

# THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

SEVENTH YEAR.

CUMBERLAND, B. C. SATURDAY APRIL 8th., 1899

STEVENSON & CO'S.

## GENUINE REMOVAL SALE,

### will commence April 10th.

Having decided to withdraw the business from Cumberland and confine our efforts and attention to Nanaimo, we will start a **GENUINE REMOVAL SALE**.

This is no deception. For absolute profit Come and get Prices, and secure benefit of this Clearance Sale.

Money saved is money made, and if you would make money buying your goods, do not fail to take advantage of this opportunity.

PROFITS WILL BE SACRIFICED by us in order to reduce the stock quickly.

## Stevenson & Co.

THE OLD RELIABLE FIRM OF

### M. W. WAITT & CO.

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

Sole Agents For



Heintzman  
Nordheimer  
Dominion  
Wormwith  
Jewett and  
Bell

## Pianos.

ESTEY  
DOMINION  
and BELL.

## Organs

Terms to suit the Purchaser.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE.

C. H. TARBEILL

DEALER IN

### Stoves and Tinware

CUMBERLAND, B. C.

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

### Stoddart.

OPPOSITE Waverley Hotel.

### GORDON MURDOCK'S

LIVERY.

Single and Double Rigs to let

—at—

### Reasonable Prices

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

### Esquimalt & Nanaimo Ry.

TIME TABLE EFFECTIVE  
NOV. 19TH, 1898.

VICTORIA TO WELLINGTON.		
No. 2 Daily.	No. 1 Saturday.	
A.M.	A.M.	
De. 9:00	Victoria	De. 3:00
" 9:30	Nanaimo	" 3:20
" 10:15	Shawnigan Lake	" 4:11
" 10:55	Duncans	" 4:45
	P.M.	
" 12:30	Nanaimo	" 6:56
Ar. 12:45	Wellington	Ar. 6:22

WELLINGTON TO VICTORIA.		
No. 1 Daily.	No. 3 Saturday.	
A.M.	A.M.	
De. 8:25	Wellington	De. 3:10
" 8:45	Nanaimo	" 3:23
" 9:04	Duncans	" 4:37
" 10:42	Shawnigan Lake	" 5:08
" 11:33	Goldstream	" 5:59
Ar. 12:00 M.	Victoria	Ar. 6:25 P.M.

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

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

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

### DIED.

At "Dunfillan," Stratford, Ontario, on the 1st instant, Harriet Florino, aged 27 years and 11 months, the beloved wife of Louis P. Eckstein.—Requiescat in pace.

### PASSENGER LIST.

Per Thistle, Wednesday, April 5th, '99  
J. E. Conna'an, J. Eleuo, A. Bobo, H. Church, L. Hornbury, Mrs. Hornbury, Miss Houraby, Louis Coe, R. Coe, Mrs. Coe, Graham, Mrs. Beckensell, Mrs. Fraser, J. Bobo, McAlpine, J. Holmes, J. McCalluin, S. Reed, Miss Reed, H. Maharer, Mrs. Sargent, S. Seaver, E. F. Easthope, M. Simpson, W. Piercy.

### Passengers Down Friday.

Jac. Comb, Mrs. Comb, Chris Comb, Jas. Woodland, Mr. Haack, Mrs. Haack, Mr. Gaspard, Mrs. Fozie, John Lee, Thos. James, Ed Shepperd, Leo Carto—to Nanaimo. Japanese, 15, Chinese, 3.

## Photos! Photos! FINLEY

### is Making His —Last Visit—

to town, so in order to give everybody a chance we have

### GREATLY REDUCED Our Prices.

### One Week Only! Last Chance!

Come Early and Avoid  
the Rush.

00 0000000000000000 00  
00 —COURTENAY NOTES— 00  
00 0000000000000000 00

This long period of fine weather has enabled the farmers to prepare an unusually large area for crops. Some of them have a good part of their grain in already.

We notice that the Smith Bros., have a lot of the old sod on the Bailey Farm turned over.

Mr. Cecil Smith and Mr. Myers are farming the Hetherington place this year.

Mr. W. Grieve and Mr. Harry Piercy are over from Texada.

Mr. J. Cowie has moved from Fanny Bay to his farm on the Courtenay River.

We are sorry to hear that Master Albert Crawford is still in the hospital, Victoria, suffering from inflammatory rheumatism.

The heartfelt sympathy of the whole community goes out to the Duncan family in the serious illness of Mr. Duncan, but we hope that he may be speedily restored to his wonted health and usefulness.

None of the Comox teachers availed themselves of the opportunity of attending the Teachers' Convention which meets this week in Victoria. This is not to be wondered at, considering the inconvenience of the trip and the fact that school would require to be closed almost a fortnight to enable teachers from this district to attend.

### NOVA SCOTIA.

The Land of the Mayflower, Nova Scotia, is enjoying an unwonted boom this season. A company, composed chiefly of American capitalists, has offered to erect in Sydney, C. B., a plant costing three million dollars, provided the local government will remit for five years the royalty on a coal to be used in the manufacture of steel and iron.

McKenzie and Mann are undertaking to build a railway from Port Hawkesbury to Cheticamp, in Cape Breton, and the same firm has purchased extensive coal areas along the line of the proposed road. The price of cod has risen, and the prospects of the important fishing industry are excellent.

This is the first voyage the Boscowitz has made since the accident she had last fall at Skeena River. She has been thoroughly overhauled and greatly improved in her cabin arrangements.

### LATEST WIRINGS.

#### McINNES ON THE WARPATH

#### AFTER THE U. C. CO.

#### SUICIDE AND DROWNING at Nanaimo.

#### HOT TIME IN CHINA.

### OTHER NEWS.

#### DR. POPE'S SUCCESSOR.

Victoria, April 6th.—This week's Provincial Gazette contains the announcement of the appointment of Alex. Robertson, Principal of Vancouver High School, to position of Superintendent of Education.

The first Provincial Executive Council meeting ever held on the mainland is being held in Vancouver.

Court of Revision for Comox District will be held in Cumberland on May 1, at one o'clock p.m.

#### MINERS' CERTIFICATE.

Victoria, April 6.—New schedule of fees for miners' certificates appears in the Gazette. From June 1 to 18 the full fee of \$5.00 is payable. Twenty-five cents for certificates issued between May 14 and 31.

#### THE SAMOA COMMISSION.

London, April 5.—Special dispatch from Berlin says, Great Britain has agreed to Germany's proposal for a commission to settle the Samoa trouble.

#### TORCH IN CHINA.

Pekin, April 5.—Governor of Kian Chow has given orders to burn two Chinese villages in neighborhood of Ichou; a short distance from Kian Chow, where the German patrol was recently fired upon.

#### FROM PHILIPPINES.

Manilla, April 6.—There has been a week's respite in hostilities, chiefly in order to allow the Philippines to digest the proclamation of U. S. Commission. Advices received from Somer Island, forming a province of Philippines, say the revolutionists there are weary and their leader has deserted with funds and the inhabitants are destitute and desire American rule.

#### ASSIZES IN NANAIMO.

Nanaimo, April 6.—A special Assize Court will be held on 18th. The only case to be heard is the Burns assault from Shoal Bay. The Attorney-General will represent in Regina vs. Union Colliery Co., re Trent River Bridge disaster. This action is for the purpose of permitting formal investigation to be made by a court and jury into the measure of responsibility, if any, attaching to the company in question in connection with the accident, which resulted in the loss of several lives last year.

#### NEW BILLS.

Ottawa, April 7.—McInnes, M.P. for Nanaimo, is after Yukon officials. He will introduce a new Bill to provide for speedy appeal to court from any official act, decision or refusal of Gold Commissioner. Mr. McInnes has another Bill making it criminal offence of any clergyman to take part in elections, whether on public platforms or from the pulpit. He also seeks to prevent the dismissal of any em-

ployee within specified time after a new election; the idea being to stop employers from dismissing employees who may have voted contrary to employers wishes.

### SUICIDE.

Nanaimo, April 7.—John Davey, a resident of this city, committed suicide to-day by hanging.

### FROM DAWSON.

Vancouver, April 7.—J. Campbell from Dawson, says that wages have fallen very very much there. In the hospital there were were 350 cases when he left. Many treated had no money, but were cared for same as those who were rich and paid for services rendered.

### DROWNING.

Nanaimo, April 6.—On Monday afternoon Chas. Weber and a boy named Joseph Reed, supposed to be from Nanaimo, left in a sail boat to go to Vancouver via Chemainus. At 7:30 p. m. the boat struck a reef at Yellow Point and filled. The boy was drowned.

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00 COMOX NOTES. 00  
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The arrival of the ships has made a welcome break in the monotony of things in Comox. It is to be hoped the new admiral will continue the practice of his predecessor in making this harbor a frequented resort.

Mr. H. Church returned from Alberta this week, bringing over six fine horses. Mr. Church and his brother went down to Victoria Friday.

Splendid roads for biking, and the devotees of the wheel are taking advantage of them. Mr. Digby Hougham has invested in a first class Columbia.

There is a rumour around to the effect that a ghost has been seen on the Point Holmes road, past the old blacksmith shop. It is not known whether or not the ghost objects to company.

Our school is flourishing under the efficient management of Miss Netherby.

Mrs. Greenshields of Nanaimo, has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. McDonald. Mrs. Greenshields brought up a 'Perfect' bike to take advantage of our fine roads.

St. Peters Church has been reopened for the summer. Service every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

The Pheaton and Egeria arrived Sunday and Monday, respectively.

The Sailors' Rest is in full blast. Sparks from it are to be seen a mile off—probably carried by the northerly winds.

### WHARF NOTES.

APRIL 7TH.—Ship Glory of the Seas completed her cargo of 3400 tons and proceeded to sea Thursday morning.

Capt. A. W. Hall, formerly first officer of the Glory, sailed in command, the veteran Capt. Freeman laying off for a short time.

Steamship Aorangi is taking on bunker coal before proceeding to San Francisco, to discharge some 2000 tons of freight brought over on her last trip from China.

The steamer Boscowitz called in this morning on her way down from Nass River and way ports. She reports business among the canneries as pretty brisk, extensive preparations being made for the coming season. The steamer reports the Ford family well.

**An Astounding Memory.**  
"Josef Hofmann has an astounding memory," writes Mary B. Mallett of the famous young pianist, in The Ladies' Home Journal. "While he was in this country, last season, he did not have with him a single piece of music for his own use. He brought only the scores for the orchestra. During the early part of his season here he sprained his wrist slightly, and for a week he did not touch the piano. At the end of the week he appeared in concert and played with the orchestra a Beethoven concerto which he had not similarly played for eight years. His only preparation was to sit up in bed just before the concert and look over a borrowed score. When he is expected to play in the evening, he scarcely touches the piano during the day. Perhaps he plays for half an hour some exercises to take the stiffness out of his fingers."  
"He is very prone to become so interested in things that he forgets how time flies, and he is quite as likely to do this when he is to play as at any other time. Often when his father and his manager, after an hour of anxious waiting, are on the point of going to the theater and calling off the concert, Hofmann rushes in all out of breath and with hands red and stiff with cold. He plunges them into hot water to take out the stiffness, then gets into his evening clothes at top speed, jumps into a carriage and is driven to the theater without stopping to taste food."

**Dollar Hunters.**  
All Europe has taken a low view of the belligerent possibilities of the United States, partly because we keep small military and naval forces, but mainly because we are very much given to trade. The swashbuckler at the military club still entertains feelings of contempt for the bird that does not wear such gaudy plumage as his. If in the civil war we showed a plentiful lack of military science, we at least showed an abundance of courage, a general willingness to fight, a tenacity that lasted till one side was crushed and till the other had accomplished its purposes, and a cheerful willingness on the part of the people both north and south who were not fighting to support the men who were. In spite of all this, the accomplished European gentlemen whose burden of gold lace is almost greater than they can bear and who spend their too copious leisure in playing the "krieggspiel" had settled in their minds that we are too much given to dollar hunting to fight.  
Dollar hunting! It is impossible to estimate the amount of comfort the description of Americans as dollar hunters and the breeders of dollar hunters (for which beautiful expression I think we are indebted to John Stuart Mill) has afforded to European litterateurs, social snobs and military persons. And yet the American abroad is accused of being too free with his money.—Lippincott's.

**Preservation of Meat.**  
The general opinion on the preservation of meat is that the decomposition of the blood is the cause of much of the trouble experienced in keeping meats in a fresh and wholesome state. A Danish scientist gives some points on the preservation of this important article of food. The methods of killing the animal, according to his theory, are greatly at fault. The animal must be stunned, not killed, and instantly the ready assistant with a sharp knife cuts to the heart and opens the ventricle. This allows the blood to rush out, completely clearing the veins. Then a solution of salt, depending in strength upon the length of time the meat is to be kept, is thrown by a powerful pump through the uninjured ventricle and thence in the veins of the entire carcass. The operation is an extremely simple and short one, and immediately upon its completion the animal can be dressed and cut up. Meat has been kept three months with perfect satisfaction under this form of treatment. This discovery opens new possibilities in the way of preserving meats and is without the objections usually urged to other ways of removing the blood.

**Hand Written Bible.**  
Some men have queer hobbies, and a remarkable one is that of a Glasgow man who has spent the leisure of four years in rewriting the Scriptures. He is a compositor with a wonderful gift of turning out beautiful writing, and in the time mentioned he has managed to reach the middle of the Psalms. In two years he anticipates that the concluding verse will have been written. A feature of this remarkable Bible will be its illustrations. Each chapter has its artistically designed initial letter, and each book a pictorial heading illustrative of the context. The writer is a native of Dumfries, and in his boyhood days ran errands for Carlyle, to whom he regularly carried the local morning paper.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

**Two Views of the Case.**  
"No. I do not think she will marry again. She vowed on the day he was buried she would not."  
"Ah! Thinking about it already, was she?"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

**At the Rialto.**  
First Thespian—Why did you play "Tilby" so often last season?  
Second Ditto—Out of consideration for the leading lady—her shoes wore out!—Meggenroder Blatter.

**A CUP OF TEA.**  
**Novel Ways of Preparing This Beverage in Various Countries.**  
The offering of a cup of tea seems about the simplest form of hospitality, and on its face appears hardly capable of affording much entertainment. It remained for two ingenious girls to find out a way of relieving "afternoon teas" of their monotony and rendering them truly entertaining.  
These girls had travelled, and they had observed that tea was served in different ways in different countries. Their idea was to prepare tea for their guests after the method of other lands, serving it in all the more interesting ways in succession.  
They began with the Russian samovar and the silt of lemon or lime. That was simple enough, but the next "tea" was more novel. It was a reproduction of the Uruguayan mode of tea drinking. The tea of that country was used, prepared like Chinese tea, but with the drinking like the really entertaining part of the affair. There was something far removed from the hackneyed in the sight of a group of guests drinking tea through silver tubes, each of which had at the end a ball-like strainer, known as a bomba or bombilla. It is little wonder that this tea was pronounced a success.  
Next on the list was a Mandarin tea, in which a large artistic cup was set in a brass or silver holder. In this cup the tea was placed and covered with boiling water. The process was continued by the placing of a little saucer inside the cup in an inverted position, the saucer being of such a size that it just fitted the cup and kept in the steam and flavor of the tea. When the tea was drawn it was poured from the big cup into tiny little ones no larger than an eggshell.  
The process was not easy. Several cups were broken and their contents spilled, but the tea was good and the whole entertainment successful.  
A Java tea, served in broad, flat cups and flavored with Batavia arrack, was fourth on the program, and was followed by the Formosa, in which the tea was steeped with tea flowers and one or two orange flowers. The result was a perfume and a flavor of the most intense kind. One of the guests remarked that they were not drinking tea so much as wedding bouquets.  
A young lady who had spent a winter in the West Indies introduced the plan in vogue in Martinique. The teacup she employed was narrow and rather deep, resembling the old-fashioned lily cup. An aromatic tea was used, and a peculiar liquor made by the monks and by the old French housewives was added.  
Last of all came an up-to-date Paris tea.

**ANIMALS IN STORMS.**  
**The Faculty They Have of Predicting Changes of Weather.**  
Certain movements on the part of the animal creation before a change of weather appear to indicate a reasoning faculty. Such seems to be the case with the common garden spider, which, on the approach of rainy or windy weather, will be found to shorten and strengthen the guys of his web, lengthening the same when the storm is over. There is a popular superstition that it is unlucky for an angler to meet a single magpie, but two of the birds together are a good omen. The reason is that the birds foretell the coming of cold or stormy weather, and at such times, instead of searching for food for their young in pairs, one will always remain on the nest. Seagulls predict storms by assembling on the land, as they know that the rain will bring earthworms to the surface. This, however, is merely a search for food, and is due to the same instinct which teaches the swallow to fly high in fine weather, and skim along the ground when foul is coming. They simply follow the flies and gnats, which remain in the warm strata of the air. The different tribes of wading birds always migrate before rain, likewise to hunt for food. Many birds foretell rain by warning cries and uneasy actions, and swine will carry hay and straw to hiding-places, oxen will lick themselves the wrong way of the hair, sheep will bleat and skip about, hogs turned out in the woods will come grunting and squealing, oaks will rub their backs against the ground, crows will gather in crowds, crickets will sing more loudly, flies come into the house, frogs croak and change color to a dingier hue, dogs eat grass, and rooks soar like hawks. It is probable that many of these actions are due to actual uneasiness, similar to that which all who are troubled with corns or rheumatism experience before a storm, and are caused both by the variation in barometric pressure and the changes in the electrical condition of the atmosphere.

**Covers for Children's Books.**  
When the children's favorite book grows shabby it may be renovated by giving it an embroidered cover. Cut a piece of brown holland or one of the pretty art linens two inches wider and four inches longer than the book. Turn in an inch at the top and bottom, and measure the linen carefully around the book, turning the extra length inside. Sew this to the outside, forming a kind of pocket at each end into which the cover is slipped. The linen may be decorated with any simple device in embroidery, a wreath of holly berries and leaves, with the owner's initials in the middle, or a monogram, or the name of the book.—Ladies' Home Journal.

**His Comprehension of Providence.**  
A country parson went to see a humble parishioner, says a writer in Longman's Magazine, and if possible to comfort him some little under heavy trouble which had befallen. The pastor found the homely old man in his desolate cottage, alone. He said many things, and added that we must try and take all affliction humbly, as appointed to us by providence. "Yes," said the good old man, who was imperfectly instructed in theology, "that's right enough, that is; but somehow that here old providence have bin again me all along, but I reckon as there's one above as'll put a stopper on he if he go too fur."

**How Grant Ran.**  
In September, 1875, there was a reunion of the Army of the Cumberland at Utica, N. Y., at which President Grant, General Sherman, General Hooker, General Slocum and Governor Seymour were present.  
Long and loud cries arose for "Grant! Grant!" who, slowly rising from his chair, expressed his pleasure at being with his friends, but his dislike at being asked to speak and his diffidence in doing so.  
"But there are those," he added dryly, pointing to Sherman and others, "who are not troubled with any sort of diffidence."  
The three generals present made witty, telling speeches, and then arose cries for "Seymour! Seymour!"  
The governor, who had been the defeated Democratic candidate against Grant for the presidency in 1868, came forward and said:  
"I think I have some soldierly traits myself. At all events, General Grant, you must acknowledge that in a little contest you and I had a few years ago you ran a great deal better and farther than I did."  
This telling allusion to the presidential contest brought down the house. General Grant, convulsed with laughter, rose and bowed his acknowledgments.—Youth's Companion.

**At What Age is Man Strongest?**  
The muscles, in common with all the organs of the body, have their stages of development and decline. "Our physical strength increases up to a certain age and then decreases. Tests of the strength of several thousands of people have been made by means of a dynamometer (strength measurer), and the following are given as the average figures for the white race:  
The "lifting power" of a youth of 17 years is 280 pounds. In his twentieth year this increases to 320 pounds, and in the thirtieth and thirty-first years it reaches its height, 356 pounds. At the end of the thirty first year the strength begins to decline, very slowly at first.  
By the fortieth year it has decreased eight pounds, and this diminution continues at a slightly increasing rate until the fiftieth year is reached, when the figure is 330 pounds.  
After this period the strength fails more and more rapidly until the weakness of old age is reached. It is not possible to give statistics of the decline of strength after the fiftieth year, as it varies to a large extent in different individuals.—Strand Magazine.

**Confusion at These Dinners.**  
In his dining room Sir Joshua Reynolds constantly entertained all the best known men of his time, including Dr. Johnson, Goldsmith, Garrick, Burke, Sterne, Hogarth, Wilkes, Allan Ramsay and a score of others, who formed the brilliant Literary club of which the great painter was the founder. There doubtless in the familiar lines of the author of "Retaliation,"  
When they talked of their Raphaels, Correggios and stuff,  
He shifted his trumpet and only took snuff.  
At these dinner parties, according to Malone, though the wine and the dishes were of the best, there seemed to be a tacit agreement that mind should predominate over body. The table, we are told, though set only for seven or eight, often had to accommodate double that number. There was usually a deficiency of knives, forks and glasses, and the guests had to bawl for more supplies, while the host calmly left every one to shift for himself, though he lost not a word, if he could help it, of the conversation.—London Telegraph.

**Appropriate Hymns.**  
Some people have peculiar notions of what is "appropriate." Some time ago a resident of a neighboring town was preaching at the Gladstone jail and prefaced his remarks by regretting the small attendance. At a race meeting held at a band was engaged to play "appropriate music," and it was found that the numbers selected were from Moody and Sankey. "Go, Burry Thy Sorrow" was one of them, and the others were all equally "appropriate."  
Christmas religious service was held at the local jail and hymns suitable to the occasion were of course selected. The first one was "Free From the Law, Oh, Happy Condition," and the last, "We'll Never Leave This Safe Abode, a Refuge in the Time of Storm." The funny side of it all appealed to some of the inmates, and the intended good effect of the service was lost.—Adelaide Quiz.

**Bismarck's Intense Hate.**  
That Prince Bismarck was a good hater is shown in the reminiscences of Herr von Tiedemann, formerly chief of the imperial chancellery. During the first dinner at which Herr von Tiedemann was present with the prince Bismarck said he thought Goethe was wrong in saying that only love beautified life. Hate did the same service and was quite as great a vivifier as love. "To me," added the prince, "are indispensable love for my wife and hate for Windhorst." One morning Bismarck said to Herr von Tiedemann, "I have not been able to sleep, I have hated the whole night."  
Swift.  
"The fight was all over in a minute," said the witness. "W'y, it was all done as quick as a ole married man kiss his wife goodby."—Indianapolis Journal.

**The Lady of the House.**  
"The lady of the house," once esteemed a highly polite and conciliatory form of address, is now, said a city dweller, "ancient and obsolete with those who pursue business by modern methods. In advance practice the custom is now to address the lady of the house by name, a method vastly more impressive and one susceptible of varied application. Thus an establishment with which we already have relations sends out a new circular, and 'this is left at the door by a man who says not 'for the lady of the house,' but 'the So-and-so sends this to Mrs. Blank.' This beats 'the lady of the house' out of sight and marks the refinement of modern methods of doing things."  
**Some Sharp Sayings of Bismarck.**  
Bismarck had the frankness to say that he looked upon the comedies of Dumas the younger, and indeed on most French plays of the lighter sort, as grossly corrupting to the public morals. "Panem et circenses," smiled De Morry. "Panem et saturnalia," muttered Bismarck.  
"Prince Bismarck is respectfully requested," wrote the American, "to cable a few words in reference to the following question: What benefit will be derived in your grace's opinion from international expositions?"  
On the margin of this the prince simply wrote in pencil, "None."—"Bismarck's Table Talk," by C. Love.

**Weary's Sacred Promise.**  
"No, madam, I cannot split the wood to which you so indelicately refer. It would be a violation of a sacred promise I made to me aged mother."  
"Nonsense! What kind of a promise?"  
"We have the poker habit in our family, ma'am, and I promised mother I'd never touch a chip in any form."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**Poems Unwritten.**  
There are poems unwritten and songs unsung—  
But don't let this fact get your nerves all unstrung;  
'Tis economy wondrous for midnight lamps  
And think what an awful big saving of stamps.  
—Detroit Free Press.

**How It Could Be Done.**  
"I got nothing but roasts," he said, bitterly. "I wish I could make some one say something nice about me some time."  
"You can."  
"How?"  
"Die."—Chicago Post.

**Yellow Journalism.**  
"They say," said the prosy boarder, "that there is a newspaper in China that was started 1,000 years ago."  
"They must have been the original yellow journalists," said the cheerful idiot.—Indianapolis Journal.

**A Vicarious Sin.**  
No bird that sings in hedge or tree  
To slaughter I condemn;  
The milliners do that for me,  
And I buy my hats of them.  
—L. A. W. Bulletin.

**Probably It's Just as Well.**  
"Is the suburb in which you live a healthful place?"  
"I don't know. I don't get there often enough to have a chance to stay there long enough at a time to find out."—Chicago News.

**Idle Melancholy.**  
The poet is a foolish wight;  
He mourns for flowers that fade away,  
When, for a quarter, spent at night,  
He still might have a fine bouquet!  
—Washington Star.

**Crowded Out by Machinery.**  
When girls of old swift needles plied,  
Fond swains could murmur at their side;  
But now typewriting keys they pound—  
When man would woo his voice is drowned.  
—Chicago Record.

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**THE KINETOSCOPE.**  
Long distance telephone talking is possible now between Portland and Kansas City, but only to the rich.—Boston Globe.  
The coming Thanksgiving day is about as appropriate a general penance jubilee as the nation could desire.—Cleveland Leader.  
With Weyler out of Cuba and the Turks out of Crete, the year seems to have been a bad one in the butcher business.—Denver Republican.  
The usual alarming reports about the oyster crop are in. They should be taken with a little salt, lemon juice and red pepper.  
And now England is going to put up a monument to George Washington. This long lost brother business is being carried to extremes.—Colorado Springs Telegraph.  
Omaha, Chicago and Philadelphia have all celebrated their peace jubilees. And still those folks at Paris go on pottering over unimportant details.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

**A BRITISH SOLDIER**  
Tells how Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills Conquer Disease.  
Like the conquering armies of Britain, which are marching to victory in every quarter of the globe, Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are everywhere triumphing over sickness, weakness and suffering. Mr. David Walsh, of Carleton Place, Ont., a man who has served with distinction and credit in the British army, and is now an employee of the C. P. Railway, says, "While in the army I got broken down, and my nervous system was completely shattered. I was much troubled with liver complaint, loss of appetite, etc. My rest became broken and was disturbed by vivid dreams. This had been going on for 14 years, although I took a great many remedies to escape from the troubles which afflicted me. However, I got no relief until I started to take Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, which I used together with Laxa-Liver Pills, and now after having used a few boxes, I am better than I have been for years. My nerves are restored to full force and vigor, I eat and sleep well, and my entire system has been toned and strengthened." "Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, 50c. a box, or 3 for \$1.25. at all druggists." "Laxa-Liver Pills," says John Doherty, 35 North Street, St. John, N.B., "cured me of Constipation and distress after eating. Their action is natural and effective."

**Wary's Sacred Promise.**  
"No, madam, I cannot split the wood to which you so indelicately refer. It would be a violation of a sacred promise I made to me aged mother."  
"Nonsense! What kind of a promise?"  
"We have the poker habit in our family, ma'am, and I promised mother I'd never touch a chip in any form."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**Poems Unwritten.**  
There are poems unwritten and songs unsung—  
But don't let this fact get your nerves all unstrung;  
'Tis economy wondrous for midnight lamps  
And think what an awful big saving of stamps.  
—Detroit Free Press.

**How It Could Be Done.**  
"I got nothing but roasts," he said, bitterly. "I wish I could make some one say something nice about me some time."  
"You can."  
"How?"  
"Die."—Chicago Post.

**Crowded Out by Machinery.**  
When girls of old swift needles plied,  
Fond swains could murmur at their side;  
But now typewriting keys they pound—  
When man would woo his voice is drowned.  
—Chicago Record.

**Yellow Journalism.**  
"They say," said the prosy boarder, "that there is a newspaper in China that was started 1,000 years ago."  
"They must have been the original yellow journalists," said the cheerful idiot.—Indianapolis Journal.

**A Vicarious Sin.**  
No bird that sings in hedge or tree  
To slaughter I condemn;  
The milliners do that for me,  
And I buy my hats of them.  
—L. A. W. Bulletin.

**Probably It's Just as Well.**  
"Is the suburb in which you live a healthful place?"  
"I don't know. I don't get there often enough to have a chance to stay there long enough at a time to find out."—Chicago News.

**Idle Melancholy.**  
The poet is a foolish wight;  
He mourns for flowers that fade away,  
When, for a quarter, spent at night,  
He still might have a fine bouquet!  
—Washington Star.

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**THE KINETOSCOPE.**  
Long distance telephone talking is possible now between Portland and Kansas City, but only to the rich.—Boston Globe.  
The coming Thanksgiving day is about as appropriate a general penance jubilee as the nation could desire.—Cleveland Leader.  
With Weyler out of Cuba and the Turks out of Crete, the year seems to have been a bad one in the butcher business.—Denver Republican.  
The usual alarming reports about the oyster crop are in. They should be taken with a little salt, lemon juice and red pepper.  
And now England is going to put up a monument to George Washington. This long lost brother business is being carried to extremes.—Colorado Springs Telegraph.  
Omaha, Chicago and Philadelphia have all celebrated their peace jubilees. And still those folks at Paris go on pottering over unimportant details.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.



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**CREMATORY**  
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Or call at the office and test the Belt free of charge. It means health and happiness to you.

**DR. D. T. SANDEN,**  
132 St. James St., Montreal.

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

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

## CHAPTER XXVII

CLAIRE TURNS CIRCE.

"But hold on!" cried Verage, as if seized by a new thought; "say, now, what is all this questioning about?"

"Some of her sharp practice has come to my knowledge, and she has made a little trouble for one of my friends. I want to know all that I can about her, for it may be necessary to put a stop to her career."

With a renewed expression of his interest for the information given, Clarence bowed himself out of the old man's presence, with a sense of relief at inhaling the fresh, pure air of the outer world. Then he turned his steps outward, assured that it had been a good day's work well done.

There was more to tell than to learn, when Clarence called, a day or two later, at the villa.

The expert who had been dogging the steps of Lucian Davlin, had made his report, it is true. But that report was a very unsatisfactory affair.

A man, whom Clarence identified with the Professor, was an almost constant visitor at the rooms of the Man of Luck, but they, the Professor and Davlin, were never seen on the street together, nor, indeed, anywhere else. In short, Lucian Davlin had been closely shadowed, but with no success to speak of. He came and went as just such a man usually does.

And no person that might be made to answer for a doctor, had been visited by him or had visited him unless, and this began to appear possible, the Professor himself was the man.

After a long and serious discussion of the pros and cons of the case, Olive and Clarence decided they would instruct the detective to transfer his attentions to the professor, only keeping a general surveillance over Davlin. They began to fear that they were watching the wrong man.

Those were pleasant days for Doctor Vaughan; the days when he rode down to the pretty villa to consult with Olive and to look at Claire.

And those were pleasant days to Claire as well. Once, and that not long before, she had taken but little interest in Claire Vaughan. She had thought of him very much as Madeline, that first night of their meeting, when she looked at him sitting near her in a railway carriage, and regarded him as just a "some-what odd young man with a good face."

Now, Madeline thought him not only the noblest but the handsomest of men. And Claire was beginning to agree with her.

But on one thing she was determined. Doctor Vaughan must learn to look upon her only as a friend, and he must learn to love Madeline. So Claire and Clarence vied with each other in chanting the praises of Madeline Payne, and learned to know each other better because of her.

One day when he called, Claire changed to be alone. Somehow she found it hard to be quite at her ease when there was no Olive at hand, behind whom to screen her personality from the eyes that might overlook that sisterly barrier, but could not overlook it. If his eyes said less, or if she could have compelled her lips to say more! But her usually active tongue seemed to lack for words and she found herself talking in a reckless and somewhat incoherent manner upon all sorts of topics, which she dragged forward in order to keep in check the words which the look in his eyes heralded so plainly.

When she was almost at her wit's end, and tempted to fad ingloriously in search of Olive, that lady entered and Claire felt as if saved from lunacy. But she could not quite shake off the consciousness that had awakened in her, and soon framed an excuse for leaving the room. Once having escaped, she did not return, nor did Olive see her again until she came down to dinner, and Doctor Vaughan had gone.

While lingering over that meal, Olive said, after they had talked of Madeline through three courses, "I think, by-the-by, that Doctor Vaughan expected to see you again before he went."

If I were writing of impossible heroines, I might say that Claire looked conscious; but real women who are not all chalk and water, do not display their feelings so readily to their mothers and sisters. So Claire Keith looked up with the countenance of an astonished kitten.

"To see me? What for?"

"How should I know, if you don't?" smiling slightly.

"And how should I know?" carelessly.

"Well, perhaps I was mistaken. But why have you kept your room at this afternoon?"

"I have been packing. Please pass the wardrobe."

"Packing!" mechanically reaching out the required dainty.

"Yes, packing. You don't think I came to spend the winter, do you?"

"But this is so sudden."

"Now, just listen, you unreasonable being!" assuming an air of grave admonition. "Don't you know that I have overstayed my time by almost a month?"

"Yes, but—"

"Well, don't you know that if I tell you beforehand that I am going, you always contrive excuses and hatch plots, to keep me at least three weeks longer?"

"I plead guilty," laughed Olive.

"Well, you see I have staid out my days of grace already. And knowing your failing, and feeling sure that I could not humor it, I have just taken advantage of you, and packed my trunks."

"And you won't stay just one more

little week?"

Claire laughed gleefully. "What did I say? It is your old cry. Now, dear, be reasonable. Mamma wants me, and the boys want me. You have plenty of occupation just now. It will take you one-third of the time to keep me informed of all that happens."

"Well," sighed Olive, "of course you must go sometime; but you don't mean to go to-morrow."

"I do, though."

"What will Doctor Vaughan say?"

"Whatever Doctor Vaughan pleases I can't lose a day to say good-by to him, can I?"

"But why didn't you tell him good-by to-day?"

Claire looked up in surprise. "Upon my word, I never thought of it."

And she told the truth. She had thought only of how she could avoid another meeting.

Olive looked puzzled. "And I supposed that you liked Doctor Vaughan," she said, after a moment's pause.

"Why, and so I do; I was very careless. Olive, dear, pray make my adieux to him, and all the necessary excuses. I do like the doctor, and don't want him to think me rude."

And Olive accepted the commission, and was deceived by it. For she, absorbed in her own fears and hopes, was not aware of the drama of love and cross purposes that was being enacted under her very eyes. When Clarence called, on the next day but one, he found, to his surprise and sorrow, that the bright face of the girl he loved so well was to smile upon him no more, at least for a time. Making his call an unusually brief one, he rode back to the city in a very grave and thoughtful mood. Or, rather, the gravity and thoughtfulness usual in him was tinged with sadness.

On the same day, almost at the same hour, Claire Keith stood in her mother's drawing-room, answering the thousand and one questions that are invariably poured into the ears of a returned traveler.

By and by, drawing back the satin curtain, that shaded the windows of the drawing-room, Claire gazed out upon the familiar street which seemed smiling her a welcome in the autumn sunshine. Finally, she uttered an exclamation of surprise, and turned to Mrs. Keith.

"Merci! Mamma! what has happened to the people across the way? Why, I can't catch even one glimpse of red and yellow damask, not one flutter of gold fringe; have the parvenus been taking lessons in good taste? Positively, every blind is closed, and there isn't a liveried being to be seen."

Mrs. Keith laughed softly. "I don't know what has happened to the parvenus, my dear, but whether good or bad, it has taken them away, liveries and all. The house has a new tenant, who is not so amusing, perhaps, but is certainly more mysterious. So, after all, the exchange may not have been a gain to the neighborhood."

Claire peeped out again. "A mysterious tenant, you say, mamma? That must be an improvement. What is the mystery like?"

Mrs. Keith smiled indulgently on her daughter.

"There is not much to tell, my love. I don't know whether the lady who has taken the house is young or old, handsome or ugly, married or single. She lives the life of a recluse; has never been seen, at least by any of us, to walk out. But she drives sometimes in a close carriage, and always with a thick veil hiding her face. She is tall, dresses richly, but always in black, although the fabric is not that usually worn as mourning. She moves from the door to her carriage with a languid gait, as if she might be an invalid. No one goes there, and I understand she is not at home to callers, although, of course, I have not made the experiment myself. There, my dear, I think that is about all."

"She seems to be a woman of wealth?"

"Evidently; her horses are very fine animals, and her carriage a costly one. Her servants wear a neat, plain livery, and apparently her house is elegantly furnished."

"And mamma," said Robbie, who had been standing quietly at her side, "you forget the flowers."

"True, Robbie. Every day, Claire, the florist leaves a basket of white flowers at her door."

"I like that," asserted Claire. "She must have refinement."

"Well," said Claire, laughing lightly, "I shall make a study of the woman across the way."

With that the subject dropped for the time. But as the days went on, and she settled herself once more into the home routine, Claire found that not the least among the things she chose to consider interesting was the mysterious neighbor across the way.

And now, having put considerable distance between herself and Edward Percy, she wrote him a few cool lines of dismissal.

And here again the individuality of the girl was very manifest. Many a woman would have written a scathing letter, telling the man how thoroughly unmasked he stood in her sight, letting him know that she was acquainted with all his past and his present, and bidding him make the most of the infatuation of the last victim to his empty pockets, the ancient Miss Arthur.

What Claire did was like Claire; and perhaps, after all, she best comprehended the nature she dealt with. Certainly no tirade of accusing scorn would have so wounded the self-love of the selfish, conscienceless man as did her cool farewell missive.

Edward Percy was in a very complaisant mood when Claire's letter reached him. True, he had received no reply to his two last effusions; but knowing that Claire must be soon returning to her home, if she had not already gone, he assured himself that it was owing to this that he had received no letter as yet. He never doubted her attachment to himself. That was not in his nature.

Opening a rather heavy packet, as he sat in his cosy sitting-room, out dropped two letters full of poetry and fine sentiment that his own, flexible hand

had penned and addressed to Miss Claire Keith. His letters, and returned with the seals unbroken. He could scarcely believe the evidence of his senses. His handsome, treacherous, light-blue eyes darkened and widened with astonishment and anger.

He never moved in a hurry, never spoke in a hurry, never thought in a hurry. And slowly it dawned upon his mind to investigate further and find some clue that would make this unheard-of thing appear less incomprehensible. Accordingly he took up the envelope that had contained his rejected letters, and drew from them a brief note:--

"Baltimore, Saturday, 6th.

"It will scarcely surprise Mr. Percy to learn that Miss Keith desires now to end an acquaintance that has been, doubtless, amusing 'intellectually' and 'socially' to both.

"Of course, a gentleman so worldly-wise as himself can never have been misled by the semblance of attachment that has seemed necessary in order to make such an acquaintance as ours at all interesting. A flirtation based upon a 'sympathy of intellect,' must of necessity end sooner or later, and has, no doubt, been as harmless to him as to Claire Keith."

Yes, without doubt Claire knew how to hurt this man most. He was not permitted to know that she felt the keen humiliation, which a proud nature must suffer when it discovers that it has trusted an unworthy object. Instead, he was to feel himself, the injured one: the one humiliated. He, the deceiver, must own himself deceived. When he believed himself loved, he was laughed at. His own words were flung in his teeth in an insolent mockery.

"A sympathy of intellect," yes, he had used these words so often. He had obeyed the beckoning of a Circe, and now she held out to him his swine's reward of husks.

Edward Percy had been dissatisfied with others, with circumstances, and surroundings, many a time and oft; but today, for the very first time, he felt dissatisfied with himself.

And Claire had revenged her wrongs twofold.

(To be continued.)

### THE LISTENER.

Hugh Jennings, the clever player of the Baltimore Baseball club, it is said, will study law this winter.

Lieutenant John W. Heard of the Third United States cavalry is the champion pistol shot of the regular army.

London's new lord mayor, Sir John Voce Moore, is 73 years old, one of the oldest men ever elected to the position.

Sir William Anson, the new head of All Souls' college, Oxford, is one of the very few laymen ever chosen vice-chancellor of the university.

Martin I. Townsend is not only the senior member of the bar in Troy, where he has practiced nearly 65 years, but the oldest male resident of the city.

The best memory in congress, is said to be that of Senator Vest of Missouri. He is able to quote verbatim surprisingly long extracts from speeches to which he has listened during a session.

It is related that Admiral Dewey, when approached the other day by a stranger who extended his hand with, "Admiral, I bet you don't remember me," replied, "You win," and walked on.

James A. H. Bell of Brooklyn, having arrived at 83 years of age, has given his private book collection of 10,425 volumes to the library of the city, together with accompanying reading tables, cases and chairs.

When Mr. Chamberlain arrived at Liverpool he was met by a number of reporters who desired to get his views. "No, not on this side," said the colonial minister, with a smile. "I only grant interviews on the other side."

Secretary Long of the navy department, though a member of the Boston bar, has his residence at Higham, Mass., where his home is the handsomest in the place.

"Much as I like Washington," he said the other day, "I'd prefer to be right here."

Lord Elgin will leave Calcutta on Jan. 5, the very day on which his successor will arrive. It is the custom that the incoming and retiring viceroys do not meet, the idea being that a new viceroy comes directly from the sovereign and is not fettered by the policy of his predecessor.

Caleb T. Row, who, after a service of 44 years, has resigned from the general management of the American Bible society, is said to be the greatest authority on the various editions of the Bible and their history in the United States. He owns one of the best private collections in this country.

It is announced from Leipzig that Herr Meyer, in acknowledgment of his gratitude to Providence for the deliverance from captivity and safe return of his son, Hans Meyer, the African traveler, has given 1,000,000 marks for the building of 27 workmen's dwellings in Leipzig Lindenau.

The American Legion of Honor, composed exclusively of those awarded medals by congress for saving lives of persons from drowning and the perils of the sea, has elected as honorary members President McKinley, because of his official position, and King Leopold of Belgium, because he is head of a similar organization in his own country.

**Power of Sympathy.**

An eminent clergyman sat in his study busily preparing his sermon when his little boy came into the room holding up a pinched finger and with an expression of suffering said:

"Look, pa, how I hurt it."

The father, interrupted in the middle of a sentence, glanced hastily at him and with the slightest tone of impatience said:

"I can't help it, sonny."

The little fellow's eyes grew bigger, and as he turned to go out he said in a low voice:

"Yes, you could; you might have said 'Oh!'"

**WORSE THAN WAR.**

**He Was a Hero in Battle, but Flew From Home.**

The returned District volunteer had been with the regiment at Santiago just before he was taken to the hospital. There he had been ill for weeks. He reached Washington with a light heart, but a frail body. His strength had been sapped up by the hardships of the campaign, and he was in no condition to endure further troubles, but as he left the depot he summoned all of his available strength in an endeavor to walk firmly and to hold his head erect.

"Mary must not know how weak I am," he murmured to himself. "She knows I have been in the hospital, but she must not suspect that even now I am a fit subject for the physicians. I will be brave and meet her with a light heart. Under her kind, loving care I will surely recover speedily."

His wife met him in the hallway, her face pale with subdued emotion, and her air and demeanor showing that she had some dread news to break to him.

"Do not touch me yet, Tom," she cried. "Do not come near me. You must know all first."

"Good heavens! What do you mean, Mary, my wife—why?—And the brave soldier boy faltered, fearing to hear some dreadful details.

"Tom, dear, I love you just the same," went on the wife hurriedly, as though she would shorten the agony, "but things are not the same as they were when you went away. Another?—"

"Another? What do you mean?—"

"Don't misjudge me, Tom, dear, I beg of you," pleaded the wife. "It was not my fault. I could not help it. I—"

"Not help it!" broke in the hero of Santiago firmly and harshly. "Not help it! Do you mean to say that you have forgotten your duty as my wife? Do you mean to say—"

"By heavens, you shall hear me through before you misjudge me like this," cried the sobbing wife, throwing herself upon her knees. "I could not bear to have you enter this house without knowing the worst, and now, since you force me to tell you so abruptly, you shall know all. I had planned to break the news more gently, but it is impossible. You make it hard for me. Tom, I love you, but things can never again be the same between us. My mother is here to spend the winter with us."

With a gurgling, almost inarticulate cry, the man who had survived Santiago and the camp hospitals turned sadly away, as the mother-in-law joke once more was resurrected for the early fall and winter season.

**An Awful Fate.**

"What induced our government," inquired the Spauldard, "to abandon General Weyler's plan to invade America?"

"It would have resulted in an unparalleled disaster," replied the official. "We learned that the barbarous Americans are accustomed to place under arrest all who are without visible means of support. Our heroic troops could have paid no fine, and the only alternative would have been the workhouse!"—Up to Date.

**Argumentum ad Pocketbook.**

"What! Vote for that man? Never! I would rather cut off my right arm."

"He told me to tell you that if you supported him and he got there he would see to it that your taxes were cut down \$1.75 a year."

"Hurrab for him! Tell him I'll roll up a majority of at least 500 for him in my ward."

**No Soul For Music.**

"I love to think," said Miss Tiffin, "of gentle Sappho wandering along the Grecian headlands, striking wild music from her tuneful harp or sitting on the beetling edge of some rugged cliff."

"With her feet hanging down," said Mr. Kent.

And there the conversation ended.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**MAKING MUSH.**

**How It Should Be Done to Produce a Royal Dish.**

It would be hard to find a cook too modest to claim a knowledge of mush-making, yet how many, even among experienced housekeepers, make good mush! Boiling water, cornmeal and salt—what simpler than to put them together and cook them? Yet mush of indifferent meal properly made may be better than that made of the best meal wrongly handled. The water must be freshly boiled and salted, and all the meal as it goes in must encounter the same fiercely boiling temperature, to burst the starch cells, as direct heat "pops" corn.

Therefore making mush takes time, for the meal must be added so slowly as not to stop the boiling as well as to avoid lumps. A thick iron pot, porcelain lined, is the best thing to cook it in, and a wooden spoon or paddle should be used for the stirring. Sprinkle the meal in slowly with the left hand while stirring with the right. The proportions of the ingredients will vary with the quality of the meal or its character (whether crushed or cut), but an average quart would be four quarts of water, one quart of meal and two tablespoonfuls of salt.

When all the meal has been smoothly stirred in, cover the pot closely and stand it where it will give an occasional bubble for three or four hours, or for half a day. Do not disturb the surface, as stirring permits the "extractives" or flavors to escape. Mush made of good meal by the above method and served with rich cream is a royal dish.—Ella Morris Kretschmar in Woman's Home Companion.

**WAS SURELY INSANE.**

**Signs That at Once Betrayed the Mysterious Traveler.**

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

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

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

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

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

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

**Finished.**

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

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

Beside the bills lay his pocketbook. The bills were all receipted.

He picked up the pocketbook and sighed.

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

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

**Force of Habit.**

Now he laid his heart at her feet.

"Darling, be!"—

"Stop!" she cried, with imperious gesture.

The flood of his passionate words was staid.

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

**Sharp Enough at Times.**

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

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

**A Threat Fulfilled.**

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

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

**The Humorist's Jest.**

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

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

**Sporting Play.**

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

"Why?"

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

**No Competition.**

"Young Boobykins is awfully stuck on himself."

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

**The Cheerful Idiot.**

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

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

**Instruction of Youth.**

Bobby—Popper, what is a protectorate?

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

# THE NEWS

-ISSUED EVERY SATURDAY-

Mary E. Bissett Editor.

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SATURDAY, APRIL 8th 1899

At this time when appointments and rumours of appointments are in the air, it would be a very desirable consummation if the government should issue a magistrate's commission at Union Wharf. Under existing conditions, if an affidavit or other instrument has to be made out, a magistrate must go down from Cumberland, or the person desiring to make affidavit is obliged to come up here. In either case, a great deal of valuable time is wasted and much unnecessary expense incurred.

The placer mining act continues to excite much opposition. Merchants in all the coast cities complaining of the dollars they lose owing to the prohibition of Americans, especially, working the mines of the Province.

Even the the most dyed-in-the-wool Canadian must admit that Yankees, as a general rule, have more push about them than we have. The reason of this is, probably, that close competition in the United States has sharpened the wits of their citizens.

There is not money enough in B. C. to develop fully the great mineral wealth of the Province, and English capitalists are extremely cautious as to how much of their cash they risk in the country. If Americans were allowed to hold and work claims, many new mines would soon be opened, employment given to workmen, and money put in circulation. As it is, these mines will be idle for years. The dog-in-the-manger policy of the local government is not likely to promote in any way the interests of the Province.

It is rather amusing to read the 'patriotic' reasons assigned by some government organs for the exclusion act, when mostly everyone knows that Attorney-General Martin had it passed simply to make trouble for his former friend, Sir Wilfred. Mr. Martin expected the Federal Government would disallow the act, when he could raise the cry of 'Provincial rights' and get even next election with Sir Wilfred for declining to employ his more or less desirable talents in the Dominion Cabinet. But the astute Premier saw through it all. The Act stands, and the Province has to suffer that the petty spites of politicians may be vented.

### SOCIETY IS AVENGED.

The above is the title of an article on capital punishment which lately appeared in an eastern paper. The writer resolved the whole subject down to the question: "Has society, i. e., 20 or 30 individuals combined, any more right to take the life of a fellow being than one single individual has?" and he answers his question in the negative.

On the surface, the conclusion would appear unavoidable, but, like many others, when examined closely we are apt to find flaws in it. In the first place, there is no doubt but that it is not only the right of society but its duty, to protect the individuals composing it. But the question is, how far ought society to go in its protective measures, or it is a question of protection not one of revenge against its enemies. If it be wrong in principle for an individual to seek revenge, then it is equally wrong for a number of individuals combined to do so. Might does not make right.

Life is to man the greatest good on earth. To deprive a man of life is, in one sense, the greatest evil that can be done him. It is an irreparable injury. Has society the right to inflict such an extreme penalty? That almost every society (up to our own day) has inflicted the penalty of death, stamps it with the approval of the human race. But, on the other hand, up to 300 years ago the most enlightened nations inflicted on prisoners tortures which we, regarding as utterly barbarous, have wholly discarded. The infliction of torture in those days had the approval of the human race, but did that make it any the more just? We certainly do not think so, and it can not be proven that crime is of greater extent since a more humane code has taken the place of the old laws.

It has been claimed that while ever a murderer lives (in prison or out), he is a source of danger to society—a danger which death alone can remove. If a man is badly injured, so that he will never again possess the same vitality he did before the accident, physicians do not for that reason kill him. They do their best to make him as strong as possible under the circumstances. The aim of society as regards a man morally injured should be to make should be to reform a criminal and make him a good and useful member of the community.

It is possible to do so, the murderer should not be executed but reformed. Thus would be accomplished the greatest good for the greatest number.

Then as to the surrounding circumstances, there is something degrading to human dignity in an execution. The custom of issuing invitations to such a horrible scene is ghoulish. It needs a depraved taste to witness the execution, and it is hardly likely that those who are morbid enough to take part therein derive any benefit from the awful lesson of justice without mercy which it teaches. But if we must have executions, let them be conducted privately. The dungeons of bygone centuries are infinitely preferable to the open air scaffolds of this so-called enlightened age. Then, consider the consistency of papers like the Montreal Star which devoted half a column to a stinging invective against this very evil, and then gave three columns up to a graphic description of the most revolting details of a late murder trial and death scene. But if the schools of our country did more to cultivate a taste for healthy, moral reading, perhaps the demand for literature of the morbid kind would cease.

M. G.

How dear to our hearts is Cash on subscription, When the generous subscriber Presents it to view; But the man who don't pay We refrain from description, For perhaps, gentle reader, That man might be you.—ED.

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### ANNUAL MEETING.

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

J. B. BENNETT, Secretary of Hospital Board.

### A GREAT CONVENTION.

The convention called by the United Irish League for the province of Connauught, which was held recently in Claremorris, was the greatest and most representative body of Irishmen which has ever met in that town. As no available hall could have conveniently accommodated the meeting, the committee contracted with a Dublin firm for the erection of a large marquee, and even in this all who attended could not find place. Special trains were run on the railways, converging on the town, and bodies of clergymen and delegates began to arrive from 10 o'clock. The proceedings were throughout most enthusiastic, and characterized by a spirit of intense earnestness and determination. On the motion of Mr. William O'Brien, seconded by the Rev. P. McGirr, P. P., the chair was taken by the Venerable Archdeacon Kilkenny, P. P., V. G., Claremorris. On the platform were Messrs William O'Brien, John Dillon, M. P.; J. J. O'Kelly, M. P.; Dr. Ambrose, M. P.; John Fitzgibbon, Casilereau.

Elected representatives of every branch of the United Irish League in Connaught—which means that the delegates spoke for more than 35,000 adult Irish Nationalists—were present, and the lists of districts represented, if enumerated would simply mean a directory of the entire province.

### MORTGAGE SALE

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### Society Cards

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

Lodge meets on every Saturday on or before the full of the moon Visiting Brothers cordially requested to attend. R. S. McConnell, Secretary.

Cumberland Encampment. No. 5, I. O. O. F., Union. Meets every alternate Wednesdays of each month at 7:30 o'clock p.m. Visiting Brethren cordially invited to attend. CHAS. WKYTE, Scribe.

I. O. O. F. Union Lodge, No. 11, meets every Friday night at 8 o'clock. Visiting brethren cordially invited to attend. F. A. ANLEY, R. S.

# Personal Queries.

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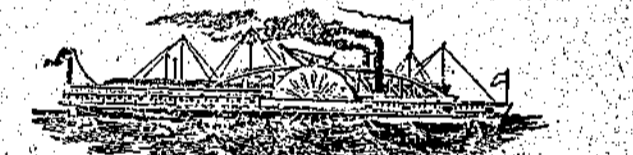
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# The Apotheosis of Paddy Larrissey.

By the Author of "Rod and Canoe in Quebec's Adirondacks," etc.

FROM whatever point of view you regarded it, our parish was a flat contradiction of all the laws which are supposed to regulate the coming into being of a community whose only means of subsistence was the land. The elements physical and human were rugged and austere, with little light in the gloom of the fierce contest between them for supremacy.

A noisy rapid-toes river made possible a narrow valley enclosed with granite-ribbed mountains. A road followed the tortuous river windings, and the farms ran up the mountain sides in three acre strips, as was the custom of the country. As the valley became populated, settlement pushed over and along the tops of the mountains—wherever a foothold could be obtained. A worthy Scotchman was the founder of our parish, the Government having conceded him a vast tract of wild lands in the rear of the old French parishes in the rich and fertile valley of the St. Lawrence River, and north of the City of Quebec. He had peopled with all conditions and races of men, with the females of the old world behind them and the land hunger of the new world in their hearts. Few of the settlers had been bred farmers, but were of many trades and occupations. Cast upon the wharves of Quebec with no other capital other than sturdy arms and a numerous progeny, the offer of land for almost the taking was not to be resisted, and once in possession nothing could root them from it. Yet, every acre had to be reclaimed from dense forest, and gaunt hunger would have stalked in their midst before the settlers obtained a sufficiency from the soil to supply their wants had not fish and game been abundant.

Spring came late, summer was short, and autumn merged quickly into the long winter of fierce, cold and deep snows. We were forced to adopt some of the customs of our French neighbors, and our rude houses of logs, with few windows, kept out the winter's blasts, while the great oblong square, three stove kept us warm. We dressed summer and winter in the etoffe du pays, and we soon adopted the long beef moccasins for our feet. In all other respects, however, we clung tenaciously to the customs of our respective countries. We were as Scotch as a Highland glen, as Irish as Killarney, or as English as Yorkshire, and the dividing lines were but a line fence, or a piece of bush. National prejudices and rancour were strongly implanted in us, and we made active contention to keep alive our ancient customs and to assert our dislikes. The dependency upon one another's good services in time of need or trouble might temporarily establish a truce to our hostilities in order that we might make cause against the common enemy—want and nature, but peace was never proclaimed.

When Moriarty fell sick at the potato planting it was black Gordon and his boys who put his crop in for him, and shortly up on his recovery gave him a beating at the end of a dispute over a line drain. Moriarty retaliated by pulling Gordon out of the river that winter amid the floating ice, and Gordon felt no coals of fire heaped upon his head.

When the entire parish took side and matters began to assume a critical aspect, the three clerical gentlemen who presided over the spiritual affairs of the people would suspend their own religious differences for the moment to preach a gospel of toleration and good will among men; this was most edifying to listen to, but somehow failed of its purpose in the crisis of a municipal election or a school-board meeting—for the same reasons perhaps that old McAnney failed to establish "peace" at such gatherings. He would skirmish upon the outer edge of the crowd with pockets well filled with stones, one of which he would let fly with telling effect whenever unobserved. The row then breaking out afresh old McAnney would force his way into the thickest of the fray, calling out in indignant tones: "Peace boys! peace! Remember wat the clergy do be after tellin' us."

Removals from our parish in those early days were rare. The pride of possession, and the attachment to the homes hallowed by the creation of our own hands and the sweat of brow, had set our roots firmly into

the granite of the mountains, and we were not to be stirred except by the one great leveller—Death. It was a surprise therefore, when sergeant Robert Maxwell, late of Her Majesty's 78th, announced to his neighbour, Sandy McMahon, as the two toil stained men stood leaning wearily over the fence that divided their and late in the day of a September ploughing, that he was a-wearyin' wi' the struggle, and gin he could find a purchaser for the lan' he would 'een be a fittin'.

"Dods, mon," continued he, "a life o' sojerin' a'm thinkin' no fits a mon for farmin'. The soun o' the pipes, and the clank o' sword an' rifle are mare to ma taste than fechtin' wi' stumps an' wrastlin' wi' ploo. A Claymore, Sandy, is handier in ma hand than ma axe."

Sandy was speechless for a time, regarding his neighbour as a man who had suddenly taken leave of his senses, and then he answered cautiously:

"A'm no sayin' your no richt, Robin, but it's a bonnie farm, an' it's a your ain, an' you'r your own maister."

"Ma ain maister," contemptuously replied Robin, "A'm a slaye, an' a'm driven nair to death in chains of ma ain forgin'. An gangin' to Quebec, Sandy, to enlist the noo."

The lurid flame of late sunset hung upon the mountain top, deep shadows crept into the little valley, while the mists from new ploughed fields lay close to the ground, ere the two men separated, but Robin's determination remained unshaken.

A few evenings later he jogged slowly homeward from Quebec in a beatific condition of mind and body, which proceeded from two causes: A Queen's stalling lay buried in his pocket, and a little brown jug was ensconced in a position of safety and readiness between his feet in the front of the cart. When he overtook Paddy Larrissey trudging along somewhat unsteadily under the double burden of over-indulgences and a sack of flour, he invited Paddy to a seat beside him.

The drive is a long one, the roads were rough and the night grew dark and cold. At the turn of the road at Lee's corners a steep unfenced hillside made a close turn a necessity. Robin had just handed the reins to Paddy, and the jug was being up-lifted to his mouth, when old Bess with a perversity born of all her sex deliberately went over the declivity, and men, cart, and horse rolled to the bottom in a confused heap.

It was Robin who first found voice. "Paddy," exclaimed he faintly, "a'm 'een maist deid, but a keepit ma thumb i' the mouth o' the jug, an' if you'll cam to me, Paddy, and pull me frae the cairt a'm think in' another wee soop wud restore me."

"Holy saints!" answered Paddy. "Shure the top of the worrld's upon me, and the Devil is pullin' at me extremities; if the angels of Hiven can't get a ever to pry me out of his clutches I'm ateaded Robin man, its 'deid' you'll be for want of a drap afore I'm able to hilp you." There was a confused sound of struggle here, and deep groans from Paddy, as old Bess who had been lying a-top of the Irishman scrambled to her feet, and released from the cart contentedly commenced to graze.

"Shure me heart's displaced and me bowels is crushed by the dirty baste," growled Paddy. "Robin man, have you got your thumb in the mick of that jimmie-johie yit, for begobs it's only me mouth around that same nick that'll convinche me that me own's still on me shoulders."

"Ay Paddy," responded Robin, "but I'll no tak ma thumb out until I am loosed frae the cairt. Ma head's a'tween the spokes o' ane wheel, an' ma two feet are tangled i' the ither. Its i' the stocks I am like the covenant o' old, but a'm thinkin' nane o' them e'er hand a jug o' whiskey at his thumbe and. It's a mercifu' decompensation o' providences, Paddy, and as the bible says—"

"Shure av ye's goin' to be dishputia religion with me, it's devil the sthip I'll take to help you from your commernantin position. It's strange to me me ears wat your bible says, but I know full well wat Father O'Brien will say to me for this night's doins."

Robin extricated at last, the two worthies sat them down in the dewey grass amid the wreckage, and, after a prolonged gurgling observation of the stars through the little jug, proceeded to make a night of it. The mellowing influence of the common misfortune and that of the little jug established a bond of amity between the two,

which soon led to mutual confidences, but it was Paddy who first voiced the troubles which were seemingly as canker at his heart.

"It's tired I am wrestlin' with stumps and adverserity. Whin hunger's in your sthumack and hate at your heart it do be sore work. Faiz, and its lop-sided I'm growin', Rybin, with workin' on the mountain side, and me two eyes are cruiked with followin' the road in the dark. Shure the tongue of me niver tied 'till I tuk to chantin the praises of me sprogs—which are mostly stonies by the same token."

"Hoots mon! why dinna you cam awa' down intil the valley?" said Robin, who now saw the chance for a purchaser for his farm.

"Kim into the valley is it," sniffed Paddy. "Unless there's an earthquake followed by a land slide, or I kim into me esthates in Oirland, which the rightful owners are keepin' me out of, its only the valley I'll see from me castle on the mountain."

Thus it came to pass that Paddy became the proprietor of Robin Maxwell's valley farm.

"Weel, Paddy," responded Robin, "I'm thinkin' I might sell the fairm gin I could fin' the richt man, an' I wud give him time to pay for it."

"Troth, if toime will pay for the fairm, Robin dear, I'm your man, so give us your fist and we'll call it a bargain," gleefully answered Paddy.

Robin failed to see the covert qualification in Paddy's ready willingness to take the farm, and the bargain was soon struck. The two men soon afterwards fell asleep.

Robin's rousoun (auction) quickly followed, and the day following the rousoun the Larrissey moved down from the mountain. Biddy drove one horse before a rickety two-wheel cart, upon which was loaded the "childer," a diminutive pig in a crockery crate, and a dozen of squakin' fowls tied together in pairs by the legs. Biddy sat on the brace bar of the shafts, bare-headed and bare-legged. Shoes and stockings were reserved in those days for church-going on Sundays, and then they were carried under arm until a close approach to the Lord's sanctuary warned us that it was time o put them on.

Paddy followed Biddy in charge of the household goods, a load as light as the owner's heart this eventful day: one creaky wooden chair for Biddy's use, or for guest service, when it always received a hurried wipe from the hem of Biddy's petticoat, a great three-decker, oblong, square box stove to stand in the centre of the one living room, a home-made rough deal table, two split brisam benches, the family chest, three chipped and cracked "chiny" plates, and as many cups, a large iron tea-kettle, and a pot for boiling the pig's and "childer's" potatoes, several patch-work cover-lets, and some paliasses, to be filled later with straw for beds.

Young Jack trudged behind driving the cows and the six months' old calf, which was possessed of an insane desire to bolt into every bit of bush, and which kept Master Jack actively employed.

Mrs. McAlmon, from her windor, watched the Larrisseys debarkation with a divided sentiment; pity for the ragged, neglected looking children, and wrath towards the shiftless parents. Having no bairns of her own, she had taken those of the entire neighborhood under her wing, and in time they came to know her as "Mammy McAlmon." As became a Scotch housewife, she was orderly and thrifty, with little patience or sympathy for those endowed with less of these qualities than she herself possessed.

When Jamie came in from the choppin' that evening, and had scoured himself in the basin on the bench outside the door, Janet met him at the threshold with a big jack-towel. While he polished his face to a shining finish, Janet opened the pent-up floodgates of her disgust with the new neighbors.

"Hoots, Jamie! but you be queer fouk. Aboot an hour frae their comin' Biddy came ben, and she sat her down, and I fair thoct she she'd take root. I heard some of the bairns greetin' wi' hunger, an' speered her to gang awa' to tein, but she just said: 'Shure, mum, the sand fornist the dure do be fine and clean, and its much like Indian meal, it is. The childer, God bless them, will soon have a foine taste for it. Is it the loan of a drawin' of tay you could let me have, Mrs. McAlmon?'"

"Aboot two o'clock I put some scones

intil ma pocket, an' I tied me ron, an Jamie mon, ye'll a'ir belie' me when I tell you wat I speered thro' the winner. Paddy and Biddy were dancin' an Irish jig to Biddy's lilitin, an' the bairms were haudin' their sides wi' lauchin, and not a thing touched in a the hoose.

"Top of the day to you mum," said Paddy, 'shure Biddy and I were tistin the fire and cheerin' the childer up a bit. Jack, you red-headed omadhoun, run down to the fince and bring up a good dhry pole to shart a fire with, for it's a cup of tay you'll be after havin' with us mum?"

"Mony thanks said I, but when I come to tak' wi' you, Maister Larrissey, I'll sen' you word I'm comin'."

Shure you'll be heartily wilcum, mum to the best we have in the hoose."

Jamie, springing of words, groaned an acknowledgement of all that his wife had said, and went into his supper.

Paddy soon became a thorn in the side of thrifty neighbours, but his unfeeling Irish wit, unvarying good humour, and wonderful power of mimicry, pulled him through many a scrape with a certain aplomb. The borrowing capacity of the whole family had no apparent limit; it certainly possessed no modesty. There was nothing they hesitated to ask for, and nothing was ever returned, until sent for, and not always then. Paddy's fences were soon ds Spoiled for firewood, and his horse and cow roamed at will. Old hats and wisps of straw replaced the glasses that were broken by the youngsters, and the barn door hung idly on one hinge. Paddy worked in a desultory way, but his luck, as he termed it, was always "agin" him. His neighbors, however, in discussing him, which was often, told a different tale, with many indignant and laughing comments, as they happened to view the particular case in review.

In the early winter of that year the smallpox raged with great violence in the French parishes to the south of ours. We quarantined against them with commendable rigour, and a passing French-Canadian received scant courtesy at our hands. Even the Indians from camps far among the mountains were invited to move on, while the dogs made noisy clamour at their heels. It was no time for ceremony or discrimination.

The night of the commencement of the great snowstorm, which is ever now remembered because it blocked our roads for weeks and cut off all communication throughout the parish, excepting by the use of snowshoes, there came a knock at Anderson's door. Anderson answered it in person, and there stood little Joe Baras, looking like a snow-man, so covered was he.

"You giv me place for stay; ver' bad night, no can see road?"

"Not in the hoose, Joe; we don't want no smallpox here. Find a place in the straw in the barn; and, Joe, there is an old buffalo robe on the buttery floor to throw over you"—and Anderson closed the door on the storm and his unwelcome guest.

In the morning, when Anderson dug himself into the barn, Joe's snowshoe track led out of it. The children played there that day. One of them hid under the buffalo robe that little Joe had used. Smallpox broke out in the hoose within a week, and ere many days threatened the extinction of the entire family.

No one ventured into the infected hoose. The stricken ones, including the mother, were dependent upon the half-crazed father for all the care they received. Two of the children died, and it was the father who was compelled to perform the sad rites for the dead. Our hearts ached for him, as we saw him pass with the two little rough deal coffins on the wood sleigh to the silent burial; but fear steeled us against ourselves to the loathsome disease. We pitied without the tender of service. When Anderson from his door next day hailed a passing neighbor to say that he too was ill, we were paralyzed. Even Paddy Larrissey grew thoughtful, and for the once forgot his song and joke. In the evening he sat long with his elbows on his knees and his face buried in his hands, while Biddy moved about un-

easily, but speechlessly, in an ecstasy of unknown fear. Paddy finally rose, and, without a word, put on his coat and hat.

"Where do ye be a-goin, Paddy dear?" anxiously enquired Biddy, who now found voice.

"To hivin, perhaps," tersely replied Paddy; "but do you take care of the childer, Biddy, and God bless yis all." And Paddy disappeared into the night.

"O Paddy!" wailed his wife after him, "come back, come back!" But there was no reply. As she stood straining her eyes into the darkness, there was a sudden stream of light from the Anderson hoose, and all was dark again. Her worst fears were confirmed, and she uttered a loud cry of terror, which the "childer" in the hoose re-echoed.

Paddy's greeting to Anderson was a simple, "Shure me heart's bled for you, man, and I've kim to help a-while; so into bad with you, and I'll take a luk around."

The state of things was about as appalling as the nature of the disease, but Paddy rose superior to the conditions, and ere the night had passed, in his rude way he had restored some order, and the hoose became filled with the sunshine of his presence. In the days and weeks which followed he labored incessantly, and with a devotedness and gentleness that endeared him to each suffering member of the household. In the long nights of restlessness among the childer, he quieted them with wondrous tales of the good old fairies. To the parents he was a ministering angel of hope. If he slept at all it must have been with wide-open eyes and sitting bolt upright in a chair for he was ever ready upon the slightest call. He gave little thought to himself. Daily he appeared upon the little hill and shouted words of encouragement to Biddy, with many messages for the "childer."

There came a day at last when Biddy, nursing breathlessly into our hoose, said:

"Faiz, there do be a hilth doctor out at Anderson's, and Paddy says he's dishnestin' the hoose, and Paddy's kimmin' home, though the doctor do be tellin' him that he must burn all the clothes that do be on his back before he kin lave. Troth if he do it's the quare soight he'll be rinnin thro' the snow with only God's lither on him, for devil's the ha'porth ilse he'll have, for Jack, bad luck to that bboy, out off the legs of Paddy's Sunday pants."

After much search we finally overcame this difficulty in the way of Paddy's homecoming. It was worth while to see him strutting homeward quite unconscious of his heroism, but full of the importance of a pair of black pants, a long-tailed coat, and an ancient clerical beaver, with a three weeks' growth of scrubby beard beneath it. When we cheered him as he passed, he took it entirely as a compliment, giving it a rakish tilt as he replaced it.

Moriarty before the mass on the following Sunday shouted out in the impulsive Irish way: "Now, byes, since Paddy's alive to die in his own bid, it's a sind off we'll be, after givin' him, and iver' man of ye'll bring wan thing or the other to hilp him through the winter. And they all replied, "Amin!"

At the kirk door McAlmon voiced the sentiment of the assembled elders, when he said: "I'm no sayin' that Paddy does'na fash me at times, but his heart ye ken is i' the richt place, an' its a braw act, an' I torgie him the past."

What Anderson and his wife said Paddy never revealed, but the greatest thrashing that Phil Muldoon ever received was at Anderson's hands for some disparaging remark he made about Paddy.

## IT'S IN THE BOND.

The sole agents of the "Slater Shoe" are bound by contract to carry in stock enough shapes, sizes, and widths of "Slater Shoes," to fit all kinds of feet. Where a town is too small for that kind of a stock, there is no agency. Are you there? Order "Slater Shoes" by mail from the nearest agency.

Stamped on the soles with makers' trade mark and price: \$3.50, \$4.50 and \$5.50, Goodyear welted.



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## INGENIOUS ESCAPES.

### QUICK WIT THAT CHEATED DEATH OR PRISON BARS.

#### A Number of Interesting Instances in Which Happy Thoughts or Clever Ruses Brought Liberty to Unhappy Prisoners.

A collection of happy thoughts would make interesting reading and after a perusal of it one might well feel inclined to question the accuracy of Carlyle's oft quoted axiom as to the preponderance of fools and admit that there is a good deal of ingenuity in the world after all. Take, for example, the case of Thrasylus, the soothsayer, whom Tiberius was about to condemn to death. Previously to ordering him to be thrown into the sea the emperor inquired of the sage if he could foretell the date of his own death.

"Three days exactly before Caesar's," was the reply, and for the rest of his life Thrasylus was the special object of the emperor's anxious care. Louis XI of France received a similar reply, which Scott has made effective use of in "Quentin Durward."

Richard of Normandy, when a boy, was rescued out of the clutches of his overlord of France by his attendants enveloping him in straw and carrying him out as a bundle of horse forage, while the escape of the Empress Matilda from Ludgerall, was effected by means of a much grimmer expedient.

She was swathed as a corpse and put into a coffin, which was borne out of the fortress on the shoulders of four of her servants. The hairbreadth escapes of Charles II and the disguises and shifts to which he was forced are familiar to most, while no reference to royal escapes can be made without mention of the adroit ruse of Edward, afterward Edward II, when, on the pretext of trying the "mounds" of his attendants, he so thoroughly exhausted them that they were in no condition to follow his own fresh steed when he rode off in good earnest.

Undoubtedly clever, too, was the ruse by which Archibald Douglas obtained his freedom after Poitiers. Among his fellow captives was Sir William Ramsay, who saw with dismay the peril in which a life of so great importance to Scotland was placed, and a brilliant idea occurred to him. Striding up to Douglas with every appearance of indignant anger, he began to cuff him soundly. "How comes it, varlet, that you are wearing your master's armor? Perchance you have murdered him and left his body on the field."

Asked what he meant by behaving in this way to a nobleman of rank, Ramsay burst into scornful laughter. "Nobleman indeed! A scoundrelly lackey who somehow has got his master's armor. I know the rascal. Forty shillings is enough ransom for him. Off you go, sirrah, and search for your master's body." And Douglas, with all the crestfallen air of a detected impostor, slunk off—to freedom.

The "affairs of the '15 and '45" were productive of several ingenious escapes. Maxwell, earl of Nithsdale, owed his to the heroism of his countess, Winifred, who, having obtained permission to visit him, made him dress in her clothes and thus pass unsuspected out of the prison.

Hopburn of Keith had managed to make his escape from Newgate; but, ignorant of London, would inevitably have been recaptured but for the happy thought of his wife, who, knowing of his escape, had placed in the window of her lodgings the Hopburn cup, the old heirloom of the family, trusting, as fell out, that he would recognize it.

Mr. Ratcliffe, more fortunate than his ill fated brother, Lord Dorwentwater, escaped with an ease which spoke little for the vigilance of his guards, or perhaps a good deal for the Jacobite sympathies of the governor. Chapman were allowed to ply their trade within the precincts of Newgate, and Ratcliffe one day stopped to bargain with a vendor of walking sticks, presumably a well wisher to the cause. Continuing his discussion, he simply walked out of the gates, the obliging chapman answering the challenge of the warders that "he wasn't a prisoner." Still more remarkable and suggesting reminiscences of the Three Musketeers was the "evasion" of General Forster after Preston Pans.

He was lodged in the keeper's house and enjoyed the indulgences usual to prisoners of position. One day he was drinking wine with the governor and requested permission to send for a bottle of his own, on which he wanted the governor's opinion, and, this being granted, he sent his own servant to fetch it. The latter, by an ingenious perversion of his instructions, induced the governor's butler to go to the cellar for it, and promptly locked him in. Forster, in the meantime pretending to be angry at his man's slowness, declared he would fetch the bottle himself, and left the room for the purpose. The trusty servant was outside with a key prepared for the occasion. The door was shut and locked on the unsuspecting governor, and the famous Jacobite quietly took his departure.

Similar to the case of Lord Nithsdale, inasmuch as their escapes, like his, were due to the devotion of their wives, are those of Lavalette and Le Fort. The former, a Bonapartist, was condemned to death, and the eve of his execution arrived. His wife obtained leave for herself and daughter with an attendant to visit him and partake of the last sad meal together, and arrived in a sedan chair, muffled up as became an invalid. In due time the jailers saw the three women depart, weeping bitterly, Mme. Lavalette in particular being overcome with grief and her face hidden in the handkerchief which she received her tears.

But when later on the warder visited the cell and called the prisoner it was a woman's voice that answered him and a woman who tried with her puny strength to delay his giving the alarm. Lavalette made good his escape, much to the annoyance of the king, who remarked that no one seemed to have done his duty except Mme. Lavalette.

Le Fort's wife put on two suits of clothes when she visited him, and dressed him in one. Not till the following day was the escape discovered, and the appalling jailer exclaimed to the triumphant

wife: "Unhappy wretch! What have you done?" "My duty," was the fearless reply. "Do yours."—London Globe.

#### The Sea as a Tamer.

All animals when taken for a sea voyage become tamer. Monkeys suffer greatly from seasickness. Fowls and geese soon become thin, and cocks generally cease to crow. Birds, too, are affected by the sea and never sing during a voyage.

As if to prove that race prejudices disappear with death in a cemetery for dogs in London there is a stone erected "To the memory of our dear little cat, Chinchilla, who died July 21."

#### OFFICER OF THE DECK.

##### The Position Carries Many Important and Responsible Duties.

Immediately upon stepping on board of a man-of-war a visitor sees an officer with a sword belt on walking up and down the quarter deck. Officers and sailors come up to him, some sprucely rigged out in his neat, handsome uniform, touch their caps to him, ask him questions, give him information and receive orders from him, and then they go away from him, and he paces his lonely beat, for he is the man who is on watch, who, while holding this position, has the charge of the ship. He is the "officer of the deck."

His position is one of extreme responsibility. He is held accountable for the safety of the ship and everything and everybody on board her. Every officer or other person in the ship, whatever may be his rank, who is subject to the orders of the captain, except the executive officer, the officer who ranks second to the captain, is subordinate to the officer of the deck.

This officer of the deck cannot leave his charge until he is regularly relieved by some other officer, whose turn it is to assume the responsibility, and he is strictly prohibited by the rules and regulations from engaging in any occupation which may distract his attention from his duty; hence his apparent dislike to engage in conversation, to crack a joke, to smile or to laugh.

A part of his duty is to be polite, though not necessarily agreeable, the law governing this phase of his conduct reading as follows: "He shall see that all persons coming alongside or visiting the ship are courteously treated." Of course he cannot personally attend, except casually, to the reception of the hundreds of people who visit the ship. He delegates this sort of duty to the men, only seeing that they behave themselves decorously and decently.

The officer of the deck is the one man in the ship for the time being on whom devolves the responsibility of properly conducting the affairs pertaining to the welfare of the small world living within the vessel. For four hours this position of dignity and importance is his. Then he goes off, and some other man succeeds to the hardships of the office.—New York Herald.

#### TELEPHONES IN SWEDEN.

##### Even the Fisher Women Use Them In Stockholm.

Every one has read of the remarkable use of the telephone system in Sweden, particularly in Stockholm, and it has often been pointed out that this is the most extensive system in the world when population is considered. The figures, which have been so variously quoted, really give no adequate impression of the completeness and general popularity of the Swedish telephone system. Even the fruit women and fishmongers in the markets and at street corners have their telephones, and the small shop that has not a phone is the exception rather than the rule. This general installation in stores presupposes numerous calling subscribers, and telephones in private residences are almost universal.

The secret of this remarkable state of things is to be found mainly in the cheapness of the convenience. A householder can secure ample communication for \$10 a year. This payment entitles the subscriber to the free use of the wires in Stockholm and throughout a radius of nearly 60 miles. The highest charge for service is only \$35 per annum. There are two other classes—namely, \$20 and \$15 rates. In the private dwelling rate of \$10 a year the messages are limited to 400 per annum, and a charge of 2 cents for each excess message.

Stockholm is served by two telephone companies, one a state institution and the other a private concern, which, by the way, is the more largely patronized. Almost every lamp-post is provided with a telephone attachment, by which it is possible to call up the nearest cab stand for a carriage or notify the police or fire department.

While the service is first class in every respect, all the modern improvements being supplied, yet, notwithstanding the remarkably low price for service, the company pays an annual dividend of 8 per cent.

#### American Imperialism.

The same supreme power that demanded this war will demand the complete fulfillment of its purpose. It will demand, in tones which none can misunderstand, and which no power or party can be strong enough to disregard that the United States flag shall never be furled in any Spanish province where it has been planted by the heroism of our army and navy.

Call it imperialism if you will, but it is not the imperialism that is inspired by the lust of conquest. It is the higher and nobler imperialism that voices the sovereign power of this nation and demands the extension of our flag and authority over the provinces of Spain, solely that "government of the people, by the people and for the people shall not perish from the earth."

Such is the imperialism that has become interwoven with the destiny of our great free government and it will be welcomed by our people regardless of party lines and will command the commendation of the enlightened powers of the old world, as it rears for the guidance of all the grandest monuments of freedom as the proclaimed policy and purpose of the noblest government ever reared by man or blessed by heaven.—Colonel A. K. McClure in Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.

#### BEYOND THE SUNSET.

So, when Time's veil shall fall asunder,  
The soul may know  
No fearful change, nor sudden wonder,  
Nor sink the weight of mystery under,  
But with the upward rise and with the vastness grow.

And all we shrink from now may seem  
No new revealing;  
Familiar as our childhood's stream,  
Or pleasant memory of a dream,  
The loved and cherished Past upon the new life stealing.

Serene and mild, the untried light  
May have its dawning,  
And, as in summer's northern night  
The evening and the dawn unite,  
The sunset hues of Time blend with the soul's new morning.

—Whittier.

#### HIS RULING PASSION.

##### Old Harpagon Carried It to the Brink of the Grave.

The following story is commonly related as true in France: Old Harpagon was fast approaching his end. His sufferings were very great, but he comforted himself with the thought that as he could not eat there was so much saved at any rate.

"Well, doctor," he said in a feeble voice, "how long have I yet to live?" "Only half an hour," "Would you like me to send for somebody—a clergyman, for instance?"

Harpagon was silent for a few moments. He passed his hand over his chin, bristling with a grizzly beard of several days' growth, when a sudden thought struck him and, turning to the doctor, he gasped excitedly:

"Quick—send for—a barber!" "The barber soon afterward arrived with his shaving tackle."

Harpagon, whose voice was getting weaker, asked him, "You—charge—two-pence—for shaving?" "That's the price," was the answer.

"And—how much—is it—for shaving—a corpse?" "The barber paused a moment and then said, "Five shillings."

"Then—save—me—quickly," stammered old Harpagon, casting a feverish glance at the watch which the doctor still held in his hand.

He was too feeble to utter another word, but the doctor understood the mute appeal and said:

"Fifteen minutes more!"

A smile of satisfaction stole over the features of the patient. The barber set to work and in a very short time finished his task, notwithstanding the nervous twitchings that distorted the face of the dying man. When the operation was over, old Harpagon uttered a sigh of relief and he heard to whisper:

"That's a good thing—four shillings—and tenpence—saved!" and he breathed his last.

#### PERSONAL CHATS.

F. Hopkinson Smith, the engineer, man of science, traveler, artist and novelist, and what not, is visiting in London.

William A. Eddy, the kite flier, recently had a narrow escape from being struck by lightning while flying a kite by a wire.

Dr. A. C. Carr, the new head of the Illinois state board of health, is also president of the Army and Navy Medical association.

The "Schlatter" now in Chicago says he is the original of that name and that he is really Rev. Dr. Charles McLean and a graduate physician.

In Daniel Shaw of Kingsbury, who is 85 years old and looks but 60, the people of Indiana claim to have the oldest J. P. in the United States.

Sir Wemyss Reid, who has just been elected president of the English Institute of Journalists, was formerly editor of the Leeds Mercury and later of The Speaker.

Mr. Stead says that the news which most cheered Gladstone in his last illness was the report that his granddaughter, a bright girl of 20, had decided to become a missionary.

Dr. John S. Griffin, who died in Los Angeles, Cal., recently, was a veteran of the Mexican war, one of the first physicians to come to the Pacific coast and the founder of East Los Angeles.

Captain Silas Wright Terry, the new commander of the Iowa, was in charge of the transport Benefit in the Red river expedition and received the highest praise in Admiral Porter's dispatches.

The Very Rev. Father Lefebvre, the superior of the Chapter of Oblate Fathers in Montreal, has been put at the head of the entire order in this country and will make his headquarters in Lowell, Mass.

Lieutenant Von Erusewitz, who was sentenced to only three years' imprisonment for the cowardly murder of an unarmed civilian at Carlruhe, has been pardoned and set free after two years by the kaiser.

General Renouard, the new chief of the French war office, who was a captain in the Franco-German war, is 62 years old, a little man, with a keen eye and exceedingly active for his age.

It is not generally known that the late Lieutenant William Tiffany of the rough riders was a member of the firm of florists on Fifth avenue, near Twenty-eighth street, in New York city, conducting what is known as "The Rosary."

Charles Spinks of Newport, Ky., who is supposed to have been accidentally drowned recently, had an insurance of \$125,000 on his life. He owned 72 pieces of property in Newport, and was one of the wealthiest citizens of northern Kentucky.

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Robert

MEETING] EVERY WANT. The perfect manner in which this store meets shoppers' wants everywhere, whether in Toronto or off in the far Northwest, is, perhaps, its strongest point. Our friends, who read these lines away in the Prairie Province, appreciate this thought, and back it up by daily orders through the mails. Money back if goods are not satisfactory is the best guarantee of a complete service.



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Super White Wool Blankets, soft finish, full bleed, with fancy borders, standard sizes:  
5 lbs. .... \$1.25 a pair.  
6 lbs. .... 1.50 a pair.  
7 lbs. .... 1.75 a pair.  
8 lbs. .... 2.00 a pair.  
Fine Super White Wool Blankets, fine lofty finish, with neat self-colored borders, standard sizes:  
6 lbs. .... \$1.90 a pair.  
7 lbs. .... 2.25 a pair.  
8 lbs. .... 2.40 a pair.  
9 lbs. .... 2.70 a pair.  
Extra Super White Wool Blankets, special lofty finish, thoroughly secured and cleaned, with neat borders, standard sizes:  
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Fine Unshrinkable White Wool Blankets, extra soft lofty finish, thoroughly cleaned and secured, with fancy combination colored borders, standard sizes:  
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7 lbs. .... 3.25 a pair.  
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10 lbs. .... 4.75 a pair.

BOOTS AND SHOES.  
Misses' Chocolate Color Pebble Skating Boots, self-tip, sizes 11 to 12.5  
Boys' Whole Foxed Lace School Boots, fair stitch, riveted soles, sizes 1 to 5  
Girls' Oil Pebble Button Boots, spring heel, self-tip, sizes 8 to 10  
Women's Black Box Calf Lace Skating Boots, fannel lined  
Women's Dongola Kid Button or Lace Boots, with patent leather tips, fair stitch, McKay sewn soles  
Men's Black or Chocolate Color Box Calf Lace Foot Gaiters, welt soles, in black and half-dollar toes  
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SECTION 52. TORONTO.

#### THE TATTLER.

Mrs. Frederick Douglass, widow of the beloved orator, is to go on the lecture platform to deal with the history of his race in this country.

The widow of Millet, the French artist, is a simple peasant woman and is living on a sum raised for her by the admirers of her husband's work.

Mrs. Charlotte C. Gray, who has just finished a course in Arabic and Hebrew at the University of Chicago, is the first woman to receive a D. B. degree.

The wife of Mr. Dawkins, the new finance minister of India, is, like the wife of Lord Curzon, the viceroxy, an American. She is a cousin of ex-Empress Eugenie.

Miss Antoinette Greely, daughter of the arctic explorer, and Miss Rosemary Sartoris, a granddaughter of General Grant, will be among the debutantes in Washington this season.

The Rev. Lucy E. Dodge has been pastor of the Free Baptist church at Long Branch, Neb., for five years. The church is prosperous, free from debt and in good repair and is one of the largest and best in the state.

Mario Hull, the actress, who sued Hoyt and McKee for \$1,200 salary and damages because she was not retained in the cast of one of their plays after her refusal to wear tights, refused an offer of \$150 to settle out of court and has been awarded a verdict of 6 cents.

Mrs. Amanda Purcell of Portsmouth, N. H., is the only woman who hired a substitute to fight in the civil war. At that time she was a widow, and her sons were too small to fight, but she believed she should send some one, and so she paid \$800 to her nephew to go.

Miss Mauri, a ballet dancer, is the first woman to become a professor of the art. The National Academy of Music, Paris, has established a chair of ballet dancing, with Miss Mauri as the occupant. She won her great success at La Scala, in Milan, having attracted the attention of Gounod while dancing there.

Lady Laura Ridding, who was a speaker at the recent English church congress, is the daughter of the late Lord Selbourne, and the wife of Bishop Ridding of Southwell. She is well known in Nottingham, where she started the Women's league. The league now numbers some 50 branches and 2,000 members and consists of miners' wives, women factory workers and working women generally.

#### CURTAIN RAISERS.

The scheme of erecting in Berlin a joint monument to Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven has been abandoned.

47-in. All-Wool Princess Twill, extra fine make, warranted not to spot with water, in the leading shades of brown, new blues, greens, black, extra value at 85c per yard, our price 49  
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MEN'S AND BOYS' CLOTHING.  
Men's Heavy All-Wool Princefleeces, in navy, brown and black, made with deep storm collar, also tab for the throat, lined with fancy plaid flannels, well tailored and perfect fitting, sizes 36 to 44, great value 3.75

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Boys' All-Wool Canadian and Scotch Tweed 2-Piece Suits, in brown and grey, small pin checks and mixtures, neatly plated back and front, good furmer satin linings, well made, good trimmings, sizes 22 to 28 2.50

MEN'S CAPS AND FURS.  
Men's Prussian Dog Fur Coats, full 50 inches long, deep roll collar, lined heavy quilted farmers' satin, very durable and dressy coat, spe 17.00

Men's Extra Fine Seal-skin Caps, in Manhattan or wedge shape, lined fancy satin, nicely finished spe 65

Men's Fine Beaver Cloth Caps, in black, brown or navy colors, sliding bands, lined black satin, spe 50

Black Coat Cuirasse Robes, extra well lined imported English plush, deep felt trimmings, fine silky fur and貂 heavy, large size spe 8.00

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SECTION 52. TORONTO.

#### JEWELRY JOTTINGS.

A very handsome combination in half hoop rings was noted in the alternation of emeralds with diamonds.

Stars of pearls are a pretty conceit in bridal jewelry, three of them furnishing the fastenings for the veil.

The chrysolite, a popular stone in the days of Queen Anne, is talked about as a thing to be revived. It is of a fine apple green color, and oriental natives hold it as exceedingly "fortunate"—two facts likely to recommend it to favor.

A standard chateleine attachment nowadays is the little flat, round or heart shaped affair, beautifully carved and sometimes jeweled, which reveals its mission only when turned over so that the reverse side may mirror the fair wearer's countenance.

Among fancies in bracelets figure the chain and padlock, a peculiar contrivance called "secret engagements," curb chains with alternate centers such as pearl and ruby, slender single chains with jewels en cabochon, bands both wide and narrow, and watch bracelets.

**THE CUMBERLAND NEWS**

CUMBERLAND, B.C.

**SO GLAD TO MEET.**

*Being an Everyday Incident in This Merry World.*

"Why, how do you do?"

Smilingly the man in the brindle suit and brown derby hat held out his hand to the little woman in the gray traveling dress.

"Well, this is a surprise," returned the little woman, shaking him by the hand and saying to herself: "I ought to know this man. Where have I met him before?"

"It has been about a year since I saw you, I think," he said.

"Yes, I believe it has," she answered. "By the way—er—where are you living now?"

"Same old place," he replied, waving his hand.

She hadn't made any progress. She tried again.

"What are you doing these days?"

"Oh, just the same old business," he said airily as before. "Wasn't it too bad the way they treated you?"

"You mean that—that time?"

"Yes, that time, you know. It was a shame, wasn't it?"

"Oh, yes," she rejoined. "It was too bad. It—it was a shame."

"It was indeed. Well, I am very glad to have met you again. Good day."

"Thank you. Good day."

"I don't think I could have been mistaken," he muttered as he walked along, "and yet—"

"I wonder, now," mused the little woman in the gray traveling suit as she hurried down the street, "if I ever did meet that man before, and I'd give worlds to know who the people were that treated me so badly and when and where they did it!"—Chicago Tribune.

**Seemed So to Him.**

He was an enthusiastic fisherman, and he stood looking at the 50 foot long whale that the waves had cast ashore.

"M'riar," he said meditatively.

"Well," she snapped, giving the little Thomas a jerk that stretched one arm a few inches. "Well, what is it now?"

"I thought it was, but now I'm sure of it," he said.

"What—that you're a fool!" she cried.

"No, M'riar, no, but I am sure that this is the very fish I lost at Tottenham lock last Saturday."—Pick Me Up.

**She Meant Him.**

They were walking in Central park. He was a very sentimental young man, and he said gushingly:

"How wonderful is nature! Just look at the trees getting greener and greener every day."

"Oh, I don't know! I don't see anything so wonderful about that," she replied, giving him a look full of significance.—New York World.

**Didn't Use Them.**

He had sat at the other end of the sofa for about an hour, and she was getting rather tired of it.

"It would be little loss," she said at last, "if the czar's proposal to disarm were made to include you."

It sometimes takes something of this nature to jar a young man into a realization of the fact that arms are made for use.—Chicago Post.

**Reflection on the Nose.**

He—I can't understand why my mustache doesn't grow under my nose as well as at the corners of my mouth.

She—Has it never occurred to you that there might be too much shade?—Chicago News.

**Hard Luck, Indeed.**

"What's the matter, old man? You look in hard luck."

"I am. Just moved to Harlem, and now I've gone and fallen in love with a Brooklyn girl."—Brooklyn Life.

**Getting Mad.**

"You look perturbed, John."

"I'm mad. It'd make anybody mad to have that man Smith get him mad and then get mad just because he gets mad."—Exchange.

**Her Dig J.**

"Millie," said her six foot husband, "you are a jewel."

"Yes," said Millie sweetly—"a jewel with a big J."—Indianapolis Journal.

**Frightful.**

"Is he much of a bore?"

"I should say so. Why, if you say, 'How are you today?' he'll actually tell you."—Philadelphia Press.

**Sowing Discord.**



Mr Carpe—I've seen such a pretty girl this morning!

Both the Misses Pleine—Oh, you flatterer!—Pick Me Up.

The O. P. R. will build a smelter in the Boundary Creek district.

Ask for Minard's Liniment and talk to other.

**Indifferent as to the Kind.**

He was a fragile youth and didn't dance all the dances.

"Let's sit it out," he said to his pretty partner.

"Where?" she asked.

"On the stairs."

So they went up a little way and sat down.

"Wh-why, what's the matter, Mr. Stackpole?" cried the fair young girl, for the young man had hastily risen and was gasping for breath. He could not reply. His face was livid. His eyes were rolled up, and with one shaking hand he clawed feebly at the skirts of his Tuxedo.

"What kind of an attack is it?" she gasped.

At this question his voice came back to him.

"What difference does that make?" he harshly growled. Then, without a word of apology, he dashed up the stairs and flung himself into the men's coatroom.

And how was she to know that it was an ordinary carpet tack that the man who canvased the stairs had carelessly left standing on its head?—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

We believe MINARD'S LINIMENT is the best.

Matthias Foley, Oil City, Ont.  
Joseph Snow, Norway, Me.  
Chas. Whooten, Mulgrave, N. S.  
Rev. R. O. Armstrong, Mulgrave, N. S.  
Pierre Landry, senr., Pokemouche, N. B.  
Thomas Wasson, Sheffield, N. B.

**Theaters in Spain.**

Theaters in Spain have no programmes. A bill in the lobby sometimes gives the cast, but most of the actors remain unknown by name. The curtain is devoted to advertisements, and in Madrid theaters advertising cards are affixed with the numbers on the back of each seat.

**The Story of a Locket.**

Lady Hester Stanhope had a warm friendship for my uncle, Sir John Moore. She sent me a sword and a drum when I was 4 years old, with a note saying, "When you are a man, come to me, and I will give you a real sword for your dear uncle's sake." The physician who traveled with her in the east recorded that she said to him she had never known but three really great men. They were her uncle, William Pitt; her brother, Charles Stanhope, and Sir John Moore. The last two were both killed in the battle of Coruna. She got a lock of the hair of each and set them in a gold locket with the coat of arms and name of each respectively.

In 1814 Lady Hester determined to live permanently in Syria and sent for her possessions, this locket being among them. The ship containing her valuables sailed and was heard of at Cyprus. Soon after one of those Mediterranean squalls came on, and nothing was ever heard of the ship, crew or cargo. Thirty years elapsed, Lady Hester had long been dead, when a letter came to the admiralty from the consul at Jaffa saying that an Arab had picked up on the beach a gold ornament with Frank characters. This was the long lost locket, and Lord Stanhope kindly giving up his claim to it, it became the property of my brother, Sir Graham Morris, and is now in my possession.—"Recollections of an Octogenarian."

**THE CURE OF ASTHMA.**

Liebig's Asthma Cure will cure Asthma, Hay Asthma or Hay Fever. Hundreds of people in four continents will say so. It is a high class medicine, endorsed by medical men, and used by the best people in all parts of the civilized world.

A free trial bottle will be sent to any sufferer by mail prepaid. If you are afflicted, send your name and address to The Liebig Co., 177 King street, west, Toronto, and say you saw this free offer in this paper.

**AS TO EPILEPSY AND FITS.**

Liebig's Fit Cure for Epilepsy and kindred affections is the only successful remedy, and is now used by the best physicians and hospitals in Europe and America. It is confidently recommended to the afflicted. If you suffer from Epilepsy, Fits, St. Vitus Dance, or have children or relatives that do so, or know a friend that is afflicted, then send for a free trial bottle and try it. It will be sent by mail, prepaid. It has cured where everything else has failed.

When writing mention this paper and give full address to The Liebig Co., 177 King street west, Toronto.

The railways of England killed only 18 passengers last year. Our railroad managers might get some valuable points from our English cousins in the matter of the safe handling of the traveling public.—Bloomington Pantagraph.

Please observe that whenever anybody is mentioned as a player of golf it is always as "enthusiastic." The enthusiastic golf players are so numerous that a tame, lukewarm golf player might as well get off the earth. His minority is painful.—Boston Herald.

Minard's Liniment the Lumberman's Friend.

*Get Ready*

to take a course in the WINNIPEG BUSINESS COLLEGE this winter. It pays to EDUCATE for BUSINESS. A great demand for office help than we could fill during the past six months shows why you should take such a course.

Full particulars on application.

G. W. DONALD, Sec.

**ST. VITUS DANCE.**

**A TROUBLE THAT CAUSES ITS VICTIMS MUCH INCONVENIENCE.**

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

From the Acadien, Wolfville, N. S.

The many cases brought to his notice of residents in this vicinity being cured from physical disorders through the agency of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, have created in the mind of the Acadien representative a sincere belief in the healing powers of this remedy. Yet withal he was a little incredulous the other day when told of a young man who had been cured of a very serious and deplorable disease by the use of only some two boxes of these little miracle workers. It seemed impossible that such a remarkable healing could be wrought even by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in such short order. Accordingly he was possessed of a strong desire to investigate. Mr. Winfred Schofield, of Gaspereau, was the address given us by our informant, and were not long in hunting him up. We found Mr. Schofield to be a bright young man of about twenty years of age and of more than ordinary intelligence. His air of candor and straightforwardness dispelled any doubts we may have had. In a very few words he stated to us his case.

"Two years ago," he said, "I was taken with an attack of St. Vitus Dance. Sometimes when at work I found that my fingers would all at once straighten out and I would be compelled to drop anything I was holding. One day I was using an axe when seized with one of these attacks. The axe slipped from my hands and in falling struck my foot and gave it a nasty cut. After that you can depend upon it I left axes alone, and it was not long before I had to give up using any kind of tool. My complaint rapidly grew worse and I was soon unfitted for any sort of work. Everything possible was tried by me in order to get relief, but I got no better. At last one day a neighbor of mine, Mr. Fred Fielding, who had been cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, advised me to give them a trial, offering to pay for them himself if they did not help me. As it turned out he was safe enough in making the offer. I followed his advice, but had scarcely begun to use them when I began to feel better. After using two boxes I was perfectly cured and have never been troubled with the complaint since. I am confident that to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills alone I owe my cure."

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

**A Relic.**

"You didn't bring me home a single relic," pouted the sweet thing.

"My dear," replied her soldier lover, "I brought you myself. There is nothing left of me but a relic."—Philadelphia North American.

**No Further Chance For Argument.**

"Boston is the bean city, I believe," said a Philadelphia man to a Bostonian.

"And Philadelphia is the has been city," replied the Boston man pleasantly.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

**TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.**

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

Keep Minard's Liniment in the house.

W. N. U. 198

**Ice in Polar Regions.**

When the sea freezes, first is formed the thin flake called by navigators "sludge," and as soon as this catches and holds snow it is termed "brash." When it gathers and doubles, the whalers style it "pancake" or "bay ice." If you can see the limit of this, it will be "a floe," and an "icefield" if its boundaries are out of sight.

"Pack ice" consists of floes forced together and overlapping, and when this again becomes broken and scattered by a new wind the name of it is "sailing ice."

Minard's Liniment is used by Physicians.

P. O. Drawer 1287. Tel. 1137.

**J. D. O'BRIEN,**  
Grain and Stock Broker.  
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**ATTENTION**

Difference between Paper and Wool Roofing: Paper dries and becomes brittle. The Wool is elastic and tough. Has never been known to crack: 8 years has established its reliability—wind and water proof.

Write for samples to  
**W. G. FONSECA.**  
765 Main Street, Winnipeg.

**CHRYSANTHEMUMS  
ROSES. CARNATIONS  
CUT FLOWERS  
IN SEASON  
AT  
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**SAFES VICTOR SAFES**  
MARTIN LEBBEY & COMPANY  
407 MAIN ST., WINNIPEG.  
Next door to F. O.

**SNAPS FOR CASH.**

Household Safes, small size	\$12.00
Household Safes, large size	30.00

Just the thing for a Christmas present. Both useful and ornamental.

Merchants' Safes, all sizes and prices, on easy terms or cash. Come and see them or write for quotations. Special prices during November and December.

**JUST A BAD COLD.**

A sharp stinging pain in the back—you think it doesn't amount to anything—be all right in a few days—but it doesn't get all right—kidneys are not doing their duty, and the poisonous matter that they ought to remove is going all through the system—causing rheumatism, gout, dyspepsia, headaches, backaches—all sorts of ills.

**DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS**

Cure the disease by removing the cause.

W. D. Popham, Talbot St., St. Thomas, Ont., says: "I have for a long time had serious back and kidney trouble. My back was so stiff and painful that when I sat down I had to have something to assist me to get up. I have taken four boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills, and they have taken the stiffness and pain from my back and enabled me to straighten up without pain or difficulty."

Price per box, 3 for \$4.25, all druggists. The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

**TWINS!**

**PURITY AND QUALITY.**

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

**White Star Health Coffey**  
AND  
**White Star Baking Powder**

**THE DYSON GIBSON CO.**

**J. M'VICAR**  
GRAIN & COMMISSION MERCHANT  
GRAIN EXCHANGE, WINNIPEG.

All kinds of Grain bought and sold. Liberal advances on consignments. Prompt returns. Send Samples. Write or wire for Prices, Box 574.

**BOVRIL LIMITED**  
MANUFACTURERS OF  
**BOVRIL In Tins and Bottles**  
**JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF,**  
Desiccated and Dried Potatoes and other Vegetables.  
**SOUP NODULES**  
And other preparations of condensed food specially suited for prospectors, surveyors and explorers, and for  
**KLONDIKE OUTFITS**  
London, and 27 St. Peter  
ENGLAND. MONTREAL.

**EARN A WATCH**

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

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

*A good Coffee at last!*

*Value Coffee*

*"Nothing better" "nothing cheaper"*

*Sold in 1/2 lb. lead packets*

*hermetically sealed.*

*Ask your grocer for "Value" Coffee.*

*15 cents per packet.*

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

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

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

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

RATES OF ADVERTISING: One inch per year, once-a-week, \$12.00

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION: ONE YEAR, \$5.00

SATURDAY, APRIL 8th 1899

GREAT VIEWS IN AN EXCHANGE.

It is surprising what unmitigated trash sometimes does get into print. There is an old rule and a very good one in the text books on composition, which runs somewhat thus: "Know first the subject you intend to write about, then say what you wish to say so that others can understand it."

The Anglican Church has sufficiently full and glorious past to warrant its continued existence provided it can meet the present crisis with the spirit and faith and action that is imperatively needed to preserve its ancient law.

Does anyone know what that sentence means? Not being endowed with the proverbial Yankee guessing powers, we confess we are at a loss. Truly,

'Tis hard to follow a writer who doesn't know beans, But who writes and is paid to fill space."

Further on in the same article, our contemporary states in reference to disestablishment, "It cannot be other than a boon." A boon to whom, which, or what, pray? To the Anglican Church? Surely not. To the clergy of that church? Well, hardly. To some other sect? Any Christian Church that cannot hold its own without using 'temporal' weapons against a rival denomination, must succumb to the inevitable.

The Sage of the Corner remarks: "We need not seek to decry the faith or the practise of the Roman Church, yet we may with perfect justice declare that that church is not suited in any way to the British character and its re-establishment in any considerable influence in England would be attended with grave evils."

Who made you believe that? Where did you get all your information about the Roman Church? Who is talking about re-establishing the Catholic Church in England? How can that which was NEVER ESTABLISHED be re-established?

"That Church (the R. C.) is not suited in any way to the British character." How does the writer thereof know what the Roman Catholic Church is suited to, or what it is not suited to?

Its re-establishment (?)... would be attended with great evils."

Oh, dear! We must close with apologies to our readers for devoting so much space to discussing

such a silly article as that from which we have quoted; but sometimes it is necessary to answer even silly remarks, lest the writer thereof run away with the notion that his said remarks cannot be answered.

"It is right and necessary that all men should have work to do which shall be worth doing, and be of itself pleasant to do; and which should be done under such conditions as would make it neither over wearisome nor over anxious."

Contemplate the day, gentle reader, when digging a drain with the thermometer at 90° in the shade will be "of itself pleasant to do." It may be (for us) when the other fellow is digging. Yet, work such as this must be done, and someone must do it.

Long years ago it was written: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." There is no condition in this as to whether the work, of itself, be pleasant or not. It is a duty to perform each task that falls to our lot as well as possible. If that task be congenial, so much the easier it is to do; if otherwise, we are still bound to do it. There is too great a tendency on the part of many to throw their burden on other shoulders. If all men, including the theorists who regale us daily with visions of the glorious possibilities of the future, would only preach and practise the simple rule we have above quoted, this world would soon see something very near the millennium.

If the authorities responsible do not want to get in for damages to the extent perhaps of thousands, as South Vancouver was mulcted for in a similar case four years ago, it would be advisable to see that the trees which have been undermined in digging for gravel this side of the long bridge be cut down. Some of them, from 60 to 70 feet high, are supported only by a few feet of crumbling earth and a very little breeze would suffice to throw them down. As long as they remain standing they are a source of danger to the lives of the many travellers over Courtenay road.

The Easter number of the Canadian Magazine is an excellent one. Every loyal Canadian ought to subscribe for this patriotic publication. The aim of the 'Canadian' is most praiseworthy, and it certainly deserves encouragement.

LOCAL BRIEFS.

- Mr. P. Danae returned Wednesday. Mr. Easthope, photographer, is up from Nanaimo in place of Mr. Finlay. Capt. and Mrs. Freeman were passengers down on the Thistle Friday morning. ENGLISH AS SHE'S WRITTEN.—"Little things please little minds." Nanaimo Review. --Two furnished rooms to let, or furniture for sale. Enquire at NEWS OFFICE. WANTED—Apprentice to learn trade, and girl to work at Tailoring. Apply at P. Duane's. Mr. Jno. Comb and family have moved to their ranch in Washington. They will return to Cumberland in a few months. The Christian Endeavor of the Presbyterian Church gave a most enjoyable social last Thursday evening. FOR SALE.—Valuable property in Cumberland. For further information apply to NEWS OFFICE. The water is all out of Nor 6 Shaft. Timbering will probably be completed by Sunday, when the work of sinking will likely be continued.

HOTEL ARRIVALS.—At the CUMBERLAND: E. Fred Easthope, Nanaimo; H. Mara, Nausimo. No arrivals at Union Hotel. Rooms all taken since last week.

FOR SALE OR RENT my property on Dunsmuir Ave.—H. J. Theobald. There was no session of the County Court Thursday as Judge Harrison did not come up. The registrar not having been notified in the matter, it is not known what date the session will be held.

Praise is cheap down in Nausimo. A gentleman in that town offered to allow the Municipal Council to haul all the rocks they wanted off his farm "free of charge." Forthwith, the Review says, the clerk "was instructed to thank Mr.— for his generous offer!"

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

Two picures in our town hired a couple of boys this week to procure some frogs at 10c each (for the boys, not the frogs). Having received instructions as to how they should catch the dainty songsters of the swamp, the boys set out. Their efforts were most successful, (as regards quantity at any rate,) for they returned in the evening laden with a bucketful of toads. Said toads are still in the market.

Ottawa News Letter.

[From Our Own Correspondent.]

OTTAWA, 27TH, MARCH.—The debate on the address in reply to the Speech from the Throne, which was commenced on Monday last (20), was continued throughout the week.

The attack was led on Monday by Sir Charles Tupper, the Grand Old Leader of the Conservative party, who for four hours and a half kept a crowded house and packed galleries in close attention. The effort was one of the greatest of his life, and his extraordinary force and vigor was the cause of admiration by both supporters and opponents, and I am glad to be able to say that of the tumultuous applause with which the conclusion of his speech was greeted, not a little came from the government benches. Sir Charles made a most careful and elaborate review of the conduct of the government since it entered upon office, and challenged Sir Wilfrid Laurier to muster up courage enough to appeal to the people on his so-called "reform" of the Senate, which was in reality a covert attack on that body which was intended to degrade it and destroy its usefulness. On this point Sir Charles was very effective, recalling with great accuracy the events which led to Confederation, showing the reason why Hon. George Brown and other Liberal leaders insisted on a Federal instead of a Legislative union of the provinces, pointing out that the Senate was the keystone of the structure of Confederation, the safeguard and protection of Quebec and the smaller provinces against the preponderant influence of Ontario, and declaring that if the equilibrium of the three great divisions of the Dominion, Ontario, Quebec, and the Maritime provinces had not been provided for by giving each an equal number of representatives in the second chamber, (24 for each division) without respect to population, Confederation could not have been accomplished. This equilibrium it was proposed to override by making the vote of the Commons nullify that of the Senate, and taking away from that body the power to protect the smaller and weaker provinces from the encroachments of the Central Government. His criticism of the so-called "preferential" tariff, which gives no appreciable preference, was keen and incisive; and his arraignment of the government for its duplicity in dealing with the prohibitionists, was forceful and convincing; while he mercilessly exposed the absurdity of the Washington negotiations in the face of the government having given away for nothing in advance everything which it might have had to offer to the Americans in exchange for concessions to be made by them. Never was the "Warhorse of Cumberland" in better form mentally and physically; and your correspondent could not help thinking as he met Sir Charles after his great effort, found him fresh, jaunty and entirely un-fatigued, that those of his opponents who are counting on Sir Charles' age as a drawback to his leadership of the Conservative party are deceiving themselves and not taking into account his enormous vitality.

SESSIONAL DINNERS.—Several of the usual dinners have been given by the Speakers of the two Houses, and some of the Ministers during the week; but by far the most notable gathering of the kind were the two dinners given on Tuesday

NEW GOODS. Open at the Big Store This Week

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

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

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

Simon Leiser.

and Thursday evenings by Sir Charles Tupper, in the Rideau Club, at which he entertained all the Conservative Senators and Members of Parliament who could possibly attend. At the second dinner Sir McKenzie Bowell occupied the seat of honor on the host's right hand. Although there were no set speeches, Sir Charles Tupper, in returning thanks to the toast of his health, took occasion to propose the health of Sir McKenzie Bowell, who replied in a very feeling manner, touching on the life-long friendship which had existed between Sir Charles and himself, and assuring his hearers that there was not a more hearty or sincere supporter of Sir Charles Tupper, than he was.

THE SENATE.—The debate on the Address was commenced on Monday and concluded on Thursday when it was carried without amendment or division, and on the following day the Senate adjourned over the Easter Holidays until Tuesday, 11th April. The debate was participated in by Sir Mackenzie Bowell, Senators Miller, Ferguson, Mills, Scott and others, and while there was less of party feeling in the discussion than was noticeable in the Commons, there was quite as much ability displayed, and as thorough an appreciation evinced of the trend of public opinion, as was shown in the House.

WILL THERE BE DISSOLUTION?—As the session advances the impression grows that the government is laying down its lines so that it may be in a position to spring a general election on the country this autumn, or early next winter, if it finds that it would be advantageous to do so. Mr. Alex. Smith, general organizer for Ontario, has been here and met the members from that province in a private caucus, at which, it is said, a series of resolutions were passed formulating certain things which the Ontario members require the government should do. The Maritime Province members have also met and "resolved" and the different little parties which make up the Laurier Administration are understood to be preparing their campaign program in anticipation of a fight in the immediate future. The reason for this premature dissolution is not far to seek, and may be found in fear of the prohibitionists whom Sir Wilfrid Laurier is no longer able to fool with his "sunny ways." The program is said to be to force the "Gerrymander" Bill through the Commons, get it thrown out by the Senate, and then appeal to the country as against the Senate, before the prohibitionists have time to organize the third party of which they are speaking. The Con-

servatives are by no means blind to the game which is being prepared for, and are putting their house in order with the utmost dispatch. Mr. Dalby, the organizer for Quebec and Mr. Baker, the organizer for Ontario, were both present at the Conservative caucus and reported that they were meeting with most gratifying success in their respective provinces. The Conservatives may require little more time than their opponents who are well organized; but Mr. Rufus Pope, in the course of his speech on Friday night gave notice that the Opposition would not be caught napping, but was prepared to fight the whole summer, if necessary, against the "Gerrymander" bill, until the Conservative party was thoroughly organized and ready for a general election.

To Foresters

NOTICE. The regular monthly meeting of the Dominion 3518, the INDEPENDENT ORDER OF FORESTERS, will take place next Thursday night April 13th. R. S. Cummings, Recording Secretary.

NOTICE. All who signed, as willing to start Musical Club, are requested to meet tomorrow afternoon (Sunday) at 2 o'clock, the Band Hall. Others wishing to join requested to be present. D. W. RICHARD JOHN KEAR, C. C. SEGRAVE.

PRIZE OFFER. In order to give those who spend time during the Easter Holidays an opportunity to compete for \$5.00 in gold offered by THE D. Wellington, we have decided to extend the time for handing in essays to April 25th.

NOTICE. Any person or persons destroying, withholding the kegs and barrels of Union Brewery Company Ltd of mo, will be prosecuted. A liberal fine will be paid for information leading to conviction. W. E. Norris.