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M. QUAD'S HUMOR.

A Fresh Chapter From the Bowser Diary—A Brief Revival of Mutual Appreciation.

Testimonials to the Unfailing Powers of a New Champion Heir Disappointer.

(Copyright, 1893, by Charles B. Lewis.)

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

"Now, what could be nicer than this?" exclaimed Mr. Bowser the other evening as he got into his slippers, sat down in the big rocking chair and glanced about the cozy sitting room.

"I am glad you like your home," replied Mrs. Bowser as she moved nearer.

"Why shouldn't I like it? There is our boy—handsome, healthy, and one of the best natured boys ever born, and here is my wife, who is always willing to make any sacrifice for my comfort. I don't always say that I fully appreciate this thing or that, but I assure you that I do just the same. I expect that if husbands praised their wives oftener there would be fewer family jars."

"Wives like to be appreciated," replied Mrs. Bowser.

"Of course they do, and husbands ought to realize it more fully than they do. I want you to know, dear, that though we have been married several years I love you just as much as I did the day we were married."

Mrs. Bowser rose up and blushed and hugged him.

"I expect," he continued after a pause, "I expect that I am sometimes almost overbearing and inclined to be a bull-dozer, but I hope you will overlook the fact."

"I always do, my dear."

"Husbands are apt to think they know it all, you know, and that wives are entirely out of the count. It's a great mistake. We'd all hit the mark oftener if we consulted our wives more frequently. From this on I wish you'd counsel with me on all important matters."

"I should be so glad!"

"You are a woman of extraordinary intelligence. You have good perceptive powers. You have good business ideas. Had I made it a rule to consult you in the past I know that I should have made fewer blunders. While I think of it, dear, I wish to beg your pardon for one particular thing."

"Why, you haven't done anything!"

"DO YOU KNOW WHO I AM?"

"Yes, I have, and I've been heartily ashamed of myself ever since. You remember the evening my chilblains were itching so?"

"Oh, yes!"

"I wasn't exactly responsible for what I said that evening, but nevertheless I beg your pardon. You wanted me to try borax water, you know, and I guess—I guess I called you a sap head. Will you forgive me?"

"Of course, but it was alum water I wanted you to use, and had you done so"——

"Alum water! Not much! You insisted that I lave my foot in borax water, and my natural sense told me what a silly thing it would be. Who ever heard of curing chilblains with borax water!"

"No one, I guess, but alum water is an old fashioned remedy. If you had used it as I wished you to"——

"You wished me to! If you wished me to use alum, why did you persist in saying borax?"

"But you are mistaken, my dear, and you were at the time. Don't you remember that you once said you wanted a corkscrew when you meant a screwdriver, and how mad you got about it?"

"Never! Never remember anything of the kind! A man who would say corkscrew for screwdriver would be a fool, and no one has ever yet charged me with carrying around a head stuffed with suet!"

"Well, dear, it isn't worth disputing about," said the diplomatic Mrs. Bowser as she saw the storm gathering.

"But it is!" persisted Mr. Bowser as he got out of his chair. "You repeatedly and distinctly advised me to try borax water."

"Alum water, my dear."

"Mrs. Bowser, do you know who I am?" demanded Mr. Bowser as he stood before her in all his dignity. "Do you realize that you are disputing my word? I say you said borax water. That ought to settle it. It does settle it. I must say that I am shocked and grieved to witness such a spirit of perverseness in you. If you were talking to another woman, there might be some excuse, but when you are addressing your own husband—a man who knows more in a minute than you do in a week—you ought to realize the situation. Do you admit that you said borax water?"

"I said alum water, Mr. Bowser. Don't you remember one day last fall when you wanted a glass cutter and you called it a can opener, and we"——

"Never! That is simply a fresh insult. I sat down here in my own home to enjoy the evening with you. My heart was full of love and kindness. You, in your obstinacy and perverseness, have seen fit to quarrel with me and turn my happiness to gall. I withdraw to the library to look over certain papers which I may wish to take to a lawyer to-morrow! I do not want to be disturbed. Good night, Mrs. Bowser—good night!"

ENTIRELY UNSOLICITED.

Dr. Goodnuff:

DEAR SIR—For seven years my family stood around my bedside day and night expecting to see me die. On 50 different occasions I apparently expired, but only to revive after an hour or two and continue business at the old stand. For five years I did not utter a loud word. For three years I could not hear the piano next door. My wife ran away with a horse tamer and was gone 10 months and returned, and yet I did not miss her. My sole diet for a period of a year and a half consisted of one glass of lemonade which a friend discovered at a Sunday school picnic and captured for my benefit. I was hastening to the grave, and totally unprepared at that, when a carpenter who dropped in to drive a spike for my wife to hang herself on, mentioned your stomach bitters. I at once sent for a bottle, and there was

FULLY RESTORED.

an immediate change for the better. Within an hour I could whistle "Yankee Doodle." Before night I had licked two of the children and begun a lawsuit against a neighbor. Next day I walked half a mile and punched the head of an undertaker. To-day, thank heaven, I am fully restored to health and painting the town red, and one bottle did it. I do not even know you, but I feel it my duty to tell the world what your bitters have done for me and to advise others to give them a trial.

Dr. Kindheart:

DEAR SIR—On the 15th of December, 1890, my passenger train on the P. and P. railroad was derailed by an open switch, which the switchman had forgotten to close on account of the marriage of his only daughter to a member of the legislature. The car in which I happened to be at the time rolled down an embankment and half way across the state of Rhode Island. When it got through rolling, I was pretty badly used up. One of the buffers was driven through my left lung and protruded at the back about four feet. Both legs and both arms were broken, every rib cracked, the entire scalp torn from my head and hung on a telegraph pole, and a reliable correspondent of a leading daily paper assured his readers that I had lost both sight and hearing and would never be even fit to preside at a political reform movement, even if the flame of life continued to flicker. I resigned myself to what appeared to be the inevitable. When my dear wife picked me up and plumped me into a rocking chair, I sat and rocked. When my mother-in-law picked me out of the chair and flung me on the bed, I lay and reflected. I was resigned to my fate. I freely forgave everybody who had kicked my dog, and I asked forgiveness of every one whom I had injured. Such was the state of affairs when a burglar got into the house one night. He brought with him several newspapers in which to wrap up my silverware. One of these papers was accidentally left behind him, and in glancing it over I saw the advertisement of your Australian Restorer. While I had no doubt that you were a horse thief and a liar, I caught at the straw and sold my icebox that I might give the Restorer a fair trial. One bottle got me out doors. Two bottles put me back on the road in my old position. Before the third bottle was gone my mother-in-law died happy, my wife received a legacy of $20,000, and I had been elected alderman of the Fourth ward. You did not solicit this testimonial. On the contrary, you offered me $500 not to publish it, as you are now 1,000,000 bottles behind orders, but my heart is so full that I must speak.

RESIGNED.

P. S.—While the Restorer is only advertised as a certain cure for the ailments of humanity, I wish to add that my cow was suffering with the disease known as "hollow horn," and one bottle cured her and increased her yield of milk by four quarts per day. My dog had all the premonitory symptoms of hydrophobia, and four doses started him off on a rabbit track three days old. It has cleared my house of rats, killed my neighbor's parrot and made my home one of the happiest on earth.

THE ARIZONA KICKER.

OUR GREAT SPEECH.—That native editorial modesty and self abnegation so characteristic of the west makes us hesitate to refer to our great senatorial effort of last week on the admission of Arizona to the sisterhood of states. And yet if we do not do it who will? All our friends are agreed that it is a specimen of oratory which should be preserved for the coming generation, and that duty and patriotism demand the sacrifice of our modesty for the moment. We shall therefore defer to the wishes and advice of our friends and publish the speech in full in a supplement to go with this issue. For the benefit of such as may fail to receive this supplement we hereby give a brief synopsis:

In presenting a petition having over 3,000 signers, praying that prompt action be taken for the admission of Arizona as a state, we received vigorous and long continued applause. We had no intention of making a speech, but the moment was ripe, and the applause put us on our mettle. We began in a modest, humble way to speak of the discovery of America by Columbus. Some of the senators couldn't see the point at first, but when we produced proofs that this territory was included in the discovery—that it had always formed part and parcel of the new world—that her rights were as inherent as those of great New York or Pennsylvania—the applause fairly lifted us off our feet.

We came down to the landing of the pilgrim fathers. They landed at Plymouth rock simply because it was more convenient than to land at Tombstone, Tucson or Prescott, in this territory. That fact shouldn't give Massachusetts any legal advantage over Arizona. Arizona was here. Her majestic mountains, fertile valleys and babbling streams all cried out a cordial welcome, and the pilgrim fathers and mothers and sons and daughters would have found here a haven of rest and a garden of plenty. The applause on this occasion chipped off half the nail heads in the floor and reached the ears of our esteemed contemporary as he was entering a saloon a mile away to lie about the circulation of his alleged newspaper.

We touched upon the Revolutionary war and its causes. That war was the direct result of taxation without representation—of repeated attempts to ignore the just claims of an intelligent and liberty loving people—about the same state of affairs as may be witnessed in this territory to-day. At this juncture we waved an American flag which we had provided ourself with for the purpose, and every man within sound of our voice or sight of that flag sprang to his feet and shouted, "Liberty or death." It was a telling hit. It was a dramatic incident. The critter whom we, out of courtesy, refer to as our esteemed contemporary heard of it down at the postoffice and came near being lynched for calling us a demagogue.

FOR FIFTY-FIVE MINUTES WE SIMPLY CUT LOOSE.

We demanded the admission of Arizona on the strength of her population. No correct census has ever been taken. Whenever the census takers have called around at least half of us have been off prospecting for minerals or following the trail of somebody making a change of climate. We demanded it on the ground of area. We have seven times the acreage of Delaware and four times that of New Jersey. We have 150 different mountains, any one of which would take up all the state of Rhode Island and spill over into Connecticut and Massachusetts. The state of Connecticut isn't long enough to take in our Bill Williams' creek. Our Pinal range would extend across the states of Ohio and Indiana, and our Salt river valley would pasture all the cows in Illinois and Wisconsin. We demanded it on the strength of our progress, on the ratio of intelligence, on our climate, soil, wealth, morals and high character as an enthusiastic, patriotic, go ahead people. It was the effort of our life. As we reeled it off we felt that our fervid sentences were waking the dust of the signers of the Declaration of Independence in the past, and that our children's children would paste them away in the scrapbooks of the future. For 55 minutes we simply cut loose from things earthly, and we admit that we astonished ourself. We were held right up to our work by the intense interest and wild admiration of our hearers, and our physical exhaustion was such that when we sat down we could have been used for a dish rag. Our shoes were untied, our collar was hanging by one end, our hair on end, our suspenders had 11 inches of slack, and we had ripped our Prince Albert coat up the back and lost most of our vest buttons. But we had won. When the next congress meets, Arizona will take her proud place in the bright galaxy of states and press forward with a zeal and enthusiasm which shall astonish the nation. The subscription price to THE KICKER remains the same as before our great speech, and there will be no increase in advertising rates before July 1.

M. QUAD.

HISTORICAL SPOTS.

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn., March 25.—Orchard Knob, celebrated because from exposing himself to the guns of the enemy at that point, General Grant commanded the battle of Mission Ridge, has been purchased by the United States National Park Commissioners, and will be included in the Chickamauga and Chattanooga National Park. A few days ago the commissioners purchased the site of General Bragg's headquarters at the time of the same battle. The commissioners are now negotiating for the point of Look-out Mountain, having been given such authority by a recent act of Congress.

Life is short and time is fleeting, but Hood's Sarsaparilla will bless humanity as the ages roll on. Try it this season.

NYE ON HIS TRAVELS.

Royal Gorge Described—Pike's Peak a Permanent Playground for Mice.

The Car Porter's Life Work—The Silver Question Touched up—About a Real Woman.

(Copyright, 1893, by Edgar W. Nye.)

WESTWARD HO, March.

Did you ever see a porter on a sleeping car make up a berth? It does not look like anything hard to do, and yet if you try to make up 26 berths and have them look tidy you will find that great beads of perspiration are pouring down from your brow. I am watching one at his work as I write. I love to sit in a car this way, with a table, and write on and on indefinitely with an earnest air, as one might if he were putting a summer kitchen on the universe.

I LOVE TO SIT IN A CAR THIS WAY.

One of these deft blackamoors is making a berth for a single lady whose face reminds me of a dream I had when a child and had washed down a quart of green gooseberries with a pint of warm milk. She has two cords at the back of her neck which run up into her raven black hair as far as the eye can reach. Some of her hair will not remain up, but comes out in a shy way about her ears, like a bunch of timothy on a vacant lot.

The porter is a perfect Hebe in figure, and as he gets warmed up to his work you can tell where he is. Yet he is graceful in his work, and when he is done the berth into which I go looks almost like a calla lily with a humming bird in it.

I am the humming bird.

When Mr. Pullman put forth his great success in traveling and sleeping, he provided a place for a humble, simple race of people who are fitted exactly to this work. The new feature he introduced has become familiar now—viz., the African by descent and the porter by berth.

Oh, what a great, ghastly, white, still and solemn spinal column the earth lays bare up at Leadville, Colo. Over 10,000 feet, two miles and a quarter, above the sea level lie the mighty vertebræ of a continent. Here dwell the avalanche and the man who refuses all money but silver. Even the conductors on the railroad hesitate about taking anything but silver here.

I had no idea that the silver question had aroused such a feeling in the western states. A mine owner told me yesterday that a very little spark would let off an explosion in Colorado and the mining states that would echo around the world. He could command 25,000 troops in a few hours, he said. The present price of silver meant a loss of a dollar a day to the miner and closed many good mines.

Wall street is blamed for all this, and great capitalists are looked at askance. Twice this happened to me in Denver. It is a great problem for the new and victorious administration to solve.

I have often laid awake at night thinking of Mr. Cleveland up at Lakewood in his room trying to write his inaugural address and some one tapping at the door to ask for an office just as he has almost invented a new phrase like innocuous desuetude for the new era, and then so many other things, like the sugar teat islands and the silver question, and I start up wildly and say to myself: "Who would envy him? Who would make the long fight in November to take up in March such an unwelcome job?"

Therefore we must stimulate our sons to industry by some other means than the hope of being president. I would honestly rather speak in public on the stage at a mere pittance, yet knowing that I was doing good and earning $750 per week for it, than to be president of the United States with cockroaches in the east room and red ants in the cabinet.

Speaking of these household pets, let me say that I never heard of a better illustration of feminine character than the other day up at Laramie.

A young man whose sister is visiting him came home the other night and was scared out of his wits by finding her at midnight in her nightrobe prowling around the outside of the kitchen with a cocked revolver waiting for a burglar to come out at the back door. Sure enough, he soon came out and was captured by the two and the revolver. He was sent over to the jail, and then the brother asked why this slender young lady in her nightclothes had gone around outside the kitchen. "Why didn't you go in by the inside door?" her brother asked her.

"Why," she said; "you don't know so much as I thought you did. There are mice in the kitchen."

Speaking of the rat, the mouse and the cat, we have been told for 18 years that cats cannot live at Leadville owing to the rarefied air which increases the heart's action and finally affects the brain, resulting in one of the most horrible of deaths. The death of a cat brought to Leadville has always been regarded by eastern people as one of the saddest sights to be seen.

I inquired a good deal while there regarding this matter and found that the cat does live at Leadville, and in private houses many of them are as happy and well as elsewhere. "But there are no rats," said my informant. "We have mice, but no rats."

That evening at the theatre a large boy rat came into my dressing room and ate a cake of soap while I was dressing.

Cats, it is said, cannot live at the top of Pike's peak. Possibly they cannot. Neither can anything else. Speakers and singers experience great difficulty at both Aspen and Leadville on account of the hyperolimatic conditions there. They gasp and become giddy, and sometimes unconsciousness follows.

Dr. Dugan was once in the audience when it was suddenly discovered that the queen of the ballet had become unconscious in her undressing room. He was summoned. Around him he found 20 or more danseuses ready to faint and clustered about the head of the ballet, who lay there gasping in her rich penwiper costume. He looked at her a moment, as the physician might have done 80 years ago when he told the mother it was a girl. Then he called for a bucket of water, and in a moment life and health returned to all the dancers. They were real well and glad to go on with their work.

The dress of premier danseuse often costs thousands of dollars, but is more fitted for a house dress than anything else. It would be a poor costume to use in climbing Pike's peak.

In 1868 an avalanche came down the mountains, filling the valley with snow and improved farm property as far as the main entrance of the Hotel Jerome. All that saved Aspen was that she was not present at the time. Aspen is a beautiful city, but the air is so rarefied that a tenderfoot gasps like a dying sucker on the grassy bank.

Canyon City is also romantically situated at the entrance of Grand canyon. It has everything that heart could wish except more tourists. Hot and cold springs, with or without mineral in them, are ready for the invalid who craves a new kind of water to sozzle in.

There is one spring which was famous for its healing powers centuries ago, and the Indians came from all over North America to bathe in it and show off their new clothes.

The proprietor wishes me to say that since then the springs have been entirely refitted with fresh towels, combs, brushes and soap. The change is noticeable and agreeable.

I cannot do justice to the Royal gorge, which is near Canyon City and named after the lunch counter at Omaha. My pen falters.

I quote from a livery stable man of Canyon City.

"The Royal gorge! Whatever there is in the grand canyons to surpass the other canyons of the Rocky Mountains, whatever there is to put the Swiss 'Via Mala' in the shade, is found in the first five miles that lie west of Canyon City. Here is where the cliffs are vertical and where rays of sunlight never enter. This abysmal chasm ranks with the Niagara and the Yosemite, among the greatest wonders of America. No words can enable the imagination to realize the stupendous and gloomy grandeur of the scene. It is as if the Almighty in his wrath had riven the mountains asunder to make a sepulchre for the sun, and the ancient sun, as the centuries roll away into the ocean of time, comes every day a little while and shines into the great abyss calmly and pensively, like a passing martyr smiling into his own grave.

"The impression which the scene makes upon the sense is uncommunicable. The abysmal grandeur thrills the soul with a subtle and anxious feeling of mysteries unfathomable, of tragedies that have wrung the breast of nature. The waters know the undiscovered secret of their mother's woes and rush in turbulent anger from the scene. Winds are born here which voice in moaning undertones through the passage of the chasm some old, transmuted grief, too sorrowful to be spoken aloud. This spectacle is a majestic lamentation in granite and may be seen from one of my carriages, costing only $2 per hour, including food for the team."

A LARGE RAT IN NYE'S DRESSING ROOM.

Much may be said of the magnificence and awful and impressive grandeur of the Royal gorge, and the wonderful power that could not only create but sever these great mountains as with a mighty sword. Much might be written of all the wonders between the Mississippi and the Golden Gate, enough to convince the most skeptical, doubting soul on earth that there was a great and good intelligence back of all accidental chemistry, glacier erasion, earthquake action, and preadamite changes—a God who created this mighty museum of never ceasing wonders and then left them all open on Sunday, so that the poor and the working men might come and see them.

I still believe that there could have been no harm in leaving the Royal gorge open on Sunday.

BILL NYE.

GIVES STRENGTH AND APPETITE.

DEAR SIRS,—Last year I was very thin and reducing very fast, owing to the bad state of my blood and appetite. A friend of mine induced me to get a bottle of B.B.B., which I did. I obtained immediate perceptible relief from it, have gained strength and appetite, and now weigh 193 pounds. M. T. MURPHY, Dorchester Bridge, Quebec, Que.

BRISBANE, March 24.—The Intercolonial postal conference has agreed to a resolution to establish a Pacific cable between Australia and Vancouver.

AMERICAN NEWS.

Southern California Agitates for Division From the North—Great Northern Traffic.

An Elopement Combine—Lockout of Clothiers—Literature for Trainmen.

NEW YORK, March 24.—The article published in the Times yesterday to the effect that the Canadian Pacific railroad is going to have an independent route into New York city through the medium of the New York Canadian Pacific railroad and the Hudson Docking Company, which, according to the story, is to build a new road from Ogdensburg via Schenectady to points on New York and Newark bays, is generally discredited by persons who, it is supposed, would know if any such scheme were contemplated. The Bank of Montreal is the financial agent of the Canadian Pacific Railroad Co., and Walter Watson, sr., manager of the bank, said he knew nothing of the alleged scheme and did not believe there was anything in the story.

ST. PAUL, March 24.—A new movement is being inaugurated by the Great Northern in establishing libraries for the benefit of trainsmen at the division points of Havre and Kalispell, Mont., and Wenatchee, Wash. Reading rooms will be opened and the books can be drawn out by the men and read while on their long runs. Upon the cover of each volume on the railroad system is marked, "Return Quick," so that the books may be kept in lively circulation. The books were given by the boys and girls of Pratt's high school, Brooklyn.

SAN DIEGO, March 24.—An effort is being made here to create a state division sentiment, and a petition is in circulation for a non-partisan organization. It reads: "We, the undersigned citizens of San Diego, believing that the interest of all California demand that the state be divided, and a new state, to be known as South California, be added to the glorious sisterhood of states, hereby call upon good citizens interested in the movement to bring about the above result, to meet us, at a time and place to be determined and announced in the press, for the purpose of organizing the first South California club."

ST. LOUIS, March 23.—Henry S. Barnes, accompanied by Minnie Coleman and her sister Dixie, aged 17 and 19, daughters of James W. Coleman, of Anna, Ill, sergeant-at-arms of the State Senate, arrived here last night. They were arrested on suspicion, and after a time broke down and confessed they had eloped, together with five other girls and six other young men, with the intention of going to Chicago and getting married in a bunch. In is not known where the rest of the party are. They are supposed to be part in Murphysboro, Ill., and in Chicago. The only reason given for the elopement was that things were not pleasant at home.

SPOKANE, March 23.—General Superintendent Shields of the Great Northern returned last evening, having spent several weeks along the western line of the Great Northern inspecting the track and superintending preparation of the road for the beginning of passenger business. He states that the work is now nearly completed and through passenger service between St. Paul and Seattle will probably begin the latter part of April. The track will be ready for the service about April 1, he said this morning. Some men are still employed in surfacing near the western end of the line and others are at work on the depots and tanks; the latter, however, are now nearly completed. The road will be all ready before the time originally set for the opening, which is between April 15 and April 30. The exact date has not yet been announced, but will be decided in St. Paul.

BETHANY, W. Va., March 24.—Several miles above here in Pennsylvania, near the source of Buffalo Creek, an oil well has been opened recently. Large quantities of oil have been coming down the creek since Sunday night. The oil took fire on Sunday night at 9:30. The fire spread across the creek and started down the creek in a sheet of flame nearly seventy feet high. Soon Bethany was in a semi-circle of flame, and the creek looked like a serpent of fire nearly two miles long. A dense smoke which almost suffocated the people of Bethany rose, and at the end of two hours every road was blockaded. Wagons containing country people came in for miles to see the fire, which lasted twenty-four hours. The water in the creek was nearly boiling when the fire was gone, and when it had sufficiently cooled more than 100 students and part of the faculty of Bethany college went in bathing.

CHICAGO, March 24.—W. F. Weed, part owner of the Chicago Graphic, was instantly killed by a falling brick this evening. He was passing the Phœnix building when a brick was dropped from the tenth story by a workman. It struck Mr. Weed squarely on the head, crushing his skull.

SEATTLE, March 24.—E. O. Graves, president of the National bank, reported by the afternoon dispatches to be the accepted candidate for appointment as Treasurer of the United States, in an interview to-day said that he had received no private dispatches to corroborate the rumor and knew no more about his possible appointment than the dispatch stated.

NEW YORK, March 24.—Chauncey M. Depew, being asked regarding the story of the project to give the Canadian Pacific entrance into New York, he said: "It is a Jules Verne story; a piece of fine fiction, and comes up periodically. There is no truth in the story saying that any traffic arrangements have been made between the Canadian Pacific and the New York Central.

PORTLAND, Me., March 24.—The steamship Alcides of the Donaldson line arrived at this port this afternoon from Glasgow. She brings the news that the bark Louis is now either adrift or at the bottom of the ocean. The Alcides left Glasgow on March 11. On Sunday, March 19, a hurricane was encountered. This lasted until the afternoon of the next day, when the bark Louis was sighted flying signals of distress. The bark was in a sinking condition, and the crew were on deck waving signals for help. This was in north latitude 43, N. 19 S, and west longitude 52 N. 53 S., about 25 miles east of the banks of Newfoundland. A lifeboat was launched from the Alcides and the crew of ten men, rescued. Capt. Semb, of the wrecked bark, says that on March 18th a terrific gale was encountered. A hole was stove in the Louis' port bow and the hatches floated off into the sea. At 5 o'clock the decks began to split and the bark went over upon her beam ends. The captain ordered the crew to cut away masts. The signals of distress were hoisted on the upper deck, where the crew had assembled. The provisions, consisting of three pounds of corned beef, had been consumed, when the cook was ordered to put upon the spit the ship's cat. The cat was therefore eaten. The crew will be sent back to Norway.

BOSTON, March 24.—Gratton T. Nutter, widely known to railroad men as "George" Nutter, died yesterday, aged 82. He was the conductor of the heavy Grand Trunk train that tested the strength of the Niagara Falls bridge on its completion.

NEW YORK, March 24.—Bradstreet's tomorrow will say: "There is a fair filling-in demand in Ontario. Matters are generally quiet, while collections show that renewals are being asked from wholesalers in the Province of Quebec where not expected. Bad roads and the weather have checked remittances. General trade is not quite up to the season's average. Nova Scotia's legislature is discussing a law to prevent preferential assignments. The lumber cut on the Upper St. John, N. B., has been heavy, but may not all be gotten out. The bank clearings at Toronto, Hamilton, Montreal and Halifax aggregate $20,280,000 this week, one half of one per cent. more than last week, and 20 per cent. more than in the third week of March, 1892. There are 30 business failures reported from Canada this week, against 38 last week, 42 in the same week one year ago, and 41 two years ago.

NEW YORK, March 24.—The United garment workers, at a meeting last evening in Beethoven hall, decided to reject the terms of the Manufacturers' association, which were to the effect that their agreement should contain a clause stating that no preference should be shown union men. This means war to the knife and the clothing manufacturers' association has decided to lock out all union men on Saturday unless the agreement is ratified this evening.

WEARIED WASHINGTON.

NEW YORK, March 25.—Senator Squire of Washington, in an interview to-day, says that he has become weary of the way in which Congress of the past half-dozen years had treated the far Western state in the matter of appropriations for public surveys. "The amount," said the Senator, "has always been insufficient for the best interests, not only of the state, but of the country, for if the survey of the public lands could be made as they should be the development of the commonwealth in which they are situated would be more rapid and solid and in various ways according to their industrial pursuits, agricultural, mining, etc., the states would repay tenfold to the national treasury, the sum expended on development. Senator Squire said it was neither fair nor just to the settlers of these lands to withhold the means of obtaining possession of them as permanent property, after inducing them to take temporary possession for the purpose of developing the country in the interest of the general government. "As a specimen brick," said Mr. Squire, "the current appropriation by the last Congress is fully $200,000 less than the actual cost of the service.

$25,000 IN REWARDS.

Seventh Half-Yearly Literary Competition of The Canadian Agriculturist.

In accordance with their usual custom for some years past, the publishers of that old and reliable publication, The Canadian Agriculturist, now present its 7th Great Half-Yearly Literary Competition for the winter of 1893, to the people of the United States and Canada. The following is the prize list:

1st Grand Prize	.....	$2,500 in Gold
2nd "	.....	1,000 in Gold
3rd "	.....	500 in Gold
4th "	.....	250 in Gold
5th "	.....	100 in Gold

5,000 Elegant Silver Tea Services Pianos, Organs, Gold Watches, &c., &c., making a total of over 10,000 prizes.

HOW TO SECURE A PRIZE.—Take a few sheets of paper and make all the words you can out of letters contained in the words, "COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION," and send them to us, enclosing one dollar for six months subscription to the Agriculturist or the Ladies' Home Magazine—two of the best home monthlies in the world.

RULES—1. Foreign words no allowed. 2. Letters cannot be used oftener than they appear in the two words, "Columbian Exposition." 3. Names of places and persons barred.

All lists containing over 100 correct words will receive a valuable special prize. Send postal card for list of prize winners in former competitions. Address,

THE AGRICULTURIST PUB. CO., ja29-su-wk Peterborough, Canada.

WARNING.

Notice is hereby given that all parties are warned against trespassing or purchasing any part of the lands comprised in the following pre-emption records on Campbell River or Duncan's Bay about the so called town of Duluth, as all the following parties or persons purchasing therefrom are trespassers. We are informed that some of these persons have had a portion of the land surveyed as townsite and are endeavoring to impose the lots on the public:

Name.	No. of P.R.	Date.	Acr'e.
F. Nurms	222	4th Sep. 1889	160
M. Phipps	176	17th Dec 1889	160
A. J. Galergno	514	7th Oct. 1891	160
Brown & Crawford	558	7th Dec. 1891	320
John McKenzie	587	4th Jan. 1892	160
Campbell & Smith	608	20th Feb. 1892	320
J. M. Leigh	660	6th June 1892	160

THE MACLAREN ROSS LUMBER Company, Limited. mc3

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer who will send me their EXPRESS and P.O. address. T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 186 ADELAIDE ST., WEST, TORONTO, ONT. se13-1y-w

NOTICE.

The partnership heretofore existing under the name of Reid & Johnston, of Quesnelle Mouth, district of Cariboo, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. All accounts due the late firm are to be paid to James Reid, who will assume all liabilities of the same.

JAMES REID. W. A. JOHNSTON.

Witness, GEO. B. CLARKE. ja30-1m-d&w

NOTICE.

I will leave for Toquart Harbor and Alberni about the end of the month.

Surveys taken by contract or otherwise.

WILLIAM E. DEVEREUX, mc25 sa-tu-th C. E., P. L. S.

FOR SALE—In Comox district, a farm of 113 acres, well fenced, and 30 acres under cultivation. Apply to James Clark, Comox. ja27-1m-w

WANTED—Teacher for the Hornby Island Public School. Apply at once to Geo. Heatherbell, Hornby Island. fe28-7t-1t-6tw