THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

EIGHTH YEAR. CUMBERLAND, B. C. WEDNESDAY, DEC. 12, 1900.

ONCE AGAIN

WE WISH **A MERRY CHRISTMAS** TO ALL.

We have a STORE FULL of holiday goods. TOYS for the children. CHINA, GLASS and other fancy goods for their elders.

DOLLS, of all kinds from 10 cents to $3.00, from the ordinary Dolls to the latest Parisian, also Khaki Dolls, Walking Dolls, etc., etc.

Rubber Dolls, Magic Lanterns, Kinematograph, Hot Air Motors Steam Engines, Ferris Wheel, Torpedo Boat Destroyers, Steel Toys, Air Rifles, Pistols, Paper Caps, Toy Guns, Drums, Vacum Pistols, a splendid parlor amusement, Lacrosse sticks (boys) Board and Card games of all kinds, Cows that give milk, A choice assortment of Boxed Candy, Candy Stockings, and many other Toys to numerous to mention. We have an assortment of China and Glassware that is unsurpassed for design, quality and price.

WATCHES (Warranted) from $1.50 to $7.25. Clocks and Jewellery.

Our terms are CASH do not ask us to charge anything. But we invite our patrons to make their selection early, we will pack the goods up nicely and hold them until wanted. We do not ask for a deposit, we trust you to act fairly.

THE MAGNET CASH STORE, *Cumberland, B.C.*

XMAS

IF YOU WISH something real good for the Holidays and cannot make up your mind, let us know, and we will send by return mail our special

XMAS CATALOGUE

OF

Fine Goods.

WeilerBros

COMPLETE FURNISHERS. VICTORIA, B. C.

Santa Claus is Coming

Christmas groceries, etc.

Candies, Chocolates, Bon Bons, Nuts, Dates, Figs, Apples

JAPAN AND NAVAL ORANGES.

RAISINS, CURRANTS, PEEL, ETC.

Nice Stock of CHRISTIE CAKES of all kinds at

C. J. MOORE'S

PERSONAL.

Mrs. Macer left for her home in Vancouver Friday, after visiting here. Mrs. Piket accompanied her to Nanaimo.

Messrs. Reifei, Curry, and Barlow, of eagle fame, were up Wednesday to Friday.

Superintendent F. D. Little was up a few days last week.

J. Gillespie is back among us again, and G. T. Parkes also.

Mrs. L. Mounce returned last week from visiting friends in Kansas.

TO THE DEAF.

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

COAL SHIPMENTS.

Following are the coal shipments for the month ending 89th Nov.

UNION COLLIERY SHIPING.

Date	Vessel	Destination	Tons
2	Sp. Glory of the Seas	San Francisco	3300
2	SS. Farrallon	Pt. Townsend	85
2	SS. Dirigo	Pt. Townsend	42
2	SS. Amur	Port Simpson	233
2	Sp America	'Frisco	2945
2	SS. Pioneer	Victoria	44
2	SS. Danube	Vicroria	100
2	SS. Norman Isles	Chemainus	2006
2	SS. Aorangi	Vanconver	590
15	SS. Wellington	'Frisco	1766
15	SS. Aberdeen	Ketchikan	23
15	SS. Danube	Skagway	318
15	Barge Richard III.	Ketchikan	1700
22	SS. Lorne	Ketchikan	100
22	Bark Undaunted	'Frisco	2663
22	SS. Dirigo	Pt. Townsend	197
22	SS. Bertha	Seattle	87
29	SS. Amur	Pt. Simpson	325
29	Bark J. D. Peters	'Frisco	1475
29	SS. Wellington	'Erisco	1210
29	SS. Kvarven	Portland, O.	855
		Total	20,069

Genuine extract of vanilla is soft and mild. Blue Ribbon vanilla is the only genuine extract of vanilla on the market.

We understand that Mr. R. Hall M. P. P., agent for several large insurance companies, is in correspondence with the City Council here with a view to lowering the excessively high premium at present charged on the main business street.

Ceylon Tea is the finest tea in the world. Blue Ribbon Tea is the finest Ceylon Tea in the world.

On 6th, "Stinking Charlie," an aborigine who well deserves his cognomen, appeared before Magistrate Abrams for being in possession of a pair of boots stolen from J. McPhee's store, which articles he disposed of to a man in the Valley. Charlie went up for two months "A rose, by any other name, would smell as sweet.

A full line of boy's underwear and clothing also men's tweed pants —Waller & Partridge.

A PURE GRAPE CREAM OF TARTAR POWDER

DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER

Highest Honors, World's Fair Gold Medal, Midwinter Fair

Avoid Baking Powder containing alum. They are injurious to health

LOCAL ITEMS.

J. McEwen was hurt at No 5 on 5th.

There was war in Courtenay Friday!

If you don't like Blue Ribbon extracts it is because you've never tried them.

Council calls for tenders for a suspect station.

We make weekly shipments to the B C. Dye Works. Satisfaction guaranted.—Waller & Partridge.

J. P. Watson sustained severe injuries on the 8th in No. 4 slope. It seems that there had been a caving of the roof at his place and he was preparing to timber up when a piece of rock fell and caught him, breaking one leg above the ankle, and injuring his back. We are sorry for Pete in his mishap and hope to see him about again as soon as we can reasonably expect to

A large assortment of Xmas goods to be shown this and next week.—Waller & Partridge.

A LIFE.

I saw the little maiden moon.
She was so shy, so shy,
She hid herself behind a cloud
Till all the stars went by.
As pure as sea foam was her robe
And white as ivory,
And lily buds that blow on earth
Raised timid heads to see.

I saw the moon, the full grown moon,
Leap from the ocean's hold
And bare her beauty to the sky,
Fierce, glorious and bold.
And crimson was her flaunting robe
And red as sin, maybe,
And poppy buds that blow on earth
Raised wicked heads to see.

I saw the moon, the dying moon,
Falter across the sky;
White faced she fell before the morn
That smiled to see her die.
No wave that kissed her feet of old
But mocked her misery;
Only the scar, blown leaves of earth
Might mourn for such as she.

—Theodosia Garrison in Kansas City Independent.

WHO WAS HE?

For two weeks we had been playing to crowded houses. The fame of our particular star had preceded us to the Pacific coast, and the welcome we received was very enthusiastic, inciting the company to greater exertions and a deeper interest in the noble profession they had chosen.

"For heaven's sake, Graham, don't sell another ticket!" was the message sent up one night to the manager. "Every seat is filled, and there is no standing room."

I was about to close the office when a voice from the crowd attracted my attention. A tall, strange looking man was making his way toward me. His face was strikingly intelligent, but there was a look of sorrow and care that was quite affecting. His clothes, once fashionably cut and of good material, were now patched and threadbare, while his hat, all dusty and jammed, I never saw equaled. As he pushed his way through the crowd, heedless of the angry words and looks that greeted him on every side, I noticed that one sleeve hung empty at his side. The way he used the whole arm, however, convinced me that it was abundantly able to do duty for both.

"I beg a favor of you," said he. "I want to enter the theater for just a moment. I care nothing for the play, but I must see Miss Una Howard."

"I am sorry, but Miss Howard cannot give you audience until tomorrow."

"No, sir. I do not wish to speak to her. I only want to see her—to look at her."

"And even that I cannot grant. Here are scores of people all about you whom I have refused within the last ten minutes. I cannot issue another ticket tonight. Come tomorrow evening."

He looked around him and then leaned toward me as if to speak; but, seeming to suddenly change his mind, he turned abruptly away and was soon lost to sight.

The following evening his pale, careworn face was the first that met me when I threw up the sash.

"Can't I go in now?" he asked eagerly.

"You are entitled to the first ticket, sir. One dollar."

"I have no money," he replied, in a whisper, "but I must see Una. Will you give me a ticket?"

I could not. The rules of the company forbade, and, giving a firm yet kind negative, I turned my attention to the eager crowd and soon forgot him.

When at last I had a moment's respite, I met his deep, black eyes once more.

"I must see Una," said he. "Cannot you for once depart from your custom? I am poor, as you may see," and he pointed almost contemptuously at his apparel. "I have walked 300 miles to see her, and I must."

He waited for my answer, but I could only disappoint him. There were at least a score of persons who asked me the same and now stood waiting for my answer to him.

"I cannot blame you," said he sorrowfully, "but I must see Una. Will you be so kind as to wait one-half hour?"

I cheerfully promised, and I think if I had waited but a moment longer I should have given him a ticket, regardless of the displeasure of former applicants.

He returned sooner than he promised. All breathless with haste, his hat gone and the empty sleeve torn away, he pushed his way to the delivery. Without a word he threw a half eagle upon the board and, snatching a ticket, was off before I could pass him the change. Wondering what this strange man could know or want of the peerless Una Howard, I closed the office and entered the theater.

This was the happiest hour to me of the whole 24. Night after night I sat there gazing at Una Howard.

And, with the rest, I worshiped her, but without a single ray of hope.

When I entered, Una had just come upon the stage, and the applause that greeted her was still echoing through the hall. With exquisite grace she acknowledged the tribute and bent her beautiful head as the showers of fragrant flowers and costly presents fell at her feet.

She raised her eyes, and I was startled by the change that came over her face. Her gaze was riveted upon some object directly in front. There stood the one armed man, his tall form towering far above the rest, his long, scanty, unkempt hair falling about his shoulders; his burning, devouring eyes looking full upon Una.

Whiter and whiter grew Una. With a faint cry she tottered and fell toward the blazing lights. With the strength of a giant the one armed man dashed aside everything in his way and, leaping upon the stage, caught the fainting woman in his arms and snatched her away just as the flame began to lick up her light drapery.

"Oh, Una, Una, I have saved you!" he cried, frantically kissing her pale lips. "Look upon me, Una, once more—only once more, and then I am gone forever!"

"Silence!" said a rough looking man who had just come upon the scene, at the same time firmly grasping the only arm the poor man had. "Come with me, my man!"

Easily as one could shake off the grasp of a babe did the strange being shake off the grasp of the officer.

"Touch me not!" he exclaimed fiercely. "I took the money—stole it, if you will—and I will go with you soon! But not now. Stand off, or I'll fling you off the stage!"

He kneeled by the side of the unconscious Una and in the most imploring accents entreated her to look upon him "just once more." His prayer was answered. The beautiful eyes opened, and a smile of recognition played about her lips.

With a cry of joy the strange man arose to his feet.

"There, sir, constable, I am ready. Do with me as you like. I stole the money that I might see her, and now I care not what comes next. Come, sir, I am harmless now."

Una had now recovered, and as the officer and the prisoner passed off the stage she whispered to me, "Follow them, and release that man at any cost."

I hastened to do her bidding. A purse of gold opened the officer's heart and hand, and the man was free.

"Tell Una I thank her," said he, "and give her my best wishes for her happiness and my farewell."

That was the last of the strange, one armed man, and no word of him ever passed Una's lips save when she thanked me for procuring his release.

Who was he? Whence did he come? Where did he go? What was he to Una Howard?

I have searched far and wide for the answers. From the Atlantic to Pacific, on rail and on river, on land and on sea, have I followed this man, but can never overtake him. I have now given over the search, and once more I follow Una, the same beautiful, fascinating Una Howard.

In a quiet little village in old New Hampshire I spent a summer month. Among the rubbish that filled the old farmhouse attic I found a pile of village papers, printed years ago, and now my search is over.

"On the 13th inst., by Rev. John H., Bert Howard to Miss Una Defoe, all of S.

"While the people were leaving the church an officer arrested the bridegroom on a charge of murder. He escaped during the night and is still at large. The beautiful bride is prostrated by the blow, but every attention is paid to her by our townspeople, and hopes are entertained for her recovery."

I read no further. I knew enough. My questions were now answered. Poor, faithful Bert Howard!—Philadelphia Item.

Tame Ocean Birds.

The tameness of some of the ocean birds at Santa Catalina, Cal., is remarkable as well as interesting. Every day a fisherman in his Venetian boat with lateen sails brings in his fish and cleans them on the beach, and this is an open invitation for the gulls, which approach within a few feet of the fisherman and fight for the rejectamenta of the catch. Beautiful birds they are, with harsh and discordant tones. At night they roost on the wharf and boats and are extremely tame—in fact, so tame are some of the diving birds here that they at times interfere with the fisherman, this being especially true of the loons. They float gracefully upon the water, occasionally thrusting a long, snakelike head beneath it to note the location of the food supply, then disappear, to be seen again darting here and there, now rushing into a school of sardines, snapping up the small fry or turning from it to course along the sandy bottom, 30 feet or so below.

Relished the Punishment.

An old Scotsman, Andrew Leslie by name, always rode on a donkey to his work and tethered him while he labored on the road or wherever he might be. It was suggested to him by a neighboring landowner that he was suspected of putting the animal to feed in the fields at other people's expense.

"Eh, laird, I could never be tempted to do that, for my cuddy winna eat onything but nettles and thistles."

On a subsequent occasion, however, the laird, while riding along the road, saw Andrew at work, his faithful beast up to the knees in one of the laird's clover fields feeding luxuriously.

"Hello, Andrew!" exclaimed the laird. "I thought your cuddy would eat nothing but nettles and thistles."

"Aye, aye," was the response, "but the brute misbehaved the day. He nearly kicked me over his head; so I put him in there just to punish him."

Making the Plants Go Round.

The new reporter, in his story of the wedding, wrote, "The floral display stretched from the chancel rail to the doors of the church."

The city editor, in a mild manner, as is the custom of city editors with new reporters, suggested:

"Couldn't you have used a better word than 'stretched?' Say the floral display 'nodded' or 'twined' or something like that—some word more suggestive of flowers."

"'Stretched is all right,'" replied the new reporter, with the stubborn courage of a realist. "The decorations consisted of six rubber plants, and they had to stretch to go the distance."—Baltimore American.

A CHINESE PUNISHMENT.

Putting a Criminal to Death by Slow Strangulation.

Some time ago Detective Inspector Armstrong made a clever capture of the chief of the ruffians who made the name of Pootung notorious. The prisoner in question, besides being a well known blackmailer and kidnaper, was guilty of the horrible atrocity of cutting two men's eyes out. He was found guilty at the mixed court and sent into the Chinese city for punishment. It was expected that he would be decapitated, but recently news came into the settlement that he was to suffer death by slow strangulation. The process is one of a really barbaric nature, the prisoner standing with a close fitting cangue around his neck in a cage of wooden bars some 6 feet 10 inches in height. On the bottom of the cage are flat slabs of stone on which his feet rest, and from day to day these stones are removed until he is left hanging in the cangue.

The culprit, who was placed in a squalid, evil smelling courtyard just inside the new north gate, was visited by thousands of men, women and children. A few runners, armed with canes, were the only visible guards, and they thrashed the yelling crowd right lustily as they pressed on the condemned man. On the walls and house tops about were large crowds. The principal actor seemed to be the least concerned of all. He was eating some rice cakes and chatting cheerfully with some women close by, but directly he saw a couple of foreigners training their kodaks on him he faced about and pulled his hat down over his eyes. A bribe of 50 cents induced him to let one photograph be taken of his features, but one only. Heavy irons encircled the prisoner's ankles, but with the guard on duty it did not look as if it would be a hard matter for a few desperate armed men to effect a rescue. It is estimated that the wretched creature will be strangled in about four days after severe suffering.

His Favorite Lawyer.

"One of C. P. Huntington's favorite lawyers," says the Milwaukee Wisconsin, "was the late John K. Porter of New York. He thought very much of Porter, as he was one of those happily constructed lawyers who make their clients feel that the proceedings in the suit should not be a burden to them. Too many lawyers are fussy and nervous with their clients, and therefore the latter feel that whether they win or lose in the final contest while the suit is pending they are passing through a state of purgatory. Mr. Porter never demanded that the principal should be present during the trial. He mentioned to the writer an important case he had for Huntington. Porter was retained, and after a full statement of the case by Huntington to Mr. Porter the latter said to him, 'You need not trouble yourself any more about this matter. Give me a list of your witnesses, and I will attend to all the details.' and Huntington would not be troubled any more about the matter until the suit was finally disposed of."

Paris and Its Cabs.

The population of Paris may be roughly divided into two groups, those who drive cabs and those who ride in them. The number of cabs is amazing. Everywhere one finds them. Apparently it is only necessary to go out into the street before your door at any hour of day or night, raise your hand and a cab drives up to the curb before you. And the cabmen seem to be in the main honest, obliging fellows. The stories of their fleecing travelers this year are not true, according to my experience. It is true that they expect a slightly larger pourboire from foreigners than from Parisians, but then everywhere the man from afar must pay for his experience. And the amount exacted is so small. Two persons may drive anywhere within the city limits for 30 cents. The Parisian adds to this some 5 cents for "drink money," the stranger 10, and both receive a respectful touch of the hat from cabby and a "Merci, monsieur."

FUN FROM YONKERS.

Some Pithy Paragraphs Calculated to Amuse You.

Spriggs—Bluffern's clothes are all torn.

Griggs—He must have been doing the town.

Spriggs—Not at all.

Griggs—Well, then, he was out on a tear.

"I know a man who always does everything right."

"Oh, nonsense!"

"Well, he has no left hand."

Smith—Those joke writers must be put to an awful strain sometimes for subjects.

Brown—Yes; that's when they're at their wits' end.

"When those cats congregate out on my back fence and start to yowl at night, I drop a pot of hot water down on them."

"That's a sort of concert pitch."

The Editor—That new scribe we've got is said to be a novel writer.

The Copy Holder—You bet he is. I haven't found one good sentence in his work yet.

Griggs—All those young women in that circus performance last night were as pretty as pictures.

Briggs—Then it must have been a living picture show.

Indignant Father—What do you intend to become after you are 21?

Flippant Son—A man, of course.

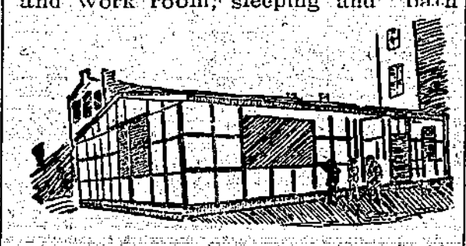
Rubber Neck—Now, what's the difference between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans?

Sage of the Sea—The United States.

WALDERSEE'S HOUSE.

The Count's Portable Dwelling in China Will Be on a Large Scale, as Such Things Go.

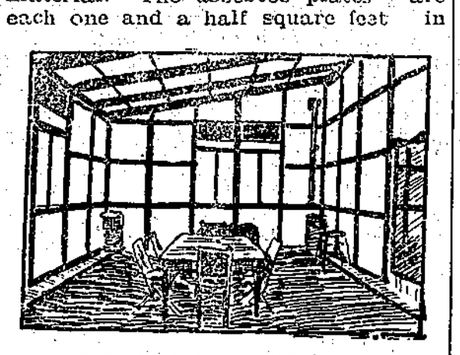
The portable dwelling of Field Marshal Count Von Waldersee, of which mention has been made in cable dispatches as having accompanied the German general to China, contains seven large and comfortable rooms. They include the audience and work room, sleeping and bath



EXTERIOR VIEW WALDERSEE'S PORTABLE DWELLING.

room for himself and his staff officers and quarters for servants.

The house is made of asbestos, being proof against fire. It is impenetrable by heat or cold and can withstand all conditions of weather. The asbestos material is very light, it is water proof, possessing all the qualities of slate without being brittle. Nails could be driven into it as into wood and the material can also be planed—a process which would be impossible with slate. The framework is made of appropriate wood material. The asbestos plates are each one and a half square feet in



THE BIG CONFERENCE ROOM.

size, and are a quarter of an inch thick. The exterior walls are double, and between them is an air space. The asbestos roof is in a diagonal position.

The entire house covers an area of 2,200 square feet of ground, while the roof is 16 feet high. The dwelling can be quickly taken apart, packed closely in chests and moved to another spot. In the test made at Hamburg, before the departure for China, it took two hours and a half to take it apart and eight hours to reconstruct it.

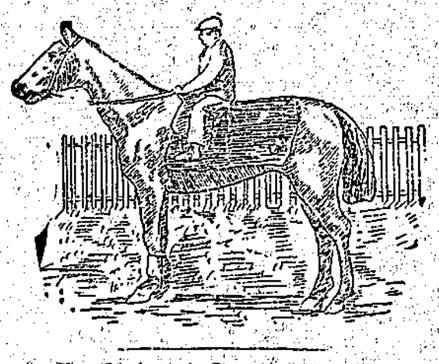
GLADSTONE'S ASTUTENESS.

How the Future Prime Minister Detected a Fraud.

One day Mr. Gladstone, who had then just turned twenty, was stopped in a street by a man minus a leg, who solicited alms and averred that he had been disabled at Waterloo. Inquiring the number of the fellow's regiment, Mr. Gladstone then submitted him to a smart cross-examination concerning its position in the great battle, and the would-be ex-warrior broke down entirely. He admitted that he was a complete fraud, and owned that he had lost a leg by being run over by a wagon. He further volunteered the intelligence that he was intoxicated at the time. But, noticing that Mr. Gladstone seemed more amused than otherwise, the vagrant whined: "Sir, if you had only lost a leg to get a living out of you'd be inclined, I fancy, to make as much out of it as you could. I told the truth till I was starved, then I got on the battle of Waterloo lay, and it pays much better. Thank heaven, young gentlemen, all folks are not so mighty smart as you are, and most of 'em believes me!" The young Oxford undergraduate, as he was then, was so tickled with the candor of the imposter that he gave him a shilling.—Household Words.

DIAMOND JUBILEE.

Picture of the Prince of Wales' Great Race Horse.



Her Majesty's Dogs and Poultry.

Queen Victoria has determined not to send her pet dogs for exhibition at kennel shows in the prize classes and also objects to the exhibition of her poultry and doves. The Queen regards her kennel at Windsor as entirely a personal matter with which the nation as a nation has nothing to do, and she is aware that enthusiasm for the production of fine breeds of dogs is sufficiently strong in England without encouragement from her. The main reason for not exhibiting the poultry is because a railway journey and exposure in a heated, crowded showyard usually destroy their condition, and the birds are restored to their pens looking the worse for their travels. This distresses Her Majesty, who takes the kindliest interest in her feathered pets.

Furniture of Match Boxes.

Perhaps the oddest suite of furniture in the world is owned by a hotel-keeper in Buda Pesth. For many years he has made it his business to collect match boxes, of which he has now a collection of 4,000. He ordered a skilled cabinet-maker to equip a room with furniture made of these boxes. The outfit consists of a writing table with smoking apparatus, a fire screen, a cabinet, a chair and other smaller articles. Though the boxes are empty they are adjusted so ingeniously that the pieces are fully as strong as the ordinary furniture.

Queer, Isn't It?

Freddy—Ma, carpets are curious things, aren't they?

His Mother—Why?

Freddy—'Cos they are bought by the yard and worn by the feet.—Stray Stories.

OMAR KABIFF.

The Oriental Potentate Becomes a Preventer of Famine.

[Copyright, 1900, by C. B. Lewis.]

One day as Omar Kabiff sat in his palace and reflected on the wisdom of his rule he heard a great murmuring in the streets, and calling in his prime minister he said:

"The people murmur. Go out and see what the chin music is about."

The P. M. was absent for a few minutes, and then returned to report:

"O ruler of the sun, the people murmur because the price of corn is so high."

"That's it, eh? Well, go back and tell them that the price shall be reduced one-half. Can't no trust shove up the price of corn in my dominions."

The P. M. went back and made proclamation, but still the murmuring continued.

"What's the row now?" demanded his highness as he jingled his bell and the P. M. answered it.

"O wise king, the people complain of a scarcity of corn. It cannot be had at any price."

"I see. Make proclamation that the people fill up on 'taters."

"But no 'taters were planted in Persia last year, your highness."

"Then let 'em try turnips."

"But, alas, there are no turnips!"

"But beans we always have with us, and with plenty of beans on his table no one will suffer."

"O king over Persia," said the P. M. as he begun to look troubled, "I sold all the beans to Turkey by your order a month ago. The sultan desired them for his bean shooters."

"Well, then, let my people turn to carrots and onions."

"But none have been grown, O ruler."

"And maybe you will tell me that there isn't a cucumber to be found in Persia?"

"Not one, your highness."

"Say you so? How is it that such a state of affairs has come about?"

"By royal proclamation, O ruler, you had 20,000 farmers beheaded last year as an agricultural experiment. You were seeking a new fertilizer."

"Ah! I remember. And the beheading of 20,000 farmers has left 100,000 citizens of my capital foodless?"

"It is true, O ruler."

"Very well, Hassim. It's a plain case of arithmetic without any experiment in it. To balance the want of crops raised by the 20,000 farmers you will see to it that 100,000 of my citizens are made a head shorter. That will even things up, give the people to understand that I'm looking out for their best interests and probably prevent an epidemic of cholera."

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS

CUMBERLAND, B.C.

Feminine Superiority.

Here is a little local story that illustrates the calm self satisfaction with which the feminine mind asserts its superiority:

Lucy and George are children of east end parents. Lucy is 7 and George is 5. She has attended the primary department of a private school just four months. Here is an overheard conversation between the two:

Lucy (with a greatly pained expression)—Why, brother, anybody could tell you are only 5. You don't even know the difference between corn and wheat.

George (who hates to acknowledge his inferiority)—I do too. Wheat is—is—

Lucy (taking pity on him)—Why, George, you know well enough you don't know. Listen to me and remember. Wheat is wheat and corn is corn, and wheat grows in a wheatfield and corn grows in a cornfield, and don't you forget it

No family living in a bilious country should be without Parmelee's Vegetable pills. A few doses taken now and then will keep the liver active, cleanse the stomach from all bilious matter and prevent ague. Mr. J. L. Price, Shoals, Martin Co., Ind., writes: "I have tried a box of Parmelee's Pills and find them the best medicine for Fever and Ague I have ever used."

A Lively Function.

City Editor—How did we come to get scooped on that fire early this morning?

Night Assistant—There wasn't any one here to send out on it but the society reporter.

City Editor—Well, why didn't you send him?

Night Assistant—I did, and he merely turned in half a column of names of those present.—Philadelphia Press.

Beddock, June 11, 1897.

C. C. RICHARDS & Co.

Dear Sirs,—MINARD'S LINIMENT is my remedy for NEURALGIA. It relieves at once.

A. S. McDONALD.

Editor and Poet.

"I am afraid," said the poet to the editor, "that you don't exactly grasp the depth of the ideas expressed in my blank verse."

"Perhaps not," said the editor. "They may be beyond my mental reach."

"I think you wrong yourself," said the poet kindly. "Let me test the point. Here is a line at random: 'She swiftly passed him down the silent way, and in her path a subtle perfume lingered.' There, that doesn't seem confused to you, does it?"

"Not at all," replied the editor briskly: "that's easy. You are simply trying to say that a gasoline automobile went down the pike!"

"IT IS A GREAT PUBLIC BENEFIT."—These significant words were used in regard to Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil by a gentleman who had thoroughly tested its merits in his own case—having been cured by it of lameness of the knee of three or four years' standing. It never fails to remove soreness as well as lameness, and is an incomparable pulmonic and corrective.

Wouldn't Commit Himself.

"Excuse me, but didn't I meet you in Chicago some time ago?"

"Not unless I was there at the time."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Only One Obstacle.

Old Gentleman—So you'd like to become my son-in-law?

Mr. Hardup—Yes, sir, if you can afford it.—Tit-Bits.

Woman's Weakness

A woman's reproductive organs are in the most intense and continuous sympathy with her kidneys. The slightest disorder in the kidneys brings about a corresponding disease in the reproductive organs. Dodd's Kidney Pills, by restoring the kidneys to their perfect condition, prevent and cure those fearful disorders peculiar to women. Pale young girls, worn-out mothers, suffering wives and women entering upon the Change of Life, your best friend is

Dodd's Kidney Pills

There are cases of consumption so far advanced that Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup will not cure, but none so bad that it will not give relief. For coughs, colds and all affections of the throat, lungs and chest, it is a specific which has never been known to fail. It promotes a free and easy expectoration, thereby removing the phlegm, and gives the diseased parts a chance to heal.

To Use on His Wife.

Dremer—Who was the poet who sang of "the charm that maketh womankind?"

Henpeck—I don't know. I wonder if a fellow could buy any of it anywhere nowadays.

Dremer—Any of what?

Henpeck—Of the charm that maketh woman kind.

Not the Cause.

"Do you think the sun spots have anything to do with the heat?" inquired the perspiring citizen.

"Naw!" responded the old farmer. "Yeow'd feel just as hot without freckles as yeow do with them."

COLIC AND KIDNEY DIFFICULTY.—Mr. J. W. Wilder, J. P., Lefargeville, N.Y., writes: "I am subject to severe attacks of Colic and Kidney Difficulty, and find Parmelee's Pills afford me great relief, while all other remedies have failed. They are the best medicine I have ever used." In fact so great is the power of this medicine to cleanse and purify, that diseases of almost every name and nature are driven from the body.

A Mystery Explained.

"I suppose that is considered a very fine specimen of Chinese art," said the visitor.

"It is," answered the attache of the museum.

"All that queer disregard of perspective seems perfectly natural to them?"

"Perfectly."

"Well, it explains what has long been a mystery to my mind. I don't profess to know much about art nor about military matters. But if that's the way those Chinese soldiers see things I don't wonder they can't learn to shoot straight."

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 obligation 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.

An Unwelcome Change.

Old Friend—Your husband used to be so rough and profane, and now he's so gentle and refined and courtly I hardly knew him.

Mrs. Minks—Yes, I've noticed the change. I'll bet a cooky he's got a typewriter girl in his office.

Metamorphosis.

Mrs. Wiggles—Before Mr. Wiggles married me he used to say I was a duck.

Mrs. Waggles—And you were goose enough to believe him, I suppose?

Mrs. Wiggles (sobbing)—Y-yes. And only y-yesterday he re-f-ferred to m-me as an old h-h-he

Tea merchants are under the impression that Ceylon and India Green Teas will displace all Japans in Canada before long. The "SALADA" Tea Company are introducing them in their sealed Lead Packets. They are the most delicious Green Teas ever offered the public.

A BACK NUMBER.

Why the Hale and Hearty Old Gentleman Felt Sad.

"Son-in-law of mine, too," groaned the hale and hearty old gentleman. "As bright a young fellow as I ever knew. I loved him as though he were my own flesh and blood. I never got such a thrown down from the time I began to work at 50 cents a day to the present time."

"You always told me that he was a veritable Napoleon of finance."

"So I did, and so he is," and the old gentleman made a sorry attempt to laugh. "And I encouraged him in it; I must admit that. I literally drummed it into him that business was business and that sentiment, friendship, even relationship, had to be put aside when it came to striving for money."

"But what has he done? Nothing criminal?"

"Taken me at my word, the world will say. I'm going to retire. I'm out—frozen out. You know the factory in which I have my biggest investment and controlling interest?"

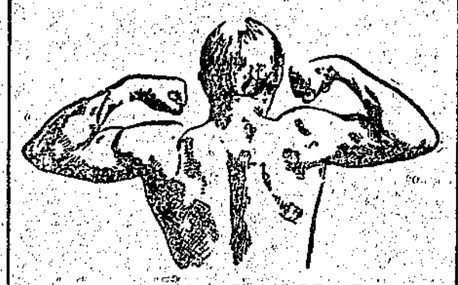
"Certainly. It is coining money, and your salary as president is $20,000."

Here the old gentleman groaned again. "I went away for a vacation. What more natural than that my son-in-law should vote my stock? I gave him authority to do so, and I've no doubt that the young rascal recalled all that I had told him. He elected himself president, chose his own board of directors and increased the salary of his position $5,000 per annum. He just jollies me when I take him to task and tells me I should have no cares for the rest of my life. I'm simply turned out to pasture. My, what a boy!"

A Superior Girl.

Mrs. Highmore—You have had your kitchenmaid a long time, have you not?

Mrs. Upjohn—Yes. We pay Serena high wages, but she is altogether a superior girl. She has the hay fever regularly every year!—Chicago Tribune.



ARE YOU WEAK?

Are you suffering from nervous weakness kidney, liver or stomach complaints, rheumatism, lame back, pains or aches in any part of your body? Do you feel yourself growing feeble and old too soon? If you are a man with the weakness that results from abusing the laws of nature, I can guarantee you a cure in three months with my wonderful Electric Belt

THREE MONTHS' TRIAL.

Any honest man can use my appliance three months, and pay me only when cured. Beautiful illustrated book, which tells of my method of treatment and gives hundreds of letters from my grateful patients, sent closely sealed, free. Address

DR. M. B. McLAUGHLIN
130 Yonge Street,
TORONTO.

As Usual.

McJigger—What do you think of that Delaware mechanic who discovered the secret of perpetual motion in a dream?

Thingumbob—Oh, I suppose he'll wake up some morning.—Philadelphia Press.

MINARD'S LINIMENT Relieves Neuralgia.

And Glass Costs Money.

"Why do you leave your windows open at night? Aren't you afraid of burglars?"

"Yes; that's the reason. If I kept the windows shut, they'd probably break the glass."—Philadelphia Press.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, Etc.

Knitting Soldiers.

The wounded British soldiers often amuse themselves during convalescence by knitting and doing similar work. At The Gables, Surbiton, England, which has been opened by its owners, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Cooper, as a convalescent home for returned soldiers, one man knitted a pair of stockings for his baby in a day. Others knit for themselves and their wives, and a favorite article is a Berlin wool belt bearing the name of the owner and that of the action in which he was wounded.

MINARD'S LINIMENT Cures Dandruff.

Friends No Longer.

"My husband tells all his friends that he drew a prize in the matrimonial lottery," she said proudly.

"He probably refers to your bank account," returned her dearest friend.—Chicago Post.

A Census Note.

"I see that there has been a new class established for the heavyweight pugilists in this country."

"Yes? How are they classified now?"

"As paper weights."—Richmond Dispatch.

MINARD'S LINIMENT for Sale Everywhere.

Little Meat For Children.

It is one of the greatest errors to give too much meat to children under 10 years of age. Their digestive organs are not equal to the demands made upon them by such heavy food. From carefully compiled statistics it is proved that children who are fed largely upon a meat diet are irritable, snappish and quarrelsome. The best foods for little ones are milk, custards, simple puddings, farinaceous food, fruit and vegetables. If there is need of a hearty meal, a lightly boiled egg is an excellent article for a child. To growing children give soup, broth and stews and occasionally a little bit of meat, finely shredded, with plenty of vegetables.

Write us a Letter.

If you have any need in the jewelry line, however small, just write us about it.

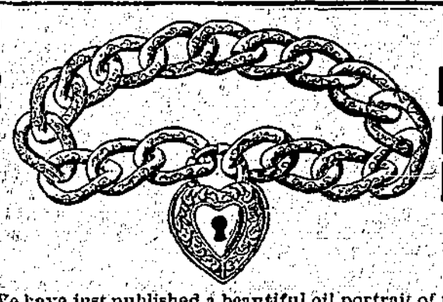
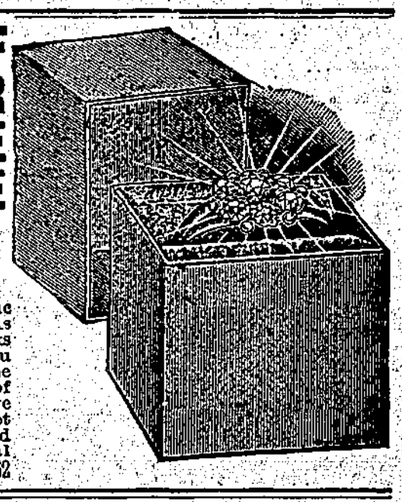
Our new 1901 Catalogue contains photographs of many hundreds of our choicest pieces, and will be sent you free.

We guarantee safe delivery—prepay charges and cheerfully refund money if you so desire.

DIAMOND HALL,
Established 1854.

Ryrie Bros.,
Yonge and Adelaide Sts.,
TORONTO.

A few years ago Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea was unknown, today it is a household word. Why?

FREE  FREE 

We have just published a beautiful oil portrait of the Queen, in 16 colors, size 12 x 9, ready for framing. As every person will want one of these magnificent works of art, we would like you to represent us. We give you your choice of 36 VALUABLE PREMIUMS, some of which are illustrated above, for selling 6 or more of the Queen Portraits at 10 cents. Write at once and we will send you a supply. Also our full illustrated sheet of premiums. Sell the portraits, return the money and we will send the prize you select free. The Royal Academy Publishing Co., Toronto. Department 162

Blacksmiths and Iron workers
NEED
The Master Mechanics Extraordinary Soap

Made from fine Stockholm Tar, this soap dissolves and removes Oil, Rust, Paint and iron Stains, leaves the skin clean and helps to heal any cuts or burns.
For sale by all dealers in good soaps.
THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., MFRS., MONTREAL.

W. N. U. 295.

THE GORDON CIGAR
Manufactured by THOS. LEE, Winnipeg.

HARMLESS & RELIABLE Golden Seal THE WIFE'S FRIEND

Married women should all know of Golden Seal, "The Wife's Friend," a certain cure for Leucorrhea and all irregularities. Has been used by thousands of women. A trained nurse will answer all enquiries. $1.00 per box, sufficient for one month's treatment. Address Golden Seal Medical Co., Toronto, Ont. and Winnipeg, Man. For sale by all Druggists.

AGENTS.
We handle complete line
Household and Kitchen Specialties.
An extra TEN PER CENT. given off all orders west ONTARIO-MANITOBA line. Write us. U.S. Specialty Co., Toronto, Ont.

OXYDONOR.
(Trade Mark Registered November 24, 1890.)

Dr. Sanche agrees to take instruments back at half price if parties using them are not benefitted after using for five weeks.

F. Free, Winnipeg, says: I have used "Oxydonor" for two weeks for Bronchitis and Catarrh of the Head, and I feel like a new man.

Mrs. F. L. Cook, Winnipeg, says: I had suffered untold agonies from Bright's Disease, and it relieved me of Pain, and in six weeks I was cured.

Mr. W. G Ellworthy, Winnipeg, says: I have suffered for 6½ years with articular rheumatism; was in hospital for 5 weeks, and used almost every remedy, including mesmerism galvanism, electric belt, etc I have used Oxydonor 10 days and received more benefit than from anything else.

Mrs. Gagner, Winnipeg, says: I have used it beneficially with my family whenever sick, and it has cured me of severe indigestion and la grippe.

Sub-dealers wanted in every district. Address Wm T. Gullins, Grain Exchange, Winnipeg. Send for Booklets of grateful reports.

HOTEL BALMORAL, Montreal. Free Bus. Am. P. $1.50 up. E. P. $1.00 up.

Alloway & Champion
BANKERS AND BROKERS. . . .
362 MAIN ST., WINNIPEG
Stocks and bonds bought, sold and carried on margin. Listed mining stocks carried

Osler, Hammond & Nanton
BROKERS, ETC.,
Dominion Bank Building, Winnipeg
Money lent at lowest rates.
Stocks and bonds bought and sold.
Railway and other farm lands in Manitoba and N. W. T. for sale.
Maps and folders sent on application.
Galt coal from Leihbridge.
Prices quoted to all railway points.

Unparalleled Subscription Offer

TO WEEKLY FREE PRESS SUBSCRIBERS

"The Paper of the West for the People of the West"

Commencing November 1st, 1900, arrangements have been made to present every two weeks to every subscriber to the Weekly Free Press, Winnipeg, a fine reproduction printed on art paper suitable for framing. The pictures will be specially made half tones of the highest quality, well worthy of preservation and calculated to adorn the home. They will include late portraits specially taken for this series, of the leading men in the public life of Canada, beginning with Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Sir Charles Tupper.

With these portraits, which will constitute a valuable gallery of the most eminent Canadians of the times, there will be interspersed half tone reproductions from Art Works, showing Manitoban and Western Views, pictures depicting typical scenes in Canadian life, Military pictures and general views, the whole forming a most desirable collection of the highest interest and value.

Whether used for framing of kept as a portfolio of 30 attractive Art Works, for that will be the number received in the course of about a year, these pictures will be well worth having. The presentation every fortnight of these pictures will be but one respect in which the Free Press will commend itself during the coming year as better than ever before.

With new presses, new machinery, new type and improved facilities, it will continue to strive to deserve the reputation it has earned of being "the paper of the west for the people of the west."

By ordering at once new subscribers will obtain the weekly Free Press to 1st January, 1902, and all the pictures, for $1.00 only.

MONEY
To Loan on improved farms at current rates. Write to
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.

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 Wednesday.

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.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 12, 1900.

DON'T SHOOT

Until you see your game, and see thae it IS game and not a man.—Forest and Stream.

The Blue Ribbon brand of goods are put up by Canadians. No Chinese labor employed.

AN OLD TIMER GONE.

News was received here early this week of the death in Riverside, California, of Wm. Sudrow, says the Paystreak. Deceased was a pioneer of the Slocan and was well known to nearly everyone in the district. He was a native of the state of Nebraska, but since 1885 had been a resident of British Columbia.

Deceased was well known in Cumberland, having lived here for some years.—ED.

A GREAT NEWSPAPER BUILDING.

The Montreal newspapes are paying high compliments to the Family Herald and Weekly Star on the occassion of the latter paper moving into its magnificent new building, just completed, after being two years in construction. The new building of the Family Herald and Weekly Star is one of the sights of Montreal. Architects say it is one of the finest, if not the very finest, newspaper building in the world, there being nothing in New Xork or London or any of the great cities to equal it. The Family Herald's new building cost half a million dollars.

STARTLED THE CONSTABLE.

The man was sitting on the front steps of his house at three o'clock in the morning as the policeman came up and noticed him.

"Halloa," exclaimed the startled guardian of the peace, "what are you doing there?" and he drew near cautiously.

"Sitting hese," responded the man

"What are you sitting there for?'

"It's my house, and I suppose I have got a right to, haven't I?"

"Oh, excuse me." apologized the policeman, coming closer: "I didn't recognize you. What's the matter? Eost your latch-key?"

"No," very curtly.

"Forgot it when you came out?"

"No."

"Afraid of disturbing somebody that's ill if you knock."

"No."

"Waiting for the milkman, perhaps?" ventured the policeman, taking another tack.

"No," shorter than ever.

"Want to get in early to breakfast perhaps?"

"No"

"Sitting here to get cool before going to bed?"

"No."

"Are you——,, began the policeman, when the man interrupted him.

"Look here,' he said, "do I have to reveal to you the sacred secrets of my household?"

"No," said the policeman, almost as short as the man had said it.

"Do I have to communicate to you my domestic infelicities?"

"No."

"Do I have to tell you my wife is waiting at the head of the stairs in there for me?"

"No."

"Do I have to inform you that she has declared war?"

"No," stammered the astonished policeman.

"Well, then," commanded the man, "you go away from here and attend to your own business. I'll sit here till the middle of next week if I like."

And the policeman, thoroughly abashed, apologized to the man, and forthwith went on his way—for he also was married.

A new discovery of importance in the Koyukuk country is on Emma creek, a tributary of the Ketchikan river. A Seattle miner, who made the discovery in June, took out $9,000 in fifteen days, the nuggets ranging in value from $5 to $160. The largest nugget was discovered five feet above bed-rock. The gold is worth from $18 to $20 an ounce.—Mining and Metallurgical Journal.

Genuine extract of vanilla is soft and mild. Blue Ribbon vanilla is the only genuine extract of vanilla on the market.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that an application will be made to the Legislative assembly of the Province of British Columbia, at the next session, for an Act to incorporate a company with power to construct, equip, operate and maintain a railway of standard or narrow guage, to be operated by steam, electricity, or any other motive power for the carrying of passengers and freight, from a point at or near the junction of the Chilcat and Klahini Rivers; thence westerly along the Klahini River and northerly in the general direction of the Dalton Trail, to some point not less than five miles from the Provincial boundary, in the District of Cassiar, Province aforesoid; and to build and operate tramways in connection therewith; with power to construct, operate, and maintain branch lines and all necessary bridges, roads, ways, ferries and other works and to build, own and maintain wharves and docks in connection therewith, and with power to build, acquire, own, equip and maintain steam and other vessels and boats, and operate the same on any navigable waters within the Province; and with power to build, equip, operate and maintain telegraph and telephone lines in connection with the said railway and branches; and to generate electricity for supply of light, heat and power, and for all and every other purpose mentioned in sections 80, 81, 82 and 83 of the "Water Clauses Consolidation Act, 1897," and to do everything necessrry and incidental to the carrying out of all or any of the objects referred to in the said sections; and to build, own and maintain saw-mills; and with power to expropriate lands for the purposes of the Company, and to acquire lands, bonuses, privileges or other aids from any Government, municipal corporation, or other persons or bodies; and to levy and collect tolls from all parties using and on all freight passing over any of such roads, railways, tramways, ferries, wharves and vessels owned or operated by the company, and with power to make traffic or other arrangements with railway, steamboat, or other companies; and for all other usual, necessary or incidental rights, powers or privileges in that behalf.

Dated at the City of Victoria, B. C. this 16th day of October, 1900.

JOHN IRVING.

Where Ball Dresses Are Made.

It seems that the lady members of the aristocracy run just the same risk as do the gentlemen of infection from their wearing apparel. Their grand dinner dresses, recherche walking costumes and delicate morning robes—even their bridal wreathes and beaded ball slippers are frequently made in the most miserable dens. A reporter has been having a chat with a lady who at one time was employed by a noted Westend costumier.

"Many a titled dame would positively shudder," she exclaimed, "if she saw the poor, half-starved, ill-clad creature who have the making of her finery."

"Do court dressmakers, then, like fashionable tailors, employ outside hands?"

"Yes, all do more or less, especially the smaller firms. Indeed, many of the so-called court dressmakers, whose places of business consist of swell flats or drawingroom floors, really do little or no work on the premises. They 'fit' ladies, certainly, but as often as not the material is made up in the most wretched slums by women who can scarcely earn enough to keep body and soul together For instance, in a case I know of, a duchess ordered a wedding costume for a certain date. The linings were made by the firm, but the material for the bodice was given to one outside hand and that of the skirt to another. Much to her ladyship's chagrin, the costume was not ready by the day appointed. Now, what was the real reason? It was that the poor woman who had been entrusted with the making of the bodice had suddenly died of sheer worry and starvation. She was found lying on her old four-post bedstead in a little back room in Marylebone, with the half-finished garment grasped in her hand."

"Is the pay of these outside hands so very small then?"

"Yes, in the majority of cases. The court dress makers take good care to have nearly every farthing of the large profits for themselves. The middle hand gets no more than if she were employed on the most common work, yet so trying is their occupation that I have often known women to go blind or into consumption over it. Even when constantly employed they cannot earn more than 10 shillings or 12 shillings a week, and out of this paltry sum they have to find their own twist or cotton. So poor are they, indeed, that it is quite a common thing for them to get 'dolly shop' keepers to advance small sums on the material for one job till they have executed and been paid for another."

"I take it that all this applies to the small firms only?"

"Yes, mainly to those people who call themselves 'Madames' or 'Mesdames.' But it amounts to much the same thing even in the case of the largest court dressmakers. Once they give out work they cannot tell for certain where it is made up. They may give it to A, thinking that she does it at home, but very often A, for the sake of extra profit, gives it to B, and B may give it to C some poor creature living in the depth of squalor. It is just the same with ball shoes and bridal wreaths. The former are, in very many instances, ornamented amidst the most unsanitary surroundings; the latter are made and mounted in places equally unhealthy and miserable. The only remedy for the evil is to make it illegal for firms to give out work at all. As it is, the servant is much safer than her mistress. The ordinary dressmaker does her work with her own hands in places which, if humble, are at least cleanly. The fashionable dressmaker simply does the fitting and talking; sometimes she is so ashamed of the obvious poverty of her outdoor hands that she gives them particular instructions not to bring back work during business hours, in case they might be seen by her customers. Whenever I hear of a case of fever among the aristocracy I ask myself if the clothing is not more to blame than the drains."—London Chronicle.

Don't Forget
The Grand
Shooting
Match
AT THE
Riverside Hotel,
COURTENAY.
XMAS DAY
Plenty of Birds.
Shooting Begins 11 a. m.
Bring Your Guns.

TO THE DEAF.

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

RAW FURS
HIDES AND DEER SKINS
SHIP TO
McMILLAN FUR & WOOL CO.
EXPORTERS AND IMPORTERS.
208-212 First Ave. North, Minneapolis, Minn.
Write for Our Circular and See the Prices We Pay.

Union Brewery.
Fresh Lager Beer THE BEST IN THE PROVINCE
STEAM Beer, Ale, and Porter.
A reward of $5.00 will be paid for information leading to conviction of persons witholding or destroying any kegs belonging to this company
HENRY REIFEL, Manager.

MAHRER & CO.
Wholesale Wine and Liquor Merchants
NANAIMO, B.C.
Direct Import
of Whyte and McKay, Glasgow Special Scotch Whisky,
Jas. Watson & Co., Dundee, Glenlivet.
R. McNish & Co., Glasgow, Dr. Special.
Al. Demerara and Jamaica Rum,
Guiness' Stout and Bass' Ale.
French Cognacs in the very best qualities.
Port, Sherry, Clarets, Etc., Etc.
ALWAYS ON HAND—A Carload of.....
Hiram Walker's & Son's Rye Whiskies
CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED. P. O. BOX 14

NOTICE.

THE COMMISSION to enquire into and concerning the grievance of Settlers within the tract of lands granted to the Esquimalt and Nanaimo Railway Company will hold a sitting in CUMBERLAND, Comox District, on THURSDAY, the 22nd NOVEMBER NEXT. All persons interested are hereby to take notice and govern themselves accordingly.

For the Commissioner,

W. H. ELLIS,
Secretary.

October 26th, 1900.

MRS. PENCELLI, Nurse, House cleaning and Washing and Ironing done. First Street, Cumberland, B C.

LADYSMITH
(Extension)
LOTS FOR SALE,
Apply to,
m 5m3 L. W. NUNNS.

ASTRAY ON MY PREMISES.

ONE RED STEER, branded X. Owner may recover same by proving property and paying costs and charges of advertising and damage.

M. GIBSON,
o8t3 Sandwick.

EGGS FOR HATCHING,
FROM HEAVY WINTER LAYERS.
Beack Langshans, $2 per sitting.
Black Minorcas, $2 per sitting.
Barred Plymouth Rocks, $1 per sitting.
E. PHILLIPS,
Grantham, Comox.

GRACE CHURCH Methodist Sunday School will have the annual XMAS TREE on Dec. 25th, in Grace Church.

Esquimalt & Nanaimo Ry.
VICTORIA COMOX ROUTE.
Taking Effect Tuesday, Oct. 16th, 1900
S. S. "City of Nanaimo."
Sails from Victoria Tuesday, 7 a.m. for Nanaimo and Way ports.
Sails from Nanaimo, Wednesday 7 a. m., for Union Wharf, Comox and Way ports.
Sails from Comox and Union Wharf, Thursday 8 a. m. for Nanaimo and Way ports.
Sails from Nanaimo, Friday 4 a.m. for Comox and Union Wharf direct.
Sails from Comox and Union Wharf, Friday 6 p. m. for Nanaimo direct.
Sails from Nanaimo, Saturday 7 a.m. for Victoria and Way ports.
FOR Freight tickets and State room Apply on board,
GEO. L COURTNEY,
Traffice Manage

Black Diamond Nursery
QUARTER WAY, Wellington Road
HUTCHERSON & PERRY.
20,000 Fruit Trees to choose from.
Large Assortment of Ornamental Trees, Shrubs and Evergaeens.
Small Fruits in Great Variety.
Orders by mail promptly attended to.
s12oc P. O. BOX, 190.

FINE
Job Printing
DONE AT—
The News Office.

TELEGRAPHIC MENTION.

Seems to be a great difference of opinion among medicos whether or not the epidemic in Nanaimo is smallpox.

Kruger is said to anticipate residing in the U.S. This is contradicted by Leyds.

Boers took Dewetsdorp on 25th Nov. and captured 400 British prisoners and two guns.

Railway ferry bill passed in Victoria on 29th. For, 1.788. Against, 389.

COMOX LICENCE DISTRICT.

NOTICE is hereby given that the following parties have applied for liquor licences, as under:

Hotel Licences (renewals)

Samuel C. Davis, Union Hotel, Union.
John H. Piket, Spring Inn, Union.
George Howe, Nelson House, Union Bay.
John Humphrey, Wilson House, Union Bay.
George G. McDonald, Elk Hotel, Comox.
Samuel J. Cliffe, Lorne Hotel, Comox.
Gerald Lippiatt, Courtenay Hotel, Courtenay.
Wm. E. Clennon, Riverside Hotel, Courtenay.
Moses C. Ireland, Bald Bluff Hotel, Valdez Island.
Charles August Thulin, Malaspina Hotel, Lund.
John Ward, New Thurlow Hotel, Shoal Bay.

Hotel Licence (new).

H. and C. A. Bull, Hotel Heriot, Heriot Bay.

Transfer of Hotel Licence.

David Anthony, Courtenay Hotel, Courtenay.

The Board of Licence Commissioners will meet in the Court House, Cumberland, on Saturday, 15th December, at one o'clock p.m. to consider the above applications.

JOHN THOMPSON,
Chief Licence Inspector.
Comox Licence District.
Cumberland, 1st December 1900.

BUREAU OF PROVINCIAL INFORMATION.

IN ORDER that the Government may be in possession of definite information with which to supply those seeking investments in this Province, I am instructed to invite particulars from those who have properties for sale, and who may feel disposed to forward such particulars to this office for the purpose in question.

In view of the proposed early reorganization of the Agent-General's Office in London, England, the desirability of having on file a list of farm and other properties for sale, with full and accurate details, is obvious. Properties submitted may include farms and farming lands, industrial or commercial concerns, timber limits, water powers, or other enterprises affording opportunities for legitimate investment.

It is not proposed to recommend properties to intending investors, but to afford the fullest access to the classified lists and all available information connected therewith, and to place enquirers in communication with the owners.

The fullest particulars are desired not only of the properties themselves, but of the localities in which they are situated, and the conditions affecting them. For this purpose printed schedules, will, upon application, be forwarded to those desirous of making sales.

R. E. GOSNELL,
Secretary, Bureau of
dfm Provincial Information.

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Relation of Climate to Crime.

Now we have a factor to consider in our study of crime that is an important one, and its bearing upon the heredity view is far from insignificant. Prof. Bosco, who has made a comparative study of the statistics of homicide in Europe, shows that, while in eight principle states in Western Europe—Spain excepted—with a population of 128,500,000 people over ten years of age, there are 2,777 annual trials for murder, Italy with 25,000,000 individuals of like age, has 3,606 such trials. France, Belgium, England, Scotland, Ireland, Austria, Holland, Germany, with six times the population of Italy, only furnish three-fourths as many murders. The statistical tables of Dr. Bosco place the civilized nations of Europe, Scandinavia and Russia excluded, in the following ascending order of homicidal criminality: Holland, England, Germany, Scotland, France, Belgium, Ireland, Austria, Hungary, Spain and Italy—a scale affording suggestion to the psychologist.

Hippocrates believed that all regions liable to violent changes of climate produced men of fierce and stubborn disposition. Buckle declared that the interruption of work caused by instability of climate leads to instability of character. Quetelet says that the number of crimes against property relatively to the number of crimes against the person increases considerably as we advance toward the North. Another eminent student of French criminal statistics, M. Tarde, confirms the opinion of the latter authority, and admits that high temperature does exercise an indirect influence on the criminal passion. But the most exhaustive investigations in this problem have been recently undertaken in Italy by Signor Ferri, whose criminal statistics of France show that crimes against the person rise with the temperature, those against property do the reverse. Clearly, climate has a great influence, but how about India, which is far less homicidal than any European country? India has not half as many homicides annually as England. With this example before us, then, whatever climate has to do with fostering these crimes may be obviated by a better form of social organization. Here racial distinction comes in, and Prof. Ferri's table gives this sequence of races, namely, First, the Teutons; the Franco-Celt; the mixture of Slav, Latin and Teuton in Austria; then the Magyar; lastly the Latin. Latin-American, accordingly, is more homicidal than the Anglo-Saxon North.—Phrenological Journal.

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NOTICE

TO MY old friends and patrons in Cumberland and Union:

On June 1st next, I shall be prepared to supply milk and cream, fresh and sweet, butter eggs, &c., and solicit a resumption of the patronage so liberally accorded me in the past.

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. 4:25
" 9:28	Goldstream	" 4:53
" 10:0	Koenig's	" 5.31
" 10:48	Duncans	6:15
P.M.		P.M.
" 12:11	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. 4:25
" 8:26	Nanaimo	" 4:3[illegible]
" 9:52	Duncans	" 6:05
" 10:37	Koenig's	" 6:46
" 11.13	Goldstream	" 7 32
Ar. 11:35	Victoria	Ar. 8:00 P.M.

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

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The News Job Department.

MUNICIPALITY OF THE

CITY OF CUMBERLAND

BICYCLE RIDERS caught riding on the sidewalk after this date will be prosecuted.

By order of Council,
LAURENCE W. NUNNS,
City Clerk.
Cumberland, B.C., May 8th, 1900. 8:5

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A NUMBER OF PIGEONS for purchase.

CHARLES SCOTT,
Quarterway House,
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Third St., Cumberland, B.

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FOR A

WOMAN'S SAKE

BY MRS. M. E. HOLMES.

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

CHAPTER XXXV.

A HEART DISEASE.

Doctor Cameron's house was a very notable house in Gatford. It was a new house, it was a large house, and it was the abode of not only the best, but the most thriving (the two things do not always go together)of the Gatford doctors.

A very ancient town was Gatford, and its first builders were probably some of those early British gentlemen who saved their tailors' bills by fashioning their own garments, the artists of the family (matters are very different now) being always dressed the best, fitting themselves with coats and waistcoats of every pattern, tattooing their own small-clothes, and, in fact, producing suits that might be warranted to wear for the lifetime of their owners.

When the Romans got their first peep of Gatford, from over the surrounding hills, all they saw was doubtless a collection of hideous mud cabins, thatched with grass, the sort of thing now only to be met with in that favored isle, "the first flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea," in the districts of Tipperary and Connemara; but being situated on that artery of a town's life a navigable river, Gatford (its Roman name has escaped us, and its early British appellation we give up in despair, having thrice split the nibs of as many pens in endeavoring to write it) bettered itself rapidly. From mud, tree-bark and grass, it grew into timber and brick; from timber and brick it soon aspired to stone; but as the rise was slow, the descent was rapid, and to the era of brick and stone succeeded that lath and plaster—a true symbol of the time. Pretense without substance, an interior of shabbiness and fraud, concealed by an outside of glaring stucco.

Speculative builders witnessing the growing importance of Gatford, owing to its railway communication with the metropolis and sundry large towns, fastened upon the devoted place, and magical palaces rose up everywhere; wonderful palaces, lasting just long enough to enable their spirited projectors to raise a mortgage on their tottering frames, ere they—the builders, not the buildings—levanted to the Continent, or sought a sanctuary in that modern Alsatia, the Bankruptcy Court.

In one of these "builder's follies" Doctor Cameron was located.

His house, which, together with some half-dozen others, had been run up in a few weeks, was the largest on the street, and turned a pallid face of ghastly gentility to the passers-by; while the inner walls, moved by some sort of conscience, never ceased shedding tears over their untimely birth, till, as the doctor averred, mushrooms might be cultivated at the bottom of the cupboards, and a modest salad gleaned from their shelves. There was no help for it, however; the new neighborhood was the sickly neighborhood, and, naturally, there Doctor Cameron pitched his tent, and did his work of healing, with both skill and kindness.

"You're just the man I wanted to see, Silas. I hope you've procured me those herbs I wanted?"

"Yes, doctor, they're all here;" and Silas proceeded to unpack his tin cases.

The doctor was a tall, thin, sharp-visaged man, with reddish hair and whiskers. He was somewhat eccentric in manner, but his patients one and all respected him for his talents, and liked him for his kindness. He loved a joke, too, and his keen, gray eyes had many a gleam of fun in them.

"I was afraid you'd found a better market, and had left me in the lurch."

"You never thought that, doctor," returned Silas.

"Didn't I, though! I don't see, Mr. Herbalist, why you should set up to be better than the rest of us, aureo homo piscari—money's the only bait. Why there's my brother practitioner, Doldrum, declares that I'm poisoning half Gatford with what he calls my weeds and my nonsense, and all to take the gold out of his pocket. Ah! this is the one I wanted. It may yet be of some service, I hope, to Miss Willoughby."

As the doctor examined the carefully prepared plants, Silas bent over his new empty botanical case, and reclasping its fastenings, asked in as careless a tone as he could assume, "You have hopes, then, for Miss Maud's recovery?"

"It is one of the maxims, or it should be one of the maxims, of our profession, that while there is life there is hope. Nature often interferes in manifold ways and under the highest direction, to reverse the doctor's decree. I trust—nay more, I most fervently pray, it may be so in Miss Willoughby's case."

"But your own opinion?"

Doctor Cameron's face at once became very grave.

"I will do my best; I have done my best, and will continue to do my best; but I fear, I greatly fear, that I am not the doctor who can cure her."

Silas started.

A doctor who owns his own incompetency is rare, but that a man of Doctor Cameron's well-known ability should make such a confession was rarer still.

The doctor guessed his thoughts, though unspoken, and went on: "I fear the poor young lady has that heart disease which is beyond all medical skill to touch. I remember some lines from an old poet, which run somewhat after this fashion:

'A bitter pain to love it is,
A bitter pain that love to miss;
But of all pains the greatest pain
It is to love, and love in vain.'

Though that a young lady of Miss Willoughby's beauty, character, and fortune, should love without return, passes my comprehension."

It may seem strange that a man like Doctor Cameron, in general so reticent in all matters connected with his patients, should speak thus freely to Silas.

But, between the doctor and Silas Goodeve there was a close connection, which, if not absolutely friendship, was exceedingly like it.

When Doctor Cameron first settled in Gatford, Silas had been recommended to him as "a chap who knowed all kinds o' roots and plants, as was good for a mort o' things," and was told how the young herbalist had cured this one fo the "ag'y," and that one of the "roomatiz," when old Doldrum had been months "a-drenchin' of 'em with no good but to his own pocket."

Curious to see the object of so much laudation, the doctor had sent for Silas, and soon discovered that the young man, who, in social position, was but little above a prosperous peasant, had not only a superior mind, but possessed scientific attainments of no mean order.

His chief study, however, had been botany, and no student ever conned a book as Silas conned the various growths of the earth, experimentalized upon their properties, and often, from the closeness of his observation and keenness of his tests, producing no mean medical results.

The doctor, who loved his profession for something more than the fees attached to it (not that he despised them, for our doctor hailed from the other side of the Tweed, and had a Scotchman's eye for the main chance), was delighted with his new acquaintance, and while he gratefully availed himself of Silas' knowledge, lent him books treating upon the science the latter so much loved, that by drawing from the richest storehouses he might increase it.

And so, by degrees, the doctor had learned to speak to Silas as he would to a brother doctor called in for consultation, feeling assured that the grave, silent young man saw in every case they discussed simply a question of science, and thought no more of the parties concerned than the mathematician does of the pegs with which he demonstrates a problem.

"Are you sure, doctor, that Miss Willoughby cares for any one in particular—I mean, cares in such a manner as to endanger her health?"

As Silas asked the question, his back was partially turned, and he was so much occupied with assorting some of the smaller bunches of herbs, that he spoke carelessly, as one who speaks rather to say something, than from any reason.

"Cares!" said the doctor, working away at the pestle and mortar, an occupation which Silas' entrance had disturbed; "the poor child is dying of love or rather, of some terrible mental shock she has received, in consequence of love's disappointment. The hidden secrets of the brain sometimees speak through delirium. Poor child! poor child! I repeat again, that I fear it is a case far beyond my, or any other man's skill to cure."

Here the handle of the surgery door was turned, and the door itself was half opened. No one, however, immediately appeared, but a boyish voice was heard in energetic expostulation.

"Get out, Tiddly; a nice sort of dog you are, a-tryin' to force your way into 'spectable surgeries. A nice figger you'd cut with a black draff' and a blue pill, and nicely you'd be grateful for 'em. Get out!"

The last direction must have been accompanied by a kick, for a prolonged yelp was the response; and immediately afterwards Joey Throstle presented himself in the surgery, closing the door carefully behind him.

"Hillos, Joey! is that you? Who are you so hard upon—your dog, I suppose? What's the matter with him?

"Oh, don't ask me, Mr. Camberon," said Joey, doffing his smartly-laced hat to the doctor, while, at the same time, he recognized his patron, Silas by a confidential nod. "He's not the dog he was before I went into service. He doesn't know what is due to decent society, and that's a fact. If I speak sharp to him now, he puts on a look of reproach, and barks at my lace and buttons. What must he do just now but snap at Doctor Doldrum's legs as he was going down the High Street to physic Mrs. Simond's baby. What he did it for I don't know, but he was as fierce as if he'd been that blessed innocent's brother."

The doctor laughed.

"You're fishing for a sixpence, Master Joey; but I've nothing to give you but a dose of castor oil, which is quite at your service."

Joey made a grimace; then, producing a letter, handed it to the doctor.

"How is Miss Maud, this morning?" asked Silas, in a whisper, taking Joey aside as the doctor broke the seal.

"No better;" and the boy became suddenly serious. "Mrs. Steer was a-cryin' when she gave me that note, and Miss Fancourt never leaves the sick room, day or night."

To be Continued.

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

And Go Ahead Slowly.

Philosopher—And now, after having reviewed all philosophy with you, there is only one law that I can lay down for your guidance.

Student—What is that?

Philosopher—When you are sure you are right, you should suspect that you are wrong.—Life.

LA "TOSCANA," RELIANCE CIGAR FACTORY, Montreal

It always makes a man mad to have his name misspelled in a newspaper, because he believes everybody ought to know his name.—Atchison Globe.

No man is absolutely perfect, but one who acknowledges his faults is more than half way up the ladder.—Chicago News.

HOPE HAD DEPARTED.

THE STORY OF A WOMAN'S RESCUE FROM GREAT SUFFERING.

For Years Her Life Was One of Misery—Her Feet and Limbs Would Swell Frightfully and She Became Unable to Do Her Household Work.

From the Enterprise, Bridgewater, N.S.

It is appalling to think of the number of women throughout the country who day after day live a life almost of martyrdom; suffering but too frequently in silent, almost hopeless despair. To such sufferers the story of Mrs. Joshua Wile, will come as a beacon of hope. Mrs. Wile lives about two miles from the town of Bridgewater, N. S., and is respected and esteemed by all who know her. While in one of the local drug stores not long ago, Mrs. Wile noticed a number of boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in the show case, and remarked to the proprietor, "If ever there was a friend to woman, it is those pills." She was asked why she spoke so strongly about the pills, and in reply told of the misery from which they had rescued her. The druggist suggested that she should make known her cure for the benefit of the thousands of similar sufferers. Mrs. Wile replied that while adverse to publicity, yet she would gladly tell of her cure if it would benefit anyone else, and she gave the following statement with permission for its publication:—

"My life for some years was one of weakness, pain and misery, until I obtained relief through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. From some cause, I know not what exactly, I became so afflicted with uterine trouble, that I was obliged to undergo two operations. A part only of the trouble was removed, and a terrible weakness and miserable, nervous condition ensued, which the physician told me I would never get clear of. I tried other doctors, but all with the same result—no betterment of my condition. The pains finally attacked my back and kidneys. My legs and feet became frightfully swollen, and I cannot describe the tired, sinking, deathly feeling that at times came over my whole body. I became unable to do my household work, and lost all hope of recovery. Before this stage in my illness I had been advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but like thousands of other women, thought there could be no good in using them when the medical men were unable to cure me. At last in desperation I made up my mind to try them, but really without any faith in the result. To my great surprise I obtained some benefit from the first box. I then bought six boxes more, which I took according to directions, and am happy to say was raised up by them from a weak, sick, despondent, useless condition to my present state of health and happiness. Every year now in the spring and fall I take a box or two, and find them an excellent thing at the change of the season. Other benefits I might mention, but suffice it to say I would strongly recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to all ailing women."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills surpass all other medicines as a cure for the troubles that afflict womankind. They quickly correct suppressions and all forms of weakness. They enrich the blood, strengthen the nerves and restore the glow of health to pallid cheeks. Sold by all dealers in medicine, or sent postpaid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Next to the Lowest Bidder.

"Said contract to go to the next to the lowest bidder" is the way that a local building contractor would have the closing sentence read in advertisements for bids on any particular job. While speaking of the matter recently this same contractor said that if the truth were known nine out of ten of the lowest bids made are made through a mistake in the calculations of the bidder.

"If the contractor who gets the job was aware that his bid is oftentimes $1,000 below that of the one next above him, and this on a comparatively small job, he would immediately institute a search and find where he had made the mistake, thus having an opportunity of failing to qualify to complete the job. This privilege is often denied the bidder, however, and he gets well along with his work before the fact dawns upon him that he is on a losing venture. It is then too late to go back on the job, and the result is that the party who is doing the building and the contractors also are losers, and this because of the natural inclination of the contractor to shirk in order not to lose any more than he is absolutely obliged to in order to get out on the bad deal.

"These mistakes are not only disastrous to the parties immediately concerned, but to the trade in general, as by the error of the unlucky bidder another worthy contractor is unable to get the work at reasonable figures. Give the work to the next to the lowest bidder, I believe to be a good general rule."

His Only Conundrum.

The old pilot of the little steamer Maid of the Mist, which used to carry passengers quite up to the foot of the falls of Niagara until the mist from the falling waters drenched the clothing of every one on board, used to perpetuate one solitary conundrum each trip. It always commenced and ended the same.

Moving his hand along the sides of the pilothouse and examining the woodwork minutely, he would look up mysteriously and remark:

"I say, stranger, do you know what this boat is made of?"

"Made of? Why, pine and oak, isn't she?"

"No, sir."

"Hemlock?"

"No."

"'Tisn't cedar, is it?"

"Oh, no!"

And then the old pilot's eyes twinkled and his mouth whistled a crazy tune.

"Well, iron perhaps?"

"No."

"What in thunder is she made of, then?"

"She's Maid of the Mist, stranger; Maid of the Mist."

Then the pilot accepted his morning cigar.

He Was Very Charitable.

An amusing story is told in connection with a swell bazaar held a short time ago. Among the features of the entertainment was a refreshment stall, to which charitable donors contributed supplies, thus enabling all the takings to represent clear profits.

The lady in charge requested a gift for this purpose from a well known and wealthy gentleman in the city, but one not famous for "parting." To her surprise she received next day a note to the effect that he was sending her a sirloin of beef and "two" ox tongues.

The same morning the lady happened to go to her butcher (who was also the butcher of Mr. X.), and, after giving him a large order for her stall, asked him if he would like himself to give anything.

"I should very much, ma'am," replied the worthy tradesman, "but I yesterday gave to Mr. X., at his request for this purpose, a sirloin of beef and three ox tongues."

Net gain to Mr. X.: One ox tongue and a cheap reputation for charity!—London Standard.

A Cable With a History.

The cable of the Western Union Telegraph company which runs under Lake Champlain from Ticonderoga to Larrabees Point has something of a history. It was made in Europe and was first used in connecting opposite shores of the Red sea. From there it was brought to Hilton Head, where it was used in connecting that place with Tybee island, near Beaufort, S. C. At the close of the civil war it was taken up and carried to New York city, where it remained for several years in the company storehouse before it was placed where it now is.

His Inspiration.

"What furnishes your inspiration?" they asked of the author.

"My wife," was the reply.

"How lovely!" they cried. "How perfectly idealistic!"

"Yes," he went on, "if the muse ever halts and I feel like loafing on my job, her demand for a new gown or some additional money for household expenses stirs me to renewed effort and puts Pegasus in a gallop."—Chicago Post.

Some Mistake.

"What does she say?" asked the crafty politician who had referred the committee to his wife for information as to his intentions.

"She refuses to talk," replied the spokesman of the committee.

"Then it wasn't my wife you met, gentlemen," he rejoined, with great positiveness. "It was somebody else."—Chicago Tribune.

An Example and a Warning.

"I'm afraid," said the patient wife, "that yours will be the fate of Abel."

"Why, what do you mean?" asked the astonished husband.

"Well," she replied, "Abel was killed by a club, and your club will be the death of you if you don't come home oftener."—Chicago News.

TOWN TOPICS.

Philadelphia may be slow, but the census returns don't show it.—Springfield Union.

The petering out of the Dewey arch movement is another reminder that New York is the great four flush monument town in the world.

Boston, as Mayor Hart has pointed out, is the only city which has existed for two centuries and a half "without a boom or a setback." Its normal rate of increase is now about 2 per cent a year.—Boston Journal.

By sending early morning showers and following them with high temperature the weather department is endeavoring to give Kansas City a realizing sense of what New York and Chicago call "humidity." We catch the idea all right and don't care for any more object lessons.

ANATOMICAL.

There are 14 bones in the nose.

The average ear is from 2 to 2½ inches in length.

The muscles of the human jaw exert a force of 534 pounds.

The collar bone is more frequently broken than any other bone in the body.

There are over 200 distinct muscles in the human body, of which the best of us keep about 100 in prime condition by proper use.

In Paris.

"What did you find to be the most entertaining exhibit at the Paris exposition?"

"My husband's exhibit of American French seemed to entertain everybody the most."—Chicago Tribune.

THE TRUE CAUSE OF MANY ILLS

Is Constipation, an Irregularity Which is Prevented and Permanently Cured by Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

Ask any reputable physician what is the cause of the most bodily derangements and the greatest suffering, and he will undoubtedly tell you constipation or inactivity of the bowels. He will also add that this need not be the case if people would pay proper attention to this most important function.

Through ignorance, neglect or a sense of false modesty, people allow the bowels to get into a state of chronic constipation, and there follow kidney disorders, torpid liver, indigestion and a complete upsetting of the digestive, filtering and excretary systems.

Appendicitis, inflammation of the bowels, Bright's Disease and all the dreadfully painful and fatal complications of these diseases are usually set up as a direct result of neglecting to keep the bowels healthy and regular.

Many people imagine that they can prescribe for constipation, and so dose themselves with salts or other strong, harmful and weakening drugs, which effect an action on the bowels, but if taken repeatedly deaden and paralyze the system so that it is rendered unable to act for itself and will not respond to the influence of curative medicines.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills act naturally and pleasantly on the bowels, and through their toning and invigorating effects thoroughly and permanently cure constipation.

No one who realizes the great importance of keeping the bowels perfectly healthy and regular can afford to lose sight of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills as the greatest regulators of the filtering and excretary systems—the liver, kidneys and bowels.

As a family medicine to prevent and cure constipation, biliousness, dyspepsia, inactive liver and kidneys and the very many ills arising from these derangements Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills easily stand first, having by far the largest sale in America. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto

REMORSE.

One day I trod upon a heart—
Set heel upon it where it lay.
My shoe was purple, and my art
Could wash the stain away.

It shed a perfume like a rose
Crushed between breasts of lovers pale,
Or like the bruised wistaria does
Beneath a summer hail.

I washed my shoe within a brook
And dried it on the burnished grass;
The water laughed up at my look,
But the bent sky was brass!

I passed again along the way.
When the rich, fallow evening swooned.
I saw the same heart where it lay;
It never showed a wound!

But as I walked my nostrils filled
Full of that rose scent, overfair,
Like a fine Persian attar spilled
Far faint on the heavy air.

I flung away the purple shoe
And naked footed took the sod,
But every footprint, well I knew,
Smelt guiltily to God.

—Post Wheeler in New York Press.

A PAIR OF BALLET SHOES

A Story of the Stage.

"Really I'm the dullest of men," said Edgar Brooke, with the smile of long suffering, to a youthful interviewer who was trying to pick up a few more crumbs of interest at the end of his long talk with the most inimitable comedian of the day. Edgar Brooke glanced abstractedly round his study and racked his brains for a suitable anecdote, but he couldn't for the life of him remember at the minute any of the antiquated theatrical stories that every actor makes his own.

The youthful interviewer's eyes wandered curiously around and fell on a quaint little pair of shoes which were hanging over the oak fireplace—not dainty slippers, spangled and gay, but just a limp memento of the ballet, with rounded toes, no heels and an old covering of silk, worn and frayed. They hung against the wall, with the little toes turned in, as if their dancing days were over and they were far too weary for a pirouette or even the first position.

"A curious souvenir, Mr. Brooke."

Edgar Brooke smiled, and there was silence for a minute.

The comedian had forgotten the youthful interviewer. He seemed to see the little shoes dancing on the wall. His comfortable room faded out of sight. There was the sound of scraping fiddles and the flare of gas. Twenty years had slipped away in hardly as many seconds.

* * * * * * *

It was behind the scenes of a country theater. The close air of a little room almost stifled Edgar Brooke. He dressed with the Pantaloon, two acrobats and the Demon King of the pantomime.

Their clothes were heaped on a basket in one corner. The Pantaloon was "making up," and the Demon King was drinking whisky and soda and reading scraps from The Sporting Times to amuse the two acrobats.

Edgar Brooke, hungry eyed, lean and haggard, sat with his aching head between his hands. His tinseled harlequin suit was loose for his wasted body. Months of illness, hard luck and poverty had taken the heart and soul out of him.

He gave a sigh of thankfulness when his noisy comrades were summoned to the stage and he was alone.

"Heard that Brooke has got the sack?" said the Pantaloon.

"Yes, poor devil!" answered the Demon King.

Then there was the quick patter of feet on the stairs, the door was pushed a little open, and a Columbine, in gauze and a smile, peeped into Brooke's dressing room. Although she was only 16, they had been solemnly engaged for two months.

"Eddy, darling!" she exclaimed, running into the room and perching herself on the Pantaloon's basket. The young man looked up, too wretched to hide the marks of tears on his face or to try to control his unsteady lips.

"It's all up, Kitty," he replied. "I've got my notice, dear. Run down stairs—you shouldn't come up. One day they'll catch you."

"My own love," said the Columbine, jumping off the basket and kneeling down beside him, "you don't know yourself—none of these fools know you. You're worth more than the whole lot!"

"Oh, Kitty, Kitty! I can't bear it!"

Broken by weakness and despair, he drew Kitty's slender arms around his neck and, resting his head on her shoulder, sobbed aloud.

"You must cheer up, Eddy!" she whispered.

She persuaded him to stand up, hunted for his small mask and stiff wand, shook herself together and gave a touch to her own complexion before the glass.

Edgar Brooke went down to the stage with his hand on her shoulder.

The manager of the company was standing with his back to the curtain.

"'Urry up there!" said he. "Have you got that side braced? My boy, your shop's wabbling. Lights! 'Ang it all! Lights! Knock 'im off! Ring up! Now, my dear"—

Up went the curtain and on went the Columbine with a flying bound and a beaming smile. Edgar Brooke leaned against the wall for a second with his clinched hand to his throbbing brow. Then he, too, ran into the glare of the stage.

He could see nothing but an endless row of horizontal, blurred lights that were dancing between him and the audience; the house seemed to be full of fog. Columbine tripped toward him, she took his hand, and they twisted and turned together.

The harlequinade was short and bustling, and at the finish the Harlequin had to take the usual flying leap through a window.

Brooke and his sweetheart again made their entrance hand in hand.

"Stand still, Eddy!" she whispered, and then danced around him with a hundred little tricky steps and beckoning gestures.

The cue came. Harlequin struck the ground with his wand and leaped. It was a last effort. Luck and training guided him to the right spot. He shot through the window as cleanly as an arrow and was caught by the men who were waiting to receive him. He rose to his feet, still clinging to their arms, staggered a minute and then fell fainting to the ground.

"Plucky little chap!" said one of the men.

"Not an ounce of flesh on his bones!" said the other.

When Edgar Brooke came to himself, he was lying on a bench hastily dragged on to the stage. He saw that the gas jets in the flies were turned off. The curtain was raised, for the noisy audience had poured into the streets. His bench was near to the footlights, but they, too, were lowered, and it was an anxious, whispering group of people on every side that gradually crept into his consciousness.

There was the manager stooping over him, with a hand on his breast and a big finger pressed to his pulse. Beside him was the clown. Most of the girls were still in their costumes, with their hair falling untidily on their shoulders. The whole scene was shadowy and strange to the pale, exhausted Harlequin as he sank back again on the arm of the Demon King.

He closed his eyes, but suddenly the ringing voice of his Columbine seemed to leap out of the babel of tongues.

At first he could not follow what she said. He only saw how erect was the little figure, at once pathetic and eloquent of love and the fierce earnestness of youth.

Slowly her words took shape, disconnected and broken as the sentences were.

"In a couple of months this old panto will be over!" she said. "We shall all go east and west—the Lord knows where? But look here—we've been good friends, haven't we—jolly, good friends? You fellows have been kind to me, all of you. But there's one of you that I love—there! I love him! Why? Because he's fought against trouble and poverty and illness, because his heart has never failed him till tonight. I'll tell you something else."

There was such intensity in her voice and face that she held them silent and absorbed for a few minutes more.

"It's just this: Edgar Brooke has no soul on earth to turn to! I tell you he's danced in a booth; he's sung in the streets; he's worked; he's starved; he's looked at life under the canvas; he's thought of death under the skies. That's the stuff for an actor to be made of."

Edgar Brooke put out his hand to stop her, but she went on, with flashing eyes.

"Well, what do you say? Shall it be a round robin for the sake of our own hard times? Come! We all know where the shoe pinches."

She bent down and pulled off one of her own shoes and held it out to the manager first of all. He might have resisted the disconnected little speech, but not the pretty face turned up so appealingly to his—a couple of coins clinked into the shoe.

Edgar felt his cheeks burn, for the theater was his little world, and the quick response of his comrades touched and amazed him.

His wistful eyes followed Columbine as she tripped from one to another, now with a jest or smile, now with a tear.

When she brought the little shoe to the side of the bench at last, he could only stretch out his hands to the crowd that pressed round. He tried to thank them, looked up to the Columbine with a few broken words and turned his face away.

The ring of encouraging voices, the flicker of uncertain lights, the touch of the girl's fingers twined round his hand faded into misty shadow of sound and sight, and were gone as swiftly as they came.

"A curious memento, Mr. Brooke?" said the youthful interviewer again, recalling the popular comedian to the faded ballet shoes.

"Yes, yes," said Edgar Brooke lightly. "But it would scarcely interest you. By the way, did I tell you that my wife was a dancer—before we married—a long time ago?"—Mainly About People.

When Surgeons Are of No Use.

"The driver of the stage, which was rolling down the Rocky mountains as fast as six mules on the gallop could keep ahead of it, may have noticed that I was," said the man who was relating his experience, "a little nervous, for after a bit he soothingly said: 'No use to grip that railin so mighty hard, stranger. We shan't come to the danger p'int for half an hour yit.'

"'Then it's on ahead?' I queried.

"'Yes, three miles ahead, and I may say fur your benefit that the hangin on won't do any partickler good.'

"'But I don't want to slide off.'

"'And you won't. If anything goes, it'll be mewls and coach and the hull caboodle altogether, and as the drop is plump 800 feet you won't hev no use for arnica or stickin plaster arterwards.'"

A Tree of Many Uses.

The carnahuba palm is one of the most valuable trees in Brazil. From its roots is extracted a medicine. Its stems afford strong, light fibers which acquire a beautiful luster and serve also for joists, rafters and other building materials as well as for stakes for fences. From part of the tree wines and vinegar are made. It yields a kind of sugar as well as a starch resembling sago.

For Settlers in the Amur District.

For the use of the settlers of the Amur district there are provided 805,206 acres of land. There is a proposition to open 159,890 acres more, or 965,090 acres for the use of 6,953 families. All the land given to settlers is counted as grants, not as their own property.

A Seclusive People.

The people of the Southern Appalachian mountains number about 2,000,000, their descent being from the Scotch-Irish, French Huguenots, English and Germans. They have been in these mountains since long before the revolution. They love their homes, and mingle but little with the outside world.

Insects Feared by Spiders.

The only insects a spider fears are wasps and hornets. Even these she renders harmless when once she has an opportunity for a bite.

The Sultan's Anniversary.

The Sultan of Turkey will this summer celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of his accession to the throne.

A State Without a Newspaper.

The Empire of Morocco is the most important State that is absolutely without a newspaper.

The Mosquito Family.

Thirty-five kinds of mosquitoes are known in Europe; three hundred in the world.

Whole grain should be fed on a clean platform where it must be picked up one kernel at a time. This will insure thorough mastication.

Profiting by the Exigency.

"At last the wolf is at the door!"

"Well, coax him in, and we'll eat him."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Absalom's Excuse.

"Absalom," said Mrs. Rambo, "you're late again. Where have you been?"

"Been out watchin th' shootin stars, m' dear," explained Mr. Rambo.

"The shooting stars? They don't shoot until tomorrow night."

"Nansby," responded Mr. Rambo severely, "you've been readin them lyin papers again."

Maggie Made It, All Right.

"Maggie, did you make that chicken broth?"

"Oi did, mum."

"I can't find it anywhere about. What did you do with it?"

"Sure an that ilse would Oi do wid it but fade it to the chickens, mum?"—Answers.

Oh, Law!

Judge—Now, prisoner at the bar, have you anything to say why sentence should not be passed upon you?

Convict—Well, my lord, I have been looking through the crime statistics, and I chose my particular transgression to keep the class up to the average.

Editor and Poet.

"I am afraid," said the poet to the editor, "that you don't exactly grasp the depth of the ideas expressed in my blank verse."

"Perhaps not," said the editor. "They may be beyond my mental reach."

"I think you wrong yourself," said the poet kindly. "Let me test the point. Here is a line at random: 'She swiftly passed him down the silent way, and in her path a subtle perfume lingered.' There, that doesn't seem confused to you, does it?"

"Not at all," replied the editor briskly; "that's easy. You are simply trying to say that a gasoline automobile went down the pike!"

Oh, Inconstant Man!

"Talk about woman's fickleness and capriciousness!" she exclaimed scornfully. "I'd like to know how she can beat man when it comes to being vacillating and mentally unreliable."

"What's the matter now?" asked her dearest friend.

"Why, if it were not for man's inconstancy I'd be engaged to be married."

"Tell me about it."

"Well, he asked me to marry him, and I refused. I didn't think I wanted to, you know, but afterward I made up my mind that I did, and the fickle thing never asked me again."

HOW CHINA HOLDS ON

MORAL AND SOCIAL FORCES OF THE UNDYING EMPIRE.

The Secret of China's Stability and Endurance—Home Rule and Communism on a Mammoth Scale—Democratic Public Opinion—Rules in the Celestial Empire.

For a "degenerate empire" and a country "rotten at the core" China seems favored of the gods in her apparently eternal lease of life. Of the Celestials in their social and political relations it may be said that they are "the same yesterday, to-day and forever." As they are to-day they were at the dawn of their history, which goes back 5,000 years. Explorers from the Roman world in the days of the great emperors came back to report the existence of a civilization in China superior to any other then known. The inhabitants were opulent and peaceful above all the nations of the earth, and Persia, the great and powerful kingdom, avoided war with the Chinese in the time of the Roman emperor Valerian. In ancient times the warlike Turks invaded China, but refrained from attempting conquest.

What then is the secret of China's stability and endurance? Primarily the Chinese political system is that of home rule and generally that of popular rule. "It is the peasant who rules," says one modern authority, "by a human right which no son of heaven dare question. When he does, he forfeits his own right and another will soon occupy his seat. It has been the wisdom of successive dynasties to respect this law of the land, to protect the people in all their privileges and to base on this universal suffrage their own right to reign. In the Shuking, that most ancient classic, three canons of government are laid down, one of which is 'that the people have the right to depose a sovereign who either from active wickedness or vicious indolence gives cause to oppressive or tyrannical rule.'"

The same writer, Mrs. A. R. Colquhoun, an Englishman, who has lived long in the east, says that the rights of the people are primarily the possession of land, freedom of industry and trade and the control of their local affairs. In theory the Emperor is the sole proprietor of the soil, but in effect his right is limited to the collection of the land tax, excepting in cases of rebellion or similar act of forfeiture. The land tax can never be increased, and in comparison with other countries the people are exceptionally free from official interference.

Home rule in China has two separate spheres of action, that of the province, which is autonomous, and that of the circuits, districts and villages which constitute the province. In the present crisis the anxiety of the moment is how will this or that province or belt of provinces stand if it comes to a collision between China and the world. The wise ones know that the decision will be a free one and that the voluntary attitude of 20,000,000 to 50,000,000 people means much in the way of permanent peace and order.

Like the Emperor, the governor of a province is politically powerless. He must side with the people or take the consequences. The tenure of office of a Chinese governor is brief. He is not a citizen of the province which he governs and has no future there, hence he does not wait for open rebellion to warn him that he is unpopular nor exert himself to stamp out disaffection. The mainsprings of power are far below him, down among the district and village officials. It goes without saying, therefore, that in times of political foment local interests prevail. Politically there is no state, either national or federal. An agreement with a Chinese emperor or governor is not binding upon the nation nor the province. The people never had a Caesar nor a czar nor a Napoleon to overawe them with war club and sword. They obey creeds, not manifestoes, and march freely to martyrdom, while they refuse to dance one measure to the tune of the war drum. Call it fanaticism. It is Chinese patriotism and springs from love of country and race cult. The only way to make such a people over is to exterminate it, and Li Hung Chang suggests that it would be a tough job to wipe out 500,000,000 souls.

Taking the case broadly, the Chinese social state is held together by community of interest, solidarity of purpose, the force of personal honor and public compulsion. Every man is upon his honor to do what his ancestors did and his contemporaries do, and to fail in one jot or title is to incur eternal infamy. The moral taint, the unsettled debt, falls upon the family and the community. There is no living down a crime, no purchase of oblivion by exile. The individual inherits no rights nor substance, nor can he acquire any. He is one of a tribe, and all that he is and all that he creates belong to the tribe.

The social status of the Chinaman is like a club member. If a clubman obeys the rules, well and good; if not, he is cast out. There is no appeal and no mitigation of penalty. But the Chinese rules cover every act of life from the cradle to the grave and even overshadow the beyond. One infraction means death or what is worse, outlawry, exile and the anger of the gods. There is no doctrine of atonement, no indulgence, in the Chinese creed. And yet the Chinese persist in living and defying the world to point out a better way.

At first blush it seems as though the Chinese were involuntary slaves. But if born to shackles they lose no time in binding more upon their heavily fettered limbs. Probably the greatest factors in Chinese public life are the guilds, unions and associations which the people of both sexes voluntarily enter and where the rules are as unbending as the laws of the social code. The Chinese Six Companies of San Francisco, with its severe penalties for violation of rules, is a good example of the commercial trade associations of the Middle Kingdom. Every trading and manufacturing interest in China has its guild, which maintains order among its members and acts as a court of arbitration and punishment without let or hindrance from the government. So wide is the extent and influence of the guilds and societies that government in China is a nonentity. The guilds do the work. They legislate and regulate and, being in close relations with the people, respond to their wishes at once. The guilds are the people, and whenever they collide with the higher powers it is not the people whose bones are broken. Even the officials of China have associations and clubs for self protection against the people, a fact showing that the government which creates them will not antagonize the people by championing official quarrels.

Tradition and superstition wield a power in China scarcely to be credited by western people. These crystallize into a third force, which exerts an influence in both a local and a national sense. One author sums up the Chinaman's everyday creed of conduct in the phrase, "The sense of the empire." Whatever public opinion endorses goes, and whatever it frowns upon must be let alone. Fitful public opinion is a mischevious tyrant, but public opinion in China never fluctuates from the ethics of Confucius, the teachings of tradition and the laws of precedent.

Confucius is the moral lawgiver of China. His philosophy does not clash with the popular religions, of which there are two, besides the worship of ancestors. So there is little to upset the social harmony among the Celestials. When people are satisfied, there is peace, and in China there is no individual selfishness to foment strife. What an individual or a score or a hundred here fail to get, scores and hundreds elsewhere are enjoying, and the unfortunate ones have but to bide their time, and the good things will come around to them. Judged by the experiences of other nations, the Chinese system is crowded with errors and weaknesses. But the Chinese system is a growth rooted in the soil. It has lasted so long and given such results that the Chinaman is more than satisfied to let well enough alone. He will not fight against the system, but he will fight against change.

Most Musical Town in the World.

Do you know which is the most musical town in the whole world? It is Desterd, in Brazil. One of our readers who resides there writes: "In our town, which contains scarcely 15,000 inhabitants, possessed of small means, there are 300 pianos and seven choral societies. The three suburbs again boast of six musical societies—two for each." If the manners of this town are not exceptionally sweet, proverbs are of no account.—Le Gaulois, Paris.

Another Mystery.

"I have never yet," she said, "heard of an elopement that turned out for the best."

"Then," he answered, "I suppose you would never consent to elope, for, of course, you would not wish to rush into unhappiness with your eyes open."

"Well," she murmured, "you know it is always the exception that proves the rule."

He didn't argue the point, and yet he was almost sure when he went home that she was mad at him for something.

Sensible Frenchwomen.

French women are winning a reputation for themselves at the Paris Exposition for sensible dressing. They wear gowns which escape the ground by an inch or an inch and a half—gowns that are simply made of serge, alpaca, or some similar light material, and present a more sensible appearance, so travellers are saying, than either their American or English sisters.

Siberian Railway Medical Stations.

Along the great Trans-Siberian Railway line there are sixteen medical stations, with hospitals for the accommodation of 384 persons. There are summer quarters with accommodation for 8,500 persons and winter quarters for the accommodation of 4,580 persons; the total cost of these buildings amo[illegible]0,000.

In the Season of Leeks.

"You're next, sir. Don't go!" the boss barber cried.

"First tell me," replied the customer, pausing on the threshold, "do you serve your shaves here with or without?"

"With or without what?"

"Onions!"—Philadelphia Press.

Something Sioux.

Two brothers that were of Sioux City—
Each one thought the other tioux pretty,
So each took his knife
And the other one's klife.
Now, which of the tioux dioux yioux pity?

If you want a

JACKET or COSTUME

AT HALF PRICE

WRITE TO THE WHITE HOUSE.

67 GOVERNMENT ST. - - VICTORIA, B. C.

HENRY YOUNG & CO. are closing out the Department and are selling their Jackets and Costumes regardless of cost.

$8, $10 and $12 Jackets are going for $2.50

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.

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS

ISSUED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

Subscription, $2 a year, in advance.

Wm. B. Anderson, Editor.

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

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

Job Work Strictly C. O. D.

Transient Ads Cash in Advance.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 12, 1900.

It is high time there was a resident Health Officer appointed for this town. In the case of any outbreak of infectious or contagious disease, the resident physicians seem to be quite unable to do anything, or at any rate they, tell you they have no authority except in certain diseases, to take any action. Dr. Millard, the district officer, is too far away for public safety, and the wise and beneficent Government of B. C. should be urged to appoint a deputy under that gentleman to live right here in Union. It is said that Dr. Bailey has been appointed, but for what portion of the district no one seems to know. While we are on the subject we will mention the state of China and Japtowns. The overcrowded rooms, the filth, the stench of these places is a disgrace to the place and to civilization, to say nothing of the beautiful hot houses for disease germs they make. We do not not particularly care to tell our readers to go to these places and find out for themselves, for we have a respect for ther noses, but should anyone doubt our statements, let them take a walk through these places and be convinced. In past years there has been a good deal of trouble with diphtheria and typhoid here, and we regret to have to say that in some cases there has been concealment of the fact, or else diphtheria cases have been referred to as "croup." Deadly croup, it proved to be! So far as the Nanaimo smallpox scare goes, there is no cause for alarm. Experts from Vancouver and elsewhere have pronounced the disease not to be smallpox. Still it is well to prevent the spreading of any eruptive disease which is catching, and special care should be exercised in school, where the children are in such close contact. This week, a certain family had a member down with chicken pox. No very serious thing, but still something that we all would sooner see over the fence than in our families. Other children of the same family were going to the public school, after the development of the disease, until Principal Bennett found it out and wisely sent them home. He did not care whether the Board of Health included the disease in their "isolated" ones or not. He simply acted as any person of sense should act, sent the children home, to prevent, if possible, the dissemination of the disease.

CRAMMING.

By a Professional "Crammer."

Education, like the poor, is always with us; we must make the most of it and the best of it as occasion demands. We cannot put it from us but we must direct and mould it according to the circumstances in which we find ourselves. The one thing about which there should be no dubiety is that young people must be prepared for their onward journey, and the preparation ought to be adapted to the nature of the road.

We must be careful not to overload the young traveller. We should give him a burden containing not many things but much. At the present time the tendency seems to be the other way; we incline towards the production of smatterers rather than intelligent, well-educated citizens.—The People's Friend.

The Blue Ribbon brand of goods are put up by Canadians. No Chinese labor employed.

UNION BAY.

Barge Robert Kerr loaded a cargo of 1850 tons on Saturday for Vancouver.

S.S. Tepic and two scows loaded on Friday for Vancouver. This is their second trip this week.

S.S. Kimball is due on Monday for a cargo of coal.

Mr. A. F. Barham returned on Wednesday on the "City", from a business trip to Vancouver and Victoria.

Mr. J. McLaughlin had his hand severely cut by some broken glass in the washer. He will be laid up for some days yet.

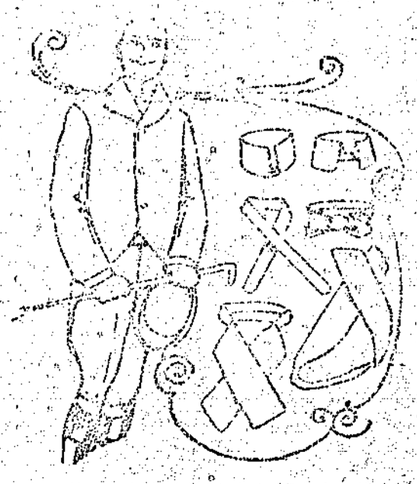
A splendid programme is being arranged for our Christmas entertainment. A Christmas tree has been decided upon in connection with this.

CHRISTMAS is coming, but we are ready. Our stock of toys, dolls, etc., is complete and you will find the Prices right. "Small profits and qnick returns" is our motto. We never hold goods over as they are marked at Prices which are appreciated by our Patrons.

Buy early and get first choice.

(Note) Xmas Goods may be selected and held until convenient to take them by paying small deposit.

Gent's Furnishings



We have just to hand a complete new stock of Gents' Neckwear, White Shirts, Hats, fine wool fancy Sweaters, etc.

These are new and strictly up to date, having been bought for the Xmas trade.

Men's Clothing

Our Men's and Boy's Clothing is rapidly being cleared out. The Bankrupt Price was an agreeable surprise to the people of Cumberland and Comox District.

Another lot of Suits came to hand last boat to fill up the sizes which were sold.

Our Mr. Creech will soon return to Nanaimo, so just get in the swim and secure some of these bargains.

NEW

Xmas Goods

FOR THIS SEASON.

These Goods Consisting of:—

Dolls, Rocking Horses

Xmas Stockings,

Fancy Albums,

Mechanical Toys, etc.

are all new and on display on our centre table.

Rubbers

For men women and children.

40 pairs Women's low cut rubbers.

Bankrupt price 35c a pair

Women's and Misses'

Lined rubbers for cold feet just to hand

Handkerchiefs

A full line of new designs in Ladies' fancy dainty handkerchifs.

The Bankrupt Bargains in Women's Jackets has made trade brisk in our mantle room. Genuine bargains behind our advertising has built up a great trade in this department and many promptlo took advantage of the

CUT PRICE SALE.

We have several stylish Fawn Jackets of latest design which ran from $20 to $25

Bankrupt price of these are only about one half.

Golf Capes, worth, $7. Now $4

One only, Golf Shawl Cape, reg. $15.....Sale price $10

One Plush Cape reg. $7.00.... .....Sale price $4 50

Twenty Women's Coats at from $4.50 to $6.50 which were $8 to $12.50.

Capet Squares

The first lot of these Squares were sold out. We have just received 10 more. Reg. $9 squares. Sale price $6.

Black Satin 75c per yd

Rubber Boots

Men's Hip Snag Rubber Boots will go on sale to-day at CUT PRICES. Call and get your prices before they are picked up.

If you want to find your friends

Go to Stevenson & Co's. Popular store.

Dr. Grice,

Dentist.

Will be in Cumberland from

14th to 20th December

Office—Whitney Block.

Columbia Flouring Mills Company.

ENDERBY, B. C.

HUNGARIAN,

THREE STAR,

WHEATLETS, 10-10's

STRONG BAKERS.

R.P.Rithet & Co.,

(LIMITED.)

Agents, - Victoria, B.C.

Fancy China Glassware and Holiday Goods.

Magnet Cash Store

OUR SALE IS ALWAYS ON

WE RETAIL AT WHOLESAL PRICES. Buying direct from the Manufacturers we can afford to do it.

JUST OPENED OUT

From the E. T. Corset Factory, 20 doz. pairs Ladies' Corset from 50c

8 lb. Finest all wool Blankets at $5 per pair, less 5 per cent cash discount (On all purchases)

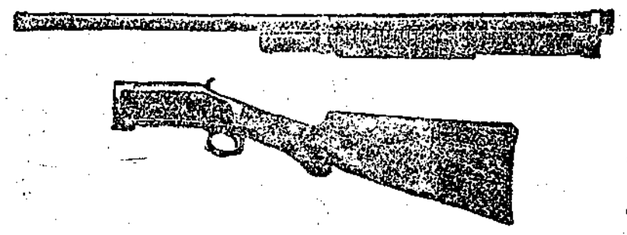
FOR XMAS TRADE.

Fresh Currants, Raisins, Figs Dates

Canberrys, Prunes, Peaches Etc.

Try our Ceylon Tea at 35 cts. per lb. equal to most teas sold at 40 & 50c

WALLER AND PARTRIDGE



Don't miss your deer.

BEFORE BUYING YOUR

GUNS AND AMMUNITION

GET OUR PRICES.

As we carry the largest stock in B. C., and your cheapest freight is from Victoria. Repairs by first class workmen.

JOHN BARNSLEY & CO.

115 GOVERNMENT ST. - - VICTORIA, B.C.