THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

EIGHTH YEAR. CUMBERLAND, B. C. TUESDAY, AUG. 7, 1900.

Cheap Groceries

Flour AND Feed

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Simon Leiser's

CUMBERLAND, B. C.

Nicholles & Renouf, Ld.

61 YATES STREET, VICTORIA, B. C.

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

Agents for McCormick Harvesting Machinery.

Write for prices and particulars. P. O. Drawer 563.

CHINA MATTINGS

A Large Shipment just arrived, specially suitable for summer use, prices:

15, 20 25, 30, 35, 40, 45c yd.

English Linoleums - - -

6. 9 and 12 feet wide from 50c. per square yd up

Best Scotch Linoleums, all widths, $1.00 and $1.25 per square yard. Our range of Carpets and Art Squares is very complete.

SAMPLES OF OUR GOODS FREE ON APPLICATION.

Weiler Bros.

VICTORIA, B. C.

General Reduction Sale

FOR THIRTY DAYS

of Dry Goods, Shoes, Ladies' Shirt Waists Cotton Vests, Sailor Hats, etc.

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

For 30 Days Only.

at C. J. MOORES,

CUMBERLAND, B. C.

TELEGRAPHIC NEWS

Victoria, Aug. 1.—S. S. Glenogle from China brought a big budget of oriental news. Two German Officers, wounded at Taku, interviewed at Yokohama, says the Russians had to kill Chinese wounded as they were too dangerous to take to hospitals, killing those who waited on them.

Glenogle officers say ten thousand Chinese were on the wharf at Shanghai when they left, pleading to be taken to America. At Nagasaki the officials were compelled to issue circulars saying "No more room for refugees."

On assembling yesterday, Legislature had resolutions of condolence to Queen Victoria on the death of Prince Alfred and adjourned.

Vancouver, Aug. 1.—Some enemies of the non-union Japanese fishermen are getting their work in with an organized style on Fraser River. Last night no less than fifty nets in hands of Japanese were cut, the destroyed web being worth between $4,000 and $5,000. New losses were being reported all day to-day at police station.

Rome, Aug. 2.—The regicade Bressie still maintains his excited demenour and has to dressed forcibly. To-day he exclaimed to a warden it was the Czar's turn next.

London, Aug. 3.—A special cablegram states that there is a rumor in Pretoria that Botha, the Boer commander, has surrendered to the British.

London, Aug. 3.—Despatch from Pretoria says Commandant Botha is weakening, he has sent a messenger to Lord Roberts asking for confirmation of the report of surrender of Gen. Prinslow and requiring permission to communicate with Dewit.

Cape Town, Aug. 3.—Leiberg's commando attacked Gen. Dorrien near Potchersburg but was easily repulsed. Hamilton has gone to being away Baden Powell's garrison who is surrounded there. Seven hundred and fifty more Boers have surrendered to Gen. Hunter.

Shaoghai, Aug. 3.—The disaffected Chinese officers who left Pekin July 15th state that anarchy has reigned for months, and the streets ran in blood.

Commander Jung Lu and followers were prisoners at Then Yamens, ammunition of foreign troops was failing and they used revolvers only when hard pressed.

Other Chinese bring stories of horrible illtreating of Christians, some being tortured and several being skinned. Two French nunns at New Chang were burned to death by Boxers.

Victoria, Aug. 3.—Attorney-General Eberts, in answer to Mr. McInnes, said the Union Colliery Co. was fined $5000. By consent payment of fine was laid over till value of compensation had been decided by Supreme Court of Canada which begins October 2nd.

British Admiralty is calling for tenders for construction of two torpedo launches for use at Esquimalt and Vancouver.

The following recipe for destroying caterpillars comes from Germany, where it is said to have extraordinary success: Water 15 galls, soap 1¼ lbs, flowers of sulphur 1¼ lbs, poisonous mushrooms 2 lbs. Put all over a moderate fire in a lined vessel and keep stirring. Strain for use. Caterpillars, grubs, etc., watered with this liquor immediately perish. N. B.—Care must be taken as to variety of mushroom, as many kinds popularly supposed to be poisonous are really wholesome. The receipt is worth trying.

Europe is having its share of trouble. The death of the Duke of Edinburgh has thrown England, as well as Saxe-Coburg into mourning. The tragic end of the lamented King of Italy, coupled with the attempt on the life of the Persian Shah will again revive the dreadful feeling of unrest among crowned heads. The thoughts of these atrocities is most repugnant to to minds of even balance.

CONCERNING BAKING POWDERS

Report of the Inland Revenue Department.-Chief Analyst Recommends that Sale of Alum Baking Powders be Stopped.

The Inland Revenue Department has issued its report on Baking Powders (Bulletin No. 68). It contains analyses of 156 samples of powders bought of dealers and manufacturers in the Dominion, 85 per cent of which are found to be alum mixtures. In view of the large proportion of this class of powders, Chief Analyst Macfarlane recommends that legal proceedings be taken against parties selling them, on the ground that they are unhealthful articles of food, and believes that their sale will be condemned by the Courts.

The analyses were made by the Assistant Analyst, Mr. A. McGill, who fully discusses the injurious nature of alum in baking powders. Mr. McGill adds: "In my last report I expressed my conviction, based on experimental evidence, that alum in baking powders is dangerous to health. The large mass of evidence since accumulated has more strongly convinced me of the correctness of that opinion.—My personal opinion is decidedly against the use of alum. The health of a nation is too serious a matter to be imperilled lightly, and if it be impossible to secure prohibitory legislation, it is desirable that manufacturers of alum powders should be required to state the contents on the packages."

Professor Ruttan, of McGill College, Montreal, who made a series of experiments on the digestibility of bread baked with alum powders, is quoted as follows: The unanimous verdict of my experiments is that alum powders introduce into a form of food of universal use, agents which are detrimental to the functional activity of the digestive ferments. They must therefore be prejudicial to health, and the only course is to carefully avoid them."

Following are names of baking powders containing alum sold in this vicinity, given in the Analyst's report:—

Baking Powders Containing Alum.

WHITE STAR, WEST END, SMITH'S CREAM — Contain Alum
Manf. by the Dyson Gibson Co Winnipeg, Manitoba.
GOLD STANDARD — Contains Alum
Manf. by Codville & Co. Winnipeg, Man.
BLUE RIBBON — Contains Alum
Manf. by Blue Ribbon Mfg. Co. Winnipeg, Manitoba.
GOLDEN CROWN — Contains Alum
Manf. by W. Tufts & Son, Vancouver, B.C.
MAGIC — Contains Alum
Manf. by E. W. Gillett, Toronto, Ont.
REGAL — Contains Alum
Manf. by Pure Gold Mfg. Co. Toronto, Ont.
PURITY — Contains Alum
Manf. by Purity Baking Powder Co. Toronto, Ont.
OCEAN WAVE — Contains Alum
Manf. by Hamilton Coffee & Spice Co. Hamilton, Ont.
KITCHEN QUEEN, JUBILEE, HALLONQUIST'S CREAM — Contain Alum
Manf. by F. F. Dally & Co. Hamilton, Ont.
CLIMAX — Contains Alum
Manf. by R. Ralston & Co. Hamilton, Ont.

WEDDING BELLS.

At the Vendome House, on the 1st inst., Mr. J. Stevenson was united in marriage to Miss L. Campbell, lately of Atlanta, Georgia. The Rev. Mr. Dodds officiating. The bride, a niece of Mrs. R. S. Robertson, our popular hostess of the Vendome, was becomingly attired in pastel blue, the costume being richly trimmed with white silk and passementerie. Miss Lizzie McNeil, the bridesmaid, was prettily dressed in pale blue with blue satin trimmings which set off her fair complexion charmingly. Mr. Jno. McNiven acted as groomsman. After the ceremony, the happy couple, with about fifty friends, sat down to a dainty supper, gotten up under Mrs. Robertson's inimitable supervision. The table, besides being loaded with delicate efforts of the culinary art, was handsomely decorated with flowers and cut glass. Due credit was done to the viands, and after the usual toasts, cutting of the wedding cake, etc., the happy company began dancing to the music supplied by the Messrs Roy, father and son. A feature of the dance was the Scotch Reel danced by the hostess, Mrs. R. S. Robertson, with the groom, and Miss Lily Anthony, with the elder Mr. Roy. The party was kept up until 4 a.m. when all dispersed after many wishes of future happiness to the bride and groom, and hearty thanks for the hospitable hostess and Mr. Robertson.

The presents were—Mr. and Mrs Robertson, bed linen, J. Robertson, silver knives and forks, Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Stevenson, bed spread, table linen and toilet covers, Mr. and Mrs. T. Whyte, parlor lamps, Miss L. McNeil, water set, Mr. Hector McLean, carving set, Mr. J. Halliday, parlour table covers, Mr. Neil Ross, cream set, Mr. and Mrs. Jno. Whyte, bed spread, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. White, cream set, Mr. Mr. and Mrs. H. Murdock, fruit dish, Mr. Lifter, Bedspread, Mr. C. J. Moore, clock, Mr. T. D. McLean, two pairs vases, Vendome Boarders, parlour lounge. Miss Minnie Murdock, bouquet, Miss A. Gray, basket flowers, Miss Heywood, bouquet, Mrs. C. Bridges, flowers.

In Memoriam.

Mrs. L. C. McDonald,

Dear Madam:

We, the Officers and Members of Union Lodge, No. 45, I. O. G. T. extend to you our heartfelt sympathy in your sad bereavement. In the death of your beloved husband, and our dear brother, we feel that you have indeed been caused to pass through deep waters, and we realize how unable we are to lighten your load of sorrow, and can only point you to Him who alone can fill that aching void, that source of divine strength where your beloved husband ever sought for strength in hours of trial.

"In every pang that rends the heart,
The Man of Sorrows had a part,
He sympathises with our grief
And to the sufferer sends relief."

May He who wept with the mourners at Bethany ever guide and comfort you until you shall reach that land on high whither your beloved husband has gone he has gone before, where God shall wipe away all tears and there shall be no more partings or sorrows, is the earnest prayer of our Lodge.

Signed on behalf of the Lodge,

COMMITTEE — KENNETH GORDON, JNO. N. MCLEOD, WESLEY WILLARD, SOPHIA J. GARNET, ESTHER HAYWOOD.

New Company Offices are approaching completion. Tommy Horne will have a cottage near the new premises.

FOR SALE—A first class "Domestic" Sewing Machine, nearly new. Apply at NEWS Office.

Dr. W. S. Dalby, Dentist, is in town, and will be here till Aug. 16.

The Waverly Hotel is being freshly painted and papered inside. Duggan is all right.

THE MASTER'S FRIEND.

The master must to a distant land,
With a foreign foe to fight,
And the master's wife was glad of it,
But she hid her false delight
And came to him with a tearful face
And begged of him to stay,
But the master's hound was sorry,
And it went and hid it away.

The master's ship, from the harbor's mouth,
Beat out to the stormy sea,
And his wife staid late at my lady's ball,
Rejoicing to be free.
They said she shone like a jewel there,
And she heard it with delight,
But she could not sleep for the master's hound,
For it howled through the livelong night.

The master died—he was shot to death
In that land beyond the sea—
And they brought his body home to lie
In a grave by the cypress tree,
And the master's widow hid her face
And made believe she cried,
But the master's hound staid by his grave
Till it starved to death—and died.

—Chicago Record

THE ANGEL OF A CUPBOARD.

How a Young Girl Became an Unintentional Eavesdropper.

It is not the fashion among angels to reveal themselves to the common eyes of men except robed and crowned, curled and frilled and tuckered—in the veriest fullness, in fact, of their glory. That is why it was rash of Miss Ethel Baines to go from the place of the washing of her hair in what was quite an old dressing gown down to the library, there to dry her long tresses before the fire. She might have pleaded that no one could possibly call at that hour. That was a certainty or next door to it. So she sat in comfort before the glow and thought the pleasant thoughts of a careless angel. Now and again when the fire got into her back she would rise for coolness' sake and look in the mantel glass to see that it was clear and without flaw. What she saw in it at least was more than flawless and something beyond compare, so many people would have thought, and Miss Baines was not disposed to question the fact herself.

But she turned paler that she generally liked to look at hearing a sudden knock at the hall door, followed by Captain Baines' cheery voice:

"Ah, Colmoraud! Delighted to see you. Come into the library and smoke. We shall have it all to ourselves in there."

The tread of Captain Baines and his visitor came toward the library door. Miss Baines shivered. Mr. Colmoraud—of all other people! The idea of discovery was too ignominious to be faced. Miss Baines, gathering the long strands of her hair in one hand, as though they were a skirt impeding her, looked for some way to escape. Through the door she could not go unless she wished to be taken red handed, so to speak, in her quite old dressing gown, nor could she fly through the windows. Behind the curtains temporary shelter might be found, but how unsafe! Suppose her father drew them to get a breath of ozone, as he called it, or Mr. Colmoraud stumbled against them and lighted, apologetic, upon her toes! There remained only the cupboard—tight fitting—a musty, abominable place, but seldom visited. It was not the haven where she would be. Yet, since time pressed, Miss Baines, shivering and decided, slipped in among the chaos of maps and dusty tomes silently, like a cat. And the door of the library opened.

"You wanted to see me?" Captain Baines was saying cheerfully.

"Yes," said Mr. Colmoraud, who seemed unusually hesitant. "On a very serious matter—at least to me. You see, I'm off to India tomorrow unless"—

"Can't do better than India," said the captain. "Nothing like the climate if you don't take too many pegs. Splendid place! Polo, plenty of shooting—not too much work, you know. I remember when I was in those parts I used to tell old Jigbury—you've heard me speak of old Jigs?"

"Yes," said Mr. Colmoraud meekly.

"Well, as I was saying," went on the captain, "old Jigs was in India then, too—Madras way. Stuffy down there, except in cold weather. You're not going to Madras, eh?"

"No, to the northwest provinces. The climate is not so bad there, is it, even for ladies?" Mr. Colmoraud put the question with eagerness.

"Topping climate," said the captain innocently. "Nothing ladies like better. Why, old Jigs used to say that his first wife—and he had a good many; regular old sea dog, Jigs; wife in every port, married once a month, don't you know; said he'd never been to church without hearing his banns called—his first wife simply wouldn't come away. Tiger shooting all day. Sporting woman, she was. Buried out there, I believe."

"But she liked the climate?" said Mr. Colmoraud, uncertain what moral to attach to this story.

"Wouldn't have been buried there if she hadn't," said the captain logically.

"I suppose not," said Mr. Colmoraud dubiously. "But it was about getting married that I was going to ask your opinion, or, rather, about—about"—

Miss Baines, in the cupboard, forgot for a moment that she was being asphyxiated, and began to take an interest in the conversation.

"Come, now," said the captain jovially (Miss Ethel pictured to herself his innocent leer), "you're not thinking of it yourself, eh? One of the Hemant girls, Miss Ruby, eh?"

"Under other circumstances," said Mr. Colmoraud, growing bold, "I should be grateful for the recommendation. But the fact is, I came round to ask you, as I'm off to India, if you would mind, you and Mrs. Baines, if I—if I asked Ethel to go with me as my wife."

"Ethel!" repeated the captain, flabbergasted. "You don't mean Ethel? Never thought of it. Ethel, now—she's a good girl—I'll say that, but I expect she's too fond of her dad to leave him."

"I'm afraid so," said Mr. Colmoraud sadly. "But would you mind if I asked?"

"Certainly not," said the captain heartily. "There's no one I'd like better—no one. Wait a minute; I'll call her down and see what she says to it."

"But," began Mr. Colmoraud, terrified at this imminent deciding of his destiny.

"Ethel!" shouted the captain from the hall. "Ethel!"

The angel, as we know, was in the cupboard, so that the captain's maintop voice only raised dust in the attic.

"Curious thing," he said. "I saw her skipping about a few minutes ago, taking a reef in her topknot." He hailed again, not knowing the fashions that prevail among angels. Miss Baines' maid appeared upon the stairs. "Where's Miss Ethel?" demanded the captain.

"And I'm sure, sir," the woman replied mysteriously, with that conjunctival use that shows a fixed belief in the unbroken continuity of all remarks—"and I'm sure, sir, I don't know."

"Well," said the captain impatiently, "just ask your mistress if she'll come down for a moment."

"Please don't trouble Mrs. Baines," said the luckless Colmoraud. "I'm afraid Miss Ethel saw me coming and perhaps did not wish"—

"Stern chase, eh?" asked the captain commiseratingly. "But here's my wife. Have you seen Ethel, Lizzie? Here's Colmoraud wanting to get engaged, and Ethel's disappeared."

Mrs. Baines shook hands in her kindliest way.

"It was great presumption on my part—great indeed," Colmoraud began, "and it's quite clear that Miss Ethel thinks so."

"You mustn't despair," said Mrs. Baines. She was sure in her own mind that Ethel was purposely hiding that she might escape what could only be a painful interview.

"There's plenty of time," chorused the captain, as though a year or two of waiting in uncertainty were a mere bagatelle to a young man in love. "You must look us up again when you come back."

The angel in the cupboard hated her father with an unfilial hatred for this calm disposition of her affairs.

Mrs. Baines tried to soothe the young man's disappointment. "I'm sure Ethel is not disposed to view you with any dislike," she said kindly. "Only, of course, it is a pity she should be out when you called."

"Thank you—yes," said Colmoraud miserably. "It's very kind of you. I was sure I had no chance. Perhaps later on—in a year"—

"To be sure," said Mrs. Baines.

The goodbys were being said, and still the angel kept silence in the cupboard. She wished passionately that she had never washed her ambrosial hair, or that she had never thought of drying it before the library fire, or that at least she had put on her new dressing gown. If only Reg (which was a corruption of Mr. Colmoraud's Christian name) could understand—could be prevented from going off to India tomorrow! Not to see him for a year was an idea too awful to contemplate; besides, there were other girls in India whom he would meet. And still she never moved.

Then a mouse succeeded where love, the lion, had failed. Unsuspectingly it came from its hole and ran over Miss Baines' left ankle. In that moment she gave a shriek of terror, straightened her limbs and lay rigid among the maps.

"Rats," said Captain Baines at the hall door, "in my cupboard."

"Ethel," thought Mr. Colmoraud, "in danger!" And he dashed back into the library. Mrs. Baines, following slowly with the captain, came upon him already lifting from the cupboard the tense eyed figure of an angel in a dressing gown, with hair flowing. He held her in his arms until the eyes reasserted themselves.

"Oh!" cried Miss Baines, called back by his ardent gaze.

"I love you!" said Mr. Colmoraud fervently, regardless of the presence of Captain and Mrs. Baines.

"Leave me," she said faintly.

"But do you love me?" he asked.

"Yes—no—yes. But I'll never speak to you again unless you go straight into the drawing room."

Mr. Colmoraud, in an agony of doubt which made him very slow and stupid in the angel's eyes, complied with her request, and when he had waited several eternities she came into the room.

A little later on you might have heard him ask why she had hid from him and almost let him go off without knowing.

"Because my hair was not tidy," said Miss Baines.

"But it was perfect, as it is now," he said. "It seemed as if I were entertaining an angel!"

"Angels," said Miss Baines dictatorially, "do not like to be entertained unawares."—King.

The Ox Pecker.

These starlings not only rid the animals they frequent of ticks and other vermin, but they often peck at sores on oxen and donkeys until they form cavities which measure sometimes two inches or more in diameter and as much in depth. They actually do eat the flesh and drink the blood of these animals. Oxen submit quite placidly to this process of being eaten alive and seem none the worse for it afterward, but donkeys show their objections by trying to rid themselves of the birds by rolling on the ground and running under bushes.—"Birds of South Africa," by A. C. Stark.

Still In Doubt.

"So you have a new baby at your house? What is it, a little brother or a little sister?"

"I dunno," said little Jessie. "We haven't called it anything but 'it' yet."—Chicago Times-Herald.

In China there are large cities that have no municipal organization and spend nothing on public improvements or for official expenses.

The sea of Galilee is 13 miles long and 6 broad.

TO A DIAMOND.

Thou thing of beauty, with a soul of fire!
In some old eastern harem long ago
Didst thou adorn the favorite's hand of snow?
Or did some dark Egyptian queen desire
Thy brilliant flash along her stringed lyre,
While her low lidded gaze swept proud and slow
The valley where the Nile's deep waters flow?
Or did some harlot of thy beauty tire?

It matters not. Swart queens have come and gone;
Harlots have triumphed—and have been forgot;
The rose of power has withered on the vine!
Yet oh, most beautiful, it is thy lot
In radiant splendor to go flashing on—
In beauty deathless and in light divine!

—Ella Higginson in Woman's Home Companion.

IN THE SHADOW OF THE SPHINX.

From the Year 1899 In Central Park He Steps Back to Ancient Times In Egypt.

We entered Central park from Fifty-ninth street.

"We must get to the obelisk as soon as possible," said Ina. "The hieroglyphics are so much clearer just before they are entirely in shadow."

We quickened our steps.

"You know, I am not so interested in hieroglyphics," I said, smiling—"not so interested as I am in enigmas"—she looked up quickly—"in you, for instance."

She turned away.

"Hurry!" she said. "We are late now, I am sure."

When at last we faced the eastern side of the needle, the sun was almost to the line. The shadows in the markings made them deep and distinct.

"On the other sides the inscriptions have been somewhat effaced by time and exposure," she explained. "These are more interesting."

We rested on the benches while she indicated some of the different characters and translated. Her cheeks burned with enthusiasm.

"What a strange girl you are, Ina!" I complained. "You care more for the myths of the past than the realities of the present."

She did not seem to hear.

"Or for dreams of the future," I added in a whisper.

She looked straight ahead at the obelisk and said nothing. Her profile against the foliage beyond startled me. I had not noticed before how perfectly Egyptian it was. I was going to refer to this, but something in her manner made me hesitate. Presently she spoke.

"I have always had an inclination for these things," she said earnestly. "I cannot remember when it began. My father encouraged it and helped me." She pointed to the scarred monument that was now in the shadow and dark against the May sky. "It is called Cleopatra's needle," she continued, "but it dates much earlier. It is said to have been built in honor of a princess of the sixteenth dynasty. It has also been said that her mummied remains are yonder." She indicated the Metropolitan galleries. "I hope it is true. It would be beautiful if it were. We will go over there."

"Later, Ina," I protested. "The air is so fine. Let us enjoy it a little. We can stop as we return."

She rose, resignedly, and we walked leisurely northward to where the park is more wooded and quiet. I endeavored to lead her around to the subject nearest my heart. But she seemed silent—almost inattentive. Yet she had never opposed my suit. She had been only indifferent.

We passed a little spring, and, pausing, drank out of a small hunting cup I carried. A step farther on we found a rustic seat. I fancied that a tender look had come into her face, and, encouraged by it, I urged her to give me some assurance of regard. It was very peaceful there, and we were shut in by overhanging boughs. Presently I took her hand. As I did so a queer looking beetle dropped from the branches above and clung tightly to my sleeve. Ina gave a faint cry of surprise.

"Oh," she said, "how strange! It looks exactly like—I believe it is really"—

"What is, Ina?" I asked pettishly. "Some new and wonderful specimen of the insect tribe?"

"No," she answered wonderingly, "an old one—a scarabaeus—the sacred heart scarab of Egypt!"

"Impossible, Ina!" I laughed. "Your enthusiasm deceives you."

"No, no! It is a scarab! I am sure of it," she insisted. "The only emblem of reincarnation—of eternal life. Oh, don't let it escape! Catch it!"

The strange insect had started to crawl away. I have an inherited horror of all reptiles and beetles, but what would I not do for Ina? I seized the creature firmly with my thumb and fingers and held it fast. Suddenly I felt a sharp pain that shot up through my arm like fire. I dropped the insect, with a cry.

"Ah! It has bitten me!"

Ina looked startled and concerned.

"Where?" she cried. "Let me see!"

I turned my thumb toward her. There were two minute drops of blood issuing, as from the punctures of a needle. My arm was becoming numb with pain. I must have been pale, for she looked at me keenly.

"Give me the cup, quick! I will get you some water!"

I remember handing her the little hunting cup and of seeing her hasten away. Then a weariness seemed to weigh upon my lids, and I plunged into darkness. A moment later I recovered consciousness and opened my eyes.

Ina was standing before me. No, not Ina—Ino-firte, the Egyptian!

I was seated by the gates of a ruined temple. About us the waving palms. Beyond them the cobalt sky of Egypt. Far away, across a shimmering waste of brown sand, the Sphinx gazed out over the desert as it had done for more than a thousand years. Even in my wretchedness I could not but notice the rare setting it all made for Ino-firte. She was attired in the royal dress of her rank. How beautiful she was! She came a step closer.

"Do not urge me farther," she pleaded. "I am already bowed low with my burden. It but makes our parting harder. I have only come for the last time to tell you. I have prayed to Isis, our sweet Isis, to show me a way by which I might cleave to you. To you, whose people have destroyed her sacred temples and brought slavery and disgrace upon our Egypt. I have prayed to her and made rare sacrifices, but she is silent. A princess of Egypt may not wed with the Hyksos—the shepherds. My hand would wither if I gave it to you; my love become as venom!"

I ventured to protest, but she motioned me to silence.

"Do not speak. I cannot bear it! Tonight I shall pray to the Sphinx for peace—forgetfulness, a place where I may hide myself apart and die. I, a princess of Egypt, who have loved one of the hated race and am willing to die because of it. And when I am dead you will stand by my bier and know that I was faithful. And when I am wrapped in sweet balms and spices for the sepulcher you will bring the sacred scarabaeus and place it upon my heart. Through it we shall live again, somewhere, some time. The years of waiting may be long, but they will pass, and perhaps then the gods will be more kind."

Her arms were about my neck for a moment. Then she slipped from my embrace, and I could not follow her.

* * * * * * *

Night in Egypt. The heavens swarming with stars and the desert flooded with moonlight. The white sand sinks away from my foot, making no sound. I hasten onward toward the blending of desert and sky, to where, outlined against the horizon, those serene features stare out over the drifting sands of centuries. Ino-firte is there. She has said that tonight she will go there to pray. To all else I am oblivious—blind. My feet are winged, yet the way seems long. By and by I step into a field of dark. My footsteps slacken, pause. I am in the shadow of the Sphinx.

I creep closer and listen. From between the great stone paws comes a low sound. It is the voice of Ino-firte praying. The words arise clear and distinct on the still moonlit air.

"O Sphinx!" she moans. "Thou hast looked down upon our Egypt for a thousand years! Thou who hast remained forever changeless through our glory and our shame! Who didst behold my sweet infancy, my happy girlhood—look down and pity me tonight in my sorrow! And O Sphinx, if thou hast the power I pray thee to send me peace! Forgetfulness! If thou wilt, death! Send me oblivion, O Sphinx, but take not away my love! Let it but smolder in my senseless dust till the light of some far off sunrise shall reawaken this stricken life!"

The voice dies away. I creep closer. There is a faint, startled cry from the supplicant. Again I pause. She has heard me. No, for she is praying again. Listen!

"O Sphinx!" she cries joyously, "swiftly hast thou answered my prayer! I thank thee! I thank thee!"

What can she mean? I wait breathlessly and listen, but there is only a faint sigh. Then my own name mingled with that of Isis. I step forward. I cannot bear it.

"Ino-firte!"

There is no answer. Prostrate she lies on the sand between the mighty stone paws. I hesitate a moment and call again. Then I approach and touch her lightly.

"Ino-firte!"

Suddenly I start back quickly. Just in the shadow of her bare arm are two wavering emerald stars. Then, hissing softly, an asp starts to glide back into the shadow. Now it is all clear. I stretch forth my hand to the reptile.

"Stop!" I cry. "It is for both!"

Again the sharp pain in my thumb shoots up my arm like fire.

* * * * * * *

Some one was bathing my face and calling my name tenderly. I opened my eyes. It was Ina—my Ina—with the little hunting cup in her hand.

"Oh, I have been so frightened!" she exclaimed, and looked at me beseechingly. I did not find the spring right away, and when I came back just now with the water you were unconscious and talking strangely. Oh, I hope that horrid beetle bite has not poisoned you!"

"On the contrary," I smiled, "the pain has almost entirely gone, and I would endure far greater suffering for this. I have waited for it so long."

By and by we walked back toward the museum together. She did not remind me of my promise, but our steps bent in that direction. We entered and passed into the Egyptian room. Her hand lay tenderly upon my arm.

"She for whom the obelisk was built lies here," said Ina.

We approached one of the glass inclosures, wherein lay a richly decorated cartonnage and the embalmed remains of a woman. Together we passed around to the end of the case. Then I barely refrained from crying out. On a little black placard was painted in white letters the name, "Ino-firte."

Ina looked up at me inquiringly.

"You must have heard the story," she said. "It is the name you spoke up there unconsciously."

"Yes," I answered. "It comes back to me now, but it was all so long ago I had forgotten."—Black and White.

Wedding Eccentricities.

Invention has to be taxed in order to provide something entirely new for wedding festivities if one really desires to be original, but that there are minds adapted to that task may be guessed from the following real occurrences:

A couple in one of the New England states had recently an ambition to begin their married life under decorative circumstances. The ordinary devices were too old. So instead of a floral bell there was to be seen above the happy pair the borrowed legend, "United we stand."

The quotation has not yet been finished.

Still later comes another anecdote, equally true, which seems to embody the modern spirit. Two happy young persons, named perhaps Harriet Corson and John Eames, stood up to be married. Above her head was an elaborate floral device, with her name in small electric lights. Above the bridegroom appeared a similar decoration, save that it was his name which sparkled there. All through the ceremony the lights burned brilliantly, but at the words "I pronounce you man and wife" "Harriet Corson" was turned off.—Youth's Companion.

Well Punished.

A thief broke into a large mansion early the other morning and found himself in a music room. Hearing footsteps approaching, he hid behind a screen.

From 7 to 8 o'clock the eldest daughter had a lesson on the piano.

From 8 to 9 o'clock the second daughter took a singing lesson.

From 9 to 10 o'clock the eldest son had a violin lesson.

From 10 to 11 o'clock the other son had a lesson on the flute.

At 11 all the brothers and sisters assembled and studied an ear splitting piece for piano, violin, flute and voice.

The thief staggered out from behind the screen at 11:30 and, falling at their feet, cried:

"For mercy's sake, have me locked up or give me a rest!"—London Tit-Bits.

"The Greatest Widower."

This is said to be the title of a genuine essay evolved by a boy in a Welsh board school:

"King Henry VIII was the greatest widower that ever lived. He was born at Anno Domini in the year 1066. He had 510 wives besides children. The first was beheaded and executed. The second was revoked. She never smiled again. But she said the word 'Calais' would be found on her heart after her death. The greatest man in this reign was Lord Sir Garret Wolsey. He was sir named the Boy Bachelor. He was born at the age of 15 unmarried. Henry VIII was succeeded on the throne by his great-grandmother, the beautiful and accomplished Mary, queen of Scots, sometimes known as the Lady of the Lake!"—London Standard.

Did She Hear Him Much?

A gentleman not famed for wit and tact found himself seated at dinner between Mme. de Stael and Mme. Recamier, equally well-known for her beauty and foolishness. With a polite bow right and left, he said: "Here I am between Wit and Beauty," whereupon Mme. de Stael, seeing Mme. Recamier's flush of vexation at this back-handed hint at her lack of intelligence, quickly soothed her down by exclaiming "Well this is the first time I have ever been complimented upon my good looks."—London Globe.

Timber Raft to Cross the Ocean.

A raft to contain 14,000 piles is now being constructed at Seattle, Wash., by a San Francisco firm, to be towed to Japan. When completed the raft will be 635 feet long, 53 feet in diameter and will contain 14,000,000 feet of lumber. Although rafts of this kind are frequently towed from the Puget Sound to San Francisco, it is feared in marine circles that the task of towing such a craft across the Pacific is somewhat risky.

Sure to Awake.

"How do you manage to wake up so early in the mornings?"

"Oh, I make myself believe that every morning is Sunday morning and that I may sleep if I want to. Try the scheme. It's great."—Chicago Times-Herald.

A Treasure.

"Is your new dressmaker a good one?"

"Splendid. Why, her last bill was only $40 more than she said it would be!"—Harper's Bazar.

Do Not Pay Cash

PAY SCRIP FOR DOMINION LANDS AND SAVE DISCOUNT.

If you have payments less than $80 to make at any Dominion Lands Office send us the amount, less 20 per cent., and we will make the payment and return the Land Office receipt to you. Write for prices for large payments.

ALLOWAY & CHAMPION, WINNIPEG

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS

CUMBERLAND, B.C.

The Sign Painters.

The question has been asked of sign painters hundreds of times, "Which letter of the alphabet do you consider the hardest or most difficult to make?" It is but natural to make the inquiry, for to the novice some particular letters are more perplexing than others. It is most generally conceded by some experts that the Roman capital letter "R" is the most difficult. Others will say that an "S" is very hard to make, and many strongly contend that the character "&" is the hardest and most difficult of any in the entire alphabet. Practically speaking, all of these letters are somewhat difficult, and to the young beginner they are not easily mastered.

It has frequently been supposed that an artist of ability on account of his great talent in drawing would of course naturally make a good sign painter, but the experiment has been tried and given up with unsatisfactory results.

An artist may draw and paint a most beautiful picture, but when it comes to forming a perfect letter he is entirely out of the race. About 47 years ago there were five well known artists of this city who were also experts at lettering, they having learned and worked at this branch previously. —New York Times.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Try a Change.

You have probably tried the plan of making others miserable and found little comfort in it. Try making others happier. Possibly it will suit you better. Too many people have the habit of saying disagreeable things to and about others. There is no pleasure in it, but there is so much unhappiness in the world that you can gain genuine satisfaction by saying kind things of people, by doing kind things. Don't cut and slash. It only makes miserable people more miserable. The fact that others cut and slash you is no excuse for adopting their mistaken policy. With a little modesty and a little kindness you can do missionary work every day and accomplish a great deal of good.—Atchison Globe.

THOUSANDS LIKE HER.—Tena McLeod, Severn Bridge, writes: "I owe a debt of gratitude to DR. THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL for curing me of a severe cold that troubled me nearly all last winter." In order to give a quietus to a hacking cough, take a dose of DR. THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL thrice a day, or oftener if the cough spells render it necessary.

Well Guarded.

"Jonas Junius employs two lawyers constantly."

"Why two?"

"He gets business advice from one, and then he consults the other about how much he ought to pay of the first one's bills."—Chicago Record.

MILD IN THEIR ACTION.—Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are very mild in their action. They do not cause griping in the stomach or cause disturbances there as so many pills do. Therefore the most delicate can take them without fear of unpleasant results. They can, too, be administered to children without imposing the penalties which follow the use of pills not so carefully prepared.

The Savage Bachelor.

"I wonder," said the soda fountain clerk boarder, "why the women are so set on marrying soldiers?"

"They like 'em because they have already been trained. A soldier's first duty is obedience," said the savage bachelor.—Indianapolis Press.

A SOUND STOMACH MEANS A CLEAR HEAD—The high pressure of a nervous life which business men of the present day are constrained to live makes draughts upon their vitality highly detrimental to their health. It is only by the most careful treatment that they are able to keep themselves alert and active in their various callings. Many of them know the value of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills in regulating the stomach and consequently keep the head clear.

Love's Ambiguous Catechism.

"Did you love me then as now?"

"Less, I think."

"Then you love me more?"

"How can I?"

"Darling!"

"I mean how can I when I can't?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Only those who have had experience can tell the torture corns cause. Pain with your boots on, pain with them off—pain night and day; but relief is sure to those who use Holloway's Corn Cure.

Like Most Liter'y Men.

"Stubbs, why don't you clean up all this litter on your writing table?"

"I can't; I'm too busy."

"Busy at what?"

"Making more litter."—Indianapolis Journal.

One of the greatest blessings to parents is Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. It effectually expels worms and gives health in a marvellous manner to the little one.

Lawton's Rubber Bathtub.

General Lawton made it a habit of his life to take a cold water bath every morning before breakfast, and while campaigning he carried with him a rubber tub. It made no difference where he was, he always ordered the tubful of cold water to his quarters every morning.

In following the Apaches he reached a mountain. He knew that the Indians had fled there, and before pursuing them farther he left his rubber tub and other tent equipments at the base of the mountains in charge of an old and faithful sergeant to guard carefully until he returned. It was an old trick with that tribe of Indians when being pursued to circle around and return to the exact point whence they started.

The general left the tub and started out after the Indians. They circled around, covering a wide territory, and beat General Lawton back to the base of the mountain. When he got there, he found that the old sergeant and his six men had been killed and that his tub had been carried off by the Indians. The Apaches evidently learned how highly the general prized the rubber tub, for they placed great store by it after they had captured it and guarded it as closely as [illegible] own lives.

Memories of a Waltz.

"Did you ever try to dance with a foreigner?" asked a Louisville gentleman who had been traveling abroad. "I did once," he continued, "and that experience was more than enough for me. It happened at a ball at Mustapha, at the Hotel St. Georges. I asked an Austrian countess to waltz, and when we started I supposed we would dance in the leisurely American fashion. The countess had a different idea in her head. She preferred to whirl madly like a dervish on a space that could be covered with a parasol, and on account of her superior strength I clung to her, and we began to spin.

"Finally, when it seemed to me that we were performing our antics on the ceiling with our heads hanging down, I could stand it no longer and, gasping for breath, suggested that we sit down. I saw two chairs galloping around the room and prepared to catch them on the next lap. We steered for them, I clinging helplessly to the athletic lady, and then we sank down. I sat dazed and almost insensible until I was aroused by the countess saying:

"'Excuse me, but we are sitting on the same chair.'"

Our First Postal Rates.

The first law of congress fixing rates of postage went into effect on June 1, 1792, with rates as follows:

Not exceeding 30 miles, 6 cents.

Over 30 and not exceeding 60 miles, 8 cents.

Over 60 and not exceeding 100 miles, 10 cents.

Over 100 and not exceeding 150 miles, 12½ cents.

Over 150 and not exceeding 200 miles, 15 cents.

Over 200 and not exceeding 250 miles, 17 cents.

Over 250 and not exceeding 350 miles, 20 cents.

Over 350 and not exceeding 450 miles, 22 cents.

Over 450 miles, 25 cents.

It would seem that postmasters of that day must have been greatly perplexed in adjusting the rates on each letter under such a diversified schedule as the above. The weight limit was one ounce (single), but a single letter was a single sheet, two sheets double, three sheets triple, four sheets a quadruple letter, even if the whole four did not exceed an ounce.

A Shock For Carlyle.

Thackeray once told Sir John Millais this amusing story of Carlyle:

He had spent a day in the reading room of the British museum and had given a great deal of trouble to one of the officials, sending him up and down ladders in search of books to satisfy his literary tastes, and on leaving the room he had gone up to the man and told him that it might be some satisfaction to him to know that he had obliged Thomas Carlyle. The official hesitatingly answered him, with a bland smile and the usual washing of hands in the air, that the gentleman had the advantage of him, but that probably they might have met at some mutual friend's house. He had never heard of Thomas Carlyle.

Water.

The body needs internal as well as external baths to keep it healthy. To give the body an internal bath drink plenty of water. Two quarts should be taken each day, beginning with a glass just after rising and ending with a glass just before retiring. If you are inclined to stoutness, do not drink during meals or within a half hour before or after them. If your complexion is bad, nothing is more conducive to a cure than drinking water either hot or cold, but preferably the latter.—New York Press.

Fishermen in Holland kill all fish as soon as they are landed, while French fishermen, on the contrary, allow them to die of asphyxiation.

There are no gutters in the streets of Cairo. A heavy rain consequently gives the city the aspect of Venice.

PERSONALITIES.

Joseph Jefferson, the actor, is engaged upon a volume of memoirs.

Senator Pettus has taken up golf as a recreation and is proving most skillful at the ancient game.

Joseph A. Coram of Lowell, Mass., has given $20,000 to Bates college, Lewiston, Me., for a new library building.

James B. Stetson, the California millionaire, frequently amuses himself by acting as an engineer on the Northern Pacific Coast railroad.

A boast of the late Senator Sawyer of Wisconsin was that, "though I can't make any speeches, I never introduced a bill that didn't pass."

A Washington palmist claims to have received a print of President Kruger's hand. According to the life line in Oom Paul's hand, the president of the Transvaal will live to be 104 years old.

Eugene Vivier, the celebrated cornet player, who died the other day at Nice, was noted for his resemblance to Napoleon III, for whom the French republicans said he was substituted at Wilhelmshohe.

M. Hippolyte Jayr, the last of Louis Philippe's ministers, died recently at the age of 99 years. He held the office of minister of public works under Guizot for a few months from 1847 until the revolution of 1848.

Major Louis Seymour, who formed a corps of engineers which is now attached to the British army, is known as the "millionaire major," as his fortune is large. He organized the corps from the residents of Johannesburg.

Henry M. Rose, the new clerk of the senate and former private secretary to Senator Burrows, is a journalist by profession. He owned the Benton county (Mich.) Palladium and afterward did newspaper work in Detroit.

August Belmont is treasurer of a fund for the erection of a monument in Mount Morris park, New York city, to commemorate the benefactions of Baron and Baroness de Hirsch. George E. Bissell is the sculptor, and the intention is to raise $50,000.

In certain quarters in England Sir Redvers Buller has been nicknamed "The Ferryman" from the number of times he crossed the Tugela river, and others say that he is either a rich man or a traitor on account of the checks he received from the Boers.

When the Duke of Norfolk was about to depart from London for Africa, he took his sword to the private chapel in the Roman Catholic archbishop's house, where, according to an ancient rite, it was solemnly blessed before the altar by Cardinal Vaughan.

Hans Bettner and his wife, who have lived on a farm at Whiting, Ind., for 60 years, went to Chicago a few days ago to see the sights and quarreled over the motive power of the cable. They separated but were united through the efforts of the police.

THE TURF REVIEW.

The name of Red Ink, 2:22¼, has been changed to Redmont.

Hazeltier, 2:29¼, is a promising trotter owned by R. H. Apple of West Chester, Pa.

E. R. Bourne considers that Red Sovereign, 2:16, will take a mark below 2:10 this year.

Colonel Cochran, by Shadeland Onward, dam Sally Toler, 2:06½, is reported to have shown a mile in 2:18 at the trot.

Hon. F. C. Sayles of Pawtucket, R. I., has a 2-year-old brother of Praytell, 2:09½, that stands 16 hands and is said to have lots of speed.

Director General, by Direct, dam by William L, is to be raced by George Starr, who is quoted as saying that he is the fastest trotter he ever drove.

Onoqua, 2:08¼, has a bay colt by Stamboul, 2:07½, which is said to have the fastest combined inheritance of speed of any foal ever dropped in Orange county, N. Y.

Henry Frorer of Maplecroft farm, King of Prussia, Pa., has named his roan colt by Pilator, dam by Jay Bird, in the Kentucky Futurity as a 2-year-old. He is game, fast and resolute.

The pacer Oddity, 2:10¼, will be campaigned over the half mile tracks this season in Pennsylvania, Ohio and West Virginia. He will start in the 2:10 stakes at Waynesburg and Washington, Pa.

Lou Wood, 2:23, by Nutalwood, an inbred Mambrino Chief mare, owned by A. A. Graham of Clarion, Pa., is a very promising mare for the coming year. She is fast and has made miles in 2:18 and halves faster.

Kingsley's Way.

I go at what I am about as if there were nothing else in the world for the time being. That's the secret of all hardworking men, but most of them can't carry it into their amusements. Luckily for me, I can stop from all work at short notice and turn head over heels in the sight of all creation and say, "I won't be good or bad or wise or anything till 2 o'clock tomorrow."—Charles Kingsley.

Man can run about ten miles an hour and jump about 23 feet at his best. The horse can trot a mile in two minutes and gallop one in one, while the greyhound, hare and ostrich are all faster even than this.

DO YOU WANT A BARGAIN?

For the next ten days we want to make a record in bicycle selling and with this end in view we offer the famous CLEVELAND bicycle at low prices. In lots of two, three or more we will give a big discount for cash, and, further, if your order is accompanied with the money we will give free a very useful and necessary present, worth from $1.00 to $3.00. Write early if you wish to get a Cleveland at wholesale prices and a handsome present for nothing.

This advertisement will only appear once.

McCREADY ARMS & CYCLE CO.,
320 Main Street, Winnipeg.

EXHIBITION PROGRAMME.

The Directors are Preparing for the July Industrial—Platform Attractions.

Winnipeg—A meeting of the exhibition board was held at the association's offices, in this city, on Monday afternoon, when the following directors were present: Messrs. A. J. Andrews, president, in the chair; David Munroe, J. T. Gordon, I. M. Ross, J. A. Mitchell, R. J. M. Power, (Carberry), G. H. Greig, Mayor Wilson, D. Smith, G. F. Galt, Geo. J. Maulson, Ald. Barclay, Wm. Brydon, A. B. Stovel, John Arbuthnot, W. S. Lister, Fred W. Drewry, T. W. Taylor, Stephen, Nairn, D. E. Sprague and the manager in attendance.

The attractions committee reported the following platform attractions secured:

Carcedo, king of the high wire.

The Werntz family, aerialists; three ladies and three gentlemen.

The Takezama Royal Japanese troup; ten people.

Hollaway trio, two gentlemen.

Moulier Sisters, two ladies and one gentleman.

Dillworth family, four ladies and four gentlemen.

Farrell and Stark, two men.

Parisian sisters, four ladies, ballet dancers.

Monte Myro troup, two ladies and two gentlemen.

Andre and Golden, two men.

Prof. Flowers, double balloon ascension.

Hand and Teal's great specacular drama, "The Battle of Paardeberg and Surrender of Gen. Cronje."

A number of minor matters were arranged, after which the board adjourned

I believe MINARD'S LINIMENT will cure every case of Diphtheria.
MRS. REUBEN BAKER.

I believe MINARD'S LINIMENT will produce growth of hair.
MRS. CHAS. ANDERSON,
Stanley, P.E.I.

I believe MINARD'S LINIMENT is the best household remedy on earth.
MATTHIAS FOLEY.
Riverdale, Oil City, Ont.

The Newly Elected Alderman.

When a politician has just been elected a member of the council and the directory man comes around next day and asks him what his occupation is, he has to struggle with himself sometimes not to answer, "Statesman."—Somerville Journal.

Wrangling In the Choir.

"Why can't you be obliging?" cried the facetious music rack. "The bells play when they're tolled. Come, give us a tune!"

"No," grumbled the organ in deep diapason: "I'll be blowed if I do!"—Philadelphia Press.

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.

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

Family Resemblance.

A young gentleman took his little sister with him while calling the other evening at a house where he is a regular visitor. The little girl made herself quite at home and showed great fondness for one of the young ladies, hugging her heartily.

"How very affectionate she is," said the lady of the house.

"Yes; so like her brother," responded the young lady unthinkingly.—Buffalo Courier.

Keep MINARD'S LINIMENT in the House.

Bird and Man.

The early bird may catch the worm
All right, all right; but, say,
Have you noticed that the man who gets
To work about midday,
Who opens up his desk along
About half after ten,
Is the one who carries home the most
Of that which dazzles men?
—Chicago Times-Herald.

MINARD'S LINIMENT is used by Physicians.

Coming Shadows.

As gaudy flies creep from their lair
And north bound geese bedeck the air,
And fragrant phlox unfolds its dew
And pansies sweet smile up at you,
Then comes a thought to every man
Who's proud to hear you call him fan,
And a sum he'd give to just foresee
What will this season's home club be.
—Chicago News.

MINARD'S LINIMENT Lumberman's Friend.

His Toast.

Brown was very much in love with pretty Miss Simpson and had told her so repeatedly, but in vain. She did not reciprocate. Brown's friends knew of the affair, and whenever Brown gave a toast Miss Simpson was made the subject of it. One night, when Brown and his companions were enjoying a little supper among themselves, one of the men said:

"Come, Brown, your usual toast."

"No," came the reply. "Since I can't make her Brown I'll toast her no longer."—London Answers.

WESTERN CANADA AS A FIELD FOR SETTLEMENT.

200,000 Acres Wheat and Grazing Lands for Settlement in Manitoba, Assiniboia, Alberta and Saskatchewan.

Deep Soil, Well Watered, Wooded, and the Richest in the World—Easily Reached by Railways.

Vast Mineral Riches, Gold, Silver, Iron, Copper, Petroleum, Salt, Etc.—Immense Coal Fields, Illimitable Supply of Cheap Fuel.

The grain of Western Canada is said to outclass that grown in any other part of the world, while in size and quality the cattle of the Canadian Northwest have no superior.

The Government of the Dominion of Canada gives Free Farms of 160 acres to every male adult of 18 years of age and over, and to every female who is the head of a family, on condition of living on it for at least six months in each of three years and performing easy cultivation duties, thus offering independence for life to anyone with little means, but having energy to settle.

Settlers' effects, viz.: wearing apparel, household furniture, books, implements and tools of trade, occupation or employment, musical instruments, domestic sewing machines, live stock, carts and other vehicles, and agricultural implements in use by the settler for at least a year before his removal to Canada, not to include machinery, or articles imported for use in any manufacturing establishment, or for sale, also books, pictures, family plate or furniture, personal effects and heirlooms left by request; provided that any dutiable article entered as settlers' effects may not be so entered unless brought with the settler on his first arrival, and shall not be sold or otherwise disposed of without payment of duty, until after twelve months' actual use in Canada; provided also, that under regulations made by the Controller of Customs, live stock, when imported into Manitoba or the Northwest Territories by intending settlers shall be free until otherwise ordered by the Governor in Council.

Newly arrived immigrants will receive at any Dominion lands office in Manitoba or the Northwest Territories information as to the lands that are open for entry, and from the officers in charge, free of expense, advice and assistance in securing lands to suit them; and full information respecting the land, timber, coal and mineral laws, and copies of these regulations, as well as those respecting Dominion lands in the railway belt in British Columbia, may be obtained on application to the Superintendent of Immigration, Department of the Interior, Ottawa; the Commissioner of Immigration, Winnipeg, Manitoba; the Deputy Commissioner of Agriculture, Regina, N.W.T., or to any of the Dominion lands agents in Manitoba or the Northwest Territories.

FARM LANDS

For Sale in All Parts of the Province. Write for Lists.

NARES, ROBINSON & BLACK,
WINNIPEG, MAN.

Brass Band

Instruments, Drums, Uniforms, Etc.

EVERY TOWN CAN HAVE A BAND.

Lowest prices ever quoted. Fine catalogue 50 illustrations mailed free. Write us for anything in Music or Musical Instruments.

Whaley Royce & Co., Toronto, Ont., and Winnipeg, Man.

MI DUENA CIGAR

Manufactured by THOS. LEE, Winnipeg.

The Manitoba Farmers Mutual Hail Insurance Company.

Home Office, 503 McIntyre Block, Winnipeg, Man.

Chartered to do Business in Manitoba, also all over the Northwest Territories.

A NEW MANAGEMENT.

Over $2,000,000 Insurance in force and increasing every day.

OUR RATES THE LOWEST.

Farmers wanting protection from hail should write us or see our local agent.

Box 672, Winnipeg.

W. O. GRAHAM, Manager.

WINNIPEG Business College

SPECIAL SUMMER COURSE
IN ALL BUSINESS SUBJECTS

No midsummer holidays. Now is the time to prepare for a situation in the busy season. Full particulars on application.

G. W. DONALD, Sec.

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

Catholic Prayer Books, Rosaries, Crucifixes, Scapulars, Religious Pictures, Statuary, and Church Ornaments, Educational Works. Mail orders receive prompt attention. D. & J. Sadlier & Co., Montreal

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS
Issued Every Tuesday.

W. B. ANDERSON, - - - - EDITOR.

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

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

TUESDAY, AUG. 7th, 1900.

WAR NEWS.

London, July 20.—According to Daily Telegraph's St. Petersburg correspondent, the Russian Government is already in possession of definite news that foreigners in Pekin were massacred on July 16. Japanese correspondents charge the Russiian soldiers with barbaric treatment towards Chinese. They declare that the Pei Ho is full of corpses of women and children, and that the Russians loaded 300 bodies on a junk and burned them.

London, July 20.—The Shanghai correspondent of the Daily Express says intense indignation is felt here at the honor which the British in Hong Kong have accorded to Li Hung Chang, who is looked upon in Shanghai as the originator of the whole fiendish anti-foreign plot. A Chinese merchant who has just arrived from Pekin gives horrible details of the massacre. He says he saw European women hauled in the streets by Boxers who stripped them and hacked them to pieces, their dismembered limbs were tossed to the crowd and carried off with howls of triumph. Some were already dead, having been shot by foreign civilians. He says he saw Chinese soldiers carrying bodies of white children aloft on their spears while their companions shot at the bodies. He gives other details too horrible to be particularized here. It seems the Boxer leaders had organized a plan including offering rewards and rich loot for exterminating of Europeans throughout China, and that Prince Tuan's generals have emphasizing the opportunity the soldiers have of seizing the bodies of white women.

Vancouver, July 20.—Reported the canneries will be closed down on Frazer River as result of fishermen refusing to accept 20 cent a fish. Fraser is full of fish and Sockeyes are beginning to run freely. The strike situation is more complicated then ever. Owners say to pay more than 20 cents would be to loose money on pack Unless some arrangement is arrived at canneries will close.

London, July 21.—A despatch from Cape Town, dated to-day, says Lord Roberts has attacked Middleburg in force and a big battle is in progress. Kruger is with the Boers directing the defence.

London, July 21.—War office has received following from Roberts Pretoria, July 21, Gen. Little, temporarily commanding the third brigade reports that on July 19, he came into contact, near Lindly, with Dewit's which broke through Hunter's Cordon. —The fighting asted until dusk when Dewit's force being repulsed broke into two parties. Little's casualties were slight.

Washington, July 21.—Secretary Hay has received following from U. S. Minister Conger at Pekin. In British Legation under continued shot and shell from Chinese troops. Quick relief can only prevent general massacre. Message is not dated, but is understood it was from Pekin on July 11th.

Washington, July 21.—Chinese Minister communicated to Secretary of State this morning two important telegrams from Chinese sources. They are as follows: "Fortunate that Minister Conger's telegram has come. Imperial decree of July 19th, stated all ministers were well. Insurgents are fighting and killing each other. Li Hung Chang is proceeding northward to suppress riot, but will find it difficult to go." The second one says: "With the exception af the German Minister who was killed by an anarchist, all the other ministers, for whom strenuous efforts are being made for their protection, are fortunately unharmed."

London, July 21.—The admiralty received following cable from Admiral Seymour: "Tien Tsen and neighbouring territory evacuated by Chinese."

Shanghai, July 21.—H. M. S. Bonaventure left Woo Sung early this morning, reported to seize the Steamer Auhing with Li Hung Chang on Board.

Vancouver, July 21.—Fishermens' strike situation is hourly becoming more serious. If strike is not settled by to-night, canneries will be closed. Bloodshed was narrowly averted at Steveston last night, a mob of 700 fishermen went out in boats and attacked two tugs which were fishing under police protection; a fight ensued, two special officers were badly bruised in the scuffle. The strikers captured one fisherman and carried him through streets on a box. He was called a scab and all kinds of threats were hurled at him. But for aid of police he would have been thrown in river. No arrests have been made, police thoroughly afraid of crowd.

Nanaimo, July 21.—Messrs Dunsmuir & Sons have sent John Hoggan to Scotland to arrange for 200 practical Scottish coal miners, and their families to come to Vancouver Island and work in their collieries. The scarcity of miners is keenly felt as the present out-put does not nearly approximate the demand.

Vancouver, July 22.—The Steveston strike is expected to be decided to night.

London, July 23.—Only the most meagre news has been allowed to come through from South Africa, apparently when nightfall stopped the engagement with Col. Broadwood, Dewitt's forces split into two parts, one of which cut through the railway and captured the Highlanders. The Boers afterwards returning to Repenster River.

Latest from Pretoria announces that Gen. Stevenson's brigade occupied Eland's Bridge and that Gen. Hamilton has occupied Doorn Kraal.

July 23.—Letters reaching here from British troops in Orange River Colony assert that both men and horses are short of supplies and out of condition for working. If this is true there is little care for the wounded.

London, July 31. The Admiralty has made public the following despatch from Tien Tsin: "Following from Pekin, British legation, Pekin, July 20, repeated attack by Chinese troops on all sides, both rifle and artillery fire since July 16, armistice, but order is strictly drawn on both sides of position. Chinese barracks close to our. All British and children in British legation, casualties 62 killed. Rest of legation well."

(Signed) MacDonald.

Cape Town, July 30.—Lieut. Col. Herchmer, who went out to South Africa in command of second contingent, has been dismissed for insubordination.

Monsa, Italy, July 30.—Few details of terrible tragedy available. It happened so quickly the King was shot before spectators realized what was happening. He had just entered the carriage when three shots were fired in quick succession, first shot wounded King in neck, second, the fatal one, pierced his heart, and third one broke arm of already dying sovereign. Crowd was stunned by unexpected scene, but speedily seized the assassin. He did not attempt to escape, and was roughly treated until carbiniers formed a cordon and secured him from fury of people. An eye-witness says that immediately after the shots were fired the King fell back pressing his hand to his heart He was instantly supported by Gen. Vaglia who drove with all speed to the castle. After the exclamation "It is nothing." The King did not utter a word. He expired on the way.

London, July 31.—Prince Alfred Duke of Saxe Coburg, second son of Queen Victoria, died at Coburg to-day.

Bloemfontein, July 31.—General Hunter having received a written unconditional surrender of all the Boers in Caledon Valley, attended to accept the surrender of Prinsloo, lately elected to chief command who tried to repudiate unconditional surrender. Hunter refused any concession. About 11 o'clock the troops were drawn up in two long lines on the hills and over the valley, and Boers rode in between throwing down their rifles, together with a motley collection of clothing blankets and gear, such as was found in Gen. Cronjie's laager.

The Ficksburg commando was first to lay down their arms, consisting of about 55 men, then came the Ladybrand commando, with about 450 men, fifteen horses, two guns and 50 waggons, were given up. Gen. Prinsloo and Gen. Crowther were received by Gen. Hunter at his tent. Many of the Boers have gone through Naawpoort and will surrender to MacDonald. Others are still arriving here. The Harrismith and Frede commandos are yet at large as well as some Boers who got out of valley at night but will surrender. This will practically end the Free State army. Lord Kitchner has been despatched from Pretoria to Krugersdoorp to organize a column to relieve Gen. Baden-Powell now besieged by Gen. Delaani at Rustenburg in western Transvaal.

London, July 31.—Despatch received at war office to-day from Lord Roberts materially modifies yesterday's statement of the surrender of 5000 Boers. It now appears that Generals Prinsloo and Grother Villiers surrendered 996 men, 1432 horses, 955 rifles and Krupp 9 pounder. Some of the leaders in more distant parts of the hills hesitate to come independent of Prinsloo. Lord Roberts wires that he has directed Gen. Hunter to resume hostilities forthwith and to listen to no excuse.

London, Aug. 1.—Lord Roberts wires war office as follows: Pretoria, Aug. 1.—Hunter reports 1,200 more prisoners surrendered yesterday with Commandants Rouse and Gouteual, whilst Commandants Deployy Pottgeter and Joubert surrendered to Gen. Hamilton who collected 1,200 rifles, 650 ponies and an Armstrong gun. Lieut. Anderson, a Danish artillery officer, also surrendered. Oliver with 5 guns and a number of Boers broke away in the Harrismith district, but Hunter expects the total prisoners will amount to 4,000. An unfortunate accident occurred near Fredericksburg on Krugersdorp Ry. The enemy had torn up the rails and a supply train escorted by the Shropshires was derailed, 13 being killed and 39 injured, although a special patrol had been ordered to prevent trains passing. A special inquiry has been ordered to ascertain why order was disobeyed.

Pretoria, Aug. 1.—Mrs. Botha was the guest of Lord Roberts at dinner yesterday.

The Boer animosity to Kruger grows on account of the fact that he and other officials have persuaded the people that the African Republic paper money is as good as Bank of England notes, as the English have not recognized their contention many Boers have been ruined, and other distress prevails.

London, Aug. 2.—At last the story of Pekin has been told. Dr. Morrison wires from Pekin July 21: Since cessation of hostilities here since July 18, as for fear of treachery there has been no relaxation of vigilance. Chinese continue to strengthen barricade around besieged area and also batteries on top of imperial city wall but in meantime they have discontinued firing, probably short of ammunition. Main bodies of imperial soldiers have left here plainly in order to meet relief forces. Supplies are beginning to come in and condition of besieged is improving. Wounded are doing well, over 150 cases passed through hospitals. The doctor holds up the Chinese Government before the world as guilty to a degree of infamy and duplicity that exceeds the surmise of its worst detractors. In the same despatch he gives a more hopeful view of prospects of besieged than has been expressed by any others who have been heard from. All ministers and members of the Legations and their families are in good health. The general health of community is excellent and we are continually awaiting relief.

Another letter has been received at Tien Tsen from British Minister Sir Claud Macdonald dated Pekin, July 24.—We are surrounded by imperial troops who are firing on us continuously. Enemy is enterprising backwardly. We have provisions for about four weeks and are eating our ponies Chinese Government, if there be one, has done nothing to help us. If Chinese do not press attack we can hold out for say ten days, so no time should be lost if a terrible massacre is to be averted.

Correspondent with Gen. Hunter wires the Winberg and Senekal commandoes are now arriving, about 600 men. Gen. Roux has arrived and also commandant of the Wepener commando. It will take days to get all in. There is a continuous stream of wagons for seven miles up the valley road. All the leaders have surrendered, the prisoners include foreign artillery men.

London, Aug. 2.—Daily Telegraph on authority of its Cape Town correspondent asserts to-day that documents of the highest importance emanating from England have been discovered in Pretoria implicated members of the House of Commons and other prominent persons in England who agitated in favor of Boers. It says that startling development may be shortly expected.

Shanghai, Aug. 2.—The allies advanced towards Pekin to day. Estimated the expedition numbers 20,000 men with 170 cannons. Expected to reach Pekin Aug. 2.

Paris, Aug. 2.—An attempt was made on the life of the Shah of Persia. A man broke through the line of policemen as the Shah was leaving his apartments and tried to mount the royal carriage steps. He held a revolver in his hand but as soon as his intention was devined the police disarmed him before he was able to fire. At police station he expressed regret that he had been unabe to carry out his intentions.

Chee Foo, Aug. 2.—Reported the Japanese warship Naniwa has been wrecked with loss of 150 killed and wounded.

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$50 REWARD.

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

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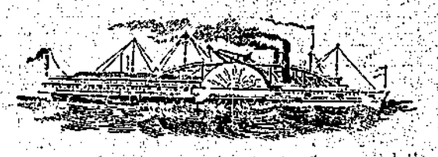

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Returning Tuesday via Van Anda and Way Ports to Vancouver.
Thursday, 7:00 a. m., from Vancouver for Van Anda, Comox, Union Wharf and Way Ports.
Thursday midnight from Union Wharf for Nanaimo, connecting at Nanaimo with E. & N. Trains, also Str. "Joan" for Vancouver.
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Sails from Comox 7:00 a. m. Wednesday for Nanaimo and Way Ports.
Sails from Nanaimo 4:00 a. m. Thursday for Victoria and Way Ports.
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CITY OF CUMBERLAND

NOTICE.

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By order of Council,
LAURENCE W. NUNNS,
City Clerk.

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

ADVERTISE IN THE

WEEKLY NEWS

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THE PURITAN

A BELIEF THAT SPARING THE ROD SPOILED THE CHILD.

Many Ingenious Methods Devised to Torture the Disobedient Scholar—The Rod and the Ferule in Frequent Demand—Favorite Studies.

Great attention was paid to penmanship. Spelling was nought if the "wrighting" were only fair and flowing. I have never read of any criticism of teachers by either parents or town officers save in the one question of writing. How deeply children were versed or grounded in the knowledge of the proper use of "Simme colings not of interiogations peorids and commoes" I do not know. A boundless freedom apparently was given, as was also in orthography—if we judge from the letters of the times.

The school houses were simple dwellings, often tumbling down and out of repair. The Roxbury teacher wrote in 1681:

"Of inconveniences [in the school house] I shall mention no other but the confused and shattered and nastie posture that it is in, not fitting for to reside in, the glass broke, and thereupon very raw and cold; the floor very much broken and torn up to kindle fires, the hearth spoiled, the seats some burned and out of kilter, that one had well high as good keep school in a hog stie as in it."

This schoolhouse had been built and furnished with some care in 1652.

"The ffoffes agreed with Daniel Welde that he provide convenient benches with forms, with tables for the scholars, and a conveniente seate for the schoolmaster a Deske to put the Dictionary on and shelves to lay up bookes."

The schoolmaster "promised and engaged to use his best endeavour both by precept and example to instruct in all Scholasticall morall and Theologicall discipline the children so far as they be capable all A. B. C Darians accepted." He was paid in corn, barley or peas, the value of 25 pounds per annum, and each child through his parents or guardians furnished half a cord of wood for the schoolhouse fire. If this load of wood were not promptly furnished the child suffered, for the master did not allow him "the benefit of the fire"; that is, to go near enough to feel the warmth.

The children of wise parents like Cotton Mather, were also taught "opificial and beneficial sciences" such as the mystery of medicine—a mystery indeed in colonial times.

Puritan schoolmasters believed, as did Puritan parents, that sparing the rod spoiled the child, and great latitude was given in punishment; the rod and ferule were fiercely and frequently plied, as in English schools of the same date. When young men were publicly whipped in colleges, children were sure to be well flogged in smaller schools. Master Lovel, that rigorous Boston master, whipped the culprit with birch rods, and forced another scholar to bind the offender on his back. Others whipped on the soles of the feet, and one teacher roared out, "Oh, the Caitiffs, it is good for them." Not only were children whipped, but many ingenious instruments of torture were invented. One teacher made his scholars sit on a sharp stick three, upside down with his thumb on the knot of a flower. Another master of the inquisition invented a unipod—a stool with one leg—sometimes placed in the middle of the seat, sometimes on the edge, on which the unfortunate scholar uneasily balanced. Others sent out the suffering pupil to cut a branch of a tree, and making a split in the large end of the branch, sprung it on the culprit's nose, and he stood painfully pinched, an object of ridicule with his spreading branch or leaves. One cruel master invented also an instrument of torture which he called a "flapper." It was a heavy piece of leather six inches in diameter with a hole in the middle, and was fastened at the edge to a pliable handle. The pain inflicted by this brutal instrument can well be imagined. At another school, whipping of unlucky wights was done "upon a peaked block with a tattling," and this expression of colonial severity seems to take on an additional force and cruelty in our minds that we do not at all know what a tattling stick was, nor understand what was meant by a peaked block.—**Alice Morse Earle in Independent.**

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A. SEATER.

Courtney, B C., May 22, 1900.

Esquimalt & Nanaimo Ry.

TIME TABLE EFFECTIVE NOV. 19TH, 1898.

VICTORIA TO WELLINGTON.

No. 2 Daily. A.M.		No. 4 Saturday P.M.
De. 9:00	Victoria	De. 4:2[illegible]
" 9:28	Goldstream	" 4:53
" 10:09	Koenig's	" 5.34
" 10:43	Duncans	" 6:15
P.M.		P.M.
" 12:14	Nanaimo	" 7:41
Ar. 12:35	Wellington	Ar. 7:55

WELLINGTON TO VICTORIA.

No. 1 Daily. A.M.		No. 3 Saturday A.M.
De. 8:05	Wellington	De. 1:2[illegible]
" 8:26	Nanaimo	" 4:3[illegible]
" 9:52	Duncans	" 6:05
" 10:37	Koenig's	" 6:46
" 11:18	Goldstream	" 7.32
Ar. 11:45	Victoria	Ar. 8:00 P.M.

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

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Barred Plymouth Rocks, $1 per sitting.

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By order
FRANCIS D. LITTLE
Manager.

FOR A

WOMAN'S SAKE

BY MRS. M. E. HOLMES.

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

A beautiful face yet very sad in its expression; the lips, though red and full, were depressed at the corners; the exquisitely-arched brows were drawn at times, too tightly together; while the eyes, which never once glanced in the glass, had a vague, dreamy look, an inner depth of dreaminess, like one who remembers a past, or foresees a coming sorrow.

"Will your ladyship take some refreshment?"

"No refreshment but sleep. I'm almost dead with fatigue. Give me my night-dress."

The servant did as she was desired, and, bidding her mistress good-night, passed into the adjoining room.

She was startled by a rapping of the outer door.

Jane advanced towards the door and threw it open.

She started back as the tall figure of a man crossed the threshold.

"Sir Hugh Willoughby!"

He turned round, keeping his face from the light as he did so.

"Where's your mistress?"

"Quietly sleeping, for the first time to-day."

"She is better, then?"

"Much better, I think; and if she has undisturbed rest now, the attack may pass away by the morning."

Sir Hugh Willoughby raised the small lamp that was burning on the table so that its rays fell upon the servant's face.

"Has no one visited her ladyship to-day?"

"No one, Sir Hugh."

"And she is better?"

"I believe so."

Sir Hugh Willoughby lifted the curtain which separated the two rooms.

He did not enter the inner chamber, but gazed long and fixedly on the sleeping lady.

"There is no falsehood in that face," he muttered, "and the villain lied, whoever he was. Let her sleep, my poor Helen—let her sleep!"

"I was uneasy about your mistress, but from the account you give me, I am quieter in my mind. Should her ladyship wake, you can inform her of my visit. Good-night!"

"What does this mean? No power on earth could make me suspect my lady, but he suspects her—I saw it in his eyes."

CHAPTER IV.

THE ENCOUNTER IN THE WOOD.

About an hour previous to Sir Hugh's entrance into his wife's private apartments, a horseman was riding through the Silvery Wood. The horse was evidently much fatigued, but the rider seemed in capital spirits, humming, at intervals, the joyous refrain of a hunting-song.

He was dressed in hunting costume. That the day's sport had been a long and trying one might be guessed from the splashed state of the boots; well-fitting buckskins, and coat of the rider, who was no other than Sir Hugh Willoughby himself, returning from a distant cover-side, where he had been the guest of a friend since early morning.

A very proud man was Sir Hugh, and not much loved by those in station beneath him.

His one weak point was a morbid jealousy of any word or deed that reflected on the honor of his house To be a Willoughby was to occupy the somewhat exacting position of Caesar's wife, who must not even be suspected.

With these feelings, it excited some surprise among his friends that Sir Hugh, when in his forty-fifth year, should have married a young wife, a Miss Ellen Fancourt, twenty-one years of age, and belonging to a good family. She brought him no dowry, which increased the wonder; for Sir Hugh, despite his noble lineage, was known to be a driver of desperate hard bargains.

The union appeared to have turned out happily. If the husband was disposed to be despotic, the wife was content to yield to his will.

To return to Sir Hugh, whom we left riding homewards.

He had entered one of the narrowest and darkest of alleys; he became aware of a man walking rapidly some yards in advance of the horse's head.

Now, Sir Hugh was upon his own property, and the road was a private road reserved for the exclusive use of the people of the "Great House," while the man in front neither wore the Willoughby livery, nor could the baronet recognize him as one of his retainers.

"Hilloa my man! Do you belong to the house?"

The man stopped, and answered over his shoulder, but without turning round:

"I'm not your man, Sir Hugh Willoughby, and the house I belong to is the house that belongs to me, though I shan't be able to make that boast for long."

"You're Richard Goodeve."

"Well, what then?"

"What then? Why then you are trespassing upon what you know to be a private road."

"I know that by taking this road to reach my farm I save two miles, and do wrong to nobody."

"Wrong to nobody! I should think you've suffered enough by the law to know better than that, Mr. Goodeve."

"I know that I disputed a right of way with you across Brinkly Common, and lost what was a just cause had it been tried justly. I know that, after that, you raised the rent upon every acre of land I held of yours and set the other squires against me as a mischief-maker and a dangerous character—a Radical, in fact; till, driven from holding to holding, and eaten up by the lawyers, and their costs, I became the ruined man I am now."

"Ruined!"

"Ruined and reckless!—that's why I chose to take this road as a short cut to my house. The law can't get more out of me."

"The law can clap you in prison," cried Sir Hugh, stung by the coolness of the other. "My keepers tell me that your son Silas is also continually growling about the woods."

"Take care what you say against Suas," interrupted Goodeve, speaking fiercely "He's a good lad, and you know it."

"I know it! Do you think I am interested in either the virtues or the vices of a family like yours?"

The farmer turned sharply round.

"What do you mean? Is vice alone confined to such humble roofs as ours? Look at home, and think of your own stately glass-house, before you throw stones elsewhere!"

"Stand out of the way, or I shall ride over you."

"Ride over me!—that's what you and your class have ever done; but before you talk so lightly of the virtues and vices of our children, think of your wife, Sir Hugh Willoughby!"

"If you dare mention Lady Willoughby's name in any other way than with respect, I'll chastise you with this whip. She's as far from you as the stars are from the earth beneath them."

Richard Goodeve, with white lips, and a face quivering with passion he no longer sought to restrain, said: "Far from me as her ladyship may appear in your eyes, it's not many hours ago that we were traveling in a second-class carriage from London."

The words were scarcely out of his mouth when he staggered back with a cry, for the thong of the Baronet's whip descended with force across his face.

The next moment Sir Hugh had sprung from the saddle, and seizing the farmer by the collar, was taking all the advantage of his herculean strength, shaking him to and fro.

"You slanderous villain! Confess that you have lied."

"I've spoken the truth, and the wife is worthy of the husband. Let go my throat!"

The struggle between the two men was a desperate one.

Sir Hugh was far more than a match for his opponent; and after a few minutes of fierce grappling one with the other, he managed to free his right arm.

Then followed a blow. The farmer received it right in the face, falling backwards as though he had been shot.

"I hope I haven't killed the fellow!" And, not without some little alarm, Sir Hugh Willoughby bent over his prostrate antagonist. "No; he'll do!" he added, as he loosened the farmer's neck-cloth. "He's breathing freely enough now. I'll send some of the servants from the Hall to him."

He leaped upon his horse as he said this; and putting spurs to his horse, he urged the animal to the top of its speed, galloping off in the direction of his own home.

When the servants dispatched by him arrived on the spot some twenty minutes after, they found no sign of Richard Goodeve, but a small pool of blood on the ground.

CHAPTER V.

MR. AND MRS. SCRATTON AT HOME.

"Can nothing make you a gentleman?"

Such was the query addressed by Mrs. Scratton to her liege lord and master.

"Nothing that you can do, Sukey. Isn't it quite sufficient that when I married you I made you a lady?"

"Made me a lady!" And Mrs. Scratton gave her head a toss backwards. "I had a family, Mr. Scratton!"

"And you would insinuate that I hadn't? My dear Sukey, I congratulate myself upon that fact every day of my life."

"Hog!"

"Very good; but being a rich hog, I can afford to be the entire animal."

The dispute was getting warm, when a rap at the door caused a timely interruption.

"Come in!"

The door was opened just far enough to give space for a head crowned by a shock of very red hair.

"What do you want, Biffen?"

"Master is wanted."

"Who by?"

"Sir 'Ugh Willingby. He's down in the 'all."

Scratton hurried to the door to receive his visitor; while Mrs. Scratton, snatching up the remains of a couple of herrings, consigned them to a temporary tomb under the sofa.

To be Continued.

Utilizing the Waste.

"I never have to buy any kindling wood."

"Why not?"

"Because my wife and our two daughters insist upon sharpening their own lead pencils."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

When Not to Keep Books.

She decided that the only way to run a house economically was to keep a set of books, so she made all necessary purchases, including a bottle of red ink, and started in.

It was a month later when her husband asked her how she was getting along.

"Splendidly," she replied.

"The system is a success, then?"

"Yes, indeed. Why, I'm $60 ahead already!"

"Sixty dollars!" he exclaimed. "Heavens! You'll be rich before long. Have you started a bank account?"

"No-o, not yet."

"What have you done with the money?"

"Oh, I haven't got the money, you know! That's only what the books show. But just think of being $60 ahead!"

"Um, yes! But I don't exactly see"—

"And all in one month too!"

"Of course. But the money? What has become of that?"

"I don't exactly know," she said doubtfully. "I've been thinking of that, and I think we must have been robbed. What do you think we had better do about it?"

He puffed his pipe in solemn silence for a moment and then suggested:

"We might stop keeping books. That's easier than complaining to the police."

The Lecturer's Blunder.

One of the institutions of New York that are praised by all the public without reserve is the course of free lectures in the public schools. These lectures are given before splendid audiences and, as a rule, by persons of veracity and intelligence. Occasionally, however, in order to get a lecture on a rare subject great risks are run.

Recently a lecture was given by a person who had been on an excursion to the North cape. Among other wonderful things he saw there was the eclipse of the sun. He gasped for breath as he told of the weirdly grand sight. He told of the streamers of fire that blazed from the obscured orb to all quarters of the heavens. But his frenzy carried him too far for a public school audience, for he declared that among the stars made visible in the midst of day he saw the planets circling in their courses. He even called the planets that he saw by name, but he made a fatal mistake. He said he saw Neptune.

This statement called for a round of sarcastic applause that he mistook for commendation, for he smiled in a happy way as it echoed through the halls. Evidently he did not know that Neptune is invisible except with the most powerful telescope.—New York Mail and Express.

Saved His Honor.

"Vat ees eet, Jean?"

"Monsieur, ze doctaire comes today to vaccinate monsieur."

"Nevaire! I vill die first! Eet ees degrading! Eet ees an insult!"

"But, monsieur, eet ees also ze law."

"Shameful! How can I suffaire a beast of a doctaire wi hees brutal weapone to stab me—me, ze Count de Mooscalonge? Nevaire!"

"But eet ees ze law, monsieur."

"Perfidious law! Ah, I have eet! I have eet now! Beautiful! Listen! You will prepaire ze swords!"

"Ze swords, monsieur?"

"Prepaire ze swords. On ze point of one sword, monsieur, ze doctaire will rub his vaccinate mattaire. See? Zen he will diffaire from me on a questione. I will feel insulted. I will challenge ze doctaire. He will accept, naming swords as ze weapons. We will fight at once, and here ze doctaire takes ze prepaired swords. See? One, two, three! Ze doctaire pricks me slightly in ze arm. Ha, ha! Honor is satisfied! I am vaccinate!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Boy's "Friend."

A boy having been taken to task for violation of school rules, the principal, a woman, told him to ask his father to call at the school. Next day the boy appeared with a rather seedy looking man whom he introduced as his father. The head of the school and visitor had a talk, and the latter promised to do all in his power to make the boy see the error of his ways. Some days later the boy was overheard saying to some of his companions: "I played a good joke on Miss Blank. I introduced a bum as me father, and she never caught on."

"Wasn't that man your father?" asked one of the listeners.

"Nope," was the answer. "He was me friend."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Got Over the Limit.

The late Senator Sawyer of Wisconsin was a very generous giver of charity and of presents, which neither he nor the beneficiary would have cared to denominate as charity, though the gifts amounted to much the same. He told a friend one day that he was going to turn over a new leaf and try to keep his donations down to a limit that would not exceed $1,000 a month. Three months after he had announced this resolution his friend asked how he had made out.

"I started out pretty well," he replied, "and if I hadn't given an old friend of mine in Wisconsin who had struck hard luck $10,000 last month I think I should have kept within the limit."

He Had Too Many Names.

About two years before Mr. Sawyer retired from the senate his mail one morning contained a touching letter from a man in Maryland whose home had just been brightened by the arrival of a bouncing boy. The fond parent went on to tell that the boy would be named Philetus Sawyer Jones and expressed the hope that the child would grow up an honor to the name and the possessor of the fine traits of character that distinguished the generous hearted man whose name would be borne by himself.

Senator Sawyer went to the senate chamber with a warm glow in his heart and the determination to send that fond parent a nice big check. He felt so good that he showed the letter to Senator Allison. The Iowa man chuckled as he read it and produced a letter almost identical, except that the young prodigy was to be named William Allison Jones.

It was too good to keep, and they told the story to Senator Edmunds of Vermont. That stately old gentleman melted sufficiently to smilingly produce a letter of similar purport. Then there ensued a comparison of senatorial notes, showing that the youthful Marylander had been fairly loaded with distinguished names from Justin Morrill Jones to Don Cameron Jones. That Maryland infant received no birthday present.—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

Confusing.

When the matron called upon the bride of three months, she discovered her in tears.

"Why, my dear, what is the matter?" she cried.

"I want to die! I want to die!" sobbed the bride.

"There, dear, there! What is the matter?"

"It's—it's Harry!" sobbed the girl wildly.

"Has he been abusing you?"

"No-o-o, but—oh, dear, what shall I do?"

"What on earth is the matter, dear?"

"He—he—oh, I can't tell you!"

"You must. Has he been staying out late nights?"

"No-o-o!"

"Has he been drinking?"

"No-o-o!"

"Then what is the matter?"

"He—he doesn't love me any more!"

The matron drew the sobbing girl to her side.

"Now tell me all, dear," she whispered.

"When—when he c-came home last night, he didn't k-k-kiss me!" she sobbed.

"My dear," said the matron, "you'll get over that. When my husband came home last night, he did kiss me, and I have been wondering ever since what he has been up to."—Detroit Free Press.

How They Eat.

The editor of Life and Beauty, a British organ on hygiene and diet, succeeded in eliciting from a few popular writers replies on the subject of diet which they find most conducive to good work.

Hall Caine wrote: "I am afraid I have no theories on the subject of diet. If I knew anything that would be worth telling, I would avail myself of its advantages, being a constant martyr to all the troubles that attend diet."

Mr. Zangwill's answer was brief and epigrammatic, "Unfortunately I have never eaten to work, but always worked to eat."

"John Oliver Hobbes" confessed that she "tried vegetarianism for two years, but now finds that, on the whole, the ordinary diet of the country is the best."

Mme. Sarah Grand said she never drank milk. "I never forget the horrible cow," she added in explanation.

Marie Corelli answered characteristically with a quotation from "Hamlet:" "I eat the air, promise crammed. You cannot feed capons so."

Took It Away From the Jury.

There are any number of stories to be printed about Judge Caldwell, but here is one that is said to be typical: He was hearing an argument whereby an attorney for an insurance company was attempting to evade payment of insurance on a purely technical ground. Judge Caldwell interrupted him. "Let me understand you, Brother Todd," he said to the attorney. "The policy was issued?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"And the premiums were paid?"

"Yes."

"And it was not set on fire?"

"No."

"Brother Todd," said Judge Caldwell, "you can sit down. The jury will return a verdict for the plaintiff."—Indianapolis Sun.

Deceptive Appearances.

The One—Now, you wouldn't think that shabby old fellow coming across the street was worth $1,000,000, would you?

The Other—No; I would not. I should say about $100,000. He doesn't look poverty stricken enough for a millionaire.—Indianapolis Press.

The whole of the celebrated forests of Vallombrosa in Italy was planted by the patient and industrious monks of St. Benedict during the dark ages.

"A prudent man," says a witty Frenchman, "is like a pin. His head prevents him from going too far."

Easily Managed.

House Hunter—But are you sure that the cellar is perfectly dry?

Real Estate Dealer—Oh, you may be sure of that! Never was a drop of water ever seen in it, even in the wettest kind of weather.

House Hunter—Sorry about that. Do you know I have a theory that a damp cellar is the healthiest thing in the world. In my opinion the water in a cellar absorbs noxious gases, and, besides, it so moistens the whole atmosphere of the house as to make it more grateful to the lungs.

Real Estate Dealer—Come to think of it, it was that other house on the other side of the street that has the dry cellar. The cellar in this house is never free from water. Really, sir, I think it will suit you immensely.—Boston Transcript.

A PIONEER'S STORY.

INTERESTING INTERVIEW WITH MR. B. L. MASTIN.

After Long Years of Perfect Health He Was Attacked with Kidney Trouble and Other Complications—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Bring Him New Health.

From the Picton, Ont., Times.

Mr. B. L. Mastin, of Hollowell township, Prince Edward county, was a caller at the Times office the other day and during his visit told of his great suffering from kidney trouble and rheumatism, accompanied by dyspepsia, cold feet and a generally broken down constitution. Mr. Mastin is one of the first settlers of Prince Edward county. He is in his seventy-first year and is the father of a grown up family of well-to-do farmers. In the course of the conversation Mr. Mastin said:—"I had never known what it was to be sick. I have always had good health and worked on my farm every day until some months ago, when I was taken with severe pains in my back and shoulders. I consulted a doctor but received little benefit. I was told by one doctor that I had rheumatism and kidney disease, but his treatment did not help me and I continued getting worse. My appetite failed me and I fell away in flesh. I became irritable and could not sleep well at night. Nobody can conceive the intense pain I endured. Not deriving any benefit from the food I ate and having a constant pain in my stomach I soon became aware that I had dyspepsia, and the pain in my back and shoulders, intensified by the stonelike weight in my stomach, made life to me almost unbearable. I was also a great sufferer from cold feet, nearly every day my feet would get like chunks of ice, and unless I was constantly by the fire the soles of my feet would feel as though they were wet. One day I told my wife I was going to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Having read so much of these famous pills, I thought that what they had done for others they might do for me. I procured a box from Mr. E. Case, druggist, and to my great delight before I had used quite one box I had improved. When I had finished a couple more boxes I felt like a new man and I gladly tell this for the benefit of all who suffer as I did." Continuing Mr. Mastin said: "My rheumatism is all gone and I can come and go and enjoy as good health as well as I ever did." With these remarks Mr. Mastin got up to go, but added that his wife was receiving much benefit from Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. "I took home a couple of boxes the other day and she thinks they are splendid."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that every box you purchase is enclosed in a wrapper bearing the full trade mark, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. If your dealer does not keep them they will be sent postpaid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Lady Betty.

In prerevolutionary days there was a woman public executioner in Virginia. At that time death sentences were respited on condition that a criminal should perform this office.

"Lady Betty," as she was afterward called, was sentenced to death for murder. She offered instead to become public executioner and held this office for many years.

It is said that on the scaffold she officiated without a mask.—Chicago Times-Herald.

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

Hardened.

"How came a man of your ability and position in society ever to engage in counterfeiting?" the judge asked him.

"I wanted a light, easy way to make money at my own home, your honor," answered the prisoner.

The judge looked at him sharply and gave him the full limit of the law.—Chicago Tribune.

LA "TOSCANA," RELIANCE CIGAR FACTORY, Montreal

A CIRCUS EVERY DAY.

Oh, what a circus a circus life must be,
Parading every morning for admiring folks to see!
Spangles, bangles everywhere,
Prancing, dancing ponies there,
Bands a-playing, "Boom-ba-chink!"
Folks hurrahing—only think!
If it's such a lark to see it,
What fun it must be to be it!

Oh, what a circus to know that every day
You can be a circus at the ladies' matinee,
Hanging by your toes and knees
On the flying, high trapeze,
Turning somersaults and things,
Riding round the triple rings—
If it's such a treat to see it,
What fun it must be to be it!

Oh, what a circus a circus life must be!
To have another circus in the evening after tea,
Then to travel, oh, so far!
In the "sacred heifer's" car,
While the engine goes "Whoot-choo!"
At the hop toad kangaroo,
And the anthropoid grows frantic
At the ringtail's newest antic.

Oh, what a circus a circus life—but say
It might not seem a circus if we had it every day,
Every morning a procession,
Every afternoon a session,
Every night another show
And then have to travel so.
Oh, it may be fun to see it,
But think what a bore to be it!
—Edmund Vance Cooke in Youth's Companion.

IN HAINAULT FOREST.

A Pathetic Story of a Girl Who Loved a Sailor.

"Well, Jess, what's it to be, will you come or not?"

Jessie looked up from the umbrella she was diligently mending and thought for a moment.

"Yes, dear, I will; I'll come. It's many a long day since I've had a holiday or been near the country. Yes, I'll come."

Jessie stitched on and on till the umbrella was finished. Then she put on her hat and, taking her work with her, locked the door and went out into the noisy street. She lived alone in a small room in Mile End road, London, with the people who owned the house and worked hard for a small umbrella shop which was near at hand. A delicate girl, she often had trouble to keep herself from starvation and illness, but she was scrupulously neat and economical, and her little room had an air of homelike brightness, very rare in such a neighborhood.

Her friend, Clara Ridley, was at the station to meet her and gave her a cordial welcome. They walked three miles to the rustic home, Jessie drinking in every sight and sound, and as she laughed and talked in girlish freedom a lovely color stole into her pale cheeks.

"Now, this is Barkingside, where we live. Do you see that pretty inclosed place? It is a home for girls. It is very pretty inside. You see, 'mother' was my own mother's only sister, and when she found out after a long time that I'd been brought up in a home she was very upset and would have me live with her and I help about the farm. There's lots to do."

Next morning at the little village church her heart beat rapidly as the sight of exquisite flowers and the sound of the organ burst upon her. Glancing across the church to look at the people, her eyes were arrested by two candid blue ones shaded by long fair lashes. It was an open, manly, yet boyish face, sunburned and freckled, with a large, smiling mouth and broad forehead. He was a sailor. She colored when his eyes again met hers. The face he saw was an interesting one, not pretty, but pure in color and outline, and the veil of sadness and weariness which hung over it compelled a second glance.

When the service was over, the girls stood at the gate waiting for friends of Clara's. Suddenly she touched Jessie's arm.

"Jess, Jess, do you see that sailor coming to speak to us? He is Fred Harding. Shall I tell him who you are? He lives in that nice house over there."

Before Jessie had time to reply the sailor had shaken hands with Clara and was looking at her friend.

"Jess, this is Mr. Harding and this is Miss Carter, Fred, a friend of mine."

They walked on together toward Clara's home, laughing and talking, and before they parted at the gate had arranged to walk to Hainault forest together that afternoon. Jessie was almost brilliantly happy. She chatted and smiled and sang and looked very pretty in her gladness.

It was very warm weather for April, and the young people were glad to reach the shelter and coolness of the trees and wander slowly down the grassy forest path till they were lost in its depths.

Jessie wandered on and on, and the sailor followed. They were free and happy, for the light of love was dawning at last on Jessie's lonely life.

The sailor had tea with them. They went to church together and strolled home in the clear moonlight. Jessie's holiday was over, but the next morning, as she stepped into the train for Bow road, laden with flowers and some homemade cakes, she was the happiest girl in east London. She had learned from Clara that Fred Harding was waiting for a ship bound for Australia and that his father was a well to do farmer.

Before long Clara asked her to go to Barkingside again, and she stinted herself in food to pay her train fare. She and Fred Harding met sometimes in London too. She looked a different girl and in spite of occasional fasts grew stronger and better and her eyes and cheeks became bright with health.

But by and by the serpent crept into Paradise in the shape of an uneasy conscience. Fred Harding, like the other members of his family, was very proud of his respectability. He was honorable and straightforward, but uncompromisingly hard on anything or any one he thought underhand or mean. When Jessie considered this, she thought of her own life and how little he knew of it, and she trembled for the love which now held her so closely. She consulted Clara.

"Oh, what nonsense, Jess. Don't tell him anything till you're married. If you take my advice, you won't. He'd forgive your silence then. He won't now. I know him!"

This was no comfort to Jessie, and she pondered and pondered during the long hours while she sat alone. At last the dreaded day arrived, and Fred was called to join his ship. He wrote to Jessie, asking her to meet him that evening for a last walk in Hainault forest, as he was to sail the next morning for Australia.

"Come, darling," he wrote, "without fail. I am going so far away, and we may never meet again." He inclosed a shilling for her railway fare.

Then she decided with an aching heart that she would tell her sweetheart everything. She could not let him go away thinking better of her than she deserved. She could not see those honest blue eyes look so truly into hers and know that she was hiding secrets deep down in her heart.

It was a long walk from Ilford to Hainault forest, but far too short for lovers who would meet no more for months. The clouds had parted a little at sight of Fred's bright face, and Jessie was able to look happy and to clatter almost as merrily as usual. When they reached the forest, they sat down, and Fred brought out some dainties which he had bought for his little sweetheart. But it was late in the summer, and the rays of the setting sun glinting red and gold through the leaves warned them that they must not linger. Fred looked at his watch, and Jessie's heart stood still. She had suddenly decided to tell him now, before they left the shelter of the dear forest, where he and she had spent so many happy hours.

"Fred."

"Well, Jess, dear"—

"I have something to tell you. Hold my hand and promise you won't be angry. It is hard to tell you, but I must, because it is right and because you are going away. You have never asked me who I am and where I was brought up."

"Why, of course not. You are Clara's friend, and I know who she is and that her aunt wouldn't let her associate with any one who is not respectable."

Jessie gasped.

"But don't you know that I live all alone in London and work very hard at umbrella mending?"

"Oh, yes, I know you do, poor little woman. My heart has often ached for you, and I long for the time when I can take you away from all that. When we're married you shall live in a pretty cottage near my mother, perhaps after this voyage"—

"Oh, Fred, stop! When you know all, you will not want to marry me. Do you know my mother is dead?"

"Yes. Clara told me you were an orphan and have been cared for by some kind lady who set you up in your present work, and all that."

"Is that what Clara said? She did not tell you the truth. I am not an orphan. My mother died of consumption when I was a baby, and I was brought up in a home in London, because"—

"Well, why?" said Fred in a hard voice.

"Because my father is a convict. He is at Dartmoor."

Jessie spoke steadily, but her face was ghastly and her breath labored. Fred Harding rose slowly from beside her. He dropped her hand and clinched his own. He set his teeth, and his face was as ghastly as hers.

"Jessie," he said sternly, "from this moment all is over between us. I don't care what has passed before. You have deceived me, and I'm not going to marry a convict's daughter."

He turned in passionate haste and left Jessie alone in the forest. When she saw him go, she stretched out her arms imploringly.

"Fred, Fred, come back. If you knew how I love you, you would come back!"

He only hurried on the faster Then Jessie knew all was over—her dreams, her love, her hope, everything She sat long as he had left her till the darkness, becoming more and more dense, warned her to hurry from the forest, and the lonely girl returned to her now doubly lonely drudgery.

Fred's ship sailed the next day. That was all she knew. She saw nothing of Clara, and she neither wrote nor went to Barkingside herself. The weary months dragged on. Her cough grew worse. She could not eat, and she could hardly do her work.

One day about four months after Jessie's parting from Fred some one knocked at the door of her room. Clara opened the door to see her friend lying on the bed near the window, colorless, dying. Her white hand loosely held a bunch of violets, and her dark eyes, bright with fever, were fixed on the window, from where she could see a peep of the sky.

"Oh, Jessie, what's the matter?"

Jessie tried to answer, but coughed instead.

"I'm dying," she gasped.

Clara impulsively threw herself on her knees by the bed and burst into tears. Jessie laid her hand gently on her head.

"Don't cry, Clara. I'm glad now. Fred gave me up, and I couldn't live without him."

"Oh, I'm sorry, but you shall come to our house now and get better."

"I shall be better, Clara. I can't live long. I only want to live till Fred's ship comes back. I want to hear him say he forgives me."

"It's not for him to forgive," said Clara angrily.

"It is, Clara. I knew him. I knew his honesty, his passionate temper, and yet I deceived him all that time."

"Jessie, Jessie, don't die. He'll soon be here, and I'll make him forgive you and come to you, and then you'll be better."

"No, dear, he won't forgive me. But I want you to tell him I love him just the same. And, Clara, will you do something for me? Will you take this money to your father"—drawing out a little packet from underneath her pillow—"and ask him if there is enough to bury me at Barkingside. I want to lie there near Fred's home. And when he comes from sea and hears I am dead, perhaps he will forgive me and think of me as being very near. He will perhaps sometimes put a flower on my grave. Mrs. Merrall gave me this to buy things to eat. She has often been to see me since she heard I was ill, and we talk over the old days at the home.

Two months later a young sailor knelt in deep sadness and humility beside a little grass covered mound in Barkingside churchyard. His chest heaved and tears rolled unheeded down his sunburned face. Then he reverently laid some flowers on the grass and turned toward the road leading to Hainault forest.—Exchange.

UNCLE ELI'S FABLES.

The Story of the Wise Man and the Peasant.

One day as the Sage was strolling about the country he met a Peasant who complained that his Ass was dead.

"Then you will no longer have to feed him," replied the Sage.

"But my wife is also ill," continued the Peasant.

"If that is the case, then she will not wear out her shoes so fast."

"And but two nights ago a thief stole half my corn."

"That is also a blessing, as you will have less to carry on your back to market."

"Hear me, O Sage," said the Peasant as he wiped away his tears, "when I say that a Wolf has carried off my only Goat."

"I hear you," replied the wise and venerable man, "and I wonder that you

"I HAVE MET WITH A GRIEVOUS FALL!"

complain. The Wolf could have taken your Calf instead of the Goat."

"And the blight has fallen upon my oats."

"I observed that, but your wheat never looked so well. As a matter of fact, my dear man, you have nothing whatever to complain of. On the contrary, you should rejoice that things are no worse."

The Sage was about to pass on when he struck his foot against a stone and fell heavily to earth.

"Alas," he cried, "but I have met with a grievous fall!"

"It was a fall certainly," said the Peasant, "but you might have been blown up on a steamboat, you know."

"I think I have sprained my ankle."

"But you might have broken your neck instead."

"Had you but warned me of the stone I could have passed it to the left."

"In which case you would have tumbled into the old well and been drowned."

"O Peasant," groaned the Sage, "hear me when I say that I am so badly shaken I may not get out of my hut for weeks!"

"I hear you," said the Peasant, "and I wonder that you lament. The less you get outdoors the fewer corns you will have on your toes. Taken all in all, you have nothing to complain of and much to rejoice over."

Moral.—Philosophy is a good thing only when applied to the other fellow.

M. QUAD.

Diversions of the Ancients.

"Acantha, my pet," said Apollo, passing his hand lovingly through her tresses, "why does the chariot of the sun move so swiftly when I am with thee?"

"I am not good at conundrums, O Apollo," answered the nymph, "but I think it is because its motor is of such a tremendously high candle power."

For which light and flippant reply Apollo immediately changed her into an herb.—Chicago Tribune.

The Trick That Didn't Fail.

Now they paused before a shop.

"What a lovely hat!" exclaimed the woman in rapture.

"Yes; it would look well on anybody," ventured the man, her husband.

"Not on your life!" protested she.

"My life!" he whispered and gazed fondly into her great gray eyes.

Then they passed on, he triumphantly, she as one in a dream.—Detroit Journal.

The Natural Orator.

"Why are the people leaving the hall so rapidly?"

"The programme committee has just sprung one of those 'natural orators' on them."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Happy Escape.

Bobbs—Ragger and Chewer got into a big argument this morning.

Dobbs—Who got the better of it?

Bobbs—I did. I left as soon as it started.—Baltimore American.

Entitled to It.

"Mrs. Brimberson always has such a chic look."

"I wonder if it's because her husband is in the wholesale egg business?"—Chicago Times-Herald.

A Rude Insinuation.

"Whenever I go into a gentleman's office I always remove my hat."

"But you've got it on now."

"Of course."—Cleveland Plain Dealer

DRESS AND FASHION.

MODES GAY OR GRAVE FOR THE MOMENT AND DAYS TO COME.

Latest Tailor Made Gowns Simple, but Effective—Well Built Bodices. New Dress Fabrics—Frilled Elbow Sleeves For Thin Gowns.

The waist of the moment is the tailor made gown, but it must be smart and dainty, and the two models given carry out this idea well. The knife plaited dress is made in pale rose cloth, with a tabbed vest of darker rose velvet, the collar and chemisette of white satin. The turquoise blue homespun coat and skirt have facings of white panne braided with black and white cord. There are many gray and black costumes in homespuns, but turquoise blue and rose pink are favorites of the moment.

This season corsage designs surpass in detail and delicacy all that have

SMART BUT SIMPLE TAILOR GOWNS.

gone before. They are one and all bewitching, from the simple, perfectly built little shirr of spotted foulard to the extravagantly ephemeral evening model. Of the two useful waists pictured one is in blue taffeta that drops at the waist into an exceptionally shapely corselet of white foulard, patterned with blue and laid in close horizontal stitched tucks. The front is a replica of the back view given. The second is of pink taffeta minutely tucked in groups, divided by a feather stitching in white silk. The top is cut in a small round decollete to display a chemisette and high collar of similarly tucked white taffeta.

Minute stripes and checks of varying size are all to be worn in spring goods, and mohair, with its stiff, firm thread, bids fair to have vogue for hard wear.

Voile has been checked and striped and brocaded after the new order, which is generally in white of a light sketchy pattern and appears to be embroidered. For country wear plain coating, misty checks, suitings and plain cloths will all be worn.

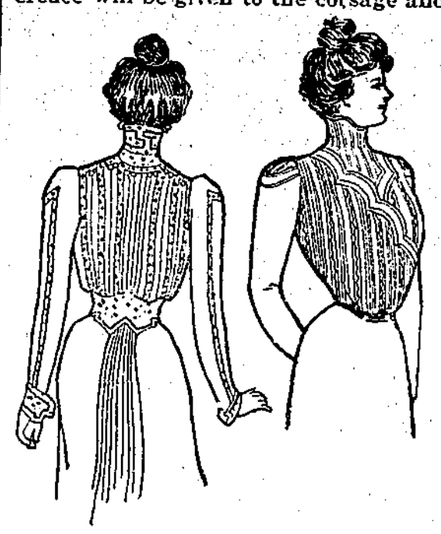
The blending of colors in many of the new checks is remarkable. Brown, green and white are combined, orange, green and white, but in everything the pastel colorings assert themselves.

A new silk crape, covered with tiny embroidered pin spots, is likely to be adapted to both evening and morning wear.

A revival of the frilled elbow sleeve will adorn many of the new thin gowns.

The long sleeve will terminate in innumerable frills and ornamental cuff over the hand.

The princess mode will be retained on a few gowns, depicted in a series of tucks from bust to the hips, but a preference will be given to the corsage and



NEWEST CORSAGES.

skirt, as the waist line is more defined by the quaintly arranged belt or scarf necessitated by the inevitable bolero, which seems to be a living monument of fidelity, since at least a suggestion of its lines figures on many of the most chic bodices.

Particularly fascinating little coats or jackets somewhat in bolero effect are this season provided for the days when one first lays off heavier wraps. These are of black taffeta or glace silk and beautifully tailor built in a trim military style, but feminized by vest or tie of fluffy lace.

Spring Renovation.

Willow or rattan chairs that are soiled with age and use can be freshened and tinted anew, according to Good Housekeeping. First wash off every bit of dust in all the interstices. Then with a soft, small, long haired brush tint the entire surface with stain of burned sienna or sienna and vandyke brown. Great care must be taken to reach and cover every particle of surface. This treatment suits willow, which will receive stain, but rattan, which is harder than willow, needs first to be painted or enameled. The willow, after the stain is dry, may be varnished like any other wood.

Taking No Chances.

Somehow she felt that he had come with his mind made up to propose. She was as certain of it as she would have been if he had told her, and consequently she amused herself by teasing him for half an hour before she let him have a chance to come to the point.

And then he balked.

She couldn't understand it. She knew that he was on the verge of asking her to be his wife, but he didn't put the question. He became suddenly very ill at ease and nervous, and sheered off every time they got anywhere near the subject that was uppermost in the mind of each.

She looked at him soulfully, and he returned the look, but that was as far as he went. She sighed and he sighed, but he didn't put his hopes and wishes into words. She became pensive and romantic, and talked of the loneliness of a woman or girl who had no strong arm to lean upon as she walked through life, but it did not bring an avowal from his lips.

She feared that she had played with him too long, and had, possibly, lost him; but at last he spoke:

"Shall we go out into the garden?" he asked.

She knew, although he did not, that there were others in the garden, and she pleaded that she was afraid of the night air.

He looked about the room anxiously, but seemed to find nothing that gave him any hope. He seemed to be despondent, but in a measure determined.

"Mabel," he said at last, speaking very softly.

"Yes," she returned, endeavoring not to show her agitation.

"There is something I wish very much to say to you."

She looked down at the toes of her boots and said nothing.

He came over to her and took her hand.

"Mabel," he said earnestly, "if you will take that confounded parrot out of the room, I'll tell you what it is."

Then she understood why he had been so nervous, and the parrot was put where he could not overhear and repeat what might be said.

Decided by Jury.

It is not uncommon for an English judge to try to raise a laugh — and strange to say, he usually succeeds—by affecting infantile ignorance of all things but purely judicial matters. Sir Henry Hawkins not long ago asked in court: "What is hay?"

A correspondent of The Philadelphia Ledger says that in a recent libel suit a strange affectation of judicial ignorance was evinced by Lord Russell. Sir Edward Clarke read, from a book of the plaintiff's, a description of Chopin's "umber-shaded head."

"What shade?" asked Lord Russel.

"Umber," replied Sir Edward.

"Yes, but what is that?" persisted the chief justice.

At this point the feelings of the jury were too much for them. With a unanimity reminiscent of the "Pirates of Penzance," they chanted in expostulatory chorus: "Brown, my Lord, brown," and the trial went on.

The Most Beautiful Eyes.

A Naples correspondent writes to the Paris Messenger: Have you ever heard the name of Lina Cavalieri? No. Eh bien, she was only a short time ago a music-hall singer, but such a lovely creature, that she attracted every eye, wherever she went; men threw themselves at her feet, and a Russian Prince would have married her, but she refused! Instead, she took to studying singing in earnest, with one of the most celebrated teachers of the day, and now she is creating a furore at San Carlo in "La Boheme." People have come from Rome to see and hear her, and all are surprised, for she really sings well and has great dramatic talent. It is not for her wondrous beauty alone, therefore, that she is applauded, encored, and called before the curtain.

She has the most beautiful eyes I ever saw in my life. There should be a great future in store for her!

Sir Charles Warren's Morning Tub.

There is something extremely English in the story of Sir Charles Warren "doing trimbles," as Bouncer expressed it, in the open air on the battlefield of Vaal Kranz. Sir Charles under no circumstances intermits his morning bath, says The London Daily News. On the occasion of Buller's last effort to relieve Ladysmith Sir Charles found it impossible to leave his post, so when day broke on the battlefield he ordered his servant to bring his bath, with sponge and towel, and there and then, in the open air, Sir Charles Warren, commanding the Fifth Division, proceeded to take his bath, sublimely indifferent to the fire of the enemy. The enemy was perhaps too much astonished at the British eccentricity of bathing at all, much more of bathing in this extremely public fashion, to attempt any violent interruption.

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A PURE CREAM OF TARTAR POWDER

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THE CUMBERLAND NEWS
ISSUED EVERY TUESDAY.

W. B. Anderson, Editor.

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

Job Work Strictly C. O. D.
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TUESDAY, AUG. 7th, 1900.

LOCAL ITEMS.

There was a concert at Courtenay Thursday, in aid of the Bay Church. Many of our townspeople took part.

Some of the campers when coming from Roy's to Union, Saturday, saw an old panther and two whelps on the road near Duggan's corner. As soon as the news was spread here, a posse started off armed with various weapons. Rumour says that one nimrod got a 30 calibre rifle and crammed his pockets with No. 12 shotgun cartridges. Anyhow, they did not get the panthers.

One of the latest and most deadly traps for panthers is said to be a bottle of rum. Two of our local sports decided to try it Saturday. They went off after the trio seen on Roy's road armed with a gun apiece, and a bottle of Jamaica. They chose a secluded spot and sat down, waiting for the panthers to come. This they did not do. So vowing the scheme a fraud, they started for home—but they found that the rum was more effective than they at first thought.

Mr. Smith Davis met with a mishap Sunday while driving home from Cumberland. When near Courtenay, the horse became frightened at an old rice sack which had been dropped on the road, and shied off suddenly into the ditch, throwing Mr. and Mrs. Davis out Their little girl remained in the buggy, and Mr. Davis fortunately kept hold of the reins but was dragged some distance before stopping the horse. As soon as he got things straightened up, he drove back to this place to get Mrs. Davis attended to by a doctor, she having had her arm broken by the fall.

One day last week one of our citizens, a prominent member of the Gun Club, and who is celebrated for his skill as a taxidermist, went down the river fishing. He took with him a friend, for company, also a little 25 rifle—for more company. While meandering along the banks of the stream, the sportsman stopped, and pointing to an object on the opposite bank, asked his friend if he thonght it was a bear? "Sure" said he. "Shoot duick!" A fusilade was quickly poured into that bear, which moved not, nor spoke. Getting a little suspicious, the hunter investigated and discovered that he had been really shooting at a bear—one of the stump bears—which were classified and described in Forest and Stream some years ago.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Dobbs and family have gone to Ohio. They had anticipated moving for some time. They will be much missed, especially in church circles.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Grant and family and Miss Miller returned from Lund, Saturday. They had intended going to Sechelt, but found that they could not be accomodated, the hotel being full of people, and many camping there as well, mostly from Vancouver.

HORNBY ISLAND HAPPENINGS.

To the CUMBERLAND NEWS:

Our Island has been visited by the army worms, causing considerable destruction to crops; fruit trees not yet troubled.

Denman Island, if anything, has suffered worse than Hornby. Reports from there are that worms have wrought destruction to fruit trees as well as flowers.

Mr. J. B. Holmes, of Comox, paid the Island a flying visit recently. He was a guest of Mr. Jas. Seawright.

Miss Bennett, a teacher at Vancouver is one of the recent arrivals by "Thistle" and is staying at her father's, Mr. Bennett.

Rev. Mr. Nixon, of Denman, with his yacht "Chinook" was cruising in these waters last week. He was accompanied by Capt. Salmond of the Wellington.

H. M. S. Warspite arrived here from the north, anchored two days at Tribune Bay. The Bay is an ideal bathing resort, and the crew took advantage of it.

Salmon are now plentiful at Yellow Island, Norris Rock and St. John's Point. Some good hauls were made last week of the finny tribe by the followers of Walton.

The bridge at Thames' River is now completed. The structure is a solid one and well finished and reflects no little credit to the designers, as well as to Mr. McCallum the supervisor. J. F.

London, Aug. 4.—According to a despatch from Shanghai, the advancing column of the allies was reported yesterday to have reached a point 35 miles beyond Tien Tsin. A Tien Tsin despatch dated Tuesday, says a reconnoisance besween Japs and Chinese occurred at Hsiku. Japs withdrew after suffering 30 killed.

Pretoria, Aug. 4.—President Kruger and Gen. Botha have issued a proclamation promising to pay all damages done to farms by British, provided Burghers remain with commanders.

London, Aug. 4.—Reported Gen. Dewit has surrendered to Lord Roberts.

Vancouver, Aug. 3.—All machinists and fitters between Fort William to Vancouver are out on strike. In May last asked Company to adopt their schedule of prices and rules that had been arranged by Union. C. P. R. say they cannot increase wages and a number of men have been discharged owing to hard times. Officials say running of road will not be effected.

London, Aug. 4.—Lord Roberts telegraphs that Gen. Hunter reports that altogether 3,349 men have surrendered to him. Gen. Hunter also secured 3,046 horses and 3 guns. Lord Roberts adds that Hamilton continues his movement toward Rustenburg, and engaged enemy in the Magersburg range, Thursday. Our casualties, were 41 wounded. On Sunday night a train was derailed and attacked 40 miles south of Kroonstadt, 4 men were killed and three wounded. A Boer force was attacked by Gen. Knox near the railway north of Kroonstadt on Wednesday and left 5 waggons and a lot of cattle. A despatch from Pretoria dated 4th, to a news agency here, says it is reported that Gen. Christian Dewit is dead from a shell. Report not confirmed.

Bloemfontein, Aug. 4.—A train carrying U. S. Consul Stowe and carrying the Stars and Stripes, has been derailed and burned at Honing Spruit by a flying patrol of Boers. No prisoners were taken.

London, Aug. 4.—Reported that all ministers in China are killed.

HOT WEATHER ..SPECIALS..

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

Summer muslins, ginghams, piques, etc., worth from 12½ to 25 cents. sale price 8 cents per yard.

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

MILLINERY

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

HOSIERY

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

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

Stevenson & Co's CASH STORE

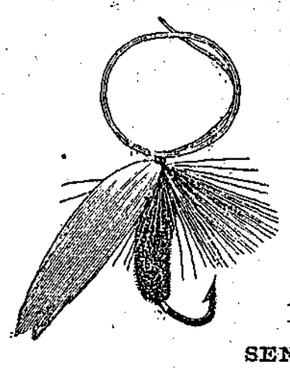
WALLER AND PARTRIDGE

Another Carload of
FLOUR AND FEED

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

APPLES, PEARS, PEACHES, PLUMS

A Large Shipment from San Francisco Direct
AN IMMENSE STOCK OF BOOTS AND SHOES.
Another Large Shipment opened out last week
A Full Stock of Groceries. We give a Cash Discount on all purchases
WALLER & PARTRIDGE



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