

# THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

SEVENTH YEAR.

CUMBERLAND, B. C. SATURDAY APRIL 29th, 1930

## For a Good Spring Medicine

Try a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla.

I have a full stock of all the Popular Medicines.



Finest quality of Stationery, School Supplies. TRY

### A. H. Peacey.

## A Carload of Pianos

Owing to the great demand for and the popularity of the HEINTZMAN & CO. PIANOS, we have now on the way from the factory a CARLOAD of these instruments, included in which is one of their BABY GRANDS.

This will be the FIRST CARLOAD of Pianos to come to Victoria, and the first BABY GRAND of Canadian make imported into the city.

The Heintzman & Co. is used by all the great artists of the day when visiting Canada.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE.

**M. W. Waitt & Co.** Agents for Vancouver Island.

VICTORIA, B. C.

### PUPILS RECEIVED.

Mrs. Meyer, Sandwick, receives pupils for PIANO, SINGING, FRENCH, AND GERMAN.

**IF** YOU HAVE A WATCH THAT DOES NOT GIVE SATISFACTION BRING IT TO

**Stoddart.**

OPPOSITE Waverley Hotel.

### Esquimalt & Nanaimo Ry.

TIME TABLE EFFECTIVE NOV. 19th, 1928.

#### VICTORIA TO WELLINGTON.

|                  |                     |          |
|------------------|---------------------|----------|
| No. 2 Daily A.M. | No. 4 Saturday A.M. |          |
| De. 9:00         | Victoria            | De. 3:00 |
| " 9:30           | Goldstream          | " 3:20   |
| " 10:19          | Shawnigan Lake      | " 4:14   |
| " 10:58          | Duncans             | " 4:45   |
| P.M.             | P.M.                |          |
| 12:30            | Nanaimo             | 6:06     |
| Ar. 12:45        | Wellington          | Ar. 6:20 |

#### WELLINGTON TO VICTORIA.

|                  |                     |               |
|------------------|---------------------|---------------|
| No. 1 Daily A.M. | No. 3 Saturday A.M. |               |
| De. 8:25         | Wellington          | De. 3:10      |
| " 8:46           | Nanaimo             | " 3:25        |
| " 10:04          | Duncans             | " 4:37        |
| " 10:42          | Shawnigan Lake      | " 5:05        |
| " 11:33          | Goldstream          | " 5:30        |
| Ar. 12:00 M.     | Victoria            | Ar. 6:25 P.M. |

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

For rates and all information apply at Company's Offices.  
A. DUNSMUIR, President. Geo. L. COURTNEY, Traffic Manager.

**C. H. TARBEIL.**

DEALER IN

**Stoves and Tinware**

CUMBERLAND, B. C.

**GORDON MURDOCK'S**

LIVERY.

Single and Double Rigs to let

at

**Reasonable Prices**

Near Blacksmith Shop, 3rd St. CUMBERLAND, B. C.

### TO H. M. S. PHÆTON.

Good bye and good luck to the crew of H.M.S. Phæton,

Say the lads and lasses of Comox of those who had a mate on.

And the children they heartily join in it too,

In wishing Lieutenant Cayley, Who treated them so gaily,

That he would enjoy blessings a few; With respects to the Captain and hope he'd be kind

To that one, the dearest of children the teacher by mistake left behind;

And give strictest injunction to the Doctor the X Rays to hold tight on,

So that lovers' secrets, "Benjamin Binns," the public would not enlighten;

The noted "Roast Chicken" we will keep lively and kicking, so that it may gain

An addition of flavor in store for "John James Brown" when he's "Coming on Again."

### CARD OF THANKS.

I beg to return sincere thanks to all those who contributed to the fund for my relief during my illness at the Hospital.

JOHN PETERS.

### DEMAND FOR LIQUOR AND CIGARS.

Nanaimo, April 28th.—Month of April will show, the largest amount of business ever transacted by Internal Revenue Department in this city. The demand for beer, cigars and tobacco is on the increase.

## A WHOLE COUNTRY ON

FIRE.

### TORNADO IN MISSOURI.

Fighting in Samoa.

### Accident at Nanaimo.

### CARNAGE IN MANILLA

Rich Silver Strike.

#### ACCIDENT.

Nanaimo, April 27th.—Alex. Munro a timberman working at Haslam Creek was badly crushed by the sudden fall of a tree. He was brought to town for treatment.

#### FROM MANILLA.

New York, April 27th.—Dispatch from Manilla says Gen. McArthur's division of Colorado troops annihilated the insurgents at Calumpite today. Aguinaldo's troops made a stubborn resistance but were driven to the hills.

#### TORNADO.

Omaha, Neb. April 27.—Tornado is reported two miles east of here. Six people killed and great damage done to property.

#### ENTIRE COUNTRY ON FIRE.

Bassett, Neb. April 27.—A prairie fire of extraordinary proportions and of great fierceness is raging throughout Rock country. The residents of this entire section are fighting the flames, but a strong wind is driving the fire, and all efforts to control it have failed. From here to Newport, a distance of 20 miles, the whole country is a mass of flames.

#### THE MUTUAL MURDER COMBINE TO BE DISSOLVED.

New York, April 27.—Under Manilla date, dispatch to the Journal says the revolt of Filipinos against the authority of the United States appears to be on eve of collapse. Aguinaldo is now conferring with the cabinet council concerning peace overtures. The next advance of American troops will bring about the absolute surrender of the rebels. A feeling of hopelessness is spreading throughout the insurgent army. Many of Aguinaldo's officers are returning to work at Manilla.

#### MAN KILLED.

Vancouver, April 27.—Chung Yon, Chinaman, was killed at Eagle Harbor by a tree falling on him.

Mayor Garden sent a letter to the Militia Department to-day asking them if they would consent to transfer to the city the lease of Deadman Island, provided that their lease be turned to Ludgate. Indignation meeting is to be held.

#### FIRE.

Nanaimo, April 27.—The engine house and atomizing building of the Hamilton Powder Co., were badly scorched by fire to-day. The whole powder works had a narrow escape from destruction. Had it not been for the efforts of the Wellington fire brigade the building would have been totally destroyed.

#### FROM OTTAWA.

Ottawa, April 27.—At evening session public bills were considered, the principle one being that of Mr. McInnes to amend the naturalization laws. He desired that the courts be empowered to examine applicants for naturalization as to qualifications for citizenship. Messrs Monk, Davin, and Davis strenuously opposed the Bill which was shelved by Sir Wilfred Laurier, moving the adjournment of the debate. The Government has reconsidered its decision to withdraw the military force from Yukon and will not do so this year.

#### ANTHRACITE COAL MINE.

Whatecom, Wash. April 27.—The Mount Baker district has the only anthracite coal discovered north of the Union Pacific railway and west of the Mississippi, except the mine at Alberta, on the line of the Canadian Pacific. The discovery of this important factor in the development of the country was made last summer, on Cornell Creek, 40 miles from here. A company with P. B. Cornwall at its head, and composed of other capitalists with whom he has been associated in various business enterprises, was organized to develop the claims. The tunnel is now in over 500 feet, and it is fully demonstrated that it is anthracite averaging 90 per cent. carbon. As yet it is not the hard, rock-like form of the Pennsylvania anthracite, but it is getting firmer as the tunnel extends.

#### THE DEXTER SUIT.

Nanaimo, April 27th.—Chief Justice and Jury yesterday heard the case of Baker vs Kilpatrick, in which defendant is charged with malicious prosecution. Baker hired a horse from Kilpatrick. In course of the drive the horse ran away and was killed. Kilpatrick therefore brought a case against Baker charging him with driving the horse to death. Action failed. Then Baker sought damages from Kilpatrick for malicious prosecution. The jury brought in a verdict for \$200.00 damages.

#### LATER.

Vancouver, April 28th.—Justice McColl gave judgement in favor of defendant Kilpatrick in Dexter suit with Baker this afternoon.

#### FROM ATLIN.

Nanaimo, April 27th.—J. Bennett arrived from Atlin this morning. He reports eight thousand people on creeks, 1500 of whom can get nothing to do. There is no end of trouble in regard to the claims, for all is confusion. Mr. Bennett counted no less than 11 different posts on one claim. There have been great many deaths from pneumonia around Atlin. Claims can be bought for ten dollars. There is no gold to speak of coming out. The bed rock is from 15 to 30 feet from the surface and in every case the bed rock has been found barren of gold.

At Skagway there was a good deal of indignation against the B. C. Alien Act which Skagway says it not the work of British Columbians.

#### FERRY ACROSS BRIDGE RIVER.

Vancouver, April 27.—Tenders are called for a ferry across Bridge River to be in May 20. Time in

which placer claims at Atlin and Bennett districts were laid over is extended to July 1.

#### THE CHURCH MILITANT.

Spanish Burg, West Virginia, April 28th.—Two mountaineers were arrested in church by the minister today. The minister was also a Deputy Sheriff, and during the services he saw two mountaineers for whom he had warrants, in the congregation. The minister drew his revolver and handcuffed the men. He then placed them near the pulpit, finished service and took his prisoners to jail.

#### FROM SKAGWAY.

Skagway, Alaska, April 25th.—It is understood that Canadian government has instructed Collector to see all American conveyances allowed to proceed to Log Cabin as formerly. It is stated that the Canadian officials in stopping conveyances at Summit acted without authority.

Several Mounted Police located claims taking up fully twenty acres. Miners union cut each of their claims down to 100 feet, the amount allowed by Canadian law.

#### FEARFUL STORM.

St. Louis, Mo. April 27.—A gathering storm that has been threatening all afternoon broke upon Kirksville at 6:20 o'clock to night, in all the fury of a cyclone. Four hundred buildings, homes and stores, were levelled to the ground in that section. In the heavy rain that fell, the people who had escaped turned out to rescue the injured. Forty dead have been taken from the ruins and it is fully expected that the list of dead will reach 60. The damage is something frightful.

#### SOME MORE CARNAGE.

Auckland, New Zealand, April 28.—Severe fighting has again taken place in which over 200 men have been killed. The British cruiser attacked 200 followers of Maitoa at Gaunt's Landing. The latter were subject to a hot fire and retreated to the Sheloing beach where they defended themselves bravely for a time and afterwards fled. The fighting still continues.

#### A RICH STRIKE.

Vancouver, April 28.—A rich strike has been made by E. Robertson at Loughbow Inlet on an abandoned mine, which had been developed by the Cuban Silver Co. The rock is said to run from \$33 to \$211 worth of silver per ton.

#### BOWEN VS. E & N.

Victoria, April 28.—The trial of E. Bowen vs. E & N. railway before Justice Drake is on this a. m. On the 20th Aug. plaintiff Bowen was loading coal at a chute at Wellington. He claims the engine was backed against him. Wants \$2000 damages. Case adjourned for a week.

## GOOD COAL IN THE NEW SHAFT.

The upper seam of No. 6 Shaft measures 6ft. 8in. of clear coal. The quality is fully 20 per cent above any other coal yet found on the Island. It is particularly good for steaming purposes. Already the quality of Union Coal for cooking has been proved but the seam just found contains coal superior to any other discovered here. The Union Colliery Company intend to open the upper seam a few yards on each side and then sink the shaft to the lower seam.

The different mines owned by the Union Colliery Co., are being thoroughly exploited to the end that when large contracts come in the company may be in a position to fill orders quickly.

# LOLITA IS A MERMAID.

## She Swam Before She Learned to Walk.

### HER SKIN SCALY LIKE A FISH.

#### She Says the Waves Call Her All the Time, and She Loves Them—When a Child, She Saved a Drowning Woman in a Rough Sea.

Lolita Farron, who lives near Lake Merritt, in California, has a skin with scales like a fish. Twice every day, says the San Francisco Call, her mother rubs her from head to foot with sweet oil. After the oiling the skin loses in a degree its scaly appearance. At night Lolita is wrapped in clothes saturated with oil. By constant applications of oil her skin is preserved in a fairly smooth condition, and it is only when very close to her that the fishlike scales are apparent. Otherwise she looks like any other pretty, healthy child of 14. Save for her skin and web feet she is a perfectly normal child.

Lolita can swim and dive like the nymphs and mermaids of old. The sudden boom of the waters, a heavy storm at sea, these are as sweet music to her ears. When the current is strongest, when the



PHASES OF LOLITA FARRON'S LIFE.

waves leap highest and the salt spray splashes, then she plunges in and gleefully breasts the ocean's wave, while stronger limbs and fainter hearts quail on shore.

"She swims like a fish," said the people on the beach at Santa Cruz, watching Lolita outdistance all other swimmers.

"No wonder she swims like a fish," mysteriously replied one of Lolita's schoolmates; "she is like a fish."

"She is like a fish," echoed along the beach until it reached Lolita herself, and played about her ears, robbing the sea of its music and the waves of their charm. Lolita and her mother packed their trunks and returned to their home in Oakland.

But the salt of the sea and the lap of the waves tormented her nights and made miserable her days. A daily swim in the Piedmont baths did not drown the memory of the ocean's swell, and Lolita was sent to Santa Barbara for the rest of the vacation. This child of 14 swam in a way that astounded the oldest surf bather.

One morning a young lady, a novice in swimming, ventured out far beyond her depth and was unable to return to the beach. As easily and lightly as a sea gull skims over the waves little Lolita swam out to the drowning girl and brought her in to shore.

"She swims like a fish," said an old gentleman.

"Haven't you heard why?" answered an old lady who was the confidential friend of Lolita's aunt.

"Haven't you heard why? Haven't you heard why?" echoed all of Santa Barbara.

And Lolita heard too. She wrote a pitiful little letter home and with "heimlich" gnawing at her heart awaited a reply. Her father came for her, and together they went to Coronado.

Of all the swimmers who took a daily plunge there was none who could compete with Lolita. She would swim far out beyond the reach of the eye, beyond the sound of the voice. The other children begged her to teach them and found her ever ready to help.

"Why do you always wear stockings, Lolita?" asked one of the little girls. "It's much nicer to have your legs bare when you go in the water."

Lolita did not reply, but ran sobbing up the beach, and that night she and her father left for Oakland.

All this a friend of the family told me

as we crossed the bay. She finished up the story abruptly in front of a tiny white cottage. "Sh!" she said. "There's Lolita drying her hair now."

I looked and saw the figure of a child completely enveloped in a mass of golden hair. A Lorelei never suined streaming hair of a more beautiful shade. She ran silu white fingers through it and shook it out in the sun, a glittering mass of fluffy, golden locks.

We knocked at the door unnoticed by Lolita. Mrs. Farron, who admitted us, is a slight, dark, extremely nervous woman. She talked to us in a faltering way, punctuated by fluttering, birdlike gestures. "I was cleaning a fish a short time before Lolita was born, and the thought of it made me very ill for days. I was not surprised that she was born with skin sealed like a fish. Her legs, too, were joined together, and the feet, being webbed, made her look like a strange, uncanny sort of fish. The doctor after a surgical treatment assured me that she would be able to walk naturally."

"As a mere infant she was passionately fond of water. When the nurse gave her her bath, she was wild with delight and struck out with her little arms and legs as though she wanted to swim."

"Lolita was not quite a year old when we went to Santa Cruz, to spend the summer. She could not walk at the time, but we used to put her in a little bathing suit and let her creep on the sand."

"One day the waves rolled up higher on the shore than usual, and somehow she got mixed up with them. There were bathers all around who saw her, and at least a dozen of them started to the child's rescue. You can imagine how surprised every one was to see the babe swim as easily as the most accomplished swimmer. She took to the water as though she belonged in it. After that we simply could not keep her out of it."

"Though it was weeks before Lolita could walk, yet every morning she went for a swim with her father. Then she would sit quietly for hours and look at the ocean, never making a sound, but screaming and crying if any one attempted to take her away."

"It worried me dreadfully, and I came home. I made up my mind I would never let the child go swimming. After she learned to walk I used to take her along the beach to look at the water, but I never let go of her hand for an instant."

"One day, however, while walking on a lake shore she broke away from me, threw herself in and swam to the opposite shore."

"The lake asked me to come in," was all she would ever say about it.

"We have a little fountain in the yard, and Lolita would sit there for hours running her fingers through the water. She never has tasted fish, but for the matter of that I cannot even bear the sight of one myself."

"She went to school when she was 6, and I feared that she would suffer from the careless remarks of the other children about her skin, but through the application of oil I managed to have her skin look almost natural."

"I never permitted her to go swimming at the baths here or in Alameda, although I could not prevent her from constantly slipping away to look at the ocean. She would never say whether or not she went in swimming on such occasions."

"This summer we went to Santa Cruz. Lolita had not been there since babyhood. When she went down to the beach, she burst into violent tears. She could not wait, she was so impatient to put on a bathing suit and swim. She would stay in the water almost all day long, but it never seemed to disagree with her. People began to talk about her wonderful swimming and then about—well, about other things, so we came home."

"But Lolita was so unhappy here that I sent her down to Santa Barbara. From there her father took her to Coronado, and then they came home."

"We have to let her go swimming every day now. She goes in the morning before school. I forbade her going at first, but she grew so strangely silent and went around so piteously that I had to let her go. She swam in the surf at Alameda this morning and is out in the yard now drying her hair. I'll call her in. Lolita! Lolita!"

Lolita came quickly, throwing back her golden hair and showing an oval face with delicate features and beautiful sea green eyes. She is not as tall as the average child of 14, and she has an odd, piteous expression.

"Did you enjoy your swim?" I asked.

"Yes, but I had to come home, and when the waves call you all the time it is so hard to get away from them."

"You love the sea?" I said.

"Oh, yes, and the sea is my friend. It would never harm me. Even when I was a baby it let me ride on it." She moved over to the window, and the rays of light falling on her face showed the peculiar scaled skin. In the shadow it was scarcely noticeable.

"People say I am like a fish," she continued in a voice as young and fresh as an ocean breeze.

"At first I felt dreadful about it, but now I do not care. I can swim better than any of them. And, oh, if you but knew the things the sea says to me when I am swimming—all about coral reefs and mermaids and beautiful fish! I know there is something in the sea that plays on some sweet instrument, because when I swim with the side stroke I hear the most heavenly music. No one else can hear these sweet things, so I do not care."

A man was recently convicted in England of having enlisted as a recruit in 15 places, decamping each time with advance money. England loses about \$500,000 a year from such operations.

## A PAPER OF TACKS.

Life is a sad riddle. There is at last only one way out—to give it up.

A hog may eat the part of a man without knowing it. A man can never eat the part of a hog without knowing it.

We all regret today what we did yesterday. Will we regret the day after tomorrow what we do tomorrow? Is it not the only safe way to do nothing at all?—Hardware.

# A MILLION MURDERS.

## Italy's Bloody Record During the Past Decade.

### AN ANTI-STABBING ASSOCIATION.

#### What the Notorious Camorra and Mafia Societies Have Done to Disgrace the Nation—Organized Robbers and Assassins.

It is reported that an association has been formed in Rome called "La Lega Contro il Coltello," or the "Anti-stabbing league." It is composed principally of workmen, and its programme is to discourage the use of the knife among Italian workmen. The frequency of fatal stabbing attacks has been so great this season that many ordinary citizens deemed it unsafe to move out of doors after night.



STABBED IN THE BACK.

A leading Italian newspaper explains that the chief motive for these crimes is not cupidity or desire of plunder, but either vanity—that is, a false and exaggerated sense of honor—or morbid jealousy or rancor. Every year Italy fights a great battle with herself, which costs 4,000 lives and gains her nothing but shame. Many such crimes are supposed to be committed by the notorious Camorra and Mafia societies. It is estimated that 1,000,000 murders have been committed during the past decade.

The Camorra in its palmy days was, according to Heckethorn, "an association of thieves, plunderers, blacklegs, gamblers, blackmailers, extortioners, highway robbers and assassins." Heckethorn insists that it had its beginning in the prison of Naples.

There was, it is said, in the prison of Fano a socialistic genius named Antonio Giaparelli, who, finding that on the arrival of a fresh prisoner only a few of the previous inmates profited by the plunder, conceived the idea of forming an organization which should systematically undertake the job of fleecing the newcomers and share equally in the proceeds. The realization of the idea proved that Antonio had, in common parlance, a great head, for after the organization of the society the robbing was much more thoroughly and systematically done, and all the members shared in the benefits. The good features of the order commended it to the judgment of other prisoners, and soon all those incarcerated in the castle of Fano were members of the new order.

When times became quiet, conspirators and banditti were released a few at a time, and as the terms of other prisoners expired they, too, departed, and by their manner of life soon rendered themselves candidates for incarceration elsewhere. Remembering the success of the prison order in Fano, the robbers and murderers who speedily found lodgings in the prisons of Naples, Florence, Milan, Geneva and Rome thought of the benefits conferred upon themselves and their friends by the society of Fano, and consequently branches of the order were established in the prisons of every large city in Italy, and before 1820 every prison had a Camorra society.

No long time elapsed before the bright intellects of the prison orders fancied that the usefulness of the society might be extended beyond the prison walls. In 1828 a merchant doing a humble business in one of the poorer quarters of Naples was visited by a stranger who requested a contribution "for the Camorra." The merchant refused, stating that he knew nothing of the Camorra, never heard the word before and finally ordered his importunate visitor out of the shop. Every store in that street received a call from the mysterious stranger, and every storekeeper refused to contribute. On the following morning there was a sensation in the neighborhood, for the first merchant was found dead in his bed with half a dozen stiletto wounds in his body and a placard on his breast intimating that he had been executed by the Camorra. A day or two later another stranger, as mysterious as the first, went through the street with a similar request for contributions. Several of the storekeepers paid, but the next day one who had refused was found dead under circumstances which recalled the first assassination and with a similar placard. The story was told all over Naples, and people began to speculate as to what the Camorra might be. They soon learned, for within a few months the agents of the society visited every store in Naples, de-

manding contributions for the order. In most cases the money asked for was paid. When it was not, the unwilling victim in spirited new terror and secured more ready compliance with the demands of the blackmailers. A general panic prevailed, and within a year the hand that was extended with the mystic words "for the Camorra" was never held out in vain.

The period between 1828 and 1848 was the golden age of this murderous society. In Naples—indeed throughout Italy—and it is inconceivable to what extent this nefarious taxation was levied. Every form of business was forced to contribute. Every individual business transaction, when not done in secret, paid a tax. The agents of the society were in every market collecting toll from the butchers, the fruit vendors, the vegetable peddlers, the flower girls. The men of the Camorra stood on the quays when the fishboats came in and collected toll on every catch. At the custom houses when goods were entered they demanded and received blackmail on every package. They called daily at the wineshops to collect a percentage on the day's business, and was to the innkeeper who sought to conceal the amount of his daily receipts, for the spies of the Camorra were everywhere, and an attempt to defraud its collectors meant death from the stiletto. They watched the gaming houses and demanded their dues at the end of every game. The houses of ill fame did not escape a daily exaction, for to this infa-



VENGEANCE ON THE HELPLESS.

mous organization the price of dishonor was as valuable as any other blackmail.

So extensive became its operations, so dreaded were its agents in Naples and Rome, that it was greater than the government. All classes belonged to it, the entire population contributed to its treasury, and so powerful was it that more than once in political emergencies the Neapolitan kings employed its agents to restore public order when the legal force of the state was not sufficient for the task. It was even asserted that more than one king belonged to it, and there was no doubt that among the courtiers there were many who were either members of the order or profited by its exactions.

Between 1840 and 1848 the society became so bold that simple blackmail was too tame, and its members resorted to open robbery and murder. Every street of Naples and Rome was beset day and night by the Camorra, the members having a code of signals by which they communicated with each other. They worked in gangs. A new like a cat indicated the approach of the police, a cock crow that of a benighted pedestrian, a long sigh showed that it was not safe to attack the stranger, a sneeze signified that he was not worth attacking, and the chanting of an Ave Maria was a signal to pounce upon the prey.

Robbery in the streets by day as well as night became the commonest of occurrences. The finding of a dead body in the morning was hardly noticed, save by the police. The society became so bold that in pure shame the government was compelled to make some effort at its suppression. The disturbed condition of politics, however, throughout Italy from 1848 until 1860 prevented the success of the weak and tremulous efforts at the suppression of the society, and until 1862 it was an open question in Italy whether the Camorra or the government was the stronger. A vigorous pursuance of the policy of suppression has put a stop to the street operations and house to house visitations, although the society survives in the prisons of the peninsula, and occasional assassinations, otherwise unexplained, are still accredited to its agents.

The Mafia is a Sicilian society, instituted, like the Camorra, for purposes of robbery, blackmail and murder. The Mafia owes its existence to the misery, ignorance and viciousness of the Sicilian population. For ages the rural peasantry of Sicily have been the victims of a merciless system of alien and nonresident landownerism. Landowners residing in Rome, Naples and elsewhere in Italy intrust the management of their estates to local overseers or agents, who extort from the miserable renters every possible penny in the way of rent; a government equally greedy takes most of the remainder in the shape of taxes, and, work as he may, the Sicilian peasant is unable by incessant and arduous toil to accumulate enough to leave the country.

The present organization is said by Heckethorn to be of no earlier origin than 1859, when Mazzini made his appearance in Sicily as an agitator and formed secret societies among the banditti and dregs of the populace, calling these organizations Obolucia, from two Latin words—obolus, a spit, and nice, I beckon, the word meaning "I beckon with a spit," the spit of course being the dagger. In this society there was an inner circle, which Mazzini organized for purposes of government and denominated its members the Mafia, from

the initial letters of the following words: "Mazzini autorizza furti incendi avvelenamenti" (Mazzini authorizes thefts, arson, poisoning).

So powerful did the Mafia become within the next ten years after Mazzini's organization was perfected that it was the real government of Sicily. More feared than even Camorra, it was all powerful in the island. An idea of the extent of its membership may be gained from the testimony elicited at an investigation by the government in 1876, made in consequence of the abduction of an English gentleman named Ross, who was carried off into the interior by bandits and for whom a ransom of \$20,000 was demanded and paid. It was shown upon investigation that this money was divided by the bandits who made the capture with peasants who sheltered the robbers, with innkeepers who furnished subsistence, with the commander of the body of gendarmes, who was supposed to be in pursuit of the robbers; with the chief of police and the detectives of Palermo and finally and worst of all with the judges of Sicilian courts as a guarantee that the robbers would not be convicted if apprehended. So terrible was the state of affairs unearthed by this investigation that the government hushed the matter up lest further inquiry should lead to revelations involving parties still higher.

## HUNTING LOST COINS.

### Many Believe That It Is Good Luck to Find Them.

I was talking to a prominent Wall street man as we passed along Broadway when suddenly he darted eagerly forward, stooped and picked up something from the sidewalk, says a New York Herald man.

"I'm glad I didn't miss that this morning," said he exultantly.

"What is it?" I inquired. He opened his hand and showed me a battered 5 cent piece.

"I'm not superstitious about many things," explained he, as he fished a small and much worn purse from an inner pocket and deposited the coin, "but you will find any number of men on the street who are just as glad as I am at finding stray coins. A great many are firm believers in the idea that good luck always follows such finds, and will not hesitate to embark in commercial or financial ventures on the strength of adventitiously discovered coin of the realm. I can't say that I am absolutely dominated by such a superstition, but I do admit I always feel easier about transactions of a speculative character if I have first picked up in the streets a bit of fractional currency."

Picking up coins becomes a mania with many brokers and speculators, and from a mania it not infrequently becomes a passion. If you observe closely, you will detect a dozen well known Wall street men parading the thoroughfares with their heads bowed. They are looking for small pieces of money which careless persons have dropped. Several men with whom I am intimately acquainted haunt the vicinity of the big daily newspapers, where there is always more or less small change in active circulation, and where, as a consequence, many pennies, nickels and dimes are lost on the street. These coins they treasure and preserve with the fondest care. They would not part with them for many thousand times their intrinsic value. As a rule, coin hunting brokers and speculators carry special purses in which the finds are kept, and some have amassed as high as \$5 or \$6.

"Some Wall street men believe it is good luck to find a pin pointing toward them, but they are in a very insignificant minority in comparison with those who hold to the golden promises held out by the picked up coins."

## Another Instance.

"Maud says she is madly in love with her new wheel."

"Eh! Another case where man is displaced by machinery!"—Indianapolis Journal.

## JUMPING DEVOTEES.

### Strange Religious Rite Among the Peasants of Echternach.

The faith of the peasants of Echternach, a small town in the duchy of Luxemburg, is charming in its native simplicity. The town was founded by St. Willibrod, who died in 739. Soon after a disease resem-



JUMPING DEVOTEES OF ECHETERNACH.

bling St. Vitus dance broke out among the cattle. To save their animals the people jumped and danced, as though affected with the same disease, and prayed that the beasts might cease to suffer. Each year this ceremony is neglected the dread disease appears. So for 11 centuries from 15,000 to 20,000 people take part in the jumping procession, and for a distance of three-quarters of a mile go through an impromptu St. Vitus dance.

# JOHN ARTHUR'S WARD,

OR THE  
DETECTIVE'S DAUGHTER

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

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### THE CURTAIN RISES ON THE MIMIC STAGE.

Always, in life, little events pave the way for great catastrophes. The mine burns slowly until the explosive point is reached, and then—

Fate was taking a leisurely gait, seemingly, and moving affairs at Oakley with a deliberation that was almost hesitating. Nevertheless, things were moving, and in the wake of little events, great ones could already be discerned by the plotters and counter-plotters, who waited and watched.

Celine Leroque was in better spirits than usual, in these days. Indeed, considering how exceedingly probable it seemed that she would be turned adrift at any hour by her present mistress, Celine was very cheerful.

And Miss Arthur had cause to complain. Beyond a doubt her French maid was becoming careless, very careless. Sometimes Miss Arthur was inclined to think that her scant looks of well-dyed hair were pulled quite unnecessarily, while her head was under Celine's hands. But this she endured like a Spartan, only exclaiming, when the torture became unbearable. And when she finally ventured a protest, disastrous was the outcome.

With many an apology, Celine fingered the curls and braids, inquiring with every touch of the hand or adjustment of a hairpin: "Does that hurt, mademoiselle?"

Being assured, when the hair-dressing was done, that she had accomplished the task without inflicting so much as a single twinge of pain, she held open the door for her mistress, cooling her satisfaction and beaming with delight.

But alas for the poor spinster! Before she had been half an hour in the society of her beloved fiancé, her unfortunate habit of tossing and wriggling her head brought Celine's gingerly architecture to grief. A sudden twist tumbled down full half of her glossy "crown of glory" from Miss Arthur's head to Mr. Percy's feet, and we draw a veil over the confusion of the unhappy spinster.

The lady, having retired to her dressing-room to relieve her feelings and repair damages, a scene was enacted in which the lady did the histrionics and the maid apologized and giggled alternately, until the one had exhausted her anthem of wrath and the other her accompaniment of penitence and giggles.

Then a truce was patched up, which lasted for several days.

Celine had advanced to the verge of disrespect, when speaking of Mr. Percy, on more than one occasion. Several times she had said that he "had a familiar look," and she fancied she had seen him somewhere. But she had always checked herself on the very border-land of impertinence, and never had been able to tell if she really had before seen the gentleman or not.

But she had put the spinster on the defensive, and had also excited her curiosity.

During this time Mrs. John Arthur was slowly dropping into her role of invalid. First, she gave up her habitual walks about the grounds and on the terrace. Then, her drives became too fatiguing. Next, she found herself too languid to appear at breakfast, and that meal was served in her room. She was not ill, she protested; only a trifle indisposed. Let no one be at all concerned for her; she should be as well as usual in a few days. And Celine, who was very sympathetic, and was the first to suggest that a physician be consulted, was laughingly assured that if madame were sick, she, Celine, should be her head nurse.

Mrs. Arthur had been absent from the family breakfast table for two days, when Miss Arthur met with a fresh grievance at the hands of Celine. Celine had been unusually garrulous, and had been regaling her mistress with descriptions of the great people, and the magnificent toilettes she had seen, while with some of her former mistresses. Suddenly she dropped the subject of a grand ball which had transpired in Baltimore, where her mistress was the guest of the honorable somebody, to exclaim—

"It has just come to me, mademoiselle where I must have seen Monsieur Percy. It was in Baltimore, and they said— Here she became much confused, and pretended to be fully occupied with the folds of her mistress's dress.

Miss Arthur looked down upon her sharply, and asked, "What did they say?"

Celine stammered: "Oh, it was only gossip, mademoiselle; nothing worth repeating, I assure you."

The curiosity and jealousy of the spinster were fully aroused. "Don't attempt any subterfuges, Celine," she said, in her loftiest tone. "I desire to know what was said of my—Mr. Percy."

The girl arose to her feet, and with much apparent reluctance, replied:

"They said, mademoiselle—of course, it was only gossip—that he was very much of a fortune-hunter, and that he was engaged to some woman much older than himself, who was immensely rich."

Miss Arthur sat down and looked hard at her maid. "How do you know that Mr. Percy is that man?"

"Oh! I don't know, my lady—mademoiselle. I only said that I thought I have seen him in Baltimore; the Mr. Percy they used to talk of there, must have been another."

Miss Arthur looked like an ancient Sphinx. "Do you think that Mr. Percy is that man?" she asked.

"Merci, my lady, how can I tell that? It might have been he; and the old woman there might have disappointed

him, you know," artlessly.

Miss Arthur was literally speechless with rage. Without replying, she rose and swept into the adjoining room, closing the door behind her with a bang. Celine smiled comfortably, and went to minister unto Cora, to whom she confided her belief that Miss Arthur was dissatisfied with her, and meant to discharge her.

"And only think, madame," she said plaintively, "it is all because, in an unguarded moment, I compared her to an old woman. It is so hard to remember, always, that you must not tell an old woman she is not young."

And Cora laughed immoderately, for she much enjoyed her sister-in-law's discomfort.

But Miss Arthur did not dismiss the matter from her mind, when she banged the door upon Celine. Angry as she had been with that damsel, it was not anger alone that moved her. Jealousy was at work, and suspicion.

That evening, sitting beside her lover, she said to him, carelessly: "By the way, Edward, were you ever in Baltimore?"

The gentleman stroked his blonde whiskers and smiled languidly, as he answered: "In Baltimore? Oh yes, I think there are few cities I have not visited."

And then something in the face of Miss Arthur made him inquire, with a slight acceleration of speech: "But why do you ask?"

Miss Arthur considered for a moment, and replied: "My maid, Celine, thinks that she has seen you there."

She was watching him keenly, and fancied that he looked just a trifle annoyed, even when he smiled lazily at her, saying: "Indeed! and who is your maid supposed to have seen me there?"

"I don't know when,"—Miss Arthur was beginning to feel injured. "I suppose you are well known in society there?"

He smiled and still carelessly his chin "So so," he said, indifferently.

"Edward!"—the spinster could not suppress the question that was heavy on her mind—"were you ever engaged to a lady in Baltimore?"

He turned his blue eyes upon her in mild surprise. "Never," he said, nonchalantly.

She looked somewhat relieved, but still anxious, and the man, after eyeing her for a moment, placing one hand firmly upon her own, said, in a tone that was half caress, half command—

"Ellen, you have been listening to gossip about me. Now, let me hear the whole story, for I see it has troubled you, and I will not have that."

She, glad to unburden her mind, told him what Celine had said. Perhaps Celine had counted upon this, and was making of the unconscious Mr. Percy a tool that should serve her in just the way that he did. At all events, while he listened to the spinster, he assured himself that if the "French maid" were not for some reason an enemy, she was certainly a meddler, and that she must quit Miss Arthur's service.

He said nothing to this end that evening. But he fully satisfied Miss Arthur that he was not the person referred to by the girl. And to guard against further inquiries or accidents, he told her of several men of the name of Percy, who were much in society, and might be any one of them; the man in question.

"And his fiancé was calmed and happy once more."

She was as clay in the potter's hands, and Mr. Percy found it an easy matter to convince her, a few days later, that her invaluable maid was not the proper person to have about her. Accordingly, one fine morning, Celine was informed, in the spinster's loftiest manner, that her services were no longer desired, and a month's wages were tendered her, with the assurance that Miss Arthur "had not been blind to her sly ways, and trickery, and that she had only retained her until she could suit herself better."

Celine took her coins in demure silence, and sought Mrs. Arthur forthwith. Cora was really glad that she could at last command the girl, for many reasons, and they quickly came to an understanding.

Great was the surprise and inward wrath of the spinster when, within ten minutes from the time Celine had left her presence, a maid without a mistress, she appeared again before her, and laying upon the dressing case the month's wages she had received in lieu of a warning said:

"Mademoiselle will receive back the month's wages, as I have not been in the least a loser by her dismissal. I enter the service of madame immediately."

And then Celine had smiled blandly, bowed, and taken her departure, leaving the spinster to wonder how on earth she should manage her hair-dressing, and to wish that Edward had not insisted upon setting the girl adrift until a substitute had been found.

The fact that the girl was retained in the house annoyed Mr. Percy not a little. But it did not surprise him that Cora should wish to keep her. He had long before made the discovery that the sisters-in-law were not more fond of each other than was essential to the comfort of both.

Celine had been but two days in the service of her new mistress when that lady found herself too ill to be dressed for breakfast, even in her own room, and she kept her bed all day.

John Arthur, in some alarm, had declared his intention of calling a physician. But Cora objected so strongly that he had refrained. Before evening came, however, Celine sought him, as he was sitting in what he chose to call his "study," and said:

"Pardon my intrusion, monsieur, but I am distressed about madame. This afternoon she is not so well, and surely should have some medicine."

The old man wrinkled his brows in perplexity, as he replied: "Yes, yes, girl; but she won't let me call a doctor."

Celine sighed, and moving a step nearer, murmured: "Monsieur, I will venture to repeat what madame but now said to me, if I may."

He signed her to proceed.

"Madame said that a stranger would only make her worse; that she would distrust any one she did not know, but that if her dear old physician, who had attended her always in sickness, could see her, she would be glad. Alas! he was in New York, and she did not like to ask that he might be sent for. It would seem

to you childish." Of course, this speech had been made at Cora's instigation, but it had the desired effect. John Arthur bounded up, and bade Celine precede him to his wife's chamber, and the result of his visit was what the invalid had intended it to be. She was so pretty, and so pathetic, and so very ill! Celine declared that she was growing more fevered every moment, and as for her pulse, it was like a trip-hammer.

John Arthur had an unutterable fear of illness, and after trying in vain to persuade Cora to see one of the village doctors, whom, he declared, were very good ones, he announced his intention to telegraph to the city for the doctor who had been her adviser in earlier days.

And to this Cora reluctantly consented. "It seems foolish," she said, plaintively, "and yet I don't think I ought to refuse to send for Doctor LeGuise. I feel as if I were really about to be very ill, hard as I have tried to fight off the weakness that is coming over me."

"And madame is so flushed and wanders so in her sleep"—this, of course, from Celine.

John Arthur arose from the side of the couch with considerable alacrity, saying: "I will telegraph at once. What is the address?"

Cora lay back among her pillows, with closed eyes, and made no sign that she heard. He spoke again, and the eyes unclosed slowly, and she said, with slow languor:

"Send to my brother, he will find him." Then closing her eyes, she murmured, "I want to sleep now."

Celine turned toward him an awestruck countenance, and motioned him to be silent. He tiptoed from the room, thoroughly frightened and nervous, and sent a message to Lucian Davlin forthwith.

When he was safely away, Cora awoke from her nap, and desired Celine to let in more light. This done, she propped herself up among her pillows, and taking from her underneath one of them a novel, bade her maid tell everybody that she was not to be disturbed, while she read and looked more comfortable than ill.

Toward evening, John Arthur looked in, or rather tried to look in, upon his wife. But Celine assured him that her mistress was sleeping fitfully and seemed much disturbed and agitated at the slightest sound, so his alarm grew and increased.

When the evening train came he hoped almost against reason that it would bring the now eagerly looked for Dr. LeGuise.

But no one came. Later, however, a telegram from Lucian arrived, which read as follows—

"Doctor can't get off to-night. Will be down by morning train. "D—"

In the morning, Cora was much worse. She did not recognize her husband, and called Miss Arthur, Lady Mallory, which made a great impression upon that spinster.

Celine, who seemed to know just what to do, turned them both out, which did not displease either greatly, as the brother and sister were equally afraid of contagion, and were nervous in a sick-room.

At length the doctor arrived, and with him Lucian Davlin, the latter looking very grave and anxious, the former looking very grave and wise.

Celine was summoned to prepare the patient for the coming of the physician. When this had been done, and the wise man arose to go to his patient, John Arthur and Lucian would have followed him. But he waved them back, saying: "Not now, gentlemen, if you please; let me examine my patient first. That is always safest and wisest."

So the three, Lucian, Arthur, and his sister, sat in solemn silence awaiting the verdict of the doctor from Europe. At last he came, and the gravity of his face was something to marvel at. Advancing toward Mr. Arthur the doctor seemed to be looking him through and through as he asked:

"Will you tell me how lately you have been in your wife's room?"

John Arthur answered him with pallid lips: "We were there this morning, my sister and I." The doctor turned toward Miss Arthur, looking, if possible, more serious than ever.

"I am sorry, very sorry," he said. "And I hope you have incurred no risks. But it is my duty to tell you that Mrs. Arthur is attacked with a fever of a most malignant and contagious type, and you have certainly been exposed."

Mr. Arthur turned the color of chalk and dropped into the nearest chair. Miss Arthur, who could not change her color, shrieked and fell upon the sofa. Lucian groaned after the most approved fashion. And the man of medicine continued—

"Above all things, don't agitate yourselves; be calm. I will immediately prepare some powders, which you will take hourly. We will begin in time, and hope that you may both escape the contagion."

Then he turned to Mr. Davlin. "My dear boy, you had better go back to the city; at least go away from the house. This is no place for you."

But Lucian shook his head and said that he would not leave while his sister was in danger.

The following morning Dr. LeGuise presented himself at the door of Miss Arthur's dressing-room. After making many inquiries, such as doctors are wont to terrify patients with, he pronounced upon the case: She had thus far escaped contagion. But her system was not over strong; in fact, was extremely delicate. If there was any place near at hand suited to a lady like herself, his advice was to go there without delay. She was not rugged enough to risk remaining where she was.

Before sunset Miss Arthur was quartered at the Bellair inn. She had dispatched Mr. Percy a note the day before, bidding him delay his visit. Now she was under the same roof with him, greatly to her delight, and his disgust.

(To be Continued.)

Poor Girl!

The violet for modesty and shy unobtrusiveness isn't in it with a girl who is wearing an old hat when every one else has on new millinery.—Atchison Globe.

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SECTION 52. TORONTO.

**"Detectives."**

There are probably not less than a score of men walking about New Orleans today who are decorated under their lapels with large tin stars bearing the cabalistic word "detective." They are patrons of the various private agencies of the north that advertise for "shrewd men as operatives in all parts of the country," and supply the tin star and a beautifully lithographed "certificate" for the trifling sum of \$5. The wearers of their insignia labor under the hallucination, as a rule, that they are vested with some special right to collar their fellow men. The same agencies do a land office business in wigs, false beards and other disguises which the amateur sleuth believes firmly are part of the necessary equipment of the profession.

Now and then one of these deluded individuals, who are to be found in all large cities, gets himself into trouble by attempting to make an arrest; but, as a rule, the mania is harmless and its victims confine themselves to prowling through side streets and looking mysteries. They find great joy also in posing in boarding house circles and hearing folks say in awed undertones, "Do you know Mr. So-and-so is a detective?" It is one of the queerest of all queer phases of city life.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

**Both Are Married.**

The ordinary paragrapher in referring to a marriage nearly always says that Mr. John Smith or Mr. James Brown was married to Miss Nellie Green or Miss Fanny White. It would lead one to think that the man only was married, while the fact is both were married. The woman is as much married as the man. The man was not simply married to the woman. The woman and the man were married, and the announcement should be that Mr. So-and-so and Miss So-and-so were married. Rev. Dr. Sunderland wrote a series of articles on this subject some years ago which were published in this city. He laid down the general principle that he did not marry the man to the woman, but that he married the man and the woman, and married one just as much as he did the other. He discountenanced the issuing of wedding cards by parents that their daughter was married to any particular person, and said he did not

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want to perform any marriage ceremony in which any such announcement was made.

**Peabody and the Boatman.**

Many years ago John Bright and George Peabody, the philanthropist, were fishing in a little Irish stream. Late in the evening, after a hard day's work, the party arrived at the landing stage, and Bright, accosting the inevitable policeman on the bank, said:

"What is the proper price to pay these boatmen, constable?"

He replied, "Seven shillings and sixpence, yer honner, but some gentlemen give them 10 shillings."

Bright, turning to his companion, said, "I have no change, Peabody; have you three half crowns?"

The millionaire produced the coins and gave them to one of the boatmen.

"Is that all ye're giving me?" asked the latter.

"That's all," said Peabody.

Holding the coins in the open palm of his hand, and slowly scratching his head with the other, the boatman said: "And they call ye Paybody, don't they? Well, I call ye Paynobody."—New York Tribune.

**Some Causes of Insomnia.**

An extended study of the phenomena of insomnia by De Monacine, a Russian authority in medicine, brings him to the conclusion that it is characteristic of persons who blush, laugh, weep readily, whose pulse is apt to quicken upon the slightest provocation. Loss of sleep, however, he admits most frequently results from overwork of either mind or body; overstrain of either kind will dilate the blood vessels of the brain, and eventually paralyze them, extreme cold producing the same results. Experiments also show that exercise of the emotions causes a rush of blood to the brain, and sleeplessness, if occurring near bedtime. There is a common theory that sleep is required in proportion to the scarcity of red corpuscles in the blood, and thus all persons do not correspond in their need of sleep, and many authorities agree that the need of sleep depends upon the strength of consciousness.

**Railroad Profits by Comparison.**

The percentage of profits on the railroads is, on the average, 5.40, as against 2.60 for Great Britain, 3.00 for the United States, and 2.8% for the Australian colonies.

**THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.**

—ISSUED EVERY SATURDAY.—

Mary E. Bissett, Editor.

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SATURDAY, APRIL 29TH, 1899.

**THE IMMIGRATION QUESTION**

Hon. Mr. Sifton's Galician immigrants are apparently not a very desirable class of settlers. Two of these people were recently found guilty of murder, and another one lately sold his wife to a compatriot. Under Canadian law he could not deliver the goods, but the sale was made and the money received. It is hardly worth while to import an element of this sort into the national life of Canada. The demand for criminals is not so great that we need go abroad for them.—Exchange.

\*\*\*

It is greatly to be regretted that thirst for political success should induce the men who are at the head of affairs in Canada to sacrifice quality for quantity in the class of immigrants they are bringing into Canada. Simply to be able to point to a much larger population next census, the Federal Government are importing into this country, and settling in one of the most beautiful portions of our fair Dominion, people who will never become assimilated with the native Canadians, who will never be a credit to this growing nation, and whom none of us wish to consider as compatriots. Anyone who has ever gone through a colonist car of Siftonian importations does not need much knowledge of sociology to form an idea of what stamp of citizens will prove the rabble with whom our northwest is being peopled.

\*\*\*

If we need more immigrants, why not get them from the British Isles from France, Belgium, Holland, and the other countries of Europe whose territory is overcrowded and whose peoples have a reputation for industry, integrity, and uprightness? Why should the Canadian Government in order to afford Talstoi opportunity to exploit his visionary theories create on our fertile prairies a hotbed for plotting intriguers, craven foreigners, and other creatures who are already filling prisons of this Dominion?

\*\*\*

The trouble is that politicians when they get in office have too much power to do as suits their own ends. Once elected, their will is almost as absolute as that of the Czar of Russia. Public opinion has altogether too little influence. The

Deadman's Island lease is only a sample of what is going on every day.

From L'Italia, we learn that a young Italian Scientist of Palermo has invented an apparatus for telephoning without wires between ships at sea. The principle upon which the invention rests is the great facility with which sound is transmitted over great distances by water.

**THE NEW ANGLO-CANADIAN COMMISSIONER.**

BARON RUSSELL OF KILOWEN.

Lord Russell of Kilowen is not a stranger to Canada and the United States, as he made an extensive tour of these countries during Lord Dufferin's tenancy of Rideau Hall. Charles Arthur Russell, Baron Kilowen and Lord Chief Justice of England, was born at Newry, County Down, Ireland, in 1833. His preliminary education was received in the schools of his native town. Thereafter he entered the Vincentian College, Dublin, where he did not, however, take a degree because of the few facilities then given Catholic students at that institution. He began the practice of law at Dundalk as a member of the Irish bar. In 1859 Solicitor Russell was called to the English bar from Lincoln's Inn but he had a hard time of it for several years, and his practice was so limited that he had to supplement his income by writing for the papers, in which work he was assisted by his wife, a sister of Rosa Mulholland, the novelist.

Gradually he worked his way to the top, and was soon in receipt of an annual income of 2000 guineas. There has been scarcely an important case before the English courts in recent years in which Sir Charles did not figure prominently. He was leading counsel in the Crawford, Dilke and Maybrick cases. He defended O'Donnell, the man who shot the informer Carey, but his most famous victory was won in the renowned Parnell Commission Case. He it was who trapped Le Caron, the spy, and Pigott, the forgerer.

On the death of Lord Coleridge in '93 he was chosen Lord Chief Justice of England, and raised to the peerage as Baron Russell of Kilowen. In politics, Lord Russell is a Home Ruler; in religion, a thorough and practical Catholic. Rev. M. Russell, S. J., well-known editor of The Month, is his brother. His uncle was Rev. C. M. Russell, one of far-famed Maynooth's most distinguished presidents.

During the premiership of Mr. Gladstone in the eighties, Sir Charles was made Attorney General of England—the first time since the reign of Henry VIII that a Catholic was named to that office.

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Under and by virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage dated the 9th day of March 1895 and duly registered in the Land Registry Office at Victoria, B. C. in Charge Book volume 13, Folio 575 No. 222 to the following property will be offered for sale by tender viz: Lot numbered 12 in block 10 upon the map of Cumberland deposited in the Land Registry Office at Victoria and numbered 522a.

Tenders addressed to the undersigned and posted to him will be received up to noon of the 8th May, 1899, for the purchase of this property. The title deeds may be inspected and further information received by applying at the office of the undersigned. The highest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

L. P. ECKSTEIN,

Whitney Block, Cumberland, B. C., solicitor for the mortgagees. Dated April 29, 1899.

Man that is married to woman is of many days and full of trouble. In the morning he draweth his sabary, and in the evening, behold it is gone. It is a tale that is told. It vanisheth, and no one knows whither it goeth.

He riseth up, clothed in the chilly garments of the night, and seeketh the somnolent pargoric wherewith to soothe his infant posterity.

He cometh forth as the horse or an ox, and draweth the chariot of his offspring. He spendeth his shekels in the purchase of fine linen to cover the bosom of his family, yet himself is seen in the gate of the city with one suspender.

Yea, he is altogether wretched.—Robert J. Burdette in the Brooklyn Eagle.

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**MORTGAGE SALE.**

Under and by virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage dated the 14th November, 1895, duly registered in the Land Registry Office, Victoria, B. C. in Charge book, vol. 14, Fol. 124, No. 1088 A. The following property will be offered for sale by tender, viz: The west half of Lot 10, in Block 10, City of Cumberland.

Tenders addressed to the undersigned, and posted to him will be received up to noon of the 1st May 1899, for the purchase of this property. The title deeds may be inspected and further information received by applying at the office of the undersigned. The highest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

L. P. ECKSTEIN,

Whitney Block, Cumberland, B. C. solicitor for the mortgagees. Dated April 21, 1899.

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and widths, to fit all feet, and thus the dealer's trade, the customers' feet, and the reputation of the "Slater Shoe" as a foot-fitter would all be injured.

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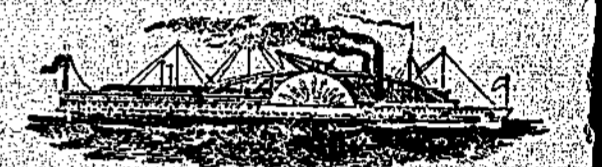
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Leave Victoria for Nanaimo Tuesday 7 a.m. Nanaimo for Comox Wednesday 7 a.m. Comox for Nanaimo Friday 8 a.m. Nanaimo for Victoria Saturday 7 a.m. OR Freight tickets and Stateroom apply on board. GEO. L. COURTNEY, Traffic Manager.

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# THE NEWS PRIZE AWARD.

The Prize of \$5.00 in Gold was Awarded to Mable Knight, Comox School, Miss B. Fetherby, Teacher.

## THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

ARTHUR WELLESLEY, son of the Earl of Mornington, and the greatest soldier of modern times, was born in Ireland 1769. He was educated at Eton and in 1787 entered the army as ensign.

In 1797 he took a leading part in the war in the Carnatic, the south-east of the peninsular of India. In 1803, gained the great victory of Assaye, a village in the Nizam's dominions, 200 miles northeast of Bombay.

In 1807, entered Parliament and became Secretary for Ireland.

In August 1808 he defeated Marshal Junot at Vimiera. In 1809 he defeated Soult at Oporto and Marshal Victor at Salaverra. For the skill and bravery which he displayed at Salaverra he was elevated to the peerage with the title of Viscount Wellington. He was then compelled to retire before a large army under Marshal Massena.

On the approach of Massena, Lord Wellington determined to act on the defensive, and resisted every temptation to abandon this cautious line of policy. He retreated leisurely before the enemy until attacked at Busaco, when he turned on his pursuers, and inflicted on them a severe defeat. Lord Wellington then continued his retreat to the impregnable lines of Torres Vedras, where he determined to remain until famine should compel Massena to retire. Nothing could exceed the astonishment of the French Marshal, who firmly believed that the British were retreating to their ships, when he found them halted in a position it would be madness to attack. He was forced to spend the rest of the campaign watching the English lines.

The ability displayed by Wellington in selecting the lines of Torres Vedras, and the patience with which he waited the progress of events received at length their reward. Hunger and disease made more havoc in the French army than the sword. Massena soon found that nothing but retreat could save him from destruction. Massena to recover his lost fame, attacked the English at Fuentes d'Honore, but met with a severe repulse; he was soon recalled, and Marmont appointed in his stead. Marmont was even a less successful rival of Wellington than Massena. The important fortress of Ciudad Rodrigo, and Badajoz were besieged and stormed before Marmont could move to their relief. These successes were followed by the victories of Salamanca and Vittoria, when the French were driven over the frontier. Wellington following them up into their own country, defeated Soult's army on the Nivelle, again at Orthes, and at Toulouse, when news arrived that Napoleon had abdicated and that the war was at an end.

On the 18th of June 1815, was fought the battle of Waterloo. The French began the attack about mid-day upon the advanced post of Hougomont, but the attack was repulsed after desperate fighting. The attack was continued along the whole line, but was everywhere repulsed, except for a time when they took and held the farm house of La Haye Sainte, but it was soon retaken by the British. The battle was continued the whole afternoon. The French were driven back. About 6 o'clock Napoleon finding that the Prussians were advancing on his flank, determined to make a last effort to drive the British from their position. He ordered up the Imperial Guard composed of the finest troops in the army, which had been held in reserve all day, placing them under the command of Ney (the bravest of heroes) but they were met by such a terrible musketry fire that they were thrown unto confusion. Wellington ordered the whole British line to advance in spite of the desperate bravery of Ney, they were swept away in the general out, the Prussians coming up comparatively fresh continued the pursuit.

In 1822 Wellington entered upon his career as a statesman; he became Prime Minister in 1828.

On the 14th of September 1852, the Duke of Wellington died calmly at Walmer Castle. He was honored with a public funeral. His body was laid on a sumptuous car, and drawn by twelve horses, to St. Paul's cathedral where it was deposited in the vault, by the side of that of Nelson. From the strength of his courage and his will, from his shrewdness and inflexible integrity he was known as the Iron Duke.

## FOSSILS FROM THE NEW SHAFT.

Students of Geology might find much to interest them in the study of the fossils brought up from the excavation of No. 6 Shaft. We have seen some fine specimens in possession of Supt. Little. At a depth of 200 feet there were found embedded in the rock well-defined fish shells the perfect formation of which leaves no room to doubt that at some very early period the sea possessed what is now a valuable land o'aim.

The dying cyclist was making his last will and testament. "I wish my body to be cremated," he dictated, "Yes and the ashes to go towards making a cinder path." His funeral was largely attended.

## SUNDAY SERVICES

TRINITY CHURCH.—SERVICES in the evening. REV. J. X. WILLEMAR, rector.  
METHODIST CHURCH.—SERVICES at the usual hours morning and evening Epworth League meets at the close of evening service. Sunday School at 2:30. REV. W. HICKS, pastor.  
ST. GEORGE'S PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—SERVICES at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Sunday School at 2:30. Y. P. S. C. E. meets at the close of evening service. REV. W. C. DODDS, pastor.

## MORTGAGE SALE.

Under and by virtue of the powers of sale contained in certain mortgages duly registered in the Land Registry Office at Victoria, B. C., and numbered 572 D and 695 D respectively, the following property will be offered for sale by tender, viz: the east half of Lot 10 in Block 10, City of Cumberland.

Tenders addressed to the undersigned and posted to him will be received up to noon of the 1st May, 1899, for the purchase of this property. The title deeds may be inspected and further information received by applying at the office of the undersigned. The highest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

L. P. ECKSTEIN, Whitney Block, Cumberland, B. C. solicitor for the mortgagees. Dated April 21, 1899.

## NOTICE

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

W. E. Norris, Secy

## Society Cards

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

Lodge meets on every Saturday on or before the full of the moon. Visiting Brothers cordially requested to attend.

R. S. McConnell, Secretary.

Cumberland Encampment, No. 5, I. O. O. F., Union.

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

## I. O. O. F.

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

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has an extensive circulation, not only THROUGHOUT COMOX DISTRICT but all over the Dominion. We have subscribers in all the large cities of Canada, and can thus offer patrons

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## HE DESERVED HONOR

### SIR E. J. MONSON'S RECORD OF FAITHFUL SERVICE TO BRITAIN.

Sketch of His Early Career, in Which He Proved Himself an Ardent and Successful Scholar—His Public Services Varied, Long and Prosperous—Now British Ambassador at Paris.

Sir Edmund John Monson, the British Ambassador at Paris, whose portrait is given herewith, has had a long and varied career, and few have such a record of faithful and prosperous service. Sir Edmund is the third son of the sixth Baron Monson, and was born at Charr Lodge, Kent, on Oct. 6, 1834. Educated at Eton and Balliol College, Oxford; where he took a first class in law and history in 1855, and was made a Fellow of All Souls in 1858, and Examiner for Taylorian Scholarships in 1868. Having been nominated an attaché, and passed his examination, he was appointed to Paris in 1856, to Florence in 1858, Paris again in the same year, and finally in the same year to Washington. He was private secretary to Lord Lyons until 1863, when he was transferred to Hanover, where he became third secretary, ultimately removing to Brussels. In 1863 he resigned and contested Reigate. He went



SIR EDMUND JOHN MONSON.

to the Azores as Consul in 1869, became Consul-General for Hungary in 1871, and was on special service in Dalmatia and Montenegro from 1876-1877, received a C.B. in 1878, and in 1879 became Minister to the Republic of Uruguay. Thence he removed to the Court of Denmark in 1884, to the Court of Greece in 1883, and to the Court of Belgium in 1892. He was made Ambassador to the Emperor of Austria in 1893, and now he holds the reins at the British Embassy in Paris. His country has not forgotten how to be grateful for his services, for Her Majesty conferred upon him a K.C.M.G. in 1886, a G.C.M.G. in 1892, and a Privy Counsellorship in 1898.

### PRISONERS ON OATH.

In Future a New Criminal Procedure Will Be in Vogue in Great Britain.

In future all accused persons will be able to step from the dock into the witness-box, give his or her version of the facts and be cross-examined like any other witness. Trials and examinations will therefore be of longer duration, and we may expect to hear of stipendiary magistrates in England, Scotland and Wales applying for increases of salary. Without a doubt the new law, which does not affect Ireland, says the London Daily Mail, will be a considerable aid to the elucidation of truth. On the whole, lawyers are strongly in favor of the Act, and they say that only persons who will not hail it with entire satisfaction are habitual criminals, with whom silence is such a powerful weapon of defence. "Gentlemen of the jury, the unhappy prisoner's mouth is sealed," is a truly pathetic phrase which counsel often use, sometimes successfully, when addressing the jury for the defence; and the hardened criminal looks as aggrieved as he can, while he inwardly thanks goodness that the law imposes silence on him. But the plea will be of no avail now. The prisoner will be put on the high level of a witness for the prosecution.

In every criminal court a person charged with an offence, and also for the future the wife or husband of the person charged, will be a competent witness for the defence at every stage of the proceedings, and such evidence is to be given only on the application of the accused. There are certain necessary exceptions to this rule, but these exceptions relate only to some half a dozen Acts which chiefly concern domestic affairs.

Of course, in many cases, an accused will prefer to maintain strict silence, and there is a section concerning this which will exercise a wholesome restraining influence on counsel who are apt to be more zealous than considerate. Failure to give evidence, says this particular section, shall not be made the subject of comment by the prosecution. Whether a magistrate or judge may make such comment remains to be seen, as there does not appear to be anything in the Act prohibiting comment on their part. Another important point is that although a person charged who elects to give evidence may be cross-examined, he will not be asked any questions tending to show that he has been previously convicted, or charged with any offence, or is of bad character, unless they afford proof that he is guilty of the offence whereof he is then charged.

### He Answered by the Book.

Teacher—Johnny, can you tell me what is meant by "steward?"

Johnny—A steward is a man that does not mind his own business.

Teacher—Why, where did you get that idea?

Johnny—Well, I looked it up in the dictionary, and it said, "A man who attends to the affairs of others."—Exchange.

## BORROWING IN CHINA.

### An Astonished Diner Out Who Ate With Her Own Spoon.

Chinese butlers have a way when their own supplies fall short of borrowing from the neighbors—at least this was a very common custom 25 years ago—and goods changed hands over the garden wall with astonishing celerity, the butlers meantime keeping a strict account.

"At the first large dinner party to which I was invited in China I went as a bride," says an American. "I found myself eating with my own brand new knives, forks and spoons. I stared at them very hard. There could be no mistake for I could see the fresh monograms.

"I was dreadfully distressed, but did not dare to say anything. When I reached home, I told my husband, rather truthfully, for I was quite sure they had been stolen. To my amazement, he only laughed and said:

"Oh, you will get used to that soon, and when you have too many guests you will find that, instead of asking you to get more supplies, the butler will just borrow your neighbor's and always make up the deficiency.

"And so it proved. I can well remember once when my husband had asked eight guests in to dinner only half an hour before the usual time, one for each of the delicious first spring snipe he had shot, that there appeared later a splendid roast leg of mutton as one of our courses.

"Now, I knew we had no mutton, for earlier in the day the cook had been bewailing the nonarrival of the Shanghai steamer by which it always came. Turning to the gentleman on my left, I asked, 'Did your steamer come from Shanghai today?'

"Yes, Why?"

"I looked down to the other end of the table, where my husband was carving the unexpected treasure trove with evident enjoyment.

"Well, ours did not," said I, and yet— He caught sight of the mutton. 'Oh, he laughed, 'I suppose that is mine! No doubt yours will come tomorrow and probably be much better, so I shall be the gainer this time and enjoy it all the more.'—Youth's Companion.

## CLEAN TOWEL SUPPLY.

Growth of a Business Now Flourishing in Many Cities.

The clean towel supply business, which originated in Chicago, was introduced in New York in 1884. It has thrived here and there are now about 25 concerns engaged in the business in this city, with thousands of customers whose number is constantly increasing. There are a great many towel users who never dreamed of taking towels from towel supply concerns when the business was first started who now wouldn't think of getting them in any other way.

Cabinets are supplied with a place to keep the towels in, and they are also provided with a comb and brush, a whisk broom, a soap dish and soap. The cabinets are made in a variety of styles and sizes, each having a mirror in the front. Either hand or roller towels are provided or both. The minimum supply furnished is four clean hand towels a week, and once a week the used towels are taken up and replaced with clean ones, the soap renewed if it is out and the other articles of the equipment looked after.

Towels are supplied to banks, stores, offices and pretty much all sorts of business places, in many of which a large number are used, the supply being renewed as often as may be required. There is one concern that supplies towels with the customers' initials on them, using a double set for each customer and supplying each with the same towels always. There are now supplied bootblackening outfits, with polishing brush, dauber and blacking, the blacking supply being kept constantly renewed, all for so much a month. The towel supply business has now spread all over the country, and it is established in all the large cities.—New York Sun.

## The Depraved Butterfly.

Medicine Moderne tells us of a demonstration made by Mr. Tutt of London that even butterflies may go on a spree. At a public lecture Mr. Tutt shut up in a case male and female butterflies with flowers of divers species. Now, while the female butterflies quenched their thirst modestly by sipping a few drops of dew in the calyx of a rose the males indulged in characteristic intemperance. They went straight to the flowers whose distillation produced the most alcohol and indulged in their juices till they fell senseless where they stood. The butterflies were dead drunk. To further convince his audience Mr. Tutt introduced into the case a glass of water and several glasses of brandy. The male butterflies without hesitation chose the brandy. The fact does not admit of doubt. Male butterflies in a state of freedom are often attracted by the emanations of a glass of gin that has been left on a garden table, and having drunk of it to excess, sleep the heavy sleep of drunkenness.—Literary Digest.

## Peanuts.

The best peanuts are now grown in Virginia, where cultivation has produced a nut as near perfect as it can. Peanuts are also extensively raised in North Carolina and Tennessee. I don't suppose there are many people who know that the peanut came to this country with the first cargo of slaves that was landed on our shores. It is a native of Africa and in its original state as full of grease almost as a bit of pork. Cultivation and change of soil have greatly reduced the oleaginous quality of the nut, although the North Carolina variety has enough grease yet to find a ready sale in France, where it joins its African ancestor and cotton seed in supplying not a little of the olive oil we find in the restaurants and family groceries.—Washington Star.

## New Kind of Graveyards.

I heard a queer expression the other day. I was speaking to a lady of the fine old town of Wrentham, and she exclaimed: "Oh, yes, I know that town—it's the one that has those perfectly delicious old graveyards!"

## LIVING IN THE COUNTRY.

### One of the Best Signs of the Times Is the Growing Fondness for Country Life.

In the Ladies' Home Journal Edward Bok, with much satisfaction, notes the strong tendency to country living, and believes that "it is one of the best signs of the times. Nothing in the world can keep a man or woman so young and fresh as to be able to be in touch each day with the perpetual freshness and youth of Nature. Suburban life means more out-of-door living, and that is what we Americans all need. We want more exercise, and suburban living makes that easier. We want our interest in things kept fresh, and that Nature does for us as nothing else can. The more our busy men see of Nature's restful ways the more restful will they become. The closer we keep our children to the soil, the healthier will they be physically, and the stronger will they develop mentally. The more our girls breathe in the pure air which God intended for all, but which man in the cities pollutes, the better women we shall have; the fewer worried mothers we shall see. The more our young men see of our out-of-door sports the more clearly will they realize the greatness of splendid physical health. The more the tired housewife sees of flowers and plants and trees the closer will become her interest in all things natural and simple; and as she sees the simplicity with which Nature works, unconsciously will the lesson be forced upon her and enter into her own methods. We all agree that there is no teacher like Nature herself. Let us all, then, get as close to her as possible. Whatever she teaches is wholesome to the mind and uplifting to the soul and strengthening to the body. In the very act of studying her wonderful ways there is health."

The Mormon Temple.

A visitor to Salt Lake City, Utah, should not fail to see the "Temple Square," a plot of ten acres, enclosed by a wall 14 feet high, made of sun-dried bricks and small stones held together by mortar. Within this enclosure are the three main edifices of the Latter Day Saints. Here is found the Temple, whose construction occupied exactly 40 years, viz. from April 6, 1853, to April 6, 1893. It is a beautiful and artistic structure, built of creamy white granite, and costing over \$4,000,000. The temple is 186 feet long, 90 feet wide, and the walls 167 feet high, the towers being 229 feet in height.

This is a sacred building, whose interior has never been desecrated by the presence of a Gentile. In it are performed private religious ceremonies, sacraments, ordinations, spiritual marriages, etc.

The Tabernacle is a spacious structure, 250 feet by 150, and 80 feet in height—capable of seating 10,000 persons. In it the great Mormon public services are held.

Assembly Hall is a massive stone structure, devoted to the deliberations of the officials of the church. It cost \$90,000.

Coming out from the Temple Square by the south gate and turning to the east, we pass the "Tithing House," and the church offices, where the contributions of the people are received and the business of the church is transacted. Adjoining are the "Zion" and "Beehive" houses, in which Brigham Young and some of his wives resided. On the opposite side of the street is the "Amedia Palace," erected by Brigham for his favorite helpmate, Amelia Folsom.

To Stop the Window Shade Flapping.

The flapping of the window shade, when the sash is raised, and the shade lowered, is a serious annoyance to nervous people, who are generally light sleepers. The noise which the air and the shade produce is like nothing so much as "a rapping, as of some one gently tapping, tapping at the chamber door," accompanied by a soft rustle as of stiff skirts. This in a gentle breeze; when the wind is high the noise is louder and murders sleep. If the shade is raised the light wakes one too early in the morning, yet ventilation is absolutely necessary to health.

The way to prevent the tapping is very simple when one knows how. I screw two little brass hooks, one on each side of the window frame, opposite each other about 12 inches from the sill. At night tie a ribbon or broad tape across the open window, from one hook to the other, as sailors say "taut." Screw a third hook in the molding below the sill, exactly in the center. Pull down the shade over the ribbon, and tie the cord to the lower hook. The shade will be firmly held in place, and nothing short of a high wind or a rainstorm will cause noise enough to awaken you.

Knights of Trafalgar.

Very few people are aware of the existence of "The Knights of Trafalgar." Such a society was, however, established in 1869 in London to commemorate the battle of Trafalgar, and it now flourishes as a benevolent institution in Spitalfields, where, in fact, it originated. At the annual meeting the other day, the statement was made that last winter the Knights of Trafalgar distributed nearly 10,000 loaves of bread and about the same number of cwts. of coal, and it will be admitted that this is a worthy mode of paying honor to the name of Nelson. In 1869 Spitalfields was a very flourishing center; in these days it is a densely populated district, and the residents are almost entirely limited to the poorest class. Yet so admirable is the work done by the "Knights" that outdoor relief is now almost unknown in Spitalfields.

Impersonal Journalism.

Wife (looking over the paper)—Here is a long obituary notice of some man I never heard of. I wonder what he was.

Husband—The editor of the paper probably.

Only For a Moment.

"Really, now," mused the autumn leaf, "I don't seem to be on."

But just then it dropped.—Indianapolis Journal.

## SPORTS OF SAVAGES.

### QUEER GAMES WITH WHICH THEY AMUSE THEMSELVES.

The "Coroboree," a Weird and Fantastic Entertainment Indulged In by the Australian Bushmen—Ram Boeking in Khiva.

It has been said that the natives of uncivilized or semi-civilized countries had no sense of humor. A knowledge of their habits upsets this theory altogether. The Australian aborigines indulge in a form of entertainment known as the "coroboree," which is probably unequaled in the world for weird and fantastic effect. It is given on various occasions for public rejoicing, such as a victory over a hostile tribe, the killing of a large number of snakes, etc. It generally begins at dusk and does not end till dawn. This is the way it is done.

A large bonfire is lighted on an open space, around which the whole tribe collects—of course at a respectable distance. The dancers, who are always men, now retire to a neighboring bush to dress up or rather to put on their war paint. This is done literally, chalk, charcoal and ocher being freely used for the purpose. Then they emerge from the bush and strike up an attitude in front of the fire, as a sort of tableau vivant to the great astonishment of the crowd. Then they retire again for a few minutes and come out in a new rig out.

This is only a preliminary. In the actual performance the men emerge in twos and threes—dancing the while to the accompaniment of a couple of boomerangs rattled together by a player in front—and enter the ring in full view of the spectators. There they sing and dance, at first in a slow, melancholy, dreamy chant, then in a fierce, wild roar of triumph, to portray their various passions in love and war. Sometimes each gives his own version of affairs independently, and sometimes all dance together to illustrate some event of a national character.

When the interest of the spectators begins to flag, all the dancers vanish simultaneously into the bush for awhile. Suddenly one creeps out mysteriously and begins to mimic the actions, tone of voice, etc., of some public personage in the tribe who happens to be among the spectators. Then the others come out and follow suit, surrounding their unfortunate victim and irritating him by every means in their power, to the huge delight of the crowd, for this is a privileged occasion and in the absence of newspaper critics in the land a public opportunity for paying off old scores against their leading politicians.

The more the culprit objects and loses his temper the more they torment him, and make him miserable—till suddenly they transfer their attention to some other person whom they also consider fair game. Thus do the savages of Australia, who are the savages of all savages, enjoy themselves at the expense of their brethren.

Itinerant performers are common in the east. An Egyptian bear dancer goes about from house to house with a large and healthy looking brute. Through the bear's nose is a ring to which is tied a rope, and he is compelled to go through a series of dances and awkward performances. His claws are clipped.

The "bunder wallah," or monkey dancer of India, is always a favorite with the public. His stock in trade consists of two monkeys (a male and a female), a he goat and a bundle containing colored rags, bells, heads and other odds and ends. The two monkeys are first made to dance, skip, vault, turn somersaults, etc.; then as a reward for their skill they are solemnly married to each other. The female is dressed up in gorgeous rags, with bells, beads and other ornaments, and the marriage ceremony performed over the pair by the trainer. The rito varies according to local custom, but ends in every case in a triumphal ride for the bridegroom on the goat, leaving the bride disconsolate on the ground. Sometimes the goat is made to give an independent exhibition, which generally ends in his having to stand on four pieces of wood, one on top of another, and each no more than two inches in diameter. This serves to bring down the house, and often the goat with it.

In India are the snake charmers and jugglers famous the world over. In Japan expert street tumblers are common.

In Khiva an exhilarating sport is the ram fight. The two rams are taken 20 or 30 feet apart and then let go. They seem to recognize in each other their natural antagonist. So with bent head they rush furiously on and meet in the middle with a terrific crash. One would imagine that any skull would be smashed by such a collision; not so, however, with these rams. They are merely dazed for a moment, and immediately separated, so to speak, by their respective bottle holders. After a little rubbing down they are started afresh, with the same result, and so on, the contest continuing till one or other skull is cracked and the unfortunate beast rolls over. In the middle of a sort of raised platform is the local magnate, who usually presides on these occasions.

In India circus performers stroll from house to house and exhibit their skill upon the slightest pretense. A long pole is placed on the ground and held in position by four guy ropes. It carries two horizontal bars near the top for the support of the performers. That is all, the whole structure requiring about five minutes to rig up. Then the show begins.

One of the performers steps forward, salaams to the spectators and starts tumbling about the ground with various contortions, chanting the while in a weird monotone to the accompaniment of a tamtam. Then he jumps up, climbs up the pole and goes through a few more tricks on the horizontal bar. In the meantime another player steps forward and begins a game of his own. Being generally disguised in a fantastic manner, with feathers, skins, etc., he causes much merriment by his ludicrous mimicry of birds and animals, and thereby starts a shower of coppers from the bystanders. Then he throws off his disguise, does a few more antics on the ground, and finally climbs up the pole to join his colleague. There the two go through a few evolutions,

while perhaps a third performer begins on the ground.

In China a regular Punch and Judy show is a common street amusement. On high days and holidays the heathen Chinaman gives himself up entirely to enjoyment. All business is laid aside for the moment, and nothing short of a bombardment of their town by a foreign fleet would induce them to give up their fun for the day. Consequently thousands of paginated, pleasure seekers, attired in gorgeous flowing robes, are to be seen on such occasions promending the street and stopping now and again to enjoy the performances of these traveling showmen, the actors are wooden puppets, worked by invisible strings.

## SNAKES AS DECORATIONS.

### Samoa Dancing Girls Wreath Themselves With Reptiles.

For the most part the Pacific islands are destitute of snakes. That is absolutely the case in Hawaii. In New Zealand, equally free of these reptiles, the only knowledge which the Maoris had of snakes may be found in a legend of a monster called the taniwha, concerning which authorities differ as to whether it is the ancestral and dim recollection of a snake or of an alligator. All the eastern islands of Polynesia between these two outposts are snakeless.

Samoa seems to lie just on the boundary line of snakes in the Pacific. In the eastern islands of the archipelago no snakes are to be found; in Upolu a few are seen at rare intervals; in Savaii, only a few miles to the westward, they are common and attain great size, in the case of some kinds at least. None of them is venomous, and the islanders neither fear them nor exhibit any of that repugnance to their presence which is commonly called instinctive.

This indifference to the reptiles is made most markedly manifest at the hamlet of Iva, on the northeast coast of Savaii. Here are to be found small snakes of a most brilliant red color. They are so common that a basketful may be easily picked up in any banana patch. The dancing girls of this town are in the habit of employing these gaudy snakes for personal adornment in their dances. They tie them about their necks, their ankles and their wrists, festoon them in their headresses and tuck a few extra ones in the belt in readiness to replace such as escape in the dance. At their best these sivas danced by the Samoans are either dull or revolting shows of savagery. It can easily be imagined that they are made no more attractive when the taupou or village maid and her crew of attendant girls go careering about with an assortment of writhing red snakes. Still the Samoans, who have no stock of snake prejudices, look upon this as one of the most successful and artistic dances in their islands.—San Francisco Examiner.

## HARP AND BANJO STRINGS.

### The Best and Finest Grades Are Made in Italy.

"It has always been believed that violin, harp and banjo strings were made out of the viscera of the cat," explained a teacher of music to a Star reporter, "but I have considerable doubt that there ever was a string so made. The gut of a cat is no more suitable for such use than that of a mouse and as far as my investigation goes has never been so used. Violin strings are made of many kinds of skins, but principally out of sheepskins. The secret is in curing the skins, which has always been kept in Italy, where all the finer and better grades of strings are made. There are, however, several concerns in this country which turn out musical strings, and they make a very good grade, though they do not compare as yet with the Italian strings.

"All the poets who have sung of the musical insides of the cat were wrong. Even Shakespeare, who was phenomenally correct generally in his productions, fell into the prevailing error, probably because he did not take the trouble to look into the matter and accepted the general opinion. The various metallic or wire strings are improving constantly and are used in very large quantities and by the best musicians. They have one advantage over the skin strings when used out of doors in that they are not affected by the weather. In damp weather skin or gut strings, as they are generally named, are affected very much, and notwithstanding all the tightening, they are very frequently flat in tone. The wire string escapes that influence, though there is a certain effect, a timbre, technically speaking, that can be got out of a skin string that no wire string yet made will give you."—Washington Star.

## Averse to a Suit For Damages.

Some old fellow living in the southwest part of the state got into a scrap with a railroad conductor on account of the irregularity of his ticket. He lost a portion of his whiskers and was ejected from the train. He was so grieved over the affair that he engaged Joe Waters as his attorney to bring suit against the road.

Joe made up his suit and presented it to Bailie Waggener, the attorney for the Missouri Pacific. Waggener declared that he had never heard of the case and knew nothing about the affair. But Waters pressed him so closely that a compromise of \$500 was finally agreed upon and paid. Joe then wrote to his client, inclosing half of the sum received, saying that he had settled with the Missouri Pacific.

His client wrote back that he was satisfied with the amount received, but it wasn't the Missouri Pacific he was riding on, but a branch of the Southern Kansas.—Emporia Republican.

## Appreciated It.

"Believe me, Mr. Spoonamore," replied the young woman, with feeling, "that I am sensible of the honor you have done me in offering me your hand. I appreciate it!"

She paused, coughed slightly and went on:

"At its real value."

Nothing further was said, and presently the young man took his hat and faded away.

### A PATRON OF ART.

HE WAS NOT MUCH OF A JUDGE OF PICTURES, BUT BOUGHT THEM.

And When All Was Said and Done It Had to Be Acknowledged by the Painters Themselves That He Was a Real Patron.

There is a story you can hear if you want in Paris concerning two men of Cincinnati. Who the two men are, in the words of the poet, "I know, but may not tell." If I could tell—ah, that would be a seven days' scandal!

Both of them were supposed to be patrons of art. They were men of note and they had money galore. They did not know anything about pictures. They could not tell, unaided, a Rembrandt from a lithograph; but that is a trifle. They were patrons of art.

As to their names, I shall call one Smith and the other Jones. Well, Smith bought a picture and presented it to the Art museum. Then Jones went abroad and visited Paris, and there an artist whom I knew ran across him.

"I want," said Jones, "to give a picture to the museum. Smith has done so. I mustn't let him get ahead of me."

"My dear Mr. Jones," said the artist aforesaid, "I know exactly the picture for you. It was painted by Constant. It is now in Constant's studio. Let me take you there tomorrow and you shall see it. You will not get anything lovelier in all Paris."

The next day they went to Constant's studio. They were shown the picture. Constant himself shook hands with the great American patron of art. The other artist, the one who had taken Jones to the studio, praised the picture inordinately. It was indeed lovely, and it deserved the praise. The American was visibly impressed. He almost said he would buy it.

"And it is not a dear picture, all things considered," said his conductor. "How much?" said the patron.

"Twenty thousand francs—\$4,000."

"Oh!" From that moment the interest of the patron began to cool. He did not say again that he liked the picture. He took leave of the famous Constant almost curtly. He did not encourage his conductor to talk, and he would not himself say anything more about the picture.

Naturally the conducting artist thought it was all over. He made a feeble attempt to reopen the subject, but the patron of art said gruffly:

"No, no. That picture doesn't suit me."

Picturesque and severe things were said about that patron by that artist. He declared that the patron knew no more of art than a cow did. What business had such a man to an opinion about a picture?

"Of course," he would conclude at the end of each harangue, "the trouble was in the price. He is worth millions and he wouldn't pay \$4,000 for a beautiful picture—the barbarian!"

Suddenly the artist was astonished. The patron had bought a picture, and, behold, it was one which cost double the price of Constant's. What could it all mean?

The artist was a point blank man, and the next time he saw the patron he went at him bluntly.

"Now, Mr. Jones," said he, "I want you to tell me why you didn't buy Constant's picture. I suppose the price was too steep. But the one you bought at least cost twice as much, and you got sold in buying it."

"Why, look here," said the brilliant Jones, "old Smith gave the museum a picture that cost \$5,000—\$5,000, you understand. Do you suppose I can give it one that cost only \$4,000? What do you take me for?"

But he is a patron of art.—Cincinnati Commercial.

#### The Ingenuity of Woman.

There was no light in the house. Outside the rays of the electric lamp struck the wall and cast long, weird shadows of the trees. Upstairs in the front room a woman lay asleep. An alarm clock stood on the mantel at the foot of the bed.

A creak somewhere down the street had just struck two.

A man turned the corner and tottered toward the steps leading to the front door of the house. He mounted them. He made three or four frantic jabs with his latch key at the lock. Finally he succeeded in opening the door.

Upstairs the woman slept on.

The man sat down on the lower step of the flight for a few moments. He looked up once; then began the ascent, clutching the bannister to steady himself. He had taken four steps. A yell, as of keenest pain, cut the night. The woman started and sat up in bed. She glanced toward the creak, hardly distinguishable in the dimly lighted room, and saw that it was a quarter past two.

Then a smile of hard satanic delight curved her mouth. Another yell from the stairway and another and another. The woman sank back on her pillow and closed her eyes. And when the man had fallen sound asleep the woman arose quietly, and lighting the hall jet, crept down the stairs on her hands and knees picking up, as she went, the carpet tacks she had placed there, point up, before she had gone to bed.

And when she re-entered her room she muttered to herself, "Now I'll just see if he'll have the nerve to tell me in the morning that he got in at a quarter to 11. For a long time I've suspected him of taking off his shoes downstairs; now I know it."

### BRYAN IN A FIX.

Count Itsu, a Japanese Boy, Adopts Him as His Father—Queer Custom of Japan.

Colonel William Jennings Bryan is in sore trouble. The apostle of free silver has something worse than Republican majorities to worry him. His present ailment is not political or military but domestic. Mrs. Bryan shares the Colonel's sorrow, and each tenderly sympathizes with the other, while friends sincerely sympathize with both.

The cause of all the trouble in the Bryan household is astounding—nay, almost incredible. It made its appearance a few weeks ago when Colonel Bryan was spending a short time at home during his furlough. The Colonel one day was sitting in his parlor surrounded by eminent political friends with whom he was discussing grave matters of public concern, when on a sudden the front door was opened from without and a handsome Japanese lad of 19, gorgeously attired, entered the room in which sat the politicians.

Bowing with oriental dignity and grace, the strange visitor made straightway to the leader of the Democracy and handed him a card on which was engraved this:

COUNT ITSU,  
SAKURA, JAPAN.

"Father," said the boy, "I am at last here at home. Where is Mother Bryan?"

The stampede at the Chicago convention or the vote in his own State never took Colonel Bryan by more surprise, or by more unpleasant surprise, than did the appearance of this Japanese count. At first a dark frown clouded the mobile face of the Colonel, but presently the frown gave way to smiles and the smiles to laughter. The Colonel welcomed the Count and bade him be seated. Thus began the second act in the Colonel's serio-comic play. The third act is yet to come, but the second, now being played, is the climactic act and the most interesting.

Having begun this marvellous story in medias res, it is now the proper thing to go back a few laps and begin at the beginning. The scene changes from the prosaic town of Lincoln to the sunny slopes of Shimaso in Japan. There in the picturesque little town of Sakura lived the Count Itsu, young, ambitious and bold. He had passed through the best schools of his country and had gained all the knowledge his native masters could teach him. On every hand he had heard of the United States and of the people of their enterprise, their inventions, their liberty, their institutions, their big ships and their soldiers and their statesmen. Itsu's mind was made up. He would go to America, master its civilization, and then return to Japan and enter the Parliament of his country.

Now it would seem that in Japan there is a custom that permits a youth to choose for himself an adopted father and mother. This is a most convenient arrangement for the young people of a country, although it may be a little rough on the adopted parents—as Colonel and Mrs. Bryan have found out.

Itsu decided he would adopt a father and a mother in America as the best and the quickest way of gaining his end. His first thought involved a scheme to take up his residence at the White House, the very center of American institutions, so to speak, but then he remembered that the President had a war on his hands and might not be able to give him the necessary attention.

On second consideration he remembered Colonel Bryan, whose fame as a great American leader had crossed the broad Pacific. An American who could poll 6,000,000 votes must be a great man, thought the Count, and to Bryan he would go.

But he would write first and notify his father-to-be of the plan. In due time Colonel Bryan received the Count's letter.

"All I want," wrote young Itsu, "is to have you for my father and to live with you about seven years. By that time I shall understand America."

Now, Colonel Bryan answers very few letters, but he lost no time in directly replying to this. Colonel Bryan could, under no circumstances, accept the Count as an adopted son.

Colonel Bryan went off to the wars and thought no more of the young Japanese count until a short time ago when Itsu, in propria persona, presented himself to the Colonel's astonished eyes. Itsu placed his valise on the floor and announced that he had come to stay seven years!

Count Itsu lost no time after his arrival at the Bryan homestead. He began at once to assist in the housework. A more eager, willing servant was never seen in a household. In his leisure hours, which are many, he devours the newspapers and digs into Colonel Bryan's books, hopelessly trying to find out all about American institutions in a few days. He has even read Colonel Bryan's work on the campaign of '96. A book on economics is sweeter than Japanese persimmons to his mental palate.

After a siege of four or five days, in which he bothered Mrs. Bryan with the most pitiable pleadings to be allowed to do some work about the house, that lady surrendered to the eager, handsome, earnest oriental.

Colonel Bryan and his wife are busy trying to devise some plan of getting rid of Itsu without offending his delicate sensibilities.

Count Itsu is independently rich and is a nobleman of Japan.

#### British Pill Consumption.

Recent investigations have shown that the people of Great Britain swallow over 5,500,000 pills daily, or one pill a week for every person in the population.

#### Noble Venetian Family Now Extinct.

By the death of the widow of the last prince the name of the Venetian family Cavanelli, that had existed since 1230, has become extinct.

### ONLY 700 CITIZENS

INHABIT THE CAPITAL OF THE FALKLANDS; PORT STANLEY.

The Unique City That Will Be Headquarters of the New Naval Station of Great Britain, Which Is to Control the Magellans and Cape Horn—A Thrifty Community.

Port Stanley, the capital of the Falkland Islands, is shortly to become a coaling and naval station of Great Britain, and the fleet whose base it will be will thus command the Magellans and Cape Horn. This capital is one of the most unique towns in the world. Frank G. Carpenter, who recently visited the city, says it has only 700 citizens, including the Governor and all his officials, but it has more thrift and business than many towns of five times its size. It is perhaps the richest habitat of the world, for every one of its inhabitants has all he can eat and to spare. Port Stanley is situated on Stanley Harbor, just beyond Cape Pembroke, at the east end of East Falkland. Its harbor is a safe, land-locked bay, about half a mile wide and five miles long, with an entrance so narrow that a large ship could hardly turn about in it. Upon the south side of the harbor, running up a gently sloping hill, are a hundred or so neat one and two-story cottages. They are made of wood or stone, with ridge roofs of corrugated iron. This is Port Stanley. As you look at it from the steamer it makes you think of a German village, and as you come closer to it you find that every little house has its front yard and garden, and that the front doors of even the poorest of the cottages have vestibules. This is to shield the visitors and families from the cold wind. In nearly every window you see potted plants and flowers. Such things will not grow out of doors, and I venture that there is not a town of this size in the world which has so many greenhouses and conservatories.

Beside each house is a pile of what looks like cubes of well-rotted manure. This is peat. Peat forms the fuel of the town, and it comes from the bog on the top of the hill, at the foot of which Port Stanley lies. Everyone here can get his own fuel for the digging, and nearly every householder in Port Stanley goes to the moor and chops out his own peat blocks for the winter.

Some of the houses are quite pretentious. The manager of the Falklands Company has a house containing a dozen rooms, and the cottages of the Governor cover perhaps one quarter of an acre of ground, all of his rooms being on the ground floor. There are three churches, one of which is called the cathedral. This is presided over by the bishop of the Falklands. Another church is Roman Catholic and a third is a Baptist. There are two hotels or public houses where you can get a bed or a drink. If you want the latter you may have good Scotch whisky for six cents a glass and Bass' ale for four cents. There is a butcher shop which sells delicious mutton at four cents a pound and fairly good beef for eight cents a pound, so you see the necessities of life are cheap.

Port Stanley has a post office at which the monthly newspaper mail averages five pounds per family. It has a postal savings bank in which the deposits now amount to \$180,000. There are only 2,000 people in the Falklands, and the depositors in the postal savings bank number 350. The town has a Governor appointed by the Queen, who gets a salary of \$6,000 a year. It has other officials whose salaries foot up \$50,000 annually. It has an American Consul, a Kentuckian named Miller, who seems to be hand and glove with the Governor, and who is trying hard to earn his salary on these faraway islands, where there is no American trade and where there are not a dozen vessels in a century. The Consulate is a little cottage of three rooms and a lean-to such as could be built for \$100 in the United States. It is one of the most useless Consulates in our service, and there is no earthly reason for its existence except to give some politician a place. By the time this letter is published the present appointee will probably be back home, as an Iowa man has been chosen to succeed him.

#### Disappointed.

A little anecdote about Mr. Gladstone in the Chap Book makes itself welcome by teaching the great man's humorous side.

The Premier was invited to attend one of Punch's famous dinners. He was to meet Mr. Harry Furniss, who had, as one might say, discovered the Gladstone collar, and the entire company looked forward with amusement to the night when the ideal and the actual should thus confront each other.

The evening came, and Mr. Gladstone with it, but he wore a little band of white linen, behind which not even the lobe of the ear could be concealed. He had appreciated the situation and provided for it.

#### Broke the News Gently.

"You were a long time in the far corner of the conservatory with Mr. Willing last evening," suggested the mother. "What was going on?" "Do you remember the occasion on which you became engaged to papa?" inquired the daughter, by way of reply. "Of course I do. Then it ought not to be necessary for you to ask any questions." Thus gently the news was broken that they were to have a son-in-law.

#### Her Roundabout Proposal.

Affable Widow—Do you know, Herr Muller, my daughter Maud has set her eyes most lovingly on you?

Herr Muller (much flattered)—Has she, really? I have always considered her a sweet girl.

Affable Widow—Yes; only today she said, "That's the sort of gentleman I should like for my papa!"—Stray Stories.

### "The Cloister and the Hearth."

The pains Charles Reade took with this book, called first "A Good Fight" and afterward "The Cloister and the Hearth," were almost superhuman. His letters at this time are full of it. "I am under weigh again," he writes, "but rather slowly. I think this story will almost wear my mind out." Again, "I can't tell whether it will succeed or not as a whole, but there shall be great and tremendous and tender things in it." It is interesting to trace through these letters the gradual evolution of characters and scenes that have charmed millions of people since. In one of them he says: "Gerard is just now getting to France after many adventures in Germany. The new character I have added—Deuys, a Burgundian soldier, a cross-bowman—will, I hope and trust, please you."

Never was hope better founded. Since those words were written many and many a reader has lived over again the sayings and doings of this adventurer, with his everlasting "Courage, le diable est mort." Deuys' "foible," as we are told, was woman. "When he met a peasant girl on the road, he took off his cap to her as if she was a queen, the invariable effect of which was that she suddenly drew herself up quite stiff like a soldier on parade and wore a forbidding aspect."—London Academy.

#### A Trick That Won.

"Once, when Long John Wentworth was mayor of Chicago," says The Journal of that city, "a hot campaign was in progress. The rough element was showing signs of turbulence, and 'Long John' knew that the police force was totally unable to cope with it if there should be a riot. There wasn't much of any police force in those days. The few officers that there were didn't have any uniform outside of a plug hat. On the front of this was a semicircle of tin, with the man's number on it.

"There was no money to pay for additional officers, so 'Long John' thought himself of a bright scheme. He had a figure '0' added to the number on every one of those hats. On election day the different members of the force were stationed conspicuously where the trouble was most likely to break out. The roughs saw the numbers, '250,' '290,' '350,' etc., where they had before seen only '25,' '29' and '35.' The word went around that 'Long John' had added several hundred men to the police force, and the tough crowd were so intimidated that they never dared to do a thing."

#### Spanish-American Words.

Many English words are taken directly from the Spanish. When you speak of a Piccadilly collar, you are not using slang. The "piccadillo" is a collar which at one time was worn by all men of position in Spain.

A few years since many American cities boasted of companies of volunteer soldiers called grenadiers.

The first grenadiers were in Grenada. Our marines, of whom we are specially proud just now, got their name by clipping the last syllable of "marineros," which is the equivalent Spanish word.

Rye bread without caraway seeds would not be rye bread at all. Caraway is a purely Spanish word, derived from "alcarra bueya."

The hammock on your veranda got its name from the Spanish "hamaca," although that is not purely a Spanish word. Columbus got it from the Indians 400 years ago.

There are many other examples. "Banana," "apricot," "Canada," "duel" and "palaver" are all directly from the Spanish.

#### Another Tight Squeeze.

"John," said Mrs. Younglove, "do you know that you forgot something when you went away this morning?"

Mr. Younglove thought for a moment, and then replied:

"No, I didn't know that I had. What was it?"

She put her handkerchief to her eyes and sobbed. Finally, when she could trust herself to speak, she answered:

"You—you kissed the baby before you started, but you didn't kiss auyb-b-body else."

"Oh-ho," he laughed. "So you did notice it, eh?"

A glad light came into her eyes, and, throwing her arms around him, she said:

"And did you do it just to try me?"

"Er—yes," he answered, and then felt so good over his cleverness that he had to go out and buy himself a quarter's worth of cigars.—Cleveland Leader.

#### Heat and Cold on the Moon.

Professor F. W. Vory has lately made some new experiments relating to the heat and cold of the moon. He finds that its rocks, except near the poles, must glow in the sunshine with a temperature above that of boiling water, while during the lunar night the temperature sinks almost to the level of absolute zero—a burning and a freezing desert every fortnight alternately.

#### To Muzzle Cocks.

Mr. Harrison Weir recommends a muzzle as a cure for crowing cocks. Before a cock crows he stands up, flaps his wings and opens wide his beak. Mr. Weir suggests a light wire headgear, which, while not preventing the bird from eating and drinking, would not allow it to open the beak wide enough to crow.

### DRESS AND FASHION.

EXTREMES AND AUDACITIES OF THE WINTER'S MODES.

Fur and Feathers Commingle on Hats, and the Former Borders Evening Gowns—Chenille Fringe in Vogue—Sleeves Grow Less.

One of the most amazing features of fashion promised by Paris is an audacious mingling of fur with feathers. This appears on all the latest millinery. The sable toques will have pheasants' feathers round them, ostrich feathers will take strips of obichilla down their stems, and feathers from the breast of the common or poultry yard duck will appear in combination with mink. It may also be observed, as another inter-



EVENING GOWN OF LACE OVER SILK. Interesting item of French modes, that fur coats of the latest principles show many ruffings of chiffon, an admirable example of this being in sable with chiffon in a lighter shade of brown.

Aprons of furs, many of the evening dresses from London and Paris are bordered with fur, but the very newest trimming is made of chenille fringes with an applique of lace flowers traced with embroidery. Very elaborate evening dresses are also made of chiffon with lace trimmings. The evening gown illustrated bears the new feature of a lace overskirt on a soft satin foundation of rose pink and is hemmed with roses. Soft pink is draped round the back under the arms and fastened with a jeweled ornament. Over the lace underbodice and round the waist is a belt of bright cerise velvet fastened with a buckle.

The second sketch is an equally elaborate house gown of pale mauve plaited mousseline de soie with an overdress of cream lace with black chenille applique on the flounce.

The comfortable looseness of the pouched bodice and the easy skirt of yesteryear have been displaced by a most uncomfortable tightness. The bodices, it is true, may have the appearance of looseness, but it is only a hal-



A HOUSE GOWN.

low illusion, they are not really so. They must be mounted on a tight fitting, well boned lining, and the most popular style is the crossover form, the folds swathed over and fastened on the left side. It is universally becoming.

Sleeves are smaller and smaller—and beautifully less. Neither puff nor epaulet is really bon port, though either is still used, and the sleeves are buttoned as far as the elbow to allow the hand to pass through. For evening wear the sleeve is almost nil unless for demitole, when it is a plain elbow sleeve finished off with a full deep frill of lace.

**THE POLICE MAGISTRATE.**

A matter which might well claim the attention of the City Council is the payment of a salary to the Police Magistrate. If a sum not less than \$250.00 per annum be paid, all fines for offences committed in the city limits go to the city. Judging from experience of the past the city would not lose anything as it is safe to say that the fines would more than equal the salary to be paid. Mr. Abrams has always shown a disposition to administer justice as it should be. We claim that his services should be rewarded, although he has not asked for any emolument, and—we may add—had not the slightest intimation that this reference would be made.

Even Col. Ingersol is denouncing the horrible outrages being every day perpetrated down south, in the name of justice. He says:

"I suppose these outrages, these frightful crimes make the same impression on my mind as they do on the minds of all civilized people. I know of no words strong enough, bitter enough to express my indignation of the horror. These horrors perpetrated in the name of justice. The Savages who did these things belong to the superior race, are citizens of a great republic. Yet it does not seem possible such fiends are human beings. They are a disgrace to the country, our century and the human race. Let me say what I have said is flattery compared with what I feel. When I think of other lynchings of a poor man mutilated and hanged without the slightest evidence, of the Negro who said these murders would be avenged and who was murdered for the utterance of a natural feeling, I am utterly at a loss for words. Are the white people insane? Has mercy fled to beasts? Has United States no power to protect citizens? A nation that cannot or will not protect citizens in the time of peace has no right to ask its citizens to protect it in the time of war."

Yet these be the people who 'have a mission' to spread 'enlightenment' abroad.

As was to be expected, change of venue has been granted in the Trent River Case. It is far better for all concerned that the trial should be held under such circumstances as to remove the slightest suspicion of partiality from the verdict.

Does any officer of our army or navy or any President of the United States deserve more the applause of the American people than the firemen, who risk their lives to save the lives of others from burning buildings—or our coast-guard men who risk and lose their lives to save drowning sailors—or our policemen, who risk and lose their lives in protecting the lives and property of their fellow-citizens—or our Red Cross nurses and Sisters of Charity, who risk and lose their lives on battle-fields and in the hospitals?—"Our Dumb Animals."

A Magazine that richly merits encouragement is "Our Dumb Animals," edited by Geo. T. Angell. A man who devotes life to preaching and practising the gospel of kindness is most certainly doing a noble work, and—whether Christian, Jew, or Moslem—has something in his character very like to that God of kindness whom we all acknowledge.

The output of the Cape Breton coal mines for March was 120,543 tons.

The Islander said editorially last issue — ? — ?? — !! — !!!

**FARMERS' INSTITUTE.**

The daughters of Eve are commonly accused of being prone to the too frequent use of that dangerous member of human anatomy—the tongue, but the last meeting of the Farmers' Institute served as a refutation of the slander (or an exception to prove the rule).

The evening was to be devoted to the discussion of housekeeping but, unfortunately, Mrs. Horace Smith, who was to lead, and Mrs. Duncan, who was to reply, were both unavoidably absent, and none of the ladies present cared to open the ball. Then Mr. Landells gallantly came to the rescue. While he was looking over the paper on Housekeeping, several ladies and gentlemen favored the audience with accounts of their personal and more or less (generally less) successful experience in the 'cooking' line. One said that if you cooked an egg 20 minutes, it was far more digestible than if you cooked it only 5. Some of us doubting Thomases were inclined to think that if Dewey had a cargo of eggs like that now he'd make short work of bombarding the Filipinos.

Recipes for cooking plum-pudding, steak, cake, &c. followed. Then came Mrs. Smith's paper, which proved instructive and interesting, and was appreciated by all. At this stage of the meeting some one made a pointed attack on Mr. Cairns' capabilities as a cook, but that gentleman repelled the charge with becoming spirit. Another gentleman urged his wife to talk to the meeting the way she talked to him sometimes, but it was no use. Stories and songs took up the remained of the time till refreshments arrived. Then we older folks wended our way home, leaving the young people to trip the light fantastic till weary nature clamored loud for rest.

**TO NANAIMO BY WHEEL.**

Leaving Cumberland in the morning, one can easily reach Nanaimo by noon next day. From Cumberland to the Wharf the road is rather heavy. After you pass Howe's Hotel it is much better. There are a few small streams on the way which can be crossed on fallen trees. The bridges are rather rough, and in places along the line one has to dismount. When you reach the end of the upper road, you must take to the beach and follow the telegraph line a distance of about half a mile to the beginning of the lower road.

The ride along the beach is very

pleasant, and one is refreshed by the cool sea breezes. There are many small streams, abounding in trout and you can combine a fishing expedition with your ride.

If you care to stop over night at Englishman River or Qualicum, you can get very good accommodations, but it is better to take lunch along. The worst trouble with the trip is the number of small trees lying across the road in places. Still, on account of having to cross so many streams, it is better to make the trip on a wheel than on horse-back.

When the bridges are built and a little more work is done along the line, we shall have a very good road to Nanaimo.

**LETTERS to the Editor.**

(This space for Correspondents)

TO THE EDITOR CUMBERLAND NEWS.

Allow me to ask a few questions, state a few facts, and make one proposition in relation to the Liquor Question, which is now the great DILEMMA of the Dominion Parliament. The Montreal Weekly Witness of March 14th, says "Sir Wilfrid has chosen his horn at last," that is, he wrote to Mr. F. S. Spence from Ottawa on March 4th to the effect that the majority for prohibition was too small to warrant legislation. On the third of last November he is reported to have said that "it was a pure clean disinterested vote and under the circumstances a large one." I ask what were the circumstances? Did not the liquor dealers have recourse to every device that fraud and lies could invent to gain their object? Now, when they were beaten by over ten thousand pure, clean, disinterested votes, will Sir Wilfrid tell us we have only about one fifth of the voters on our side? Would not common sense, common decency and common honesty show any man that those who voted on neither side should not be counted on either side? Does the vote taken on the 29th of last September deserve the name of Plebiscite if that word names the voice of the common people? In two years the census will be taken over the whole Dominion and if no prohibition law is passed till then let us see to it that without expense we have the WILL of the people shown on prohibition.

S. F. C.

**DROWNING ACCIDENT.**

A very sad accident occurred at the Lake Tuesday when Wm. Beveridge, an employee of the U. C. Co., lost his life. The deceased had been working hard the previous night and took a holiday to go out fishing on Tuesday. It appears he undertook to cross the river just above the falls in a little skiff. The current proved so strong that he broke a rowlock trying to stem the tide and, seeing his danger, got out of the boat to wade ashore, when the rush of water swept him over the falls.

He was 31 years of age and always bore a good reputation among those who knew him. The inquest was held Thursday night and a verdict of accidental death (coupled with a recommendation to erect a suitable warning sign near the fall) returned.

The funeral took place from Grant's Undertaking Rooms Friday morning to Comox Catholic Church in the cemetery of which the body was interred. May he rest in peace.

**The Union Department Store.**

Our Shoe Stock is now complete.

**Boys, Gents, Misses, Ladies, Infants, Childrens.**

Please do us the favor to call and inspect our stock before purchasing elsewhere. It will not be time wasted.

**Simon Leiser**

**LOCAL BRIEFS.**

Mr. Jas. Reed is enlarging his cottage.

Mines Inspector Morgan was in town this week.

Men's sweaters and underwear at REDUCED PRICES at Stevenson & Co.

The witnesses in the Dexter trial returned from Vancouver Wednesday.

Mr. H. Reifel Manager of the Union Brewery Co. Nanaimo, was up this week.

**HOTEL ARRIVALS.**—Cumberland Hotel: W. McGarr, J. P. Malkin, Vancouver.

Men's cottonade smocks at 90c, worth \$1.25, at Stevenson & Co.

Rev. Father Durand will celebrate Mass in St. John's Catholic Church, Sunday at 11 a. m.

Dr. Bailey made the down trip on his wheel and returned by boat from Nanaimo Wednesday.

**LOST.**—A ladies waterproof cape Sunday April 16th, near the Chinese cemetery. A reward to finder if brought to Mrs. J. Roe.

Rev. Father Durand is making extensive improvements on his lot corner of Penrith and First Streets.

See our blue and brown serges, and merinos at 25c worth 40 and 50 cents Stevenson & Co.

Mr. Abrams came up from Vancouver last boat and held an inquest on the corpse of Wm. Beveridge (the victim of the drowning accident) Thursday evening.

The Oddfellows (I. O. O. F.) will attend devine service, Sunday evening at the Presbyterian Church. All Oddfellows are requested to meet at lodge room at 6:30 p. m.

There were 23 candidates writing the High School entrance examination at Courtenay. The general opinion is that the question were easy, although some complained of the difficulty of the geography paper.

FOR BARGAINS go to Stevenson & Co.'s Removal Sale.

The ladies of Trinity Church are sparing no efforts to make the Dramatic Entertainment Monday night a success and judging from the ability of those taking part, we have every reason to expect a most pleasant evening.

Single Harness \$10.00, \$15.00, and \$20.00. A first class rubber trimmed harness at \$30.00. All hand made. No machine stitching. Union Oak Tanned leather. At Willard's.

**THE CONCERT.**

A fairly large audience attended the concert at Cumberland Hall on Tuesday night. The program was very good, but none of those taking part seemed to be at their best though most of the numbers were loudly encored. Following is the program:

- Piano Solo..... Miss Abrams
- Vocal Solo..... Mr. Searle
- Instrumental Selection..... Orchestra
- Vocal Solo..... Mr. Ramsay
- Stump Speech..... Mr. Kemp
- Piano Solo..... Miss Maxwell
- Vocal Solo..... Mr. Hutchinson
- Inst. Instrumental Selection..... Orchestra
- Vocal Solo..... Mr. Richards
- Song..... Mr. Howells
- Comic Song..... Mr. Ramsay

Miss Beiram, the painstaking organizer of the concert, played most of the accompaniments in her usual pleasing manner.

**TRINITY GUILD.**

The ladies of Trinity Guild will hold a meeting at Trinity Church next Tuesday (May 2d) at 3 p. m. All ladies of the congregation are earnestly requested to attend this meeting.

When in need of harness of any kind, call at Willard's Harness Shop, and he can supply you with harness very little in advance of Eastern prices.

**Union Brewery.**

Fresh Lager Beer THE BEST..... IN THE PROVINCE  
STEAM—Beer, Ale, and Porter.

A reward of \$5.00 will be paid for information leading to conviction of persons withholding or destroying any kegs belonging to this company.

**HENRY REIFEL, Manager.**