THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

SEVENTH YEAR. CUMBERLAND, B. C. SATURDAY, DEC. 30th, 1899.

WE HAVE NICE SERVICABLE GOODS of all kinds for

Christmas Presents..

Fancy Dry Goods of all Kinds.

Furs, Shoes: Slippers, Men's Ties, Gloves. Handkerchiefs, Silver, China and Glassware, Easy Chairs, Lounges, and all kiuds of Wicker and Rattan Goods, and iu fact we have a complete and handsome stock of Furniture.

Wishing one and all a

Very Merry Christmas.

Simon Leiser, Union.

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.

Gus Hauck

30 Day's Sale

Commencing December 16th. All goods marked in plain figures—the regular and sale prices—100 dress pieces in blacks and colors, commencing from $1.50 up to $6.00 the length.

Gloves Ladies fur topped, wool lined, at $1.00 and $1.25. Only a few pairs left.

100 Dozen Handkerchiefs.

Hem stitched lawn, embroidered and fancy silk. An immense assortment to select from.

FLANNELETTE NIGHT DRESSES AND BLOUSES AT REDUCED PRICES.

TABLE COVERS, CHENILLE TAPESTRY, & EMBROIDERED FELT FROM ONE DOLLAR EACH.

REMNANTS OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.

Our Grocery Department is replete with nice things for Xmas, Dates, Figs, Oranges, Nuts, Cakes, etc. AN INSPECTION INVITED.

Gus Hauck, Cumberland.

WEILER BROS.

MANUFACTURER OF FURNITURE.

The Ladies Admire

our beautiful new Reed and Upholstered Chairs, Rackers and Settees. Most appropriate for useful Holiday Gifts, we have them from $3.50 upwards. The largest variety of pretty Dinner Sets we ever imported, real nice ones from $9.00 up. FINE CHINA; SILVERWARE, CUTLERY, ETC., in endless variety.

WEILER BROS.

Complete Furnishers, VICTORIA, B. C.

CLOSED FOR THE HOLIDAYS

Presentations to Popular Teachers.

The closing of Union School took place last Friday. Quite a number of citizens visited the different classes and were very favorably impressed with the general standing of the pupils.

Principal Bennett and Vice-principal Pullen were presented with handsomely bound volumes by their respective classess. Following is a list of pupil's in order of merit at the December exams.

Space does not permit us to give more three in each division.

DECEMBER EXAMS.

DIVISION II.

HENRY F. PULLEN, Teacher.

Class 1. 1st James Webster; 2nd Graham Williams; 3rd James Whyte, Jr.

Class 2. 1st John Beck; 2nd Roma Magnone; 3rd Nina Dowdall.

DIVISION III.

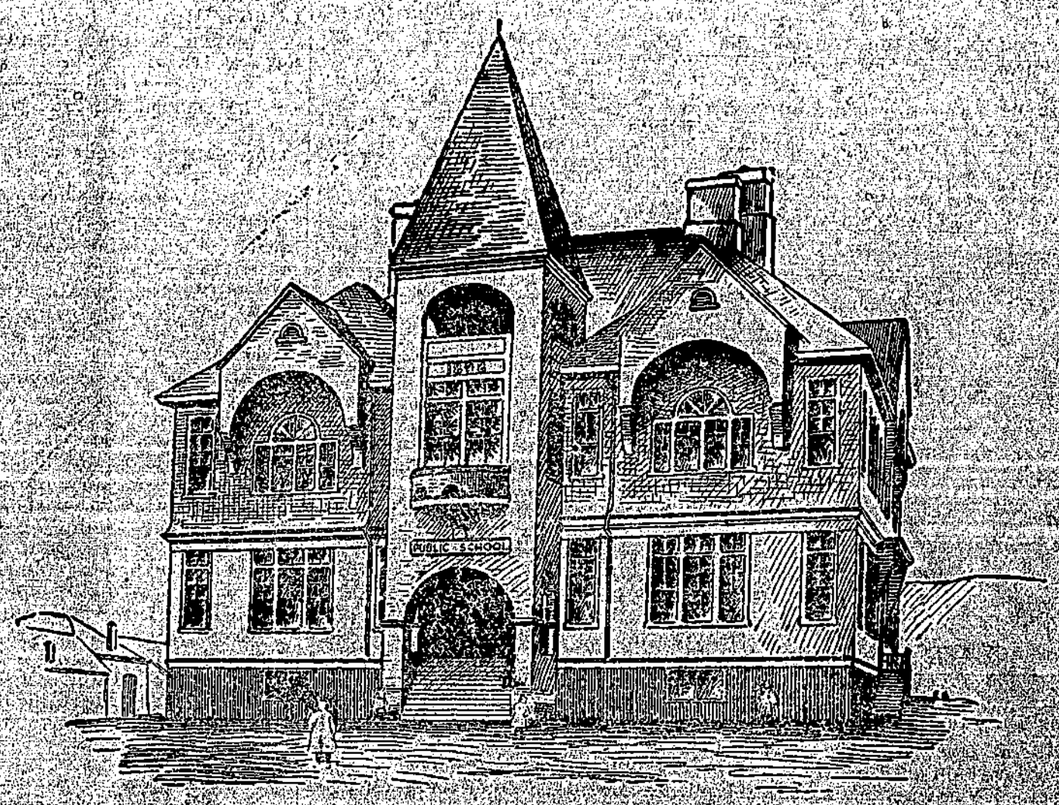
1st Katherine Frew; 2nd Chas. A Smith; 3rd Abram Haywood.

DIVISION IV.

1st Minnie Horbury; 2nd Mamie Carlson; 3rd Oliver Harrison.

DIVISION V.

1st John Brown; 2nd May Anley; 3rd William Jones.



The above is a cut of the new Union School building which was completed this year. The townspeople are justly proud of possessing one of the finest school buildings in the province and we owe it to the public spirit of the trustees, Messrs. Abrams, McKnight and Walker and our representative in the legislature, Mr. James Dunsmuir, who gave the lot on which the school stands. The building is conveniently laid out. The class and cloak rooms are large and airy and the halls spacious. It is finished inside in plaster and the porticoes in oiled wood. The school rooms are furnished with first class appointments. The staff is composed of Mr. J. B. Bennett, principal, Mr. Pullen, vice-principal and Misses Webster and Milligan. Mr. Bennett, a native of Ontario, was educated in Dundas High School and has had many years' experience in this province. He is one of the most successful teachers in B. C. and that the town appreciates his services is demonstrated by the fact that he has held his present position for upwards of three and a half years. Mr. Bennett taught six and a half years in Puntledge and Grantham before coming to Union. Mr. Bennett has always passed a large percentage of his candidates at the Entrance exams and those of his pupils who entered high schools have shown the advantage of a thorough grounding under him He is deservedly popular not only with his pupils, but also among the public at large.

Mr. Bennet's assistants have with few exceptions held their present positions quite a long time and our town is proud of having a

UNION PUBLIC SCHOOL

splendid public school and an efficient staff of teachers.

Through Mr. Bennett's efforts, a library of over 150 volumes has been secured for the school within a few months and additions to it are being made. An organ has lately been placed in Mr. Pullen's room and one only needs to hear his pupils sing patriotic songs to appreciate the advantage. The right place to foster the love of country that is innate in every noble human heart is in the schoolroom. The teachers have the privelege of being in a position so inculcate this beautiful sentiment in those who are to be the loyal Canadians of the future.

Mr. Bennett proposes getting up an entertainment shortly to pay for the organ—$40— and he certainly deserves the hearty co-operation of all. From a school of 297 pupils it should be possible to select talent enough to give a good concert. The success of 'Cinderella' proved that.

After the holidays, an additional teacher will assist the present staff.

The Nanaimo Review presented its readers with a very handsome Xmas number this week. The cover has a neat design in four colors A border of holy lends a pleasing effect and the four large pages are well patronized with ads.

The Review is'nt dead by any means. Congratulations to its plucky editor!

Mr. Henry Reifel, the genial manager of the Union Brewery, was in town this week.

MOTTO:

NOT QUANTITY BUT QUALITY.

And yet a good stock of holiday goods now to hand Xmas Cards a specialty, the latest and prettiest designs yet shown in the town.

Call and Inspect. A. H. PEACEY.

CUMBERLAND.

DIVISION I.

Sixth Class—1 Annie Weir.

Fifth Class—1 Edith Smith

Fourth Class—1 Mabel Grieve.

TO-NIGHT'S ENTERTAINMENT.

We bespeak a good audience for the entertainment to be given to-night in Cumberland Hall, feeling sure that all who attend will be more than pleased. The admission is so low—only two-bits—that everyone can afford to take it in. Thursday night, not over twenty persons were present because, we fancy, there was some sort of mistaken idea as to the nature of the entertainment and, besides, fifty cents is above the usual admission price here. As to the first point, there can no longer be any doubt of the merits of Mr. and Mrs. Gage's work. Ask any of those who were at the Hall Thursday night. The stories were humerous without being vulgar and they were well told, which means a great deal. Mrs. Gage is a first class elecutionist, which does not mean that she travels over the stage, now shrieking, now whispering so that no one can distinguish a word she says; but she can tell an anecdote so that you see before you only the characters in the story. The account of Sandy McLauchlan's courtship would make anyone laugh.

Mr. Gage has a magnificent voice and his rendition of 'Sing to me the auld Scotch Songs' would be sure to be appreciated by the many Scots in this town. We often hear people complaining that have no opportunity to listen to a good Scotch song well sung. To-night we can have Scotch songs and a great deal more besides for only 25 cents. Why not go?

In conclusion, we wish to say that our reasons for advising the public to patronize the entertainment to-night are (1) that it is first class and they will be sure to enjoy it (2) The entrance fee is very low. (3) that it may not be said of this town: when a crowd of fakes come in from outside they can draw a full house, but when refined and clever people come, they can't pay expenses.

"JOE" CHAMBERLAIN.

HIS GREAT POWER IN ENGLAND IS NOW CONCEDED.

One of the "Real Rulers" of Great Britain, on Whose Shoulders Falls Most of the Contention With the Boers—A Pen Sketch of the Man as He Appears.

Joseph Chamberlain—"Joe" Chamberlain, as he is familiarly called—who is dividing conspicuity with President Kruger in the Transvaal war troubles, is one of the "real rulers" of Great Britain and the one Englishman on whose shoulders falls most of the stress in the contention with the Boers. Mr. Chamberlain had scarce begun his public career ere he became famous for his reform work. He enterd Parliament in the '70's as a radical of radicals; he was styled a socialist and the "masses" cheered his vitriolic vituperation of the "classes." In 1886 he would have nothing of his chief's home rule and he departed from the Liberal camp with the claim in his mouth that not he but Mr. Gladstone had forsworn true democracy. Then for six years he remained out of office, fighting home rule and Mr. Gladstone on the hustings and supporting a conservative ministry in the House. The "boss of Birmingham," as his

"JOE" CHAMBERLAIN.

foes love to call him, made by his votes the continuation of Lord Salisbury in power. This was the season in which he became popular in the West End of London and began his consorting with Tory duchesses and the high life he had once denounced. But it was the period also in which he assured his constituents that he was still a Liberal, but that until home rule was finally beaten liberal measures must take a back seat and a Tory government must be supported as far the less of two evils.

When England turned heavily against home rule in 1895 Mr. Chamberlain and other Unionists took office with the Tories. He accepted the great post of the colonies. He struck hands with Lord Salisbury and Mr. Balfour and with Sir Michael Hicks-Beach. The quartette to-day form the inner government of the empire, the final depository of power. This was his chance of success or of ruin. His enemies, and no man had more, declared his act affiliated him forever with the Tories, and that he could never again be a Liberal and hope for aught from that party.

Does he dream, this practical man of affairs? Has he become a visionary, this former manufacturer of screws and authority upon commercial matters? Has he who has ever been renowned for his lucidity, his exactness, his realism, developed since he became a great Minister a fanciful imagination? He has had such a grasp upon fact; he has disdained so scornfully the least theory; he has been a man of details, of statistics, of immediate interests, and he has never been given to flights like Burke and like Gladstone. He has seemed commercial to the core. But he has startled England not long since by advocating a zollverein, an imperial customs union, to draw the scattered empire together and make of it a commercial unit as against the world. Hard-headed men

GEN. JAMES R. O'BEIRNE.

President Kruger appointed him diplomatic agent at Washington for the Transvaal, but as he is an American citizen, President McKinley refused to permit him to officiate in that capacity.

pronounced the scheme chimerical and it was immediately relegated to the limbo of impossible vagaries. If he startled England then, he has startled the whole world later. In Birmingham he came out roundly for an Anglo-American alliance. Was it a grand stand play, or a forecast into the future? Was it the sudden candor of genius, which, forecasting the inevitable future, puts itself in harmony with the march of events, or was it the whim of the archdemagogue playing on the emotion of the moment and courting a cheap notoriety by audacious indiscretion?

Perhaps to understand this career it will be necessary to understand in a measure the man; to explain the twists and windings of his course we should first discover the quality of his mind and the laws of his temperament. First of all, Mr. Chamberlain is a modern man of business. He made his fortune in the manufacture of wooden screws, and the methods of his success were what are styled "American" in England, that is the methods of a trust. By nature and by habit he sees clearly what is and what is not possible, and he has the concentration and the tenacity to take advantage of what he sees. His first entrance into politics was in the municipal administration of the Midland metropolis. He advocated a city run in the interest of the people of the city; he secured such a governemnt, and Birmingham is now recognized as a model municipality.

In a larger field of politics Mr. Chamberlain, while a convinced Democrat, has been emphatically an opportunist; he looks out for the main chance. He distinguishes resolutely between what is possible and what is impossible. He is a practical statesman without a shade of the doctrinaire, and is glad to get a half-loaf where a whole one is impossible.

Mr. Chamberlain is a born fighter. He is compared in looks to a fox-terrier. He is a hard hitter, a merciless opponent and his tongue is the bitterest in all England. It is said he never forgives, that he never relents, that he has no magnanimity and little sympathy. His style of debate is direct, acrimonious, clear, convincing, the personification of logic and fact. He smashes a falsity as he smashes an antagonist. He has few personal friends and but little personal magnetism. But to have "Joe" Chamberlain "after them" unnerves most politicians, and to have him explain a matter is to see to the depth of it. He has made hosts of enemies; it seems as if he were past master in the "gentle art." Hating an error in logic, a misstatement of fact, he extends his hatred to the maker of them. But this practical politician, this clear expositor, this able and clean legislator, has captured the business confidence of England, as Mr. Gladstone by his fervor and his moral sublimity captured the conscience of England. They don't love him, but business men believe in his capacity. He is English to the core, and so able that he seems master of every question.

And yet he develops beyond the hopes of his friends. This non-university, unliterary, commercial-traveler, politician of a municipality has, in turn shown himself able to unravel the problems of the Board of Trade, to frame wise and liberal legislation, to debate on a par with Mr. Gladstone himself, to seize the meaning of home rule and repudiate it and yet come forward with a substitute measure. And now he has brought the colonies to the front. He exhibits himself as

DR. F. W. REITZ.

The Secretary of State for the Transvaal was formerly of the Orange Free State. His family was German and settled in Holland about two centuries ago. The secretary's grandfather emigrated to Africa. Dr. Reitz was born in 1844, and after graduating from the South African College studied law in England, and was called to the bar in 1868. He is one of the most learned men in South Africa, and was the signer of the Transvaal's ultimatum to Great Britain.

a statesman broad enough to consider the interests of a hundred various parts of a world-wide empire. He has realized what Lord Rosebery posed as; he has become the statesman of an empire. He has gone even beyond that; he has sounded the trumpet for the union of the English-speaking races; he stands as the champion of Anglo-Saxon freedom and trade against continental militarism and Slavic despotism. What height may he not reach; to what depth he may fall. The same penetration and energy of mind that grasped and solved the problem of municipal government, that criticised and destroyed Mr. Gladstone's scheme of home rule, foresees the final alignment of the nations, divines that the peril is not to England alone, but to Anglo-Saxonia at large. The same self-confident, sure-footed and aggressive nature that has made him the foremost political fighter of his time now presses forward to grapple with these mighty difficulties.

His enemies trust that, as acknowledged chief of neither great party, it may be his fate to fall between two stools. And it is true that a portion of the Liberals whom he deserted hate him, while the old-fashioned Tory heartily dislikes him. But friend and foe recognize his capacity, his courage, his cunning, his sure vision and his tenacious aggression. If England shows weakness in Asia it is ascribed to the vacillations of Salisbury, while in Africa where she has held her own is Chamberlain's domain. Probably the antagonism between a strong and a weak policy does not divide the Cabinet into two hostile factions, but the antagonism exists, and the day that Chamberlain gains the upper hand will see a stiffening of the backbone of England all over the world. It is a unique position he occupies. The head of a faction, neither party calls him her own. Yet he is indispensable to one, and may become the chief of the other. At any rate, he has the ear of the people and the confidence even of those who personally detest him. And with the old-fogy nobles in one party and humanitarian idealogues in the other, England, in the hour of peril approaching her, may instinctively turn to the one man who has grasped power and confidently wields it.

Bull-Fights for Paris.

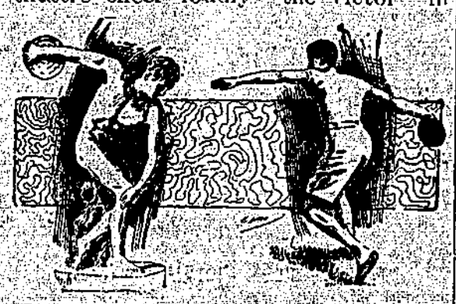
Paris is to have its bull-fights to add to the excitement of its populace. The arena, however, will not be within the city walls, says the London Morning Post, but at Enghien, which is some 12 minutes' journey by train.

CASTING THE DISCUS.

Athletes Would Like to Know the Secret of the Ancient Way—The Modern Contrast.

"How did Phyallus throw the discus?" is the question absorbing the attention of many athletes, classical students and lovers of athletics. Phyallus has been dead for 24 centuries, and still the riddle is unresolved. Archaeologists, without number, members of learned committees, modern athletes, artists and sculptors have sought the secret of the old Greek game, but none has found it. A fragment of the base of a statue to the memory of Phyallus bears an inscription showing that the athlete had deserved immortality by casting the discus 95 feet, but beyond this the inscription is silent. What was the weight of his missile and in what manner he threw it is still unknown.

After 24 centuries the game of the Greek youths is again a favorite with the public. Then, as now, the crowds that throng field and amphitheatre cheer loudly the victor in



DISCOBULUS OF MYRON — WALTER SCHMAHL.

this event, and note with critical eye the method of his throwing. But for many dreary experiences in municipal art we should probably find the latter day enthusiast erecting monuments to the winner of the western track meetings. When the Greek youth returned to his native town with the crown of wild olives he brought new luster to his valley and new pride to his family. The victor on the modern field sees his name inscribed in a yellow-backed annual, receives the compliments of coaches and friends and passes into oblivion.

Throwing the discus has become since its rebirth in 1896 a very popular addition to the list of modern athletic trials. In that year the plan of holding a great international athletic meet on the site of the national Greek game was developed.

Among the events on that occasion was the group of five trials which had been so popular with the Greeks. These five were jumping, throwing the javelin, wrestling, running and throwing the discus. In classic times these events were grouped so as to test the all-round athlete in strong contrast with the modern athlete who specializes in one line of athletic effort.

In throwing the discus an American, Robert Garrett of Princeton, was the victor, though he had never before contested in such an event. With his return the game came to America, and so steadily has it grown in popular favor that it now occupies a prominent position on the programme of every athletic contest. So small, however, is the world of amateur athletics when confined to its actual devotees that many who follow the fortunes of this team or that only through the daily press still know the game only by name.

"The Boot of Dukeronomy."

A nervous curate the other day announced from the reading desk: "Here beginneth the second chapter of the duke of Booteronomy." His vicar looked severely at him, and the young man blushed, coughed and repeated, "The boot of Dukeronomy."

There must have been germs of mispronunciation lurking in the air, for at a later period in the service the vicar read out, "I publish the manns of barriage," etc.

The curate beamed with satisfaction in spite of the solemnity of the occasion.—Household Words.

Injustice.

"It's an unmitigated libel," exclaimed the Filipino.

"What's the matter?"

"This writer says we have a lazy climate. "I'll leave it to any unprejudiced thermometer maker and germ expert to decide if we haven't one of the most industrious climates in the gazetteer."

IN MENELIK'S REALM.

A STRANGE COUNTRY WHICH AFFORDS SOME ODD CONTRASTS.

Telephone Line Is the Only Sign of Civilization in Abyssinia—No Roads of Any Description in the Empire's Capital—Through an Unknown Country.

A party of young Englishmen, organized by Mr. Well-Blundell and Lord Lovat, started last November on a sporting and scientific expedition across Somaliland, says a London letter, through Abyssinia, or Shoa, and the country to the west hitherto quite unknown, thence to the Blue Nile and back by way of Khartoum. One of its members, Dr. Kottlitz, has returned with an interesting account of Emperor Menelik's dominions. He says:

"There is a telephone running between Menelik's capital and Harar, a distance of about 300 miles. This line, which is the only sign of civilization in that portion of the country, is kept by a Franco-Russian company, in which Menelik is a shareholder. The stations, which are about two days' march apart, are mere thatched huts surrounded by strong, high stockades. The dirty

EMPEROR MENELIK.

eastern hut, with its Abyssinian attendant, affords a striking contrast with the telephone and the instructions to ring up Addis Abeba. At one of these stations, when about half way to the capital, we heard that Menelik had left there with his army to receive the submission of Ras Mangascia. We then tried to telephone through to Capt. Harrington, the British resident at Addis Abeba. A Frenchman at the other end of the line tried his best to prevent this, and it was only through hearing one of the British interpreters talking on the line that we succeeded in getting through. During the month's journey between Harar and the capital we were constantly passing ivory caravans going to Harar. We also met parties in charge of Russians and Frenchmen connected with political missions and a few French missionaries. It was very hot work crossing the Hawash plain, and most of our traveling had to be done late in the day and into the night. Afterwards the ascent of the central plateau made the conditions more pleasant.

"The Abyssinia capital is about five miles square, and is simply an agglomeration of round, thatched huts, made of bamboo and grass, without windows or chimneys. There are no roads of any description. The better class houses are surrounded by stockades. Menelik's so-called palace is merely a collection of somewhat larger houses of the same type. He is now having a few stone houses constructed by Indian workmen. For the past two seasons Capt. Harrington, who formerly resided at Zella, has lived in the capital. The British residency consists merely of a couple of large tents with a number of smaller ones inclosed in a turf-walled compound. Besides Capt. Harrington, the one British subject living there is a man named McKelvy, who has had an extraordinary career. Formerly an officer's servant, he was one of the original prisoners of Magdala, and was tortured among the rest. He elected to remain in Abyssinia, and for 37 years he has lived as an Abyssinian. He has adopted their dress and customs, and when Captain Harrington first went to Addis Abeba he had actually forgotten his own language. This, however, soon came back, and he is now employed as an interpreter at the residency. He lives in the capital with his Abyssinian wife, and has lost all semblance of his own nationality."

No Carriage.

One of the most amusing instances of misunderstanding a word is told by an old churchwarden of Wallingford, England.

At one time the bishop of Oxford sent round to the churchwardens inquiries, among which was:

"Does your officiating clergyman preach the gospel, and are his conversation and carriage consistent therewith?"

To this the churchwarden of Wallingford replied, "He preaches the gospel, but he does not keep a carriage."—Chicago Democrat.

Right Man In the Right Place.

Manufacturers' Agent—Is the head buyer up stairs?

Accommodating Employee—No; he's out, but the subseller is down stairs.—Chicago Tribune.

Self Advertising.

He—I wonder why Mr. Lavender, the perfumer, scents his note paper?

She—That's his business.—Yonkers Statesman.

Doing It by Halves.

"My wife went west the other day to visit her sister who lives in California," said Brown with a smile. "I was unable to go with her on account of being detained here on a matter of business that needed my attention; so I went with her as far as Chicago, saw her safely on an overland train and then came back. But before I left her I looked up the porter and gave him half of a $5 bill that I had torn in two, saying that my wife had the other half and that he would get that at the end of the journey if he would see that she needed for nothing on the trip."

The porter's eyes stuck out, and he faithfully promised that my wife would receive the best of care; so I came away feeling that she would not lack for anything.

"When I returned home I discovered to my horror that I had neglected to give my wife the other half of the bill. Today I received a letter from her reminding me of that fact and saying that she had torn a dollar bill in two and given it to the porter.

"Somewhere along the line there must be a wild eyed darky with the halves of two worthless bills in his possession and a firm conviction that he has been worked by some sort of a new flimflam game.

"I am very anxious to have my wife return so I can find out from her what sort of reasoning she used when she gave that porter a half instead of the whole of that $1 bill."—Detroit Free Press.

Changed Her Mind Too.

A young couple in a Lancashire village had been courting for several years. The young man one day said to the woman:

"Sall, I canna marry thee."

"How's that?" asked she.

"I've changed my mind," said he.

"Well, I'll tell you what we'll do," said she. "If folk know that it's thee as has given me up, I shanna be able to get another chap, but if they think that I've given you up then I can get another chap. So we'll have banns published, and when the wedding day comes the parson will say to thee, 'Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?' and tha must say, 'I will.' And when he says to me, 'wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband?' I shall say, 'I winna.'"

The day came, and when the minister said, "Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?" the man answered:

"I will."

Then the parson said to the woman:

"Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband?" And she said:

"I will."

"Why," said the young man furiously, "you said you would say, 'I winna.'"

"I know that," said the young woman, "but I've changed my mind since."—London Answers.

This Is Worse Than Worps.

There was a young man in the Twenty-first corps
Who thought he'd enlist for a year, perhaps morps;
He did not fear danger, he'd met it beforps,
But ere the first year of his service was orps
He met a huge lion which came to his dorps
And, springing upon him resistlessly, borps
The gallant young grenadier down to the florps.
Then, standing above him with terrible rorps,
The animal ruthlessly mangled and torps
His body, as well as the clothes which he worps.
He finally left him all welt'ring in gorps,
With blood freely oozing from every porps.
In this sad condition he thought of the lorps
He acquired at school in the sweet days of yorps,
And loud in his pain he was heard to deplorps
The day that he went with the Twenty-first corps.

—London Pastimes.

A Waste of Words.

"Why don't you shout 'Long live the general?'"

"It is quite needless," answered the Filipino. "Any man as cautious about his personal safety as the general doesn't need any encouragement in the longevity line."—Washington Star.

A Practical Poem.

What's the use
Of tying a poet down to conventional rules
And spoiling
His good ideas
By rhyme and metre which knock
All the soul out of them?
Why can't he write
Just as he
Blame pleases, and if
He wants
To write a nice long line like this one, regardless of the laws of versification, the quantity of syllables, accent, rhythm, stanzas, strophes and measures
Or else a little bit of a short line like
This,
Why not?

—New York Sun.

Three Strikes and Out.

"Aincher workin now, Jimmy?"

"Naw. Strike."

"Chee!"

"T'ree of 'em. I strikes de ole man fer a raise, he strikes a attitude, an den I strikes de sidewalk."—Indianapolis Journal.

The Best Name.

When writing verses, dear, to you,
As swains enamored often do,
No matter then what name I use
To keep you in a fair disguise
From idly prying public eyes,
There is one privilege I choose—
Whatever name or fame or fine
You bear I still must call you mine.

—New York World.

Called Back.

"Josephine started on a summer trip, but didn't go."

"Why not?"

"On the way to the station she saw new fall hats in the shop windows."—Chicago Record.

Two Women.

Alas, Maud's life is full of woe;
Ancestral relics cost her gold,
While Sarah, who is poor, you know,
Has lineage long and jewels old.

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS

CUMBERLAND, B.C.

WHAT MACHINERY DOES.

Fertilizing an acre with wagon and shovel takes 50 hours, while with a modern drill the same work is done in an hour.

A machine for making umbrella covers does in 20 minutes the work that formerly required 4 hours and 20 minutes by hand.

Sewing the vamps on 100 pairs of women's fine shoes takes 10 hours by machine as compared with 100 hours by hand.

One acre of oats is harvested with a self binder in two hours as against 16 hours and 40 minutes using a sickle and cradle.

One thousand paper bags, which formerly took 6 hours and 20 minutes to make by hand, are now turned out finished by a machine in 20 minutes.

With a machine that reaps, thrashes and sacks the wheat in one operation, an acre is thus treated in 52 minutes, that required 48 hours and 40 minutes by the old method.

The modern gangplow turns up an acre of land for wheat in one hour as compared with five to eight hours when work is done with oxen drawing an ordinary steel plow.

It takes 12 minutes to thoroughly harrow an acre of ground with the modern disk harrow as compared with 2½ hours using a brush cut from a treetop and drawn by oxen, as was the custom of the early settlers.

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

A Revised Want.

"Say, you are the man who was around here yesterday looking for a job, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, do you still want work?"

"Why, have you found a place for me?"

"Yes, just the"—

"Then I don't want it," he yelled as he ran away like a frightened deer.—Chicago Times-Herald.

TO PREVENT IS BETTER THAN TO REPENT.—A little medicine in the shape of the wonderful pellets which are known as Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, administered at the proper time and with the directions adhered to often prevent a serious attack of sickness and save money which would go to the doctor. In all irregularities of the digestive organs they are an invaluable corrective and by cleansing the blood they clear the skin of imperfections.

Another Mystery.

"The study of the occult sciences interests me very much," remarked the new boarder. "I love to explore the dark depths of the mysterious, to delve into the regions of the unknown, to fathom the unfathomable, as it were, and to"—

"May I help you to some of the hash, professor?" interrupted the landlady.

And the good woman never knew why the other boarders smiled audibly.

C. C. RICHARDS & CO.

Dear Sirs,—A few days ago I was taken with a severe pain and contraction of the cords of my leg, and had to be taken home in a rig. I could not sleep for the pain, and was unable to put my foot to the floor. A friend told me of your MINARD'S LINIMENT, and one hour from the first application, I was able to walk, and the pain entirely disappeared.

You can use my name as freely as you like, as I consider it the best remedy I have ever used.

CHRISTOHPER GERRY.

Ingersoll, Ont.

Why We "Do" Each Other.

"One great trouble wif dis here world," said Uncle Eben, "is dat ev'rybody 'magines dat some one is tryin ter git de best of 'im an dat he's gotter git de best of some one else so's ter keep even."—Washington Star.

Courteous Reproof.

Ida Nownce—She talks incessantly about herself.

Sallie DeWitt—Yes, but never about other people.—Brooklyn Life.

USE

EDDY'S BRUSHES

THE MOST DURABLE ON THE MARKET.

PALE PEOPLE

Have their blood enriched, their heart strengthened and their cheeks rosy by using Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

Insufficient quantity or poor quality of the blood is one of the evil results that usually follow any derangement of the heart.

If the heart becomes weakened in any way it cannot pump the blood to the lungs as it should, there to be purified and impregnated with the life-giving oxygen.

As a result the blood deteriorates. It loses its nourishing, vitalizing, health-giving qualities. The face becomes pale, thin and waxen, the lips bloodless, the hands and feet cold.

There is weakness, tiredness, shortness of breath and palpitation. When those suffering from thin or watery blood start taking Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills they are assured of a cure. Every dose acts on the heart itself, causing it to beat strong, steady and regular.

Every dose, too, introduces into the blood those vital elements necessary to make it rich and red.

Soon the pale cheek takes on the rosy hue of health, there is strength instead of weakness, energy and activity take the place of tiredness and lassitude.

Miss M. Skullion, 50 Turner Street, Ottawa, Ont., says: "I was greatly troubled with my heart, together with extreme nervousness for many years. These complaints brought about great weakness and feeling of tiredness. My blood was of poor quality, so much so that I became pale and languid. Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills cured me after all else failed. They built up my system, enriched my blood, strengthened my nerves and restored me to health."

THE HOME DOCTOR.

Thin, nervous women require ten hours' sleep every night.

For earache apply a good sized linseed meal poultice, hot, with eight or ten drops of laudanum dropped in the middle. This will usually cure the most severe earache.

In convulsions of children apply cold to the head and heat to the body. A warm mustard bath is excellent. Camphor may be held to the nostrils, and sometimes chloroform is used with good results.

A stubborn attack of hiccoughs will almost invariably yield if a drop of oil of cassia (cinnamon) on a piece of sugar is given to the sufferer every 10 or 15 minutes. This has been proved effective when all other remedies have failed.

Remedy for Whooping Cough.

At this season Whooping Cough is very prevalent among some of the children in most families. It is not advisable to stop the coughing entirely, but relief should undoubtedly be sought. Griffths' Menthol Liniment affords more prompt relief than any other remedy. Also in cases of Croup it affords immediate relief. Try it. All druggists, 25 cents.

MINARD'S LINIMENT for Sale Everywhere.

The Primrose Path.

"Cousin Martha has got tired of physical culture."

"How do you know?"

"She's gone back to walking pigeon toed."—Chicago Record.

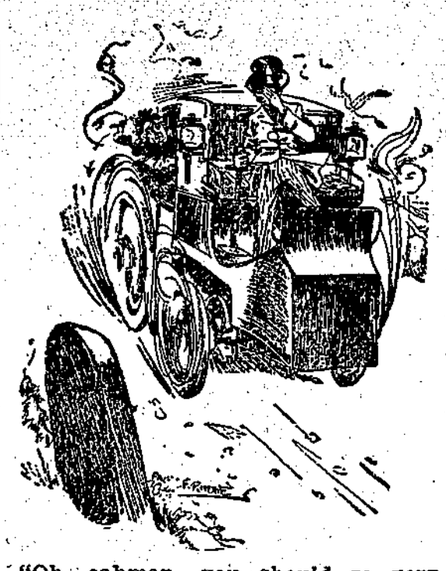
Proof Positive.

Judge Scroggs—What is your proof thet ole Aunt Dosh stole ther chickens?

Policeman Peleg—She wuz singin loudes' at ther revival meetin las' night.—New York Journal.

A TONIC FOR THE DEBILITATED.—Parmelee's Vegetable Pills by acting mildly but thoroughly on the secretions of the body are a valuable tonic, stimulating the lagging organs to healthful action and restoring them to full vigor. They can be taken in graduated doses and so used that they can be discontinued at any time without return of the ailments which they were used to allay.

Something Like a Pace.



"Oh, cabman, you should go very slowly while passing a graveyard."

"Graveyard? This ain't no graveyard; these are milestones."—West End.

MINARD'S LINIMENT Cures Dandruff.

An Opportunity Lost.

Mabel—Cholly is awfully slow. Yesterday when he and I were walking in the woods I picked a big bunch of autumn leaves and stuck them in my belt.

Bessie—Yes! And then—

Mabel—Why the stupid fool didn't have sense enough to press them.—New York Journal.

TRUE ELOQUENCE.

Its Effect Upon an Oratorical Tenderfoot From the East.

"Talkin about oratory," said Broncho Bob, "you ought to have been out to Crimson Gulch last fall, so as to hear some of the real thiug."

"We have some pretty luminous specimens in congress," ventured the man who felt it incumbent on him to show a little local pride.

"Not a circumstance. I've read some of them kind of speeches. I've heard 'em too. A feller come from the east an started in to tell Crimson Gulch what it orter do. Some of the boys allowed things was gettin ruther slack, an they says anything fur a change. So they took his advice an blazed away an organized a city council."

"I see. You held an election."

"Nary. We didn't want any bloodshed. We jes' passed the word around that the city council was goin to be held an made it an open game. Everybody was there except Nevada Bill, an he didn't dare show up because he was under suspicion of sittin in a poker game with a private stock of blue chips which he had bought unbeknownst from a store in San Antonio. It wasn't long until, under the instructions of the tenderfoot, we had the city council in good shape. Only officers was allowed to wear their weapons durin the proceedin's, an nobody was barred from the debate. The first business we took up was the case of Nevada Bill. We reckoned that it wouldn't be no more than decent local pride to prevent the importation of any poker chips except by the duly recognized authorities fur said importation. Rattlesnake Pete said the only way to make the law bindin was to pervide that anybody breakin it should be shot at least once. The tenderfoot got r'iled in a minute. He jumped to his feet an got off the most long winded talk about constitutionality an the rights of citizenship an whereas an therefore that I ever heard. He talked hard, an he showed he had read books. But you orter have heard Three Finger Sam's historic reply. It jes' showed how quick a man who has the gift of genuine eloquence can end an argument. Crimson Gulch hasn't got through talkin about it yet. Three Finger Sam drawed himself up to his full height an p'inted his finger at the tenderfoot. 'I don't desire to use no harsher words than is necessary, says he, 'but I'd like to know what you mean, you low down, lop ear jack rabbit, by comin into this town an tryin to tell us whether a man needs shootin or not. Have we got to wait for some lantern jawed coyote to come wanderin in off the prairie an tell us what's good fur us? Beware!' says Three Finger Sam, still p'intin his finger an growin more eloquent every minute. 'Beware, you bowlegged burro! Don't you think you can come here an overawe people because you wear specs. Have a care, or the fust thing you know you'll be travelin out of this town with a bunch of patriotic citizens on your trail, every one of whom is dead anxious to shoot a freckle off'n the back of your neck!' The tenderfoot didn't have another word to say, an he left town the next mornin."—Washington Star.

His Good Eye.

It is a curious fact that the loss of any one of the five senses is atoned for to a considerable extent by a pronounced increase in the efficiency of the other senses. The result is sometimes astonishing.

A man who had lost the sight of both eyes trained his hearing until he could tell by the sound of his footsteps on the sidewalks, as he made his way about town, whether he was in the middle of the walk or at one side, whether he was walking past a brick or a frame house, or a fence, or open ground.

He knew in what part of the town he was, not only by his memory or sense of general direction, but by the difference in the "tones" of his footsteps, and he walked about freely, seldom running into anything or anybody.

Some one in his presence once called in question his total blindness.

"Which eye do you think I can see with?" he asked the skeptic.

"The left one, of course," was the reply. "I can see that the right one is blind."

In reply, the blind man merely opened his penknife and tapped the left eye with the little blade.

It was a glass eye.—Youth's Companion.

A Verdict.

'Tis folly to be wise, because—
Such boomefangs are nature's laws—
The sage may win encomium,
But people dodge who see him come.
—Chicago Record.

Agony of Eczema.

Couldn't sleep at night with the torture.

Eczema, or Salt Rheum as it is often called, is one of the most agonizing of skin diseases, nothing but torture during the day and two-fold torture at night.

But there's a remedy permanently cures the worst kind of Eczema—relieves the itching, burning and smarting and soon leaves the skin smooth and healthy.

It is Burdock Blood Bitters.

Mrs. Welch, Greenbank, Ont., tried it and here is what she says:

"B.B.B. cured me of Eczema three years ago and I have had no return of it since. I was so bad that I could not sleep at night with it.

"Being told of B.B.B. I tried it, and two bottles made a perfect and permanent cure."

CONSUMPTION BEGINS WITH LUNG WEAKNESS.

THERE IS DEATH IN THE AIR FOR THOSE WITH WEAK LUNGS WHO BRAVE THE DANGERS OF COLD WEATHER.

Weak Lungs Made Strong and Proof Against Danger by the New Scientific Slocum Treatment for La Grippe, Coughs, Consumption and Diseases of the Respiratory Organs.

A NEW TREATMENT THAT CURES CONSUMPTION, AND A CHANCE FOR YOU TO TEST IT FREE.

The cold weather has brought its usual crop of la grippe, catarrh, coughs, sore throats, etc., etc. It means death to thousands if neglected.

For these disorders are but forerunners of death-dealing consumption.

Doctor Slocum's new treatment for this terrible disease is a lifeboat of hope for those in despair.

It is a new scientific system of medicine, the result of modern medical discoveries, a positive and absolute annihilator of the deadly consumption and grip germ.

The system consists of three remedies which act simultaneously and supplement each other's curative action.

The Doctor Slocum system has brought health to thousands who were weak, sickly, pale, thin, and therefore open to consumption infection, if not infected.

It has cured dangerous throat and lung troubles which the sufferers thought were proof against medicine.

It is the cold weather antidote.

What it has done is a proof of what it will do—for you—if you'll let it.

It is simple and effective, easy and pleasant to take.

Modern science reduced to a nutshell.

The problem of disease prevention solved.

Every first-class druggist dispenses the Slocum System of Treatment in large original packages, with full directions for use.

Science daily develops new wonders, and the distinguished chemist, T. A. Slocum, patiently experimenting for years, has produced results as beneficial to humanity as can be obtained by any modern genius. His assertion that lung trouble and consumption are curable in any climate is proven by heartfelt letters of gratitude, filed in his Canadian, American and European laboratories, in thousands, from those cured in all parts of the world. And wishing to demonstrate his discovery of reliable cure for consumption (pulmonary tuberculosis), and all throat and lung troubles, will send Three Free Bottles (all different) of his new discoveries to any afflicted reader of this paper writing for them.

Simply write to the T. A. Slocum Chemical Company, Limited, 179 King street west, Toronto, giving postoffice and express address, and the free medicine, (the Slocum Cure) will be promptly sent.

Sufferers should take instant advantage of this generous proposition, and when writing to them say you saw this free offer in this paper.

Persons in Canada seeing Slocum's free offer in American papers will please send for samples to Toronto.

THE MASTER MECHANIC'S EXTRAORDINARY Best Tar Soap in the World MADE BY THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO. MONTREAL

CREAM SEPARATORS . . .

If you keep cows you cannot afford to be without a CREAM SEPARATOR, and if you want to have the best, most moderate in price, and on easiest terms, apply to

R. A. LISTER & CO., LTD.,
232 King St., Winnipeg,
Dealers in Dairy Supplies and Produce, Gasoline Engines, Horse Tread Powers, Etc.

W. N. U. 246.

A fashion exchange says the bustle is coming to the front again. That wasn't where they wore it "when you and I were young, Maggie."

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, Etc.

HIGH GRADE PLOWS, SEEDING MACHINES, Carriages, Wagons, Barrows, Windmills, &c. COCKSHUTT PLOW CO., Winnipeg.

LUCAS, STEELE & BRISTOL
Importers of Groceries
Write us, Hamilton, Ont.
Circle Teas
L.S. & B. Coffees
L.S. & B. Extracts
L.S. & B. Spices

Correspondence

If you cannot attend the Winnipeg Business College just now, do not waste your evenings at home. We can give your instructions in some subject by mail.

Write for descriptive catalogue.

G. W. DONALD, Sec.

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

ISSUED EVERY SATURDAY.—

M. E. Bissett 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

SATURDAY, DEC. 30th, 1899

NEXT YEAR'S BICYCLES.

No Radical Departures in Construction, but Reduction in Weight, Especially in Chainless Wheels.

The changes in bicycle construction for next year will be in detail. Although the makers as yet have given out no definite information relative to 1900 models, it may be assumed that there will be no surprising departures either in design or in mechanical features.

Probably the point of greatest interest to riders is the reduction in weight, especially in the chainless machines, which with reasonably heavy equipment, often weigh from 28 to 30 pounds. It is understood that with decreased weight there will be a comfortable factor of safety, but riders who want to be certain of ample margin of strength will be able to secure it in the 1899 models, and at a lower price. The cutting in weight is made possible by smaller tubing, lighter gears, and trimming of metal from hubs and other parts where it can be spared. The tubing will be one and one-eighth inches in diameter, instead of an inch and a half. The familiar spoke studs will be abandoned for a combination of spoke and hub. Each spoke is held in place by a ball head. An ounce or so is saved by substituting a bolt for the seat post binder. The bolt is practically flush with the tubing. Considerable weight is saved in the crank mechanism. A sleeve containing the bearings is inserted in the crank bracket and held by bolts. In a general way it resembles the sleeve used this year, but is smaller and lighter, and the master gear is narrower. This gear is in two parts, the centre is bored out and threaded to screw on a central piece, the object being to prevent a possibility of warping during the hardening process. The gear is utilized as a bearing, the balls running just under the teeth, as in the 1899 pattern. All these modifications effect a saving of about four pounds, and the 1900 bevel gear will weigh not more than the best grade of chain machine of this season—23¾ pounds without the saddle.

The forged fork crown of 1899, which has the reputation of not breaking even in accident, will supercede the double crown, with nickel plates for excluding dirt. The single forging presumably is adopted partly for the purpose of changing the style of machine.

The pinion bearing at the forward end of the gear shaft will be held by a check nut. This unquestionably will be an improvement on the 1899 method of securing the adjustment. The large screw of this year's pattern passes on a brass washer placed on the adjusting case. The screw next year will be used only as a dust cap, and it can be removed for the purpose of lubricating the pinion and the master gear without disturbing the adjustment.

Chainless models also will be provided with coaster brakes. This attachment has been pretty thoroughly tested on Connecticut roads by the factory riders, and enough is known of its performance to justify its being furnished to those who are on the alert for novelties.

The crank hanger will be dropped two and one-half inches. This is a quarter of an inch less than that of 1899, and will decrease the chances of striking pedals on rough roads, while preserving the steadiness of the running characteristics of the two and three-quarters drop.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

FATHER OF RED CROSS.

Organization Founded by a Man Now Binds Forty Governments Under Its Rules.

I wonder how many of us know that the great benificent society known as the International Red Cross Relief Organization had a father instead of a mother as its first parent, and that parent "a wielder of the pen" and a native of Switzerland? If we have thought at all of the origin of this very helpful organization, under whose articles forty governments are now bound, haven't we rather credited the idea to a woman—an American woman? We come naturally by this thought, owing to our own Clara Barton's zeal in the work and her instrumentality in establishing the American branch.

But to M. Henri Dunant, of Switzerland, belongs the credit for the "Red Cross," the sublimest expression of Christian philanthropy ever known; and to Clara Barton, of America, belongs the praise for the Society of the Red Cross having extended its scope beyond the limits of war and added thereto relief in great national calamities—tornadoes, floods, droughts, conflagrations and earthquakes.

When Miss Barton undertook to enlist our government she realized that war was so remote a contingency that sufficient interest to preserve the organization would not exist, and therefore conceived the idea of applying its principles to national calamities of an extent beyond those which can be adequately relieved by temporarily organized philanthropists, and proposed what is known as the "American amendment," which has been left to the discretion of each individual national society. Russia and Germany adopted the "American amendment" at once, and more than once have found it worth while.

In America we have had just twelve national calamities to claim the services of the Red Cross Society, as expressed the "amendment"—the Michigan fires, the Ohio and Mississippi floods of 1882, and again floods in 1884 the Mississippi cyclone, the Virginia epidemic, the Texas drought, the Charleston earthquake, the Mount Vernon (Illinois) cyclone, the Johnstown flood, the Armenian horrors and, last, the terrible butcheries under the name of war in the Island of Cuba.

The war with Spain is our first war since the organization of the American Society of the Red Cross. It was in 1877 that Clara Barton, after many years of tireless and persistent effort, finally got the subject before a president of the United States. With the help of the Hon. John Hitz, consul-general of Switzerland, she finally got President Hayes to consider the matter. But it was not until four years later, when the martyred Garfield was in the chair, that the subject was seriously considered. At that time Secretary Windom laid the proposition before the cabinet, the President was at once interested and recommended it in his first message to congress.

President Garfield was denied the pleasure of signing the general treaty; that was reserved for his successor, President Arthur, who nobly took up the work and pleaded for it in his first message to congress, which body finally agreed to the accession of the United States to the Geneva convention, and President Arthur signed the treaty March 1, 1882, or 18 years after the organization of the society in Switzerland.

It was after witnessing the dreadful battle of June 24, 1859, that Henri Dunant wrote his book, "Un Souvenir de Solferino," in which he depicted with such telling force the neglected condition of the wounded that it soon found translation into every tongue, and so aroused the public mind to this feature of war that within four years (August 22, 1863), the international compact of Geneva regulating the succor of the sick and wounded during battle and after, went into effect, signed and agreed to by twelve nations. Soon this number was increased to seventeen, and now it has been stated the number is forty.

During the four years that Henri Dunant was trying to bring about international organization, the president of the Swiss society, Mr. Gustav Moynier, was devoting all his time and much of his wealth to further the cause. He warmly aided Mr. Dunant and presented him to the Society of Social Science, which body appointed a committee, with the general-in-chief of Switzerland at its head, to take charge of the movement and endeavor to interest other countries.

At the international convention a code of nine articles was adopted. The first proposed that: "Hospitals containing sick and wounded soldiers should be held neutral by belligerents so long as they are occupied."

The other articles relate to the care and security of all persons employed in the hospitals, and the care of the sick and wounded, the surgeons, nurses, chaplains, etc. These still obtain with the addition of the "American amendment."

The badge with which we are all more familiar than we are with the origin and extent of the society, is a red cross with four equal arms on a white ground, this being the national ensign of Switzerland with colors reversed. In the case of Turkey, an exception was made, allowing the use of the star and crescent.

During the late war the American Society of the Red Cross was under the direct supervision of the United States government, and subjected to orders of the commander of the army and navy, as the case required. During the stay of the Red Cross in Cuba it was under the direct command of Admiral Sampson, when afloat, but under Gen. Shafter when ashore. If ther were need of the further proof of the helpfulness of the Red Cross society in America, thousands of our recently returned heroes can testify. Clara Barton is the American soldiers' patron saint. And small wonder that they say in Switzerland: "Henri Dunant has done the world a greater service than any dozen of great generals." He is an old man now, having been born in 1828, and living in retirement at Heiden, Appenzell, that charming little health resort, well known to all travelled Americans.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

THE BRITISH WALL.

From the Montreal Star.

Hammers that beat and hands that weave
And brains that scheme and plan,
Hearts working out in hope and doubt
The destiny of man;
All these are found with the foam ringed round,
Where the circling billows fall
From the guardian sea that lips the key
That centres the British wall.

On floating bridges it spans the ridges
That soothe on soundless deeps,
To stretch its band o'er the northern land
From the dykes to the Rocky steeps—
In prairies broad, in forests dim,
By lakes and mountains tall
The builders build with purpose dim,
The grand, old British wall.

It spans the foam that beats like snow
On the coral-dotted sea,
To rise in tropic summer's glow
On the sides of wild Fiji—
And dusky men by the palm and cane
Where the red-plumed parrots call
In the blistering heat of a torrid heat
Are building the British wall.

And down where the mighty Austral Isles
Are set in the Southern sea,
Where the sheep graze wild
O'er the countless miles
And untold treasures be,
In darksome mines, on sunburnt plains,
They are building it straight and tall
And soldering good with their kindred blood
This tower of the British wall.

Where the tigers creep through the jungles deep,
Neath the snow of the Himalay—
From the surf that roars on the Madras shores,
To the mute towers of Bombay;
Swarthy, and lithe and tall
There are millions baked by an Indian sun
Who will prove in the reek of the foeman's gun
True bricks in the British wall.

Where the Nile pours down her hundred rills;
Where Natal stands by the sea;
Where Capetown lies by the silent hills;
Ships peacefully riding a-lee.
Though the Boer may growl, and the Kaffir bark
And the Arab howling fall—
We have hemmed in a continental park
With the strength of the British wall.

A steep rock frowns by the narrowing flood
Of the Mediterranean blue;
Its guns have a scent for alien blood
On the warships steaming through.
There's a sandy hill and a lonely isle
Where the waves of the Red Sea fail;
And Aden and Perim grimly smile;
"We are bricks in the British wall."

Of various tongues and climes remote,
We have builded them everyone
In a solid line no seas cousume,
That knows no setting sun,
We have builded them every one,
brave,
And so braced are its girders all,
That the cannon's shot and the dash of the wave
But strengthen the British wall.

So we say to the Frank and the Muscovite
And the Boer: "So be it known!
You may dash yourselves like a bird in flight
That strikes on a shaft of stone;
But while freedom stands and men hate a lie
While justice reins o'er all,
Your blood will but strengthen and beautify
The face of the British wall."

SOLDIER'S CHANCE OF DEATH.

Greater Through Disease Than Through Bullets—Ton of Shot to One Death.

As is well known, the soldier's risk of death in battle is not nearly as great as of finding a grave as the result of disease, says the Chicago Chronicle. The most competent authorities state that on the average it takes a ton of shot to kill one man. For instance it has been estimated that in the Crimean war the British and French troops fired between them the enormous amount of 45,000,000 projectiles, resulting in the death of only 51,000 Russians, while on the other side the Czar's adherents killed 46,000 of the allies with an expenditure of over 50,000,000 projectiles, this representing a death for every 1087 shots fired.

The American civil war returns, which were got out with very great care, showed that the loss of both the Federals and Confederates was about seven per cent. of the forces engaged, to bring about which involved the expenditure of nearly twenty-two hundred-weight of ammunition per man.

At the siege of Mezieres, in the Franco-German war, the Prussians threw no fewer than 197,000 projectiles into the ill-fated town, but strange to say, less than 400 people were killed by them. Then at Tronville, two people only were kiled after some 27,000 odd shells had been discharged. At Sedan, however, the aim of both the Germans and the French showed a marked improvement, for after 240,000 projectiles had been fired nearly 3,000 French and Prussians were killed.

For the Spanish-American war the returns showed a tremendous amount of shot and shell fired for very meagre results. Of course, in this case, although the mortality was not great, the damage to earthworks, fortifications, and Government buildings generally was enormous, and there can be little doubt that if the Spaniards had not made themselves scarce the death roll would have been appalling. Again, when the American marines landed at Santiago, during a fusilade upon the enemy lasting two nights the machine guns and rifles alone accounted for the consumption of over 25,000 rounds of ammunition. Sixty-eight dead Spaniards were found as a result of this enormous expenditure of ammunition.

Great Britain's experience in recent wars has been very little if any beter than the results just recorded. Take, for instance, the Chartered Company's expedition into Matabel land. Every one will remember how the warriors of Lobengula were mowed down by the Maxim guns like skittles, but even i this instance, which perhaps is the most effective on record, as the impi advanced on the British lines in solid masses it would have puzzled a blind man to miss shooting some of them, the mortality was very small, considering the vast number of cartridges expended, but this is accounted for by the fact that on examination some of the dead bodies contained more than 50 bullets each. On another ocasion, at an attack on a laager some twenty miles south of Buluwayo, 14,000 rounds of ammunition were disposed of with the result of 346 dead Matabele.

Military authorities now regard rapidity of fire as being more essential than range and precision, and content themselves with giving general orders to aim low, and this perhaps acounts for the fact that most wounds are inflicted on the enemy's lower extremities, statistics showing that on the average 45 per cent. of wounds occur in the legs, 33 per cent. in the abdomen, 21 per cent. in the arms and chest, and only one per cent. in the head.

Union Brewery.

Fresh Lager Beer THE BEST IN THE PROVINCE

STEAM—Beer, Ale, and Porter.

A reward of $5.00 will be paid for information leading to conviction of persons witholding or destroying any kegs belonging to this company.

HENRY REIFEL, Manager.

THE FARM GARDEN.

(PAPER BY J. J. R. MILLER.)

As was stated before, the seeds of nearly every garden vegetable should be sown in rows; the distance apart according to the variety, and the depth proportionally to the size of the seed. The old rule (and I know of none better) is to cover the seeds with twice or thrice its thickness of soil.

The soil should be pressed firmly about the seeds, either by tramping with the feet or by rolling; the improved seed drills of the present day does this work to perfection.

This depth of covering refers to what may be called the small seeds; with such seeds as beets, beans, peas and corn, a greater depth of covering is allowed.

Never soak seeds before sowing, it is a very questionable practice never resorted to by market gardeners. In very hot weather it is better to water the ground thoroughly then sow as soon as it is in condition to work.

TRANSPLANTING.

Transplanting is an operation of great importance; the condition of the plants, the state of the soil and of the atmosphere, have much to do with its success, independently of the simple mechanical operation.

Attention to keeping the seed beds free from weeds, the "topping" of plants when they get too tall, and careful digging up of them so as to preserve the root fibres will greatly assist.

If the weather is hot and the soil dry, delay planting until towards evening, and have the soil freshly turned up, so as to bring the moisture near the surface.

In planting, a hole is made with the dibler about the depth of the root; the plant being inserted, the soil is then pressed close to the root by inserting the dibbler angleways about one inch from the plant; then bring it up firmly against the plant; the hole thus made by the displacement of the soil is again filled up by one stroke of the driller.

In dry weather the plants should be still further firmed by returning on the row and treading the soil around the plants firmly with the feet.

Instead of "puddling" the root in mud, keep the plants dripping wet during the time of planting, so that each plant, as it is put in the soil puddles itself by the particles of soil adhering to its wet roots.

Besides, the leaves of the plants being wet, will for some time resist the action of the dry air.

I wish to impress those remarks strongly, as I know many plants, more especially, of tomatoes, and late planted cabbage are lost through leaving the soil loose about the root.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Nobody with sense expects Something for Nothing but we give something good Very Cheap

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NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY given that application will be made to the Parliament of Canada at its next session for an Act to Incorporate a Company with power to construct equip maintain and operate either a standard or narrow gauge railway for the purpose of carrying passengers and freight including all kinds of merchandise from a point in Comox District Vancouver Island situate on the 50th parallel on or near to the East Coast of Vancouver Island, thence in a Northerly direction by the most feasible route through Sayward and Rupert Districts to a point at or near Cape Scott or some other suitable point at or near the North end of Vancouver Island, with power to construct, operate and maintain branch lines to the Coast on either side of Vancouver Island and to other points and all necessary roads and bridges ways and ferries and to build own and maintain wharves docks sawmills and coal bunkers and with power to build equip own maintain and operate steam and other vessels and boats and to operate the same on any navigable waters connecting with the said railway line or branches thereof and with power to build own equip operate and maintain telegraph and telephone lines in connection with the said railway and branches and to carry on a general express business and to build and operate all kinds of plant for the purpose of supplying light heat electricity and any kind of motive power and with power to acquire water rights and to construct dams and flumes for improving and increasing the water privileges and with power to expropriate lands for the purposes of the Company and to acquire lands bonuses privileges and other aids from any Government municipal corporation or other persons or bodies corporate and with power to lease and connect and make traffic and other arrangements with railway steamboat or other companies now or hereafter to be incorporated and with power to make wagon roads to be used in the construction of such railway and in advance of the same and to levy and collect tolls from all persons using and on all freight passing over the said railway and such roads branches ferries wharves and vessels built or owned by the Company whether built or owned before or after the construction of the railway and with all other usual necessary or incidental rights powers and privileges as may be necessary or conducive to the attainment of the above objects or any of them.

DATED at Victoria, B. C. this 13th day of November A. D. 1899.

H. MAURICE HILLS
Solicitor for the Applicants.

FOR SALE—Near Courtenay, 211 acres. Trees burned off, about 20 acres swamp land.

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Dates for Reference.

1486—1899.

The following are the dates of some of the more important events in the history of South Africa:

	A. D.
Discovery of the Cape of Good Hope by Bartholomew Diaz	1486
First appearance of the Dutch in South African waters	1595
Dutch settle in Table Bay	1652
First British occupation of the Cape	1795—1803
Cape Colony ceded fo Britain	1814
Arrival of British settlers	1820
English declared the official language in Cape Colony	1825—1828
Emancipation of the slaves	1834
The great Boer Trek	1836—1837
Boer emigrants occupy Natal	1838
British annexation of Natal	1843
Recognition of the independendence of Transvaal and Orange River Boers	1852—1854
Discovery of diamonds on the Lower Vaal river	1869
British annex the Transvaal	1877
Conquest of Zululann	1879
Retrocession of the Transvaal	1881
Convention of London with the Transvaal Republic	1884
Witwatersrandt gold field discovered	1885
British South Africa Company founded	1889
Natal granted a responsible Government	1893
The Jameson Raid	1886
The Transvaal War	1899

ENJOYING RESTS ASHORE.

Cottage City Skipper Takes a Two Months' Vacation—Change Among Pursers.

Capt. David Wallace, of the steamer Cottage City, is taking a well-earned vacation. He will probably be ashore two months. During this time his ship will be commanded by Capt. A. C. Jansen, the veteran Alaskan pilot. William R. Curtis, who has so long run as purser to Capt. Wallace, is also temporarily off the Cottage City, owing to the recent death of his mother. E. T. Pope, long purper of the Alaskan steamer City of Seattle, has resigned his position and engaged in fishing enterprises about Fort Wrangel.

NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY given that application will be made to the Legislative Assembly of the Province of British Columbia at its **next session for an Act to Incorporate a Company with power to construct,** equip, maintain and operate either a standard or narrow gauge railway for the purpose of carrying passengers and freight, including all kinds of merchandise, from a point in Comox District, Vancouver Island, situate on the 50th Parallel on or near the East Coast of Vancouver Island, thence in a northerly direction by the most feasible route to a point at or near Cape Scott or some other suitable point at or near to the North end of Vancouver Island, with power to construct, operate and maintain branch lines to the Coast on either side of Vancouver Island and to other points and all neces-ary roads, bridges, ways and ferries, and to build, own, and maintain wharves, docks saw-mills and coalbunkers, and with power to build, equip, own, maintain and operate steam and other vessels and boats and to operate the same on any navigable waters connecting with the said railway line or branches thereof, and with power to build, own, equip, operate and maintain telegraph and telephone lines in connection with the said railway and branches, and to carry on a general express business, and to build and operate all kinds of plant for the purpose of supplying light, heat, electricity and any kind of motive power, and with power to acquire water rights and to construct dams and flumes for improving and increasing the water privileges, and with power to expropriate lands for the purposes of the Company, and to acquire lands, bonuses, privileges and other aids from any Government, municipal corporation or other persons or bodies corporate and with power to lease and to connect and make traffic and other arrangements with railway, steamboat or other companies now or hereafter to be incorporated, and with power to make wagon roads to be used in the construction of such railway and in advance of the same and to levy and collect tolls from all persons using and on all freight passing over the said railway and such roads, branches, ferries, wharves and vessels built or owned by the company, whether built or owned before or after the construction of the railway; and with all other usual, necessary or incidental powers, rights and privileges as may be necessary or conducive to the attainment of the above objects or any of them.

Dated at Victoria, B. C., this 9th day of October, A. D. 1899.

H. MAURICE HILLS,
Solicitor for the Applicants.

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Notice.

CHANGE OF CORPORATE NAME.

Notice is hereby given that the Union Colliery Company of British Columbia, Limited Liability, intends to apply to His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor for permission to change its name to that of the "Wellington Colliery Company, Limited Liability."

Dated Victoria, 18th July, 1899.

DAVIE, POOLEY & LUXTON,
Solicitors to the Union Colliery Company of B. C., Limited Liability.

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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
" 10:14	Shawnigan Lake	" 5.39
" 10:48	Duncans	6:15
P.M.		P.M.
" 12:24	Nanaimo	7:41
Ar. 12:40	Wellington	Ar. 7:55

WELLINGTON TO VICTORIA.

No. 1 Daily. A.M.		No. 3 Saturday. A.M.
De. 8:05	Wellington	De. 4:25
" 8:29	Nanaimo	" 4:39
" 9:55	Duncans	" 6:05
" 10:37	Shawnigan Lake	" 6:46
" 11:23	Goldstream	" 7.37
Ar. 11:50	Victoria	Ar. 8:00 P.M.

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

For rates and all information apply at Company's Offices.

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

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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.

St. John's Catholic Church—Rev. J. A. Durand, Pastor. Mass on Sundays at 11 o'clock a. m. Sunday School in the afternoon.

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Visiting Brothers cordially requested to attend.

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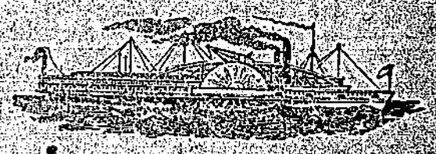

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Leave Victoria for Nanaimo
Tuesday 7 a.m.
" Nanaimo for Comox,
Wednesday 7 a.m.
Comox for Nanaimo
Friday 8 a.m
" Nanaimo for Victoria,
Saturday 7 a.m.

—OR Freight tickets and Stateroom apply on board.

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D. KILPATRICK.
Cumberland

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AN AUTOHARP GUITAR or BANJO

will do it for those who have an ear for music.

. . . A Graphophone

is just the thing for those who can't learn to play even a Jew's Harp

It Talks, Plays, Sings—Does everything but walk. *Call and hear it* at the NEWS OFFICE.

CHAS. C. SEGRAVE, Agent,
Cumberland, B. C.

A HARVEST OF TARES.

By Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen

[Copyright, 1893, by the Author.]

Mr. Falck, to do him justice, was honestly shocked when he learned that he had been selected as the instrument of this cruel parental tyranny. He was by this time deeply in love with Hulda, and had perhaps begun to entertain a vague hope of winning her on his own merits. Her appeal to him, as it were, against himself, was therefore a terrible disillusioner. But as he was in the helpless state of infatuation when the presence of the beloved on any terms is preferable to her absence, he accepted her confidence in good part, and comforted and reassured her to the best of his ability. He suppressed himself with stern persistence in his capacity of lover, and strove heroically to act the friend. He identified himself so completely with her interests, even when they were opposed to his own, that she was forced day by day to revise her judgment of him and admire much in him which she had been predisposed to criticise. As she was cut off from confiding in Magda (because Magda couldn't keep a secret from her mother), she was impelled to resort more and more frequently to Mr. Falck, whose patience was wonderful, and upon whose sympathy she could always count with delightful certainty. She was particularly at pains when her conscience pricked her to excuse her mother by emphasizing her great love of her only son, which would seem to make the sacrifice of one girl out of six an affair of minor consequence. Mr. Falck would then cite instances from sacred and profane history of similar sacrifices, and compare her to Jephtha's daughter and to Iphigenia, only with the difference that they were sacrificed, not by their mothers, but by their fathers. It was indeed wonderful how these historic parallels lifted the affair out of the everyday humdrum reality and invested it with poetic dignity. In fact, Hulda, when she came to contemplate her situation in this light, began to feel quite heroic, and she was grateful to Mr. Falck for opening this new vista in her life and supplying a little imaginative colouring to the dreary monotony of her existence. She scarcely suspected that it was herself who supplied this element, while he merely cited the dry and colourless facts. But like every rich and generous nature, she knew no meum and tuum in the religion of mind, and lavishly credited to her poorer companion what she drew from her own abundant stores.

It was two days before Christmas eve that an incident occurred which I fancy neither of the persons concerned had anticipated. The great annual ceremony in country houses called the slaughtering was in progress, and the parsonage was pervaded from cellar to garret by savoury odours. A man-servant with a white towel about his head was standing in the hall, wielding a huge pestle, with which he was pounding a mixed meat dough in a large marble mortar. Every time the door of the kitchen was opened fresh whiffs of tantalizing dishes escaped, and you saw Mrs. Brinckman and Magda, with white aprons enveloping half of their persons, lifting ladles filled with appetizing substances in various stages of preparation. The three oldest girls had divided the care of the household between them, each taking her week in the kitchen, under the general supervision of the mother, and this happened to be Magda's week.

Hulda was seated at the piano singing to Mr. Falck, who, according to his habit, was strolling up and down on the floor as the exquisite, roguish tune of Kjerulf to Bjornson's "The fox he lurked 'neath the birchen root," and she sang it with a wanton gayety and abandon which made the curate's sedate blood strangely uneasy. Then with an abrupt change of mood she wandered away into a richly melodious voluntary full of sadness and sweet resignation, out of which rose now and then a wild and passionate cry for life and joy and happiness. And that again glided through a series of vaguely articulated sighs into "Synnov's Song," with its ineffable tenderness and yearning. Just as Hulda had finished the third verse Magda, all aglow with kitchen fire and housewifely dignity, appeared in the door against an illuminated background of stoves, candles, and busy domestic industry.

"Mother says to stop that singing at once," she said, emphasizing each word with the ladle she held in her hand. "The maids are losing their heads from listening to you, and sugar the meat and salt the cake."

"I will stop," said Hulda, quietly rising from the piano.

She noticed as she turned her head that Mr. Falck's eyes were rivetted with a singularly intensity of interest on her sister as she stood gesticulating with her sceptre of domestic authority. She knew that there was something in the vision of the girl which revealed her in a new light and made her double attractive to him.

"She reminds me of Penelope," he said, with a slow smile, when the door had closed upon the pleasant apparition.

"Why of Penelope?" asked Hulda with a little note of asperity.

"You know there is a scene in the 'Odyssey,'" Mr. Falck replied blandly, "where the clamorous and insolent suitors are devouring the substance of Ulysses, slaying his bullocks and roasting them over the fire. And Penelope moves among them with beautiful housewifely dignity as if wholly unconscious of her beauty, and she spins the sea-blue wool and weaves at the loom, patiently and heroically faithful, longing for the return of her lord."

"Dear me, how can Magda suggest all that to you? I am not aware that she has ever been troubled by clamorous or insolent suitors."

She was aware before she had finished this remark that she was saying an ungenerous thing, and that the motive which prompted her was an ignoble one. She had cherished so long the notion of turning her lover over to Magda—had, in fact, been half disposed to win him for that very purpose—and now when the prospect presented itself it appeared distinctly unattractive. She was so ashamed of herself that she could have wept. Where was now the nobility on which she had prided herself? Did she lack the generosity to renounce a lover whom she did not want? Was she jealous of her sister for winning a little of the admiration which she had herself spurned?

Hulda lay awake half the night meditating this problem. If it was disagreeable to her to have Mr. Falck divert his admiration to Magda, why, then, she had surely deceived herself in believing that she cared nothing about him. She was much humbled in her estimation of herself when she arose the next morning and found herself utterly unable to carry out her plans to bring about an engagement between the curate and her younger sister. Mr. Falck made various tentative approaches to the domestic Penelope during the following week, and though yet under Hulda's influence and anxious for her approval, was (as it appeared to her) less persistent in his attentions. He was not exactly recreant or disloyal, but it did seem to her jealous fancy that he displayed symptoms of vacillation. He was perhaps beginning to weary of his long, unrewarded devotion and looking for an excuse for ridding himself of the intangible bonds that oppressed him. It was the suspicion that his mood toward her had undergone this subtle change which made Hulda redouble her efforts to keep him. Her feeling for him was of a very mixed and complex kind, and she would have been unable to give a rational account of it. But she was induced to believe that the friendship which had sprung up between them had imperceptibly changed to love. When she appealed to Mr. Falck to help her frustrate the plot by which he was himself to benefit, she had by that very appeal entangled herself in a relation to him which involved the success of the plot or made it superfluous. It was terribly confusing. She gave up all hope of unravelling the tangled skein. But before the new year was a week old she had taken her resolve to dally no longer, and the next day she became engaged to Mr. Falck.

CHAPTER VI.

The engagement was a little over a week old, and the visits of presentation to all the neighbouring gentry were about to be made when the pastor received a letter from a high official in Christiania, informing him that, in accordance with a recent resolution of the Parliament a commission had been appointed to estimate the expenses of a projected railway through the valley and to stake out an experimental route. The writer, who had been a friend of the pastor in his student days, added that he had procured an appointment on the commission for a nephew of his, whose guardian he had the misfortune to be, and he begged Mr. Brinckman, for the sake of the days of auld lang syne, that he would keep an eye on the young man, and if possible give him lodgings in his house. So important a matter could not be decided without a family council, and Mr. Brinckman and his wife retired for an hour and a half to the blue room, where they discussed the proposition in all its possible and impossible bearings. The first consideration which presented itself to both was the value of the great official's friendship and influence to Fritz when, in years to come, connections of that sort would be worth more than genius, learning, or anything that gold could buy. Secondly, the money which the young man would pay for his board might be saved, and would go far toward paying for Fritz' schooling in the city. Neither the pastor nor his wife liked exactly the way the august uncle spoke of his nephew, but as Hulda was engaged and Magda was a good and obedient girl, who would be sure to be guided by her parents in matters of the heart, the advantages of the proposition seemed far to outweigh the risks. The pastor had some scruples about sowing tares in the domestic wheat-field, as he expressed it, but he was, as usual, overridden by his wife, who declared that she would keep her eyes open and promptly uproot the tare if it grew too lustily or showed the least disposition to become troublesome. Reassured by this promise, the pastor acquiesced and gave his consent. A favourable reply was therefore returned, and within a fortnight Olaf Brun, the reprobate nephew, made his appearance at the parsonage. Though the work of the railway commission was not to commence until the spring, his uncle had seized the opportunity to remove him from the temptations of the capital. In its official version, however, the incident was interpreted to mean that young Mr. Brun needed rural solitude for the prosecution of his engineering studies.

Mr. Falck was less persistent in his attentions.

It was not strange that a man preceded by such a reputation should have made something of a sensation on his arrival. All the girls, with the exception of Hulda, were breathless with expectation. They had an idea, no doubt, that the visitor would have an air of fascinating wickedness, such as their simple rural fancy had conjured up from the scant reading that had been permitted them. Magda and Stina, who were watching the arrival of the steamer from their windows on the second floor, nearly choked with excitement when they saw him, and the world went out in utter blankness to them the moment he was out of sight. And yet he was very far from answering to their expectations. What they saw was a slight, shapely figure enveloped in a voluminous cape, a handsome face, agreeable but rather vague features, and a great exuberance of blond hair that waved forth from under the broad hat brim. It was but a glimpse they had of him as he walked rapidly across the gangway, followed by a porter who carried his trunk. His breath, which the cold made visible, hung for a moment in the still air before it vanished, while that of the porter blew forth in two straight columns like that of a panting horse.

The family had regarded it as beneath their dignity on this occasion to welcome the stranger on the pier, and only Nils, the groom, was there to receive him. Fritz, who stood up on the brow of the hill, half hidden behind the leafless hedges, put him down after a brief inspection as "soft," and walked disgustedly over to the stable, where he sat down on the shaft of a cart to wait for Nils. To while away the time he took down the best whip from the wall and cracked it with mute satisfaction until his friend arrived. Nils said nothing, but spat expressively out of the corner of his mouth. They were a peculiarly laconic pair, these two, and wasted few words in conversation. Moreover, if either had anything on his mind, it was a reason for not talking about it except in the most cautious and round about way. The boy was so anxious for the groom's approval that he usually refrained from committing himself before he had ascertained what Nils thought. And Nils, who was fully aware of his authority, exercised it in a cantankerous way and with a certain delight in his own contrariness.

"Reckon they'll make a parson of you after all," he said, as he took out of his closet a jar of grease and began to rub a harness that hung on the wall. He knew that he could say nothing more wounding to the boy than to predict that he would become a parson.

"No, they won't," declared Fritz, with a sharp crack of the whip.

"That ain't the way ter crack a whip, you silly," Nils observed, taking the whip and producing a crack like that of a pistol shot.

Fritz hung his head for awhile with a deep sense of humiliation, then resumed his practice in a dispirited way.

"Can't do it," said the groom, and spat contemptuously. "Yer arm is like a girl's, soft like pulp."

"Now, Nils, that ain't fair. You just feel that," cried the boy, stung to the quick. He doubled up his arm, gritting his teeth to keep the muscle tense, and invited his friend to feel it.

"Ye orter ha' been a gal," Nils proceeded, with malicious pleasure, "or suthin like that long-haired chap as come to-day by the steamer."

(To be continued.)

Keep the walks clean. Nothing detracts so much from the looks of a place as weedy and badly defined walks.

WILD WITH ECZEMA

For 12 years she suffered terribly, and doctors could only give temporary relief—Was completely cured by three boxes of

Dr. Chase's Ointment.

Mrs. R. Stoddard, Delhi, Norfolk Co., Ont., writes as follows: "I was troubled with eczema for over twelve years, and doctoring during that time with four different physicians, but found that they could only give temporary relief. I saw Dr. Chase's Ointment advertised, decided to try it, and before I had used half a box found great relief and change. Altogether I have used three boxes, and am now completely cured. I have recommended it to my neighbors, and can say it is the best I have ever used, and, in my estimation, worth its weight in gold."

Truly, Dr. Chase's Ointment works wonders, for it has the greatest record of cures in the history of medicine. The claim that it will cure any case of Eczema, Salt Rheum or Itching Skin is fully endorsed by the evidence of scores and hundreds of cured ones.

For sale by all dealers, or EDMANSON, BATES & Co., Toronto.

LAUGHING GAS.

The Truthful Songster.

"The sun was setting in the west
Just at the close of day;"
So runs the song; no doubt it's true,
Because nobody ever knew
The orb to let
Itself get set
In any other way.

"The stars were shining overhead,
And night her sable wings had spread,"
According to the song.
Why should we doubt the singer, say?
For isn't that, in fact, the way
They do it right along?

"The gentle breezes softly blow;
The autumn day was fair."
Ah, well, indeed, the singer knew,
For on such days what else is there
The gentle breeze can do?
—Chicago Times-Herald.

Woman, as Usual.

"Well, I guess it is true that women are at the bottom of about all the trouble that comes to this vale of tears," remarked Farmer Sassafras to his wife.

"Oh, now don't be too hard on the women!" replied Mrs. Sassafras.

"Well, it's a fact! Look at the trouble in South Africa now."

"Have the women anything to do with that?"

"Well, I heard one of the boarders tellin another that the real trouble was on account of Susie Runity."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Killed by a Practical Joke.

Weary William—Practical jokes ain't right, Sandy. Dere's me old pard, Dusty Rhodes, dat died from de effects of one.

Sandy the Supplicant—How'd it happen?

"Well, you see, Dusty goes up to one of dese wayside cottages an asks de lady fer a pie. De lady says, 'I ain't got a pie in de house, me good man, but here's a cake.'"

"What species of cake was it, Billy?"

"'Twas—'twas a cake of soap, Sandy."—Stray Stories.

Bird or Monkey.

"Fly with me!" he whispered hoarsely, yet insistently.

Constance regarded him with horror not unmingled with disdain.

"You think you're a bird with those duck trousers, don't you?" she sneered.

It is, however, a well settled principle of biology that clothes neither make the man nor serve ever to change his genus and species except, of course, to make a monkey of him.

Mary's Little Auto.

Mary had a horseless cart
With doughnut wheels, you know,
And everywhere that Mary went
The scent was sure to go.

She rode the cart to school one day,
So noiseless, swift and cool.
She ran across her teacher dear,
And now there is no school!
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Noncommittal.

"De trouble 'bout de risin jinneration," said the colored philosopher, "is dat dey jumps at conclusion. I kin jedge dat fum de answer I done got when I ax Mr. 'Rastus Pinkly 'bout whut he thought o' dis here Filipino policy."

"What did he say?"

"He said he didn't know nuffin 'bout it. He hadn't nebber played it."—Washington Star.

The Honest Voter.

"Masser Jim," said the veteran voter, "dey tells me dat de campaign done open."

"Yes, it's well on the way now."

"Thank de Lawd fer dat, suh! De time is now come w'en a po', downtrod voter kin rise up early in de mawnin en make a hones' livin!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Her Gentle Hint.

"This room," he said, "is rather close."

"That's not all that's close," she returned somewhat pointedly.

Then he recalled that she had brought up the subject of ice cream soda three times in the last ten minutes and he had failed to respond as became a man.—Chicago Post.

The Hunter's Dream.

The merry hunter now goes out to hunt the nimble deer,
And patiently he tramps about until the game is near.
At last the antlered monarch bounds along the mountain side.
The merry huntsman's rifle sounds. Down goes another guide.
—Chicago Times-Herald.

He Wouldn't Lie.

Walton (to fishmonger)—Just throw me half a dozen of those trout.

Fishmonger—Throw them?

Walton—Yes; then I can go home and tell my wife I caught 'em. I may be a poor fisherman, but I'm no liar.—Household Words.

The Caddie's Faux Pas.

"You can't imagine how shocked I was to discover that my caddie smoked cigarettes!"

"The little rascal!"

"Yes, the Scotch almost invariably smoke a pipe, you know."—Detroit Journal.

A Soldierly Quality.

Examiner—What is the chief qualification for a soldier?

Frenchman—A thorough knowledge of penmanship.

DO NOT PAY CASH!

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Save 20 per Cent. Discount.

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Or to any office of the MERCHANTS' BANK OF CANADA, or the UNION BANK OF CANADA in Manitoba or the West.

MEDICAL SCIENCE ADVANCES.

Positive Cure for Asthma Discovered.

It has long been recognized by medical scientists throughout the world that nature has supplied all creation with some remedy in the vegetable or mineral kingdom wherewith all forms of ailments can be cured, but it was not until the discovery by Stanley of the wonderful Kola plant along the Congo River in Africa that asthma was permanently curable. In fact, it was not until the investigations made by Dr. Clarke some years later that this disease was found curable; he found that by combining the extract of Kola Nut with other vegetable extracts that the compound obtained would permanently cure asthma. Clarke's Kola Compound was then tried on over 100 cases in different hospitals, with the marvelous result that over 95 per cents were permanently cured in less than 60 days' treatment. Clarke's Kola Compound is now recognized to be the only permanent cure for this dreaded disease. Sold by all druggists. Free sample bottle sent to any person. Mention this paper. Address The Griffiths & Macpherson Co., 121 Church Street, Toronto, or Vancouver, B.C., sole Canadian agents.

He Expected It.

"I see that the price of diamonds is going up," said the young man who likes to give information.

"Of course," answered Mr. Blykins in a tone of mingled grief and defiance. "It was to be expected. It's one combination after another these days. You didn't suppose those coal barons were going to leave any carbon around loose where people might buy it and use it as a substitute, did you?"

And Then It Would Be Useless.

Teacher—You should always be frank and not try to hide any fault you may have committed. Now, Johnny, if you had fallen into the water while you were playing, when you ought to have been hurrying home, what would you say to your papa?

Johnny—You don't know pa. He wouldn't give me time to say anything until his arm got tired.—Stray Stories.

You need not cough all night and disturb your friends; there is no occasion for you running the risk of contracting inflammation of the lungs or consumption while you can get Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. This medicine cures coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs and all throat and chest troubles. It promotes a free and easy expectoration, which immediately relieves the throat and lungs from viscid phlegm.

Just For a Hint.

Castleton—Hello! I never saw that clock in the drawing room before.

Harold—No, but when sister heard you were coming she had it moved in.—Detroit Free Press.

All Depends on Her.

"How late shall you remain at your summer cottage this year?" he inquired.

"Ask the cook," she replied.—Chicago Post.

There is nothing equal to Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator for destroying worms. No article of its kind has given such satisfaction.

We Have All Bought of Him.

"My uncle grows strawberries so big that six will fill a quart measure."

"I'd be ashamed to have an uncle who would use that kind of quart measure."—Stray Stories.

MINARD'S LINIMENT Relieves Neuralgia.

The Store of the Future.

The General Manager—How are we off for rolling stock?

The Subordinate—More than we can use.

The General Manager—Are you sure? Because I notice Barr, Gain & Sales are selling off a lot of assorted freight cars at 99 cents this morning.—Indianapolis Journal.

Holloway's Corn Cure is the medicine to remove all kinds of corns and warts, and only costs the small sum of twenty-five cents.

Had It to Get.

Mrs. Winn—Wouldn't you like to see my new hat, John?"

Mr. Winn (surprised)—Um—why—y-yes.

Mrs. W.—So would I, dear. Give me $14 and I'll show you one.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

A BRAVE WOMAN.

How a Drunken Husband Was Made a Sober Man by a Determined Wife.

A PATHETIC LETTER.

She writes:—"I had for a long time been thinking of trying the Samaria Prescription treatment on my husband for his drinking habits, but I was afraid he would discover that I was giving him medicine, and the thought unnerved me. I hesitated for nearly a week, but one day when he came home very much intoxicated and his week's salary nearly all spent, I threw off all fear and determined to make an effort to save our home from the ruin I saw coming, at all hazards. I sent for your Samaria Prescription and put it in his coffee as directed next morning and watched and prayed for the result. At noon I gave him more and also at supper. He never suspected a thing, and I then boldly kept right on giving it regularly, as I had discovered something that set every nerve in my body tingling with hope and happiness, and I could see a bright future spread out before me—a peaceful, happy home, a share in the good things of life, an attentive, loving husband, comforts, and everything else dear to a woman's heart, for my husband had told me that whiskey was vile stuff and he was taking a dislike to it. It was only too true, for before I had given him the full course he had stopped drinking altogether, but I kept giving the medicine till it was gone, and then sent for another lot to have on hand if he should relapse, as he had done from his promises before. He never has, and I am writing you this letter to tell you how thankful I am. I honestly believe it will cure the worst cases."

A pamphlet in plain, sealed envelope, sent free, giving testimonials and full information, with directions how to take or administer Samaria Prescription. Correspondence considered sacredly confidential. Address The Samaria Remedy Co., Jordan street, Toronto, Ont.

WHAT DOROTHY SAYS.

When first to Dottie I was wed,
One morning unto her I said;
"The pies that mother use to make,
And likewise, too, her bread and cake
Were of the best. Now, strive, my lass,
To get in mother's cooking class."
She looked me squarely in the eye
And made this innocent reply:
"To cook like her I'll surely try;
But"—and her look was very sly—
"I want a cook stove nice and bright
Sent up to me this very night—
A stove like father used to buy."

The years are many o'er my head
Since unto Dorothy I said
A word about how mother cooked.
I've not forgot how Dottie looked
The day I first made that bad break
About how mother used to bake.
But let me say, 'twixt you and I,
That more than once with heartfelt sigh
I've seen her unto me draw nigh,
And with a glitter in her eye
Say unto me, "I want a hat,
And yards of this, and yards of that—
Just like my father used to buy."
—Will M. Maupin in What to Eat.

THE CARDCASE.

How the Happiness of Two Lives Turned Upon a Trifling Event.

She was a beautiful girl, with an open hearted, generous disposition, and was ever showering gifts of greater or less value upon her friends. If any one chanced to call and professed admiration for one of her knickknacks, she invariably said:

"If it pleases you, do pray accept it."

One really had to be most positive in declining, else they would never leave empty handed. I was her eldest brother's college comrade and was always welcome at their house. I had known her ever since she was a child and formerly called her Rosette, but now it was Miss Rose, as she was 20 and I was 25. At that time they thought of marrying her, and as she had both beauty and wealth it was easy enough to find a ready aspirant. I was but a poor devil, living from hand to mouth, more often faring worse than better. However, I was endowed with good sense and never dreamed of considering myself an eligible party. But one day, when shaking her hand upon leaving, it seemed to me that she gave mine a lingering pressure, and it started me conjecturing. I must confess most foolishly, and then I forced myself to reason and said: "Do not be a fool! She is not for you!"

From that moment my good sense returned to me. I have never been ambitious, nor did I ever think that good fortune would come to me for the asking. Owing to these traits of character I must acknowledge I have led a dull existence, with little or no joy in my life. But, by way of compensation, I have had few deceptions, few regrets and borne little malice and have endeavored to be happy with what I had. Why should I complain? If I have never been overcome by excessive joy or rapture, I have never endured agony or anything extremely disagreeable. Upon the whole I have had an existence comprised of neither the one nor the other and have been at an intermediate point between the two poles of all human sensations. Pray do not think that this story is to be but a discourse of my own personality. Far from that! But I was forced to give you a few details of my character and surroundings, so you could duly appreciate what is about to follow.

For all that, I could not long delude myself to the fact that Miss Rose looked upon me with favor and was pleased with my humble presence. I was both uneasy and overjoyed; disquieted, for I realized what insuperable barriers separated us; delighted, as it is always flattering to be honored, as it was expressed in olden times, by the most beautiful girl in society. She had a way of modulating my name; when she said "Mr. Theodore," a world of veiled sentiments could be derived. Inadvertently, one day, she simply addressed me as Theodore. Instantly she saw her error, stopped abruptly, blushed and was adorably confused. However, on that occasion we did not make any further progress.

On my side I was smitten. I flamed as a straw fire in August. I almost dared hope for the impossible. Alas! My habitual common sense had murmured in vain in my reluctant ear: "My boy, admitting that Miss Rose is fond of you, do you clearly understand that her parents are not only intelligent and sensible, but are worldly wise as well, and that they would never reconcile themselves to this miracle and, above all, to give her, with such a dower, to a greenhorn like yourself, who is without a farthing, homeless and is not even a duke peer? Do not build upon it, my boy, and to avoid a scandal, perhaps some distress, at all events a humiliation and being shown the door, go away, absent yourself from here for all time. Lay your heart at the feet of some unprejudiced beggar as poor as yourself, who will accept you as she would ready money. I have now pointed out the wise course for you to follow."

Passionately I reasoned contrary to my better judgment, giving a series of useless arguments. For a vision I saw myself carrying Miss Rose away on a stormy night in a four horse traveling carriage to London (the horses knew how to swim), where we would await, in our great happiness, her parents' recall, who had been touched by these manifestations of an equally undying love. Reason answered me, "You have not sufficient money to pay for the carriage."

It was true enough, for that same evening I went on foot, with my trousers turned up, and, carefully choosing my steps, to a reception at these same noble parents' house. My helplessness overwhelmed me as soon as I entered. Confronted by the luxury of their surroundings, by the dazzling lights and liveried servants, I felt insignificant, wretched and out of place. Already I was ashamed of my presumptuous pretensions. I mused: "I am about the biggest fool on earth." About the biggest, I said, so as not to discourage any one.

On that memorable evening it was a gala occasion. There were numberless guests, so many men wearing decorations and the women in long trained, low cut evening gowns, that are always so attractive, and the orchestra was screened behind masses of flowers.

Instantly I scented danger. They were not entertaining on this lavish scale for naught. In a few moments, however, Rose's brother, my old comrade, gave me the explanation of all the brilliant display, and the brief interpretation was not any the less disastrous.

"Good evening," he said, with a firm pressure of the hand.

"How are you? Well? Thank you, I am also. By the bye, do you see that tall, awkward looking fellow, who has lost all his hair? Yes. Well, he is going to marry my sister."

If the heavens had fallen upon my head, as our Gallic forefathers had uniquely dreaded, I could not have been more stunned nor depressed.

The greatest griefs are speechless. It is one of those indisputable truths, one knows not what to say, therefore I made no comment. My friend continues:

"Rose yesterday demanded three days for reflection, but in the end it will be all the same. Why would she not acquiesce? He has $300,000 income. He is a known count, to be sure, no longer young, but no one seems young in these times. Now acknowledge that he is a tempting morsel!"

Recovering my self possession by a heroic effort, I admitted with all sincerity apparently, that my friend was most just in his process of reasoning. Yes, wealth and noble birth were the greatest blessings in this life. As to youth, not a word could be said in its favor, for nothing comes to those who possess it only.

Had I put a vague accent of bitterness in that last affirmative? Montagne had said, "Perhaps," and Rabelais, "What do I know of it," and I uttered the word "Probably," for Rose's brother suddenly looked at me with curiosity, and replied:

"You speak like an anarchist!" Then he turned and quickly left me to join the young ladies.

Alone in a crowd. Where is one ever more alone than amid a throng of strangers? I painfully collected my ideas, as scattered as a flock of sparrows after the report of a gun. A cry escaped me:

"Ah, the women!"

An old gentleman passing at the time heard those words, saw the expression of my face, I suppose, and spoke to me:

"Believe me, my dear child, there's just as good fish in the sea."

That man had evidently never suffered. I continued, but in suppressed tones, and this time in a furious monologue:

"Where am I? Darkness and horror have invaded my being. Rose to marry, and not me—to marry that preposterous looking man for his money! Oh, wretched child!"

At that moment I saw her seated apart in a little reception room. She had hastened there, without doubt, from the heavy atmosphere of the other rooms. Thereupon I remembered that I had not as yet presented my compliments to her, and so I advanced toward her, dissimulating my distress of mind. She saw me coming and looked with softness in her regard that seemed like a caress, and as I watched her I could almost read her love for me in that sweet face. She stretched out her hand to me, accepted my courtesies with pleasure. There, standing before her, I had no longer the courage to hate her. Ah, far from that; truly, very far from that!

We uttered words never to be forgotten. She said:

"I really believe that there are over 200 people present this evening. It is suffocating. I have a headache."

I replied: "At least 200, and all your friends. Yes, it is very close. We are having an early spring. There are some leaves on one of the chestnut trees in the Champs Elysees."

"Really?" she said.

"Absolutely," I affirmed.

"Oh!"

"Yes."

While speaking she toyed with a cardcase of light blue leather, and among other things I said, "That is a very pretty cardcase." Then Rose's face suddenly brightened.

"If it pleases you," she said, "do pray accept it."

She held it out to me at the end of her gloved fingers, and I thought her hand trembled.

"But may I?"

"Yes, I desire you to," she replied authoritatively. "Take it—it will be"—

At that moment some people entered, and we were forced to separate. I had the cardcase in my hand. I put it in my pocket, thinking all the time of Rose's generous nature.

All that evening Rose waltzed with her old fiance, who so awkwardly spread his legs out when he turned. When I reached my room, I threw the little cardcase in a drawer, not dreaming for a moment of opening it.

Reason had triumphed. I had resolved to renounce her, to go away and to try and forget, and all this I did.

Rose married.

Twenty years have passed since that adventure, and now only the other day, when I was arranging some old, yellow papers, I found a little, light blue cardcase that I had entirely forgot possessing in the bottom of an unused drawer. Perplexed, endeavoring to remember the incident pertaining to it, I opened it. In the right pocket there was a folded paper. Then, mystified, I read the following lines:

Theodore:

You are the one I love. Do you care for me? They want to marry me to another, but if I have your love I will refuse this offer and become your betrothed. If you are not indifferent, be in front of Trinity church tomorrow at 3 o'clock. If you do not come, I shall understand, and then I care not who I marry.

It was signed "Rose."

Suddenly it all came back to me. I had ruined my life by not having examined the little case. I cried for my lost youth. Then I thought of seeking out Rose and, once finding her, to tell her that I still loved her, that I had always cared for her. However, I soon came to my senses again. I was 45 and she 40 years old. I made a face, burned the letter and cardcase, but while the flames from my solitary hearth destroyed this relics no doubt I had a heartbroken smile upon my lips, the smile that a vanquished hero has in his conflicts with the unjust gods.—From the French.

Better Than a Barbecue.

A great dish at Egyptian harem feasts is that of a lamb roasted whole. After the manner of a nest of Chinese boxes, each smaller than the other, the lamb is stuffed with a whole turkey, the turkey with a chicken, the chicken with a pigeon, the pigeon with a quail, and the quail with a becafico, the smallest bird known except the humming bird. The lamb is roasted over a slow fire until it is almost ready to fall to pieces.

Untold Misery.

"There's no estimating the amount of misery entailed by this loose system of divorce," said the earnest man.

"No, sir!" cried the sour faced one. "Many a divorced man marries again."—Philadelphia North American.

Ingersoll's Wit.

A good story is told of how Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll's wit saved his life when he was first captured. A great big rebel had a double barreled shotgun leveled upon him at less than ten paces. Ingersoll threw up his hands and exclaimed: "Don't shoot, my friend, don't shoot. I have been anxious to recognize the independence of your Confederacy for the last half hour!"

The rebel threw up his gun and exploded in laughter. Ingersoll surrendered to him and he was known in Forrest's command as "that Yankee colonel whose wit saved his life."

TWO WOMEN IN A DUEL.

A Gown and a Tongue Were the Weapons Used.

She was the daintiest, sweetest, most flowerlike little creature, with a ruffly, fluffy rose pink frock and a Greenaway hat. Her eyes made you ashamed of yourself for being so old and guileful and worldly wise, and her face was as innocent as a morning glory, but she was only a whited sepulcher or, worse still, a pink tinted sepulcher, for this is what she said:

"You know," she began, "that Carl used to be engaged to her before he knew me, and when she heard he was married she sent me the horridest note of congratulation—fancy!—that you ever read. Well, she's a widow now, and I know she came to Washington just to see Carl, but my! I was nice to her, not hateful and polite, but just really civil, you know. I invited her up to dinner. When she came, she had her glad rags on to beat the band. You could see her dress must have cost a dray load of plunks, and she'd been to a hair dresser for hours and hours getting her hair done.

"'Oh, dear!' she said, 'I hurried off so that I didn't have time to half do my hair. Does it look all right?'

"'Oh, just take this brush and touch it up at the side a little, and it'll do!' I said. 'There's nobody here but Carl, you know.'

"She smiled at me as if she'd like to run me through a sausage mill.

"'Oh, thank you!' she said. 'And will you put a pin there in my collar, please?'

"That was so I could take a good look at the dress and drop dead, you know.

"'Thank you again,' she said. 'I just loathe this frock, anyway.'

"'Why, I can't see why,' I said. 'I think it's perfectly sweet. Carl has told me so often about how clever you always were with your needle.'

"Glad rags! Well, they looked like the second plume on a hearse before I got through with her, that's all."

And with the smile of an angel on her flowerlike face she said goodby.—Washington Post.

Where There Are No Taxes.

Loud's island, on the coast of Maine, near historic Pemaquid, in the Lincoln county town of Bristol, is one of the very few places on earth where there are no taxes. This island, otherwise known as Muscongus, was overlooked when Maine became a state and was put into no town or county. The island was first settled by John Loud, a deserter from a British man-of-war, and his great-grandchildren are now prominent inhabitants. By voluntary contributions school is maintained, the parents paying $4 for each child. The school term averages eight months in each year, and there is an average attendance of 18 scholars.

Catching bait for the fishermen of Boston, Gloucester and Portland is the most profitable business of the people, but when bait is slack in running they turn their attention to lobstering, mackerel fishing and catching porgies for the big oil and fertilizing factory opposite the island in Bristol. After a successful haul of bait a large white flag is hoisted on the high ground in the center of the island. With a glass may be discovered far out at sea whence come the grand bankers and others like buzzards attracted by the casualties of battle. The people have comfortable homes and are prosperous and contented. Like the fishermen of Deer Isle, they are famous for their skill as sailors.

Polizeiwidrigesvergehen.

This word is that used to describe the latest offense for which a person may be arrested in Austria. It is used to refer to any act that meets with the disapproval of the police, yet is not forbidden by municipal ordinances or national statutes. The Austrian police have the authority to arrest any one guilty of an act which they may disapprove. If the police inspector chooses, the latter may imprison the offender without troubling either judge or jury.

WILL GUARD THE QUEEN.

Young W. W. Astor, Who Is to Enter Victoria's Household Cavalry.

Young William Waldorf Astor, son of the New York millionaire who has expatriated himself and become a British subject, is to enter the Household cavalry of the queen when his schooldays are over, according to the programme mapped out for him by his snobbish father.

WILLIAM WALDORF ASTOR, JR.

The young man is now almost through Eton, that great English public school which is responsible for much of the manly quality in the British male. He is 19 years old.

Among Astor's schoolfellows at Eton is "young Connaught," the son of the Duke of Connaught and consequently grandson of the queen. The royal boy is in a class below young Astor, and a while ago it was reported in the papers that "young Connaught" was the "fag" of "young Astor." A fag at an English public school has to fetch and carry for the upper classman who selects him for his especial slave, and at all times to bear himself lowly and reverently toward his chief.

The idea of a prince of the blood doing menial work for the son of a Yankee millionaire rather disturbed the British, and the story has been denied and reaffirmed several times. It is not of much importance one way or the other. What is of importance is that young Astor is popular at Eton and is a good all around athlete. In rowing he has especially distinguished himself, and is now the head of the Eton boating outfit.

Astor has a sister about a year younger than he, and a brother named from the founder of the fortunes of the family, John Jacob, who is about 11. Mrs. Astor, the mother of these children, died in 1892 at Cliveden. She was Mrs. Mary Paul, and came of an old Philadelphia family.

There are 31 regiments in the Household cavalry, among which are the famous Life guards, Royal Horse guards, Royal Irish and others. No doubt the elder Astor, as a British citizen of influence, can get his son in any of the Household regiments which suit his fancy.

TO ELEVATE HER RACE.

President of the National Association Of Colored Women.

Mrs. Mary Church Terrell, who was recently re-elected president of the National Association of Colored Women of America, is an advanced type of the new women of her race. She is highly educated, truly refined and possesses besides a lot of energy and executive ability.

Mrs. Terrell is practically the head and front of the movement to regenerate the colored women of the country. In speaking of the recent convention in Chicago she said:

"Acting upon the principle of concentration and union, the colored women of the United States banded themselves together to fulfill a mission to which they feel peculiarly adapted and especially called. We have become national because, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from Maine to the gulf, we wish to set in motion influences that shall stop the ravage made by practices that sap our

MRS. MARY C. TERRELL.

strength and preclude the possibility of advancement and have joined hands one with the other to work together in a common cause to proclaim to the world that the women of the negro race have become partners in the great firm of progress and reform.

"The work we hope to accomplish can be done better, we believe, by the mothers, wives, daughters and sisters of our race than by the fathers, brothers, husbands and sons."

THE VOTING MACHINE.

Records Straight or Scratched Ballots and Is Absolutely Secret.

The voting machine is, primarily, a counting machine, or rather a combination of counting machines. It consists of three parts—(1) the keyboard, with one key for each candidate, and two—a "yes" and a "no" key—for each question; (2) the counters, one for each key, and (3) the interlocking mechanism, which limits the number of keys that can be operated in any one office group—the candidates of all parties for one office. The machine is operated by a small gate or lever which swings in both directions. It is unlocked by the movement of the gate in a certain direction before the voter indicates his ballot on the keyboard, while a movement in the opposite direction casts the ballot indicated and at the same time resets and locks the keys.

When a ballot is cast, it is counted at once by the voter himself, for the total vote on the counter for each candidate is advanced one step by the act. The voting is done in the privacy of the booth, and when the keys of the machine have been reset for the next voter the identity of the preceding ballot is destroyed. Consequently the secrecy of the ballot is absolutely assured. Not only is the voting of a straight ticket a simple affair, but the mechanism is so adjusted that a scratched ticket can be voted as easily as if the voter were marking a ballot with his pencil. He cannot vote for more than a specified number of candidates, because, when the full vote has been cast for any group of candidates, all the remaining keys of that group are found to be locked, and when all the ballots have been cast every key on the machine has become immovable.

Again, the machine is supplied with levers which may be so adjusted by the judges of elections that the voter cannot cast a ballot which he is not entitled to vote. For example, in certain localities a failure to pay the poll tax debars the citizen from voting on questions involving the expenditure of money, as well as for certain candidates. When one appears who has failed to pay this tax, he will find the respective keys locked against him. (It would be an easy matter to provide each machine with a nickel in the slot attachment, so that each delinquent could pay his poll tax at the time of voting, if he wished.) Another lever locks the keys of candidates for which a woman is not entitled to vote. The machine has also a free ballot device, which permits the voter to exercise his constitutional right to vote for candidates who have not been nominated by any party.

When the judges declare the polls closed, the gate is locked fast in its outward position, and by this means all the push keys are locked, so that there can be no tampering with the machine or any further voting.—"Voting Machines Versus the Paper Ballot," by Frank Keiper, in Forum.

A Nimble Coin.

Can this be a new confidence game?

Yesterday two men went into a drug store, and one of them made a purchase that amounted to 25 cents. He handed the clerk a silver quarter, which, just as the clerk was about to take it, slipped from his fingers. Those present heard the coin strike on its edge on the floor, but heard no further sound of it. Every one looked on the floor for it, but it could not be found. There was no crack into which it could have rolled and nothing behind which it could be hiding. This caused much astonishment, for all saw it fall and heard it strike the floor. After searching in vain for it for some minutes the drug clerk said, "Well, never mind; we shall probably find it," and the two men walked out.

A half block away the friend, chancing to look down, saw that the other had on a pair of linen trousers which were turned up at the bottom. There was the solution of the mysterious disappearance of the coin. He called his friend's attention to it, and there the coin was found. It had struck the floor and, bounding up, had noiselessly lodged in the crease of the trousers, thus earning its owner its value in merchandise.—Philadelphia Times.

A Twelfth Century Bridge.

One of the oldest bridges in Europe is soon to disappear under the demand for better navigation of the river it spans. This is the stone bridge, with 15 arches and a total length of 994 feet, built across the Danube at Regensburg (Ratisbon), in Bavaria, by Duke Henry the Superb in 1135-46. The piers rest on piles, protected by stone riprap and heavy ice breakers. The roadway is very narrow, and the footways allow the passage of only one person at a time. So far as its stability is concerned, it would probably stand for another 750 years, but it interferes with the passage of steamboats.

Fires on Automobiles.

Fires on autocars are said to be becoming numerous in France with the increase of automobiles. Many of these fires are due to inexperience, as, for instance, in a recent case, where the attendant foolishly tried to fill the reservoir with petroleum without extinguishing the burners.