THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

SEVENTH YEAR. CUMBERLAND, B. C. SATURDAY, AUG. 19th, 1899

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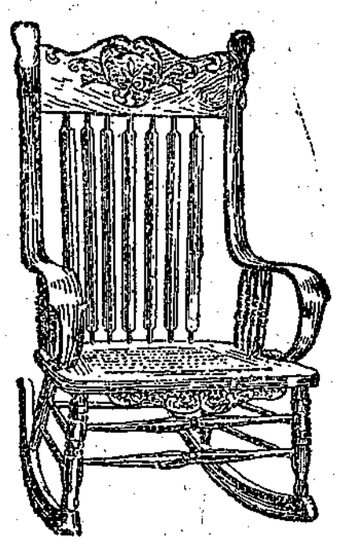

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The Excursion.

About 165 persons took advantage of the cheap excursion on Thursday, to visit Texada. We were rather late starting from the Wharf, and called at Comox about half past eight. Here embarked Messrs Geo. Grant McDonald, and Sam J. Cliffe, without whom no excursion would be complete. Quite a few were on from Comox and Courtenay.

The water was pretty smooth going, yet before we were fairly out of the harbor three er four excursionists were seen to change color to that beautiful pale tint, between a green and a yellow. Now if some manufacturer of dyes could only hit on that peculiar shade, his fortune would be made. Dr. Millard was on board, but medical lore hath not within its ponderous tomes any remedy. It is passing strange that specialists do not turn their attention to the cause and cure of an epidemic so common instead of spending valuable time growing hideous little germs—as if there were not enough already.

Several kodaks and cameras were in evidence and the lucky owners secured some nice, natural groups—a seasick youth among them. On shore, Mr. J. B. McLean took photos of the smelter, hotel, mill and City of Nanaimo at the wharf.

THE SMELTER.

The smelter is running full blast, turning out 50 tons of ore per day. Its capacity will be increased later, if necessary, by getting in new furnaces. The plant is a good one and cost $50,000. The metal is crushed on the island and sent to New York to be refined. Smelting is done for outside parties owning claims, so that anyone can have his quartz worked. This is a great advantage for coast miners. Manager Treat uses Union coke altogether. He said he found it much superior to what he expected and expressed himself as much pleased with the results obtained. When the capacity of the smelter is increased, it will require 40 tons of coke per day.

THE MILL.

Messrs. Grant & Mounce had the satisfaction of seeing their mill work in good shape before handing it over to the new owners. A large supply of lumber is constantly needed on the Island for the dwelling houses and buildings in connection with the mines. An extensive building to contain offices for the company, a bank, a post-office, an assay office, etc., will shortly be erected. There is some talk of opening a mining school in the near future. The pier is a substantial one and has a line of trolley running to the smelter.

ROADS.

What roads there are on the Island are in very fair condition.

WAGES.

Wages run from $2.50 to $3.50 per day and there is a demand for more men. The land has been divided into town lots which will be sold on easy terms to men desirous of building homes for themselves.

The waste product from the smelter is assayed twice or three times per day to make sure nothing of value will be lost. On the pieces of quartz, as they come out the smelter crystals of pure copper may be seen and a little gold. The latter is not very large percentage, but the value of all the ore is about $50 per ton, so that the smelter turns out $2,500 worth of ore per day.

Mr. Seymour, private secretary to Mr. Treat, is about starting a fortnightly paper in the interests of the new town. The press work will be done in Vancouver. The Van Anda Company purpose putting on a boat of their own town and will have daily mails in the near future.

On the return trip Capt. Gardener at the instance of Mr. McLean, courteously waited over half an hour at both Comox and the wharf to give passengers an opportunity to stretch their weary limbs and partake of refreshments of a more or less liquid description.

The genial steward of the city, John Todd, was everywhere at once. Truly, the owners could not have a a man in his place who would better suit the travelling public. The same may be said of every one on board the City. Thanks are due Mr. Treat and Mr. Seymour for courtesy in showing a stranger around and explaining everything of interest.

Seattle, Aug. 18.—News just received that the Alaska Co's steamer Louise on the Yukon was wrecked a short distance above St. Michaels and is a total loss, also a government cargo lost amounting to $10,000.

For Sale.—A new type-writer, never been used. Price $40. Apply this office

Vancouver, Aug. 18.—Scarcity of labor in salmon fishing. Fishermen are able to secure better terms and to day the fiish advanced to 20 cents.

FOR SALE OR RENT.—The house lately occupied by Mr. Chas. Lowe. For terms, apply to J.L. Roe, Cumberland.

Victoria, Aug. 18.—H. M. S. Warspite leaves for Comox next week to spend a month rifle practice.

FOR SALE.—A set of Dickens' works—cost $28—will take $10. Apply this office.

Victoria, Aug. 18.—Mrs. Richard Creech from Hamilton Ontario, dfed here Wednesday night. She was 70 years old and related to H. Creech of Comox.

Victoria, Aug. 18.—Justice Drake this morning delivered judgment quashing civic by-law closing up a portion of Craig Flower Road as a main highway.

Victoria, Aug 4.—The Str. Tees was unable to take all cargo offered on her last trip north.

New York, Aug. 18.—Half a ton of dynamite being used by contractors exploded on a plot of ground here to day with terrific effect. Several persons are injured and buildings wrecked.

Rennes, Aug. 18.—M. Labori was allowed to leave his bed for three hours to-day and even to walk across the room. Doctor says he will be able to be present at Monday's session. Madame Labori has received a number of men asking letters. One that came to-day was sorry that the would-be

Berlin, Aug. 10.—Commenting on the Dreyfus court-martial, the Cologne Gazette says;—It is impossible to cast shame upon France, believing that witnesses who have held the highest offices of state are prejudiced ruffians. Disregard of public state state facts is only to be explained by their firm conviction that the facts in Bord aux were communicated by an officer of the general staff and that officer couldn't have been Dreyfus. Suspicion points to Colonel Henry who resorted to forgery to strengthen the legeed of the guilt of Dreyfus.

FROM KLONDIKE.

One, at least, of the Klondikers has struck it rich. Mr. Jno. Williams has seven claims on Hunker Creek, No. 35, upper and lower, two in No. 36 and No. 37. No. 35 alone is estimated to be worth $100,000. A little son of Mr. A. D. Williams' washed out from this claim a nugget worth $60. Mr. Williams brought home several photos of his claim, the cabin they lived in, and the tramway to his claim and other places of interest. Mr. Frank Williams thinks there is no truth in the report that Alex McDonald has assigned. He has claims on the richest ground in Klondike. Mr. McDonald's machinery, except the light stuff, is in Dawson still, awaiting transportation when the snow comes.

WHARF NOTES.

Most of the Bayites visited Texada yesterday and were much pleased with the day's outing, and the sights they saw.

Transfer has been quite busy this week carrying C. P. R. cars loaded with coal to Vancouver.

The steamer Tyr, lumber loaded from Chemainus for China, called here this week for fuel.

Chas. Thulin, of Hotel Malispino, Lund, B. C., was over on a visit this week.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

Sealed Tenders, properly indorsed will be received up to Thursday 24th inst. at 6 p. m. for the construction of a frame school-house at Union Bay.

Plans and Specifications, Blank forms of Tender, and Bond of Execution of the work can be had on applications to the undersigned.

The lowest of any tender not necessarily accepted.

M. Manson.
Secretary Trustee Board
Union Bay, August 11, '99.

Notice.

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

By order
FRANCIS D. LITTLE
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All the latest Sheet Music and Folios. Finest Strings for all instruments. Agents for the popular Domestic Sewing Machines. Needles and parts for all machines. Send for Catalogue.

WHEN FINIS COMES.

When finis comes, the book we close,
And somewhat sadly fancy goes
With backward step from stage to stage
Of that accomplished pilgrimage. * * *
The thorn lies thicker than the rose!

There is so much that no one knows—
So much unreached that none suppose.
What flaws, what faults, on every page
When finis comes!

Still they must pass. The swift tide flows,
Though not for all the laurel grows.
Perchance in this beslandered age
The worker mainly wins his wage,
And time will sweep both friends and foes
When finis comes.

—Austin Dobson.

The Case of Mr. Mason.

Mr. Mason seemed to all of us who knew him at Burkille a perfectly inoffensive man. He had come to Burkville from —somewhere. The fact that he talked little or not at all about his own previous history may have somewhat prejudiced him in the estimation of our citizens, for Burkville people, there is no denying, are inquisitive—like to know all about newcomers.

In a purely business sense Everett K. Mason was unimpeachable. It was socially, and only socially, that his personality was a little overcast by his never alluding to any other place where he may have resided before he came to hang out in the thriving and growing town of Burkville the sign, "Everett K. Mason, Real Estate."

As any one may remark, this was a very notable exception to the rule that silence is golden. Mr. Mason, it seemed, could smile on the just and unjust, the high and the low alike, though nobody ever saw him hilarious, but it seemed that he had made it to himself an inflexible rule to talk only of indifferent and impersonal matters when he was not talking business.

Nevertheless his fate came to him at last, for all his not talking.

It was a deal in Burkville real estate that brought him into friendly relations with Deacon Sturge, the father of Lydia Sturge.

"Well, now," said the deacon, coming home in a good humor one afternoon, "about this Mason. What's the matter with Mason? That's what I want to know."

"He's all right," young Bobby yelled, thinking of last election.

"Keep still, Bobby," said Mrs. Sturge. "What do you mean, pa? Who said anything against this Mr. Mason? I'm sure he comes to church regularly, and you ought to know if he puts anything in the plate. What about him?"

"Well, just this about him—he strikes me as a good, square, up and down business man, and I think this community ought to be glad to have him."

True, to be sure, some women—church members, too—tried to make us believe that Mrs. Sturge was trying to get a substantial, reliable son-in-law when she became hospitable to this Mr. Mason, but, then, there is no end to the small malice of some women who are church members.

It can hardly be said that Mr. Mason showed any great enthusiasm in his way of accepting the Sturge invitation He came with what you may call polite alacrity—just pleased to show his consideration for the Sturge family. When he came, he smiled on everybody and on the supper, which was a good supper. Lydia did not take any marked dislike to him. He made himself agreeable to Mrs. Sturge. He talked cheerily with the deacon about the outlook for Burkville real estate. As for me—I happened to be one of the party—it struck me that poor Mason was not nearly so delighted with the entertainment as his set smile would have indicated, and I know that he once stole a sly look at the clock when it was not yet quite half an hour to the right going home time.

But before Mr. Mason could properly bring his visit to a close something happened.

It all came of Bobby's inordinate fondness for dried prunes. Bobby would run back for the second time since leaving the supper table to the dining room to get more prunes. He sat on the floor in a corner, between the grand piano and the fender, and worked his jaws and flicked prune stones into the grate, unobserved by his parents, until suddenly he paused, looked alarmed and gave a hideous, strangled cough.

"He's choked!" Mrs. Sturge cried aloud.

"It's those prunes! I know it!" Lydia got up from the piano seat, caught her younger brother by the arms, jerked him to his feet and began thumping his back.

"If you will allow me," said Mr. Mason in exactly the same even, unexcited tones in which he had just been unfolding a plan for the expansion of Burkville in one particular direction, "I think I see what is wrong."

Then he quietly but firmly took Bobby from Lydia's violent hands, set him in a straight backed chair and seized a Japanese or Chinese whalebone back scratcher which helped to ornament one end of the mantelpiece.

"Just let me hold your head back as far as you can, Bobby," said Mr. Mason, placing his left hand on Bobby's red and perspiring brow and with his right adroitly concealing the back scratcher.

Bobby, half exhausted already, did as he was told, while his mouth fell open automatically. Then Mr. Mason, with the swiftness and precision of a juggler, it seemed to me, sent the butt end of the whalebone straight down Bobby's gullet. A turn of Mr. Mason's wrist, and up came the whalebone again. Mr. Mason smiled, it seemed rather sheepishly, as he let Bobby escape and turned to Mrs. Sturge with, "No cause for alarm, I assure you—none whatever."

It took some time to convince Mrs. Sturge that the prune stone, which had stuck crosswise in Bobby's throat, had been pushed into a proper end on position, which Mr. Mason said, "made its deglutition easy." Bobby himself would not believe it for 12 hours after, but the profuse gratitude showered on Mr. Mason and all the confusion following the incident gave him an opportunity to run away, which, I thought, he was evidently glad to seize.

"Now, what do you think of that man and his 'deglutition?'" Lydia said to me after he had left. "Do you think he learned to perform surgical operations just to go into the real estate business?"

"Hardly," I said.

"I wonder who Mr. Mason is?" she mused.

"Just Mr. Mason," I said.

Lydia shook her head with conviction.

"That man has had a past life," she said, "because he is over 30. He never talks about that past life. There must be a reason why he never talks about that past life. That reason must be discovered. The Vehmgericht must take a hand here."

Now, I know what Lydia's Vehmgericht was. It was a half jocose club, with a membership of five girls and two young matrons of Burkville. It never held formal meetings that anybody knew of, had no badges that anybody ever saw, and yet the "society" boys and girls of the place were somehow more than half afraid of the Vehmgericht. For myself I had never believed very seriously in the terrors of this secret organization, and yet when Lydia mentioned it in connection with Mr. Mason I could not help half expecting, half wishing, that something might come of her threat.

That winter passed away, and the spring followed it and the summer. I met Lydia Sturge at the county fair in the fall. She had been away at the seaside.

"You are particularly welcome," she said in answer to my greeting. "You are just the man."

"Oh," I said, "have you found that out at last?"

"It only took me one minute to make up my mind," she said. "You see, you were there when I resolved to enter seriously into this matter."

"What matter—garden truck or quilts?"

"You were there when I said it was a subject for the Vehmgericht," she went on, ignoring my facetiousness.

"You don't mean about Mason? Have you remembered that all this time?"

"Well, in spite of your sneers, it seems you have remembered it," she retorted. "No, we have not forgotten The affair has been brought to a conclusion, I believe, or nearly. We want the help of some man tonight."

"If there is any slaughter in it," I said, "I beg to decline."

"I think you will do very well," Lydia went on. "The west bound limited reaches the Union depot at 10:37 p. m. It will bring a young but rather emaciated woman, dressed in mourning. You must be there to meet her. Ask for Mrs. Cook, carry her valise for her, board the street car and bring her to our house."

As this mission entailed no bloodshed I undertook it. Before I left the fair grounds Lydia had warned me that a word of this important matter breathed to any one before she should give me permission would be visited with the displeasure of the Vehmgericht. Silence and faithfulness in the execution of my orders would equally merit its good graces.

The young woman dressed in black duly appeared with her valise on the platform of the day coach as the limited drew into the depot that night. She was emaciated, as Lydia had described her, but decidedly good looking, with a chastened and subdued beauty.

"Did Miss Fox ask you to meet me?" she said timidly.

"No," I said, "Miss Fox, I believe, will not be home for more than a week yet. Miss Sturge it was"—

"Oh, yes, Miss Fox's friend. I knew Miss Fox had gone to the White mountains after she left me at the seaside"

I knew quite well that Brisy Fox was one of the Vehm, and now I understood that the business had been turned over to her. To be quite candid, I was burning with curiosity to know exactly what the business was. All I knew for certain was that it concerned the identity of Mr. Mason. Beyond that I guessed, but my guess seemed so extravagant that I wanted to have facts in its place. More than that, it all had to do with Mason. Lydia had refused to tell me, and I thought it wise not to try to pry into the dreadful secrets of the seven.

However, as the car stopped early in the journey and Mason himself got on, with some other men, I thought proper to say to Mrs. Cook:

"Please let down your veil."

The warning was unnecessary. She had seen Mason and recognized him as soon as I. Through the rest of the journey I could feel that Mrs. Cook was trembling and sobbing, but we reached the Sturge residence without further adventure.

I have always thought that, considering my faithfulness and care in the discharge of the duty laid upon me, Lydia ought to have let me be present at the meeting between—

Oh, of course they were husband and wife.

But this was Lydia's original way of bringing them together. She wrote Mason a note something like the following:

DEAR MR. MASON—Be so kind as to spare one hour from your real estate transactions tomorrow and lunch with me. It will be a three cornered party. My other guest is a friend of mine who is dying to see you, and I insist upon your coming, even if you have to break another engagement.

She took good care that Mason should not get her note until the morning of the day she wanted him. Nevertheless I believe he suspected the truth and was terribly frightened.

But he came, and at the close of the lunch there was a little scene—a most interesting one. Bobby, who was not afraid to help himself to prunes freely now, was the only spectator.

"And were they divorced?" I asked Lydia when she consented to tell me more of the story.

"No," she said, "but they quarreled over some rubbish. He used to practice as a physician, but when they separated by mutual consent three years ago it made a talk in the town where they lived. So he moved away and took to real estate. Then she saw the foolishness of it all and tried to make it up, and he was misled by lies that some divorce shark had told him. His chief aim in life for more than a year has been to escape from his own lawful wife and at the same time escape a divorce trial. Mason is one of those fool men who will go ten miles out of the way to avoid a 'scene,' as they call it. I had to bring him up to time sharp."

"And did the Vehmgericht investigate and dispose of all those—lies?" I asked in awe.

Lydia only smiled and said, "H'm."—Denver Times.

Mobs and Soldiers.

A French or Italian crowd, however furious, will part to give a general a path, and some years ago an officer in Berlin dispersed a crowd which was threatening some urban landlords by merely shouting words of command to them from a balcony. The artisans who were raging below could not resist the impulse to "form," "march" and "halt" when they heard the well known formulas.

A crowd can no more resist a modern regiment in the open than a cheese can resist a knife. No doubt if the people are exasperated enough to continue firing from the houses there will be much loss inflicted on the troops, but experience shows that this form of attack maddens soldiers and that the resulting massacre cows men who, however brave, have never fought before with women and children screaming, clinging or flying all around them.—Spectator.

A SAILOR'S WIFE.

Mrs. Coghlan Always Tries to Be Near Her Fighting Husband.

Mrs. John B. Coghlan, wife of the gallant captain of the cruiser Raleigh, the first of Dewey's ships to come home from the Philippines, is an accomplished woman of charming manners. She is a good type of the American naval officer's wife. She is used to "living in a trunk" and thinks nothing of packing up to move to the other side of the

MRS. JOHN B. COGHLAN.

world on a few hours' notice. She does not like to be left at home. She has cruised around the world—not with her husband, for the naval regulations do not allow that, but after him.

Mrs. Coghlan calls herself a cosmopolitan, for her home is where her husband happens to be stationed. She has been up the Mediterranean, on the China, European and South American stations and also at the Mare Island navy yard, usually preceding or following her husband and joining him at his post of duty. While her husband was at Manila it was not convenient for her to be in that immediate vicinity, so she went to Paris with the widow of the famous General Custer, so as to be as near him as circumstances would permit. She returned to this country a short time ago and has been visiting friends in New York city.

Before her marriage she was Miss Julia Barbour of Terre Haute, Ind. She was an orphan, attending school at a convent, when she first met Captain Coghlan. He was then a young naval officer. Friendship blossomed into love, and love ripened into marriage. Soon after their marriage Captain Coghlan was ordered to the European station on board the Richmond. The young bride went to Europe and remained near her husband until he was relieved and ordered home. Two years were spent in Washington, when her husband was on duty at the hydrographic bureau of the navy department. During their stay in Washington the Coghlans were popular in naval circles, and they have many warm friends there.

A Club Worth Having.

Indian (to man with broken golf stick)—Don't feel so bad about it, my young man. I'll let you take this club if you won't break it.—New York Journal

NO QUICK DIVORCES.

NORTH DAKOTA GOES OUT OF THE BUSINESS ON JULY 1.

Popular Sentiment of the State Forced the Amendment of the Three Months' Residence Law—How the Fight Was Waged.

North Dakota is going out of the divorce business. The state is to be a Mecca for mismated couples no longer. People with marital differences will have to take their troubles elsewhere for a speedy cutting of the nuptial knot.

Ever since North Dakota entered the sisterhood of states she has furnished an asylum for the men and women who wanted quick divorces. This was because the divorce laws of the state demanded only a 30 days' residence from the plaintiff and allowed decrees on grounds of desertion and similar complaints that are easy to prove.

But the last legislature, yielding to the popular demand of the respectable citizens of the state, amended the divorce laws so that a year's residence is to be required. This amendment goes into force on July 1. Its effect has already been felt, for no application for divorce which was not filed before April 1 can be acted upon under the old law.

The fact that the divorce business was a most profitable one to North Dakota emphasizes the general soundness of North Dakota morals, for the people of the state were almost unanimous in demanding that this traffic in human unhappiness should cease. They considered it a disgrace.

Guthrie and Fargo have been the principal divorce centers. In both these cities there flourished many law firms whose chief business was the carting of grist to the divorce mills. Not content with the business which came to them, they advertised freely in the eastern papers. Here is one of their tempting baits which recently appeared in a New York newspaper, the names being changed:

DAKOTA DIVORCES. An absolute divorce may be obtained in North Dakota upon a residence there for a period of 90 days. Partem & Skinem of North Dakota, offices, Broadway, New York.

But while the lawyers made smooth the legal path to freedom they charged high prices for their services. The hotels, boarding houses and saloons profited greatly also. So when the movement to amend the law was made there was active and organized opposition.

The fight for the amendment extended over several years and was most bitterly waged in the last two. The attorneys organized to fight the measure, but found themselves arrayed against almost the entire people of the state outside of business interests affected, and their opposition became lukewarm.

BISHOP JOHN SHANLEY.

Bishop John Shanley of the diocese of Fargo started the crusade against the 90 day provision of the old law. He soon had the women of the state, organized by the W. C. T. U., behind him. The first fight against the law was a failure. The house passed the amendment, but the senate defeated it by one vote. The fight was kept up in the two succeeding years, and the amendment as introduced by Judson Lamoure went through the last legislature.

Even with the boarding houses and saloon keepers behind them the divorce lawyers could not win. The Fargo bar, which is recognized as the largest and most influential in the state, attempted to organize for opposition and appointed a committee to visit the legislators, but that committee dwindled down to one man, whose influence was not exerted to any great extent.

The effect upon the business done at present by the courts has been to increase the amount. The colonies of divorcees are larger, having been increased by the emigres who rushed into the state to make good their residence under the 90 day provision of the old law. The court records indicate that their lawyers are filing their cases as rapidly as possible and are working to clear up the field for the benefit of the clients whose cases will have to be brought in before July 1.

The most outspoken, frank adherent supporter of the old divorce regime even among Dakota attorneys is Ladru Guthrie of Grand Forks. He disclaims any disposition to make a specialty of divorce cases exclusively, but acknowledges that the branch of the practice was the most lucrative the Dakota attorney had. His name is as well known in the history of Oklahoma divorce courts as it is in North Dakota. He founded Guthrie, Oklahoma, but as soon as congress abolished the 90 day provision of the territory he moved his practice to North Dakota.

"The divorce business has been a big thing to the state, and its destruction will be a big loss," he says. "Of course no one is coming to North Dakota when a legal residence can be established in South Dakota in half the time."

So South Dakota will probably be the headquarters of the divorce colony until the people rise in their might and drive out the divorce mills. In the meantime North Dakota is preparing to watch the divorce stain fade from the escutcheon of the commonwealth.

MILDRED MERRIAM.

IMPROVED SCREENS.

Some Modest and Simple Ideas That Are Easily Carried Out.

Perhaps nothing except the lamp shade has been more atrociously treated than the screen. Both so necessary and so suggestive of warmth and cheer, it is a pity that some device has not been created for better results. We have seen recently a fire sceen that seems a possible step toward betterment.

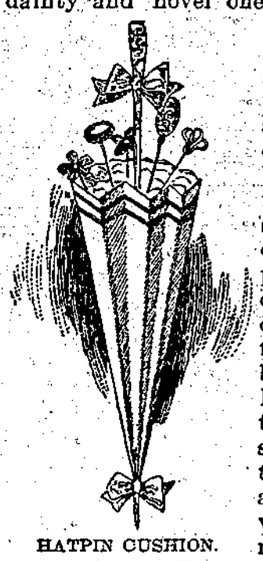
It was simply a frame of cheap wood, about 2 inches wide by 1 thick, made into a square of some 2½ by 3 feet, supported on two feet, or standards, raising the frame four or five inches off the floor. This square was covered with crimson or green linen, coarse, stout stuff and of good color. Small brass headed nails closely placed held the two edges together. On the outer side was fastened, near the top, a brass ornament in French design—a wreath or knot of ribbon or something after this fashion. A great variety of ornamentation might be used with the brass, which may be purchased in the larger and best hardware shops, but of course the very severity of the one described was its merit. Another screen was without the wreath, but had two rows of small brass beading all around it. They were extremely neat, and, made in richer stuff, would be quite elegant. The feet must be well painted, black or red or green, according to the room they are to be used in.

A better finished frame in the same measurements, with a panel of leather paper on one side and Java printed cloth on the other, would also be good. The paper should be first pasted on cheap cotton cloth and the Java print lined with it. Some of the woven tapestries, if carefully selected, look extremely well. The folding screen, so desirable for warding off drafts, covering up the ugly heaters or giving privacy to a needed corner, may be made of linen or leather paper quite in the same way as the screens described above and is infinitely better than the bizarre effects and novelties offered to the seeker after the latest fashion in screens.

One or two of these conveniences are necessary in every house, and with a small amount of exertion they may be obtained with little cost. Beyond all things, have them firmly made and simply decorated, remembering the screen is made pre-eminently to hide and not to attract.—House Beautiful.

A Holder For Hatpins.

One of the latest devices in fancy work is a holder for the always necessary hatpin. For the making of the very dainty and novel one illustrated The Designer furnishes the following directions: Cut a triangular piece of cardboard for the back and cover it with silk or satin. Cut another triangular piece of lighter cardboard or crinoline about twice as wide, but the same length. Cover this also with silk or other material and trim around the top with several rows of baby ribbon. A deep frill of lace may finish the upper edge. Bend this piece very carefully, to look like a half closed sunshade, as shown in the illustration. At the lower end sew the end of a penholder for a ferrule, hiding the joining with a bow of ribbon. The ferrule may be gilded or white enameled. Sew the bent piece of cardboard to the plain piece along the sides, making very neat, small stitches and holding it so that while the back remains flat the front hoops out, making a place for the cushion. Make this of horsehair and cover the top with a puffed bit of china silk. A rounded and shaped piece of wood painted or gilded to match the ferrule forms the handle. It is best to have it long enough to reach to the bottom of the holder, where it is firmly tacked. It runs through the cushion top and the horsehair and is glued along its entire length. Two little brass rings are sewed to the back of the triangular piece near the top by which to hang the holder up. A ribbon bow gives a pretty finish to the handle.



HATPIN CUSHION.

General Agnus, the editor of the Baltimore American, has been appointed by President McKinley a member of the board of visitors to the Military academy at West Point, this being the second time that he has been so honored. He was chairman of the board of visitors appointed by President Harrison in 1892.

100

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS

CUMBERLAND, B.C.

Home of Sarah Grand.

About a mile from Tunbridge Wells, England, in a little gray house, lives Sarah Grand, who wrote the "Heavenly Twins." She is nearing middle age, is a medium sized woman, with dark hair, clear cut features, and is an easy conversationalist.

In the room where her writing is done there are some quaint things, among them a stork mounted so he appears to be watching her at work. That she may not forget the suffering of the world she keeps close by her desk an engraving of Dudley Hardy's picture of the destitute poor of London. Her desk is a table of mahogany, fitted with drawers, and the top is littered with blotters, books, ink, pens and papers. The chair at the desk is high backed, with curved legs, and a bookcase stands close at hand.

There is a bay window in the writing room, which has been made into a cozy corner, with couch, pillows and curtains. Handsome rugs and paintings add to the room.

Sarah Grand is fond of children, especially Beth, the baby daughter of her stepson, and the child frequently plays about her while her grandmother is writing, seemingly not at all disturbed by childish prattle.

Why will you allow a cough to lacerate your throat or lungs and run the risk of filling a consumptive's grave, when, by the timely use of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup the pain can be allayed and the danger avoided. This syrup is pleasant to the taste, and unsurpassed for relieving, healing and curing all affections of the throat and lungs, coughs, colds, bronchitis, etc. etc.

The Craze For Titles.

Jack—I wonder why American girls are so crazy to marry titled foreigners.

Ethel—Well, they can't join secret societies and get titles as the men do.—New York Journal.

A Hint.

He—And how many teeth have you left?

Beggar—Only one, and that has nothing to do for days at a time.—Meggendorfer Blatter.

ULCERKURE Heals the Worst Barb-Wire Cuts.

A Woman Tries It.

Husband (sick at home)—Did you mail that letter I gave you?

Wife (back from hurried shopping tour)—N-o: I forgot it until the last minute.

"It was very important."

"Oh, it's all right! I gave it to a little boy who promised to give it to another little boy whose half uncle lives next door to a letter carrier."—New York Weekly.

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 frailest 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 tranquillizing 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 and 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.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

Once Was Enough.

This is one of General Miles' stories. In the Confederate army, Longstreet's corps was making a night march. About 4 o'clock in the morning, when every one was worn out, a Georgia regiment stopped. A Georgia soldier put his rifle up against the tents on the other side of where Longstreet was.

"Well," he said, "this is pretty hard—to fight all day and march all night. But I suppose I can do it for love of my country." He continued: "I can go hungry, I can fight, if need be, I can die for my country, because I love my country. But when this war is over I'll be blowed if I'll ever love another country!"—Woman's Journal.

Put Out as a Feeler.

Mr. Willingham—What would you do, Mr. Rockington, if I were to ask you for your daughter in marriage?

Mr. Rockington—Well, that is something that I hardly want to answer offhand.

Mr. Willingham—I'm glad of that. Now, if I could be sure that you would not answer with your foot I would feel free to go ahead.

CURE CANCER

No Knife—No Plaster.

DEPT. W. N. ABBOTT,

MYRON MASON MEDICAL CO.,

577 Sherbourne St., - Toronto.

Fooled the Passengers.

A man sitting in an electric car the other day pulled out of his pocket his handkerchief, when out sprang what seemed to be a snake. It wriggled and jumped around on the floor at a great rate. The ladies screamed and huddled together, the men made for it, and one stamped his foot on it, but upon examination it proved to be a copper wound bass piano wire, which the man with the handkerchief had coiled up in his pocket and, having become uncoiled, jumped to the floor. How the women looked daggers at him after they became quieted down was a caution. He soon got off, we presume to put it in the piano that needed it, not because of the looks of the women.—Salem Gazette.

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

A Passenger's Opinion.

Lady (at railway station)—Is there any objection to dogs in this car, conductor?

Gentleman (on platform)—I am not the conductor, madam. I will say, however, that there is a crying baby in this car, and if your dog is big enough to swallow the baby I think he will be welcome.

THE COUGHING and wheezing of persons troubled with bronchitis or the asthma is excessively harassing to themselves and annoying to others. Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil obviates all this entirely, safely and speedily, and is a benign remedy for lameness, sores, injuries, piles, kidney and spinal troubles.

Only an Amateur.

Mrs. Driver—You're hungry, eh? What are you, anyway? A professional tramp, I suppose.

Roads Walker—No, lady, I'm not a professional. Only an ammytoor, lady. I never ask for money. Something to eat and drink is all I have ever entered for yet.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

Thoughtful of His Wife—and Himself.

"Mr. Bloomfield is a most considerate husband," said Mr. Gaswell to Mr. Dukane.

"Is he?"

"Yes; the family moved on April 1 to a house with a lawn in front of it, and when Mrs. Bloomfield's birthday came along toward the end of April her husband gave her for a birthday present a nice light running lawn mower."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

ULCERKURE—Swift Cure for Sore; Sore Ivy.

THEY WAKE THE TORPID ENERGIES.—Machinery not properly supervised and left to run itself, very soon shows fault in its working. It is the same with the digestive organs. Unregulated from time to time they are likely to become torpid and throw the whole system out of gear. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills were made to meet such cases. They restore to the full the flagging faculties, and bring into order all parts of the mechanism.

A Boy's Bad Sprain.

Mr. B. Bennie, of Union Mines, B.C., writes: "My son Samuel Bennie got his leg crushed and bruised in the mines seven weeks ago. The swelling never fully left it until we tried Griffiths' Menthol Liniment. On the first application the swelling and soreness entirely left it, and the muscles began to loosen up so much that the same evening he was able to use his foot freely for the first time. I consider it the best liniment known." All druggists, 25 cents.

His Final Request.

A Scotch farmer, celebrated in his neighborhood for his immense strength and skill in athletic exercises, very frequently had the pleasure of contending with people who came to try their strength against him. Lord D., a great pugilistic amateur, went from London on purpose to fight the athletic Scot. The latter was working in an inclosure at a little distance from his house when the noble lord arrived. His lordship tied his horse to a tree and addressed the farmer. "Friend, I have heard marvelous reports of your skill and have come a long way to see which of us two is the better wrestler."

The Scotchman, without answering, seized the nobleman, pitched him over the hedge and then set about working again. When Lord D. got up, "Well," said the farmer, "have you anything to say to me?"

"No," replied his lordship, "but perhaps you'd be good enough to throw me my horse."—Public Opinion.

The Method.

"Here's a case of a man who went to law in order to get the girl he loved away from her parents."

"Took out a writ of attachment, I suppose."

There are annually killed in Africa a minimum of 65,000 elephants, yielding the production of a quantity of raw ivory, the selling price of which is $4,200,000.

As early as the year 47 B. C. the great Alexandrian library contained over 40,000 valuable books.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia.

Permanent Cure of Chronic Constipation.

Perhaps you've suffered with constipation for years, tried all the pills and purgatives you ever heard or read of, without getting any more relief than the one dose of the medicine afforded.

Then you were left worse than before, bowels bound harder than ever, the constipation aggravated instead of cured. All the miseries of constipation—Headache, Sick Stomach, Biliousness, Pimples, Eruptions, Blood Humors, Blotches, Piles, and a thousand and one other ills crowded back on you again with redoubled severity.

Wouldn't you consider it a blessing to be cured of your constipation so that it would stay cured? So that a repetition of all the suffering you have endured would never come again? Burdock Blood Bitters can cure you—cure so that the cure will be permanent.

That's where it differs from all other remedies. It makes a thorough renovation of the whole intestinal tract, tones the bowel wall, acts on the liver and stomach, and causes all the digestive and secretory organs to so work harmoniously and perform their functions properly and perfectly that constipation, with all its attendant sickness, suffering and ill health, become a thing of the past.

Miss Arabella Jolie, living at 99 Carrière Street, Montreal, Que., bears out all we say in regard to the efficacy of Burdock Blood Bitters in curing constipation permanently. This is her statement:

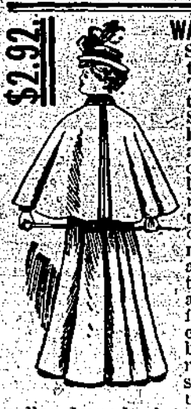
"For over a year I suffered a great deal from persistent constipation and could only get temporary relief from the various remedies I tried until I started using Burdock Blood Bitters. I am thankful to say that this remedy has completely and permanently cured me and *I have had no return of the constipation.*"

BBB

In the year 1306 a party of crusaders brought a number of rose bushes home to England with them from Damascus, and these flourished so well that in a short time the beautiful flowers were to be found everywhere throughout the country.

Having dropped the speakership ball right in the center of the field, Mr. Reed has wisely gone far enough out of the way to keep clear of the ensuing scrimmage.

$2.92.



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Send $2.92 for this Mackintosh, made of Black, Blue or Tweed effect, genuine double texture English Waterproof Serge Cloth, with fancy plaid lining, velvet collar, detachable cape, extra full sweep cape and skirt, guaranteed latest style and finish, tailor made. You will have no thing extra to pay for express or other charges. The garment will be delivered free and you may examine it and try it on and if not found exactly as represented and by far the greatest value you ever saw or heard of, send it back and your money will be refunded. When ordering state your height, bust measure, length of garment from collar down back to waist line, and waist line to bottom of skirt; also state color wanted.

For free samples of everything in ladies' wear with large illustrated Catalogue, write

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That is to say, you can save enough to pay for your trip if you visit.....

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MAMMOTH

WALL PAPER SALE...

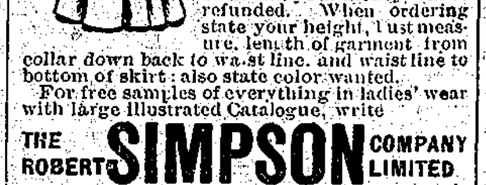
We are shaping to sell 30,000 rolls of our artistic Wall Paper during Fair Week. We will sell more if we can, for we are very much overstocked—have now in our salesroom 50,000 rolls and more. 400 Beautiful Art Pictures included in this sale.

C. B. Scantlebury,

Winnipeg, Belleville, and Kingston.

496 Main Street, next door to Banfield's Carpet Store.

Send for samples. Mention prices you'll pay, and rooms to paper.



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USE ALBERT SOAP.

If your fancy is for a Tar Soap you will find the best in our

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(Trade-Mark.)

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The ORIGINAL and ONLY HAIL INSURANCE COMPANY IN MANITOBA FOR THE PAST EIGHT YEARS, chartered by and conducted strictly under the laws of the Government of Manitoba, by MANITOBA FARMERS ONLY, FOR THE FARMERS.

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All losses equitably adjusted.
Everything square, open and above board in YOUR OWN OLD AND RELIABLE COMPANY, which has paid to losers by hail storms over ($100,000)

ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS

During the past Eight Years.

Farmers Make Certain that you Insure Against Hail

with the local agents of THE PROVINCIAL MUTUAL, who are men resident in your own districts, and known to you, and thus secure CERTAIN PROTECTION AND INDEMNITY from your own farmers' company which is thoroughly mutual, and at the LOWEST POSSIBLE COST.

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Thousands of tired men and women are daily refreshed and comforted by

Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea.

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It's no Trick

To make Biscuits, Ruffles, etc., nice and light and wholesome when you use

WHITE STAR BAKING POWDER

It is unsurpassed in LEAVENING STRENGTH, is ABSOLUTELY PURE, and LOW IN PRICE.

THE DYSON-GIBSON CO.

LEAK! YES, BADLY. WHY?

Because the roof was covered with an American paper felting, instead of the celebrated

ALL WOOL MICA ROOFING,

Which has never been known to crack, being elastic.

Paper becomes brittle and cannot stand the frost strain.

Send for Sample. Send stamp.

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705 Main St., Winnipeg.

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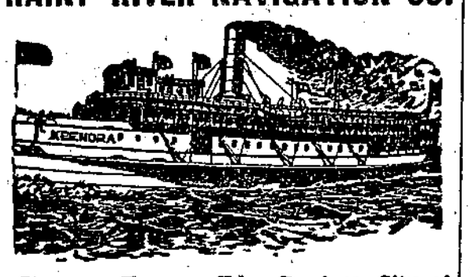
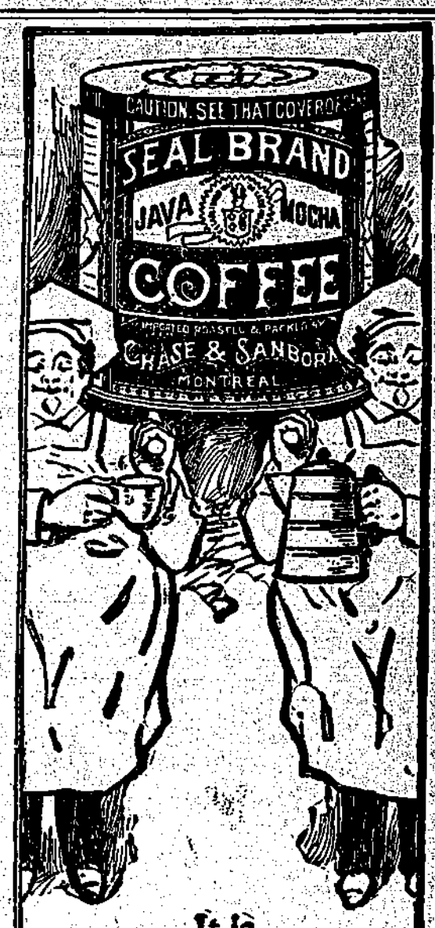


Steamers Keenora, Edna Brydges, City of Alberton.

The steamer Keenora will leave Rat Portage every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday at 9 p. m. for Fort Frances, Mine Centre, and all points on Rainy River and Rainy Lake. For rates, etc., apply to any Canadian Pacific Ry. agent or to—

GEO. A. GRAHAM, Manager,
Rat Portage, Ont.



It is Chase & Sanborn's Seal Brand Coffee, reason enough why it is popular.

THE MANITOBA FARMERS' MUTUAL HAIL INSURANCE COMPANY

OF WINNIPEG, MANITOBA,

Insures its members against loss or damage from hail, and gives prompt adjustment and pays all losses in full. Address

E. A. TAYLOR, Manager,
WINNIPEG, MAN.

BRITANNIA, BEAVER and BUFFALO are the finest India and Ceylon TEAS packed. Put up by MacKENZIE & MILLS, Winnipeg

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HIGH GRADE PLOWS, SEEDING MACHINES, Carriages, Wagons, Barrows, Windmills, &c. COCKSHUTT PLOW CO., Winnipeg

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LEST YOU FORGET:—Write for Prices on Cream Separators, Gasoline Engines, Treadle Powers, and everything used in the Cheese Factory, Creamery or Dairy. If you have ten cows, one of our Hand Separators WILL SAVE its cost the first year.

R. A. Lister & Co. Ltd.

Winnipeg

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

ISSUED EVERY SATURDAY.—

M. E. Bissett Editor.

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

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

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

SATURDAY, AUG. 19th, 1899.

Even the Herald has gone back on the ex-Attorney-General. It is a great thing to have mushroom friends.

"There appears to be considerdelay in filling the position left vacant by the retirement of Hon. Joseph Martin from the Attorney-Generalship of this Province, and inasmuch as this delay occurs at a time when the service of the country needs a full cabinet, it is causmuch comment and considerable uneasiness."—Herald

There is a good deal more comment since Mr. Henderson was taken in as a Jack-at-a-pinch. The uneasiness is getting more considerable every day—for the Government.

The Herald opines that the premier should immediately call a session of the legislature to consider the exclusion question. The local Government has nothing to do with it. Besides the premier won't dare to call the house together now.

The Semlin Government has not a working majority. It is no use for the Herald to try and hide the incompetence and bungling of the Government by bringing forward side issues. The Province has had enough of the Semlin-Cotton combination. If Governor McInnes were actuated by the same zeal for the country which he pretended to have a year ago, he would dismiss the whole gang.

"But there are two sections of the population which find great and rare virtues in the Chinese and which would fain keep in the province all the Mongolians who are already here and also import others. One of these sections is that of the religious people who support Missions. They believe, good souls, that God is sending the Chinamen here, in the order of His providence in order that they may be surrounded by Christian influences and converted. They ignore the fact that their well-meant efforts have as little practical result as a stroke in the water, and to give scope to their missionery zeal they do their little best to keep the country open to the incoming hordes."—Herald.

Flattering to the missionaries, eh? And that from a paper running a Sunday School column!

"As a matter of strict businiss it is undeniably to the interest of the Union Colliery Company and of other similar corporations to employ Chinese labor in preference to white labor. Also, we must admit that the U. C. Co. et al. have a primary right to employ whom they please. If they do not wish to employ whitemen, no person has any right to dictate such action to them. On the other hand, if they wish to employ Chinese, no one may say they sha'l not. It is their right."

"And what of the corporations?—of the Dunsmuirs and the U. C. Co., for instance, whose anxiety to employ Chinese impelled them to hale our law from court to court to get it smashed? Let them go—to China."

If the first paragraph is good reasoning (and even the Herald says so) what is the sense of the second?

Say one thing in one sentence and contradict it in the next. You should have left the last part of article over till the first part was forgotton, brother Herald.

HAMILTON LAKE DAM.

After about two hours hard tramping and climbing up hills as steep as a wall, we reached Hamilton Lake, where Mr. Geo. Stevens, manager of the Water-works Co. has had a gang of men at work building a new dam. Following the course of the creek, the lake is about seven miles above the old dam, but in a straight line the distance is much shorter.

Arrived at the lake, we are about 4000 feet above sea-level and have a magnificent view of the Gulf of Georgia, Comox valley and all the surrounding country. It is well worth the long tramp to those who enjoy fine scenery. The mosquitoes are in evidence to a goodly extent, but then, they are easily killed.

Work was begun on the dam May 20th and continued for about two months. All the framework is ready to be filled in and the trees will be cut away from the borders of the lake. The logs used in the construction of the dam are mostly yellow cedar and have been taken from the vicinity. Mr. Stevens expects to have the dam completed sometime next year and then we shall have an extra supply of water to fall back on should the old dam play out. The water in the lake is quite pure and is very good tasting. It runs seven miles over a rocky bed before reaching the old dam, so that it is well filtered before entering the pipes.

The new dam will be 150 feet long, 50 feet wide and 14 feet high from the bottom of the creek. The overflow is to be 12 feet wide, 50 feet long and 3 feet deep.

The space next the lake cleared by burning off trees, will be planted with grass seed.

To give an idea of the work Mr. Stevens has had to do, we may say that he was obliged to walk to and from the lake every day while the building was going on. On one occasion, after starting for home at dark, he found the old dam almost empty and had to climb the long stretch up to the lake again that night.

Jutting out into the stream by the dam is a fine seam of coal, 150 feet of which is above ground. The supply of coal in Union isn't likely to give out for a few centuries yet.

There is not a bird or beast to be heard in this vast solitude of cedar and fir. Mr. Stevens has a neat little cabin here, in which we partook of an excellent lunch prepared by Mrs. Stevens.

(By the way, Hamilton Lake is a first class place to spend a couple of weeks in summer. Provide yourself with plenty of books and all the necessaries to camping out, and you will have a resort where every prospect pleases, and there is no one to bother you.)

We arrived home about five p.m. thoroughly tired, but having enjoyed the day immensely.

THE WANDERING JEW.

PA DENOUNCES OTIS.

"Paw," says maw when we was eatin' last nite, "what's all thi- new trubble in the Filppeens?"

"Oh," paw says, "its that cheap old skait, Otis. He Thinks He's Givin a nimatashen of a General Fitin a Campain."

"Gracious Sakes," maw says, "are They some of them over Thair too"

"Some of what?" Says paw.

"Campains," says maw. "I s'pose They're Savidges like all The rest of Them natives, ain't they."

"Poo," says paw, "if I was as Ignerant as you I'd Set up nites and try to Lurn things. Campains ain't people."

"What are they then?" maw ast.

"They'e things that Generals fites," says paw.

"Well, what does generals Want to fite Them fer if they ain't peeple?" maw ast. "Are they wild anamuls?"

"No," paw anserd, "tney ain't nothin' what's alive at all."

"Well, what are they Then?" maw ast.

"Campains is—"

"Say," says paw, "that Otis ot to be brot back. He don't no how to Run a Army. If I was in McKinley's plais I woden't Let Him sta thare anuther Day. Look at the way he let Aggynaldo Go and Fool him into the rainy Seeson."

"Is the Rainy Seeson a bad thing?" says maw.

"I should say it wuz," paw anserd, and enny General what will Low Hisself to Git Cot ain't got no business try to run a Campain."

"There," maw says, "I thot you Sed They wasn't live."

"What wasn't?" paw ast.

"Campains," says maw.

"Well, who Sed they was?" paw hollered gittin' kind of Skrimzy.

"You jist told me thay could Run," maw Sed. "and is they ain't alive How can Thay do that.

"Oh, that's only your ignorancy," paw Says. "Do you know what I'd Do if I was over Thare Running Things?"

"I bet you'd sick the pupp on them," says little albert.

"Say," paw says, "Children should be Herd and not Seen."

So me and little Albert got under the table And purtended we was Savidges, and paw hollered:

"Git out of Thare! I ment seen and not Hurd. Yes," He says, "Otis ain't no Good a Tall. All He does While the Army is Fitin' is Set around and Scratch out what them war correspondents is Goin' to say about it. I Bet if I was in His place I could lick Aggynaldo inside of three weeks."

"How?" says maw.

"Well, the first thing," paw Says, "I'd get some of them correspondents To Come in Tell me all Thay knowed about it, and Then I'd go out erly Some mornin' Before Aggynaldo was up and Sneak Into His Tent and Grab His Britches and then I'd tell him if he wonldn't Give in I Wouldn't never Let Him Have Them Back. You got to use some diplomacy in These affares."

Paw had a peace of meet Stuck on the end of his Fork, and was Lettin' His Hand Heng Down at His Side while he was Talking and the Pupp seen it and Sneeked up made a Grab at it and Got the Meet and one of paw's Fingers in his mouth, and paw Hollered out "Ouch!" and jerked loose and nocked Little Albert and His Chare over backwurds and made a kick at the pupp and maw She Hollered:

"Stand back, paw! Stand Back! Don't Come near me and The Children. You mite have the Hidrofoby."

Then She throwed a glass of water in Pa's fais Becoz Thay Say if peeple what has the Hidrofoby don't Git fits when thay Tutch Water Thay ain't got it.

We all thot fer a minit paw was a vicktum. He Had the Fitt all rite, only the other kind, So he got over it when Maw told him why she Done it. Georgie.

Union Brewery.

Fresh Lager Beer THE BEST IN THE PROVINCE

STEAM—Beer, Ale, and Porter.

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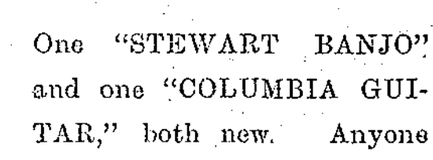

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Chas. Segrave, Local Agent, Cumberland.

TRIP TO TEXADA ISLAND.

CONTINUED.

Wishing to visit the smelter and see the process of smelting ore for the precious metals. I obtained permission, and retiring back, passing men building a tramway to land on the wharf for the purpose of hauling ore to and from the smelter. Every one working, except myself and an Indian. All were on the jump, even the Engineer of our launch was jumping for a bath.

Everything is done in a business-like manner, shewing clearly good-generalship in the management of the Company's works as well as clear headedness for such an undertaktng.

On entering the works I was introduced to the manager of the Van Anda Company, Mr. Treat who very kindly showed me over the grounds. At every turn I could see nothing but a steady indication of prosperity for the company employing Mr. Treat. The quiet, gentlemanly, yet shrewd manner in which he spoke, showed I was speaking to no visionary, but to one who weighed his every word before he uttered it. After going round the works I visited the furnaces and engine-house where everything was working as smoothly as if things had been in operation for years. I axpressed my pleasure to Mr. Treat as to what I had seen and hoped to see him in the morning, and as night was coming on, I had to hunt for a bed, but could only get a half of one, so I was glad to turn in—as the miners say—with Mr. R. Grant.

Next morning I was wakened by the steam whistle sounding for the miners to start work. I got breakfast "Which by the way, was pretty fair in the way in which it was cooked," and went out to see the town as yet in in its infancy and nothing much to speak of. There is one store, a post office and a few miner's shanties; a boarding house through the roof of which you can see the stars. A room in that house would be a bonanza for an astronomer. He could read the stars while in bed, but that will be all remedied shortly. That is when carpenters get time to finish things. In fact there are lots and lots of room for improvements in the tawn.

I wandered down towards the wharf and saw men getting out the foundation foa a saw-mill as lumber is badly needed. I know it will be a blessing when in running order, which will be shortly.

Meeting Mr. Treat he asked me how I passed the night. "Oh, very well indeed, but one thing is much wanted, a good hotel, minus the Bar." "That will come and shortly too, as we intend building a first-class house where you can bring your wife and be comfortable, but I will have no bar." I remarked that would be an inducement for ladies to come and see the place. "By the way Mr. Treat, are the winters severe over here, do you get much snow or rain in Texada." "Well," he replied, "Last winter we had a slight fall of snow but it did not stay on the ground very long, as you know we are surrounded by water, and again it is not as cold as you have it on the mainland. As for rain we have some, yet, not a great deal, and take the Island, irrespective of its mineral wealth, I don't think you can beat it as a pleasure resort." "When do you think of going home?" he asked. I replied "This morning." I surpised am at the amount of work done, and can only express pleasue at what I have seen. Mr. Treat said, "You ought to stay over for a few days and then you could see for yourself, and I don't think you will regret coming." I thanked him again declining the invitation to stay at this time but would come shortly and bring my family, so with this I started: he to his manifold duties on shore; myself to the steam launch on board of which I again installed my body, and after an uneventful but pleasant run I landed in Comox, greatly pleased with my trip to Texada and its mines.

D.

THE END.

L. E. Power, navigating lieut. of H. M. S. Warspite, has been gazetted a commander. He entered the navy as cadet in 1887, becoming sub-lieut. in 1893 and lieut. in 1897.

Mrs. Matthews returned from Vancouver (where she had been consulting an oculist for her little girl)Wednesday. We learn the treatment has been quite successful.

A party of local scientists were grouped in earnest study around an instrument on the Courtenay Hotel veranda last Tuesday. They were trying to locate the North Pole. It is to be hoped the result of their observations will be made known soon through the President of the society, Mr. S. J. Cliffe.

Those who would like to hear themselves talk, sing a song, make a speech, or play any kind of a musical instrument can do so on the phonograph. You can hear your own voice to perfection. Terms $1.00 for recording.

CHARLES C. SEGRAVE.

1899. PROVINCIAL. 1899.

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No. 2 daily. A.M.		No. 4 Saturday P.M.
De. 9:00	Victoria	De. 4:25
" 9:28	Goldstream	" 4:53
" 10:14	Shawnigan Lake	" 5.39
" 10:48	Duncans	" 6:15
P.M.		P.M.
" 12:24	Nanaimo	" 7:41
Ar. 12:40	Wellington	Ar. 7:55

WELLINGTON TO VICTORIA.

No. 1 Daily. A.M.		No. 3 Saturday. A.M.
De. 8:05	Wellington	De. 4:25
" 8:29	Nanaimo	" 4:39
" 9:55	Duncans	" 6:05
" 10:37	Shawnigan Lake	" 6:46
" 11:23	Goldstream	" 7.32
Ar. 11:50	Victoria	Ar. 8:00 P.M.

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

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

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Keeps a Large Stock of Fire Arms. Amunition and Sporting Goods of all descriptions.

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delivered by me daily in Cumberland and Union. A share of patronage is solicited.

JAMES REID.

THE LITTLE ONE.

What time she climbeth to my breast
And I can hear the beat
Of her dear, gentle heart at rest,
That time to me is sweet;
That time to me is passing fair—
So that her heart is beating there!

What time she climbeth to my breast
I do forget to weep,
For love, that only seeks her rest
Then kisses her to sleep.
That time to me is sweet and fair—
So that her heart is beating there!

—Frank L. Stanton in Atlanta Constitution.

THE CONTRIBUTOR.

On a side street, just back of a church and parish house fronting on Broadway, but so deep as to break the hideousness of the row of small shops on the rear street, I had found a lodging that offered advantages that I could not set aside despite the neighborhood's indifference to cleanliness and other social virtues. The house itself was as clean as a house that had been built 35 years ago could be.

Here I made my first acquaintance among my fellow lodgers before my single box arrived. I was, in fact, awaiting the arrival of the box when an old gentleman opened the door behind me. He stood a few minutes on the step that separated the house from the sidewalk and then, noticing me, he smiled pleasantly and spoke of the chimes that came from the steeple half a block away; too near to be mellow, but evidently enjoyed by my new acquaintance.

When the chimes ceased, the old gentleman turned to me again. "Do you stop here?" he asked. "My name is Colonel Frees." And he made me a slight bow, bringing a gloved hand that held an ivory stick toward his chest.

I noticed that his coat was old fashioned and that his gloves and beaver hat bore the marks of refined poverty. At a little distance he would have appeared to be a carefully dressed man of means, who, from choice, clung to the styles of his middle age—he was past 70, I should say—but close at hand the impression was the sad one of a man who preserved the outward signs of gentility only by that scrupulous care of long worn clothes that always indicates refinement in the midst of want.

Before I could answer the colonel (when I came to know him I always called him colonel), another lodger, entering the house, eyed us with a look that indicated that he was surprised to find us in conversation. I learned afterward that the colonel was not intimate with his neighbors, and I took his friendliness toward myself as no small compliment.

I introduced myself, explaining that I was a newcomer, and expressed the hope that I would see him again. My haphazard remark nearly ended our acquaintance before it was well begun. I noticed that the colonel drew himself up a bit straighter, and in a few minutes he was walking deliberately down the street on the errand he had interrupted to speak to me.

During the next fortnight I met Colonel Frees now and then on the stairs, and we merely exchanged nods. Probably I had forgotten his rather abrupt ending of our first meeting, but his manner did not suggest that he was anxious to expand our acquaintance. I found that he lived with his wife on the top floor. The latter went out frequently on errands that were always accomplished in an hour or two. I noted these details because I had developed considerable interest in the colonel and his wife. I felt that they were worth studying.

The other lodgers had long ago given up speculating as to their history, and I might have done so in time had not the old gentleman met me at my door one evening and stopped to exchange a word or two. He seemed to be elated about something, and finally he told me that he had sold a story that day. I could see his fingers moving toward his waistcoat pocket, where his honorarium was doubtless deposited. Unconsciously I adopted the colonel's expressions in speaking of him. He always referred to the rewards of his literary work as honorariums.

Gradually, by successive meetings, we became better acquainted, and at last he asked me to come up stairs to his room. He and his wife had occupied this room for five years, I had been told by our housekeeper. It was low and somewhat "stuffy," but neat and well furnished; in this respect it presented a better appearance than any room in the house. The furniture belonged to the old couple. It was aristocratic, but worn, reminding me of the impression I had received of the colonel's apparel on the day I first met him.

I was presented to Mrs. Frees and greeted by her with the simple dignity that marked their every movement. I do not know who they were or what their position had been, but I have never met a man or woman whose bearing was more impressive of refinement.

Neither Colonel Frees nor his wife made any effort to conceal their circumstances. The old gentleman wrote stories, most of them reminiscent of his experiences in the civil war. Mrs. Frees painted flowers on fancy articles at a compensation that I thought must some day lay heavily upon the conscience of the Sixth avenue dealer who bought them. I suppose she spent eight or ten hours a day on these pincushions and handkerchief cases, the purveyors thereof collecting them the year round to be placed upon the market at Christmas. I do not think the work wearied her. She seemed to enjoy the flowers that grew under her deft brush and was apparently unconscious of the cheap white satin soil on which they were bedded. A pot of heliotrope that stood in the window sill was her favorite study.

I learned bit by bit—for they never talked of their affairs—that Mrs. Frees was the business manager of the small establishment. She ordered the food that was cooked on a gas stove in an alcove in the room—never in my presence, you may be sure—and carried her work to the shop by which she was regularly employed, bringing back the plain pieces to be decorated. Occasionally a calendar or a lot of Easter cards varied the monotony of pincushions and cravat cases.

She also conducted the business end of the colonel's story writing, mailing the manuscripts and receiving them back or delighting the old man's heart now and then by returning with a few dollars for one of his contributions, having cashed the remittance in whatever form it came. I was permitted to read a single story that looked as though it had been printed some time before. It was signed "Elizabeth Shippen," his wife's maiden name.

It was plain enough that their occupations were mere makeshifts; the colonel was not a trained writer, and his wife's work was based, I imagined, on a skill attained long ago, when embroidery and painting were fashionable accomplishments.

They told me that they rented a letter box in a shop at the corner. The mail at the house was deposited on the hatrack in the hall and examined by each lodger as he went out or came in, and the colonel preferred the greater privacy of a pigeonhole (at a rental of 35 cents a month) in the stationery and toy shop he passed every day. This mail box and the colonel's pipe were his only extravagances. The pipe he never lighted without first obtaining a nod of permission from his wife.

I used to spend some time in the fourth story room, reading books and stories to Mrs. Frees, preparatory to translating them—my means of livelihood. The old lady fell ill after I had known her for about six months. Very gradually she grew weaker; a doctor came a few times, but his treatment did not benefit her, and when I called upon him a day or two later his verdict was simply "general diminution of vitality. I can do nothing for her," he said. "She might live several years, though, with more suitable food and surroundings."

I noticed now, as Mrs. Frees grew more helpless, moving about the room, but never going out of doors and doing but little work on the folds of white and pink satin, that when the colonel was absent she talked always of him and his work.

Little by little she told me a part of their story. They had been well to do, as I supposed; not wealthy, but in comfortable circumstances. A son had ruined his father by an escapade which drew upon his finances at a time when the use of his capital meant the loss of all. I was never told what the son had done, but he escaped exposure and punishment. In a vague way I had supposed that the son was dead or had gone away, but later I was told that he "had a position in a publishing house." "Gregory's salary is very small," his mother said, conveying an apology for his obvious neglect.

I got the impression that the old lady told me these things with a definite purpose in view. Probably she thought I would look after the colonel a little when she had gone.

Plainer every day became the fact that my friends' money supply was very low. The colonel's contributions, as he called them, were never accepted now, a fact which he attributed with pathetic lightness to the absence of his wife's influence on the mails. I kept away from their room at mealtimes, and now and then I took some delicacy to Mrs. Frees. The food that she needed would never have been accepted.

I saw, too, that the old lady could not live long, and one day I ventured to ask if she would not allow me to call upon her son. No; it was impossible.

The colonel would never permit it. He had not seen Gregory or mentioned his name for years. And then the mother defended her son from my unspoken judgment.

"He has been a good boy," she said, "and would have helped us, only the colonel"— And then she looked away. "I have seen him every month," she told me.

"But I could not accept his help. The colonel"— And here she stopped again.

It was easy to understand. She would not accuse her husband of harshness by a word or look. I urged her again to permit me to see her son, though I felt that the repression of years would not break forth. It was too late to mend the situation now. She knew that the end of her trial must come soon, and I think she welcomed it if for a moment the colonel left her mind.

I knew intuitively there was something that weighed upon the invalid's mind. She would look at me steadily when she thought I was absorbed, and often I caught an expression that led me to think that she was on the point of telling me something. I waited patiently for her mind to be made up, never doubting that she would finally take me further into her confidence.

This came about one evening when the colonel had gone out to the letter box. Mrs. Frees listened for the faint sound of the closing door below and then called me to her chair.

There were minutes of hesitation, and then she turned her head away and extended her hand to me. I saw that she wanted me to take the key she held.

"There are some—papers in the locked drawer of my dresser, Arthur," I heard her saying, "that I want you to carry to your room. The colonel must not see them. And I think I will sleep a little now."

Quietly I collected the papers from the drawer and carried them to my room. I had asked no questions, because none seemed to be expected. In a few minutes I lighted the gas and turned to place the bundle in my trunk. In an instant, as my eyes rested on the packages I held, I learned the old lady's last secret. Her pay for the fancy articles could not have been so small as I had thought. Here were the colonel's "accepted contributions." Each envelope was addressed "Elizabeth Shippen, Box 14, —— Fourth Ave., City." She had "accepted" every one.

* * * * * * * *

A few weeks afterward I stood in the cemetery and watched the colonel's unsteady steps as he passed through the gates, his hand resting heavily on his son's arm.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Suicidal Intent Versus Instinct.

"It's a question, in my mind," said a prominent New Orleans lawyer, "whether a person who knows how to swim can commit suicide by drowning. The instinct of self preservation is so strong that it would be apt to dominate the brain in spite of everything. Robert Louis Stevenson spins the point into a graphic episode in one of his south Pacific stories, and quite a peculiar case along the same line once came under my professional observation.

"A client of mine who had a good deal of trouble was found dead one day in his bathtub, and it really looked as if the poor fellow had drowned himself. His previous declarations, the state of his affairs and the fact that he never bathed at that hour all pointed so strongly to suicide that the family were inclined to accept the theory.

"But I couldn't bring myself to believe in the possibility of a strong man deliberately holding his head under water until he suffocated, and I insisted on an autopsy, which revealed unmistakable evidences of valvular heart disease. He had simply had a stroke while bathing. It proved to be a very valuable discovery to the family, for he carried considerable insurance, which would have been voided by suicide."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A Favorable Impression.

Higgle—Which of the actors in the play impressed you most favorably?

Bloozin—Winderly.

Higgle—Why?

Bloozin—He gave me two tickets for the show.—Roxbury Gazette.

A Bit Rough on Him.

Artist—There! Is not that magnificent? It's my last work.

Critic—Well, I don't know about magnificent, exactly, but I'm glad to hear it's your last.—Ally Sloper.

A NEW GRANT STATUE

ARTISTIC EQUESTRIAN BRONZE FOR PHILADELPHIA'S BIG PARK.

Unlike Many Representations of the Soldier General, This One Typifies the Silent Man on Horseback—Good Story About the Sculptor.

Philadelphia's new equestrian statue of General Grant which has just been placed in Fairmount park is distinctly different from other memorials of a similar nature. Unlike other statues of the soldier president, it does not try to give to the quiet, stolid soldier the dashing air of a reckless trooper. Realizing that the popular taste would be somewhat disappointed, the sculptor chose to stick to facts rather than follow precedent. So he made his statue true to the character and nature of "the silent man on horseback."

The new statue is the joint work of Daniel Chester French and Edward C. Potter, two sculptors who won national recognition by their work in designing the superb statues which made the court of honor the artistic climax of the World's fair. Mr. French designs human figures, and Mr. Potter is an expert in modeling horses.

Of the equestrian statues the majority depict the horse in an impossible attitude and the hero with uplifted hand or sword. This statue of General Grant departs entirely from the conventional composition. There is no attempt at theatrical representation. General Grant rides his steed deep in thought.

He is clad in field garb, with high cavalry boots, close buttoned coat, and a long cape or cloak falls in folds over the horse. No statue of Grant has included this feature, but the sculptor has the authority of General Fred D. Grant for its use.

Mr. French has been careful to secure accuracy of details in dress and equipment. In features and expression the face gives impressive emphasis of personality to the figure. The head is firmly set on the shoulders, the face modeled with a discerning sense of the subject's characteristic traits.

The horse is simple in type. His four feet touch the ground, his head turns but slightly to the side, his carriage betokens quiet perseverance in the service assigned him. Rider and steed are one in aspect of restrained strength.

The statue of General Grant will not catch the popular eye so quickly, perhaps, as would a statue of dashing Phil Sheridan or impetuous Custer, where there is more opportunity for dramatic action. To many the prancing steed, the gesticulating hand, the flourishing sword, savor more of war and seem more in harmony with the beating drum, the shrill voiced fife, the proudly stepping troops and all the glittering pageantry as it moves along the street. But this is not war itself; it is merely the paraphernalia of war.

NEW GRANT STATUE, FAIRMOUNT PARK PHILADELPHIA.

It was no trifling task to make a large, dignified and quietly imposing figure, to produce a memorial that should possess an enduring art value and be truly expressive of the personality embodied, executed with directness and independent of the artifices in which escape is often sought from the difficulties of a simple design.

Mr. French is one of the foremost of American sculptors. Although a comparatively young man, he has given to contemporary art a series of notable works which have not only fulfilled their specific mission of commemoration, but in their general and combined influence have contributed much to the development of native sculpture in the past 15 years.

Mr. French is a New Englander. He was born in Exeter, N. H., in 1850. As a boy he received his first positive impulse toward art from that universal friend of young people, Louisa Alcott, the author of "Little Women."

There is a story told in artistic circles that Mr. French's first essay at sculpture was the carving of a toad from a turnip. When Miss Alcott saw the turnip toad, she told her young friend that her sister would give him some of her modeling clay, a much better medium for plastic expression. At Miss Alcott's suggestion he entered the Boston School of Fine Arts. He received some instruction in artistic anatomy from Dr. William Rimmer, and, meeting J. Q. A. Ward, became his pupil, and, although he studied only about one month with Mr. Ward, during that period he laid the foundation for an informed technique.

OVER $1,000.00.

Spent during 25 years on Catarrh Remedies and Specialists by a wealthy mill-owner of Port Essington, B.C. At last cured by

Japanese Catarrh Cure.

Mr. Joseph Little, the well-known mill-owner of Port Essington, B.C., formerly of Vancouver, writes: "Japanese Catarrh Cure has completely cured me of catarrh, which had troubled me for twenty-five years. I have at different times spent over one thousand dollars with different specialists in Toronto, Buffalo and San Francisco, besides trying all other remedies, but the result was only temporary relief. Hearing of the remarkable cure throughout the West by Japanese Catarrh Cure I purchased six boxes while in Vancouver about two years ago, and since completing this treatment have not felt the slightest symptoms of my former trouble. I feel that I cannot say too much in its favor; the first application gave great relief. We also keep a supply in the mill for cuts, etc., and find it superior to any other remedy for healing."

If you have tried all other remedies without success, and are at all skeptical as to the merits of Japanese Catarrh Cure, enclose 5 cents in stamps, and we will mail you free a trial quantity sufficient for nearly two weeks' treatment. Price, 50 cents, or six for $2.50, with guarantee to cure or money refunded. By all druggists or by mail post-paid. Address, The Griffiths & Macpherson Co., 121 Church Street, Toronto.

Not the Conservatory.

Young Lady—The musical conservatory is in this building, isn't it?

Janitor—No, mum. The musical conservatory is 'bout two blocks down street.

Young Lady (dubiously)—I—I was sure I heard pupils practicing vocal exercises. Are you sure the musical conservatory is not here?

Janitor—Yes'm. Nothin here but dentists' offices, mum.—New York Weekly.

HIS OWN FREE WILL.

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

It is truly a wonderful medicine.

JOHN A. MACDONALD,
Publisher Arnprior Chronicle.

Her Hubby's Teachings.

Friend—Why do you get married so soon after the death of your husband?

Widow—My dear, if there was any one thing that my poor dead and gone husband insisted upon in season and out, it was that I should never put off till tomorrow what I could do today.—New York Weekly.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns etc.

The Biter Bit.

Whale—Well, my young man, how will we settle it? Have you caught me or have I caught you?—New York Journal.

ULCERKURE Heals All Old or Fresh Wounds.

We "Love" Them So.

Dainty, fluffy, downy chicks,
Winning our affections
As we see the little things
Run in all directions;
Greatest care of them we take
And most kindly treat them,
But about three months from now
We will kill and eat them.
—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

A SHORT STORY

In London Life Containing Condensed Wisdom for Thousands.

A baker
Living at
257 Dundas Street,
London, Ont.,
Geo. Roberts by name,
Recommends
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
Because
They cured him.
He had
Pain in the Back;
His Urine
Was red-colored
And painful
In passage.
The cure through
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
Was quick and complete.
That's how they always act,
Because they're
For kidneys only.
If you have
Sick kidneys
Don't experiment
With an unknown remedy.
Take no substitute for
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS.

A PUZZLE TO THEMSELVES.

Young women are frequently a puzzle to themselves so far as health is concerned. The mysterious ills of womankind are accompanied by many distressing symptoms, and in ignorance the young woman just entering upon maturity suffers much that could as well be avoided did she but understand.

The irregularities in the monthly uterine action, such as painful, suppressed or profuse menstration, sick headaches at the monthly periods, and the distressing feelings of fatigue and exhaustion, all speak of thin, watery blood and exhausted nerves.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is the great restorative for pale, weak, suffering girls and women that was ever discovered. By swelling the shrivelled arteries with rich, red blood, it restores vitality to the body, color to the cheek and roundness to the form. It revitalizes the nerves and produces absolute regularity of the feminine organs.

DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD

is prepared, in handy pill form, from the favorite prescription of Dr. A. W. Chase, the discoverer of Dr. Chase's Ointment and Kidney-Liver Pills. Fifty cents a box at all dealers, or by mail on receipt of price by EDMANSON, BATES & Co., Toronto.

WOMAN AND HOME.

A TEACHER NEARLY FORTY YEARS IN RIPON COLLEGE.

To Start the Child Properly—The Women Who Fuss—Hints For the Nursery—A Birthday Breakfast—A Busy Life.

Mrs. Clarissa Tucker Tracy is a woman of women. In the educational history of Wisconsin her name is illuminated as bright as the brightest.

Mrs. Tracy is of Puritan stock. Her parents—Massachusetts Tuckers—in 1815 removed to Jackson, Susquehanna county, Pa., which was then the far west, with many other families. The colony followed all the social and religious customs of their New England ancestry. They organized schools and churches and kept Thanksgiving in true old Puritan style. Early in life she manifested intellectual ability. She began her school life when but 3½ years of age, walking over a mile, much of the way through deep woods, to the school. Within three months she learned to read and committed to memory several poems for children. At the close of her first term she was given a booklet for juveniles, and on her way home learned the whole of "how does the little busy bee improve each shining hour."

When 14 years old, she had mastered the branches taught at that time and leaving the common schools turned her attention to teaching. Her first work was in an academy established near her birthplace, and while teaching she marked out

MRS. CLARISSA TUCKER TRACY.

a course of study for herself, which in time she completed. In 1839 she accepted a position in a newly established school at Honesdale (at the head of the Delaware and Hudson canal), and continued with the institution until 1844, latterly as superintendent of the female department, when she was married to Horace Tracy. Shortly after the death of her husband, four years later, Mrs. Tracy again began teaching in Honesdale, and only resigned her position there to remove to Neenah, Wis., at the urgent request of three families who desired their children to continue under her instruction. From Neenah Mrs. Tracy went to Ripon to take a position in Brockway (now Ripon) college, where she has remained 39 years.

Mrs. Tracy's work in this institution has made her noted. She has been a power in its educational work and has acted as superintendent of the domestic department, principal of the women's department and teacher in mathematics and botany, while continuously serving in other branches. She still teaches botany while assisting in other branches. She is an interested and helpful church and missionary worker and is prominent in all the philanthropical and reformatory organizations of the day. Hers has been a noble life; her work will endure and her memory ever be bright to those who have been honored with her friendship.—Chicago Times-Herald.

To Start the Child Properly.

That physical exercise is necessary for the development and well being of the body is recognized by most persons of intelligence, but that it is also necessary for the proper development of the brain will be news to many.

Dr. Luther Gulick, an eminent scientist and close observer, makes the latter point in an article entitled "Psychical Aspects of Muscular Exercise," in The Popular Science Monthly.

He further says that, in order that a man's brain may be fully developed by exercise, his instinct to play as a child must be indulged without restraint. To deprive a boy of liberty or opportunity to play is to deprive him of a chance to become a sane or intelligent man.

Dr. Gulick analyzes the play instinct of man from infancy to early manhood. He finds that during this period man lives over the life history of the race. Up to 7 he merely plays games that involve muscular activity, but no skill or competition. This represents the life of the most primitive man. From 7 to 12 our boys play games involving competition, but not much skill. This brings them to about the period of the stone age in human history. From 12 to 17 they indulge in highly organized sports, such as baseball and football. From 17 to 22 they are devoted to the same sports, but with a passionate earnestness, devotion and skill which they rarely surpass in the serious business of after life. In this stage they represent the highest type of savage, such as the American Indian or the south sea islander, who lives only for fighting, hunting, fishing and other sports.

In order that a child may start on the business of civilized life properly equipped his brain and body must have been built up in this way. If we fail to provide school children with proper playgrounds, we shall wreck the race.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

The Women Who Fuss.

An English writer has been giving English women who fuss a sight of themselves as others see them. Woman nature is woman nature the world over, so perhaps women fussers at the four corners of the earth may find something in her remarks that will strike home. She says: "Can there be anything more uncomfortable and embarrassing for a guest than to be entertained by a restless, fussy hostess, or for the latter to have to entertain the same sort of guest? A fussy woman can never be called a well mannered one. She has no repose, no dignity, none of that well bred calmness which is so admirable in a woman, none of that gracious and friendly courtesy that so speedily and completely sets strangers at ease. Good natured and desirous to please and give pleasure anxious to do her duty as wife, mother and hostess, she is yet rarely successful, for a fussy woman is seldom an observant one, being always too busy to notice whether those around her are pleased or annoyed until they speak out plainly and express their feelings in words.

"The truth is that she cannot understand the charm and peace most people find in being occasionally left alone, allowed to go their own way, to follow their own inclinations, without remark and remonstrance. To the casual visitor and mere acquaintance the fussy man or woman is a bore perhaps, but of whom they are to learn because of their good nature, their obvious friendliness and desire to be hospitable. It is only the family and intimate friends who feel the real discomfort and misery that can be caused by their excess of zeal and continued interference in every little matter that concerns the daily life and doings of those around them."

Hints For the Nursery.

"Keep children's feet dry and warm," said an old nurse, "and you need not be afraid of their taking cold." When a child's feet are cold at night, plunge them into tepid water, then rub them briskly with a coarse towel and put him to bed immediately. Nervousness often makes feet chilly, and the child whose eyes are unnaturally bright and cheeks flushed is apt to be in a cold perspiration as to his extremities, says the Philadelphia Inquirer. Frequent changes of stockings and thick soled shoes are desirable. Rubbers are to be avoided, except in absolutely stormy weather, for the child who wears them is tempted to seek out puddles to walk in, and often gets over his shoe tops in the spirit of confidence in his protectors.

The unequal and excessive heat of our houses is responsible for many childish illnesses. The nursery temperature should never fall below 72 degrees during the daytime and a little lower at night. Dress the little ones warmly and then accustom them to the fresh air. No other nerve tonic is so good, and the child who is used to pure air and sunshine is generally cheerful and contented.

The custom of clothing your children in flannel undergarments is an admirable one, but almost exclusively American. A physician of large experience told me recently that he thought children were less apt to take cold if they always slept a little cool than if they always became overheated, then chilled. At night flannel gowns with feet are indispensable, for some children abhor covering and kick through every contrivance to keep them warm.

A Birthday Breakfast.

In these days of rush and hurry, this dreadful hurry which even controls reading and thinking, we become oblivious, or it would seem so, of the personnel of our homes. Husbands, wives and children become secondary considerations. To counteract this tendency let us remember the birthdays of the members of our households. Give to them personally at least one day in 365. Common holidays, as Christmas and New Year's, with their gifts, have strongly the favor of fashion. A birthday remembrance is a personal one, which brings much of that delightful "just for me" satisfaction.

Birthday breakfasts in our home have been happy affairs. Pleasant surprises always give pleasure, and many times has the one for which such breakfast was prepared been apprised of the fact that another milestone in life's journey was reached which would have been unheeded but for this lovingly prepared reminder. Meals planned for later in the day savor more of "just for anybody," perhaps for company. The meal need not be an expensive one or consist of many courses, but let it be as tasty and dainty as is possible.

The best dishes, of course, and the choicest table linen are to be used. Let thoughtfulness and love be everywhere evident. These are the fairies that make the coarsest food and the plainest tableware surpass the most delicate viands and the exquisite china, if the evidences of their presence is wanting. Try a birthday breakfast and the presenting of the gifts at this hour, whether they are large or small. Be sure to have the "just for you," with much of love, very evident.—Josephine Mitchell Chubbuck in Housekeeper.

A Busy Life.

The name Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth is familiar to almost every story reader on our continent, and no doubt there are many who have often wondered what the long array of initials stood for. Here is the name in full: Mrs. Emma Dorothy Eliza Nevitte Southworth. The last name was added in 1840, when she married Frederick H. Southworth. She was born in Washington in 1819 and has spent the greater part of her life there. Her home, a small, unpretentious cottage, is in Georgetown, or West Washington, as it is now called. It occupies a commanding view on Potomac heights, and from the veranda, which extends around three sides, a good part of the city may be seen. Four years after her marriage Mrs. Southworth found it necessary to help support the family, and for five years she taught in the public schools of Washington, but the salary she received was not equal to her needs, and so she tried story writing as a means of supplementing it. Her first novel, "Retribution," was published in 1849, and its success was so great that she was enabled to give up schoolteaching and devote herself to her literary labor. Most of her stories are highly sensational and lurid, but they are very dramatic, and the descriptive quality is good. For many years she was enabled to publish three volumes a year, and her books, taken all together, count one for every year of the allotted span of human life. Mrs. Southworth has always been an invalid, with no love for society, and she has few acquaintances in the city where she has so long made her home. She is now living with a nephew, Dr. Southworth, who cares for her most tenderly.

Red Hair In History.

The exact tint of the Scottish queen's hair has been always a vexed subject of discussion. Some give it an unmitigated red—Michelet, for instance, who so far forgets himself and history as to call the poor lady a real red camel. Others, siding with chivalrous Sir Walter, boldly endow their martyred queen and mistress with rich dark brown tresses. It should not be forgotten, however, that red hair, even modest auburn, suffered a severe eclipse during the early years of our century, whereas under the Valois no one with any pretensions to elegance could be seen wearing it black. In this particular at least Mary Stuart must have had the advantage of Queen Margot, who inherited her father's dark coloring and was reduced to dissemble nature's shortcomings by the perruquier's art.

We are told of three gigantic blond lackeys kept in her service and brought to the shears as regularly as sheep. Brantome indeed protests that his incomparable princess could carry with grace "even her natural black hair twisted and plaited a l'Espagnol, as she sometimes wore it, in imitation of her sister, the queen of Spain." But no such need of insistence one feels when he comes to praise the curled golden tresses of the Scottish queen. "Alas," he cries, "what profanation was that at the dreadful moment of her death when the barbarous executioner snatched her bonnet and there lay revealed those same fair locks, now whitened, thin and wintry, and which her friends of France had so often seen but to admire, curled and adorned as befitted their beauty and the queen they graced."—St. Louis Republic.

In Paris the Women Go.

What may seem to be a peculiar fad in America is the fashion in Paris, and especially with the American residents of the gay capital. Whenever there is a riot, a change of administration which brings out the blue blouse mob, or "a manifestation," all Paris society flocks to the spectacle. White police tickets—the passe partout within the lines—are distributed most generously, says a correspondent of the New York Times, and the terrace in the Tuileries gardens, which overlook the Place de la Concorde, is reserved for spectators, who have with them these necessary bits of pasteboard. They look on at the conflicts between the military and the mobs as an American audience would at Barnum's show. One American woman in Paris said recently that since 1848 she had missed only one "manifestation," and that was because she was ill with the grip on the day on which President Grevy abdicated. She had even braved the vitriol and the bullets of the commune.

Real Superiority.

It is the first duty of every woman to recognize the mutual bond of universal womanhood. Let her ask herself whether she would like to hear herself or her sister spoken of as a shop girl or a factory girl or a servant girl, if necessity had compelled her for a time to be employed in any one of the ways indicated. If she would shrink from it a little, then she is a little inhuman when she puts her unknown human sisters who are so occupied into a class by themselves, feeling herself to be somewhat their superior. She is really the superior person who has accepted her work and is doing it faithfully, whatever it is. This designating others by their casual employment prevents one from making real distinctions, from knowing persons as persons. A false standard is set up in the minds of those who classify and of those who are classified.—Lucy Larcom.

The Dainty Woman.

She is not born, but made, that most charming woman who is sweet with neatness plus an indefinable something more. The dainty woman is sweet and charming on the most trying occasions, because on the ordinary occasons she has acquired the habit.

She brushes her hair religiously every night—not spasmodically for a week or two—and so it acquires a rare glossiness and smoothness. Her hot bath at night is a regular affair, dating back years to its beginning, and consequently her complexion always preserves its freshness. Her clothes always lie in sweet smelling sachets, so that the faint elusive fragrance which seems part of her personality can no more be missing when she appears in a dressing gown and slippers than when she comes out robed for a reception.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Pretty Things For the Neck.

The ingenious woman can make herself any number of pretty and becoming things for her neck, and the number of pretty new things is increasing. The affinity which fur and lace have for each other this year is manifesting itself in pretty soft scarfs and bows. A charming and becoming bow can be made from a bit of lace, a little chiffon and narrow strips of sable. A little real lace, if one has it, or pretty lace of any kind will do, for a couple of bows or ends and more bows and ends of the chiffon, the ends ruffled and edged with bebe ribbon, and above the ruffle the narrow bands of sable about half an inch wide, or a scarf of some of the thin, soft materials can be tucked and ruffled and bands of the fur run on across.

Health Rules For Women.

Here are the laws of health for women laid down in monosyllables:

Don't worry. Don't hurry. Don't overeat. Don't starve. Breathe fresh air every day and night. Sleep and rest a great deal. Spend less nervous energy every day than you make. Be cheerful. Work like a woman, but don't be worked to death. Avoid passion and excitement. Associate with healthy people. Health is contagious as well as disease. Don't carry the whole world on your shoulders, far less the universe. Never despair. Lost hope is a fatal disease.

Bad For the Milliners.

The influence of equal suffrage has been rather against the milliners and dressmakers. There is not so much time for criticising one's neighbors' hats and bonnets and cloaks. Gossip cannot be cured in any way so well as by practice in taking an interest in public affairs.—Hon. Hugh H. Lusk, ex-member New Zealand Parliament.

The ill smelling garlic possesses some valuable qualities. It is an excellent remedy for worms, nervous and spasmodic coughs and hoarseness. A drop of the juice into the ear is almost a certain cure for earache. A decoction of garlic is made by boiling in milk and will cure stone in the bladder if taken in doses of four tablespoonfuls three times a day before meals.

A funny story is told of Miss Fortescue in regard to the first time she played Juliet in London. The fair actress possesses beautiful eyes, but is shortsighted, and she cannot see beyond the second row of stalls. On this particular night she got so excited in the poison scene that she actually threw the vial at the head of a well known critic seated in the stalls.

In Vienna telephone girls are required to change their dresses and wear a uniform when on duty, as the dirt they brought in from the streets affected the instruments. Their costume is a dark skirt and waist, with sleeves striped black and yellow, the Austrian national colors.

Miss Marie Corelli is a very pretty woman, with golden hair, a bright complexion and a piquant expression. Yet she has an objection to allowing her face to adorn the pages of any publication.

A thief stole a woman's purse the other day and left in her pocket a bit of glass which a jeweler pronounced a diamond worth $800. It was a delicate little attention which the lady appreciated.

A COWBOY POET.

A Colorado Puncher Who Handles Both Pen and Lariat.

A new cowboy poet has appeared in Colorado. His name is Harry Ellard, and he is known as "the Poet Lariat of the Ranges." He came originally from Cincinnati, but at present he is employed on Stirrup ranch, near Canon City. His daily vocation is to round up

HARRY ELLARD, THE COWBOY POET.

cattle, but while loping along on his broncho he is often inspired, and these inspirations he writes out when he has leisure. From the plains, the cattle and various aspects of ranch life he takes his themes and sings of things as he sees them. His verses are first printed in the Colorado papers, to which he sends them, and afterward they go the rounds of the press east and west. Here is a sample of his verse:

My broncho is no Pegasus
To reach Olympian heights,
But still up Rocky mountain slopes
He takes me in his flights.
'Tis here that thoughts come "rounding up,"
To nature near akin,
So I throw my mental lariat
And strive to "rope them in."

One of his first contributions to the Colorado papers was a story in verse, entitled "Bill and the Parson," relating an incident just as it occurred in the early days of Creede, Colo., when that little city was a prosperous mining camp, where gambling and lawlessness were in full force. Real characters figured in this poem, the principal one, "Lanky Bill," better known to the east as "Soapy" Smith"—his real name was Jefferson Randolph Smith, the all round bad man and marshal of Creede—being an especially good picture from life.

Both Sides Were Good.

Not all the old masters monopolize the romance of pictures, and occasionally there percolates in a vague way the story of some modern man and his pictures, which is interesting reading. A distinguished American collector bought some years ago, so the tale runs, a work of art from a man famed for his realization of lovely and subtle color. It was a thick panel, small, but beautiful in the tonal scheme. One day, taking the picture out of the frame, it was discovered that there was another picture on the back of the wood, a neglected work that the painter had evidently thought little about. But the artist is sometimes the poorest judge of his own efforts, so the thoughtful collector had the panel carefully sawed in half, and at the solicitation of an admirer sold the second composition. This is now among the treasures of another American collector.

A DUCAL SCIENTIST.

One of Bavaria's Royal Princes Who Has Given Up His Life to Medicine.

A quiet man of 60, who is about to celebrate his silver wedding very much as some of the humblest village fathers might do it, is Carl Theodor of Bavaria, the noted oculist, a duke, yet an enthusiastic opthalmic surgeon, who has even turned his beautiful castle of Tegernsee in the Bavarian Alps into a free eye hospital. The Duke is beloved by his people and is devoted to his wife, who was the Princess Marie Josepha of Braganza and Portugal.

Though a quiet, reserved man, the

DUKE CARL THEODOR AND HIS ARCH-DUCHESS.

name of the royal oculist is now universally known; not only on account of his eminence in his profession, but also as the most humane of men, whose life is chiefly devoted to the service of the poorest classes and those who, while not exactly being in that category, are still unable to afford the high fees usually demanded by leading eye doctors. Innumerable patients have to thank the Duke for the preservation of their sight, and not very long ago he performed his thousandth operation for cataract. Among his patients he counts no less a personage than the German Emperor, who summoned him a year or so ago from his lakeside home to Kiel to attend and cure his injured eye.

The Duke is assisted in his work by the Duchess, in his private hospital, who frequently acts as his "help" when some particularly delicate operation is to be performed, and Her Royal Highness knows well how to soothe and prepare nervous patients for the painful operation before them. The daughters of the ducal couple superintend the nursing of the inmates, and there is hardly a family in Europe more popular and more beloved than their Royal Highnesses.

The Empress of Germany, who, with her children, has spent some time at Tegernsee, has become most warmly attached to the Duke, Duchess and their family, and the imperial and ducal children were quite inseparable during the stay of the august lady at the lakeside town. The Duke, although a younger son, is the head of the ducal branch of the royal house of Wittelsbach, his elder brother Ludwig having resigned all his rights for himself and his descendants when entering into a morganatic marriage with an actress in 1859.

POPE FOR TWENTY-FOUR HOURS.

The Immediate Successor to Leo XIII. Has Been Already Chosen.

It is perhaps not generally known that the immediate successor of the present Pope is already chosen, though he will not officially be called Pope. Cardinal Luigi Oreglia, dean of the Sacred College of Cardinals, and Camarlingo of the Catholic Church, will perform the duties of the office after the death of Leo XIII. until the next Pope has been elected.

According to the regulations the election cannot take place until after the burial of the dead Pope, which occurs ten days after his decease. There have been cases in which the election has not

CARDINAL LUIGI OREGLIA.

been finished for months, so that Camarlingo's reign may last for some time.

Leo XIII. was himself Camarlingo when he was elected to the pontificate, but it is hardly likely that the present Camarlingo will be so fortunate.

It is the Camarlingo who formally declares the Pope dead after tapping his forehead three times with the silver hammer. He also breaks the seals and "Ring of the Fisherman" and then assumes the direction of affairs of the Apostolic See until the new Pope is elected.

The Cardinal-Dean of the Sacred College is the highest official in the church next to the Pope. He is Bishop of Ostia, and consecrates the newly-elected Pope, if he is not a bishop, wearing the pallium during the consecration. He presides over the sacred conclave of cardinals having the election in hand, and keeps the key of the place of meeting, so that none can enter or go out save with his consent.

When the election is concluded the Cardinal-Dean asks the new Pontiff what name he intends to take. And after he has received the salutations of the assembled cardinals it is the Cardinal-Camarlingo who places on his finger the "Ring of the Fisherman." He is the actual successor of the Pope, even though temporarily.

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

ISSUED EVERY SATURDAY.—

M. E. Bissett Editor.

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.

SATURDAY, AUG. 19th, 1899.

The craze for sensational attraction in the churches reached a climax down in Missouri within the last week. The principle feature of this entertainment (?) was a mock hanging, the gallows being erected in the basement of the church.

Why doesn't someone make a move to start a reading room in the town? The cost would not be very great, ane it is certain that the profit and pleasure occuring to those who frequented it would more than make up. Times are getting good. Now is the time to start it.

We note that on Texada there are company stores, company boarding-houses and hotels, company sawmills. In fact every enterprise worth engaging in is run by the Company. Now, we do not mean to reflect in any way upon either the Company or the management. Their property is their own, their money has developed it, they have a right to do what they please with it. But just imagine what a howl about selfish corporations etc. ad nauseum would be raised by certain so-called labor papers if the same course were followed in Union and Cumberland.

The Government are going to put everyone who wishes to have anything to do with mines through an an education test. They had better not make it too hard or Ralph'll have to study nights.

Concert BY THE CHOIR OF

The Methodist CHURCH,

—Grace : Church—

Tuesday, the 22nd August at 8 p m

Admission, 25 cents.

ICE CREAM WILL BE SERVED DURING THE EVENING, TEN CENTS PER DISH.

Ladies as well as gentlemen invited to attend entertainment tonight

PASSENGER LIST.

Per steamer "City of Nanaimo" Wednesday, Aug. 17.

P. Whalen, B. Purko, W. Ashman, F. Emmerson, M. McGregor, Mrs. Hickman, Miss Armstrong, Miss Netherby, G. Groundshut, Arnaldo, Ryder, Mitchell, Miss Rushworth, John Bolt, Anderson, J. Gray S. Sharp, Short, Mr. Williams, Tissie Walker, Bay Beck, H. King, J. Woodland, J. Piercy, G. Heathe.lel, Miss Piercy, T. Morgan, Newman, R. Gray, N. McKay, Mr. Calhourn, Miss Williams, Mary Maxwell, W. Belky, C. Stroulin, J. Williams, M. Piercy, Mrs. Bakil, Doney, Sam Orr, J. Wilson, Manson, Mrs. Calhoun, Mrs. Beck, J. Grieve, Zoyarra. Miss Westwood, A. Piercy, W. Piercy.

COMOX FALL EXHIBITION.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY.

Special prize:—First $5 (Value), Second:—$2.50 (Value), will be given for the best collection of twelve (12) photos of local scenery taken by amateur photographers residing in Comox District. The photographe should be mounted on suitable mounts and must be the bona-fide work of the exhibitor.

A mistake occurred in our last issue in giving Mr. Riggs instead of Mr. Chas. McDonald, credit for decorating the show window of the Big Store.

LOCAL BRIEFS.

Bear in mind the dentist leaves on October 1st.

Mrs. Browne of Wellington is visiting her sister, Mrs. Matthews.

Dr. W. S. Dalby leaves on the 1st October.

Mr. W. R. Robb is building an addition to his barn for a granary.

Rev. J. A. Durand will hold service in Cumberland at 11 a. m., Sunday.

Joe Moore has had his annex lit with acetylene gas. He must like it.

Now is the time to have your dentistry attended to, for the dentist leaves the first of October.

Mr. Matt. Lyttle of Comox rejoices in the possession of a new top buggy. It cuts a dash.

A few men are working on the Courtenay Road and haye improved it considerably cutting the brush down on each side.

A respected citizen of Comox, a a calf, and a muzzle came to close quarters on monday. The citizen was looking for wire nippers that afternoon.

Times are dull down in Nanaimo. Too bad we've got a chance to live up here. When are the people of the Black Diamond City going to stop such an outrage?

Anderson's Metal Works are in full blast manufacturing gas machines. Guess somebody is going to have daylight all winter. Mr. Anderson states he has orders from Wellington, Union Bay, Courtenay and Cumberland.

Mr. Jack Jenkins left last Monday for Comox where he will spend a weeks holiday. He is stopping at Mr. S. Cliffe's. Jack's smiling countenance is missed very much from the veranda of the Cumberland Hotel.

J. McPhee & Son, of Courtenay are having their house and store lit with acetylene gas. Dr. Millard is also having his new residence lit up with same; and later on Mr. A. H. McCallum will have the Courtenay House illuminated.

Mr. Williams, gardener and florist, took some fine cucumbers over to Texada Thursday. A couple of them each weighed three and three-quarter pounds. It is worth while having a garden that can provide such vegetables as that.

STEVENSON & CO.

For Pay-Day week we have made reductions in Black Dress Goods, Colored Dress Goods, Gent's Clothing, etc., which will be to the interest of all intending purchasers

All those splendid Black Dress Lengths at $5.50 per dress, go at $4.50.

The balance of these 10 $10 colored Costumes at $4.50 and $5.

Brown Serges and Merinos worth from 35 cents to 50 cents, now 25 cents per yard.

Wool Delaines worth 40 cents, now 25 cents.

All our Prints at reduced prices.

Splendid Black Striped Sateen at 6 yards for $1.00.

FLANNELETTE—32½ inch Flannelette at 15 yards for $1.00. 36 in. Flannelette at 10 yards for $1.00.

GENT'S CLOTHING—For the next week we will make a special inducement in Clothing.

We will sell any suit of clothes in stock at 20 per cent discount.

We can surprise you in clothing values.

Come early and get first choice.

SHOES

The prices in Boots and Shoes this week is sure to create a stir in our store.

STEVENSON & CO.

Mr. Thulin, of Thulin Bros., Lund, B. C., came to the Wharf on his own steamer yesterday and paid Cumberland a visit. During his visit he gave Mr. Anderson an order for a sixty light gas machine.

The equilibrists who are to give an exhibition in the Cumberland Hall to-night are said to be good. They will give an exhibition again on Monday night, and Tuesday and Wednesday at Agricultural Hall, Conrtenay.

Mr. C. C. Segrave captured a monster insect, Thursday. It is four inches long and has four wings, each two inches long. It has three horns and four legs. Mr Segrave is going to send it to the Chicago Blade naturalists for identification and meantime has named it the Killaloo Bird.

Mr. Lewis of Courtenay has begun to make cheese. If a market can be obtained, the manufactury of cheese will be an excellent opening for Comox farmers. Nearly all our cheese is imported and there is no reason why B. C. farmers cannot make as good an article as Eastern Canadians and thus secure the home market.

Mr. Davis of Courtenay lost a fine span of horses last Thursday at Comox. He had the team on the wharf by the slip when they began to back. The reins were tied to the wheel and, consequentl, when the rig began sliding down, the horses were drawn back tighter. In a few minutes both wagon and horses were in the water and the animals were drowned before they were cut loose. This is a serious loss to Mr. Davis for the team cost at least $250. A subscription has been started by the generous people of Comox and we hope it will aggregate enough to cover most of the cost of a new team. Mr Davis is an old and hard working man and he well deserves to be helped through this trouble. Others than Comoxites might give him a hand.

The windows of the Vendome look much improved after the muscular exertion of Mr Jno. Robertson.

CITY COUNCIL PROCEEDINGS.

AUGUST 14TH.

Present: Aldermen Calnan, Willard, Carthew and Nicholls.

Moved by Alderman willard, seconded by Alderman Nicholls that minutes of last meeting be read: carried.

CORRESPONDENCE:—Letter from Ralph Smith inviting Council to attend proceedings on Labor Day at Nanaimo. Alderman Calnan moved and Alderman Willard seconded, that the invitation be acknowledged and regret was expressed that that the council could not accept.

LEGAL ADVICE:—Moved by Alderman Calnan, seconed by Alderman Nicholls that the advice of Mr. L. P. Eckstein in re position as a council will be filed for future reference.

DRAINS AND WORKS:—Moved by Alderman Willard, seconded by Alderman Calnan, that drains be inspected and if found complete, money be paid to Messrs. Martin and Piercy.

Moved by Alderman Willard seconded by Alderman Nicholls that Alderman Ryder be appointed to interview Mrs. Piket, in re moving the obstruction in fron t of Cumberland Hotel as the council wish to put in a side walk.

Moved by Alderman Nicholls seconded by Alderman Calnan that Board of Works see Mr. Hauck and instruct him to put a snow-shed, the length of his building along 2nd Street.

Moved by Alderman Willard seconded by Alderman Calnan that the Chairman wait on Mr. Little in re draining swamp. Also in reference to continuation of 1st Street.

Moved by Alderman Nicolls, seconded by Alderman Calnan that City Clerk give notice to property holders to connect their drains with city sewer on or before September 15. If not done at that date, City will do it at the expense of property holders.

Moved by Alderman Willard seconded by Alderman Calnan, that City Clerk be instructed to call for tenders to supply City with oil by the barrel, stating price and quality.

Moved by Alderman Calnan seconded by Alderman Willard that tenders be called for lighting street lamps, not more than 15 and not not less than 10.

(Tenders in both cases to be in by August 28.

GO TO

CAREY the Tailor

For Your Next Suit of Clothes.

GOOD FIT

—AND—

PRICES RIGHT

CALL AND SEE.

Notice.

CHANGE OF CORPORATE NAME.

Notice is hereby given that the Union Colliery Company of British Columbia, Limited Liability intends to apply to His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor for permission to change its name to that of the "Wellington Colliery Company, Limited Liability."

Dated Victoria, 18th July, 1899.

DAVIE, POOLEY & LUXTON, Solicitors to the Union Colliery Company of B. C., Limited Liability.

M. W. WAITT & Co.

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—AND—

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Phonographs and Graphophones.

SAFES, BILLIARD TABLES, TYPEWRITERS, LAWN TENNIS, HOCKEY and GOLF GOODS.

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T. D. McLEAN