Prov Library 41

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

EIGHTH YEAR. CUMBERLAND, B. C. TUESDAY, APRIL 10th, 1900.

Garden & Flower Seeds

FROM THE FOLLOWING NOTED SEED HOUSES:

THE STEEL BRIGGS SEED CO., LTD,
D. M. FERRY & CO.
JAY & CO., VICTORIA, B. C.

BULK SEEDS:—

Sweet Peas (Eckford's mixed), 10 cts. per oz., 3 ozs. for 25 cts.
Nasturtiums (tall), 10 cts. per oz., 3 ozs. for 25 cts.
Nasturtiums (dwarf), 15 cts. per oz., 2 ozs. for 25 cts.
Timothy (seal brand).
Red Clover (lynx brand).
Austrian Brome Grass.

Get our prices before purchasing.

All Seeds warranted fresh.

The Big Store.
SIMON LEISER.

Nicholles & Renouf, Ld.

61 YATES STREET, VICTORIA, B. C.

HARDWARE, MILL AND MINING MACHINERY, AND FARMING AND DAIRYING IMPLEMENTS OF ALL KINDS.

Agents for McCormick Harvesting Machinery.
Write for prices and particulars. P. O. Drawer 563.

If you want . .

CARPETS, LINOLIUMS, CURTAINS,
WALLPAPERS MATTINGS,
TABLE LINENS,

House Furnishings of all Kinds, in the Latest Up-to-Date Styles, Selected from Leading Manufacturers throughout the world.

SAMPLES FREE ON REQUEST.

Our new Six Story Show Rooms are conceded to be the most elaborate, complete Home Furnishing Establishment in all Canada. Come and see us when in Victoria.

Write to **Weiler Bros.** Samples Free on Request

Complete Furnishers, VICTORIA, B. C.

You can't all be

Finance Ministers,

But you will make as much buying your

Men's Suits, Summer Underwear
Straw Hats, Felt Hats,

Ties, Socks and all Gent's furnishings at

C. J. MOORE'S

Full stock of groceries always on hand.

CORRECTION.

We were in error last issue. Mr. Cliffe did not lose a horse but we are sure he told us so.

CUSTOM RETURNS.

The following are the Custom returns for the month of March:

Imports—	
Dutiable	$1,798
Free	1,139
Total	$2,937
Duty collected	$592 97

PERSONAL.

Mr. F. Dalby took a trip below last week.

T. Morgan, Inspector of Mines, came up officially Wednesday.

Mr. W. B. Anderson went on a business trip to Victoria, Friday.

Mrs. R. J. Smith and Miss Mellado returned by "City" Wednesday.

Our old friend, Charlie Watson, came up Wednesday to stay a few weeks.

Mr. F. D. Little, of the Wellington Colliery Co., here, returned Wednesday from Victoria.

SPRING NOTES.

Spring is here, and the whirr of the bicycle is heard in the land.

Now doth the small boy get up early in the morning and toil like a navvy digging for fish worms.

"Now doth the bizzy, wizzy bee
Improve each shining hour
In wheeling up his singeree,
Because his temper's sour."

The soft voice of the bullfrog may now be heard—if one listens carefully—trilling his sweet love song to his lovely mate.

Now doth the soul of the fish-rod quake. There are more springs in store for him than we wot of.

Now doth the fishworm squirm with a mighty squir. He will brave the robin's beak. Yea! even will he brave the microbes in the slimy gutter, to evade the lynx eyed Boy.

GUN CLUB.

The Gun Club held their annual meeting on April 2nd, at which the following officers were elected: F. Ramsay, president; F. Parks, vice-president; Thos. Horne, secretary; J. Roe, treasurer; R. Coe, captain. A "shoot" was held on the 6th at the Club's grounds, though the wind was rather strong for good shooting. The following are the scores made:

F. Parks,
1 0 0 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 0 0 0 1 0—8
O. H. Fechner,
0 0 1 1 0 0 0 0 1 1 1 0 0 0—5
R. Coe,
0 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 0—2
F. Jaynes,
1 0 0 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 0 0 0—9
Thos. Horne,
1 1 0 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 0 1—9
C. Ganner,
0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 1 0 0 0—2
Chas. Grant,
0 0 0 1 1 0 0 0 1 1 1 0 1 0 0—6

FISH STORY, NO. 2.

Truthful James dropped into our sanctum casually the other day He did not have much to say at first beyond time o'day, so to break the Quaker camp silence which was beginning to steal into our conversation, I hazarded, "Strange that fishworms are so scarce here." "Y-a-es" said Jim slowly, "It is. By Jove! I lived at one time"—here I quit my spurt and lay on my oars so to speak—"in a cottage in Tiddington, England, and of all the places I ever saw for earthworms, that beat them. There was a bit of a grass plot with a few rose bushes planted in it attached and I never had any need of a lawn mower, I can assure you for the worms were so thick that they kept the grass down as close as velvet. They ran in length about a foot to eighteen inches and they used to graze like sheep." "Ever see them grazing?" "No! Well they come out of their holes at night, all but a little bit of their tails which are hooked at the end. This they make fast to the edge of the hole and graze all around as far as they can reach. Fact, I assure you, for I've watched them. I used to make raids on them at night and the most successful hand I made was seven quarts in one night. Just used to go about with a lamp in one hand and a can in the other and find 'em grazing. Yes, seven quarts. The next morning I saw a lot of chickens feeding just about. Belonged to next door, so I thought I would try them with worms. Threw a handful and called them and they went for them all right but finally one old rooster drove all the rest away and kept the feast to himself. He sate and ate until I thought he would burst. Finally threw him a handful of tremendous big fellows. He gobbled them down, walked away to his own yard and toppled over dead. Yes, the worms bored through his crop I expect. Rose! I could not grow roses on those bushes. The brutes of worms would climb up and graze on the young buds. Oh! yes, splendid for fishing with but there were no fish thereabouts. Talking of fishing though, I was on Texada Island a few years ago and went to a lake near the ironmine. Beautiful lake and cram full of fish. Trout, yes, great big chaps as long as your arm. I got on a high bluff on one side of the lake and looked down, lovely clear water and full of these big trout. I picked up one of these dry fir-cones which you see all over the woods and dropped it into the water. A big fellow rose, grabbed it, and gobbled it down. I had no tackle but often thought I would like to go back there and have some sport." I here ventured the suggestion that no flies or fish worms would be needed while fir-cones were around so plenty, but Jim did not seem to hear me, he was just then absorbed in the war map, so as the sun was then well over the fore yard, I suggested that we irrigate and go home.

NEXT!

LOOK OUT FOR TRAINS!

Mr. Smith of Grantham last week left his horse and rig by the sawmill sidetrack. The buggy spanned the track, the horse being clear. Two cars were shunted from No. 3 engine for the repair shop, and being let go on the fly, crashed into the rig, completely smashing it, and overturning the horse which escaped fortunately without injury. The trainmen did not see the rig until too late. People cannot be too careful when in the vicinity of a track as trains move quickly and a car or so is apt to come bowling along with a thousand lb. impact at any minute and most unexpectedly. We are sorry for Mr. Smith suffering the loss.

In future the Comox mail will leave here Saturday as soon as possible after the arrival of the Nanaimo mail, instead of on Sunday as heretofore.

LOCAL ITEMS.

The flowers at the Sale of Work were the contributions of Mrs. D. Little and Mr. J. A. Halliday of Sandwick.

WANTED—A person who understands how to light fires. Apply to W. E. G., Courtney. Good wages and free beer.

The Hospital Directors desire to express their thanks to the Druids for the donation of $40 to the funds of the hospital.

There will be a social under the auspices of the Christian Endeavor in the basement of the Presbyterian Church to-night.

The young people of the town will hold a social dance in Cumberland Hall Wednesday night. A prize will be given for the best cake-walk dancers.

According to one of our young business men, the road to Courtney is just perfect for buggy driving; says he never had such a pleasant outing as a week ago Sunday.

The March Canadian Home Journal contains some very pretty views. British Columbia is represented by a photo of Spuzzum Bridge. The frontspiece, opening of the St. Lawrence, is very fine.

The funeral of Rizzieni, or Gusto Rufflingo, who was killed Monday 2nd took place Tuesday and was largely attended. The remains were interred in the Cumberland Cemetry, Rev Mr Dodds officiating.

The Big Store is a thing of the past. Mr. Simon Leiser has decided to move his stock into the City of Cumberland. This will be better for everyone, as business will be more concentrated. The Colliery Co. are going to use the Big Store building for offices and warehouses.

Mr. J. Bruce of the Cumberland Hotel had a narrow escape last Thursday. While driving to Courtney the neckyoke broke and the horses took fright. However Bruce is a good driver and soon had them pulled up and what might have been a bad accident was averted, the occupants of the rig escaping with a shaking up.

A man who owned a small country newspaper in central New York decided to take a vacation, and wrote the president of the railroad for a pass. In recommendation of his paper he said: "My paper has a wide circulation; it goes everywhere, in fact, I have hard work to keep it from going to —Halifax He got the pass.

Overheard in a Druggist's, just 100 miles from Cumberland: "Mika tikke face powder?" "Yes, this is Dr. Whitewash's enamelline, the best and cheapest." "He take off all de sunbun?" "Oh yes sure." "Hyass kloshe, I tak wan pottle," and the two dusky maidens departed leaving Albert wondering what part of their faces they would start on to take off the "sunbun."

It is to be regretted that at amateur concerts given in Cumberland, no matter how worthy the object, there are always a few boys who will persist in making a lot of unnecessary noise and in indulging in ironical applauding. Performers, and especially singers, are few in our community and to their credit, be it said, they are always willing to help all they can. If in some cases they are unfortunate enough not to suit some people, those should at least strive not to annoy others by unseemly noises. Everyone has friends and all proper people object to a concert hall being turned into a bear-garden.

A HARVEST OF TARES.

By Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen

[Copyright, 1893, by the Author.]

She pressed herself closer into the shadow of the walk, and with a loudly palpitating heart stood counting the minutes. In spite of her eagerness to be gone, she could not banish the regrets that thronged her mind at the sight of the dear familiar objects which met her gaze on every side. The weather vane on the storehouse which stood out sharply against the bright sky, the road that wound along the fiord, the outline of the mountains that had hedged in her little world from as far back as she could remember—all aroused a host of memories that lifted up their ghostly arms in the moonlight, warning her not to take the fatal step. But there stood Nils, all ready with the sleigh, and with an aching heaviness she approached it, turning about and staring with a lingering irresolution at the house whose shutterless windows gleamed through the nude trees. The glance they turned upon her seemed so strangely human that it made her superstitious. And there were the stars above in their sublime remoteness, suggesting the futility of all fret and fume, and the ridiculousness of the exciting little drama which she was enacting, and the wisdom of a placid fatalism.

"I reckon the folks might be a-stirrin' soon ef ye don't start," Nils remarked casually, pulling out a tangle in the little bay's tail.

His voice aroused her from her reverie, and presented once more the cruel alternative. Cutting reflections short, she stepped into the sleigh, and allowed Nils to tuck the robe about her, and buckle it behind. With a phantomlike haste (like the dead bridegroom in Burger's ballad), they swung out upon the road, and for a long while they sped on in silence, no sounds being heard but the muffled hoof beats of the horse. The absence of the bells with their merry jingle gave an air of stealth and mystery to her flight. In spite of her acute consciousness of being in the right, she could not rid herself of a childish feeling of guilt, as if she had been sent to the blue room, and made her escape instead of accepting her punishment. It was not until she was four or five miles away from the parsonage, where the landscape was less familiar, that she began to breathe more freely, and shake off her oppression. But even then she had to exert herself to conquer that chilly funereal feeling—that foreboding of calamity which now and then stole like an icy gust through her mind. It was a positive relief when she came to think of the risk that Nils had taken for her sake. He would surely lose his place if it were discovered that he had assisted her. And as nothing ever remained undiscovered in the parish, Nils had, without a word of remonstrance, taken the chances of incurring the enmity of the formidable Mrs. Brinckman, whom no man offended with impunity. There was something touching to Hulda in this staunch, mute, unquestioning devotion, which never suspected its own worth. She resolved, if ever fortune favoured her, to reward Nils magnificently.

It was about half-past four in the morning when they arrived at Barholm. The steamer was seen rounding a headland far out in the fiord, and the moon, which was just dipping under the edge of the mountains, shone upon the black smoke that rose from the chimneys, trailing like a huge winding serpent in its track. The light of a kerosene lamp threw a feeble glare upon the snow about the two windows in that part of the inn which served for a country store and post-office, and a sleepy figure in a cardigan jacket could be seen standing before a table sorting letters, sealing packages, and putting them into the mail-bag. Hulda, who was chilled from the long ride, got out of the sleigh, intending to go in and warm herself. But it suddenly occurred to her that the postmaster would know her and might take it into his head to frustrate her design. She therefore returned to the yard, and, saying good-bye to Nils, handed him a five-krone piece.

"Ef ye wouldn't take it amiss, Miss Huldy," he remarked, after an awkward pause, during which he had been turning the coin in his hand, "ye'll need that money more than I do. And ef ye'll do me a good turn——"

"Nils, I forbid you to speak to me like that," she ejaculated, stung to the quick by some implication in his manner too vague for expression, and Nils, with a half-guilty look, sheepishly pocketed his coin.

"Devilish high-spirited gal, that Miss Huldy," he muttered to himself, admiringly, as he rummaged in the box under the seat of the sleigh for a bag of oats. "She won't leave the likes of her in the parish when she's gone."

He did not venture to follow her to the pier, where he saw her walking rapidly up and down among boxes and bags, trying to keep her blood in motion. The steamer was coming nearer and nearer, and presently set up a whistle which aroused a host of echoes, shouting to each other with a weird elfin hilarity from mountain to mountain. The storekeeper and postmaster now dragged himself out upon the steps, carrying a very slender mail-bag. Lights appeared in the upper windows, and a drowsy commercial traveller came stumbling along over all sorts of obstructions, swearing to himself to keep himself awake. Hulda pulled down her veil, and, looking neither to the right nor to the left, continued her walk until the steamboat had been secured to the pier and the gangway lowered. Then Nils came running with her valise, which she had actually forgotten, and she murmured some hasty word of thanks as she shook his horny hand. And this was the hardest moment she had yet endured, this final leave-taking with Nils, which made her step irretrievable and irrevocable. She seemed yet to have a safe path of retreat as long as Nils was there, but now, when she saw his uncouth figure trudging up the hill and putting the bridle on the little bay, a chilly faintness stole over her, and she began to tremble. But in order to forestall her weakness—in order to remove the question from debate—she walked rapidly over the gangway, nestled down in a warm corner of the smokestack, where there was no view except the sky overhead and a pile of deck freight. Then the screw gave an abrupt stroke, followed by another, the steam escaped hissing from some steam-pipe, a qualing smell of cooking spread in tepid gusts over the ship, the whistle blew a shrieking blast, which set the echoes wild, and then the screw began to labour with rhythmic regularity, drivng the great black hull on through the water.

CHAPTER XVII.

During the following day the ship arrived in Bergen, and Hulda had the good luck to catch the Hull steamer just as it was weighing anchor. She had no regrets now, and no doubts distressed her mind or obscured her judgment. She would find the man whom she loved, wherever he might be. She would marry him, and then defy the world. Whenever she thought of him (and she thought of little else) a beneficent warmth pervaded her being, and glimpses of delirious happiness flashed past her vision, reminding her of those swift, strange, radiantly emerald glimpses of eternity which, as a child, she had seen in the dawn. It was as if Heaven had broken through the sky inadvertently, and she strained her ears to catch the chant of the angel choir.

The passage across the North sea was trying, as it always is, but she had the second cabin all to herself, and the stewardess was kind and efficient. In Hull, where she arrived after a voyage of nearly two days, she tarried only a few hours, but hastened on to Southampton, where she narrowly missed the Hamburg-American steamer. She had then barely money enough to buy a steerage passage to New York. She never knew that if she had come but a minute later she would have been prevented from sailing by the police, who had just received a telegram from Bergen requesting her detention.

To the young girl who had always spent her life in a peaceful home, where order and cleanliness reigned, the noise, the filth, and the bad air of the steerage were unendurable. She therefore passed the entire day, and often much of the night, on deck, and only descended into the ill-smelling purgatory when the weather absolutely compelled her. She perceived that she was regarded with curiosity by her fellow passengers and the officers of the ship, but as long as she volunteered no confidences no one ventured to question her. That force of personality which had given her a commanding position at home sufficed also here to protect her from impertinence or molestation. Her manner, though it forbade familiarity, was by no means repellant. There was, on the contrary, in her behaviour toward her poorer fellow passengers that kindly affability and consideration which always mark the perfect lady. She had

She descended into the ill smelling purgatory when the weather compelled her.

a suspicion that romances were being spun about her. The interest which her beauty and her silent self-sufficiency aroused in certain masculine hearts required stern measures to be repressed. She was, indeed, subject to some annoyances, excusable only on the plea of excessive admiration, and she took them placidly and with a cool self-possession which discouraged further advances. A callow Dane, with a downy moustache, who refused to be discouraged, had to be bluntly snubbed. He had been persecuting her with gallantry and vapid remarks about the weather, and she had at first shown him forbearance on account of his youth, because she knew that the steerage was not governed by the etiquette of the first cabin. But when one evening he planted himself at her side in spite of the chilly reception she accorded him, and observed, "It's rather late, isn't it?" she could not resist the temptation to reply,

To be continued.

Good Judgment.

The most necessary talent in a man of conversation, which is what we ordinarily intend by a fine gentleman, is a good judgment. He that has this in perfection is master of his companion without letting him see it and has the same advantage over men of any other qualifications whatsoever as one that can see would have over a blind man of ten times his strength.

A Qualifying Clause.

"I suppose when you grow up to be a man, Bobbie, you'll want to be an earnest Christian, won't you?"

"Yus, sir, if it won't interfere with my bein a pirate!"—Ally Sloper.

NOT AN EVEN MATCH.

A GAME OF BILLIARDS THAT WAS RATHER ONE SIDED.

How a Conceited Young Traveling Man Made the Mistake of Judging His Ordinary Looking Opponent by Appearances.

"One snowy afternoon, some winters ago," said a commercial traveler, "I was watching a game of billiards in the billiard room of a St. Louis hotel. The two players were traveling men, one a young fellow and the other a middle aged man. The younger man was a trifle the better player, but he was so conceited over the good shots he made that all of us who were watching the game were inclined to root for the older man. Every time the younger man drove the balls around in a way that suited him he exclaimed, 'I'll beat you two to one,' or 'I'm a class A proposition at this game,' or something like that, and his habit of casting nosegays along his own pathway was somewhat disgusting. Finally the older man had enough, and he put up his cue. The younger man looked around the room in a cocksure kind of a way and inquired:

"'Any of you gentlemen want to play a game or two?'

"There was no response to his invitation for a moment or so, and he was about to return his cue to the rack when an ordinary looking man, with a stubby mustache and fine lines under his eyes and not overly well dressed, stepped forward in a diffident sort of way. He had been watching the young man's game for some time.

"'I'll go you a string or two,' he said, 'although I'm a bit out of practice at the game.'

"The young fellow looked the man over, probably wondering within himself whether it would do for such a howling swell as himself to engage in a public game with a man who appeared to be so careless as to his apparel, but he finally said patronizingly:

"'Well, take a cue. What's your strong hold in the game, anyhow?'

"'Oh, anything,' said the ordinary looking man. 'I'm not particular.'

"'How about cushion caroms?'

"'They'll do,' said the untidy looking man.

"'Shall I discount you?'

"'Not unless you insist upon it. I'm a little out of practice, but I'll try and hold my own. If I don't succeed in doing that, you can discount me if you like.'

"So they started to play. The young chap won the bank, and he reeled off 12 of the caroms in quite dazzling fashion. Then he looked around for approval while he chalked his cue. The untidy looking man attempted a comparatively easy one and missed it by a hair. The young man smiled in a superior sort of way and cracked out nine more. The ordinary looking man made two and then fell down on a comparatively easy draw. He didn't look in the least worried, however, but stuck a couple of sticks of chewing gum into his face and chewed away at them contentedly. The young man ran out in three or four more innings, with a score of 50 to 12 in his favor. He crowed exultingly, and then he started to put up his cue.

"'Through?' inquired the ordinary looking man.

"'Yes,' was the reply: 'I don't like to play solitaire. I'm afraid you're not quite hard enough a nut for me to crack, my friend.'

"'Oh, well, we might as well have another game,' said the man with the stubby mustache.

"'Well, I don't mind,' replied the youth with the inflated chest measurement.

"So at it they started again. The young man forged steadily ahead.

"'Here,' he said when he had 15 on his string to the ordinary man's 4, 'I'll discount you, and I bet I go out before you've run 20.'

"'Let 'er go,' said the ordinary looking man. 'What's the bet?'

"'Make it $5, shall we?' inquired the large headed youth, sizing up his opponent as if he didn't believe the latter had anything like that much in his clothes.

"'Five hundred, if you want to,' said the seedy looking man, pulling out a wad of dark green ones big enough to stuff a horse collar. The young man sort of gasped.

"'Oh, no, not that kind of money,' he said, 'but I'll make it $25, if you want to.'

"'You're on,' said the seedy looking man, and the money was put in the hands of the proprietor of the room.

"It was the young man's next shot, and he ran 14 cushion caroms with such address and eclat that he couldn't refrain from looking at us haughtily. He left the balls in the middle of the table. The seedy looking man asked for a ruler, and with a piece of chalk he proceeded to draw divers and sundry lines on the table just 12 inches from the sides and ends thereof.

"'What are you going to do?' asked the hot youth, with a surprised expression.

"'Play you 12 inch balk to your cushion caroms,' replied the ordinary looking man, munching his gum, 'and I'll alter the terms of our wager to this effect—that you don't get another shot in the string of 50.' The young man grinned complaisantly.

"Then the seedy looking man pranced in with a cue as light as thistle down. I never saw such billiards at billiard exhibitions or anywhere else. It was beautiful. The man just drew 'em back to the exact spot he wanted 'em, even when he seemed to be smashing 'em all over the table for general results, and then, with a saturnine grin on his face, he'd go at 'em like a woman stroking a sleeping kitten, and they did anything he wanted. It was pretty. The young man leaned on his cue, crestfallen, and muttering things. The ordinary looking man didn't stop when he ran out the string of 50, but he went right ahead. When he had made 150 and the balls still together, nursed into shape for 150 more apparently, he pulled out his handkerchief, mopped his forehead and remarked that it was warm and that he guessed he'd go out and get some air.

"'But you're a ringer, you know,' said the chesty youth.

"'Oh, not exactly that,' replied the ordinary looking man. 'The bet doesn't stand, and you, of course, pull down your money. I just wanted to limber up a bit, anyhow. My name's Schaefer, and I give an exhibition in this town tonight. Might as well drop down and look on.'

"Then Jake Schaefer, the then champion billiardist of the world, drew his $25 and walked out with a twinkle in his eyes."—Washington Star.

The Artist's Hoodoo.

"Artists are a queer lot," remarked one of them yesterday as he smoked pensively in his Chestnut street studio and gazed dejectedly at a half finished sketch. "I can't do any work today just because I dreamed of a redheaded girl last night. That lets me out. I can dream of any other kind of girl and it doesn't affect my work, but if the vision of my dreams has red hair I'm no good the next day.

"No, it's not superstition. I don't know what it is. All artists have their off days from some cause or other, and some of them have antidotes. I have none. I just give up when the redheaded girl comes across the path of my dreams.

"A friend of mine counteracts the effect of his hoodoo by clothing himself in an outlandish way. I have seen him working in an opera hat, the coat of his dress suit and a pair of pink pyjamas, and doing good work at that. Another friend of mine always eats a lot of raw onions when he has a particularly sentimental subject to handle. But when it comes to me I just have to give up."

POLITICAL QUIPS.

In some parts of Mexico whisky is sold for 1 cent a drink. Almost anybody could afford to run for office down there.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Just think of it! The senate will try to get a vote on the financial bill some time early in February. The suddenness of such dispatch will shock the country.—Detroit Journal.

Recent calculations establish that the average service of men in public life in this country does not exceed ten years. The large majority of congressional and legislative members are chosen for a single term, and they come and go unheeded.—Syracuse Herald.

INTO EVERY KNAPSACK

OF THE SOLDIERS OF THE QUEEN FROM CANADA

Goes Dr. Chase's Ointment.

Skilled surgeons, with their trained nurses and ambulance corps, look well to the sufferings of soldiers wounded in battle, the Red Cross Society has provided comforts for the hospital, but there are other sufferings, which, though not so fatal, are none the less torturing.

Long walks make sore feet, heavy clothing and accoutrement causes chafing and skin irritations, sleeping on the ground and exposure to all sorts of weather brings on torturing, itching piles.

Against these miseries the soldiers have been well armed, as each one carries with him a box of Dr. Chase's Ointment, the gift of the proprietors of Dr. Chase's Remedies.

SOLDIERS IN CAMP.

When in camp at Niagara, London, Kingston, and other places, soldiers have so frequently expressed their appreciation of Dr. Chase's Ointment that it will undoubtedly prove of great value to our boys in South Africa. Ex-Sergeant Wm. Johnston, 10th Royal Grenadiers, writes as follows:—"It is impossible for me to speak too highly of Dr. Chase's Ointment for piles and any itching or irritation of the skin. It is simply invaluable. Many of our men used it while in camp in the hot summer months, and received excellent results."

Dr. Chase's Ointment is prescribed by physicians as the only positive cure for piles. It has entirely superseded surgical operations, which were cruel, expensive and painful. It stands without a rival as the world's greatest cure for itching skin irritations and skin eruptions; 60 cents a box at all dealers, or by mail on receipt of price, by Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

A Vancouver Policeman

—Permanently Cured of Catarrh
—After 12 Years' Suffering.

JAPANESE CATARRH CURE CURES.

Mr. Thos. Crawford, Sargeant Vancouver Police Force, writes: "I have been a great sufferer from catarrh, which I contracted over 17 years ago in Winnipeg. I tried many so-called catarrh cures, consulted physicians, catarrh specialists, and not one of them gave me more than a little temporary relief. About two years ago I tried Japanese Catarrh Cure, and since completing this treatment I have been permanently cured. I can highly recommend it—the first application relieved."

Sold by all druggists, 50 cents. A free sample sent to any person suffering from catarrh. Enclose 5-cent stamp. Address, the Griffiths & Macpherson Co., 121 Church street, Toronto.

A Flash of Resentment.

"I am very glad," said the friend, "to see that you don't cherish any ill will toward the lady who made such a success in your favorite part."

The eminent actress looked indignant and exclaimed:

"I hope I know the rudiments of my art better than to lose my temper and allow anybody to think I am jealous."—Washington Star.

FOR INFLAMMATION OF THE EYES.—Among the many good qualities which Parmelee's Vegetable Pills possess, besides regulating the digestive organs, is their efficacy in reducing inflammation of the eyes. It has called forth many letters of recommendation from those who were afflicted with this complaint and found a cure in the pills. They affect the nerve centers and the blood in a surprisingly active way, and the result is almost immediately seen.

How to Learn Good English.

If the pupil always hears correct English from his teachers and is always corrected when he uses incorrect English he will acquire a correct use of the language without spending several years studying books devoted to rules and their many exceptions, diagrams, parsing, spelling lists, etc. After the pupil has learned to use correct English, while learning something else which he writes and talks about, five hours a week for one school year is all that is necessary for the systematic teaching of English grammar.—Gunton's Magazine.

The Best Cure for Colds.

Only those who have used Griffiths' Menthol Liniment can appreciate its value for coughs and colds, especially with children. Apply it to the throat and chest on a flannel when going to bed, and the result will surprise you. Try it. 25 cents, by all druggists.

She Had Observed.

Mrs. Housewife—And so you have fully decided to be married, Bridget? Have you considered that marriage is a very serious thing?

Bridget—Yes, mum. I've been watching you and Mr. Housewife.—Somerville Journal.

HIS OWN FREE WILL.

Dear Sirs,—I cannot speak too strongly of the excellence of MINARD'S LINIMENT. It is THE remedy in my household for burns, sprains, etc., and we would not be without it.

It is truly a wonderful medicine.

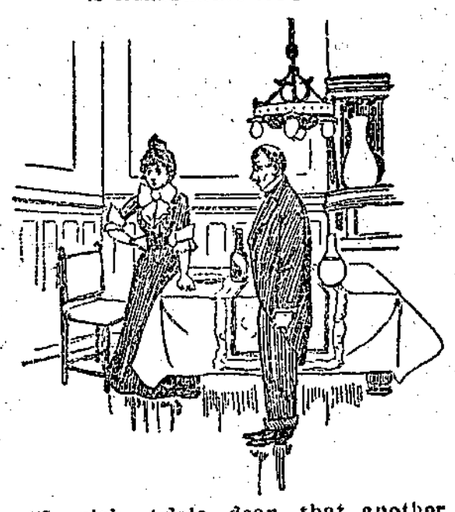
JOHN A. MACDONALD.

Publisher Arnprior Chronicle.

Photographing a Tiger.

Mr. Gambier Bolton, the famous animal photographer, says that one of his best studies was of a tiger at the London zoo, which nearly put an end to his life. Mr. Bolton was inside the barrier which prevents the public from going too close to the cages and was taking a photograph of another tiger, when one he had not noticed came strolling from behind some rocks and made a spring at him. A child called out, and Mr. Bolton darted back just in time. His head was underneath the focusing cloth when the tiger made the attempt, and as the camera was utterly ruined it is pretty well certain that the photographer's head would have been smashed to pieces. However, Mr. Bolton paid the animal out, for he egged it on to make a second charge and took a photograph of it in the act.

A Reasonable Request.



"I wish, Adele, dear, that another time when you want to scold me before the servants you'd do it in French, so they won't understand!"—Fliegende Blatter.

SOAKED WITH BLOOD.

A FAMOUS DUELING GROUND NEAR THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.

The Historic Field Where Brave Decatur Was Killed by Barron—The Mason-McCarty and Cilley-Graves Affairs of Honor.

The little village of Bladensburg, about five miles from Washington, once the home of the flower of Maryland's aristocracy, but now a rambling collection of decaying houses, is rich in historical association, but it has attained more prominence for its famous dueling ground than for any of its other features. A short distance outside the town a little ravine leads down from the road and opens into a sort of miniature amphitheater, admirably suited to the purpose which for many years it served. A slender stream wanders the length of its level, grass covered bottom, while hills rise protectingly on either side, and two great trees, about 80 yards apart, mark the ends of the grounds. It is here so many "affairs of honor," most of them cruel and entirely unnecessary and all unfortunate, have been settled.

The initiation of the spot into its grewsome usage occurred in the early part of the year 1814, when Edward Hopkins, an ensign of infantry, was shot by an unknown antagonist. The next duel followed soon after, when Randall, a naval cadet, settling a dispute at eight paces with pistols, killed Fox, a clerk in the treasury department.

Of the many duels that have been fought here none have been more typical as examples of what is known as "fire eating" than that between General Armistead T. Mason, United States senator from Virginia, and John M. McCarty. During a political debate insults were freely exchanged between the two, and Mason challenged McCarty, who was his cousin. The challenged party proposed that they jump from the dome of the capitol, then that they fight with pistols over a barrel of powder, and, finally, that they struggle to the death with dirks. All these interesting suggestions were objected to by the seconds, who gravely stigmatized them as "unusual, extraordinary and opposed to the code of honor," but the matter was settled with muskets loaded with ball at ten feet. It is needless to state that the result was most sanguinary, for Mason was killed outright and McCarty recovered only after a long illness.

These and other duels had given the place an ill name and an evil reputation, when the country was electrified by the startling news of that deplorable affair in which the gallant Decatur lost his life. The quarrel had arisen between the two post captains, Barron and Decatur, over the incident of the search of the ill omened Chesapeake by the British prior to the war of 1812 and the subsequent court martial of Barron, who at that time was in command of the frigate. Decatur was a member of the board of judges which so severely punished the delinquent and had afterward, with a hostility that now seems somewhat uncharitable, opposed all the efforts of his disgraced brother officer toward reinstatement in the navy. A long and rancorous correspondence ensued. Urged on by interested mischief makers, the dispute was carried past the hope of friendly adjustment. All the preliminaries having been arranged, a duel was decided upon for March 22, 1820.

The men met on the field, and a short conversation occurred between them, which was evidently in a conciliatory tone, as Barron was overheard to reply to a remark of his opponent, "Would to God you had said as much yesterday." Nevertheless the two officers squared off, faced each other at eight paces, raised their pistols and at the first utterance of the signal of the old dueling code, "One, two, three, four; stop!" fired almost simultaneously. Both fell, and Decatur's second, Lieutenant Bainbridge, rushing forward, found him to all appearances dead. In a few moments, however, he recovered consciousness and asked to be moved to the side of his antagonist, who was seriously and at the time believed to be mortally wounded. A few almost inaudible remarks passed between them, of which enough were heard to assure the listeners that a reconciliation had taken place. Barron murmured something to the effect that he hoped they would be better friends in the life to come than they had been in this, to which the other responded, "I have never been your enemy, sir." They were removed in carriages to Washington, Decatur to his mansion in Lafayette square, where he died early the next morning, and Barron to the hospital, where, after many months of pain, he recovered. It is a curious fact that both were absolutely opposed to dueling on principle, but were constrained, the one to prefer and the other to accept the challenge, because they believed their profession of arms forbade them to do anything else.

One morning in the summer of 1836, in a cornfield near the town, two young midshipmen came to settle their dispute by an appeal to arms. The first, named Sherbourne, was exceedingly reluctant to engage and said to the other, a son of the composer of "The Star Spangled Banner:"

"Mr. Key, I have no desire to kill you."

His antagonist returned: "No matter. I came to kill you."

This was not encouraging, and Sherbourne answered:

"Very well; then I will kill you," which he promptly proceeded to do, as Key fell dead at the first fire.

A duel which was really more a case of murder than an affair of honor was fought in 1838 near Bladensburg and, more than any other single instance, served to develop the rapidly growing sentiment against the foolish practice. The aged Jonathan Cilley, because of his attacks in congress upon a certain journal, was challenged by the editor of the same through a third person named Graves. The old man properly refused to consider the impertinent note, whereupon Graves espoused the cause of the editor upon purely technical grounds and forced the matter to an issue. Cilley, too proud to again refuse, at last agreed to rifles at 80 yards. The first shots were fired, and both stood uninjured, but Graves still insisted, and at the fourth shot the old man dropped with a rifle ball in his heart.

This disgraceful affair excited so much public indignation that from that time forth the old dueling ground has answered no sterner purpose than to amuse visitors, but if the natives are to be credited, "hants," as they solemnly aver, "has it on ebery night."

Then the Burglar Left.

A strong minded woman—albeit she looked it not—moved into a rather lonely suburb, and the house was topsy turvy from the moving. On the second night the strong minded woman was awakened by the light of a dark lantern shining into her face from the hand of a burglar. It was the last straw, and she sat up in bed and exclaimed with vexation:

"Well, if you can find anything in this house you're welcome to it. It's more than I can do."

The burglar snapped down the slide of his lantern. "Good night," he said, and left the house without touching a thing.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Making a Living.

One of the old time darkies, on being asked "how he was making out," replied in this fashion:

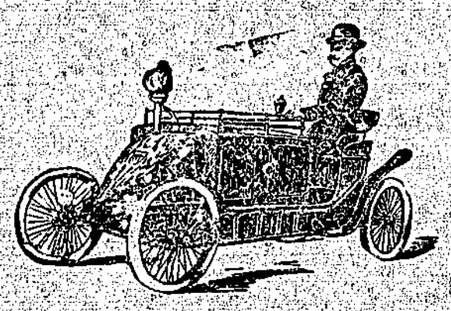
"Well, suh, times is mighty tight wid me, but I manage to make a livin."

"What are you doing now?"

"Well, suh, I keeps de pot b'ilin by doin a little plowin, a little votin en a little baptizin, en w'en dey's nuttin doin at dem three I hangs roun de white folks en waits 'twell dey gits in de notion ter run fer office ag'in!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Autos by Mail Carriers.

The postoffice of Berlin has just put into practical use six of the "Loutzki" automobiles, of which the picture below is a representation. A large additional number of these horseless wagons are under construction at the



HOW AUTOMOBILES CARRY THE MAILS IN BERLIN.

works of the Gesellschaft fur Automobile Wagenbau, which is a good proof that this system of mail delivery has come to stay in Germany and ceased to be an experiment. Several other large cities in Germany will soon adopt the same delivery method.

Some Queer Tastes.

He put his fingers in the open ironwork of the hotel lamppost to steady his weak knees, wiped the rain from his face with a shaking hand and fixed an uncertain eye on the windows of the dining room. He was very drunk. His face was pale and hairy. The thin rain had soaked his rags. Inside the dining room well groomed men and showy women sat in a glory of tinted lights, in a room beautiful with table flowers, shining with silver and cut glass, warm with crimson walls, damask curtains, plush carpets. They lifted delicate food to solemn faces. They smiled formally. The dripping observer kept his watery eye on them. "Well," he said, in a voice of generous pity, "s'pose they're enjoy'm'selves—in thr'own way."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

A Severe Summary.

"It's wonderful," said the man with the solemn air of erudition, "what a difference a slight matter will make in the world's estimate of a man."

"It isn't so in literature," was the answer. "A man must have merit there"—

"Not necessarily. If he gets his spelling wrong—that's plain ignorance. But if he gets his facts and logic all twisted—that's originality."—Washington Star.

Nailed Down.

One of the severest punishments a refractory soldier can experience is to be "nailed down" in a tent. It is said that a Turkish bath is a frigid affair as compared with a perfectly close tent under a hot sun, and after an hour or two of that sort of sweating the most rebellious soldier will readily promise to be good.

A Cinch.

Wealthy families in China who have marriageable daughters whom they desire to keep at home advertise for desirable sons-in-law. The son-in-law thus secured does not take his bride away, but merely hangs up his traps in his wife's home and becomes one of the family.

The length of the Grand canal from Tien tsin to Hang Chow, in China, is 50 miles. It connects great ports with rich coal regions.

Latest Model.

"You have a bevel gear watch, I see," said Mr. Northside after Mr. Birmingham had told him the time.

"What do you mean by that?" asked Mr. Birmingham.

"I notice that it is a chainless."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

A TOWER OF BASKETS

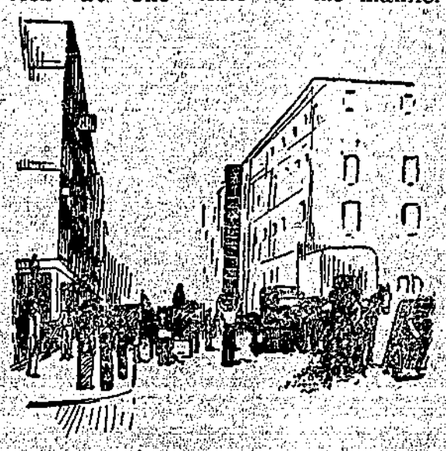
LONDON MAN SUPPORTS A COLUMN 16 FEET HIGH ON HIS HEAD.

He Has Attained Extraordinary Skill in Moving Along the Streets of the Metropolis With Fourteen Fourteen-inch High Baskets on His Head—He Aspires to Reach Twenty Baskets Yet.

In London's greatest market, Covent Garden, the subject of the photograph here shown came into being.

The man holding the baskets on his head is a simple Covent Garden porter named Edward Skillbeck, who in the ordinary cource of his duties finds it expedient, on occasion, to carry baskets.

Other porters in the same market carry baskets, but it is doubtful if they attain the degree of skill in the art exhibited by this man. They carry from six to ten baskets, but Skillbeck aspires to a score. As yet he has only succeeded in carrying fourteen at one time in the manner



LONDON'S COLUMN OF BASKETS.

shown, but he is practicing to do his twenty or more.

Each of the baskets carried by Skillbeck will hold a bushel, and it measures in height fourteen inches. The boy is seen to be carrying fourteen baskets; therefore he is supporting a column sixteen feet, four inches high. To this we must add the porter's own height, which was five feet, nine inches, and we have a moving basket column twenty-two feet one inch high.

The photograph here shown was taken with a four by five box camera. The carrier of the basket was just about to cross the top of Southampton street en route from a delivery wagon to a stall in the market when he was snap-shotted without the formality of a permission. He was moving very slowly down the street and about a tenth-second was given in the exposure of the film.

It is not ordinary, even for London, to see Covent Garden men bearing such burdens, and whenever this particular porter appears with his strange burden he attracts no little attention.

CHARACTER IN HATS.

The Peculiar Claim of a Man Who Has Studied the Tiles That Men Wear.

Show me how a man wears his hat, and I will tell you what manner of man he is, says the editor of The Hatters' Gazette. Notice yourself how he wears his headgear, and you can make a fair estimate of his character. Select the man whose hat seems to have been made for him, and which he has set squarely upon his head as if it were designed so to do, with never a tilt to the left or right, fore or aft. He is a methodical and a comfortable man, with a rare endowment of common sense. He it not given to flights of fancy. He obeys the injunction of the homely philosopher, who advised all mankind to keep its feet on the ground. Men whose hats are always too large for them are of reflective habits. They are careless of externals, and given to introspection. They are philosophical and likely to be given to fits of preoccupation They are apt to ignore mere details

Conspicuously of this class was Mr. Gladstone, whose hat brims always showed a disposition to reach his ears. Men whose hats are always too small are vain and finical. The man who wears his hat drawn over his eyes may not be a "crook," but he is undoubtedly a "schemer." He excels in strategy, whether he uses his gifts in an army campaign or in a coup on Wall street. He is not cheerful, in fact, is given to gloomy meditation. Much more does the man who habitually wears his hat pushed off his forehead enjoy the confidence of his fellow-men. The man who wears his hat off his forehead is essentially frank. He is admired by those who do not agree with any of his views for his straightforwardness; if nature has not gifted him with a singing voice, he whistles. The man who places his hat on one side is independent, self-assertive; he is in danger of becoming vicious. He is a sport by nature if not by practice.

Refused to Be Bluffed.

Mr. Sproggins—And if I decline to let you have my daughter what do you propose to do?

Mr. Wibbleson—I warn you that in that case we are prepared to act. Even now my beloved Aurelia has her best clothes on and awaits me near the railroad station. If you decide against us, we will flee together and never come back.

Mr. Sproggins (without a moment's hesitation)—Then I refuse.—Chicago News.

AN INSOLENT DOCTOR.

Instances of the Rudeness of That Famous Physician, Abernethy.

The Duke of Wellington, having insisted on seeing Dr. Abernethy out of his usual hours and abruptly entering his room, was asked by the doctor how he got in. "By that door," was the reply. "Then," said Abernethy, "I recommend you to make your exit by the same way." He refused to attend George IV until he had delivered his lecture at the hospital, in consequence of which he lost a naval appointment. To a lady who complained that on holding her arm over her head she felt pain he said, "Then what a fool you must be to hold it up!" He was fond of calling people fools. A countess consulted him, and he offered her some pills, when she said she could never take a pill. "Not take a pill! What a fool you must be!" was the courteous reply.

A farmer of immense bulk came from a distance to consult him, and, having given an account of his daily meals, which showed an immense amount of animal food, Abernethy said: "Go away, sir! I won't attempt to prescribe for such a hog!" A loquacious lady he silenced by telling her to put out her tongue. She having done so, "Now keep it there till I have done talking," said Abernethy. A lady having brought her daughter, he refused to prescribe for her, but told the mother to let the girl take exercise. Having received his guinea, he gave the shilling to the mother and said, "Buy the girl a skipping rope as you go along."

When the late Duke of York consulted him, he stood whistling, with his hands in his pockets, and the duke said, "I suppose you know who I am?" "Suppose I do," was the uncourtly reply, "what of that?" To a gentleman who consulted him for an ulcerated throat and wanted him to look at it he said, "How dare you suppose that I would allow you to blow your stinking, foul breath in my face?" But sometimes he met a Tartar.

A gentleman who could not succeed in getting the doctor to listen to his case suddenly locked the door, put the key into his pocket and took out a loaded pistol. Abernethy, alarmed, asked if he meant to murder him. No; he only wanted him to listen to his case and meant to keep him a prisoner till he did. The patient and surgeon afterward became great friends.

THE FARMER HAD A HUNCH.

And the Skin Gamblers Did Not Attempt to Detain Him.

A middle aged Maryland farmer who picked the right ones to the tune of nearly $800 at the races got into Washington on the night following the wind up of the fair. He was hunting for joyance, and three cheerful workers got hold of him and nudged him into a four handed poker game. The farmer didn't know much about the game, but he won steadily for the first hour. Then the cheerful workers went at him in a bunch, and they took his winnings and his own bundle off him so fast that it made him sneeze. One of them got a "squee jib," which he explained as being a hand that couldn't be shown, and raked down $135 of the Maryland man's money. Another got a lollapaloosa, consisting of three clubs and a pair of spades, and took $85 of the farmer's money. The Maryland man only had three queens. Another of the merry grafters caught four diamonds and the ace of clubs on top, which, being a "kifty nitch," beat any hand in the deck, as was explained to the man who had won out on the fair, and the "kifty nitch" topped his king full and cost him $90 more. The Maryland farmer began to look pretty solemn when he was more than $300 in the hole. Then it came to a jack pot. All hands staid until the pressure became too great, and when two of the grafters dropped out there was more than $350 in the center of the table. The farmer stood pat, and he came back at the grafter, who plugged at him every time with $25 raises. When there was more than $600 in the middle of the table, the farmer pasted the amount of the grafter's last raise into the center of the table and called. The grafter laid down four jacks.

"No good," said the farmer, throwing his hand face down in the middle of the table and raking in the pot.

"Hold on there," exclaimed the grafter. "What are you trying to do anyhow? I've got four jacks. What you got?"

"I've got a hunch," said the farmer, sweeping the stakes, which consisted of bills and not chips, into his pocket, and he backed out of the room. He happened to be about 6 feet 3 and built proportionately, and the cheerful workers didn't attempt to detain him.—Washington Post.

Bound For Perdition.

A young wife who lives at Edgewater came to her mother-in-law with a heartbroken expression recently and threw herself on the floor in the abandonment of grief.

"Why, what is the matter, Mary?" the elderly lady exclaimed. "Has anything happened to Will?"

"Oh, mother! He's taken to staying out nights!" wailed the unhappy young woman.

"How long has this been going on, my dear? It doesn't seem possible! I used to know all about my boy's habits, and he never went anywhere he shouldn't. How late does he stay away?"

"You know he usually leaves the office at 5 o'clock, mother. Night before last he never got home until 6, and last night he didn't set foot in the house until 20 minutes after 6. Oh, what shall I do!"—Chicago News.

The Goat and His Sheepskin.

Bascom—Do you believe in a college education?

Bilby—Oh, yes. A college education is all right, but the same is not always to be said of the man who fancies he has one.

As He Found It.

"What do you find to be the principal expense in running an automobile?"

"Paying the installments on its purchase."

M'SWAT'S TORTURE.

OR ONE CAN HAVE TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.

The Horrible Story of a Sensitive Householder Who Lived on the Fat of the Land, but Could Not Properly Appreciate His Luck.

CHAPTER I.

"Lobelia," asked Mr. McSwat as he surveyed the enormous fowl that loomed up before him on the huge platter, "how much did this bird weigh—gross weight, I mean, feathers and all—as it came from its beautiful home in the country?"

"Twenty-seven and a half pounds," replied Mrs. McSwat. "The man said it was the biggest turkey he had sold this year."

After a few moments spent in a careful survey of the enemy, for the purpose of deciding the proper strategic point at which to begin the attack, he grasped his trusty weapons and sailed in.

CHAPTER II.

"I didn't order any meat for this meal, Billiger," said Mrs. McSwat as they sat down to dinner next day. "There is plenty of the turkey left."

"Is this the same fowl we had yesterday?" asked Mr. McSwat, surveying it critically, carving knife and fork in hand. "It looks larger than it did then."

CHAPTER III.

Saturday.

Dinner hour in the McSwat mansion.

"How much did you say this majestic ruin weighed when in the pride of its full grown beauty, Lobelia?" said Billiger, making a gash on the left side of the turkey, hitherto untouched, and slicing off some of the white meat.

"Twenty-seven pounds and a half."

"I had forgotten whether it was 27 or 37. Did you ever see a picture of an æpyornis, Lobelia?"

"No. What is it?"

"It is a gigantic bird, of which some remarkably interesting fossil remains have been found. Its egg was several times as large as an ostrich's egg. The bird itself, I am happy to say, is now extinct—unless this is an æpyornis."

CHAPTER IV

"The sermon this morning, Lobelia," observed Mr. McSwat, sitting down at the table Sunday afternoon and unfolding his napkin, "did not strike me as being in the preacher's happiest vein. What he said, though, about character being formed largely by the home life, with its quiet and refined influences—Oh, great Cæsar, Lobelia! Is this that thundering old turkey again? Are we never going to have the last of it?"

"Now, you needn't make a fuss about that turkey, Billiger. It's nicely warmed over, and it will be just as good as ever. There's too much of it to throw away, and you know it as well as I do."

"Pardon me for asking the question again, Lobelia, but how much did you say it weighed in the raw?"

"Twenty-seven and one-half pounds. You ought to be able to remember it by this time."

CHAPTER V.

Early next morning, before anybody else in the house was stirring, Billiger McSwat slipped down stairs, took the remains of that turkey out of the ice-box and weighed them on the scales.

There still remained seven pounds and a half, including the skeleton.

And the drumsticks, large, leathery and terrible, were yet untouched.

Thereupon Billiger McSwat, with a hunted look on his face, fled.

He took his dinner down town that day, and when he did return, at 11 p. m., he sneaked up stairs to bed.

THE END.

—Chicago Tribune.

Truly Polite.

Housewife—Clear out! I won't give you a thing!

Beggar (as a barrel organ strikes up)—Then, madam, may I beg you for the honor of a waltz at least?—Meggendorfers Blatter.

Rash Deduction.

"Poor thing!" exclaimed one young woman at the theater. "That girl is beautiful, but she is very deaf."

"How do you know?"

"She has sat all through this French farce without blushing once."

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS
Issued Every Tuesday.

W. B. ANDERSON, - - - EDITOR

The columns of THE NEWS are open to all who wish to express therein views on matters of public interest.

While we do not hold ourselves responsible for the utterances of correspondents, we reserve the right of declining to insert communications unnecessarily personal.

TUESDAY, APRIL, 10th, 1900

NOTICE TO THE SCHOOL CHILDREN.

The CUMBERLAND NEWS, offers the following to encourage the growth of flowers in Cumberland and Union:

For the best 12 blooms of blotched pansies, one variety and marked alike, $1.50.

For the best 12 blooms, self colored, one variety, one color, $1.50.

For the best collection of pansy blooms, not less than 12, each different, $1.

For the best arranged basket of pansy blooms, all colors, 50 cents.

For the largest single pansy bloom, any color, 50 cts.

Only children under 12 year of age and attending the Cumberland school and who are living in any house in which there is a subscriber to the NEWS on April 1st, 1900, for not less than six months. Flowers must be grown by exhibitors personally. Entries to be made at the NEWS office from 10 to 12 a. m. on June 30th.

WAR NEWS.

Bloemfontein, March 30. Owing to activity of the enemy on our immediate front and their close actions toward the burghers under the terms of my proclamation I found it was necessary to drive them from some kopjies they had occupied near the the Kaarll-Siding station, a few miles south of Brandfort. The operation was successfully carried out by the Seventh Division assisted by the First and Third Cavalry Brigades under French and Gen. Gatacre's regiment of mounted Infantry. The enemy were driven from their position and retreated to Brandfort and our troops now hold the kopjies. Our casualties were, killed, Capt. Going; wounded, Capts. Sellar, Lurud and Publes, five lieutenants and about one hundred rank and field men.

Pretoria, March 30.—Despatch from Fourteen Streams says the Boers on March 26 bombarded the British camp there and that the British replied feebly and evacuated that place during the night.

Mafeking was bombarded for seven hours on Tuesday.

London, March 30.—Queen Victoria has cabled Roberts asking him to convey to Mrs. Joubert her sympathy at the loss of her husband.

London, March 30.—The Boers are concentrating in force about and 15 miles north of Bloemfontein and Lord Roberts is sending troops to engage them. Lord Methune and forces that had been operating in the Barkley district have been recalled to Kimberly by Lord Roberts. No explanation has been given for this but the mounted troops are dissatisfied at having been ordered back.

The head of the army of Roberts is now 20 miles north of Bloemfontein. It occupies a cluster of hills won from the Boers after a stiff fight yesterday in which the British lost 7 officers and 150 men. The Boers had been using these kopjies as a base for marauding bands that have been beating up the country near Bloemfontein driving off cattle and forcing resident Free Staters into ranks again. The enemy must have been in large numbers as Roberts sent 11,000 troops against them. Lord Robert progress to Pretoria will consist of a series of such forward movements to Boer positions will be attacked by a portion of army advancing rapidly with wheel transportation, the army coming up as the railway is repaired. The reison why a hot chase was not made after Com. Oliver is that Roberts did not wish to wear out the cavalry transports. French lost 3,000 horses in relief of Kimberly and in the pursuit of Cronjie Lord Roberts lost 3,000 transport cattle and it is estimated he lost 3,000 men since the forward movement began on Feb. 13.

Kroonstadt, March 30.—Gen. Smith-Dorrien day engaged the British at Mafalikop south of Brandfort and held them at bay for six hours. The burghers fought well. The casualties are unknown.

From Cape Town it is reported that President Steyne has gone to Pretoria after issuing an order that all British Boers refusing to join the Boer army shall be shot. Stories of refugees however are notoriously unreliable. The news from elsewhere is very meagre though the last reports from Natal indicate the speedy clashing of the opposing armies.

London, April 2.—The War Office reports that Col. Broadwood lost seven guns and all his baggage in an ambush laid for him by Boers on Saturday. The casualties number 350 killed.

London, April 2.—Roberts wires as follows: I received news late yesterday afternoon from Col. Broadwood who was at Thebavichin, 306 miles east from here that information had reached him that enemy was approaching in two forces. He stated that if reports proved true he would go towards Waterworks, 17, miles nearer Bloemfontein where we have a detachment of mounted infantry for protection works. Broadwood was told in reply that another division would march at daybreak to support him and if he considered it necessary he should retire from Waterworks. He moved there during the night and at dawn he was shelled and attacked on three sides. He sent two horse batteries and his baggage towards Bloemfontein. Two miles from waterworks the road crosses a deep ravine which the Boers were so well hid that in the scouts passed over them and not until the waggons were entering the drift did they show themselves and opened fire and many of the drivers were shot and many guns captured. The remainder galloped off covered by Roberts' horse which suffered heavily. All the baggage and seven guns were captured and the casualties are 350 including 200 missing. On hearing Broadwood was hard pressed I ordered French with two remaining cavalry brigades to follow in support of 9th Division. The latter after a magnificent march arrived on the scene of a zone of action shortly after 2 p. m. Broadwood's force consisted of Royal Household Cavalry and Tenth Hussars and and Pilosphers Batallions. Boer force estimated at 10,000. The leading battery was soon on the Boer's ambush in the river bed that the latter said: "It's useless to advance so lay down your arms.

Kimberly, April 2.—There is great Boer activsty along the Vaal River. 6,000 Boers have assembled at various points between Fourteen Streams and Christinia. Kruger promised them to re-occupy Bloemfontein. A big battle is near.

Pretoria, April 3.—Cannonading was again heard in direction of Brandfort and expected that very heavy fighting has occured around Mafeking. It is added that Col. Plumer's relief column was compelled to retire with loss.

London, April 3.—Describing Broadwood's defeat the Bloemfontein Correspondents say the Boers opened with a murderous fire. It was simply slaughter. The Kaffir drivers of the convoy ran away leaving their teams and it was impossible for our men to hit the hidden enemy. Our gunners fought bravely trying to save the guns but our people were hampered by the Kaffirs who ran hither and thither looking for shelter, meanwhile the enemy were hotly pressing Broadwood. Thr British showed magnicent bravery and the arrival of reinforcements saved Broadwood from annihilation. It is reported that the seven guns have been recaptured.

The whole force is retiring on Bloemfontein. The whole affair was a feint intended to frighten Free Staters who were discussing surrendering to Roberts. The Boers are still holding the Waterworks and the line of hills behind.

Pretoria, April 3.—There has been heavy fighting between French & Botha's infantry. The Waterstroom and Enels commandos attacked 7,000 British and drove them back with heavy loss. According to the reports of wounded who have arrived, hard fighting occurred all along the line. The federal troops had position on the side and top of the mountain while British reserves were on the opposite side of the hill. British charged repeatedly but were repulsed. Reports from Brandfort received later states 2,000 federals attacked 3,000 British successfully but that 13,000 British reinforcements arrived and the federals were compelled to retire, federal loss light. The Boers still occupy the waterworks which the British shelled yesterday afternoon the Boers replying.

Cape Town, April 4.—Gen Cronje, C. I. Schieling and 5,000 Boer prisoners sailed for St. Helena to night.

London, April 3.—No news has yet been received of the expected battle between French and the Boers. There is now a remote prospect for the recapture of the guns and little news from other points. Mafeking was still besieged on March 30 and there are rumors that Buller is preparing to advance. The Boers have retired from the Waterworks, near Bloemfontein, duplicate machinery is available to replace that which the Boers destroyed.

Bloemfontein, April 4.—Gen. Colvil and Gen. French have given up the movement against the Boers east of Bloemfontein and have rejoined the main army. The Boers have probably moved elsewhere and if south west Gen Colville could as easily strike them from Bloemfontein as by following them across the plains.

The British garrison at Springfontein was aroused at midnight by information that Boers in force were about to make an attack but not a Burgher appeared. President Kruger has impressed on Steyne to make one more brave stand before surrendering. Everything is quiet in and around Bloemfontein. The British are in urgent need of remounts.

The Portuguese authorities are going to allow the transport of British soldiers by railway through their territory to Rhodesia.

Dublin, March 4.—Queen Victoria landed in Ireland this morning for the first time in 39 years. She was received with great enthusiasm.

Brussels, April 4.—The Prince of Wales was shot at to-day while leaving the railroad station. He was not hurt.

Lorenzo Marquez, April 5.—Sharp fighting occured on April 2 in the neighborhood of Mafeking. The garrison made a sortie while Plumer's cavalry attacked the Boers at Ramathalaba. Both attacks repulsed.

London, April 5.—The Bloemfontein correspondent says Clement's force traversed Peterusberg on Sunday morning and is now encamped a day's march from Mafeking.

Mafeking, April 5.—There has been little excitement during the past week. The Boer shell fire comes in fitful gusts and has little effect. The Boers seem to be breaking up their main laager but have taken up another entrenched position northward with a view of preventing the approach of the relief forces. Our sharp shooters keep up a steady interchange of fire. M. S. Hete, a native chief has broken out against the Boers. An Irish-American trooper has deserted to the Boers and a reward of £50 has been offered for his capture, dead or alive.

Twenty of Plumer's men were found dead on the field and six others missing and the federal losses are small. Rumor is current that a relief party is approaching Mafeking from the south.

A despatch from Cape Town announces the departure of Second Contingent fo the Canadians to the front.

Brussels, 5.—It was a boy of 16 years old named Sipedo who fired at the Prince of Wales. He has been arrested.

POLITICAL NEWS.

Victoria, April 3.—C. S. Ryder, of Cumberland, was sworn in this afternoon as Minister of Finance and Agriculture in the Martin Cabinet.

Alberni, B. C., April 4.—At meeting of Liberals held here last night Party lines were adopted and Mr. Martin as leader. Delegates will be sent to the Convention at Vancouver to-morrow.

Victoria, April 4.—In the next issue of the Provincial Gazette will appear the name of C S Ryder of Cumberland as Finance Minister. The Victoria delegation to Liberal Convention will be evenly divided.

Nanaimo, April 4.—The Liberals of north Nanaimo held a meeting last night and passed a resolution against Party lines and leadership of Martin. Ten delegates will be sent to Vancouver to morrow.

Victoria, 5.—To-night's Gazette will announce the appointment of Alex McKay of Cumberland as License Commissioner for Comox District, vice Ryder and M H McLeod of Nanaimo for Texada.

FOR SALE CHEAP—A first-class Piano. Apply at NEWS office.

GOOD ACCOMODATION for Travellers at BENJAMIN CRUMP'S, Little Qualicum.

DR. J. GRICE, Dentist, From Nanaimo, will be at the Cumberland House from the 4th of April to the 12th. Every branch of Dental work done, teeth extracted painlessly.

EGGS FOR HATCHING,
FROM HEAVY WINTER LAYERS.
Beack Langshans, $2 per sitting.
Black Minorcas, $2 per sitting.
Barred Plymouth Rocks, $1 per sitting.
E. PHILLIPS,
Grantham, Comox.

Society Cards

Hiram Lodge No 14 A.F. & A.M., B.C
Courtenay B. C.

Lodge meets on every Saturday on or before the full of the moon

Visiting Brothers cordially requested to attend.

R. S. McConnell,
Secretary

SUNDAY SERVICES

TRINITY CHURCH.—SERVICES in the evening. REV. J. X. WILLEMAR rector.

ST GEORGE'S PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—SERVICES at 11 a.m. and 7 p m. Sunday School at 2:30. Y. P. S. C. E. meets at the close of evening service. REV. W. C. DODDS, pastor.

METHODIST CHURCH.—SERVICES at the usual hours morning and evening Epworth League meets at the close of evening service. Sunday School at 2:30. REV. W. HICKS, pastor

St. John's Catholic Church—Rev. J. A. Durand, Pastor. Mass on Sundays at 11 o'clock a. m. Sunday School in the afternoon.

FOR SALE—Near Courtenay, 211 acres. Trees burned off, about 20 acres swamp land.

For particulars apply at this office.

REMEMBER DR. GRICE, Dentist, is here from to-day to the 12th.

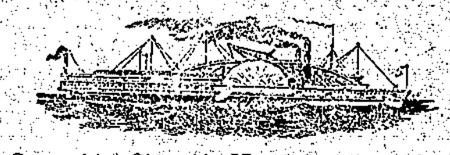
RAW FURS
HIDES AND DEER SKINS
SHIP TO
McMILLAN FUR & WOOL CO.
EXPORTERS AND IMPORTERS.
200-212 FIRST AVE. NORTH, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
Write for Our Circular and See the Prices We Pay.

Union Brewery.
Fresh Lager Beer THE BEST IN THE PROVINCE
STEAM Beer, Ale, and Porter.
A reward of $5.00 will be paid for information leading to conviction of persons witholding or destroying any kegs belonging to this company.
HENRY REIFEL, Manager.

It Will Certainly Pay You to
GET OUR PRICES AND TERMS ON
Pianos and Organs
BEFORE ORDERING ELSEWHERE.
SOLE AGENTS FOR
HEINTZMAN, NORDHEIMER, STEINWAY, BELL, DOMINION. WORMWITH PIANOS. ESTEY, BELL AND DOMINION ORGANS.
M. W. WAITT & CO.
60 Government St., Victoria.
Chas. Segrave,
Local Agent, Cumberland.

J. R. McLEOD
General Teaming. Powder Oil, Etc., Hauled. Wood in Blocks Furnished.
SCAVENGER WORK DONE

Esquimalt & Nanaimo Ry.



Steamship City of Nanaimo will sail as follows, calling at way ports as freight and passengers may offer.
Leave Victoria for Nanaimo
Tuesday 7 a.m.
Nanaimo for Comox,
Wednesday 7 a.m.
Comox for Nanaimo
Friday 8 a.m
Nanaimo for Victoria,
Saturday 7 a.m.
OR Freight tickets and Stateroom Apply on board,
GEO. L COURTNEY,
Traffice Manager

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE.
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TRADE MARKS, DESIGNS, COPYRIGHTS &c.
Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain, free, whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Oldest agency for securing patents in America. We have a Washington office. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice in the
SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN,
beautifully illustrated, largest circulation of any scientific journal, weekly, terms $3.00 a year; $1.50 six months. Specimen copies and HAND BOOK ON PATENTS sent free. Address
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Apply to
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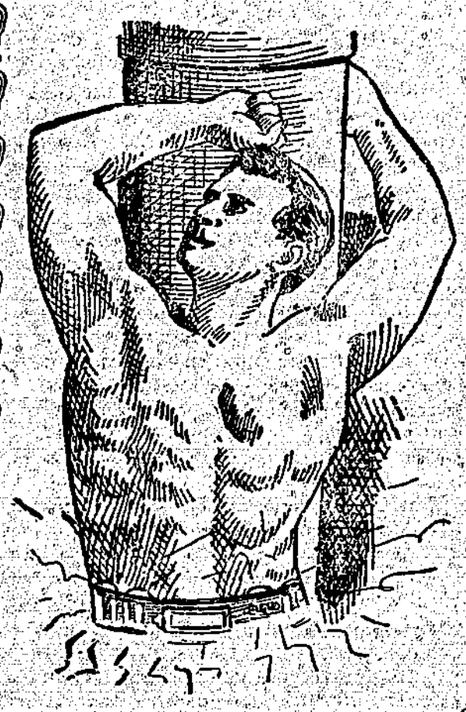
Cor. of 3rd St. and Windermere Ave

THE NEWS War Bulletin gives all the latest news of the Transvaal. Subscribe for the Bulletin and keep posted on the war. Price per month $1.00 or 5 cts. per copy.

Man's Normal Strength.



Every man should be strong in nerve and body, but, unfortunately, youthful indiscretions and later excesses, dissipations, etc., are so prevalent that comparatively few possess perfect health, strength and vigor.

Of course, when a man is weak, nature is constantly doing the utmost to bring about a change, but this is a condition in which she requires aid, or, rather, a means of using her own remedy. I have treated weak men and weak men only, for 30 years. During that time I gave all the drugs that are given to-day, and found out what most doctors admit, that

DRUGS DO NOT CURE.

these weaknesses, because they stimulate. Electricity is the proper, the only common sense remedy. You, reader, will live to see the day when it will take the place of all drugs in any debility of the system. But they don't apply it right at present. I found out how to apply it years ago. It is the continuous flow which does the work. That is why my famous

ELECTRIC BELT,

with attachment for men, is popular the world over. It is the only proper application of the galvanic current. It is the home self-treatment for weak men. You put it around the waist upon retiring to bed and take it off in the morning. Do this for 60 or 90 days and feel yourself a new man. It takes all the weakness out of your back and gives you new vigor. Remember, I guarantee my belt to give a current instantly felt by wearer, and it may be made mild or strong by simply turning regulator thumb-crew. Over 7,000 men, young and old, were restored to strength by its use during 1899.

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Drop in and consult me free of charge, or write for free book, which explains all. Sent in plain, sealed envelope.

DR. C. SANDEN. 474 Main Street, Winnipeg.

Office Hours: 9 a.m. to 6 p.m.

FARMING PRIZES.

The following letter to Farming from Prof. Robertson is puglished at the request of Mr. J. R. Anderson, deputy minister of egriculture:

By the kindness of a generous friend who love to stimulate the activities of boys and girls in farm homes in such directions as will lead them out (educate) into happy and useful lives, I am able to offer $10,000 in cash prizes for the selection of seed grains on farms in all the provinces, on a plan which will lead to great improvement in the crops throughout the whole country.

It is highly desirable that the boys and girls in farm homes should study this subject and begin the selection of seed grain under the advice and supervision of their parents.

I. The competition in every province will be open to all boys and girls that who have not passed their eighteenth birthday before the 1st January, 1900.

II. There will be separate competitions for each province; and the Northwest Territories are to be considered as one province for this purpose.

III. The main competition will continue for three years; and the prizes will be awarded to those who obtain the largest number of marks on the following plan:

(a) Any acre of oats, on the farm at which the competitor lives, may be selected for 1900; one mark will be awarded for every pound in weight of grain of good quality obtained from the ocre in 1900

(b) Before the grain is harvested in 1900, a quantity of large heads shall be selected to yield enough heavy plump seeds to sow one acre in 1901, and two marks will be awarded for eveay pound in weight of grain of good quality obtained from the acre in 1901.

(c) Before the grain is harvested in 1901, a quantity of large heads shall be selected to yield enough heavy plump seeds to sow one acre in 1902; and three marks will be awarded for every pound in weight of grain of gosd quality obtained from the acte in 1902.

(d) The competitor who odtains the largest number of marks in the total of the three years will receive the first prize in the province; the competitor who obtains the second largest number of marks the second prize; and so on for ten prizes in every province.

(e) There will be also prizes for wheat on the same plan.

(f) The following show the prizes for one province:

	Oats.	Wheat.
1st prize	$100	$100
2nd "	75	75
3rd "	50	5'
4th "	25	25
5th "	15	15
6th "	10	10
7th "	5	5
8th "	5	5
9th "	5	5
10th "	5	5
	$295	$295

(g) There will be sets of prizes as abvoe for Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, Manitoba, Northwest Territories, and British Columbia.

IV. There will also be sets of prizes annually for the 100 heads of grain which contain the largest number of seeds of the best quality picked out of those selected from the acre each year,

(a) Any 100 heads fromthe acre entered for competition may be picked; one mark will be awarded for every seed on the one hundread heads and two marks for every grain (in weight) which those seeds weigh.

(b) The competitor who receives the largest number of marks will receive the first prize in the province; the competitor who obtains es second largest number of marks, the second prize; and so on for the ten prizes in every province.

(c) The following show the prizes for one province for 1900:

	Oats.	Wheat.
1st prize	$ 25	$ 25
2nd "	20	20
3rd "	15	15
4th "	12	12
5th "	10	10
6th "	8	8
7th "	5	5
8th "	5	5
9th "	5	5
10th "	5	5
	$110	$110

There will be sets of prizes as above, for Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick, Nowa Scotia, Prinde Edward Island, Manitoba, Northwest Territories and British Columbia respectively, in 1900, and also in 1901 and 1902.

Summary: 100 large heads.

1900: Oats	$110	
Wheat	110	
	$220 x 8—	$ 1,760
1901: do		1,760
1902: do		1,760
		$ 5,280

Three year lb. grain per acre competition:

Oats	$295	
Wheat:	295	
	$590 x 8—	$ 4,720
		$10,000

V. All those who desire to enter the competition should send their names and addresses to Professor Robertson, Ottawa, before the 1st May 1900. These communications should contain only the words "Entry for seed grain competion," and full name and address. They will be carried by mail free of postage.

I particularly request that no questions be asked on these entry applications. Full particulars will be mailed in good time to every one whose entry is received ond I am sure the newspapers will accord their much-prized courtesy and help in giving publicity to any furtner announcements. The competitors will doubtless dumber many thousands, and it will not be practicable to write letters to them individually. The plan provides for 640 prizes, of which 16 are $100 each; 16 are $75; 16 are $50 each; and 64 are 25 each.

I invite the teachers to join in helping forward this educational movement. I would not on any persenal, private or selfish matter add one straw to their already heavy burdens af labor. I think they do the most vnluable and most poorly-paid service of all the workers in our country. However, in this case although they may neither seek nor expect material reward, they will, with the certainty of seed and harvest, win the fulfilment of the apt promise, "Cast thy bred upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many days."

JAS. W. ROBERTSON.

Ottawo, Jan. 1st, 1900.

FOR SALE: Old papers. Apply at NEWS Office.

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Spectacles & Eyeglasses

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To Suit all Sights.

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TEAMSTER AND DRAYMEN
SINGLE AND DOUBLE RIGS
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PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO

R. SHAW, Manager.

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We have just received a new supply of Ball Programme Cards, New Style Business Cards and a few Nice Memorial Cards. Also some extra heavy Blue Envelopes. Call and see.

The NEWS Job Department.

Esquimalt & Nanaimo Ry.

TIME TABLE EFFECTIVE
NOV. 19TH, 1898.

VICTORIA TO WELLINGTON.

No. 2 Daily. A.M.		No. 4 Saturday P.M.
Dc. 9:00	Victoria	Dc. 4:25
" 9:28	Goldstream	" 4:53
" 10:14	Shawnigan Lake	" 5.39
" 10:48	Duncans	6:15
P.M.		P.M.
" 12:24	Nanaimo	7:41
Ar. 12:40	Wellington	Ar. 7 55

WELLINGTON TO VICTORIA.

No. 1 Daily. A.M.		No. 3 Saturday. A.M.
Dc. 8:05	Wellington	Dc. 4:25
" 8:29	Nanaimo	" 4:39
" 9:55	Duncans	" 6:05
" 10:37	Shawnigan Lake	" 6:46
" 11:23	Goldstream	" 7.32
Ar. 11:50	Victoria	Ar. 8:00 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

FOR SALE CHEAP—And on easy Terms, a house and six acres of land at Comox Apply at this office.

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CUMBERLAND, B. C.

NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that an application will be made to the Legislative Assembly of the Province of British Columbia, at its next session, for an Act to incorporate a Company with power to construct, equip, operate and maintain a railway of standard or any other guage, to be operated by steam, electricity or any other motive power, from a point on Johnston Strait, Vancouver Island, a short distance west of Chatham Point, thence in a southerly direction by the most feasible route, to a point on or near Upper Campbell Lake on the said Island, and a further line of railway from a point on Johnston Strait a short distance east of Bear River, thence in a southerly direction by the most feasible route, to a point on or near the North end of Bear Lake, and with power to construct, equip, operate and maintain necessary branch lines; and to build and operate tramways in connection therewith, and with power to construct, operate and maintain all necessary roads, bridges, ways, ferries and other works, and to build, own and maintain wharves and docks in connection therewith; and with power to build, construct, acquire, own, equip and maintain ships, steamers, barges and other boats and vessels and to operate the same on any navigable waters within the Province; and with power to build, equip, operate and maintain telegraph and telephone lines in connection with the said railways and branches; and with power to build and operate all kinds of plant for the purpose of supplying light, heat, electricity and any kind of motive power; and with power to acquire the water rights, and to construct dams and flumes for improving and increasing any water rights or water privileges acquired; and to build, own and maintain saw mills, and wood pulp mills; and with power to expropriate lands for the purposes of the Company; and to acquire lands, bonuses, privileges or other aids from any Government, Municipal Corporation or other persons or bodies; and to levy and collect tolls from all parties using, and on all freights passing over such railways, tramways, ferries, wharves and vessels owned and operated by the Company; and with power to make traffic or other arrangements with railway, steamboat or other Companies, and for all other usual necessary or incidental powers, rights or privileges.

Dated this 14th day of March, A.D. 1900.

DAVIS, MARSHALL & MACNEILL,

Solicitors for the Applicants.

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and am agent for the following reliable insurance companies: The Royal London and Lancashire and Norwich Union. I am prepared to accept risks at current rates. I am also agent for the Standerd Life Insurance Company of Edinburgh and the Ocean Accident Company of England. Please call and investigate before insuring in any other Company.

JAMES ABRAMS.

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COR. DUNSMUIR AVENUE AND SECOND STREET, CUMBERLAND, B. C.

MRS. J. H. PIKET, Proprietress.

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Sample Rooms and Public Hall Run in Connection with Hotel.

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Fruit and Ornamental Trees,

Rhododendrons, Roses, fancy Evergreens, Magnolias, Bulbs, new crop Lawn Grass and tested gardon seeds for spring planting. Largest and most complete stock in Western Canada. Call and make your selections or send for catalogue. Address at nursery grounds and greenhouse.

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Westminster Rd., Old No. 604—New No. 3065.

COURTENAY Directory.

COURTENAY HOUSE, A. H. McCallum, Proprietor.

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Notice.

Riding on locomotives and railway cars of the Union Colliery Company by any person or persons—except train crew—is strictly prohibited. Employees are subject to dismissal for allowing same

By order

FRANCIS D. LITTLE
Manager.

A BARGAIN.

Anyone wishing to secure a house and lot of land very cheap will do well to call at this office. The owner intends to leave and will sell at a big sacrifice.

WOMAN AND HOME.

A SOLDIER'S WIDOW WHO IS AN EXCELLENT MOTHER.

New Occupations For Women—In Women's Hands—Courting In the Transvaal—Wives as Merchandise. Women Who Stay at Home.

Major John A. Logan was especially fortunate in his domestic relations. He possessed a wife whose first thought was her husband and children. She contributed in every manner what a loving heart could suggest to their pleasure and comfort.

Mrs. Edith Andrews Logan was the eldest daughter of the late Chauncey H. Andrews, and though the family was possessed of great wealth and their residence one of the largest and finest in Youngstown, O., the daughter cared little for the world of society. She found her greatest pleasure either in conversing with her father, who was a man of affairs, or in connection with a few personal friends, who always esteemed it an honor to be guests at her home, where great hospitality was dispensed and little attention given to the foibles of society.

Growing up surrounded by such an atmosphere, Miss Andrews became thoroughly conversant with all matters of importance, and through her father be-

MRS. JOHN A. LOGAN, JR.

came imbued with a spirit of business affairs. Thus she attained a thorough knowledge of business matters. Following the marriage, Mrs. Logan and her husband took possession of an elegant country residence in the suburbs of the city. Aside from a few charming house parties, Mrs. Logan evinced little desire for the whirl of society. The illness of her father took up her attention. She proved a most dutiful daughter, cheering him by pleasant reading from such works and papers as she knew would please him best.

Their three children, Marie Louise, aged 11, named after her mother; John A. Logan III, aged 9, and Edith Josephine, named after the mother, have had the personal care of their mother from their birth. Though nurses were employed, the mother at all times kept in touch with the children. Major Logan idolized his children, and possessed as he was of a most generous disposition which could deny them nothing, it was only the firm spirit of the mother, schooled by her experience at home, that prevented them from being spoiled.—Chicago Times-Herald.

New Occupations For Women.

Of the various occupations open to women teaching is the most general; teaching of the ordinary school branches, of languages, of music, of drawing, of fancy work, of plain sewing, of machine stitching, of stenography, etc., and there is always employment for the competent. Then there are the dressmaker, the boarding house keeper, the manicure, the hairdresser, the stenographer, the bookkeeper, the saleswoman, a few doctors, lawyers and photographers, and the list of woman's occupations is about exhausted.

New lines in which women may venture are always looked upon with favor. As a D. D. S. a woman should excel, and dentistry is one of the few callings that allow a woman to superintend her home and at the same time practice a profession. The office of a dentist is usually located in her home. In this profession the women are as yet in the great minority, and the reason is probably due to the peculiarity of the work, which is arduous and at times disagreeable, but always remunerative. The tuition and training, embracing all features of the science, can be had at any of the dental colleges and at very moderate cost.

In the final settling down to practice a woman can become a specialist in some one branch of her work. Women and children are her special patients, and by her sympathy and tact she accomplishes far more than the man dentist and with little nervous strain to her patient.

Many women are now employed as dentists' assistants. Every first class office employs one or more women for the making of teeth and various appliances by which dental loss is made good and for attending the women and children who visit the office. The assistant usually graduates into a full fledged dentist.

As telegraph operators women make competent and trustworthy employees, and telegraphy is easily learned by any bright woman.

Another new occupation has just opened up for women who know how to pack trunks so that after a journey clothes may be taken out fresh and new without wrinkles or creases. Packers are employed at 50 cents to $1 per hour and find ready employment.—Grace Pierce in American Queen.

In Women's Hands.

Since the world was new women have always liked to have some trifle to carry in their hands. It is stated that Mme. de Stael, noted always for her brilliant mind, carried a twig of willow. Without it she had scarcely a word to say and constantly dropped the threads of conversation, but with it she declared that the rustling of the leaves as she handled them or waved the twig formed an accompaniment to what she said, and she spoke fluently. Mme. de Stael was, however, always a law unto herself, and few women have occupied their hands with trifles that have not been in a measure an accessory to their costumes. Centuries since the women of France carried canes. They were in general use in the time of Robert the Pious, for history records that his queen, Constance, was on one occasion so enraged with her confessor that she put out both his eyes with the cane which was her habitual companion. What penance the lady did for her cruel act is not told, but canes went suddenly out of vogue. They did not reappear till the eighteenth century, when high heeled shoes came in. Women at first felt rather crippled in them, and as they got higher and higher canes were used to support the uncertain steps of those who wore them. High heels went out again for a time, and women walked on the flat of the foot, but under the second empire they were revived, and the cane was again in vogue. There was not a woman of fashion in that brief period who did not walk with an ebony, gold headed stick whenever she appeared on the promenade. The ex-Empress Eugenie has never discarded her cane, and Queen Victoria has used one for many years. The contemporaries of Catherine de' Medici generally wore small black masks when they took their walks abroad and frequently held them in their hands while talking. Under Louis Quatorze ladies carried hand mirrors in elaborate frames.

Courting In the Transvaal.

"While here," said the traveler in the Transvaal, "I saw how the Boers come courting. The girl was the daughter of my employer. The young man dashed up to the house on horseback, wearing new clothes, with an ostrich feather in his hat. He made his fine horse prance and caper before the house ere he descended. Then he gave his lines to one of the Hottentots standing near and walked up and down in front of the windows of the house, well knowing that the eyes of his sweetheart were peeping through the blinds at him. Then he strutted into the house and first shook hands with 'Tante,' the mother, and said 'Guten tag' (good day). The same he did with 'Oom,' the father, and then at last spoke to the girl and her sisters and brothers.

"Oom said only 'Sitze' (take a seat), and then there was complete silence, which lasted until the bowl of coffee was brought in. Then each in turn spoke a few words. Oom asked how everything was at the 'huis' (home), and then we heard all about the health of each of the family, how the cattle and the crops were doing, etc. All the time we were drinking coffee. At last the suitor rose and handed his chosen bride the 'lachergoot' (confectionery), which she, blushing and laughing, accepted.

"This was the critical moment, for if she had refused the gift that would have ended the courtship. Now there was gayer talk, until all but the two left the room, for it was the right of the suitor to remain in the front room alone with her of his choice. But so that he should not stay too long 'Tante,' according to custom, stepped up to the wax candle and made a mark on it with a needle, saying that the visit might last until the candle burned thus far. This was a command that the most lovesick swain dare not disregard."

Wives Shipped as Merchandise.

In the old days, when the English speaking race were gradually spreading themselves over the world, the men who settled in out of the way places had either to live a bachelor life or to content themselves with a wife from the native population.

The old Hudson Bay factors were confronted with this difficulty when they wished to become benedicts and often married Indian girls. These wives they acquired by purchase, in accordance with the Indian custom. A gun, a colored blanket or a twist of tobacco would secure a most desirable wife in those days. The girl was certainly obtained at a reasonable price, but those early traders found an Indian wife an expensive luxury. In bad times, which were frequent in those cold regions, the husband was expected to feed his wife's relations. The number of these was astonishing, and the poor trader had to supply food to a small tribe of Indians.

Many of them, however, did not care to marry Indian maidens and petitioned the company to select wives for them and send them out by the next boat. Their wishes were complied with, and the selections, as a rule, were perfectly satisfactory. Among the archives of the Hudson Bay company are to be found receipts from factors running something like the following:

"Received per Lapwing, Jane Goody, as per invoice, in good condition."

"Received per Osprey, Matilda Timbins. Returned per Lapwing, as not being in accordance with description contained in invoice."—Keystone.

Women Who Stay at Home.

Many an Arab lady never leaves her house from the time she is married until she is carried out to be buried. A woman of the middle class is allowed more liberty, and she occasionally goes out for walks, accompanied, as a rule, by a servant. The poor creature is enveloped in masses of white drapery, which makes her look like a walking bundle, and in front of her face she arranges a large black scarf, embroidered with blue, red and white flowers. It falls low in front, and even by holding up the ends she cannot see more than a foot or two of the road before her. It is a wonder that she does not get run over when she goes out alone, for she needs a dog to guide her quite as much as any blind man.

Servants and other women of the lower classes wear pieces of black crepon wound tightly around their faces, leaving just a slit for their eyes to peep through, and they are equally muffled up in white draperies. Seen from a distance, they might be men with masks or thick black beards, as in Arab countries it is by no means easy to tell a man from a woman at first sight. The older and uglier a woman, the more prudish she seems to be about covering up her face, which, after all, is rather considerate on her part. Even the greater number of negresses wear the yashmak, but the Bedouin women never do. Indeed, in the interior there is one Arab tribe whose men wear veils and whose women go about with their faces uncovered. These are probably the "new women" of Arabia.

Girls Who Are Shunned by Men.

There are many girls who are shunned by men, and for the most part the fault lies with themselves. The girl who never exercises herself to the agreeable unless she can have everything her own way is one of them, for there is not a man alive who will give way in everything to a girl. The girl who scolds is another type. She may be perfectly good tempered, but she has contracted the scolding habit, and so she is left alone to scold at her pleasure. Then there is the girl with the haughty manner and cold stare. No man dares to make love to her, because there is nothing whatever to love in her. So the girl scowls at what she considers their bad taste, utterly ignoring the fact that her own foolish conduct is the sole cause of their neglect, says the Cincinnati Commercial. Another girl without a lover is the painfully shy maiden. She likes to see men at a distance, but the moment they draw near she drives them back with her embarrassment. They retire simply out of pity, seeing her distress and awkward bashfulness. Last on the list comes the girl who always has something smart to say about every one she sees, ridiculing people in order to be considered clever, little knowing how men intensely dislike to hear her pulling everybody's character to pieces for their amusement.

The Trained Housekeeper.

The duty of the employer to the employee is possibly the most vital of the missing links in the servant problem. The fact that the average homekeeper is not taught along the lines of her art has long been one of the main causes for the existence of the problem, says an exchange. And it will never be encompassed until house and home keeping come to the dignity of being placed upon a business basis and its head and employees are both well schooled in its gentle and important arts. Domestic science is a step toward this end, and when this science shall have achieved an understanding of the ratio of theory versus practice and then shall come to be a compulsory part of woman's education, the problem will have about solved itself. No business man expects to succeed without a thorough foreknowledge of business methods. Neither does he take into a place of trust an employee who has not been trained in business affairs, and, since the competent employer and trained employee mean success in a man's business, why shall not this rule apply to successful house and home keeping, which, when all is said and done, is bound to be woman's most important business in life?

Rearing the Child.

"In trying to understand child life make two mental pictures," advises Barbetta Brown in Ladies' Home Journal. "In one draw in the child as a block of marble, with mother, grandmother, teacher, working away doggedly, relentlessly; chiseling, hammering pounding it into what they are pleased to consider its proper shape. In the other draw the child as a plant, with roots firmly set in the soil of circumstance, with peculiar tendencies of its own toward growth, naturally, gladly reaching outward and upward to what was meant to be its blossoming. Then tell me which picture appeals to you as more nearly approaching truth. I have faith enough in human understanding to believe that none will choose the first, but all the last, to hang in their gallery of ideals. How much simpler the beautiful growing process than the harsh chiseling process! All that we who love the child have to do is carefully to keep in good condition its environment; to see that it gets its needed sunshine; to study most carefully its natural growth and nourish that and perhaps gently and lovingly to prune it now and then."

Women as Dreamers.

According to an Italian scientist, there is one thing in which women have the decided advantage of men—if "advantage" it can be called—and that is the dreaming of dreams, says a woman in the Pittsburg Dispatch. Whether men are less imaginative or whether, to take a prosaic view, they eat more and sleep more soundly; or, arguing by analogy, since imbeciles seldom dream their brains are not in such good order as those of the opposite sex, we are left to decide for ourselves. But the fact remains, as Signor de Sanctis says, that women can dream the heads off men. Not only are our dreams more frequent than theirs, but there is always more story in them, and—this is certainly not a commendable feature—they are better remembered. Nevertheless, men can score off us to this extent, that all the historical dreams have been dreamed by their sex. No woman's dream has ever been memorable, despite the professor's assertion that these "baseless fabrics" of our brain are so much more vivid.

What "Wife" Means.

Says Ruskin: "What do you think the beautiful word 'wife' comes from? It is the great word in which the English and Latin languages conquered the French and Greek. I hope the French will some day get a word for it instead of that femme. But what do you think it comes from? The great value of the Saxon words is that they mean something. Wife means 'weaver.' You must be either house wives or house moths—remember that. In the deep sense, you must either weave men's fortunes and embroider them, or feed upon and bring them to decay. Wherever a true wife comes, home is always around her. The stars may be over her head, the glow-worm in the night's cold grass may be the fire at her feet, but home is where she is, and for a noble woman it stretches far around her, better than houses ceiled with cedar or painted with vermilion—shedding its quiet light for those who else are homeless. This, I believe, is the woman's true place and power."

Relish For Flavorings.

The relish for flavoring, or seasoning ingredients, manifested by almost every person, would lead us to suppose that these substances serve some useful purpose beyond that of merely gratifying the palate. At present, however, we have no evidence that they do. They stimulate, but do not seem to nourish. The volatile oil they contain is absorbed and then thrown out of the system, still possessing its characteristic odor. The articles used for food of this kind are the sweet herbs employed for seasoning, such as thyme, summer savory and the like, and the spices, such as cloves, cinnamon, nutmeg, pepper and ginger, mustard, horse radish, water cresses, garlic and onions, contain these stimulating oils, combined with some nourishing food.

It has been said that age is a topic that either evokes shame or pride. With the modern woman, however, it does neither. She simply feels no greater sensitiveness on the subject than a man would similarly situated. She has no more reticence about her years than she has about any other subject connected with her personality, and that is to say none at all.

At the present day one great mercantile firm pays out to the Irish peasant women over $100,000 a year for lace. The stuff ranges from the cobwebby Limerick lace to solid raised needle point in patterns like old venetian point lace.

Princess Naxleh, a member of the Egyptian royal family, is an accomplished linguist. She is said to have no sympathy with the Mohammedan idea that women should live in practical seclusion.

How a Lion Charges.

A lion's first signs of anger are as follows: Its tail rapidly twists from side to side, the bottom slightly raising and the black tassel at the end beating the air; it lowers its head more than usual and growls, at intervals showing its teeth. Then its voice becomes louder, it roars, shows its teeth and lowers its ears, the movements of the tail increasing all the time.

At the time of charging—that is, at the height of its anger—the tail rises in the air until it is almost vertical, the black tassel continues to move, the ears are flattened completely, and the animal comes toward you at a slow trot, then at a gallop, and finally springs forward with open mouth and extended claws.

Sometimes it shows these various symptoms without charging, restrained by prudence, but it never charges without showing them. When the tail rises, the hunter can bring his rifle to the shoulder and await his opportunity. In hunting, a man who is on his guard is worth four.

A charge is extremely dangerous, almost always fatal when unexpected, either because of the dense vegetation or other causes, but if you see the animal getting ready flight is useless. Stand your ground. The only thing to do is to keep cool and trust in your weapon. If you have no confidence in yourself it is prudent to avoid measuring your strength against these animals.

Bread For Horses.

A delivery wagon of one of the big bread baking factories stopped in front of an up town livery and boarding stable, and two men at once unloaded barrels of bread and carried them into the stable. The bread looked good and was good. There were all sorts and sizes of loaves in the barrels—"home-made," "rye," "Vienna," "potato," "graham" and "cottage."

The curiosity of a man who saw the bread being delivered to the stable was aroused, and he ventured to ask the proprietor of the stable what it meant.

"There's nothing remarkable about it," said the proprietor with a laugh. "I simply buy it for horse feed. We grind the bread up and mix it with other feed, and it makes first class food for horses. It is stale bread and costs us 40 cents a barrel, and there are 50 or 60 loaves to the barrel, so you see it comes pretty cheap. Some of the bread is only a day old and is good enough for any man to eat, but the bread factories cannot sell it. What you see here are returned loaves from the groceries."

The Illusion.

"What beautiful peaches!" said an old lady as she stopped at a stall in the market and admired a basket of the choice fruit. They were covered with a pink gauze and looked very tempting indeed.

The old lady bought the peaches and took them home. The next day she appeared again at the stall and showed the stall keeper a small piece of pink veiling.

"Do you keep that kind of veiling for sale?" she asked.

The stall keeper told her that he did not.

"Well,' she said, "when I took those peaches home they were small and sour and green, and I thought if I could get some of that veiling that made them look so pretty and plump in the basket I'd wear it myself. If it would improve me as much as it did the peaches, people would think I'd found the elixir of youth."—London

There Are About Fifteen Acres of Glass In Its Roof.

Among the many improvements at the Crystal palace not the least in importance is the renewal of the immense glass roof. For some years past it has been evident that extensive repairs were required, and under the new management of the palace this costly work has been undertaken. The Crystal palace roof is probably the largest of its kind in the world. Its total glass area is between 14 and 15 acres.

As is well known, the building was originally used for the exhibition of 1851. After the rejection of many designs by the commissioners Messrs. Fox and Henderson brought forward a scheme of Paxton's for the erection of a glass roofed palace on the plan of a large palm house which he had erected at Chatsworth. The pieces of glass used for the roof were 49 inches long and 10 inches wide.

It was thought that this width would resist breakage by hailstorms. The glass weighed 16 ounces to the square foot except on the crown of the roof, where it was 21 ounces. Putty and paint were used for fixing the glass and keeping the roof water tight, but when the building was taken down nearly all the glass was destroyed, so that in the re-erection of the palace at Sydenham new glass had to be put in.

This remained until the present year, but a large number of panes had been broken, mainly in consequence of expansion, for which sufficient space was not allowed. Increasing difficulty was found in keeping out wind and water and in properly ventilating the building. The directors therefore deemed it necessary entirely to renew the roof.

The original design has been generally followed, but a departure has been made in details. The center transept, which has a glass area of about two acres, is now nearing completion. The new pieces of glass used measure 51 inches by 18 inches instead of 49 inches by 10 inches, and the weight is 26 inches to the square foot, with 32 ounce glass on the crown instead of 16 ounces and 21 ounces.

In fixing the new glass neither putty nor paint has been used, and none will be required in maintaining it. The glass rests upon inverted T iron framework covered with lead, which has a mixture of tin, and it is fixed with a double webbing of the same, a process which resists the effects of all kinds of weather, allows for expansion and admits of easy repair where necessary. Admirable as the old roof was, the new work is a great improvement upon the original and has added much to the attractiveness of the palace building.—Pall Mall Gazette.

No Wonder They Were Aghast.

"An extraordinary accident recently occurred in our city that is enough to make the cold chills run down one's back even now," said James G. Van Dyke of Sing Sing.

"A two wheeled cart loaded with dynamite was working its way cautiously across the street car tracks when a trolley car came dashing along and before the cart had entirely cleared struck one of the wheels, smashing it and turning the dangerous cargo upside down in the street. As the car approached the driver of the cart watched it with painful interest, and when it was seen that a collision was unavoidable his blanched countenance told of a nervous trouble from which he was at the moment suffering and which must have been awful. He evidently realized the uselessness of making any attempt to get away from his deadly load, and when he was rolled off by the impact he was picked up in a dead faint.

"At first it was thought the man had sustained actual injuries, but a little cold water brought him around. He was actually paralyzed with fear. When he realized the certainty of a collision, he made up his mind what the consequence would be, but the expected did not happen. The motorman also suffered his share of the fright and could not find the lever with which to back away from the overturned cart. It was remarkable how few spectators evinced interest in that accident or cared to watch the load transferred to another cart."—Washington Post.

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THE CUMBERLAND NEWS

CUMBERLAND, B.C.

APHORISMS.

We need to suffer that we may learn to pity.—Landon.

Temper, if governed, governs the whole man.—Shaftesbury.

Every moment of resistance to temptation is a victory.—Faber.

The miserablest day we live there is many a better thing to do than die.—Dailey.

Real worth requires no interpreter. Its everyday deeds form its blazonry.—Chamfort.

Zeal is very blind or badly regulated when it encroaches upon the rights of others.—Quesnel.

A noble part of every true life is to learn to undo what has been wrongly done.—Shenstone.

He that would make sure of success should keep his passion cool and his expectation low.—Jeremy Collier.

We are always in the forge or on the anvil. By trials God is shaping us for higher things.—H. W. Beecher.

It is a sad thing when men have neither the wit to speak well nor judgment to hold their tongues.—Bruyere.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, Etc.

Too Severe a Strain.

"Rhyno tells me he has gone out of politics entirely."

"That's *true*. *Politically speaking*, he was on the fence, and when the ward heelers began pulling a leg on each side it was more than he could stand."—Chicago Tribune.

The fact that poets have to be born should discourage nobody, for they also have to die.—Detroit Journal.

There are cases of consumption so far advanced that Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup will not cure, but none so bad that it will not give relief. For coughs, colds and all affections of the throat, lungs and chest, it is a specific which has never been known to fail. It promotes a free and easy expectoration, thereby removing the phlegm, and gives the diseased parts a chance to heal.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

It is estimated that New York has no fewer than 10,000 opium smokers.

Russia and England own between them one-third of the whole land surface of the inhabited world.

The Press of Montreal will not accept an advertisement calculated to cause emigration to the United States.

The Noah Webster association, which has just been organized at Hartford, will procure funds for the erection of a library building in memory of the lexicographer.

A CLEAR, HEALTHY SKIN.—Eruptions of the skin and the blotches which blemish beauty are the result of impure blood caused by unhealthy action of the Liver and Kidneys. In correcting this unhealthy action and restoring the organs to their normal condition, Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will at the same time cleanse the blood, and the blotches and eruptions will disappear without leaving any trace.

High Lights.

Hospitality is not a duty unless the host pays his bills.

Ignorance is a man's idea of how much sugar it takes to sweeten cranberries.

By being a good listener you will escape getting picked up on pronunciation.

A woman never admits that her shoes are tight; they are only a trifle snug.

When you send dainty food to an invalid, it is stingy not to send enough for two.

If we love our neighbors as we love ourselves, they will be more conceited than we are.

Learn how to listen and thus disappoint people who want to go away and tell all you say.

He Hedged.

She—To think that you once declared that you would love me as long as you lived! And now, hardly a year married, and you care nothing at all about me!

He—But you see when I told you I would love you as long as I lived I wasn't feeling very well, and I really didn't think I would live long.—Boston Transcript.

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

AGONIZING SUSPENSE.

The Terrible Situation of a St. Vincent Lady.

ST. VINCENT, Ont., Feb. 12.—No other man in Canada has gone through a period of such extreme anxiety, alternating with despair, as Mr. Joseph McCullough, a highly respected retired farmer of this place, experienced during the past summer.

Last spring his family physician pronounced Mrs. McCullough to be suffering from an incurable case of Neurasthenia, or Nerve Exhaustion. She was extremely nervous, hysterical, and despondent. She had severe rheumatic pains, palpitation, had sharp pains in her left side and over the kidneys; her feet were perpetually cold, her face ghastly pale, urine high colored, scalding, and leaving a brickdust deposit; sour stomach, splitting headaches, and pain after eating oppressed her. She had no appetite, could not sleep, and lost flesh startlingly. It seemed to her friends that she was "going into decline." The physician said her only hope of relief lay in the Weir-Mitchell treatment. This being so costly, was out of the question, and her husband believed there was no hope. He read a newspaper article highly recommending Dr. Arnold's English Toxin Pills, about this time, and decided to try them. Soon a change for the better came, and day by day the patient improved, till now she is as well, strong, and vigorous as she ever was. Her recovery is due entirely to Dr. Arnold's English Toxin Pills—the only remedy that cures disease by killing the germs that cause it. Every other medicine she used failed.

Dr. Arnold's English Toxin Pills are sold by all druggists, at 75c a box; sample size 25c, or sent post paid on receipt of price, by The Arnold Chemical Co., Limited, Canada Life Building, 42 King street west, Toronto.

Somewhat Mixed.

A gentleman from a neighboring town in Mississippi told the following last night:

"I walked into a small store the other day and found the proprietor lying on the counter just dozing off into a sleep. He roused himself on my approach, and, jumping to the floor, quoted the familiar line:

"'A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse!'

"'Where did you get that?' I asked.

"'Oh, don't you know? That's what Absalom said when his horse ran under the tree and left him hanging by the hair to a limb. I thought everybody knew where that came from.'"—Memphis Scimitar.

Hotel Balmoral, Montreal. Free Bus. Am. P. $1.50 up. E. P. $1.00 ea.

THE COURT WAS ALERT.

And Didn't Propose to Have the Public Victimized.

"You are charged with using language calculated to provoke a breach of the peace," said the magistrate. "Do you wish to make a statement?"

"Yes, your honor," replied the prisoner, "I am entirely innocent. What I?"—

"The complainant says you attempted to perpetrate some kind of joke or gag about the yacht race," interrupted the magistrate sternly. "I trust you did not try to make a pun on the word 'sail' or say that there is many a slip 'twixt cup and ship."

"Oh, no, your honor," protested the prisoner warmly, "nothing of the kind! We were merely chatting about the race when this gentleman remarked that he hoped the result would do nothing to diminish the good feeling between the United States and England."

"'It was a fair battle,' says he, 'and a clean victory.'

"'Yes,' says I, 'but you can't deny that the Columbia struck the first blow.' And at that he up and had me arrested."

For a moment there was silence in court.

"The prisoner is found guilty," said the magistrate at length, "and sentenced to 30 days in the parish prison with a copy of London Punch. I trust he may emerge in a serious frame of mind. The court has been looking for this first blow gag and proposes to protect the public at any hazard. Call the next case."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

MINARD'S LINIMENT for Sale Everywhere.

The Fault.

In lovers' quarrels one, with shame,
Must freely say, "I am to blame."

Then one will add, with face aglow,
"Yes, dearest, and I told you so."
—Chicago Record.

She Could See a Chance.

"What did George say to you when he proposed?"

"He didn't say anything; he just looked."—Chicago Times-Herald.

MINARD'S LINIMENT Relieves Neuralgia.

"Not if It Were My Boy."

Some years ago the late Horace Mann, the eminent educator, delivered an address at the opening of some reformatory institution for boys, during which he remarked that if only one boy was saved from ruin it would pay for all the cost and care and labor of establishing such an institution as that. After the exercises had closed, in private conversation, a gentleman rallied Mr. Mann upon his statement and said to him:

"Did you not color that a little when you said that all that expense and labor would be repaid if it only saved one boy?"

"Not if it were my boy," was the solemn and convincing reply.

MINARD'S LINIMENT Cures Dandruff.

Catholic Prayer Books Rosaries, Crucifixes, Scapulars, Religious Pictures Statuary, and Church Ornaments, Educational Works. Mail orders receive prompt attention. D. & J. Sadlier & Co., Montreal

Foiled Again.

"Your money or your life!"

"Ha, ha! Good joke! I'm an artist!"—New York Journal.

Ignorant, Indeed.

"Do you know anything about the recent financial crash?" asked the friend.

"No," answered the cold bloodedly truthful man. "I don't even know enough about it to moralize on it."—Washington Star.

SAFE, CERTAIN, PROMPT, ECONOMIC.—These few adjectives apply with peculiar force to Dr Thomas' Eclectric Oil—a standard external and internal remedy, adapted to the relief and cure of coughs, sore throat, hoarseness and all affections of the breathing organs, kidney troubles, excoriations, sores, lameness and physical pain.

Generous Man.

Mrs. Youngwed—You know Uncle Pincher said he was going to send us something that would help us save our coal bills this year? Well, it came.

Mr. Youngwed—Really? A stock of coal?

Mrs. Youngwed—No. A little arrangement for filing bills.—Philadelphia Press.

The Domestic Man.

The man who used to shake the mat
Outside his back yard gate
Now doffs his overcoat and hat
And shakes the furnace grate.

You may pay a higher price, but don't flatter yourself that you can buy better tea than Blue Ribbon Ceylon. Ask your friends about it.

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CANVASSERS! TWO NEW BOOKS! The Library of South Africa (four books in one), and Dwight L. Moody, the Man and His Mission. Both reliable works and beautifully illustrated; no rehash of old matter like some of the books offered for sale. Prices away down, terms extra liberal. Prospectus of first book 50c., of second book 35c., or both for 75c., amount refunded with first order for five books. William Briggs, Methodist Book & Pub. House, Toronto

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This new and most useful invention has not only proved to be a great seller, but a boon to hundreds. Many medical men are using this closet, and all pronounce it absolutely odorless and sanitary in every respect. After being in the market for over two years this closet has become so popular that the manufacturers have had to double their output in order to meet the demand.

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TUESDAY, APRIL 10th 1900

THE DELEGATES MEETING.

Wm. McAllan rode up from Nanaimo last week to hold a little meeting. He probably rode in preference to walking or coming by any other means, for he is said to be a fine rider. In fact, so good that he was at one time supposed to be under training to qualify for Strathcona's Horse, and everything seemed to point that he had made a resolution to be accepted--until the critical moment of offering himself for examination arrived, when he was somehow found wanting. However, Mr. McAllan had made up his mind to go to Vancouver as a delegate to represent the Liberals of Comox, and, man of resolutions as he is, he could not quite resolve to go without some sort of screed from electors here to tell the Convention who he was, although, we understand, he did go to the New Westminster Convention representing himself as a delegate of this District. He has succeeded in carrying out his little plan and may he make resolutions at that Convention which will eternally confound the enemies of his little clique. He had ten delegates appointed—including himself. Four of whom—including himself—live in Nanaimo. These he represented as being property owners of this District. Now, Mr. W. Dee and Mr. P. McNiven, although both well known and liked in Cumberland, are not, as far as we are aware, the owners of any real estate or other property in the District. Mr. Alsopp has some property in Cumberland as has Mr. McAllan, but both have been away so long that a stretch of imagination is required to constitute them residents. At the meeting Mr. McAllan gave the delegates to understand that if they voted as the Nanaimo section wanted them to, their expenses would be paid to Vancouver. Mr. Haliday sat on him instanter, telling him that there must be no conditions attached and that there were people here who would gladly pay their own way to attend.

Mr. Joyce, of Valdez, then moved that Mr. McAllan's name be struck off the list of delegates. Mr. A. Seater seconded, but the chairman evidently feared to put the question for he asserted that "he could not be struck off." McAllan then came to Joyce and asked him "what he and his friends had against him." Quick and to the point came the answer, "Because I consider you are not fit to represent anybody."

Then came the question of getting to Vancouver—the meeting was on the night of the 3rd, the Convention met on the 5th. However, Mr. McAllan met this by saying that the four from Nanaimo could attend, and, seeing nothing else for it at that late hour, the others probably had to agree to this. McAllan represents the delegates here. He has probably represented the others in Nanaimo also, which is what he wanted and what he came to Comox to bring about.

Some newspaper subscribers often wonder why a publisher will keep sending his paper when the subscription has expired. The reason is that when a subscription is paid to a certain time and is promptly discontinued at that time many a subscriber allows his angry passions to arise and curse the publisher for insinuating that his credit is no good. That will make the average man mad. Rather than cast any reflection against the subscriber's honesty to pay a small debt, it has become customary for country newspapers to continue sending the paper after the subscription expires.—Hartford Times.

JAMES DUNSMUIR THE MAN.

Good Service at Last—S. S. Joan Beginning April 1st Will Make Two Trips Weekly—Vancouver to Van Anda to Union.

Mr. Dunsmuir has indeed done a great favor to the people of this coast in consenting to put on the Joan for this route, beginning April 1st. She is a valuable boat expensive to run and begins unprofitably but the putting of her on will build up the industries of the coast and benfit directly or indirectly every individual on the coast within one hundred miles north of Vancouver. The people appreciate it and if Mr. Dunsmuir ever gives them an opportunity to show it, he will find it out. "Help those who help you," "Stand by your friends." These are the principles the miners live up to.—Van Anda C. M.

NORTHERN TERMINUS.

A little party of Victorians left on the steamer Mystery for Hardy Bay at the northern end of the Island for the purpose of laying the foundation of a town, which it is hoped will be the northern terminus of the proposed Island railway. The party consists of Captain William Meyers, Mr. William Jensen and Mr. A. S. Going, the civil engineer. They will survey a townsite, and select sites for a hotel, wharf and stores. Even before the construction of the railway, Hardy Bay is destined to be the site of a town of some importance, it having a good harbor and being the most convenient place for the handling of freight two and a half miles from Quatsino Sound, seven miles distance across the Island, where some very promising coal and other mines are being developed. There is now a good trail from Hardy Bay to Quatsino Sound and efforts are being made to have a waggon road constructed. By crossing the Island at this, freight to and from Quatsino can reach Victoria by a shorter water route and at the same time escape the rough trip down the West Coast. The wharf to be built will be a substantial one, at which the northern steamers can berth.

A POEM OF SPRING.

We called the devil into our sanctum. We had a mighty hankering after fish, and so our devil must be induced to write up something. He came into our presence, hitching up his pants with one hand while with the other he took a chew—my heart bleeds that I must admit he chews. "Candidate for future editorial honors," I began, "You stand here before us today with unformed mind and tousled hair. That that crude mind may be moulded and strengthened to be equal to the strain of the horrors of the mysteries that lie beyond. That it may be purged of all low desires, such as for fishing, etc., and be rendered clear, so that what is now to you a meaningless mass of chaotic squildig, may, when the time comes, be as bright as the Lake water. So that that unruly hair may not rise higher with fright and fly away with you, it will be incumbent upon you, as you stand thus upon the threshold of the vast unknown, to write a Spring Poem. For some unknown reason the crop is a failure this year, and the credit of the sanctum, of the spring poem fiend and of yourself, rests upon you, O! devil ours. For ourselves, we are going to hunt for fishworms." Only one short word he uttered in reply. Very low, but emphatic. Three letters, but it made us think of Stevens' waterworks. However, as there are no fish in that dam we dismissed the thought. Upon our return, late that evening with fisherman's luck and a mighty bad headache, we found the following:

Thar's a mighty fine Spring by the Halfway-House,
An' Spring's the time fer the hootin' grouse.
Thar's Springs underneeth my gals bike seat,
But the Spring uv a fishpole caint be beat.
(Thunder! Whist I cd go fishin').
Tha's Springs on Dan Kilpatrick's truck,
An' thar's Springs in my bed but haf on ems' bruk.
Wen the frog seen a boy he Springs "kerchug"
So's th Spring winter cuvvers up his ugly mug.
Thar's Springs in the laigs uv th dudelets pants.
—I'll quit and giv the Ole Man a chance.
Wunder how menny Fish he'll ketch anyhow!

THE DEATH LIST.

Mr. William Anthony heard by wire of the sudden death of his son, Danny, who was killed by a train at Renton, Wash. on Saturday, 31st March. The sorrowing father managed to catch the Tees Sunday about 3:30 p. m. for Victoria whence he will proceed to the Sound. Poor little Danny was just reaching 13 years and beginning to work.

* * *

Mrs. Bardezoni died Thursday morning after a long and painful illness. The poor sufferer was taken to the Hospital last week but was sent home again as nothing could be done for her. She leaves a husband and family of young children. The funeral took place Saturday under the auspices of the Druids, the remains being followed by a large number of sorrowing friends to the R. C. Cemetery at Comox.

FRIDAY'S STORM

Oyster Harbor, April 7.—The heavy gales yesterday blew down the new loading wharf carrying with it eight thirty ton new coal cars. The damage is estimated at $15,000. About five hundred feet was carried away. No one was hurt. Jas. Dunsmuir, M.P.P., F. W. Harves, wharfinger and Mr. Busby, wharf builder, were standing on the structure five minutes before it collapsed. The accident was caused by a white squall which swept the harbor. Actual damage is to unfinished portion of dock. Main structure entirely intact.

Nanaimo, April 9.—Steamer City of Nanaimo ran ashore at Oyster Harbor. Feared damage. No particulars yet.

Nanaimo, April 9.—The Str. City of Nanaimo only broke two blades of her propeller at Oyster Harbor not ashore as previously reported.

POLITICAL NEWS.

Vancouver, April 6.—The Liberal Convention adjourned to-night sine die. The evening session was most confussed the Cassiar delegates were received by casting vote of chairman, Hon. F. Peters. Martin objected to their reception, delegates not having come from Cassiar but appointed by Cassiar electors in Victoria. In the evening, E. P. Davies moved that Liberals in Provincial Convention assembled refuse to accept Hon. Jos. Martin as representative of Liberal administration and that it be optional with any liberal to support or oppose said Government. Martin objected as out of order but the chairman held that it was proper. Davies held the floor and for two hours the meeting refused to allow him to speak. Pandemonium reigned and the din was terrible. Meeting did nothing more and as no one could speak adjournment was made indefinitely.

Victoria, April 9.—Martin and Curtis are back to this city. Both are jubilant over result of negotiations. Martin says failing to get support of newspapers he intends going on the stump immediately to express his policy to electors.

Nanaimo, April 9.—Electors of South Nanaimo have nominated James Dunsmuir as opposition candidate. It is said Ralph Smith will run for Nanaimo City, McKechnie dropping out.

VICTORIA NEWS.

Victoria, April 8.—Last night Lieut. R. D. Scott of Pheasant while visiting guards in Navy Yards was shot by Sentry who failed to receive a reply from his challange. Scott had no business inspecting guard as it was not furnished from the ship but fort. As far as can be ascertained Scott approached the sentry in face of a fierce wind and was challanged according to orders. The question of "who goes there?" was repeated and not receiving any answer Gunner Higgins gave the caution and fired in the air and over the approaching officer's head. Scott continued to advance and a second shot was sent over his head. Higgins again shot hitting the Lieutenant in one of the lungs. He is now in a precarious condition. Higgins is in the guard room and will be court martialled. General impression is gunner will be acquitted as he was simply discharging his duty.

Do You Need

A NEW HAT,
A NEW DRESS, OR
A NEW PAIR OF SHOES

If so you should not fail to visit this store and take advantage of the many opportunities presented here to save money in buying.

Millinery

Many ladies have anxiously inquired if we would show trimmed hats this season. We have just received a few choice trimmed hats, with more to follow this week. These are models of the trimmer's art and you should not fail to secure your choice.

White Wear

White skirts, chemises, corset covers, night-gowns, drawers and combinations in a variety of styles and prices. See our white night-gowns, richly trimmed at 75 cts.

Ties, Collars and Belts

The latest things in novelties in these lines. See those tucked satin collars with and without ties attached.

Wash Goods

We have just to hand a new assortment of dainty wash materials in muslins, dimities, Scotch ginghams, etc.

Remnants

One hundred new remnants of dress goods, satins, velvets and plushes, marked away below regular prices. These are bargains.

Dress Goods

Those 50 ct. dress goods are rapidly growing fewer. You should not miss the chance to secure some of them. Remember we make a specialty of black dress goods.

Towels

Ask to see our 25 ct. towels, also honeycomb towelling at 5 cts. per yard.

Shoe Sale on Wednesday.

STEVENSON & CO.

The Singer Sewing Machine

CABINET TABLE, WOODWORK.

Having taken the SINGER SEWING MACHINE Agency I am prepared to sell Machines at the following prices and terms:

Latest improved, double feed, belt-adjuster and most recent self-fitting attachments.

PRICE—$70, $5 cash and $3 per month; no interest. $10 discount for cash within 60 days. Full allowance for old machines.

More SINGERS sold than all others combined. Sale last year, 1,500,000.

Oil and needles and extra parts kept in stock.

T. H. CAREY.

NOTICE.

The annual meeting of the Hospital Board will take place on the 28th inst., in the old School House at 8 o'clock p.m., to elect a Board of Directors for the ensuing year.

TO THE PUBLIC.

WE BEG to inform the residents of Cumberland, Union and Comox District that we are opening out here (Next door to Stevenson & Co.) on SATURDAY, APRIL 21st, with a full line of
Groceries, Flour, Feed, &c., Boots and Shoes, Clothing, Gent's Furnishing, &c.,
coming from "the East." Although already ordered we expect it will be a little later before we shall be fully stocked. Knowing that our Prices will be right, we have every confidence in respectfully soliciting a share of your patronage.

Yours truly,
FRANK PARTRIDGE,
HENRY WALLER

Note the address: Next door to Stevenson & Co.