THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

EIGHTH YEAR. CUMBERLAND, B. C. WEDNESDAY, DEC. 19, 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 STOE, *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

DISASTER AT SEA WITH LOSS OF LIFE

STEAMER ALPHA WRECKED.

Tardy news arrived here at 10 a.m. Monday, of the wreck of the Alpha at Yellow Rock light, at the entrance to Baynes Sound at 6:45 on Saturday evening. The storm which had been raging since last Thursday was at its worst on that evening. and the steamer, which was coming up the Gulf for the Colliery wharves on Baynes Sound, to complete her coaling for the Japan voyage, she being fully laden, struck fair on the reefs of Yellow Rock, the flying spray and heavy rain completely obscuring the light until the ill fated vessel was on the point of striking. The force of impact drove her hard and fast on the reef, and had it been on top tide, no doubt the hapless crew would have managed to have all got ashore without loss of life. Instead, it was low water, and every minute after the disaster rendered their position worse. A howling gale drove heavy seas over the craft, sweeping every bit of top work off like so much eggshell, while the passengers and crew clung to the rigging wherever possible, and here a hero was found when death seemed certain. A sailor, — Hansen, on the forcastle head, securing a line, watched his opportunity, and when the receding wave had left the rock under the vessel comparatively dry, he dropped down and made a run for shore. It was only about 50 yards but the incoming wave caught him just before he was there and hurled him up among the rocks. Luckily he fell into a crevice from which he managed to crawl when the wave again receded, and made fast the line to a rock pinnacle. The second mate, feeling the line taut from the ship, next watched his opportunity to repeat the feat, but the waters did not again give any chance of this. He finally travelled to shore with the aid of the first line, taking another with him which was also made fast to the rocks. Then it was that the first mate, Mr. Wilkinson, proved himself a man in the trying hour, By persuasion, threats, and exhortation. he got most of the crew, two passengers, and two stowaways to trust themselves to the ropes. It was like going into the very jaws of death. The first man slid off the vessel and was lost to the view of the rest in an instant. There was nothing to tell them if he had reached shore or been dashed to pieces. One after another essayed the trip and all who made the attempt, save one, reached shore safely, Eight yet remained in the rigging, Capt. York, the ship's owner, Mr. Barber and his brother, the purser, three engineers, and two deck hands. Mr. Wilkinson begged them to make the attempt. There would be a chance of life. None if they stayed. They thought otherwise; that there would be a chance on the vessel. None to go into that hell of angry waters. Finding that his pleadings were useless, he reluctantly bade them farewell and swung off on the rope, making 27 who were saved. The doomed men on the ship were heard by those on shore about 1 a.m. for the last time, when a crashing of timber evidently recorded the end, for when morning broke the masts were gone and all that could be seen of the ill fated Alpha was the end of her smoke stack sticking out of water. The beach was strewn with wreckage and cargo, and entangled in the wreck were found three of the bodies, said to be those of the two Barbers and another. So cruelly bruised as to be unrecognizable, except by the clothing. The force of the waves and the extent of the peril of those who made the landing may be judged by the fact that most of them had their clothing more or less torn from off them, some being nearly naked when they reached shore after their short but terrible trip. Some of them are badly cut and bruised.

Mr. McDonagh, the light keeper, did all in his power, with the limited means at his disposal, to make the sufferers comfortable at the light house. They came to Union Wharf Sunday evening, and a train attempted to come to Cumberland with the news but found the track blocked with timber, and as all wire communication was paralysed, no word was received until Monday, when Coroner Abrams, with his officers, and Mr. Clinton, the Colliery Superintendent, went down to interview the survivors. Mr. Abrams proceeded to the scene of the disaster for the purpose of holding the inquest.

The Alpha was an iron vessel of 661 tons register and was loaded, when wrecked, with 630 tons salt salmon, 320 tons bunker coal and 32 tons coke.

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

HEROES AND HEROISM.

Still lying where we laid you down
And left you, speaking low,
Awed by the quiet that had grown
From tumult—long ago!

But now the stillness seems not strange.
'Tis hard to realize
There ever was that stormy change
From dark to sunny skies.

You seem another breed of men,
Of heroes long extinct,
Who dwelt and died beyond our ken,
To ancient heroes linked.

But, lo, the shock of faroff fray
Has loosed the seals of sight
And shows me men will die today
For what they deem is right!

And these shall lie beneath the grass
While come and go the days,
And men will know that heroes pass,
But heroism stays.

—Edward N. Pomeroy in Youth's Companion.

AN UNROMANTIC NAME

BY AMELIA THORP.

A party of young girls sat in the parlor of Mr. Claire's town house one September morning talking over the news of the place. Evelyn Claire, Mr. Claire's only child, was the belle of the little town, young, rich, beautiful and clever. She had been absent some months, and a few of her friends had called to welcome her home.

"We have been horribly dull during your absence, dear Evelyn," said Grace Loring, "and are overjoyed at having you back again. And as for your devoted Howard Westmoreland, he was in consequence so distressingly blue that our unwearied efforts to keep up his spirits were unavailing."

"Oh, I almost forgot to tell you," said little Grace Weston, "of our new society acquisition. A young attorney at law has come to town and hung out his shingle and has already secured quite a practice."

"Who is he?" asked Evelyn, interested, for, although engaged, she could not resist the prospect of a flirtation and angled for new hearts to conquer with as much skill as any fisherman for his booty. "Of course," she continued, "he is some one young, rich and talented."

"No," replied Grace; "he possesses but two of your requirements, being personally plain and poor, but young and talented. If he succeeds, he will be almost entirely self made, as his father's circumstances were such that he could only supply a part of the money for his education, and he was obliged to teach school to secure the rest."

"A prodigy," said Evelyn. "Pray, tell me his name."

"Peter Uriah Grub," said Grace.

Evelyn looked at her in astonishment, raising her hands as if horror stricken. "You are fooling me," she said, "for you cannot mean what you say."

"Indeed I do," said Grace. "That is his name."

"What evil genius, I wonder, presided over his birth?" said Evelyn scornfully. "Such a name is enough to ruin his prospects. It is really nauseating. Ha, ha, ha! Imagine any woman being willing to marry a man with such a name! Peter is bad enough, but to add Uriah to the unromantic name of Grub! It is simply horrible! If I loved a man with such a name, I would not marry him. There should be a law to prevent parents from afflicting their children so."

"Well," replied Grace, "I have heard of uglier ones. The name is not a fancy one; neither is Mr. Grub a fancy man. He is a sensible, good fellow, who challenges respect and who, the elder men here prophesy, will make his mark. He was named for his father, Peter, an excellent man, and Uriah, after an uncle, a minister of good standing. They say he is quite proud of the good old name and anxious to add fresh laurels to it."

"You seem quite interested in him," said Evelyn.

"You are mistaken," said Grace. "I am simply narrating the information I have received from a correct source, and if I had designs on him they would avail nothing after he met you."

"Little flatterer," replied the spoiled beauty, looking complacently at herself in an opposite mirror. "You always see your friends through the rainbow tinted rays of a prism glass."

"Truth is not flattery," said Grace.

"Well," replied Evelyn, "as I am mortgaged property, of course the subject fails to be interesting, as I am expecting to bear through my future life the distinguished sounding name of Mrs. Howard Westmoreland. I often wonder which attracted me most, Howard's handsome face or his beautiful name. I tell you, girls, there is a great deal in a name."

"I think," persisted Grace, "if a man has an ugly name he can so ennoble it that people will admire it so much on account of his goodness or greatness that it will cease to be an objection to its owner. Of course, there is, as you say, much in a name, if it is a good, clean one."

"Indeed!" said Evelyn carelessly. "But I am not in an argumentative mood this morning, so I will let you have your own way in behalf of this man who rejoices in the remarkable name of Peter Uriah Grub. But I shall always pity from the bottom of my heart the woman that he deludes into bearing through life such a horrid name."

Peter and Evelyn met frequently in society. At first she was disposed to amuse herself at his expense, but there was in the dignity of his manner a power which awed and impressed her, and in spite of herself she became interested and admired him more than any man she had ever met before.

He was a manly man, with an unusual amount of common sense, entirely different from the flippant dude, Howard Westmoreland, who was satisfied to live at his father's expense and whose greatest ambition was to excel in society. Although Evelyn had never really loved him, he had pleased her romantic taste, and she was proud of his attractive personality. After her engagement and in his society, when she was more closely associated with him, she became more and more wearied out with his shallow conversation and trifling character.

There was a great contrast between him and Peter. The latter was vigorous, pushing, all life, with a high toned, honorable ambition. He cared little for social prominence, his aim being to make his mark in the great affairs of life. He soon became attracted toward Evelyn, whom he found possessed of a noble nature, which was equal to great capabilities, but whose goodness had been temporarily smothered by the world's flattery and the idolatry of her parents and friends. He found himself deeply in love with her; but, considering the prize beyond his reach, knowing also of her engagement with Howard, he endeavored to overcome his dangerous attachment by keeping from her.

Evelyn enjoyed his society so much that she made many modest overtures to secure it, sending him frequent invitations to social gatherings at her home, which he could not without rudeness decline. They were both unhappy, for in their hearts they knew that they were all the world to each other.

Howard was quick to notice Peter's ill disguised affections and saw that Evelyn unconsciously reciprocated it. He was jealous, and when they met never left an opportunity pass without making the rather diffident Peter appear to a disadvantage and to his betrothed make him constantly the subject of malicious jokes.

It was spring. The lawn surrounding The Meadows, Mr. Claire's country home, was decked with daisies, the air was balmy and fragrant with the odor of blossoms. All nature was charming. Howard and Peter had been invited to lunch by Evelyn to meet her young cousin, Edith Claire. As they sat upon the veranda in front of her house gazing over the widespreading landscape through which the river wound like a band of silver and from which a roseate mist was being dispersed by the bright morning sun Evelyn proposed that they should take a row upon the river.

The party was gay, the air fresh, heightening their spirits. Peter rowed while Howard assisted the ladies to gather water lilies, with which the margin of the river was filled.

Howard was reckless and from time to time raised up in the boat to pull the flowers toward him with his cane. Peter urged him to be careful or he would upset the boat, and Evelyn also remonstrated with him. He became angry and in order to annoy Peter persisted in getting up to reach for the flowers, when his foot caught, and he fell, upsetting them all in the water.

The water was shallow, and Edith and the two young men, with the aid of the river grass, succeeded in wading to the shore. When they reached it, to their horror they found that Evelyn had been borne out into the strong current in the middle of the river.

"Save her! Oh, save her!" cried the distracted Edith, seizing Howard's arm. "She will drown!"

He stood a moment, then said: "I should only risk my own life. But see, there is Jim Brown going in his boat to fish. He is a good swimmer. I will go and get him to get her as she is carried toward him by the current."

"Oh," said Edith, "she will be dead by that time, and if you love her save her!"

But she spoke to empty air, for Howard had darted forward like an arrow from its bow.

In the meantime Peter had sprung into the water and had seized Evelyn as her head appeared the second time above the water and was bringing her triumphantly to shore.

When Edith saw her cousin safely upon land she ran to the house to prepare them for her coming.

Peter stood for a moment upon the river bank to rest, with his precious burden in his arms. He drew her head closely to his breast. He rubbed her forehead and temples. "Evelyn," he whispered, bending over her. The call had a magical effect. She opened her eyes as a flower turns to the light, then closed them wearily again.

"You are saved! Oh, my love, my darling! My God, I thank thee!" He felt her lips close to his and her breath against his cheeks as in agony he bent over her. He was strongly tempted to kiss those tempting lips, but he controlled himself, for he would not take advantage of her helplessness or trespass on the rights of another.

She opened her eyes again, and when she found her head resting on the breast of the man she so fondly loved she would fain have closed them again, but she tried to collect her strength and said: "I am quite well. I can go now." But her voice was weak.

He felt, however, that she was still exhausted and carried her in his strong arms to the house.

Shortly afterward Evelyn wrote to Howard breaking off their engagement. He was both indignant and humiliated and soon after left for an extended tour abroad.

Mr. Claire, who had previously treated Peter with the indifferent politeness he did Evelyn's numerous gentleman friends, since he saved her life overwhelmed him with attentions and was pleased to see her encourage his suit, for Peter, when he found Evelyn free, with his characteristic energy, tried hard to secure the object of his affection, and when he proposed was accepted.

"My darling," said Peter, "dearly as I love you I want you to consider well before accepting me, if there is in your heart the slightest affection for Howard. Remember he is rich and handsome, while I am poor and plain, with my way to make in the world, and it is better for me to suffer now than to have any misunderstanding or future regrets; therefore I beseech you to consider well the importance of your answer."

"Peter," she said, "I have well considered it. I love you dearly, and with a man like you I would be happy anywhere. I was convinced before the accident at the river that I never loved him. It was a mere fancy, which his conduct then turned to contempt. A woman despises a cowardly man, for when she marries she wants a protector. Poor Howard," she continued, "wouldn't make a soldier, for in an engagement he would be sure to be shot in the back."

"And are you willing to go through life bearing the undistinguished name of Mrs. Peter Uriah Grub?"

"Dear Peter," said Evelyn, "I beg that you will forgive and forget those foolish speeches of mine. My heart, I assure you, reproached me the moment after they were uttered."

"I will, darling, for I am convinced that you are giving me an undivided heart—that you love me."

"With my entire heart, Peter."

"Then," he said, pressing her fondly to his breast, "be mine, darling, and come what may we will be happy."—Norristown Herald.

A Witty Dean.

Dean Dickinson, the dean of the Chapel Royal, Dublin, who preached before the queen on Good Friday, at the Viceregal lodge, during her recent visit to the Emerald Isle, is well known for his witty repartee. Once when he heard that Mr. Fitzgerald, surgeon oculist to the queen in Ireland, was paying a holiday visit to Ningara, he promptly remarked, "He'll find a cataract there that he can't remove."

The Installation.

The day on which I was installed in my present charge I was requested to address the Sunday school. I attempted to make plain to the children the idea of installation. In doing so I related this anecdote: A congregation has called a new minister. His installation is announced for a certain Sunday. Coming home from church a boy who evidently has listened to the announcement very attentively, asks his father: "Father, what do they do when they install a minister? Do they put him in a stall?" "No," replies the latter, "they hitch him to a congregation and make him pull."

A little girl had evidently not seen the point in this, for when she got home she told her mother—the mother related this to me afterward—that she wanted to go to church that evening. My installation was to take place in the evening. "What for, my dear? You never go to church in the evening." "Well, but the minister said we should come, and then I want to see it, too." "What do you want to see?" "Don't you know, mamma?" "No. What do you mean?" "Why, they are going to hitch the minister to a cart and make him pull it around the church."—Homiletic Review.

Smudges.

A curious bit of adaptation to circumstances may be seen in summer among the cattle of the swamp lands along the Mississippi. From July to mid September blood sucking insects—mosquitoes, flies, gnats and so on—are so bad there cattle are sometimes in danger of their lives. So are people, unless they make smudges—that is to say, fires so thickly smothered that they fill the air with clouds of smoke—and thus drive away the pests. The cattle soon learn the use and value of the smudges.

Magnetism In Optics.

It has been discovered that the crystalline lens of the human eye is slightly diamagnetic, or subject to magnetic repulsion. As astigmatism, the commonest cause of defective vision and the most frequent excuse for spectacles, is merely a slight distortion of this lens, it has been suggested that treatment with a powerful magnet properly applied may result in forcing the lens into proper shape or at least in greatly remedying the distortion.—New York Sun.

The Vampire Bat.

South America, especially Venezuela, is the home of the vampire bat, that horrible animal whose blood sucking propensities are so well known. In Venezuela the vampire when caught is often made the subject of an experiment that is as curious as it is cruel, though in connection with such a loathsome animal as this giant bat the cruelty is rather naturally lost sight of by the people who have to suffer from its ravages.

The vampire is captured in a thick cloth. It is then taken out, and through its two extended wings nails are driven, securing the animal to a door or a wooden paling. A cigarette is then lighted and placed in the bat's mouth. At once the animal's eyes shine strangely, and it begins to puff the smoke in and out with frenzied gasps, its actions being exactly those of the most hardened smoker, keeping firm hold of the cigarette the while between its sharp, deadly teeth. When the cigarette is nearly finished, a blow on the head puts an end to the animal's existence.

The extraordinary part of the experiment lies in the fact that the bat does not at once reject the cigarette, as he is of course at liberty to do. There are many who affirm that the bat really does enjoy the tobacco. The probability is that the animal is so maddened by fear and pain that he puffs away unreasoningly and fiercely, his instinct telling him that in the properties of the tobacco lies oblivion.

Industrious Little Wife.

"Does your wife take to horticulture, Billy?"

"Yes, indeed. She gets out every nice day with the hoe and chops the head off something I've planted."—Chicago Record.

THE FLEXICON MOVEMENT.

New French Way of Marching Is Old to the American Red Men.

Anybody who knows anything at all about modern fighting knows that the North American Indian is the man who sets the pace. First the American frontiersmen studied his ways and adopted his tactics, and the soldiery took it up. Baden-Powell, so the plucky little South African general confesses, first read about American scouts and then took lessons from their teachers, the Indians themselves. But now there is a slip in the chain and France is studying the Indian without going to the trouble of first ascertaining what the best scout in the world, the American soldier, thinks about it. France is trying the "flexicon march."

"Never get the leg straight," are the French instructions. "Keep the back straight, but bent forward. Do not throw the shoulders either back or up."

That is about the way an Indian walks, so Captain Uline of the Twentieth infantry confesses, but, he goes on, he never heard of the trick being tried by military.

"I cannot discuss the merits of the 'flexicon,'" the captain said, "because I am not familiar with it. From the description it is just about the way an Indian walks. His knee is never 'locked' or thrust back, so as to have the leg quite straight. The Indian never uses the heel to the exclusion of the ball of the foot, but puts the sole down all at once. Not all Indians are footmen. I could name half a dozen tribes which, to my personal knowledge, go mounted always and almost everywhere, even about their camp.

"The flexicon movement the French experimentalists are said to be tinkering with and copying from our Indians is about the movement a soldier gets when he is fatigued. I am not prepared to criticise it."

An English army officer, a subaltern, here with the horse buyers, said concerning the new movement:

"The French are the greatest bunglers in the world. They get the wildest notions, 'fads' I ought to call them, in their pates. I remember once they decided to dress every man in Madagascar in red flannel underclothing. Every man in the place got skin disease. Then they went in for natural wool, and the men got worse. They admitted red irritated the skin and then found that natural wool, being already charged with oil, could take up no more, so was worthless for absorbing perspiration. Now they are fiddling with the flexicon movement, evidently trying to step ahead of the United States in overlooking the Indian, and, overlooking the work the Indian does when he goes on what we call his 'dog trot' scouting, they propose to imitate his walk.

"It is my observation that a soldier requires this flexicon movement after he has gone about four miles, loaded down with his equipment. The French may teach him to always walk tired to death, but I do not think we shall ever see the British or these American soldiers at it.

"Coming home to oneself, one would not like to start to his work in the morning with the tired out look and movement that he goes home with if he has earned his salt. It is a matter of pride to pull oneself together for the day."—Kansas City Journal.

As Others See Us.

The vagaries of American journalism is a favorite theme with the transatlantic editor. It is possible that now and then we on this side of the water do allow imagination to trespass upon the domain of fact, but never surely have we eclipsed the performance of our contemporary. In a representation of the scene of the Hoboken fire published in one of the leading English illustrated weeklies the Hudson river is shown to be spanned by two colossal bridges, one at Twenty-third street and the other at Fifty-ninth street. Where the imagination of the artist received its stimulus we cannot tell, though we might hazard a guess, but certainly this view was not drawn "upon the spot" or even "from a photograph."

The two structures referred to exist only upon paper. That at Twenty-third street was designed some dozen years ago by Gustav Lilienthal. The Fifty-ninth street bridge bears a slight resemblance to the design drawn up by an army board of engineers for a 3,000 foot cantalever with a view to estimating its cost in comparison with the cost of a 3,000 foot suspension bridge. Badly as these two bridges are needed, the cost is prohibitive, for not even the most sanguine promoter dares to assert that their revenues would cover the interest on the initial outlay of from $110,000,000 to $140,000,000 for bridges, real estate and terminals.—Scientific American.

Cheap Papers In London.

Halfpenny journalism in London is not the good thing it looks. Arthur Pearson, whose Daily Express is London's latest halfpenny journal, has recently informed the public that he is losing $1,250 a day on his paper, that the cost of the plant and preliminary work made the first issue worth $500,000, that to establish The Express will cost $1,250,000 and two years' very hard work and that the next person who wants to establish a daily paper in London must spend $2,500,000.

NEBULÆ OF SONG.

Dim nebulæ of song!
First, a cold star dust in the spirit's void,
Whirling with measured sweep the shadows through,
Then more compact, centripetal and strong,
Swifter and surer and of warmer hue!

Thy brothers wait thee in the blue above,
Far through the silences their songs descend;
Thou, too, shalt join their ancient choir of love
And send thy light across the paths of men.

Now the faint music of the early dawn,
Feeling its way with broken chords and slow,
Then the C major, resolute and strong,
Surer in conscious strength the measures go.

But thou, dim dust, that trailest through the night,
Breasting the waves of that unsounded sea,
Swift be the course of thy triumphant flight
And sweet thy music in the years to be!

—Herbert Muller Hopkins in Bookman.

TESTED HIS PATIENCE.

The Boss Discovered the Kind of Salesman He Had.

One of the proprietors of a big department store decided the other day to find out how customers were treated in his establishment. He is so seldom seen around the place that few of the clerks know him by sight; hence it was not necessary for him to assume a disguise or formulate an elaborate plan for the success of his undertaking.

Going into the shoe department he sat down to be waited on. A clerk who had been in the store only a few weeks hurried forward and asked:

"May I show you a pair of shoes?"

"Yes," the merchant said, "I would like to look at some, but I don't know as I'm ready to buy a pair today."

"Very well," said the clerk, "we'll see what we can find."

Then he made some inquiries as to the style his employer preferred and the size he wore and began taking down boxes.

One shoe after another was tried on, but the customer could not be suited. The toes were not right or the shape was wrong or it didn't fit or there was something else about every shoe the clerk produced that was not as it should be.

Three or four times the proprietor said he guessed he would have to give it up and try again at some future time, but the clerk always persuaded him to wait just a moment. Then he would get another pair and make a new effort to suit the gentleman, setting forth as eloquently as he could the merits of the shoes and expressing confidence in his ability to find what was wanted sooner or later.

At last the merchant looked up at his employee and said:

"You don't seem to be worried over the fact that you have wasted an hour here with me."

"Oh, I don't think I've wasted the time," the clerk replied. "People are invited to come here and do business if they see what they want. If they can't be suited, they ought to have as much right to complain as we."

"Still you have left it all to me. Don't you think you ought to know more about it than I do? You sell shoes every day, you know."

"I sell shoes every day," the clerk said, "but I can't wear yours for you, and I shall not try to persuade you to buy something you don't want."

The proprietor went out, saying he might return at some future time and try again. After he was gone the head of the shoe department went over to the new clerk and whispered something to him. The latter turned a little pale along the sides of his nose and said:

"Then I suppose I may as well begin hunting around for another job."

On the following morning the manager of the store called the saddened clerk into the office and said:

"The president of this company went to the shoe department yesterday to get a pair of shoes."

"Yes, I know it," the clerk replied.

"He couldn't get what he wanted."

The clerk gave a long sigh and looked at the floor.

"You told him you were not anxious to sell goods if people didn't show proper eagerness to buy," the manager went on.

The clerk nodded that it was so.

"Well, do you think it would pay us to keep a man like you in our shoe department?"

Feeling that it would profit him nothing to be abject, since he was to be discharged anyway, the miserable clerk replied:

"I suppose not, but if I had it to do again I would do as I did yesterday."

"Very well. We need a man to take charge of our clothing department, and Mr. —— wishes you to have the place because you were kind enough to give him credit for knowing what he wanted better than you did."

What Hats Are Made Of.

The silk plush out of which hats are made comes almost entirely from France, all attempts to produce it in the United States having ended in failure. Nine-tenths of the felt hats worn in America are made from the fur of the rabbit and hare. Much wool is used in the cheaper grades of felt hats and in the cloth of which cloth hats and caps are made. These latter have come in vogue through the great demand for uniforms and outing suits. Every soldier and sailor has a cloth cap, and every golfer, wheelman, ball player, fisherman, hunter, "bubbler," automobiler, jockey, yachtsman and camerist requires one to complete his equipment. The army of railroad employees, porters, elevator boys, bellboys, steamboat officials, and, in fact, all uniformed help, increase the demand.

A Pair of Them.

Jigger—I was polite enough to compliment Calendar upon his new book, but he didn't know enough to let it go at that. He had to ask me if I had read it. Not much tact in Calendar.

Bagley—And what did you say when he asked you that?

Jigger—Oh, I turned it off by saying no. I hadn't read the book—that I was thinking of the binding when I spoke of it.

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS

CUMBERLAND, B.C.

PERSONALITIES.

Congressman Littlefield of Maine always dresses in black. Even his ties are of that somber hue.

Congressman Bingham of Pennsylvania is said to own more suits of clothes than any other man in Washington.

Many congressmen find a knowledge of shorthand useful in debate, and Congressman Hitt of Illinois is quite an expert stenographic reporter.

Governor Steunenberg of Idaho is physically the most impressive governor in this country. He is far over six feet tall and of herculean figure.

Senator Depew is of the opinion that had there been a successful national university at Washington 50 years ago there would never have been a civil war.

Representative Jefferson M. Levy of New York owns and maintains Monticello, the home of Thomas Jefferson, "in keeping with its distinguished traditions."

Lewis Wilkins, a native of St. Paul, is said to be the tallest man in the world. He is 8 feet 11 inches tall, broad in proportion and weighs 364 pounds.

Congressman Charles B. Landis of Indiana is a close friend of James Whitcomb Riley, the poet, who is always the congressman's guest when in Washington.

The costume of Senator Platt of New York is almost unvarying, except in very warm weather. He always wears a black Prince Albert coat and trousers of striped gray.

O. C. RICHARDS & CO.

Dear Sirs,—I have great faith in MINARD'S LINIMENT, as last year I cured a horse of Ring-bone, with five bottles.

It blistered the horse but in a month there was no ring-bone and no lameness. DANIEL MURCHISON.
Four Falls, N.B.

The Icy Way.

There are 400 miles of icebergs, floating ice, plains of ice and all other sorts of arctic obstructions to traverse between the nearest discovery to the pole and the pole itself. Perhaps some means of overcoming these difficulties may present themselves within the next hundred years as science goes on in its progressive way.

Love's Help.

"Belinda, if my salary were raised we could be married tomorrow."

"All right, Augustus. I'll write your employer an anonymous letter and tell him we both think he is a mean old thing."

He Was Fresh.

"Have you any nice fresh eggs today?" asked the woman with business like ways.

"Madam," answered the man, who has just started in the grocery business, "permit me to remind you that nice eggs are necessarily fresh and fresh eggs are always nice. Moreover, if I have any, I have them today. My possession of eggs yesterday or tomorrow does not in the slightest degree affect the situation. Therefore, time being precious to a business man, I will simply content myself with replying that I have nice eggs."

Too Tame For Him.

"No," said the St. Louis man, "I did not enjoy the street car ride you gave me. The scenery was all right and the roadbed good, but it was too tame."

"Tame?"

"Yes. At home I'm used to being blown up at every second street corner."

Lumbago

is Rheumatism of the back. The cause is Uric Acid in the blood. If the kidneys did their work there would be no Uric Acid and no Lumbago. Make the kidneys do their work. The sure, positive and only cure for Lumbago is

Dodd's Kidney Pills

UNCLE ELI SHOCKED.

He Gets an Unpleasant Insight Into Modern Patriotism.

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

"Jim," says I as I goes into our town cooper shop the other day to git a new bung fur a bar'l, "I'm thinkin some of runnin fur the office of supervisor."

"So'm I," says Jim.

"But how kin you?"

"Same as you."

"But think of your duty, Jim. It's the duty of a freeborn elector to do the hollerin and the votin and let somebody else hold office."

"Then you may holler and vote fur me," says Jim.

"Look a-here, Jim," says I as I gits over my surprise at his promptness, "has it occurred to you that the fate of this nashun is trembling in the balance?"

"It has," says he.

"Do you want ruin and desolashun to overtake this fair land?"

"Not by a jugful."

"And do you want the Magna Charta of liberty used as a dish towel and the constitution of the United States chawed up by calves?"

"I don't."

"Then you must take your place at the polls, shoulder to shoulder with other patriots, and help h'ist me into office. It's the only thing that'll save the kentry fur which our forefathers fought, bled and died."

"I know a better way," says he as he shaves at the bung. "You do the shoulderin and h'istin, and I'll fill the office."

It does beat all how patriotism and the principles of our grandfathers are bein lost sight of in this day and age.

M. QUAD.

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.

Oregon.

In the date of admission Oregon is one of the oldest states beyond the Mississippi, entering the Union in 1859. It was the first new state to have the political honor of naming the vice presidential candidate (Joseph Lane) for one of the great parties in the first year of its statehood.

'Is Hod Hexperience.

Mr. George Clarence Holmes' boat, the Hod, capsized Saturday, which induced the genial commodore to remark that the hod that isn't turned upside down occasionally cannot have much use.

A LIFE SAVED.—Mr. James Bryson, Cameron, states: "I was confined to my bed with inflammation of the lungs, and was given up by the physicians. A neighbor advised me to try Dr Thomas' Eclectric Oil, stating that his wife had used it for a throat trouble with the best results. Acting on his advice I procured the medicine, and less than a half bottle cured me; I certainly believe it saved my life. It was with reluctance that I consented to a trial, as I was reduced to such a state that I doubled the power of any remedy to do me any good.

A Business Proposition.

"I think it's mean," she sobbed. "You might give me the money I ask for. I don't think you care for me at all."

"My dear," said her close husband, "I care more for you than all the money in the world. You're worth your weight in gold, and"—

"Then why don't you give me credit for what I'm worth?"

Summer Resort Comment.

Mrs. Dash—That new young lady looks thoroughly up to date.

Mrs. Slash—Oh, her frocks are all right, but her summer novels are all last year's.—Detroit Free Press.

If your children are troubled with worms give them Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator; safe, sure, and effectual. Try it, and mark the improvement in your child.

Needed In Their Business.

"President Hadley of Yale talked to the senior class about 'The Mighty Power of Patience.'"

That would have sounded better if addressed to the medical class.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Some persons have periodical attacks of Canadian cholera, dysentery or diarrhœa, and have to use great precautions to avoid the disease. Change of water, cooking and green fruit is sure to bring on the attacks. To such persons we would recommend Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial as being the best medicine in the market for all summer complaints. If a few drops are taken in water when the symptoms are noticed no further trouble will be experienced.

Superfluous Law.

"This copyright law is all bosh," said the exuberant young writer. "Just a scheme to make money."

"I thought it an excellent law."

"Bah, it's a fraud. I never copyright my stories, and no one steals them."—Detroit Free Press.

Her Idea of Economy.

"Yes, it was so much cheaper to make it all at home."

"How long did it take you?"

"Only four days. And, actually, they charge you at least 15 cents for them in the stores!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

She Knew Better.

Mrs. Newrich—That Mrs. Hyart is a stuck up thing. I know just as much about music as she does. She needn't get funny.

Mrs. Browne—Why, what has she done?

Mrs. Newrich—Oh, she tried to trip me up today; asked me if I'd ever heard somebody's "Songs Without Words."—Philadelphia Press.

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.

Green Ceylon and India Tea which is now being introduced into Canada, in the well known packages of the "SALADA" Tea Company, has got one great advantage over Japan tea; and that is, while it is of the same flavor and the same light coloring liquor, it is very much stronger and absolutely free from adulteration, which practically no Japan Tea is. Ceylon Green Tea is sold in the sealed Lead Packets of the "SALADA" Tea Company and is always fresh and fragrant as well as healthful.

What He Meant.

Browne—We were talking of contributing to the campaign fund and Phoxy declared he'd gladly put his hand in his pocket.

Towne—Yes, as a measure of precaution, so none of the committee get theirs in.—Philadelphia Press.

HOW TO CURE HEADACHE.—Some people suffer untold misery day after day with Headache. There is rest neither day or night until the nerves are all unstrung. The cause is generally a disordered stomach, and a cure can be effected by using Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, containing Mandrake and Dandelion. Mr. Finley, Wark. Lysander, P. Q., writes: "I find Parmelee's Pills a first-class article for Bilious Headache."

His Only Love.

McJigger—What's the book you're reading?

Thingumbob—It's the story of the only man the author ever loved.

McJigger—Ah, it's by a woman, eh?

Thingumbob—No; by a man. It's his autobiography.—Philadelphia Press.

Ill-fitting boots and shoes cause corns. Holloway's Corn Cure is the article to use. Get a bottle at once and cure your corns.

First Aid to the Impecunious.

Graphter—I left my pocketbook at home, and I haven't a penny in my clothes. Say, lend me a fiver, will you? I'll return it tomorrow.

Phoxy—I'll do better. Here's a nickel; you can go home and get your pocketbook.

LA "TOSCANA," RELIANCE CIGAR FACTORY, Montreal

The Professor's Prophecy Failed.

While a student at Harvard university Phillips Brooks was walking in the yard one day with a professor, who asked him what he intended making of himself.

"I am thinking of the ministry," answered the youth.

"Then banish such thoughts," said the professor earnestly. "Your manner of speech would forever bar you from being successful in that calling."

Many years later, when Phillips Brooks was one of the world's great pulpit orators, the most expert stenographer in England took down one of his sermons and said:

"Any stenographer who thinks he has conquered fast talkers should try Phillips Brooks."—Ladies' Home Journal.

MINARD'S LINIMENT Relieves Neuralgia.

Proud.

Magistrate—You are accused of having beaten your wife.

Accused—I did, your honor, and I'm proud to say it.

Magistrate—How is that, you brute?

Accused—Because, your honor, she weighs 75 pounds more than I do.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, Etc.

Well, It's Easy to Steal One.

"When I was married," said Street, "I had something laid by for a rainy day."

"And now?" suggested Lane.

"Well, now," was the reply, "I haven't enough to buy an umbrella."

A Justified Pun.

"My mother-in-law has gone to the mountains."

"You look pleased."

"Yes; she'll have to admit she has found something that she can't walk over."—Indianapolis Journal.

MINARD'S LINIMENT Cures Dandruff.

Depends Upon the Lovelight.

Ned—No, I don't see Belle as much as I used to.

Nell—You don't say! Why, I heard you were engaged!

Ned—That's just it. It's always dark in the parlor when I call now.—Catholic Standard and Times.

How It Was.

Briggs—I hope you have not been worrying about that five I owe you?

Griggs—Not a bit, old man. If I had, I never would have let you have it.—Detroit Free Press.

MINARD'S LINIMENT for Sale Everywhere.

Pronounced Incurable.

THE STORY OF MRS. AGNES FORAN OF HALIFAX.

Following Inflammation of the Lungs a Severe Cough Set in and Her Doctor Said Her Case Was Hopeless—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Have Restored Her

From the Recorder, Halifax, N.S.

Mrs. Agnes Foran, who resides at 21 Agricola street, Halifax, N. S., tells a wonderful story of her complete restoration to health, after a protracted and distressing period of extreme illness, and she attributes her present happy condition under Providence, to the marvellous qualities of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. When Mrs. Foran was called upon by a representative of the Acadien Recorder, who stated his mission, she cordially welcomed him to her pleasant home, where in the presence of her mother and sister, she freely told the story of her sickness and recovery. She said: "A few years ago I suffered a severe attack of inflammation of the lungs, and was attended by one of the best physicians in the city. I pulled through but was left a complete wreck, so that I could not do any work, suffering all the time from palpitation of the heart, nervous prostration, and a ringing sound in my head. I also had a distressing cough, and for months I never knew what it was to have a good night's rest. For two years my life was a perfect misery to me and under the doctor's orders I took emulsion till I was nauseated with the sight of it but all to no purpose. My life was despaired of by all my friends who were assured by the doctor that my case was beyond the reach of human skill. I was visited by the clergy of my church and Sisters of Charity, who were very kind and sympathetic and looked upon me as one whose earthly race was about run. I experimented with all sorts of remedies for my cough, but without avail. My druggist at last advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Being fairly discouraged, nevertheless I was persuaded to make the trial, when to the surprise and joy of myself, family and friends, I began to get better, and by the time I had taken seven or eight boxes I was as well as you see me now," and she laughingly added, "I think you will admit that I don't look much like a sick woman." Her mother, who had been listening to the tale of her daughter's long illness added: "It just seems like a dream to us all that we once despaired of her life, when we now see her the pink of health."

Mrs. Foran said that when on a visit to England about a year ago she contracted a heavy cold and was threatened with a return of her cough, but she at once got some of the pills, and by the time she had reached New York she was as well as ever again. She related a number of instances in which she had advised persons suffering from chronic complaints to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and always with the best results. She mentioned particularly a niece of hers living in Boston who was run down and in a wretched condition of health, but was now a healthy young woman who owed the fact to the use of the pills. When the reporter was taking his leave Mrs. Foran said: "I am very glad to have the opportunity to testify what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for me and you can say that I shall never cease to sound their praises, and I bless the good Lord that they were placed in my way at a time when I had not the hope that I could live."

One of Many.

Sprockett—Do you believe that the bicycle has seen its best days?

Tyre—I know mine has.—Philadelphia North American.

A Real Hero.

"Hit am er strong man," remarked Uncle Ephe, "who can keep he wors' trubbles toe heself."—Colorado Springs Gazette.

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 Lethbridge.
Prices quoted to all railway points.

How It Happened.

"How did Mr. Holdover get the reputation of being such a deep, intellectual person?"

"Well," answered Farmer Corntossel, "we all listened to his speeches, an we jedged by his actions that he understood every word he was sayin. We concluded from that that he must be a most extraordinary smart man, so we didn't have no more words about it, but sent him right along to congress."—Washington Star.

The proprietors of Parmelee's Pills are constantly receiving letters similar to the following, which explains itself: Mr. John A. Beam, Waterloo, Ont., writes: "I never used any medicine that can equal Parmelee's Pills for Dyspepsia or Liver and Kidney Complaints. The relief experienced after using them was wonderful." As a safe family medicine Parmelee's Vegetable Pills can be given in all cases requiring a cathartic.

Ignorance Everywhere.

Ignorance is everywhere. In Boston there are persons who don't know a symphony from a sonata and in Chicago persons who don't know a prime ox from a canner.

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

EVERYTHING . . . FOR THE PRINTER

We keep a large Stock always on hand of

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PRINTERS' MATERIAL
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We can fit out Daily or Weekly Papers or Job Outfits on a few hours notice.

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TORONTO TYPE FOUNDRY CO., LIMITED
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MONEY
To Loan on improved farms at current rates. Write to
NARES, ROBINSON & BLACK,
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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.

Smoke the T. L. CIGAR
Manufactured by THOS. LEE, Winnipeg.

OXYDONOR.

(Trade Mark Registered November 21, 1890.)

Dr. Sanche agrees to take instruments back at half price if parties using them are not benefited 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. Coon, 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 6 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. Gibbins, Grain Exchange, Winnipeg.

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. 19, 1900

PROFITS FROM OTTERS.

Furs Secured in Northwest Waters That Bring $500 Each.

From the Morning Oregonian.

The most beautiful stretch of ocean beach to be found anywhere on the Pacific Coast of the United States is the wide expanse of spotless and glittering sand which lies betwen Gray's harbor and the Quiniault river. There may be seen an outbroken area of twenty miles in length and at low tide from three to five miles in width, which would make a moonlight playing ground for the houris.

There are many tower-like structures at regular distances of perhaps a mile each, which excite the curiosity of the many Coast line steamers plying between San Francisco and northern ports. These are the towers or shooting boxes of sea otter hunters. They are built of tall, slender poles, generally four in number, sunk to a great depth and fixed securely in the sand and surrounded by a small box covered with a roof to protect its occupants from the burning sun. Cleats securely fastened to the poles from bottom to top afford the hunter means of ingress and egress.

The hot sun which blazes fiercely on this wide expanse of white sand during the months of July and August heats it almost to a burning point, and the waters of the incoming tide, rolling and curling over this hot sand, become deliciously warm. This is the playing ground of the sea otter, the place where they come to spend their holidays.

The leave their homes in the far off rocky islands, where there are no sand beaches, and the green waters are cold and deep, and come here like people to a watering place, to spend the summer months in rolling and tumbling about in this warm water in a perfect ecstasy of delight. They leap and play about in the foaming breakers and polish their beautiful skins by hugging the sandy bottom and allowing the ocean swells to drive and throw them about as they will.

Although sea otters have the timidity which is natural to all wild animals they are better able to protect themselves than any of the other animals which have their homes in the sea. The swiftness of their movements makes it possible for them easily to catch any kind of small fish, and thus they can appease their hunger with the daintiest food.

No sharks can catch them; they could be twenty feet away while Mr. Shark was turning on his back, and if the shark was directly beneath them they could throw themselves five feet in the air like a kaleidoscopic ball, while the ugly monster was snapping his jaws. The hunter is in his box, the tide is coming in and, with a powerful field glass to assist his practised eye he eagerly scans each coming roller. He has been here every day for a week, and his rifle has lain untouched by his side. To-day something may happen.

All at once he starts and mutters a little ejaculation; he sees something. He will soon know what it is, for the swells are coming swiftly and the distance between himself and the object he has seen will be quickly lessened. Yes, there it is again; there is no mistake. It is an otter, not more than 600 yards away. The hunter lays down his glass and there is $500 or $600 worth of beautiful, shining fur plainly visible to the naked eye.

The man in the tower picks up his Sharp's rifle, inserts a 120-grain cartridge in the chamber, and there is a wicked, wistful gleam in the keen eye of the hunter as he raises his weapon for the first shot. There is a flash, a recoil and a report, which is scarcely distinguishable in the roaring of the breakers to the man who holds the gun. Ammunition is no object, and, with lightning rapidity, he loads and fires his piece. That otter will not be more than ten feet away from where he was when the hunter pulled the trigger when he gets there, and that hunter can hit a bounding deer at 300 yards twice out of five shots. The otter is enjoying himself in the dangerous company of murderous bullets, which are doing their best to find him.

Another huge breaker brings him within 200 yards of the blazing rifle. A quick recoil of the heavy gun turns the hunter half round; there is an unnatural splash which tells the man something has happened. He strains his eyes; no need of his glass to see there is blood in the water, and this tells him that there is a big hole somewhere in that $500.

No need to shoot again; no otter could bled like that and not be washed ashore. The hunter lays down his heated gun; there will be no more otters in sight today. He sees his game almost opposite his tower; it is drifting helplessly toward the shore. That skin is his and its possession means that he will have everything he wants for another year if he does not fire a single shot.

The fierce gleam of desire has left his dirty face and has been replaced by one of possession. He is wild with joy. How he wishes he could get down from that tower and be at the spot where the otter will be thrown up on the sand, but he must wait until the tide falls a little. One of his half-breed boys, who is 10 or 11 years old, is moping lazily along the beach, his quick eye detects something. Like a frightened wolf he leaps over the sand and is soon beside the dead otter.

With a yell of delight he flies toward the shanty on the bluff to tell his mother and the half dozen or so of other little half-breeds what has happened, and they all come trooping down the beach as fast as their legs can carry them.

The tide is going out now and the blood of the otter stains the sand which has lured him to destruction, and the sobbing ripples tenderly caress for the last time the pretty animal which has been their playmate all its life, and the sea will moan for the free-born thing which has always had a home in its bosom.

Some way or another the news spreads quickly and other hunters and crowds of siwashes come trooping toward the dead otter from all directions.

WONDERFUL SCALES.

Will Weigh Accurately a Pound of Feathers or Two of the Biggest Cannon.

From the Washington Post.

While Washington is not a manufacturing city, with large industrial enterprises requiring the use of monster weighing machines, or "scales," as they are commonly called, it has many weight determining balances, and one, at least, which leads all others in this country. The large scales upon which entire freight cars, with their loads of many tons, are weighed are considered colossal, but with all their immensity they are meagre in the eyes of Uncle Sam, who went the railroad magnates of the country "one better" by installing at the navy yard the largest pair of scales in the country.

This machine can outweigh the largest railroad scales by fifty tons, and when it is considered that its result must be accurate to a pound, while railroad scales are considered good when they come within fifty pounds of the exact weight, the result obtained is little less than marvellous. The scales are scarcely two years old, having been brought here during October, 1898, and set in position in the south end of the big navy yard near one of the gun shops. A track leads from the gun shop to a forge and crosses the flooring of the big scales about ten feet east of the entrance to the latter building. A considerable period of time was required for the manufacture and erection of this monster machine. It was brought here in sections, and the greatest care was exercised in reassembling the various sections of steel so that the poise of the broad platform should be exact.

Hundreds of visitors have trod across this platform without knowing they were near one of the most interesting mechanical contrivances in the national capital. They are not mentioned in the guide books, and the men at the navy yard do not call attention to the scales, par excellence, unless, perhaps, a flat car happens to be on the platform being weighed with its load of two or three great guns. All the large ordnance manufactured for the navy is weighed upon this machine. It has given eminent satisfaction, two years of usage having failed to dull its sensitive nature; yet it has done its work each day in a dull ponderous way, with no meed of praise except from a few naval officers.

There is nothing attractive about the scales. From the surface of the ground they look like ordinary hay scales. Their delicate mechanism like the vital organs of the human body, is invisible to the eye. The most intricate parts are in a broad pit below the ground. Close investigation, however, and a foot rule would show that the platform of the machine is forty-eight feet long and twelve feet wide. Beneath the powerful machinery is a cement base, laid upon long piles. The ground is somewhat low, and it was necessary to utilize the services of a pile driver to secure a stable foundation. A solid base is one of the prime requisites of a perfect weighing machine.

When the government sought bids for the erection of the machine notices were sent to all the leading scale manufacturers in the country. Much of its fine and peculiarly sensitive apparatus was specially manufactured for use in the big machine, which differs in its parts from any other scales in the country. The completed structure is regarded as the finest of its kind in the world, a model and marvel of modern mechanism, as well as a splendid achievement for American ingenuity.

In order to illustrate the accuracy of the counterpoise of the huge machine to a reporter an officer in the bureau of yards and docks picked up a half brick which was lying near by, and tossed it upon the platform of the big scales. He then cosulted a long brass lever in the reading box along the edge of the platform and found that the weight of the brickbat was just one pound.

Turning to the reporter he said the machine is so sensitive that it will give the exact weight of anything from a pound of feathers to a pair of 13-inch guns, and do it accurately. The capacity of the scales is 150 tons, or double the capacity of the old set, removed when the present appartus was installed. A 13-inch gun weighs about fifty-five tons. Two of these monster instruments of war, reclining on a 48-foot car truck, can be weighed on the machine without taxing its capacity.

The nearest approach to the navy yard scales to be found in this city are the big weighing machines of the railroads. Though the navy yard machine now compels them to take a back seat, they were once envied by the smaller scales as the giants of the capital. The Pennsylvania Railway Company has a machine at Benning with a capacity of 100 tons. The Baltimore & Ohio Company has one of similar capacity in its yards within the city and there is another set of scales of like capacity at a local grain elevator.

A DANCE AT THE RANCH.

The nicht nae cottillions brent frae Fran'

From every point they gaily come, the bronchos' unshod feet
Pat on the green sod of the range with quick emphatic beat;
The tresses of the buxom girls as banners stream behind—
Like silken gas'igating whips cut at the sweeping wind.

The [illegible] cowboys brown of face, sit in their saddle thrones
And [illegible] the wild songs of the range in free uncultured tones.
[illegible] the pretty girls, like gallant cavaliers
And pour the usual fairy tales into their listening ears.
Within the "best room" of the ranch the jolly gathering throng
Buzz like a swarm of human bees and lade the air with sing.
The [illegible] their sweetest smiles and give their tongues full rein
In efforts to entrap the boys in admiration's chain.
The fiddler tunes the strings with pick of thumb and scrape of bow
Winds one string keyed a note too high, [illegible]
Then rosins up the tight-drawn hairs, the [illegible]
Until their ears are greeted with the warning [illegible] "All set!"

Slute yer pardners! Let 'er go!
B[illegible] all an' do-se-do!
Swing yer girls an' run away!
Right an' left an' gents sashay!
Gents to right an' swing or cheat!
On to nex' gal an' repeat!
Balance next an' don't be shy!
Swing yer pard, an' swing her high
Bunch the gals an' circle round!
Whack yer feet until they bound!
Form a basket! Break away!
Swing an' kiss' an' all git gay!
Al'man left an' balance all!
Lift yer hoofs an' let 'em fall!
Swing yer op'sites! Swing agin!
Kiss the sage hens if you kin!
Back to pardners, do-se-do!
All jine hands an' off you go!
Gents salute yer little sweets!
Hitch an' promenade to seats!

And thus the merry dance goes on till morning's struggling light,
In lengthening streaks of gray breaks down the barriers of night.
And broncks are mounted in the glow of early morning skies
By weary-limbed young revelers with drooping, sleeping eyes.
The cowboys to the ranges speed to "work" the lowing herds,
The girls within their chambers hide to sleep like weary birds.
And for a week the young folks talk of what a jolly spree
They had that night at Jackson's ranch down on the Owyhee.

—Denver Post.

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.

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 Klabini 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 necessry 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.

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HIDES AND DEER SKINS
SHIP TO
McMILLAN FUR & WOOL CO.
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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
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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.
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Apply to,
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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.

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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.

Picture Framing.
Large Assortment of Mouldings Good but Cheap.
HENRY F. PULLEN.
Samples can be seen and orders left at T. D. McLEAN's, Jewellery Store.

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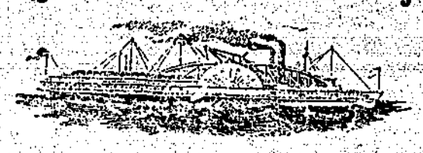

VICTORIA COMOX ROUTE.
Taking Effect Tuesday, Oct. 16th, 1900
S. S. "City of Nanaimo."
Sails from Victoria Tuesday, 7 a.m. for Nanaimo and Way ports.
Sails from Nanaimo, Wednesday 7 a. m., for Union Wharf, Comox and Way ports.
Sails from Comox and Union Wharf, Thursday 8 a. m. for Nanaimo and Way ports.
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,
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Traffice Manage

Black Diamond Nursery
QUARTER WAY, Wellington Road
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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.
s12tc P. O. BOX, 190.

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DONE AT—
The News Office.

WILL IT PAY.

* * *

EDITOR CUMBERLAND NEWS—SIR: I think I can safely say I have the goodwill of all the boys in Comox and Cumberland who know me, and when they ask me "Will it pay" I beg you will give me a small corner to give them a candid answer. In regard to the use of tobacco in any form or intoxicating liquors of any kind, I say most decidedly it will not pay. I never met one man who did not use those things who wished he had learned those habits, but I have met a great many who were victims or slaves who deeply regretted the day they began those habits. Let A and B. at the age of 18 years start, other things being equal, one to smok and drink a little, say two or three cigars a day, and the other to put the price of them in the P. O savings bank at 3 per cent. What will be their difference financially when they are forty? Count it up and tell me will it pay.

Yours truly

S. F. CRAWFORD.

Sandwick, R. C., Dec. 8th, 1900.

COMOX LICENCE DISTRICT.

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

Hotel Licences (renewal.)

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. Cliff, 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 re-organisation of the Agent General's Office in London, England, the desirability of having on file a list of farms and other properties for sale, with full and accurate details, is obvious. Properties submitted may include farms and farm 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. GOSNEL,
Secretary, Bureau of
Provincial Information.

d5m

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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VANCOUVER, B. C.

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BEFORE BUYING

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Rifle,
Ammunition,

Or anything in the

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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
" 10:9	Koenig's	" 5.34
" 10:48	Duncans	6:15
P.M.		P.M.
" 12:14	Nanaimo	7:41
Ar. 12:35	Wellington	Ar. 7.55

WELLINGTON TO VICTORIA.

No. 1 Daily. A.M.		No. 3 Saturday. A.M.
De. 8:05	Wellington	De. 4:25
" 8:26	Nanaimo	" 4:39
" 9:52	Duncans	" 6:15
" 10:37	Koenig's	" 6:46
11:18	Goldstream	" 7.32
Ar. 11:45	Victoria	Ar. 8:00 P.M.

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

For rates and al information apply at Company's offices.

A. DUNSMUIR, PRESIDENT. GEO. L. COURTNEY, Traffic Manager

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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. 813

WANTED

A NUMBER OF PIGEONS for purchase.

CHARLES SCOTT,
Quarterway House,
Nanaimo, B.C.

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Livery Stable

TEAMSTER AND DRAYMEN
SINGLE AND DOUBLE RIGS
FOR HIRE. ALL ORDERS
PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

R. SHAW, Manager.
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COR. DUNSMUIR AVENUE AND SECOND STREET. CUMBERLAND, B. C.

MRS. J. H. PIKET, Proprietress.

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Cumberland

Notice.

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

By order
FRANCIS D. LITTLE
Manager.

SUNDAY SERVICES

TRINITY CHURCH.—SERVICES in the evening. REV. J. X. WILLEMAR rector.

ST GEORGE'S PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—SERVICES at 11 a.m. and 7 p m. Sunday School at 2:30. Y. P. S. C. E. meets at the close of evening service. REV. W. C. DODDS, pastor.

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

J. R. McLEOD

General Teaming Powder Oil, Etc., Hauled. Wood in Blocks Furnished.

SCAVENGER WORK DONE.

FOR A

WOMAN'S SAKE

BY MRS. M. E. HOLMES.

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

CHAPTER XXXIV.

CROSS PURPOSES.

Morning found Silas arranging an assortment of herbs and medicinal plants, preparatory to placing them in his knapsack for delivery to Doctor Cameron.

A tap at the door, and Daisy steals in.

"Silas, breakfast is ready."

"Breakfast! Why, Daisy, it's not yet seven o'clock!"

"You said you were to be in Gatford early; so I got up, and prepared it myself."

"You are the Queen of all the Daisies, and though I am scarcely what may be called hungry, I cannot refuse to take something, after your trouble."

"Trouble! Oh, Silas! you know nothing is a trouble if it only pleases you."

The bright, innocent face that looked up into his was full of affection. There was a little trembling about the mouth, and her eyes grew humid from excess of feeling.

Silas drew her towards him, saying, as he kissed her forehead, "I'm sure I'm not worthy of such a dear little sister. So come, and let us see what you've done for me this morning. Something very tempting, I'm sure, and worthy of a better appetite than mine."

And, as they passed out of what he called his workshop, we will pause for a moment to ask a question.

The reader, of course, is aware that Daisy loves Silas.

But is Silas aware of it?

He cannot be. His gaze is never troubled when it meets hers bent upon him so fondly; his kiss, when it rests upon her forehead or lips, has in it nothing of a lover's warmth; it is the salute of a brother; nothing more. Another face ever intervenes between hers and his; another voice is ever sounding in his ear, with, to him, a far sweeter music. In his waking and in his sleeping dreams he has but one vision of happiness—vision indeed! The "one particular star," whose radiance fills his soul with light, is as far beyond his reach, and he knows it, as the heavens themselves.

And does nothing ever come between that face and him?

Yes, often. A stern, wrathful face, the angry eyes of which gleam from beneath brows knitted together by some fierce resolve, while the mouth shuts firmly as with a steel clasp.

The eyes, however, as Silas sees them, do not always appear angry. They are, to him, very often full of an unfathomable tenderness, and are sometimes dimmed by fast-falling tears.

Poor Silas! He was not one of those who could take off his cares with his clothes or seek an oblivion of the past in the shortness of memory.

But he made no one his confidant, realizing the saying of the wise philosopher, "that he who keeps his sorrows to himself is a cannibal of his own heart."

"A charming breakfast, truly," said Silas, as he looked at the furniture of the little table, beside which Daisy stood with a conscious pride.

And it was charming.

Butter fresh from the dairy—butter of Daisy's own making—cresses fresh from the brook, cream which almost looked like butter, and eggs over whose advent distant fowls were still clucking; ham in frizzling rashers which filled the whole room with fragrance, and bread which had been kneaded and baked under Mrs. Mathewes' own sharp eyes, and like that good housewife, it was crusty on the outside, but sweetness itself within.

"I hope you'll bring back better news of Miss Maud," said Daisy, as she poured out the tea.

"I hope so, indeed. It is very sad to think that one so young should suffer so much."

"Why do people always connect youth with happiness, Silas?" asked Daisy, with something that sounded like a sigh.

"Are you not happy, Daisy?" And Silas looked up with some surprise.

"Oh, yes, of course, I'm happy enough; what have I got to make me otherwise when everybody is so kind to me? I should be a most wicked and ungrateful girl if I was not happy. I wasn't speaking of myself, but I fancy that sorrow, like death, visits the young as well as the old, with a cruel impartiality."

"Daisy, Daisy, what are you talking about? You're as solemn this morning as old Doctor Doldrum. Ah, that's right! I like to hear you laugh; it does me good, and makes me forget half my cares."

"I wish you hadn't any cares, Silas."

"I'm afraid it's no good wishing. Wishing won't churn the butter nor make the cheese, as Feemy says. I must take life as I find it; and so long as such pretty little creatures as yourself gather plenty of roses, I shan't complain if I have to tread on some thorns."

There was a short silence after this, Silas eating slowly, and as one whose "thought was otherwhere," Daisy watching him as she nibbled at some of the cresses, which, "for company's sake," she had taken on her plate.

"Do you think, Silas, there is any danger that Miss Maud may die?"

He started, for the words came like an echo to his own thoughts, and a pang of pain shot through his heart.

His face flushed crimson, and then became deadly pale, while the look in his eyes was one of haggard fear.

His hand, usually steady as a rock, trembled violently, and he put down the cup he was raising to his lips, the contents untasted.

"Die!" he whispered, more as speaking to his thought than answering Daisy. "Die! that would be terrible, indeed, when a few words might save her! Die! Dark, dark, unutterably dark must be the future of the man who has such a murder laid at his door."

"Murder! What do you mean, Silas?"

And poor little Daisy, almost frightened out of her senses, for Silas had pushed back his chair and risen from the table, laid her hand upon his arm.

He looked at her as hearing, but not seeing her.

She repeated her question.

"Murder! what do you mean, Silas?"

Now the words came distinctly to his ears, and by one of those efforts of will which few could use upon occasion more effectually than Silas, he not only recovered his composure, but smiled, as he replied, "You silly child, looking at me with that frightened face, as if you thought I was going to commit a murder myself. You startled me with your abrupt question, just as I was thinking how fortunate it was that Doctor Cameron had charge of this case, instead of the pompous old idiot, Doctor Doldrum, who treats everybody according to a system—his system—which is a very bad one. Though I've no right to say that either, for he has performed some cures in his time, has Doctor Doldrum; always, be it understood, with Dame Nature as his chief medical assistant. Come, I mustn't leave you with a grave look upon your pleasant face, Daisy, which was only made for smiles and sunshine."

Then, buckling onto his shoulders the tin case, and taking into his right hand his iron-tipped staff, Silas Goodeve departed for Gatford.

Daisy stood at the cottage door, and watched him as he strode away, often looking back to wave his hat or kiss his hand. Then, when he had passed out of sight, she brushed away, almost angrily, some tears which had risen to her eyes.

"What a fool I am!" she said. "Silas cares no more for me than one cares for a cat or dog, who one has got used to from seeing them grow up under the same roof. But he loves her—loves her with all his heart. So great a lady, too! No wonder he is sad; though, if I were the greatest lady in all the world, I would wish no other love than his."

The shrill falsetto of Mrs. Bessie Mathewes was now heard within the cottage, responded to by the deep bass of Euphemia Griskin.

It was evident that the entire household was awakened, and the labors of the day begun.

Smiles and sunshine indeed! Daisy was out of temper the whole day, and so, consequently, was Mrs. Mathewes, who never stopped rating Feemy Griskin; and that buxom serving wench never being slow to reply, everything went utterly wrong.

"It is love, love, love," says the old song, "that makes the world go round;" and "it is love, love, love," say we, that too often makes it go round the wrong way, turning everything in the shape of man and woman completely topsy turvy.

(To be continued.)

Must Have Had Experience.

When Dr. Thompson, a distinguished Scotch clergyman, was minister of Markinch, he happened to preach from the text, "Look not upon the wine when it is red in the cup," from which he made a most eloquent and impressive discourse against drunkenness, stating its evil effects on the heart, head and purse. Several of his observations were leveled at two cronies with whom he was well acquainted who frequently poured out libations to the rosy god. At the dismissal of the congregation the two friends met, the doctor being close behind them.

"Did you hear, Johnnie?" quoth the one.

"Did I hear't? Wha' didna hear't? I ne'er winked an e'e the haill sermon."

"A weel, an what thought ye o't?"

"Adeed, Davie, I think he has been a lad in his day, or he couldna sea weel about it. Ah, he's been a slee hand, the' meenister."

Her Explanation.

"Your honor," said the lawyer, "my client acknowledges that she struck the book agent with a piece of gas pipe, but she pleads that it was a case of mistaken identity."

"How's that?" asked the judge.

"Well, she thought it was her husband."

Had Smoked Some.

First Citizen—He has spent a good deal of money laying pipes for this office.

Second Citizen—Too much for pipes and too little for cigars, I fancy.—Detroit Journal.

Shades of Feeling.

"So Dobbs convinced you by his arguments, eh?"

"I don't know whether I was convinced or whether he wore me out."—Chicago Record.

OBEYED INSTRUCTIONS.

Why the Field Looked as Though Mowed by Lightning.

There's a farmer up in Oxford county by the name of Braster. Braster is a good enough fellow to work for, but he's a bit cranky at times, and one of the things he is down on is a hired man "thet's alluz stickin his nose in where it ain't wanted."

One summer he let a man go because he was too blamed interested in the why and wherefore of things he was asked to do. The next day a stranger came along and said he was looking for work. He was a good, husky looking chap, and Braster was pleased with his appearance, but he wasn't going to take any chances and get caught as he had the last time.

"Kin ye do what ye're told without askin any durn fool questions?" he queried, peering out at the fellow from under his bushy eyebrows.

The fellow allowed that he could do that to the queen's taste, and they struck up a trade.

"Well," said Braster, after the agreement was reached, "take thet air scythe an foller me down to the field, an I'll show ye what I want done."

They went down to the field, and Braster gave his orders.

"Ye mow that field, an don't ye ask any fool questions. I tell ye to mow it, an thet's all there is to it. Ye pull off your coat an pitch right in. I'm goin up to the house an leave ye."

The fellow pulled off his blouse and got a grip on the scythe. "Any particular way ye want it mowed?" he said as he poised himself to start.

"Thar ye go," snorted Braster testily, "thar ye go, askin questions the fust thing. Didn't I tell ye I wanted ye to mow thet field without askin any questions? Can't ye hear, or are ye deaf? Ye see thet yaller dog out by the fence on t'other side of the field? Well, ye mow right fer him, an don't ye let me hear another yip out of ye."

With that Braster stalked off to the house swearing softly to himself about the ways of hired men.

At the end of about three hours he went back to see how the new man was getting along. When he got to the field, he saw the most extraordinary sight that a man ever saw in a moving field. There were cleanly mowed paths all through the standing grass, some of them fairly straight, others that looked like the reverse curves of a railroad going through mountains and others that resembled the path a fellow makes when he has been looking on the cup that cheers and also inebriates. He looked at it in speechless wrath for several minutes, and then he hollered at the top of his voice to the new man who was circling over the back part of the piece.

"Come here, ye crazy galoot!" he yelled.

The fellow came and leaned on his sneth, calmly waiting for the storm to begin.

"What in the name of the seven hot ovens of h—l an all the devils thet tend the fires do ye reckon ye've been doin, gallopin over thet field like a loonatic?" he sputtered.

"What you told me to," answered the new man, steady as a clock. "I'm one of them 'message to Garcia' fellers. Ye told me to mow fer thet yaller dog an not ask enny durn fool questions. An I done it. The goldurned dog didn't stay still. Thet's all."

A Kansas Man's Experience.

This story is told by an Atchison man who made a trip in the west: One night after going to bed, he was disturbed by a lot of noisy men in a saloon across the street from the hotel. The drunken men became noisier toward midnight, and the Atchison man, being unable to sleep, got out of bed and resolved to "do something." He resolved to call the clerk and have the drunken men arrested and sent to the police station in the patrol wagon.

So he went down stairs to complain and found the clerk trembling. "Sh!" the clerk said, "there is only one officer in town, and he is drunk with the party. Quick Shot Harned and Bruiser Bill and seven other of the worst men in the territory are in the party. You will be fortunate if they do not attack the hotel and make the guests dance in their nightclothes." The Atchison man crept back to bed meekly and shivered and shook until the drunken men had disappeared with a lot of whoops and pistol shots.

Hypnotizing the Will.

Charles Godfrey Leland in his book gives a hint that brain workers generally may profit by. Taking the familiar fact that if one lies down to sleep determined to get up, say, at 6 o'clock, he will probably awake at that hour, Mr. Leland has carried the idea further and made a practical application of it in will suggestion. In other words, Mr. Leland affirms, backed by his own experience, that if one on lying down to sleep at night will resolutely fix in his mind what he will do the next day he will be greatly aided in the doing of it. The will is hypnotized, so to speak, and proceeds to act upon the suggestion. Mr. Leland even asserts a man can cure himself of the habit of profanity, of intemperance and can to a remarkable degree even control fatigue, hunger and thirst. If all that Mr. Leland claims for his method be true, he has lighted upon a wonderful aid in directing the will and energies of man.—Argonaut.

Good Veal.

Veal is good only from the time the calf is 4 weeks old till it begins to eat solid food—in fact, only while it is strictly "milk veal." As soon as solid food is taken the tissue becomes stringy and tough. Milk veal may be recognized by its color, a pinkish gray. If it is of a bluish texture, it is too young to be wholesome. Another way to judge the age of veal is by the size of its bones and of the various cuts. One soon learns just what size the parts or bones of a 6-week-old calf ought to be.—Ella Morris Kretschmar in Woman's Home Companion.

A TIP FOR THE JOKERS.

Curious Man Wants to Know About Mingling of Languages.

"It's a funny thing," said the man with the bad cigar, who had been reading day before yesterday's paper.

"What's that?" asked the young man with the phenomenally short coat.

"Why, the way these fellows that write jokes for newspapers get things tangled up," replied the first speaker.

"How is that?" asked the long legged young man.

"Why, look here," continued the man with the bad cigar warmly. "Did you ever read a Dutch joke in the papers where two Germans are supposed to be talking to each other?"

"Sure I did," said the tall young man, yawning languidly.

"Well, did you ever notice that every time the guy that wrote the joke has them jabbering at each other in broken English? What do you think of this?" He picked up the paper again and after hunting a few moments read as follows:

"Leberwurst—Heinrich, vy iss it ven you bock beer drink yet that you vant to yump alretty?

"Schwarzkoppen—Mayple it iss vonce because die beer is mit hops filled up. No?

"Now, that's a good thing, isn't it?" went on the man with the bad cigar. "If those two Germans wanted to talk to each other, do you suppose they would amble around in broken English? No; they would spiel it out in German that they both understand. Suppose you and I were in Germany for a visit and I wanted to tell you about some sight I had seen, would I try to tell you in bum German that neither of us could speak or would I talk English? They make me tired."

"But that would spoil the joke," protested the tall young man.

"Huh!" snorted the other. "Some things are too bad to spoil."

And then the incident was considered closed.

A UNIQUE STATE.

Texas Has Paid Allegiance to the Flags of Six Nations.

Scarcely another state in the union has as remarkable and interesting a history as Texas. In one respect at least it occupies a unique position in the history of American states. Since its discovery six different governments have at different times claimed its allegiance, and as many different flags have waved over it, those of France, Spain, Mexico, independent Texas, the United States and the Confederate states.

The foundations of Texas statehood were not laid as a British colony, nor under the grant or control of the British crown, as were those of the original thirteen states. Its first settlement dates back more than 200 years, and its first American colonists went there under terms and conditions imposed by a foreign state, to whose language, laws and institutions they were total strangers. There never was, there never could be, any sympathy between these first American colonists and the Mexican government under the old regime. Separated by vast wildernesses from the people of the United States, and unaided save by the individual efforts of sympathizing brethren therein, these colonists declared their independence, established it with the sword, and for nine years maintained a stable republic.

Texas was neither purchased nor conquered for the union. Annexation to the United States was accomplished through a treaty made by Texas representatives and ratified by the free suffrage of the citizens. No other state in the Union has had such varied experience or sailed through such stormy seas into the haven of peace and prosperity.

HERDERS OF THE WEST.

How the Riotous Cowboy Compares With the Lonely Sheep Herder.

"In the character of the men who care for the herds and flocks can be found an interesting subject for study," says Captain J. H. McClintock in Ainslee's. "The cowboy, if he be the genuine article, is a man who daily does feats on the range that would win applause at a wild west show. In his chase after the fleet, unbranded yearling he is compelled to ride at headlong speed over country that a fox hunter would consider sure death. Danger confronts him in varied form, and no man can be an efficient cow puncher who hasn't in him the spirit of recklessness.

"The writer once witnessed a stampede of wild cattle at midnight. A great herd was being held in a canyon of the Mazatzal mountains. The night was as dark as it is possible for night to be. A coyote's bark started the nervous animals to their feet, and they were off. The two riding guards on watch howled for help. Their sleeping comrades were up in a twinkling. Each seized a horse at the picket line and mounted without saddle, stopping only to twist a loop of his riata about the pony's nose. Barely a dozen seconds had passed before the campfire was deserted. The cowboys were plunging in the dark after the fleeing cattle, through a wild, rocky, unknown district filled with mesquite and cactus, cut up by dangerous arroyos and canyons. By noon of the succeeding day the drive was resumed. A half dozen steers had been left behind, lamed or dead in the gulches, while a few of the horses in the 'wrangler's bunch' in the lead were skinned and limping. But the cowboys, their clothing in rags from the thorny midnight ride, merely joked on their mutual appearance and solaced their weariness with tobacco and with endless song.

"As a rule the cowboy is an American. In the plateau region he may hail from anywhere, but usually comes either from California or from Texas. But they all fraternize, making issue only over the liking of the Californian for a saddle with a 'single barreled rig,' which is a saddle with a single girth. The Texan despises anything but a double cinched saddle, though usually he does not tighten the second girth.

"The sheep herder has a distinctly lower social place. As a rule, he is a foreigner, the few Americans employed being in positions of unusual trust. Most of the herders appear to be Mexicans or Frenchmen. It is said that Basques are the best and most careful shepherds. They come from northern Spain, many of them especially for this employment. Their wages are not bad, being usually even higher than the pay of cowboys or farmhands, but the nervous American cannot stand the life. The everlasting 'baa' drives him mad. He cannot endure the monotony and the necessary separation from humanity, with only a dog for company for months at a stretch. And the diet, mainly tea and mutton, is too simple for his luxurious palate.

"It is a fact that sheep herding furnishes a greater number of inmates for western insane asylums than does any other occupation. The shepherd, like the cowboy, is gradually assimilated to his surroundings and naturally acquires much of the nature of his charges. To his credit it must be said that he is rarely unfaithful to the interests of his flock and its owner. There is nothing poetical about him, but he will risk his life for the safety of a lamb and will doggedly search all night if there be a stray. He is a much quieter fellow than the cowboy, even in his cups, when the wool has been clipped and the hands are in town for a little fling. He has no wild yearning for idly shooting holes in the firmament. He is happiest on a sunny hillside, lying at ease where he may overlook his flock and hear the ceaseless voicing of its lamentation."

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.

DISEASES OF THE BRAIN AND NERVES

Lead to Melancholia, Prostration, Exhaustion, Insanity or Paralysis—Dr. Chase's Nerve Food (Pills) Prevents These Dreadful Results.

As the heart sends out the blood to nourish and sustain the body, so does the brain transmit through the nerve fibres the nerve force, or energy, which directly controls the movements, the functions and the very life of each and every organ.

The body of man can be influenced in health or disease only through the medium of two channels—the blood and the nerves; and it is through these channels that Dr. Chase's Nerve Food (pills) has such a marvellous power in uprooting disease and re-vitalizing the wasted tissues.

The feeble cells are aroused to new vigor, and new life and energy is instilled into them by using this great blood builder and nerve restorative, Dr. Chase's Nerve Food (pills)

Headache, loss of memory, tired brain, and inability to concentrate the mind are symptoms of diseased brain. Lack of nerve force to control the digestive system leads to indigestion, nervous dyspepsia, and irregular action of the kidneys, liver and bowels, nervousness, sleeplessness, and irritability are other indications of a breaking down nervous system.

No diseases are so difficult to cure as are those of the nervous system, and though Dr. Chase's Nerve Food (pills) is the most successful treatment ever prescribed, it takes time and regular and persistent use to effect a thorough and lasting cure. Be patient and the gradual upbuilding effect of this wonderful nerve restorative will make you strong and well.

Mr. Joseph Geroux, 22 Metcalf st., Ottawa, Ont., writes: "I was nervous, had headache and brain fag. I was restless at night and could not sleep. My appetite was poor, and I suffered from nervous dyspepsia. Little business cares worried and irritated me. After having used Dr. Chase's Nerve Food for about two months, I can frankly say that I feel like a new man.

"My appetite is good, I rest and sleep well, and this treatment has strengthened me wonderfully. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food (pills) are certainly the best I ever used, and I say so because I want to give full credit where it is due.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food (pills) 50 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto. Imitators do not dare to reproduce the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, which are found on every box of the genuine.

NECTAR.

In a golden bowl I brew
Leaf of rose and violet dew,
And the essences of things
Natal to Pierian springs—
(Bird song, brook song, breeze a-blow),
Sweets that in dream gardens grow;
Spray that leaped the harbor bar
Amorous of the twilight star;
Bubbles of delight that float
From a seraph's liquid note;
Bloom from joy's low bending bough,
Cupid, drop a kiss—and now,
Sweetheart, here's a health to thee;
Drink the draft, sweetheart, with me!

—Clarence Urmy in East and West.

Fenton's Disillusion.

Fenton was not exactly a sentimentalist, else in two months he would have had time to forget. He was, indeed, rather a slow man, who took life more as a matter for calculation than as a series of startling and unsolvable problems. But in one matter his faculty of calculation had played him false—he had fallen in love, and the woman whom he loved had married another man.

Two months' consideration and introspection did not make the matter clearer to him. He was an idle man, and this constant dwelling on the affair began to tell upon his nerves. His instinct for placid enjoyment deserted him, and he moved among his old associates in a self abstraction that made them nudge each other. This annoyed him, and one day, sitting solitary in his room, he decided to go abroad and escape from it. He ran over in his mind all the places that were likely to suit his mood, and, with a folly that he recognized, but did not trouble to suppress, decided upon St. Winoc, a quiet, gray little place on the coast of Brittany. It was there a couple of years before he had come to the conclusion that he was in love with Kitty Densmore. She, by some happy accident, had found her way from Trouville to St. Winoc, and had persuaded her father to make a lengthened stay there. Fenton delayed his going also, and together they spent some particularly pleasant and growingly confidential weeks. But it never got beyond that, and perhaps Kitty was a little piqued.

As he stepped out upon the square, of which the Hotel du Centre formed one side, the light was just beginning to fade. The church reared itself darkly against a glowing sky. As he skirted its northern wall a breath of salt wind blew across his face, and instantly the spirit of his last visit returned to him. The folly of this struck him so definitely that he laughed, and with the sound of his own voice there came an unpleasant sense of solitude. He quickened his pace, and, mounting an abrupt and narrow pathway, emerged upon a great stretch of level ground, which, half a mile beyond, sheered down and joined the ragged line of coast. Here he paused, letting his gaze range from east to west along the changing distance of the horizon. The sound of breaking surf reached him like the noise of wind in pine trees. As he moved forward again he seemed utterly alone.

Quite suddenly, however, he was aware of a figure that grew out of the dusk like a darker, moving shadow, and almost at the same time the wind brought him the stir of footsteps. He stopped and listened intently. As I have said, Fenton was not a sentimentalist, but his truth of instinct told him instantly that it was Kitty's step. She also was alone. The circumstances were so singular that he accepted them without a mental protest. He had neither anticipated nor desired a meeting; but, since the fates so clearly willed it, he would not turn back. Each was conscious of the presence of the other, so that, when they met, any expression of surprise on either side would have helped to make the position false. Fenton was thankful for the darkness, not for his own sake, but for hers. He had not time to strike out any definite plan before he was adrift upon the inevitable tide of circumstance.

"I did not expect to find you here, Mrs. Corwen," he said.

"Nor I you. Have you been here long?"

"I suppose for about two hours. And you?"

"We came last night," she said. He had turned in her direction, and they were walking slowly, side by side, down the path up which he had come. He could not see her face clearly, but there was something in her voice that made him jump to the conclusion that she was not quite happy. A dangerous desire to protect her from some indefinite sorrow sprang up in Fenton's heart. Such resentment as he had felt against her was resolved in the first conjecture of her unhappiness.

"Where are you staying?" he asked.

"At the Hotel de l'Univers, by the Plage."

"And why in that great, new, hideous place?"

"Frank preferred it," she said.

"Oh!" said Fenton. "Then you are going in exactly the wrong direction. Hadn't we better turn back?"

"I'm in no hurry to get back," she said. "Frank is resting. He knows I'm fond of lonely walks."

"Perhaps you would rather that I left you?"

"No," she said; "I'm glad I met you; I'm glad you are here. Why did you come?"

"I did not know that you were here."

"Of course not. How could you? I persuaded Frank to bring me to St. Winoc quite on an impulse."

"Indeed? It is strange that we both had that impulse."

"Why strange?" asked Mrs. Corwen, with that note of sudden recklessness in her voice which makes a woman dangerous. "Why strange?" she repeated. "We were both happy here once. Why should we not choose to come again?"

"I came," said Fenton, moved for a moment beyond himself, "to escape from galling memories. It seems, rather, that I have succeeded in reviving them."

"What do you mean?" she asked, her voice grown soft again.

"I have no right to tell you now," he said. "It is certainly time that you returned. The evenings are chilly on this coast."

She turned beside him, and they climbed the steep path again. A light veil of mist, which was swayed curiously at intervals by gusts of wind, hung over the level. They quickened step and, after a silent walk of some ten minutes, reached the head of the sandy track leading down to the Hotel de l'Univers. There Fenton paused.

"Let me leave you here," he said.

"Will you come down and see Frank?" Mrs. Corwen said this with an indifference that offended Fenton. He had known Corwen, and, at least, the man was honest. He could not understand the obvious apathy with which his wife regarded him. Fenton wished to keep his memory of her from the slight of what seemed very like ingratitude.

"I shall be glad to see Corwen again," he said. "I will call tomorrow."

"I may see you again before you meet. I am always out quite early along the cliffs. My husband, as you may remember, sleeps well into the morning. He does not care for walking. Good night!"

Fenton held the ungloved hand she offered him for a moment. Standing thus close together and face to face, their eyes met openly for the first time. There was a challenge in hers that Fenton was sure she did not understand, but it moved him strangely nevertheless, and she was very beautiful.

"Good night," he said. "I shall see you tomorrow."

The sun had risen an hour, and the hill up which he set his face seemed like a black and solid shadow against the clear wash of gold in the east. At its summit was a great granite crucifix, facing northward, a sign to ships at sea and to men and women on land who toiled there through the changing seasons. As Fenton reached the spot a fresh wind blew across his face, charged with brine and autumn. He turned seaward and at the same moment saw the slim figure of Mrs. Corwen as she skirted the cliffs a quarter of a mile away. Her head was bent forward to meet the wind, so that he was unobserved. He repressed his first impulse, and instead of going to her he sat down to think. Again the process was entirely fruitless, and she was beside him before he realized the situation.

They greeted each other with a formality that struck Fenton as incongruous. He did not quite relish his position, yet the circumstances were agreeable enough.

"I expected to find you here," Mrs. Corwen said.

"Why?"

"It was always a favorite spot of yours."

"So you remember that?"

"Why should I forget?"

He looked at her closely. In that searching light he found no flaw in her beauty. Mrs. Corwen was alluring, as Kitty Densmore had been.

"I thought," he said, "you might have forgotten what had happened at that time."

"I forget nothing," she answered, "and least of all the time when I was happiest."

"And you are not happy now?" he asked. The question slipped from him before he saw to where it might lead; but, having asked it, he waited for a reply with an equanimity that surprised himself.

"I am not happy," she said, after a pause.

"I suppose," he said, "that you have found settling down in life a little prosaic. For myself I accepted the prose long ago."

"How long ago?"

"To be quite candid," he said, "it was not long ago, after all—say two months."

"And I," she said, "at the same time began to find the world narrower than I thought it was."

"I think," said Fenton, picking up a glove which she had let fall, "that we have both been very foolish." He drew the glove slowly through the fingers of his left hand as he watched her, and then, realizing where they stood, he moved away. He was not, as I have said, a sentimentalist, but of a sudden he felt insignificant and ashamed. He saw the woman who followed him for what she was—very weak, very petulant, very beautiful, so tender as to appeal with infinite persuasion to his strength, but so light of will as to be of less danger to him than to herself. When he turned to her again, his voice was lower, but it had taken a more certain and decisive tone. He did not wonder that he had ever loved her, but he knew that such love as remained was never to be spoken.

"We have been very foolish," he said, "because we have not accepted the position which we ourselves made. Even up to this morning my foolishness was alive; now it is over and dead." She moved away from him a little, with the simple instinct of a child. Then, as men will on such occasions, he fell into the terms of platitude: "Life is full of disappointment; one more or less between the beginning and the end can make small difference. If my advice is of any service, take it for what it is worth. Go back to your hotel, and, after breakfast, make my friend Corwen take you to Dinard. He will, you know, if you only ask him. I shall perhaps see you in town before Christmas."

She paused in her walk and looked at him, half pouting and a little afraid.

"Are you going away, then?" she asked.

"Yes," he said. "I shall go tomorrow morning by the first diligence. We shall probably not meet again here. Your road lies in that direction; mine in this. Good-by."

They shook hands in the casual way of chance acquaintances and parted. When Fenton reached the Hotel du Centre, he shut himself in his room and spent a day of peculiar and irritating inactivity. He did not suffer from any acute disquiet, but his life had temporarily ceased to interest him. He saw that he had been very near a precipice, but the feeling of safety did not fill up the gap which his disillusion left. He told himself again, as he had done four days before, that he was a fool. Perhaps the sincerity of this belief helped to hold him to his resolve.

The following morning, as his luggage was being carried out, he stood at the corner of the square from which the hill crowned with the crucifix was visible. It was deserted and bare, half shrouded in a thin veil of mist. The driver, in the hard, metallic voice of his kind, cried, "A voiture!" and Fenton took his place without another look behind.—Exchange.

A Sore Expression.

"No. 'Sweet girl graduate' is a sore expression for me."

"Why should it be?"

"The sweetest one of them I ever saw was my landlady's daughter. She used to collect the board bills. Temper! The late Mrs. Xantippe was an angel compared to her. And sarcasm! That girl's tongue would make a man want to hustle off somewhere and pawn his only suit of clothes. She never had any sympathy for a man. She'd have taken the very socks his mother knit him for board. And yet you never saw a sweeter high school graduate than she was. And what do you suppose the subject of her essay was?"

"Well, what?"

"'The Sweetness, Gentleness and Broad Charity of True Womanhood!'"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Jail Cure.

The late Sir John Bridge, the well known London magistrate, was fond of telling his friends of a curious letter he received not long before his retirement from Bow street. It ran:

"Sir—I am sorry to occupy your time, but I feel I must write to thank you for having locked up my wife for six months. My wife had often come before the court for drunkenness, but after being fined she was worse. You were kind enough to give her six months, and she came back to me a reclaimed woman and is now the best wife in England."

This letter was all the more valued by Sir John Bridge because he was ordinarily a lenient judge.

His Candid Admission.

"I suppose your constituents will be prepared to kill the fatted calf when you get home?" said the amiable friend.

"No," answered Senator Sorghum; "my constituents aren't violent people. Besides, they haven't got anything against the fatted calf. I'm the one they're after."—Washington Star.

When Ignorance Is Bliss.

Fudge—Do you believe in love at first sight?

Budge—Cert. It is then that neither party knows what kind of a person the other is. Why shouldn't they fall in love?—Boston Transcript.

Cyclone Humor.

Humor adds color to tragedy, says Rollin Lynde Hartt in The Atlantic. Michael Angelo Woolf understood this when he made his wretched tenement waifs so comical; Kipling understood it when he wrote "Danny Deever." The cyclone also understands it. That is why it picked up a locomotive and stood it on end in a garden, but left a rosebush in that garden uninjured by so much as a crumpled petal; that is why it twitched the water out of every well in town; that is why it gathered up half an acre of mud and plastered it all over the Methodist church; that is why it carried a baby a mile and deposited it unhurt in the crotch of a tree; that is why it plucked the feathers from a rooster and stuck them into an oak plank while the shivering fowl stared and wondered what next. This is the art of the storm; in the midst of the tempest see "Laughter holding both his sides."

So that was the work of a day in June!

Japanese Women.

In Japan the matrimonial condition of women is even more emphasized than in this country. The widow is not alone in wearing a distinguishing costume there. Special designs of dress proclaim maiden and wife as well. Their marketable value is also made constantly public, as the style of the costume changes with each added year.

The Effect of Cold.

It is observed by travelers in Siberia that the effect of constant cold is practically the same as the effect of constant heat. The people develop a disinclination to work and become strangers to ambition of any description.

Possible Reaction.

"Rhoda, dear, I wish you were not so old fashioned in your ways."

"I wouldn't mind it, ma. Old fashioned girls are going to be the fad again some day."—

Language and thought are inseparable. Words without thoughts are dead sounds; thoughts without words are nothing. To think is to speak low; to speak is to think aloud.—Max Muller.

The hide of a cow yields about 35 pounds of leather.

The Pole Is Too Isolated.

"Say," began the man who is always suggesting things, "why don't you write a joke about a man who asks another man about where would be a good place to buy ice, and the other man says, 'At the north pole?' Great, isn't it?"

"I am afraid that would be too far-fetched," replied the natural born humorist as he turned sadly to the construction of a bonmot about the poster eating goat.

A Good Artist.

Dauber—Mrs. Goodsole, I believe, remarked that she thought I was a very good artist.

Criteek—Yes. It seems she saw you in church last Sunday.

MARRIAGE.

Thou art my own, my darling and my wife,
And, when we pass into another life,
Still thou art mine. All this which now we see
Is but the childhood of eternity.
And thou and I, through trials and through tears
The joys and sorrows of our earthly years,
Are growing up into a single soul,
God's workmanship, a clear completed whole
Made out of twain. Our love is but begun;
Forever and forever we are one.

—Spectator.

THOROUGHFARE GAP

BY M. QUAD.

Copyright, 1900, by C. B. Lewis.

Lee was moving to invade Maryland and Pennsylvania. The mountains hid his marching columns from sight of the Federals, and at every gap in the Blue Ridge he left a force with instructions to hold out to the last and give him all the time possible to reach and cross the Potomac. It was the aim of the Federals to break through at some point and penetrate his movement, and there was fighting on every mountain trail and at the mouth of every mountain gap. The major general had said to the brigadier ordered to proceed to Thoroughfare gap:

"I do not know how many Confederates are holding that gap, but be the number 500 or 10,000 you must break through. That is the order—break through. If only one man of your command is left alive, he will bring us the news we want."

And the major general on the Confederate side had said to the brigadier:

"You will detach one regiment of your command to hold Thoroughfare gap. It must be held against the Federals for three days. We can spare only a single regiment. If there is but one man left alive at the end of that time, he will follow on and overtake us."

A narrow wagon road, twisting and turning between walls from 20 to 100 feet high, with alternate spots of sunshine and gloom—that was Thoroughfare gap. As the skeleton regiment of 600 Confederates entered it and pressed forward to its western mouth, its ruggedness and gloomy solemnity brought a feeling of awe. It reminded them of a tomb, and they shuddered to think of dying in the semidarkness. Two fieldpieces rolled along with the regiment of infantry, and the jar of the heavy wheels loosened a stone now and then to come clattering down from far above. When a blue brigade came clattering up, it was to find the 600 in possession and the position one which the dullest private must see was well nigh impregnable. Every hour was worth a thousand lives to the Federal army, and the Federal brigadier lost no time in beginning the attack. In the open he would have gobbled up that skeleton regiment at a dash. Behind a rocky wall hastily thrown up, with no way to get at the enemy except in front, his surplus of men did not count. At the sound of the bugles they dashed forward with cheers, but not a man got within five rods of the wall. Grape and canister and bullets tore the lines to pieces. It was tried again and again. The orders were to break through the gap. A thousand dead and wounded would be a cheap price for the information to be had at the other end. Artillery was brought forward to batter down the wall, but it could not be placed to advantage. The pieces had only been fired once when their crews lay dead or wounded and the carriages were shattered. The Federal brigadier rode back and forth and stormed and swore and almost wept.

"Whether 500 or 10,000, you must break through!" were the orders, and if he failed to carry them out his career as a soldier was at an end. An army of 200,000 men was waiting to checkmate Lee. A whole nation was waiting to hear the splash of Confederate feet in the waters of the Potomac. The men in blue could hardly form company in the mouth of that defile. A charge against the wall meant death to every other man, but they formed up and charged and cheered and—died. After half a day of bloody fighting the Federal brigadier rested. He was still bleeding from a wound when he opened a dispatch and read:

"You have one of the best brigades in the corps, and it is certain you are opposed by only a handful of Confederates. By 9 o'clock in the morning you must have authentic news of Lee."

The brigadier had sacrificed 600 men that day, and he could not believe the Confederate loss to be over 50. There was but one way to reach them on the morrow—over that stone wall. He would drive them or die with the last man. There was no jollity in the Federal camp that night. Men will sing or joke as they swing into battle line in the open, but these men peered into the darkness of the gap and thought of the dead in front of the stone wall and spoke to each other in whispers. It was a brave sight to see them swing into line as the sun gilded the tree tops. Every face had its pallor, and every eye looked into the midst of death, but there was no lagging or faltering. You saw them tightening their belts and setting their jaws as they waited, and you held your breath for the signal which was to send them to death.

On the other side of the stone wall there was no exultation. The dead and the wounded were comparatively few, but every hour would add to the number, and only one day of the three had passed. The colonel knew what was coming and prepared for it. When the blue lines, ten deep, came dashing forward, they met with such a hail of iron and lead that the first three or four were blotted off the face of the earth. Then, under the smoke cloud, some of them wounded and all desperate, the other lines crept forward, and the wall was reached. It was a hand to hand fight now, and every man was a devil, and after a quarter of an hour of bloody fighting the Federals held the position. The dead lay three deep below the wall, but the living stood upon its crest and cheered and cheered again. But the cheering soon died away in growls and oaths. A quarter of a mile above, at a bend of the ravine, there was another stone wall, and the Confederates had simply withdrawn to the new position. They had lost 150 men, but the Federal brigade was no longer a brigade. It lacked a full regiment. That night the brigadier had another wound, and again there were orders from the major general:

"We must have news of Lee at every hazard. Unless you break through at once your resignation will be accepted."

A dark and narrow ravine, up which only eight men abreast could make their way at once; at the turn a stone wall, defended by two guns; behind the guns the muskets of the infantry. "You must break through," repeated the brigadier over and over again. He knew that he could not do it. He knew that the best he could do was to pile up more dead in the dark ravine. When morning came, he stood on a knoll and looked down upon the sun bronzed and waiting veterans, and it was like a knife in his heart to give the order to attack. A single bugle call, and the column dashed forward. There was never a cheer nor a shout. Men who feel that they are going to certain death do not cheer. They draw a long breath, choke back the gasp in the throat and rush forward with heads down. In ten minutes it was all over. The wall had been reached and fought over, but it could not be held. As the last few living Federals came limping back the brigadier sat down and wept. Orders, orders, orders! And yet he felt himself a murderer. More Confederates had fallen, but the force was yet strong enough to hold the gap. If he could not carry it, he would be disgraced. Like the brave man he was, he took the one way out of it. At high noon the column was formed again, and the brigadier put himself at the head of it. Officers groaned and privates murmured to see him there, but he was firm. He led in the dark—he was the first to reach the wall—he mounted it and cheered his men in the fight which won it. But when it was won he lay among the dead, and the Confederates retired less than half a mile to a third wall. Two days had passed, and yet the Federals had not broken through. Then another brigade came marching up, and there was another brigadier to take command. He saw the situation as the dead general had seen it, but he had less feeling. Column after column was formed up and dashed against that third wall and driven back, but in the end he won. It was 20 lives for one every time, but under his orders he could have doubled the sacrifice.

At dusk on the evening of the third day the last Confederate infantryman had passed the gap on his way to the Potomac, and the head of the column was in Pennsylvania. Lee had played his card and won. Not a gap had been carried, and the news of his whereabouts had come from other sources. There was a last stone wall in Thoroughfare gap. Behind it 100 Confederates crouched and waited. Their two fieldpieces were useless for the want of ammunition, and their muskets were alone to be depended on. As the sinking sun filled the ravine with deeper gloom 500 Federals made a last charge. They had to tread the dead under foot to do it. That was the fourth charge of the day, and it was checked as the others had been. It simply meant more dead and wounded to choke that narrow way. Hundreds had been dragged out, but hundreds still remained. When night came down, 50 men with powder stained faces, who had scarcely broken their fast or closed their eyes for 70 hours, silently marched out of the gap and headed for the north in the wake of the invading army. There was no colonel, no captains, no lieutenants. A sergeant commanded the remnant, and his command was:

"Out of h—ll and into Pennsylvania—forward—march!"

And when the long night had passed and daylight come again the Federals found the stone wall undefended and clambered over it and ran to the mouth of the gap to shout to each other:

"Lee has passed, and we are too late!"

Probably He Had Soulful Eyes.

Don't be afraid of a schoolteacher. A young man called on an Atchison schoolteacher and in explaining some previous neglect said, "If I'd 'a' knowed you wanted to went, I'd 'a' came and took you." And she married him in spite of it.

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.

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.

Courtenay is flooded. The river being very high.

As if they had decided to take a rest while the rain did their work, the waterpipes bucked on Sunday Stevens did some doctoring by the dam site and fixed things up

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

Another trick of the storm fiend was to blow down two large trees on the approach to the fine truss bridge over the Tsable river, crushing down about 40 feet of it.

Mrs. Woodhus has purchased the stock in trade of D. Anthony, who goes to take over the Courtenay House. Mrs. Woodhus will keep a full stock of candies, fruit, tobacco and nic naes.

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

A meeting of some of the property owners was held last Thursday to protest against the isolation hospital being built so close to the residences. We understand the site has been changed to one further away. This is right.

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

TELEGRAPHIC MENTION.

London, Dec. 10—No trace has been found of the thieves who on Saturday last stole several relics of Lord Nelson, including his watch and many of his medals from, from Greenwich hospital. The belief in Greenwich is that that the depredators were French, owing to the alleged discovery of a letter in broken English left behind, in which the writer promised to return and carry off a French flag which is among the relics.

The vandals abstracted almost everything portable. Even the gold hilts of the swords were wrenched from the blades, and the gold and jewels were stripped from the scabbards. They also broke Nelson's sword of honor.

London, Dec. 14—The Daily Express publishes a rumor of a serious disaster to the British arms. According to this report the Boers attacked the camp of Gen. Clements in Barberton district, capturing the camp and killing a number of British officers, and taking prisoners all the British troops, including four companies of the Numberland Fusiliers. The story is not confirmed in any quarter, and is not generally believed.

Admiral Bickford arrived in Victoria on 19th inst.

Gold in paying qualities is said to have been found on Fourth of July creek, near Nelson, Wash., close to the line.

U. S. Senate has amended Hay-Pauncefote treaty so as to authorize U. S. to fortify Nicaragua canal. England will probably make a strong protest.

Victoria endeavors to suppress gambling. The NEWS has long called attention to the fact that certain resorts there were run in a notoriously open manner.

It is on the cards to have telephone communication between Nanaimo and the Capital.

There are rumors that H. M. S. Pheasant has been lost at sea. Not credited by naval authorities.

Upon the objection of Reeves, of Illinois, Speaker Henderson caused the British flag to be covered in the House of Representatives in Washington, which had been decorated with flags for the occasion. Great backbone has Henderson!

Among the passengers who are expected to arrive in Victoria by the steamer Amur from Skagway on Monday are P. Scharschmidt and H. M. Price, two of the principals of the Gleaner Mine Company. According to letters received, the two Victorians will bring down half a ton of ore, which is expected to yield $12,000 in gold, at least Mr. Scharschmidt has $200 to say so. He has made a bet to that effect at Skagway. When the Danube sailed, H. M. Price and Mr. Scharschmidt were on their way back over the ice from the mine with more ore, and they expect to bring down on the Amur 1,000 tons of the rich ore, which they claim will yield them $24,000 to the ton.

London, Dec. 13.—The following British Columbians of the first contingent sailed for Canada to-day: Anderton, Cornwall, Court, Brethour, Smethurst, Fifth Regiment; Mosscrop, Allan, Bonner, Corbould, Leamy, Livingston, Lohman, McCalment, Niebergall, O'Brien, Sinclair, Smith, W. Wallace, G. Wallace, of the 6th Rifles; McHarg, Kossland Rifles; Dickson and Hicks, Kaslo Rifles. Private Walters, of the Fifth and Moodie, of Kaslo, have taken their discharges in England.

GREAT REDUCTION SALE

—OF—

Toys, rocking horses, magic lanterns, dolls, etc.

Our stock of Toys and Xmas Goods is growing smaller every day and to make a clean sweep of them and insure rapid selling in these lines this week we put them on sale from now to Xmas at reduced prices. You will find them arranged in separate lots. "Your choice of any in the lot at one price."

Remember we do not carry goods over from one season to another.

Furs

What is more appropriate for a Xmas present than a nice Fur. These are included in the lines of goods at reduced prices.

200 Pictures

These are something out of the ordinary and are ornaments to any room.

They are going at 10c each

Ladies' Handkerchiefs

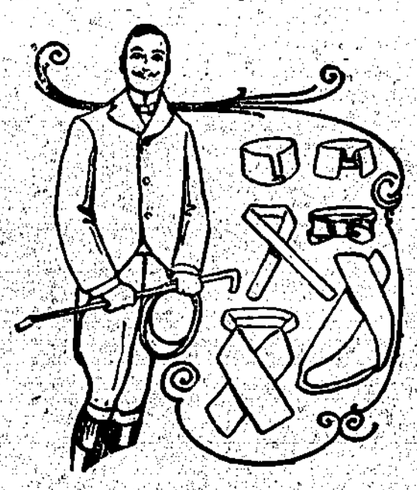
This is a line in which we excell both in quality and assortment and are prepared for the Xmas trade in these lines. Ask to see them.

Gent's Fancy Slippers

Fancy embroidered plush slippers.....$1.50 per pair

Morocco and patent leather..$1.

Gent's Furnishings



Do you want a tie?

Do you want a nobby, up to date tie? If so just step in and take a look through our new Xmas stock.

White Spreads

We have just to hand another supply of those large white spreads at.....$1.00 each

Men's Rubber Boots

AT CUT PRICES

Our stock of men's snag rubber boots is rapidly going down. The Price tells the reason. We may have your size left. Don't wait until it is gone

Lace Curtains

From $1. a pair up

Rugs and Squares

in a variety of patterns and colorings.

Children's White Ruffs

From 25c up

Stevenson & Co. CUMBERLAND

Columbia Flouring Mills Company.

ENDERBY, B. C.

HUNGARIAN,
THREE STAR,
WHEATLETS, 10-10's
STRONG BAKERS.

R.P.Rithet & Co.,

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Agents, - Victoria, B.C.

WE WANT YOUR HOLIDAY TRADE.

Our stock of Musical Instruments and other Xmas Gifts will will warrant our request. Come and see for yourself.

A Present Given Away with every $1.00 Purchase

Our Motto:—HONEST GOODS AT HONEST PRICES.

A choice selection of Books. Over 200 Novels to select from.

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CUMBERLAND. CHAS SEGRAVE, Agent.

A Genuine Clearance Sale at Reduced Prices.

10 per cent. Cash Discount (for 10 days only) commencing Dec. 20th. Late delivery compels us to sacrifice all our Winter Stock of:—Wrappers, Flanneletts, Uunderwear, Ribbons, Gloves, Dress Goods, etc. As we do not intend carrying over any Xmas goods we include them in our 10 per cent. Cash Sale. Also GENT'S UNDERWEAR, HATS, SHIRTS, TIES, COLLARS, ETC.

OUR GROCERY STOCK includes all the choicest Xmas Goods, Plum Pudding, Layer Raisins, Mince Meat, Cranberries

ASSORTED SOUPS, 15 cents per tin.

We are receiving this week ½ ton nuts. Candy in abundance.

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.

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