until the food would be flung down the sky from beak to beak and from talon to talon.

Notice again in this story of the text that the ravens did not allow Elijah to hoard up a surplus. They did not bring enough on Monday to last all the week. They did not bring enough one morning to last until the next morning. They came twice a day and brought just enough for one time. You know as well as I that the great fret of the world is that we want a surplus; we want the ravens to bring enough for 50 years. You have more confidence in the Washington banks or Bank of England that you have in the royal bank of heaven. You say: "All that is very poetic, but you may have the black ravens. Give me the gold eagles." We had better be content with just enough. If in the morning your family eats up all the food there is in the house, do not sit down and cry and say, "I don't know where the next meal is to come from." About 5 or 6 or 7 o'clock in the morning just look up and you will see two black spots on the sky and you will hear the flapping of wings, and instead of Edgar A. Poe's insane raven alighting on the chamber door, "only this and nothing more," you will find Elijah's two ravens, or two ravens of the Lord, the one bringing bread and the other bringing meat—plumed butcher and baker.

Prayer That Brought Water.

God is infinite in resource. When the city of Rochelle was besieged and the inhabitants were dying of the famine, the tides washed up on the beach as never before, and as never since, enough shellfish to feed the whole city. God is good. There is no mistake about that. History tells us that in 1555 in England there was a great drought. The crops failed, but in Essex, on the rocks, in a place where they had neither sown nor cultured, a great crop of peas grew until they filled a hundred measures, and there were blossoming vines enough, promising as much more.

But why go so far? I can give you a family incident. Some generations back there was a great drought in Connecticut, New England. The water disappeared from the hills, and the farmers living on the hills drove their cattle down toward the valleys, and had them supplied at the wells and fountains of the neighbors. But these after awhile began to fail, and the neighbors said to Mr. Birdseye, of whom I shall speak: "You must not send your flocks and herds down here any more. Our wells are giving out." Mr. Birdseye, the old Christian man, gathered his family at the altar and with his family he gathered the slaves of the household—for bondage was then in vogue in Connecticut—and on their knees before God they cried for water, and the family story is, that there was weeping and great sobbing at that altar that the family might not perish for lack of water and that the herds and flocks might not perish.

The family rose from the altar. Mr. Birdseye, the old man, took his staff and walked over the hills, and in a place where he had been scores of times without noticing anything particular he saw the ground was very dark, and he took his staff and turned up the ground, and water started, and he beckoned to his servants, and they came and brought pails and buckets until all the family and all the flocks and the herds were cared for, and then they made troughs reaching from that place down to the house and barn, and the water flowed, and it is a living fountain to-day.

Now I call that old grandfather Elijah, and I call that brook that began to roll then, and is rolling still, the brook Cherith and the lesson to me and to all who hear it is when you are in great stress of circumstances. Pray and dig, dig and pray, and pray and dig. How does that passage go? "The mountains shall depart and the hills be removed, but my loving kindness shall not fail." If your merchandise, if your mechanism, if your husbandry, fail, look out for ravens. If you have in your despondency put God on trial and condemned him as guilty of cruelty, I move to-day for a new trial. If the biography of your life is ever written, I will tell you what the first chapter, and the middle chapter, and the last chapter will be about if it is written accurately; the first chapter about mercy, the middle chapter about mercy, the last chapter about mercy. The mercy that hovered over your cradle. The mercy that will hover over your grave. The mercy that will cover all between.

God's Unexpected Agents.

Again, this story of the text impresses me that relief came to this prophet with the most unexpected and with seemingly impossible conveyance. If it had been a robin redbreast, or a musical meadow lark, or a meek turtledove, or a sublime albatross that had brought the food to Elijah, it would not have been so surprising. But, no. It was a bird so fierce and inauspicate that we have fashioned one of our most forceful and repulsive words out of it—ravenous. That bird has a passion for picking out the eyes of men and of animals. It loves to maul the sick and the dying. It swallows with vulturous guzzle everything it can put its beak on, and yet all the food Elijah gets for six months or a year is from ravens. So your supply is going to come from an unexpected source.

You think some great hearted, generous man will come along and give you his name on the back of your note, or he will go security for you in some great enterprise. No, he will not. God will open the heart of some Shylock toward you. Your relief will come from the most unexpected quarter. The providence which semed ominous will be to you more than that which seemed auspicious. It will not be a chaffinch with breast and wing dashed with white and brown and chestnut; it will be a black raven.

Here is where we all make our mistake, and that is in regard to the color of God's providence. A white providence comes to us and we say, "Oh, that is mercy!" Then a black providence comes toward us, and we say, "Oh, that is disaster!" The white providence comes to you, and you have great business success, and you have $100,000, and you get proud, and you get independent of God, and you begin to feel that prayer, "Give me this day my daily bread," is inappropriate for you, for you have made provision for 100 years. Then a black providence comes, and it sweeps everything away, and then you begin to pray, and you begin to feel your dependence, and begin to be humble before God, and you cry out for treasures in heaven. The black providence brought you salvation. The white providence brought you ruin. That which seemed to be harsh and fierce and dissonant was your greatest mercy. It was a raven. There was a child born in your house. All your friends congratulated you. The other children of the family stood amazed looking at the newcomer and asked a great many questions, genealogical and chronological. You said—and you said truthfully—that a white angel flew through the room and left the little one there That little one stood with its two feet in the very sanctuary of your affection, and with its two hands it took hold of the altar of your soul. But one day there came one of the three scourges of children—scarlet fever, or croup, or diphtheria—and all that bright scene vanished. The chattering, the strange questions, the pulling at the dresses as you crossed the floor—all ceased.

The Black Providences.

As the great friend of children stooped down and leaned toward that cradle and took the little one in his arms and walked away with it into the bower of eternal summer, your eye began to follow him, and you followed the treasure he carried, and you have been following them ever since, and instead of thinking of heaven only once a week, as formerly, you are thinking of it all the time, and you are more pure and tender hearted than you used to be, and you are patiently waiting for the daybreak. It is not self righteousness in you to acknowledge that you are a better man than you used to be, you are a better woman than you used to be. What was it that brought you the sanctifying blessing? Oh, it was the dark shadow on the nursery; it was the dark shadow on the short grave; it was the dark shadow on your broken heart; it was the brooding of a great black trouble; it was a raven; it was a raven. Dear Lord, teach this people that white providences do not always mean advancement, and that black providences do not always mean retrogression.

Children of God, get up out of your despondency. The Lord never had so many ravens as he has to-day. Fling your fret and worry to the winds. Sometimes under the vexations of life you feel like my little girl of 4 years, who said under some childish vexation, "Oh, I wish I could go to heaven and see God and pick flowers!" He will let you go when the right time comes to pick flowers. Until then, whatever you want, pray for. I suppose Elijah prayed pretty much all the time. Tremendous work behind him. Tremendous work before him. God has no spare ravens for idlers or for people who are prayerless. I put it in the boldest shape possible, and I am willing to risk my eternity on it. Ask God in the right way for what you want and you shall have it if it is best for you.

Mrs. Jane Pithey of Chicago, a well known Christian woman, was left by her husband a widow with one half dollar and a cottage. She was palsied and had a mother 90 years of age to support. The widowed soul every day asked God for all that was needed in the household and the servant even was astonished at the precision with which God answered the prayers of that woman, item by item, item by item. One day, rising from the family altar, the servant said, "You have not asked for coal, and the coal is out."

Then they stood and prayed for the coal. One hour after that the servant threw open the door and said, "The coal has come." A generous man, whose name I should give you, had sent—as never before and never since—a supply of coal. You cannot understand it. I do. Ravens! Ravens!

The Coming of the Ravens.

My friend, you have a right to argue from precedent that God is going to take care of you. Has he not done it two or there times every day? That is most marvellous. I look back and wonder that God has give me food three times a day regularly all my lifetime, never missing but once, and then I was lost in the mountains, but that very morning and that very night I met the ravens.

Oh, the Lord is so good that I wish all his people would trust him with the two lives—the life you are now living and that which every tick of the watch and every stroke of the clock inform you is approaching. Bread for your immortal soul comes to-day. See! They alight on the platform. They alight on the backs of all the pews. They swing among the arches. Ravens! Ravens! "Blessed are they that hunger after righteousness, for they shall be filled." To all the sinning, and the sorrowing, and the tempted, deliverance comes this hour. Look down and you see nothing but your spiritual deformities. Look back, and you see nothing but wasted opportunity. Cast your eye forward, and you have a fearful looking for judgment and fiery indignation which shall devour the adversary. But look up, and you behold the whipped shoulders of an interceding Christ, and the face of a pardoning God, and the irradiation of an opening heaven. I hear the whir of their wings. Do you not feel the rush of air on your cheek? Ravens! Ravens!

There is only one question I want to ask: How many of this audience are willing to trust God for the supply of their bodies, and trust the Lord Jesus Christ for the redemption of their immortal souls? Amid the clatter of the hoofs and the clang of the wheels of the judgment chariot, the whole matter will be demonstrated.

Pigs Along Shore.

Pigs like fish, and pigs raised along shore owned by fishermen get plenty of fish to eat. Sometimes fish is fed to the pigs to clear them of scurvy. Horseshoe crabs are often fed to pigs, the crabs being cut clear of the shells so that the pigs can get at them easily. The pigs like horseshoes.

Often around salt water creeks minnows are caught and dumped into pigpens by the bushel. Many fish have hard, sharp, projecting spines that might stick in the pig's throat. When fish of this sort are fed, the spines are first cut off, and only the bodies and tails fed. One of the names of the American sole is hog choker.

Other food is fed along with fish, and fish is never fed to the pigs before killing time; it would make the pork taste fishy. Pigs will eat soft clams. Down the bay of Fundy way pigs go out at low tide and root for mussels. There, where the tide rises 40 or 50 feet and comes in with great suddenness, it is necessary for the pigs to be on the alert, and they are. They hear the first sound of the coming tide wave and turn and scamper for the shore, and even then they get there none too soon occasionally.—New York Sun.

AN AUNT'S ADVICE.

BROUGHT A YOUNG LADY OUT OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

A Remarkable Case That Vividly Shows the Wonderful Health-Restoring Power of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

From the Orangeville Banner.

There is no doubt at all that many people are prejudiced against proprietary medicines, and equally no doubt many look upon the testimonials published as much in the nature of an exaggerated puff. If the Banner has been tinctured with this feeling it has, so far as one medicine is concerned, had its doubts removed. We refer to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, concerning the curative qualities of which strong claims have been made, and proofs advanced in their support which seemed equally strong. But it is when one comes across in their own locality a case almost rivaling any that have been made public, that doubt disappears and conviction follows. Such a case the Banner came across and investigated and now gives the facts. The case is that of Miss Sarah Langford, an estimable young lady who resides in the neighborhood of Camilla. We were told she had been brought near to death's door and had been restored to health through the agency of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. We decided, however, to cast heresay aside and investigate for ourselves.

We found Miss Langford the picture of health and good spirits, at her pleasant home in Camilla. In response to our inquiries as to her illness and the cause of her recovery, she expressed her willingness to satisfy our curiosity, and, as she added, relate her experience for the good of others afflicted as she was. Her story very briefly was as follows:—

"I had la grippe in the spring of 1894. I did not seem to get over the effects of the attack, and as the summer progressed became weak and listless. Any kind of work became a burden to me. After pumping a pail of water from the well, I would have to stand and hold my hands over my heart for a moment or so, it would flutter so violently. I could not go upstairs without difficulty, and towards the last would have to rest on the steps, and when I got to the top, lie down until I could recover my breath. I became a mere skeleton, my cheeks were like wax and my lips colorless. I lost all appetite and my meals often went untasted. Medicine seemed to have no effect upon me. I was getting weaker all the time, and at last began to give up hope of recovery. My parents were of course in great distress and I knew by the looks and actions of friends who called to see me that they thought I was doomed to an early death. Then a dear lady friend died and I managed out of love for her to drag myself to her funeral. The sensation of seeing her laid away, believing that I would soon follow her, was a strange one. Shortly after this an aunt of mine, Mrs. Wm. Henderson, of Toronto, came to visit at our place. My condition troubled her very much and she insisted on my trying Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. To please her I consented but with little hope of any good result. The effect, however, was wonderful and a pleasing surprise to me. I soon began to feel more cheerful and seemed to feel stronger. Then my appetite began to improve and the color return to my cheeks and lips. From that hour I steadily gained strength, and was soon enjoying my former excellent health, and I am sincere in expressing my belief that to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills do I owe my recovery."

Enquiry among neighbors corroborated Miss Langford's story as to her illness and remarkable recovery. In her case at least Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have given a striking proof that they posses wonderful merits.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that every box you purchase is enclosed in a wrapping bearing the full trade mark, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

The Vices and Virtues of Chinatown.

If you made with me a complete tour of Chinatown, visiting every place where a Chinaman dwells, when you had returned you would sum up what you had seen about as follows:—

Places where opium was smoked by Chinese in their own private apartments: about one-fourth of the whole.

Places where opium was sold to white visitors who smoke and slept on the premises, and which is commonly called an "opium joint" possibly three in your whole tour.

Places where gambling was in progress: about one-twentieth of the whole.

Places where men were pursuing the ordinary vocations of life: nearly three-fourths.—"The Chinese of New York," by Helen F. Clark, in the Century.

Everybody Shout.

Satan—Sonny, what kind of a boy were you on earth?

Sonny—An office boy.

Satan (opening the gate)—Come right along, sonny, there are lots of people who will be tickled to death to know you are here.

The Literary Way.

Robert—So you were not accepted by Miss Vellum? What did she say? Did she tell you how sudden it was?

Richard—Oh, dear, no! She's literary, you know. She merely replied that she was very s[illegible] but I was not available. —Boston Transcript.

Her Warning.

Mr. Crimsonbeak—A man's heart beats 81 times a minute when he is standing, 71 times when sitting and 66 when lying.

Mrs. Crimsonbeak—I hope you'll be a little more careful about your lying now dear.—Yonkers Statesman.

PERSONALS.

Mrs. A. J. Brown has returned from New Westminster.

Mr. F. B. Young, barrister, of Nanaimo, is in town.

Billy Glennon is now bar-keeper at the Vendome.

Mr. Harry Watson has returned from the Kootenay region

Ross Thompson, the father of Rossland, was married about a week ago.

F. M Cowperthwaite, B. A., one of the new Inspectors of Public Schools, is visiting the District.

W. B. Anderson, Government Agent, returned from a business trip north, and left on Friday for Victoria.

Rev. Mr. Logan preached and presided on Sept. 2nd, at the induction of Rev. Mr. Vert in St. Andrews Church, New Westminster.

Prof. Odlum, whom many of our readers will remember on account of his able lecture here, will sail from Liverpool on Sept. 9th.

Rev. J. A. Logan of Eburne, formerly of Union, has been visiting Chilliwack, from which place he came here—says the paper: "His many friends were much pleased to see him, although his visit was brief."

Mr. Baxter, engineer of the City of Nanaimo, visited the public school at Comox on Thursday last. He delivered an admirable address to the pupils, and was highly pleased with the discipline of the school

—Any one wishing photographs should call at once. I leave September 10th.
KELLY

RESIGNATION OF COLLIERY PHYSICIAN.

Dr. Robert Lawrence, who left here a few days ago with the intention of making a trip east, stopped at Vancouver to visit friends, where he seems to have changed his plans, sending in his resignation as colliery physician, to take effect Oct. 1st.

Dr. Lawrence has been located here for the last four years, and is highly esteemed, not only as a physician, but as a citizen. As he has important interests here, it is hoped that he has simply relieved himself of the onerous duties of colliery physician, and will remain, devoting himself to his private practice.

LOCALS

Sept 6 —A gunboat is in at Comox

The bye-law to spend $100.000 on the streets of Victoria, has been defeated.

Revelstoke is to have electric lights and is moving for incorporation.

The fishing season on the Fraser is over and we may expect a lot of the Japs back here soon.

The regular monthly meeting of the Hospital board will take place on Saturday evening of this week.

At Sandwick, September 4th Mr. John Gibson aud Miss Alma Gertrude Grant of Union were married, Rev. A. Tait officiating.

FOR SALE.—A New Home sewing machine, and bedroom suite, almost new. Enquire at NEWS OFFICE.

The Hill Maple Syrup Co., of Seattle is opening a branch in Vancouver. But what kind of stuff will it be?

☞ Will give lessons on piano, mandolin, banjo, guitar; also in painting, point lace, drawn work and embroidery.
MRS. BARRETT.

There are some planks so worn and thin on the bridge just this side of the Courtenay House, between there and the Courtenay River bridge, as to be dangerous.

The Nanaimo Review intimates that W. R. Maxwell, M. P. of Vancouver, and W. B. McInnes, M. P. of Nanaimo, may resign and enter Provincial politics.

The Tacoma Woolen Mills Co. expect to establish a branch manufactory on this side of the line, to manufacture goods for the Yukon trade, and thus escape duty.

The sailing of steamers to St. Michael's is about over until next spring; The favorite route now will be by the Stikeen River, and rates of passage will be lowered.

The Comox Agricultural Society is calling for tenders for privilege of a refreshment stand on Exhibition Grounds, during Show. Tenders should be sent to Mr. J. Mundell, Sec'y., Sandwick.

M. Jennings, a Toronto engineer, will spend the fall and winter in investigating the water route to the Yukon via White Pass and Stikeen River. He is in the employment of the Dominion Government.

The Princess Louise left Victoria yesterday for Fort Wrangel to make connection with H B Co's steamer Caledonia for the head of navigation on Stickine river She will doubtless call at our port today

A party of Yukoners—as reported by the Islander, were drowned in a Columbia River boat, going from Juneau up toward Dyea. Among them were Thomas Trevelyan, Wm. McDonald and Hector McLean, well-known miners of Nanaimo.

J. C. McLagan, editor of the Vancouver World, wires the New York Journal that "policy of the Government regarding reservation of each alternate claim considerably criticized, the majorities' view being that it will be difficult of enforcement, particularly so, when the diggings will be found to be rich. Opinion is general that this regulation will either be greatly amended or entirely cancelled."

UNION WHARF PICNIC

The Union brass band and friends to the number of sixty had a picnic at Union Wharf on Saturday last. A special train conveying the party, left the station at 10: 30 arriving at the wharf a little after 11 where the excursionists found that the clerk of the weather had not been consulted, as a regular storm of wind and rain was blowing from the southeast. For want of better accommodation, the large freight shed was placed at their disposal, by Wharfinger Pillsbury, and everything done to make them comfortable. Tables were spread and a hearty tea was partaken by all, after which the band visited the residences of Mr. Pillsbury, Mr. Marshall, and Mr. Brown, where several beautiful selections were played. Returning to the shed, dancing, games, were the order till nearly six o'clock, when the warning notes of the locomotive told them it was time to leave. Arriving at the sawmill the band invited the party to the Band Hall, where dancing was indulged in till 12 o'clock, music being supplied by Messrs. Thorburn and Roy. Despite the inclement weather a very enjoyable day was spent, and the ladies who had charge of the excursion are to be congratulated on the excellent manner in which all the arrangements were carried out.

Passenger List.

Passenger list Sept. 1st: T. Porter, R. Dickie, W. Lunney, Mr. Best, T. McB. Young, Mrs. Buss, Mr. C. Magnonone, Mrs. Brown, J. P. Davis, R. Nightingale, T. Cassada, J. Jones, Mr. Gartley, Mrs. Thobury, T. Hanna, T. Curran, T. Wright, G. Aitken, Mr. Planta, Mrs. Mulcahy, Mr. Crake, Mr. Cowperthwaite Mrs. Drysdale, J. Baptiste.

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	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

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SLATER'S—It is needless to tell you anything about this make. You already know that theirs are the leaders for men. We have just received all the latest styles for the fall. The Bull-dog, with heavy rubber soles, the Broad-foot, the Piccadilly and the Coin, are some of the new ones. You will be well repaid by having a look at these before buying. We have them to fit all feet, long or short, broad or narrow.

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Ladies' and misses Oxford shoes must be cleared out. See the lines at 75c. $1.00 and $1.25.

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