Prov Library

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

EIGHTH YEAR. CUMBERLAND, B. C. TUESDAY, APRIL 24th, 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.

Nichol'es & 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,
ALLPAPERS 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.

BURGLARS.

One of our young business men the other night returned from the valley quite late at night. Going into the office in which he is employed he saw, in the dim light, a man standing dressed in a loose overcoat of a light color. Drawing back his brawny right fist he gave the fellow a fearful smash tumbling him clear under the table. Upon lighting the lamp and examining he found—a block of wood which had been turned at the mill into globes for gate posts which had been left conneced and standing on the desk for delivery and which some wag had clothed in an old ulster, a Derby hat and a stand up collar, with an umbrella in its limp hand.

POLITICAL MEETING.

Fully 300 electors attended the meeting held at Courtenay on 17th to nominate a candidate for the coming elections.

Mr. Alex Urquhart being voted into the chair, he announced that nominations would be in order. Mr. Tarbell thereupon nominated Mr. L. Mounce, of Cumberland, in opposition to the Martin Government, and to party lines, and in favor of the Turner party, Mr. Miller seconding. In discussion Mr. B. Crawford thought that Mr. Dunsmuir, the former, M. P. P. should be asked if he would accept re-nomination. This called the universal approval of the meeting and it was stated by many that should Mr. Dunsmuir decide to run again he would go in with an overwhelming majority. However, it was explained that Mr. Dunsmuir had stated that it was not his wish to accept re-nomination and the point was raised that the notice calling the meeting had not stated that a candidate was to be put on the Turner ticket. This, it was admitted by Mr. Mounce's friends, should have been done, but that omission was made without intention or thought by those who ordered the bills.

Mr. Mounce stated when called on that his chief aim would be the District's interests and would frame a platform to be submitted to a committee from Union and Comox. Mr. Phillips wanted to know what part of Martin's platform Mr. Mounce objected to. Mr. Mounce replied that he had not studied the platform particularly but that he was against Mr. Martin on his past career. Mr Phillips was in favor of Government ownership of railways. Mr. McKnight replied that in New Zealand the railways in this connection had not paid dividends until the last 12 months when they realized 5 per cent. when money was worth much more. Mr. Phillips hereupon excitedly argued that those statments emanted from newspapers controlled by wicked capital. The Chairman also objected to eight millions being borrowed for this purpose, especially when we would have to buck against a giant monopoly like the C. P. R. Mr. Holmes made a few remarks in which he condemned any policy of discrimination against or for corporations or individuals. Mr. Mundel in a most sensible manner described an ideal man to represent the district, a local man of sterling integrity and success in his business. All of these attributes he thought Mr. Mounce possessed. The question being put Mr. Mounce was elected as candidate, the chairman remarking that so general was the call that the motion should be called unanimous. There being no other nominations the meeting adjourned.

Last Wednesday Mr. Piercy's milk waggon took a pasear all to itself being successfully coerced by a runaway horse between its shafts. The NEWS devil was mighty nearly being made a good boy. He happened to be taking a little spin on the wheel at the time. He just saved his wheel and neck by a scratch. "An' de milk cans was a flying free de air."

POLITICAL NEWS.

Victoria, April 21.—Information from Ottawa states that McInnes claims to have been offered nomination at Comox, South Nanaimo and Cowichan.

VICTORIA NEWS.

Victoria, April 20.—Martin announces that he will contest Victoria with Yates and that the other two candidates will be a labor man and a prominent Liberal Conservatives.

Nanaimo, April 20.—The miners in No. 1 shaft Extension Mines went out on strike to-day rather than submit to the price of sixty cents per ton. About a hundred men are involved in it. The men in Nos. 2 and 3 shafts are not involved. Expected matters will be fixed up in the course of a day or two.

Vancouver, April 20.—Third Chinese murderer of Chief of Police Main has been caught at Steveston.

Extension Mines, April 23.—A mass meeting was held at Extension Sunday afternoon about 400 white coal miners decided to refuse to go to work Monday morning. The action is supposed to have been taken owing to notice being posted stating wages be paid hereafter would be sixty cents per ton. Several hundred Chinese helpers are also effected.

WAR NEWS.

London, April 20.—Again comes the report that Mafeking has been relieved. There is no way of veryfying this report which the War Office has not had but rumor has gained creditance and is said to come from a reliable source.

London, April 23.—Despatches arriving from the seat of war though meagre and unsatisfactory clearly indicate renewed activity at all points where the British and Boer forces are in striking distances of each other. Interest for the moment centres at Dewitzdoorp and Weepner where fighting is in progress. Alaval North reports very heavy fighting on various days between Dewitzdoorp and Wepener, and around Wepener yesterday but that no particulars have been received. The enemy seemed determined to do their utmost to capture the garrison before relief arrives.

Accara, April 23.—Officially announced that Capt. Middlemiss and the relieving force hac reached Kumassi. No details are given.

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.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Our standard bearer, Lewis Mounce. The people's candidate. The local man of wholly local interests.

Correction—For Tee Yuen in last issue read Yee Yuen.

Thursday 19th was Primrose day when the memory of the Great Leader was revived.

FOR SALE, cheap, 1 bed lounge, 3 mattresses, 1 sewing machine &c. Apply to Gus. Hauck at residence.

R. Perry had his leg broken last week at the Half Way House where he has been employed in the soda water woks. He was taken to the hospital.

There will be a special meeting of the Fire Brigade Wednesday evening to arrange matters for the 24th of May celebration. All the members are requested to attend at 8 p.m. sharp.

Mr. Nakano informs us that the Japanese of this place have subscribed the sum of $64.45 towards the Mansion House fund, which has been forwarded to Mr. Shimezu H. I. M's. consul for Japan at Vancouver, for transmission.

Now that Mr. Mounce, a good local man is in the field (something that the electors of this district have been calling for) let them bury small difficulties and elect him. At the meeting on the 17th there was a whisper of a Cottonite coming out. If they allow this, they work to injure their local man who is admitted to be everything that the district desires.

Two Indian drunks were fined last week by Magistrate Abrams. They paid and departed happy. Another Indian was arrested for cutting and striking on the head with a gun an Indian woman some time ago and has evaded arrest since until a few days ago. When being taken to the wharf en route to Nanaimo his friends so we are informed met the officers and paid his fine. By the way is it not mistaken leniency to allow anyone who uses a knife or bludgeon thus the privilege of a fine? It is argued that is better to take a fine than to have the expense of keeping the criminal at the cost of the country but does this properly administer justice and afford just protection to the public against such miscreants?

The shocking murder of poor Alex Main in Steveston last week should be a lesson to the authorities not to deal too leniently with cases of threat and violence.

In February last the Presbyterian Church in Comox gave an unanimous call to Rev. Thos. Menzies of Revelstoke. The introduction services were held in the Church on Wednesday evening, April 11th. The church which was beautifully decorated was filled with people, many being from Cumberland. The Rev. Mr Cummings of Nanaimo preached a very appropriate sermon. The Rev. Mr. Perry of Wellington addressed the congregation and the Rev. Mr. Dodds of Cumberland addressed the minister. After the indication services there was a social and refreshments were handed round.

Mr Hugh Albert Grant was presented with a purse from the Choir and congregation as a token of their appreciation of his services as Choir leader and musical teacher during the years of his residence in Comox.

Mr. Menzies enters on his labors in his new sphere of usefulness with the good will and wishes of the entire community.

A HARVEST OF TARES.

By HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN

[Copyright, 1893, by the Author.]

And with the gentlest and most courteous manner he tore the veil from her illusions, and made plain to her what kind of life was in store for her if she carried out her design. He implored her to remain under his protection until her father or some emissary from home came for her, and not to imperil her life's happiness by so reckless a challenge of fate. He told her stories from his own experience of young girls who, impelled by a mistaken notion of fidelity, had left good homes and joined their lovers in America; how they had henceforth eked out a miserable, shabby-genteel existence in Bohemian lodgings paid for by the week, or rather unpaid for by the week. For a full hour he talked, exhausting his resources of persuasion and warning. When he had finished, he met a deep, attentive, but utterly unflinching glance in her eye, and he knew that his eloquence had been wasted.

"You have left one thing out of consideration, Mr. Consul," she said, rising, with quiet dignity. "I love this man, and I never can love any one else."

"My dear young lady," he answered, without a shadow of vexation, "the first half of your proposition I accept, but as for the latter half, it is very questionable. You never can know till you have tried—till you have seen the other man."

"I have seen him. I have tried."

"Well, well. Then he was not the right man, that is all. We are all apt to think at your age that there is but one in the world who can fill our whole soul, who can make us happy. But one need to be no cynic to pronounce that beautiful illusion a fallacy."

Hulda made no reply to this, but, gathering her wraps about her, prepared to take her leave. Having rejected his advice, she could not bring herself to ask him for money, and though she foresaw what serious trouble she might get into, she could not conquer her pride sufficiently to throw herself on his mercy.

"Perhaps you would now have the kindness to open the door?" she began, with a chill reserve which quite misrepresented her feelings toward the kind-hearted official.

"Pardon me—one moment more," he replied, taking a notebook from his breast pocket. "As you have left Norway without your father's consent, I take it for granted that you are in need of money. If my wife were at home, I would ask you to stay temporarily at my house, but unhappily I am for the moment keeping bachelor's hall. I will, however, ask the Vice-Consul to find you a respectable boarding-place, and if you will accept this money as a loan from me, to be repaid at your convenience, it is at your disposal."

He handed her $30 in bills, which she accepted half mechanically, scarcely realizing that he was furnishing her with the means for the flight from which he had been trying to dissuade her.

"I am deeply indebted to you," she said, simply, stuffing the bills into her empty purse.

The Consul now opened the door and introduced her to a young man with a nice, honest Norwegian face and a blonde beard. This turned out to be the Vice-Consul, and into his hands she

It seemed to the young Norwegian girl utterly hopeless to find her lover.

temporarily surrendered her fate. The respectable boarding-house was found in Brooklyn, and proved to be inhabited by music teachers, art students, and unattached elderly females. The Vice-Consul, after having supplied some personal intelligence to the landlady, and agreed with her on the price of the room, left his charge, with the promise to call again on the evening of the following day. But how great was his astonishment when, on the evening in question, he was informed that the young lady had paid her board bill for one day and left for parts unknown.

CHAPTER XVIII.

If New York had been bewildering, Chicago seemed to Hulda overwhelming. There is no city on this continent that makes so metropolitan an impression and typifies so vividly what the world understands by Americanism. It seemed to the young Norwegian girl utterly hopeless to find her lover, even with the minutest directions, in this seething, smoking, roaring cauldron of humanity. She arrived about 10 o'clock in the morning, after a sleepless night, and found herself carried along by the human current which swept her away and dropped her by force of inertia on the Adams street bridge, a couple of hundred feet from the depot. There she stood, gazing at the locomotives below, which kept running to and fro in an utterly irrational manner, with ringing of bells, puffing of steam, and a vast deal of uproarious clatter. All the streets, wherever she looked, ended a few blocks away in a haze of smoke, and huge, sooty-looking buildings, the mere size of which made them imposing, shut in her vision on the two remaining sides. Remembering her New York experience with the confidence men, she feared to make herself conspicuous by standing still and betraying her astonishment. In a confused and aimless way she therefore began to move, pondering all the while how she should set about the task of finding Olaf Brun's address, which she had on his letter in her pocket. She finally determined to consult a policeman, who put her on board a street car, and told the conductor that she wanted to get off at Division street. In about twenty minutes the latter functionary sang out the name of the street, and by the aid of another policeman she found the house which had been the loadstar of her long wanderings. It was a sadly disappointing place, she had to admit, though she scarcely knew why, unless it was a certain dismal impression it made of shabby gentility. She had imagined it so different. There was a curious second-hand look about everything. The maroon velvet carpet in the hall was very much worn, and the bronze lantern under the ceiling was a trifle tarnished, and its light tempered by a beautiful spiral design of opal glass, which was cracked. There was a curiously hushed air about the house, which somehow made it seem improper to speak above a whisper. It seemed to have a bad conscience. She noted, too, that the landlady, who, after having kept her waiting for a long while, finally made her appearance, walked on tiptoe, as if she were afraid of waking somebody. When Hulda, with flushed cheeks and a wildly-beating heart, asked if Mr. Brun was at home, she pondered for awhile with her head on one side and repeated with a puzzled frown:

"Brun, Brun?"

"Yes, Mr. Olaf Brun, the artist," Hulda explained, anxiously.

"Oh, yes, yes, Mr. Olaf Brun. He hasn't been here for six months or more. He left early in the spring."

"Do you know where he has gone to?"

"I wish I did. It would be worth $35 to me if I knew."

Hulda failed to comprehend the meaning of this, and her sense of loyalty to Brun prevented her from asking questions. There was something vaguely disrespectful in the woman's manner of referring to him which made her shrink from incurring her confidence.

"And you have, then, not the least idea where I might find him?" Hulda enquired, with a weight on her heart which with every moment grew heavier. She was yet standing in the hall under the bronze lantern, and the woman was staring at her with a curious, scrutinizing look, which was not unkindly.

"Poor girl!" she said finally, and a gleam of dismal sympathy illuminated her features. "He has got you into trouble, has he? Well, it's no good hunting him up, I can tell you that. He hasn't got a penny to his name, and he is never likely to have one."

The dim feeling of alarm which had been throbbing in Hulda's breast since she crossed the threshold of the house stole with a numbing chill down her back. She had but one desire, and that was to escape from this terrible woman before she had utterly shattered her idol. She had, to be sure, said nothing that was discreditable to Olaf, unless it was discreditable to be poor, and yet she was quivering with fear lest some hideous secret should suddenly glare out at her, with its petrifying Medusa gaze. She had to tear herself away with a palpable wrench from a certain baleful fascination which the woman exercised over her, and the hours or minutes that intervened between the last recorded remark and her entrance into the Norwegian Consul's office on Milwaukee avenue always remained a blank in her memory. She walked about half stunned, yet with a half miraculous security found her way through the tangle of unfamiliar streets by appealing to the police whenever she lost her bearings.

The Consul, it appeared, knew Olaf Brun, but hinted that he moved frequently, and he was not sure where he was to be found. He was extremely discreet, and Hulda had a suspicion, which made her blush with humiliation and wrath, that he took such fragments of her story as she chose to divulge with a grain of salt. At all events, he was chary of information, and probably supplemented her romance with details which were not to her credit. She inferred, what had never before occurred to her, that a young lady who descends unexpectedly upon a gentleman, even though her motive be the loftiest, is not always welcome. There were complications and intricacies in masculine life of which she, in her innocence, had never dreamed, but a dim consciousness of them dawned upon her as she sat tete-a-tete with the Consul, whose attitude toward her was full of courteous reservations and adumbrations of things which a gentleman always finds it embarrassing to allude to in the presence of a lady. Was he trying to put her on her guard—to prepare her for unpleasant surprises? She scorned to entertain the thought. All her passionate faith in her lover, and her pride in him as a chivalrous and unblemished gentleman flared up, and put all unworthy suspicions to flight.

"May I ask where you are staying?" the Consul enquired, as she rose to go. "I need not say that if I obtain any information regarding Mr. Brun's whereabouts I shall make haste to communicate with you."

She had to confess that she had just arrived, and that as yet she had found no permanent lodgings.

Excusing himself, he picked up a pen, and wrote her a letter of introduction to the lady manager of the Young Woman's Christian Association.

"If you will go to this address," he said, handing her the letter, "you will find a cheap and comfortable home, where ou may remain until—until you may desire to go elsewhere," he finished, with a sigh of relief. He seemed to feel the obligations of his official position in the presence of this young girl, and to be determined to acquit himself creditably. And she felt reflectively what a burden she must be to him, and was anxious to relieve him of his own sense of responsibility. She therefore thanked him hastily for his kindness, and took her leave.

To be continued.

A Belated Wit.

"The wife of that humorist, Prettywit, is a very lively person. I didn't know that she set up for a joker."

"Yes, sets up for him five nights out of every six."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

WOOING THE DOLLAR.

SOME OF THE CURIOUS METHODS OF MAKING A LIVING.

Paris Is Notorious For the Odd Pursuits and Callings of Many of Its Citizens—A Lady Who Fainted at So Much Per Faint.

The complexity of modern civilization is shown in nothing more strikingly than in the extreme multiplicity of pursuits by which men today gain a living. In the great swarming centers of population like London and Paris a multitude of strange, queer, out of the way callings, which even in towns of half a million or even a million inhabitants would not give employment to a single human being are followed by scores and even hundreds of men who derive therefrom not only the means of subsistence, but in some cases an independence and even riches.

Persons who are familiar with the history of popular delusions, which Porson once said jestingly that he would write in a work of 500 volumes, will remember the famous stockjobbing mania which raged in Paris under the inspiration of the Scotch projector and financier, John Law. During the mania the great scene of operations was the Rue Quinquepoix. The business was by law confined to that spot, whither multitudes of men and women of all ranks and conditions flocked to buy shares in Law's bank and Mississippi company, which, though absolutely worthless, rose to 20 times their original price.

Desks and writing materials for the transfer of shares were in great demand, but in a street so densely crowded they were not so easily obtainable. In this exigency a hunchbacked man let out his protuberance for the infatuated speculators to scribble upon, and so eager were they to use it and so liberally did they pay him that he is said to have made in a few days 150,000 livres. It was a happy thought that led this man to convert an obstacle into a stepping stone to success. It showed that, though his person was crooked, his mind was straight. Hundreds of hunchbacked men would probably have seen the golden tide running by them for life without dreaming of thus profiting by it.

Since Law's day Paris has been preeminent for the odd pursuits and callings of many of its citizens. Of all the great cities of the world it is the one in which today the most extraordinary and surprising modes of gaining a living are employed. Nowhere is keener ingenuity exercised in turning refuse to account than in this huge hive of industry, where literally nothing is wasted. Out of the very leavings of the regular industries of the metropolis—dirty rags, half gnawed bones, moldy crusts of bread, cigar ends, parings and peelings of fruit, pieces of squeezed lemon thrown aside by oyster eaters, pieces of glass, clippings of hair, etc.—scores of shrewd men are continually realizing fortunes and thousands are getting their daily bread.

Among the articles thus transformed by Parisian ingenuity are faded flowers that have been flung aside by the beauties to whom they were presented. The discarded bouquets are collected daily from the dirt heaps of the city, are picked over, sorted and the ends of the stalks dipped into water nearly boiling, whereby the sap is made to mount into the flowers, and they become as brilliant as if freshly picked. They are then mounted upon rush stems, arranged in bouquets and surrounded with fresh green leaves, after which they are sold by tidily dressed little girls who perambulate the boulevards and press them upon the Parisians.

The following incident shows an originality of invention rarely rivaled even by the prolific brain of the Yankee. One day in a lawsuit before the Tribunal Correctionnel a handsome young lady, smartly dressed, was called as a witness. The presiding judge asked her name and then her profession or calling. "I faint," answered madame in a very low voice. The judge thereupon directed an officer of the court to bring her a chair and allowed her to sit down. "Don't be afraid, madame," said he; "and please to tell me before you are sworn what is your profession?" "I am fainting," again whispered the pretty witness in a barely audible voice. The gallant vice president now sent for a glass of water, which the lady sipped slowly, then bowing to her interrogator she appeared to await further questions.

Again, the third time, she was asked her profession, when, with a look of wonder and surprise, she replied, "But, Mr. President, I have already twice had the honor to tell you that my profession is to faint." "To faint!" exclaimed the astonished and puzzled judge. "How can that possibly be a profession?" The lady explained that she gained her livelihood by going every evening in a fashionable dress to a stall in the Theatre de la Porte de Saint Martin and there fainting, as though overpowered by the powerful and vivid acting at the most critical and tragical moment in the play. She added that her services were considered invaluable, and that thus far she had given to the manager complete satisfaction.

We have all heard of dress coats to let, of hired jewels and even of hired wedding presents, but who ever heard of meat to let? Yet in Paris the fine, appetizing joints of meat and other eatables which are displayed in the windows of the cheaper restaurants are simply hired to tempt the passing epicure. There are butchers who realize a considerable income from letting out show joints, attractive legs of mutton and nicely trimmed cutlets, disposed with such Parisian art as to catch the eye of the plebeian bon vivant. Even clean linen, also, is let out on hire, and if you suffer from an excess of blood you can hire leeches and have them set biting for a trifling sum.

Among other odd ways of gaining a living in the French metropolis are making soap bubbles, painting turkeys' feet, retailing lighted fuel, guessing riddles, collecting samples and acting as guardian angel—of only one of which, the last, have we space for an explanation. The guardian angel establishes himself in the outskirts of the city, near the wineshops, where he does odd jobs during the day for the shopkeeper, while in the evening he assists in getting home any of the sons of Bacchus who may have drunk too deeply. In doing this he must be deaf to all the commands and entreaties of his charge to let him enter any of the wineshops on the way; he must keep him out of broils, guard his personal effects, even fight for him if necessary, and, when he cannot be led home, carry him on his back or wheel him on a barrow. The earnings of these helpers of frail humanity are ridiculously paltry, seldom exceeding a franc or two a night.—Saturday Evening Post.

A Tea Party In Darkness.

There is a tradition to the effect that when domestic lighting by gas was still a novelty Sir Walter Scott introduced it into every room and staircase of the house that he was building at Abbotsford and did so without provision for any unexpected failure. His entering into possession was made the occasion for a house warming on a scale of considerable magnitude, and in the very middle of the festivities all the lights suddenly went out. The guests were left in absolute darkness until such time as mounted messengers could return from Melrose, whither they had been dispatched with instructions to collect all the tallow candles and tin sconces or candlesticks which the village contained.—London Times.

No Fun For the Lion.

The monkeys hold a nut cracking party in the jungle.—New York Journal.

NASAL AND CHRONIC CATARRH

Droppings in the Throat, Catarrhal Headache and Deafness Are Radically Cured by Dr. Chase's Treatment for Catarrh.

Persons who take cold easily are always sure to become victims of catarrh, which in its acute form is nothing more nor less than "cold in the head."

Running at the nose, stuffed up nostrils, difficult breathing, and headache are well-known symptoms of acute catarrh.

If allowed to run on acute catarrh becomes chronic, and then there are small ulcers formed in the nose, droppings into the throat, which cause hawking and spitting, and, when the ulceration reaches the bone, foul breath.

As a result of the thickening of the membrane of the nose and eustachean tube deafness and loss of the sense of smell are also symptoms of chronic catarrh.

When allowed to work its way along the air passages catarrh ultimately reaches the lungs and becomes consumption.

To clear the air passages and heal the ulcers in the nose is the object of treatment, and no means have ever been so universally successful as Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure.

The improved blower which is given free with every box of Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure is a simple yet most effectual method of sending the preparation to the very seat of disease.

Relief comes almost instantly, "cold in the head" and acute catarrh are cured in a few hours, and chronic catarrh is absolutely eradicated from the system in a few weeks.

As catarrh almost invariably leaves the victim in a weakened, run-down condition, the patient should use Dr. Chase's Nerve Food along with the Catarrh Cure to build up the system, and form new red corpuscles in the blood.

This combined treatment is unapproachable as an effective method of permanently curing catarrh and ridding the system of every symptom or trace of this distressing, debilitating and dangerous disease.

There is no ailment so frequently neglected as catarrh, and none that so certainly leads to consumption and death. Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure, 25 cents a box; blower free. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box. At all dealers, or by mail, from Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

For Coughs, Colds, Croup, Bronchitis and Asthma, Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine is a prompt and thorough cure; 25 cents a bottle; family size, three times as much, 60 cents.

There is danger in neglecting a cold. Many who have died of Consumption dated their troubles from exposure, followed by a cold which settled on their lungs, and in a short time they were beyond the skill of the best physician. Had they used Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, before it was too late, their lives would have been spared. This medicine has no equal for curing coughs, colds, and all affections of the throat and lungs.

Not So Bad.

Critical Husband—This beef isn't fit to eat.

Wife—Well, I told the butcher that if it wasn't good I would send you round to his shop to give him a thrashing, and I hope you'll take some one with you, for he looked pretty fierce, and I didn't like the way he handled his big knife.

Husband—Humph! Oh, well, I will say I've seen worse meat than this.—London Fun.

SIGNALS OF DANGER.—Have you lost your appetite? Have you a coated tongue? Have you an unpleasant taste in the mouth? Does your head ache and have you dizziness? If so, your stomach is out of order, and you need medicine. But you do not like medicine. He that prefers sickness to medicine must suffer, but under the circumstances the wise man would secure a box of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills and speedily get himself in health, and strive to keep so.

Turn About.

Mrs. Weeds—Oh, you remind me so much of my first husband!

Mr. Weeds—I'm glad to hear it. You've been reminding me of him so often.—Philadelphia Press.

DO NOT DELAY.—When, through debilitated digestive organs, poison finds its way into the blood the prime consideration is to get the poison out as rapidly and as thoroughly as possible. Delay may mean disaster. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will be found a most valuable and effective medicine to assail the intruder with. They never fail. They go at once to the seat of the trouble and work a permanent cure.

The American consuls at all foreign ports have the lawful right to examine intending emigrants for the United States for the purpose of ascertaining that they are fit for admission to this country.

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.

One Style of Satire.

"This cartoon of yours has a certain element of humor in it," remarked the editor of the Paris Scavengeur.

"Yes," answered the artist, "I tried to supply that."

"Well, don't do it again. It destroys the artistic symmetry of your work. You must try to learn to be vulgar without being funny."—Washington Star.

A SHORT ROAD to health was opened to those suffering from chronic coughs, asthma, bronchitis, catarrh, lumbago, tumors, rheumatism, excoriated nipples or inflamed breast, and kidney complaints, by the introduction of the inexpensive and effective remedy, Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil.

In the Black sea no animal life of any kind is found at a depth below 1,200 feet owing to the large amount of hydrosulphuric acid.

I was cured of lame back, after suffering 15 years by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

Two Rivers, N.S. ROBERT ROSS.

I was cured of Diptheria, after doctors failed, by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

Antigonish. JOHN A. FOREY.

I was cured of contraction of muscles by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

Dalhousie. Mrs. Rachael Saunders.

Marriage in Burma.

Marriage has no religious element in Burma. There is no marriage ceremony. Just as two men go into partnership in business, so a man and woman may enter into the marriage state without undergoing any form. Coupled with this very secular, nonchalant view of marriage is the fact that facilities for divorce are very great. As marriage is merely a partnership, so divorce is a dissolution of that partnership and may be obtained on demand by either of the parties from the elders of the village. In Burma, however, as elsewhere, we find that a priori dangers are largely neutralized by practical good sense. The fear of outraging public opinion furnishes a powerful motive in propriety of life. The salvation of the Burmese woman lies in the fact that her home life is always the center of her existence. She recognizes that there are certain restrictions on a woman's actions which must be observed as long as men are men and women are women.

KIPLING AND HIS WORKS

Anglo-America's Poet Laureate and Premier Story Teller.

A REMARKABLE LITERARY CAREER

An Author Whose Tales and Poems Have Made Him One of the Most Widely Known and Admired of Living Writers—He Holds the Mirror Up to Nature.

Not until the light of a great genius seemed about to be extinguished did people generally begin to fully realize what an important place Rudyard Kipling holds in the literary world and in the affections of millions of Anglo-Saxons and Anglo-Americans. No great ruler at death's door could have excited a more universal and sincere sympathy and interest than did Kipling, lying at his hotel in New York, stricken with what for a time seemed a fatal disease. Here was a man only 35 years old, who had won no battles, taken no part in politics, born to no high rank and holding no official position, who had so moved the world that it stood watching with deepest anxiety at his bedside. This is the reason:

For words are things, and a small drop of ink
Falling like dew upon a thought, produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think.

Rudyard Kipling was born in Bombay Dec. 30, 1865, and is the son of John Lockwood Kipling, head of the Lahore School of Art in Bombay. The elder Kipling is a native of Staffordshire, England, where he was formerly a designer of decorations in a large pot-

RUDYARD KIPLING.

tery firm, Doulton's, formerly Pinder, Bourne & Co. Pinder's son tells the following story of how Rudyard received his rather peculiar name:

"One day my mother gave a picnic to the young people of the neighborhood at a pretty little English lake between the villages of Rudyard and Rushton, not far from Burslem. John Kipling went, of course, and there he met a pretty English girl, Mary McDonald, the daughter of a Methodist minister at Endon. Kipling fell in love with her at once. They met very often at my mother's house, and it grew into a love affair on both sides. Then John Kipling went to the art school in Kensington and was afterward sent out to direct the art schools of the Madras Presidency in India. When he went to India, he took pretty Mary McDonald along as his wife.

"In the fullness of time a son was born to the Kiplings in Bombay. Their first meeting at Rudyard lake must have been the pretty bit of sentiment of their lives, for when they named the son they took for him the name of the little lake on the banks of which they first saw one another."

Young Rudyard was the apple of his father's eye, and as he matured in years he soon showed that he had unusual ability and aptitude for learning and scorned all playthings that were commonplace toys, but any sort of instructive puzzle or game that required thought and intelligence appealed to him at once, and with these he found endless pleasure and pastime. His mother was his early instructor. He proved an apt pupil and in a very short space of time accomplished reading and writing, and when this time came to pass the difficulty was to persuade him to play and do as other boys. Books were his one pleasure. No matter how erudite the work might be, Rudyard attacked it and absorbed its contents—in fact, he was quite beyond his years in intellect. He had a will of his own, as a boy, and at times asserted it in spite of the remonstrances of his parents. When he was about 8 or 9 years of age he was taken over to England and left in charge of a certain elderly relative. Here he passed some of the most miserable and uninteresting years of his youth. Eventually the time came when Rudyard was old enough to be sent to school and was accordingly placed as a boarder in the well known naval school at New Cross, near Blackheath, a few miles from London. He proved an able scholar and kept his place in his classes throughout his career there. Strange to say, he never seemed to study seriously and continuously as other students, but was always ready for a lark or some practical joke which kept him frequently in disgrace and a prisoner in the school. During his frequent terms of confinement to his quarters he conceived the idea of editing and publishing a weekly school newspaper. This aroused the admiration of the professors, and then and there he made his first reputation as a writer. He finally ran away from the naval school, and later the editor of The Pioneer at Lahore, India, where his parents then lived, offered him a handsome salary to start for India via America, Honolulu, Japan, China, and so to Lahore, writing letters for publication. The offer was accepted.

When he returned to Lahore, he entered the office of The Pioneer and took a subordinate position in order to learn everything in the publishing line. The work was not congenial to him, and he was anxious to turn his attention to something else. It happened that the Duke of Connaught, then military commander of the northwestern district of India, would occasionally pay a visit to the Kiplings and spend an evening at their house. When he met Rudyard, he became greatly interested in him and, in the course of conversation, remarked, "What are you going to do, Mr. Kipling, now that you are in India again?"

"Well, sir, I have an ambition beyond the drudgery of working in the office of The Pioneer."

"What would you like to do, then Mr. Kipling?"

"I would like, sir, to live with the army for a time and go to the frontier to write up Tommy Atkins." The duke considered the matter and finally gave him carte blanche to do whatever he liked, go to any military station in his command and, if he wished, go to the frontier and live with officers or men, and if at any time he required an escort he could have one. Rudyard availed himself of the duke's offer and went off to make acquaintance with Tommy Atkins. At the same time he became a great student of nature and the life and character of the people.

Thus began a career in literature which has given Mr. Kipling wide and enduring fame.

Mr. Kipling was married Jan. 19, 1892, in London, to Miss Balestier, sister of the young American novelist, Wolcott Balestier, who died in Dresden in 1891, and with whom Kipling collaborated in the story called "The Naulahka." It was through this brother that she became acquainted with Mr. Kipling. Her father, Joseph Navarro Balestier, was a very successful real estate man and lawyer of New York city. He bought very extensively property in and around Brattleboro, Vt., and today the Balestier estate there includes many hundreds of acres.

It was thus that Mr. Kipling settled in Brattleboro shortly after his marriage. He and Mrs. Kipling lived in the town until their new home was finished just outside the Brattleboro line. It is fashioned after the plan of an Indian bungalow, in which one long corridor from end to end of the building divides all the apartments, as in a hotel, and is built on the side of a hill. It is a long, curious looking structure, without an entrance on the side that faces the roadway and with but one door in the house, that on the hillside.

The property slopes down from the hillside to the roadway, and at the base of the hill, although there are no fences or obstructions, are scattered signs reading, "Trespassing on These Premises Is Forbidden."

Here Mr. and Mrs. Kipling lived for some time the year round, and many stories are told in Brattleboro of his life there. Strangers who saw him for the first time thought a cowboy had come to town, and his boots, his greatcoat and his sombrero, whenever the weather permitted him to go without a thick cap, were familiar to all the town folk.

There are few personalities more interesting than that of Rudyard Kipling, and there is no man of letters about whom there has been so much inquiry, yet he is very little known. He has what is sometimes called the British insular prejudice against inquiry into his private life and habits.

A good many hundreds of people who have come in contact with him have called him all the names that one may use in polite society. The explanation thereof is simple enough. Mr. Kipling did not care to know them and resented their attempts to know him. To these Kipling is inclined to be exceedingly short, not to say rude. He believes that he gives the best he has to the public in his writings and that it has no right to bother about his private life.

To those to whom he gives his friendship he is as genial, as kindly, as warm hearted, as any one could ask. He is the most delightful of companions.

Personally Kipling is as complex and remarkable as his writings. His affection for his wife and children amounts to worship.

Everything in connection with his life in this country shows how desirous is the young man to avoid people who bother him. He absolutely refuses to be lionized, and the thought of seeing in print what he ate for dinner draws from him language as picturesque and as vivid as his poems, but not so printable.

While Kipling has steadfastly refused to tell the reporters much about himself, his personality is quite fully revealed in his works. He may have had Scudery's idea. "I know better than any other writer how to tell anecdotes about myself." As a newspaper man Kipling is described by himself. In his remarkable story of "The Man Who Would Be King" he has given us a sketch of himself sitting at his desk one Saturday night waiting to put the paper to press. "A king or courtier was dying at the other end of the world," he says, "and the paper was to be held until the last possible moment.

"It was a pitchy, black, hot night, and raining—now and again a spot of almost boiling water would fall on the crest. * * * The thing, whatever it was, was keeping us back. It would not come off. * * * I drowsed off and wondered whether the telegraph was a blessing and whether this dying man was aware of the inconvenience and delay he was causing. * * * The clock hands crept up to 3 o'clock, and the machines spun their flywheels two or three times to see that all was in order before I said the word that would set them off. I could have shrieked aloud. Then the roar and rattle of the wheels shivered the quiet into little bits."

It was in this trying environment that Kipling nevertheless composed some of his best things. In a couple of pages on "My First Book," which he contributed to McClure's four or five years ago, he told something about the way in which his verses were written, saying:

"Bad as they were, I burned twice as many as were published, and of the survivors at least two-thirds were cut down at the last moment. Nothing can be wholly beautiful that is not useful, and therefore my verses were made to ease off the perpetual strife between the manager extending his advertisements and my chief fighting for his reading matter. They were born to be sacrificed. Rukn-Din, the foreman of our side, approved of them immensely, for he was a Muslim of culture. He would say: 'Your poetry very good, sir. Just coming proper length today. You giving more soon. One-third column just proper. Always can take or third page.'

"Mahmoud, who set them up, had an unpleasant way of referring to a new lyric as Ek aur chiz—one more thing—which I never liked. The job side, too, were unsympathetic, because I used to raid into their type for private proofs with Old English and Gothic headlines. Even a Hindoo does not like to find the serifs of his f's cut away to make long s's.

"And in this manner, week by week, my verses came to be printed in the paper."

Of course these verses immediately attracted the attention of the English exiles in India, and scores of people soon began to demand the publication of the rhymes in book form. This was a little more than Kipling had bargained for when he dashed off his lines as the exigencies of the paper or the inspiration of the moment suggested. Here again we may quote his own words:

"A real book was out of the question, but I knew that Rukn-Din and the office plant were at my disposal at a price, if I did not use the office time; also I had handled in the previous year a couple of small books, of which I was part owner and had lost nothing. So there was built a sort of a book, a lean oblong docket, wire stitched, to imitate a D. O. government envelope, printed on one side only, bound in brown paper and secured with red tape. It was addressed to all heads of departments and all government officials, and among a pile of papers would have deceived a clerk of 20 years' service. Of these 'books' we made some hundreds, and as there was no necessity for advertising, my public being to my hand, I took reply postcards, printed the news of the birth of the book on one side, the blank order form on the other and posted them up and down the empire from Aden to Singapore and from Quetta to Colombo. There was no trade discount, no reckoning twelves as thirteens, no commission and no credit of any kind whatever. The money came back in poor but honest rupees and was transferred from the publisher, the left hand pocket, direct to the author, the right hand pocket. Every copy sold in a few weeks, and the ratio of expenses to profits, as I remember it, has since prevented my injuring my health by sympathizing with publishers who talk of their risks and advertisements."

The price received by Kipling for his work he regards as nobody's business but his own; nevertheless everybody will feel a keen interest in The British Weekly's paragraph on this subject:

"Perhaps no one receives such large prices for his work as Mr. Rudyard Kipling. He has contracted to write eight stories for one of the magazines next year, for each of which he will receive about £240. This is simply for the English serial rights of the stories. In addition Mr. Kipling receives payment from America, India and the colonies. This will probably bring up the price of the stories to about £500 each, making £4,000 for the year. In addition to this Mr. Kipling receives the royalties for book publication in England and America. This will not amount to less than about £4,000, so that for each story the author ultimately receives not less than £1,000. Whether these high prices will be kept up is very doubtful. If the cheap magazinism succeeds in injuring the older periodicals they cannot be maintained. It remains to be seen whether the public cares much for names, and it must be remembered that the papers with the largest circulation in this country do not depend upon names at all. I remember some years ago Mr. Kipling contributed one of his best pieces of work, better work by a great deal than he has been doing lately, to a monthly review. The editor informed me that not one extra copy of the periodical was sold."

Among the first of the stories of Kipling to attract attention was "The Man Who Would Be King," and later came from his prolific and versatile pen such fascinating stories as "The Phantom Rickshaw," "The Taking of Lungtungpen," "The Strange Ride of Morrowbie Jukes," "The Matter of a Private," "The Rout of the White Hussars" and "The Story of the Gadsbys," a number of which are included in "The Plain Tales From the Hills," which give vivid and interesting pictures of native and garrison life in India. Kipling's fame as a poet is not less well merited than his reputation as a writer of fiction. "The Truce of the Bear," in which he attacked the aggression of Russia, is one of his strongest poems, while "Betrothed" may be regarded as one of the most delightful of the products of his poetic genius. Other poems which have attracted wide and favorable attention are "The Seven Seas," "McAndrew's Hymn," "The Mary Gloster," "Tommy Atkins" and "Files on Parade." His latest poems, which all the English speaking world know almost by heart, "The Recessional" and "The White Man's Burden," have given him enduring fame as a poet.

THE TEA TESTER.

He Has Discarded Tasting and Now Uses Sight and Smell.

"The art of tea testing in commercial houses, which formerly proved detrimental to the health of so many men, has of late years been reduced to such accuracy that the testing part of it has been practically eliminated in all but the name, and tea is now tested by sight and smell," remarked a leading tea importer recently. "Boiling water is first poured on an accurately measured quantity of the leaves. In a few minutes the liquid shows a tint of green or brown, and the length of this time and the shade of the color produced are important elements in the test. The tester then, with the aid of a spoon, inhales the rising steam from the mixture. This is called 'getting the aroma' and is the most important part of the test. He may perhaps in some cases actually taste the liquid, but this is no longer generally done. Color, aroma and the 'liquoring qualities' of the tea are sufficient grounds to judge by. The old time tea tester was a high salaried expert, who frequently ended his career with heart disease or fits, the result of slow poisoning from the quantities of adulterated teas he tested; but now as a rule every tea importer tests his teas by the recent and approved method.

"Only the largest tea importing houses at present employ tea testers of their own. The smaller houses have their tea tested by a tea broker, whose sole business is in testing and fixing a price upon the delicate and finely flavored beverage of China and Japan. The prices of the different grades of teas range from 25 cents to 85 cents per pound, and the tester is expected to fix the exact value of the tea, even to the half and quarter cent. It can thus be seen how very finely his sense of smell must be cultivated.

"The testing of the teas is usually done in the morning, the tester preferring the hours before noon to those later in the day. Tea testing is a remunerative business to those who get enough to do to keep them busy. The big importing houses who employ testers of their own pay them all the way from $75 to $150 per week, and the brokers with an established reputation in the trade earn much larger incomes from their work."—Washington Star.

A Natural Mistake.

A few years before his death Allen G. Thurman of Ohio was engaged as counsel in a lawsuit which was tried before a country judge in one of the small towns in the central part of the state. Opposing Judge Thurman was a young lawyer named Cassidy, who wore his hair pompadour, assumed an air of great dignity and was apparently greatly impressed with his own importance. Upon several occasions during the progress of the trial Thurman referred to his legal opponent as "Mr. Necessity." The young man arose whenever this occurred and with great gravity reminded the court that his name was Cassidy. Finally, after the offense had been repeated about a dozen times, the pompous attorney exclaimed:

"I must again remind counsel upon the other side that my name is Cassidy. I can't understand why he persists in maintaining that it is Necessity."

"I beg the gentleman's pardon," said Thurman. "The reason I keep getting him confused with Necessity is, I presume, due to the fact that the latter knows no law."—Chicago Times-Herald.

The Proper Thing.

She—Isn't that a duck of a bonnet the doctor's wife has on?

He—Yes, and it's very appropriate too.

She—How so?

He—Her husband's a quack.—Chicago News.

WHY DO WE DO IT?

Some of Our Familiar Customs and Their Ancient Origin.

It is surprising what a number of little things we do without knowing the reason.

Why, for instance, do widows wear caps? Perhaps you would say because they make them look pretty and interesting, but the real reason is that when the Romans were in England they shaved their heads as a sign of mourning. Of course a woman couldn't let herself be seen with a bald head, so she made herself a pretty cap. And now, though the necessity of wearing it has passed away, the cap remains.

Why do we have bows on the left side of our hats? In olden times when men were much in the open air, and hats couldn't be bought for half a dollar it was the habit to tie a cord around the crown and let the ends fall on the left side, to be grasped on the arising of a squall. They fell on the left side so they might be grasped by the left hand, the right usually being more usefully engaged. Later on the ends got to be tied in a bow, and later still they became useless, yet the bow has remained and will probably remain till the next deluge or something of that sort.

What is the meaning of the crosses on X's on a barrel of beer? They signify degrees of quality nowadays, but originally they were put on by those ancient monks as a sort of trademark. They were crosses in those days and meant a sort of oath, on the cross, sworn by the manufacturer that his barrel contained good liquor.

Why are bells tolled for the dead? This has become so familiar a practice that a funeral without it would appear un-Christian. Yet the reason is quite barbarous. Bells were tolled long ago when people were being buried in order to frighten the evil spirits who lived in the air.

Why do fair ladies break a bottle of wine on the ship they are christening? Merely another survival of barbaric custom. In the days of sacrifice to the gods it was customary to get some poor victim when a boat was being launched and to cut his throat over the prow, so that his blood baptized it.

Why are dignitaries deafened by a salute when they visit a foreign port? It seems a curious sort of welcome this firing off of guns, but it seems the custom arose in a very reasonable way. Originally a town or a warship fired off its guns on the approach of important and friendly strangers to show that they had such faith in the visitors' peaceful intentions they didn't think it necessary to keep their guns loaded.

Why do we sometimes throw a shoe after a bride? The reason is not very complimentary. From of old it has been the habit of mothers to chastise their children with a shoe. Hence the custom arose of the father of a bride making a present to the bridegroom of a shoe as a sign that it was to be his right to keep her in order.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Ministers and Doctors.

Altogether it must be admitted that the medical man, inadequate as his earnings may be, is much more fortunate than the clergyman. The latter, it is true, gets his rent free, with occasional yearly donations of potatoes, hay, flour and the like, but his living expenses must be within the limits of an income scarcely equal to that of an average mechanic with regular daily employment.

It is somewhat of a surprise to learn that a first class clergyman in a country town averages only from $500 to $800 as yearly salary, while those in the large cities are not enough above those figures to make up the relative differences in incidental expenses of living. The latter amounts are said to range from $1,000 to $1,200 yearly. Certainly the average doctor must do much better than this; otherwise he must either run in debt or look for some other occupation. If the doctor in practice must make any living at all, he is bound to calculate on a sum one-third more and perhaps double that which the preacher can get. We are now speaking of the average man in both professions, it being well known that special skill and recognized ability in either calling always command proportionately increased remuneration.—Medical Record.

The Curse of Leisure.

Leisure, except for needed rest, for time to plan new work or for an opportunity to aid others in doing their work, is not a blessing, but a curse. If nothing comes of it, if no work is done because of it or if better work does not follow on account of it, then leisure has not been a blessing to him who enjoyed it and invariably works harm to him or to others who are affected by it.

Among the practical evils coming from the desire to escape the drudgery of manual labor is the overcrowding of the places where the manual labor is light, the growth of the military spirit among men who think it more honorable to fight than to work and the increase of that army of incapables who find no opportunity and prefer to be supported by others rather than to soil their hands or harden their muscles by doing the work which the world offers them to do.

Carlyle was right when he said that all the happiness that a true man asks is happiness enough to get his work done.—Christian Register.

Crowing Hens.

The archbishop of Canterbury, in his youth, had some experience as a farmer. Evidently the bishop of London's education in that respect was neglected. In the account of one of his speeches at the church congress he is reported as saying:

"There is a certain class of people who are like hens when they have laid an egg. They form their opinion with such difficulty apparently and so seldom that when they have formed one they go and crow to all the world to show that they have done it."

We would respectfully advise the bishop of London to draw an illustration from crowing hens if he should ever be addressing a rural audience.—Westminster Gazette.

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 personally.

TUESDAY, APRIL, 24th, 1900

WAR NEWS.

London, April 17.—Lord Roberts has spread his net far and wide to catch the commandoes that have been making mischief in the south-eastern part of the Free State. The net has not yet been drawn in but at the headquarters of Lord Roberts the impression exists that the power of Boers is decreasing. They are fleeing north. Evidently the feeling in Bloemfontein is that the disposition made by Roberts is such as to enable him to concentrate a large force rapidly at any point.

The Boers are aware of this and are presumed to be thinking now chiefly of retreat. The investment of Weepner according to a special despatch has been abandoned. According to a Bethany despatch the Boers are unable to retreat because the British strongly hold all the roads.

Lorenzo Marques, 17.—Lt. Sketh, a Rhodian scout who entered Mafeking through the Boer lines, has returned to Col. Plumer's camp with despatches from Mafeking saying: "All was well there April 8th."

Jamestown, St. Helena, 16.—The remainder of the Boer prisoners were landed today and sent to Deadwood.

London, April 17.—Despatch from Bloemfontein says the Boers have raised the siege of Weepner and have left Rouxville. A majority of them have retreated north with exception of 6,000 now reported to be going towards Bethulie.

London, April 17.—Despatch from Boddersburg says: Gen. Chermside saw the rear guard of the Boers disappear to south-east in full retreat to be in strong force 14 miles east of Reddesberg.

London, April 17.—Despatch from Mafeking dated April 6th confirming earlier reports says: After Col. Plumer's repulse Com. Symon sent a message inviting Baden Powell to send out to collect the dead and wounded but when the ambulance appeared he declined to allow them to be taken. It was discovered however that the Boer reports had been greatly exaggerated.

London, April 17.—Learned on good authority that Lord Rober's main army will start the advance on Pretoria the latter part of this week or Monday.
for doctors and an ambulance.

Plumer's Camp, 18.—A letter has been received here from Com. Steyman with reference to British wounded and prisoners at Boer Laager. After engagement March 31 from which is learned Capt. Crew died from his wounds. British casualties were 8 killed, 36 wounded and 11 prisoners.

Plumer's little force is strongly entrenched north-west of Mafeking. Natives report that inhabitants of Mafeking are very hungry and should a flying column be despatched to their relief it would find it thoroughly well grassed and watered. A despatch from Mafeking dated yesterday says: We are confident now of holding out 2 months longer. The men in the trenches are determined to play the game to the end.

London, April 18.—It is said that a preemptory order for the return of General

London, April 18.—War Office has received following from Roberts: Our force at Weepner is still surrounded but it is reported that the enemy are attacking in a very half hearted manner and are anxious about their communications and hearing that forces are approaching Weepner from two directions, one under Gen. Rundle and the other under Brabant with Gen. Hart's Brigade in support on the re-occupation of Rouxville. The few Boers there retired and Gen. Brabant made some important arrests. Gen Settle reports that 200 Transvaalers made a determined attack on Dopaspoort, held by us. Our losses were 2 killed and 1 wounded. The enemy's losses

us [illegible] as they appealed to us. Warren the commander of the 5th division in South Africa was cabled to South Africa to-day.

London, April 18.—The publication of Roberts' despatch criticizing Warren and Buller's actions at Spion Kop is creating much comment. Some of them maintain there is nothing left for Buller but to resign. It is said Warren has been recalled.

Bloemfontein, April 17.—It is hoped that the boisterous weather may delay the Boers and afford us an opportunity to capturing a number of the bands as only few drifts are passable.

Mauser, April 17.—Col. Dalgety's casualties since he has been besieged at Weepner have been 20 killed and 100 wounded and the Boer losses are considerable heavier. Ther is a conflict of opinion among the leaders. Some want to attack while other refuse to do so. The Caledna River is rising which alarms the Boers who are now on both sides of the river and might be cut off if the stream becomes flooded.

London, April 18.—Heavy rains impede the movement of the British column. Blockade of Weepner continues although relief is near. There are 2,000 sick in the hospitals, many cases being dysentry and fever. What is to be done with Generals Buller and Warren occupies everybody's attention. Now generally believed that the Government had purpose in publication of Roberts' message and that their recall has probably been decided upon. According to Boer reports there is a steady flow of foreign volunteers to Transvaal. Hitherto these adventurers have been attached to the various commanders. Now it is said that they are to be formed into special legion with continential officers and there is a rumor that the command will be given to a distinguished French soldier, now in the Transvaal. 250 Boers started to day from Watervaal marching through Zoutpansberg District to intercept Gen. Carrington.

Bloemfontein, April 18.—A Canadian soldier was courtmartialled for appropriating one Boer chicken when thousands who had committed same offence escaped. Considerable indignity in Canadian camp.

Cape Town, April 18.—Boer Governments are circulating the following to the Afrikanders in South East Cape Colony: We feel that our fate and the fate of all Afrikanes is at stake and we appeal to you to stand and fight shoulder to shoulder.

Accra Gold Fields, Africa, April 18.—News received that Kumassy is closely invested and that the situation will becom exceedingly grave if relief is delayed.

London, April 19.—The arrival of Gen Carrington at Binapoort is the only item of news. Weeks must elapse before Corrington will be able to concentrate his forces on the boarders of the Transvaal or approach Mafeking.

London, April 19.—A proclamation issued at Cape Town to-day allows trading between Cape Colony and the occupied part of Orange Free State to be resumed.

A patrol of Cape police near Boshof yesterday captured two Boers some ox waggons and two hundred head of cattle.

VICTORIA NEWS.

Victoria, April 19.—Str. Milos arrived this morning from Kobe with a thousand Japanese, seven hundred for Vancouver the rest for Seattle. The Braman is due this week with another thousand.

CHIEF OF POLICE MURDERED.

Vancouver, April 18.—Chief of Police Mann of Steveston was found murdered late yesterday. He has been missing since Saturday when he had gone to search a Chinese shack for stolen property. The body had been hacked to pieces and buried. Two Chinamen have been arrested but the first one in the same house disappeared as completely as if the earth had swallowed him up. Several other Chinese who live in the vicinity were also arrested.

MAKING OCEANS.

Few people realize, says the London Mail, how completely of late years the surface aspect of this weazened old globe of our has been altered and improved.

The world of to-day, in fact, differs from the world of our ancestors much as a society lady, in all the glory of fold and frill and furbelow, differs from her savage sister running wild in pestilential woods. As art has transformed the one, so has it the other.

And the marvel of it all is this—that what has been done is but an infinitesimal fraction of that which may, and doubtless will be done. Who can doubt, for instance, that the great Sahara desert—that mole upon the world's face—will one day be but a memory? It was an inland sea once. It would not be a very difficult matter to convert it into one again.

A canal sixty miles long, connecting with the Atlantic the vast depression which runs close up to the coast nearly midway between the twentieth and thirtieth parallels of latitude, would do the business beautifully. The water would not, of course, cover the entire surface of the desert. Here and there are portions lying above sea level. These would become the islands of the new Sahara ocean.

What would be the results that would ensue upon this stupendous transformation? Some would be good and some bad. Among the latter may be mentioned the probable destruction of the vineyards of southern Europe, which depend for their existence upon the warm, dry winds from the great African desert.

As some compensation for this, however, the mercantile marines of the nations affected would be enabled to gain immediate and easy access to vast regions now given over to barbarism, and a series of more or less flourishing seaport towns would spring up all along the southern borders of Morocco and Algeria, where the western watershed of the Nile sinks into the desert, and on the northern frontier of the Congo Free State.

In a similar manner the greater portion of the Central Australian desert, covering an area of fully 1,000,000 square miles, might be flooded. The island continent would then be converted into a gigantic oval dish, of which the depressed central portion would be covered with water and only the "rim" inhabited.

COVETED THE COAL FIELDS.

Alleged That Mr. Martin's Interest in Crow's Nest Pass Is by No Means New.

From the Toronto World.

It was learned Saturday that the directors of the Crows Nest Pass Coal Company are taking no notice of the campaign utterances regarding their affairs recently made by Premier Martin of British Columbia. Mr. Martin's statement that he did all he could to oppose the land grant made to the British Columbia Southern railway, under which the Crow's Nest company finally got its lands, is regarded by those behind the company as mere platform talk designed to catch votes, and they are not paying any attention to it.

The fact remains that, despite all Mr. Martin's talk, the company has the patents to the lands, and they say there is therefore no reason to fear Mr. Martin.

Anent Mr. Martin's apparently patriotic stand in the campaign the World obtained some inside information yesterday which makes rather interesting reading in view of recent occurrences.

One who knows furnishes the World with some details regarding an attempt of Mr. Martin to utilize the Crows Nest fields to his own advantage some years ago.

It was just after Mr. Sifton, with the aid of the C. P. R., had beaten Mr. Martin out for the portfolio of the interior at Ottawa. Mr. Martin saw a chance to make money and incidentally to get revenge on the C. P. R. He therefore conceived the idea of building a line of railway through southern British Columbia in opposition to the C. P. R.

He set to work with this end in view and came East with a proposition, which he laid before Messrs. Cox & Jaffray and other capitalists. His plan was that they should assist him in building a line from 200 to 300 miles in length to tap the Crow's Nest coal fields. His idea was that it should be connected at the eastern end with the Galt line, which runs from Lethbridge, N. W. T., down to Grand Falls, Montana, and that a connection at the western end should be made at Nelson, B. C., with Jim Hill's Nelson & Fort Sheppard railway, running to Spokane, Wash. According to this story, Mr. Martin said that he had got Mr. Hill's approval of the plan, and he was sure that Messrs. Cox & Jaffray could use sufficient influence at Ottawa to get a bonus for the British Columbia line.

Messrs. Cox & Jaffray, however, so the story goes, did not approve of the proposition. They said that they thought the British Columbia coal fields should be used to advance Canada, and that they would not ask the Dominion government to aid a plan which would practically hand all the southern British Columbia trade to the Western States. Martin's line, starting practically as it would have, in Montana and running up into the Northwest Territories and across southern British Columbia back into Washington State, would have been a bonanza to Mr. Hill and the Americans.

Later still, parties approached Messrs. Cox & Jaffray with the proposal that they should construct 40 miles to the international boundary, Manager Hill of the Great Northern having agreed to build up through the State of Montana to meet the Canadian end of the road at the line. This proposition was also turned down by the Toronto men. This is a portion of the inside history of the Crow's Nest coal fields deal, as told to the World by one who was interested.

A PET OSTRICH.

The war in South Africa is productive of the greatest curiosities that have ever come under the notice of British soldiers.

One of the latest reports from the scene states that the simple-minded British soldiers have mistaken troops of ostriches for bands of Boers, and bands of Boers for troops of ostriches.

In some cases the ostriches have made friends with the soldiers. One of the best known correspondents at the front, who was with Gen. Methuen at the Modder river, reports this remarkable incident:

"While I ranged the valley or plain with my glasses something slipped and stumbled heavily over the loose stones behind me. I turned, thinking to dodge or help a stumbling man, and found myself staring into the great brown eyes of an ostrich six feet tall and with legs almost as thick as and longer than my own.

"'He came up here some days ago,' said a soldier, 'and he always stays here now. We feed him and fool with him, and he seems very happy.'

"The ostrich stalked past me and took a position between the major and captain, where, after appearing to observe that they were very busy scanning the landscape, he, too, stared at the plain and remained erect and watchful, the highest type of a sentry in appearance. He marred this fine effect for just a moment by seizing and swallowing a box of safety matches. After that he continued his sentry duty with satisfaction in his eyes."

The ostrich is a great figure in public life in South Africa. He is a source of wealth, and often a friend and companion. He is a valuable substitute for a watchdog.—Philadelphia Times.

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A MODERN MOZART.

Australia has apparently produced a new Mozart. His name is Fritz Muelle. A fund was raised in Melbourne to send the boy to Europe for the best education. Writing from Hotel Bristol, Berlin, to her sister in Australia, Mme. Melba says: "I don't wonder you rave about him. He is a wonder. Joachim was having lunch with me yesterday and he commenced to talk of the wonderful boy who had just arrived from Australia. I asked his name and he said: 'Fritz Muelle.' I jumped and said: 'Tell me all about him.' He then told me how the little fellow was brought to him, sat down at the piano and played Bach and Beethoven and his own little composition. The little fellow has captured my heart and I will do everything I can for his future."—London Chronicle.

PTE. SCOTT'S PREDICAMENT.

"Hol' on dar, Private Scott!" exclaimed the colored captain of the raw recruits. "I notice dat in marchin' yo' kin's yo' leg too high."

"Cap'n," said Private Scott, "I can't help it. I got a sorter jerk in it."

"Lemme see," said the captain. "Now march to dis me cu'lin' hoh'se; legs a de same time, so's I kin see which come de highest!"—Atlanta Constitution.

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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

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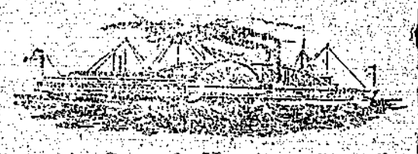

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MEN WITHOUT THE FIRE OF YOUTH

I have spent thirty years in the careful study of Nervous Debility and certain private weaknesses of men which result from youth-

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ful indiscretions and later excesses. As a result of such experience I propose the following statement and stand ready to prove my claim to any one who will give me the opportunity for so doing. I say, as a man to man, that by the properly advised use of galvanic electricity strength can be returned. A man at sixty should retain his full mental and physical vigor. I base these assertions upon what I have learned from the treatment of probably one hundred thousand cases. I am the inventor of the celebrated

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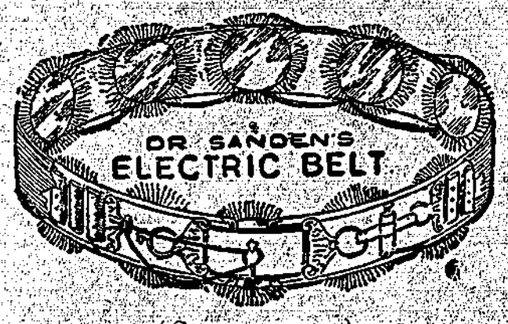
with suspensory attachment, the great home self treatment for weak men. I consider this appliance the best known method of giving electricity, mainly because of its portable form, which enables the wearer to get at least seven hours of the life giving current each day. The Dr. Sanden Electric Belt is composed of eight en. little double element cells in form of chain, fitting inside of an insulating cover, the whole weighing but five ounces. This rests comfortably around the waist at night, curing while the patient sleeps. The current, though instantly felt, is regulated to just the proper power by turning a little thumbscrew. The effect of electricity upon the system is often almost marvellous. I have never known a weak man to use it who was not materially benefited or entirely cured if common sense was exercised. It takes all the tired, weak feeling out of the small of the back and checks drains. My space here is too limited to go into details, but if the reader will call upon or write me I shall be pleased to give further information. FREE CONSULTATION AT MY OFFICE where the Belt may be seen in working order and current tested. It is really a pleasure to



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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 said 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 any such railways, tramways, ferries, wharves and vessels owned or 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.

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.

FARMING PRIZES.

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

By the kindness of a generous friend who love to stimulate the activities of boys and girls in their 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 or the selection of seed grains on farms in all the provinces of Canada which will lead to great improvement in the crops throughout the whole country.

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

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

III. 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 acre 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 acre in 1902.

(d) The competitor who obtains 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	50
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 above 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 from the acre entered for competition maybe picked; one mark will be awarded for every seed one the one hundred 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 the 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, Nova Scotia, Prince 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 and 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 of labor. I think they do the most valuable 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.

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TIME TABLE EFFECTIVE NOV. 19TH, 1898.

VICTORIA TO WELLINGTON.

No. 2 Daily. A.M.		No. 4 Saturday P.M.
De. 9:00	Victoria	De. 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.
De. 8:05	Wellington	De. 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.

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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.

TALL JANE.

By MARY E. WILKINS.

[Copyright, 1898, by the Author.]

"You don't mean that's Jane's skirt, Mrs. Ward?"

"Yes, I do."

"Why, it's larger than yourn."

"I know it. She's taller than I be. She's grown all out of everything lately. I've let down tucks an hems an pieced at the top, an now her pink gingham is most up to her knees. I had to buy her this new, so she'd look decent to go to school. Jane, come here a minute."

Jane was out on the doorstep making crochetted trimming. She did not seem to hear.

"Jane," her mother called again.

Then Jane came in hesitatingly. Her small head, with its mat of fair braids, drooped forlornly; her slender shoulders were bent. She pulled down her pink skirt nervously, trying to make it longer.

"Stand up here 'side of me," ordered her mother. "I want Mrs. Mason to see how much taller you be."

Jane's pretty young face flushed pink. She stood beside her mother, and the tears started in her eyes, although she tried to smile.

"There, you see she's a good half head taller," said her mother.

"You can't get through the door if you don't stop pretty soon, Jane," laughed Mrs. Mason, who was visiting the Wards. "I never see such a sight. An she ain't over 14?"

"She ain't 15 till next month," replied Mrs. Ward. "An if she don't git her growth till she's 18 I don't know where she'll be. Her father tells her he's goin to hire her out by an by for a telegraph pole."

Jane laughed feebly when her mother and Mrs. Mason did. Then she stole back to the doorstep, and the tears rolled down her cheeks, and she made a mistake in her edging. It was nearly time for her to start for school. Presently her mother came with her dinner pail. "Here's your dinner," said she. "You'd better start before long, so as not to hurry. It's a pretty warm mornin."

"Yes'm," said Jane. She kept her face turned away from her mother so her tear stained eyes should not be noticed. Before she went into the house to get her hat and her schoolbooks she ran across the yard to the well and put some water on her eyes while she pretended to be drinking out of the tin dipper.

"You shall have your new dress to wear tomorrow," said her mother as she finally started with her schoolbooks under her arm and the dinner pail swinging. "You shan't wear that short thing again."

Jane tugged at her pink dress skirt as she went out of the yard. She even stooped a little to make it look longer. Nobody knew how sore Jane's heart was over her height. She had a mile to walk to school, and she never thought of anything else all the way. She had done all her arithmetic examples and learned to bound the countries of South America, so her mind was quite free for personal worries. As she went on she kept looking at the green branches of the trees beside the road. Once in awhile she reached up and tried to touch one. When she could, her heart sank. "There ain't another girl in school could," she reflected miserably.

Presently she came to a large white house, with a crab apple tree in the front yard. Mary Etta and Maria Starr lived there, and she saw the flutter of their blue dresses at the gate. They were waiting for her.

"Hel o!" said Mary Etta as Jane drew near.

"Hello!" responded Jane, trying to make her voice cheerful.

Maria was eating a crab apple and did not say "Hello!" but presently both she and her sister stared wonderingly at Jane.

"What's the matter?" asked Mary Etta finally.

"Nothin's the matter."

"Yes, there is too. You've been cryin."

Jane said nothing.

Maria offered her a crab apple. Jane shook her head at it impatiently.

"She's mad," said Maria, who was quick tempered herself.

"I ain't," returned Jane.

"Yes, you are. Come, Mary Etta. I ain't goin to walk with her."

But Mary Etta lingered. "What's the matter?" she asked again, quite lovingly.

"Nothin's the matter. I wish you'd let me alone," cried Jane, with a burst of tears. That was enough. Mary Etta and Maria both hurried up the road with curt switches of their blue starched skirts, and Jane plodded miserably on behind. She was no older than the Starr girls, but she was head and shoulders above them, and she had to have her hair done up, while they wore theirs down their backs. She was so large for her age her mother thought it looked better.

Poor Jane was the tallest girl in school, and not only that, but the tallest scholar. Not one of the boys was as tall as she, and not only that, but she was taller than the teacher. It did seem to Jane that the committee ought to have chosen a teacher who was taller, just out of regard to the becoming and suitable appearance of the school. A stranger might almost have taken her for the teacher, especially since her hair was done up.

When she reached the schoolhouse, she hung her hat on one high, lone peg above the two regular rows on the girl's side of the entry. This had been especially allotted to her because she was the only one who could reach it. Every time Jane hung up her hat she felt a little foolish pang of mortification.

When the bell had rung, Jane sat at her desk, her pink shoulders and her pretty pink face above all the others. She looked like a tall, pink hollyhock in a bed of daisies. This was a trying moment for her. The committee came to visit the school, and a strange gentleman and his wife came with them. The wife wore a changeable silk dress, with flowers and a white plume in her bonnet, and all the children stared at her. Jane distinctly saw this strange lady turn her white plumed head toward her, then whisper to her husband. Then she saw him look at her and ask one of the committeemen who that tall girl was. She could tell what he said by the motion of his lips. Then he told his wife, and a little smile stole over her serene face between its soft curls of black hair. Jane thounght she was laughing at her. She did not dream that the lady had noticed her because her face was so pretty and not because she was so tall.

The arithmetic class was called, and Jane had to put an example on the blackboard. She begun quite low down. "Put your sum higher on the board, so as to make room for those who cannot reach," the teacher called out suddenly. "Height has its advantages," remarked one of the committeemen affably. The scholars tittered.

Jane rubbed out her example and stretched her slender arm up to the top of the board. Her face was blushing painfully, and there was such a lump

"Are you sick?" asked the teacher.

in her throat she could hardly speak when she explained her example, and everybody looked up curiously at the sound of her changed voice.

The geography class came next. The visitors were still there. Jane filed out with the rest and then stood in the center of a long row like the apex of a pyramid. She thought she had her lesson perfectly, but she missed in bounding Uruguay and had to go down. A little bit of a girl in a long sleeved apron went above her, and she had a conviction that the visitors were saying, "What, that great, tall, grown up girl, with her hair done up, missing!"

However, the change brought her next to Robert Carnes, who gave a sympathetic glance at Jane, which she felt rather than saw, but it comforted her. She and Robert were near neighbors and when they were children had played together a great deal.

When Jane went back to her desk, Maria Starr passed over a slate slyly. There was a picture on it. Jane knew directly what it was meant for, although the drawing was very bad indeed. There was a long row of figures in triangular skirts and parallelogrammic trousers with their feet turned out at right angles on a line. These figures were of a uniformly small height; but passing them with her handkerchief to her eyes, and tears, represented by little dabs of the slate pencil, falling plentifully, was a very tall girl indeed. There was not quite room for her on the slate, and the top of her head was left to the imagination.

Jane did not smile nor look at Maria; she simply rubbed the picture out and handed back the slate. She wanted to cry, but she would not let the tears come. She pretended to be studying her spelling lesson very intently.

But the worst came when one of the committeemen addressed the school and in the course of his remarks said distinctly that intellect was not to be measured by size, and he often noticed that the smallest scholars had their lessons much better than those who were taller and older. Jane felt that he referred to her and little Hattie Baker and the bounding of Uruguay. Her cheeks burned hotter and hotter. Maria Starr, who was three desks off in the same row, leaned forward until she could see her and tittered. Mary Etta in the seat behind pulled her sister's arm to make her stop, but she did not heed.

Jane saw the committee and the strange lady and gentleman go out, while the teacher stood courtesying at the door, and all through a nearing cloud of tears. When the door closed after the company, she hooped her arms around her face and laid it down on the desk. The teacher came and stood beside her and asked her what the matter was. Jane only shook her head and wept.

"Are you sick?" asked the teacher bending low over her.

"No, ma'am," sobbed Jane. She would not say another word, and the teacher went back to her desk and called a class. She was a pretty little woman, with black hair arranged in cunning little scallops all around her temples. She kept looking at Jane's bent head and shaking pink shoulders. "Jane," she said presently in a clear, authoritative voice, "you may go out and get a pail of water."

The teacher meant it very kindly. It was considered quite a privilege to get a pail of water and then pass it around in a tin dipper. She thought it would serve to distract Jane's mind from her grief, whatever it might be. But it was dreadful for poor Jane to pull herself up to her full height and crawl slowly down the aisle, with her arms crooked in a pink ring around her face, and all the school looking. She stumbled over a protruding nail, and everybody tittered, and the teacher called out "Hush!" sharply.

Jane went out with the water pail, but instead of filling it from the pump near the schoolhouse she set it down on the platform and fled desperately down the road to a little bridge over a brook. She ran around the corner under the bridge and crawled into some bushes on the bank of the brook. Her mind was made up. She would not go back to school. She had never been as miserable in her life, and the misery was all the greater because she was ashamed of it and ashamed to confess it. She did not want to tell even her mother that she minded so much because she was tall. She crouched low down in the bushes and wept. She was almost concealed by the coarse weeds and foliage of late summer. Some little flowers like orange butterflies danced in her face. Presently she heard a quick patter of bare feet on the birdge, then a break in the bushes.

"Hello!" called a hesitating voice. Jane made no sound.

"Ho, you needn't play you ain't there!" said the voice. "I see you come in here. I was looking out of the window. I raised my hand when teacher asked where you was, and she sent me out to fetch the water and tell you to come in."

Jane looked up and saw a boy's face peering down at her from the top of the bank, his brown cheeks flushing, his red lips parting in a bashful laugh.

"I ain't ever goin back to school, Robbie," said Jane, with a sob. All the old childish comradeship seemed to come back to her. She had not seen much of him for a year or two. She had played more with girls.

"Why ain't you?" asked Robert.

"Oh, 'cause I ain't!"

"I saw that picture on the slate," said Robert.

Jane sobbed.

"I don't care. You're the prettiest girl in school anyhow," said Robert in a shamefaced way.

"Why, Robert Carnes! I ain't!"

"Yes, you are."

"Oh, Robbie! Maybe I shall be—taller than I am now."

"I don't care if you are, you'll always be the prettiest. Come along."

"I ain't goin back to school."

"Teacher won't like it."

"I can't help it."

"Oh, come along."

"I won't." The girl's pink face turned up toward him like a pink flower from the bushes. There was a look in it that the boy knew well. He knew that when his old playmate said "I won't" in that tone she didn't.

Robert seated himself on the bank and began to whistle. Jane looked at him. She could see his slender shoulders in his little homemade blue and white shirt, and his handsome face gazing ahead abstractedly as he whistled.

"Why don't you go back to school?" she asked hesitatingly.

"Oh, I ain't going back if you ain't."

"Why not, I'd like to know?"

"'Cause I ain't. Say, Mary Etta has got her head down on her desk crying 'cause you don't come in, and I seen Maria passing along some crab apples to put in your desk."

Jane said nothing. Robert whistled again.

"Robert Carnes, you go right straight back to school!" ordered Jane.

Robert went on with his tune.

"Teacher won't like it," said Jane.

"I know it. I s'pose she'll lick me, cause I'm a boy. I don't care." Robert whistled.

Jane waited a minute. "Well, I'll come," said she. "You go ahead and get the water."

There was a leap of bare feet over the bridge, and Jane came out from the swarm of flower butterflies, with undefined conviction that brought comfort in her childish heart, that, however tall she grew, although she might outgrow all her dresses, she would never outgrow love.

Sue In a Trap.

Eugene Sue, the French author, used to visit almost daily one of the most fashionable ladies in Paris, Mme de D——, and hold forth in her richly fashioned boudoir on the conditions of the poor.

"Do you ever relieve their distress?" asked Mme de D—— at the close of one of these harangues.

"To a trifling extent," answered Sue, "but though my gifts are small they are always cheerfully bestowed. I give one-fourth of my income in alms."

That afternoon, as he left the Cafe de Paris, where he had been eating a costly dinner, an apparently old woman, poorly clad, came up to him and begged earnestly for charity. "Go away!" was the stern reply.

"But I am starving. Give me a single copper to buy bread with."

"I will give you in charge of the police if you continue to annoy me."

"You will," said the beggar, "and, M. Sue, you are the man who writes about the miseries of the poor. You are the workingman's champion, are you?"

"Who are you?" exclaimed Sue.

"Mme. de D——," was the reply, and the distinguished lady stepped into her carriage, which was waiting, and left the author to his reflections.

The Oldest Hotel In Europe.

The Goldenes Kreuz (Golden Cross) at Regensburg (Ratisbon), in Bavaria, is the oldest hotel in Europe. King Ferdinand I halted at it on his way to his coronation in 1531, and no other hotel in Europe possesses records of such great antiquity as the Golden Cross at Ratisbon does or can boast of having had so many royal visitors as have enjoyed its hospitality. The existing visitors' books, which date from 1819, contain the names of more than 500 imperial, royal and princely personages.

The room is shown where, in 1865 the late Prince Bismarck, at that time Prussian minister, slept when he came with his sovereign to hold the conference which was the last attempt to prevent war between Austria and Prussia. The negotiations were held in the "small hall" of the hotel, under the presidency of King William of Prussia.

The host is equally proud of the autographs of Schiller and other men of letters which he possesses. The author of "William Tell" wrote the words, "'Und eine Heimath ist es" ("It is indeed a home"), in memory of his stay there, and no landlord could wish for a better advertisement.

THE FINISHING TOUCH.

She Was Willing to Assist the Poor Young Man.

Some wise person has said somewhere that if a woman desires to see vanity face to face let her look in her mirror. That is all very well, but now and then you run across a man who can ring in new changes on the feminine folly.

On one of the Alley "L" trains last week along in the afternoon a young woman got on at Thirty-ninth street. She was a quiet, ladylike girl, dressed in a well fitting gray tailor made suit, and settled herself back for a good read on the way to the city, when he got on at the next station and seated himself opposite. He was "gotten up regardless." One of those new, stunning suits in brown and tan checks that are all the go, white felt hat with pale blue band and a silk umbrella.

As soon as the train was well under way again he drew out a penknife and worked industriously at his finger nails for several minutes. This finished, he produced a pearl toothpick and labored at his white, even teeth for awhile. After this operation was over he gazed thoughtfully out of the window at the glimmer of the lake far in the distance and, with a sigh of contentment, fumbled in his vest pocket until he found a small mirror. Having studied the effect of his new red and purple tie in this, he started in on his mustache, a pale, feathery suggestion for what might be in days to come.

This latter was combed and twirled and petted until it stood out at the proper angle with a well defined curl at either end. The felt hat was pushed farther back to see if the part of the hair was O. K., and at last, with another sigh of relief, he replaced the mirror and leaned back complacently.

But the girl in gray had been watching him over the top of her book, watching each new branch of the business with increasing interest, and finally, when she saw the mirror go back in its leather case, she laid aside her book and, opening her chatelaine bag, drew out a chamois skin well powdered and proffered it, with a smile, to her traveling companion, while the people around enjoyed the little comedy.

"Wouldn't you like to put on the finishing touch?" she asked sweetly, and he stiffly arose and went into the smoker.—Chicago Tribune.

The First Telescopic Comet.

"On the evening of Oct. 1, 1847, the Mitchells were entertaining a party of invited guests," writes Amelia H. Borsford of "The Mother of the Stars" in The Ladies' Home Journal. "But Maria Mitchell was not to be deterred by 'company' from following her custom of sweeping the heavens with the telescope every clear night. She slipped away and ran up to the observatory. Soon afterward she returned and told her father that she thought she had seen a comet. He hurried up to the observatory to look himself and declared that it was indeed a comet. This discovery entitled Miss Mitchell to the gold medal that had been offered some years before by the king of Denmark to the first discoverer of a telescopic comet, and it was struck off and forwarded to her."

An Unspoken Hint.

"Most insulting man I ever knew," exclaimed the man with the breezy personality. "I'm never going to have anything to do with him."

"What has he been saying to you?"

"Nothing."

"What has he been saying behind your back?"

"Nothing. Every time I start to tell him a funny story he looks up at the clock."—Washington Star.

PLEASANT WATER.

New System of Distillation of Sterilization Which Renders It Pure and Fit for Fastidious Stomachs.

No sanitary movement having for its purpose the maintenanre of and the preservation of health compares in importance with that of supplying purified water to the public. It is well known that impure water is the most common means of conveying epidemic and malarial diseases, while pure water is one of the most effective means of curing these ailments. The fact that this subject is everywhere receiving the attention of the most eminent sanitarians is proof of the above assertion.

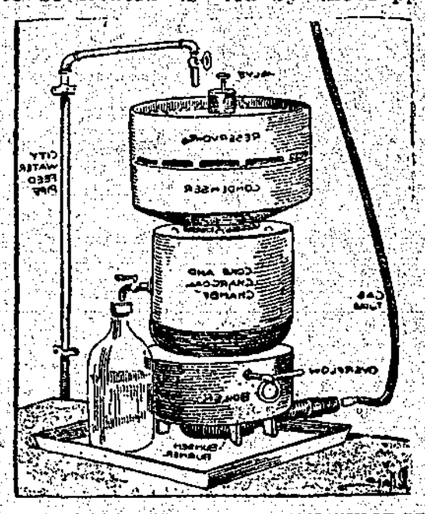
There has been much discussion pro and con on the subject of distilled water as a beverage. It has been asserted by some eminent German professors that distilled water was poisonous, causing inflammation of the membranes, and they argue against its use. This theory is combatted energetically by Dr. Henry Leffmann, the well-known analytic chemist of Philadelphia, Pa. The doctor scouts the idea that pure distilled water can in any way or manner be harmful to the system, and that if the manifestations follow the use of such product, as is claimed, that such water is, indeed, a very faulty distillate. He furthermore affirms that he has long been of the opinion that the large preponderance of lime and solids taken into the system, aside from that received through the agency of the food, may be contributary to premature decay and senility.

Distilled water, as it is popularly known, if often flat, insipid and at times quite unpleasant to the taste. This is due to the presence of certain gases already alluded to, known as the empyreumatic gases, so named by Leibig, and their presence is due to the charring of the carboniferous matter, which takes place when the temperature reaches the boiling point. They remain present in the steam until the latter condenses and cools, when they again are found in the form of a very unpalatable flavor and odor. These elements concentrate themselves at the bottom of can ice, rendering that portion of the cake unfit for use.

Until the advent of the system embodied in the cut shown was devised no practical continuous system was known by which water could be distilled and made palatable with aeration. To Horace F. Hodges, of Wilmington, Del., is due credit of this most important discovery.

It is now possible by this system to take any impure base of low grade water found in various localities and obtain at a very small cost a fine distillate that is absolutely sweet and palatable, both hot and cold, and that will stand all pharmacopoia tests. This water is valuable not only in the elimination of certain diseases but in its application to most all branches of the arts whereby the standard of many products may be raised both in color and quality.

The cut shows the system applied to plants of small sizes. The water to be treated is fed by the supply



SYSTEM OF WATER DISTILLATION WHICH REMOVES THE POISONOUS GASES AS WELL AS SOLID IMPURITIES.

pipe to the reservoir and it then courses through the condenser coil, cooling it in its passage.

Thence it passes down the boiler, where it is converted into steam, the level being maintained in the boiler and at the same time cleaned by the overflow pipe. The steam in rising passes through a central bed of coke, then through an insulated pocket of boiling water. Its course is then against the condenser referred to, where condensation is effected, and it flows back through the apparatus designed for it, finally passing through willow charcoal and out through the bib. The system is complete and perfect and the water requires no further treatment.

Professor Henry S. Blackmore, the well-known chemist of New York city, pronounces the system radically new, in that the gases are eliminated while the steam is in transit between the point of boiling and final condensation.

Not Treated Well.

Prison Visitor—You are well treated here, are you not?

Convict—No, I ain't.

"I am surprised. Tell me what you wish the prison authorities to do for your comfort."

"Lemme out."—New York Weekly.

Not Flattering.

Bella—When you showed him my picture last night, he said I was very good looking, didn't he? Now, honest!

Stella—No, indeed, dear. Quite the reverse. He said it was a very good likeness.—Philadelphia Press.

HE WAS HEAVY.

And There Were Times When He Wished He Wasn't.

"I see by the papers that Joe Grimes, the bicycling giant, is attracting a good deal of attention in England at present," said a local wheelman. "Joe has paid a number of visits to New Orleans, and his mammoth proportions are so familiar on the streets that he no longer causes the trolley cars to shy, as they say he did at the outset.

"The last time he was here was during the carnival of '99, and he took occasion then to make several side trips to small towns in the vicinity for the purpose of seeing local agents of the bicycle firm he represents. On one of those trips he had a peculiar and painful experience. He found he would have to stay overnight, and before going to his room to turn in he told the clerk of the hotel that it would be necessary to put some boxes under the bed as a re-enforcement to enable it to support his 560 odd pounds of solid flesh.

"The clerk gave the order to a thick headed darky chambermaid, who went down to the storeroom and selected four or five very flimsy cases made of veneering that had once held wafers.

"Joe prodded under the bed with a cane before taking any chances, and supposing everything was all right, he let himself go. The moment he struck the mattress the whole thing collapsed. The slats snapped like matches, the boxes were shattered like eggshells, and the big fellow found himself on the floor with his legs pointing straight up into the air and his head protruding from the other end of the wreckage.

"He was stuck fast in that position, and his great bulk prevented him from budging an inch, while to cap the climax a bad cold from which he was just then suffering prevented him from raising his voice above a hoarse whisper. The consequence was that he staid right there until about 9 o'clock the following morning, when the clerk sauntered up to see why he didn't come to breakfast.

"The sight of Grimes' enormous face, purple with rage and exhaustion, and his huge fat toes wigwagging convulsively from the other end of the wreck scared him nearly out of his senses, and he yelled for help at the top of his voice. It took all the hotel force to pry the giant out, and the language he used during the operation was something terrifying. I'm willing to bet that he superintends the box ceremony personally at present every night before he retires."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

MINARD'S LINIMENT for Sale Everywhere.

All Kinds of Hair.

Ida—Do you remember that girl who went to see a gypsy and asked what kind of hair her future husband would have?

May—Yes.

Ida—And the gypsy said she was almost baffled; that the cards indicated he would have hair of every shade imaginable.

May—Yes.

Ida—Well, the fortune came true. She has just married a dealer in wigs.—Chicago News.

MINARD'S LINIMENT Relieves Neuralgia.

Why She Held on to It.

Mrs. Wilful—My husband told me if I didn't like the brooch you'd exchange it for me.

Jeweler—Certainly, madam. I'll be only too glad, as four different ladies of your set wanted it.—Jewelers' Weekly.

MINARD'S LINIMENT Cures Dandruff.

Scotch Frankness.

In a Perthshire village recently a gentleman got out his violin to entertain some friends, says the Dundee Journal. After he had played a couple of tunes he paused for a moment and said: "I hope you like the music, for I dinna pretend to be a fiddler, you know, and I never will be. I always remember what a man told me when I first began to learn the fiddle. When I started, I thought I was getting on splendidly, but one evening as I was practicing as usual he said to me: 'Yea, that's it, is't? Weel, if a' the good fiddlers in Scotland were to be ta'en an drooned i' the noo there's ne'er a hair in your head would ever get weet.'"

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

His Nose For News.

"Henry," whispered the maiden in some embarrassment as they stood in the hallway, where the young and handsome reporter was preparing to say good night, "it's dreadful of me, I know, but I've been eating onions."

"Great Scott, Fannie!" he exclaimed. "You don't think that's a scoop on me, do you? I knew that as soon as I came in."—Chicago Tribune.

Reviving Appreciation.

"What's an 'octogenarian,' Cousin Martha?"

"Well, an octogenarian is a man who hates life when he is 70, but gets proud of himself again at 80."—Indianapolis Journal.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, Etc.

A TORONTO MERCHANT

Bears Important News to His Fellow Citizens.

TORONTO, Feb. 26 h.—Here is a letter we hope every one of our readers will peruse:—"I am 39 years old. Have been troubled for four years with what I thought was rheumatism—stiffness in the muscles of my legs, later in the arms. Soon the stiffness changed to soreness. Went to Hot Springs, and came back a little better. Was a moderate drinker, but quit using liquor altogether, and carefully regulated my diet. One day I got wet, and then the trouble was worse than ever. Had to lay off for three weeks. Have had similar attacks at intervals ever since, each one worse than its predecessor. Had headache, pain in the small of the back, urine dark, scanty and scalding. Began using Dr. Arnold's English Toxin Pills a short time ago, and am already wonderfully improved. Feel confident they will cure me, and I shall give them the chance and report. I have not felt so well for years as I have since I began using your pills."

H. LEWIS,
477 Yonge St., Toronto.

Dr. Arnold's English Toxin Pills, the only medicine on earth that cures disease by killing the germs that cause it, 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.

APHORISMS.

Every brave man is a man of his word.—Corneille.

Praise undeserved is satire in disguise.—Broadhurst.

Each present joy or sorrow seems the chief.—Shakespeare.

We are often able because we think we are able.—J. Hawes.

A proud man never shows his pride so much as when he is civil.—Greville.

The desire of appearing clever often prevents our becoming so.—Rochefoucauld.

Never suffer the prejudices of the ere to determine the heart.—Zimmermann.

This world is full of fools, and he who would not wish to see one must not only shut himself up alone, but also break his looking glass.—Boileau.

That which is called liberality is frequently nothing more than the vanity of giving, of which we are more fond than the thing given.—Rochefoucauld.

TREACHERY

A persistent cold in the head is at first a friend, for it gives warning of the approach of a deadly enemy. Heed the warning before it is too late, and use

INDIAN CATARRH CURE.

Catarrh of Head and Throat. The head and throat become diseased from neglected cold, causing catarrh when the condition of the blood predisposes to this disease.

Catarrh of the Stomach. This Condition may result from several causes, but the usual cause is **Catarrh**, the mucus dropping down into the throat, and being swallowed.

Catarrh of Bronchial Tubes. This condition often results from Catarrh extending from the head to throat. If left unchecked it extends down the windpipe into bronchial tubes, and in time attacks the lungs.

INDIAN CATARRH CURE positively and permanently cures every form of this disgusting disease. It is safe and effectual. Contains no poisonous opiates. Sold everywhere.

Ask your dealer for it or send direct to
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146 St. James St., Montreal.
JOHN HISLOP & Co., PROPRIETORS.
Write for sample box. Price, 50c per box, 6 boxes for $2.50, post paid.
See that JOHN HISLOP is on every package. Large sample box 10c, prepaid, enough to prove what the remedy can do. Send for it.

W. N. U. 261

On the Old Battlefield.

"Yes," said the tourist to the stranger who was loafing around at Chickamauga, "a great battle was fought here; men were mowed down by hundreds!"

"Pretty bad—that," said the stranger.

"You're right it was," continued the tourist. "The hills were scorched as with fire, and the very river was crimsoned with the life blood of the slain."

"Pretty bad—pretty bad," commented the stranger.

"May I ask where you were at that time?" said the tourist.

"Oh," replied the stranger, "I was in the battle you were just speaking of!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Makes Breakfast Pleasant.

New Cook—What does your husband like for his breakfast, ma'am?

Mrs. Growells—Oh, he likes anything we haven't got.—Chicago News.

If you are tired reading Blue Ribbon Tea advertisements, take a cup of the tea itself and you will be in a good humor again.

OXYDONOR

Furnishes purest of oxygen to the system while sleeping. It cures insomnia, nervousness, indigestion, rheumatism, paralysis, Bright's Disease, and many other disorders, giving vitality to the system by nature's laws, discovered by Dr. Sanche. I will furnish names of those who have benefited by it in Winnipeg, as well as descriptive circulars to those applying. Sub-dealers in each town wanted. Address W. T. Gibbons, Grain Exchange, Winnipeg. Mr. John Butler, Winnipegosis, writes: "Your Oxydonor is a wonderful thing and has made a new man of me. I have also cured one man in eight hours of a bad case of lumbago."

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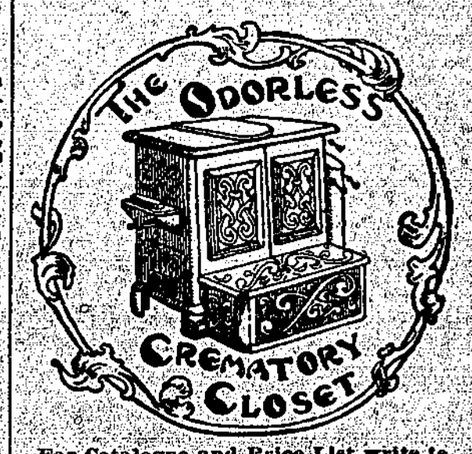

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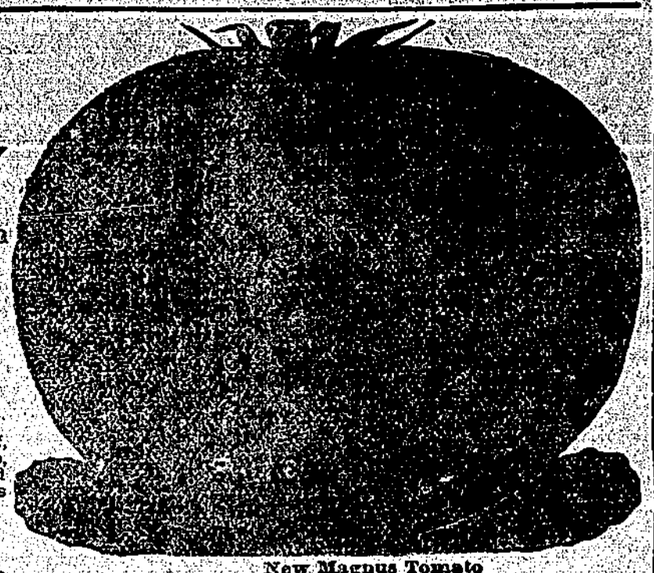

New Magnus Tomato

Steele, Briggs' "Extra Early Whitehead" Cauliflower

Remarkable both for its extra earliness and certainty to head—features in which we know no other strain can equal it. Of dwarf, compact growth, with short stalks, it bears close planting, and the leaves, growing upright, naturally protect the heads. The large, handsome heads, measuring 8 to 10 inches across, are pure snowy white, very close, and of the finest quality. So extremely solid and deep, nearly globe shaped, are the heads, that they weigh heavier than most, if not all other cauliflowers of the same size. Gardeners can use our Extra Early Whitehead for either early or late. Price, ¼ lb., $10; oz., $3; ¼ oz., $1.65; pkt., 20c.; ½ pkt., 10c.

STEELE, BRIGGS'
"Chester King" Cabbage

This grand Cabbage is remarkable for sureness of heading and regularity in growth; the heads form early and continue to grow until time to pit. It is all head and always sure to head, even when other varieties fail. Heads are medium size, solid, round and as hard as they can be, and of a bluish-green color. It is a low growing variety with few outer leaves. The quality is fine and flavor excellent; it ordinarily weighs from 10 to 15 pounds each, heads when opened being crisp and white. It is very sweet flavored, keeps well, is good for shipping, and is just the variety and quality to suit market gardeners, farmers, and all lovers of good cabbage. Price, per pkt., 5c.; oz., 20c.

BRIGGS'
EXTRA EARLY BEET

An extra early variety with slender stems, small dark leaves and smooth skin. Color of the flesh is a rich dark crimson with very faint rings. **The flesh is crisp and sweet** and entirely free from earthy flavor, which is a great drawback to many varieties. It is regular in character and free from coarse roots. It is flattish round in shape like an orange, and has a firm tap root. Price per packet, 5c.; oz., 10c.; ¼ lb., 20c.

New TOMATO for 1900, "MAGNUS"

This very distinct and most promising new variety of the color of Beauty and Magnus, is the latest addition by Livingston to the Tomato family. It is thicker, heavier and more solid than either of the above, making it easily the most handsome sort in cultivation. It is unsurpassed in quality and in the production of fine, large fruit. It is perfectly adapted to main crop planting, yet matures so quickly that it will take first rank for early market. The form is perfect, uniform, large and attractive; flesh is very firm. It is a robust grower, with short joints, setting its fruit clusters closer together than most varieties, and is therefore a heavy cropper. The fruit is very deep from stem to blossom end, many of the tomatoes being almost globe shaped. It ripens evenly, does not crack about the stem, and the flavor is most desirable. Per pkt., 20c.; 3 pkts. for 50c.; 7 pkts. for $1.00.

Mammoth White Cory Corn

Much time and attention has been given to the improving of Sweet Corn, and it gives us genuine satisfaction that we are able to offer a variety so pronounced in its superiority as Mammoth White Cory. The earliest large eared Corn yet introduced; only a few days later than the Extra Early White Cory. The ears are very much larger, the grain and cob are pure white and of unsurpassed quality. A desirable table corn. Per 10 lbs., $1.20; lb., 15c.; pkt., 5c.

Prizetaker Red Globe Onion

Steele, Briggs' "Exquisite" Musk Melon

A red fleshed variety of most dainty and delicate flavor

This grand new Melon is somewhat globular in shape; the skin is a peculiar grayish green until ripe, when it changes to a bright yellow. The ribs are wide and covered thickly with prominent netting. The melons average about six inches in diameter, have a very small seed cavity, and are exceedingly solid and heavy for their size. The flesh is a deep, rich, orange-yellow color, and is of very fine grain, without the slightest stringiness, and of delicate and delightful flavor. ¼ lb., 35c.; oz., 15c.; pkt., 5c.

Steele, Briggs' "Prize-Taker Red Globe" Onion

A new, large, handsome Onion, globular in shape, of a rich, dark red color, very solid and pleasant flavored. In uniform growth, earliness and color, a decided leader. A grand exhibition variety, and an enormous crop producer when properly grown. Per lb., $4.00; ¼ lb., $1.25, oz., 35c.; pkt., 10c.

Steele, Briggs' "Toronto Gem" Lettuce

The finest market variety to be found. Its beautiful yellowish green color, crimped, curled and well formed heads, tender quality and sweet flavor place it at the head of the list for the market gardener or for family use. It withstands the heat of summer, and retains its sweetness for a longer time than any other variety we know. Per ¼ lb., 35c.; oz., 15c.; pkt., 5c.

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TUESDAY, APRIL 24th 1900

According to the Economist there are certain ugly stories in circulation in Victoria regarding gambling and some public officials. This reminds us that it has come to our ears that while in most cases in that city, the least attempt at gaming, even a nominal stake game among friends, in any public house is promptly suppressed, but that a certain famous resort of amusement is nothing more nor less than a big gambling hell and that it is allowed to run red-handed. This looks queer to the outsider who will naturally consider that if the practice should be suppressed it ought to be done in all cases without distinction and that if the means are at hand to convict one house, they should surely be available in other cases. It also seemed to be an open secret that certain officials in that town make it a practice to meet the proprietors of this resort on Sundays at some suburban hotel, to crack a bottle of wine and—can it be—talk business? It should be an easy matter for the police of that city to stop this monopoly and the public talk as well.

The air is full of political rumors and the land with politicians. Mr. Gordon Hunter came up last Wednesday. His mission was not known and it could only be surmised that he was up to stump the District on Cottonite lines. He merely said: "I am spying out the land." When invited to visit Cumberland he said: "I must see Mr. McAllan, who is my pilot." Mr. Hunter is an estimable man but he is working his political destruction in this district so long as he travels under the pilotage of "Resolution" McAllan.

* * *

Mr. Ryder, the new Minister of Finance came up on the same boat and in reply to a question he said "I shall probably be here for two weeks. I cannot stay longer now for the business of the country must be carried on and we aim to carry on that business until the elections anyway." He said: "I shall run here in the Martin interests and under his present platform. Any new planks he may see fit to introduce in the future, I shall use my discretion in supporting. I aim to represent the working man but at the same time I do not propose to uphold any legislation for or against any company or corporation." Referring to the Trunk Road, Mr. Ryder stated that he had secured $4,000 to be expended on that highway at once. No doubt he will take an early opportunity to give his views to the electors in public.

* * *

The news that Mr. Martin will contest Victoria City will be a surprise to most of our readers. What has happened to his following in Vancouver?

* * *

Our esteemed contemporary, the Herald, outlines a valuable platform plank for Mr. Martin. Viz—the taxation of the E. & N. Railway Lands. Admitting, for arguments' sake, that these lands should be taxed, we would like to ask the following questions:

1. Would Semlin, the leader of the late Administration, and the father of the present so called "Provincial Party," so far change his views and policy, that he would vote for taxation or instruct his party to do so, and forget that he (Semlin) was a strong supporter of the passage of the "Settlement Bill?"

2. Is it true, or is it not, that Semlin's policy was, at a very late date practically unchanged as regards giving away public property?

3. Did not Messrs. Semlin, Cotton, et al. give away 5,000 or more acres of valuable coal lands to the N. V. C. Co. in excess of what could be claimed under any original deeds or agreements held by that company, without value or consideration to the public?

4. Was not the E. & N. Railway grant made mainly to meet popular feeling, and for a certain consideration, and was not that consideration to be the building of the railway from Esquimalt to Nanaimo?

5. Is it not true that the proposition was pressed upon the late Hon. Robt. Dunsmuir?

6. Did he not for some time positively refuse to entertain the proposition, and was not considerable solicitation needed to induce him to take it up?

7. In what respect is the E. & N. Co. unpopular, any more than the N. V. C. Co., whose representative refused to meet Mr. Dunsmuir in a proposal to ship coal at Nanaimo, and who insulted a delegation of influential citizens who went to interview him regarding this matter in the interests of Nanaimo, by denying the majority of them the privilege of entering his house and forcing them to stand outside?

* * *

It is now reported that J. A. Halliday, of Sandwick, has invited Mr. W. W. B. McInnes to offer himself as a candidate here, and that he has accepted. If so it will be interesting to know if Mr. McInnes proposes to run on the Martin ticket, or will he oppose it and so further his father's discomfiture?

* * *

If he runs on the Martin ticket will the Comox electors be able to entertain the thought of his nomination in in face of the bitter and universal condemnation of Martin as expressed in several public meetings?

* * *

The Times tells us that the opera "Black Mantles," soon to be performed in Victoria by amateurs, has never before been given there. We beg to correct this. The opera was performed some years ago—season of 1888 I think—by a troupe led by—was it Jennie Winston?—together with "Beggar Student," "A Night in Venice" and "Bocaccio."

* * *

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TO THE Provincial Electors —OF— BRITISH COLUMBIA.

GENTLEMEN:

In appealing to you as the Premier of the Province, I beg to lay before you the platform of the new Government as follows:

1. The abolition of the $200 deposit for candidates for the Legislature.

2. The bringing into force as soon as arrangements can be completed, of the Torrens Registry system.

3. The redistribution of the constituencies on the basis of population, allowing to sparsely populated districts a proportionately larger representation than to populous districts and cities.

4. The enactment of an adequate system of Government scaling of logs, and its rigid enforcement.

5. The re-enactment of the disallowed Labor Regulation Act, 1898, and also all the statutes of 1899 containing anti-Mongolian clauses if disallowed as proposed by the Dominion Government.

6. To take a firm stand in every other possible way with a view of discouraging the spread of Orientals, cheap labor in this Province.

7. To provide for official inspection of all buildings, machinery and works, with a view to compelling the adoption of proper safeguards to life and health.

8. With regard to the Eight Hour Law the Government will continue to enforce the law as it stands. An immediate inquiry will be made by the Minister of Mines into all grievances put forward in connection with its operation, with a view of bringing about an amicable settlement. If no settlement is reached the principle of the referendum will be applied and a vote taken at the general election as to whether the law shall be repealed. If the law is sustained by the vote it will be retained upon the statute book with its penalty clause. If modifications can be made removing any of the friction brought about, without impairing the principle of the law, they will be adopted. If the vote is against it the law will be repealed.

9. To re-establish the London Agency of British Columbia, and to take every effective means of bringing before the British public the advantages of this province, as a place for the profitable investment of capital.

10. The retaining of the resources of the Province as an asset for the benefit of the people, and taking effective measures to prevent the alienation of the public domain, except to actual settlers or for actual bona fide business, or industrial purposes, putting an end to the practice of speculating in connection with the same.

11. The taking of active measures for the sytematic exploration of the Province.

12. The borrowing of money for the purpose of providing roads, trails and bridges, provided that in every case the money necessary to pay the interest and sinking fund in connection with the loan shall be provided by additional taxation so as not to impair the credit of the Province.

13. In connection with the construction of Government roads and trails, to provide by the employment of competent civil engineers and otherwise that the Government money is expended upon some system which will be advantageous to the general public, so that the old system of providing roads as a special favor to supporters of the Government may be entirely discontinued.

14. To keep the ordinary annual expenditure within the ordinary annual revenue, in order to preserve intact the credit of the Province, which is its best asset.

15. To adopt a system of Government construction and operation of railways and immediately to proceed with the construction of a railway on the south side of the Fraser River, connecting the coast with the Kootenay district, with the understanding that unless the other railways now constructed in the Province give fair connections, and make equitable joint freight and passenger arrangements, the Province will continue this line to the eastern boundary of the Province. Proper connection with such Kootenay railway to be given to the Island of Vancouver. With respect to other parts of the Province, to proceed to give every portion of it railway connection at as early a date as possible, the railway when constructed to be operated by the Government through a Commission.

16. A railway bridge to be constructed in connection with the Kootenay railway across the Fraser River, at or near New Westminster, and running powers given over it to any railway company applying for the same, under proper conditions.

17. In case it is thought at any time advisable to give a bonus to any railway company, the same to be in cash, and not by way of a land grant; and no such bonus to be granted except upon the condition that a fair amount of the bonds or shares of the company be transferred to the Province, and effective means taken to give the Province control of the freight and passenger rates, and provision made against such railway having any liabilities against it except actual cost.

18. To take away from the Lieutenant-Governor-in-Council any power to make substantive changes in the law, confining the jurisdiction entirely to matters of detail in working out the laws enacted by the Legislature.

19. The establishment of an institution within the Province for the education of the deaf and dumb.

20. To repeal the Alien Exclusion Act, as the reasons justifying its enactment no longer obtain.

21. An amicable settlement of the dispute with the Dominion Government as to Deadman's Island, Stanley Park and other lands, and an arrangement with Mr. Ludgate, by which, if possible, a sawmill industry may be established and carried on on Deadman's Island, under satisfactory conditions, protecting the interests of the public.

22. Proper means of giving technical instruction to miners and prospectors.

I have the honor to be, gentlemen, your obedient servant,

JOSEPH MARTIN.

STEVENSON & CO'S

Trimmed Millinery

Is attracting much attention this week.

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Tailor-made Suits

In grey homespuns and cloths, from $6 per suit to $20.

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We have just to hand a splendid assortment of ladies' night-gowns, chemises corset covers, drawers and white skirts.

Sailor Suits

Children's Sailor Suits, blue serge, $1.25 to $2.00.

Dress Goods

We have now new Spring dress goods, arriving every week.

See our double width granite cloth, 25 cts. Black brocade, worth 65 cts. and 75 cts. Sale price, 50 cts.

High grade crepons, from $9 to $15 per dress lengths.

New Blouse Silks

In a variety of colorings and designs.

Sailor Hats

Worth 75 cts and $1. Sale price to clear, 25 cts. and 40 cts.

These are bargains.

Misses' chrome shoes, regular $4.00, now $3.50.

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