

Semi-
Weekly
Edition.

The News.

FOR
YOUR
JOB PRINTING
Give us a Trial, we
do Good Work at
REASONABLE
PRICES.

SIXTH YEAR. CUMBERLAND, B. C. TUESDAY AUG. 30th, 1898

We have opened up A New Stock of Stationery and Books.

A fine line of
Combs & Brushes,
Perfume and Toilet
Waters, Tooth-
brushes & Powders,
French and Eng-
lish Toilet Soaps.



Mason's Extract of
Herbs for Summer
Drink.
Poison-Fly Paper,
and Tanglefoot
Insect Powder, and
Bedbug Destroyers.
A complete line of
Patent Medicines.

All New Goods.
ONLY PURE DRUGS FOR DISPENSING.

PEACEY & CO.

GIDEON HICKS & CO.

P.O. Box 233 Victoria, B. C.

Cumberland representative Rev. Wm. Hicks.

Agents for the famous Mason & Risch pianos.
Tuning, repairing, polishing.
Mail orders will receive prompt attention.
All kinds of music and musical instruments.

C. H. TARBELL

Dealer in

Stoves and Tinware
Plumbing and general
Sheetiron work

PROMPTLY DONE

Agent for the
Celebrated Gurney
Souvenir Stoves and
Ranges

Manufacturer of the
New Air-tight heaters

FOR SALE

FOR SALE CHEAP.—A good second
hand bicycle. Apply at this office.

FOR SALE.—Cumberland residential prop-
erty on favorable terms by D. B. & L.
Association.

FOR SALE.—My house and two lots in
the village of Courtenay.
K. GRANT, Union.

FOR SALE, RANCH.—One mile and a
half from Union, contains 160 acres
and will be disposed of at a low figure. En-
quire of JAMES ABRAMS.

THIS IS A SNAP.—One half Lot 4 in
Block 5, on Penrith Ave., second house
west of English Church. Neat cottage,
also stable. See Frank J. Dalby, Agent.

FOR SALE.—My farm 160 acres, about
30 acres perfectly cleared, and about 30
acres cleared but not stumped, 3 1/2
miles from Comox wharf, also one good
milk cow for sale.—W. ANDERTON.

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

THE INQUEST.

PIERCY'S TESTIMONY.

"I live in Cumberland, am a brakeman, I
am employed on U. C. Co.'s train, and on
17 August last was so employed, working on
train, running to wharf—coal train. It left
the mine about 10 minutes past 7 a. m.; had
21 cars; 20 of coal and one of timber. Cum-
ber car was on tail end, and besides that
was the engine and tender, full of coal. The
coal was weighed on the cars—between 23
and 24 tons of coal on each car. A car
weighs between 9 and 10 tons. Had engine
No. 4—new engine. It is the largest one
running on the line. I haven't seen it weigh-
ed. It was weighed at wharf. Mr. Beck-
man and Kendall are weighers. About quar-
ter to 8 when we arrived at Trent river bridge.

"I didn't see the locomotive go through
the bridge. We were going very slow,
about as fast as a good fast walk. I thought
it was time to get off. Heard some one
scream. Of course I met Mr. Bell and
Enoch Walker. I took Miss Grieve out
first; and Enoch lifted Hughie Grant on to
the timber and he lay there quietly, and we
took Miss Horne out; then we got some
blankets and rolled them up in them. Hugh
called for water to drink; then we washed
the wounds out. A crowd of men came up
from the wharf. I left for Union and met
locomotive coming down; I went back to the
wreck. I worked there for a couple of
hours. Only the Japs and Mr. Nightingale
were taken out when I was there. One of
the Japs was lying right out. We were
unravelling out from under the car. I made
no examination of the wreckage. I was on
the last car of coal. I turned round noticed
something; looked around and saw the loco-
motive had gone through I saw 5 or 7 cars
back of the locomotive. I got off about 100
yards off. I got off on the tressel. The
tressel at this end is pretty long filled in
within 2 feet of the top. Had no difficulty
in getting off on to the tressel. There were
on the train, Alf Walker, freeman Grant,
Walter Work, Grieve, Frances Horne, Alex.
Mellado, two Japs and myself. The engine
driver was in charge of the train.
Walker, Grant, Mellado, and myself were
working on the train. The others—two of
them were going home—Miss Horne and
Work. Miss Grieve was going down to the
wharf intending to come back same day.
Don't know about the Japs. It has been
lately quite customary for people to go on
these trains. I had no instructions from
anybody about allowing people to ride on
them. No notice on engine or any of the
cars forbidding people to travel on them, or
at the station or at wharf. Saw them 3 or
4 years ago—not seen them lately. Have
been running over this road 17 months this
last time—three years and a half altogether.
I don't know whether the bridge was ever
inspected, nor if any precautions were ever
taken. I thought the bridge was safe or I
would not have gone over it. I think the
cars are 30 feet long. Where I got off the
cars, tressel was filled from about two feet
from the top. This filling extends to with-
in 75 to 100 feet of the span. I got off 75
yards from end of the filling in west end."

Cross-examined.—"I turned round had
not heard the bridge break, but saw the
engine was gone. I felt no particular jar
or motion before I turned round. I just
turned round stepped on to wood at side of
car and then on to the dirt. There were no
brakes on, had no time to put on a brake.
I have been in the employ of the Co.,
several years. I was not in charge of the
train, and Mr. Little never gave me instruc-
tions. I have never seen notice lately. I
have seen them in the engine, these notices,
some time ago there, not recently at the
wharf. Being accustomed to see them, I
would not notice them. Don't know the
exact length of the cars. When the engine
disappeared I should think it was going at
7 miles an hour, a good smart walk. I
didn't notice the cars went any faster after
the engine disappeared. When steam was
put on this particularly, don't know when.
He was but 50 yards from the side of the
span, when she was steaming—brakes were
off. Just as the locomotive enters the curve
of the tressel we take our brakes off."

Re-direct.—"It was three or four years
ago I first saw these notices. I have seen
Mr. Little going down on the train on the
locomotive. Some times people from the
town are on train at same time."
In reply to Juror Willard.—"We had
no more loaded cars than usual, day of
accident."
To Juror Douglas.—"It is customary to
go slow."
To Foreman.—"It is usual to put on
steam before we get to the bridge."

McPHEE & MOORE

DEALERS IN

General Merchandise.

Cumberland, and Courtenay, B. C.

To Court.—"I never saw a sudden jerk
on the span by putting on steam. I sup-
pose the other parties were on the loco-
motive."

BELL'S TESTIMONY.

The next witness was Wm. Bell who tes-
tified as follows:

"I reside in Union. I remember the ac-
cident. I was at work under the bridge.
As soon as I saw what was coming I told
Nigh [Enoch] to run. My reason for look-
ing after Walker was he was near sighted.
Before I started to run, I was looking. The
engine had got to the centre of the span; it
had a string of cars following after it, load-
ed. I can't tell how many cars were on the
span. The cars were not uncoupled from
the engine. I saw the thing when it
commenced. It cracked and with a loud
report the engine commenced to fall
through. One would think they were going
awful cautious—can't say any other way—
and smoothly. None of the cars would leave
the track. I suppose I would have seen it.
I should think it would be only a few min-
utes before I returned, the engine was blow-
ing off steam. After I returned Matt Piercy
gave the cry to come and give help.
When I reached the spot where Piercy was
he says, 'Come on and give us help to get a
girl out here.' Reaching over to give
my assistance, I found he had her out in his
arms. Then seeing everything so quiet not
calling for help. Matt Piercy said, 'My
God! are they all dead?' I repeated the
same words, and then I said, 'I'll make my
way to the section foreman, so if I could see
him, I would make better headway by going
to the wharf.' When I got to the wharf,
seeing Mr. Work, I told him of the accident
and we came back to the bridge together.
I made an examination of the wreck the day
the jury was there. I examined the timbers
and the span, and found out from the top to
the bottom, looked at the breaks, examined
the wood at the break. What wasn't rotten
out and out I should call a dry rot. I
looked around the iron work and saw
breaks in the rods which connect the top
and bottom of the span. They seemed to be
clear breaks. The engine was lying on her
side, in the bottom, leading for the wharf,
just as she was on top. It seemed to me the
tender was not in line with her. The cars
were heaped up at the back. The morning
I was down there, there was rotten wood
picked up. I should say it was a cap—some
of the jury said it was a tie. The piece of
timber was not there before the accident.
The rotten stick was from two feet to two
feet six inches long crumpled up at each end;
between 12 to 14 inches one way, and the
other way I couldn't tell. I was employed
by Richard Nightingale to pull away the
breakwater, to build some piers or abut-
ments. As far as I could learn they were
about to shorten the span. The water break
was about 18 inches from the tressel, not
interfering with it. The breakwater was a
log frame work filled with stone—curb
work. I have lived in Union nearly 12
months. I have had occasion to go to the
wharf once while Mr. Nightingale was
away. Generally gone to wharf by coal
train; some times on the engine and some
times on the cars. Never asked any per-
mission at all; never was ordered off the
train. I have seen other people on the train.
It seemed the common thing to go on the
coal trains, and has been ever since I have
been in the city. I have heard before the
accident that the bridge was pretty shaky."

Cross-examined by Mr. Pooley.—"I heard
no steam put on nor breaks put on when the
train came—never heard brakes at all. As
the engine was coming through I heard only
the cracking sound. The engine was com-
ing on with tender first, her head would be
facing from the wharf, toward Cumberland.
The tender was twisted around towards the
cow-catcher. I mean by dry rot, the sap is
dried out of it and the strength gone. I
said it was a cap—I am not a bridge build-
er or carpenter, but I use my brains. I
never paid for passage; just jumped on. I
never saw a notice, and I know it is a
rule for all companies not to allow people to
travel on their trains. But I never heard it
from anybody that no one was allowed to
ride on these trains."

TESTIMONY TO BE CONTINUED.

LATEST BY WIRE.

Russian War Cloud

London, Aug. 29.—A despatch from
Shanghai says the Chinese minister has
reported that in his opinion the Chinese
question will precipitate a conflict between
Great Britain and Russia. This state of
affairs he believes is owing to the British
Embassador's presenting a note at St.
Petersburg of such a peremptory nature
demanding freedom of enterprise in those
regions where Russia is supposed to
predominate. Chinese minister expects
a conflict.

Welsh Miners Strike

London, August 29.—A joint mass
meeting of the Welsh miners to-day, it
was decided to accept the employers' offer
at the conference on Saturday by
which the miners get 3 per cent. increase
in wages. This ends the disastrous six
months' strike.

Strained Relations with China.

A despatch from Shanghai says
the relations between Lung Li Yar-
men and Sir Claude Macdonald,
British Minister to China, are
strained to the point of rupture,
and that Sir Claude has intimated
that Great Britain will regard as a
cause of war, any failure on the
part of China to observe her ar-
rangements with British syndicates.
He demands a satisfactory explana-
tion with regard to the Pekin-Han
Kow railway, and declares if neces-
sary, the British squadron now as-
sembled at Wei-hai-wei will sup-
port his demands.

KLONDIKE GOLD.

Seattle, Aug. 27.—Steamer Lau-
rada arrived here from Klondike
with 200 passengers, and about
\$100,000 in nuggets and dust to-
day.
Steamer Conemagh sailed for St
Michaels for a cargo of freight and
supplies for soldiers there.

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS

"DRAP O' DEW."

I have often heard it said
(But my wording may be new)
Like a tiny blade o' grass
Gets its ain pure drap o' dew.

This auld saying I did pen,
Asking Jeanie if she knew
I was like a blade o' grass,
Wad she be my drap o' dew?

Yester e'en her answer came,
Sweet and saucy, like my lass:
"In the way o' color, Rob,
Ye are like a blade o' grass."

"An ye're growing in my heart,
Where the cauld wind never blew!
Dinna suffer lang wi' thirst,
Come and take your drap o' dew."

—Hattie G. Canfield in Ladies' Home Journal.

WATCHING A PATIENT.

Nurses Trained to Act Themselves in an Emergency.

"I can't understand," said the trained nurse, "how the lady's nurse came to leave her when one attempt at suicide had just been discovered. If there is one thing which more than another is hammered into the nurse's head when she is taking her hospital course, it is not to leave the patient at such a time. At the lectures the doctors often ask, insinuatingly: 'Now, Miss So-and-so, what would be your first step in case your patient developed a hemorrhage? You'd go for the doctor, wouldn't you?'"

"Nine times out of ten the nurse will say 'Yes.' Then, with a shade of sarcasm, the lecturer would say something like this: 'Ah! Very true, Miss So-and-so, your first step then would be sure to be a misstep. You, however, are undergoing training here so as to learn what to do yourself to try to check the hemorrhage.' In the meantime, if you want to open up your lungs and yell for the doctor it certainly would be very commendable in you. Yell fire if you think that would bring the other people in the house quicker."

"In the hospital where I was brought up a delirious tremens patient once eluded the nurses and jumped out of a third story window, breaking his back. The dreadful papers got hold of it and made an awful fuss of it. At another time an insane patient, who really ought not to have been there, got away. She was fairly quiet when the ambulance brought her in, but all the nurses in the ward were warned time and again not to leave her. One of the nurses was Miss West, as we called her. We used to say her eyes were the biggest part of her. She was measuring out medicine, with her back turned to the ward. Just at that moment she was the only nurse in sight. She heard a rustle behind her, and thinking immediately of her dangerous patient turned in time to see the crazy woman go scotching down the ward and out in the hall."

"Dropping her medicine, Miss West flew after her. The hall had many windings and led into the corridors. The patient, with all the cunning of insanity, was making straight for the outer door. Miss West, though little, was a fleet runner. The patient was ten times her size, and she knew that she could not hold her if she should catch her. So she deliberately ran into her with all her might, crowding her into a corner.

"The force with which they came together threw the crazy woman off her feet, and Miss West made the most of her advantage by sitting down on the patient. Then she called for help, and the house staff came to her aid. It took four of them to carry the woman back to the ward." —New York Press.

The Sun Dance of the Blackfeet.

The most important sacred festival of the Blackfeet Indians of the Alberta territory, Canada, is the sun dance. It is usually instituted by a woman who has come out of some trial and is generally held in July and lasts seven days. The fuel of the sacred fire is supplied exclusively by young men who have performed some valorous deed, such as stealing horses. At such a ceremony, described by a writer, "a young man who had been successful in horse stealing came up to offer himself as a sacrifice to the gods. An old medicine woman cut off one of his fingers, held it up to the sun and dedicated it to him. One young man presented himself for admission to the hand of warriors. He stretched himself on a blanket on the ground while four men held him and a fifth made incisions in his breast and back. Wooden skewers were then inserted in the breast incisions and connected by a rope to the sacred pole. The young man climbed this pole, and while his face was exceedingly pale and his frame trembling with emotion, threw his arms about the pole and prayed for strength to pass through the trying ordeal. His prayer ended, he placed a small bone whistle in his mouth and blew continuously upon it a series of short, sharp sounds while he swayed backward and forward until the flesh gave way and he fell, amid the applause of the people. As he lay upon the ground the operators examined his wounds and cut away the ragged edges of flesh and the ceremony of the sun dance was at an end." —Exchange.

The Little Man Replied.

The new woman orator waxed eloquent. "And what," she demanded as she came to the climax, "is to be the result of our emancipation?" She looked around with the calm assurance of one who had asked a poser, and this was too much for the little man who was waiting for his wife in a far corner of the hall.

"I know," he shouted.

"Ah," returned the new woman on the platform scornfully, "the little man with the bald head thinks he has solved the problem that we came here to discuss this afternoon. We will gladly give our attention while he tells us what is to be the result."

"Gold dinners and ragged children," roared the little man. —Strand Magazine.

Interested to Know.

First Senator—There is quite a lengthy interview of yours in this morning's paper.

Second Senator—Is that so? What did I say? —Chicago News.

ASTHMA'S PROGRESS.

From Cold to Cure.

No relief in other remedies.

There are many medicines that palliate asthma. There are few that do more than relieve for a time the oppressed breathing of the sufferer. There are few diseases more troublesome and more irritating than asthma. It interferes alike with business and with pleasure. It prevents enjoyment of the day and makes the night a terror. A remedy for asthma would be hailed by thousands as the greatest possible boon that could be offered them. There is a remedy for asthma. Dr. J. C. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has cured hundreds of cases of this disease, and testimonials to its efficacy from those who have tried the remedy are multiplying with every year. The cases presented in the testimonials that follow may be taken as exemplifying the quick and radical action of this great remedy.

"About a year ago, I caught a bad cold which resulted in asthma so severe that I was threatened with suffocation whenever I attempted to lie down on my bed. I tried recommending Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, I began to take it, and soon obtained relief, and, finally, was completely cured. Since then I have used this medicine in my family with great success for colds, coughs, and croup." —S. HUTTEN, Editor "Kolink" (Polish), Stevens Point, Wis.

"While on the Gasconade River, Ga., I

caught a severe cold which resulted in asthma. After taking doctors' prescriptions for a long time without benefit, I at length made use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and was completely cured." —H. G. KIRKMAN, Greenwood, Miss.

"Some time since I had a severe attack of asthma, accompanied with a bad cough and a general soreness of the joints and muscles. I consulted physicians, and tried various remedies, but without getting any relief. Finally I took Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and in a very short time was entirely cured." —J. ROSZKA, Victoria, Tex.

Dr. J. C. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is known the world over as one of the most effective medicines for the cure of coughs, colds, croup, whooping cough, asthma, bronchitis, and all affections of the throat and lungs. It is not, as are so many cough medicines, a mere "soothing syrup," a temporary relief and palliative, but it is a radical remedy, dealing directly with the disease and promptly healing it. Anyone who is sick is invited to write to the doctor who is at the head of the staff of our newly organized Free Medical Advice department. The best medical advice on all diseases, without reference to their curability by Dr. Ayer's remedies, addressed to Dr. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

Eight hundred persons composed Cardinal Wolsey's household. Three tables were served in his hall, and in his kitchen presided a master cook, robed in a suit of velvet, decorated with a chain of gold.

The Clock Struck One.

It was just two minutes to 1 when John Ludlam entered the house, and, unwrapping a paper parcel, said to his wife that he had brought her a present of a clock.

It was her birthday, and she had expected a brooch or a ring at least, and so she said tartly, "You liked the look of that clock."

"His face flushed. 'A nice way to speak about a present!' said he hotly.

"Well, it's the truth. I wouldn't have given a couple of shillings for it," said she in an exasperating tone.

John Ludlam was a quick tempered man. The veins in his temples swelled, and—

Just then the clock struck 1.

What did it signify? That the clock was running all right?

It did not. The ambulance surgeon said a few minutes later that if the clock had struck one inch nearer her temple John Ludlam would have been a widower. —Pearson's Weekly.

Provincial Appointments.

The Manitoba Gazette contains the following appointments:

To be commissioners for taking affidavits for use in the courts of this province—Dallard-Therrien, of Mariapolis; William Dickie, of Carberry; Jacques Parent, of Letellier; William Currie, of Winnipeg.

To be justices of the peace for the province—James Andrew, of Oak Lake, and John Adam Seip, of Miami.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia.

When de wolf's preaching look out for de lambs.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns etc.

In the great game of life Gabriel will always play the last trump.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

His Idea.—Is the water you get at your boarding house pure. Egbert—No there seems to be a lot of milk in it.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

"I didn't intend to marry him, anyhow." "Then why did you sue him for breach of promise?" "The marble-hearted wretch might have allowed me to break the engagement."

"Quickcure" destroys the germs, called cocci, that causes boils and carbuncles, reduces the inflammation and removes all pain.

Prove your immortality by long thoughts.

"Quickcure" cures cuts of all kinds, or lacerated wounds; applied early, it prevents blood poisoning.

W. N. U. 166



Fire Production

has been practiced by all human races; primitive methods and manual labor accompanied their efforts. The evolution of time has seen many improvements—but it has remained to the nineteenth century to witness perfect fire-production, which is accomplished by the use of

E. B. Eddy's Matches



Like the Color of the Rainbow
VARIOUS IN HUE ARE THE IMITATIONS OF

MONSOON

INDO-CEYLON TEA

Absolutely Pure and Delicious.
In Lead Packets at all Grocers.
25c, 30c, 40c, 50c and 60c per pound.



Send Your Name and Address
ON POSTAL CARD TO
D. RICHARDS, Woodstock, Ontario
AND I WILL RETURN YOU
FREE, AN ILLUSTRATED BOOK.
Yours truly, D. RICHARDS

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure.
20c.

Even the naked truth should be clothed in polite language.

WHY NOT BUY THE BEST?

First Prize at the World's Fair, Chicago, 1893.

ALPHA DE LAVAL

CREAM

SEPARATORS.

Awarded **FIRST PRIZE** at Every Competition (but one) in Great Britain. Users say they Pay for Themselves in Six Months.

Every "Alpha-Laval" is guaranteed to perfectly separate the Quantity Stated, and requires Less Power to Work than any other Separator.

BUTTER MAKERS' CONVENTION.

The 1898 National Buttermakers' Convention at Topoka, Kan., was an overwhelming triumph in every feature of separator interest.

All Higher Butter Awards went to "Alpha" De Laval users as they have in every previous National Convention and as they must in every representative butter contest.

Out of 225 entries, naturally representing the product of the finest buttermakers of the country from Maine to California, EXHIBIT SCORING 30 OR HIGHER WAS "ALPHA DE LAVAL," MADE, and out of 91 exhibits scoring 25 or higher, 60 were Alpha De Laval made. 6 "Sharples," 2 "Alexandra-Jumbo," 1 "U.S.," 1 "Reid," and 1 "Springer."

Every buttermaker is interested in knowing what kind of separator the great majority of the fine buttermakers of the different countries are using. There is safety in sliding by the popular choice in anything. It is seldom if ever wrong. Out of 25 separator made butter entries at Topoka, 23 were "Alpha De Laval," 6 "Sharples," 2 "Reid," 1 "Alexandra," 6 "U.S.," 5 "Danish-Weston," 3 "Springer," 2 "Columbian," 1 "American," 1 "Empire-Mittele," and 1 "Barber-Overlow."

If you want to save a lot of butter-fat and to make better butter meanwhile, see that you have an "Alpha De Laval" machine at the earliest possible moment and after using it a month, you will wonder how in the world you ever could have gotten along with anything else.

Send for brand new 1898 catalogue No. 25.

MERRICK, ANDERSON & CO.,
WHOLESALE DISTRIBUTERS, - WINNIPEG, MAN.

LOCAL AGENTS IN ALMOST EVERY TOWN.

P. S.—When writing please mention nearest railway station.



BOVRIL, LIMITED

MANUFACTURERS OF

BOVRIL

In Tins and Bottles.

JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF,

Dessicated and Dried Potatoes and other Vegetables.

SOUP NODULES

And other preparations of condensed food specially suited for prospectors, surveyors and explorers, and for

KLONDIKE OUTFITS

London, and 27 St. Peter St., ENGLAND. MONTREAL.

THE PATCHWORK QUILT.

She joined the squares with loving care
And set the dainty stitches
Of tawny dyes and dyes
And every row of dyes
And blocks so neatly shaded
Can tell a story of its own,
Though sadly worn and faded.

This muslin with the lilac sprig
She wore to Sunday meeting.
When bashful beams around the door
Were waiting for her greeting
I seem to see her shivering feet
The drowsy sermon over,
Go twinkling out among the graves,
Knee deep in dewy clover.

This little scrap of ivory lace
Her wedding gown disclosed.
And as a gay young wife she wore
This pink brocade with roses.
As years the duties multiplied
The colors grew more sober
Till middle age demurely went
In browns of sear October.

So you can read her quiet life
From morning's mazy matin
Until you spell the vespers out
In bits of tint and satin.
And here you know her form was bent,
Her locks were thin and hoary
For blocks of woolen, black and gray
And purple, and the story.

—Town Topics.

DOCTORS IN CHINESE STORES.

The Fine Old Methods of the Celestial Empire Applied Here.

Nearly every Chinese mercantile store in this country has attached to it a Chinese doctor and a pharmaceutical department. In China every one chooses his own occupation, and any person may assume the title of physician without having given previous evidence of his professional competency. There are no medical colleges, and no examination tests exist to worry the minds of the future practitioners. And neither are diplomas asked for or granted.

This unlimited liberty of selecting an occupation has resulted in making the Chinese medical profession very large and when the Chinese start a business a Chinese doctor is always included as one of the partners, and he acts as physician and apothecary for the firm. In China Chinese apothecaries, before they can carry on their business, must pass an examination and must exhibit a diploma from the examination board. Medical study consists in mechanically learning the old Chinese medical works, and when possible, the inherited knowledge of remedies all in accordance with the Chinese maxim, "The older the better."

When a physician has been unsuccessful, he resorts to the common Chinese adage that "the medicine for sickness, but none for cure." Sometimes an invalid will go to a doctor and ask how much he will cure him, and how soon the cure can be performed. He states the diagnosis of his case, the pulse is examined and every other symptom investigated, when a bargain is struck and a portion of the price paid. The patient then receives the suitable medicines in quantity and variety better fitted for a horse than a man, for the doctor reasons that out of a great number it is more likely that some will prove efficacious, and the more he gets paid for the more he ought to administer. A decoction of a kettleful of simples is drunk by the sick man, and he gives up both working and eating. If, however, at the expiration of the time specified he is not cured, he sends his physician for an ignorant charlatan who cheats him out of his money and seeks another, with whom he makes a similar bargain, and with probably similar results. The visits and examinations are very reasonable in price, varying in amount from 15 cents to \$1. The fee is wrapped up in red paper and is called golden thanks.—New York Sun.

The Fetish Diamond.

The South African native, it seems, is not always decorated with the mere trappings of the trader's wallet, or of his own purveyance. It has become an attested fact that excellent diamonds, and diamonds better than that, are possessed by chiefs and hoarded by them, not so much in intelligence of their value as in a firm fetishism. The stones have come to their hands by the good old fashioned method of stealing them from the Kimberley mines years ago, before the present minute watch against gem thieving was systematized. Diamond stealing at present is practically impossible under the peculiar methods of its prevention. Before the rigid examinations of workmen and visitors began to be enforced, native laborers often were under a secret compact with their tribal rulers not to come back from the mines without a good sized stolen diamond for the chief's use. Hence a great many superstitious gems are in the dark unfathomed caves of a Kaffir headman's establishment.

Within a few years enterprising traders have made special expeditions and palavers for diamonds so hidden, with the result of successful bartering for them. Liquor and guns have been found useful. In some instances the superstition of the chiefs stood in the way of traders recovering valuable stones; but, on the other hand, a small company working on this line of acquisition is credited with having obtained within four months not less than \$200,000 worth of diamonds. One agent succeeded in buying of a chief six stones of more than 200 karats each.—Harper's Weekly.

The Installment Plan.

Sometimes, without doubt, American and British judges who are held to a close accountability to the letter of a law which may have in it no justice for a particular case may well sigh for the latitude of an oriental end. Sometimes, moreover, they may rightfully bend the administration of the law in the direction of absolute justice.

An English paper, for instance, records a peculiar decision in the suit of a usurer against a poor woman. The man had lent the woman money in such a way that it was to be paid in installments and with monthly usurious interest. The woman was unable to pay the amount due. The judge satisfied himself that the woman was honest and honorable and that what she had already paid in installments would cover the original loan and a reasonable interest.

"Will you accept \$3 in discharge?" asked

ORIGIN OF PANHANDLER.

Its Invention Attributed to Mink Dusen-hoffer of San Francisco.

One of those slang words which, at first frowned upon, become regular and recognized individuals in the verbal community because they express something for which there is no other adequate expression, is the noun "panhandler," and its offshoot is the verb "to panhandle." A number of letters have recently been received asking by what authority the word panhandler was used and whence it came. The answer was that it established itself by authority of its being the only word to express that form of beggary which is characterized by the implied or actual threat of violence. As for the source of the word, the suggestion was made that a panhandler is one who handles a pan or can of growler, something used for carrying drinks.

Other correspondents objected to this on the ground that in this city, at least, a growler is frequently called "can" or "duck" or "pitcher," but never a pan. On shipboard the term pan might be used in this sense, but panhandle is not a marine word. Another suggestion was that the word came from the west where the tough tramps who follow the line of the pan-handle railroad are called panhandlers. From a Californian who is visiting in town a San reporter got another version of the word's origin.

About ten years ago," said the Californian, "there was a chap called Mink Dusen-hoffer in San Francisco who started a bar and eatery, as he called it, down near the water front. His place was pretty tough, but he had good things to eat, and the 'eatery' did a big business. One night his entire force of waiters struck for higher wages and Mink turned 'em out. In their places he got a gang of scoundrel-mongers and mulgrubbers that didn't know bean soup from charlotte russe, commonly ordered under the name of Charley Ross. Dusen-hoffer undertook to train 'em by disciplinary methods, chiefly enforced with a beer-mallet. On the third night there were five fights in the place between customers and waiters; one man was shot and the whole gang of recruits fell on Mink and broke his head. Then they looted the bar and got drunk. That night about three dozen people were held up in that part of the city. Mink put out a placard that read:

"The public is warned against the gang of sharp-shooters, dish-swabbers and panhandlers that let my place yesterday. They are thieves and murderers, and there is enough backshot waiting for them here to blow them all to hell, where they belong."

Mink Dusen-hoffer.

"That gang made things lively for awhile, but they didn't tackle the eatery. Every time there was an arrest for a hold up or assault during the next month the word went along the water front:

"There's another of Mink's panhandlers."

"Pretty soon the word became a fixture for any tough character that was out of a job, particularly if he went into the hold up business. I heard it there as long as ten years ago, and I suppose it's been revised lately and come east."—New York Sun.

KEATS ON MARRIAGE.

A Barrier Against Matrimony Which the Poet Could Not Overcome.

Notwithstanding your happiness and your recommendation, I hope I shall never marry. Though the most beautiful creature were waiting for me at the end of a Journey, or a Walk, though the Carpet were of Silk, the Curtains of the morning clouds, the chairs and sofa stuffed with Oynets, down, the food Manna, the Wine beyond Claret, the Window opening on Winander mere, I should not feel, or rather my Happiness would not be so fine, as my Solitude is sublime. Then, instead of what I have described, there is a sublimity to welcome me home. The roaring of the wind is my wife and the Stars through the window pane are my Children. The mighty abstract Idea I have of Beauty in all things stifles the more divided and minute domestic happiness—an amiable wife and sweet Children I contemplate as a part of that Beauty, but I must have a thousand of those beautiful particles to fill up my heart.

I feel more and more every day as my imagination strengthens that I do not live in this world alone, but in a thousand worlds. No sooner am I alone than shapes of epic greatness are stationed around me and serve my Spirit the office which is equivalent to a King's bodyguard—then "Tragedy with sceptered pall comes swooping by." According to my state of mind I am with Achilles shouting in the Trenches, or with Theocritus in the Vales of Sicily. Or I throw my whole being into Troilus, and repeating those lines, "I wonder like a lost Soul upon the Strygian Banks staying for wafage," I melt into the air with a voluptuousness so delicate that I am content to be alone. These things, combined with the opinion I have of the generality of women, who appear to me as children to whom I would rather give a sugar Plum than my time, form a barrier against Matrimony which I rejoice in.—"Poems of John Keats," by Walter Raleigh.

Quiet Woman.

Quiet women are women of power. The noisy, blustering, arrogant, self asserting among them make the air hot with their voices and trouble the world with their superabundant activities. But this cannot be called strength—it is more generally a sham or a show, which breaks down under the pressure of personal and private trial, while the true power of those who are wives influence the present and as mothers mold the future lies hidden from the public, all the more valuable because of its reserve.—Exchange.

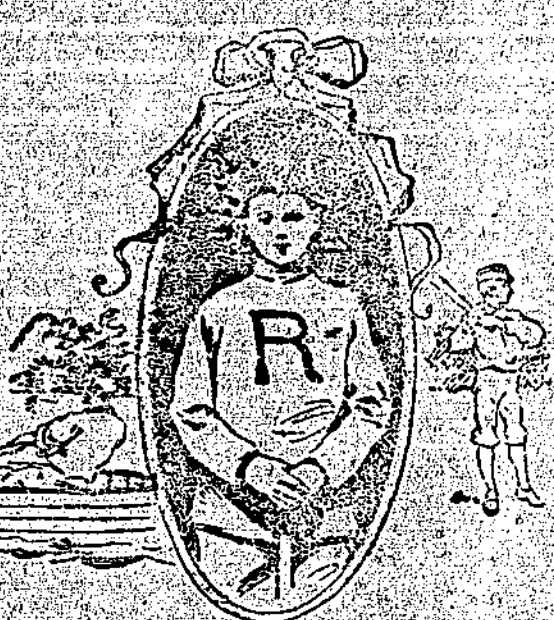
CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

Three and Ten.

Did I ever look like this, mother,
With ruffles and starched things and skirts?
Did my hair curl down on my shoulders?
Did I cry like a girl at home?
Was this truly my picture, mother,
When I was a boy of three?
I say, did I look like this, mother?
Was this little chap truly me?



Because if I was I would like to
To be locked in a box very tight.
I really don't want all the fellows
To know I was once such a sight.
My hair is cut now just as it is,
I've trousers that come to my knee,
And wear now a jacket with pockets.
Say, where can that boy be packed to?



I can swim, too, and row a whole boatload.
Just feel when I put up my arm.
It's good I'm so strong, because no one
Shall ever do you any harm.
But that little fellow—the baby—
Couldn't even rear of a big toe.
I'm glad boys don't stay little babies.
Say, wouldn't you rather have me?
—Little Thomas Elder in Youth's Companion.

The Self Peeling Banana.

This trick is based upon the same principle as that of making an egg voluntarily through the neck of a decanter, although the hole may be smaller than the egg. An explanation of the principle will enable the reader to perform both tricks. Take a decanter and drop a piece of lighted paper inside. This is to warm the interior and create a partial vacuum. Then quickly and tightly close the opening by stuffing into it the end of a hard boiled egg without a shell, or a raw egg after the shell has been softened by means of vinegar. At the end of a few seconds the egg will become thinner and longer, and will shortly drop into the decanter with a pop, the noise being due to the entry of the air into the decanter.

For the self peeling banana, take a bottle and warm the interior air by pouring a little alcohol into it and dropping a lighted match in the spirit. Before the interior can become cool stop up the neck by thrusting in the end of a banana, on the skin of which you have made some longitudinal cuts. The banana, which must be quite ripe, will be drawn into the bottle, leaving its skin behind.

A Clay Pipe Trick.

The ordinary clay pipe has under the bowl a projection or heel which it would seem impossible to break from the opposite side of an ordinary cable without injuring the bowl or breaking the stem. Yet it can be done with ease after two or three attempts.

Break off a piece of the stem—about a couple of inches will do—and place it on the table so that it projects a little over the edge. Ask a friend to hold the pipe obliquely, heel upward, and the bowl higher than the end of the stem. He can do this by inserting his little finger in the bowl. Now get your piece in proper line with the stem of the pipe and strike it forcibly and well with the palm of your hand. The piece will fly across the table, along the stem and break the heel clean off.

This seems amazing at first sight, but anyone with a "straight eye" can do it very little practice.

How She Did Her Duty.

The big liner came up the bay, steamed up the river and was soon tied at its wharf. The customs officers were on hand. Mme. Champignon Aloute, the celebrated French traveler, was aboard. They had been apprised of her coming. She was loaded with dutiable articles they had been told. She must not escape. Down the gang-plank came Mme. Champignon, with a French poodle and a smile of similar nationality. The officers one and all crowded around her.

"Have you anything dutiable, madame?" "Yes, messieurs. I have 10 bottles of Bordeaux whisky, 30 bottles of champagne, 360 pairs of kid gloves, 20 watches, 36 chateaulines, 3 strings, 6 bracelets, 9 pairs of earrings, 1 string of pearls, 941 diamonds, 12 studs, 19 pairs of cuff buttons, 91 boxes of cigars."

"All right, madame. Ze gentlemen have all fainted."

"I thought they would. Come, let us go."—New York Journal.

CAT IN A BIRD STORE.

Big Gray Feline a Companion to Canaries and Parrots.

Persons who have visited a certain bird store in Sixth avenue cannot have failed to notice the unrestrained movements of a big gray tomcat among the hundreds of canaries, parakeets, parrots, bullfinches and other feathered occupants of the store. Sir Thomas climbs leisurely from tier to tier and walks in and out among the little wooden cages with the mechanical regularity of a night watchman on his rounds. "That cat has been here for five years, and he has never yet hurt a bird," explained the proprietor of the store to a patron who had expressed wonder at seeing a cat in such familiar association with its most tempting prey.

"Is your cat especially trained to the care of birds?" asked the patron.

"No. Josh has never had any training. He was given to me when about 6 weeks old, and he has grown up in the store. He never has had any other companions than birds and he seems to think that he is here for the purpose of watching over them. In all the years that I have had him Josh has never shown a disposition to attack or injure a bird. One peculiarity about him is that he will not make friends with other cats. The only time that he appears ugly is when strange cats come near him. He always drives them away. The birds seem to like Josh, although once in awhile a parrot will scold at him noisily for some fancied offense. The canaries and bullfinches seem to like to talk to him. Sometimes he will sit for 10 or 12 minutes in front of one particular cage and listen placidly to the twitter or warbling of a bird."

"Has Josh any favorites among the birds?" No, I don't think he has. He treats them impartially, although he undoubtedly prefers the society of the song birds to that of the parrots. The squawking of the parrots annoys him, but he puts up with the annoyance more calmly than a human being would. One parrot in particular seems to regard it as his mission in life to prevent Josh from sleeping. Whenever this parrot catches sight of the cat asleep he seizes up a racket that almost alarms the neighborhood. Half a dozen times I have been on the point of hitting the squawker on the head with a club, but Josh always takes it very coolly and moves out of range of the parrot's vision.

"Well fed?" Yes, indeed. We feed Josh on the best the market affords, and he is never allowed to go hungry. Perhaps that is one reason why he never attacks the birds."—New York Times.

IT WAS THE KAISER.

A Snap Shot That Was Taken by a Pair of Persistent American Girls.

I heard a pretty story the other day of two American girls who visited the imperial palace at Potsdam, which is open to visitors only when the emperor and his family are absent. Without knowing this fact the two American ladies made the journey there and were repulsed by the usher at the door. They understood very little German, and he could talk no English, but with the usual persistence of the American tourist, they tried to induce him to admit them. While they were in the midst of the controversy a gentleman in the uniform of a soldier came rapidly up the steps, and, addressing the ladies in English, asked if he could be of any service to them. They explained that they had come up from Berlin to see the palace, and were very much disappointed because they were not allowed to enter it.

"I think I can let you in," he answered, "and will show you around myself."

So he escorted them through the various rooms and corridors and explained every thing in a most entertaining manner. Then he followed them out to the palace, where one of them, who had a kodak, asked permission to take his photograph. She hadn't the slightest suspicion who he was, but during the hour they had been together in the palace they had laughed and joked familiarly and felt very well acquainted. The gentleman graciously consented, and posed for three snap shots. Then he bade them good morning, bowed they would enjoy their visit to Germany, saluted them in the German way and re-entered the palace.

The young ladies were delighted and related their experience with great gusto when they returned to their boarding house. That afternoon they took their kodak to a photographer to have the films developed, and when they brought home the first prints of the handsome officer, their German landlady exclaimed: "Gott in himmel! Der kaiser!"

Trying to Wake Up Wordsworth.

Alfred Tennyson's largeness of mind and of heart was touchingly illustrated by his reverence for Wordsworth's poetry, notwithstanding that the immense merits he recognized in it were not, in his opinion, supplemented by a proportionate amount of literary skill. He was always glad to show reverence to the "old poet."

"Wordsworth," he said to me one day, "is staying at Hemstead in the house of his friend, Mr. Hours. I must go and see him, and you must come with me."

As we walked back to London through grassy fields Tennyson complained of the old poet's coldness. He had endeavored to stimulate some latent ardors by telling Wordsworth of a tropical island where the trees, when they first came into leaf, were a vivid scarlet; "every one of them, I told him, is flush all over the island, the color of blood! It would not do. I could not influence his imagination in the least!"—Memoirs of Lord Tennyson.

African Dwarfs.

The Akkas, or forest dwarfs of Central Africa, gave H. M. Stanley and his followers an immense amount of trouble in his last memorable expedition. These little "niggers" are a diminutive race of people about 4 feet 10 inches in height. They were continually harassing the explorer, who found them cowardly, treacherous and very expert in the use of poisoned arrows.

Sincerity.

"In the evening," remarked the observer of men and things, "a girl will tell you that she carries her heart upon her sleeve. The next day she will carry her heart in a music roll."—Detroit Journal.

What They Needed.

A colored evangelist who was soliciting subscriptions for "de po' heathen sinners what live 'crost de ocean" said in the course of his remarks:

"Des think er dem dear brotherin—dem po' benighted people—goin eroun stark naked in a climate dat's ez hot ez de place whar lots er you is gwine ter! Not a stitch er cloze ter dey backs!"

But just here an old deacon arose and said:

"May I ax de brudder one question?" "Yes, sub, on two of you likes."

"Well," exclaimed the deacon, bringing his fist down on the pew railing, "what I wants ter know is dis: What does dem naked heathen want wid cloze in a climate ez hot as dis? In my opinion, what dey rally needs mos' is umbrellas!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Amly Ascertained.

"I don't deny that he's brilliant, but has he staying qualities?"

"Hain't I don't know. You might invite him to call."—Chicago Journal.

Manitoba & Northwestern Railway.

TIME TABLE.

Going South		Returning North	
Stations.	Time.	Stations.	Time.
Winnipeg	7:00 A.	Winnipeg	7:00 P.
Portage la Prairie	7:30 A.	Portage la Prairie	7:30 P.
Brandon	8:00 A.	Brandon	8:00 P.
Weyburn	8:30 A.	Weyburn	8:30 P.
Regina	9:00 A.	Regina	9:00 P.
Saskatoon	9:30 A.	Saskatoon	9:30 P.
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Cumberland, B. C.
Issued Every Tuesday and Saturday.

M. Whitney, Editor.

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For both issues ONE-HALF additional.

Notices of Births, Marriages and Deaths, 50 cents each insertion.

No Advertisement inserted for less than 50 cents.

TUESDAY, AUG. 30th, 1898.

Our despatches indicate that an acute crisis has arisen between China and England. In this the hand of Russia is plainly discernable. England's very life depends on trade and manufacture, and she will fight if necessary, to prevent any encroachments upon them. It is by showing a determination to defend her interests that she is most likely to escape war. If it must come, it may as well come now.

The investigation before the coroner's jury is proceeding slowly, but very carefully and thoroughly. The government is represented by able counsel, and the Company is not only throwing no obstacle in the way, but is assisting the crown to obtain all the light there is to be had upon the cause of the unfortunate accident. Everyone who actually knows any fact bearing upon the matter, should notify the coroner, that he may be called to give evidence. And we trust that everyone who is reported to know anything upon the subject will be given an opportunity to be heard. Indeed, we understand this is being done, and among others Rev. Mr. Tait has been subpoenaed to attend. Surely, if he has any information, this is the place to impart it—to the jury.

NEW SCHOOL HOUSE.

Victoria, Aug. 30th.—[Special to THE NEWS]—The contract for the erection of the new school building for Union and Cumberland has been awarded to James Garthow of your city.

Shall we Have Another Oratorio?

At a joint meeting of the Presbyterian and Methodist choirs on Friday last, I was requested to invite, through the columns of the NEWS, all the musical people of Cumberland and vicinity, who are interested in the matter, to meet in the school room of the Methodist Church, on Thursday evening at 8 o'clock, to consider whether an Oratorio, or any musical entertainment on a large scale, shall be rendered here during the coming season.

WM. HICKS.

If our readers have any local news of interest, we will be pleased to insert same in the local column, if brought to the office.

FIRE AT COMOX.

This morning (Saturday) about 11 o'clock fire was discovered in the roof of the Elk Hotel. The fire was first seen by Mr. MacDonald's little daughter. She quickly gave the alarm, and the Fire Brigade was soon upon the scene and fought the fire with a vengeance, while the Hook and Ladder Company were bravely trying to reach the top of the building. J. B. Holmes deserves great credit for presence of mind; also Mr. Sam Cliffe who ran down to Mr. MacDonald's, bucket in hand, and dropped the bucket in the well, forgetting that there was no rope attached to it. The fire was finally extinguished by the bar tender Alex. Graham, who thoughtfully ran up stairs and turned a syphon of J. H. Pike's famous plain soda water on the flames. Very little damage was done. The hotel was doubtless saved by the bar tender with the bottle of soda water.

Born.

WILLIAMS—At Comox, B. C. July 29, to Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Williams, a daughter.

Passenger List.

Per City of Nanaimo, Aug. 24.—Mrs. Osterlander, Miss Shaw, G. W. Austin, Mr. Urquhart, T. Elliott, Daniels, G. F. Cane, R. Curry, J. Maher, G. Manuel, Mr. Rose, Crossan, Mrs. Duncan, Miss Durcass, Mrs. M. P. Smith, Mrs. Ead, Mrs. Williams, Mary Williams, Miss Steel, Mrs. Bennie, Miss Bennie, Miss Murcott, Miss McKinnon, F. English, H. Miller, Barker, J. Anderson, W. McGargle, Mrs. W. Craig, Mrs. F. D. Hall, A. Atkins, Miss Graham, Miss Jay, Miss Bowden, F. Sutton, E. Priest, Father Durand, S. Leiser, Rev. W. Hicks and wife, K. Williams, Mrs. Mathews and girl, G. Grieve and wife.

LOCAL BRIEFS:

Services will be resumed at the English Church next Sunday.

The Coroner's jury adjourned until September 8th.

Revs. Lucas and Hicks were out to the lake yesterday. Mr. Lucas declaring when he visits a place he likes to see all its attractions.

A stampede from Dyea and Skagway is reported, to Pine Creek on Lake Tagish where a great gold strike has been made.

Rev. Dr. Lucas was listened to Sunday evening by a very large audience. His sermon was on temperance, the foundation stone of which was an appropriate text. It was considered the ablest temperance address ever delivered here.

Mr. T. D. McLean was out on the sidewalk in front of his premises yesterday enjoying a sun bath. He hopes to be able to leave for the Hot Springs Friday. He has suffered terribly with his rheumatic difficulty, but it is hoped it will yield to the health giving waters of Harrison Hot Springs. He can find no language to describe his gratitude to the faithful nurses at the hospital whose skill and devotion, he thinks saved his life.

HOW TERRIBLE!

London, March 27.—A Madrid correspondent, referring to the rumor of a movement in Jamaica for annexation to the United States, predicts underneath it American intrigues, ultimately extending to Canada, and points to a similar intrigue in Cuba, and all this is to punish Great Britain for encouraging imperialism in the United States.

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Double bed (full size) folds 4 feet long by 5 1/2 inches in diameter weighs 17 pounds, price \$4.50.

Every bed provided with water-proof shipping case. Can be extended or folded in three minutes. Description circular on application.

Order at once. Address, KLONDIKE FOLDING BED CO., NANAIMO, B. C.

REV. DR. LUCAS.

Tho Rev. D. V. Lucas, M. A., D.D. gave a temperance sermon on Sunday evening at the Methodist Church which will long be remembered as the best scriptural exposition of the subject ever heard here.

On Monday evening, the rev. gentleman lectured in the Methodist Church to a large audience on Australia, or Some Curious Things There. It was interesting, brimmed to overflowing with wit, apt anecdote and illustration, delivered in an easy natural manner. From first to last the audience were held as by the magic of a magician. Much of the time they were convulsed with laughter. Mr. Lucas evidently believes in the gospel of laughter, and turns it to good account. This was only the drapery undergath which brightly glowed the light of wisdom and truth.



He will lecture on "Thumbs up or Thumbs Down" in the Presbyterian Church to night, and also in the Methodist Church, on "Grasshoppers," on Wednesday. These lectures while on temperance lines will be bright with anecdote, and laughter provoking, and filled in like curb-work with nuggets of solid, yet shining common sense and truth. At these lectures there will be no admission charge; only a collection taken at the close.

The rev. gentleman will lecture at Union Bay, Thursday evening, at the usual hour.

Political Caucus

There was a government caucus at Victoria on Saturday at which 16 members were present. The absentees were Cotton, Neil, and Prentice. Semlin is to remain leader of the party.

The Season's Gold

Seattle, Aug. 29.—Major Walsh, ex-commissioner of the Yukon District en route to Ottawa to make his report, estimates this year's gold out-put at \$11,000,000, and predicts for next year \$20,000,000.

FROM NANAIMO.

Nanaimo, Aug. 27.—While hunting for pigeons under the rafters of the Athletic Club last night, young Piper and H. Sawles fell from a rafter which broke, 25 feet below on to the rocks. They were much injured.

James Dunbar, a miner in Protection shaft, had two ribs broken and his body severely bruised by being crushed between two cars this morning.

Esquimalt & Nanaimo Ry.

Time Table No. 31,

To take effect at 7 a.m. on Saturday Mar. 26th 1898. Trains run on Pacific Standard time.

GOING NORTH—READ DOWN.

	Daily.	Sat. & Sunday.
Lv. Victoria for Nanaimo and Wellington	9.00	4.00
Ar. Nanaimo	12.20	7.16
Ar. Wellington	12.45	.35

GOING SOUTH—READ UP.

	Daily.	Sat. & Sunday.
Lv. Victoria	12.07	8.00
Lv. Nanaimo for Victoria	8.46	4.33
Lv. Wellington for Victoria	8.25	4.25

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A. DUNSMUIR, President.
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Tenders will be received by me at the office of the Union Colliery Company in Union, up to noon of September 1st 1898 for SINKING NO. VI SHAFT.

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The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

Union, Aug. 16 1898.

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