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THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

NINTH YEAR. CUMBERLAND, B. C. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 3, 1901.

WE have during the past week added to our Stock 12 cases of

British and Foreign Manufactured Dry Goods

Also 36 pieces of *Carpet*, besides *Carpet Squares, Rugs, Mats*, &c. Received by direct importation.

We beg to inform our friends that all British manufactured goods are cheaper than heretofore.

Your inspection invited.

—AT—

Simon Leiser's

Nicholles & Renouf, Ld.

61 YATES STREET, VICTORIA, B. C.

HARDWARE, MINE AND MINERS' MACHINERY, AND FARMING AND DAIRYING IMPLEMENTS OF ALL KINDS.

Agents for McCormick Harvesting Machinery.

Write for prices and particulars. P. O. Drawer 583.

STORE TALK FOR 1901

IF YOU ARE DESIROUS

Of increasing your business there is nothing draws Customers like a Fine Store—the best advertisement.

Let us figure on New Fixtures. Send us a plan and we furnish estimates free of charge.

WEILER BROS.,

COMPLETE FURNISHERS. VICTORIA, C.

NEW STOCK!

MEN'S

Spring and Summer Suits.

Men's Felt Hats,

All shades, colors and shapes.

Full stock of SHOES just in.

—AT—

C. J. MOORE'S

THE WRECKED MINE.

Work has proceeded night and day, without intermission, to enable workmen to begin operations at the bottom of No. 6 shaft. Last Wednesday, the water was sufficiently low to uncover the body of Robert Steele, the late cager, at the bottom of that shaft. The remains were easily identified, and were brought to the surface shortly afterwards in a coffin. The Orange Society, of which deceased was a member, took charge. The funeral took place the same day. On Friday, a party consisting of Supt. Little, Manager Matthew, Inspector T. Morgan, E. Pries, M. E., and others, forced a passage from No. 5 shaft to a point within 50 feet of No. 6, where the depth of water prevented further progress. On the main drive this party found the bodies of William Walker, jr., close by were the two mules and a full trip of coal boxes. The body was near the drum in No. 3 incline.

The funeral of the late Willie Walker was largely attended by relatives, friends, and brethren and sisters of I. O. L. True Blues, of which he had been a member. The procession was headed by W. M. T. Ripley, and chaplain A. Rowan. Bro. Jno. McLeod was conductor. The lodge was in regalia, except the sisters, who, while attending funerals, do not wear insignia.

Strenuous exertions were made to lower the remaining water and clear debris from No. 6 so as to allow work to proceed from that end. This was finally accomplished by the next day, and on Sunday, No. 1 incline was successfully entered and the bodies of Wm. Sneddon, George Turnbull, and a Chinese were found and removed. Later, those of Thos. Lord, A. Smith, and P. Bono were recovered. All these show signs of having been killed instantly by the force of the explosion. Snedden, evidently having been sitting down eating his lunch at the mouth of his stall when caught. There is no doubt that the searchers are now close to the spot where the explosion originated.

The bodies of Luigi Simondi and of Jno. Whyte were recovered Monday. No work was done in the pits Monday or Tuesday, except the recovery work in No. 5 and funerals kept occurring at intervals through those days. Two Chinese were brought up Monday night, Jno. Whyte's help and a tracklayer.

TO THE DEAF.

A rich lady cured of her Deafness and Noises in the Head by Dr. Nicholson's Artificial Ear Drums, gave $10,000 to his Institute, so that deaf people unable to procure the Ear Drums may have them free. Address No. 14517 The Nicholson Institute, 780 Eighth Avenue, New York, U.S.A.

TELEGRAPHIC NOTES.

General Funston has captured Aguinaldo. He went at it in old frontier style, and succeeded. We feel sorry for the comic papers. Their stock of "Aggy" jokes will now be flat.

Russia is making every preparation for war at Odessa, on the Black Sea.

Van Anda finds Japs not equal to whites. Probably the Japs would not wait for their cash.

A mine has been discovered under the Czar's summer palace near St. Petersberg. High officials are implicated.

Bubonic plague is spreading in Capetown.

Mammoth railway companies are rivalling each other to get a footing in B. C. and Vancouver Island. Between them we may be able to dictate terms. One anticipating is that our island is being looked at with longing eyes by railway men.

Joe Martin's bill will legalize champerty. It might as well be legal for there are lawyers who will do it anyhow.

There will be amendments to the game laws. Large numbers favour the "no sale" clause.

B. C. Government invites proposals to build Coast Boundary railway up to April 15th.

PERSONAL.

Mr. John Carlew is up on a business visit.

Miss Todd of Messrs. Stevenson & Co. returned last Wednesday after spending some time in California.

Miss McAlpine is up on a visit to Mrs. R. Robertson.

Mr. Massey, mentioned in the Free Press as having started to drive Dr. H's place from Nanaimo, arrived here Sunday. He still has his fishing impediments, but the festive trout is lacking.

DWARF ESSEX RAPE.

Dr. Withycombe, vice-director of the Oregon Experiment Station at Corvallis, has been good enough to to present the Department of Agriculture with a sack of seed of Dwarf Essex Rape, raised by himself at the station, and is therefore guaranteed pure. Mr. Anderson will be glad to distribute this seed amongst those of our farmers who are desirous of trying this fodder plant. Mr. F. W. Hodson says it is the best producer of pork and mutton he knows of.

Giovanni Annino, a miner, was injured seriously last week. He was riding on the pilot of No. 3 engine while going to No. 4 slope for the afternoon shift. As the engine was stopping, he got off in front, and in attempting to step clear, one foot somehow caught on a tie and threw him down. The engine had still movement enough to push him along the track in front of the cow-catcher, one shoulder caught on a tie and the force behind doubled his body up, breaking his back. He is alive in the hospital and doing fairly, but it cannot yet be known whether he will recover or not. It is against the rules to ride on the pilot and the engineer had no idea that anyone was there at the time.

A PURE GRAPE CREAM OF TARTAR POWDER

DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER

Highest Honors, World's Fair
Gold Medal, Midwinter Fair

Avoid Baking Powders containing alum. They are injurious to health

LOCALS.

Hot X Buns at Morrochi's next Friday—Good Friday.

J. Potter sustained a slight injury to one foot last week.

FOR SALE—A pure bred Jersey bull calf.—A. Urquhart, Courtney.

Bourassa should spell his name in a new way. For instance, Boer-as-a might suit.

Canny John Todd came up to visit us Friday. The ice water was strong, but Johnnie got back all right.

The Council will most probably submit a by-law re loan to install the electric light, in the near future.

Following are the Custom returns for the month of March:

Exports, Dutrabe	$3,733
Free	852

Mr. Donald McKay, on Monday, heard by wire of the death of his brother's wife at Extension. He and his brother William started for Nanaimo overland.

One of our worshy city fathers last Sunday was hiked suddenly out of his bed in the early morning by a gunshot report and the sound of shot spattering on the roof. He first thought of Boers, but it was only an irate householder shooting pigeons that were dancing a hornpipe on his roof.

Sunday next—Easter Sunday—will be Mr. Gray's last service at Trinity Church. After leaving Union he intends making a tour of Oregon, California and Colorado visiting friends, before entering upon his duties in Wisconsin. He will also visit our late rector, Rev. Mr. Haslam, at St. Paul. We wish him God speed wherever he may go.

Mr. H. P. Collis has received notification of his appointment as official administrator for this district. This is an appointment which should have been made long ago, and will be one of great convenience. The choice is a good one, Mr. Collis' business ability and known integrity eminently fitting him for a position of that trust.

The Rev. Mr. Hicks most successfully conducted the cantata "The Good Shepherd" in the Methodist Church last week. About 60 of the best local talent helped to make it a success, and the attendance was large. A mixed concert was held after the cantata. The proceeds, we understand, will go to the widows and orphans fund. Mr. Hicks intends repeating the performance soon.

A TRANSFORMATION.

How did she change me? Who can tell?
I met her, and a pleasing spell
Touched with a color all its own
My lonely life's gray monotone;
Hopes that I only knew by name
Awoke expectant when she came;
Feelings, like buds 'neath sunny skies,
Warmed by the summer of her eyes,
Bloomed vividly, and I, whose heart
Had seemed a thing from life apart—
I who had lived amid the throng
In silence—heard an opening song.
Shake through its prelude blithe and free
When first she smiled to welcome me.
—William Woodward in Chambers' Journal.

The Coming of the Professor

By W. R. Rose.

It was a bright morning in early September. The air was crisp and cool, and the roads were free from dust. The young woman in the shining trap with its handsome chestnut horse had greatly enjoyed her five mile drive from the distant blue hills to the wayside railway station. She was a handsome girl of erect carriage and faultless coat and hat, and the station master touched his own hat as an unaccustomed tribute to this perfect visitor.

The girl leaned forward and called to him. "Mr. Watkins, is the 2:30 as late as usual today?"

"Been here and gone, miss," the man replied. "You can see her smoke above the trees there across the medder. Actially on time today," he chuckled.

The girl looked vexed.

"That's very provoking!" she cried. "I came to meet a stranger, an elderly gentleman. Did you see him?"

The station master shook his head.

"No such person got off here," he drawled. "The only passenger"— But Helen Vane with a hurried "Thank you" and a light crack of the whip was driving up the road on the way home.

She had come to the station to meet Professor Gray. She had never seen this eminent scholar, and she was quite sure she never desired to see him. Her father had written to her to meet the elusive educator, and her father's wishes were law. He had run across the professor several times at social gatherings and seemed to be charmed with him. He certainly must have been charmed with him or he never would have invited him to pass a September week at Eagle's Nest, the Vanes' summer home.

Helen had pictured to herself the man likely to captivate her father. Some staid and venerable individual, of course, with a brain crammed with intellectual sawdust and a range of conversation that covered the whole scientific gamut from cuneiform inscriptions to troglodytes and microbes. Nice sort of man to have around for a whole week—and papa away too. Of course this professor was a bright man in his own stubbly field and had delivered some astonishingly well prepared lectures. Her papa had said so, and papa was a good judge of all that sort of thing. But he very evidently was not a good judge of an all round agreeable guest.

Luckily the professor hadn't come. Helen couldn't be blamed for that. She had met, or at least tried to meet, the train her father said he would take, and he hadn't come. Her conscience was easy.

And then Rupert suddenly pricked up his ears. Helen Vane looked ahead and saw the cause. It was a man. Evidently a young man, for he walked with a long, firm stride, and his shoulders were broad and square. A satchel held by a strap was slung across one of these broad shoulders. He wore a blue flannel suit and a light soft hat. Evidently a summer tourist idly rambling about the hills.

As Helen neared him he looked around and raised his hat. He was a bright faced fellow, with dark hair, and Helen fancied he must be still on the sunny side of 30. She stiffly nodded and drove on. But when she had gone a few hundred feet she drew in Rupert and waited.

"I beg your pardon," she said, with her grand air; "did you arrive at the station by the 2:30 accommodation?"

He stood beside the trap with his hat off. He certainly looked very well without it.

"I did," he answered.

"And was one of your fellow passengers an elderly gentleman—an elderly gentleman who looked as if he might be a—a scholar?"

"An elderly gentleman?" repeated the stranger.

"Yes. I was on my way to meet him, but the train, which is usually late, arrived just before I did. He is Professor Gray, a friend of my father. Perhaps you have heard of him."

"The name has a slightly familiar sound," the stranger said. "Let me see. Isn't he tall and very spare?"

"Y-yes," said Helen.

"And quite gray and wrinkled and wears large shiny glasses—and stoops a good deal and seems creaky about the joints?"

"I have never met him," said Helen, a little taken aback by the extreme accuracy of the portrait, "but I think he answers your description very closely. And you saw him?"

The stranger shook his head.

"No," he said in a tone of deep regret. "I am quite sure there was no such person on the train."

Helen Vane slightly frowned.

"Thank you very much," she said stiffly as she gathered up the reins.

"It is very kind of you to show so much solicitude," said the stranger thoughtfully. "It would be very unpleasant to have so old a gentleman go astray and lose himself among these hills. He might not be found for days."

Helen touched her whip to Rupert, and he bounded away. But when they came to the long hill she let the glossy chestnut have his head, and presently the stranger with his long light stride overtook her again. He bowed and smiled and strode on. When the top of the hill was reached, he was standing by the roadside and looking down into the valley. He did not turn as she neared him, but he spoke.

"Oh, oh," he cried as if to himself, "what a beautiful view! The pine trees marching down the hills, the tinted square of meadow land below, the thread of sparkling silver between! How lovely!"

"You seem to enjoy scenery," said Helen, with a faint smile, his exuberance was so boyish.

"It fills me with such delight that I want to dance," he answered. "You see, I haven't had much chance to gratify myself along this line for several years, and it's like an intoxicant to me."

"If you stay long in this neighborhood," smiled Helen, "I'm afraid your intoxication will become a continuous performance." She began to like this big boy. He was really an interesting study.

But just then there came an interruption. It was the shrill voice of a boy, and it was raised in a mingling of fear and anger. The stranger turned quickly and looked up the road. Then he started ahead at a lively lope. Helen drove after him at a more cautious gait. When she had turned a bend in the road, an amusing picture met her gaze. A small boy had a big bony steer penned in a corner of the fence, and the steer had its head down and its eyes looked red and fierce, and it was probably debating the feasibility of a swift charge past its juvenile jailer. A coil of rope dangled from the boy's hand. It had evidently slipped from the steer's horns.

The stranger had flung down his satchel, and was marching straight toward the animal.

"Look out, mister," shouted the small boy in an agony of apprehension, "he'll hook you quicker'n scat!"

But the stranger steadily advanced. The steer swayed its heavy head to and fro, and its red eyes were fixed on the new enemy.

"Lordy," wailed the boy, "he'll rip th' stuffin outen you!"

And then with a swift spring the stranger caught the animal firmly by the horns. "Give me the rope," he cried. He caught the cord with one hand and quickly knotted it about the horns.

"Can you lead him now?" he asked as he drew the animal into the road.

"Yep," replied the boy, "he's all right when he's roped." Then he shyly added, "You did that mighty quick an slick, mister."

The stranger laughed.

"I haven't forgotten that I was brought up in the country," he said.

He picked up his satchel and turned and met the gaze of Helen Vane. She halted Rupert a few feet away.

"If you are going any farther this way, sir," she said, "I would be pleased to have you accept this vacant seat." And she pointed to the cushion beside her.

He bowed, but shook his head.

"Many thanks," he said, "but I'm enjoying this walk quite too much to lose a foot of it. I'd be glad to have you give my satchel a lift, however. Will you?"

Helen bit her lip as she stiffly nodded. Really this young man had an amazing amount of assurance. To refuse a seat beside Helen Vane! She felt like tossing his satchel into the road and driving away from him like the wind. But she didn't. She held in Rupert instead, and the stranger briskly walked beside him.

"Good horse you have here," he presently said.

"Yes," she answered.

"I love horses," he went on. "Always did. Is he fast?"

"He has done a mile in 2:30."

The stranger stopped.

"Here is a lovely straight bit of road," he said. "Tell you what I'll do. I'll race you to that big oak tree ahead there. It must be fully 250 yards." And before she could reply he had whipped off his hat, coat and vest and laid them on the seat with a hasty "if you don't mind."

"Standing start, of course!" he cried as he dropped into the sprinter's attitude. "At three we start. I'll count. One, two, three!" And he was off like a shot.

Helen Vane touched Rupert with the whip, and he bolted forward. But the runner had the advantage of the start, and by the time Rupert had settled down to work the stranger was a good 100 feet ahead and running very fast. Rupert overhauled him rapidly, but the sprinter came in ahead at least a dozen feet.

"Ain't I a runner from Rapid Run?" he panted as Helen drew Rupert down. "And all out of training too."

Helen couldn't help laughing at the pleasure he so evidently felt in his own prowess.

"The offer of the vacant seat still holds good," she said, with a cordiality that she couldn't account for.

"Thanks again," he said as he donned his vest and coat. "But I fancy I'd better lope along and cool off gradually." Then he added, "We haven't much farther to go, have we?"

"I stop at the gates there," said Helen coldly, and she pointed ahead. Then she looked down and caught his laughing eye. A sudden thought seized her. "Wh-why," she stammered. "You can't mean that you—that you"— She could get no further. A hot flush surged across her cheeks.

He took off his hat. "I'm sorry, very sorry, that I fall so far short of your ideal," he said in humble tones.

"And you are"— She paused again, as if she half expected him to deny his identity.

"I am George Armitage Gray, at your service," he said.

She looked at him a moment longer, and then she laughed merrily.

"Well, professor," she cried half hysterically, "I think you are fully entitled to use my very best hat for a football."

His laugh mingled with hers.

"And now that the cooling process seems to be over," he gayly cried, "do you think you can make room beside you for the wasted form and the rusty joints of the aged scholar?"

I can, venerable sir," replied Helen gravely. "Wait, please, and I will alight and assist you to the seat."

And even Rupert seemed to appreciate the humor of the situation as he gayly trotted between the gates and up the broad avenue.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Rattlesnake Oil.

In thousands of communities there is a firm belief that a buckeye or horse chestnut carried in the pocket will keep away rheumatism or cure it if the wearer already has it.

It is believed that for warts the notching of an elder twig—one notch for each wart—and its burial in a secret place will cause warts to disappear.

In Pennsylvania the oil of rattlesnakes is preserved most carefully as a liniment, especially good for sore joints and for rheumatism. In procuring the oil the dead snake is nailed head and tail to a board and cut open. The fat is taken out and laid upon a cloth in the hot sun, from which the filtered oil drips into a jar. For fear that the reptile may have bitten itself the clear oil is tested by dropping a portion of it into milk. If it floats in one globule, it is regarded as unaffected. If, on the other hand, it breaks into beads and curdles the milk, it is determined as poisonous and thrown away. Skunk oil in like manner holds a great place among country cure alls.

UNCONFESSED.

She may seek to flirt and flout me,
She may seem to dream and doubt me,
She may lead me devious ways
With her wiles about me;
But, beyond it—ah, she knows
By her footstep my heart goes!

She may will to tease and try me,
She may choose to run and fly me,
She may give me stint of praise
And be seldom nigh me;
But, beside it—ah, she knows
By her footstep my heart goes!

She may cozen and deceive me,
She may show pretense to leave me,
She may turn away her gaze
Thinking thus to grieve me;
But, beneath it—ah, I know
By my heart her footsteps go!
—Post Wheeler in New York Press.

THE DEATH BIRD

BY M. QUAD.

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Long enough before I, a lieutenant of infantry, made my first trip across the great Staked plains of Texas as an escort to a couple of civil engineers I had heard of the death bird of the desert. No living man had ever seen it, but there were plenty who had heard its notes, and its notes always meant danger. One might travel to and fro on the Staked plains for a year and never see a bird of any sort except about their edges. The only living things to be met with are serpents, lizards, scorpions and skulking wolves. The aridness and desolation are too much even for the buzzards.

The death bird, so the legend went, appeared only at night, and then no man saw him. He came to give warning. His notes were peculiar, and no hunter could imitate him, but one hearing them in the silence of the night and the desert could make no mistake. Before making the trip an old hunter said to me:

"There is but one danger to look out for—the Apaches. They may follow you clear across the desert. They will not attack you by daylight, but at night, without your having seen a sign of them, they will creep upon you as softly as serpents and spare none. Listen for the notes of the death bird, and when you hear them take instant warning."

There were 16 of us in the party. Fourteen soldiers were supposed to constitute a force able to take care of itself anywhere. There was more anxiety as to our water and rations than as to the Indians who might dog our footsteps. It was midsummer, and the heat on that great surface of sand and alkali soil was simply terrific. After the first day, when we were clear of shelter, a march of six or eight miles was all any one was capable of. The nights brought cool breezes and recuperation, but they also brought a loneliness no person can describe. Men afloat on the wide ocean in a small boat hear strange sounds at night and are made afraid. Men on the desert are almost made cowards by the uncanny surroundings. If there is the chirp of a cricket or the howl of a coyote, it is not company. It simply adds to the loneliness. If the night is unbroken, then it is as if a heavy blanket had been thrown over your head to shut out the living world.

We saw nothing of Indians. No one believed that a party took our trail. A faithful watch was kept, however, but after a few nights when I had come to realize how helpless we really were I found myself depending on that legend of the death bird. If we were menaced, he would warn us. We had been out a week when there came the blackest of black nights. It was black because it was moonless and a storm was gathering. Our tents were set up in a cluster, but they could not be seen at a distance of six feet. Three sentinels were on duty, but they could not see the sands at their feet. If the Indians had followed, there would never be a better night for a surprise. It would be no trick at all to creep within stabbing distance of the sentinels, and a volley of arrows and bullets sent through the tents must wound or kill most of us.

I was sitting in the door of my tent an hour after midnight, wondering how soon the storm would break, when there came to me from a point not far distant the notes of the death bird. They sounded a bit like the call of a quail, and yet they were unlike. They were like words instead of notes. They were soft and clear, and from the very first they said to me:

"Look out! Look out! Look out! Danger! Danger! Danger! Death! Death! Death!"

I repeat that the bird seemed to be talking instead of crying out in its natural notes. I may have got this idea from my state of nervous apprehension, but so it was. I turned and woke up the two sleeping engineers and asked them to listen. They did not make out words as I did, but one of them whispered:

"That's a danger cry, or I never heard one. I tell you we are menaced by some great peril!"

Thrice the death bird called its notes, and then all was silence as before. A soldier was sent creeping away to call in the sentinels. A few rods to the north of us, as we had noticed when going into camp, the sands had been toyed with by some strong gale until the ridges almost formed a natural fort. With the greatest care and in the deepest silence we left tents and baggage, and, taking nothing but our water bottles and muskets, we crept out of camp to the north and by and by reached the fort. It was so dark that men had to be felt for instead of spoken to, but at the end of half an hour we lay in line with our muskets resting on a sand ridge and pointing toward camp. One could tell by the feeling in the air that the storm would soon break and that the first break would be a vivid flash of lightning. The men were instructed to fire with the flash in case it revealed Indians about.

At last, when we were all in a tremble with anxiety, the flash came. For a few seconds it was as if a great searchlight had fallen upon the desert. It was so blinding that every eye was closed for a second. When opened, they beheld a band of 20 Apaches on hands and knees within 25 feet of the tents. A volley was fired straight into their faces and a second as another flash showed a few in retreat, and then we lay there in the pouring rain till daylight came. There had been in the band, as near as we could figure it, 21 Indians. We had fired without aim, and the destruction wrought was due to luck or accident, but there were 16 redskins lying dead on the sands around the camp. Among these were a full chief, a subchief and five or six noted warriors. Our volleys had accomplished more than a year's campaigning with 600 soldiers. Indeed they brought peace for two years. Said one of the survivors to me afterward:

"We had planned to kill the entire lot of you. We heard the notes of the death bird and knew you would hear them also, but we didn't believe you would understand the warning. Had you not understood and moved away not a man of you would have escaped."

For many days subsequently—aye, for many months and years—as I was posted along the desert or journeyed across it I looked for the death bird at morning, noon and night, but I never got sight of him. His mission was to fly only at night and to tell of peril.

Why Did They Miss?

Hunters' tales rarely make mention of poor shots and failures, and a story which depicts the remarkable ill success of some famous shots in California a few years ago is therefore all the more interesting. The narrator, Mr. Frank Marryat, terms the incident the one marvelous tale in his book, "Mountains and Molehills." In former times it would have passed for a miracle.

Three of us were out at midday in search of venison in the Santa Rosa valley. The sky was cloudless and the sun blazing hot. Making for a shady thicket, we unexpectedly started a doe in the long grass. She was out of range before we could raise a gun, but there still remained a fawn. The pretty innocent stood perfectly still, gazing at us. Our larder was bare, and we could not afford to be merciful.

The fawn stood motionless as I advanced a few paces and took, as I fancied, deadly aim. I missed, and still it did not move. The others fired and missed also.

From the same distance, about 75 yards, we fired each four bullets without success. Still the fawn moved but a pace or two, and our rifle ammunition was exhausted.

I then crept up to the fawn and within 20 paces fired twice at it with my pistol. Then, unharmed, it quietly walked away in search of its mother.

We looked at each other in surprise. Fourteen shots within 70 paces of a motionless deer! "Well, I'll be hanged!" was one man's comment. "Crack shots!"

We could not explain it, unless the rarefaction of the air had made the deer seem nearer than it was.

Rather Difficult For Him.

Jones—I am never at a loss in conversation.

His Fair Hostess—But surely, Mr. Jones, there must be some subjects you don't understand. What do you do then?

Jones—Oh, then—I say nothing and look intelligent.—Punch.

PRESENTS FOR HIS WIFE.

The Worm's Story of How He Finally Came to Turn.

"Hello, old man! What have you in all those bundles?" asked a gay, airy young bachelor of a careworn, solemn looking young man as they met in a suburban railway train.

"Presents for my wife," was the sententious reply. "It's her birthday."

"Well, what are you bringing your wife in that package from your tailor's?" gayly pursued the bachelor.

"Trousers," was the answer.

"What?"

"Yes, I repeat—trousers. Just you listen. On my birthday my wife got me three or four beautiful lace handkerchiefs, such as women carry at afternoon teas and such places, and a black velvet hat with high feathers, one of the three story kind that obstruct your view of the stage in the theater. They looked mighty well on her, and she asked me if I wasn't having a nice birthday.

"Well, I didn't mind that very much, but when Christmas came I got another deal of the same sort. I gave my wife a pretty gold ring. She gave me a turquoise ring too small to go over any of my knuckles, and she wears it now next to the one I gave her. But that wasn't the worst of it. She got her sister to give me some after dinner coffee cups and my sister to make me a lot of lace doilies. That was all I got for Christmas.

"Tomorrow is my wife's birthday. In this package I am bringing her a pair of trousers which I had made to my measure and which I shall wear. In this parcel is a pair of the very best patent shoes, size 8½, a good deal too big for my wife; in this package is a box of cigars, and in my pockets I have a new meerschaum pipe and a packet of tobacco. Now, I don't see how she can fail to have a happy birthday. Do you? I hope she'll enjoy it, for I want to get even for all the pretty things she has given me."—London Tit Bits.

THEY WERE ALL SCARED.

A Case of Highway Robbery With a Peculiar Ending.

What the hero of this story kicks about is the fact that his wife forgot her sacred word never to say anything regarding it. His business keeps him out late, and he frequently carries considerable money. When footpads are reported in evidence, he gets as near home as he can by street car and then takes the best lighted route to his house.

One night he had reached the front of his own place and had just drawn a long sigh of relief when the order "Hands up!" startled him into compliance. One man held a gun in the immediate neighborhood of his ear and another systematically robbed him of everything worth carrying off. The order then was that he walk around the block so as to defer the use of his telephone, and it was clearly stated that any attempt to turn back, run or call for help would result in his being assassinated.

Before he reached the corner it struck him that the voice of one of the men sounded familiar and then that its owner was a near neighbor greatly given to practical joking. Back he went on tiptoes, his revolver in his right hand, and surprised the footpads as they were dividing the spoils. He made them lay everything on the walk, and when they straightened up awaiting the next order he discovered that both were total strangers. His hand dropped from sheer terror, and then the robbers ran one way, while he sprinted the other. Half an hour later he, his wife and a lantern, a revolver and the hired girl went out and found his money, watch, papers and diamond pin. His wife simply ruined the story by telling it first.

A Clever Canary.

A lady who had lost a canary happened to be attracted by a bird that was hopping about in its cage in the front window of a house in New York. Thinking that it looked very like her own, she knocked at the house door and asked a few questions about it. She was told that it had been found one cold morning sitting on the window sill and was taken in and cared for. The lady said her bird could perform the pretty feat of picking up a pin and sticking it in the carpet. Being allowed to test this bird, the cage door was opened and a pin thrown on the floor. The canary at once flew down to it, picked it up in its bill and cleverly stuck it upright in the carpet, after which it burst into song, as if rejoicing at its success. The folk of the house, believing the lady had proved her ownership of the bird, permitted her, says Little Folks, to take the songster away to her home.

Mr. Meekton's Opinion.

"Is a married man a free agent?" inquired the cynic.

"Well," answered Mr. Meekton, "it is impossible for a man to give an opinion on such a matter except on personal information. Judging from the way he gets out and solicits work and makes collections and turns the profits into headquarters, I should say there was no doubt about his being an agent. As to his being a free agent—I shouldn't feel like expressing my views without consulting Henrietta."—Washington Star.

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS

CUMBERLAND, B.C.

PERSONALITIES.

Hiram Maxim, the well known inventor, is at work on a book on China and Chinese military affairs.

Dr. Stanton Colt, the leader of the ethical culture movement in England, is an American and a graduate of Amherst.

Count Cogni, who accompanied the Duke of Abruzzi on his recent polar expedition, has just been married to his cousin, Signorina Nasi.

Hon. Theodore Roosevelt will cease to be governor of New York on Dec. 31, and from that date until March 4 he will play the role of private citizen.

Queen Victoria's sight is now so bad that she is allowed to do no reading, and a regular reader is therefore employed to read to her for an hour or two every day.

Sidney Grundy is one of the most productive of dramatic authors. In one year he has been known to produce five plays. He began to write at 24, and he is now 52.

Alfred Emerson, who for the past three years has been a teacher in the American School of Classical Studies at Athens, is collecting a museum of Grecian antiquities for the University of California.

It is related of ex-Governor Robert Stewart of Missouri that while in office he was asked to pardon a man whom he sent for from prison and then recognized as a river steamboat captain who had treated him brutally while he was a cabin boy. He recalled the fact to the prisoner and then pardoned him.

On Nov. 6 50 years had elapsed since Carl Schurz as a medical student helped the poet Gottfried Kinkel, who had been condemned to life imprisonment for political reasons, to escape from Spondau to England. Kinkel subsequently became a professor at Zurich, and after his pardon in the seventies he returned and lectured in Germany.

Sir William Huggins, K. C. B., the astronomer, has been elected president of the Royal society in succession to Lord Lister. His special work has been in stellar photography at his private observatory at Tulse Hall. For the last 25 years he has been engaged in obtaining photographs of the ultra violet portion of the spectra of the stars.

The famous blind oculist Dr. Javal, a member of the Paris Academy of Medicine and director of the Sorbonne Ophthalmalogical laboratory, has just been simultaneously promoted to the highest rank in the French Legion of Honor and decorated with the Black Eagle. This double decoration has met with enthusiastic approbation from all quarters.

The Marquis of Lansdowne, the new British secretary for foreign affairs, is the twelfth statesman to occupy that post during Queen Victoria's reign. The others are Lord Palmerston, Lord Aberdeen, Earl Granville, Lord Malmesbury, Lord John Russell, Lord Clarendon, Lord Derby, Lord Salisbury, Lord Rosebery, Lord Iddesleigh and Lord Kimberly.

STAGE GLINTS.

Blanche Walsh wears a $1,200 gown.

Roland Reed will not attempt to act again until next season.

Queenie Vassar recently received a divorce from her husband, a Mr. Lynch.

St. Petersburg has decided that the waits between acts in a theater must not last more than 15 minutes.

More than $100,000 was received for the advance sale of tickets for the Bernhardt-Coquelin engagement in New York.

Mme. Modjeska first landed in this country in 1876, during the Centennial, and made her American debut in San Francisco.

Do Not Trifle

with danger—and remember every cough or cold means danger.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure

will cure your cough or cold at once. It will heal and strengthen your lungs. It is a safeguard for you always. Take it at the first indication of a cough or cold.

REV. MR. PATTON of Toronto writes: "I used two bottles of SHILOH and take pleasure in recommending it. There is nothing like it for cough, throat and lung trouble.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure is sold by all druggists in Canada and United States at 25c, 50c. $1.00 a bottle. In Great Britain at 1s. 9d., 2s. 3d, and 4s. 6d. A printed guarantee goes with every bottle. If you are not satisfied go to your druggist and get your money back.

Write for illustrated book on Consumption. Sent without cost to you. S. C. Wells & Co., Toronto.

THE TROTTING RECORD.

George K, 2:16¼, is the fastest horse owned in Portland, Me.

Thomas W. Lawson won $1,410 in prizes at the New York horse show.

The mysterious Ohio "oil man" lost $3,500 on Praytell, 2:09½. He sold for $4,000.

Contralto, 2:10, the champion 4-year-old of 1900, goes to Europe; price, $6,500.

Among the 15 new 2:15 California trotters Dalmont, 2:10½, at Santa Rosa July 5, is the fastest.

Ike Wilkes, 2:12¼, is expected to sweep everything on the snow this winter at New Haven.

The largest winner among the trotters at the national horse show was Daredevil, who won a total of $900 in prizes.

John J. Scannell, the new owner of The Abbot, will have the champion prepared at the Village farm for a 2:00 record.

The number of new standard performers for 1900 and those that have reduced their records will foot up to a little over 3,500.

John McCullagh, New York state superintendent of elections, has purchased a farm near Goshen and will breed trotters there.

The largest individual winner at the New York horse show was Frederick C. Stevens, who carried away 21 prizes and a total of $1,940.

Sargent Burns (4), 2:24¼ at Lancaster, O., Oct. 12, is a new performer for Bobby Burns and is out of Dolly, dam of Mascot, Jr., 2:10¼.

Stranger, who reduced his record from 2:17¼ to 2:12½ at Lexington, brought $2,050 at auction and will be used on the New York speedway.—Horseman.

THE GLASS OF FASHION.

Irish lace is very popular for millinery as well as gown trimmings.

Pannes in Persian colorings and designs are much used for waists, as also are figured velveteens.

Russian ribbon belting is very much worn, since it not only encircles the waist, but the collar band as well.

Soft felt hats in very pale colors, trimmed with black velvet and flowers, are one of the new features of millinery.

Castor gloves are very fashionable for street wear, and then there are the heavy dressed kid gloves with pique stitched seams.

Bolero jackets of Irish lace edged with a narrow band of fur are worn over blouses of cream oriental satin, with skirts of cloth in palest gray or biscuit color.

One of the latest varieties of hatpins is an irregular shaped pearl set around with diamonds and filigree gold if it is genuine. But the imitation pearl set with rhinestones is a much cheaper edition.

Demand for the new art jewelry seems to be increasing. The gold is tinted to harmonize with whatever jewels are used, so the effect of color is charming. Belt buckles are especially desirable, but of course there is the usual variety of brooches and trinkets.

There seems to be no limit to the varied possibilities of tucks, and now we have them in fur, as if it were not expensive enough without doubling up in its value in that manner. Brietschwanz is the one pelt which can be successfully manipulated in this way, but the plan adds very little if any to its beauty.—New York Sun.

STAGE GLINTS.

A one ring circus is a late feature of vaudeville.

Sarah Bernhardt gets $1,000, it is said, for every performance.

Joseph Ott, the comedian, who died recently, was the brother of Theresa Vaughan.

Charles Frohman has five different companies at present playing in the English provinces.

"The Two Orphans" is said to have had more performances in this country than any other play except "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

At Beerbohm Tree's London theater the length of the interval between acts and the time of its conclusion are placarded at the descent of the curtain.

A bloodhound in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" at Brownsburg, Ind., became so realistic in his acting that a man in the company had to be sent to a hospital and the beast to a grave.

"Riding to Win," a cycle racing sensational play, and "The Worst Woman In London" are two of the new pieces recently brought from the other side of the water for production here.

The authoritative ruling is that Quex in "The Gay Lord Quex" is pronounced Kwey, and not either Ex, Kay, Kux, Cooks, Quick, Cue, Quiz, Queeks, Kiss, Squeak or Cakes.

The hero of "The Stowaway" tried to commit suicide at Oklahoma City, the heroine took an almost fatal dose of morphine by accident at Dodge, the villain disappeared just before a performance at Oakland, and thereupon the remainder of the company disbanded.

To Raise Palms From Seeds.

To start palm seeds is an easy matter. Place half a dozen seeds in a six inch pot, covering them so they will be about two inches below the surface. They should then be well watered, and the soil should be kept fairly moist continually until the little seedlings push their way up. The soil should never be allowed to dry out, nor should it be kept soggy. Another good plan is to place all the seeds in a box of moist sand and examine them every few days. Those that burst and begin to sprout may be planted in flat boxes two or three inches apart in a good, rich, sandy soil, or they may be potted if well started in small pots.

It should be borne in mind that the embryo, or seed, leaves of palms are usually entirely different in form from the true, or character, leaves which come later. In the embryo leaves the form is long and narrow, swordlike and usually with no divisions.—Robert S. McGregor in Woman's Home Companion.

A RACKING COUCH

AFFLICTED THE SUFFERER FOR TWENTY YEARS.

Often Sat Up in Bed Coughing the Whole Night Long—Doctors Ultimately Told Him the Trouble Was Developing Into Consumption—How Relief Was Obtained.

From the Times, Picton, Ont.

Nothing racks the body more than a severe cough. If it is alloed to run for any length of time, it is very hard to get rid of, and often leads to that most dreaded of all diseases—consumption. Such a sufferer was Mr. Thomas Jinks, of Prince Edward county. Mr. Jinks relates the following facts to a Picton Times reporter:—"I am sixty-seven years of age, and for the last twenty years I have had a bad cough. I was troubled with catarrh, which started in my head, but later spread to my stomach, leaving me dyspeptic. For two years I was troubled with pains in the stomach, and was not able to raise my arms above my head without experiencing severe pains about my short ribs and stomach. Then my kidneys began to trouble me and at times I could not get out of a chair without help. My limbs and feet were often so swollen that I was unable to lace my boots, but as soon as the swelling went down I was but a mere shadow. My wrists and arms were so shrunken that I could span them with ease. My cough racked my whole body. I have sat up in bed and coughed the whole night long. I tried several doctors without success. They finally told me I was in the first stages of consumption. In the spring of 1899, a little pamphlet was thrown in the hall door, telling about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I decided to try them. Before finishing the second box I noted a change and after using them for a couple of months, I was completely cured and the cough had left me. At present my health is as good as I can wish for, and I can truly say through all my suffering, I never got any permanent relief until I took Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Mr. Jinks added that it was not in his own case alone that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had proved of advantage in his family. His daughter, Miss Mildred, was in very poor health, and scarcely able to go around. In fact, her friends feared her trouble was developing into dropsy. She used five boxes of the pills and is now enjoying the very best of health.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure such apparently hopeless cases as Mr. Jinks', because they make new, rich, red blood, and thus reach the root of the trouble. These pills are the only medicine offered the public that can show a record of such marvelious cures after doctors had failed. If you are at all unwell; this medicine will restore you to health, but be sure you get the genuine with the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on the wrapper around each box.

He Got a Pass.

"Halt!" cried an alert patrolman in Manila as a beautifully caparisoned carriage drove up containing a portly gentleman. The driver reined his steeds, and the sentry, standing firmly in the center of the street, shouted: "Who is there?"

Not knowing what else to say, the occupant of the carriage answered, "Judge Taft, president of the civil commission."

"Advance, Judge Taft, to be recognized," bawled the sentry. The judge advanced, and the following dialogue took place:

Sentry—Have you a pass?

Taft—No, sir; do I require one?

Sentry—You do, sir, and it's my duty to run you in.

Taft—But I am the civil governor of the Philippine Islands.

Sentry—That doesn't cut any figure. You're a civilian and out after hours. I'll let you go by this time, but the next time I catch you you'll have to see the captain."

"Thank you," murmured Judge Taft as he drove away. And there and then he formed a resolution to put in an application for a pass. According to the Manila Freedom, he got it.

CEYLON AND INDIA TEA GREEN OR BLACK

There is nothing artificial about these Teas. The purity is unquestioned, the flavor is delicious, the bouquet is a revelation. If you have never tasted British grown teas a treat awaits you. Japan tea drinkers try Ceylon Tea.

TRIALS OF A BOOK DEALER.

All Sorts of Devices of Customers to Get Something For Nothing.

"You would be surprised to know how much petty rascality we encounter in this line of business," said a local book and news dealer the other day. "Did you notice that old fellow who went out a few moments ago with a bundle of newspapers under his arm? He caused my sales accounts to get pretty badly muddled before I finally dropped to his little game. He used to linger over the periodical counter for an hour or two at a stretch, and whenever he got a good opportunity he would lay down one of his old papers or magazines and pick up a new one. When he had secured what he wanted, he would calmly stroll out. We noticed the roll under his arm, but it seemed to be the same one he carried in, so it excited no comment. When my suspicions were finally aroused, I watched him one day and made a careful memorandum of everything he took. As he was leaving I presented him with the bill, which he paid without a murmur, and naturally I supposed that would be the last of him. But he still drops in occasionally, and I have to waste considerable valuable time watching him. This is an extreme case," continued the dealer, "but a great many people practice the substitution game on a small scale, and, if caught, they claim they have made a mistake. There is no way of proving they haven't, so we have to let it go at that.

"The other day a young woman came in and after lingering about the shelves a few moments approached the clerk on duty and held out a new book. 'I got this novel here yesterday,' she said, 'and would like to exchange it for ——,' naming another at the same price. She was accommodated, and it developed later on that the story of the first purchase was a pure fabrication. She had simply picked up one book and swapped it for another. There are other kleptomaniacs, and plenty of them, who take no pains to invent a subterfuge, but boldly lay hands on any volume they want and walk off with it. The very audacity of the performance generally carries it through, and even if a clerk suspects he is too fearful of making a blunder to ask any questions. All the dealers suffer losses of that kind, and there doesn't seem to be any way of guarding against them. A man would have to have as many eyes as a fly to watch every stranger who comes in."—

LA "TOSCANA," RELIANCE CIGAR FACTORY, Montreal

A minister shakes your hand and a lawyer pulls your leg, but a politician will shake your hand one minute and pull your leg the next.—Chicago News.

The man most industrious in claiming "the credit" is usually entitled to least of it.—Atchison Globe.

Health authorities estimate that 10 per cent of the men who go to Cape Nome never come back alive.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props. Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The "Camel's Hair" Brush.

"Contrary to the belief of most people, the camel's hair brush used by artists has nothing of the camel in it," said a manufacturer of soft brushes to [illegible] a time when real camel's hair was used for the purpose. The ship of the desert, however, has long been superseded by the homely little squirrel. Not only is squirrel's hair very much less costly, but it is better, softer, more pliable and far more durable. At the present day it is doubtful if you could find a pound of camel's hair in all the brush factories in this country. However, there is no cause for fear that the graceful little squirrel will be exterminated. It is the European squirrel that furnishes the hair for the brushes, the covering of the American squirrel being too furry and soft for the purpose."

Alloway & Champion

BANKERS AND BROKERS. . . .

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Stocks and bonds bought, sold and carried on margin. Listed mining stocks carried

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A NEW CREAM SEPARATOR.

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WHEELER & WILSON The ONLY SEWING MACHINE with Rotary Motion and Ball Bearings, making it run ½ easier and ½ faster. J. E. BRYNAS, General Agent, 191 Thistle street, Winnipeg.

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Pure Native Port for Invalids, $2.25 per gal.; $2.50 doz. bottles.

Best Whiskey, $2.75, $3, $3.50 per gal.; $6, $7.25, $9 doz. bottles.

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

HE RAN A MILE

and so would many a young lady, rather than take a bath without the "Albert"

BABY'S OWN SOAP

It leaves the skin wonderfully soft and fresh, and its faint fragrance is extremely pleasing.

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175 OWEN ST., WINNIPEG

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS
Issued Every Wednesday.

W. B. ANDERSON, - - - EDITOR.

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

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

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 3, 1901

Chicken a la Chafing Dish.

To cook a chicken in a chafing dish, cut it into four pieces and season it thoroughly with salt and pepper. Melt in the dish two scant tablespoonfuls of butter and add to it a teaspoonful of chopped onion. Put in the chicken and cook slowly, turning frequently until it is tender. Then mix the yolk of one egg with half a cupful of cream and cook for one minute with the chicken. Add half a tablespoonful of lemon juice just before serving.

Bread Sticks.

Bread sticks tied up with ribbon are one of the pretty trifles of the daintily set table, and of these the Boston Cooking School Magazine gives an illustration with accompanying recipe:

Scald two cups of milk. When cool, add a yeast cake softened in half a cup of lukewarm water and about two cups of flour; beat thoroughly and set aside covered until it is light. Then add two

BREAD STICKS, WITH PAN.

tablespoonfuls of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt, less than half a cup of softened butter, the whites of two eggs beaten stiff and flour to make a dough. Knead nearly half an hour. Let rise until double in bulk, then shape into balls, then roll the balls (without flour) on the board with the hands until sticks of uniform size and shape like a thick lead pencil are formed. Set to rise in a pan designed for the purpose, leaving them full or half length, as desired. Bake, when light, in a hot oven.

Jewelry Up to Date.

Large and massive rings are coming in again. We see them hand carved in bold designs of bison or lion on either side of and supporting a light flashing diamond, or it may be that two beautiful female figures, like sea nymphs, clasp a rare pearl plucked from ocean's depths, or the head of an American Indian in red gold accentuates the barbaric beauty of a tawny yellow diamond, or "the lady and the serpent" allures one with gems of great price.

Hair brooches have fallen into line with approved articles of personal adornment.

Pendants of many sorts in l'art nouveau represent the height of the mode.

Strings of perfectly simulated pearls make indulgence in the favorite long chains, necklaces or broad collars of these pure white beauties an easy and inexpensive matter.

Baroque, or irregularly shaped, and tinted pearls are all the rage.

Many pretty little sterling stickpins are set with manufactured gems.

A chain of some kind completes nearly every up to date toilet.—Southern Jeweler.

Steamed Nut Pudding.

To half a cup of granulated sugar add one gill of melted butter. When well blended, add two beaten eggs and one cup of milk. Mix two teaspoonfuls of baking powder with two cups of flour and add to the other ingredients. Sprinkle a saltspoonful of salt over 1½ cups of any kind of nut meats broken into bits and add them to the mixture. Butter a mold or pudding dish, turn the mixture in and steam three hours. Serve with wine sauce.

Popcorn Candy.

Having popped the corn nicely, salt it and sift it through the fingers, that the extra salt and the unpopped corn may escape. Have ready some candy, made by cooking together one pound of molasses, one-half pound brown sugar, one tablespoonful of vinegar and from 1½ to 2 ounces of fresh butter. When this is all but ready, stir into it as much of the popcorn as it will take up; then turn it out on to buttered or oiled dishes or shape it into balls.

There Yet.

Bighter—Yes, sir. I'm dealing in gilt edged investments now.

Bitton—What are they?

Bighter—Gold mines. There's money in them.

Bitton—You're right. I lost a lot of my money in some of them.—Philadelphia Press.

Not Any For Him.

Cholly—Ole chappie, why don't you have a pair of these rubber heels put on your shoes?

Fweddy—It would be too much trouble to keep them inflated, deah boy.—Chicago Tribune.

TOBACCO PROGRESS.

Developments in Connecticut Valley, Pennsylvania and Ohio.

Our investigations of the soils of the Connecticut valley, together with the study of the climatic conditions prevailing there and the conditions of growth in Florida, Cuba and Sumatra, convinced me that a finer commercial grade of leaf should be grown upon some of the soils in that state. The completion of the soil map of a portion of the Connecticut valley from South Glastonbury, Conn., to South Hadley, Mass., gave a basis for an intelligent line of investigation looking to the improvement of the Connecticut leaf. In December, 1899, Mr. Floyd went to New Haven and in co-operation with the Connecticut experiment station fermented a lot of tobacco according to the most improved Florida methods which have been developed from the methods used in Cuba and Sumatra. The products of this experiment were admitted by the growers and dealers to be superior in the uniformity of color to the results obtained by the usual method of case fermentation. It was found furthermore that much of the top leaves and trash (ordinarily sold for from 1 to 1½ cents per pound) if properly fermented made fair fillers, which were valued by several firms who had no knowledge of the origin of the tobacco at from 18 to 40 cents per pound.

Not being satisfied that the change in the method of fermentation improved the quality of the leaf as much as the soil and climatic conditions seemed to warrant, a further line of experiments was planned in co-operation with the Connecticut experiment station on closer planting and partial shading of the growing plants. Florida grown Sumatra seed was also introduced, and the experiment is being watched with profound interest by the Connecticut growers and dealers. The plants have made a wonderful growth, the leaves appear perfect in form and texture, and the results of the fermentation are awaited with the most lively interest.

From the work so far done in the Connecticut valley I am satisfied that the Sumatra type of leaf can be produced there under shade, having all the desirable qualities of a small leaf, with small veins and great elasticity as well as a desirable uniform color and excellent grain and style. Samples of the unfermented leaf grown this year (1900) have been shown to the different New York packers, who have pronounced it as perfect in texture and style as anything which has ever been grown.

It is proposed to experiment with the Pennsylvania and Ohio leaf to see how the aroma of these may be improved by the Cuban method of fermentation. From my study of the soil and climatic conditions of these two localities and the products which have already been produced I am convinced that a leaf more closely approximating the more desirable leaf from Cuba can be produced. If these results cannot be obtained by the fermentation of the present crop, it is my purpose next year to introduce other methods of planting and cultivation and probably a change of seed, with the expectation that we will be as successful in improving the quality of the filler leaf in these two states as we have been in approximating the qualities of the Sumatra leaf in Connecticut, concludes Milton Whitney of the department of agriculture in a recent report.

Timothy Hay.

One farm product that is bringing a good price this year is timothy hay. Many farmers would be able to sell at least two-thirds of all they raised if they had saved their corn fodder. Horses and cattle will winter as well on good corn fodder as on hay, and most farmers know it, yet many did not cut a shock of corn. This simply shows lack of business sagacity. I have noticed that when crops are good and bring good prices many farmers become improvident and allow a great deal of valuable material to go to waste if it happens to be a little difficult to handle. They fail to improve their financial condition when they have the opportunity.

Those who never fail to utilize these materials accumulate a surplus, and a period of low prices or an unpropitious season occasions them little or no worry or trouble. It is not alone the faculty of raising good crops that makes successful farmers, but the ability and energy to utilize all to the best advantage. I think the day will soon come when farmers will save their corn fodder as carefully as they now do their hay. It is more than likely that ere long we will have factories that will call for the thick, heavy portion of the stalk from the ear to the root. Then the upper part—that which is richest in food elements—can easily be cut and stored, says a Farm and Fireside writer.

Fruit Crop Items of 1900.

There has been, according to official statistics, a large production of pears, California alone among the ten principal pear producing states failing to report a crop in excess of the ten year average.

Of the four principal grape growing states New York and Ohio report a production in excess of their respective ten year averages, while California and Missouri fall somewhat below such averages.

Do you intend buying a rifle or pistol? If so, get the best which is a

STEVENS

Rifles range in price from $4.00 to $75.00. For large and small game, also for target practice. Pistols from $2.50 to $20.00.

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CUMBERLAND RELIEF FUND.

Summary of collections to date.

Proceeds of Prof. Payne's Entertainment	$ 72.00
Messrs. Hicks and Riggs on acct. subscription	194.50
Salvation Army, Van.	27.90
Donations—	
City of Rossland	100.00
City of Nelson	250.00
City of Westminster	150.00
Mrs. Seaton, Vancouver	4.00
Subscription—	
Kamloops	10.00
Rev. J. X. Willimer on account	86.50
Geo. Hetherbell, Hornby	18.00
T. H. Piercy, Denman	46.00
A. McKnight on acct.	121.50
Mayor of Vancouver	245.25
Geo. McLaughlin, U. B.	100.00
Sale of R. Strang's poems	6.50

In addition the following amounts have been paid in to the Bank of Commerce, Nanaimo:

Subscription, Free Press	$ 214.50
Donations—	
City of Kamloops	150.00
Bank of Commerce	200.00
Messrs. Hicks & Riggs, subscription list	$ 64.00
M. Manson, Union Bay	196.50
Slocan Miners' Union	24.00
Nicholas May, Shopland	5.00
City of Sandon	50.00
City of Kaslo	100.00
City of Cumberland	250.00
Mr. McPhee's sub. list	47.00
K. of P. Cumberland,	25.00
Mr. Quennell, Nanaimo	10.00
Rev. W.C. Dodds' sub. list	189.50
6th Reg. Van. Band Concert	65.00
Homer street Methodist Church, Vancouver	8.00
Ladysmith Wharf Hands	51.00
Citizens of Fernie	710.00
Delta Municipal Council	50.00
Colonist Subscription List	1085.00
Strang's poems	3.50
Total	$4929.95

Note—Will the members of the executive committee please take notice that the committee will meet every Friday evening in the City Hall at 7:30 p. m.

J. B. BENNETT,
Secretary.

TO THE DEAF.

A rich lady cured of her Deafness and Noises in the Head by Dr. Nicholson's Artificial Ear Drums, gave $10,000 to his Institute, so that deaf people unable to procure the Ear Drums may have them free. Addres No. 14517 The Nicholson Institute, 780 Eighth Avenue, New York, U.S.A.

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Sails from Victoria Tuesday, 7 a.m. for Nanaimo and Way ports.
Sails from Nanaimo, Wednesday 7 a. m., for Union Wharf, Comox and Way ports.
Sails from Comox and Union Wharf, Thursday 8 a. m. for Nanaimo and Way ports.
Sails from Nanaimo, Friday 4 a.m. for Comox and Union Wharf direct.
Sails from Comox and Union Wharf, Friday 6 p. m. for Nanaimo direct.
Sails from Nanaimo, Saturday 6 a.m. for Victoria and Way ports.
FOR Freight tickets and State room Apply on board,
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CORPORATION OF THE

CITY of CUMBERLAND

A BY-LAW.

TO PROVIDE for the early closing of all retail or wholesale shops, stores, or wharehouses in which the followin goods are offered for sale within the Ci of Cumberland. Groceries, Dry Good Boots and Shoes, Clothing, Men's Boy's Furnishings, Hardware, Hous Furnishings, Stoves, Flour and Feed.

Whereas an application in writing h been received by the Council of the C poration of the City of Cumberla signed by more than three-fourths of th occupiers of shops within the muni pality belonging to the classes of reta or wholesale Grocers and dealers in Dr Goods, Boots and Shoes, Clothing, Men' or Boys' Furnishings, Hardware, Hous Furnishings, Stoves, Flour and Feed, fo the early closing of the same as herei after determined.

And whereas under the "Shops Reg ations Act, 1900," the Council of th Corporation of the City of Cumberland mpowered upon receiving an applic ion so signed to pass the by-law in ma er hereinafter appearing.

Therefore, the Municipal Council o he Corporation of the City of Cumbe nd enacts as follows:

1. From and after the 1st day of Ap por all shops, stores or warehouses e class or classes of Groceries or dea s in Dry Goods, Boots and Sho lothing, Men's and Boys Furnishin oves, Flour and Feed within the M cipality of the City of Cumberland sh e and each of them shall be and r ain closed on each and every day b een six (6) of the clock in the evenin each day and five (5) of the clock i forenoon of the next following da th the following exceptions: On Sat days and during the last sixteen (16) ys in the month of December and als days immediately preceding the fo ing days, namely: New Years Da d Friday, the 24th of May, Domi Day, Labor Day, and Thanksgivin y.

And the said class or classes of shop es, or warehouses of retail or whol Groceries or dealers in Dry Gooc s and Shoes, Clothing, Men's a y's Furnishings, Hardware, Hou shings, Stoves, Flour and Feed l be and remain closed from elev of the clock in the evening of t ys hereinbefore mentioned as except nely: Saturdays, the week days du the last 16 days in the month of D ber, and the days immediately pr ding the following days: New Yea , Good Friday, the 24th of May D ion Day, Labor Day and Thank ng Day until five (5) of the clock i forenoon of the following day.

This by-law shall take effect on th day of April 1901.

Any person found guilty of any i ion of any of the provisions of th aw shall be liable upon convictio efore to a fine not more than fif ars, and not less than twenty-fiv ars with the cost of prosecution a efault of payment or sufficient di s therefor to imprisonment for a pe not exceeding twenty one days.

This by-law may for all purposes be d as the general merchants "Earl ing By-law, 1901."

ead the 1st time 18th March 1901.
ead the 2nd time 19th March 1901.
ead the 3rd time 22nd March 1901.
econsidered, adopted and finally ed by the Council this 25th day of ch 1901.

JAS. A. CARTHEW,
Mayor.
RENCE W. NUNNS,
City Clerk.

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TIME TABLE EFFECTIVE
NOV. 19TH, 1898.

VICTORIA TO WELLINGTON.

No. 2 Daily. A.M.		No. 4 Saturday P.M.
De. 9:00	Victoria	De. 1:25
" 9:28	Goldstream	" 1:53
" 10:9	Koenig's	" 5.34
" 10:48	Duncans	" 6:15
P.M.		P.M.
" 12:14	Nanaimo	" 7:11
Ar. 12:3	Wellington	Ar. 7:55

WELLINGTON TO VICTORIA.

No. 1 Daily. A.M.		No. 3 Saturday A.M.
De. 8:05	Wellington	De. 1:25
" 8:26	Nanaimo	" 1:39
" 9:52	Duncans	" 6:05
" 10:37	Koenig's	" 6:46
" 11:18	Goldstream	" 7.32
Ar. 11:45	Victoria	Ar. 8:00 P.M.

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

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

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JAMES ABRAMS.

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Manager.

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Fancy Inlaying in wood and metal.

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NEWS OFFICE.

WHEN, MUSE?

When, Muse, when shall the wondrous time revive
That sees the withered sward of Hippocrene
With recreating dew of song grow green
And the dry thorns Pierian blush alive,
Break forth in bloom that draws the murmuring hive?
When, when shall youthful acolytes be seen
Urging some poet peer of silvery mien
To sing for them—enchained in sportive gyve?
For now, with pipes unlined are we content,
With soulless tho'nes diurnal that discard
The long descended priesthood of the bard;
So rarely now, a trembling ear is lent
Unto the sires of song, whose brows are starred,
Whose alien music doth heavenward.
—Edith M. Thomas in Atlantic.

AN ARROW AND A SONG.

Basil Hetherington Sent Forth His Verses, and One Day They Came Back to Him.

When Basil Hetherington was young and addicted to the writing of poetry, it chanced that he knew a girl—her name was Eloisa Grey, if you want to know—and he addressed all of his poems to her. He wrote about the dawn and told her she was like that to him, and he wrote about storm and midnight and said these things were like his dreary heart. He celebrated her eyes, and her golden hair, and her little feet, and the meadow through which she walked, and her voice singing in church. He looked and longed for some acknowledgment of these verses, which seemed to him quite the most sincere and moving of any that ever were written. But none came. Eloisa went her ways with only casual notice of him. And the first thing either of them knew the days of childhood and poetry had passed, the meadows across which she had walked to school were built up with houses, Basil Hetherington had gone to a larger and dirtier city, and Eloisa went away to the far east and later to Europe to study music.

Now, though no one had thought much about it in the old town, it was a fact that she had an unusual musical talent. It was creative and original. It sometimes seemed to her as if she thought only of music, and every sound she heard resolved itself into a part of a harmony for her—the whistling of an engine, the hissing of steam, the beat of hoofs on the pavement, the roar of the town, the purr of a skiff through the water, all were a part of nature's symphony. She who had seemed to herself so simple and childish a little time ago became complex. She wondered at her own impulses, and the genius within her dominated her and set her to work when she would fain have been idle. It compelled her to relinquish pleasures for the sake of her task. She set aside friendships that she might not be tempted into dalliance. All of her care free life was a thing of the past. Great thoughts and impulses had come to abide in her and to control her life. Her eyes were opened to an appreciation of the achievements of the masters. All that was domestic in her she would have affirmed was dead or dormant. She lived for the sake of her art. To express in lofty terms the inspiration of her soul she felt to be her destiny.

So by working early and late it came about that her genius was harnessed, set to a pace. It was lawful, obedient, swift and strong. And Eloisa Grey, who had a name which you would all know if it were to be told you, was a famous woman. Good critics pronounced her work original, beautiful and of haunting characteristics. They said few women composers had ever got so at the root of harmony; they talked about her musicianly knowledge; they said she was a humble student of the masters; that she observed the traditions, yet triumphed over her knowledge and made it her own and set the seal of personality upon all she did.

Having done all this, she fell to sighing and wondered if it was worth while. The laws of harmony, she reflected, were existent from the beginning. Any one could discover them; any one could make peculiar arrangements of musical notes, devise new themes, perceive that some musical ideas stood for one set of emotions, others for other emotions. And after it was all done where was the joy of it? She went to a dreaming, immemorial little town on the Mediterranean and moped, not caring much for herself, thinking mighty little of fame, alienated from the life of her girlhood and feeling most bitterly alone.

At the same time a young merchant in hardware back in a dirty and boisterous town was reflecting that life was absurd. To toil for the sake of mere toil, to sleep for the sake of waking and to wake for the sake of more sleeping by and by, appeared to him to be a dull game. Getting along in business had appeared to him to be difficult at the beginning, though the business had not been at all of his liking. But somehow he had succeeded. His concern was in correspondence with many hundred towns. He was an exporter of no mean enterprise. To help keep himself amused he built himself a home and furnished it and lived in it and wondered why he could not get the courage to ask any of the women he knew to marry him.

Sometimes as he sat before his fire in the quiet of an evening after he was weary with reading he would lean his head back and muse for a time, and in the unguarded moments he confessed half unconsciously to himself that the reason he did not marry was because no girl had ever seemed so sweet to him as Eloisa Grey, to whom he used to write the ballads, the lyrics, the lays and roundelays. When he remembered her, he was tempted to take to writing again, but he laughed at the idea of a merchant in wholesale hardware doing anything so inconsistent and endeavored to recall his thoughts to commonplace themes.

It chanced one night that, having nothing else to do, he took a certain handsome and stately young lady to a concert at which a popular singer was to employ her talent for charity. It was a fashionable affair. The boxes of the great concert hall had been bought at fancy prices. The magnificent hall was filled. Basil Hetherington tried to feel gratified at the beauty and fascination of the woman with him, who was doing her best to please him.

But the conversation between them dragged, and he was glad when the singing began, though he found that uninteresting too. Then the famous prima donna came before the audience. She was to sing a suit of love songs by a woman composer whose name Hetherington had often read but whose music he had never heard. He felt but a languid interest at first in spite of the tender and full throated beauty of the singer's voice, but she had hardly completed the first stanza before he sat erect, listening eagerly. The words, enunciated with delicate clearness, seemed to speak to his own soul. They were as familiar to him as if he had written them, and as he listened and the song suit continued, swelling in its crescendo of passion, he knew he had written those words; that these were the songs he had sent years ago to Eloisa Grey. He had heard, too, that she had talent in composing, but it had never occurred to him that the name of the famous song writer could be that under which his old friend masked her identity. As the song went on, however, he was convinced that this was the case. He could not tell why it was, but the soul of the girl who had never seemed to love him and who had put him aside with girlish timidity and hauteur appeared to be speaking to him now and to be declaring her timorous love. He forgot the woman beside him, forgot the throng about him. He saw the meadows beyond the western town, saw the old schoolhouse, remembered the chaste, shy face of the girl who would not look his way, and his heart throbbed in his ears.

The next day saw him taking a train back to the town of his youth, which was now grown almost beyond his recollection. He found a relative of his old friend there, and he learned her whereabouts.

Should he write, or should he seek her out? The probability of his entertaining a false promise tormented him in certain moments. He said it was a part of his old folly to rush to the conclusion that she loved him because she set his songs to beautiful music. Undoubtedly she had merely used the material at hand, realizing that the verses adapted themselves well to music. So he told himself scornfully, and even while he sneered he packed his trunk, left his business and started for a European vacation.

The long, golden afternoon dragged itself out like a song that is too sweet to end. Basil Hetherington, elated with beauty such as he had never known, soaked in the old world peace, forgetful of all the fret and fume of the life to which he was used, wandered about the ancient town by the Mediterranean on his love quest. He asked the townspeople concerning the American lady. They knew her and told him of the place where she lodged. But she was not there. The brooding splendor of the day had taken her to the shore or among the vine clad hills, he told himself. So he searched, half hoping, half doubting, dreading to meet her and suffer dissolution of his dream, yet grudging the hours which he passed away from her.

It was almost sunset when he came upon her in a quiet place. She sat looking off sadly at the sea—changed, indeed, a woman in the plenitude of womanhood, with a woman's melancholy and aloofness. But he had too compelling a curiosity in his heart to permit him to accord any consideration to his own hesitancy. He went up to her and held out his hands.

"Eloisa," he said, "I have come across the ocean and sought you out to ask a question of you."

"Why, Basil Hetherington!" she gasped. "I thought you had forgotten me a long time ago."

"Forgotten you! I have remembered so well that I have traveled all this way to inquire why you chose my words as the theme of your wonderful songs. Was it mere casual selection?"

"No."

"Was it merely critical approval?"

"No."

"Was it because you prized my songs?"

"I prized them, yes."

"For their literary merit or for their personal message?"

"You are making it hard for me."

"Why?"

"You are cheating me of the woman's part. You are making me declare myself. It is I who should listen."

"Then you did love the songs? It was a happiness to you to sing them as it was to me to write them? You knew I loved you. You remember after all these years."

"Oh, yes, Basil, I remembered."

"Then why, in the old days, did you never let me know you cared for them? I thought you never read them."

"And I thought you wrote them to me merely because I chanced to be at hand. I thought you were a poet and that I was an incident, that you would have written so to any one or perhaps did write verses like those you sent me to many others."

He laughed a long time before he could answer, and there was both amusement and joy in his laughter.

"I never wrote any verses at all except to you," he said. "I never was a poet except when I thought of you. It was only my love for you that made me sing."

She looked at him smilingly.

"My part never seemed worth while to me except when I set your words in music," she said.

The sun slipped over the horizon. The long, golden afternoon was done.—St. Louis Star.

Almost Every Married Man Does.

You probably know a lot of people who want you to "do" things for them. Do you know any one who is anxious to "do" things for you?—Atchison Globe.

Married Life, For Instance.

As a rule man spoils his recreations by letting his mind run on how much they are costing him.—Chicago Record.

THE ROWE CASE

A Mail and Empire Representative Investigates.

THE PARTICULARS IN FULL.

Consecon Has a Sensation, the Like of Which it Has Not Experienced For Years—David Rowe Gives a Written Statement of the Facts of the Case

From the Mail and Empire.

Consecon, Jan. 21.—For some time this village and neighborhood has been ringing with the story of David Rowe. Mr. Rowe is a farmer, who has lived on a farm three miles from here all his lifetime, and is known to every man, woman and child for miles around. Some time ago his friends noticed a grat change in his physical appearance, and no little comment was made as to the rapidity with which he was failing in health. From a strong, vigorous man he had become a bent and crippled invalid. Recently, however, he has appeared to his friends sturdy and straight, strong and well, and with all his old-time vigor and health. Knowing that such a case would be of great public interest, your correspondent visited Mr. Rowe to get the facts. Mr Rowe is a modest man of few words frank, straightforward and truthful. After having introduced myself, he said:—

"You need not apologise for visiting me, to inquire into this matter. I do not consider it an intrusion at all. I have little to say beyond the fact that, as everybody around here knows, I was bent nearly double with Kidney Trouble, pains in my shoulders, spine, and small of my back. The suffering I endured was something fearful. I could not stand up straight to save my life. I could do no work. I consulted my physician and took his prescribed medicines, but got no better. I read in the newspapers how Dodd's Kidney Pills were curing people of Kidney Disease, Lame Back and Rheumatism. I bought a box from Mrs. German, who keeps the grocery here. Before it was all used I began to recover, and after I had taken ten boxes I was entirely cured, and now, as you see, I am in perfect good health. This is my story. You can print it if you like, as I have nothing to hide, and it may satisfy a good many people who knew of my previous condition to know how I was cured."

"Have you any objections to signing a written statement?" enquired the reporter.

"None whatever," answered Mr. Rowe, "just you go ahead and write down what I say."

At Mr. Rowe's dictation, I prepared the following statement, which he cheerfully signed:—

"I had very severe pain in my back more or less for upwards of two years. It commenced in my shoulders and extended down my spine, finally concentrating its full force in what is commonly called the small of the back, or across my kidneys, and there the pain was almost unendurable. It made me go bent over. I could not straighten up to save my life. When I went to urinate it gave me great pain, and you can just imagine a man, suffering as I did, was not able to do much. I consulted a physician, and he prescribed for me, but to no benefit. I noticed in the papers how that Dodd's Kidney Pills were curing many cases of Kidney Disease and Rheumatism, and I determined to give them a trial. I purchased a box off Mrs. German, who kept groceries and patent medicines here. I did not feel any benefit at first, but before I had finished the first box I began to feel a change for the better. I took in all ten boxes, and they have entirely cured me. I have no pains in my back or across my kidneys, and I am a well man today through taking Dodd's Kidney Pills."

(Signed) DAVID ROWE

(Witness)
W. J. MARSH.

Those who may read this article, and do not know Mr. Rowe, cannot fully appreciate the position he holds in this community. He is an able farmer, well and favorably known, and as an evidence of his character for truthfulness and honesty I append the statement of Mr. J. J. Hard, the local justice of the peace:

This is to certify that I am personally acquainted with Mr. David Rowe, and know him to be a man of truth, a man of sterling honesty and integrity, whose word could always be relied on, and a gentleman well and favorably known in Consecon and vicinity, and, in fact, all through the county, and any statement he might give you I have no hesitation in saying that you need not be afraid to use, as a gentleman of Mr. Rowe's standing giving a written statement would be sure to carry weight with it.

J. J. WARD,
Justice of the Peace in and for the County of Prince Edward.

Only in seventeen states can a married woman dispose of her separate and independent estate by will. In the remaining twenty-eight states she must have the consent of her husband before she can will her own property as she may wish.

HOWELL'S BIG FIND.

IT WAS GUARANTEED TO INCREASE HIS POPULARITY.

All He Had to Do Was to Read the Book and Success Followed, For It Showed How to Make Love to Any Kind of Girl.

There was a glad young light in the eyes of Howell Van Rensselaer Gibbon as he stalked into the room, tenderly clutching a small, pink paper covered book.

"Look out!" he cried. "I'm a dangerous man! I'm primed with fascinations clear to the limit, and I've only to look once at you girls to make you grovel at my feet. At last I have found out how these Willie boys who have three dinner invitations every night and who use crested, scented notes twisted up to light their cigarettes manage it. They're going to unload popularity at my front door from a moving van as soon as I begin."

The young persons who sat with dropped jaws said "Why?"

Howell sat down and opened the pink book. "The name of this valuable brochure," he said, "is 'The Art of Being Popular With the Ladies.' I picked it up at a cheap book stand. The anonymous Samaritan who wrote it simply shovels out wisdom like a millionaire distributing nickels. He tells in various succinct chapters 'How to court a quiet, domesticated young lady;' how to make love to a proud young lady, a poetical or sentimental girl; how to spark a bashful girl; how to woo an heiress; how to make love to a literary young lady, a religious young lady, how to win an actress and how to court a widow.' If you run up against any other kind of girls, you have to take your chances or work your imagination. Next time I meet one of those haughty creatures who give you pneumonia with a single glance I shall remember page 26 and start in to capture her.

"The author says in regard to making love to a proud young lady: 'Girls of this description are sometimes exceedingly difficult to get hold of on account of the narrow system of training they have been subjected to. Family pride has thrown barriers around them. Begin the courting of such a girl with the determination not to be discouraged or rebuffed, and whatever may take place determined perseverance will usually crown your efforts with success.' Look at the discreetness of the phrase, 'Whatever may take place.' It's so much more tactful than saying, 'If her father kicks you out.'

"When he tells how to make love to a literary girl, the author admits you are up against it; also he reveals the hideous depravity of the feminine heart, ever thirsting for flattery. He says: 'It is not every man who can do this, and he should not attempt it unless he has a decided taste for literature and intellectual pursuits in preference to domestic or home enjoyments.'

"To the true literary lady the duties of a wife, as relating to the management of a house, rearing a family, etc., are decidedly repugnant. She will expect you to be acquainted with all the new books as they appear, especially works of fiction and poetry. Admire the productions of her own pen. Generally you cannot put too much flattery on these matters. Authoresses are usually exceedingly vain on matters of their own composition. If necessary you may use your influence in getting her productions in print, and the best present you can make her is to get printed in handsome style a poem of her own composition.'

"It's when he tells how to court a sentimental girl that the author turns on the calcium light and the orchestra tunes up. Doesn't this start your heart beating? Listen: 'A young man who sets his heart on a girl of this class must live much on the ethereal. To be much absorbed in mundane matters will prove disastrous to all your aspirations in this direction. You must be thoroughly versed in the poetry of life, so that in your initiatory addresses to her you can give a romantic view to the simplest point in hand.' Isn't that a cold proposition for a fellow?

"Sit up nights and memorize poems! I've already learned the little poem he gives later, when he says reservedly: 'We will now suppose the momentous time for the all important question has arrived. Choose some fine, calm summer evening when everything is soft and delicious. You may now come to the point by addressing her in an impassioned manner in such language as this:

"'Oh, my sweetest Angelina!
By the blue sky and its crowding stars
I love you better, oh, far better than
Woman was ever loved! There's not an hour
Of day or dreaming night but I am with thee;
There's not a wind but whispers of thy name,
And not a flower that sleeps beneath the moon
But in its hues or fragrance tells a tale
Of thee, my love, to my fond, anxious heart.'"

Mr. Gibbon closed his eyes in rapture after this excerpt. "I'm going to spring that on Genevieve this evening," he confided. "I think the consequences may be interesting.

"And this author has a simple superhuman wisdom. He has delved deep into the mysteries of the feminine mind. He says 'the greatest trouble is to get on familiar terms with girls who are excessively bashful, but these bashful girls are usually dear, precious creatures, so confiding, innocent and sweet; no distrust, reserve or coquetry, and when married make the best and dearest treasures that a man can be blessed with.' His meaning is commendable if his grammar is excited. Further on he makes bright sallies like this:

"'The principal difficulty to overcome in wooing an heiress is to remove the impression that you are prompted by mercenary motives.' I guess that's what has always foiled my attempts. I did not get the impression totally removed. 'Tell her,' he advises, 'that you would prefer her to place her wealth in the hands of some trust company.' It's too bad Bonl Castellane didn't have some kind friend to send him this book a few years ago. The author is hard on widows. He says: 'Unless you mean business you had better keep away from a widow.' But any man of ordinary gumption will find no difficulty in courting a widow.

"There's a great deal more in the book," Mr. Gibbon said regretfully, closing it, "but I've got to keep an engagement. I'll leave it with you girls. If you happen to want a recipe for a love potion warranted to work, for soft solder, invisible ink, gunpowder or superior paint for brick houses, it's all in there. Also there is a universal liniment and a liquid glue which sounds sensible. But don't lose the book!"—Chicago News.

A Poet With Vigor.

The McMillans of London published a book of poems by T. E. Brown which the English critics lauded because of the "vigor of the poet's descriptive style." Here is a little sample of it referring to the sailing of a fishing smack:

So to the jetty gradual she was hauled;
Then one the tiller took,
And chewed and spat upon his hand and bawled;
And one the canvas shook
Forth like a moldy bat, and one, with nods
And smiles, lay on the bowsprit end and called
And cursed the harbor master by his gods.
And, rotten from the gunwale to the keel,
Rat riddled, bilge bestank,
Slime slobbered, horrible, I saw her reel
And drag her oozy flank
And sprawl among the deft young waves that laughed
And leapt and turned in many a sportive wheel
As she thumped onward with her lumbering draft.

We believe this is a poet who could almost do justice to the Chicago stockyards. The rhythmic swish of the pig sticker's knife and the thrilling splash of the hog in the scalding vat ought to thrill such a bard to the very core of his immortal soul. Give us a call, Brown.

The Annual Dress Exhibit.

Mr. Meddergrass—Well, them New York folks has certainly gone the limit now.

Mr. Crossiots—What they doin'?

Mr. Meddergrass—Goin' to have a horseless horse show.—Baltimore American.

Benefit of the Doubt.

Jasper—I wonder why the magazines publish such unintelligible poetry.

Bighead—Because the editors can't understand it and don't dare to reject it for fear it may be great.—Life.

THE ABILITY OF DR. CHASE

Is Measured by the Cures He Makes—Each Remedy Specific for Certain Diseases—A Remarkable Cure of Bright's Disease.

In this practical age a physician's ability is measured by the actual cures he makes. Judged by this high standard, Dr. Chase stands pre-eminent as a giant among physicians. Take kidney and liver derangements, for example. Dr. Chase, by means of his Kidney-Liver pills, has brought about some of the most surprising cures ever effected. This is due to the direct and specific action of this great home treatment on the liver and kidneys. Here is the experience of a highly respected resident of Consecon, Ont.:—

Mr. James Dellihunt, Consecon, Prince Edward County, Ont., writes: "For several years I suffered great tortures of mind and body from Bright's disease of the kidneys. The pains were sometimes almost beyond endurance and extended from my head and between the shoulders down the whole spinal column and seemed to concentrate across my kidneys. My back was never entirely free from pain. When I got up in the morning I could not straighten myself at all, but would go bent nearly double most all day. My water was scanty and at other times profuse, and it gave me great pain to urinate.

"I could do no work, and, though I tried many kinds of kidney pills, could get no relief. As a last resort I was induced by a friend to give Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills a trial. I felt a change after the first dose. I used in all about five boxes, and they have entirely cured me. I have no pains now and can do as good a day's work as I ever could. It is a pleasure for me to recommend Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, as they have done so much for me."

Mr. J. J. Ward, J.P., Consecon, certifies that he has known Mr. Dellihunt for years as a truthful man and respected citizen, and vouches for the truth of the above statement.

You cannot possibly obtain a more beneficial treatment for the kidneys and liver than Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. It has stood the test of time and has proven beyond dispute its right to the title of "the world's greatest kidney medicine." One pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Sketch of the Life of QUEEN VICTORIA

The death of Her Majesty arouses a renewed interest in the events of her long life. The following particulars will be found of interest:

Victoria Alexandrina (Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, and Empress of India), only child of the late Duke of Kent and of the Princess Louisa-Victoria of Saxe-Cobourg (relict of the Hereditary Prince of Leiningen, and sister of Leopold, Prince of Saxe-Cobourg, afterwards King of the Belgians) was born at Kensington palace, May 24, 1819, her parents, who had been abroad for some time, having hastened to England in order that their child might "be born a Briton." The Duke of Kent died January 23, 1820, and the general education of the young princess was directed, under her mother's care, by the Duchess of Northumberland, wife of the third duke. Until within a few weeks of her elevation to the throne her life was spent in comparative retirement, varied by tours through different parts of the United Kingdom. Queen Victoria succeeded her uncle, William IV, June 20, 1837, as Victoria I, and her coronation was celebrated at Westminster abbey, June 28, 1838. Her Majesty was married February 10, 1840, to his late Royal Highness Prince Albert of Saxe-Cobourg Gotha, by whom her Majesty had issue: 1, H. R. H. Victoria Adelaide Mary Louisa (Princess Royal) born Nov. 21, 1840, married Jan. 25, 1858, to H. R. H. the Crown Prince Frederick of Prussia (he died June 15, 1888); 2, H. R. H. Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, born Nov. 9, 1841, married March 10, 1863, the Princess Alexandra of Denmark; 3, H. R. H. Princess Alice Maud Mary, born April 15, 1843; 4, H. R. H. Prince Alfred Ernest Albert, born Aug. 6, 1844, created Duke of Edinburgh, May 24, 1866, married Jan. 23, 1874; 5, H. R. H. Princess Helena Augusta Victoria, born May 26, 1846, married July 5, 1866, to Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein; 6, H. R. H. Princess Louise Caroline Alberta, born March 14, 1848, married to the Marquis of Lorne, March 21, 1871; 7, H. R. H. Prince Arthur William Patrick Albert, Duke of Connaught, born May 1, 1850, married March 17, 1879, to the Princess Louise Margaret Alexandra Victoria Agnes, third daughter of Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia; 8, H. R. H. Prince Leopold George Duncan Albert, Duke of Albany, born April 7, 1853, married April 2, 1882, the Princess Helen Frederica Augusta, daughter of the Prince of Waldeck and Pyrmont, and 9, H. R. H. Princess Beatrice Mary Victoria Feodore, born April 14, 1857, married July 23, 1885, to Prince Henry of Battenburg.

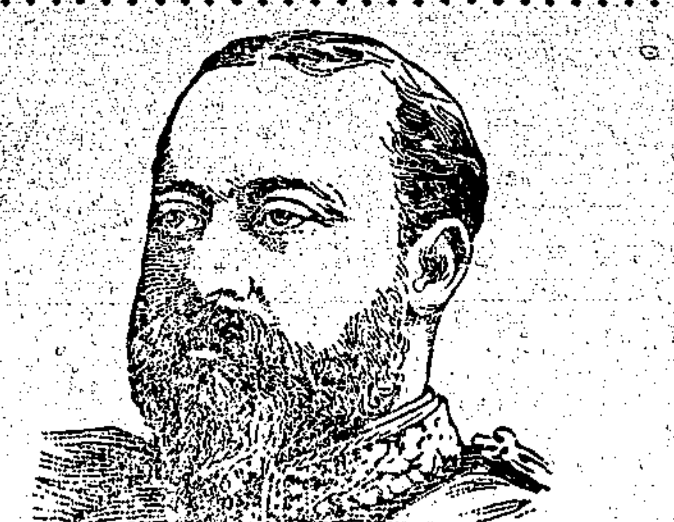
The first domestic grief which Her Majesty suffered was the loss of her mother, the Duchess of Kent, after a short illness, March 16, 1861, followed by the sudden death of the Prince Consort, to the great grief of the entire kingdom, Dec. 14, in the same year. Her Majesty's intense sorrow for her irreparable loss, although it disqualified her in a great degree from appearing in public, and at court ceremonials, and imposed on her the habits of a life of seclusion, was, however, never allowed by her to interfere with the performance of her important duties as sovereign. Neither did it check the exercise of that anxious interest which Her Majesty, ever since her accession to the throne, manifested for the social welfare of her people. It has been a source of great pride to her subjects and must doubtless have tended in no small degree to assuage Her Majesty's grief, that not only in her vast dominions, but throughout the civilized world, Her Majesty's name is never mentioned save in terms of sympathy, affection, and respect as a Christian woman and Queen.

HER REIGN.

On succeeding to the throne Her Majesty found the Whig and Conservative parties nearly evenly balanced in the house of commons. Lord Melbourne and his colleagues continued to hold office until Sept., 1841, when, owing to their onpopularity, arising mainly from a want of financial ability, or at least of financial success, they were obliged to give place to the late Sir Robert Peel. Although he was pledged to maintain the corn laws, he found himself compelled in 1845, to acquiesce in their repeal, which was carried into effect at his instance in 1846. The effect of this change in Sir Robert Peel's policy caused a disruption in the Conservative party, and led to the accession to power of Lord John Russell, who was succeeded in January, 1852, by the Earl of Derby. In the following December, the Conservative party, beaten on their own budget, resigned, and gave place to Lord Aberdeen and the coalition cabinet, which in February, 1855, was dismissed for having mismanaged the Russian war. It was succeeded by Lord Palmerston's first administration, which was defeated on the Conspiracy to Murder bill, in March, 1858, and Lord Derby held power for the second time until June, 1859, when Lord Palmerston formed his second cabinet. On his death, November, 1865, the ministry was remodelled, Earl Russell assuming the post of premier. His ministry having decided upon introducing a Reform bill, the duty of conducting it through the house of commons devolved upon Mr. Gladstone. Having been defeated on an important clause in June, 1866, the ministry resigned. Lord Derby formed his third administration, and during the session of 1867 carried a Reform bill, thereby settling a question which had long been a stumbling block impeding the progress of legislation. The Conservatives being placed in a minority at the general election of 1868, Mr. Disraeli resigned office, and was succeeded by Mr. Gladstone as prime minister. The chief events of Mr. Gladstone's administration were the disestablishment of the Irish church,

QUEEN VICTORIA.

the passing of the Irish Land Act, and the Elementary Education act, the abolition of purchase in the army the negotiation of the treaty of Washington respecting the Alabama claims, and the Ballot act. At the general election of February, 1874, the Conservatives again came into power, and a new administration was formed by Mr. Disraeli, afterwgrds Lord Beaconsfield. By virtue of the power conferred by an act of parliament, passed in the previous session, Her Majesty was, on January 1, 1877, proclaimed Empress of India, by the governor-general, at the durbar at Delhi, before an imperial assemblage of all the governors, lieutenant-governors, and heads of government, princes, chiefs and nobles of India. On the defeat of the Conservatives at the general election of 1880 Mr. Gladstone formed another Liberal administration, which



KING EDWARD VII.

continued in office until June, 1885, when it was succeeded by a Conservative government under Lord Salisbury. After the general election of November, 1885, the Liberals again cam? ineo power, and the spring of 1886 was devoted by Mr. Gladstone to the consideration of the Irish question. His Home Rule bill however, met with so much opposition thae the government decided to appeal to the country, and the result of the general election of July, 1886, was an immense Conservative majority. Lord Salisbury's second government came into power on August 3, 1886. In April, 1882, an attempt was made on the Queen's life at Windsor, by one Roderick Maclean, who after trial was ordered to be confined during Her Majesty's pleasure.

"The Early Days of His Royal Highness the Prince Consort," compiled under the direction of Her Majesty, by Lieutenant-General the Hon. C. Grey, was published in July, 1867 and was followed in 1869 by "Leaves From the Journal of Our Life in the Highlands;" and in 1874, by the volume of Mr. (now Sir) Theodore Martin's "Life of H. R. H. the Prince Consort," of which the fifth and concluding volume, entitled "More Leaves of Our Life in the Highlands." In 1887, Her Majesty celebrated the Jubilee of her accession to the throne. A thanksgiving service was held in Westminster Abbey, and was attended by Her Majesty and all the royal family. The service was conducted by His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury in the presence of 10,000 spectators. Since the Jubilee Her Majesty travelled abroad more than formerly, and generously patronized music and the drama, on many occasions having summoned eminent singers and actors to perform before her at Windsor and even at Balmoral. She paid several visits to Florence or to such places in the south of France as Hyres, and made prolonged stays there.

In 1892 the Queen addressed a letter to the nation thanking her subjects for the sympathy thay had shown at the time of the Duke of Clarence's death. Lord Salisbury's government went out of office in 1892, and the Queen summoned Mr. Gladstone to form a cabinet. In March, 1894, on Mr. Gladstone's retirement from office Lord Rosebery became premier, and some changes took place in the ministry. In 1895 Lord Salisbury again became premier. On her return from Florence in 1894 she was present at Cobourg on April 19, at the marriage of the Grand Duke of Hesse and Princess Victoria Melita of Cobourg, her granddaughter. She spent some time at Cobourg, and did not again reach Windsor till April 28. Later, Her Majesty met with an enthusiastic reception in Manchester, where, on May 21 she opened the ship canal in person.

THE QUEEN'S GENEALOGY.

Queen Victoria numbers the eighth in a direct line from James I, the intervening space being filled by seven of her kindred. She is fourteenth in descent from Edward VI., twenty-eighth in descent from Henry I., thirty-fifth in descent from Alfred the Great, thirty-seventh in descent from Egbert, the first sole monarch of England. A great number of branching lives connect her with other distinguished and illustrious personages of different nationalities.

One of the Queen's biographers, with the latter day taste for details has unearthed the fact that she was the first member of a royal family to be experimented on with Jenner's science of innoculation. She was vaccinated when four months old.

Much of her character kindly simple, and unpretentious, was derived from her father, the good Duke of Kent.

HER BIRTH.

The late Queen's birth—in the old shabby brick palace in Kensington—solved many troublesome questions of succession. There was some trouble in finding a name for the baby. The father wished to call her Elizabeth, thinking that from its glorious tradition it would prove a name to please the people should she occupy the throne. But the prince regent, who was godfather, together with the Emperor of Russia, gave only the name of Alexandrina to the clergy. The father pleaded that another name be added and proposed the feminine form of the regent's own name—Georgina. But the regent said that his name could not come in the second place. So the princess came to be called Alexandria Victoria, and in infancy was known as the Princess Driana, a name she dropped after her accessian.

ACCESSION.

The lack of ceremony which attended the conveying of the message to the Princess Victoria that she was the girl Queen of England was almost as noteworthy as that attending the notification of George IV.

The Archbishop of Canterbury and the lord chamberlain carried the news of the old King's death to Kensington palace, and were told that the princess was asleep and must not be disturbed. Then the archbishop made the first statement of her new position.

"We have come on business of state to the Queen," he said, "and she must be roused even from sweet sleep for that."

The news being conveyed to her uncrowned majesty, she at once gave a lesson to all women forever not to keep men of business waiting. She came at once into the room, her nightcap cast aside, and her hair loosely coiled, and with only a shawl over her white night robes she wore, her feet hastily thrust into bedroom slippers. Her large, sympathetic eyes were full of tears, but she was, we are informed, collected and dignified.

The first words she uttered were a request to the archbishop: "I ask your prayers in my behalf."

One of the first acts of her reign showed the goodness of her heart. She wrote a letter of condolence to her widowed aunt, queen consort of William IV., and addressed it as usual to 'Her Majesty, the Queen.' One of her attendants called her attention to what she supposed to be her mistake and remarked that her relative was now 'queen-dowager.'

"I know that," she responded, "but she shall not receive her altered title from my hand."

In the year of her accession to the throne the world was still under the influence of the eighteenth century. Her reign has been synchronous with the progress of the past century. Perhaps no clearer account of the marvellous changes which were to be accomplished in the ensuing fifty years could be given than that of Walter Besant.

MANY CHANGES.

"In the year 1837," he has written, "we were still to all intents and purposes in the eighteenth century. As yet the country was untouched by the American influence which is now filling all peoples with new ideas. Rank was still held in ancient reverence; religion was still that of the eighteenth century church the rights of labor were not yet recognized: there were no trades unions; there were no railways to speak of; nobody travelled except the rich; their own country was unknown to the people; the majority of the country people could not read or write; the good old discipline of Father Stick and his children, Cat-o'-Nine-Tails, Rope's End, Strap, Birch, Ferrule, and Cane were wholesomely maintained; landlords, manufacturers and employers of all kinds did what they pleased with their own; elections were carried by bribery; the civil service was full of great men's nominees; the church was devoured by pluralists; there was no competitive examinations; the perpetual pensions were many and fat; for the younger sons and their progeny the state was provided with any number of sinecures. The country was crammed full of abuses, and the ship of state to outsiders seemed as if she were about to capsize and founder."

The Whig ministry of Lord Melbourne was in power against the will of the people. Penal settlements still flourished. Travel was still by stage coach, as not a railway was yet completed in England.

A CHRONOLOGICAL RECORD.

Some of the important events of Queen Victoria's long and glorious reign:

1819, May 24.—Born at Kensington palace, London.

1820, Jan. 23.—Duke of Kent died.

1837, June 20—William IV., King of England, uncle of Victoria died.

1837, June 28—Coronation of Queen Victoria in Westminster abbey.

1837, Nov. 20.—Queen opened her first parliament.

1839, Oct. 15.—Queen proposed marriage to Prince Consort.

1840, Feb. 10—Married to Prince Albert of Saxe-Cobourg Gotha.

1840, Nov. 21—Birth of Victoria Adelaide, Princess Royal.

1841, Nov. 9.—Albert Edward Prince of Wales, born.

1842, Sept. 1—Queen's first visit to Scotland.

1846, June 26.—Corn law repealed.

1848, Nov. 24.—Lord Melbourne, Queen's prime minister, died.

1854, Feb. 28.—Declaration of war against Russia.

1859, May 1.—Thanksgiving for suppression of Indian mutiny.

1861, Duchess of Kent, Queen's mother, died.

1861, Dec. 14.—Prince Consort died.

1863, March 10.—Prince of Wales married Princess Alexandra.

1868, Jan. 28.—Queen's first book published.

1872, Feb. 29.—Queen shot at by Arthur O'Connor.

1876, May 1.—Proclaimed Empress of India.

1878—Russia checked in Russo-Turkish war.

1880—Beginning of Irish agitation of the present.

1881.—Fighting in Zululand.

1884—New Guinea annexed.

1887—Troubles in Africa began.

1892—Duke of Clarence died; agreement with United States to arbitrate Behring sea seal fisheries dispute; Gladstone succeeded Salisbury as premier.

1893—Queen opened Imperial institute; home rule bill introduced; Behring sea arbitration award against America; British East Africa company defeated King of Matabeleland.

1894—Queen formally inaugurated Manchester ship canal.

1895—Salisbury succeeded Rosebery.

1896—Queen had reigned longer than any other sovereign.

1897.—Queen's diamond jubilee.

1898—Two-cent postage went into effect between Britain and the colonies.

1899—Transvaal declared war Oct. 11.

1900—Queen welcomed in Ireland, Australian commonwealth formed; Transvaal and Orange Free State annexed.

1901—Death of the Queen and accession of Edward VII, January 22.

JOYS OF APPLE PIE.

Other Pies Have Their Season, but Apple Is Standard.

"But apples! —you take," says Harvey Sutherland in Ainslee's, "good, sharp, juicy winter apples and pare them and quarter and core them and slice them and strew them on the well worked and well shortened under crust, made out of good winter wheat flour, and put in a little sweet butter and just enough sugar and a clove or two and nutmeg and cinnamon and maybe a little lemon peel and then fix on the cover and take a case knife and trim off the superfluous dough around the rim, and pinch up the edge with your thumb and finger all around to make it look pretty, and gash the top something like a leaf, so as to let out the steam, and then set it in an oven that bakes just right, top and bottom, and let it stay there till it browns the right shade, and I tell you you've got a pie that is a pie. And when ma opens the oven door to see how it is getting along there is such a nice smell all through the house—wait a second till I swallow; I'm most choked—and it seems as if you just couldn't wait till dinner time comes. Oh, yes, I guess warm apple pie is about right. And cold apple pie can be got down, especially if there is a piece of cheese on the plate beside it, the kind of cheese that is all crumbly and has about a million little stickers in it.

"Apple pie is always in style. Go into a restaurant and ask for a 'cut of standard,' and the waiter will bring you a piece of apple pie. He knows what standard pie is. There are times in the year when other kinds make a spurt and run on ahead a little, but apple pie keeps jogging on, and by and by it overtakes them. In December mince pie is in the lead because it is near Christmas, and that is an orthodox Christmas article of diet. In November pumpkin pie has the call because it is Thanksgiving time. In the spring when pieplant comes in—some people call it rhubarb, but that always sounds stuck up and as if you were trying to show off—everybody will eat pieplant because it is good for the blood. In the summer peach pie will forge away to the front, and I'll never tell you why. But, just as I say, apple pie keeps jogging on and in the long run wins the race. I mean the right kind of an apple pie.

"Once in awhile you will meet somebody that is always trying to be different from anybody else, and he will go on about English deep apple pie and how much superior it is to the common, vulgar thing we eat because we don't know any better. Well, English deep apple pie is good. I don't deny that. It can't help being good. You cook apples almost any way, and they're not bad eating; but, law me, when you put them in a crock and turn a little cup upside down in the middle of them and cover it all over with a lid of pastry, that isn't a pie at all. It's just stewed apples. Don't you see that you must have a bottom of pastry and that there is a just proportion of crust to filling that must not be deviated from one iota; or your pie is inartistic and an offense against the laws of taste?"

When a load of coal is purchased instead of going to the buyer it usually goes to the cellar.

Five hundred motor carriages per year is the average output of a Paris firm for the past five years.

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS
ISSUED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

Subscription, $2 a year, in advance

W. E. Anderson, Editor.

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

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Job Work Strictly C. O. D.
Transient Ads Cash in Advance.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 3, 1901

The various game associations in the Province, and sportsmen generally, are awakening to the fact that our game must have better protection, if there is to be any sport for the future. Various remedies are suggested, and one issue is the taxing of all guns, the money thus collected to be applied in paying game wardens in different sections. There is a diversity of opinion regarding the wisdom of this step, as it is urged that certain people, such as prospectors and others who may have to depend on the gun at times for a meal, would be unjustly taxed. However, this perhaps could be arranged. The NEWS some time ago, advised the prohibiting the sale of all game. Gallinaceous game birds should certainly have this protection. The Victoria Times and other papers reprinted some of our articles and commended our suggestions. Our neighbours in the U.S., and especially in the east, have long since awakened to the fact that market hunters are responsible for the rapid depletion of their fields and forests of game birds and have in most states formed very strong and influential bodies for the better protection of the birds, and their standard is "Stop the sale of game." The "Forest and Stream," the leading paper on sport in America, has has long advocated the non sale of game and has been largely instrumental in bringing about this change of sentiment from the old one of "kill all and by any means." The great plank in that paper's platform to-day is "Stop the sale of game." If there is to be an amendment to the act, let that clause be inserted. Residents of Hornby and Denman Islands are complaining bitterly of the destruction of the blue grouse on those islands by pot hunters for sale. The respectable class all say, "Stop the sale of game."

AN EXPERT'S OPINION.

Brother Lowery's Views on Kissing and Science.

New Denver Ledge.

A scientist has discovered that it is dangerous to kiss without first washing the mouth and lips with an antiseptic remedy. Upon every lip lurks bacteria awaiting an opportunity to switch its location. Beware of the deadly kiss. Look not upon the lips when they are red in the moonlight, for in the end the microbes will bite you into an early demise. Science is wonderful. It reveals many unknown dangers that we have dallied with in the past, only escaping the terrors of bacteria by an element of luck. While science has revealed this great danger, and provided a remedy, it has also increased mental anxiety. Suppose a girl with ripe bacterian lips should suddenly grasp a man and kiss him before he could flood his mouth with antiseptics what agony he would endure waiting for the bacteria to develop and carry him beyond the clouds. It is simply awful to contemplate the chances we run every day and a man to be reasonably safe should be a clerk in the store of a man who does not advertise. Bacteria is never swapped when a man is alone.

The Chinese are employed in growing, preparing or packing Blue Ribbon Tea.
Are you drinking it?

RELIEF FUND COLLECTIONS.

The following subscriptions have been received since last statement in the NEWS:

Amount brought forward	$4929 95
Miss Bertzum's Concert	122 50
F. Childs sub list	51 00
J. B. Holmes' sub list	9 50
"Dot" performance, Cumberland	99 85
Subscriber	4 85
Total	$5217 65

REPORT OF DELEGATION.

To His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor-in-Council:

SIR—In accordance with your instructions, the undersigned beg to report that they proceeded to Ottawa as a delegation to lay before the Government of Canada certain matters requiring adjustment between the two governments, and to present certain claims of the province of British Columbia for increased recognition at the hands of the Dominion.

As you are aware, the matters referred to were fully discussed before our departure, and were as follows:

1 Chinese and Japanese immigration.

2 The right of the province to a greater share of the revenues out of Chinese Immigration Act.

3 The fisheries.

4. The encouragement of ship building on the British Columbia coast.

5 Readjustment of the lumber tariff, in the interests of the local industry.

6 Financial relations of the Province of British Columbia and the Dominion of Canada.

7 Co-operation of the Dominion with the Province in the matter of railway development in British Columbia.

8 The settlement of the Songhees Indian reserve.

9 Readjustment of boundries of Indian reserves in British Columbia

10 The right of the Province to administer minerals under Indian reserves.

11 The right of the province to the foreshores, and the minerals under the same.

12 The salaries of Judges.

13 Amendment to the Naturalization Act, to prevent fradulent naturalixation of aliens.

[And other matters of a minor consideration.]

Signed JAMES DUNSMUIR,
D. M. EBERTS

CUMBERLAND RELIEF FUND.

Solicited by T. H. Piercy, Denman Island.

T H Piercy	$ 5 00
J A Piercy	1 00
G W Piercy	1 00
John A Graham	1 00
Harvey W Piercy	1 00
Irvine Piercy	1 00
James Piercy	1 00
James Graham	1 00
Alex McMillan	5 00
Geo A Graham	1 00
A Pickles	1 00
J A Coburn	1 00
Jas Wm Kenan	1 00
Alfred Fisher	1 00
Geo Bradnel, jr	1 00
Sandy Swan	1 00
Howard McFarlane	1 00
Charles McFarlane	2 50
Walter McFarlane	2 00
G McFarlane	2 00
J S Chalmers	1 00
Thos Chalmers	1 00
Thos A Graham	1 00
V Hardie	1 00
T Nelson	1 00
H C Nixon	1 00
Fred Peacock	5 00
Mrs A Pickles	1 00
Harry Pickles	50
Alex Cowie	1 00
Total	$46.00

Solicited by Frank Childs, Sandwick.

Geo. Grieve & Son	$15 0
Markham Ball	2 00
R. Landells	2 00
Frank Childs	2 00
Norman Palmer	1 00
H. R. Clark	2 00
Isaac Grieves	1 00
Mrs. W. C. Smith	2 00
Wm Beach	1 00
Alex Ledingham	1 00
J Blackburn	1 00
Mrs T C Woods	1 00
Chas Cowlin	1 00
S. Cliffe	1 00
Alex Salmon	2 00
Edward Phillips	1 00
Mr and Mrs H Smith	2 50
T Menzies	10 00
Jas A Halliday	2 50
Total	$51 00

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Hospital Annual Meeting.

The annual meeting to receive the report of the Board of Directors of the Hospital and to elect officers will be held in the Old School House on SATURDAY, APRIL 6th at 8 o'clock.

HENRY F. PULLEN,
Secretary.

FOR SALE

RE WILLIAM C. MACKIN ESTATE.

A Mortgage for $500 at 8 per cent on the farm of the late W. C. Mackin, Comox, 90 acres more or less, also the 1st Mortgage on animals, implements and effects on farm.

For particulars apply to
CREASE & CREASE,
Solicitors, Victoria, B.C.

MUNICIPALITY OF THE
CITY OF CUMBERLAND

NOTICE

Court of Revision and Appeal will be held at the City Hall on FRIDAY, the 29th day of March, 1901, at 7:30 p.m.

LAWRENCE W. NUNNS,
Assessor.
Cumberland, B.C., March 4, 1901

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LADIES' BLOUSES, WALKING SKIRTS, WRAPPERS, FLANNELETTES, PRINTS, ART MUSLINS, LACE AND CHENILLE CURTAINS, WHITE AND COLORED TABLE COVERS.
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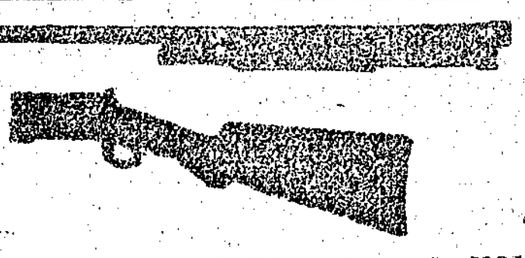

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