

Semi-
Weekly
Edition.

The News.

FOR
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JOB PRINTING 116

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CARD OF THANKS

Mrs. Alex. Molledo desires to express her thanks to her friends and the public for their kindly help and expressions of sympathy at her bereavement, and for the sweet remembrance of flowers at the funeral of her husband.

CARD OF THANKS

Mr. and Mrs. B. Molledo wish to thank through the columns of The News their friends and the public for their assistance rendered, and sympathy so freely extended upon the occasion of the death of their son, and for the kindly contribution of flowers.

Notice.—The tenders for the sinking of No. 5 shaft must be in by Sept. 1 '98.

COME TO

THE NEWS OFFICE

with your

printing. Reasonable prices prevail

Russian Bear Will it Slink Away or Fight?

Spirit of the Press.
Cabinet Complete
More Gold.

THE CABINET.

Victoria, Aug. 20.—An extra Provincial Gazette was issued to-day, announcing the appointment of J. F. Hume of Kootenay, as Provincial Secretary and Minister of Mines. He will also act as Minister of Education. Mr. Semlin said to-day that completed the Cabinet for the present, but that later there would be six ministers. It is understood the position of Minister of Education will be kept open for Mr. Higgins.

The Cabinet therefore stands as follows:

Charles Semlin, Commissioner of Lands and Works, Premier; F. C. Cotton, Minister of Finance; Joseph Martin, Attorney-General; Dr. McKechie, President of Executive Council; and J. F. Hume, Provincial Secretary and Minister of Mines, and Acting Minister of Education.

WILL RUSSIA YIELD?

London, Aug. 20.—You may expect to hear next week that England and Russia have come to a decision as to their future relations; but the nature of the decision, —peace or war—to-day hangs in the balance. I hear on excellent authority that Lord Salisbury falls back upon his original position, and if Russia refuses to bring herself to remain within the limits agreed upon, she must take the consequences. The British fleet is ready at the moment for hostilities. Officers on leave have been warned to hold themselves ready to join their ships on sudden summons. In the meantime Lord Salisbury is waiting for Russia's decision; but Russia has not yet made up her mind.

MORE KLONDIKE GOLD.

Nanaimo, Aug. 20.—S. S. Dirigo arrived this afternoon from Klondike with forty passengers, and over \$200,000 between them. They report that Skagway has been completely deserted by the male population who have gone to the new gold fields in Pine Creek and Tagish Lake.

THE THUNDERER TALKS.

London, Aug. 20.—The Times this morning says it foresees circumstances which may compel the United States to a permanent occupation of Cuba; and adds if America is prepared to undertake the responsibility of the government of the whole of the Philippines, it is hard to see how any other power could interfere. If the United States repudiates such responsibility,

McPHEE & MOORE

DEALERS IN

General Merchandise.

Cumberland, and Courtenay, B. C.

ity, a very perilous state of things might ensue, because it would not be any easy dispute as to the right of other powers to terminate the state of anarchy. In any case no European power need reason upon finding the United States as easy to coerce as Japan.

The Grants Home Again

Just five minutes of four o'clock yesterday (Monday) a carriage drove up to the residence of Mr. Alex. Grant, on Maryport avenue. On the front seat was Mr. Kenneth Grant and Mr. Alex. Grant; back seat was occupied by Mr. Robert Grant and wife. Mr. Alex. Grant sprang out first and disengaging himself from the attentions of those who surrounded the carriage in welcome, he quickly disappeared behind the front door of his dwelling. In a few minutes Mr. and Mrs. Robert Grant were driven home, and in the evening, Mr. Grant, familiarly called "Bob" held a sort of levee.

The Grants look well, and have evidently not been injured by their fight with the rugged, wild elements, in search for hidden treasure.

They left Dawson at 10 o'clock in the evening, of Aug. 4th, taking the steamer Willie Irwin up the Yukon to White Horse Rapids, riding around to the head of Miles Canyon, where they took the steamer Olive May to Lake Bennett; then on foot a mile to Linderman Lake, and from there on steamer across the lake; then over Chilkoot Pass, down through Sheep Camp to Dyea and Skagway, from which place they sailed on Amur to Victoria, which they reached on the Sunday morning. The papers there apprised them pretty fully of the Trent river disaster. Hence, as soon as possible they took the train for Nanaimo, and were kindly driven over to Wellington by Mr. McCutcheon where they found Kilpatrick's carriage in waiting, and were taken over the south end of the Nanaimo-Comox truck road, which they describe as a "daisy"—and a very big and beautiful one at that—"Why it was delightful to drive over it" said one of them. "If we had such roads here—"

"Yes, I know, but when did you get to Big Qualicum?"

"Don't forget that road," he replied.

"But Qualicum?"

"Yes, we stopped there with the carriage, and walked about six miles to Deep Bay where we got a boat, and made the distance from Nanaimo to Geo. Howe's, in 9 hours—yes, a little less. And here Mrs. Grant and Kenneth were waiting for us with our carriage."

John Urquhart came down with them to Victoria and will be up Wednesday. Hugh Miller, who made a nice little stake, and who left Dawson in July, will also be here on to-morrow's steamer.

Note.—Sketchy articles of Klondike life, scenery, prospecting, mining, etc. will appear in these columns later on.

WILL LECTURE.

On Wednesday evening of this week at the Methodist Church, Miss Murcutt, eloquent Australian lady, will lecture. Her lecture at Courtenay some weeks ago, on Australian Life and Scenes, also her vivid picture of the evils of intemperance are remembered as an intellectual treat. She is well worth listening to on any subject and will doubtless draw a crowded house. We can promise that her lecture will be brilliant and entertaining.

Dr. Lucas, who is known as an able speaker, will fill the Presbyterian pulpit here next Sunday morning, and will also occupy Rev. Mr. Hick's pulpit in the evening. It is announced that there will be no service at the Presbyterian Church in the evening.

Wharf Notes

Last week it was a sad sight when almost the entire population followed the coffin of young Walter Work to the steamer.

On Thursday the new coke barge came in with 12 C. P. R. cars, towed by the tug Coar. After these were landed to be filled the barge was towed back to Vancouver, and was expected to return to the wharf on Monday night with 12 more empties, and take over 12 cars filled with coke.

On Sunday, H. M. S. flagship Imperieuse accompanied with a torpedo boat passed up to Comox Bay where was anchored another vessel of Her Majesty's navy.

Some vessels, bound north have stopped here for coal but could not of course be supplied.

The City of Grand Rapids came in on Monday morning with a party bound north. They appeared in no hurry to get away.

The family of Mr. R. B. Anderson, who has been summering here for a few weeks, left for their home in Cumberland, the first of this week.

NOTE.—The C. P. R. cars used to convey the coke are quite large and hold by tested weight 20 tons each. The barge is known as Transfer No. 1.

Immediately after the the accident on Wednesday Mr. Enoch Walker and Wm. Bell, who were at work under the bridge, did what was possible for the survivors, as did also Mrs. Harwood who was early present: but practically nothing could be done in exhuming the bodies buried in the wreck until the arrival of the wrecking car.

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS

A REAL BOSTONIAN.

A CAREFULLY DRAWN PICTURE OF THE HUB'S TYPICAL CITIZEN.

Built on Straight Lines and Follows a Regular Schedule From Birth to Death. His Mortal Horror of "New Yorkers and That Class of People."

It is the custom of those who do not live in Boston to regard the Hub and those who do live in it with humorous tolerance. The typical Bostonian is publicly supposed to be a habitually wear spectacles, subsist wholly upon baked beans, garnish his daily talk with archaic forms of speech and, because he pronounces the "a" broad, to be possessed of lurking Anglomaniac tendencies. Not one of these suppositions is correct. The typical Boston man differs only in one respect from those who hail from other cities. The Bostonian is insular to the core. He judges the universe from the standpoint of his bringing up, and the fact that this standpoint exists only in Boston bothers him not at all.

Boston is so geographically situated that the tide of commercial travel does not pass through it. No one goes to Boston in order to get anywhere except to Boston, and, as a result, the average Bostonian is brought little in contact with the outside world. There exist in Boston young men and women of the best families who have never been farther from that city than Cape Cod, and never will go farther.

The career of a young Bostonian is planned for him in advance. At the age of 10 he goes to Miss Hannah Adams' school on Chestnut street, at the age of 15 he goes to Mr. Hopkinson's school, also on Chestnut street, and at 19 he enters Harvard college, where he joins either the Porcellian or the A. D. club. After graduation he takes a hurried trip through the principal capitals of Europe, glancing casually at the stock sights and comparing them unfavorably with his native town. He gets home as quickly as he possibly can.

Certain forms of commercial occupation are open to him and others are not. For example, coal is permissible, while leather is "low." A very well known Bostonian, now dead, never spoke to a leather merchant and always left the room when one entered. In the meantime the young man has joined the Somerset and the Country clubs. He then marries a girl, needless to say of some good old Boston family, and this girl he has usually known from infancy. He has danced with her at the "Friday afternoon" class at Papantic, and together they have climbed the rocks at Nahant in search of the mythical "fairy food" which is supposed to exist there and doesn't.

Together, then, this young couple settle down to live on the sunny side of either Beacon street or Commonwealth avenue. Mark the sunny side. Doubtless some very worthy persons live on the shady side of these thoroughfares, but—well, the good, thoroughgoing Bostonian always chooses the sunny side and leaves the shady side to be inhabited by "New Yorkers and that class of people," as an elderly maiden lady in Boston once put it. With matrimony the orderly existence of the true Bostonian continues upon its well ordered way. He gets up every morning at 8 o'clock and breakfasts at half past. At 9 he walks up Beacon hill, meeting and gathering with him as he goes friends who lead exactly the same well regulated life that he does. The 9 o'clock march of the business men of Boston up Beacon hill is a feature of the city's daily life.

At 1 o'clock they all go to luncheon at the Exchange club, which, like the Somerset, Puritan and Algonquin clubs, has a ladies' dining room, where the feminine relatives of the members can lunch and dine and "charge" the bill to the members. At 4 o'clock all the business offices are deserted, and the business man goes to his club, where he stays till 6:30, meantime drinking two Martin cocktails made very dry—never more than two.

At 6:30, in company with the same men with whom he walked up Beacon hill in the morning, he walks down Beacon hill at night. At 7 o'clock he dines. At 10:30 he takes a nightcap of whisky. At 11 o'clock he goes to bed.

On the 20th of May the true Bostonian moves himself and his belongings to Beverly or Nahant. It is popularly supposed that all well to do Bostonians always move out of town on the 20th day of April in order to dodge taxes. No one ever did.

Beverly has been invaded more or less by "New Yorkers and that class of people," but Nahant retains its Boston purity.

The late Thomas Appleton well named it "cold roast Boston." The steamer leaves Nahant at 8 o'clock every morning, and at 8 o'clock the true Bostonian, in company with the same men with whom he has walked up and down Beacon hill all winter, takes the steamer and plays hearts in the smoking room for an hour. At 5 o'clock he takes the same steamer and plays whist with the same men for an hour. Why hearts in the morning and whist in the afternoon has never been explained.

The true Bostonian seldom goes out in the evening either in the city or the country. In Beverly he can't go out, even if he wishes to. The distances are so great that horses are necessary, and the avenues are so steep and so dark and so winding that horses are impossible. But the true Bostonian does not go out at night. Every now and then he does go out, and when he does he—well, to put it mildly, he unbends. It is related of a very well known and very typical Bostonian of the olden school that he once walked into the Somerset club and saw a strange face.

"Who's that?" he said.

"Why, that's a stranger," said one of the members.

"Punch his head," said the typical Bostonian laconically.

A great friend of this same Bostonian moved into the suburbs of Boston to a spot about as far away from Boston as Jersey City is from the city hall in New York. Years passed and the friends never met.

"Why don't you go and see So-and-so?" some one said to the typical Bostonian.

"You know I never travel," he answered.

DOCTORS DON'T DENY IT.

The frank testimony of a famous physician.

When Dr. Ayer announced his Sarsaparilla to the world, he at once found the physicians his friends. Such a remedy was what they had looked for, and they were prompt to appreciate its merits and prescribe it. Perhaps no medicine known as a patent medicine is so generally administered and prescribed by physicians as Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla for blood diseases, and diseases of the skin that indicate a tainted condition of the blood. Experience has proved it to be a specific in such diseases, and sores of long standing, old ulcers, chronic rheumatism, and many other like forms of disease have yielded to the persevering use of Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla after other medicines had utterly failed. The testimonials received from physicians to the value of this remedy would fill a volume. Here is one leaf signed by Richard H. Lawrence, M. D., Baltimore, Md.

"It affords me pleasure to bear testimony to the success which your preparation of Sarsaparilla has had in the treatment of cutaneous and other diseases arising from a vitiated condition of the blood. Were it not for this remedy, you the names of at least fifty individuals who have been cured of long-standing complaints simply by the administration of Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla. One very remarkable instance was that of a quite old woman who had lived at Catonsville, near this city. She had been

afflicted with the rheumatism for three years, and had taken as she had informed me, more than one hundred dollars' worth of medicine to obtain relief, yet without any beneficial result. I advised her to try a bottle of Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla and told her that if it failed to do her good, I would refund the money. A short time afterwards I learned that she had cured her, and a neighbor of hers similarly afflicted was also entirely relieved of his complaint by its use. This is the universal result of the administration of your Sarsaparilla. It is without exception, the best blood purifier with which I am acquainted."

There is no other similar medicine can show a similar record. Others have imitated the remedy. They can't imitate the record. Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla has the friendship of the physician and the favor of the family, because it cures. It fulfills all that can be desired in a medicine. It has healed thousands of people of the most malignant diseases that can mutilate mankind. Nothing has ever superceded it and nothing ever will until a medicine is made that can show a record of cures greater in number and equal in wonder to those wrought by Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Dr. Ayer's Curebook, a story of cures told by the cured, is sent free on request by the I. C. Ayer Company, Lowell, Mass. Write for it.

10

GOD'S LITTLE GIRL.

She left her home in the starry ways
And reached our arched in the April days.
We thought to keep her and hold her dear,
And our little girl we called the dear.

One pleasant eve when the sun had dipped
Out of sight, and the stars had slipped
Silently back to their wonted ways,
She turned her face with a wistful gaze

Up to the blue of the arching skies.
We knew by the look in her pretty eyes
And the smile that brightened her small
face so sweetly that we knew she was
It was time for God's little girl to go.

A kiss we dropped on her curly head.
"Sweet little heart, goodbye!" we said.
Then, unafraid, though the way was dim,
God's little girl went back to him.
—Bertha G. Davis in Independent.

NOVEL CURE FOR INSOMNIA.

The Only Way One Man Can Woo Nature's Sweet Restorer.

"No, I am not through with my day's work yet," said a Seventh street barber as he turned the key in the door of his shop a few nights ago.

"Not through?" asked a bystander who had but a few minutes before left his chair. "No, sir," the barber continued. "I have a customer whom I have shaved every night for nearly three years. It's a fact, and that man wouldn't be able to sleep a wink tonight if I did not go and shave him—at least he thinks he couldn't sleep without it."

"Funny, isn't it?" For several years he suffered with nervous prostration, which brought on insomnia. The doctors—and he tried not a few—did him little good. During this time he let his beard grow, until he had long flowing whiskers.

"One day his wife asked him if he wouldn't feel better to have his whiskers shaved off. He assented, and I was called in. It was about 9 o'clock, after I had closed my shop for the day. I removed the whiskers and gave his head a good rubbing. That night he slept soundly—the first real sleep he had had for months. The next night he suffered with wakefulness. The night following he was just as bad. Finally in two or three days his wife again called me in to shave him. I did so, and that night he got a good sleep. The result is that I was called in every night."

"Finally I agreed to do the work for so much a month, and I am a regular caller at his home every night. I am the last one to see him. After I shave him, and rub his head he goes directly to bed. He has had no insomnia since I began the nightly shaving."

"No, it isn't because of any particular power I have over him. Any barber could do it, I suppose; but he won't have any one but me. Yes, it is a bore sometimes when I want to go away; but he pays me enough to make it an object. I must hurry or he will be worrying."

A Boon to Mankind.

Dealer—This is the finest boat in the market.

Customer—What are its special features? Dealer—It has seats with powerful springs under them, that can be released by pressing a button and made to throw overboard any fool who tries to rock the boat.

Customer—Name your own price.

"Won't you take this seat," said the gentleman in the car, rising and lifting his hat. "No, thank you," said the girl with the skates over her arm. "I've been skating and I'm tired of sitting down."

Sherbrooke.

GENTLEMEN.—While driving down a very steep hill last August my horse stumbled and fell, cutting himself fearfully about the head and body. I used Minard's Liniment freely on him and in a few days he was as well as ever.

J. B. A. Beauchamp.

Young father—Is it a boy or a girl? Doctor (a cyclist)—No, it's a tandem.

Quickcure hea & Sores, Cuts, Bruises, Burns, etc.

"Truth," said a councillor at a committee meeting, "the state of our roads is a disgrace to the country. Could we not at least put our heads together and make a wood pavement?"

Johnny Chaffie's Sunday school teacher is a lady. "The other day she asked him: 'Johnny, do you know what a miracle is?'" "Yes, Ma says that if you don't marry our new parson it will be a miracle."

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

"So the crowd ran that silver orator off the platform?" "Yes, sir; every tooth in his head was filled with gold."

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

The surveyors are at work on the proposed extension of the Northern Pacific from Belmont west.

SUFFERING VANQUISHED.

A NOVA SCOTIAN FARMER TELLS HOW HE REGAINED STRENGTH.

Had Suffered From Acute Rheumatism and General Debility—Scarcely Able to do the Lightest Work.

From the Acadien, Wolfville, N.S.

One of the most prosperous and intelligent farmers of the village of Greenwood, N. S., is Mr. Edward Manning. Anyone intimate with Mr. Manning knows him as a man of strong integrity and veracity, so that every confidence can be placed in the information which he gave a reporter of the Acadien, for publication the other day. During a very pleasant interview he gave the following statements of his severe suffering and recovery:—"Two years ago last September," said Mr. Manning, "I was taken with an acute attack of rheumatism. I had not been feeling well for some time previous to that date, having been troubled with sleeplessness and general debility. My constitution seemed completely run down. Beginning in the small of my back the pain soon passed into my hip, where it remained without intermission, and I became a terrible sufferer. All winter long I was scarcely able to do any work and it was only with the acutest of suffering that I managed to hobble to the barn each day to do my chores. I appealed to medical men for help but they failed to bring any relief. At last I decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and with their use came a complete and lasting cure. I had not used quite three boxes when I began to feel decidedly better. I continued using them until twelve boxes had been consumed, when my complete recovery warranted me in discontinuing their use. I have never felt better than since that time. My health seems to have improved in every way. During the past summer I worked very hard but have felt no bad effects. The gratitude I feel to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, none but those who have suffered as I have and been cured, can appreciate."

An analysis shows that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerve. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia; partial paralysis, St. Vitis' dance, sciatitis, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of grippe, palpitation of the heart, nervous prostration, all diseases depending upon vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of whatever nature. Sold by all dealers or sent post paid at 50c a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

We Will Have Your Good-Will
IF YOU ONCE TRY

MONSOON

INDO-CYLON TEA

It is Pure, Economical and Delicious. Try it.
25c, 30c, 40c, 50c and 60c per pound.

"What are you crying for said the sugar bowl to the cream. 'The cook says I am to be whipped,' was the tearful reply.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia.

"A man likes a woman who shows him that she is clever." "Oh, no; a man likes a woman who shows him that he is clever."

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

"No, people who live in glass houses shouldn't throw stones." "Why?" "Because the occupants can see them do it."

Use Vapors of Quickcure for Throat Troubles.

It requires a strong corporation to throw a bridge across a river.

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