THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

EIGHTH YEAR. CUMBERLAND, B. C. TUESDAY, AUG. 21, 1900.

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Mens', Boys' and Youths' Clothing at bargain prices. Mens' Summer Underwear. These goods must all be closed out to make room for fall stock now en route.

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TELEGRAPHIC NEWS

London, Aug. 20—The war office has received the following despatch from Lord Roberts: Hamilton engaged the Boers all day Aug. 19, at Raeode kopjies and Crocodile River. There were few casualties. Rundle reports that 684 Boers surrendered in the Harrismith district Aug. 19.

Berlin, Aug 20.— Field marshall Count Von Waldersee, occompanied by his staff, left Berlin this morning en route for China.

New York, 20.—Kang Yi, formerly assistant grand secretary of the empire and Gen. Lung Fuh Si are heading an army that is advancing from Pekin to the south east with the object of dividing the allies from pursuit of the Emperor and Dowager Empress, says a cablegram to Journal and advertiser from Shanghai on Saturday 19th. The Imperial household left Pekin, Prince Tuan in the march with his troops taking the Emperor, the Dowager Empress and all the Manchu nobles. With them left all who are hostile to foreigners. Prince Ching was left in command at Pekin and he welcomed the allies in a friendly manner. These reports are from Chinese sources. The Empress Dowager beheaded 12 of Imperial clansmen who refus- to leave the capital and were suspected of favoring the foreigner. The personel property which the Empress Dowager sent away filled 60 carts. Her retinue went on foot owing to the hurried advance of allies. Yu Sin, Governor of Shensil, has gone to the frontiers of his province to meet the Empress. The Chinese report heavy losses in the fighting between Tien Tsin and Pekin, Gen. Li Quong Tiand was wounded at Hei Tsung and died the next day Gen. Mah was wounded at Tung where Generals Chentee Gin and Chang Ching Fou commanding Wu Lus Van Guard was killed. The Chinese also circulating about the legation guards, owing to their cartridges giving out, used silver bullets during the last few days.

Berlin, 18.—The flight of the Dowager Empress and the disappearance of the Emperor of China is here regarded as of much greater importance than the mere taking of Pekin and the complications resulting therefrom are speculatively discussed by the press and in political circles. The overwhelming opinion is that all the powers have agreed to install a strong central government at Pekin. It becomes necessary first to destroy, or at least render harmless the fugitive government which is responsible for the whole Chinese eruption. Therefore it's claimed it's necessary to follow the fugitives. This probably will call for the employment of large additional forces besides those which are now in China.

Quebec, 18.—Ten invalided Canadian soldiers from Transvaal arrived to-day by Parisian and were accorded a rousing reception.

Pretoria, 18.—Gen. Dewit appeared yesterday at north comman do nek held by Gen. Baden-Powell and sent in flag of truce asking the surrender of the British forces. Gen. Baden-Powell replied asking what terms Dewit was prepared to offer. Dewit is eventually moving eastward. Supposed this was for the purpose of gaining information. Finding nek strongly garrisoned, he moved on shadowed by Baden-Powell.

Vancouver, 18.–Johnson won Pacific Coast Championship boat race here to-day Will challenge Gaudaur for world's championship.

HEALTHFUL BAKING POWDERS

The Government Report Shows but Two Sold in this Province.

The report of the Inland Revenue Department on the baking powders sold in Canada gives but two cream of tartar baking powders found on sale in the entire provinces of Manitoba, British Columbia and the Northwest Territories, viz., Dr. Price's and Royal. All baking powders found on sale, collected and analyzed, except these two, were made from alum, and are condemned as unhealthful.

With regard to the cream of tartar baking powders, the report says their wholesomeness may be taken as well established. The use of cream of tartar with bicarbonate of soda long antedates the commercial baking powder. These ingredients act in a perfectly definite way, so that the manufacturers of these powders are able to guarantee a mixture which contains no excess of either, and which is absolutely pure and healthful.

It is quite otherwise, the report says, with burnt alum. Owing to the difficult solubility of the alum, five per cent. or more of it goes unchanged into the bread. The interaction of the alum and the soda is completed in the stomach of the consumer. A disturbance of gastric digestion is inevitable and cannot but prove harmful.

Hence the Department considers cream of tartar baking powders the only ones proper for use or healthful, while it emphatically condemns alum and alum phosphate powders.

The analyst takes up and refutes the claim of the alumn powder makers that the alum in their powder is resolved into a neutral substance when the bread is baked. The residum the alum powder leaves in the bread—composed, the analyst shows, largely of alum, a mineral poison—cannot be conceived, he says, under continuous use, to be without injurious consequences upon the stomach.

One of our Italian friends went to Nanaimo a few days ago. On the down trip he remarked to some friends also going down, that whereas, there were at present in the party two women and three men, upon the return trip there would be three women as well as men. Arriving at Nanaimo he laid his plans and the next morning at 7:30 a. m., he made a break for the object of his consuming passion, promptly proposed, and was as promptly refused. Then his laughing countrypeople say he tried to get away home to Union, but alas! there was neither boat nor train, and so he was forced to wait for the regular steamer and endure the gibes and questions of his friends on the return as to where the third woman was.

Victoria, 20.—Details are given out of a big military demonstration at Esquimalt, on Sept. 3rd. Coast from that place to Victoria will be patrolled by troops to guard against imaginary sea attack, etc.

Victoria, 18.—Road wages will probably be raised to $2.50. Government House in Victoria to be rebuilt. Steamer Willapa returned from west coast at noon with $1400 from Wreck Bay. People there are excited over the success of the places. fifty dollars was taken out one day with primative methods.

LOCAL ITEMS.

A miner was slightly burned at No. 5 shaft, 17th.

Jap funeral took place 18th at the cemetery on the hill.

Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Smith, late of this place, lost their little girl Dorothy at Fernie on the 7th inst.

The new fire bell has arrived from Toronto and is now in place at the fire hall. It is of two feet diameter and has a good loud tone.

—During the stay of H. M. S. Warspite, the ferryboat "Waterwitch will run from Comox Pier to the ship.

H. M. S. Warspite, flagship, arrived in Comox harbor Wednesday, just at noon, for target practice. Torpedo boat No. 4 is also in port.

A Conservative Club was partly organized here last week. We understand one is under way at Comox also. Delegates will be chosen to attend the New Westminster convention on 30th.

A party of four, under the paternal guidance of Mr. E. Barrett, made a catch of 150 fine trout, most of them three pounders, at McKelvey's Hole S–Saturday. The Solitaire exponent is happy now.

Mr. Bowes, travelling agent for Messrs Waitt & Co., is in town. Reports business good, and will increase the firm's advertising space in the "NEWS." They find it pays to spill printers' ink.

Margaret, eldest daughter of Alex Cowie, sr., of Fanny Bay, died on the 15th inst., in Victoria, at the residence of Mr. M. King, her brother. The remains were brought to Comox for interment, the funeral taking place on the 18th, and being largely attended by friends and relatives.

Boxer worms are a thing of the past, in this district at any rate. We notice the black aphis appearing in gardens here, while not in sufficient numbers as to warrant the idea that they will be a plague, it is well to be prepared for so dangerous a pest as they are known to be. Kerosene emulsion is the best cure

"Our Dumb Animals." a paper published in Boston, asks—"How far can we believe newspapers?" We would never ask a fool question like that, nor ask one to believe any newspaper, except the "NEWS" and that we don't have to ask one to believe, as it is truth itself.

The NEWS Office received a much needed coat of paint last week. The shock was such that the type got all pied, the quads got crosseyed and the galleys joined the chase. Incidentally, the devil fainted and "Mickey" inked the rollers with some of our Sampson-ian paste.

London, Aug. 18.—Lord Roberts reports that Colonel Hoare who was besieged at Elands River and has just been released by Kitchener, lost 12 men, killed and 50 wounded including Lieut. Colonel De List.

THE IMPOTENT SINGER.

Oh, to be so poor of phrase, so dull of speech, so tongue tied,
When I look into her eyes, when I touch her hand!
Oh, for word to reach the heights my solitary song tried!
She would list what I would say, she would understand.

What is in my thought of her? Summer's spice and rose tree,
Breath and fire and beating heart and earth and sky above.
Two twin traitors are my lips, for, oh, wherever goes she,
All they know to cry to her is "Love, love, love!"

Very queenly bends her head to lovers who would sigh long;
Oft and oft she hears the same sung in many keys.
Can her ear catch only mine, hearken but to my song,
When it fades before the wind and drowns in swollen seas?

Oh, to strike the harp again, to call a chord to throb low,
Tender, soft and murmurous that all her heart must move!
A note to call her self to me, that will not only sob so
And tire her soul with ever echoed "Love, love, love!"

—Post Wheeler in New York Press.

HOW JOE BRITTON WAS MISUNDERSTOOD

John Trenholme looked up suddenly from his breakfast plate.

"I've a surprise for you," he said. "You can't guess who is coming to make us a visit."

Mother and daughter exchanged glances.

"Don't you remember my telling you," said John, "of a certain Aunt Salome who was very good to father when he was a boy? There was nobody quite like Aunt Salome. Well, this is her nephew, the son of a much younger sister. Aunt Salome died recently somewhere in California, and Joe is coming here to settle up her little estate. The old farm over Springville way was hers, and she left a brick house in town. All of it goes to Joe."

"Is he a college man?" inquired Mabel, stepping on thin ice again.

"I understand that he graduated from one of the western universities," said her father, shortly.

"Some little red schoolhouse up the gulch, I suppose," commented Mabel.

Her father looked at her sharply, then pushed back his chair and left the table.

Cousin Joe came. A tall, rather dark young man of six and twenty, with strong cheek bones, a square chin and bright gray eyes. John Trenholme brought him home with him, and both women saw at once that the newcomer had made an excellent impression on the head of the family, a fact which aroused an additional feeling of resentment in Mabel's soul.

"I'm disappointed in him," said Mabel to her mother after dinner.

"He seems very quiet and unassuming," ventured her mother.

"That's just it," said Mabel.

They saw little of Aunt Salome's nephew during the next two or three days. John Trenholme took him away in the morning and brought him back at night, and then absorbed his attention in the evening. Pretty Mabel thought her respected parent was overdoing it a little. She hadn't been left alone with the western youngster for a single moment. What was worse, the western youngster showed no desire for her company.

One night he brought home with him a large, square express package, which, being opened, disclosed a beautiful tawny skin of large size and exquisite markings, a present for Mrs. Trenholme.

"It's quite too lovely for a rug," said that delighted lady. "What is it?"

"A jaguar," replied Joe.

"But there are no jaguars in California," said Mabel.

"No," said Joe.

"Is it from a menagerie?"

"From a large one," said Joe.

And that was all he said about it.

That evening they were going over to Judge Graham's to an informal reception in honor of Professor Pelton, a distinguished educator from the great university in the neighboring city. Joe looked very well in his afternoon clothes, and Mabel felt at ease as far as his outside appearance was concerned. If he only wasn't so dull and stupid. He didn't look at her as she came down the stairs, and she flattered herself that her light gown and new hat were both very becoming. He was certainly a very stupid young man.

Joe walked with John Trenholme and Mabel and her mother trailed behind. The men were evidently enjoying each other's society to a high degree. They talked and laughed in a way that was highly exasperating to Mabel. Why didn't the stupid fellow try to entertain her as he was evidently entertaining her father? Perhaps her respected parent was hypnotized.

When they entered the big reception parlor at the judge's, what was Mabel's surprise to see a tall, scholarly appearing man dart forward and seize Joe by both hands and draw him into a corner.

"Why, Joe," she heard him cry, "is this really you?"

"That's Professor Pelton," whispered John Trenholme to his wife and daughter. "He seems to know our Joe."

"Our Joe." had a decidedly funny sound. Mabel laughed.

But "our Joe" didn't apply to the young westerner that evening. The Trenholmes enjoyed very little of his conversation. First the professor would buttonhole him, then the judge held him in lively conversation. Then he was passed along to Miss Minerva Graham, the judge's talented daughter. One would have thought Joe was the twin lion of the evening.

Mabel resented this in her perverse little heart. What right had these people to monopolize her father's guest? They must be doing it through sheer sympathy. What could they see in such a stupid fellow?

"You have a most delightful visitor, Miss Trenholme," said a voice at her elbow. She looked up. It was Professor Pelton.

"Oh, you mean Mr. Britton," said Mabel complacently. "Yes, he's quite an ideal guest. He is so quiet that mamma and I scarcely know he's in the house."

"Perhaps he needs a little drawing out," said the smiling professor. "Joe is as entertaining as a book when you get him started. Hasn't he told you about the fight with the jaguar? No? Well, just ask him where he got that scar on his temple." And just then the judge called the professor aside.

A little later it was announced that Professor Pelton had very kindly extended the duration of his visit and would by general request deliver his famous lecture, "Up the Orinoco," at the Presbyterian church parlors the next Saturday evening, whereat there was hearty applause.

After the Trenholmes and Joe reached home and just before they separated for the night, Mabel turned to Joe and said: "Pardon me, Mr. Britton, but I'm sure there must be something interesting about that scar on your forehead. How did you get it?"

"From a cat," replied Joe with a faint smile. "Good night."

Mabel felt for a moment as if she had been rudely rebuffed. Then she smiled. "He must have guessed that Professor Pelton told me to ask him," she murmured to herself.

The Saturday evening of the lecture Joe seemed unusually quiet and preoccupied, and to Mabel's great surprise when he joined them in the hall prepared to start for the church he was in evening clothes.

"I suppose he doesn't know any better," thought Mabel. "Papa ought to tell him."

It was a fine audience. The culture of Adair was fully represented, and Adair was a town of unusual literary acquirements. At just 8 o'clock Judge Graham stepped on the platform. He was alone.

"You will all deeply regret to hear," he said, "that Professor Pelton cannot address us this evening. He was called away late this afternoon by a telegraph message informing him of the serious illness of a member of his family. It was too late to announce a postponement of the lecture, and, besides, the professor arranged for a substitute. It appears that the youngest member of that Orinoco expedition is a guest in our town. At the urgent request of the professor he has consented to tell the audience the story of that ill fated quest. I take unusual pleasure in introducing one who starved and thirsted with that devoted little band of scientists and who was—to quote the professor's own words—the bright particular hero of the whole affair. Let me introduce Mr. Joseph Britton."

Then Joe arose from beside Mabel and went forward to the platform. He was pale but self possessed, and he looked remarkably well in his evening clothes. At least that was Mabel's inward comment. Somehow her heart suddenly warmed in her cold little bosom at the thought that this tall young fellow was their guest—they could even claim a distant relationship.

Joe began by saying that he was laboring under a double handicap, the professor's request, and now the judge's words of introduction. He would do the best he could, however, though it would be but a substitute at the best. Then he told simple, matter of fact talk, and a poor about the formation of the expedition, of the university men who composed it, of the scientific facts they hoped to prove. He told of the voyage from San Francisco, of the landing, of the start for the interior. Then came the story of their hardships and their sufferings. The sun burned them, the fever wrenched them, the natives harassed them at every turn. But they persevered. Higher and higher they ascended the mighty stream. At last their purpose was accomplished, and they started on the return journey. He told how a jaguar had leaped upon Professor Pelton and how it was beaten off. He told of the stealing of the boat and how it became necessary for a man of the party to swim the river under fire from the natives' arrows and recover the craft. He told of the final wreck of the boat in the rapids and how they struggled ashore. He told of the death of Brown and of his lonely burial in the twilight in a little clearing in the midst of that tropical verdure. He told of the building of the raft and of the long drifting journey down the stream.

He told how there was but one man left in the stricken little band with sufficient strength to steer the raft clear of obstructions and to minister to the wants and cheer the failing spirits of his fever racked comrades. Then he told how they finally reached the prayed for sea and friends.

And somehow, though he said naught of himself, the audience seemed to know that Joe was the man who fought the jaguar, and who swam the river, and who steered the raft to final safety.

It was the simple story of heroic devotion to the cause of science that has been told so many times, and yet when he finished his recital the audience was very still for a moment or two. Then everybody seemed determined to go forward and shake hands with the young fellow. When Joe was finally permitted to escape, he found Mabel waiting for him at the door. Her eyes were very bright and shining, and she greeted him with a charming smile.

"Papa and mamma have gone on ahead," she explained, "and I said I would wait for you."

"That was very good of you," said Joe, with a heightened color.

Mabel took his arm, and they walked on in silence.

"I want to say," murmured Mabel presently, "that I—I think I have misunderstood you, and—and I'm sorry."

"I don't think I quite understand," said honest Joe.

"I'm glad if you don't," said Mabel. "Anyway, I feel better now I've told you." And then with delightful feminine inconsequence she added, "Besides, you know you haven't treated me in a really friendly way."

Joe laughed in pleasant fashion.

"I was only carrying out my dear old aunty's oft repeated advice," he said.

"And what was that?"

"To resolutely turn away from temptation," quoth Master Joe.

"That's very nice of you," said Mabel softly.

It seemed like an entirely irrelevant remark, and yet Joe appeared to understand it.

And they walked still slower.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Old Manners.

A gentleman of the old school said some years ago: "When I was young, two gentlemen meeting in the street took off their hats to each other. A few years later and the bow had ceased. Then came a time when they merely touched the brims of their hats, and now a jerk of the chin and a little grunt, 'H'm, h'm,' is considered sufficient salutation between two men of quality and fashion."

The habit of remaining uncovered in the presence of ladies died hard, but it is a good many years since the late Lord D. was conspicuous as the only man who always stood bareheaded in the crush-room of the opera.—Cornhill Magazine.

A POST NUPTIAL ODE

We used to walk together in the twilight,
He whispering tender words so sweet and low,
As down the green lanes when the dew was falling,
And through the woodlands where the birds were calling
We wandered in those hours so long ago;
But now no more we walk in purple gloaming
Adown the lanes, my love and I—ah, me;
The time has passed for such romantic roaming—
He holds the baby while I'm getting tea.

We used to sit—with lamp turned low—together
And talk of love and its divine effects,
When nights were long and wintry was the weather;
Far nobler he than knight with knightly feather
And I to him the loveliest of my sex.
Now, oft when wintry winds howl round the gable,
Immersed in smoke, he pores o'er gold and stocks,
The fact ignored that just across the table
The loveliest of her sex sits darning socks.

—Anon.

THE RIGHTFUL KING

He Was a Mental Wreck, but He Gave His Life For Another.

Not even the hideous pile of red brick could spoil the beauty of the asylum gardens upon an evening in June.

The huge house stood on a hillside in one of the fairest spots that ever man helped nature to make. Roses were opening on all sides, and here and there a late daffodil still lingered to make the red roses jealous with its simpler beauty.

Among the trumpets of the convolvulus sat the rightful king. He was not in state robes, nor did he wear any outward insignia of royalty. Indeed he wore a suit of decent and serviceable corduroys and a soft felt hat, which he found more comfortable than a crown. On the bench by his side was a pile of parchment deeds and legal looking papers.

The rightful king sat with his hands hanging loosely and a vacant, soulless stare in his watery old eyes. His lower lip had dropped, and his whole face was absolutely destitute of intelligence. For the moment one saw a mere statue of flesh and no more.

Suddenly footsteps were heard approaching, and there was a tinkle of feminine laughter coming through the flowers. A light began to flicker back into the lunatic's face, making it weak indeed, but not mere brute, as it had been before. Two young ladies, in cool summer frocks, accompanied by a tall young man in tweeds and with the ribbon of an Oxford college on his hat, came walking down the gravel path, laughing as they came.

The rightful king became violently agitated. He shook with eagerness, and a yearning came into his eyes like the pleading look of an unfondled dog.

"Would Miss Bremmil notice him?" That was the great question. His position as rightful king was, he well knew, one which was not well established.

Many of the other inmates of the asylum resented it and wished to attract notice for themselves and their foolish whims by minimizing his importance.

The visitors came up. "This, Lucy," said Miss Bremmil, the chaplain's daughter, to her friend, "this, Lucy, is the rightful king of England."

"If I had my rights, miss," said the old man, "I should be a-sitting on Queen Victoria's throne now."

"Incidentally," said the young man from Oxford, "he fills up his time doing a little gardening. Your majesty is fond of flowers?"

"That I be, sir," said the rightful king, touching his hat, forgetting his dignity or perhaps finding the habits of his former life in the world without the walls too strong for him.

"When I comes into my own, miss," he went on, "you shall have all the dimon's out of the Tower of London. I shan't want 'em!"

His voice sank a little and grew thin. The momentary animation died away from the foolish face. He could not think of anything more to say. He began to whistle.

The three young people looked at him pityingly, and then, with a word of farewell, passed on their way.

"I am coming as far as the end of the gardens, dear," said the chaplain's daughter to her guest. "I've no doubt Mr. Fraser will see you over the fields."

The young man gave her a look of deep gratitude. "Wonderful tact," he thought to himself.

"I hope you've not been made miserable by going over the asylum," said Miss Bremmil. "Of course, I am quite used to it, and it doesn't affect me as it must affect others."

"It is rather depressing," said the Girton girl. "I dare say you'll think me unfeeling and horrible, but if persons become hopelessly insane—really hopelessly, you know—I can't help feeling it would be better for them and for everybody else if they were painlessly put out of the way."

"You haven't lived among mad people, as I have," said the chaplain's daughter quietly. "You'd be surprised how sensible many of them are and how good also. I don't suppose that poor old rightful king ever had an unkind thought in his life. He's a dear old thing and is always bringing me flowers. He's devoted to me."

"Aren't any of the lunatics violent sometimes?" inquired the young man.

"Oh, none on this side of the building. They are harmless. Dangerous cases are kept in a separate wing. You can just see the roof over the trees. Of course I'm never allowed to go there."

"How terrible it all seems!" the Girton girl said as they entered the last long avenue, which led them to the hillside beyond.

The sun began to make ready to slip behind the hill, and it was now what the Tennyson student called "Blow, bugle, blow," time. They arrived at the stile. They turned to look back down the long and leafy avenue through which they had come. It was all irradiated with the long, level glow of the sunset. A tiny black figure at the far end, which seemed to be moving toward them, gave the scene just that little necessary note of human contrast which made it perfect.

They said good night, and the Girton girl strolled away into the purpling shadows, where she was destined to hear what she had never suspected—that love is, after all, the only higher mathematics worth the attention of a girl with soft hands and wavy hair.

Miss Bremmil walked slowly back, thinking placidly of their little romance. Suddenly she heard footsteps at her side. Some one had come out from the trees and was pacing with her. She turned hurriedly toward the sound. A man was walking by her with a peculiarly gliding, springy step. He was very tall, with a dark and rather sinister face. He was dressed in the uniform of the asylum, only with one difference—on his head he wore a yellow cap and round his arm was a broad band of yellow cloth.

She shrank back with a sick terror flowing round and round her heart like icy water. The man was one of the "dangerous" cases, and she was alone with him at nightfall, too far away to scream for aid. She was paralyzed with fear. Suddenly he turned on her with a swift snarl, like a treacherous animal. He caught her by the arms and carried her to the nearest tree, leaning her against it.

"I've wanted something like this for a long time," he said. She observed he had the voice and accents of a gentleman. He took a long strip of cloth from his pocket and made her fast to the trunk of the fir tree with it.

He drew a table knife from his pocket. The avenue was now almost dark.

As he came up to her a sound of singing came from among the trees, foolish, wayward singing, in a broad Gloucestershire accent. They distinguished the words:

"I be the rightful king
Of England, merry England."

Early in the afternoon the rightful king had been digging in a plantation of larches. He had left his spade and was now coming to fetch it.

Miss Bremmil heard the voice and gave one cry for help. The knife was dangerously near her. The rightful king came shambling up. He saw the girl tied to the tree and the man with the knife. He flung himself upon the madman with a great cry of pity and anger.

They rolled over and over on the ground, struggling fiercely, but at last the old man was mastered. He was no match for the other's demoniac strength. The girl saw the knife rise and fall, and then the air was suddenly full of whistles and red dancing lights. There were crowds of people pressing round her, and she fainted in her father's arms.

The body of the rightful king lay upon the sward. There was nothing poetic about it. In death it was even more foolish than in life.

"Poor old rightful king!" said one of the keepers. "He died for missy. Who'd have thought it? He's gone from his kingdom now."

"This is his coronation day," said the chaplain gently.—Mainly About People.

An Eskimo Legend of the Raven.

The following fable of how the raven became black is common to every Eskimo household: Once upon a time (all their stories begin in this way) the owl and raven were fast friends. Indeed, they were so intimate that they spent most of their time together and had things in common, like brother and sister.

One day the raven made a dress of dapple white and black for the owl, and the latter, not to be outdone in generosity, made a pair of nice whalebone boots and presented them to the raven and, not content with this, went to work upon a white dress. When the raven was asked to try it on, she merrily ran and skipped about and refused to sit still.

"Be quiet a little while!" cried the owl angrily. "If you don't, I will spill the lamp over you!"

But the raven paid no attention to the threat and continued to tease the owl.

At last, in his vexation, the owl dashed the sooty oil in the lamp over the white suit of the raven and cried out, "Qua qua!"

From that day the unfortunate raven has worn a black coat.—San Francisco Call.

When the Cowboy Is a Hero.

"I am very fond of the genuine cowboy, now fast disappearing," says Rev. Cyrus Townsend Brady, narrating his experiences as "A Missionary In the Great West" in The Ladies' Home Journal. "I've ridden and hunted with him, eaten and laughed with him, camped and slept with him, wrestled and prayed with him, and I always found him a rather good sort—fair, honorable, generous, kindly, loyal to his friends, his own worst enemy. The impression he makes when he rides through a town in a drunken revel, shooting miscellaneously at everything, is a deservedly bad one, I grant you, but you should see him on the prairie in a 'round up' or before a 'stampede.' There he is a hero."

Dormant Bank Accounts.

In the Bowery Savings bank, New York, there are about 450 dormant accounts, representing $51,000. Under the head of "dormant" accounts are placed those which have given no sign of life in the way of draft or deposit for 22 years. These accounts result from many causes, such as crime, loss of memory or reason, sudden death or neglect on the part of the depositor to make a [illegible] memorandum of where he pla[illegible]ney.

THE MODERN PHOTOGRAPH.

Can Easily Be Taken Without the Presence of the Subject.

The lady and the photographer.

The Lady—I desire a sitting.

The Photographer—Yes, madam. Any particular style?

The Lady—The style that will bring the best results, of course.

The Photographer—Full face, quarter face, profile?

The Lady—All of them. Then I can pick the best.

The Photographer—Very well, madam. Will you sit now?

The Lady—Mercy, no! I'm not prepared for it. I'm having a special dress made, and of course I must materially alter my complexion. Then I want my hair powdered on this side and darkened on that.

The Photographer—Yes, madam.

The Lady—And you can smooth out all these wrinkles and clear away this mole and lift the corners of my mouth, can't you?

The Photographer—We can do all that in the retouching, madam.

The Lady—So I supposed. And you notice that one of my ears is a little lopsided and will have to be straightened. And the curve of my nose must be softened and the crease in my double chin obliterated.

The Photographer—Yes, madam.

The Lady—Of course I want my eyebrows darkened and my eyelashes lengthened and a sort of peach bloom finish given to the entire face.

The Photographer—And may I ask, madam, how with all this you expect to get an accurate likeness?

The Lady (haughtily)—That's your business, sir.

The Photographer (asserting himself: they rarely do)—Well, madam, I really don't see that there will be any necessity for your sitting at all.

The Lady—What do you mean by that?

The Photographer (with emphasized sarcasm)—I mean that I have a young and pretty woman in attendance here who can sit in your place with just as satisfactory results.

Whereupon the lady sniffs and flounces out.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Countersign.

"Have you got the countersign?" asked the sentinel.

"Well," replied the raw recruit, who had left a department store to enter the army, "when I left the counter it was, 'This silk's twice less than cost.'"

Do Not Pay Cash

PAY SCRIP FOR DOMINION LANDS AND SAVE DISCOUNT.

A very large saving can be made. We can furnish the exact amount for any payment.

Write for particulars and price.

ALLOWAY & CHAMPION, WINNIPEG

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS

CUMBERLAND, B.C.

THE DOMINIE.

The Rev. Dr. Rouen Thomas has been pastor of the Harvard church, Brookline, Mass., for 25 years, and his people recently presented him with a purse of $5,000 as an evidence of their esteem.

The Rev. T. H. James, who has been preaching in Oakley, Kan., on a $500 salary, recently inherited a fortune from England, and intends to use $500,000 of it to endow a college and a hospital in Oklahoma.

Many of the friends of Archbishop Corrigan expect him to return from his visit to Rome the possessor of the red hat of a cardinal. His claim to the distinction, it is said, will be urged by prominent New York Catholics, who have gone to Rome in advance of his visit.

The Rev. Samuel E. Eastman and his wife, the Rev. A. F. Eastman, have been unanimously elected pastors of the Park church, Elmira, to succeed the late Rev. Dr. Thomas K. Beecher. Mr. and Mrs. Eastman had been Dr. Beecher's assistants for several years previous to his death.

$100 REWARD, $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Historic Limoges.

Once a flourishing Roman city and supposed to be one of seven cities where Christianity was planted about the middle of the third century, Limoges is the capital of the department of Haute Vienne, and is 250 miles south of Paris. Its porcelain manufactures are justly celebrated. In 1768 kaolin was found near by, and naturally they immediately began making the hard paste porcelain. This is more durable, though ware made of soft paste absorbs less color in the decorating and has a pleasing softness of effect. The popular Haviland china is made at the same place.—Philadelphia Record.

Holloway's Corn Cure destroys all kinds of corns and warts, root and branch. Who then would endure them with such a cheap and effectual remedy within reach.

Enough Said.

"You say she is good looking, but I don't know whether you are a judge or not, and you know it frequently happens that the girl who is thought to be beautiful by one man doesn't impress others at all."

"Yes, I know all about that, but I've never seen this girl stand up in a car."

"Say, when can you take me around?"

Much distress and sickness in children is caused by worms. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator gives relief by removing the cause. Give it a trial and be convinced.

This Couldn't Happen In Boston.

"Thanks," he said, taking the cigar. "I will smoke this after dinner."

But it was so vile that he smoked it while sitting on a front seat in the grip car on his way home.

For what was he that he should fly in the face of long established custom?—Chicago Tribune.

A CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.—The intrusion of uric acid into the blood vessels is a fruitful cause of rheumatic pains. This irregularity is owing to a deranged and unhealthy condition of the liver. Anyone subject to this painful affection will find a remedy in Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. Their action upon the kidneys is pronounced and most beneficial, and by restoring healthy action they correct impurities in the blood.

That Was Different.

"Never mind," said the comforter to the dejected lover. "Don't let one refusal deter you. Ask her again. A woman's no often means yes."

"A woman's no may sometimes mean yes," replied the rejected one, "but I am convinced that a woman's 'nit' means no."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

ALWAYS ON HAND.—Mr. Thomas H. Porter, Lower Ireland, P. Q., writes: "My son, 18 months old had croup so bad that nothing gave him relief until a neighbor brought me some of DR. THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL, which I gave him, and in six hours he was cured. It is the best medicine I ever used and I would not be without a bottle of it in my house."

The Duke and His Outfit.

"I see that the British officers under Lord Roberts are chafing at the delay."

"That's easily explained."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, the Duke of Marlborough has reached Bloemfontein with his chafing dish outfit."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Art Distinction.

Fair Amateur—Yes; I painted this. What school of painting would you call it?

Artist (gently)—Boarding school.—New York Weekly.

Severe colds are easily cured by the use of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, a medicine of extraordinary penetrating and healing properties. It is acknowledged by those who have used it as being the best medicine sold for coughs, colds, and all affections of the throat and chest. Its agreeableness to the taste makes it a favorite with ladies and children.

For Jawsmiths.

It men would do less talking about the crops and attend to the business that is at their doors, trade would look up. This habit of jawing about prospects has grown upon us until every old bum in the country philosophizes, looks wise and calculates the amount of money that will be put into circulation when the crop begins to "move." Half the people now-a-days expect a good crop to collect their bad accounts, sell their worn out stock and in many ways atone for bad business principles and management. The world is full of philosophers and speculators. That is why it is so full of failures. It is so pleasant to philosophize, and it gives one such satisfaction to display one's power of discernment. Men will talk an hour and a half on why or how a thing should be done, but will not spend fifteen minutes trying to do it. If talk was worth anything, such wonders would have been accomplished in this old world that we would have had the millennium long ago. But talk is cheap. It is the man who "says nothing but saws wood" who accomplishes most, for himself and others. The man who minds his business, whether he drives a soap grease cart or controls a railway syndicate, is doing more for this world than a million of loud-mouthed philosophers that blather about "prospects," whether from the lofty eminence of a work bench or from the calm seclusion of a bank desk.

The Californian In Paris.

Reporter—What struck you as most amazing of the exhibits in Paris?

Merchant—My California champagne with French labels on it.—Syracuse Herald.

The Most Essential.

Stubb—Here is a list of the failures since the beginning of the year.

Penn—Is the peach crop among them?—Chicago News.

Years of Agony

RESULTING FROM SCIATICA IN AN AGGRAVATED FORM.

Many Nights the Sufferer Could Not Lie in Bed, and His Leg Was Frequently Swollen to Twice Its Natural Size.

From the Journal, St. Catharines.

Mr. John T. Benson, stationary engineer at the Ridley College St. Catharines, is known by most of the residents of the city. For years Mr. Benson suffered acute agony from sciatica, and notwithstanding numerous forms of treatment, found little or no relief, until he began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills speedily restored his health as they have done that of thousands of others who have given them a fair trial. To the reporter who interviewed him, Mr. Benson said: "I certainly owe a debt of gratitude to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for they have released me from a form of torture that had afflicted me almost continuously for twenty years. The pain began first in my back, then shifted to my hip, and thence down my leg. It became so severe that it seemed as though the very marrow in my bones was being scalded, and at times I could scarcely repress crying aloud from the agony I endured. I tried all sorts of liniments and lotions, but got no relief. I doctored with several physicians, even going to Buffalo for treatment by a specialist there, but in no case did I ever receive more than temporary relief. It may be easily imagined that the pain I endured told upon me in other ways, and I became almost a physical wreck. At times my right leg would swell to nearly twice its normal size. Then the pain and swelling would shift to my left leg, and the agony was something awful. I suppose that during the period I was afflicted I have hundreds of times laid on my back on the floor with my foot and leg elevated on a chair in order to obtain slight ease from the pain I endured. The muscles and sinews in my legs looked as though they had twisted and tied in knots. The trouble went on in this way until finally nothing but opiates would deaden the pain. A few years ago I read of a cure in a similar case through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and decided to try them. For some time after I began their use I could not see that they were helping me, but I decided that I would give them a fair trial. By the time I had used a half dozen boxes, there was a decided improvement in my case, and I continued the use of the pills until I had taken twelve boxes, when I felt my cure was complete. Several years have since passed and I have had no return of the trouble, so that I feel safe in saying that the cure has been permanent.

I may also add that my wife has used the pills for indigestion, headaches and dizziness, and has found great benefit from them. Words cannot express the great benefit Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have been to me, and I hope similar sufferers will profit by my experiences."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. If your dealer does not keep them, they will be sent postpaid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

HAD TOO MUCH TO DO.

A Story For Husbands Who Think Wives Have Easy Times.

Housewives will appreciate a Russian story told by Count Leo Tolstoi. It relates that a Russian peasant and his wife, after an earnest discussion of the question which of them had the more and harder work to do, agreed to exchange tasks for a day. The woman went to the field to plow, and the man staid at home to do the housework.

"Now mind," said the wife, as she started out, "turn the cows and the sheep out to pasture at just the right time and feed the little chickens and look out that they don't wander, and have the dinner ready when I come back. Mix up some pancakes and fry them, and don't forget to churn the butter. But above all, don't forget to beat the millet."

The peasant had so much trouble in getting the cattle and sheep out that it was late when he thought of the chickens, and in order that the little chickens might not wander he tied them all together by the legs with a string and then fastened the string to the old hen's leg.

He had noticed that while his wife was beating the millet she often kneaded her pastry at the same time. So he went to work to do these things together, and as he had to shake himself a great deal to do it he saw an excellent chance to get the butter churned at the same time by tying the cream jar to his belt.

"By the time the millet is pounded," he said, "the butter will have come."

He had hardly begun this triple task when he heard the old hen squawking and the chickens peeping. He started on a run to see what was the matter, but tripped on the edge of a flagstone, fell and broke the cream jar to pieces.

In the yard he found that a prodigious hawk had seized one of the chickens and was flying off with it, and as the chickens and their mother were all tied on one string they hung together, and the hawk flew away with them all.

In his confusion the peasant left the yard gate open, and the pig came in, tipped over the breadtray and spilled the batter, which the animal then immediately began to devour. While the peasant was looking on in astonishment another pig came in and began rooting among the millet.

Then, while the peasant was clearing things up as well as he could, the fire went out. He had not succeeded in rekindling it when his wife entered the yard with the horse.

"Why," she said, "where are the chickens and the hen?"

"A hawk carried them off. I had tied them together so they wouldn't wander away, and the hawk carried off the whole lot."

"Well, is dinner ready?"

"Dinner? How could I have dinner when there isn't any fire?"

"Did you churn the butter?"

"No; I was churning it, but I fell and dropped the jar and broke it, and the dog ate up the cream."

"But what is all this batter that I see on the floor?"

"Those miserable pigs did that."

"Well, you have had a hard time," said the wife. "As for me, I've got the field all plowed, and I'm back home early."

"Oh, yes," exclaimed the husband, bitterly, "you've had only one single thing to do, while as for me, I've had everything to do all at the same time—get this ready, take care of that and think of everything! How in the world was I to do it?"

"Well," said she, "that's what I do every day. Now I guess you'll admit that a woman has something to do!"

Wandering In Dreamland.

The young woman's mind was probably away off in the land of cut on the bias and yokes and flarings and plaitings and applique and ruffles and things like that, whatever they may mean.

Anyhow, when she got on an up town Ninth street car the other afternoon, she dreamily opened her pocketbook when the conductor came around for her fare, stuck a gloved finger and thumb into one of the compartments of the same, extracted a couple of foulard samples, and, with that faraway expression still in her eyes, handed them to the conductor. The conductor was a middle aged man. He smiled and waited for the young woman to come out of her trance. But she held the foulard samples out to him, with eyes on vacancy, until the conductor, still grinning, had to fetch her back to earth.

"Yes, they're pretty, miss," he said, "and I'd like to get my wife a dress off that piece on top, but she's"—

The young woman blushed like a red hot stove lid, dug into another compartment of her pocketbook for a car ticket, and she looked real embarrassed when the brutal male persons across the car aisle grinned, so she did.—Washington Post.

Mended His Manners.

A certain English officer is noted for his ready wit and quickness in repartee. In the very early days of his career he was ordered to Bombay and was attached to the staff of the then commander in chief as A. D. C.

Shortly after his arrival, at a function at the government house, a new military secretary who, in the conscious pride of his new position, had a hearty contempt for subalterns of all degrees, with a glassy stare through his eyeglass offered him two fingers to shake.

The A. D. C., quite unabashed, looked at him for a moment or two and then said genially:

"Hang it all, major, the governor gives me three!"

The whole room was convulsed, and the military secretary, now a colonel, profited by the hint and mended his manners, but he never forgave the A. D. C.—London Tit-Bits.

Consolation.

Olga (who has overheard a conversation in the drawing room)—Aren't you glad you weren't born a lady, cook?

Cook—Why should I be glad, Miss Olga?

Olga—Well, see what a lot of trouble you'd have with the servants!—Punch.

GUNS BICYCLES REVOLVERS

Baseball, Football, Tennis, Golph, Cricket, Fishing Tackle, Ammunition, and all other lines including light hardware, we carry in stock, and our prices are very low.

We also do gun repairing good and cheap.

We will take in exchange for goods any produce you may have, cordwood, etc., etc. Write us, giving full description of what you have.

M'Cready ARMS & CYCLE CO.
320 MAIN ST., WINNIPEG.

Where Ignorance Is Bliss.

Hicks (reading)—There are many people that suffer from dyspepsia for years without knowing it.

Kicks (dyspeptic)—How I envy them!—Town Topics.

IMPURITIES IN THE BLOOD.—When the action of the kidneys becomes impaired, impurities in the blood are almost sure to follow, and general derangement of the system ensues. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will regulate the kidneys, so that they will maintain healthy action and prevent the complications which certainly come when there is derangement of these delicate organs. As a restorative these Pills are in the first rank.

A Bitter Blow.

"Yes, my boy, you have my consent to marry Edith," said the father after it had taken him an hour to find out what the young man wanted. "Yes, you can have her and get married as soon as you will."

"You have made me the happiest man in the world!" exclaimed Adolph.

"Very likely. I shall leave a check beside your wedding dinner plate. It will be signed, but not filled out."

"How noble and generous!"

"You can fill it out yourself. Don't be afraid of figures."

"How can I thank you?"

"Might as well make it a million as ten thousand."

"Oh, sir"—

"That's all, except my balance is only $220, and you'd better keep the check for the first baby to play with!"

His Forte.

Blinks—I understand Turner is quite an athlete.

Jenks—Yes. His great specialty is running up and jumping board bills.—Chicago News.

HIS OWN FREE WILL.

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

It is truly a wonderful medicine.

JOHN A. MACDONALD.
Publisher Arnprior Chronicle.

He Wasn't Afraid.

At the battle of Spottsylvania during the civil war I found a drummer boy belonging to a Connecticut regiment crouched down behind a log and crying as if overcome with grief. He was only 14 years old, and it was his first battle, and no one could blame him for being upset.

"Don't be afraid, Johnny. You'll come out all right," I said.

"I ain't—ain't afraid," he sobbed in reply—"that is, I ain't afraid of being hit."

"Then what's the matter?"

"N-nuthin, only if they want my drum, why don't they come and take it without all this noise!"

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

By Way of Precaution.

Being a wise man, he desired to take no chances.

"Of course you understand," he said by way of preface, "that I have plenty of female relatives."

"Certainly," she answered, somewhat nonplused.

"I have four sisters already," he went on, "and any number of cousins."

"I realize all that," she returned, "but I fail to see how it interests me."

"Oh, only indirectly!" he said. "Before saying what I have to say I merely desire to have it understood that I have my full quota of relatives of that description. Do I make myself clear?"

"I think I grasp your meaning," she answered.

"In that case," he announced, "I will ask you to be my wife."—Chicago Post.

Keep MINARD'S LINIMENT in the House.

When the Boldest Are Timid.

"Did your courage ever desert you?" she asked of the popular hero. "Did you ever entirely lose your nerve?"

"Madam," he replied in a tone that was an admission in itself, "I once played the leading male role in a big church wedding."

MINARD'S LINIMENT is used by Physicians.

Drawing a Precedent on Her.

"Benny, you must not eat bread and butter out on the front steps."

"Aw, ma, you named me fer Benjamin Franklin, an teacher says he walked aroun in Philadelphy with a whole loaf o' bread under his arm."—Chicago Record.

MINARD'S LINIMENT Lumberman's Friend.

IN THE DEPARTMENT STORE

An Incident Showing the Uselessness of Certain Slang Terms.

If by the use of a bit of slang you can express in one word what it would otherwise require ten words of plain English to say, why, then, say I, by all means use the slang, for it saves time, and, with the exception of the favored few whose whole purpose in living is to kill time, we are all bent on saving all the time we can. The only slang I object to is the slang that replaces one word by another precisely as long and not a whit easier to say. My objections have already been made privately to a woman who went shopping with me that hot day we had during the week. I forget which day it was. She is new to the town, so I had to show her about the shops. I wore my feet to the bone that day. She dragged me from the ribbon counter to the bargain counter, from the art needlework department back again to the place where they sell pins and dress braid and iron waxers and patent curl papers. When I thought that one mere mortal could endure no more she said to me:

"Now, just one thing more. I must have a plain lid."

I led the way to the house furnishing department, and I personally explained her desire to the salesman.

"This lady wants to see some plain lids," I explained. The lady was some distance behind me, but she arrived beside me just as the salesman said suavely:

"Lids, madam. What kind, please?"

The lady turned as red as the poppy flower.

"Well, of all the gumps," she said to me with the brutal frankness of an old and tried friend. "You certainly are dense. I don't want hardware. I want a hat."

Now, by the shade of everything shadowy, what conceivable sense is there in calling a hat a lid? However, I revenged myself. I persuaded her to buy a hat that adds ten years to her age and a whole eon to her complexion.—Washington Post.

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

Following Instructions.

"Young Sammy Spender is carrying out his governor's wishes faithfully, isn't he?"

"How's that?"

"Why, the old gentleman left instructions in his will that after his death his dust was to be scattered to the winds."—Life.

LA "TOSCANA," RELIANCE CIGAR FACTORY, Montreal

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N. B.—We assisted over 100 of our students to positions during the past five months.

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175 Owen Street, Winnipeg.

THE STORE OF
THOS. J. PORTE, JEWELER,
WINNIPEG,

Has a Red Eagle hanging over the doorway. During fair week we will sell a solid gold Hunting Engraved Ladies Watch, Waltham movement, Pendant Set, guaranteed for one year for $12.50.

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS
Issued Every Tuesday.

W. B. ANDERSON, - - - - EDITOR

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

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

TUESDAY, AUG. 21st, 1900.

WAR NEWS.

Victoria, 8.—Following is the official telegram received from Consul Shimizu to Premier Dunsmuir.

"Yesterday I received a cablegram from my government to the effect that the local authorities were instructed on the 31st ult., to prohibit entirely the immigration of Japanese from Sapan to Canada and also to the United States. I hope you will announce this to the Legislature. Will confirm by mail.

(Signed) Consul Shimizu."

Tien Tsen, Aug. 13.—The army advanced 12 miles to-day. Two reliable couriers who left Pekin on the 1st arrived to day at Tien Tsen. They say Empress Dowager fed foreigners for a few days. The former viceroy of Shan Tung, who is bitterly anti-foreign arrived with new troops and planted two batteries on wall near legation. Enemy began shelling and opened a fierce fire which was kept up for two days. The head of the missionary board with a party while trying to get provisions was killed. The army took Yang Tse Tsung. They suffered heavily.

Bakwai, Aug. 13.—A column of 700 men under Col. Burrough has returned from Kumassie having reinforced and reactioned the fort for two months. The force destroyed three old stockades after a desperate bayonet charge in which British lost 4 officers and 34 men killed. On night of Aug. 7 Col. Burrough attacked a war camp near Kumassi surprising and bayonetting the enemy. Great numbers were slain without a shot being fired.

London, Aug. 13.—The Boers have left Machadodorp according to the Lorenzo Marquez correspondent and occupied Water-vaal. A considerable portion of Gen. Botha's camp and stores at Dalmanthua was destroyed by fire on Sunday. According to another special despatch Barberton has been proclaimed the new seat of Transvaal Government.

London, 14.—Following message dated Pekin, Aug. 6, from Sir Claude McDonald: "Our situation here is desperate. In ten days our food supply will be at an end. Unless we are relieved general massacre probable. The Chinese offer to escort us to Tien Tsin, but remembering Cawnpore we refuse the offer. There are over 200 women and children in this legation. Despatch from Shanghai dated yesterday, says the allies at noon were within 20 miles of Pekin.

London, 14.—Lord Roberts reports to war office under date of Pretoria, 14: "Kitchener reports from Schoolplaats 8 miles east Vendordorp, that Dewit blew up three of his own waggons. Six British prisoners who escaped from Dewit's camp, say that Dewit was forced to abandon his ammunition and 30 horses, and they confirm the report that Methuen captured one of Dewit's guns and shelled the main convoy effectively. Another report from Report from Roberts to-day says: Methuen and Kitchener are still following Dewit and reached Middelfontein 4 miles off Venterdorp. Methuen is in touch with Dewit's rear guard Smith-Dorrien reports that the Shropshires recently marched 43 miles in 32 hours, and the City of London Imperial Volunteers 30 miles in ten hours, hoping to prevent Dewit from the Krugersdorp River. Buller's occupation of Ermelo is having effect. A field cornet and 182 Boers of Standerton commando surrendered yesterday to Gen. Clery.

Shanghai 14.—Allied forces expect to enter Pekin to-morrow.

Utica, N. Y. 14.—Collis P. Huntington, president of the Southern Pacific Railway, died at Pine Hurst Camp in the Adirondacks at 12 o'clock last night. Heart failure the cause.

Nanaimo, 14.—Jos. Sage, an early pioneer of this city died at noon to-day. He was a native of Nanaimo.

Victoria, 14.—Arthur Rundle a blue jacket on H. M. S. Warspite, had his back broken in the navy yard, Esquimalt. Along with others he was carrying a big timber, and when the men were lowering it he failed to get clear, and was crushed with above results.

Cobble Hill, 14.—An unknown man was found lying on track badly mangled condition to-day, train having run over him.

London, Aug. 15.—The Pretoria correspondent wires announcing the safety of Col. Hoar's column, and the convoy reported to have been captured at Elands River.

London, 15.—The invalided Canadians, who sailed for home to-day, were received with great enthusiasm by the London crowds, and had another oration at Liverpool where the Lord Mayor addressed them. He referred to the fact that one of the Canadians had eleven bullet wounds.

Vancouver, 15. The boiler makers and blacksmiths of the C. P. R. quit work to-day in sympathy with the machinists in their strike There are now no men at work in the loc. motive department. The strike is as far as ever from being settled.

New York, 15.—Bob Fitzsimmons and Tom Sharkey have agreed to fight on Aug. 25th, before the Coney Island Sporting Club for a purse of $25,000.

London, 15.—Rear Admiral Bruce wires from Taku as follows: "Have received following from Gen Hay: The allies are distant about 27 miles from Pekin. They experienced little opposition. A position had been prepared by enemy but as allies advanced they fled. The Tartar cavalry was charged by two squadrons of Bengal Lancers. Many of the former were killed. The troops are much exhausted by heat but their health is good.

Berlin 15.—Despatch from Chee Foo says Russian and British consuls agree in stating relief force arrived at Au Ping on the 9th.

London, 15.—Chinese Minister in London has informed British foreign office that foreign legation at Pekin were safe on Monday 14.

Hong Kong 15.—Continued investigation at Canton show the Chinese are mounting larger guns, gunboats being overhauled and mines laid in West River.

Cape Town, 15.—Commandant Presloo who surrendered to Gen. Hunter July 30th, arrived here Says he is tired of war and welcomes prospect of peace. He says a majority of Boers are disgusted with Kruger. Mr. Jas. C. Stowe, U. S. Consul General here has returned here. Only ten Boers were in the party which attacked his train, remainder of commando were foreigners. Mr. Stowe says majority of Boers desire a cessation of hostilities.

Grand Forks, B. C. 15.—A big fire is raging in Columbia, it started in the Ecladas Hotel which was soon reduced to ashes, and spread to the Model Dairy Barn and a blacksmith shop At this writing the Presbyterian Church and other buildings are ablaze, strong wind prevailing, fear expressed town may be wiped out. The town has no water supply.

Victoria, 15.—Following is estimates for Nanaimo District: North Nanaimo District, general repairs $4,000; Nanaimo-Comox Trunk Road, Nanaimo section, $2,000; Texada inland roads $2,000 Lasquet $5,00.

London, Aug. 16.—War office has received a despatch from Lord Roberts announcing Col. Hoar was holding out at Elands River last Friday. Lord Roberts considers that Gen. Hamilton's cavalry must now be within 40 miles of Eland's River.

Cape Town, 15.—A messenger from Col. Hoar commanding the British at Elands River, who reached Mafeking Tuesday, reported that garrison was still holding on when he left, although Col. Hoar had sustained 67 casualties.

London, 16.—The allies are reported to have reached Pekin Monday, says the Shanghai correspondent of the Daily Express wiring yesterday. He adds, Chinese official news confirms this statement but without detail.

Washington, D. C., 16.—This government will reject Li Hung Chang's proposal for an armistice. It will stand on the position hereto as announced.

Washington, 16.—The Chinese Minister this morning received a belated cable from Minister Conger in American code addressed to the state department he delivered to Secretary Adie. He also received appeal from Li Hung Chang to have allies' advance stopped at Tuan Chow, at which place he says they will be met with high officials of the Chinese government where they will be empowered to negotiate an armistice.

Krugersdorp, 15.—Gen. Dewit has crossed Krugersdorp Railway and marching north to join Gen. Delaney, who is holding Rustenburg. Kitchiner and other Generals are pushing him and pressing him hard. His force is reported to be beyond Venter-dorp.

Chee Foo, 14.—The Chinese will not make a stand. Entire force is straining every nerve to reach Pekin before it is too late.

Victoria, 16.—Governor Joly has received a letter from Russian Consul at Montreal stating no one has a right to prospect for gold in Siberia without special concession of Czar's government. He states such concession has been granted to Anglo-American Co., at head office which is Col. Von Larlasky.

London, Aug. 16.—Former president Steyne according to a despatch to the Daily Mail from Lorenzo Marqueze, dated yesterday is reported to have died as the result of of a severe wound while endeavoring to reach Kruger. According to a despatch to the Daily Express from Lorenzo Marquese dated yesterday, it is reported that Gen. Dewit has succeeded in joining hands with Commandant Delarey. A British correspondent recently released from captivity at Nooitgedacht asserts positively that Mr. Kruger wishes peace but that the fighting commandants insist upon continuing the war and would prevent his flight by force if necessary. The burghers, according to the same authority share his view. The Transvaalers have 90 guns at Machadodorp, with abundant provisions.

St. Petersburg, Aug. 16.—Gens. Reenneenkampff and Bevilocxuarff according to the Russian War Office while pursuing the Chinese on Aug. 10th from a gun, found 4,000 infantry, 5,000 cavalry, and 12 guns in a strong position at San Jshan. Although the Russians were inferior in number and had only two guns they made a combined frontal and flank attack upon Chinese. The Chinese succeeded in breaking up the flank movement and they fought with great stubborness and eventually they were compelled by fierce Cossack attack on their centre to evacuate the position and withdraw the guns.

London, Aug. 17.—The allies have entered Pekin without fighting. The legaiio sare relieved and the foreigners are liberated. The following was received from the German consul at Shanghai and and was given out by the Berlin foreign office

London, Aug. 17.—A special despatch from Shanghai says the allies entered Pekin on Aug. 15th. It is believed that Youan Shiki's troops have gone thence to Shen Si to protect the Empress. According to reports received by the local officials here. Prince Tuan, the Imperial Household and the bulk of the army and the Boxers left Pekin on Aug. 7th for Hsian Fu.

Victoria, Aug. 17.—Report from San Francisco says one of the colliery fleet has been chartered by the British Government for transports. Inquiry made at the local shipping offices however failed to elicit confirmation of the rumor. There is already a shortage of tonnage of for coal carrying purposes and the chartering of steam by the U. S. Government as announced a few days ago makes a dearth of vessels on the coast more keenly felt. An officer of the Pacific Coast S.S. City of Puebla stated this morning that the line was now carrying coal for the Dunsmuirs in view of steam and other vessels alleged to have been chartered by the British government being about to be impressed into transport service. The Umatilla on the last voyage south carried the first of this coal cargo from Ladysmith, and the City of Pvebla is to receive a second load.

COMOX ROAD APPROPRIATIONS

Nanaimo-Comox Trunk Road.

Nanaimo section,	$1,000
Comox section,	$2,000
General repairs, other roads,	$9,000
Trail, Coal Harbor to Hardy Bay,	$500
Total	$11,500
Public buildings, repairs,	$200

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A reward of $5.00 will be paid for information leading to conviction of persons witholding or destroying any kegs belonging to this company.
HENRY REIFEL, Manager.

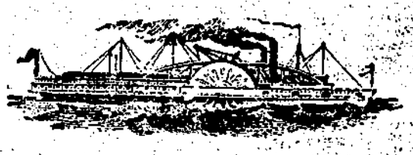
The "Crowd Poison."

The newest name for bad air is "crowd poison." Two medical men have been endeavoring to determine what it is that makes the air of crowded places poisonous to those who breathe it. Their object was to find out whether the effect was owing to the diminution of oxygen, as generally believed, or to the presence of deleterious organic matter in the carbonic acid expelled from the lungs, as the majority of physiologists maintain, or to the excess of carbonic-acid gas pure and simple. The conclusion arrived at is that the excess of carbonic-acid gas is alone responsible for the headache, feeling of suffocation, etc., frequently experienced through the breathing of a contaminated atmosphere. Some persons yield much more readily than others to this combined exhalation from many systems, and persons are overcome by it who can withstand the air of a room vitiated from other causes. During the recent lord mayor's show in London the foul air of the crowded streets was noticeable. To such as sat slightly above the level of the pavement the impurity of the air was distinctly perceptible. The baneful effect of impure air was recently felt

$50 REWARD.

STOLEN from the premises of the undersigned, about the 16th of April, one small red cow, 3 years old, would calf about 20th. Branded on left hip R. Anyone giving information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of the thief or thieves will receive the above reward. (Signed) JOHN CONNELL, Oyster River, Comox, B.C. m15t4

Esquimalt & Nanaimo. Ry.



VICTORIA-COMOX ROUTE.
Taking Effect Monday, August 13th, 1900.
S. S. "City of Nanaimo."

Leaves Victoria Monday, Aug. 13th, 7 a.m. for Nanaimo, calling at Fulford, Ganges and Fernwood.

Leaves Nanaimo Tuesday, 7 a.m. for Comox, calling at Big and Little Qualicum, Hornby and Denman Islands, and Union Wharf.

Leaves Comox Wednesday, 5 a.m for Victoria, calling at Union Wharf, Denman and Hornby, Big and Little Qualicum, Nanaimo, Thetes Island, Vesuvius and Burgoyne.

Leaves Victoria Thursday, 10 a.m. for Nanaimo, calling at Burgoyne, Vesuvius, Thetes Island and Ladysmith.

Leaves Nanaimo Friday, 7 a. m. for Union Wharf and Comox direct.

Leaves Comox and Union Wharf Friday, 2 p.m. for Nanaimo direct.

Leaves Nanaimo Saturday, 4 a.m. for Victoria calling at Fernwood Ganges and Fulford.

FOR Freight tickets and Stateroom Apply on board,
GEO. L. COURTNEY,
Traffice Manager.

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As the season is advanced we will dispose of the balance of our stock of the famous McBurney-Beatie Co.'s Bicycles at

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MUNICIPALITY OF THE

CITY OF CUMBERLAND

NOTICE.

BICYCLE RIDERS caught riding on the sidewalk after this date will be prosecuted.

By order of Council,

LAURENCE W. NUNNS,

City Clerk.

Cumberland, B.C., May 8th, 1900. 813

ADVERTISE IN THE

WEEKLY NEWS

The most northerly paper published on the Island.

SUBSCRIPTION, $2.00 A YEAR.

CHINESE ECONOMY.

The Cunning Artists Resort to Many Methods in Order to Fill Their Purses.

Nothing is wasted in China. The stones of various fruits and the shells of nuts are dried and carved into ornaments of the most graceful kind. Among the stones used are olive, plum, peach, laichu and cherry, and of shells the walnut and cocoanut. The stones are selected with care; each must exceed a certain standard of size, proportion, hardness and weight. They are dried slowly and at such a heat as not to crack or sprout, and are then ready for the carver. The designer marks a rough outline of the future group or picture and hands it over to his apprentices. These work with great rapidity and soon block out the design, cutting through the hard ligneous tissue, and then extract the kernel. A second treatment now takes place to dry the interior of the stone, as well as to prevent the fine lining of the interior from undergoing decomposition. This completed, the designer sketches a second outline, and also indicates by his pencil or brush where the surface is to be lowered, made into leaf work or arabesquery, or be cut altogether away. The work is performed by the subordinates as at first. The designer then does the finishing touches, after which the assistants clean, polish, and oil or wax the perfected carving. The stones are sold in this shape to quite a large extent, but more largely in other forms. Among these may be mentioned buttons, watch charms, sleeve links earrings, and brooches, and, when strung together, bracelets, anklets, necklaces, watch chains, rosaries, and official ornaments.

The price of a stone varies greatly with the workmanship and the fame of the carver. Some may be bought as low as ten cents a piece, while others command as high as $2 and $3 each. The average price is thirty cents a stone. The carvings display great variety and beauty. One class is composed of birds, reptiles and higher animals. The dragon, griffin, stork, snake, horse, lion, tiger, camel, elephant and bull are favorite figures. A canon in Chinese carving is to reproduce only these animals which have been tamed, and the ten mentioned are almost the only ones which have enjoyed divine honors. A third class, and by far the most interesting, comprises groups of human figures representing scenes in history, poetry, mythology and the drama. The workmanship is often so fine as to be microscopic in its delicacy. In fact, the finishing touches are made by the artist while using a magnifying glass of at least fifty diameters. On stones not over an inch in length it is not uncommon to find eight, nine and ten characters in different attitudes and costumes.—[Washington cor. Boston Transcript.

Tennyson as a Mesmerist.

Tennyson had extraordinary mesmeric powers, says the Boston Herald's correspondent. He went, with a young man with his wife to some country inn, and soon after his arrival a doctor called, who, having introduced himself said: "I am here with a lady who is suffering from severe physical ailments, and I want you to come and try your mesmeric passes on her, because I am quite convinced that you have strong mesmeric powers." Tennyson laughed at this, but he went with the doctor, who showed him how to make the passes, and he found that he had the power, and that it exercised a very beneficial influence on the suffering lady. Afterward when he went into the room the patient would fall into a mesmeric sleep almost before he began his passes on her. After the parties left the inn they did not meet for some years, and Tennyson did not recognize the doctor until reminded of the circumstances by the latter, who further said: "Do you know you saved the lady's life, and she is now my wife."

Duel Spoiled by a Big Dog.

Two professionel men of Milan, Italy, who had repaired to a frontier village to fight a duel, were prevented from doing so by an enormous St. Bernard dog which appeared on the scene just as the would-be duelists were taking their places. Several attempts to begin operations were made, but the dog interfered each time. Finally the ridiculousness of the situation dawned upon the principals, and they shook hands and returned to Milan together. New York World.

MEN WANTED.

500 white miners and helpers for the Wellington Extension and Comox mines, to supercede all the Chinese in our mines. Apply at once to the managers of the said mines, Wellington Colliery Co., Ltd.

WELLINGTON COLLIERY CO., LTD

LADYSMITH

(Extension)

LOTS FOR SALE,

Apply to,

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GET OUR PRICES AND TERMS ON

Pianos and Organs

BEFORE ORDERING ELSEWHERE.

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Victoria, B. C.

The oldest and most reliable house in the Province.

Chas. Segrave, Local Agent, Cumberland, B. C.

NOTICE.

TO MY old friends and patrons in Cumberland and Union:

On June 1st next, I shall be prepared to supply milk and cream, fresh and sweet, butter eggs, &c., and solicit a resumption of the patronage so liberatly accorded me in the past.

A. SEATER.

Courtney, B.C., May 22, 1900.

Esquimalt & Nanaimo Ry.

TIME TABLE EFFECTIVE NOV. 19TH, 1898.

VICTORIA TO WELLINGTON.

No. 2 Daily. A.M.		No. 4 Saturday P.M.
De. 9:00	Victoria	De. 4:2
" 9:28	Goldstream	" 4:53
" 10:9	Koenig's	" 5.34
" 10:48	Duncans	6:15
P.M.		P.M.
" 12:14	Nanaimo	7:41
Ar. 12:35	Wellington	Ar. 7 55

WELLINGTON TO VICTORIA.

No. 1 Daily. A.M.		No. 3 Saturday A.M.
De. 8:05	Wellington	De. 4:2
" 8:26	Nanaimo	" 4:3
" 9:52	Duncans	6:5
" 10:37	Koenig's	6:16
" 11:18	Goldstream	" 7 3
Ar. 11:45	Victoria	Ar. 8:00 P.M.

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

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

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JAMES ABRAMS.

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

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

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

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

The NEWS Job Department.

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

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TEAMSTER AND DRAYMEN SINGLE AND DOUBLE RIGS FOR HIRE. ALL ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

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I am prepared to furnish Stylish Rigs and do Teaming at reasonable rates.

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Beack Langshans, $2 per sitting.
Black Minorcas, $2 per sitting.
Barred Plymouth Rocks, $1 per sitting.

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Grantham, Comox.

Notice.

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

By order

FRANCIS D LITTLE

Manager.

FOR A

WOMAN'S SAKE

BY MRS. M. E. HOLMES.

Author of "A Woman's Love," "Woman Against Woman," "Her Fatal Sin," Etc.

The matter made a considerable noise at the time, and unmoved by the entreaties of Lady Willoughby, who, with all the unselfish devotion of woman clung to this black sheep of the family, Sir Hugh sternly forbade him the house, and gave orders that his name should never be pronounced in his presence.

Years passed, and Gerald Fancourt, sinking from bad to worse, suddenly disappeared from public view. Neither his parents nor his sister knew what had become of him; and when Mr. and Mrs. Fancourt died, as they did, within a few months of each other, Cordelia and Helen alone stood beside the death-beds; and to their pitying and all-forgiving love the lips of the dying consigned their erring son. That Helen Fancourt had loved Percival Ormsby she had made a full and open profession to Sir Hugh before marriage.

Such love he, as a man of the world, had treated as a youthful folly, which time would cure. Nevertheless, the knowledge that her love was not wholly his when he married her, galled his proud and jealous nature, and gnawed like a viper at his secret heart.

But his vexation at Percival Ormsby's return did not for a moment lead him to forget his determination to crush, once and for all, that insolent calumniator and dangerous Radical, Richard Goodeve.

"Podmore has been a great deal too patient with this fellow," said Sir Hugh, to himself, as he walked down the Gatford High street. "Such people only presume upon kindness, and take our charity as an acknowledgment that we are in the wrong, or, at best, as a confession of weakness. As this is market day, it is likely I may find Podmore at the White Hart."

"Mr. Podmore here?" inquired Sir Hugh of the obsequious waiter, a red-nosed, moldy-looking old man, who, in his suit of customary black and wisp of white necktie, had the air of a journeyman undertaker.

"Mr. Podmore? Sir 'Ugh? Yes, sir—no, sir; that is, Mr. Podmore's been 'ere, but has gone out."

"Where has he gone to?"

"I am unaweer—quite unaweer, Sir 'Ugh."

"When will he return?"

"In a quarter of an hour. Sich was his last instructions."

"I'll wait."

Sir Hugh was walking towards the coffee-room, when the noise of many voices, in loud talk, caused him to pause.

"Have you many people in there?"

"Very many. It's market-day."

"Show me to a private room, and tell Mr. Podmore to come to me when he returns."

The waiter hurried off, and five minutes afterwards the Baronet found himself ensconced at a small table, wheeled near a window, with pens, ink and paper before him.

"Can I do anything else to make you more comfortable?"

"Yes, take yourself off, and don't venture to intrude here again till you return with Mr. Podmore."

When Sir Hugh Willoughby found himself alone, he threw himself back in his chair, and clasped his hands over his crossed knees and spoke his thoughts aloud.

"I wish Helen had never told me of her former love for Ormsby. A noble frankness I thought it then, but it was a foolish thing for her to have done."

The Baronet rose from his chair, and, his head bent upon his breast, his hands crossed loosely behind his back, began to pace the room slowly.

"I'm a fool—worse than a fool to let these thoughts disturb me. If Helen is somewhat cold to me, why it is her nature to be cold and undemonstrative; besides our ages are so different, and—ah, there it is!"

He turned upon his heel, and approached the window.

Why did Sir Hugh pause in his walk, and as the voices of the men below surged up and entered the room of which he was the solitary occupant, cause his cheek at first to flush deep red, and then to turn deadly pale?

Market-day gossip and stable-yard calumny were things to which, in all the ordinary events of life, the proud Baronet would have been supremely indifferent; but the one thing that sent the warm blood to his face, and left him, for the moment, gasping and helpless, was the mention of his wife's name, accompanied by a burst of laughter from the company below.

"Lady Willoughby in a second-class carriage, without her maid or anybody attending on her! I wouldn't believe it if you was to swear to it, Dick!"

"No more would I if he was to swear it ten times over," put in another voice, which Sir Hugh recognized to be that of his own groom. "Specially as I knows her ladyship was ill a-bed the whole day."

But the man addressed as Dick stuck doggedly to his first statement—that on the preceding night Lady Willoughby had traveled down from London to Gatford, unattended, and in a second-class carriage.

"You're an old servant of the family, Snaffle, and, of course, knows 'em intimate; which, my ockipations lying elsewhere, I haven't no pretenshins to do."

"In course you ha'n't!" responded Snaffle, with some asperity; "there must be distinction of classes, Dick."

"That's true enough; but a cat may look at a king, Jim, and I've often looked at her ladyship as she sit in the great pew at Oakwoods Church."

"What sort o' rings does her ladyship wear on Sunday?"

"What sort? All sorts of sorts."

"Pr'haps you remembers a di'mund as she wears—a stunner?"

"A di'mund set all-round with emeralds; of course I've seed it; what then?"

"Why, that ring was on the finger of the second-class passenger when she took off her glove to find her ticket afore she got out of the carriage. I seed it flash under the lamp as I opened the door."

Sir Hugh Willoughby started, and the big drops stood out upon his forehead; he grasped the back of the chair on which he was leaning.

Twice he made an effort to quit the recess of the window; but, in spite of his better self, he remained.

"Dick isn't the only one as ha' gotten hold o' that queer story. It be the talk o' all the folks at market; and when I looked in just noo at Smallyard's, th' draper's, all th' women war jabberin' aboot it like mad!"

Sir Hugh Willoughby paused to hear no more; and after tearing up the few lines he had written as instructions to Podmore, left the room.

"I know that Helen is innocent—that the whole thing is some foolish mistake, yet, what is to be done? I must do nothing rashly; and to guard against taking any too hasty step, I will ride over to Harry Calverly; I'll tell him of the matter, and get his advice, which will be better worth following than that of all the lawyers in the country."

The person spoken of thus familiarly was Sir Henry Calverly, a bosom friend of Sir Hugh Willoughby's.

It was a wise resolution on the part of Sir Hugh to do nothing on the spur of the moment.

"You won't wait to see Mr. Podmore, Sir 'Ugh?" asked the funeral waiter of the Baronet, as he descended the stairs.

"No—tell him to come over early tomorrow morning."

And Sir Hugh Willoughby passed out and down the street, walking very slowly, and pondering over what he had just heard. He was so lost in thought that passing Scratton's house, he never once looked up. Had he done so, he would have seen Richard Goodeve coming out of the land-agent's office.

If Sir Hugh did not see his enemy, his enemy saw him, and his thoughts were these:

"You've been to Podmore's, to give directions to sell me up. Scratton's warned me of your good intentions, and it's a race between you and that London fellow, which shall eat me first."

CHAPTER VIII.

Very hot it is, and the great trees about Oakwoods stretch out their broad arms like slumbering giants.

The master of Oakwoods is away with his friend, Sir Hugh Calverly; but Snaffle, the groom, has returned and is slumbering as it seems, like all the rest of the world, on a truss of sweet smelling hay in the stables.

Yet there is one person who knows neither rest of brain, or rest of body.

My Lady Willoughby's beautiful face looks both haggard and careworn. From her maid, Jane Steer, she had been informed of her husband's visit on the previous night; and though, upon inquiry, she had heard of Snaffle's return, and of Sir Hugh's having joined the Calverly hunt, every sound fills her with a vague terror and foreboding of evil.

Still she keeps her room; and though her darling Maud has been admitted, she is soon dismissed to the nursery; and when the door is closed and locked, my Lady Willoughby gives free vent to her grief.

"I cannot, I dare not tell Sir Hugh!" she said, as she nervously crumpled up a letter which she had been reading for the twentieth time. "There is but one who can aid me—who, if old memories are worth anything, has a right to aid me in this matter. And yet what a risk to run! I will write. It is a last hope."

She opened a small desk that stood on a table near to her hand and commenced writing hurriedly.

The letter finished, she sealed it, and walking to the door, summoned Jane Steer.

"Jane," she said, "your mother lived and died in my mother's service. You were born under the same roof as myself, and from my cradle I have looked upon you rather as a friend than as a servant."

"Oh, my lady, if it were necessary, I would die to serve you!"

"I shall require no such proof of your devotion. The service I have to ask of you is a simple one. I wish you to find some one to take a letter from me to Ormsby Towers."

"A letter from you, my lady?"

"Yes; I am surrounded by a mystery—a dark and painful mystery. Did the secret concern myself alone, I would open my heart to you, for I am sure you love me and for this once will obey without questioning."

(To be continued.)

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20TH CENTURY FAIR

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EVERY EVENING:

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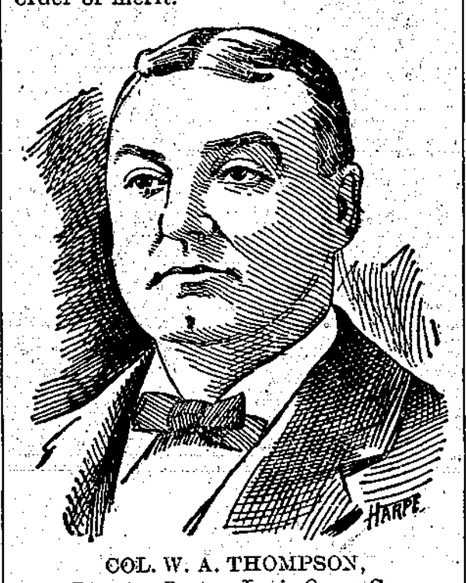
Winnipeg, Manitoba.

EXHIBITION ATTRACTION AT THE WINNIPEG THEATRE.

The list of principals of the Boston Lyric Opera Co, which comes to the Winnipeg Theatre for the week of the Industrial Fair includes Russo, the great tenor, who receives one hundred dollars a performance, Josephine Stanton, Nellie Andrews, Maude Leekley, Henry Hallam, George Kunkel, John Henderson, Frank Maslin, and others which would be a difficult matter to duplicate in the operatic world. They are each separately and individually artists and singers of the very highest order of merit.



COL. W. A. THOMPSON,
Director Boston Lyric Opera Co.

The repertoire of the Boston Lyric Opera company includes forty-six operas. The largest number in the musical library of any similar organization. These operas are not only in the lyric library but are performed repeatedly. Of course there are some that are more popular than others, and they naturally receive the most frequent production, but in time they all come in for a hearing, Russo singing only in the grand operas like Trovatore, Faust, Rigoletta, Cavalleria Rusticana, Lucia D Lammermoor, and productions of this classical order.

The chorus of the Lyrics, must not be forgotten. They stand apart as the very best ensemble of voices in the country.

The girls are handsome and wear their many costumes with becoming taste. By the way, in speaking of costumes, the Lyrics carry seventy-two thousand dollars' worth of these most important factors, and superb productions.

DECORATIVE NEEDLEWORK.

Favorite Materials and Attractive Designs For Several Popular Articles.

Fine linen cloths for 5 o'clock tea tables are decorated with exact reproductions of portions of the designs on tea services, the colors used in working them matching those on the china.

Three cornered cushions to hang on the backs of chairs are embroidered in floral patterns and finished with a frill of silk.

A beautiful bedspread is of the white jean, with artistically drawn design of wild roses. A pretty effect is afforded by pierced holes for centers of bunches of daisies on a nightdress case of white linen.

Yacht quilts and large square cushions and blotter covers of house flannel are worked boldly in shades of blue crewels.

There is a fancy at present for colored linen worked in silks or flax thread and adopted as photo frames, blotters and cushions, coverlids and workbags, sideboard and tea cloths. A blotter worked with white roses and deep green leaves of sprays of white jasmine on orange linen; frames of a peculiar gray blue, with sprays of mimosa or the wattle blossom; quilts of light brown linen, with a good, bold design in yellow; workbags or cushions in a pink shade, with a design in cream, are all effective combinations.

Some of the fashionable worked cushions of today have the entire cover of velvet, velveteen or pongee silk, with the worked square for the front laced on by a silk cord passed in and out of the eyelet holes and attached to the cushion. The eyelet holes are placed near the edge at distances. This is often done with oriental embroideries.

The stable and storehouse of Contractor Lee, Winnipeg, were destroyed by fire.

ADAPTING FASHIONS.

WOMEN SHOULD SELECT STYLES TO SUIT THEMSELVES.

Something Fetching In Dinner and Visiting Gowns—When Fashions Are Generally Adopted, Leaders Always Change Them.

It is in the adaptation of fashion to their personal aspect that consists the true coquetry of women. And yet how few of them put in practice this aphorism, says the European edition of the New York Herald.

The stylish dress for a small dinner party shown herewith is entirely of string colored guimpe made up over a ground of Ophelia colored faille with a transparency of mousseline de soie to match the silk between the two materials. The form of the dress is the princess cut, with a tunic falling over

DINNER DRESS.

a skirt trimmed with narrow fluffy flounces of mousseline de soie overlapping and bordered round the bottom with guipure like the body of the dress. On the side of the chest is a rosette of Ophelia colored tulle with ends falling over the dress as far as the knees.

Another sketch shows a stylish dress for paying visits or for the races, as it is now admissible either to dress for these sporting occasions or to go in tailor made costumes. The question is accepted as a matter of personal taste or regulated by the weather and the importance of the race meeting. The dress in question is of mauve and white silk stripe. The corsage, which is almost entirely composed of yellow guipure, is trimmed with braces of striped ribbons to match the dress. They also encircle the corsage and form an aigret bow on the left side of the chest. The sleeves are of guipure, with turn back cuffs "en laveuse." Over the skirt is a tunic partly covering it, and there is a lace flounce around the bottom ending in a short train.

In the days when fashions in dress were supposed to be intended for the especial purpose of displaying a beauty or concealing a defect, says the New York Sun, it was said that ugly women introduced them, and pretty women were foolish enough to follow them even to the extent of disguising every pretty line of the figure. But in these fin de siecle days it is ugly man who leads in the fashion making, with commercial advantage as his guiding principle, and all women follow him, not blindly perhaps, but very diligently, looking upon his creations as inexorable laws which in certain directions at least must be observed without protest. While he must keep pace with the

VISITING COSTUME.

growing tendency toward the artistic and beautiful in dress, change is his motto, and sleeves and skirts expand and contract without rhyme or reason as the master of modes may find it conducive to the success of his business.

ELECTRIC SPARKS.

The flashing electric sign—the kind that winks—is decidedly unpopular in London. The county council has just made a regulation providing a fine of £5 for the exhibition of such signs in the streets.

There are 1,200,000 miles of copper wire used in telephone service in the United States, and 4,000,000 calls are received daily in the telephone exchanges of the country. The wire would girdle the earth at the equator 48 times or reach from the earth to the moon five times.

The new electric power plant at the Armour packing houses in Chicago replaces 93 steam boilers, 16 engines and 17 refrigerating machines. It develops 4,000 horsepower and feeds 10,000 incandescent lamps, 300 arc lamps and 120 power motors, scattered over an area of more than 60 acres.

Morgan's Riflemen.

The rifle corps which Morgan formed from marksmen from the whole Revolutionary army is usually referred to as "Morgan's Virginians," but, as a matter of fact, two-thirds of them were Pennsylvanians, including a considerable number of Pennsylvania Germans. One of the latter, a Mr. Lauk, who was with Morgan from the beginning to the end of the war, was the last survivor of the corps. Once, when Morgan was asked which race of those composing the American armies made the best soldiers, he replied: "As for the fighting part of the matter, the men of all races are pretty much alike; they fight as much as they find necessary, and no more. But, sir, for the grand essential in the composition of a good soldier, give me the 'Dutchman'—he starves well."—Harper's Magazine.

Startling Facts of a Wonderful Case.

ECZEMA ON THE EARS WOULD YIELD TO NO OTHER TREATMENT BUT

Dr. Chase's Ointment.

Mr. B. Nicholson, Manor House, Winnipeg, Man., states:

"For several months I had been troubled with eczema on my ears, and for weeks I doctored with a prominent Winnipeg physician, but to no avail. I was induced by a fellow sufferer to try Dr. Chase's Ointment, and am happy to say that the first application gave instant relief. Before using all of the first box I was completely cured and have had no return of this troublesome disease."

Itching skin diseases of any kind are promptly and effectively cured by Dr. Chase's Ointment, the standard of the world. Few remedies are so heartily endorsed by hosts of grateful cured ones. Sixty cents a box at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

"CHILDREN NOT ADMITTED."

"Children not admitted!"
  Have you ever met with that
In seeking summer quarters
  Or a tenantable flat?
In looking for amusement
  Has it been your lot to find
That in almost every instance
  You must leave the tots behind?

"Children not admitted!"
  Why, of course, it's only right;
There's small comfort for the many
  When the youngsters are in sight.
But a few there are—were parents—
  Who would give gold for the sound
Of the voices of the children
  Whom they once had prattling round.

"Children not admitted!"
  Not, at least, where grown folks are,
For the human bears and foxes
  Have reared up a hateful bar;
But another place lies open,
  And these mammals notice, please,
That they cannot enter
  "Except ye be as these."

—Philadelphia North American.

AN ODD WAGER.

How a Spaniard Bet That He Could Call Up a Ghost and Got the Stakes.

By Frederick Loulie.

You would have been very fortunate, my children, if you had known my Uncle Bayle, because he alone knew more stories than you have ever read. My uncle did not live in our little city of Mirepeix. He lived at Foix, and almost every Saturday we would see him coming on his horse, and our joyous cries hailed him at a distance. The servant, my old Jeannette, came immediately to salute our Uncle Bayle, who carefully informed himself as to the supper. Then, after having added or changed something in the bill of fare, he seated himself in a large chair of carved wood, which we dragged up to the fire, and without delay we all began to cry, "A story, a story!" On this evening the cry was less boisterous, because we had formed a little conspiracy, and no one dared speak first. Finally my pretty cousin Dorothee, the most talkative little girl of the house and now the grave superior of a convent of the Sisters of Charity, ventured to cry, "A ghost story!" and we replied all together, "Yes, a ghost story!"

My uncle frowned and looked toward Jeannette, who was very much confused and wished to appear absorbed in peppering her chicken potpie. It was she, in fact, who had urged us to make this demand.

"There are only fools or rogues who believe or pretend to believe in ghosts," said my uncle in a severe tone. We all waited in silence, so much authority was there in his words, but a moment of reflection seemed to calm him. We saw him smile, as if to himself, and he added in a tone full of sweetness: "You want a ghost story, my children? Very well. I will relate one to you which happened to me, so that it cannot be doubted."

We gathered around him closer than usual. The lamp hung by a chain attached to the mantelpiece, and there our uncle told his story.

* * * * * * *

One autumn evening—it must have been 40 years ago, because I was scarcely 20 years old at the time—I was returning from Toulouse. I had arrived almost in front of the Bolbonne monastery, beyond the beautiful woods of Lecourien, when a sudden and frightful storm like those that come down from our mountains broke forth. My horse, frightened at the flashes of lightning and noise of thunder, darted into a little bypath and carried me with him in spite of all my efforts to the contrary. Notwithstanding his rapidity, I soon recognized that he had taken the road to St. Gabelle and that he was leading me there all right, and he galloped on until he stopped of his own accord, as he had started, and I perceived that I was at the door of an inn. I entered. The guests were numerous—a mixed crowd of Spanish merchants and young sportsmen of the vicinity, overtaken, like myself, by the storm. After drying ourselves by the fire, composed of a dozen vine branches which had been thrown in the fireplace, supper was announced, and we all sat down to the table. At first the conversation turned on the frightful weather. One had been thrown from his horse; another had been detained an hour in getting himself and cart out of a pool of mud. Finally some one exclaimed, "It is an infernal night, just the time for a meeting of witches." This remark, which was very simple, gave place to a singular observance, made in a tone still more singular:

"Sorcerers and ghosts prefer for their meeting a beautiful moonlight night to a night so unpleasant as this."

We all gazed at the man who said this and saw that it was one of the Spanish merchants. You have often seen them, my children, with their leggings and short breeches open at the knee and showing their naked, hairy legs. You know what a mingled air of pride and misery they have. He who had spoken had, more than any you have seen, that savage bearing which is characteristic of them all. None of us had thought of replying, when my neighbor, a young man with a frank and open manner, burst out laughing as he said:

"It appears that this gentleman knows the habits of ghosts and that they have told him that they do not like to get wet or dirty."

He had not finished his sentence when the Spaniard threw on him a terrible look as he said:

"Young man, do not speak so lightly of things you know nothing about."

"Do you think you can make me believe there are ghosts?" replied my neighbor disdainfully.

"Perhaps," replied the Spaniard, "if you had the courage to look at them."

The young man jumped up, red with anger, but calmed himself and sat down again quietly, saying:

"You would have paid dearly for that remark if it were not that of a fool."

"That of a fool!" cried the Spaniard, jumping up in his turn. "Well, then," added he, slapping his fist on the table and throwing down a big leather purse, "here are 30 quadruples (about $216) which I offer to lose if within an hour I do not make you see, you who are so positive, the face of one of your friends that you will name, let him be dead for ten years, and if after having recognized him you dare to permit his mouth to kiss yours."

The Spaniard had an air so terrible in saying these words that we all started. My neighbor alone preserved his laughing, mocking manner and replied:

"You will do this—you?"

"Yes," replied the Spaniard, "and I will lose 30 quadruples if I do not do it, on condition that you will lose an equal amount if I keep my promise and you acknowledge it."

The young man was silent a moment; then he said gayly:

"Thirty quadruples! My worthy sorcerer, that is more than a student of Toulouse ever possessed, but if you will keep your word for the 5 quadruples which are here I am your man."

The Spaniard took his purse again and said scornfully:

"Ah, you back out, my little gentleman?"

"I back out!" cried the young man. "Ah, if I had the 30 quadruples you would see if I backed out!"

"Here are four," cried I, "which I add to your stake!"

I had no sooner made this proposition than five or six persons, attracted like myself by the singularity of this challenge, offered to take part in it, and in less than no time the Spaniard's amount was covered. This man seemed so sure of his work that he confided the stake to the young student, and we got ready for the demonstration.

To that end we selected a small pavilion, perfectly isolated, in the garden, so that there could be no deception. We searched it minutely. We assured ourselves that there were no other openings than a window, securely fastened, and a door, which was closed in the same manner and at which we all stood after we had left the young man alone in the pavilion. We had placed writing materials on the table and took away all the lights. We were eagerly interested in the issue of the scene and were all keeping profound silence, when the Spaniard, who had remained among us, commenced to sing in a sweet and sad voice a song, which may be rendered as follows:

"Noiselessly cracking, the coffin has broken in the
  half opened tomb,
And the white phantom's black foot is resting on
  the grass, cold and green."

At the first verse he raised his voice solemnly and said:

"You have asked to see your friend Francois Violot, who was drowned three years ago in crossing the Pensaguoles ferry. What do you see?"

"I see," replied the young man, "a pale light which has risen near the window, but it has no form and is only an indistinct mist."

"Are you afraid?" said the Spaniard in a strong voice.

"I am not afraid," replied the student in a voice no less confident.

We scarcely breathed. The Spaniard was silent for a moment; then he began all at once to sing again, but in a higher and more somber voice:

"And the white phantom, whose face has been
  withered by the surge of the waves,
Wipes with his shroud the water from his gar-
  ments and hair."

The song finished, the Spaniard turned again toward the door and in an accent more and more solemn he said:

"You who wished to pry into the mysteries of the tomb, what do you see?"

We listened with anxiety. The student replied in a calm voice, but like a man who is describing a thing as it happens:

"I see this vapor, which grows larger and larger and takes the form of a phantom: this phantom has the head covered with a veil."

"Are you afraid?" asked the Spaniard in an insulting voice.

The voice of the young man replied, "I am not afraid."

We dared not look at each other, so great was our surprise, so occupied were we in following the singular movements of the Spaniard, who began to raise his arms above his head, while invoking three times a name horrible to pronounce, after which he chanted the third verse of his infernal song, but in a voice singularly triumphant:

"And the phantom said in leaving the tomb, 'In
  order that he may recognize me
I will go toward my friend, proud, smiling and
  beautiful, as in my youth.'"

The Spaniard finished his verse and repeated his question:

"What do you see?

"I see," replied the student, "the phantom advance. It raises its veil! It is Francois Violot! He approaches the table; he writes; he has written; it is his signature."

"Are you afraid?" cried the Spaniard furiously.

There was a moment of silence, and the student replied, with more strength than assurance, "I am not!"

Immediately, as if seized with a fit of madness, the Spaniard sung, with a strange howl, this last horrible verse:

"And the phantom said to the mocking man:
  'Come, then, that I may touch you.
Put your hand in my hand, press your heart to
  my heart, your mouth to my mouth.'"

"What do you see?" cried the Spaniard in a voice of thunder.

"It comes! It approaches! It pursues me! It extends its arms! It will seize me! Help! Help!"

"Are you afraid?" cried the Spaniard, with ferocious joy.

A piercing cry, then a smothered groan, was the only answer to this question.

"Help that imprudent young man," said the Spaniard to us in a cruel voice. "I have, I think, won the wager, but it is enough for me to have given him a lesson. Let him keep the money and be more prudent in the future."

He went away rapidly after these words. We opened the door and found the student in horrible convulsions. The paper signed with the name of Francois Violot was on the table. Scarcely had the student recovered when he demanded to know who was the infamous sorcerer who had subjected him to this horrible profanation. He wished to kill him. He searched for him all through the inn and darted off like a madman in pursuit of him. And that is the story, my children.

* * * * * * *

We were all trembling with fright, huddling close about our Uncle Bayle, not daring to look around. No one had the courage to speak. Then I gathered strength enough to say to my uncle, "And how is it, after this, you do not believe in ghosts?"

"Because," said my uncle, "neither the young man nor the sorcerer was ever seen afterward, nor the beautiful quadruples which the other travelers and myself had furnished to cover the wager proposed by the pretended Spaniard, and because these two rogues carried them away after having played under our eyes a comedy which we believed in like a pack of simpletons, and which I found very expensive, but which will not have cost too much if it enables me to fully persuade you that none but imbeciles or rogues believe or pretend to believe in ghosts."—Translated From the French For Argonaut.

ABSENCE.

The nest waits for the bird,
  The flower waits for the bee,
Love for the loving word—
  And I for thee.

And was it yestermorn,
  Or was it yesteryear,
The frost was on the thorn?
  The rose is here.

I will not count the hours
  Save in the gifts they bring—
The summer's boon of flowers,
  The songs of spring.

Content, unmoved of fate,
  I bide the time apart;
So, be it soon or late,
  Here is my heart!

And all the leagues of space
  That cry, "Afar, afar,"
Shall render back thy face
  As night the star.

The bird flies to the nest,
  And to the flower the bee,
Love to the loving breast—
  And thou to me.

—Independent.

The Long Rest of Dunham Greer.

For several days he had been bothered with a dull headache. His bones ached, too, and there were unpleasant spots floating across his eyes. A feeling of impending danger seized upon him. He laughed at himself in vain. He could not shake it off. He wasn't homesick. There was no place that he could really call home. True, there were plenty of friends in New York who would be glad to welcome him and cheer him up, but he lingered on in Cleveland. There were friends in Cleveland, too, who would throw wide their doors to him. Yet he staid on at the hotel.

As the days wore along the tired feeling increased. He lost his appetite. Every exertion was distasteful.

"I need a good rest," he muttered to his reflection in the glass. "That's what ails me."

His father, he frequently reminded himself, was somewhere on the Pacific coast on an important business errand. It would not do to annoy him with such trifles as an attack of blues. It was out of the question. And yet he thought about his father a good deal.

On the sixth day he awoke to find the room revolving around him.

"I'm going to be ill," he said.

When the room quieted down a little, he arose and dressed himself with great care. It was a slow and somewhat painful process, but it was finally accomplished. Then he put his belongings in his valise.

"Let me see," he murmured to himself. "I must face this dilemma squarely. I'm going to be ill. That's certain. I don't want to be ill here, and I don't want to go to a hospital." He shuddered slightly. "Never did like hospitals," he added. He shuddered again and went on: "Must go out and find some place to be ill. No time to lose. Don't want to be ill in the city. Country is the place. Quiet, pleasant view, wholesome fare. Country by all means. He arose a little unsteadily and, picking up his bag, carried it down to the office, where he paid his bill. Then he wandered out of the hotel and up the street, and, lo, when he reached the corner a suburban car was approaching! He climbed aboard and rode until the city, with its rattle and smoke, was left far behind. Then he felt that he had gone far enough. He alighted beneath a great elm tree and sat on the little bench at its roots for a moment to look about and get his bearings. There was a double row of elm trees stretching away before him. There were cozy looking houses on either side of the smooth highway. There were smiling fields spreading to right and left; there was plenty of blue sky to gaze upon, and low down on the horizon there were blue hills. He looked about and nodded his head with satisfaction. Then he picked up his bag and moved along. He did not go far. The fields in the late spring sunshine suddenly took on a veil of glamour, and the rows of trees marched toward him unsteadily. He turned abruptly and walked up the slope toward a neat cottage in whose doorway stood a woman. She was perhaps 60, with a gentle, motherly face and soft gray eyes that looked down upon him curiously as he came toward her.

Dunham Greer stopped and took off his hat.

"Madam," he said in his courtliest tones, "may I rest in your cottage for a few moments?"

"Certainly," she answered, with a quick smile, though her face grew anxious as he dropped heavily in the easy chair she pushed toward him. "You are not well," she added.

"I am not strong," he said. He paused a moment and looked about him. Then he smiled at the scrupulous neatness of the modest household effects. The smile grew softer as his gaze rested on the woman's sympathetic face. "Madam," he said, "will you take me into your house as a guest? Wait, please; let me explain. You are a paragon of housekeepers. Are you a nurse as well?"

She fell in with his mood at once.

"Yes," she answered. Her eyes grew moist. She arose hurriedly and brought him a little glass of homemade cordial. As she handed it to him she gently pushed back the hair from his hot forehead, and he looked up and smiled at the soothing touch.

"Can you spare me," she asked, "while I call in the doctor?"

"Doctor?" he echoed. "I had quite forgotten about the doctor."

"I will be back very soon," she said as she caught up her hat.

"I'm in great luck," Dunham gravely said as she hurried down the slope to the highway.

He gave a sigh of satisfaction and leaned back in the chair. His eyelids slowly drooped, and he fell into a light doze. The touch of a gentle hand aroused him.

"Back so soon?" he murmured.

But it was not the motherly eyes that looked down into his. It was the gnarled and bearded face of an elderly man. It was a kindly face and yet a serious face, and the eyes were eyes that had been misted over by much suffering and yet had preserved their sparkle.

"I am Dr. Graham," same a voice from between the bearded lips. It was a gruff voice, and yet Dunham liked it.

"I am Dunham Greer," he said and put out his hand. The doctor's fingers closed over it and held it fast, his keen eyes searching the face of the young man. Then he frowned.

"You should have been in bed a week ago," he growled.

"I guess that's right," said Dunham drowsily. "Been walking around in my sleep, I think. Couldn't find the right sort of bed. Never do to be ill in a hotel, you know, and hospitals are quite—quite out of the question."

The doctor looked around. The motherly faced woman stood at the foot of the stairway.

"The room is ready, doctor," she said.

Ten minutes later Dunham looked up from his cool pillow with a deep sigh of satisfaction.

"You'll take the case, doctor?" he asked.

"I'll take the case."

"And you'll do your best, I know. You see, it wouldn't be fair to father to neglect any points that might aid in my recovery. I'm his only child and owe him everything, even my life."

"I'll do my best, my boy," said the doctor gently. "Who is your father?"

"That's what I want to get at," said Dunham, with a little effort. He was getting drowsy again. "In the breast pocket of my coat you will find a sealed envelope with all the particulars you need. Do not open it unless you find I'm in a pretty bad way. Then break into it and telegraph to my father's New York address. You will take charge of the papers, doctor, and please understand that my father is not to be informed of my illness unless it is quite necessary. He is too busy to be annoyed unless there is the most serious reason for it. I can trust you, doctor?"

"You can trust me," said the old man as he stooped and laid his cool fingers on the boy's hot wrist.

"There is some money in the pocketbook," continued Dunham, "and I want the lady to take that and use it as she thinks best." He paused a moment and with an effort collected his thoughts. "When I fell by the wayside," he muttered, "the—good—Samaritans—were—close—at—hand."

The doctor bent his gray head still lower. "What—I—need," said Dunham faintly, with the ghost of a smile, "is—rest. A—month—off—will—do—me—good—do—me—good." The heavy lids dropped down. The feeble voice ceased.

"You'll get it, my boy," said the doctor grimly.

* * * * * * *

There was a robin piping in the peach tree, an insistent robin that piped in a way that brooked no contradiction. Was he calling somebody? A waft of summer air came in through the open window, a gentle breath that lightly moved the straggling locks above a white forehead, that kissed the heavy lids that trembled above the tired eyes. Was the robin calling?

The heavy lids struggled upward. The tired eyes looked forth. They saw a long blue veined hand that rested on the coverlid and clasped closely another hand, white and thin. The eyes traveled slowly from the hand upward along the coat sleeve, higher, higher.

"Why, father!"

"My boy!"

The clasp on the white hand tightened. The boy could not return it. He could only look up in his father's face with a happy smile.

"How long has it been, father?"

The father hesitated. Another face appeared at the bedside. Another gentle hand pressed his. The face was the rugged face of the country doctor.

"A little talk won't hurt him, Mr. Greer, not if you do the talking."

The father bent lower.

"Six weeks, my boy."

"A long rest, father. Have you just come?"

It was the gruff voice of the old doctor that answered.

"I carried out your instructions to the letter," he said. "I telegraphed to your father the very day you came. He hustled here with his private car and his big New York doctor. The big doctor paid me the compliment of staying but a day or two, but for five weeks your father has scarcely left your bedside."

"Dear father!" murmured Dunham. "I know what this sacrifice meant to you."

"My boy," said his father slowly, and his voice was broken. "I've found out there is something dearer to me than money getting. I didn't know how much you were to me until I saw you lying helpless here. We have drifted too far apart, my son. We will keep close together hereafter. As soon as you can be moved I have planned a little trip to the south of France, and this gruff old country doctor is going with us. Tells me he hasn't had a real vacation in 40 years. We'll give him a year's outing that'll knock a dozen years from his tired old shoulders." And he clapped his hand affectionately on the old man's arm.

The doctor growled inarticulately. Then he gruffly said:

"See here, my friends, this palaver has reached the safety limit. Cut it short."

"And the good Samaritan woman who took me in, father?" murmured Dunham.

"She hasn't belied her character for a moment, my boy. She is well and happy and thankful because you are getting well. Nobody will be forgotten, Dunham. There, you must be quiet now."

Dunham closed his eyes. He was free from pain. He felt the warm clasp of his father's hand. He was quite happy. A faint smile curved his pallid lips.

The summer breeze softly fanned his brow. The robin's pipe grew more and more indistinct.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Flagler Informed Plant.

The modern Florida as a winter resort was largely developed by the late Henry B. Plant and Henry M. Flagler. The two were great friends, and their rivalry as a consequence, was always of the friendly sort. To Flagler fell the east coast, with Miami as his southernmost point, from which a line of steamers ran to Cuba. Plant's southern terminus was Tampa, from which a similar line ran to Havana. To Plant one day, so story hath it, Flagler sent the following invitation by wire:

Henry B. Plant, New York City:
  Can't you pay me a visit at Miami?
  H. M. Flagler.

And straightway came the reply:

H. M. Flagler, St. Augustine, Fla.:
  Accept, with much pleasure, but where on earth is Miami? H. B. Plant.

In answer to this Flagler sent the following directions to his friend:

To Henry B. Plant, New York City:
  Follow the crowd. H. M. Flagler.

—New York Tribune.

Modern Poetry.

Ardent Young Woman—From what hidden sources, Mr. Bardde, do you seek your inspiration?

Poet—My dear girl, I'm too much rushed with my writing even to waste time chasing around after inspiration.—Chicago Record.

Sympathetic.

The New Footman—Whom have I the misfortune to announce?

Caller—What's that you say?

Footman—I beg your pardon, sir! I spoke from force of habit. You see, I've been employed till lately at a dentist's office!—Paris L'Illustration.

Got Worst of It Too.

"Poor man! I suppose you've been a soldier and had to have your legs amputated?"

"Oh, no, lady. I'm a seafarin man an wunst 'ad a nargyment wiv a shark."—Ally Sloper.

Getting His Money's Worth.

Customer—Give me 10 cents' worth of paregoric, please.

Druggist—Yes, sir.

Customer (absentmindedly)—How much is it?

Druggist—A quarter.

A PURE GRAPE CREAM OF TARTAR POWDER

DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER

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

Avoid Baking Powder containing alum. They are injurious to health

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS
ISSUED EVERY TUESDAY.

W. B. Anderson, Editor.

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

Subscribers failing to receive THE NEWS regularly will confer a favor by notifying the office.

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

TUESDAY, AUG. 21st, 1900.

A PLEA FOR THE BIRDS.

The following extract from a letter to the Deputy Minister of Agriculture from Mr. E. A. Brown, secretary Delta Farmers' Institute, will be of interest in the present juncture, and it is hoped will prove the means of bringing this subject into the prominence it deserves and help to revive the scheme which was inaugurated by the Natural History Society some time ago, for the importation of song and other useful birds, but which in consequence of the illadvised action of some who should have known better, had to be dropped for the time being. The money then subscribed still remains in the hands of the committee, and will serve as a necleus for a larger fund whenever the scheme is revived:

"I am much opposed to putting out Paris Green in the bran mixture on account of its destruction to all forms of animal life, if it could be labelled 'for cutworms only' it would' not be objectionable, but birds that come into the patches o feed on the worms are attracted by the mixture, and the consequences are always fatal. I am opposed to the wanton destruction of small birds, particularly because they hunt out the nests wherein the moth deposits its eggs and destroy them wholesale before they hatch out. I have remarked, and many others have noticed the same thing, that small birds are unusually scarce this year, and some attribute to this the alarming increase in the cut worms. Whether this is the cause or not I am not prepared to to say, but I think it certainly affects it. I was much shocked when I came here first to see farmers employing boys to kill the small birds in their orchards, and many hundreds have been destroyed in this way, and I am informed that the law permits this foolish practice. I think this is a serious mistake, and the experience of other countries shows that there is not wisdom in such a cruel practice. I say let the birds alone. Let them have a few cherries if taey want them, for if we destroy them a greater calamity will befall us. I would like to enlist your sympathies in this cause, knowing that you have a great deal of influence with the Government. I think we should try to get the law changed so as to discourage the killing of the little birds. I enclose a clipping from a newspaper which has some bearing on the case."

Following is the clipping referred to:

The Extermination of Flies Requires the Preservation of Birds.

"The systematic slaughter of small birds, and in particular swallows, is engaging the serious attention of the French authorities. Ever since the vagaries of fashion by causing a demand for their plumage and even their bodies, has set a price on the heads of the smaller sorts of birds, they have been hunted with pitiless zeal. This is more especially the case in the south of France, where every year at the time of the annual migration, there are positive hecatombs of birds of passage. An extraordinary decrease in number of swallows in France is already noticeable, and in the opinion of naturalists they will disappear altogether if they continue to be the victims of these periodical massacres. As the result of the strong representations made to him on the subject, the Minister of Agriculture has issued a circular to the prefects, calling on them to see that the laws for the protection of small birds is enforced, and inviting them to make suggestions on the points on which the laws in question are insufficient, and ought to be amended and strengthened. The Minister alludes in his circular to the services rendered by small birds in destroying insects and flies. While on this topic he might have referred to the veritable plague of flies from which the suburbs of Paris are suffering this summer. Such a visitation of flies as that which is tormenting the dwellers in the environs of the capital is unprecedented. I know cases in which persons have been compelled in desperation to close their villas, which have become quite inhabitable. It is at least noteworthy that this invasion of flies should coincide with a marked decrease in the number of small birds."—London Pall Mall Gazette.

There are three trumpet (cornet) soloists in the Royal Marine Band of Italy, which will be at the Spokane Industrial Exposition which opens this year October 2. To the trumpets in Italy are assigned the parts sung by female voices in the great opera selections which they play; so that these three trumpeters are, in reality, equivalent to to three prima donnas. They all play so beautifully that they afford the same pleasure to a listener as that which he experiences in listening to the famous artists who adorn the stage of our great opera houses every winter.

Signor Di Girolamo had not been playing in this country a week before he earned the sobriquet of "The Melba of the cornet." His tone is round, luscious and sympathetic, like that of the loveliest of human voices, and he has the same control over his slender brass instrument as a great prima donna has over her voice.

Signor Tavani has a dramatic tone of wonderful power, and his clarion, silver high notes soar far above the whole band in the great climaxes of the music. To Tavani are assigned the parts taken in opera by the dramatic sopranos, and he never fails to arouse the greatest enthusiasm.

Signor Palma is only twenty-three years old, and was a celebrity in Italy at the age of fifteen. In force and quality his tone is midway between that of Di Girolamo and Tavani. To him are given the contralto parts, and he is likewise, a delightful interpreter of songs and high-class popular airs.

In addition to these there are nine other soloists and one tenor singer with the Royal Marine Band.

A cablegram to the Journal and Advertiser from its correspondent at Chee Foo, under date of Aug. 17, says Gen. Fuhstan with a large army barred the allies' way, but they fought him 9 miles back completely demoralizing his army and taking Poshi Wu with trifling loss. Until Pish Wee was reached the march was hot and dusty, but after leaving there, torrents of rain had fallen and made marching heavy. Gen. Chaffee sends word to Tien Tsid that is is not safe ta send supplies without strong escort. The British are sending up another lyddite gun and the Russians two more batteries. The cavalry has been re-enforced by two troops and a entire regiment has gone to then front. I have just received news from spies from Pekin that Gen. Li Hung Chang and the Chinese Imperial Guard are inside the city with 30 modern Krupp guns. Gen. Jung and 10,000 Manchu troops hold the forts in the city and that 15,000 troops from Po Nan are camped outside the walls. The Chinese is Pekin is 4,000.

HOT WEATHER ..SPECIALS..

The hot weather suddenly coming on is very oppressive, and doubly so to those not suitably clothed for it. The prices which will reign here for the coming week will be away under all competition, as all summer goods must go without reserve. Below you will find some eye openers regarding our sale:

Summer muslins, ginghams, piques, etc., worth from 12½ to 20 cents. sale price 8 cents per yard.

Womens' white wear—Night gowns, trimmed with embroidery, sale price 75c. Night gowns, trimmed with embroidery, insertion and tucking, regular $1.50, sale price $1.00. White skirts worth 75 cents sale price 65 cents. White skirts worth $1.00, sale price 85 cents. White skirts $1.50, sale price $1.00

MILLINERY

Those pretty hats ranging in price from $1.25 to $6.50, are to be sold at prices which will appeal to all as being a regular slaughter. The die is cast and they will have to go. It is our loss but your gain. Lot one, consists of children's and misses' hats worth from $1.25 to $2.00, sale price 75 cents.
Lot two, consists of misses' and womens' hats worth from $2.50 to $4.50, sale price $1.50
Lot three, consists of womens' hats worth from $4.50 to $6.50, sale price $2.50
Womens' sailors, now 15 to 25 cents.

HOSIERY

Womens' fast black hose, worth 15 cents, now 10 cents a pair.
Womens' fast black hose, worth 25 cents, now 15 cents per pair.
Boys' ribbed cotton hose, 20 cents per pair.

Do not forget our shoe department, the prices are easy on your purses.
NOTICE:—The above prices are hot stuff for all competitors. Our July sales come only once a year. Come and see, your eyes will tell you more than any advertisement. Persuasive prices at

Stevenson & Co's CASH STORE

WALLER AND PARTRIDGE

Another Carload of
FLOUR AND FEED

The Flour we handle is acknowledged to be the best on the market. The large quantity we are selling is
OUR BEST RECOMMENDATION.

APPLES, PEARS, PEACHES, PLUMS

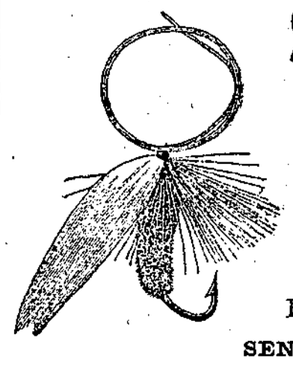
A Large Shipment from San Francisco Direct

AN IMMENSE STOCK OF BOOTS AND SHOES.

Another Large Shipment opened out last week

A Full Stock of Groceries. We give a Cash Discount on all purchases

WALLER & PARTRIDGE



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HAMMOCKS, BASEBALL, CRICKET, LACROSSE, FISHING TACKLE, BOXING GLOVES, LAWN TENNIS AND PUNCHING BAGS

THE BEST QUALITY FLIES TRIED HARDY BROS., PRICE $1.50 PER DOZEN

SEND FOR A SAMPLE DOZEN.

Tisdall's Gun Store, Vancouver, B.C.

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ENDERBY, B. C.

Hungarian, Three Star A Superior Family Flour. Strongbakers' Two Star. Superfine One Star. Wheatlets 10-10's Per Gunny

R. P. RITHET & CO., Limited.
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