

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

NINTH YEAR

CUMBERLAND, B. C. WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 14, 1901.

THE NEW

BIG STORE

Is near completion. As soon as we can get our goods into the store we intend to hold a Sale, and as usual, we intend to offer Genuine Bargains.

Watch This Space for the Announcement

The following make Good Dishes during the Hot Weather

Canned Smoked Halibut } Try Them
" " Salmon }

For Sale at the BIG STORE

Simon Leiser,

Nicholles & Renouf, Ltd.

61 YATES STREET, VICTORIA, B. C.

HARDWARE, MILL AND MINING MACHINERY,
AND FARMING AND DAIRYING IMPLEMENTS
OF ALL KINDS.

Agents for McCormick Harvesting Machinery.
Write for prices and particulars. P. O. Drawer 553.



A POINT TO REMEMBER

WHEN YOU WANT—
Furniture, Carpets, Linoleums, Wallpaper,
Or Anything in the

House Furnishing Line

It will PAY YOU to Correspond with us. We Manufacture or Import in Car Lots and carry the Biggest Assortment in the West.
OUR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE ON REQUEST

WEILER BROS.,

COMPLETE FURNISHERS. VICTORIA, B.C.

HOT WEATHER

DRINKS

Strawberry, Raspberry, Pineapple,
Vanilla and Lemon Syrups.

Lime Juice, Champagne Cider, and
Glob & Hires Root Beer

—AT—

C.J. MOORE'S

NEW LODGE INSTITUTED.

True Defenders Lodge, No. 160, L. T. B., drove to Courtney, Wednesday 7th, where they assisted J. J. Walsh, D. D. G. M., and Mrs. Walsh, P. G. D. M., from Victoria, and Mrs. Kirkwood, W. M. of Lily of the Valley Lodge of Nanaimo in instituting a new lodge called River View, No. 166, and the following officers were installed:

J. McPhee—W. M.
A. Matthewson—D. M.
J. Perkins—Sec.
H. McPhee, Fin. Sec.
L. Piercy—Treas.
A. Piercy—D. of C.
M. A. Piercy—Con.
E. Matthewson—Chap.
N. Grieve—L. T.
J. Swan—O. F.

After the ceremonies, lunch was served and True Defenders returned home in the small hours in the morning.

S. LEISER'S NEW STORE

The alterations and enlargements to Simon Leiser's business premises, which has taken the time of several workmen for some months, are now about completed, excepting a few minor incidentals which show themselves as required before things are in perfect shape. The work done, has been in the first place, to build on 20 feet to the old building, thus filling the lot up to its western limit, where a brick fire wall was erected. On the back, the old building was extended as far back as the new part—within 10 feet of the back of the lot, thus giving a total floor space of 60 x 110 feet. Compensation for loss of strength by the removal of the west wall of the old building, was made by placing a beam, 12 x 16 inches, the full length. This being supported by 12 x 12 posts which, when completed, were encased in cedar and oil finished. A light gallery runs clear around the building inside. Centrally on which, at the back, are situated the offices, handsomely finished in natural cedar, of light and elegant detail. Shelving, bins, drawers, everything has been thought of, both for grocery and drygoods sides of the spacious building, to render everything convenient to the clerks, and encourage a display to customers. The front is entirely of plate glass, and is of the best, and altogether, the premises will be second to none in B. C. Mr. Leiser is to be congratulated in obtaining the services of Mr. Auld, the gentleman who so successfully carried out the work, and whose plans are carried out in the remodelling, and it must be remembered that business did not cease in the store, during the reconstruction.

LAKE MINE FLOODED.

Yesterday, preparations were begun to flood the burning mine from the lake. This decision being arrived at after every other possible plan was tried to extinguish the flames.

WIRE NEWS

Cronberg, Aug. 5—H. I. M. Victoria, eldest child of the late Queen Victoria, Princess Royal of Britain, Dowager Empress of Germany, widow of the late Emperor Frederick, and mother of the present Emperor William, died at 6:15 p.m.

The death of the Dowager Empress was somewhat sudden. At 4 o'clock the physician reported no change in her condition. Emperor and Empress William were in the sick room. They were all around the bedside when the Dowager passed quietly away. Professors Rervers and Spielhagen were also in the room. The flag on the Castle was immediately half-masted. It is said that the immediate cause of death was dropsy accompanying the cancer.

This evening Emperor William conducted the members of the Dowager Empress' household into the death chamber and led one by one to take a last farewell of their mistress.

Cowes, Aug. 5—King Edward received the official news of the death of the Dowager Empress Frederick on board the royal yacht. The yacht's flag was immediately half-masted. King Edward and Queen Alexandra will leave here for Marlborough House tomorrow. It is not likely they will start for Berlin until Wednesday.

New York, Aug. 3—Gen. Baden-Powell asserts that Mrs. Kruger, after President Kruger left South Africa for Europe, until her death, had been in receipt of £20 a month from the British government, and that she has also had the free use of a government carriage and government horses. The dispatch from London to the Journal and Advertiser containing this statement goes on:

"The Mafeking hero also states that Mrs. Steyn, wife of President Steyn of the Orange Free State, was paid £100 a month by the government, and likewise had the use of a carriage and horses. This latter statement is said to be confirmed by a letter from Mrs. Steyn to a niece in Scotland in which she wrote: 'I never lived so well in my life.'"

Lorenzo Marquez, July 31st—A Boer commando with guns, has entered Portuguese territory, encamping at Guanetz.

Five hundred Portuguese troops are already at Guanetz, and artillery left here for that place this morning.

Three hundred troops, in addition, are in readiness to proceed unless the Boers surrender.

London, Aug. 1—The House of Lords today unanimously voted the grant of £100,000 for Lord Roberts, recommended by King Edward as a token of the nation's appreciation of the field marshal's services in South Africa.

Gourock, Scotland, July 27th—Shamrock II., accompanied by the

Erin, sailed at 10:30 o'clock this morning for New York. Great enthusiasm was displayed as the challenger departed.

Capt. Seymour decided to go out under canvas, and he was favored with an easterly wind sufficient to keep the flags streaming in the direction the yacht had to sail.

The challenger cut a strange figure with her stunted spars and scanty canvas as she lay ready to start. At 10 o'clock Sir Thomas Lipton and Mr. Watson boarded her, and a few minutes later the challenger's moorings were slipped, her head sails broken out and the Shamrock II. slipped away on her voyage across the Atlantic.

Thousands of persons gathered along the shore and on the pier at Gourock and greeted the yacht's departure with a great outburst of cheering again and again renewed. Hats and handkerchiefs were waved, guns saluted and steam whistles and sirens shrieked. Shamrock's crew were all mustered on deck and, led by Sir Thomas, gave a hearty response to the greetings. For miles along the shore crowds occupied every vantage point, and the cheers passed from group to group until the challenger, with her racing flags at the masthead and the Erin with the Stars and Stripes flying at her fore, disappeared from sight.

Sir Thomas Lipton remained aboard the challenger till she was off the Cumbrae, when he returned on a tug. Before leaving he addressed the challenger's crew, thanking them for what they had done already and wishing them God speed on the voyage and a successful finish to their task.

He said, too, they had the best boat it was possible to provide for them, and that Mr. Watson had done his part well, partly for love of his profession and partly for love of the old flag the boat went to represent. They had a stiff fight before them, continued Sir Thomas, but the opponents they went to meet were generous. Whatever the result of the races might be, he knew the best yacht would win, and if any favor were shown it would not be to the disadvantage of the British boat.

Mr. B. Sheppard last week, laid his wheel alongside the road near the beach at Roy's, meanwhile taking a walk. Upon returning, the wheel was gone. Search failed to reveal its whereabouts, so walking home, he reported to Constable Thomson. After a search in the vicinity the next day, the officer was guided to the hidden machine by a lad living near at hand who admitted having concealed it for his own use. Upon being brought into police court, he was let off on payment of costs. A good leathering would have done lots of good in a case like this.

News of an explosion at Extension Monday, says that the fireboss and another man were killed.

A GODDESS OF AFRICA.

A Story of the Golden Fleece.

By ST. GEORGE RATHBONE

Those men were of the heroic order, and in those days when the cruel foe flung their compact masses against the thin line of defenders each and every member of the little band fought with a valor that should win the Victoria Cross, remembering the innocent ones within the great shed, in whose service they were ready to die.

It was the siege of Lucknow over again, only instead of murderous Sepoys, the hordes of idolatrous Matabele flung their columns time and again upon the hollow square through which they could not force a passage.

Death reaped a rich harvest for the defenders were well armed, and heaps of the warriors, decked in their fantastic war dress lay in spots where the terrible warfare had been most severe.

At last came succor, and never was the arrival of reinforcements more eagerly welcomed. No one heard the whistles in the distance as at Lucknow, where the glorious old refrain "The Campbells are Coming" reached the ears of the desperate defenders, reduced to the last extremity and causing them to leap for the very madness of joy, but the crash of guns, the hearty English cheers, the shouts of savage dismay and the light of the demoralized impi were quite as effective as the weird notes of the Scottish pibroch in telling the weary defenders of Bulawayo that all was well.

Hastings heard these things and pondered. Evidently he realized that the most remarkable events for which the close of the nineteenth century would be noted, were destined to be enacted on South African soil.

Here was the theatre around which momentous results must cluster, results that interested the whole English-speaking world.

Less of a certainty the day had come for Africa's awakening, and the sleep of centuries was to be broken. As in America, as in India, as in Egypt and elsewhere, the glory of this achievement must in a great measure fall to the Anglo-Saxon race. Colonial methods as a general thing, save under the British and French flags, are harsh and cruel.

It is true, as a recent writer has said, "The British do not hesitate to wage unprovoked wars of conquest, but after they have obtained possession of a country they treat their subjects kindly. The natives of Natal, Zululand, Basutoland and other regions in South Africa are happy and contented. The natives of Swaziland sent a delegation to England to beg the Government to take them under its rule and protect them from the Boers. The Englishmen of Egypt look upon the British as their benefactors, their saviors. And so it is everywhere. The Englishman calls the black man a nigger, and regards him as his inferior; but the nigger forgets that the nigger is, after all, a man, entitled to humane treatment. And so the subject races, under British rule, increase and multiply and thrive, and actually make some progress toward civilization."

"Far different is the state of affairs in colonies under other flags. The horrors of Spanish rule in South America and the Indies are well known, as witness the barbarities attending the rebellion in Cuba as well as that in the Philippine Islands. For many years the Portuguese flag has been the chief shelter of the slave trade in South Central Africa. The Dutch colonists, from the Cape to the Limpopo, have offered the natives no other choice than that between slavery and extermination. Of German rule in Africa the case of Carl Peters is a sample. Says a recent writer: "In the Cameroons the Germans seem to have devoted their energies chiefly to the wholesale thrashing of natives, male and female, and to the repression of rebellions that have broken out in consequence of this conduct. Naturally enough, the growth of these colonies is slow. Germany has occupied Togoland, which is nearly half as large as New York State, for a dozen years, and yet its white population to-day comprises only seventy-nine Germans, six Frenchmen and three Englishmen. She has owned for the same time the Cameroons, a region as large as all the North Atlantic States and Virginia, to boot, yet has there only one hundred and fifty-seven Germans, thirty-three Englishmen, seventeen Americans, fifteen Swedes and eight other white men. In German South-west Africa, with an area twice that of all the Northern Atlantic States, the white population after twelve years is scarcely twelve hundred."

"The fact is the Anglo-Saxon seems to be the one great colonizing race. The Latins had the start of it in America, but it has immeasurably outstripped them. The Dutch and Portuguese were the first in South Africa, but must now yield place to the British. France got the first grip upon India, but had to loosen it in favor of her island rival. New

Zealand and Australia are other examples of the marvelous ability of this race in founding and developing new States. Men of other blood come in later, as they came to the United States by millions, and made admirable citizens; but the pioneers are of Anglo-Saxon origin.

It is a strong, proud race, sometimes arrogant and domineering, but on the whole both just and generous. It has established in every quarter of the globe such an empire, political, commercial and intellectual, as no other in this or any day has ever dreamed of covering six times the area of the Roman Empire at its greatest, and comprising one-third of the whole population of the globe. And with all this achieved, it is still so fresh and vigorous and full of vital energy that every would-be rival seems weak and decaying in comparison with it. It has played a great part in the history of the last century. It will dominate the coins of the century to come.

Such were the thoughts of Hastings while he listened to the story of how the fierce Matabele had been driven back toward their strongholds of the Matopopo hills, now aflame with signal fires, and echoing with the hollow music of the war drum.

No wonder that men living in a country where such events come to pass find their opportunity to prove that the age of heroes has not yet gone—no wonder they strive to emulate the many glorious examples set by Anglo-Saxon valor of past ages.

Destiny is at work, and nothing can stay the march of progress.

Only a few years must pass ere the traveler will find it possible to journey from the region of the Nile to the Cape of Good Hope without once leaving territory controlled by the sons of St. George; and that day will mark a new era in the history of the so-called Dark Continent, since the blackness of superstition must give way before the torch of civilization.

His hand rode on.

Sounds of the night came to their ears, sounds that were more indicative of life than the whisper of the wind among the tops of the forest trees.

Wild animals roamed through the region, and at intervals their voices could be heard in the distance as they sought for food.

Every man kept his rifle ready for immediate use, since there could be no telling when it might be needed.

Conversation had utterly ceased, only an occasional whisper being heard as Bludsoe conferred with Lord Bruno, or gave orders to his faithful fellows.

Professor Jules stood it like a stoic—small man that he was, he had spent so many years in an arduous chase after an elusive chimera, yet he was so hardy and so determined that his system had in a measure become hardened, and he was thus enabled to withstand knocks which might have used up many a man apparently much stronger.

Hastings was for a time puzzled to account for his willingness to return, but finally believed he had alighted upon the true reason when he remembered a chance meeting that had occurred with a strange creature possessing a tail, and which in describing to Verdant he had declared possessed many of the attributes of a wild man.

Yes, the eager professor actually believed this might turn out to be the long sought "missing link" of Darwin's theory, and could he but make such a discovery his claim to a niche in the column of Fame was assured.

Thus, it will be seen that quite a variety of motives influenced the members of Lord Bruno's little expedition in making their way northward.

The bright stars swept on in their westward course—the moon hung suspended in the heavens almost as round as a silver cart wheel, being near her full.

How like an old friend she seems to travelers far distant, this guardian of the night that now hangs over them in South Africa, and in a few hours will smile upon their beloved nests in England or America. How many have fondly wished they could entrust fair Luna with a message to loved ones at home; but alas, the wizard of to-day has not yet arrived at a solution of this perplexing problem.

That same old moon has looked down upon all history from the time of Adam—wars and conquests have been carried on; the spread of civilization has bridged the earth, America from being the home of the savage has become the abiding place of teeming millions whose magic influence is for the benefit of mankind. And in ages to come the calm heavenly luminary will look down upon an earth that "blossoms like the rose," upon which superstition and idolatry and darkness have no place, and where war is no longer the dread arbiter of nations.

Hastings' ruminations were suddenly distributed by a sudden exclamation from Bludsoe, who at the same time drew in his horse.

"It is an hour past midnight—the beasts are tired, and we had better rest," said the scout.

Immediately the small detachment of venturesome spirits went into camp. Every man appeared to know just what duty was assigned to him, such was the remarkable accuracy with which Bludsoe had inculcated his ideas among his followers.

In ten minutes after the word to halt was given, the little Jaeger presented an appearance of peacefulness

and rest. Horses had been hobbled, sentries posted, and the remainder of the band lay upon the ground, wooing the gentle goddess of slumber.

Hastings had endured many discomforts during the last three months, and to feel a saddle under his head for a pillow, with a warm blanket between his body and the chill night air were luxuries rather than otherwise. Hence, it was not the lack of comforts to which he had become accustomed that caused him weary as he was, to lie there and stare up at the yellow moon, glimpses of which could be seen through the branches of the trees.

Nor did the thoughts of the marvelous treasure-trove of which he had come within an ace of being possessed, have aught to do with his wakefulness.

Between his eyes and the magic orb of the moon there came in imagination the face of the fair god of the Zambodi. Again he was staring at her as she waved her white arms and sang—again in imagination he could see the spellbound imps crouching on the plain below, groveling and worshipping this angel of light who seemed to sway their destinies.

Who was she—what was she—how came such a lovely being, in the midst of these savage and merciless blacks—what connection had her past life history with that of his friend Lord Bruno?

These were the questions that rioted through his brain and baffled his efforts to obtain sleep. Again he seemed to feel the mystic influence of her wonderful presence, again he experienced that overpowering determination to learn more of her history, and assist her to escape from confinement, if, as he suspected, she proved to be a prisoner even while a god.

Over the hills in the west the moon hovered ere Rex Hastings' thoughts became an incoherent jumble, and he finally drifted away in the boat of the dream king.

There may have come to him while he slept visions of that same charming face which seemed destined to have such an influence over his whole future; but we draw the limit of our powers of divination at dreams, so that his secret must remain such.

CHAPTER VII.

MONSIEUR JULES AND THE MISSING LINK.

There was no stirring reveille to arouse the occupants of the little camp in the heart of the enemy's country, no beating of drums or blowing of cavalry bugles, such as might have marked the hour for rising in a military laager.

Instead, a hand touched the face of Rex, who opened his eyes to find the sun up, a small smoky fire blazing in a cleft, an aroma of coffee in the air, and his friend Lord Bruno bending over him.

"Breakfast is about ready, Rex. Just give you time to dash some water in your face from the little brook yonder. This may be the last cooked meal we shall have for some days, so we'll make the most of it."

It did taste remarkably fine. Rex hardly realized how much he had missed the luxury of a hot cup of coffee until given the opportunity to indulge. They chatted over the meal, and laid all manner of plans, which no doubt would undergo the ordinary metamorphosis consequent upon the shifting surrounding conditions.

They were in no hurry to leave their present camp, since a further advance could only be made in safety under cover of darkness, owing to the danger of discovery.

Through the morning they lounged about.

The sentries were repeatedly changed, and taking advantage of the chance presented, Rex and Lord Bruno clambered up the side of a steep elevation near by, from the top of which they hoped to have a view of the surrounding country, which would aid Hastings in his efforts to locate the situation of the great kraal, upon which he and the professor had looked at the time of the white god's appearance.

The view amply repaid them for their efforts, since they were able to mark out their future course.

Smoke attracted their attention in several quarters, but Lord Bruno declared these were signals of the blacks, it being a favorite method of passing communications around.

Whether these smoke columns had anything to do with their presence in the neighborhood was a question they could not solve, nor would Jim Bludsoe have been any better able to have read the secret in those spirals that crept into the ambient atmosphere from various hilltop signal stations.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

English Robes of State.

Every robedmaker in London always keeps some of the most expensive robes of state—those of a registrar, for instance—ready and lends them out when officials have to use them at any great ceremony. Many a peer, when his portrait is to be added to the family picture gallery, has obtained the crimson and ermine from his tailor for a small consideration.

Variety.

"Did you say you thought there was a great deal of sameness in my argument?" inquired the politician.

"I did," replied the mercenary person.

"How will I avoid it?"

"Quit using \$10 bills, and try twentys for awhile."—Washington Star.

Sensitive Children.

Those children who are scolded and punished for the least delinquency either become hardened in wrongdoing or demoralized by fear. In the latter case demoralized is certainly not too strong a word for the results which follow injudicious punishments. A nervous child becomes so afraid of doing wrong that at last he loses the power of discerning between what is wrong and what is right and naturally chooses the course which he thinks least likely to lead to chastisement. He will descend to any amount of deceit and story telling to save himself from the results of his wrongdoing, and it is entirely out of the question that if his first years are passed in such a mistaken and perverted way, he should ever grow up into an honest and straightforward man.

When children show themselves to be abnormally sensitive and nervous, they should be treated in a totally different way from the others who are healthy and boisterous, but they must not be spoiled for that would simply aggravate the evil. They should have the benefit of a frequent change of air, especially to the seaside. No stimulating drinks, such as coffee, tea and beer, must be given. The food must be quite plain, but wholesome and nourishing—fish, eggs, vegetables, cooked fruit and plenty of milk and milk puddings. As a tonic a daily dose of cod liver oil and steel wine cannot be improved upon.—Washington Star.

Create Interests For Yourself.

Definitely make up your mind to take up something—religious, philanthropic, intellectual, what you will—the growth of which you can watch and to the success of which your individuality will be an essential.

This is a matter strongly akin to our main subject of the realization of ideal love. Many and many a girl marries a man not because she cannot live without him; the one valid excuse, but just because she fears the years are rolling by and that she ought to marry, or she is afraid that her present home may be broken up, and then she may be dependent on the charity or employment of others, or she is overwhelmed by the emptiness and monotonous smallness of life and is ready to welcome any change.

"Every girl except the few for whom no 'want of peace' can ever arise, and the many whose first duty is evidently at home, should, if possible, so fit themselves that should the day of need ever arise, they may be able to face the world without external help."

Hard work? Yes, of course, it means hard work. But in its train comes the priceless sense of freedom and independence.—Exchange.

Useless Accumulations.

Some people have a curious fondness for retaining small parcels of things that are absolutely useless, such as pieces of some gown that was worn out and done with years ago, odd pieces of fur or scraps of lace too small to be of any use, rolls of old fashioned trimming or morsels of satin and brocade not large enough for even "crazy" patchwork. The old proverb about keeping a thing and its use will come is open to an enormous amount of abuse, in common with all the old proverbs.

Lydia, when changing houses last year, spent much of her time in groaning over the endless accumulations of all kinds of almost useless things, not only in her wardrobe and boxes, but all over the house.

Do you remember what Charles Lamb said when he and Mary were removing from somewhere in Holborn to Tottenham? He complained that women had always cartloads of rubbish that they must take with them wherever they go. And so we have. It is well to minimize it, if we can, to make periodical onslaughts upon the accumulations and to disperse them.

True Sympathy.

Hold Up Man—Your money or your life!

Belated Citizen—I'm sorry, but I just settled for my wife's new Easter bonnet this afternoon, and—

Hold Up Man (interrupting)—Say no more, old chap; I've been there myself. Here's a dollar to help you get a fresh start in business.—Chicago News.

VIRGINIA DRAWN WORK.

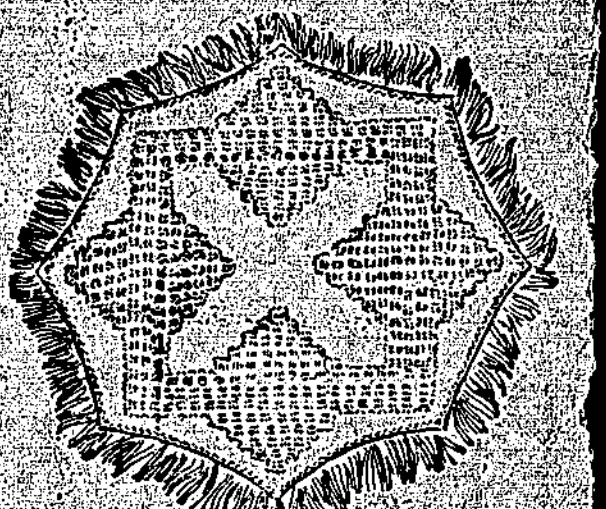
More Popular Than the Mexican and Can Be Used in Many Ways.

An interesting new kind of drawn work has attracted attention lately and from The Ladies' Home Journal in which occurs the illustration here given, the following is learned about it. It is less expensive than the Mexican drawn work and appears to be more durable. It is also less intricate in design and not nearly so trying to the eyes and for that reason is more popular. Any woman who has the leisure and clever fingers can learn to do the work and fashion for herself and her friends many pretty pieces for the decoration of her dining room.

Many pieces are deeply fringed and the inner edge of the fringe embroidered with fancy buttonhole stitches partly as an ornament and partly as protection against raveling. The inner border, where the design comes against the linen, is finished in the same way, with the addition of a fine feather stitch worked in white floss wash silk. If preferred, the edges may be hemstitched or buttonholed in scallops or points with either linen thread or embroidery silk.

The linen which is generally used is of medium weight and of the best quality. The handsomest pieces are those which are worked in silk. The little honeycomb pattern seems to be the only one used, and variety in design is secured by having pieces of linen in the middle in different forms, such as stars, squares, triangles and diamonds.

To the not familiar with the difficulties met with in drawn work coarse linen or scrim is the best material to practice on. Nor need the practice work be wasted for many useful and durable



CENTERPIECE WORKED IN SILK.

Table decorations may be made from scrim at 12 cents a yard. It should first be carefully hemstitched. The threads should not be drawn until everything is in readiness for putting the stitches in, as so coarse a material is liable to pull.

A simple border about two inches deep is a good thing to begin on. After the threads have been carefully drawn in either direction the depth that the border is intended to be both edges of the border should be overcast with No. 100 cotton or buttonhole stitched with floss silk.

A very pretty effect may be had on scrim by drawing together with cream colored darning cotton the clusters of threads that form the pattern. It makes the stitch heavier than if done with thread and very much richer looking. Another pretty effect may be had by using yellow floss silk and scrim.

Why She Discarded Him.
"Don't despair, Edward, even if father does say you'll be young enough to marry five years from now."
"Oh, I don't care for myself, but how about you?"

As You Pronounce It.

"Delaware is always talking about the frost killing off the peach crop."
"Let it talk. The state has the right to freeze peach, hasn't it?"—Philadelphia Times.

WEAK, NERVOUS SCHOOL CHILDREN.

The severe and ever-increasing strain of competitive examinations, coming at a time when every boy and girl is undergoing trying physiological changes, does much toward making mental and physical wrecks of school children. A glance at the pale, weak and puny children which come from our public and high schools will make any thoughtful person consider seriously the advisability of sacrificing health and vigor for the trivial honor of standing high at examination time.

Hosts of boys and girls, young men and young women are suffering from ills and irregularities resulting from exhausted nerve force. There is no treatment known to science that will so naturally and thoroughly restore strength and vitality to the nervous system and health to the whole body as Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. It makes parents happy by bringing back the color to the faces and the buoyancy and elasticity to the bodies of their pale, puny children.

DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD

Fifty cents a box, 6 boxes for \$2.50; at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

HUMOR

Of Course He Hadn't.



Farm Laborer—I don't s'pose you've seen anything of a young ball hereabouts have you?

Blitherby's restaurant has the slowest service I ever saw," said the gentleman with the gloomy brow.
"How's that?" asked the individual with the overworked smile.
"I ordered some eggs there once, and I had to wait so long that they brought me—"
"Chickens?"
"No, eggs that had been laid by the chickens hatched from the eggs I had ordered."

Nothing Doing.



"Wouldn't it be great if you could get all the grub you wanted by turning a crank?"
"I dunno. Who'd turn de crank?"
—New York Evening Journal.

Laureate Nonsense.

Tennyson is said to have been fond of foolish fun—that over-delightful sort of fun which is not wit, but nonsense.
One day, at Burlington House, he asked the guests a conundrum which he had just made.
"Who are the greatest women in the world?"
The answer was:
"Miss Ours, the Misses Ippi and Sara Gossa."

Dinnence.



Father—Lemuel, you mustn't be bashful before strangers.
Lemuel—Why, pa, you needn't talk. I heard the landlord say you were shy on two months' rent!

Signs of Old Age.

1. When letters to a girl friend are mostly addressed "Mrs."
2. When she begins to care a great deal about the supper at an entertainment.
3. When she feels a sudden interest in church and charity work.
4. When she is attractive to very young men.
5. When she realizes the folly of dressing in sober colors.
6. When she compares the new way of wearing the hair with aht, when she first put hers up.
7. When—most of all—the gravity of youth gradually gives way to incipient kittenishness.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Burdened.



Aunt Sally—Rastus, yo' mustn't wear yo' diamond pin so much. Yo's gittin' real round shouldered.—Chicago News.

WHIM-WHAMS.

A Bunch of Good Things From Old Yonkers.

Mr. Painter—That last picture of yours doesn't seem to sell?
Mr. Dauber—No; like the cobbler, I'm sticking to my last.

Mrs. Crimsonbeak—I hear Miss Fussanfeather has had a diamond set in one of her front teeth.
Mr. Crimsonbeak—Now she'll be less inclined than ever to keep her mouth shut.

Yeast—Do the robins come and pick up bread crumbs from your lawn?
Crustaceanbeak—They used to, but they don't any more.

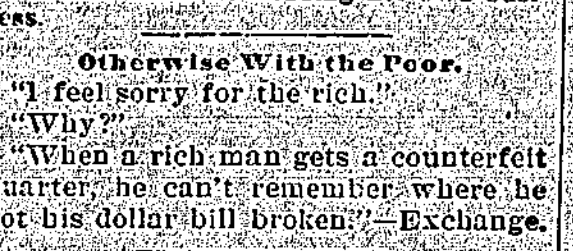
"How do you account for that?"
"My wife makes her own bread."

Bill—What's become of your friend who kept the restaurant?
Jill—Oh, he got tired paying coal bills, and he tried to economize by burning kerosene oil.

"Failed, I suppose?"
"Well, he's gone up, all right."

Mrs. Crimsonbeak—I see that woman who has the store on the next block has two clerks while she parades the streets.
Mr. Crimsonbeak—Yes; you know she never was much at minding her own business.

Otherwise With the Poor.
"I feel sorry for the rich."
"Why?"
"When a rich man gets a counterfeit quarter, he can't remember where he got his dollar bill broken."—Exchange.



Diplomacy.
I've eaten hostile tribesmen without a single question.
I've feasted on the yellow, black and brown, but I never have encountered such a fit of indigestion.
As accompanied the minister from town.



I have tried the Jambago, boiled and roasted, baked and fried.
I have chewed the woolly Goolah stuffed with yam.
But for all the after symptoms from the dishes I have tried, I wouldn't give a Bamooloonjam.

But I caught this missionary calmly strolling on the main.
Cooked and served him dressed exactly comme il faut.
But a feeling deep within me makes it disagreeably plain.
That the missionary surely is de trop.

I have eaten hostile tribesmen with the greatest of urbanity.
I have feasted on the yellow, black and brown, but to eat a missionary was the acme of insanity.
You can't keep a good man down."

Not So Bitter, Anyhow.



Dr. Ape—Well, if that ain't the best yet, I've gone and dosed old Mr. Hippo with golf balls; and he thinks they are quinine pills.

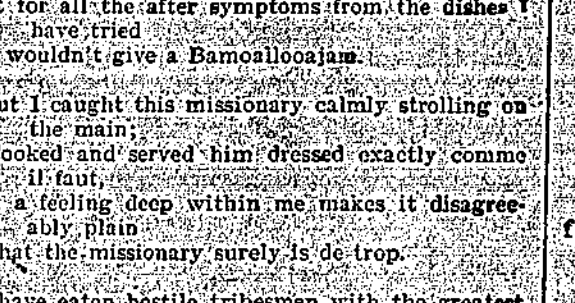
The Dyspeptic Cannibal.
A cannibal was seated on a green Pacific isle, with the temperature at ninety-nine degrees, his dress was rather scanty, in a truly savage style.
Just a pair of Boston garters round his knees.

But he didn't seem quite happy, for now and then he escaped, which tore his savage breast in two, and he chanted in a melancholy, meditative tone:
The ditty that I now repeat to you:

I've eaten hostile tribesmen without a single question.
I've feasted on the yellow, black and brown, but I never have encountered such a fit of indigestion.
As accompanied the minister from town.

I have tried the Jambago, boiled and roasted, baked and fried.
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On Equal Terms.

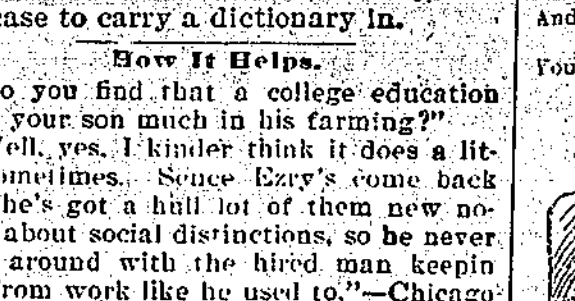


"Why are you going to leave, Guste?"
"Because they treat me so badly."
"That isn't my experience. Why they treat me as one of the family! The mistress calls me an old fool as often as she does her husband!"—Lustige Blatter.

Quite Indispensable.
Towne—I've seen Gaxley several nights recently with his fieldglasses. I wonder what his game is.
Brown—Oh, he's calling on Miss Kulcher of Boston.

Towne—The ideal! What does he carry fieldglasses for?
Brown—He doesn't. He merely uses the case to carry a dictionary in.

How It Helps.
"Do you find that a college education helps your son much in his farming?"
"Well, yes, I kinder think it does a little sometimes. Since Ezzy's come back him he's got a hall full of them new notions about social distinctions, so he never loafs around with the hired man keepin' him from work like he used to."—Chicago Record-Herald.



Unfortunately Well.
Husband—I see that they're advertising bargains in patent medicines at Kutt & Price's drug store.
Wife—Isn't that too aggravating? There isn't a thing the matter with any of us!



Then He Was Ordered Out.
Croft has left Plymouth now. One little sentence exiled him.
You see, he had a fine old timepiece in the hall, hanging on a nail. His wife says he deliberately loosened that nail. However that may be, his mother-in-law one day rushed into the drawing room in a state of great excitement.
"Oh, dear; oh, dearie me!" she cried. "That heavy, horrid old clock has just fallen with a terrible crash on to the very spot where I was standing only a moment before."
Croft was quite cool and collected. But he murmured absentmindedly:
"I always said that clock was slow!"—Stray Stories.



First Frenchman—Air you across going to ze—what you call eet—ze Boofeele expositione?
Second Frenchman—Mon Dieu, no! I am a maitre d'hôtel an ze Americaines but not forgot how I stuck zem at Parée last sommaire.—Ohio State Journal.

SAID BY THE LITTLE ONES.

Some Bright Things Called From the Talk of Youngsters.

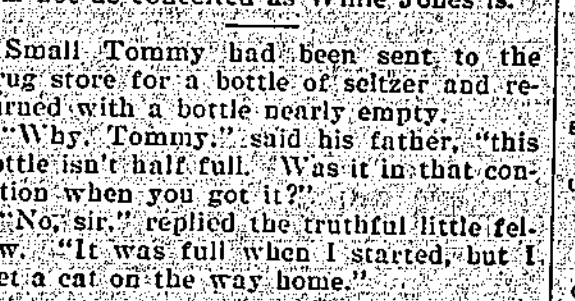
Tommy (aged 5)—What's a fictitious character, Aunt Em?
Aunt Em—One that is made up.
Tommy—Oh, then you're a fictitious character, ain't you, Aunt Em?

"How pretty and clever you are, mamma," exclaimed little Edith.
"Do you really think so, dear?" rejoined her mother.
"Course I do," replied Edith, "and I'm awfully glad you married into our family."

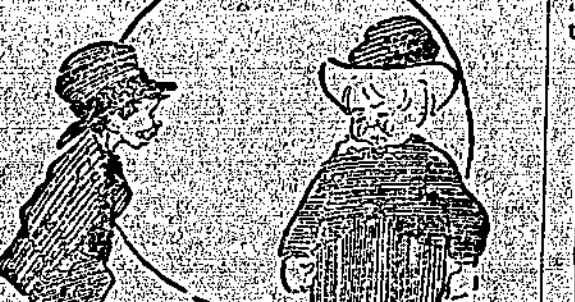
Papa—Who is the smartest boy in your class at school, Johnny?
Johnny—Well, Willie Jones says he is.
Papa—But who do you think is?
Johnny—I'd rather not say. You see, I'm not as conceited as Willie Jones is.

Small Tommy had been sent to the drug store for a bottle of seltzer and returned with a bottle nearly empty.
"Why, Tommy," said his father, "this bottle isn't half full. Was it in that condition when you got it?"
"No, sir," replied the truthful little fellow. "It was full when I started, but I met a cat on the way home."

Waning Affection.
"What makes yer t'ink dere's no hope for yer?"
"She's begun ter call me 'Fatty.'"



A Provider.
"Is your new husband much of a provider, Malindy?" "He des ain't nothin' else he ain't. He gwine to git some new kyabnets fo' de house, providin' he git de money, he gwine to git de money, providin' he go to work, he go to work, providin' he suits him. I never see sich a providin' man in all my days."—Indianapolis Press.



An Effective Simile.
Society Editor—I wish to give some idea of the great number of people at the Patriarch's ball. How shall I express it?
Chief—Say, as numerous as spring poets.—Harlem Life.

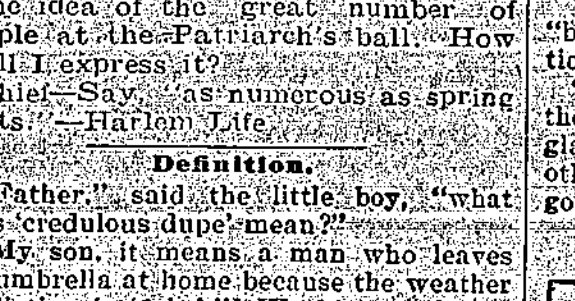
Definition.
"Father," said the little boy, "what does 'credulous dupe' mean?"
"My son, it means a man who leaves his umbrella at home because the weather prediction is 'fair.'"—Washington Star.

IF YOU COULD KNOW.
If you could know that half of all I yearn to be to you, dear heart!
Each day that dawns I struggle to be strong and do my part.
Yet when at last the night comes softly down I humbly pray,
"Lord, grant me still to prove my tender love just one more day!"

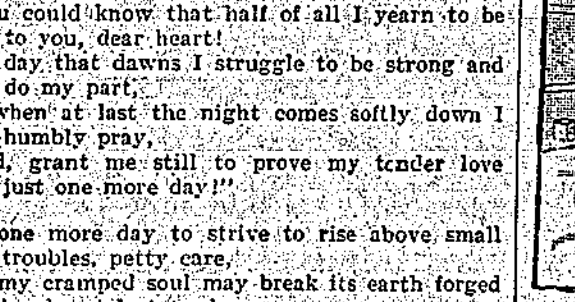
Just one more day to strive to rise above small troubles, petty care,
That my cramped soul may break its earth forged bonds, at last to dare
To face the future and to gladly live with courage new,
Loyal and cheerful facing toward the light for truth and you.

And yet I feel in spite of all the heights which I can never scale,
In spite of all the many tests in which I daily fail,
That my deep love, more deep and pure and strong than I can ever show,
You somehow, through my failures, doubts and fears, will come to know.

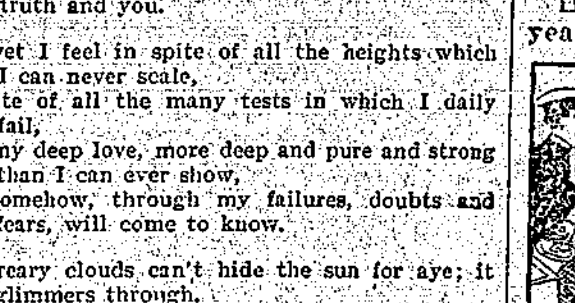
The dreary clouds can't hide the sun for aye; it glimmers through.
The awet, wet violet, struggling through dead leaves, still shows its blue,
And so I trust, though oft I strike love's chord with clumsy hand,
You'll feel the melody I tried to play and understand.



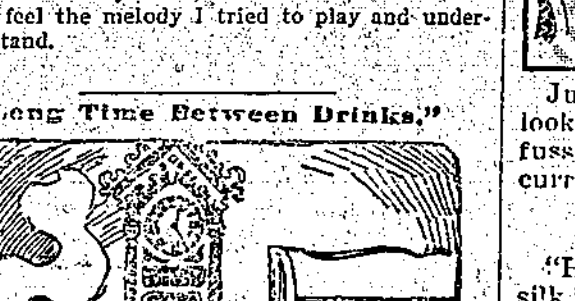
"Long Time Between Drinks."
The saddest circumstances, said Rev. Mr. Black of Toronto, the other night, often formed the background for the most ludicrous and grotesque situations, and he believed the creeping in of this very humor was a safety valve for overmuch emotion. On one occasion a miner in a dying condition was asked by his minister, who was going away for some weeks, if there was anything of which he wished to unburden himself or any questions he wished to ask. In a weak voice he intimated that he wished to know how the minister got in and out of the heavy corded waistcoat he wore, it being buttoned up the side.



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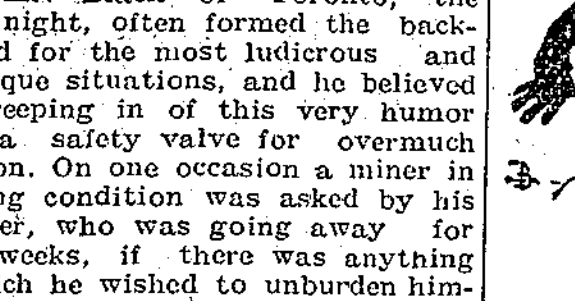
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Tears, Bitter Tears.



"I wish you wouldn't cry so, Carlo."
"Thank you, Fido. I'm so glad you sympathize with me."
"It isn't that, Carlo. I'm afraid you'll drown me."

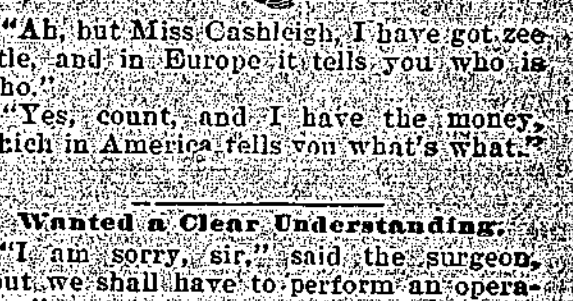
Uncle Eben's Philosophy.
"Tain't de mos' conspicuousness dat counts," said Uncle Eben. "De man on top o' de gold ball on de chariot don't own de circus. An' half de time he's good an' skayht fo' fear he gwinter git a little loose in de knees an' fall off!"—Washington Star.



The Difference.
"Ah, but Miss Cashleigh, I have got zee-tle, and in Europe it tells you who is who."
"Yes, count, and I have the money, which in America tells you what's what."



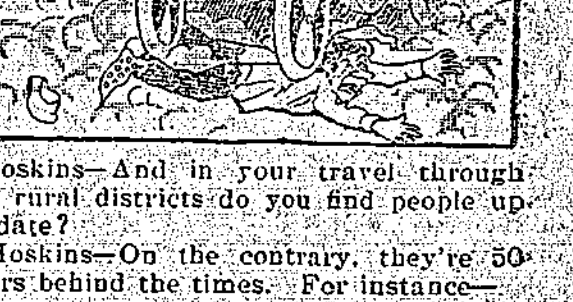
Wanted a Clear Understanding.
"I am sorry, sir," said the surgeon, "but we shall have to perform an operation."
"I know, you're not sorry, doctor," said the man with the appendicitis. "You are glad. And now that we understand each other, doctor, you can go ahead."—Chicago Tribune.



Behind the Times.
Joskins—And in your travel through the rural districts do you find people up to date?
Hoskins—On the contrary, they're 50 years behind the times. For instance—



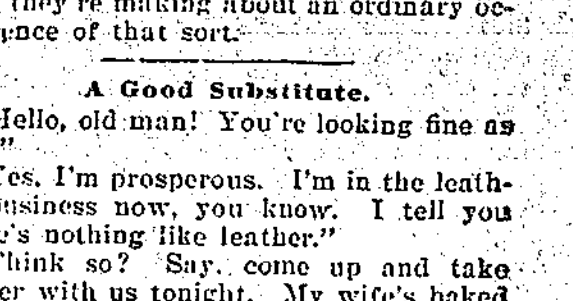
Just now we ran over somebody. Just look around and see what a ridiculous fuss they're making about an ordinary occurrence of that sort.



A Good Substitute.
"Hello, old man! You're looking fine as silk."
"Yes, I'm prosperous. I'm in the leather business now, you know. I tell you there's nothing like leather."
"Think so? Say, come up and take dinner with us tonight. My wife's baked some pies for dessert."—Philadelphia Press.



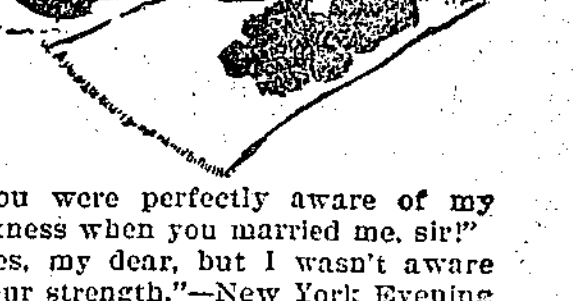
Unfortunately.
"You were perfectly aware of my weakness when you married me, sir?"
"Yes, my dear, but I wasn't aware of your strength."—New York Evening Journal.



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EFFECTIVE WIND BREAK.

An Open Shed Which Has Proved Successful For Years.

The illustration shows a wind break that has been in use for some 16 or 18 years, writes C. P. Reynolds in The American Agriculturist. For actual money invested I believe it is one of the cheapest and most practical buildings that we have. Several years ago we disposed of an old log house. Finding the roof in very good condition, it was determined to use what was necessary of the roofing and sufficient lumber from the ceiling to make a wind break. The open shed shown in the illustration is the result as it appears today after nearly a score years of practical service. The building is 48 feet long and some 10 feet deep. The



WIND BREAK.

posts at the rear are about 7 feet high and nearly 10 in front. Planks were laid over the tops of both sets of posts and the roof, which was put on in four sections, was placed on top of these and spiked. The rear was sided up; also the ends. It makes a most decided difference in the warmth of the yard during rainy and windy weather. In summer I have known the cattle to come all the way from the back of the pasture in order to stand in its shade. During stormy weather in spring or fall it is generally well filled with cattle protecting themselves from the elements. One can scarcely appreciate the difference that such a protection is to a yard.

This shed covers nearly all of one side of the barnyard. Several years ago, before our silo was put in, corn stover was hauled and placed in a long continuous stack on a second side, which was an additional protection to the yard during windy weather. A great many farmers could profitably follow the wind break stacking and secure protection to stock in the yard during a greater portion of the winter. A small pen is shown in one end of the shed. This is temporary, being a creep in which grain was put so that lambs could get to it. We have used this device every spring and summer and find it of considerable consequence in rearing good lambs.

Lighter Shoes For Horses.

The wear and tear on horseflesh makes quite an item on the farm, and anything that will reduce this friction for the farmer should be welcomed. Writes C. T. White in The Prairie Farmer. It has been proved beyond dispute that the average horse is shod with too heavy shoes, and if lighter ones were substituted the animal could do more work with less weariness. Heavy shoes have no particular advantage except for large truck horses on stone roads, where shoes wear out quickly. Even in such cases it is doubtful if too heavy shoes prove of any value. Certainly for farm horses light shoes are much more satisfactory. The effects of such a change are quite noticeable shortly after they are put on, and in a year's time the extra amount of work that is obtained from a horse will more than pay for the shorter time that light shoes may wear. The main object of the shoe is to protect the hoof, and the lighter it can be made and serve its purpose the better it is for the horse. A good part of the year horses on the farm would be better off without shoes, and they can do plowing and similar work in soft fields without in any way injuring the feet. In winter, when the ground is frozen, it is quite different, and shoes seem necessary at these times. A horse weighing 1,100 pounds should generally be shod with shoes not weighing more than 12 to 15 ounces each. If 4 ounces are added to each shoe, the total difference in the animal's shoes is 16 ounces. In plowing, cultivating, mowing and reaping a farm horse will walk from 10 to 20 miles a day. If it takes about four feet each step, the horse will lift half a pound extra on its two feet, or 600 pounds, in every mile. If we make the average day's work 15 miles, the horse will lift 9,000 pounds extra a day, or nearly five tons. The energy required to lift this amount is wasted and serves no useful purpose. If it could be expended in doing extra work that would pay, it would nearly pay the animal's keep. Leg weary horses are common on the farm, and leg weary horses are apt to break down in time and have crooked and ailing limbs. It is not only a matter of humanity, but one of profit, to lighten the horse's burden all we can, and this is one good way.

Out of the Question.



Mr. Oldfy—Why aren't you a dude like him?

Centiped—Why, the shoeblacking alone would ruin me!—Chicago News.

Extremely So.

Mrs. Nextdore—I bought a new piece of music for my daughter to play, and I guess she'll master it soon. She was trying all afternoon.

Mrs. Pepprey—Indeed she was—very. —Philadelphia Press.

News and Notes.

The department of agriculture, in its final estimates for 1900, makes the wheat crop 522,000,000 bushels, corn 2,105,000,000 bushels and oats 809,000,000 bushels.

The celebrated case of Utter versus Utter, or peach grower versus beekeeper, has been retried by a jury, with a verdict in favor of the beekeeper.

A successful outcome is reported to the Connecticut experiments in growing Sumatra tobacco under shade. Under the direction of Expert Floyd, one-third of an acre of tobacco was raised under a cheesecloth shade nine feet high. It yielded 700 pounds of cured tobacco, or an estimated yield of 2,100 pounds per acre, with a loss of 10 per cent during fermentation.

Farm Cattle.

It is not true that the cattle business to be profitable must be conducted on the broad ranges of the western plains, says Texas Farm and Ranch. That is one profitable system of cattle raising, but there is another which yields fully as great profits for the capital invested. Raising cattle on the farm has in all countries and all ages been found profitable, and more so now than ever. By

raising cattle on the farm the farmer has a good market for all the feed he can raise, saves labor and expense of transportation and avoids much loss from waste and the hocus pocus of commerce. And one of the main features of stock farming is that it can be made to continually improve the fertility and value of the farm.

Exercise For Hogs.

To produce the best pork hogs should have exercise. A lazy, sleepy hog may fatten faster, but the flesh will not be so good.

The Scissors Blow.

"I wish I were, you star," said the dreamy youth.

"Yes," answered the weary maid, with a long drawn sigh, "I wish you were."

"And why, fair maid," queried the youth, "do you wish I were you brilliant orb?"

"Because," replied the fair one, "you brilliant orb is several million miles away."

Then the dreamy youth suddenly remembered that he had business elsewhere, and he sent in a hurry call for his overcoat. —Chicago News.

Both Indignant.

"See here!" cried the irate politician. "You called me a trickster and a jobber in your paper."

"Yes," replied the editor, "I discovered that misprint just this moment. I have sent for the guilty compositor to come here and explain."

"Oh, come off! You can't shift the blame on him."

"What? Why, you idiot, don't you suppose I know what I wrote? I made it a trickster and a robber, and I wrote it plain." —Philadelphia Press.

Soft, Clinging Material.

"I kind o' wish," said Coyote Charley, "that I hadn't read that little society item what said one o' the belles o' the ball was dressed in a soft, clinging material."

"I don't see what difference it can make to you."

"Well, you see, I'm kind o' sensitive and impressionable. It carried me back to the time when I was took for the wrong man and tarred and feathered." —Washington Star.

Vexed Question Settled.

"In order to decide a long standing controversy," said the squirrel, "would you mind telling me why you wabble your nose?"

"To show that I have something else to do with it besides sticking it into other people's affairs!" frigidly answered the rabbit. —Chicago Tribune.

Reconciled.

"They are going to sing Bixby's latest sentimental ballad when the condemned man is led to the fatal chair."

"Isn't that somewhat singular?"

"Yes, but the murderer requested it as a last favor. He says it kind of reconciles him to sudden death." —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

His Status.

He—Look here, my dear. I cannot afford to entertain on such a scale as you have indulged in of late.

She—John, I really believe you are just the kind of man who would be perfectly happy if you lived within your income. —Life.



ASSESSMENT ACT AND PROVINCIAL REVENUE TAX.

COMOX DISTRICT.

NOTICE is hereby given, in accordance with the Statutes, that Provincial Revenue Tax, and all taxes levied under the Assessment Act, are now due for the year 1901. All the above named taxes collectible within the Comox District are payable at my office, at the Court House, Cumberland. Assessed taxes are collectible at the following rates, viz:—

If paid on or before June 30th, 1901:—

Three-fifths of one per cent. on real property.

Two and one-half per cent. on assessed value of wild land.

One-half of one per cent. on personal property.

Upon such excess of income—

CLASS A.—On one thousand dollars and not exceeding ten thousand dollars, one per cent. up to five thousand dollars, and two per cent. on the remainder.

CLASS B.—On ten thousand dollars, and not exceeding twenty thousand dollars, one and one-half per cent. up to ten thousand dollars, and two and one-half per cent. on the remainder.

CLASS C.—On twenty thousand dollars, and not exceeding forty thousand dollars, two and one-half per cent. up to twenty thousand dollars, and three per cent. on the remainder.

CLASS D.—On all others in excess of forty thousand dollars, three per cent. up to forty thousand dollars, and three and one-half per cent. on the remainder.

If paid on or after 1st July, 1901:—

Four-fifths of one per cent. on real property.

Three per cent. on the assessed value of wild land.

Three-quarters of one per cent. on personal property.

On so much of the income of any person as exceeds one thousand dollars, in accordance with the following classifications, upon such excess the rates shall be, namely:

CLASS A.—On one thousand dollars, and not exceeding ten thousand dollars, one and one-half per cent. up to five thousand dollars, and two and one-half per cent. on the remainder.

CLASS B.—On ten thousand dollars, and not exceeding twenty thousand dollars, two per cent. up to ten thousand dollars, and three per cent. on the remainder.

CLASS C.—On twenty thousand dollars, and not exceeding forty thousand dollars, three per cent. up to twenty thousand dollars, and three and one-half per cent. on the remainder.

CLASS D.—On all others in excess of forty thousand dollars, three and one-half per cent. up to forty thousand dollars, and four per cent. on the remainder.

Provincial Revenue Tax \$3 per capita.

JOHN BAIRD,

Assessor and Collector.

Cumberland, B. C., 11th January, 1901.

My 22

For Sale!

Two very desirable 4-Roomed Cottages in the best residential part of Cumberland. Bargains. Owner leaving the country. Bona fide intending purchasers apply at

THIS OFFICE.

Columbia Flouring

Mills Company

ENDERBY, B. C.

Hungarian,

Three Star,

Wheatlets 10-10'

Strong Bakers

R.P. Rithet & Co.,

(LIMITED.)

Agents. - Victoria, B.C.

DR. J. GRICE,

—DENTIST—

Will be in town from the 24th of July until August 2nd.

Union Brewery.

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

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

HENRY REIFEL, Manager.

MAHRER & CO.

Wholesale Wine and Liquor Merchants
NANAIMO, B. C.

Direct Import

of Whyte and McKay, Glasgow Special Scotch Whisky,
Jas. Watson & Co., Dundee, Glenlivet,
R. McNish & Co., Glasgow, Dr. Special,
Al. Demerara and Jama. Rum,
Guinness' Stout and Bass' Ale,
French Cognacs in the very best qualities,
Port, Sherry, Clarets, Etc., Etc.

ALWAYS ON HAND—A Carload of

Hiram Walker & Son's Rye Whiskies

CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED.

P. O. BOX 14

TO THE DEAF.

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

Sportsmen!

BEFORE BUYING

A Gun,
Rifle,
Ammunition

Or anything in the
Sporting Line

CALL AND SEE

O. H. FECHNER,

Of Cumberland.

He Can Save You Money on all Purchases.



Re COAL MINES REGULATION ACT.

EXAMINATION FOR CERTIFICATE OF COMPETENCY.

NOTICE is hereby given that an Examination for Certificates of Competency as Managers of Mines will be held on the 1st day of August, 1901, at the Court House, Nanaimo, B. C., and at Fernie, B. C.

Candidates, not under twenty-three years of age, desirous of presenting themselves for examination, must deliver to Mr. Thomas Morgan, Chairman of Board of Examiners, Nanaimo, on or before the 15th day July, 1901, notice of such intention, in writing, together with a certificate of service from their former, or present employers, testifying to at least two years' experience underground.

The examination will be in writing and will include the following subjects viz:—

1. Mining Acts and rules.
2. Mine Gases.
3. General Work;
4. Ventilation.
5. Mining Machinery.
6. Surveying and Levelling.

Any further particulars required may be obtained on application to Mr. Morgan, Chairman of Board of Examiners, Nanaimo, B. C.; Mr. Archibald Dick, Inspector of Mines, Cranbrook; and Mr. J. McGregor, Inspector of Mines, Nelson, B.C.

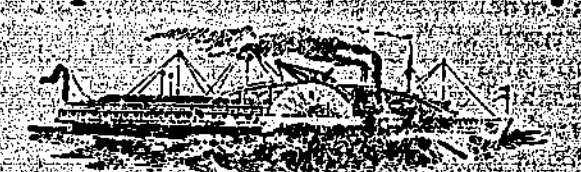
RICHARD McBRIDE,

Minister of Mines,

Department of Mines,

18th June, 1901. je24,4t

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THE CUMBERLAND NEWS

Issued Every Wednesday

W. B. ANDERSON,

Editor

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

While we do not hold our correspondents responsible for the utterances of those coming to insert the rights of communication unless they personally.

WEDNESDAY AUG. 14, 1901.



RESERVE

NOTICE is hereby given that all the appropriated Crown lands situated within the boundaries of the following areas are hereby reserved from pre-emption, sale or other disposition, excepting under the provisions of the mining laws of the Province, for two years from the date hereof, pursuant to the provisions of sub-section (5) of section 45 of the Land Act, as amended by section 6 of the Land Act Amendment Act, 1901, to enable the Industrial Power Company of B. C., Limited, to select therefrom timber limits for wood pulp and paper manufacturing purposes, as provided by an agreement bearing date the 13th day of June, 1901, viz:

AREA 1.—All the surveyed land on both sides of Kingcome River, and the land surveyed between Kingcome Inlet and Bond Sound.

AREA 2.—Commencing at the north-east corner of Lot 1; thence following up the river at the head of Thompson's Sound and its branches, a distance of ten miles, and having a width on each side thereof of one mile.

AREA 3.—Commencing at the northern boundary of Lots 45, 55 and 56, on the Kle-na-Klene River, thence north along the said river and its branches five miles, and having a width on each side of one-half mile, including all surveyed lands.

AREA 4.—Commencing on Wakeman Sound at the south-west corner of Lot 6; thence west on the 51st parallel of latitude to a point north of Emblev Lagoon; thence south to said lagoon; thence south-westerly following the passage between Kinnaird Island and Pandora Head to Mills Passage; thence to Queen Charlotte Sound; thence south-easterly along the shore line of Noel Channel, and easterly along the centre of Fife Sound to Village Point; thence north-westerly to the north of Trivet Island to the mouth of Kingcome Inlet; thence north along the west shore of Wakeman Sound to the point of commencement.

AREA 5.—Consisting of Harbledown and Turner Islands.

W. S. GORE,

Deputy Commissioner of

Lands & Works.

Lands and Works Department,

Victoria, B.C., 22nd June, 1901. jy2,4t

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TIME TABLE EFFECTIVE

NOV. 19TH, 1898.

VICTORIA TO WELLINGTON

No. 2 Daily	No. 4 Saturday	
A.M.	P.M.	
De. 9:00	Victoria	De. 4:25
9:28	Goldstream	4:53
10:9	Koenig's	5:31
10:48	Duncans	6:15

P.M.		P.M.
12:11	Nanaimo	7:41
A. 12:3	Wellington	Ar. 7:55

WELLINGTON TO VICTORIA

No. 1 Daily	No. 3 Saturday	
A.M.	A.M.	
De. 8:05	Wellington	De. 4:25
8:26	Nanaimo	4:39
9:52	Duncans	6:05
10:37	Koenig's	6:46
11:18	Goldstream	7:32
Ar. 11:45	Victoria	Ar. 8:00

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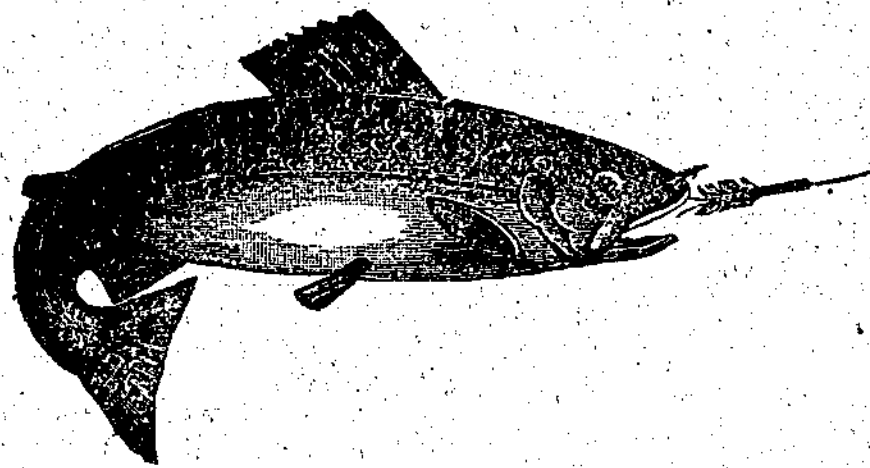
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NEWS OFFICE.

THE LITTLE SLEEPER.

Her dolly's little carriage is standing in the hall,
Her dolly lies beside it, just where she let it fall.
Her little painted soldiers are standing in a row,
But no one cares to move them, because she left them so.

Her little pet canary is singing in the sun,
But, oh, his song this morning is such a dismal one!
His voice has lost its music and never will seem right,
Unless it wake the little girl who fell asleep last night.

—Indianapolis Press.

A GHOSTLY EXPERIENCE.

The Marvelous Disappearance of a Horse and Buggy.

BY SAM DAVIS.

I could never conceive how men of seeming intelligence could deliberately sit down and write ghost stories merely as a literary diversion and for the sake of burrowing the feelings of the reader.

A ghost story, no matter how entertaining it may be, is a pure fabrication, has no business in print for the world is full of people so credulous in disposition that the most absurd things, if told with a serious air, are apt to be accepted as the truth, and the grossest errors, foisted upon the public by careless invention, become perpetuated as established facts.

I make these observations that the reader may become acquainted with my views upon subjects supernatural at the beginning of the narrative.

I do not relate the facts which I am about to embody in this recital with the idea of explaining them, but give them to the world as they appeared to me, leaving the scientist to furnish whatever solution to the mystery may best fit his own point of view or methods of investigation.

The time was winter and the scene of the manifestation a lonely moor lying between the city of Carson, which is the capital of Nevada, and the small farm where for some years past I have raised hay, cattle and a small family.

A political function had kept me out rather late, and I was driving home after midnight.

The night was clear and starlit, with snow on the ground and the air somewhat nipping in its disposition.

When about half way home, having still two miles to go, I gradually became aware that something had happened to my buggy, for it seemed to run with less noise than usual. In Nevada the wheels of vehicles shrink from the dryness of the atmosphere, coupled with the indifference of their owners, and mine were no exception to the rule. There was always more or less space between the tire and the felloe, and the wags of the city had a way of saying that my approach to town was always heralded by an infernal clatter which betokens a careless man with all his buggy wheels out of repair.

It seemed to me suddenly that something like 25 per cent of the usual clatter of the vehicle had ceased, and I was at a loss to understand why. The feeling came over me so strongly that something unusual had transpired that I hesitated to ascertain the cause. An ill defined feeling of dread was upon me, and I blush to confess it, I really feared to look around. Finally, by a strong effort, I summoned my courage and, glancing back, was astonished to discover that the off hind wheel of my buggy had disappeared.

What was more, the vehicle did not seem to mind it, but ran as level as ever. The cessation of the clatter which that wheel always produced was now explained, but the continued level running of the buggy was not. An awful, creepy feeling now came over me that almost amounted to a pain, and in the midst of my wonderment the noise of another wheel stopped, and I knew that it had followed its predecessor. The two hind wheels were gone. I deliberately turned about and investigated. Here I was running along on an even keel, nautically speaking, with nothing but my two front wheels to go on.

As I was considering the probability of the others going I noticed a dim, hazy thing hanging to the hub of my off front wheel. I speak in a hazy sense, after the manner of followers of the turf, for in reality the wheel was still on. The outlines of the thing altituded to gradually became more distinct and resolved itself into the figure of a human being, and as sure as I was alive it was trying to take off the nut of the axle. More fully to illustrate the impudence of the shadowy individual in question I will further state that my nut wrench was missing, and he had evidently taken it to remove the wheels of my own buggy.

I watched him now with more interest than fear, for it occurred to me that after two wheels were gone it did not matter much about the other, and I determined to see the incident to the end.

In less time than I have taken to tell it this ghostly thing actually removed the nut before my eyes, and then, throwing its weight on the wheel—if I may be allowed to make use of the word weight in such a connection—the wheel and the ghost rolled over together in the sagebrush. In spite of the weirdness of the situation, I was obliged to give vent to a little chuckle, the first intimation I had given the ghost of a knowledge of his presence.

The familiarity which I had indulged in with the strange little fellow seemed to enrage him, for he immediately became more in evidence, and, slipping around on the near side of the buggy—speaking again in a hazy sense—he fell to work rapidly at the wheel, and, circumventing the mechanical difficulties of the nut with very little trouble, he had the wheel spinning out into the sagebrush in short order.

Seeing that the buggy, however, did not sink to the ground, as it plainly would

have had the right to do under the circumstances, I gathered more courage and cried out jocosely, "If you don't happen to see what you want, ask for it."

As I had half expected, the ghost made a dive for the remaining wheel and fell to work upon the nut. I was glad to see that it did not come off easily. It was never a very good fit for the thread of the axle, and I recalled many a time when in a hurry how I was really compelled to indulge in unbecoming language before it could be started.

I looked for the ghost to indulge in a little flow of expletives, but it patiently continued its work until it succeeded and then triumphantly flung the wheel aside and left me riding along in a buggy that seemed held up in the air with no wheels running under it.

To a person who has never ridden in a vehicle under those peculiar circumstances I can truthfully say that it is a rare treat.

There was no noise except the footfall of the horse. The entire absence of air was something particularly pleasant. According to my way of thinking, it was an ideal method of locomotion.

Strange as it may seem, I no longer had any fear of the flitting thing of the air that hovered alongside the horse, and I decided once more to break the ice of conversation and called out, "A pleasant evening, stranger?"

At this he turned and, floating up to my side, brought his face so close to mine that I felt his breath.

It came to me like a blast from the Klondike and seemed to freeze me to the bone. I regretted that I had spoken, for he sent his icy exhalation thrice into my face and each time it seemed colder. I tried to detect the charnel house smell that always goes with a ghost, but feel bound to say that peculiar odor was absent. I will, however, state for the benefit of the reader that I was suffering from a bad cold, which to some extent may account for my inability to detect it.

I mention these seemingly trivial circumstances that people who are disposed to cast discredit upon my narrative may be silenced in advance. I propose fully to forestall any one who rises up and charges me with fictitious invention.

While considering the proposition of offering the ghost a chance to work for me in the summer months and live in the cellar, where he could cool the milk during the sweltering periods, I noticed a queer thing about the horse. The animal that a moment before was trotting leisurely along had suddenly disappeared. His harness was attached to the shafts, and the bridle stuck out in front as if there was a horse's head inside of it, while the rest of it was bulged up to conform to the figure of the animal that had so lately occupied it, but the faithful beast, which had never before deserted me in an emergency, was nowhere to be seen. His absence, however, was not material, for the vehicle went along as easily and as rapidly as ever, and it struck me, since the horse was gone, a trifle smothered.

While I was wondering what would happen next it happened before I knew it. I suddenly found myself on the other side of the big gate that bars the road about a quarter of a mile from my house. The gate is always kept shut, and it is a great bother to open it, but on this occasion, just as I was about to halt to unfasten it, I found that I was already through. The fact of being on the other side of a gate was something altogether novel to me, and no one who has not had the actual experience can possibly get any real idea of the extraordinary sensation of being on the other side of a gate when you are quite well assured in your own mind that you never got there. My hold on the English language, while it is generally sufficient to enable me to convey ordinary meanings, is quite inadequate to the task of demonstrating to the reader the real situation, partly because of the total unexpectedness of it and partly because the other side of the gate at once became no longer the other side, but this side, so to speak, and the side I seemed to have vacated immediately became the other side, and I became so completely mystified that I was unable, and still retain that inability, to tell which side of the gate I was on, whether this side or the other side or both sides.

Rather than involve myself in a maze of complications or contradictions I will consider the gate incident closed and pass on to the other extraordinary things that happened between the gate and the house.

Before proceeding a hundred yards I became aware of the circumstance that the various parts of the harness were melting away. The collar and hames dissolved into nothingness, the bridle was whisked into space, the tugs followed suit and the traces did not even leave their own name behind. Yet in spite of this the vehicle moved right along as before and turned up the winding path toward the stable as well as if everything was in its normal condition and my own hand guiding the lines.

When it came to a halt under the shed, I got out and went to bed quietly, not mentioning the events of the night to my spouse, as I did not care to harrow her feelings with such uncanny subjects.

In the morning, however, while the matter was still fresh in my memory, I told her everything that had happened and expressed my determination to write a full account of the same and forward it over my signature to some scientific journal, that these strange happenings might not be lost to the world. Her only reply was to inquire the time of my arrival home and my retirement to bed. I definitely fixed the hour at 1 o'clock, which she disputed at once, and I dropped the subject, not caring for unprofitable controversy with a woman. I knew in my own mind, however, the absolute correctness of my statement regarding the hour, as I distinctly remembered having heard the clock strike 1 no less than four times in succession. So satisfied was I that such a plain mathematical demonstration would be lost upon her, being but a woman, as I have before remarked, I did not mention it.

Later on she called my attention to the fact that the harness which I had described as having vanished into the night was in reality piled at the foot of the bed and that my clothes were hanging on a

peg in the stable. This was indeed to my mind a strong corroboration of my story, but she did not so regard it and was unkind enough to suggest that when I sent my account to a scientific journal I should mention also that I had attended a banquet the evening before, given in honor of the election of a United States senator from Nevada, where more than 50 cases of champagne had been consumed prior to the time that I had been called upon to respond to a toast. I mention this circumstance as requested, although the connection between it and my strange experience on the lonely moor is not apparent to me.

In revising my manuscript I notice that it mentions the removal by the ghost of five separate wheels from the buggy, which may be regarded by some as an inaccuracy. A gentleman for whose opinions I have always entertained the highest regard has suggested to me that, for the sake of lending greater plausibility to my narrative, I omit all mention of the appearance—or, more properly speaking, the disappearance—of the fifth wheel. I must decline, however, to do this. My chief object in making this statement is to tell the thing as it really occurred and not to fall into the pernicious habit, too common, I regret to say, with many writers of the present day, of sacrificing essential details in order to deceive the reader with a fictitious showing of plausibility. —Chicago Record.

LAND OF THE HUMMING-BIRD.

The Surprising Phenomenon That Follows Digging in Trinidad's Asphalt Lake.

Few people who travel over asphalted streets are aware of the origin of the black pitchy mass that goes to make up the basis of the smooth roadway under their feet. Two thousand miles almost due south from Halifax lies the little tropical island of Trinidad—a British possession off the coast of northern South America. At the southern-western extremity of this colony the famous Pitch Lake is located on the summit of a small hill, less than two hundred feet above the level of the sea. In appearance there is nothing phenomenal about this wonder of the tropics but a visit to the lake as it is familiarly called, reveals one of the most unaccountable oddities of nature in the annals of travel.

The tourist may take passage to the land of the humming-bird—as Trinidad people like their country to be called—and after securing accommodation at the only decent hotel in the colony, proceed to the lake by one of the small Government steamers plying coastwise three times weekly, disembark at the Brighton pier, and proceed to the scene of "digging." Of all the crude, rough and ready means of extracting wealth from mother earth, the Trinidad Lake asphalt operations are the most striking. The visitor arrives on a fairly level plateau, spotted here and there with tiny pools of water, beneath which the soft shiny substance known as asphalt glitters in the reflection of a fierce tropical sun. Scattered over the surface of the lake dozens of swarthy negroes are plying pick and hoe, extracting the tar-coaly looking stuff from the earth. One may sit in the shade of a nearby shrub, or under the protecting shelter of an umbrella, and watch the negroes pile heap after heap of the asphalt into the endless chain of tubs that hurry along to the pier, from which one has but recently landed, until a yawning excavation of twenty or more feet suggests to the supervising dorky that the time has come to move a bit further on. In the course of a few hours the excavation resulting from the morning's diggings begins to look less deep, and by evenside the spot from which more than five or ten tons have been dug is again level with the surrounding earth and ready to be dug over by the gang of noisy blacks. From the point of digging to the pier is but a mile or less of endless-chain descent, moored to the pier are big sailing vessels, and sometimes steamers, into whose capacious holds the tube discharge the pitch at the rate of two or three hundred tons per day.

Coffee Caramels.

Take one pound of brown sugar, one cup of strong coffee, one-half cup of cream, one ounce of butter. As soon as cooked sufficiently to be brittle when dropped into water pour into buttered tins, and when nearly cool mark off with a buttered knife into squares.

Fashions and Fancies.

Triple skirts are among the fancies. The habit of giving entertainments outside of one's own house seems to be a growing one, and the restaurant function saves much trouble and worry to a hostess.

The single pearl, diamond or turquoise button for the flap of the finger purse and pocketbook continues to be a dainty and elegant fashion.

From London comes the news that the latest walking sticks are cleverly filed into triangular, square and hexagonal forms. This refers not to the handle alone, but to the stick proper.

The perfection of dressing lies in simplicity, which when properly treated can be regal and beautiful. This explains the vogue of the velvet frock, which is beloved by many women.

Among the fashionable skins employed in leather goods are alligator, sea lion, elephant, pig, walrus, seal, monkey, snake and lizard.

Domestic Opinions.

Husband—I think only sensible women ought to marry.

Wife—Well, you'd be a bachelor if that were the rule.—Detroit Free Press.

The Torture of a Flax Shirt.

The most trying ordeal that Booker T. Washington was forced to endure as a slave boy was the wearing of a flax shirt. In his autobiography, "Up From Slavery," he says:

"In the portion of Virginia where I lived it was common to use flax as part of the clothing for slaves. That part of the flax from which our clothing was made was largely the refuse, which of course was the cheapest and roughest part. I can scarcely imagine any torture except perhaps the pulling of a tooth that is equal to that caused by pulling on a new flax shirt for the first time. It is almost equal to the feeling that one would experience if he had a dozen or more chestnut burs or a hundred small pin points in contact with the flesh. Even to this day I can recall accurately the tortures that I underwent when pulling on one of these garments. The fact that my flesh was soft and tender added to the pain. But I had no choice. I had to wear the flax shirt or none, and had it been left to me to choose I should have chosen to wear no covering.

"In connection with the flax shirt my brother John, who is several years older than I am, performed one of the most generous acts that I ever heard of one slave relative doing for another. On several occasions when I was being forced to wear a new flax shirt he generously agreed to put it on in my stead and wear it for several days till it was 'broken in.' Until I had grown to be quite a youth this single garment was all that I wore."

The Resin Eaters.

"Resin eating," said a south Georgia doctor, "is a habit acquired by the Cracker settlers who live in the neighborhood of a turpentine still." The resin they use isn't the hard, shiny resin of commerce, but has been dipped out of the cooking caldron at an early stage of the process, and when it cools it can be kneaded between the fingers like wax. The backwoods resin eater will bite off an immense chunk and chew it placidly until it disappears. The heat of the mouth keeps it fairly soft, but if the chewing becomes too deliberate it is apt to set, as they say, and cement the victim's jaws together in a grip of iron.

"On one occasion a big rawboned backwoodsman who used to hang around a still I operated came rushing into my little office, clutching his face in both hands and making a horrible gurgling noise in his throat. 'What on earth is the matter?' I asked in alarm. 'His resum's sot,' said another Cracker, who brought up the rear. I was not pleased at first, but finally grasped the fact that the man had been chewing a monstrous slab of resin and had thoughtlessly suspended operations long enough to allow it to solidify and clamp his teeth like a vice. We finally pried his mouth open with a chisel and broke a couple of molars in the operation. Next day I saw him chewing again."—Exchange.

The White Shark.

The shark of sharks, the real "man eater" and the one most dreaded, is the white shark. This variety reaches a length of 35 feet and a weight of 2,000 pounds. Its head is long and flat, and the snout far overhangs the mouth. Its six rows of teeth are sharp as lancets and notched like saws. Its mouth is very large, so that one has been known to cut a man's body completely in two at a single snap of its cruel jaws and another to swallow one at a gulp. Near Calcutta one of these sharks was seen to swallow a bullock's head, horns and all.

From the stomach of another a bull's hide was taken entire, and the sailor who made the discovery insisted that the bull had been swallowed whole and all except the hide had been digested. From the stomach of another was taken a lady's workbox, filled with the usual contents, scissors and all. It is commonly the white shark which follows the vessel at sea day after day and week after week.

Laughter.

Laughter is a positive sweetness of life; but, like good coffee, it should be well cleared of deleterious substance before use. Ill will and malice and the desire to wound are worse than chicory. Between a laugh and a giggle there is the width of the horizons. I could sit all day and listen to the hearty and heartsome ha, ha, of a lot of bright and jolly people, but would rather be shot than be forced to stay within earshot of a couple of silly gossips. Cultivate that part of your nature that is quick to see the mirthful side of things, so you shall be enabled to shed many of life's troubles, as the plumage of the bird sheds the rain. But discourage all tendencies to seek your amusement at the expense of another's feelings or in aught that is impure. It was Goethe who said, "Tell me what a man laughs at and I will read you his character."

Chinese Head Rests.

There are no pillows in Chinese beds. They have instead hollow square frames of rattan or bamboo or blocks of wood fashioned so that they fit the nape of the neck and support the head when lying on the side. People who have used these substitutes for pillows say they are much more comfortable than soft, hot feather or hair pillows, especially in warm weather.

The Song of the Grouse.

Certain birds when the period of courtship comes round repair to particular trysting places and announce their presence there by well known calls or signals.

The ruffed grouse, as every one knows, seeks an old log or other convenient perch and drums with his wings, a hint to any lady grouse within hearing that "Barkis is willin'."

The performance of the grouse is one frequently heard, but comparatively seldom seen, and for many years there were numerous conflicting theories concerning the means by which the drumming was produced. Some said that the sound was vocal, and others declared that the grouse struck the log with its wings. Even today the precise cause of the sound is not known, for, although the bird has been closely watched, its wing movements are so rapid that it is next to impossible to tell exactly what takes place. This much, however, is known: During the performance the grouse stands upon the log or other perch and strikes the air in front of his body somewhat after the manner of an elated barnyard cock. The first few strokes are measured, but they become faster and faster until the individual thumps are lost as in the rolling of a drum. Whether the sound is due entirely to beating of the air or whether it is increased by the striking together of the wing tips is a question yet to be settled.

Why Dinah Went.

Not long ago a lieutenant in the navy was ordered away on a three years' cruise. The order had been dreaded for weeks, and when it came the young wife, who was to be left in a Brooklyn flat with a baby and a colored servant, was in despair.

She controlled her sorrow very well, however, until the actual moment of parting came, and then she wept as though her heart would break. The cruiser was to leave the navy yard early next morning and the lieutenant had gone to report for duty.

In the midst of her lamentations the young wife heard a sniffling and sobbing in the dining room, and upon glancing through the door she saw Dinah, the colored maid, rocking her body to and fro in a chair and weeping violently.

"Why D-D Dinah, what's the matter?" cried the mistress. "You seem to t-t-take Mr. Blank's departure as much to heart as I do."

"Deed I doesn't, Miss Blank, deed I doesn't," sobbed Dinah. "What am boderin dis chile am de fac' dat a culud-gemman friend of mine am givin sail hissef on dat same ole cruizah!"

Some Exploded Food Fallacies.

Fish as a food of the brain worker must be consigned to the limbo of vanities, though certain forms of fish are the cheapest of all foods notably the bloater. Oysters and turtle soup are frauds. It would take 14 oysters to equal the nourishment of one egg and 223 to provide the same amount of nutriment contained in a pound of beef.

Salt fish, especially salt fat fish, is the most valuable food for the poorer classes, and whole races in the south of Europe live on the Newfoundland cod. Canned salmon we see at 18 pence a pound is no more expensive than cod at sixpence. Millions of people live on it, and the North American settler who is not well provided with cash finds it a good substitute and change from flesh meat at times.

Frogs' legs are not of high nutritive value, which need not surprise us. Turtle soup from the chemist's point of view is not worth a tenth of the price paid for it.—Exchange.

Too Classic For Them.

A resident in a small suburban town had a visit from a German friend who knew little English, but played the violin well. One of this resident's neighbors gave a "musical," and of course he and his visitor were invited. The German took his violin, and when his turn came he played one of his best pieces from one of the great masters.

When he had finished, there was an awkward silence and no applause. The people were still looking expectantly at the German, who looked disappointed and flustered. The silence grew painful.

Finally the hostess, quite red in the face, edged over to the side of the German's friend.

"Can't you get him to?" she whispered.

"What do you mean?"

"Why, now that he's got tuned up, isn't he going to play something?"—London Tit-Bits.

Professional Courtesy.

First M. D.—I see you occasionally take a patient out for a drive.

Second M. D.—Yes. I think it does them a great deal of good.

First M. D.—But it isn't professional. I never do it.

Second M. D.—I know you don't. When any of your patients go for a ride, the undertaker accompanies them.—Chicago News.

Too Long a Term.

"If you don't worry, you can live 100 years."

"One hundred years? Goodness! If I thought I'd live 100 years, I'd worry myself to death right now."—Chicago Record-Herald.

CARNEGIE'S GIFTS.

Mr. Carnegie's latest benefactions entitled him to a place among the world's greatest philanthropists.—Baltimore Sun.

Those who doubted Andrew Carnegie's intention to practice the gospel of wealth he preached are having their doubts removed rapidly.—New York World.

Mr. Carnegie has a special plan of his own for making the ending of the years of his life interesting. He has invented something to retire to. He proposes to give his millions away not recklessly and indiscriminately, but with the same Scotch thrift that has distinguished his getting. His scheme is not patented.—Baltimore Herald.

THE NURSERY.

A good way to test toilet soap is to touch it to the tongue, and if this smart the soap will irritate the baby's skin.

If a bean or a pea has lodged in a child's ear, do not use water to remove it, for the water will only cause the "foreign substance" to swell.

Giving an emetic to a child who has swallowed a button or any such choice and indigestible article is a fruitless waste of time and energy. It will do no good. It may do a deal of harm. If the bit has been elected to take into his system has sharp or rough edges, give him potatoes and cheese to eat and see that he eats them.

Scotland was the birthplace of golf and for years led the world in the royal and ancient game.

The Chinese calligraphist uses two colors, black and red.

Dear Sirs.—Within the past year I know of three fatty tumors on the head having been removed by the application of MINARD'S LINIMENT without any surgical operation and there is no indication of a return.

CAPT. W. A. PITT,
Clifton, N. B. Gondola Ferry.

I suppose you'll be telling people that I'm a fool?

No, dear. There are some things we must keep to ourselves.—Chicago News.

Keep MINARD'S LINIMENT in the House.

Miss de Pride—I wouldn't marry him if he were the last man on the earth.

Rival Belle—Indeed you wouldn't. I'd take him myself then.

There never was, and never will be, a universal panacea in one remedy for all ills to which flesh is heir—the very nature of many curatives being such that were the germs of other and differently seated diseases rooted in the system of the patient—what would relieve one ill in turn would aggravate the other. We have, however, in Quinine Wine, when obtainable in a sound, unadulterated state, a remedy for many and grievous ills. By its gradual and judicious use, the feeblest systems are led into convalescence and strength by the influence which Quinine exerts on nature's own restoratives. It relieves the drooping spirits of those with whom a chronic state of morbid despondency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and, by tranquilizing the nerves disposes to sound and refreshing sleep—imparts vigor to the action of the blood, which, being stimulated, courses throughout the veins, strengthening the healthy animal functions of the system, thereby making activity a necessary result, strengthening the frame, and giving life to the digestive organs, which naturally demand increased substance—result, improved appetite. Northrop & Lyman, of Toronto have given to the public their superior Quinine Wine at the usual rate, and, gauged by the opinion of scientists, this wine approaches nearest perfection of any in the market. All druggists sell it.

The love that never grows less is the love of money.

Never argue with a wasp, it is sure to carry its point.

Physicians sometimes enable men to postpone the payment of the debt of nature.

The wealthy lawbreaker usually gets less justice for his money than the poor one does.

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

The high premium on honesty proves that it is the best policy.

A handle to a man's name doesn't make him any easier to handle.

A bank failure naturally upsets the depositor who loses his balance.

We have no hesitation in saying that Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial is without doubt the best medicine ever introduced for dysentery, diarrhoea, cholera and all summer complaints, sea sickness, etc. It promptly gives relief and never fails to effect a positive cure. Mothers should never be without a bottle when their children are teething.

When the horse a man bets on comes in last he begins to realize that time is money.

The theatrical deadhead is both passed and present.

HER HUSBAND WAS A DRUNKARD

A Lady Who Cures Her Husband of His Drinking Habits Writes of Her Struggle to Save Her Home.

A PATHETIC LETTER.



"I had for a long time been thinking of trying the Tasteless Samaria Prescription treatment on my husband for his drinking habits, but I was afraid he would discover that I was giving him medicine, and the thought unnerved me. I hesitated for nearly a week, but one day when he came home very much intoxicated and his salary nearly all spent, I threw off all fear and determined to make an effort to save our home from the ruin I saw coming at all hazards. I sent for your Tasteless Samaria Prescription and put it in his coffee as directed next morning and watched and prayed for the result. At noon I gave him more and also at supper. He never suspected a thing, and I then boldly kept right on giving it regularly, as I had discovered something that set every nerve in my body tingling with hope and happiness, and I could see a bright future spread out before me. A peaceful happy home, a share in the good things of life, an attentive, loving husband, comforts, and everything else dear to a woman's heart, for my husband had told me that whisky was vile stuff and he was taking a dislike to it. It was only too true, for before I had given him the full course he had stopped drinking altogether, but I kept giving him the medicine till it was all gone, and then sent for another lot to have on hand if he should relapse, as he had done from promises before. He never has, and I am writing you this letter to tell you how thankful I am. I honestly believe it will cure the worst cases."

SENT FREE TO ALL.—A sample package of Tasteless Samaria Prescription SENT FREE with full particulars in plain sealed envelope. All letters considered sacredly confidential. Address The Samaria Remedy Co., 30 Jordan Street, Toronto, Ont.

THE Woman's Christian Temperance Union

ADOPT THE

"SAMARIA PRESCRIPTION"

FOR THE CURE OF DRUNKENNESS

Letter from Mrs. George Grant, of Paisley, Ont., giving particulars of a cure effected by "Samaria Prescription," resulting in its use and adoption by the Paisley Women's Christian Temperance Union.

(Copy)
Paisley, Ont., December 11th, 1900.

The Samaria Remedy Co.,
30 Jordan Street, Toronto, Ont.

"Dear Sirs.—I penned a few lines to you some time ago—as a member of the temperance cause, I wrote for information, at that time I had in my mind friends whose son was a great cause of anxiety and trouble on account of his drunken habits. I strongly urged the friends to try the remedy I saw advertised in the Toronto Globe. They did so. It was the Samaria Remedy that was administered and I am pleased to inform the company the medicine was helpful, the young man has not drunk a drop since, breaking off from old companions, and special prayers on his behalf, all aided in breaking the chains."

At the last meeting of the W. C. T. U. here, I introduced your medicine for the cure of the liquor habit, and a resolution was passed, "That inasmuch as it is the aim of this organization to help the poor inebriate, we should recommend this remedy in homes where persons are addicted to the use of intoxicating liquors." Now, Sirs, wishing you a successful career in your noble work, and feeling that assistance can be given in the precincts of home by the hand of mother or wife, trusting God may open up useful avenues for your labors. Yours very respectfully,
(Signed) MRS. GEORGE GRANT,
In behalf of Paisley W. C. T. U.

FREE SAMPLE.—and pamphlet giving full information, testimonials and price sent in plain sealed envelope. Enclose 2c stamp. Address THE SAMARIA REMEDY CO., 30 JORDAN ST., TORONTO, ONTARIO.

A man without a conscience is a man without principle.

WEAK FROM INFANCY.

THE UNFORTUNATE CONDITION OF MISS ERNESTINE CLOUTIER.

As She Grew Older Her Trouble Became More Pronounced—Doctors Said Her Case Was One of General Debility, and Held Out Small Hope of Recovery—She Is Now Well and Strong—A Lesson for Parents.

From The Telegraph, Quebec.

No discovery in medicine in modern times has done so much to bring back the rich glow of health and the natural activity of healthy young womanhood to weak and ailing girls as has Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Girls delicate from childhood have used these pills with remarkably beneficial effects, and the cherished daughter of many a household has been transformed from a pale and sickly girl into a happy and robust condition by their use.

Among the many who have regained health and strength through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is Miss Ernestine Cloutier, the fifteen year old daughter of Mr. G. A. Cloutier, residing at No. 8 Lallemand Street, Quebec City. Mr. Cloutier, in an interview with a representative of the Telegraph, gave the following account of his daughter's illness and recovery.

Almost from infancy my daughter had not enjoyed good health, her constitution being of a frail character. We did not pay much attention to her weakness, as we thought that she would outgrow it. Unfortunately this was not the case, and as she grew older she became so weak that I got alarmed at her condition. For days at a time she was unable to take out of doors, exercise. She became listless, her appetite failed her, and as time went on she could not stand without supporting herself against something, and at times she would fall in a faint. I called in a doctor, but his medicine did not help her and she was growing weaker than ever. Another physician was then consulted who pronounced her case one of general debility, and gave me very little hope for her recovery. Some months ago while reading one of the daily papers I came across the case of a young woman cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, so I determined to give them a trial.

After she had used about three boxes, the color began to come back to her cheeks and she began to grow stronger. Greatly encouraged by this, she continued to use the pills for several months and now she is as well as any girl of her age. Her appetite is good and she has gained thirty-five pounds in weight. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have built up her system and have made her healthy and active after doctors failed to benefit her. I believe that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the greatest known medicine for growing girls, and I would advise their use in all cases similar to that of my daughter's.

Miss Cloutier's story should bring hope to many thousands of other young girls who suffer as she did. Those who are pale, lack appetite, suffer from headaches and palpitation of the heart, dizziness or a feeling of constant weariness, will find renewed health and strength in the use of a few boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail, post paid, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Some things go without saying, but the bore usually says without going.

A short sermon on the vanity of earthly possessions.—"Shrouds have no pockets."

Mrs. Celeste Ooon, Syracuse, N.Y., writes: "For years I could not eat many kinds of food without producing a burning, excruciating pain in my stomach. I took 'Pain-Expeller' Pills according to directions under 'Dyspepsia or Indigestion.' One box entirely cured me. I can now eat anything I choose, without distressing me in the least. These pills do not cause pain or griping, and should be used when a cathartic is required."

MINARD'S LINIMENT Lumbago's Friend.

A man sometimes loses his head, but a woman seldom loses her tongue.

A rolling stone gathers no moss, but a rolling mill gathers a lot of dross.

The breath of scandal is an ill wind that blows nobody good.

If you are a lover of good tea, buy a package of 50¢ Blue Ribbon (it has a green label) and you will have a treat.

Olivea.

The olive tree in its wild state is a thorny shrub or small tree, but when cultivated becomes a tree 20 to 40 feet high, with no thorns. It lives to a good age. The leaves resemble those of a willow, the flowers are small and white and grow in clusters as grapes do, and the fruit is greenish, whitish, violet or even black in color and generally oval in shape. It is produced in great profusion, so that an old olive tree becomes very valuable to its owner.

Among the Greeks the olive was sacred to Minerva, the goddess of wisdom. It was also the emblem of purity. A crown of olive twigs was the highest honor that could be bestowed upon a Greek citizen. An olive branch was also the symbol of peace, and the vanquished who came to beg for peace bore olive branches in their hands.

The American olive is remarkable for the hardness of its wood. It is found as far north as Virginia. Its fruit is fit for use, and its flowers are fragrant.

The fragrant olive of China and Japan has extremely fragrant flowers, which are used for flavoring tea.

MONEY SAVED and pain relieved by the leading household remedy, DR. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL—a small quantity of which usually suffices to cure a cough, heal a sore, out, bruise or sprain, relieve lumbago, rheumatism, neuralgia, excoriated nipples, or inflamed breast.

Tomorrow never comes, they say. But all such talk is idle gush. For when we have a debt to pay, Tomorrow gets there with a rush.

A grocer in England had written on his window the other day "Only fresh-laid British eggs sold here." Next morning some joker had written underneath "We scorn the foreign yoke."

MINARD'S LINIMENT is used by Physicians.

When one man is bent on fleecing another he tries to pull the wool over his eyes.

Where there's a will there's a way—for the lawyers to get two-thirds of the estate.

SLEEPLESSNESS is due to nervous excitement. The delicate constitution, the financier, the business man, and those whose occupation necessitates great mental strain or worry, all suffer less or more from it. Sleep is the great restorer of a worried brain, and to get sleep cleanse the stomach from all impurities with a few doses of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, gelatine coated, containing no mercury, and are guaranteed to give satisfaction or the money will be refunded.

Men seldom fall so deeply in love that they can't climb out by the ladder of reason.

Revenge is the doubtful pleasure of a weak and narrow mind.

Pride has but two seasons—a forward spring and an early fall.

It takes a blacksmith longer to shoe a mule than it does a woman to shoe a hen.

When sickness results from carelessness nature says "I told you so."

Proverbs are truisms on the half-shell.

A cure in time knocks the undertaker out of many a dime.

The girl dressed in a crash suit isn't necessarily loud.

Silence may be golden, but it never succeeds in borrowing a dollar.

Every house has its skeleton, and some boarding houses have several.

AGENTS WANTED.

We are in need of a few reliable Agents throughout the country to handle our

GASOLINE LAMPS AND SUPPLIES.

Good profit and quick sales. For particulars address

VINE INCANDESCENT GAS LAMP CO., 313 Main St., Winnipeg.

ALL-WOOD MICA ROOFING

Reputation established 10 years trial. A home industry. Encourage it. BEWARE of American Paper Felting, which cracks in our climate. For samples and testimonials apply to

W. G. FONSECA, (Sole Agent), 664 Main Street, WINNIPEG

WHEELER & WILSON'S

Sewing Machines

Office and Warerooms STILL LEAD

213 Portage Avenue.

A COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER'S STORY.

Interview With Mr. J. H. Ireland, One of the Old Time Knights of the Grip.

His Fight on a Recent Occasion in the Maritime Provinces—How Dodd's Kidney Pills Came to His Help—High Words of Praise for that Remedy.

Toronto, June 17.—(Special).—Mr. J. H. Ireland, the well-known traveller for hats and caps, left for the Maritime provinces one day last week. Handily packed in Mr. Ireland's private grip was a box of Dodd's Kidney Pills, the medicine famous throughout Canada as a specific for all troubles of the kidneys. When asked about his experience with this remedy, Mr. Ireland grew quite enthusiastic.

I never got out on a trip of any length without a box of Dodd's Kidney Pills, he asserted.

Are you afflicted with Kidney Trouble a great deal then? Mr. Ireland was asked.

Not a great deal now, no, replied Mr. Ireland. I take Dodd's Kidney Pills more as a preventive than anything else. But in the winter of ninety-eight I was, I can tell you, I was down in Nova Scotia when I first used Dodd's Kidney Pills. I don't know whether it was the water down there, the climate, riding so much in the train or what, but certainly my kidneys were on the point of a complete breakdown. Backache! It was one continual misery. It spoiled my business, broke my rest and wore me down until the life was taken right out of me.

And you used Dodd's Kidney Pills?

I used the only remedy I knew of that was a specific for the kidneys, answered Mr. Ireland. The first dose of Dodd's Kidney Pills seemed to go right to the spot. In a few days I was feeling as well as ever I did in my life. They are a splendid medicine. I have recommended Dodd's Kidney Pills to scores of men on the road like myself, and none of them but have the warmest praise for the medicine, being just exactly what we need in our walk of life, a safe, reliable, strengthening stimulant for the kidneys.

Tommy-Pop, what's the difference between a habit and a vice?

Tommy's Pop—Habits, my son, are our own frailties; vices are those of other people.

FRAGRANT

Sozodont

a perfect liquid dentifrice for the

Teeth and Mouth

New Size SOZODONT LIQUID, 25c
SOZODONT TOOTH POWDER, 25c
Large LIQUID and POWDER, 75c

At all Stores, or by Mail for the price.

HALL & RUCKEL, New York.

BIG STOCK OF

TYPE

AND

MATERIAL.

Everything for the

Printer.

TORONTO TYPE

FOUNDRY CO.

LIMITED.

175 OWEN ST., WINNIPEG

W. N. U. No. 329.

Sozodont for the Teeth and Breath 25c

At all Stores, or by Mail for the price. HALL & RUCKEL, N. Y.

ISSUED EVERY WEDNESDAY.
Subscription, \$2 a year, in advance.

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.

MILK.

We are up against it again. An irate milkman last week paid his sub. and quit, because he said, we had said he watered his milk. This is not true, we did not say so, and what is more we do not care whether he does or not. We remember that, in reporting a police case some time back, we said that one of the parties had begun to explain how much water a certain milkman used, but had been stopped by the judge. Now that the affair has been thrust down our teeth thus unceremoniously, we will say just what was said on that occasion.

"Mr McKelvey then stated that customers had complained of the milkman in question—we still withhold the name—being so mean, that he watered his milk, and they had threatened to quit him." We do not care one pin for aforesaid milkman's dropping his subscription, but when he does so and howls about the paper talking about him, then the public should be allowed to read what was said, and to judge of the utter smallness of the person who would seek to injure those who don't bother their heads about him in the least. If any injury has been done, why not go after they who have done it? The opportunity is such a golden one.

A Weary Willy was given three months for D. & D. Saturday.

The Voice as a Revealer of Character.

There is no greater revealer of character than the human voice. It is the first thing that strikes us in a stranger, or in a new acquaintance. If it has that spontaneous ring of truth that no training can impart we recognize its appeal for confidence. Some voices have the jar of falsehood, and are as full of warning as the hiss of a serpent. The unconscious natural voice is to be regarded as the index of character. To speak promptly and positively is generally to act promptly and positively; to speak politely is to act politely, and to speak gruffly and rudely is a good way to make rude action easy.—Amelia E. Barr, in the Ladies' Home Journal for August.

OBITUARY.

Mr and Mrs Farmer have met with a bereavement in the death of their little daughter Myrtle, aged 8 months, who passed quietly to rest on Wednesday the 7th, at 5 a.m. The little one had been a sufferer for some time and her demise was expected. The funeral took place on Thursday, at 3 p.m., services being conducted by Rev. Mr Wilkinson. A large number of beautiful flowers were sent by sympathizing friends.

To know Blue Ribbon Tea
is to love it.
Are you drinking it?

PERSONAL.

Mrs Russell is visiting Mrs Nichol.

Rev. Mr Dodds arrived by Friday's train.

W. B. Anderson is confined to his room with an attack of pleurisy.

Mrs Willard and family have gone for a vacation to Victoria.

Mr Thorburn returned from Renton, Wash.

Miss Butler from Nanaimo is the guest of Mr and Mrs Short.

Miss Maitland and Miss Ariss are visiting Mrs Anley.

Mr and Mrs Bennett have returned from Hornby Island where they spent their vacation.

Mr L. Nunns and family are having an outing at Oyster river.

Mr and Mrs J. Roe have returned from a fishing excursion to Oyster river.

Constable and Mrs Thomson returned from Victoria on Wednesday's steamer.

Mrs Williams and family left also by the same train to join her husband at Renton, W.T.

Mr T. Horne received news on Friday of the serious illness of his father at Nanaimo and left immediately for that place.

Mr J. Humphreys of the wharf, was up yesterday, accompanied by ex-Chief Stewart of Vancouver, who is on his way to St. Michael's.

Archdeacon Scriven held afternoon service at Koy's beach on Sunday afternoon for the benefit of the campers.

Mr Yates returned to his home in Vancouver on Thursday, after spending six months with his daughter Mrs Beckman.

Hon. Mr Dunsmuir and family with a party of excursionists made a flying visit to Union on their way north.

Mrs J. B. McLean and family returned from Abbotsford, accompanied by her father Mr John Campbell.

Amongst the arrivals per City of Nanaimo on Wednesday were noticed Robt. Thorburn, J. Stant, Mrs Russell, G. A. Campbell, Rev. Mr Dodds, Mrs Livesley, Mrs Tarbell, Mrs J. B. McLean and family.

Those outward bound on Friday were: J. Doney, E. Haywood, Mat Mitchell, Mrs Williams and family, Mrs Dobbs, Mrs Reid, Mrs Willard, W. Pollock, A. Carlson, Mr and Mrs Ashman, John Hoggan, S. McKane, Abe Haywood and several others.

CUSTOMS RETURNS.

Following are the returns for the month of Aug. 1901:

Imports dutiable.....\$3,077
free.....791
Duty collected.....815

GEO. H. ROWE, Col.

Victoria papers announce that on account of the continued heat that the public schools will not reopen until Aug. 12.

LOCALS.

Mr Parks has taken his family to the beach for the benefit of his little daughter's health.

A garden party will be held at Mrs Bridges' farm on Aug. 22nd, at 4 p.m., under the distinguished patronage of the officers of the fleet. Selections on the bagpipes, songs music and games will be a feature of the entertainment. Those wishing a good time should not miss going. For particulars see handbills.

The many friends of Mrs L. Hall will be pleased to learn that she has accepted the position of matron at the hospital. The appointment gives universal satisfaction.

Ice-cream is buttery when it is churned before the cream is icy cold. Turn slowly at first until the mixture begins to freeze, then rapidly for a few moments until it is frozen.—August Ladies' Home Journal.

Don't fail to attend the garden fete on Aug. 22nd, to be held at Mr Bridges' farm. Selections from the celebrated Xmas pantomime, "Robinson Crusoe" will be given.

Under the temporary supervision of Mr and Mrs Grant, the "Riverside" Hotel is regaining its old time popularity of being strictly up-to-date in its requirements and accommodations.

The duties of a godmother today are limited to making a present to the mother on the day of the child's christening and remember to send a small gift to the child now and then.—August Ladies' Home Journal.

To Read Character from the Eyes.

To read a person's character from his face is an accomplishment which few possess, but which many would like to have. The study is an absorbingly interesting one, and has not only an entertaining, but a practical side as well. An article on the subject will shortly be published in The Ladies' Home Journal, giving careful details regarding the traits of character indicated by the different features of the face.

TO THE DEAF.

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

The long delayed match between the Cumberland nine and the Nanaimo nine has been fixed to come off on Friday next and a good game is expected.

FOR SALE

Twenty splendid breeding Ewes. Apply to JOHN K. URQUHART.

QUALITY in BREAD

FLAVOR and MOISTURE
ARE THE ESSENTIALS

Ours is becoming noted for these Qualities.
STEAM or PAN LOAVES a Specialty....

CAMPBELLS' Dunsmuir Ave.

Poultry Netting

2 Foot, 5c. per yard

3 " 8c. " "

4 " 10c. " "

6 " 15c. " "

Fencing, Wire from 5c. to 5 3-4c. per lb.

Bailing " " 5 3-4c. " "

3-8 Coil Chain " 7 1/4c. " "

Navy Wheelbarrows, \$2.50 each.

Magnet Cash Store

NOTICE.

Until further notice, on and after August 1st 1901, sprinkling or watering gardens, or premises, from water mains will not be allowed after 9 a.m., under penalty of having the water turned off and a charge of \$2.00 made for turning on again.

Water may be used for gardening purposes before 9 a.m. in morning and from 7 to 9 p.m. in evening. No hose or tap to be allowed to run all night, or water will be shut off.

No water to be used from hydrants for any purpose except extinguishing fires.

Any person found using water from any other persons faucets will be prosecuted.

GEORGE STEVENS,
Mgr. Cumberland Water Works.
jy31

CORPORATION OF THE CITY OF CUMBERLAND

A BY-LAW

TO REGULATE THE USE OF BICYCLES IN THE CITY OF CUMBERLAND.

WHEREAS it is deemed expedient that the use of bicycles in the city shall be regulated.

Be it therefore enacted by the Mayor and Council as follows:—

1. That no person shall ride or drive a bicycle at a pace exceeding six miles an hour on any street or alley.

2. That any person riding or driving a bicycle shall before the first day of August, 1901, have attached to such bicycle when so driven or ridden a bell that when sounded can be distinctly heard at a distance of at least 40 yards from such bicycle when in motion, and such person so riding such bicycle shall sound such bell when passing or meeting any other person, whether walking or driving when he arrives at a distance of 30 yards off such other persons so that the bell can be distinctly heard.

3. No person shall ride or use a bicycle on any sidewalks in the city.

4. Any person riding a bicycle shall move out of the way of any foot passengers and at such a distance so that such foot passengers shall not be inconvenienced by such bicycle.

5. All riders of bicycles shall pass any other bicycle or vehicle when meeting, so that such other bicycle or vehicle shall be on his or her right hand and when passing, on his or her left hand, and all drivers of vehicles shall pass all bicycles when meeting so that such bicycle shall have ample room on the beaten track to pass on his or her right hand and when passing on his or her left hand.

6. No person shall throw or place on any street, avenue, lane or public place or cycle track any tacks, broken glass or other sharp or obstructive material liable to injure or delay any bicycle propelled thereon, or knowingly permit any such material to remain on any street, lane or cycle path in

front of any Premises owned or occupied by him or her.

7. That any person riding a bicycle shall have between the hours of sunset and sunrise during the months from the first of October to the first of May in each year, and from one hour after sunset to one hour before sunrise of each day from the first day of May to the first day of October of each year a light attached to such bicycle when so ridden, and such light shall be kept lighted and bright so that it can be clearly seen a distance of 30 yards from the front of the bicycle.

8. No person shall carry a child or children upon a bicycle or tricycle.

9. Every rider of a bicycle or tricycle shall at all times when riding the same have control of the vehicle by keeping one of his or her feet on the pedals and holding the handle bars, and in case a number of bicycles or tricycles are travelling together not more than two of them shall be allowed to go abreast.

10. All persons keeping bicycles for sale or hire shall keep posted up in a conspicuous place in the store in which the bicycles are kept a copy of this by-law and shall draw the attention of anyone on hiring bicycles to the said by-law and regulations thereof.

11. Any person or persons guilty of an infraction of any of the provisions of this by-law shall upon conviction before the Mayor, Police Magistrate, or any Justice or Justices of the Peace having jurisdiction in the City of Cumberland, on the oath or affirmation of any credible witness forfeit and pay at the discretion of said Mayor or Police Magistrate, Justice or Justices convicting, a penalty not exceeding twenty-five dollars and costs for each offence and in default of payment thereof it shall be lawful for the Mayor, Police Magistrate, Justice or Justices of the Peace convicting as aforesaid to issue a warrant under his hand and seal, or in case the said Mayor, Police Magistrate, Justice or Justices of the Peace or any two or more of them acting together therein, then under the hand and seal of one of them, to levy the said penalty and costs, or penalty or costs only by distress and sale of the offender or offenders goods and chattels; and in case of no sufficient distress to satisfy the said penalty and costs or penalty or costs, it shall and may be lawful for the Mayor, Police Magistrate, Justice or Justices convicting as aforesaid or any of them, to commit the offender or offenders to the common jail or any lock-up house in the City of Cumberland for any period not exceeding two months unless the said penalty and costs or penalty or costs be sooner paid.

Read the first time 20th day of May, 1901.

Read the second time 28th day of June, 1901.

Read the third time 17th day of June, 1901.

Reconsidered and finally passed the 15th day of July, 1901.

JAMES A. CARTHEW,

LAWRENCE W. NUNNS,

jy17,3t City Clerk.