The Weekly News.

SEVENTH YEAR. CUMBERLAND, B. C. SATURDAY APRIL 1st, 1899

To CLEAR OUT my present stock

I will CUT PRICES IN HALVES

SUITS from $16.00 up.

PANTS $4.00 up.

I am not advertising something I have not got. CALL AND LOOK IN.

P. DUNNE.

THE OLD RELIABLE FIRM OF

M. W. WAITT & CO.

60 Government St., - - Victoria, B. C.

Sole Agents For

Heintzman
Nordheimer
Dominion
Wormwith
Jewett and
Bell

Pianos.

ESTEY
DOMINION
and BELL.

Organs

Terms to suit the Purchaser.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE.

C. H. TARBELL

Dealer in

Stoves and Tinware

Plumbing and general Sheetiron work

PROMPTLY DONE

Agent for the

Celebrated Gurney Souvenir Stoves and Ranges

Manufacturer of the

New Air-tight heaters

Esquimalt & Nanaimo Ry.

TIME TABLE EFFECTIVE NOV. 19TH, 1898.

VICTORIA TO WELLINGTON.

No. 2 Daily. A.M.		No. 4 Saturday. A.M.
De. 9:00	Victoria	De. 3:00
" 9:30	Goldstream	" 3:29
" 10:19	Shawnigan Lake	" 4.14
" 10:58	Duncans	4:45
P.M.		P.M.
" 12:30	Nanaimo	6:06
Ar. 12:45	Wellington	Ar. 6 20

WELLINGTON TO VICTORIA.

No. 1 Daily. A.M.		No. 3 Saturday. A.M.
De. 8:25	Wellington	De. 3:10
" 8:46	Nanaimo	" 3:23
" 10:04	Duncans	" 4:37
" 10:42	Shawnigan Lake	" 5:08
" 11:33	Goldstream	" 5.59
Ar. 12 00 M.	Victoria	Ar. 6 25 P.M.

Reduced rates to and from all points on Saturdays and Sundays good to return Monday.

For rates and all information apply at Company's Offices.

A. DUNSMUIR, PRESIDENT. GEO. L. COURTNEY, Traffic Manager.

To find the gear of any bicycle, multiply diameter of rear wheel by the number of teeth in large sprocket, and divide the product by number of teeth in rear sprocket.

HOTEL ARRIVALS.

The following were the arrivals at the Cumberland by this week's steamer:

J. F. Whiting, Berlin, Ont.; J. M. Sparrow, Victoria; J. P. D. Malkin, Vancouver; W. E. Norris, Nanaimo; R. Curry, Nanaimo; Andrew Seater, Courtenay; J. McKim, of Fit Reform Clothing Co.

VIOLA ALLEN'S LITERARY ASPIRATIONS.

Miss Viola Allen, the "star" of Hall Caine's dramatization of his popular novel, "The Christian," has always aspired to be an author. She has said that there are to things which she would rather do than act: write a book, or be a trained nurse. She will now make her literary debut in an article which she has written for the Ladies' Home Journal, reciting and explaining fully "What the Life of an Actress Means."

Photos! Photos!

W. B. FINLEY

will be at his studio in Cumberland, on

April 3rd,

and remain ten days. This will be his

—Last Visit—

to Cumberland this season All work strictly First Class and guaranteed

Don't Miss This Opportunity.

Mr. Comb's Reply to The Islander's Last Article.

Mr. Comb thinks if he was in need of a friend there is no doubt but the Islander would be very useful to him, because without his asking any advice, it has taken great pains in showing him where he has made mistakes and also advising him to do and say certain things. Likewise it has asked him a few questions all, presumably, with good intention.

But Mr. Comb says let it be known right here in Union at any rate, that he was born free, and does not intend to be dictated to by any hucksters, slaberdashers, or remittance men and fellows of that ilk.

But miners are men that I do recognize and if any miner has any question he would like to have answered from me, if he will call at my house, he will meet with kindness, common sense, and sociability and go away satisfied, if it is within the limits of possibility to satisfy him.

It strikes me that the Islander's continued harping over an affair that Ralph Smith came up from Nanaimo to clear up, is not very flattering to that gentleman's ability as an investigator. He seems, in the Islander's opinion at least, to have been too big a jay to do even such a simple piece of business. It looks as if that paper had not much confidence in Mr. Smith's decision, when it keeps picking at the affair ever since he left.

It is a nice cowardly piece of work for a paper to insult a man day in and day out with mean insinuations that can not be hauled over in a libel suit, the editor shutting up when he is called to task, and then taking refuge behind a police magistrate instead of standing up like a man when he gets in hot water for his nasty work. The public may judge what sort of opponents I have to contend with, and I ask my fellow miners if that is treating me fairly.

JOHN COMB.

[The columns of THE NEWS are open to any person wishing to take either side in the controversies now going on in this paper. As Mr. Comb has signed his name to his letter, it is only fair to request that others sign theirs.]

CITY COUNCIL.

The council met Monday, March 27th, at 7:30 p. m. Present, Mayor Mounce, Aldermen Ryder, Robertson, Carthew, Nichol, Grant and Willard. Minutes of the last meeting read, adopted and signed.

Communications.

A letter was read from M. G. Douglas complaining of excessive scavenger charges. Laid on table to be considered later on

Accounts.

Tarbell, repairing street lamp,	$1.25
NEWS, printing tax notices	3.00
Islander, publishing municipal rate By-law Amendment,	6.50
B. C. Gazette, publishing Road Tax, and Municipal Rate Amendment and Court of Revision notice,	14.50
Gordon Murdock, sharpening tools,	2.75

Reports.

Ald. Carthew riported work on Dunsmuir Avenue was almost complete.

Clerk reported he had received the third and final government installment for Fire Company, amounting to $100.

New Business.

Scavenger charge re Douglas left to the Sanitary Committee to investigate and report at next meeting.

Board of Works was empowered to have the alley between Derwent and Dunsmuir Avenues cleaned up if necessary.

Ald. Ryder gave notice that at the next meeting he would bring in an amendment to sub-section 18 of the Trades License By-law of 1898.

Street By law was read a first time.

Board of works was instructed to investigate and report on draining the big swamp into the drain on Dunsmuir Avenue, and also ascertain what will be required for a suitable drain on Dunsmuir Avenue, from 3rd street to 5th street.

Adjourned.

News of Sloop Thistle

FIGHTING IN SAMOA.

Accident at Nanaimo.

Burglars in Vancouver.

VICTORIOUS AMERICANS.

Other Interesting Dispatches.

ENGAGEMENT NEAR MANILLA

Manilla, March 31.—Engagement this morning in front of Malolos. Casualties yesterday were four killed, and 23 wounded (Signed) OTIS.

Washington, March 31.—(Later)—Following dispatch has been received from Otis:

Manilla, 31.—McArthur captured Malolos at 10:30 this morning. The enemy retired after fighting and firing the city hall. We had quite a severe engagement beyond Mariquina—21 killed. Enemy were driven back.

FROM MONTREAL.

Montreal, March 31.—J. W. Prescott of of Vancouver has been elected Vice-President of the C. W. A.

SALE OF CANNERY.

Vancouver, March 31.—The Hockey Cannery has been transferred to the Canadian Packing Company. The price was $4,000.

THE NOVA SCOTIA LEGISLATURE.

Halifax, N. S. March 31.—The Nova Scotia Legislature prorogued this afternoon. Three hundred bills were introduced during the session of eight weeks.

FIGHT TO A FINISH.

Nancouver, March 31.—Two expressmen fought with bare knuckles at False Creek yesterday, to settle an old grudge. There were 15 witnesses. The men were badly used up at the end of the fight.

BURGLARY IN VANCOUVER.

Vancouver, March 31.—Residents of Mr. and Mrs. Ryan of Hastings Street was broken into by burglars last night, and a large quantity of wedding presents, including some fine diamonds, were stolen.

MURDERERS CAUGHT.

Winnipeg, March 31.—An Elkhorn dispatch says, that Allan and his companion, who murdered J. Ryan at Crambrook three days ago, were captured to-day while attempting to cross the boundary line into the United States.

GAZETTED APPOINTMENT.

Victoria, March 31.—Yesterday's Gazette contains notice of R. E. Hanson's appointment to be Superintendent of Victoria Reformatory.

SPRING ASSIZES.

Victoria, March 31.—By authority of the Legislature of last session the Government has arranged an assize schedule for spring as follows: Victoria, April 11; New Westminster, April 12; Vancouver, April 14; Nanaimo, April 18; Vernon, April 20; Kamloops, April 25; Nelson, 30.

THE SLOOP THISTLE.

Victoria, Mar. 3d.—The story from Nanaimo of sloop Thistle is doubted by many of those familiar with northern coast and its people. Sergant Langly is among these. He says that when he was up north this month, Ford and his two sister, and another man came into Alert Bay. They went ashore and remained a few days. Then Ford went north as pilot on some passing boat. The remainder of the party went on from Alert Bay to Fort Rupert intending to witness the big potlatch. There they were to await the return of their brother. The sloop was at Ft. Rupert when Langly left there on the 9th, and in his opinion they will be heard from in the near future.

MOVEMENTS OF THE WARSHIPS.

Victoria, March 31.—The pay off of the Imperieuse takes place to-morrow morning, and the flagship will sail home later in the day. She will be escorted out to sea by the Phaeton, Amphion, Egeria and the other vessels now at Esquimalt. It is expected the Warspite will arrive here some time in May.

SUDDEN DEATH.

Nanaimo, March 31.—Miss Harriet Trevellyn was stricken with paralysis last night from which she died an hour later.

FROM SPAIN.

Madrid, March 31.—The official Gazette to-day publishes a letter establishing a credit of 13,656,500 (pestas) for the papment of the Cuban debt.

BURGLARS AT WESTMINSTER.

New Westminster, March 31.—An enterprising burglar cracked Brackman & Kerr's safe here some time during last night. He secured about $75 and a gold medal won at Midwinter Fair at San Francisco. No papers were taken. No clue to the thief.

QUICK LOADING.

Nanaimo, March 31.—Steamer Minneola completed taking in her cargo of 3,200 tons of coal at the new Vancouver Coal Company's docks in 11 hours, being three hours less than the previous re ords.

SERIOUS ACCIDENT.

Nanaimo, 31.—W. Cook, a bridgeman, employed at Extension Mine, had his arm broken in two places yesterday by falling from a bridge. He was taken to Victoria for treatment.

MURDERER SENTENCED.

London, March 31.—Peg Legged Brown, the negro who murdered Constable Towby some months ago, was yesterday sentenced to be hanged on May 17.

THE YANKEES TIRED OF THEM.

London, March 31.—The Birmingham Post published a report from well informed sources, that the U. S. at beginning of Feb. proposed through Sir Julian Pauncefote that Great take over the Phillipine Islands upon certain conditions, but, it is added this feeling has altered greatly since the heavy fighting. Yet it is said beyond doubt tdat the U. S. would at one time have been very glad to exchange or otherwise disburden themselves of the permanent charge of the islands.

AMBASSADOR TO BE CHANGED.

Paris, March 31.—It is rumoured M. Cambon, French Ambassador to the United States, will shortly be replaced at Washington by some one whose family connections will help to counteract England's growing influence with America.

FIGHTING IN SAMOA.

Berlin, Germany, Mar. 31st.—American and British warships have bombarded small towns and fortifications near Apia, Samoa several villages have been destroyed. The situation is critical. Great excitement prevails. The bombardment still continues.

GOLD AT QUALICUM

Qualicum, via Naniamo, Mar. 30th.—A ledge of low grade paying ore has been been opened at Howe Lake, Big Qualicum. The owners have now bonded to Wm. Raven, an expert mining man, for a good sum. Mr. Raven says the mine is worth in the neighborhood of $50.000. This morning a team left Nanaimo loaded with a complete out-fit to commence making a wagon road to the mine. The work of developement will be pushed

PASSENGER LIST.

Per City of Nanaimo, Wednesday, March 30.—F. Hall, W. Ford, W. Crossan, J. Miller, A. Berdino, Miss Hawly, Kilpatric, G. Favario, Mrs. McQuillan, J. Hamsworth, Mrs. Greenshields, Loman, Vowell, Pe Anderson, Mr. Bloxall, P. Curry, E. James, P. McGhran, Mrs. Williams, M. Gajeswski, K. Gordon, Fisher, H. Bloomingdale, W. Malkin, J. Johnson, Mr. Vernon, J. Whiting, E. Lee, J. Fulcher, Green, Pence, Mrs. Ryder, Sparrow, Mrs. Luc W. E. Norris,

Passengers Down Friday,

J. B. Bennett, Hornby Island; W. Thor Mrs. Thorne, Boy Thorne—Victoria; Dunne, W. Shirt, L. Richardson—Nanaimo Mr. Denton, Mrs. Denton, Arthur Dent Victoria; Joe Nedd, Mrs. Bardesona, M Jeffrey, W. Morris, J. Portrey, Geo. Tu bull—Victoria. One Corean, 42 Japs two Chinese.

BRAINS OF CHILDREN.

Experiments to See How Much They May Be Exercised Safely.

How much happier the lives of the thousands of children entering schoo. would be if only women—mothers and teachers—better understood the nature and limitation of their brain cells, says the Philadelphia Inquirer. Such knowledge is to be had, as very important experiments and deductions have recently been made by scientific investigators; but it always takes an unreasonable length of time for such knowledge to become general.

After 25,000 tests by the educators in America, it has been absolutely demonstrated, for instance, that the length of time that a child six years of age can concentrate its mind does not exceed seven minutes; and that all efforts to confine its attention upon one subject beyond this limit are worse than useless. This power of concentration increases slowly; at the age of eight a child's attention may be easily held ten minutes. At the age of 12 his mind should not be riveted upon one subject longer than 17 minutes. It is, therefore, a great mistake to keep a child of this age—say at the piano, more than 15 minutes; after a change of occupation, another quarter of an hour's practice will be of incalculably more benefit than the attempt to continue work after brain and nerves have become fatigued.

Indeed, most of the inattention and restlessness of children may be explained upon the physical basis. A boy's brain, for example, undergoes a certain shrinkage at the age of 14 or 15. It actually weighs less than at the age of 12 and 13. This fact explains the carelessless, laziness and general unreasonableness of boys of this age. Statistics show that a large proportion of boys leave school at about this time. It is altogether probable that if parents and teachers realized that the proverbial lawlessness of boys of 14 merely evidenced a temporary condition of brain cells, more of them would be patiently guided through the period, to take up their studies a year or two later with renewed interest.

The same tests have conclusively proved that the brain of a child is always most active between 8.30 and 11.30 in the morning. All lessons, therefore, requiring the exercise of their reasoning power—such as arithmetic and grammar, should be at this hour. It has been further deduced that the average child, unhampered by grades and systems, may have easily mastered his arithmetic by the time he is 12 years old.

Scientists have also discovered that if the brain centers governing the motor nerves remain undeveloped until the age of 16, there is no chance whatever of any later development; which fact is a powerful argument in favor of manual training in the public schools. The majority of children are so active that they develop their own brains and nerves to a certain extent along these lines. Where they fail to do so, we get the tramp and the sloven. It is a physical impossibility to acquire skill and dexterity in any art unless the foundation has been laid in the formation of brain cells and the training of the motor nerves before the age of 16.

The Practical Electrician.

The longest span of telegraph wire in the world is in India, over the River Kistna. It is over 6,000 feet in length.

Germany has more electric street railways than any other European country. Next in order come France, England, Italy, Switzerland, Spain and Belgium.

There are 2,486 telephones in the service of the Mexican Telephone Company. The rentals in 1897-98 amounted to $121,513, and the company made net earnings in Mexico of $47,571.

In certain conditions of the atmosphere electricity is so abundant on the top of the volcano Mauna Loa in Hawaii that the English geologist Guppy found that he could trace electric letters with his fingers on his blanket.

An Austrian inventor claims to have invented an electrical apparatus by the use of which a person may sit in a dark room and look at a scene in another part of the town, regardless of corners, intervening buildings or any other obstructions. The inventor of the new instrument, which is called a "fernseher," claims that his appliance transmits light waves just as sound waves are carried over the wire by electricity.

He Managed It.

A certain wealthy man has set his nephew up in business three times, but the young man lacks something essential to success in the mercantile direction and failed with each effort. When he came with the fourth request for financial backing the uncle demurred.

"You must learn to lean on yourself," he said. "I can't carry you all your life. It would be an unkindness in me to keep supplying you with money to carry on enterprises that invariably end in failure. I'll tell you what I'll do. You owe a good deal as the result of that last 'spec.' Pitch in on your own hook and go it alone till you pay those debts off. When you've done that, I'll give you a check for all they amount to. Such an experience would do you more good than all the money I could give you now."

Three months later the nephew walked in with every claim receipted in full, and the uncle was delighted as he gave the promised cheque.

"That's something like it now, and I warrant you feel all the better for the hard training. How did you manage, Tom?"

"Borrowed the money, uncle."

Now the old gentleman is telling every one that there is the making of a great financier in his nephew.—Tit-Bits.

A Question of Locality.

"I'll tell you one thing," said Madpop to his long suffering wife, "if Willy does not behave himself, I'll give him the worst spanking he ever had. He'll get it in the neck."

"Do be serious, my dear," replied Mrs. Madpop. "The neck is no place on which to spank a child."—Harper's Bazar.

REV. DR. SCADDING.

Long and Honorable Life of the Ex-President of the York Pioneers—Author of Many Books.

Rev. Dr. Scadding, the president of the York Pioneers at Toronto, recently resigned that office; hence a brief sketch of his long and honorable career will be as interesting as it is timely.

Rev. Henry Scadding, D.D., is the youngest son of the late John Scadding, for many years factor to Major-General Simcoe, afterwards Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada, on his estates in Devonshire, England. He was born at Dunkeswell, Devonshire, July 29, 1813. In 1821 he joined his parents in Canada. He received his early education at Upper Canada College, where he was head boy of that institution in the first year of its existence, 1830. In 1833 he was appointed a King's scholar, which enabled him to obtain a free course at an English university. He proceeded to St. John's College, Cambridge. While there he shared in the influence resulting from two movements, which were then causing a good deal of stir in the minds of young and old. These were the revival of reality in church life and usage consequent on a renewed examination of church records and documents anterior to the division with East and West, and the Brougham movement in behalf of less antiquated methods of education and the diffusion of useful knowledge among all classes.

Graduating B.A., in 1837, he returned to Canada in 1838 to become at once a busy pioneer in the promotion of learning in both its branches, first as a teacher of youth in the institution where he had himself formerly been trained, and, second, as organizer and incumbent of the first free church in Toronto, now known as Holy Trinity.

After many years of labor in these two posts, he was compelled by a threatened breakdown of physical powers to retire into comparative privacy. He had gained his M.A. in 1840. On revisiting Cambridge in 1852 he received the degree of D.D., at Oxford.

Dr. Scadding was for some years editor of the Journal of the Canadian Institute, Toronto, contributing to its pages many important papers on philology, numismatics and Canadian and aboriginal archaeology.

His "Toronto of Old, or Collections and Recolections of the Early Settlement

REV. DR. SCADDING.

of Canadian Life in Ontario," first appeared in successive numbers of the Journal, as did, subsequently, his annotated edition of D. W. Smith's "First Gazetteer of the Province of Upper Canada." His "Four Decades of York, Upper Canada" formed the first part of Dent's memorial volume, entitled "Toronto, Past and Present," 1884. He also edited with G. M. Adam another memorial volume in 1891, entitled "Toronto, Old and New, Historical, Descriptive and Pictorial," designed to mark the 100th anniversary of the passing by the British Parliament of the Constitutional Act of 1791.

Of his other writings the best known are "Shakespeare, the Seer, the Interpreter," 1864; "Truth's Resurrections," 1865; "The First Bishop of Toronto, a Review and a Study," 1868; "A Memoir of King's College, Toronto," 1887; "Early Pioneer Life in Canada;" "Some Lapsed Names in Local Nomenclature," 1897; "Sennecas's Prophecy and Its Fulfillment;" "A Memorial of A.D. 1897, the four hundredth anniversary of the sighting of the Northeast Coast of North America by John and Sebastian Cabot, Sailing Under a Commission from Henry the Seventh, King of England."

Dr. Scadding was elected president of the Canadian Institute in 1870, retaining that office up to 1876. He was one of the founders of the York Pioneers, and first president of that body. He is also honorary president of the Pioneer and Historical Society of Ontario. In 1885, in acknowledgment of his literary services he was awarded the Confederation Medal by the Governor General in-Council.

He married August, 1841, Harriet Eugenia, eldest daughter of John S. Baldwin, Toronto. Mrs. Scadding died in 1843.

The Czar's Home Life.

A French newspaper publishes a description of the home life of the Czar and Czarina, which, it says, is very simple. The Czar, it appears, often remains at his desk until late at night, and frequently receives his counselors and Ministers at midnight; but, the paper adds, they rarely find him alone, as the Czarina is generally seated beside him, embroidering or sewing. When a stranger appears, she picks up her scissors and spools and prepares to leave the room. The Emperor thereupon begs her not to go, but to remain with him, and the Czarina silently returns to her seat, puts her thimble on her finger and resumes work with her needle, while her husband discusses affairs of state

Occasion For Haste.

"I am the wrong man," protested the wretched creature they were getting ready to hang.

The chairman of the vigilantes was clearly assailed with misgivings.

"Hurry!" he exclaimed, addressing those who were coming with the rope. "It may prove that the fellow speaks truly after all."—Detroit Journal.

A VISTA OF STYLES.

The Modish Petticoat—Quaint Capes and Useful Traveling Gowns.

How strongly marked out at present is the unmodish woman by her petticoat! The trained skirt no longer permits the undergarment to be lost to sight, and it were better for the wearer of a mediocre petticoat that she had never been lured to consider the fashionable requirement of a trained skirt. And yet a skirt without a train is coming to have an appearance hardly as it should be, a like sensation being uttermost in our minds when some immaculate perfection is raised to show a short uncompromising petticoat of moreen. Even one of silk, fashioned with a skimped piped flounce, strikes a discordant note of taste and incompleteness. Undeniably petticoats are a power in the land, and those of extravagant elaboration are likely to remain master of the situation so long as skirts are raised and until such time as we shall find some alternative possessing equal joys.

For the moment at least our petticoats must be long, full, profusely decked with lace and of daring combination or delicate colorings, so with impunity we may raise our trailing flimsy skirts as high as fancy prompts. And this proceeding on the whole presents more pleasing results than when the skirt is clutched with decision low down and dragged around the figure until it more resembles a winding sheet than a sartorial triumph.

The shape of the newest cape has been compared to that of a large shawl folded three cornered and rounded off. Its rounded fronts slope gradually to a good depth at the back, with an effect which seems to relegate the garment to bygone days or the exclusive use of the few "old ladies" who have not found the fountain of perpetual youth. Neverthe-

THE NEW AUTUMN CAPE.

less it is a model decreed by fashion for early autumn wear, especially in fawn or pale gray, lined with satin of a paler tint, but corresponding shade. A lovely cloak copied from the one here shown has been made in very pale fawn cloth, lined with shot glace silk in light fawn and blue and trimmed with passementerie in tones of golden brown and gold, dotted here and there with turquoise cabochons. The frill is cut on the bias and is very stylish if lined with the shot silk.

For evening wear this cape is charming in white broche satin, with frill to match, and either trimmed with pearl and gold passementerie or ruching arranged in vandyke fashion, as shown. Arm slings or straps are cut in a curve to fit the edge of the cape and are of glace silk, interlined with canvas.

For the late summer and early autumn our wardrobes will be replenished with gowns of some slight substance, and voile, cashmere and the lighter makes of serge are all desirable fabrics. As these will be worn in the country, by the sea or on touring trips, the trimming should not be of a too perishable description. Braid of the military or tubular kind is admirable in black or cream, and the white linen braids are very generally used. There are also combinations of braid and gimp which are very effective, or lines of braid, satin ribbon or narrow ribbon velvet can be overlaid at intervals with applique motifs of lace braid or guipure to simulate an embroidered border.

The fancy for gray remains unmitigated, and for the round of autumn visits many gray cashmere gowns are being prepared.

Perugini drew the line at poker, and Mr. Robert Quimby of West Virginia demands a divorce because she ate onions. Have wives no rights? Is this a free country?—New York Journal.

If there is anything that will hurry up the laying of the Hawaiian cable, it will be the anxiety of the campaign managers to know how Honolulu goes in a presidential year.—Chicago News.

According to expert authorities, the regular police of Havana are better than the American police. If the United States can learn anything about police regulations from Havana, the war will not have been in vain.—Kansas City Star.

Secretary Day thinks that we may have a peace treaty to serve up with the Thanksgiving turkey—a happy forecast, which the country ardently hopes will prove a true one. No more welcome sauce could be added to the feast.—New York Tribune.

WAS SURELY INSANE.

Signs That at Once Betrayed the Mysterious Traveler.

The electric car clanged merrily along on its way up the avenue. The crowd of happy, contented people in the car seemed at ease with the world, while the motorman peered anxiously into the future in the hope of striking something. Even on the gay lit streets the people looking in the shop windows seemed to have caught the contagion of good spirits. Not a cloud was to be seen in the clear autumn sky of evening. Myriads of stars sparkled and glittered in the heavens.

But within that brilliantly lighted car bowling merrily along the gaily illuminated boulevard there was one who seemed apart from all the rest, as though separated by some invisible barrier.

He was a man still young in years, clean shaven, yet bearing an indefinable stamp that seemed immediately to make him stand out from all the rest. Women would have called him handsome, but even women would have feared him, for there was something about the lines of his finely chiseled lips that told of a fierce determination in his character.

The awe of his presence spread to the laughing crowds on the seat opposite. Young schoolgirls, out for an evening's car ride, hushed their laughing and spoke in a subdued tone whenever he looked in their direction. Men looked at him and frowned. Others regarded him curiously. Even the conductor, when he took up his fare, made haste in getting away from the mysterious man who seemed to pervade the street car with such a strange influence.

"Do you suppose the man is insane?" queried one of the two young women in the far corner.

"Very likely," replied the other sadly, "and what a shame for such a good looking young man! Yet the fact seems to be established beyond a doubt. He has ridden five blocks in a street car without crossing his legs."—Washington Post.

Finished.

His daughter had just returned from the young ladies' finishing school at Boston.

She found him in his library with bills for gowns and other educational matters piled high in front of him.

Beside the bills lay his pocketbook.

The bills were all receipted.

He picked up the pocketbook and sighed.

"Alas," he said, "I know now why they call it a finishing school."

The pocketbook was empty. The last bill for $118 for lessons on the guitar had finished it.—Chicago Post.

Force of Habit.

Now he laid his heart at her feet.

"Darling, be"—

"Stop!" she cried, with imperious gesture.

The flood of his passionate words was staid.

"Repeat that last sentence but one!" commanded the regal woman, for, after all, she was his typewriter, and the force of the habit is strong.—Detroit Journal.

Sharp Enough at Times.

Foreigner—I am told that you Americans are very gullible.

Host—Well, we are easily taken in on woolly horses, white elephants, plans for extracting gold from sea water, stuffed mermaids and such things, but I just tell you we can't be fooled by any of these officeholders who say they don't want a renomination.—New York Weekly.

A Threat Fulfilled.

"Ere the dawn of another day," solemnly asseverated the man with coal black eyes and cruel white teeth, "you will be numbered with the dead."

His victims shuddered, but as they had already bought tickets for Brooklyn there was nothing left for them to do but board the train.—New York Journal.

The Humorist's Jest.

"And was there any humidity that day?" asked the exchange editor.

"Humidity!" exclaimed the humorous editor. "It was one of those days when everything sticks but the mucilage!"—Yonkers Statesman.

Sporting Play.

"This new play, 'Cyrano de Bergerac,' seems to be a sporting production."

"Why?"

"It has won by a nose."—Philadelphia North American.

No Competition.

"Young Boobykins is awfully stuck on himself."

"Well, he had a good chance to select his location. Nobody was ahead of him."—Chicago Tribune.

The Cheerful Idiot.

"Hobson seems to be the hero of the period," said the lady boarder.

"I thought the Colon was all he was after," said the cheerful idiot.—Indianapolis Journal.

Instruction of Youth.

Bobby—Popper, what is a protectorate?

Mr. Ferry—It is the receivership idea applied on a larger scale.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Hard on the Gentler Sex.

There is much of the slave and the tyrant hidden in the nature of woman. Thus woman is not yet capable of friendship, but only of love.

In the love of woman is injustice and blindness to all that she does not love.

There are two things a true man likes—danger and play. He likes woman because she is the most dangerous of playthings.

A man should be reared for the vocation of a warrior; a woman for the recreation of the warrior. All else is rubbish.

A woman's principle of honor is to love more than she is loved, so as not to be second.

In any game where love or hate is not at stake women play a mediocre part.

All women behind their personal vanity cherish an impersonal contempt for woman.

As a rule, a mother loves herself in her son more than the son himself.

The chief danger that besets artists of genius lies in woman. The worshiping woman is their ruin. Hardly one has character enough to resist his ruin when he finds himself treated like a god. Man is a coward in face of the ewig weibliche, and no one knows it better than the small woman.

Women indulge in literature as they commit a little sin, glancing round to see if any one is looking—i. e., to attract attention.—Henry Nietzsche in Academy.

The Minnow Trap.

The minnow trap used for catching minnows for bait is of glass, shaped like a jar or a bottle without a neck and of a capacity of six or eight quarts. The bottom of the trap rises in a cone, like the bottom of a champagne bottle, but instead of being solid the top of the cone is cut off, making an opening in the trap. The top of the trap has over it a metal cap on a hinge. The cap is perforated with a number of holes to permit of the circulation of water through the trap.

The minnow trap is slung horizontally in a wire holder, which has a handle on top, to which a rope is made fast. Suitable bait to attract minnows is placed in the trap, which is then lowered into the water. The cone with the opening at the inner end in the bottom is in effect like the opening into an eel or fish trap. It is easy for the minnows to get through it into the trap in search of the bait, but hard for them to get out. When the trap has been raised, the captured minnows are got out by opening the cap at the other end of the trap.—New York Sun.

Women Guides In Berlin.

A Berlin paper thus speaks of the women guides employed in that city:

"They are partly elderly, partly middle aged ladies, with a certain amount of knowledge of the world, some acquaintance with languages and an assured and amiable demeanor, to whose care lone female travelers or the lady traveling parties recently imported from Scandinavia and America intrust themselves. Most of these resolute persons are Russians or Austrians."

CONSUMPTION.

What a Well-Known Medical Journal Says About This King of Disease.

"This is essentially an age of scientific progress. Science and invention go hand in hand. "Thanks to a distinguished chemist consumption "is robbed of its terrors, deprived of its destructiveness, and this insidious disease can first be "relieved and then cured. But to accomplish a "cure that is final and effective there must be "constant persistency in treatment and right "living. The sufferer must take the right medi"cal relief, rightly administered. By the labor, "skill and research of an eminent chemist, T. A. "Slocum, consumption can be both relieved and "cured."—Medical Tribune.

Three free sample bottles of the Slocum Cure will be sent to any sufferer from consumption, lung or throat troubles or general debility. Name, address and express office are sent to The T. A. Slocum Chemical Co., Limited, 177 King street west, Toronto, Ont. This is a genuine offer, and if the reader is—or knows a friend who is—a sufferer, send at once for the free samples and mention this paper.

Modified Views.

Mr. Nocash (hotly)—It's a shame, an outrage, a menace to American institutions, for one man to have $1,000,000! Think of the harm he can do with it! Think of the power he wields!

Mr. Fortymillion—That's so. I guess I'll have to change my will. Having no relatives, I had concluded to divide my wealth among my friends and acquaintances, and as I left you a million"—

Mr. Nocash—Um—er—a good deal depends on the man, you know.—New York Weekly.

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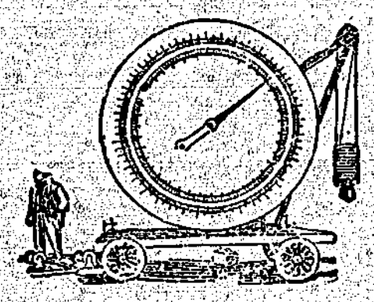
A FINE INSTRUMENT.

SO DELICATE THAT IT MEASURES THE THOUSANDTH PART OF A SECOND.

It Is the Work of That Nestor of Berlin Watchmakers, F. L. Loebner—A Novel Chronometer With a Dial Ten Feet in Diameter—Human Eye Cannot Follow Recording Hand.

The merit of having first constructed precision chronometers for the measurement of one-hundredths of a second falls to the Nestor of Berlin watchmakers, F. L. Loebner. His instruments have been adopted by shipping masters all over the world. His greatest triumph, however, in the matter of recording infinitely small periods of time is his new apparatus for the exact measurement of one-thousandth parts of a second. This novel chronometer has an immense dial of almost ten feet in diameter mounted upon a transportable platform. The dial shows two concentric rings, of which the outer is divided into 360 degrees and the inner circle into 200 degrees. The hand is five feet long and is turned by the mechanism of the clockwork at the rate of five times per second around the dial, so that each degree of the inner dial actually represents one-thousandth part of a second. A special arrangement makes it possible to have the hand turn only once or three times around the dial within a second, the values of the degrees being then correspondingly changed.

The sudden stopping of the hand, which turns at an enormous rate of speed, its point traveling at the rate of 150 feet a second, or 100 miles an hour, would absolutely destroy the works. On the other hand, the human eye cannot follow the turning of the hand, and in order to establish the exact measurement photography had to be resorted to. An auxiliary apparatus consisting of 12 photographic cameras has been arranged in front of the big dial. These cameras are open opposite the dial and before



TRIUMPH OF A CLOCKMAKER.

them a disk with a very thin slit at a point passing the 12 cameras in turn rotates at the rate of 20 times per second. Twelve pictures of the position of the hand are therefore taken within the period of one twentieth of a second, each showing the exact position of the hand on the dial. With this apparatus it is possible to photograph and measure the initial velocity of projectiles, the velocity of fall of small or large objects, the details of the destructive effects, when exploding mines or high explosives, etc. It is possible to take with this apparatus 2,880 pictures per second.

Grand Master of Chinese Free Masons.

Gong Hoar of Baltimore, grand master of the Chinese Free Masons of America, is an unusual type of Chinaman. He stands over six feet in height, dresses in the latest American fashion and is minus his queue, thus precluding his return to the land of the rising sun. He is well educated, speaks the English language fairly well, and talks in an entertaining manner.

The Chinamen claim that their organization, while not recognized by the English Masons, has a history of centuries,

GONG HOAR.

reaching as far back, at least, as the English order has authentic history. It is said that if the Masons' claim is true that their order originated in the days of King Solomon, there has been plenty of time for offshoots to be thoroughly established in such places as the depths of China and the wilds of Africa, where explorers have found societies which bear a marked resemblance to the Free Masonry of to-day. The Chinese order is not affiliated with or recognized by the white-skinned Masons, though the ban of slave birth which hurt the negro does not have any effect in the case of the yellow-skinned wearers of the badge of the compass and square.

Jacqueminot Red.

The heart of a jacqueminot rose is as beautiful a piece of living color as may be imagined. The tint of these deep, rich, rose petals has suggested the new red which will be seen in millinery as soon as the season fairly opens. Devoid of the garish yellow reflections of scarlet, brick and other "hard" reds, jacqueminot has shadows deep bluish in tone, a wonderfully deep rose color. It is generally a becoming hue.

A "Courting Bench."

One of the London District Councils has just had a prolonged debate as to the removal of a certain public bench at Bournemouth. The bench was known as "the courting bench." It was decided that courting in public is a nuisance and the bench is to be taken away.

MY FIRST SWEETHEART.

She was the fairest, bonniest lass
 That mortal ever knew.
The rose's blush was on her cheeks,
 Her eyes had caught the blue
Of June time skies. Around her head
 Bright, golden ringlets danced,
And when my sweetheart smiled on me
 I felt my heart entranced.

I found her sitting 'neath the trees
 One glorious day in May.
The breezes with her dancing curls
 Were merrily at play.
I looked at her with steadfast gaze.
 She turned her eyes on me.
They brimmed with love. Our warm lips met
 In kisses one, two, three.

That day was years and years ago,
 But I can ne'er forget
My first sweetheart's bewitching eyes,
 And, oh, I love her yet
As fervently as in those days
 When first on me she smiled!
And she loves me, I know it, for
 I am her only child.

—Thomas B. Holmes in Ladies' Home Journal.

A SOCIETY CRAZE.

The Hon. Leila Cavendish was selling buttonhole bouquets at the bazaar got up for St. Simeon's church. She encountered Sir Felix Trebotham loitering at the entrance of the palmist's tent.

"Are you going to have your hand told?" she asked.

"Yes, I shall at 5 o'clock, when my respected aunt has quitted these premises."

"It is a perfect craze of society," said Leila scornfully. "Every person I know has had theirs told, and if it is good they believe it, and if not they don't. I suppose there may be something in it. Can't be all guesswork. Do you believe in it?"

"I do implicitly."

"No, really? Would you believe whatever they told you concerning your future?"

"Of course."

"And if they told you to do something would you obey?"

"How can you doubt it?"

His face was grave, and Leila did not observe the satirical emphasis which accompanied his words. She moved away and had ample leisure to consider an adventurous plot which persistently haunted her mind and would not be driven away.

Sir Felix's name had been coupled so often with that of Leila Cavendish that she had considered him as quite her personal property. But of late he had shown a most stupid tendency to admire that silly, painted little Dot Elliott-Sturt, and Leila really could not think of allowing that. At a few minutes to 5 she discarded her flower tray and moved slowly but with a determined step toward the palmist's tent, where Sir Felix had quitted his stand to escort his aunt to her carriage. Another moment of hesitation, and then Leila drew aside the silken curtain and swept in.

The palmist was attired in a long crimson domino, with a long black mask, and was apparently about to leave the tent by a second opening to enjoy her well earned rest and tea. On seeing Leila she turned back and scanned with deep interest the curious, imperious face.

"I wish," said the fair intruder, breaking silence with difficulty—"I wish you would let me wear your cloak and mask for a few minutes, only a very short time. You have already told my hand, and said I should play for a great stake. You were right; I am playing it now. Only you can help me by lending me this disguise for a small experiment I wish to make. I will give you plenty of money for this charity if you will consent to my request. Look! This is half for the bazaar and half for yourself." She held out her hand, and several goldpieces glittered against the white palm as it touched the astonished palmist's fingers.

"I cannot," she began falteringly, while her eyes rested covetously on the shining coins.

"You can, must and will," said Leila imperatively. "It is only for a few minutes I want these things. Do, do give them me!"

By alternate determination and persuasion the self willed girl got her own way, and the reluctant palmist retired and stood close against the tent outside, determined to hear what would be the result of this strange whim. Leila softly stole to the curtain, pulled it aside and said sweetly: "You needn't wait. Thank you. I am all right now."

"I—my—my dress was caught," murmured the other, quaking.

"Your dress was caught? Oh, I fancied it was you who were caught!"

The palmist departed hurriedly, and Leila watched her vanish before she returned to don the crimson robe and mask, hiding her hat carefully away from sight.

Five o'clock rang out in sonorous peals from the bells of St. Simeon's steeple, and Sir Felix was punctual to the minute. He pulled aside the curtains and came in with an air of awkwardness and defiance, feeling and looking like a guilty person caught in a foolish act.

Leila assumed a low, gentle voice, and, seating herself on one of the palmist's easy chairs, drew another close beside her for Sir Felix.

"You wish to know your past, present and future?" she questioned.

"Yes, if you please."

"Come and sit here, and I will do my best to enlighten you."

He obeyed, and held out two well marked palms for her inspection. Leila gently took hold of one hand to draw it nearer, and Sir Felix started away as if there was something disturbing or thrilling in her touch.

"You are generous, obstinate and impulsive," said the fair deceiver. "You act on first motives, and seldom alter your opinion."

"Do I?"

"You have a long line of life, unbroken by any illness or serious trouble. Your life, apparently, will be a smooth and happy one."

"That's good!"

"You are a lover of order and like to see everything in its correct place."

"Well, yes, I'm fairly tidy," said Sir Felix, stroking his hair back and instinctively settling his cravat.

"You lost a near relative when you were—not very old," said Leila, wondering how long ago it was since Lady Trebotham died.

"You are quite correct."

"And you have had a narrow escape from death by drowning, I think," continued Leila, thinking of a hairbreadth adventure on Lake Como which he had told her of at Major Guinness' dinner party.

"Right again," said Sir Felix, looking up at the black mask, which bent from his gaze and leaned attentively over his outstretched hands.

"You have had several lov affairs," murmured Leila. "You are engrossed in a very important one now."

"Oh, am I?"

"Yes."

"This is rather embarrassing."

"I must reveal what I see in your hand."

Sir Felix wished he had not con in and writhed helplessly as Leila continued calmly, "From what I can tell your affection is returned."

"And what is this mysterious 'she' like?"

"She is dark and of noble family. I should imagine by this peculiar line that she has a title." (He mustn't think it's that horrible Dot.)

Leila's heart beat fast as she watched his face change and the color flush hotly to his cheek.

"You will be married this year and live a very happy life," she ventured nervously.

"That sounds rather like the ending of a fairy tale," said Sir Felix with an incredulous and rather contemptuous smile.

"But it is true, or will be if you do not hesitate. Your fate must be decided speedily."

"You are right; it must."

"Lose no time in settling and securing a happy destiny."

"Right again; I will not."

"It is a habit of yours to procrastinate—a bad habit that must be mended. If not, I will not answer for the consequences—I mean," said Leila hastily, "I cannot read them."

Sir Felix meditated, curling his mustache in some perplexity.

"It must be Leila," he murmured half unconsciously, and it was well that the velvet mask hid those burning cheeks.

"It may be," she said, "but I am no thought reader. I only tell you the lines of your hand, where the voice of the past, the present and the future is turned into a picture, visible to our eyes only. I cannot tell if the ideal of your thoughts is the same person whose destiny seems interwoven so strongly with your own life. Now, sir, I must request you to make room for others. I can tell you no more."

Sir Felix rose, dropped his coins on the table and left just as the real palmist raised the outer curtain and entered her tent.

"You may have your robe back," said Leila, and cast off the cloak from her shoulders. The owner resumed it and glanced with secret curiosity at the trembling fingers which seemed loath to remove the mask, so slowly were the black ribbons untied and the guise doffed. Leila put on her hat and quitted the tent, outwardly quite calm and self possessed. She avoided a rencontre with Sir Felix, and resumed her old stand at the flower stall.

A friend who owned that region of lovely but unsalable wares remarked that she looked rather white and weary. "You have been working too hard, Miss Cavendish."

"Yes," assented Leila, with an odd little smile. "I have been working hard, very hard."

"And have you made a lot?"

"Well, I don't quite know yet, you see, but—but I hope I have been successful. Good night, Mr. Hamilton; the carriage will be waiting for me by this time. No, Captain White, you are not to come with me. How is the wonderful bran tub to get on without you?"

Sir Felix was standing by the door as Leila came out flinging a light cape around her shoulders, and he hastened forward to tuck her fur rug warmly over her skirts and gallantly kissed the scented fingers which tried to evade his grasp.

"Well, Miss Cavendish, did you have your fortune told by the palmist?"

"Yes, I did; wasn't it foolishly insane of me? And you?"

"I also had my future fate revealed," he answered gravely.

Leila laughed uneasily, and took a swift survey of his unreadable face.

"Have you been ordered to fulfill any task—to embark on any venture?"

"Yes, I have."

"I am fearfully curious, but do tell me, shall you obey?"

"No, I think not. The fact is I have lost an ideal today."

"What do you mean?"

He gave a signal to the coachman to drive on, and then bent hurriedly toward her, saying quietly, "Take my advice, Miss Leila; next time you play at palmistry remove your pearl ring!"—Madame.

Didn't Measure Them.

Isaac Bromley once ran "against a snag" while lecturing in Litchfield county, Conn. As I recall the story, he was lecturing before a local institute upon the subject of a trip he had recently made to California and the Yosemite valley, winding up with a beautiful description of the Bridal Veil falls, which so charm all who visit them.

As he took his seat he was surprised to see the gentleman who had presided over the meeting step forward and say, "In accordance with our usual custom, we will now be glad to hear any questions that the lecturer may be desired to answer in relation to the subject upon which he has been talking."

At this a tall, redheaded man rose in the audience and with a rasping voice said, "I would like to ask of the lecturer the exact height of the Bridal Veil." Bromley, who had expected nothing of this kind, and was never strong in details as to figures, was entirely taken by surprise, but gave no sign thereof as he rose and advanced to the front of the platform and coolly answered, "I did not measure them, but as nearly as I can remember the exact height is 361 feet 9½ inches." No further questions were asked of that lecturer.—New Haven Register.

No Cause For Jealousies Now.

"Let's see," said the Spanish premier, "there was considerable competition among the powers as to who should get the Chinese loan a year ago!"

"There was, O worshipful sire!" replied a government attache.

"Well, ahem! Don't you think it would be well to inform them that—er—er—Spain can accommodate them all?"—Up to Date.

A Just Rebuke.

A curious story is just now going the round, and so it must not pass this paper. A few days ago a well known chimney sweep, who was on his way back from the Isle of Wight in a first class compartment, was surprised to hear a gentlemanly dressed man seated opposite speak to him.

"You have the advantage of me, sir," said the sweeper gentleman.

"Oh, I'm General ——, one of the members of the club opposite your crossing."

"The mischief you are," thundered the civilian, "and you dare to accost a public official traveling incognito. I shall certainly report your insolence to the club committee," whereupon the conversation went no further, but the general is said to have resigned from the club.—Pick Me Up.

From His Point of View.

"Did you see the story of that fellow with only $800 who succeeded in failing for $80,000?"

"Sure."

"What do you think of it?"

"Well, I wouldn't like to do it myself, but I would like to be able to do it."

Truly, a man who is able to fail for such a sum under such circumstances ought to be able to make a pretty good living without failing.—Chicago Post.

Sufficient Justification.

Sibyl—It's no use denying it, Maud. It was too dark for me to see who it was, but I distinctly saw some young man kiss you in the garden. I'm ashamed of you.

Maud—I don't see why you should be. I've often seen George kiss you.

Sibyl (engaged to George)—Yes, but I allow nobody but George to kiss me.

Maud—Well, it was nobody but George who kissed me.—Tit-Bits.

Something In a Name After All.

Money Lender—I must have something to certify to your financial standing before I can favor you with this loan.

Rolingbroke—Er—ah—will a marriage certificate do?—Philadelphia North American.

Great Idea.

"I've got a splendid system for preventing these numerous fatal accidents caused by deer hunters shooting each other."

"What is it?"

"Let only one man hunt at a time."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Touch.

Hargreaves—Do you understand the plan of advancing naval officers certain numbers?

Wallace—A little. Why?

"I was wondering if you could advance me five."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Doubtless.

Browne—Everybody has some favorite ejaculation. Now, my word is "gracious!"

Towne—So I have noticed, and I understand that your wife's word is "law!"—Brooklyn Life.

The Class Conflict.

"Pa, who are the classes?"

"The classes, my son, are those who ride the same make of wheel that I do."

"And who are the masses?"

"Those who ride the other styles."—Up to Date.

A Song of Pie.

Oh, sing of the close where the pie plant grows
 In luxuriance wild and free,
And pumpkin pies of monstrous size
 Hang ripe on the pumpkin tree,
Where the "lemon cream" like a fresh baked dream
 Glows white in the noonday glare,
And the "custards" cold, with their hearts of gold,
 Shed fragrance on the air!

Oh, sing of the land where the mince trees stand
 With their branches spreading wide
And laden low with nuts of dough
 And wondrous things inside—
Rich remnants of the foods we love
 When in their proper sphere;
Beefsteaks and stew and things we knew
 In corn beef hash last year!

Oh, sing of the time in a happy clime
 When the pie tree's fruit shall fall
With ease and grace in the open face
 At no expense at all!
Ah, then indeed will the heartless greed
 Of the lunchroom keeper fail,
And our tongues will spurn mince pies that burn
 And crusts that make us wail!

—Chicago Record.

HORSES AND DRIVERS.

St. Croix, Jr., winner in the 2:15 class at Lewiston, Me., wore 4½ ounce shoes forward in this race.

Now it is said that the stallion Morey, supposed to be by Slander, is in reality Amber, 2:18¼, by Alcyone.

The trotter Lentolus, 2:15, by Pactolus, has a boil on his hind leg that has bothered him all summer.

When he took his record of 2:12½ at the recent meeting at Toledo, the pacer Pendulum moved like clockwork.

The California 3-year-old, Dr. Frasse, 2:18½, by Iran Alto, has gone lame and may not start again this year.

In commenting on Silvanway's performance at Quarter Oak park a horseman said that the bay filly scored at least 17 quarters during the race.

In a recent letter to a friend in Pendleton, Or., Frank Frazier said, "If Chehalis did not wear hopples, I could get $20,000 for him." But he wears them.

Last season the gray pacing gelding Bullmont, 2:09¾, placed the track record of New Platz, N. Y., at 2:15½. This season, at the recent races, he cut it to 2:13¼.

In the third heat of the 2:26 trot at the Kenton (O.) meeting Walter B. owned by William Bryant, Fredericks-town, O., fell and broke his neck. The gelding had won the first two heats.

The performance of Searchlight at Rigby park is still more noteworthy when his trip from Cleveland to Portland, back to Dubuque, Ia., and again back to Boston is taken into consideration.

The black stallion Del Norte, 2:08, is a big success as a guideless wonder, and Sept. 11 paced a mile at Independence, Or., in 2:04¾, which equals the world's record, made by the late Marion Mills, at this style of going.—Horseman.

FRILLS OF FASHION.

Cyrano is one of the newest colors. It is a rich ruby and becoming alike to dark and fair.

Grace loving Frenchwomen declare that the fad for flounced skirts has gone too far and that they have never approved of the fashion.

In spite of efforts to abolish them the full drooping waists continue, some of the finest imported models having this style running almost to an extreme.

The popularity of velvet for wraps and gowns this winter is already assured. This will be good news, for it is a fabric that is universally becoming.

Parisian manufacturers are turning out epaulets with fringes hanging to the waist, and deep flounces of fringe are being woven to hang from the knees to the hem of the skirt.

A dainty tea jacket is made of accordion plaited liberty silk, which falls unconfined back and front from a square shirred yoke of the same material. The plaited sleeves reach only to the elbow.

Striped piques, with miniature flowers between the stripes, are being largely employed for single and double breasted vests, as well as for those showing no opening, to be worn with tailor made gowns. Vests are also fashioned of bandana handkerchiefs, the effect being striking under a dark coat.

The ordinary foulard nearly covered with a white design has been extremely fashionable this season, but for early autumn wear satin foulard in the most exquisite new tints, with small white or cream designs, is taking its place. The satin foulard is far richer looking than the other and wears twice as well.—New York Sun.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

The finest shops in a Chinese city are those devoted to the sale of coffins.

Australian rabbit skins are being converted into sealskins for the American market.

Pet dogs in London wear chamois shoes when in the house to protect polished floors from scratches.

Eight churches have stood on the site of St. Paul's cathedral, London. The first one was built in the year 223.

The average number of horses killed in Spanish bullfights every year exceeds 5,000, while from 1,000 to 1,200 bulls are sacrificed.

When packing away light silk gowns, do not use white tissue paper, for it is bleached by chloride of lime and will spoil the color of the silk.

Corsets must not be worn by Russian young women attending high schools, universities and music and art schools, according to a recent decree of the new minister of education. They are to be encouraged to wear the national costume.

Paper floors for dwelling houses are coming into use in Germany. They are formed of several thicknesses of stout paper, dampened, pasted and rolled. They have no crevices or joints to harbor dust or vermin and are yielding to the feet.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

The office never has to seek the man on pay day.

Some dogs are pointers and some are disappointers.

THE NEWS.

Mary E. Bissett Editor.

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SATURDAY, APRIL 1st. 1899

THE EDUCATION QUESTION.

A matter that is attracting some interest throughout the Province already, and which will probably give rise to considerable discussion in the near future, is the cost of our educational system. Some of the provincial papers clamor wildly for a reduction, pointing to the low grant for education in Nova Scotia as compared with the sum yearly expended to maintain the schools of B. C. They seem to forget the very important fact that since the cost of living is proportionately lower, salaries of teachers in N. S. are, say roughly, about half what they are out here.

In this proposal to economize in the education department two things should be borne in mind: The first is that the salary of $50 per month, now paid to country teachers ought not to be reduced. The second is, that the cost of education should not be lessened at the expense of quality.

In regard to the first, it is plain to anyone at all familiar with the conditions obtaining in this Province, that for a person who has to pay say $20 for board, and maintain a respectable appearance in society, $50 per month is a bare living wage. Some persons hold that other classes of men work harder, and earn less than teachers. To the first part of this objection it may be replied that people who have had no experience teaching, are not qualified to opine whether it is hard work or not. If one does his best in this calling, as in any other, it is hard work. As to the second part, it must be remembered that teaching requires the skill acquired by long study. It is not for the drawing of a plan the architect is paid hundreds of dollars. It is for the KNOWING HOW.

As regards cheapness at the expense of the quality of education, we all know that if men and women of ability cannot make as much teaching as in other professions, they will not continue to teach. The almighty dollar influences them as well as the rest of mankind The result will be that good teachers—the only ones that should be allowed inside our schools—will be replaced by know-nothings, crammed to pass examinations—the kind who, with blissful ignorance of the Queen's English, use 'them' for 'those,' 'is' for 'are,' etc. It is bad enough to have a few of that description in charge of schools already. (If the teachers in some of the high schools not a thousand miles away spent more time instilling an intelligent knowledge of the national tongue into their pupils, instead of lecturing on all the 'ologies under the sun and, as a result, making them mental Jacks of all trades and masters of none, the number of 'raw' graduates, who sally forth to teach school—more or less—would be considerably reduced.)

While it is impossible under present conditions to lower salaries of country teachers, we might very properly inquire why the salaries of their city brethern should be so much higher. Where a teacher of superior education is needed, it is well to pay him accordingly. But why should teachers who have the same class of work to do, receive more in a city than in the country? For, after all, the cost of living is hardly, if at all, greater.

One respect in which we might copy from the Nova Scotia school system is in regard to the manner in which money is raised for school purposes. Here, the Provincial Government pays all, while in the eastern province most of the teachers' salary is paid by direct taxation levied on the property holders of the school district. This method considerably lightens the Government's burden, while the fact of having to pay out cash directly makes the rate-payers take more interest in the schools. (Sometimes rate-payers take a little too much interest in the schools. But of two evils choose the less.)

This outline covers to a certain extent the questions raised so far concerning the educational system of B. C. There are others, the discussion of which by the Provincial press might be of some benefit to the public, and we hope that the big city papers will take notice of subject so important to all.

TENDERS.

Tenders will be received by the undersigned up till WEDNESDAY the 5TH of April for the erection of a cottage in the village of Courtenay. Plans and specifications may be had upon application. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

H. P. MILLARD.

Courtenay, March 27, 1899.

CORPORATION OF THE CITY OF CUMBERLAND COURT OF REVISION.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Court of Revision for the purpose of hearing all complaints against the assessment of 1899, as made by the Assessor of the City of Cumberland, will be held at the Council Chambers, City Hall, on Monday the 3rd day of April, A. D. 1899, at 10 o'clock a. m.

By order,

L. W. NUNNS,
C. M. C.

Cumberland, B. C.
28th, February 1899.

If the devil should lose his tail, where could he get the loss repaired?

Where they re-tail bad spirits.

Mr. Dooley on Aguinaldo

"Well, sir," said Mr. Dooley, "it looks now as if they was nothing f'r me young frind Aggynaldoo to do but time. Like as not a year fr,m now he'll be in jail, like Napoleon, th' impror iv th' Fr-rinch, was in his day, an' Mike th' Burglar an' other pathrites. That's what comes iv bein' a pathrite too long. 'Tis a good job whin they'se nawthin' else to do, 'tis not th' thing to wurruk overtime at. 'Tis a sort iv out-iv-dure spoort that ye shud engage in durin' the summer vacation, but whin a man carries it on durin' business hours people begin to get down on him, an' after awhile they're ready to hang him to get him out iv th' way. As Hogan says, 'Th' las' thing that happens to a pathrite he's a scoundhrel.'

"Las' summer there wasn't a warmer pathrite anywhere in our imperyal dominions thin this same Aggynaldoo. I was with him mesilf. Says I: 'They's a good coon,' I say, 'an' when the blessin's iv civilization has been extinded to his beloved counthry an',' I says, 'they put up intarnal rivinue officers an' post offices,' I says, 'we'll give him a good job as a letter carrier,' I says, 'where he wont have annything to do,' I says, 'but walk,' I says.

"An' so th' Consul at Ding Dong, th' man that r-run that ind iv th' war, he says to Aggynaldoo, 'Go,' he says, 'where glory waits ye,' he says. 'Go an' sthrike a blow,' he says, 'f'r y're counthry,,' he says. 'Go' he says, 'I'll stay, but you go,' he says. 'They'se nawthin' in sthayin' an' ye might get hold iv a tyrannical wath or pocketbook down beyant,' he says. An' off wint th' brave pathrite to do his jooty. He done it, too. Whin Cousin George was pastin' th' former hated Castiles, who was it stood on th' shore sheotin his bow-an'-arrow into th' sky but Aggynaldoo? Whin me frind Gin'ral Merrit was ladin' a gallant charge again blank cartredges, who was it ranged his noble ar-army iv pathrites behind him f'r to see that no wan attackted him fr'm th' sea but Aggynaldoo? He was a good man thin—a good noisy man.

"Th' throbble was he didn't know whin to knock off. He didn't hear th' th' wurruk-bell callin him to come in fr'm playin' ball an' get down to business. Says me Cousin George: 'Aggynaldso, me buck,' he says, 'th' war is over,' he says, 'an' we've settlec down to th' ol' game,' he says. 'They're no more heroes. All iv thim has gone to wurruck f'r th' magazines. They're no more pathrites,' he says. 'They've got ?obs as gov'nors or ar-re lookin' f'r thim or annything else,' he says. 'All th' prom'nint saviors iv their counthry,' he says, 'but mesilf,' he says, 'is busy preparin' their defuse,' he says. 'I have no defuse,' he says, 'but I'm where they can't reach me,' he sez. 'Th' spoort is all out iv th' job an' if ye don't come in an' jine th' t'llin' masses iv wage wurrukers,' he says, 'ye wont even have th' credit iv bein' licked in a gloryous vicktry,' he says. 'So to th' wood pile with ye,' he say, 'f'r ye can't go on cillybratin' th' Foorth iv July without bein' took up f'r disordhly conduct,' he says.

'An' Aggynaldoo doesn't understand it. An' he gathers his archery club ar-round him an' says he: 'Fellow pathrites,' he says, 'we've been betrayed,' he says. 'We're been sold out without,' he say, 'gettin' th' usual commission,' he says. 'We're still heroes,' he say, 'an' our pitchers is in th' pa-papers,' he says. 'Go in,' he says, 'an' sthrike a blow at th' gay deceivers,' he says. 'I'll sell ye're lives dear,' he says. An' th' Archery club wint in. Th' pathrites wint up again a band iv Kansas sojers, that was wanst heroes befure they larned th' hay-foot-sthraw-foot, an' is now arnin' th' wages iv a good harvest hand all th' year ar-round an' 'd rather fight than ate th' ar-rmy beef, an' ye know what happened. Some iv th' poor divvles iv heroes is liberated from th' cares iv life, an' the r-rest iv thim is up in trees an' wishin' they was home smokin' a good seegar with mother.

"An' all this because Aggynaldoo didn't hear th' whistle blow. He thought th' boom was still on in th' hero business. If he'd come in ye'd be hearin' that James Haitch Aggynaldoo had been appinted foorth-class postmaster at Hootchy-Kootchy, but now th' nex' ye know iv him 'll be on the blotter at th' polis station: 'James Haitch Aggynaldoo, Alias Pompydoor Jim, charged with carryin' concealed weepins an' raysistin' an' officer.' Pathritism always dies whin ye establish a polis foorce."

"Well," said Mr. Hennessy, "I'm kind iv sorry f'r th' la-ads with th' bows-an'-arrows. Maybe they think they're pathrites."

"Divvle th' bit iv difference it makes what they think, so long as we don't think so," said Mr. Dooley. "It's what Father Kelly calls a case iv mayhem et chew 'em. That's Latin, Hinnessy, an' it manes what's wan man's food is another man's pizen."

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Courtenay B. C.

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Visiting Brothers cordially requested to attend.

R. S. McConnell,
Secretary.

Cumberland Encampment.
No. 6, I. O. O. F., Union.

Meets every alternate Wednesdays of each month at 7:30 o'clock p.m. Visiting Brethren cordially invited to attend.

CHAS. WHYTE, Scribe.

I O O. F.

Union Lodge, No. 11, meets every Friday night at 8 o'clock. Visiting brethren cordially invited to attend.

F. A. ANLEY, R. S.

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

W. E. Norris, Sec'y

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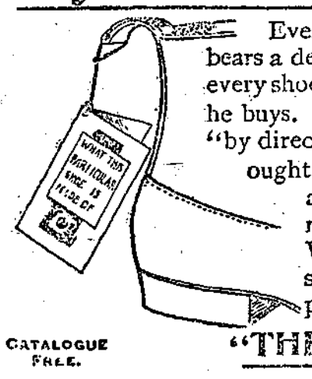

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"THE SLATER SHOE."

MAKERS — MONTREAL.

Simon Leiser, Sole Local Agent.

...Farmers' Institute.. Papers.

Preparation of Soil for Crop.

Paper Read at Comox Farmers' Institute.

The plant in growing obtains its chief nutriment from the soil; therefore we must prepare the soil in such a manner that the roots, through which the plant is fed, may penetrate it and assimilate the ingredients necessary to the plant's growth.

Air, moisture and food, are essential to the thrifty growth of plants. If air is excluded from the soil most plants soon perish. If moisture is deficient the growth will be stunted, as will likewise be the case if there is a lack of food. I shall leave to others the task of describing the kind of food necessary to the good growth of grains, vegetables and fruit trees, and the best manner of furnishing to the soil the ingredients that may be lacking, to occupy myself with the subject of the immediate preparation of soil for planting.

Before the soil is ready for planting, it must be turned over, to give additional plant food; pulverized, so that the air and moisture may reach the roots, and rendered mellow, so that the roots may easily penetrate it. Hence, the prime importance of the proper preparation of soil for planting.

The first thing to be considered is the plowing or digging up of the land, by which the surface is turned over and with it whatever has been growing on it. The surface soil, exhausted by the preceding crop, is put under and fresh soil brought to the top. This is one of the reasons for plowing, and, to be effective, the furrows must be run to a depth of seven or eight inches. Furrow of three or four inches in depth would give no addititional plant food; the grasses and weeds, instead of being buried so that by decomposing they would afford nourishment to the new plants, would remain so near the surface that they would soon begin to grow again and choke them. In sod land, especially, the furrow should not be more than 10 inches or so, wide—the narrower the sods the easier they will be broken by the harrow, and the more quickly they will decompose.

I also consider plowing as a supplement to drainage. Wherever there is a sag in a field, unless it is well underdrained the water will accumulate in it and delay the sowing of the whole field—and the question of early sowing is of vital importance to us on account of our early fall rains. Therefore, the ground should be levelled before plowing. To act as drains, the furrows should follow the inclination of the land. If plowing is done across the inclination the surface water (of which we have a large quantity to contend with) instead of finding an easy flow under the sod, will saturate the whole plowed surface, and even over-flow it in many instances. Experience teaches us that a field well plowed will dry quicker than one which is badly plowed, or not plowed at all. I am speaking here of heavy land which is apt to be saturated with water, for in light and porous soil the surface water will always drain soon enough.

After plowing the land should remain a few days without being touched, so as to allow the air to penetrate it, dry and warm it; to the same end, fall or winter plowed land should be cultivated or harrowed at least three or four days before planting. Shortly after plowing we find that the water, which was saturating the ground, leaves the surface and finds its way to the bottom of the furrows.

Never sow when the surface is saturated with water, and, especially, never harrow your grain in when the ground is wet. Harrowing to cover the seed being the last cultivating we give the land for grain crop, the soil should be left well crumbled and mellow so that air and warmth may reach the grain and make it germinate. If the land is harrowed wet, it will not pulverize, the surface will remain clogged, perhaps become sour, and when the dry weather sets in will bake—and we all know what kind of crop we reap from baked ground.

In growing corn and roots we cultivate the ground again and again while the crop is growing. And why? To keep the soil mellow so as to allow the capillarity of the ground to have full play and draw the moisture. In growing grain there is no after cultivation, hence the necessity of leaving the soil mellow and well pulverized for it to receive the seed.

Cheese Making

BY MR. HORACE SMITH.

Read Before the Comox Farmers' Institute, March 23rd, 1897

As your Secretary has done me the honor of requesting me to read a paper on the process of cheese-making in the midland counties of England. I have much pleasure in giving you my small experience in the matter, experience gained partly by observation and partly from the personal experience of the wife of the farmer who had one of the best dairies in our neighborhood.

Derbyshire, Cheshire, Leicestershire, and Staffordshire are all of them more or less dairying counties with rich and fertile farm lands, well watered and highly cultivated, which would send to our warehouses, Midland Station, Derby, on an average from 1,500 to 2,000 tons a year. Some of this cheese was brought from the factories, of which there were about six, but the most of our trade lay amongst the farmers in the counties I have mentioned. About the factory method of making cheese I cannot say much, but I imagine it was made on much the same principle as the home-made article, only of course on a much larger scale, and the labor lightened by the use of machinery.

On the smaller farms, the farmers' wives made the cheese, but a good dairymaid was always in great request, and could command almost any wages. The appliances for the work were, a few years ago, very simple. A large brass receptacle for the milk, which was called the cheese kettle; a small wooden ladder to lay across the kettle on which the curd was placed to drain. A wooden mould about 16 inches in diameter and six in depth with holes at the bottom to allow the whey to escape—called in Derbyshire the vat; then a tin of zinc band to be placed round the cheese while in the press, called the garth; plenty of good strong cheese cloth and a few small wooden pegs; the cheese press, and a room with boarded floor (kept at an even temperature) in which to ripen the cheese.

The milk from 15 to 20 cows would be sufficient to make an average Derbyshire cheese, that is, five to the hundred weight, as they reckon about a gallon of milk to one pound of cheese, but this of course depends upon the quality of the milk. As soon as the milk is brought from the cows it is emptied into the brass kettle, about one egg cup full of rennet is added to it and stirred gently for two or three minutes, then allowed to stand from one to two hours. I once heard a farmer's wife suggest, that if the milk did not turn in that time, a bottle of warm water, placed in the middle would greatly facilitate the process. We will suppose that now the kettle is full of a creamy, quivering, delicate curd, which the dairymaid breaks up with her hands into small, snowy, floating fragments, which, allowed to stand a few minutes will sink to the bottom of the kettle, and some of the whey may be drawn off now, and with the assistance of a small wooden bowl held in the hand the curd is gently collected into one mass which is placed in the cheese vat previously lined with a good sized piece of cloth. The cloth is folded tightly over the curd, a board placed on the top, and sometimes the cheese-maker kneels on the board and presses out the whey, or weights can be used for the same puepose, and in that case let them remain on for about 20 minutes. Take a sharp knife and pare the curd, place the pairings on the top, fold tightly again and press. (Continue this three or four times until the curd seems dry.) Now empty the curd on the board, cut into quarters and break up into very small pieces—in some farm houses they use a curd grinder. Place the curd again in the vat, fold as before and press and until the whey ceases to drop from it. Pare for the last time, turn the cheese upside down, put the parings on the top and the garth around it, and then place it in the press until night. Take it out, turn it, prick it about 20 times with a small wooden peg and leave it in the press until morning. Rub salt well all over it, and salt every morning for four or five days—turning it each day. Wash it in warm water, dry well with a cloth, place on a wooden floor and turn every morning. Some people mix a little salt in the curd.

All farmers in our neighborhood put up whey in large tubs, and skimming the cream off after 24 hours would make extremely good butter.

With the advent of machinery vanishes the white armed goddess of the churn and cheese tub. The pretty picture of Hetty Payne in the dim, cool dairy, skimming the yellow cream or moulding the golden butter with fair deft fingers, are things of the past, and no doubt some of these scientific butter and cheese-makers will tell you that what we lose in poetry and old-word romance we gain in flavor and quality. Alas, "sic transit gloria mundi."

SELECTION FROM Y'S NOTES.

You ask for contribution on the subject "What can the Y's do to improve the *Children?" —a very pertinent inquiry.*

One of our duties as Y's is to try to promote temperance in others. Such efforts will be far more successful with children than with adults. Children are more easily impressed—for evil as well as for good. The 10 years of a child's life, between 5 and 15, determine very largely his character for the future. If parents, and all adults who have to do with children, only convinced of this, what a difference there would be in the treatment of children!

Might we not hope to see at least as great anxiety concerning the mental food, and what we may call the food of character, as is shown concerning the food of the body? Many a parent and older sister or brother would be greatly ashamed and very much worried if little Johnnie or Sissy did not did not get any supper or wore a soiled and torn garment. But these people give scarcely a thought as to whether Johnnie has proper playmates, whether he is guarded against opportunities of learning evil from the vile conversations of men who are drunk, and the more degraded who indulge in such language while sober, and who may be seen loafing around road corners after night fall and on Sundays. What a strange valuation of things! How the really important things that determine whether the child is to live a useful and good life or be a miserable failure, are little thought of and comparatively trival matters absorb the attention and care!

You can never make up to a child for the absence of kind and careful moral training, the want of all the surroundings that help to make a good character. Money can not do it. Money is as nothing in comparison with a noble life. Nor will the education of the schools and colleges do. Of what use would the finest education be to a person devoid of good moral character? It would only make him more dangerous to society.

What then can we, the Y's members, do to help the children? Very much. We can help to make home pleasant for them so that they will grow up with the belief that home is the best place on earth, and that their sisters and brothers and other stayers-at-home are their best chums. Then they, will scorn the idea of going to places, where, to say the least, they learn nothing to their advantage, to have a good time.

We can foster in children a taste for good reading. We can get the old folks, and others in authority, to see that the children have good companions, that they are not out after night unless they know where, and that that place is all right for them.

In many other ways best known to each of us we can make it easier for children to attain that end so difficult to reach—that of being good and useful members of society. I say difficult, for it is far easier to go downward than to rise. And there are so many young lives ruined, largely, through the want of such care as have been urged.

HEARD FROM.

Many persons, especially his creditors, will remember a certain foreign gentleman who took his departure from Cumberland two weeks ago. Few men have the power, as that man possesses it, of gethering an audience to whom he would narrate his most wonderful experiences. He had traveled into regions heretofore untrodden by a white man. Gold and precious stones he had gathered. The experiences of Louis de Rougemont were even inferior to those of Riegert. Many years ago this wonderful man left France where, to relate his story, he left in the banks gold and silver, consols and other documents of marked value. Just before he left he had, so he said, received advice that his money and valuables would be here very very soon. In fact, he had arranged with a provincial bank for the exchange.

He is gone and his powers of doing things out of the ordinary have also gone and are in evidence elsewhere. We have heard that he has passed cheques among our American cousins in Seattle and Tacoma. The only trouble abont these cheques is the want of funds to meet them, therefore they were protested.

BETTER FUEL THAN COAL.

A newly discovered mineral which is of a lustrous black color and which as a fuel surpasses coal and all other substances heretofore known, is described by the Journal of Geology. It is found on the island of Barbadoes in the Lesser Antilles, where the natives call it "manjak." It is thought that manjak is petrified petroleum, great quantities of petroleum being found on the same island. It contains only 2 per cent of water and fully 27 per cent of solid organic matter, thus surpassing in utility the best asphalt of Trinidad, in which 30 per cent of water is contained, and which has been classed so far as the very finest fuel. Mixed with turf it gives heat far superior to any known.

CORPORATION OF THE CITY OF CUMBERLAND.

Amendment to Clause Two of the Municipal Road Tax By-law 1898.

The aforesaid tax shall be due and payable to the Collector for the Corporation of the City of Cumberland, at his office within the said Corporation, on and after the second day of January 1899.

Read the first time the 30th da of Jan.
" " second " " 13th " " Feb.
" " third " " 27th " " "

Reconsidered and finally passed 27th day of Feb. 1899.

LEWIS MOUNCE,
MAYOR.
LAWRENCE NUNNS,
CITY CLERK.

COURTENAY Directory.

COURTENAY HOUSE, A. H. McCallum, Proprietor.

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Fit-Reform clothes cost less than custom tailor-made or equal quality, because they come direct from the makers to the wearers, and a suit equal to Fit-Reform (which cost $2.50 to make by organized labor and modern appliances) costs the custom tailor $9.00 to make.

You who have worn high-grade tailor-made clothes, know values and may compare at will.

Fit-Reform contains all those fashionable details in style and material—those little niceties of fit and finish—which well-dressed men appreciate and demand.

Fit-Reform Clothes are made to compete with the best custom tailoring—at just one-half the price.

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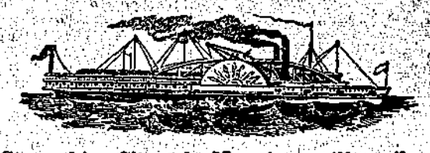

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JOHN ARTHUR'S WARD, OR THE DETECTIVE'S DAUGHTER

By the author of "A Woman's Crime," "The Missing Diamond," etc.

He looked at her with an admiration that was almost homage.

"And you will give up your own vengeance, for the sake of Olive and her happiness?"

She laughed oddly. "Not at all. I only defer it, to make it the more complete. Now, listen to what I propose to do, and see if you can suggest anything safer or better."

And then she unfolded a plan that made Clarence Vaughan start in amazement, but which, after it was fully revealed, he could not amend nor condemn. He could see no other way by which all that they had aimed at could be accomplished.

"Of course, the plan has its risks," concluded the girl. "But we could try no other scheme without incurring the same, or greater. And I believe that I shall not fail."

"I wish it were not necessary that you should undergo so much; think what it will be for you" gently.

"Oh, for me, ..." indifferently; "I shall be less of a spy, and more of an actress—that is all."

"Then I shall set the detectives at work?"

"Immediately."

"Have you any further instructions, any clue, to give them?"

"Nothing; it is to be simply a research. Neither must know to what end the information is desired. It will be better to employ your men from different Agencies, so that one may not know of the other, or his business."

"And is there nothing more I can do?"

"Nothing, for the present. When once we get these men together, we shall all have our hands full. Then you can help me, perhaps, as I suggested."

"Well," sighing, and looking at his watch, "it's a strange business, and a difficult, for a young girl like you. But we are in your hands; you are worth a thousand such as I."

"Nonsense," she said, almost, angrily. Then, abruptly, "When does Claire return to Baltimore?"

He started and flushed under her gaze. "I—I really don't know."

"Then, as my brother, I command you to know all about Claire. She is my special charge to you. And you are to tell her, from me, that I won't have her go away."

"Then I must do all in my power to detain her? Your command will have more effect than all of my prayers," he said, softly.

"Well, keep on reiterating my commands and your prayers, then; by and by she won't be able to distinguish the one from the other. What time is it?"

He smiled at the sudden change of tone and subject. "Half past nine," he said.

While the words were on his lips, Old Hagar entered.

Clearly it was time to end the interview. Doctor Vaughan must be ready for the return train, which flew cityward soon, and Celine Leroque must not be too long absent. So there were a few words more about their plans, a few courteous sentences addressed to Hagar by Doctor Vaughan, and then they separated.

The next day two men were at work—following like sleuth hounds the trail on which they were put, unraveling slowly, slowly, the webs of the past that had been spun by the two men who were to be hunted down.

And now came a time of comparative dulness at Oakley. Even eventful lives do not always pace onward to the inspiring clang of trumpet and drum. There is the bivouac and the time of rest, even though sleeping upon their arms, for all the hosts that were ever marshalled to battle

Celine Leroque found life rather more dreary than she had expected during these days of inaction. After all, it is easier to be brave than to be patient. So, in spite of her courage and her self-sacrifice, she was restless and unhappy.

And she was not alone in her restlessness. It is curious to note what diverse causes produce the same effects. Cora Arthur was restless, very restless. The fruit of her labor was in her hands, but it was vapid, tasteless, and unsatisfying. What her soul clamored for, was the opera, the contact of kindred spirits, the rush and whirl, the smoke and champagne, and giddiness of the city; the card-won gold, and painted folly that made the be-all and the end-all of life to such as she.

She did not lose sight of the usefulness she trusted to find in Celine Leroque, however. During these days of ennui and quietude, the two came to a very good understanding; not all at once, and not at all definite. Only, by degrees, Cora became convinced that Celine Leroque cherished a very laudable contempt for her would-be-girlish mistress, and that she was becoming rather weary in her service. Once, indeed, the girl had said, as if unable to restrain herself, and while dressing Mrs. Cora's yellow hair—a task which she professed to delight in:—

"Ah! madame, if only it was you who were my mistress! It is a pleasure to dress a beautiful mistress, but to be constantly at war against nature, to make an old one young—faugh! it is labor."

And Cora had been much amused and had held out suggestions that, in case of any rupture between mistress and maid, the latter should apply to her.

But if existence was a pain to Celine, and a weariness to Cora, it was anguish unutterable to Edward Percy. He would have been glad to put a long span of miles between a inamorata and himself had he not felt that, with Cora in the same house as his fair one, it were more discreet to be on the ground, and watch over his prey pretty closely. But this man, who made love to every pretty woman as a child ears bon bons, the task of wooing where his eye was not pleased, his ear was not soothed, and his vanity not in the least flattered, was intensely wearisome.

CHAPTER XXVI.

NOT A BAD DAY'S WORK.

The first thing that Doctor Vaughan did on returning from Bellair was to seek an interview with Henry, the dark servant of Lucian Davlin.

It was a mixed motive that had first prompted Henry to espouse the cause of a helpless, friendless girl; a motive composed of one part inward wrath, long nourished, against the haughty and over-exacting Lucian, and one part pity for the young girl, who, as his experienced eyes told him, was not such as were the women who had usually been entertained by his master.

He had expected to assist her to escape from the place, to enjoy his master's chagrin, and to see the matter end there. But Madeline's illness had changed the current of events, and strengthened his determination to stand her friend, if need be, more especially when Olive, pressing upon him a generous gift, had signified her wish that he should continue in Madeline's service. She had added that when he chose too leave his present master, she would see that he fell into no worse hands, for so long as the girl remained under that shelter Olive felt that the man must be their servant, not Davlin's. And, to do him justice, Henry had long since become truly attached to the two ladies.

He lost no time in responding to the summons of Doctor Vaughan, and was eager to know of the welfare of the "young lady" and Mrs. Girard. Doctor Vaughan satisfied him on this point and then said:

"I am authorized by Miss Payne to see you, and ask some questions that she thinks you may be able to answer. First, then," said the doctor, in his kindly manner, "how long have you been with your present master"

"Nearly three years, sir."

"And how long has the woman whom he calls Cora been known to you?"

"She has been known to me all that time, sir," replied Henry.

"You first saw her in company with Davlin?"

"No, sir; she came to his rooms when I had been there but a few days, and ordered me about like a countess. I didn't know the ropes then, but she made me know my duty soon enough," dryly.

"Evidently, then, she and your master were friends of long standing, even at that time?"

"Yes, sir."

"You used to hear them talk often, I suppose?"

"I used to hear parts of their talks. They seemed not to care to have even so much of a machine as I, hear them at all times."

"Now, will you try and recall some of these fragments of talk? Think if you heard them speak of their travels, together or separately; and if you can recall the names of any persons or places they have mentioned."

Henry pondered. "I think," he said, after a time, "that they have been in Europe together. In fact, I am sure of it."

Doctor Vaughan started. "Oh! that is to the point. You don't recall any time mentioned?"

"No sir. They used to talk of luck with the cards, and sometimes spoke of operas or plays, and almost disagreed. Sometimes I would hear him describing men to her, and she seemed to be getting ready for a part in some 'game' that he was trying to play."

"Very likely."

"Once I heard them having high words about some old man that she had been fleecing, and he said that she had carried the thing too far; and that if she did not keep out of the old man's way, she might get into trouble. I heard the name," putting a forefinger to his forehead and wrinkling his brows; "it was—was—Verage; 'Old Verage,' she called him."

"Verage!"

"That was the name; I am sure, sir."

Clarence took out a note-book, and made an entry.

"When did this conversation take place?" he asked.

"Not more than two months before the young lady was brought there, sir.

"Ah!" Evidently a fresh glimmer of light had been thrown on the subject. "And you heard nothing more about this old man?"

"No, sir. I think she must have gone away from town at that time, for I did not see her again, until——" here Henry seemed to catch at some new thought

"Until when" asked Doctor Vaughan, with some eagerness.

"The day before the young lady came," said Henry, in a low tone, and moving a step nearer the doctor. "Madame Cora came dashing up in a close carriage, and she wore a heavy veil. I noticed that because she was rather fond of displaying her face and hair, and I hardly ever saw her wear anything that would hide them. She came upstairs and ordered me to send a telegram, which she had already written, to my master. I sent it, and she stayed there all day. She sent me out for her meals, and I served them in the large room. She spent the most of her time in walking up and down—that was her way when she was worried or angry—and looking out between the curtains. My master answered the telegram, but when the midnight train came in, a man who went down in the country with him, a sort of tool and hanger on of his, came to me while I was waiting below, and told me to tell Mistress Cora that the train was a few minutes late."

"Stop a moment. This man, who was Davlin's companion—what was his name?"

"I never heard him called anything but 'The Professor.'"

"The Professor! And how did he look?" making another entry in the note-book.

"He was a middle-aged man, sir, not so tall as master, rather square in the shoulders, and stout built. He wore no beard, and was always smoking a pipe.

"Very good," writing rapidly. "Now, then, let us return to the lady."

"Well, sir, she was very impatient until my master came, and then they had a long talk. I heard him speak of the old man Verage again, and she seemed a little afraid, or annoyed, I don't know which. Then he seemed to be telling her of some new scheme, and there was a great deal of planning and some chaffing about her going into the country. Just at daybreak they sent me for a carriage, and she went away in it, closely veiled as before He told her he would join her without fail. I have not seen her since. That same morning he brought the beautiful young lady to his rooms, and," smiling so as to show all his white teeth, "I think you know all the rest, sir."

Clarence nodded and then appeared lost in thought. Finally, he lifted his head from the hand that had supported it, and said:

"Since your master has returned to town, how does he employ his time?"

"Very much as usual."

"And that is in——"

"Gaming."

"Is it true, Henry, that the room below your master's apartments is fitted up for private gambling?"

Henry stirred uneasily, and looked his answer.

Doctor Vaughan smiled. "I see how it is," he said. "Well, then, this man, the Professor, do you see much of him of late?"

"A great deal sir; he is very often with my master at his rooms, but they never go out together. They have had a great deal of privacy lately; something new is afoot."

"The man is a sort of decoy-duck, I fancy?"

"Yes; what the gamblers call a capper, a roper in."

"Well, Henry, I think I won't detain you longer now. Take this," putting into his hand a twenty dollar bill, "and keep your eyes and ears open. If your master leaves town, observe if the Professor disappears at the same time"

Henry expressed his gratitude and his entire willingness to keep an eye upon the doings of Mr. Davlin and the Professor, and bowed himself out, muttering as he went: "They will make it lively for my fine master before very long, and I think I am on the side that will win."

Meantime, Clarence Vaughan, quick in thought and action, was hurrying on his gloves preparatory to a sally forth on a new mission. Henry had given him a hint that might turn out of much value, for among the patients then on the young doctor's visiting list, was one Verage, old, ugly, and fabulously rich.

First of all, Clarence Vaughan called at the Agency which had been decided upon as the best one to entrust with the investigation relative to Mr. Edward Percy. He gave his man no clue to the present whereabouts of his subject, but set him back ten years or more, sending him to visit the scenes of school episode, and bidding him trace the life of the man, with the aid of such clues as he thought best to give, up to that time. Next, he visited another Agency, and placed a man upon the track of Lucian Davlin.

Then he called a carriage and drove straight to the residence of old Samuel Verage. It was early in the day for a professional visit or for a visit of any kind. Nevertheless, Doctor Vaughan was admitted without delay, to the presence of the master of the house.

Old Samuel Verage sat in his large, softly-cushioned armchair, in a gorgeously flowered dressing gown.

He was glowering over the dainty dishes which had lately contained a bountiful breakfast. Evidently he fancied that the doctor had called in anticipation of a serious morning attack, or to choke off his too greedy appetite; for he chuckled maliciously as Clarence entered the room, and greeted him with:

"Oh! You thought you were ahead of me this time, didn't you? I say, now, did you think I would be worse this morning?"

Clarence surveyed his patient with considerable amusement.

"You won't suffer from a hearty breakfast. It is the supper that you must look out for. But my call this morning was, in part, to inquire about a lady."

"About a lady! Of course, of course; go ahead; who is she?"

"That's precisely what I want to know. The fact is, my business is rather peculiar, and delicate."

The old man rubbed his hands gleefully. "Good! very good! A mystery about a woman! Come, out with it; don't be backward."

"Very well; the woman that I want to inquire about has been known as Cora Weston."

Old Verage fairly bounced out of his seat as he yelled: "Cora Weston! Where is she? What do you know about her?"

"Not quite enough, or I should not have ventured to inquire of you," said Clarence, calmly.

Old Verage tumbled into his chair again. "Then you don't know where she is?" sharply.

"What could you do if I put her in your power?"

"Lock her up in jail, if I wanted to," fiercely.

Little by little Clarence Vaughan extracted from the old man the details of the plausible scheme by which Davlin and Cora had succeeded in transferring a very considerable amount of cash from his pockets to their own. He felt elated at the result of this interview. It placed a weapon in his hands that might be wielded with telling effect when time served

"Well, you may be able to get even with her yet," he said, rising to go, after Verage had concluded his tirade; "many thanks for giving me some information. I may be able to return the compliment soon"

(To Be Continued.)

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At present their capture is no more than accidental. Porpoises are known to venture into salmon estuaries during spring flood tides, returning to salt water with the ebb, and, as an improvement on the present casual supply system, strong rope nets might be cast at the mouths of these estuaries to intercept the invaders as they leave. Probably, however, the ultimate solution will be found in the rifle and some particular cartridge, preferably fronted with soft hollow lead to flatten in the creature's ribs. It may be that even with a fatal bullet the difficulty is not ended, for it has not yet been shown whether, when fatally hit, the porpoise sinks or floats.—London Spectator.

Webster Cowed Them.

William Wetmore Story, the sculptor and poet, was one of the few men who presumed to call Lowell "Jim" to the end, and Miss Mary E Phillips, in her "Reminiscences of William Wetmore Story," tells, in Story's own words to her, the following tale of the two young men: "James Lowell and I were very angry with Webster for staying in old Tyler's cabinet, and as he was to speak in Faneuil hall on the evening of the 30th of September, 1842, we determined to go in (from the Harvard Law school) and hoot at him and show him that he had incurred our displeasure. There were 3,000 people there, and we felt sure that they would hoot with us, young as we were.

"But we reckoned without our host. Mr. Webster, beautifully dressed, stepped forward. His great eyes looked, as I shall always think, straight at me. I pulled off my hat; James pulled off his. We both became as cold as ice and as respectful as Indian coolies. I saw James turn pale; he said I was livid. And when the great creature began that most beautiful exordium, our scorn turned to deepest admiration, from an abject contempt to belief and approbation."

Strange Tastes.

One day while at Versailles during the French war Lord Odo Russell went to call on Bismarck, but found him closeted with Count Harry Arnim, who was known as the "Ape," from his fantastical ways. Before long Arnim came out, fanning himself with his handkerchief and looking as if about to choke. "Well," he gasped, "I cannot understand how Bismarck can bear that—smoking the strongest Havanas in a stuffy little room. I had to beg him to open the window."

When Russell entered the room, he found the chancellor fanning himself beside an open casement. "What strange tastes some people have!" he exclaimed. "Arnim has just been with me, and he was so overpoweringly perfumed that I had to open the window."

Don't Worry About the Editor.

The editor has a charter from the state to act as doormat for the community. He will get the paper out somehow and stand up for the town and whoop it up for you when you run for office and lie about your big footed son when he gets a $4 a week job and weep over your shriveled soul when it is released from its grasping body and smile at your wife's second marriage. Don't worry about the editor; he'll get along. The Lord only knows how—but somehow.—Exchange.

Fate.

"The die is cast!" he hissed.
No wonder he was sore. He had ordered it drop forged.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Recruit.

He goes to war with cheerful air
(He leaves behind a wife);
He'd rather risk the jaws of death
Than face the jaws of life.
—Cincinnati Enquirer.

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS

CUMBERLAND, B.C.

Conscience and Reform.

The real battle of reform is always fought out on the field of the mind and soul of the individual. The contestants are conscience on the one side and some more or less refined form of self-indulgence on the other. The self-indulgence may be anything from actual pandering to a vicious appetite to dislike to do a conspicuous and unusual thing. The first stage of reform is the awakening of conscience, which always follows the perception of wrong conditions. Conscience thus awakened imperatively demands that something must be done What? The attempt to answer that question is in the second stage. Self indulgence enlists ingenuity on its side, and there follows a series of attempts to stifle or satisfy conscience by paliatives or compromises, attempts to perform the impossible feat of serving God and mammon. But the history of the world has yet to show the first instance of the success of such attempts. The human conscience once aroused by a vision of wrong will never be quiet again till that wrong is abolished, utterly and finally.

The temperance question is to-day in the second of these stages. The moral iniquity and the economic idiocy of allowing things to go on as they are have become evident, and conscience is demanding a change. Interest and self-indulgence are misleading many good and honest people by the suggestion of plausible compromises which shall enable the drinker to drink and the seller to sell, and shall yet, somehow or other, prevent any harm from resulting. The air is full of plans; license high and low, the Gothenburg system and its American cousin, nationalization, and the rest, all of them attempt to legislate in such wise that two and two shall make three. A great many people, whose entire honesty and good faith we would be the very last to question, are being misled by these ingenious attempts to satisfy conscience by specious argument and empty promise. The ultimate collapse of all these schemes cannot be for an instant doubted. This question is a moral and economic question of the first rank. It is open. It can never be closed till it is closed right

MERRY MOMENTS.

Our Worst Affliction.

Oh, the man who tells his troubles
Now appears upon the scene,
And each grief he more than doubles
By his melancholy mien,
For he sighs
With surprise
As his talent he applies
To destroy hope's glittering bubbles
Which were floating so serene
As he drops into a chair
And exclaims in blank despair,
"Great Scott,
Ain't it hot?"

When at last you are forgetting
How the perspiration glides,
In he comes, your mood upsetting
Like a freight train which collides,
And his gloom
Fills the room
With the sadness of a tomb
When he howls all unregretting
As your patience he derides,
And he's hardly said, "Farewell"
Ere another comes to yell,
"Great Scott,
Ain't it hot?"

The Unattainable.

She looked at him with soulful, pensive eyes.

"In what," she asked, "do you think true earthly happiness, if it existed, would consist?"

He gave the question careful consideration before he answered.

"In having weather that would enable one to wear an overcoat in summer and a crash suit in winter."—Washington Star.

Uncanny Jewel Box.

The native Andamanese women have a curious custom. When one of them beomes a widow, she prepares the skull of her deceased husband and carries it about suspended at her side. There it answers the purpose of a treasure box, in which she places her jewels, her money and other valuable possessions, so far as space will allow.

Fewer French ships pass through the Suez canal than German, Italian or even Dutch.

Minard's Liniment the best hair restorer.

Why He Hustled.

Thompson—You look pale and thin, Johnson. Why will you persist in killing yourself working night and day such weather as this?

Johnson—I am trying to earn money enough to pay the expense of a week's rest in the country.—New York Weekly.

Unconscious Sarcasm.

The floorwalker bowed affably.

"Take the elevator, madam," he urged.

"Don't get sarcastic!" protested the shoplifter, with asperity.

Thrusting a brass bedstead into her pocket, she turned away with a withering look.—Detroit Journal.

Vegetarian Crocodiles.

A report by George Hoare, one of the officials of the British Central Africa protectorate, summarized in the local gazette, contains some curious details of the crocodiles of Lake Chiuta. They would seem to be strict vegetarians, for not only have they never been known to attack the men fishing in the lake, but their tracks were shown by the natives to the writer at a distance of several miles from its shores, whence they are said to travel overland in search of roots. This is contrary to the habits of all known species of crocodiles, which are, in the first place, purely carnivorous, and, in the second, so helpless on land from their inability to turn, except in a large circle, that they never leave the immediate vicinity of their watery or muddy home. Efforts will accordingly be made to obtain a specimen of this abnormal type of the formidable amphibian.—London Tablet.

Minard's Liniment for Rheumatism.

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These diseases are too serious to permit of your experimenting with untried remedies. When you buy Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, you know you have behind them the testimony of thousands of Canadians who have been cured by their use. One of these is Mrs. A. W. Irish, 92 Queen Street, Kingston, Ont., who writes as follows:

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"They afforded me great relief, having toned up my system and removed the distressing symptoms from which I suffered. I can heartily recommend these wonderful pills to all sufferers from heart trouble."

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Winfred Schofield, of Gaspereau, N. S., Tells How He Obtained a Speedy and Permanent Cure.

From the Acadien, Wolfville, N. S.

The many cases brought to his notice of residents in this vicinity being cured from physical disorders through the agency of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, have created in the mind of the Acadien representative a sincere belief in the healing powers of this remedy. Yet withal he was a little incredulous the other day when told of a young man who had been cured of a very serious and deplorable disease by the use of only some two boxes of these little miracle workers. It seemed impossible that such a remarkable healing could be wrought even by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in such short order. Accordingly he was possessed of a strong desire to investigate. Mr. Winfred Schofield, of Gaspereau, was the address given us by our informant, and were not long in hunting him up. We found Mr. Schofield to be a bright young man of about twenty years of age and of more than ordinary intelligence. His air of candor and straightforwardness dispelled any doubts we may have had. In a very few words he stated to us his case. "Two years ago," he said, "I was taken with an attack of St. Vitus Dance. Sometimes when at work I found that my fingers would all at once straighten out and I would be compelled to drop anything I was holding. One day I was using an axe when seized with one of these attacks. The axe slipped from my hands and in falling struck my foot and gave it a nasty cut. After that you can depend upon it I left axes alone, and it was not long before I had to give up using any kind of tool. My complaint rapidly grew worse and I was soon unfitted for any sort of work. Everything possible was tried by me in order to get relief, but I got no better. At last one day a neighbor of mine, Mr. Fred Fielding, who had been cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, advised me to give them a trial, offering to pay for them himself if they did not help me. As it turned out he was safe enough in making the offer. I followed his advice, but had scarcely begun to use them when I began to feel better. After using two boxes I was perfectly cured and have never been troubled with the complaint since. I am confident that to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills alone I owe my cure.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills create new blood, build up the nerves, and thus drive disease from the system. In hundreds of cases they have cured after all other medicines have failed, thus establishing the claim that they are a marvel among the triumphs of modern medical science. The genuine Pink Pills are sold only in boxes, bearing the full trade mark "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." Protect yourself from imposition by refusing any pill that does not bear the registered trade mark around the box. If in doubt send direct to Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and they will be mailed to you post paid at 50c a box, or six boxes for $2.50

One Woman Less.

Mr. Gruffleigh—After all, there is one good thing about marrying.

Miss Gush—Indeed! What is it?

Mr. Gruffleigh—If a man does not do himself any good when he marries, he at least saves some other poor devil from getting into trouble.—Town Topics.

Natural Deduction.

"Confound it, sir! Do you think my feet were made for a fool to walk on?" exclaimed the angry man to the fellow who had stepped on his corn.

"Yes. That was what I supposed," replied the stranger.—Yonkers Statesman.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure 25c

Every woman is as old as the neighbors remember she is.

Minard's Liniment Cures Lagrippe.

Sores Healed.

Nothing like B.B.B. for healing sores and ulcers, no matter how large or how chronic they may be. B. B. B. applied externally and taken internally according to directions will soon effect a cure. It sends rich, pure blood to the part, so that healthy flesh soon takes the place of the decaying tissue.

"I had been troubled with sore fingers and sore toes around the nails. The salve I was using did not help me and I was getting worse. I was advised to try Burdock Blood Bitters, and after using nearly two bottles my sores were all healed up. I consider B.B.B. a wonderful blood purifier." ENOCH G. HORST, Bloomingdale, Ont.

Burdock Blood Bitters.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the House.

W. R. ALLAN,
General Insurance Agent.

FIRE Companies Represented:
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Royal Insurance Co.
Sun Insurance Office
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All classes of Insurances transacted and promptly and satisfactorily settled.

W. N. U. 197

TWINS:

PURITY AND QUALITY.

And these are the things that are ALWAYS present in OUR GOODS and in nothing are they more evident than in our

White Star Health Coffey

AND

White Star Baking Powder

THE DYSON GIBSON CO.

J. M'VICAR
GRAIN & COMMISSION MERCHANT
GRAIN EXCHANGE, WINNIPEG.
All kinds of Grain bought and sold. Liberal advances on consignments. Prompt returns. Send Samples.
Write or wire for Prices, Box 574.

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ROSES • CARNATIONS
CUT FLOWERS
IN SEASON
AT H. E. PHILPOTT
Greenhouses:
336 Portage Avenue, WINNIPEG.

The Odorless Crematory Closet

Awarded Diplomas at Toronto, London and Other Exhibitions, 1898.

IS ALREADY REVOLUTIONIZING THE SANITARY CONDITION OF THE COUNTRY.

Is adapted to Private Residences, Public Buildings, Hotels, School Houses and Summer Resorts, Can be placed in attic or cellar, bath room or outside kitchen, or in any place where there is a flue or chimney. The price being low places it within reach of all. A post card will secure Illustrated Pamphlet. Address

THE ODORLESS CREMATORY CLOSET and GENERAL HEATING CO., LIMITED, Hamilton, Ontario.

BOVRIL

Is pure beef cooked, ready for use, and in the most

CONDENSED FORM.

Not a mere extract or essence. It strengthens both body and brain

PREPARED BY
BOVRIL, LIMITED,
LONDON, ENGLAND
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EARN A WATCH

Earn this valuable Watch, Chain and Charm by selling twenty Topaz Scarf Pins, at 15 cents each. Send your address and we forward the Pins and our Premium List, postpaid. No money required. These Pins will almost sell themselves, for the Topaz has all the brilliance of the best diamonds, and has never before been offered at anything like this price. The Watch is neat in appearance, thoroughly well made, and fully guaranteed. Unsold Pins may be returned. Mention this paper when writing.

THE GEM PIN CO., Freehold Building, Toronto, Ont.

5,000 Cured

Last year with my Famous

ELECTRIC BELT

KNOWN THE WORLD OVER.

To men suffering from any Weakness, Rheumatism, Varicocele, Nervousness, etc., send for my book which is *Sent Sealed Free.* It tells how I can cure the most stubborn cases without the use of *Drugs.*

Call and consult me *Free*—or if you do not live near enough write for the book to-day. Address

DR. D. T. SANDEN,
132 St. James Street, - Montreal.

A good Coffee at last!

Value Coffee

"Nothing better" "nothing cheaper"
Sold in 1/2 lb. lead packets
hermetically sealed.
Ask your grocer for "Value" Coffee
15 cents per packet.

THE NEWS.

Mary E. Bissett Editor.

No Advertisment inserted for less than 50 cents.

Persons failing to get THE NEWS regularly should notify the OFFICE.

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

☞ Advertisers who want their ad changed, should get copy in by 12 a.m. day before issue.

☞ When writing communications to this paper, WRITE ON ONE SIDE ONLY of paper used. Printers DO NOT turn copy.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

One inch per year, once-a-week,	$12.00
" " " month, " "	1.50
Local notice per line " "	.10

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

ONE YEAR,	$2.00
THREE MONTHS,	.50
PER MONTH by carrier	.20
SINGLE COPY FIVE CENTS.	

SATURDAY, APRIL 1st. 1899

Prof. Falb, of Vienna, cheerfully prophesies that our planet will run into a comet next November He does not state which will get the worst of it, so no one need bother turning over a new leaf as yet.

Papers up country don't waste space on euphemistic phraseology. Says the Nelson Economist, "The way of the transgressor is hard. Last year the East Kootenay 'Miner' called the publisher of this paper a pickpocket, and now the 'Miner' is in the hands of the sheriff."

THE REVIEW'S "FACTS."

A late number of the Nanaimo Review devotes a column and a half to an attack on the late Minister of Mines, Inspector Morgan, and its master's pet aversion—The Union Colliery Co., which it speaks of in the following terms: "This is not the first time we have had to refer to a violation of the Coal Mines Regulation Act, and, as usual, the Union Colliery Co., is the delinquent." Then the Review goes on to state that for the past two years sixty and seventy men have been employed on each shift, in No. 5 shaft, (Union Mines.)' The only reply necessary, and the only reply that can be given to this statement, is that it IS NOT TRUE. There never were 70 men, nor any thing like that number, employed on either shift in No.5 shaft.

As to the second alleged ground of attack on the Colliery Co.,—'that there is only one outlet to No. 5 shaft,' we beg to inform the Review that the PRESENT Minister of Mines granted a permit to the Colliery Co., to operate the shaft with one outlet, and if the Review applies to him he will probably give it further information on the subject.

As to Inspector Morgan, that gentleman is presumably able to answer the Review's insinuations. We simply content ourselves with replying to a groundless attack on a company whose success is closely connected with the prosperity of Comox, in the interests of which district THE NEWS is conducted.

It is indeed 'passing strange,'—not to say 'inconceivable,' that a newspaper of any standing should devote its columns to the discussion of matters about which it seems to have no other information than that supplied by "such stuff as dreams are made on." If the Review will call to mind that charity should begin at home, it may discover a few facts in connection with the management of mines around Nanaimo which might need airing, without coming any further north in search of imaginary grievances.

LOCAL BRIEFS.

Mrs. Jeffries returned Friday to Victoria.

Flanneletts for 5c per yard up.

Mr. P. Dunne left for Vancouver Friday morning.

Mrs. Mounce returned from Nanaimo last Wednesday.

Tomorrow will be Anniversary Sunday at the Methodist Church.

Ladies' white muslin night gowns richly embroidered at Stevensan & Co.

Mr. Bloomingdale, of S. Leiser, Victoria, was in town this week.

Glad to see Mr. J. B. McLean around again after his severe illness.

Mr. Thos. Morgan, Mine Inspector, returned to Nanaimo Friday.

FOR SALE.—101 acres of land near Courtenay. Apply at this office.

Miss S. E. Lewis of Courtenay, has gone to Victoria on a visit.

Some of the flower garden around town are begining to look very pretty.

One case Ladies' sample straw hats will sold at a big discount at Stevenson & Co.

Rev. Father Durand will officiate in St. John's Catholic Church, Easter Sunday.

Mr. W. E. Norris, Sec'y., Union Brewery Co., of Nanaimo, was in town this week

FOR SALE OR RENT my property on Dunsmuir Ave.—H. J. Theobald.

Don't forget that there will be a Song Service at the Methodist Church tomorrow evening.

Mr. M. McKinnon, M. A., teacher at Union Wharf, was a passenger on the City of Nanaimo Friday.

CARPET BARGAINS.—We will clear balance of roll of carpets, excellent values at 65 and 50 cents per yard.—Stevenson & Co.

Mr. J. B. Bennett, principal of Union and Cumberland school, went down to Hornby Island Friday.

We regret to report the serious illness of Mr. Wm. Duncan, Sandwick, but hope that he may soon recover.

The disciples of Isaac Walton are meeting with great success out at the lake. One angler caught a treut weighing 1½ lbs,

WANTED.—Girl to work at Tailoring, also boy to learn trade. Apply to P. Dunne.

Mr. W. B. Finley, the photographer, will be in Cumberland from April 3 to April 10. This will be his last visit for the season.

Mr. Whitney, late of THE NEWS, has begun the publishing of a new weekly in Vancouver. It is called the "Mt. Pleasant Advocate."

A prospectus of St. Anne's Academy, Victoria, is to hand. This institution, besides the regular studies, offers a course in short hand, typewriting, etc., at very moderate rates.

FOR SALE.—One ½ Jersey heifer in calf; 2 pure bred Jersey yearling heifers; 1 pure bred Jersey yearling bull; 1 good brood sow; 2 dozen laying hens. Also one Lennox rig with pole and double-tree, and fine bob sleigh. At the Hetherington ranch. Mrs. Meyers, Courtenay, B. C.

To The Miners of Union.

I am proud of the unlimited confidence you placed in me by electing me to the only place of trust in your gift, and I am glad to be able to say that I always did my best for the miners' interests, though outsiders are trying to make me out a false friend. Although very inadequately, I beg to thank you all for your good-will towards me while I had the honor of being in your employ as well as now that I am leaving you.

I AM, YOURS RESPECTFULLY,
JOHN COMB.

—BREVITIES—

H. M. S. Egeria is making a survey of Parthia Shoal, near Vancouver.

A writer from Dawson says that the output of gold this season will be far greater than last year's.

The total value of gold mined in California from 1848 to 1898 (inclusive) reaches the enormous sum of $1,393,106,559.

The Toronto Board of Trade has endorsed the proposition for the James Bay railroad. and also to extend the same through the basins of the McKenzie and Yukon rivers.

THE NEWS begs to state on the authority of many eminent naturral historians that man IS an animal, although The Enterprise calls one of our correspondents to task for insinuating the same.

The Salvationists in Chicago are not exemplifying the fact that it is beautiful to see brethern dwelling together in peace. They are divided into two factions, and the other day an officer of one faction saluted the soldiers of the other faction with the complimentary title, "You devils' you."

A country parson went to see a humble parishioner and, if possible, to comfort him some little under heavy trouble which had befallen. The pastor found the homely old man in his desolate cottage alone. He said many things, and added tha he must try to take all affliction humbly, as appointed to us by Providence.

"Yes." said the good old man, who was imperfectly instructed in theology," that's right enough, that is. But somehow that there old Providence have been ag'in me all along, but I reckon as there's one above as'll put a stopper on he if he go too fur."

We have received a finely illustrated 44 page number of L'Italia, published specially in honor of the 13th anniversary of the founding of that paper. It contains good articles on scientific, literary, political and musical topics, besides cuts of the great musicians of the day, such as, Verdi, Mascagni, Giordano, and Father Perosi—a talented young priest, who lately composed the oratorio, (The Ressurrection,) which caused a sensation in musical circles.

Pope Nicholas V. was the founder of the Vatican library, which has been increased by many popes. The libraries of the Duke of Urbino, of the Elector Palatine, of Christina of Sweden, of the family Ottoboni, and others, have been added to it. It contains 80,000 printed volumes and 24,000 manuscripts, of which 5,000 are in Greek, 16,000 in Latin, and 3,000 in the Oriental languages.

The Editor on the Rampage.

About 50 years ago the famous Mrs. Joe Gargery used to go on the rampage. But it isn't the lamented Mrs. Joe that's been on the rampage this time. It is the editor. Not the editor of this paper, either, but the editor of another local.

Then there was an irate reader on the rampage too.

It appears that the aforesaid editor did with malice aforethought (probably) publish divers articles, the tenor of which was not complimentary to the gentleman referred to. The law of the land not being applicable in the case, Mr. Comb became a law unto himself and warned the editor of The Islander that if publication of such articles did not cease, he (Mr. C.) "would put his two eyes in one," (or words to that effect.) Greatly affrighted thereat, the editor hied him to seek the aid of the law, and summonsed Mr. Comb to appear in court Wednesday afternoon. Legal lore was represented by Judge Abrams. Mr. Comb pleaded guilty to the charge of using threatening language, but claimed he had sufficient provocation.

In consideration of palliating circumstances, His Honor imposed the minimum penalty—$5.00 and costs.

[After gravely considering the possibility of the like visitations coming upon us, THE NEWS has decided to invest in a large dog and two new shot guns, while the staff will devote all spare time to target practice in the back yard.]

COME TO
THE NEWS OFFICE
with your printing. Reasonable prices prevail

..NEW GOODS..

Open at the Big Store This Week

Hats, Prints,
Caps, Capes, —O—
Quilts, Sailors,
Satins, Blouses,
Linens, Muslins,
Towels, Challies,
Seersuckers, Ginghams,
Toilet Covers, Dress Goods, White Wear,

These Goods are all New, Stylish, Pretty, and last, but not least, CHEAP.

You can not afford to pay old prices for old goods when you can get new goods such as we are showing at the very low prices they are marked.

Simon Leiser.

Union Bay Notes.

THURSDAY, MAR. 30TH.—The steamer Warrimoo loaded bunker coal yesterday (1500 tons), and left this morning for Vancouver, where she loads general cargo for Australia, sailing on the 6th of April.

Steamer Maude loaded today for Victoria.

Ship Glory of the Seas, Capt. Freeman, arrived this morning. She will load a full cargo for San Francisco.

Mr. A. Prescott, Superintendant of the U. C. Co.'s works at the Bay, will sever his connection with the company on the 1st of April.

Several men and a team of horses were engaged today moving a large Taylor Safe from the wharf to Mr. George Howe's, (Nelson House).

Mr. Prescott went down to Vancouver on the Warimoo.

The washer started working again after a thorough overhauling.

The Dominoin steamer Quadra, Capt Walbran, called in on Wednesday for a supply of coal, before proceeding on a tour of inspection of the light houses on the west coast of Vancouver Island.

Mr. and Mrs. Marshall are moving into their new residence south of Howe's store.

Mr. Miller has secured an option on the timber on Garvin's famous mineral Spring estate. A boom is expected in logging this country. Garvin intends to stock his ranch with rabbits after timber is taken away.

Mr. Jones, from Campbell River, contemplates opening a logging camp at Deep Bay.

A number of visitors from Cumberland were down Wednesday.

The weather continues beautiful.

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

ANNUAL MEETING.

The annual meeting for the purpose of receiving auditor's report and electing officers for Hospital for ensuing year will be held April 8th at 8 p. m. in the school house.

J. B. BENNETT,
Secretary of Hospital Board.

A SKAGWAY LETTER.

The following extracts are from a letter written by Mr. W. K. Cummings, an uncle of Mr. R. S. Cummings:

SKAGWAY, MAR., 20, 1899

"* * * I was in Tacoma quite a while before coming here. Tacoma is a nice clean town, but very dull and slow. Oh, the fog! You could cut it with a knife. Seattle—which I also visited—is a dirty, sloppy old place. It has more appearance of life and prosperity than Tacoma.

"Skagway is a regular rattle-trap of a place—only wooden shacks and a few cottages. The town consist principally of saloons and gambling houses etc.

"The railroad now runs to the Summit, which is about 14 miles away. The deep cuts through which it runs are filled up with snow level with the hillside.

"I don't know whether I will go to Atlin or to Porcupine. I think Atlin is the best place. The alien law passed at Victoria, prohibts all but subjects of Great Britian from holding or working claims, so I guess I had better not go there. Dawson, I think, is too far.

"I have been out into the interior as far as Lake Bennet—about 40 miles. There is about 16 feet of snow all over that country, and the thermometer registers 40 below zero. While I was there I had to keep a close look-out for my noee, to keep from getting it frozen.

"Meals at Log Cabin and Lake Bennett are 75 cents and $1.00, and flour sells at $12.00 per hundred. I learned that in Atlin flour was selling for $20.00 a hundred, sugar 75 cents per pound, and condensed milk $1 00 a can.

"Atlin is about 100 miles from here. It costs 10 to 15 cents a pound to get freight from here. The duty is about as much as you pay for the goods. You see it costs something to go prospecting in Her Majesty's country."

BIRTHS.

WALKER.—Born to Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Walker, March 27th, a daughter.