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THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

SEVENTH YEAR. CUMBERLAND, B. C. SATURDAY, FEB. 17th, 1900

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CARPETS, LINOLIUMS, CURTAINS,
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House Furnishings of all Kinds, in the Latest Up-to-Date Styles, Selected from Leading Manufacturers throughout the world.

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Our new Six Story Show Rooms are conceded to be the most elaborate, complete Home Furnishing Establishment in all Canada. Come and see us when in Victoria.

Write to **Weiler Bros.** Samples Free on Request

Complete Furnishers, VICTORIA, B. C.

CITY OF CUMBERLAND.

Trades License By-law, 1898.

AMENDMENT TO SECTION 21

Every Express Company, Gas Company, Telephone Company, Electric Light Company, Street Railway or Tramway Company, Investment and Loan Society, Fur Dealer or Fur Trader $50 (Fifty Dollars) for every six months except such Companies formed in the Province of British Columbia, which shall be $12.50 (Twelve Dollars and Fifty Cents) for every six months.

Read the first time the 15th day of January, 1900.

Read the second time the 20th day of January, 1900,

Read the third time the 29th day of January, 1900.

Reconsidered and finally passed the 15th day of February, 1900.

JAMES A. CARTHEW, Mayor.
LAURENCE W. NUNNS, City Clerk.

Cumberland, B.C. 13th Feb. 1900.

FOR SALE: Old papers. Apply at NEWS Office.

NANAIMO NEWS.

Nanaimo, Feb. 14.—The bodies of Richard Kenyon and John Cordell who with Wm. Zelly were drowned on Sunday were recovered last night.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned have made an applicetion for Hotel Licence to sell intoxicating liquors under the provisions of the Statutes in that behalf.

JABEZ K. ASHMAN,
Courtnay Hotel, Courtnay.
MOSES IRELAND,
Camp Island Hotel, Camp Island.

The Board of Licence Commissioners will meet to consider the above applications on Thursday, the 1st of March prox., at one o'clock p.m, at the old drug store, Courtney.

JOHN THOMSON,
Chief Licence Inspector Comox Licence District.

Dated Cumberland, B.C, Feb 14th, 1900.

FOR SALE—A good quiet cow. A good milker. $45.

JOHN HOWE,
Hornby Island.

COUNCIL MEETING.

The City Conncil met at 8 p. m, Feb. 12th. Present: Mayor Carthew and Aldermen Walker, Willard, Cessford, Nicoll and Calnan. Alderman Robertson being absent.

After minutes of last meeting were read and adopted, a communication was read from the Provincial Secretary, notifying the appointment of Licence Commissioners Nicoll and Robertson. After some discussion it was moved by Ald. Walker, seconded by Ald. Calnan, that the Lieu.-Governor be communicated with regarding the appointment, without the Council being consulted, the fault being found with the choice made, but Council should have had nomination of at least one. Carried.

Bills.—Robert Addison, sidewalk, $25; W. Riley, lamplighter, $20; B. C. Gazette, order of election, $6; NEWS office, 200 Assessment notices, $3; London Guarantee Co, Renewal Clerks bond, $6.

Moved and seconded to be referred to Finance Committee. Carried.

Reports—Re F. Garnet's drain, amount required, $2.50.

After discussion, moved by Ald. Calnan, seconded by Ald. Nicoll that 6 globe street lamps be purchased from Mr. Tarbell at quoted prices, $5.50 each. Carried.

Amendment to Trades By-law, reconsidered and finally passed.

Policeman and Scavenger.—After considering applications and and discussion, applications were all rejected and moved by Ald. Cessford, seconded by Ald. Nicoll that offices of constable, lamplighter and health officer be taken together at a salary of $60 and Scavenger at $40. Carried.

Moved by Ald. Walker, seconded by Ald. Cessford that License Amendment be published in local paper. Carried.

[Note—"Act does not make it imperative that Council should be consulted re Commissioners but we understand this is generally done."—ED.]

DEATH OF MRS. McLEOD.

After suffering intense agony Mrs. McLeod succumbed last Sunday at 12 a. m. She had beon suffering for some time, first with a severe cold, which, affecting the nerves of the face caused a small abcess to form. It was at first thought lightly of until the inflamation spreading resulted in blood poisoning which caused her death.

The funeral which was to have taken place on Tuesday was postponed until after the train arrived Wednesday to enable the deceased's mother, Mrs. Munroe of Wellington with her three other daughters to attend it. Then it took place at 2 p. m. from the house to the Presbyterian cemetry at Sandwick. Many sorrowing friends accompanied the remains and many who would have attended were unable to do so on account of change of date.

Mrs. McLeod leaves a sorrowing husband and a family of young children to mourn her taking off.

COMOX CULLINGS

Mr. R. Clay, of the chemical works, Victoria, has been a guest at the Elk House the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Smith have taken Mr. Frank Dorman's house at Nobb Hill. They recently arrived here from the N.W.T.

Mr. H. C. Lucas has purchased the shop formerly occupied by Mr. Geo. Howe.

Mr. Clarke has finished his new residence and a good time is expected there Friday night, in the way of a dance.

At the Patriotic Concert last week we must note Mr. J. B. Holme's original song entitled, "My name it is Joe Martin," in character, was received with roars of laughter and thunders of applause. We hope Mr. Holmes will send us a copy of the words.

Other performers were: Mr. A. Grant, Mr. Baxter, Miss Bertram, Mr. G. Roe, Mrs. Smith, Mr. Hardy, Mr. Hooper, Mrs. J. Urquhart, Misses DcDonald and Holmes, Mr. Todd. Tableaux managed by Mrs. Church. Dancing. Refresnments at Mrs. Holme's provided by all the ladies.

Over $200 was cleared for the Mansion House fund.

Mr. J. Hardy has collected the following amounts, in aid of the Mansion House Fund, from the residents of South Comox, which have been handed to Mr. W. R. Robb, to be forworded with the other proceeds: W. Anderton, $1; T. Cairins, $1; M. Donohue, $1; J. B. Holmes, $1; H. C. Lucas, $1; G. G. McDonald, $1; W. R. Robb, $5; total, $11.

See Stevenson & Co.'s adv. on last page.

WHARF JOTTINGS.

A pleasant evening was spent at the Nelson House Monday, when Captain Rice, of the "Hawaiian Isles," and wife with Miss Nicholas and a few others took informal possession of brother George's new piano and held a little sing song.

Walter McPhee and Mr. Carter went to Fanny Bay shooting last week. Mr. Alex. Urquhart, of Comox, went down with them on business and walked back. Alex. thinks it is too good for a man of his weight.

Mr. S. Archer has been taken to Cumberland hospital suffering from a slight stroke of paralysis.

During the last week we have had the s.s. Wellington and s.s. Tellus loading cargoes for San Francisco. We have also had the str. Cutch, for fuel, bound to Skagway. The str. Albion bound north for a boom of logs called in for fuel. The str. Thistle bound north on a fishing trip called in on Monday for fuel. The Thistle has made a very successful season fishing, having on several voyages taken to Vancouver over 100,000 lbs. halibut. The str. Czar with the Tranfer in tow keeps up regular trips between Vancouver and Union wharf within the last few days. A coload of cattle, one of mules and one of flour has been delivered in Cumberland without breaking bulk. This is a very great convenience and saving of time and expense to the merchants of Cumberland to have their merchandise thus handled without the delay and loss attendant on each time goods are handled.

The school children, under the care of Miss Nicholas (teacher) were treated to a very pleasant afternoon's enjoyment on board the ship Hawaiian Isles. Refreshments were served by Captain and Mrs. Rice, and the children were much delighted. Thanks are due to Captain and Mrs. Rice for their kindness to the children, and the Hawaiian Isles will long be remembered by the Union Bay school children.

Miss E. McDonald, the telegraph operator being indisposed has taken a vacation for a week, and Miss McDonald has taken her place until she returns.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Miner's Meeting Sunday.

The dearth of Police news speaks well for the district.

Mr. Fechner, taxidermist, has just finished stuffing and mounting a coon—wild one.

Mr. Geo, Turnbull, who dislocated his ankle last week, is doing well.

Stevenson & Co's Half Price Sale of clothing is a wonder. Call and get some of the bargains.

No. 5 engine took a skoot on Saturday night and shore off a lot of bolt heads near No. 6 switch. No damage beyond this.

Sunday the Japs held high carnival over the marrirge in Japan of Priuce Harunomiya to the Countess Sadako, sister of the Duke of Kujo. There was a hiyou time all right!

Some alarm was felt Sunday at hearing No. 4 Slope whistle going. It turned out that it was ouly a little argument between the engineer and the whistle itself which was soon settled.

Mr. Alex Armstrong, while working on one of the new cars at No. 6 Shaft slipped and fell to the ground severely cutting one temple and injuring an arm. He had to lay off in consequence.

A carload of 16 mules came across by Transfer Monday, having been shipped direct from Kamloops for the Colliery Co. Two carlouds oats will come across next trip. Direct communication with the C. P. R. is becoming an established fact.

Residents of Maryport Avenue and vicinity were startled Sunday night by the reports of two pistol shots and visions of men-of-war under bare poles could be seen at many a doorway. However upon investigation it turned out that someone had been trying his hand at shooting roof rabbits in the dark.

"And now the festive Thomas cat
Begins to study how
He can his nightly courting do
Without exclaiming 'Meow!'"

Lots of fun and heaps of dancing was the verdict given by the jury of young ladies who sat in this case. About 45 attended and what with the young ladies pretty dresses and prettier faces, set off by green decorations in Cumberland Hall, the scene was swagger enough for the most fastidious. What if the little wee man did draw the envelope pairing him with the stout lady? or the long geared chaps have to step out with the petite belle? It was all part of the general fun and every gentleman swore his draw was a beaut. Messrs. Piket and Hudson made ideal floor manager and caller respectively.

China and Japan again at war, Monday at No. 4 Slope after shift came off at 3 o'clock. The Slugger, a big Chinaman started to argue the point with a "slant eyed little Jap." Jap hit out with his right and in two seconds the air was full of hair, moon eyes, pigtails and Chino-Japanese profanity. "Him flend" started in to help the Slugger but was checked by a dazzler under the ear by a bys ander. After a few rounds the Chinaman drew off and began to repair damages, the Jap meanwhile taunting him and whooping in derision. With another volley of Ki-ti's China went at him again and the scrap was on in good shape when the bell rang all aboard and brought it to an end.

Naming Children in Japan.

The custom in naming children in Japan is for the parents on the thirteenth day after its birth to take the child to the temple they attend, and the father gives three names to the priest, who writes each on a piece of paper. These are then shuffled about with certain incantations and thrown up in the air. The first that falls is the one chosen. This is then written by the priest on a consecrated piece of paper and given to the child's parents to preserve. The child then receives certain gifts, two of which are important. If a boy, two fans are presented; if a girl, a pot of pomade, and in each case a packet of flax thread is added, which signifies good wishes and a long life.

Shattered.

Bertha—Mamma, you have shattered the fond hopes that had warmed my breast.

Mamma—What in the world are you talking about, child?

Bertha—You insisted that I should ask Mr. Sweetser what his intentions are, and he said that he called in order to see if he could get you to subscribe to a new work he is canvassing for. And I thought he wanted to marry me! Why could I not have been allowed to enjoy the fond illusion for a little while longer?—Boston Transcript.

Fortune in Face.

"My face is my fortune!" cried the young girl exultingly.

Time laughed behind his beard.

"I'll make her look like 30 cents!" he muttered to himself.

Considering results, one would imagine Time was chiefly busy ruining complexions.

THE MAN THAT FAILS

Is the Weak, Nervous, Dyspeptic Man, Who Can Be Restored to Health and Strength by Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

In picturing in the imagination the man who fails, you do not see the healthy, happy, confident man, but his weakling brother, the man who through over-exertion, worry or the indiscretions of youth has shattered his nervous system and lost confidence, energy and vitality.

The wasting process going on in his body keeps the nervous system exhausted and causes Nervous Dyspepsia and headache, brain fag, sleeplessness, irritability, lack of interest in life, fear to venture and loss of confidence and business capacity. In short, the snap and vim of a successful career are entirely wanting in this weak, nervous man—the man that fails.

Many a discouraged, despairing man has found new hope, new vigor and new life in Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. It does not stimulate the nerves to overexertion. Nor does it deaden the nerves. It is a restorative, pure and simple, a restorative such as has never been known since the world began. It stops the wasting process of disease and builds up the body. It puts into the blood and nerves the life-giving principle which makes the brain healthy and active, the memory keen, and restores the vigor and vitality of youth. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is a tonic and invigorator for the whole system. 50 cts a box, at all dealers or postpaid on receipt of price by Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

For croup, coughs, colds, bronchitis and asthma use Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. 25 cts a bottle.

A HARVEST OF TARES.

BY HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN.

[Copyright, 1893, by the Author.]

"Could we not continue this debate to better advantage if you would resume your seat at my side?" he asked, with deep solicitude.

"I will leave resume my seat at

He pondered this declaration in puzzled distress for several minutes, but yet failed to fathom its full meaning. There was a deadly earnest, a passionate resolution in her words which startled and vaguely frightened him, but he was yet far from dreaming that they portended anything more than a lovers' quarrel, a momentary rebellion.

"Please tell me, Hulda, wherein I have displeased you," he said, with an almost touching contrition. "I'll try dear, to make amends."

"Great God!" she cried, panting with a kind of desperate impatience. "Does not that remark show you how hopeless it is to enlighten you? It is not anything that you have done that I object to, but it is what you are."

"But you certainly knew what I was when you engaged yourself to me. It would be suicidal now for me to give up my profession."

"Your profession! If it were only that, it would be comparatively easy. But we live in different worlds, Mr. Falck. We speak to each other across an abyss. It is well that we have discovered this before it is too late."

It began to dawn upon him now that she meant to break her engagement, and it was not so much her protestation of incompatibility which gave him this impression as the formal "Mr. Falck," which he had grown unaccustomed to from her lips. Nothing had given him an acuter sense of happiness than the sweet familiarity implied by her calling him "Anthon," and never his name sounded so delightful before. Now the more formal appellation seemed to come to her so naturally that he could not help thinking that this apparent intimacy had masked a great amount of restraint. He even divined retrospectively how difficult she had found it to treat him en camarade, and with a pang of jealousy he remembered how naturally she had laughed and joked with Mr. Brun and with what instinctive ease they had lapsed into informal relations.

She had accelerated her walk and was now moving briskly over the snow-covered road, as if with an apparent effort to get away from him. Mr. Falck, seeing how hopeless it was to persuade her, contented himself with keeping alongside of her. She glanced at him now and then over her shoulder, and his face looked strangely withered. He seemed to have grown suddenly old, and he shivered in spite of his furs. For half an hour they kept thus abreast of each other, and not a word was spoken. Mr. Falck felt stiff in every limb and insidious chills were creeping over him. All the world seemed to have been stricken with a deadly blight, and all sights and sounds had become trite, dreary, meaningless. His breast was oppressed with a sense of soreness and vacuity, though his heart kept thumping away inside of it with the mechanical iteration of a steam engine.

"Hulda, dearest, do please come and resume your seat," he said at last, imploringly. "What will they say at home if we return this way?"

"It does not matter to me what they say," she replied coldly.

"But we shall not get home until near midnight."

"You drive ahead. I shall not detain you."

"What have I done that you should treat me thus?"

"You have done nothing."

The name of Mr. Brun was on the tip of his tongue, for he was well aware, whatever she might say to the contrary, that that plausible youth was

"What have I done that you should treat me thus?"

at the bottom of their trouble. He felt a sudden wild desire to curse him, to trample upon him, to tear him to pieces. Never in his life before had his upperturbed soul been conscious of so fierce an agitation. What right had that light-hearted trifle to come between him and her? What right had he to blight his life, to steal his happiness? It was the rich man robbing the poor man of his only lamb—robbing him in mere wantonness for a pastime, because he had for the moment nothing better to do. For nothing could have persuaded Mr. Falck that his rival had serious and honourable intentions, though possibly he might be lacking the courage or energy to break a relation in which he had thoughtlessly entangled himself.

He was aroused from these reflections by seeing Hulda pause at a barnlike structure a few rods from the road, and quickly step across the fence, the top rail of which was emerging from the snowbank.

"For God's sake, what are you going to do?" he cried, in breathless terror.

She did not answer, but slipping her slender hand into the crack between the two doors, she pulled the inside bolt, and entered the building. Mr. Falck in the meanwhile had tumbled out of the sleigh, and was tying the horse to a gate post.

"In Heaven's name tell me what you intend to do?" he repeated, in shivering trepidation. But she was already out of sight, if not beyond earshot, and she deigned him no reply. Cumbrously and with numbed legs he climbed the snowbank across which she had so lightly skipped, but the crust broke beneath his weight, and he sunk in up to his waist. And thus she found him when, at the end of two minutes, she re-emerged into the moonlight, carrying a pair of skis, or Norwegian snow-shoes, on her shoulders.

"I am going to take a short cut across the fields," she observed in a matter-of-fact tone as she dropped the skis on the snow crust. "Please do not worry about me, but drive home at your leisure. The chances are that I shall be there before you."

"But could you not first tell me, dear, what is the cause of this extraordinary behaviour?"

"I would willingly if there was the least chance that you would understand me. Good-bye."

She had stepped into the skis, and before he had time to say another word she was darting away over the snow, the ends of her red scarf flying behind her. So overcome was he by consternation that he could scarcely muster strength enough to crawl out of the hole in which he was sticking. He seemed half paralyzed. His limbs refused to respond to the promptings of his will. A deadly weariness which was mental rather than physical overcame him, and he had an impulse to remain where he was and let death steal upon him. But suddenly the horse gave a wild, frightened whinny and began to plunge about the gatepost in a desperate attempt to rid itself of the halter. The thought of wolves stung Mr. Falck into sudden energy, and before he was aware of it he had struggled out of the hole, rolled across the exposed fence-rail, untied the horse and given him free rein. The animal needed no urging, but broke into a mad run, so that the curate had to guard himself with his arms against the whizzing snowballs that were hurled into the air by its hoofs. Now it slackened speed for an instant and anxiously sniffed the air, then with a wild snort galloped away at the top of its speed.

As for Mr. Falck, he dared scarcely think. He was in that condition of terror when the only safeguard against madness is to hold the thought in check, to fight with desperation against the suggestions of one's own fancy. The wolves were abroad, and Hulda, alone and unprotected, was speeding on skis across the trackless snowfields. At the poles of his mind these two terrible facts stood out in luminous relief, but he strove to keep them apart, to refrain from connecting them and supplying the horrible probabilities which the situation suggested.

Hulda in the meanwhile was skimming over the shining snow with a sense of exhilaration which chased the blood with bounding rhythm through her veins. She felt like a bird that had escaped from its cage, and was now in the first thrill of recovered freedom, tumbling, sweeping, rioting through the vast and glorious fields of ethereal space. She was heartless perhaps, and it presently occurred to her that she had not treated Mr. Falck with proper consideration. But the fact was that if she were to have been scrupulous in that respect she would have remained in her bondage to her dying day. She had not the remotest intention of breaking with Mr. Falck on this particular occasion, though her engagement had long been odious to her. His irritating chirrup and the appalling glimpse it afforded her of his dry and prosaic soul had no doubt been, superficially speaking, the cause of their rupture, though the real cause lay much deeper. And when once she had leaped out of the sleigh she found that she had, on the spur of the moment, made a declaration of independence which at home, in an atmosphere of conscientious consideration and complex duties, she would never have summoned courage to make. The act thus became half symbolic, and it was only because she distrusted her ability to repeat it that she remained obdurate to Mr. Falck's entreaties, and in order to escape from him finally fled on skis across the fields. It was a bit of childish knowledge that had come to her rescue. She remembered that the parish snowplow was kept outside of this barn, and that the skis of the drivers were hidden within.

Of course she did not delude herself in regard to the reception that was in store for her. She knew that a storm was brewing, and would burst upon her devoted head. But, then, she had Mr. Brun. He would stand by her, and the knowledge that he loved her would give her courage to suffer and endure. Had he not told her in glances and in thinly-veiled phrases that he would never be happy without her, and that it was merely her engagement to Mr. Falck which made him refrain from declaring his love for her? Indeed, what had he done every moment of the day but to declare in looks, allusions, and actions that he loved her? And that she loved him she had known as unmistakably since they sang together on the night of his arrival. It had come to her with a blissful certainty while their voices soared together in such harmonious fulness during the song and it had gradually matured in her the resolution which to-night she had found the strength to carry out.

Up hill and down hill, under the radiant sky, the young girl travelled, now shooting like an arrow down the shining slopes, now pushing herself forward with her staff, now zigzagging up some steep declivity. But she was well accustomed to ski running from her earliest childhood. There was a delight in the swift, gliding motion which compensated for all exertion. Every inch of the ground was familiar to her, and though she knew by hearsay that there were wolves in the valley, the thought of them never entered her mind. How astonished was she, then, when from the top of the hill overlooking the parsonage she saw a score of people scattering over the snow, and heard them hallooing and calling her name. She had expected surely to arrive home before Mr. Falck, and have the first chance to explain to her mother what had happened. But here they were all—her father, Mr. Falck, Nils the groom, Fritz, Magda, and a dozen servants. Surely Mr. Falck must have taken leave of his senses to start such a needless commotion for so slight a cause. She bethought herself, however, in spite of her indignation, to answer their calls, and presently she saw half a dozen people rushing toward her on skis, while others were breaking through the snow crust and floundering helplessly. The first one to reach her was her brother Fritz, who looked at her with a quizzical interest and remarked:—

"Won't you catch it, though! Ain't I glad I am not in your shoes."

"What do you mean, Fritz?" she queried, with some anxiety. "Have the people lost their wits? Don't they know I am old enough to take care of myself?"

"Mr. Falck, Miss Huldy, he had a notion you'd ben eaten by wolves, and he skeered the folks out of their senses," observed Nils, the groom, who had now caught up with his pupil.

"Wolves!" ejaculated Hulda, in amazement. "I have not seen any wolves."

"I didn't suppose you had, miss. But Mr. Falck says he did."

Hulda gave a contemptuous toss of her head, and driving the point of her staff into the snow crust, left Fritz and his friend far behind her.

There is no need of recounting the endless questions and explanations which followed. It was not a very cordial reception that was accorded her when she entered the house, though the relief which the family felt at seeing her safe and sound made them indisposed to take her seriously to task. Hulda knew, however, that the evil day was only postponed until the morrow, and she steeled herself for the ordeal.

Olaf Brun had for some reason made himself invisible during the commotion that followed her return, and Hulda, though she was a trifle disappointed, excused him on the ground that a stranger always feels de trop during a domestic difficulty. It was his good breeding, not cowardice, which made him respect the privacy of family affairs. She lay awake hour after hour anticipating the inevitable interview in the blue room, inventing clever speeches with which to checkmate her mother and invalidate her argument. She was so passionately convinced that she was right that it seemed impossible that anybody else could think otherwise. And yet she quaked a little as she fancied herself tete-a-tete with her mother in that solemn room crowded with reminiscences of her childish misdemeanours. She fancied the tranquil severity of her accuser's eyes and her formidable judicial calm as she relentlessly brushed away her most cherished arguments as so many cobwebs.

(To be continued.)

ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-ONE

This is Said to be the Age of a Massachusetts Woman.

Lying at the point of death in a little weather-beaten cottage picturesquely situated on a hillside between Chicopee Falls and Holyoke, is Mrs. Margaret Bowen, who, at the age of 121, can claim the distinction of being one of the oldest—if not the oldest—woman in the world. A month ago she was in possession of all her mental faculties, but physically unable to care for herself. Within the last week she has failed rapidly. She is almost blind, and but little of her reason remains. Her face is saffron hued and wrinkled.

Her husband, Bartholomew Bowen, 76 years old, cares for her as tenderly and affectionately, as he did when he chose her as his life partner.

Mrs. Bowen's maiden name was Margaret Sweeney, and she was born in the parish of Evalane, Cork Co., Ireland.

She does not recall the exact year of her birth, but places it according to the Irish custom, by the "year of the great blow," or blizzard. She was for years a nurse in the parish and known throughout the country.

Her marriage to Mr. Bowen was not a case of love at first sight, but it was an affection that gained in years that followed.

Mr. Bowen's first wife left him with two children at her death. He wanted some one to love and care for them, and, having long had a warm friendship for Miss Sweeney, they were finally married, Miss Sweeney at the time being 88 years old.

They lived in Ireland until they thought they could better their circumstances by coming to America. They arrived in this country on the night of President Lincoln's assassination and came to Chicopee Falls, where they have lived ever since.

They occupy a humble cottage on the Holyoke Road, and Bowen provides support for himself and wife by tilling the soil.

The cottage is neat and fairly comfortable, but is not large enough to contain all the household effects, so Mr. Bowen made an excavation near by to hold the wood, coal and other necessities covering the pit over with boughs and brush.

Mrs. Bowen is one of a family of nine children, none of whom lived to be 100 years old, but all reached the age of 70. She has never employed a physician, and has hardly been ill a day.

She attributes her longevity to careful habits of living. She has never eaten between meals, never drank anything at meals, and never tasted liquor in any form.

Friends of the family ascertained Mrs. Bowen's remarkable age by writing to the priest of the parish, who vouches for it that she was eighty-eight years old at the time of her marriage, nearly thirty-four years ago.

Mrs. Bowen speaks very little English, conversing with her husband and friends in the native Irish tongue.

The history of her life was gained from her husband who had often heard her repeat it.

It is not expected that Mrs. Bowen will live more than a few days longer. She persistently refuses medical treatment, denoting by signs and what few words she is able to speak, that she is ready to die, and that her time has come.—Boston Journal.

Important Factor Omitted.

"I jist been readin one of them daggone stories," said Farmer Haicede, "about one of them rural cottages all covered with vines and rosebushes."

"Well?" said the summer boarder as the old man paused.

"Well? I been readin that sort of thing all my life, but I never come acrost the story of the cottage all covered with mortgages."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A VANCOUVER LADY.

Cured of Asthma After Eight Years of Almost Constant Suffering—She Says the Absolute Freedom From the Disease Seems Like a Dream—Clarke's Kola Compound Cures.

Mrs J. Wise, Mt Pleasant, Vancouver, B. C., writes: "I have been a great sufferer from bronchial asthma for the past eight years, many times having to sit up nearly all night. Through the advice of a friend who had been cured by Clarke's Kola Compound, I resolved as a last resort to try it. The first bottle did not relieve me much, but before I had finished the third bottle, the attacks ceased altogether, and during the past six months of damp and cold weather have not had a single attack. It seems something like a dream to be free from this worst of all diseases after so many years of suffering. I have, since my recovery recommended this remedy to others suffering as I was, and know many others in this city whom it has cured. I consider it a marvelous remedy, and would urge any person suffering from this disease to try it."

A free sample bottle of Clarke's Kola Compound will be sent to any person who has asthma, mentioning this paper. Address The Griffiths & Macpherson Co., sole Canadian Agents, 121 Church street, Toronto Ont.

Clarke's Kola Compound should not be confounded with the other Kola preparations on the market, as this is altogether a different preparation, designated especially for the cure of asthma. All druggists, price $1.00 per bottle.

Worth the Price.

"Just think! The impudent fortune teller to whom I paid a mark and 50 pfennigs told me I had a bad temper and would get a stingy husband!"

"You ought to have gone to the fortune teller who for a mark told me I would inherit a fortune and marry a nobleman."—Fliegende Blatter.

Important to Damaged Wheelmen.

Griffiths' Menthol Liniment is a complete repair kit for damaged wheelmen. It removes the kink in the muscles, and soreness after a long ride, and is of special value for Sprains, Bruises, etc. It relieves the pains and aches the minute applied. All druggists, 25 cents.

STAGE GLINTS.

"My Son Dan" is the title of a play which will probably be produced in New York this season. David Lowry, a Pittsburg newspaper man, is the author.

Mrs. Langtry's new play, "The Degenerates," recently made known in England, is not so lusty a success as to justify the expectation that it may be transplanted in America.

The title of May Irwin's latest play, "Sister Mary," is not a new one. A play with the same name, by Wilson Barrett and Clement Scott, was produced at the American theater on May 15, 1894.

The names of stage plays even throw an odd light on the way managers feather their nests. "The Weather Hen," a recent English comedy, has been secured for production here by William Brady.

"The Queen of Chinatown," a wild, lurid melodrama laid in San Francisco, has been produced in New York. Miss Jeffreys Lewis and Mainhall are in it. It seems to be about lurid enough to be funny.

In "The Great Train Robbery," by Scott Marble, a gang of desperadoes hold up a train, blow open the express car with dynamite and crack the safe. The subsequent pursuit of the robbers is described as exciting.

The great demand for a pleasant, safe and reliable antidote for all affections of the throat and lungs is fully met with in Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It is a purely Vegetable Compound, and acts promptly and magically in subduing all coughs, colds, bronchitis, inflammation of the lungs, etc. It is so palatable that a child will not refuse it, and is put at a price that will not exclude the poor from its benefits.

APHORISMS.

It will always do to change for the better.—Thomson.

They that know no evil will suspect none.—Ben Jonson.

Influence is the exhalation of character.—W. M. Taylor.

A grateful dog is better than an ungrateful man.—Saadi.

No one will maintain that it is better to do injustice than to bear it.

Irresolution frames a thousand horrors, embodying each.—J. Martyn.

A man of integrity will never listen to any plea against conscience.—Home.

A man cannot leave a better legacy to the world than a well educated family.—Thomas Scott.

When a man dies, for years the light he leaves behind him lies on the paths of men.—Longfellow.

Industry keeps the body healthy, the mind clear, the heart whole and the purse full.—C. Simmons.

Holloway's Corn Cure is a specific for the removal of corns and warts. We have never heard of its failing to remove even the worst kind.

Europe's Military Forces.

Mr. Labouchere said the ether day in Truth that Europe would shortly have at her disposal at least twenty million trained soldiers. The assertion was disputed, but it turns out to have been an understatement of the truth. The official data relating to the growth of European armies are set forth in a pamphlet which has just been published in Paris by Capt. Molard of St. Cyr Military School.

It appears that in 1870 the regular soldiers and militia of France nominally amounted to 1,330,000 men, but, as is well known, only a fraction of these could be promptly mobilized and turned to account against the Germans. On paper Germany had a slightly smaller force, namely, 1,300,000, but proportionally a much larger could be at once placed in the field. At the same epoch the military establishment of Russia comprised 1,100,000 soldiers, that of Austria 750,000, that of Italy 570,000, Switzerland had 150,000, and Belgium 95,000. Including England, Spain, Portugal, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, and the Balkan States, for which details are not given, the whole of Europe in 1870 could, at the utmost, put 7,000,000 men in active service.

What is the situation to day? In 1892 the French army had risen to 2,510,000, the Russian to 2,451,000; the German to 2,417,000; the Italian, which now occupies the fourth place, to 1,514,000; the Austrian to 1,050,000; the Swiss to 212,000, and the Belgian to 128,000. In most of these countries the expenditure for military purposes has more than doubled since 1869, and in Switzerland the increase has been much greater. Viewed collectively, Europe now spends more than a thousand millions of dollars annually on her fighting force, which already amounts to 12,5000,000.

Such figures, however, give but an imperfect idea of the state of things which will presently exist as soon as the new military laws shall have come into full effect. Then the German army will comprise 5,000,000 men; the French, 4,350,000; the Russian, 4,000,000; the Italian, 2,236,000; the Austrian, 1,900,000; the Swiss, 489,000, and the Belgian 258,000. Altogether Europe will be able to dispose of not less than 22,000,000 soldiers, or 15,000,000 more than she had in 1869. Such is the price which she has to pay for Germany's seizure of Alsace Lorraine. It is at least possible that her fighting force might be cut down by two-thirds to-morrow were those provinces restored to France.

Telegraphing Without Connecting Wires.

Interesting experiments have recently been made under Mr. W. H. Preece, with a view to electric communication between distant points without wire connection, namely through air, water, or earth. Mr. Preece proposed to conduct experiments in three different methods. First, by running a wire along the shore on light poles for a distance of about a mile and a second wire from stem to stern of the ship, the two acting upon each other inductively through the intervening space; secondly, by suspending a short line over the side of the ship, so that it might dip into the sea in the direction of the end of the shore line, to work by conduction through the sea; and, thirdly, by running out a light cable from the shore to the ship, terminating in a coil at the bottom of the sea near the ship, but not attached to it, while another coil is placed on board. These two coils are expected to act inductively, and to give ample sound on telephones by means of rapid alternations. The experiments by the first method have been carried to a successful issue within the last few days, the shore wire having been erected along the Welsh coast, commencing at Lavernock Point, a little south of Cardiff, and proceeding for a mile in the direction of Lavernock House. The lightship was represented for the occasion by the island of Flat Holme, in the Bristol Channel; and the line there erected, parallel to the first and three miles distant from it, was about half a mile long. The shore line was furnished with a powerful generator at Lavernock Point, and the island line with a sounder to receive the messages. The result was that the words dispatched into the mainland wire were heard on the island with perfect distinctness; but we can scarcely admit that Flat Holmes represents the conditions of a ship. This method is analogous to that patented by Mr. Edison for establishing telegraphic communication between two vessels when at sea.—Scientific American.

Notice.

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

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FRANCIS D LITTLE
Manager.

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Local Agent, Cumberland.

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.

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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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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 independence 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

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Lodge meets on every Saturday on or before the full of the moon

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R. S. McConnell,
Secretary.

Cumberland Encampment.
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Meets every alternate Wednesdays of each month at 7:30 o'clock p.m. Visiting Brethren cordially invited to attend.

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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.

Esquimalt & Nanaimo Ry.

TIME TABLE EFFECTIVE NOV. 19TH, 1898.

VICTORIA TO WELLINGTON.

No. 2 Daily. A.M.		No. 4 Saturday P.M.
De. 9:00	Victoria	De. 4:25
" 9:28	Goldstream	" 4:53
" 10:14	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
" 8:20	Nanaimo	" 4:39
" 9:55	Duncans	" 6:05
" 10:37	Shawnigan Lake	" 6:46
" 11:23	Goldstream	" 7.32
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.

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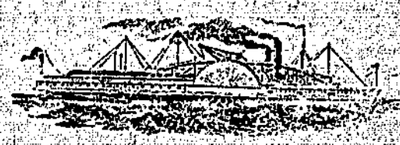

Steamship City of Nanaimo will sail as follows, calling at way ports as freight and passengers may offer.

Leave Victoria for Nanaimo
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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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Sample Rooms and Public all Run in Connection with Hotel.

Rates from $1.00 to $2.00 per day.

We have just received a new supply of Ball Programme Cards, New Style Business Cards and a few Nice Memorial Cards. Also some extra heavy Blue Envelopes. Call and see.

The NEWS Job Department.

FOR SALE CHEAP—And on easy Terms, a house and six acres of land at Comox. Apply at this office.

FOR SALE: Old papers. Apply at NEWS Office.

WOMAN AND HOME.

SHE MIGHT HAVE BEEN A QUEEN, BUT DECLINED THE CROWN.

She Claimed Her Curl—Marrying to Save Money—The Woman With the Hoe—The Modern Woman—Wise Plain Girls.

American women might have been fighting against another American woman in the recent war against Spain.

(Might—if and "if" is half of "life!")

Elsie Hensler of Boston had been queen of Spain.

Miss Hensler came very near being the present occupant of the chair of Isabella of Castile. The crown was offered to her husband, and he refused it, and she helped him to refuse it.

She shrank from the duties of a queen, and together they decided to live a life of pastoral simplicity and content.

Strange for an American girl to be so unambitious of title and power!

Miss Hensler was the only American to marry a king, and in the stories told of fabulous matches by our women the tale teller often forgets to mention the Boston girl's name.

Yet she was the only American to marry a king!

He was not as rich as King Cophetua, nor she a beggar maid—but the story reads with romance, equal in power to the famous story.

She was a singer and he a man of music. He adored sweet sounds and knew much and had read widely of the art he loved.

She was born of inconspicuous parents and lived in a humble way, but she sang

MISS ELSIE HENSLER.

—oh! so sweetly. Boston people heard her sing and made up a purse to send her abroad and sing to the glory of their native town.

Masters made much of her voice abroad, and when she made her debut in Lisbon she was the sensation.

The day was the birthday of the king and the opening of the opera house, and all the royalties and grandees were there.

The king sat in his royal box, wearing a gorgeous suit, and the picturesque Boston girl with the face of Elizabeth in "Tannhauser" sang to the king with all the magic of her throat. He fell in love at first sight—don't deny it; all Portugal says so—and hastened to make her an offer of his heart and his hand.

And then they were married in 1869 in the royal chapel, and the king's brother conferred upon the songstress the title of Countess of Edla of Saxe-Coburg.

Don Fernando was not born king, but was made king consort by his queen, Maria of Portugal. He was a great prince and was regent during the minority of his son, from 1853 to 1855, in Portugal.

His position was the same as that held by his first cousin, Prince Albert, to Victoria of Great Britain.

In 1869, just after their marriage, Spain's crown was offered to Don Fernando, but he refused it. The royal couple wanted to live at their ease.

It was a perfect marriage, with no domestic discord to blur it. She has survived him and lives still at their palace, Pena castle, in the midst of great estates planted in splendid trees from her native state, Massachusetts.

The king expressly wished that the wife he adored should be set among her own trees, and he had all the shrubbery brought over.

So there they have lived out their aesthetic lives—reading fine books, playing and singing, undisturbed by the thorns of a golden crown, because they saw what was best in life—and chose it.

So many folks could be happy if they only knew which ambition not to gratify. —Philadelphia Press.

She Claimed Her Curl.

Just a little ringlet it was, one of the kind much affected by girls a short while ago for wear tucked in beside the knot at the back of the head, but what it was doing here, rolling merrily down the pavement on Charles street, the young man could not imagine unless—unless it had just become detached from the head of the demure looking young woman approaching him.

It was a very pretty curl—brown, with a glint of red in it—and as he captured it he discovered it had a hairpin fastened in one end. He looked at his treasure trove ruefully. What was he to do with it, now he had it? It was surely an important part of some one's toilet, but how was he ever to discover whose? That glint of red rather unnerved him. He would be afraid to trifle with the coiffure secrets of a girl whose locks were of that particular order.

"If I give it back to her," he reasoned, "she will be in a rage at my presumption, and if I don't give it back she will be in a rage because I kept it, so"— But he got no further in his thoughts, for by that time the young woman had come up to him.

"Ah, you found my curl!" she said quite pleasantly and naturally, with a glance at his hand. "Thank you so much," as he held it out to her in a half dazed fashion. Then she took it and tucked it in beside its twin in a matter of fact way and went on her way rejoicing, apparently at least.

And the young man—well, he soliloquized as he went down the street. "My," he said, "but women are getting brazen. Used to mind men knowing they were 'made up,' but now they just 'fess right out to a stranger and don't seem to care at all. I certainly am surprised." And he looked it, but then he was young and unused to the ways of women, you see.—Baltimore News.

Marrying to Save Money.

Mr. Selfridge, manager of Marshall Field's retail store, is correct, says the Chicago Tribune, in his position regarding the ancient sophism about its costing no more to support a married couple than a single man. It is time this moss grown fallacy of the matchmakers should be embalmed and laid to rest. It has brought unhappiness to many a thoughtless young couple and has marred more lives than it has mended. As a general proposition it is distinctly untrue that a married couple can live on less or on the same amount or on nearly the same as the young man alone. There is a large personal element in the problem, and it is true that many young men with good salaries never save a dollar until after they marry, but that is neither a proof of their wisdom nor a confirmation of the fallacious aphorism above quoted.

The test of whether a man can marry on a certain salary or not is this: Can he save money on it? If he cannot save a few hundred dollars before marrying, he had better remain single. If his salary is large enough to keep a family on, but still he cannot save, then his wife may help him get a bank account, but the chances are that she will simply be a wretched drudge. Many men learn to cut off their wasteful habits after marriage, and this is the basis of the popular sophism about two living on less than one, but the fallacy remains a fallacy nevertheless. Many men find it impossible to live as economically after marriage as before, and for these the cost of living is more than doubled. It all depends upon the man and woman, but it is always safe to say that a salary too small to save the cost of a household outfit upon is too small to marry upon.

The Woman With the Hoe.

Passengers leaving the city about 6 o'clock sometimes see, when they get a little way out, groups of forlorn looking women sitting on the steps of a small station not far from the city. They have earth spotted calico gowns, their faces are tanned and lined, their eyes lack luster, and their hair is harsh and faded. They sit in tired heaps, with their brown, gnarled hands crossed limply on their laps. Occasionally one of them grunts something to her neighbor, but most of the time they sit in heavy silence. Passengers traveling on a somewhat earlier train often remark on the foreign air of certain large and verdant tracts they pass. The country here is flat as Holland and as green and well tilled. Away into the distance stretch rows and rows of vegetables, and between them move slowly scores of women. They do not look up, they do not stop working a minute, there is no talk or laugh going on among them. As the train passes it is impossible to see whether they are planting or weeding or hoeing. They are so many intent blots of pink and blue and brown on the green landscape. An all pervasive stench gives warning when the spot is near, and the spectacle of women laboring in the fields is strange enough in America to call every eye to the window as the train goes by.

Like Germany or France? Yes, except that they are not working their own little holdings. All the ground about here is said to belong to one big company. Every morning the women are brought out on a train for a long day's work, and every evening they are loaded on another and taken back to the city. At least that is what a daily traveler says.—Chicago Evening Post.

The Modern Woman.

Certain artists of the period have achieved a new feminine type, says a writer in Lippincott's. She is a daughter of the gods, divinely tall and divinely fair. Her well cut features, the turn of her head, her whole attitude and gesture, show not only magnificent composure and high seriousness, but deep intention. She seems to approach the levels of life in a half disdainful way, as if from higher altitudes. Her whole being proclaims not only that she has arrived, but that she has no time to wait. The world is to be made over without loss of time.

Of course we recognize her on the instant as the modern woman, and as she looks at us with the brow of one who comprehends all things clearly she seems to offer us a new key to the secret of what shall be.

"If I could understand what you are, root and all and all in all, I should know what God and man is," said Tennyson, plucking "the flower from the crannied wall." To detach this modern woman from her environment, to define her relation to the universe, might seem to be a simple matter. Eminent writers treat the subject of her social, civic and ethical status from every point of view. There are in her case no reticences, no reserves, almost, one might say, no discretions. Her full personal equipment, from hairpins to bootlaces, is freely discussed. Also the burning question whether she shall or shall not wear bifurcated garments, ride astride and chew gum, together with her initiative in matters of social, civic and hygienic reform. Her every feeling, motion and aspiration is bared to the sunlight.

Wise Plain Girls.

A lady who had seen much of the world was asked on one occasion why plain girls often get married sooner than handsome ones; to which she replied that it was mainly owing to the tact of the plain girls and the vanity and want of tact on the part of the men. "How do you make that out?" asked a gentleman. "The plain girls flatter the men, and so please their vanity, while the handsome ones wait to be flattered by the men, who haven't the tact to do it."

It is always safer to risk a little flattery.

Happy is the wooing
That is not long a-doing,

says the old couplet, but a modern counselor thinks it necessary to qualify the adage by the advice. "Never marry a girl unless you have known her three days and at a picnic." In this as in other matters it is always desirable to hit the happy medium. Marrying in haste is certainly worse than a too protracted courtship, though the latter has its dangers, too, for something may occur at any time to break off the affair altogether and prevent what might have been a happy union.

A friend of Robert Hall, the famous English preacher, once asked him regarding a lady of their acquaintance, "Will she make a good wife for me?" "Well," replied Mr. Hall, "I can hardly say. I never lived with her." Here Mr. Hall touched the real test of happiness in married life. It is one thing to see ladies on "dress" occasions, when every effort is being made to please them; it is quite another thing to see them amid the varied and often conflicting circumstances of household life.

Silver Gilt Dinner Service.

Mrs. J. Pierpont Morgan is said to be the only woman in the country who owns a silver gilt dinner service. In Europe they are more frequently seen than silver or gold services.

The cost of Mrs. Morgan's set was $50,000. It was made in this country from a special design, and a vast number of men worked for months in carrying out the order. The dies were purchased by the owner, and therefore the set can not be duplicated. There are 300 pieces. Among the number are four candelabra, four compotiers, 24 dessert plates, 24 finger bowls and sufficient forks, knives, spoons and other things to dine 24 people.

The centerpiece, which is, of course, intended for fruit or flowers or both, is ornamented with six cherub heads, and a Venus 14 inches high surmounts the whole. Cornucopias, from which flow the fruits of the earth, are part of the scheme of decoration.

The style of the service is Romanesque. The reason for making it in silver gilt is that, while it has all the appearance of a gold service, it will wear longer made of silver.

Be Neat.

All well bred women will strive to look neat and tidy about the house while attending to their domestic duties. The one garment which should be rigidly tabooed is the Mother Hubbard wrapper, that loose affair which hangs about a woman in ugly folds and gives her such a slovenly appearance. A wash dress of gingham or cambric which is neatly belted in to the figure or a short, dark waist made as a blouse or shirt waist, but always belted, is what the best dressed women wear in the morning. Aprons are a great convenience and are worn by some of the best dressed women during the morning hours of household occupations. A custom which should be encouraged is to change one's gown for dinner, or at least to wear some sort of lace fichu or neck adornment, which dresses one up a little. If you are a mother, it is a good example to your children; if a wife, a compliment to your husband. Make some radical change in your dress as well when you spend the evening quietly at home as when you go out to spend it with friends. The idea that some women have that "anything is good enough for home" is a sad mistake.

Rosa Bonheur and Unser Fritz.

Rosa Bonheur had many honors showered upon her since the Empress Eugenie gave her the decoration of the Legion of Honor. She was always a stanch patriot. It is related that in 1871 Frederick, crown prince of Prussia, rode into her chateau grounds at the head of a troop of uhlans. Dismounting, he asked graciously that the great artist would do him the honor of receiving his visit and show him some of her pictures. A servant carried the message to her mistress and in a few seconds returned with the answer, "The crown prince of Prussia is welcome to look at the pictures he wishes to see, but Rosa Bonheur cannot and will not entertain her country's conqueror." The prince, as may be expected, was greatly taken aback with such an answer. For a moment he stood undecided, then said carelessly, "Well, well, so be it, but as I cannot see the artist I do not care to see her pictures, but tell Rosa Bonheur that her courage is above that of men, for in all France there is not a householder who would have dared defy Frederick of Prussia at the head of a regiment of soldiers."—London Chronicle.

"Babies' Rights Club."

It was evidently an observing mother who had been bothered by the promiscuous fondling of her babies—by thoughtless acquaintances and friends—who announced the advent of the "Babies' Rights club." Some day the babies of this progressive country are going to organize and demand their rights. The first plank in the babies' rights platform will be the inalienable right of every American infant to bestow his caresses where he pleases and nowhere else. Women of all ages, sizes and habits feel at perfect liberty to kiss the little face and hands, to cuddle the little body, to squeeze the little feet with a force and vigor which they would find very uncomfortable if bestowed upon them. Then the fond mothers marvel that the baby seems so languid. The whole constitution and bylaws of the new organization will be a loud, farreaching protest against the indiscriminate fondling to which babies have so far been made to submit.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

How to Get Rich.

Everybody wants to know how to get rich. This is the way to do it, according to Mrs. Hetty Green, the wealthiest woman in America:

"Be careful of your health. Save your pennies. Study not how you can spend the money you have earned, but how you can earn more. Watch the people who want to take your money from you; the more money you get the more such people there will be. Keep on earning money; if you stop earning, your fortune will shrink as your arm does when you don't exercise it. See that your head isn't lame; it doesn't matter about your legs. Learn to know good people from bad. Take care of your money; it isn't half as hard to earn it as it is to take care of it. Be sure not to put all your money eggs into one basket. Be reliable. That's the golden rule of business.

When the neck and throat have become brown or yellow looking, they may be whitened by the persistent application every night of the following paste, spread on a soft rag and wrapped around the neck: Honey, one ounce; lemon juice, one teaspoonful; oil of bitter almonds, six drops; the whites of two eggs. Add enough fine oatmeal to make a smooth paste.

Miss Anna Klumpke painted a fine portrait of Rosa Bonheur. The great artist accorded her that privilege and invited her to be her guest at the Chateau de By for the summer. During that season a beautiful friendship sprang up between the two artists, and Miss Bonheur urged Miss Klumpke to remain with her as her lifelong friend and guest.

As to the custom of using for the cooking all the pieces of butter left over at each meal and collecting these broken bits, only to allow part of them to linger indefinitely, there is no condemnation too strong. A bit of butter not in condition to reappear on the table should be used at once.

Salt and water applied to basket and straw work and rubbed in with a soft nail brush is a most effective cleansing agent. Brass ornaments may be kept bright by rubbing them occasionally with salt and vinegar.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Sketch of a Well-Known Newspaper Woman and Poetess Who Has a Deep Grasp of Things.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox was born in Johnstone, Mich., and is about 40 years of age. When she was 13 years of age, Maurine, her first-published poem, appeared. Poems of Passion were published before she was 20. They were greatly admired for their almost faultless rhythm, but the sen-

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

timent and intensity of expression provoked much adverse criticism. Poems of Pleasure, published later, met with high praise.

Admiration for her writings led Robert Wilcox, a silverware manufacturer, to seek the acquaintance of their author, which culminated in their marriage in 1884. His home was in New York City, and that has been their residence a large part of the time. He is very proud of his gifted wife, and it is said the topics of several of her finest poems were suggested by him. An especially touching poem, written on the death of their little child, has endeared her to the hearts of mothers. Mrs. Wilcox was for some time on the staff of The New York World, and has lately entered the service of The Journal.

She possesses a very attractive personality. She is petite, yet plump, with a wealth of brown-gold hair clustering above a broad, but rather low forehead, and has earnest, expressive eyes. Her charm of manner consists in its simplicity and entire absence of affectation. She is a model housekeeper, and perfectly familiar with every detail of domestic life. She is greatly beloved by her servants, to whom she is a helpful friend and a generous employer. She adopts no conventional style of dress. Her unique and rather peculiar costumes are designed by herself and often fashioned with her hands. One so fearless and independent as to defy Dame Fashion's edicts must expect criticism, but the simple, yet artistic costume in which she appeared at Chautauqua did not merit the title of a "Mother Hubbard," which it received. I am glad to chronicle of one of her authentic sayings: "I do not see how a woman of a clean mind can allow her skirts to trail in the mud and dust."

Ella Wheeler Wilcox lies very near to the popular heart. Her poems reach the daily life of the common people. They are cheerful and helpful, and make the world better.

A Chinese Dream.

A missionary to China comments upon the heart breaking experience he had at the Nanking arsenal, where he observed a modern, up to date equipment of English machinery employed in making obsolete war material. The Chinese military officials are just now taking pride in their most important production, a breech loading Mauser, which, they state with great pride and acclaim, is capable of driving a bullet through four inches of wood. They imagine that this is the most powerful weapon of its kind in the world.

A VOICE FROM DEXTER

Dexter, Sept. 8, 1899.

Dr. Arnold Chemical Co., Toronto:

Dear Sirs: I received a large box of your pills by mail order, and now write you to send me by return mail three large boxes and four sample boxes of your pills, which I want friends of mine to try.

I have been under our local physician's care for over three years, and I have taken so much medicine that I thought my case hopeless, but seeing your advertisement in the Toronto Star, and being an English woman, I thought I would try a box, just to see if anything would ever benefit me. I must say I am really a different woman, and can do my work with pleasure.

No woman was ever more persecuted than I was by irregularities and bearing-down pressure pains, so much

so that at times I had to give up. I lost weight gradually, and was actually afraid that some wasting disease like consumption was attacking me.

My weight before I began your pills was 97. I now weigh 107½, and hope in time to get back to my former weight of 128 pounds. My husband and friends are greatly pleased at my progress, and say that I look like a new woman.

I cannot say too much for Dr. Arnold's English Pills, and will be only too glad at any time to give you a testimonial of their great relief to me.

MINNIE LIVERMORE.

Anyone can enjoy sound health and robust strength by using Dr. Arnold's English Toxin Pills, the only medicine made that kills the germs that cause disease. Sold by all first-class druggists at 25 cents a small packet, 75 cents per large packet, or five for $3; or sent post paid on receipt of price, by The Arnold Chemical Co., Limited, 42 King Street, West, Toronto.

Knew What He Wanted.

The Amiable Plutocrat—But riches do not bring happiness.

The Unamiable Pauper—But I ain't lookin fer happiness. All I want is comfort.

Establishing a Precedent.

Starboard—Hurrah! I've found a raisin in this cake!

Attic—If you tell the landlady, perhaps she will let you keep it for your honesty.—Stray Stories.

His Line.

"I tell you that fellow is doing a driving business."

"Who is he?"

"A hackman."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Cured.

"How did you find the remedy that I recommended for your wife's hoarseness?"

"Fine! I shall always keep it in the house hereafter, for now she can't talk at all."—Heitere Welt.

Distance Not Specified.

Swellguy—You say you'll guarantee this horse to trot in 2:40?

Horse Dealer—Yes, sir.

Swellguy—You mean a mile in 2:40?

Horse Dealer—Well, I didn't name any distance, sir, but he'll go as far as he can in 2:40.—Ohio State Journal.

A MOSQUE IN LONDON.

A MAHOMETAN MISSION TO CONVERT CHRISTIANS.

According to Their London Missionary the Mahometans Are the Most Devout People in the World—They Now Number 400,000,000, But Only 200 Live in London the Great.

While societies of almost every religious sect in England are spending time and money in getting up tracts and sending missionaries out to convert people in other lands who don't believe as they do, some of those foreigners are not entirely without concern as to the moral state of the great nation bent on converting them.

So far as known, the inhabitants of Turkey, Asia and some parts of Africa have not yet begun to flood England with tracts, but they have sent a missionary to London, who not only will look after the religious welfare of Mahometans there, but also will do everything possible towards persuading Englishmen to enter what they believe to be the true fold.

In the course of the next two months an important step in this direction will be taken, when ground will be broken for a real Oriental mosque, which is to be built in the heart of London, probably in Russel Square, and in the establishment of which $50,000 will be spent.

This sum is now being raised by subscription in Mahometan countries, and it is thought that the full amount will have been acquired before the end of the year.

Meanwhile, the missionary, Al Hadjie Mohammed Doulie, has provided a temporary mosque where the faithful may attend prayers and listen to the reading of the Koran, and where the Mahometan ritual is adhered to even in its smallest details.

Doulie lives in a little brick cottage, built back from the Euston Road, and the yard in front is filled with tall cornstalks, oats and sunflower plants.

The Hadjie and his secretary, both in fezes, were having coffee and cigarettes in the drawing-room, in true Oriental style, when Mr. Curtis Brown, the well-known London correspondent, called upon him the other day.

"There are over 400,000,000 Mahometans in the world," said the Hadjie, "and about 200 in London. They have come here from Turkey,

HADJIE MOHAMMED DOULIE, THE EMAN.

Arabia, Morocco, Algeria, Egypt and India, and are chiefly young men who are studying professions, people who are engaged in business, and others simply travelling for pleasure.

"The reason we are so few is that Mahometans of the better class are shy about coming here because there are such scanty arrangements for them to worship as they wish.

"We are the most devout people in the world. To provide a suitable place of worship is one of the purposes for which the mosque is intended. In three years after it is completed the 200 Mahometans now in London will have become 2,000. My people are eager to come here, when suitable mosques have been built.

"It will cost us over $50,000 to buy a site for our mosque and to build it, and we are getting the money from the countries where Mahometanism is strong.

"We should be glad to make converts, and if we can organize and send out missionaries in England, we shall make more converts by 50 per cent. than Christianity can make.

"We began 1,316 years ago, and there are now, as I have said, 400,000,000 of us. We are many, but we are poorer than any other religious sect. We are the greatest power in the world in favor of temperance. When they point out to me what the Salvation Army is doing for temperance I laugh. They are simply trying to undo the evil that people of their faith have done, but we Mahometans always have been temperate, because the Koran commands it.

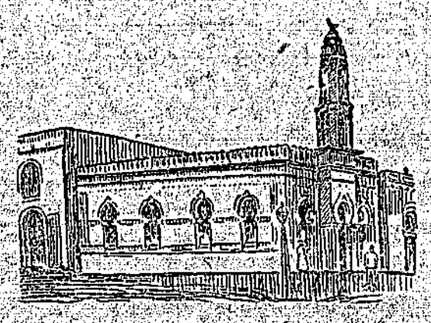
"The new mosque will not be a great building. It will only be about 50 feet square, but in building it we will make it higher than the mosques in our countries, so that it will not look insignificant beside the buildings around it.

"There we shall hold services just as we do in our country. There will be prayers five times a day, and on Friday, which corresponds to your Sunday, six times a day, with two sermons.

"We worship now in a temporary mosque which I have provided with my own means, and there is a smaller one in Liverpool, the two being the only ones in England. I am the Hadjie, and 'hadjie' means a pilgrim—one who has been to Mecca. When we gather for service many nations are represented. There are Arabs, Turks, Nubians, Greeks, Soudanese, Egyptians, natives of India, Morocco, Cape Colony and Sierra Leone, and a short time ago we had an American woman who has been converted.

"We have there Mohammed Redja Effendi, the chaplain of the Turkish embassy, who was selected specially by the Turkish Government to attend these services; Dr. Jeneid Shaw, the Persian oculist, who has been consulted by the Emperor of Morocco and the Ameer of Afghanistan, and Seyd Hassan Ali, a professor from the college of Al Azhar at Cairo."

Hadjie Doulie would not say in so many words that Mahometanism is preparing to attempt the conversion



THE NEW MOSQUE FOR LONDON.

of pagan England, but he said that he regretted the present lack of organization among his sect, and hinted that when that organization was attained remarkable things would happen.

"Is the world mistaken in regarding the Mahometan religion as a passing one?" he was asked.

"We hope," he replied, "that it is making a great mistake. But I cannot talk about that—it would be too great an error at this time. I cannot say if we expect that any one of our States will soon dominate the others, and become the greatest seat of government, and I cannot say what States we believe are friendly to us and are standing ready to aid the Mahometan race, because the time is not ripe, and if we told the world what we are planning now, those States might be alienated from us.

"No, I cannot speak of our commercial ambitions, either, but we hope that they will spread as our religion is spreading."

"Where is that spreading most noticeably?"

"In the Cape Colony, in China, in India, in all three places Christianity outdates us and we outnumber it. At the Cape Colony we began 50 years ago. Then we were in tens; now we are there in hundreds of thousands. We gain as fast again as Christianity does.

"In India Christianity had the start of us, but what has the result been? We have now 60,000,000 of the faithful there; the Christian religion has about 7,000,000. In China we have no missionaries, but we are far in advance of Christianity. The Christians are working hard for converts, but we are outstripping them. We convert ten from Buddhism to their one.

"Our religion is so clear," he added, "so logical, you may say, as to be acceptable to all. We know no confession, no priests. We are constantly in touch with the Supreme One. You blame us for allowing a man to have more than one wife, but if you will go to our country you will see how far ahead of you we are in that respect.

"In our country we know of no such thing as a fallen woman. If you go into the shops you will find no women assistants, for we don't allow our women to go out in the business world and mingle with the men. Their place is in the home, and we keep them there.

"We do not marry men to women as you do here, in such a fashion that if a man would rid himself of his wife, he must accuse her or kill her. We regard marriage as a civil transaction, and if a time comes when that man and woman feel it is best to part, if he can no longer support her, they will separate in a friendly way."

I asked the Hadjie if he believed that a man could care for more than one woman as his wife.

"If he cannot, he will marry only one," he replied. "The Koran says: 'If any man can provide for more than one wife, he may take to himself more than one up to four, but not unless he is able to provide for them justly.' By that is not meant if he can keep them from being hungry, but if he can make them happy, if he can love each of them. And we follow out that command. Three-fourths of all the faithful in the world have only one wife."

On being asked if a man was entitled to several wives, why women could not have several husbands, the Hadjie explained that all their great men in history had several wives, but there was nothing to show that women ever had been allowed such great scope, and that they believed in sticking to tradition.

Answering a question as to what would become of a woman from whom her husband judged it expedient for him to separate, and of her children, he remarked hopefully that Allah would provide, for the arrangement was one of his own making.

I asked his opinion of the chances of success for the Zionist movement, and he said: "I do not think it will be successful. The Jews hope to get Palestine, but unless they take it by force of arms it will never be theirs. I do not think that the Sultan will grant it to them for money, as they wish, for the feeling of Mahometans is against it.

"Palestine is sacred ground to us as well as to them, for it was the place selected by Mahomet himself to which the prayers of the faithful should be directed, and this honor was conferred afterwards upon Mecca by a revelation in the Koran."

Sure Relief for Insomnia.

A Swiss physician, Dr. Otto Naegell, declares that the best way to overcome insomnia is to imitate the breathing of a man who is asleep, and to make the head undergo the various movements to one side and the other which one occasionally makes while falling asleep in a sitting posture.

NOT TO BE CONVINCED.

No Room For an Argument on Jonah With Him.

One by one the occupants of the smoking section of the sleeping car had retreated before a traveler who used long words and never stopped to take breath.

"Does my conversation weary you?" he inquired of the young man with checked clothes and plaid socks, who remained his sole auditor.

"Not a bit," was the answer. "It's a great monologue."

"I was speaking, I believe, of literal interpretations of Scriptural texts."

"Yes. And the rest of the box party wouldn't wait for the curtain to ring down, but got up and went out in the middle of the turn. Literal interpretations—that's your cue."

"Well," continued the other, a little disconcerted, "take the story of Jonah and the whale. Is it needful to believe that there was any such monster as the whale? May we not entertain doubts as to the historic identity of Jonah himself? Was there any Jonah"—

"Hold on, my friend," interrupted the young man earnestly. "You've got to draw the line somewhere. I had a crosseyed man in the same company with me once, and he didn't do anything but play to a scarce audience of snow men from the Klondike every time he got a speaking part. You could hear people forgetting their lines when he went on the stage, and, although his name wasn't on any of our paper, the public seemed to have him spotted and staid away every time he got a chance to talk. Then there was a musician who smuggled a yellow clarinet into the orchestra one night for a joke and nearly burned down the theater. Then I had a friend who gave me an opal and wrecked me for a season. You can cut out the whale if you like, but don't you try to tell me there are no such things as Jonahs, for I know better."—Washington Star.

Hard to Suit.

Irascible Citizen—Phew! I'm a consarned idiot! Here it is 5:15, and of course I've missed the 5:10 train. Ran all the way too.

Ticket Agent—No, the 5:10 train is ten minutes late.

Irascible Citizen—What! Ten minutes late! And I ran all the way! How dare they run their trains late? It's a scoundrelly imposition, sir, that's what it is, and I shall report you, sir, I shall report you!—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Diplomatist.

"Grandpapa, it is very kind of you to take me out for a walk, and as I've got a penny I should like to give you a present. You can either have some flowers or some sweets. But I should recommend you to have the sweets."

What They Were.

"What have you in all those large bundles stacked up in the hall?" asked the young woman who was having her first view of the newspaper plant.

"Those," said the editor, "are some of the poems on Indian summer that I shall not be able to use."—Chicago Times-Herald.

MAN WITH THE MASK

QUEER DISFIGUREMENT OF THE HAPPIEST MAN IN FRANCE.

Moreau Is Known as the Man With a Wooden Head—Met His Loss In His Country's Service, and Every Year an Artist Is Sent to Paint His Face.

In a small town in the north of France there lives a man unlike any other man in Europe, America or indeed this entire world. He is vigorous in body, tall and erect and of muscular build. He has no face, no eyes, no mouth nor nose. He has the lower jaw only and the upper part of the forehead.

This man's name is Moreau, and he is known through all the country round about as the man with the wooden head—not that his head is really made of wood, but because it has that appearance. Really the man's head, or the front part of it, is made of platinum, shaped into the form of the features and painted so as to resemble human flesh.

It must not be supposed that this man is a freak of nature. He was born perfectly formed and grew up to robust manhood with his senses unimpaired. In fact, he was a good looking young fellow when at the age of 20 he shouldered his gun and started out to fight for his native land.

It was in the midst of a fiercely fought battle, and Moreau was one of the gunners at a point in the line where the fire was particularly deadly. Four of his comrades had fallen at his side, and he himself had been slightly wounded. Suddenly, with a crash and great roaring in his head, he felt himself spun round eight or ten times like a top, but so curiously poised on his feet that he did not fall. He felt no pain and did not realize that he was seriously injured. It seemed to him that a ball had struck him on the head and glanced off.

After waiting an hour he saw that night was coming on, and gathering up his strength walked to a neighboring village, for by this time the battle had ceased. When taken to the military hospital, the surgeon who received him, accustomed as he was to horrible sights, started back with an exclamation of horror. The man's entire face had been shot away, and in place of a head there seemed to remain only a misshapen mass of red, raw flesh.

The man's case was considered hopeless, and it was believed that he would die within 24 hours. It was hoped that he would die.

Curiously enough, in spite of the shell's terrible mutilation, one eye had been left in the shattered socket, so that Moreau was able to see at first, but the hemorrhage was so great that this eye was torn away, and on the second day the man was entirely blind.

Very much to every one's surprise, the poor fellow continued to live, and on the fourth day it was decided to operate upon his head. Thirty-five pieces of shattered bone were taken from the gaping wound, some of them very large pieces. After the head had been thus treated and the cavity cleaned out it was found that Moreau's head looked like an immense hollow cup with crimson inside, and from this his voice sounded in strange intonations, somewhat like the voice of a phonograph. It did not seem to be a man at all who was talking, but some grotesque machine.

Owing to the man's marvelous constitution, he recovered entirely from his wounds, which, in course of time, healed up, leaving him with such a mutilated face as was never seen before. In fact, he had no face, not even a forehead, and only a portion of his chin. All the rest—eyes, nose, teeth, cheek bones and flesh—had been cut away as if some one had scooped a cocoanut into the shape of a half moon. And yet the man was apparently in perfect health, could speak, hear and feel, and showed every inclination to eat, with a good appetite, if only some way of masticating his food could be found.

Here was a difficult case for the surgeons, and yet they made the best of it, and in a few months they had accomplished wonders. The lower jaw bone being intact, an artificial set of teeth was attached to it, raised on a bridgelike platform, and these were made to work against another set of teeth fastened across one of the ribs of a mask fashioned so as to cover the cavity. This mask was furnished with eyes, nose and lips, so as to give a certain ghastly resemblance to the human face. It was made of wax.

For 10 years Moreau wore this mask constantly, even at night, but in 1883, while visiting some friends at Valenciennes, he had a severe attack of brain fever, and in one of his delirious moments he tore off the mask and broke it in pieces. Being very poor, in fact, entirely dependent upon his scanty pension, Moreau could ill afford to have another wax mask made to replace the old one, and for a long time he suffered agonies of humiliation because he had no way of concealing his hideous disfigurement. Finally, however, a petition was made to the French government, and an artist was sent to make a platinum mask, and instructions were given that this mask be kept in repair and painted whenever it became necessary, so as to imitate as nearly as possible the human appearance.

Since then, about once a year, an artist from Paris visits the little village where Moreau lives, and with brush and pencil makes such changes in the exterior of the platinum mask as are needed, restoring eyebrows and complexion, coloring the eyes and lips and in general making the old soldier look a little more like an animated doll and a little less like some horrible specter.

In spite of his great affliction Moreau lives happily enough and is much liked by his neighbors. Strange as it may seem, he was able some years ago to persuade a comely maiden to become his wife, and she has borne him several healthy children. As is usually the case, the man's remaining senses have become much quickened since his misfortune, and he manages to earn quite a sum every year by weaving baskets and doing odd jobs with his hands in the way of mending and repairing, which people who are aware of his need send to him. His great delight is fishing, and he spends hours along the brooks and streams of Brittany, waiting for the fish to bite, and is more successful in his efforts than many sportsmen who have all their senses.—Cleveland Moffett

GLEANINGS.

Women are not permitted to be photographed in China.

Of 140 large Jewish firms in Frankfurt, Germany, 60 have declared in favor of Sunday closing, while 80 are opposed to it.

Germany still clings to the ponderous keys of the middle ages, and keys weighing from an ounce upward have to be "carted" around.

Millstones are now made of the new substance—carborundum. They make a whiter and purer flour than is obtained by the use of natural stone.

The inhabitants of Bischofsburg, in Prussia, had never seen a ballet until recently, when a traveling company introduced one. As soon as the dancers appeared on the stage all the women in the audience left the house.

The jacotars, or French Canadian half breeds of Newfoundland, smoke the inner bark of the red willow when they cannot procure tobacco. White settlers often use this for scenting tobacco. It is called killikinick in the Indian language.

The better class of Japanese do not live in the treaty ports of Japan, which are frequented by the casual traveler. Life in these towns is so different from the real life of Japan that it is impossible to get an idea of the country from them.

SCRAPS OF SCIENCE.

If all the mountains in the world were leveled, the average height of the land would rise nearly 250 feet.

Gold, silver, steel, aluminium and lead, when immersed in tartaric acid, a new chemical discovery, become pliable and ductile as putty.

Scissors were used instead of knives for the first time in an operation for appendicitis at the Metropolitan hospital, Blackwell's island, N. Y., a few weeks ago.

Many flashes of lightning not only measure themselves, but actually manufacture the recorder by which they are measured. When an electric meteor strikes a bed of sand, it plunges downward into it, transforming simultaneously into glass the silica in the material through which it passes.

CHURCH AND CHURCHMAN.

A million dollars was spent in stipends to Presbyterian ministers in Canada last year.

The Rev. Dr. Wayland Hoyt of Philadelphia has been called to the pastorate of the First Baptist church of Cambridge, Mass.

Cardinal Moran, the Roman Catholic archbishop of Sydney, is an up to date prelate. The angelus bell of his cathedral is now rung by electricity.

The Rev. Henry Mottet, the rector of the Church of the Holy Communion, New York, thinks that Sunday school teachers should be paid for their services just as are the teachers in secular schools.

CATS.

Some Pointers About Tabby From a Recent Book.

A recent book about cats says: "Cats are extremely sensitive and dislike loud voices and bustling ways. They love repose, calmness and grace. One feels so immensely flattered when chosen by a discriminating cat, for it is an affection which can be won only by merit, and never bought. A dog will love any wreck of humanity who chances to own him, but one needs to be self-respecting to earn the love of a cat. Pussies show their regard in such dignified little ways. When you open the hall door your cat will come half way downstairs to meet you, and will turn and walk up before you with tail erect, and you feel as heartily welcome as though a dog had jumped all over you and knocked your hat off in the exuberance of his greeting."

The book gives some useful hints as to the care and diet of cats. Highbred cats are said to be peculiarly liable to indigestion, resulting from overfeeding. It is best to allow them only two meals daily. A light repast in the morning and a hearty dinner at night is the prescribed system of diet. The breakfast should consist of cream or bread and milk, varied with boiled rice. A bit of lean meat now and then is allowed, and for an appetizer an egg or an oyster. The evening meal may include plenty of raw meat, mutton being preferred, with asparagus, corn on the cob or any vegetable which puss may relish. Boiled liver should be added several times a week. Fish should be given sparingly. Kittens should be fed every three hours with scalded milk, sweetened or salted. When six weeks old they should be weaned and taught to lap warm milk. A bit of scraped raw mutton or beef once a day conduces to strength and vitality. Sour milk should be given once or twice a week to prevent the accumulation of worms in the stomach. Cats reared in a flat should be given an occasional saucer of freshly cut grass. Fresh water, to which has been added a rusty nail or a lump of sulphur, should be accessible to the cat day and night. Cats should not be washed oftener than once a month, otherwise their fur will be harsh and brittle.

Spearing With "Bobs."

Did you ever take a cork, stick through it a horseshoe nail, put on the top of the cork two or three feathers, tie a long string around the cork and then spear for apples or potatoes? Just try it some time and see how proficiently and how straight you can learn to throw the bob in a short time. The cork keeps the horseshoe nail in without slipping, and the feathers serve to guide the b through the air.

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.
Issued Every Saturday.

W. B. ANDERSON, - - - - EDITOR

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

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

SATURDAY, FEB., 17th, 1900

WAR NEWS.

Pretoria, 5.—Col. Plummer's force on Feb. 2 attacked the Boer position near Raymondo and after heavy fighting including an endeavor to take the place by storm, the British were repulsed. Loss not known.

London, 9.—Up to the present War Office has evidently heard nothing of a retreat by Gen. Buller as described in a despatch from Boer head Ladger. When shown the deparch the officialls were dumbfounded. No credit is placed in the report.

The enemy held a position on the direct road between Rensburg and Colesburg. They shelled Porters ineffictively yesterday.

Methuen's forces are now actively engaging the Boers at Majersfontein. Gatacre and French are driving the Boers at Colesburg and Stromberg to desperation.

Boer head Laager, Ladysnith.—Since yesterday the British with naval and other guns have bombarded our positions on the Upper Tugela. The troops crossed the river at the Pont and at Molen drift with the object of storming our positions. At the former Gen. Bufgher beat them back they recrossed in disorder The fighting continues at Molen Drift with the Johannesburs Commandants. The cannonade was the fiercest ever experienced and continued with a roar all day. This morning it commenced with an increase of guns.

An armoured train yesterday made a sortie from Cheverly towards Colenso and landed two thousand British troops on the right of Boer position. Boers immediately crossed the river and forced the train and troops to withdraw to Cheverly.

Cape Town, 8.—Lord Roberts and General Kitchener have started for the front.

London 8.—War office has received a telebram that Buller has re-crossed the Tugela River and is now on the main road to Ladysmith.

London 8.—Special despatce received from Spearsman Camp under to-day's date says Buller holds his position and relief is certain.

Rensburg, 8.—Boers position was vigorously shelled for an hou, this morning.

London.—News from Buller's Camp today of a deapatch from Free Camp yesterday says the forces of the enemy are on both our flanks and continue to render our position difficutt to maintain. Beyond the fact that all Buller's troups are across the Tugela nothing is known of movements but that he badly needed reinforcements is evident from the foregoing despatch.

Another despatch says a Boer prisoner asserted that the burghers expected Buller to cross at Sdiot's drift and thrt thousands of Boers were being posted at Domkloof to oppose such a passage, while in the captured hill there was only a few hundred Johannesburgers. This temds to increas the anxietyof those who believe Buller has scarcely begun the serious part of his advance.

London, Feb. 10.—Buller is again on the South side of the Tugela. No further details.

Boer Head Laager, Ladysmith, Feb. 10—The British who were in possession of the Kopje at Molen's drift abandoned it after a bombardment by Boer cannon this morning and retired across the Tugela River.

A heavy bombardment is proceeding at Tugela this morning but otherwise all is quiet.

War Office despatch from Gen. Roberts confirms the report that Gen. Gatacre has repulsed the Boers at Pon-Holk and Bird' River and that the security of both out post is established.

In regard to McDonald's operations, Lord Roberts does not mention the former's retirment to Modder River. He says McDonald was despatched to prevent Boers blocking the main drift at Koodderberg and successfuly established himself there in spite of the determined efforts of Boers to dislodge him. At McDonald's request Babbington was sent with re-inforcements. He threatened the Boers north of Koodderberg while another force drove out the Boers southward. The enemy have now evacuated their position and none are in sight.

London, Feb. 10. (5:25 p. m.)—A special from Spearsman Camp dated yesterday noon says: Owing to Boer Cross fire and impossibility of entrenching the Vaal Krantz Buller's forces witherew. The Financial News publishes the despatch that Buller has not crossed the Tugela.

London, Feb. 10.—2 p. m.—Gen. Buller is once more on the south side of the Tugela and Gen. McDonald is back at the Modder River. Yesterday's news by no means causes the acute diaappointment attendant on the failure to relieve Ladysmith. This can be attributed to three causes: First, there is a strong belief that Buller's last attempt was only a demonstration on a large scale. The second, the wiser critics had warned the peblic not to expect the immediate relief of White. Third, the nation has settled down to the reliazation that the war will last a long time and they are not swayed as they were as they were at the first by minor reverses tn all victories.

Springfield, Feb. 9.—Our forces at Vaal Krantz entrenched itsely as well as possible but we continued to loose men and no advance was made, but the Boer artillery fired incessantly and Wednesday it was apparent that the infantry might, by a very determined assault, force its way through the centre of the Boer position, but evacuation was decided upon. The retirement commenced at night, the whole force retired beyond range of the Boer guns which continued shelling.

Heliograph flashes from Ladysmith dated Monday describes the effect Buller's cannonade had on the worn garrison. Hope ran high that the long proceed of inactivity and tedium was drawing to a close. Crash of guns almost continued ten hours and at times it seemed as if as many as 20 shells burst in a minute. The Boers preparing always for possibility of a defeat, were driving herds and sending long waggon trains towards the Drakensburg Passes.

Victoria, B. C., Feb. 10.—A letter received from a member of the Borden regiment, who has since been wounded at Spion Kop, describing the first attempt to force the Tugela says: "Long was within 700 yards of the Boer trenches with his guns and away ahead of the infantry supports when an awful fusilade opened, mowing down horses and gunners and causing the retirement of the force and a loss of ten guns. Buller almost wept and was heard to say, 'My brigaders have sold me.'"

London, Feb. 10.—The news that Buller had again recrossed the Tugela caused considerable excitement in the House of Commons, where the Government leader had just previously announced that there was no news from South Africa.

Boer Head Laager, Ladysmith, Feb. 12—It is reported from the Upper Tugela that in yesterday's fight, while driving the British across the river, the Boers had four men killed and eight wounded. On reaching the Kopje, 22 Boers were found dead. The alarm was given at midnight that the Ladysmith troops were trying to force a passage in the direction of the Free State Laager. Heavy firing was heard but no particulars have been received.

London, Feb., 12.—A special from Springfield gives new explanation of Buller's retirement. According to this despatch, a ballonist on Wednesday discovered the fact that Boers had developed extraordinary and unexpected artillery strength on Doorn Kloop where they managed to draw a dozen heavy guns. These, but for the ballonist, never would have been discovered in time to save the British from falling into a deadly trap, as they commanded the road the British would have to take in order to reach Ladysmith. These guns rendered the position of the British untenable, and further advance impossible except at the cost of a terrible loss of life. The new plan involves prompt and successful operation against the Free State forces in the west a series of crushing blows.

Lord Roberts has now taken hold of the campaign and is preparing to strike the Boer centre while other armies hold the wings.

London, Feb. 12.—The War Office received the following from Lord Roberts, dated Modder River, Feb 11: I received a telegram from Buller as follows: I was acro s the river seizing Vaal Krantz, as the pivot of fur her operation, but I found fer trying two days, owing to the nature of the ground, that this was impractable. It was also exposed to the fire of heavy guns in positions from which our artiller was dominated. It is essential to troops advancing on Ladysmith by the Harding or Menger's drift to hold Vaal Krantz securely and accordingly we are not pressing the advance by these roads, as I find we cannot make it secure.

London, Feb 12.—Not a line of war news has been received since yesterday. The feeling is much more confident since Roberts has taken hold personally. Both sides seem collecting for an attack. Boer aggressiveness already has been repulsed at Rensburg, and from what is the most important point in the campaign.

From Modder River comes the news of ceasless activity and renewed vigilance. The Boer aggressiveness will tend greatly to assist the broad plan of campaign which Roberts shortly will be expected to set in motion at Modder River. The military force is to be raised to half a million. It is now a question as to whether British or Boers will strike first. At any rate both sides are preparing for a severe struggle on the western border.

London, Feb. 13.—The fact that Roberts has arrived at Modder River seems to show that he has been on a round of inspection of the chief commands and that the main advance is advance is as near as has been supposed.

Startling intelligence comes from Kimberly. It appears that the rations have been for the most part horse flesh so repugent that the women and children refuse to eat it. The death rate appears to have been heavy and the privations of the garrison have been increasing steadily. Possibly such conditions explain the presence of Roberts at Modder River and apparent preparations for an advance from that point.

London, Feb. 13.—Kimberly reports the Boer's fighting was increased on the 7th. Next day the Boers commenced digging trenches to east and four thousand yards from Pietermaritzburg. A native reported that he accompanied some Boers who left Mafeking for Kimberly carrying with them six inch guns and a quick firing gun. The former opened fire on Kimberly. Otherwise the situation is unchanged. Late advices from Ladysmith say that fresh meat is plentiful. It is also said that the Boers have 100 guns between Tugela and Ladysmith, the guns being in almost impossible places.

Krensberg, Feb. 13.—Holekecks and Bastards nek, which the Boers took on Sunday, have been re-captured by the British. The Boers shelled out.

Ransberg, Feb. 13.—Evening.—The Boers have again driven in the English out posts on the western flank. To-day all out posts at Bastards Nek, wind-mill and other points have retired to Modder Farm. No details yet.

London, Feb. 13.—A private telegram received here says the force commanded by Gen. Woods has moved to the southward and seized Zouthpans drift which it now holds. It is learned that two thousand Boers were killed and wounded during Gen. Macdonald's reconnaisence.

London, Feb. 13.—A despatch says severe fighting occured during the British retreat, the various out posts on both sides suffering heavy. The despatches adds that it is doubtful if Rensburg can be held. A report comes from Durban that British artillery forced the Boers to evacuate their camps on Hlangwana Hill south of Colense. This is an important position. The Zulus are rising against the Boers, who are invading their territories and stealing cattle.

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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.

NANAIMO NEWS.

Nanaimo, Feb. 10.—E. & N. Ry. vs. Hobbs. It is understood that this case has been settled and the Company gets the coal, in fact, the Company have already commenced to pump the water out of the mine and the work of extending the tunnel to tap what is known as the Hobbs mine will commence Monday.

Nanaimo, Feb. 13.—R. Kenyon, Wm. Zelly and John Cordell were drowned off Chase river, while duck shooting. All were married men with large families.

Out of eleven men from Nanaimo who offered to serve on Strathcona's horse have all been disqualiged on account of height.

CUSTOM RETURNS.

The following are the Custom returns for the month of January, 1900:

Imports:

Dutiable	$1,338
Duty collected	408
Free	10

PRESENTATION.

A pleasing event took place Tuesday, Feb. 6th, when a delegation representing the Italian citizens of Cumberland and Union presented Rev. J. A. Durand with a purse in token of their esteem. During the years that he has been connected with the congregation in Union, the reverend gentleman's relations with the Italians have always been most cordial and the speaker voiced the sentiments of his countrymen, as well as the whole congregation, in expressing sincere regret at his departure from this town.

Father Durand was ever ready to lend a helping hand and he ever practised in word and action the charity he preached.

He has the warmest wishes of all who knew him for a happy and prosperous future in his native province after years of toil in the far west.

ARTICLES OF INTEREST IN MONTHLY MAGAZINES.

In Ainslee's for February, a good and timely article on Cecil Rhodes, "The Uncrowned King," by Allen Sangree.

Leslies, "The Fighting Boers," by Harold Bolce.

In Cosmopolitan we find the "Czar of Russia," by Stead.

Metropolitan, a story, "Slaves of the Padrone," by Edward Forrester.

Munsey's, "Some Famous Admirals," by John R. Spears.

Ladie's Home Journal has a poem, "Old Man and Jim" by Miss Norton and patterns of some beautiful laces.

Pearsons has "The Cycle in War," and the "British Army at the Front."

Read the editorials "The World and its Doings," in Self Culture.

PRESS CLIPPINGS.

H. Grant of Comox brought over another shipment of produce last week and called in the Coast Miner office. He says business in his line is brisk.—Van Anda C. M.

The last great war of the world, that between Russia and Turkey, cost altogether £190,000,000 and 180,000 lives, of which Russia paid £113,000,000 and 110,000 lives.—Coast Seaman.

We would strongly reiterate the warning to outsiders that they cannot hope to get work in the mines of the Klondike. The supply of labor here is fully up to the demand, and over it, says the Yukon Sun. There is, we are told, a great crowd of men preparing to come in over the ice to Dawson with the expectation of securing work here to pay their way to Nome, when the navigation of the Yukon is open in the spring.

We say to all outsiders: Do not come to Dawson expecting to get work.—Bennett Sun.

The following story told at the expense of the armchair war critic, is related by the Scottish American: The other day one of these critics was heard criticising Methune. "Hoo on earth did he aye keep hittin' awa at Cronje's face? Can he no think o' gettin' awa to ae side an' syne comin' in ahint him an' knockin' him a' to skyte?"

"That wad tak' a guid lot o' marchin," said one hearer. "Cronje's lines are about 12 miles long, an' it would take a good lot o' trampin' to get roun' a that."

"Ach, trampin'! Can Methuen no' tak' the train?"

And then everybody was convinced that he knew all about it.

The bed of Kettle River has long been known to be laden with flaky gold. In low water, miners of various periods, using the most primative methods have made good wages. It is well known that colors can be obtained from the streets of Grand Forks by the simple process of panning. This is the convincing experience that appeals to so many sceptical newcomers. The gold deposits are not confined to the lower end of the valley. Placer mining is still carried on every summer on the Fourth of July creek, less than five miles from the city, while further west Rock and Boundary creeks, other tributaries of the Kettle, yielded millions of dollars to the adventurous argonauts of the early sixties.

The decision of Col. Johnston to engage in hydraulic operations has created great enthusiasm here.—Vancouver World.

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS

CUMBERLAND, B.C.

LAUGHING GAS.

The Man Without It.

The weight of centuries he does not seem
To feel. He lies upon his back and yawns.
He bears the dust of ages on his face
Without a murmur, but he feels a thirst—
A thirst that will impel him presently,
With great reluctance, to up end himself
And work the town to quench it. Look at him!
Who gave him that consuming thirst? Whose hand
Incarnadined that nose? Who put that look
Of ennui in his dead, lack luster eyes?
Who wore the clothes originally which
Hang in festoons about him now, and who
Turned him out to grass? Approach and ask him.
"My rusty friend, my poor, world weary friend,
O'er whom the modern car of Juggernaut
So ruthlessly doth seem to have been driven,
The manliness within thee crushing out
And making thee a flattened imitation
Of a human being, wilt thou tell me
Who is the author of thy miseries?"
"B'gosh, I dunno who!" he makes reply.
"All I can rickollect is that one day,
When I was hoein in the field I seemed
To hear a voice that said, 'Throw down that hoe!'
I dunno who it was—I never knowed—
But, boss, I drapped that hoe, and I hain't never
Felt like workin since, and I never 'spect to!"
—Chicago Tribune.

Give the Girl a Chance.

Hicks—I should think that Tom would be bored to death having that girl of his banging away on that piano of hers every time he calls.

Wicks—Oh, that doesn't trouble Tom! He knows well enough that after he and she are married there'll be no more piano playing. It's the girl who never had a piano before she was married who becomes a terror afterward.—Boston Transcript.

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

A Long Felt Want.

Hoax—I have just patented an invention that will be of incalculable benefit to the human race.

Joax—What is it?

Hoax—A phonographic collar button that will make its own profanity when it rolls under the bureau.—Chicago News.

One Formula.

"How shall you keep your lover's love?"
Great goodness! I'm no sage above.
It can't be done with gear or pelf—
Just love him as he loves himself.
—Detroit Free Press.

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

Values.

"How much will you rent this place for?"

"Eleven hundred dollars," was the prompt answer.

"I didn't expect to pay more than about $900 a year."

"Oh, you want it by the year! You can have it for $750. I thought you wanted to rent a window to see the parade."

Pale, sickly children should use Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. Worms are one of the principal causes of suffering in children and should be expelled from the system.

Wanted Something to Tell Her.

When he had finished singing "Break the News to Mother," he sat down beside her, and she said in her winning, confidential way:

"I would be glad to if I had any important news to break to her. Can't you think of something?"

On reflection he thought he could.—Chicago Post.

Sort o' Mixed.

First Hindoo—Have you ever been for a boat sail?

Second Hindoo—Oh, yes.

First Hindoo—How did you enjoy it?

Second Hindoo—I did not like it. It's too horrible. The boat is going upside and downside, and your inside is going inside and outside.—Punch.

Sound Advice.

Manager—There is one motto, my young friend, that you seem to have left out of your consideration and that I advise you henceforth to bear in mind.

Fresh Actor—What is that, pray?

Manager—Think before you act.—Richmond Dispatch.

Had Earned the Applause.

Hewitt—I sat at the table next to yours at the restaurant yesterday, and I don't see how you could laugh at the table stories that Grewitt was telling.

Jewitt—He was paying for the dinner.—Stray Stories.

The Evidence.

"What makes you think he has just started out to be an author?"

"His photograph. You see, he has posed with a faraway look in his eyes and a book in his hand."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Why Bridget Escapes.

Jones—You never hear of a servant girl getting struck by lightning.

Brown—How do you account for it?

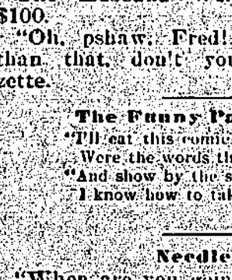
Jones—They're never in one place long enough.—Columbus Journal.

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."

Wants the Whole Graft.

The Young Wife—And how much money a month will you allow me, dear?

The Husband—Well, I guess about $100.

"Oh, pshaw, Fred! You earn more than that, don't you?"—Yonkers Gazette.

The Funny Paper Goat.

"I'll eat this comic paper,"
Were the words the goatlet spoke,
"And show by the said caper
I know how to take a joke!"
—Cleveland Leader.

Needless.

"When are you going to wind up this campaign?" asked a native.

"Nothing of the kind is necessary," answered the Filipino general. "We can run without being wound up."—Washington Star.

TOTALLY DEAF.—Mr. S. E. Crandell, Port Perry, writes: "I contracted a severe cold last winter, which resulted in my becoming totally deaf in one ear and partially so in the other. After trying various remedies, and consulting several doctors, without obtaining any relief, I was advised to try DR. THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL. I warmed the oil and poured a little of it into my ear, and before one-half the bottle was used my hearing was completely restored. I have heard of other cases of deafness being cured by the use of this medicine."

Courtesy on the Street.

"I beg your pardon," exclaimed the man in the automobile.

"Well, that's an improvement, anyhow," said the man who had been run over, picking himself up and looking around for his hat. "When a fellow with a delivery wagon runs over me he never stops his horse to beg my pardon."—Chicago Tribune.

The Rainy Day.

De rainy day, he rain so long,
He fotch de sigh en drown de song;
He rain so much on low en high
He wash de sun fum out de sky;
Oh, rainy day, please go yo' way
En let' de dry lan' whar we stay!
—Atlanta Constitution.

The Baby.

The Baby—Goo, goo, oo, oo!

Mother—Just hear that child talk! What must people think of him?

Father (very modestly)—Perhaps he seems pedantic to others.—Detroit Journal.

New Hope for Cancer Sufferers.

A NEW METHOD OF TREATMENT THAT CURES A LARGE PERCENTAGE OF CASES.

Cancer has for so many ages been considered an incurable disease that to talk seriously about it seems like mockery. But such is the advance of medical science in these latter days, that things that were impossible in our fathers' time are quite possible now.

The knife, the cautery, the plaster and the paste have had their turn, and all have proved dismal failures, and their failure is due to the fact that cancer is not a local but a constitutional disease. The advent of our Vegetable Cancer Cure marked a new era in the treatment of malignant growths. It brought new hopes to hundreds who shrank from the surgeon's knife, with its dangers and its disappointments. The many we have cured here in Canada, and whose names and addresses we will cheerfully give, is demonstration that removes every shadow of a doubt as to the efficacy of our treatment.

Send your name and address, enclosing two stamps, and we will mail you in plain envelope our treatise and testimonials. Do not delay in this matter, for every day's delay makes your case harder to cure. STOTT & JURY, Bowmanville, Ont.

PERSONALITIES.

Senator W. A. Clark of Montana works more hours each day than any of his employees.

Ex-Secretary of the Navy Thompson is six years younger than ex-Senator Bradbury of Maine.

General Ottolenghi, military governor of Turin, is the first Jew to attain the rank of full general in the Italian army.

It is now reported that the injury suffered by Walter Wellman, the American explorer, while making his way over the arctic ice toward the pole, will not be permanent.

The Rev. Father John P. Chadwick, late chaplain of the Maine, has accepted the post of chaplain general of the Spanish War Veteran Volunteers' association, to which he was lately elected.

Mr. Adam Dayett and wife of Wilmington, Del., celebrated on Wednesday, Sept. 27, the sixty-eighth anniversary of their marriage. All four of their children and many grandchildren were present.

George J. Fuller, the American trotting horse expert, now in Europe, has been engaged to teach the czar of Russia how to manage a trotting horse. Mr. Fuller is a veteran of the civil war, and over 60 years old.

Judge T. R. B. Wright of Virginia has been engaged for some years in obtaining portraits of prominent men, ministers as well as statesmen, of his state for permanent preservation in the courthouses of his district.

Mr. and Mrs. James A. Moore of New York city, who live in Saratoga in summer, have presented to the Rev. Dr. Joseph Carey, rector of Bethesda Episcopal church, Saratoga, a handsome house, to be used as a rectory.

The Kansas City papers say that Sylvester C. Wilson of the Filipino junta at Hongkong was formerly a resident of that city, and made an unsavory reputation a few years ago as the manager of a female baseball club.

The Rev. John Naille of Trappe, Pa., is the oldest clergyman in active service in this country. He was born on Feb. 18, 1801, and still preaches in the German Reformed church in his town, where he has been pastor for over 60 years.

There are a couple of New York society women who design their own gowns. They make water color sketches of what they want and send them to their dressmakers. The women are Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt and Mrs. Clarence Mackay.

General Joe Shelby's old colored body servant, "Uncle Billy" Hunter, in spite of his 70 years, is still vigorous and in the service of the Shelby family. He was born a slave on the Shelby plantation. At present he devotes most of his time to the care of his old master's grave.

Mrs. Robert Witt is the only woman who has taken part in the lectures delivered at the university extension summer meeting at Oxford. She was formerly a student at Somerville college, and her most interesting lecture dwelt with "Art Criticism in the Victorian Age."

THE FASHION PLATE.

The prettiest plaids are in the Scotch woolen goods, pretty soft shades which blend most harmoniously.

Some of the sleeves to the gowns with the sheathed skifts are so snug that they button from the wrist nearly to the elbow.

Corduroys are pretty and becoming and warm. Occasionally a jacket of corduroy is seen. They have a jaunty effect for all sorts of outings.

Women who like a fine felt and a severely masculine style go directly to the men's shops and get a small sized man's hat, with which they take a great deal of comfort.

Long coats reaching to the knees, with large hoods, are made of satin and trimmed with stitched bands of cloth in patterns. They make beautiful wraps for elderly women.

The woman who makes her children's clothes should learn to do smocking. It is exceedingly pretty, very smart, particularly on little linen frocks and smocks, and is not difficult to learn.

The so called golf capes, reaching half way to the bottom of the skirt, have much more elegant lines than the shorter capes. They are really intended more for sea voyages and traveling wraps.

Wine color is much talked of for fall and winter use. With the velvet hats birds or flowers of a peculiar light shade of red are seen. Occasionally a dark wine colored felt hat appears trimmed with velvet of the same shade, and the wine color appears as trimming for some of the outing hats.—New York Times.

Fooling the Youngsters.

Mrs. Grimes—How in the world do you get rid of all your stale bread? I have to throw lots of mine away.

Mrs. Smarte—There is no need for you to do that. Why not do as I do? I just hide it away from the children.

Mrs. Grimes—Hide it away from the children? What then?

Mrs. Smarte—Then the children find it and eat up every morsel of it.—Boston Transcript.

(Trade-Mark.)

USE ALBERT SOAP.

If your fancy is for a Tar Soap you will find the best in our

MASTER MECHANIC'S EXTRAORDINARY.

Sold at all Drug Stores.

LUCAS, STEELE & BRISTOL, Importers of Groceries, Wills St., Hamilton, Ont. Circle Tea, L. S. & B. Coffees, L. S. & B. Extracts, L. S. & B. Spices.

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By making payments for Dominion lands in SCRIP.

For sale at lowest market prices. Send for quotations.

AIKINS & PEPLER, WINNIPEG.

A New Exercise.

"I'm sorry we got Willie a ticket to that new gymnasium."

"Why so?"

"When I came down stairs this morning, he was turning panegyrics all over the parlor floor."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Question of Time in Music.

There is absolutely no music whatever which has to be played in an actual metronome regularity of beat. It is true that fugue takes few variations of tempo than a modern sentimental fantasy or nocturne, but it is not rigid. A sonata never goes at a perfectly uniform beat. The only question is when to vary and how. I have before mentioned in these pages the fact that between the rubatos of amateurs and artists there is this striking and significant difference: The amateur plays the difficult parts of his piece more slowly and the easy parts faster. The professional, or artist, does the exact opposite. Why? Because the easy parts of the pieces are the melodies, the sentimental parts, where feeling reigns. The artist is an artist because he feels his music, and he intensifies these parts. The amateur is taken up with the idea of executing something difficult, and he proceeds to execute as well as he can, and not being able to execute the difficult parts quite up to time, he makes up for it by hurrying up the easy parts. Therefore he loses both ends of the intended effect. The difficult parts were written as bravura, and they are intended to sail, as on the wings of the wind; the easy places, as I said before, have sentiment, and need to be humored.

No Disguise Necessary.

Fred Bond has discarded his black, broad rimmed western slouch hat. While walking up Broadway a few nights ago, on his way to the depot to take the train for Larchmont, he noticed an individual eye him very closely. Bond thought for a moment that he was an acquaintance and looked around after he passed him. About a block further up the street he saw the same man in conversation with another. Bond had passed him but a few steps when the second individual stepped up to him and, holding out his hand, said: "Hello! I remember now, Duluth?"

"Excuse me," replied Bond, catching on quickly, "I am working this side of the street myself."

A few blocks further Bond met Blanche Walsh. The latter shook hands cordially and remarked: "But, for heaven's sake, Fredd, why that hat?"

"Oh, I wear it," replied Bond, "so as not to be taken for an actor."

"Oh, that's all right, my boy," said the actress, "you never were taken for that."

Bond now wears a white Alpine hat.—New York World.

All the Essentials.

The Jay—We ought to have cleaner campaigns.

The Josh—Yes, especially when one considers the amount of "soft soap" that's used.

In the Rockies.

Easterner—I'm sorry now that I didn't take that train ahead of us.

Native—Why?

Easterner—Why, I would get into Denver sooner.

Native—Oh, no, you wouldn't—that's the rear end of our train.—Ohio State Journal.

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 twofold 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.

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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."

Correspondence

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G. W. DONALD, Sec.

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SATURDAY, FEB. 17th, 1900

THE SCHOOL ACT.

The trustees of the Cumberland-Union school are in a quandary about the Hon. Provincial Secretary's amendment to the School Act, which provides that salaries of teachers in incorporated cities are to be fixed and paid at the discretion of the trustees. It further provides that a per capita of $20 per annum shall be allowed by the Government in cities of the class of Cumberland, based on the daily attendance of the preceeding year, and also that all school lands in incorporated towns are to be conveyed to the various corporations. Now it comes to pass that Cumberland finds herself in the awkward position of being without a school, the present one, which is attended by the town children, being situated outside the city limits, and was built by the Government for the benefit of the children of Union and the corporation of Cumberland collectively.

These questions now naturally arise. The present school being built outside the city limits, can it be conveyed to the corporation? In event of it being so conveyed, what guarantee have the parents of the Union Camp that their children will be allowed to attend school? In the event of it not being conveyed, would the Cumberland people be compelled to build their own schools and pay their own teachers while a school big enough for all stands at their very doors? In the event of tht city getting the conveyance and the Camp children not being allowed to attend the school, would the Government build and maintain another school and staff of teachers in the Camp? Probably this school district stands alone among all in the Province in that it includes the City of Cumberland and the entire Camp of Union as well, while the school itself stands outside the city limits. The bill is vague on this point and steps should be taken before it becomes law to have matters adjusted to suit such cases or serious complications may follow.

If it follows as a natural consequence that all children in the school district will be entitled to education in the corporation school, one knot is untied, but the question of the transfer of the present school to the city jurisdiction is still unanswered. The School Board will meet the Council Saturday to discuss the problem.

PASSING MENTION.

Mr. James Miller, of Comox, unfortunately failed in horsemanship in exam for Strathcona's Horse.

Lieut. Gifford Edmonds, of ths Black Watch, who was killed at Majersfontein and whose portrait appeared in "Army and Navy" after that battle, was a cousin of Mr. Frank Ramsay of this place.

The seems to be an idea prevalent that the Council intend getting rid of Mr. J. McLeod as city scavenger, owing to their calling for bids for that service with others. We can positively state that this is incorrect but their action is taken in consequence of many complaints having been made as to the system of doing the work and they desire to change the system—not the man—for a better. The council as a body will be only to glad to retain Mr. McLeod's services under the new regulations should he be able and willing to successfully compete.

We have been asked who Lord Strathcona was as an untitled Canadian so we print the following from the Vancouver world:

"It has been asked who Lord Strathcona and Lord Mount-Stephen were before they were lords and why they got their titles. George Stephen was born in 1827, in Banffshire, Scotland, and came out to Canada in 1850. He became president of the Bank of Montreal, president of the St. Paul and Manitoba Railway, and was head of the Canadian Pacific Railway till 1888. He was created Baron Mount Stephen in 189. by reason of his connection with the successful building of the great Canadian Pacific Railway. Donald Alexander Smith was born in Scotland, 1820, was for many years in the Hudson's Bay Company's service, finally becoming governor of the company. He was director of the Canadian Pacific, and it was through his active connection with that Railway that he was created Baron Strathcona in 1897."

The war is causing great excitement and comment. So are the little prices at Stevenson & Co.

THE HOSPITAL.

There are at present in the hospital here six patients. All progressing favorably. Mr. Guthrie, who was burnt; McDonald, a sailor off the 'Pilot,' foot injured; Wm Hughes, rheumatism; Guiseppe Demora, mine injury; Jas. McQueen, injured at No. 6 Shaft; a Jap suffering from Beri-beri.

Miss Moss is now head nurse in place of Miss Johnston, who has returned to Vancouver.

Miss Nichol and Miss F. McDonald probationers.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Horbury is improving.

Mr. Woodland has returned looking as well as usual.

Mr. S. J. Piercy took his little girl to the Hospital in Victoria Friday for treatment.

T. Irwin is also down having his injured arm attended to. Has to undergo an operation.

Magistrate Abrams, Rev. W. Hicks and Mr. Gus. Hauck returned from Victoria Wednesday. Mrs. Hauck and Winnie are visiting friends there for a while.

A. McCallum was up with Mrs. McCallum to attend St. Valentine's dance. Archie looks thin after his long illness but otherwise brown and hearty.

Mrs. Munroe, mother of the late Mrs. McLeod, with her three daughters came up Wednesday to attend the funeral of Mrs. Mcleod which had been put off on their account.

Mr. C. Bridges of Comox returned from Victoria Wednesday. He has been in St. Joseph Hospital for a month where he went to undergo an operation. Charlie will soon be alright again.

KIMBERLY RELIEVED!

Gen. French With Relief Has Entered Kimberly—British in Boer Frontier.

Cape Town, Feb 16.—Gen. French with artillery and cavalry has entered and relieved Kimberly.

London, Feb. 16.—The British for the first time since the war began are inside the Boer frontier. Lord Roberts with 4,000 men has gained the Majersfontein, completely cutting off the Free State troops from connection with headquarters. He is also operating in Free State territory.

London, 16—War Office makes public the following despatch from Roberts: Jacobsdite, 15.—The following from Gen. French was received this morning: I have completely disposed enemy from southern side of Kimberly and now going to occupy the ground. Have captured the enemy's laager and stores depot, supplies and ammunition. Our casualities are 20. Kimberly cheerful and well.

Reit River, Feb. 16.—Col. Hanney while on his way to Rainbow encountered Boers with two guns holding a kopje. Fighting lasted all day, Boers disappearing during the night. Our loss 14 men missing.

Outside of Jaacbsdal, Feb. 16.—Jacobsdal is now in possession of British. After a serios of skirmishes one battery shelled them out.

Reit River, Orange Free State, Feb. 16. Before relieving Kimberley, Gen. French shelled the Boers vigorously and forcing a passage on Modder River. The enemy retreated leaving 50 laagers in hands of British besides great quality of camel and 2,000 sheep. The rapidity of French's march and the overwhelming nature of his force completely dazed the Boers.

Arundel, Feb. 14.—Gen. Clements withdrew from Rensburg during the night arriving here to-day. Boers promptly followed reoccupying their old position. The withdrawal is for strategetic purposes on the part of Clements.

London, Feb. 16.—A despatch from Cape Town dated Feb. 14 says some grenadiers cut through a body of 50 Boers four times and that only 17 of them escaped. As the grenadiers are part of the Modder River column this bayonet charge may be connected with Robert's movement.

Cape Town, Feb. 15.—There is considerable alarm at Newport owing to the report that a Boer force have occupied a hill 8 miles off that town.

Capt Town, Feb. 16.—The Boers are leaving Magersfontein to reinforce other positions. Roberts wide turning movement via Jacobsdal may have cut off these troops from Bloemfontein, but while the British forces are endeavoring to intercept the Boer communications there is a parallel Boer column trying to cut off the British lines to De Arr and is apparenely meeting with some success.

London, Feb. 14.—The total British casualities up til last night were: officers killed 152, wounded 380, missing 112; men killed 1,477, wounded 5,050 and 2,781 missing.

Rensburg, Feb. 15.—Before dawn yesterday the enemy opened an attack upon Slingersfontein, assaulting with musketery. The artillery attack began at sunrise. The Boers approached in great number, estimated at 700. The British under cover sustained the attack throughout the day, meanwhile two big guns on the west opened upon the British at daylight and fired for half an hour, when a British howitizer silenced them with lyddite, the British firing with precaution, and another Boer gun to the north opened on the Royal Irish Rifles but rather ineffectively, as the British had good cover. The shelling continued all day and last night the Boers brought up a forty pounder in order to bombard the camp from a hill to the north. With the Boers surrounding the British in overwhelming numbers it became evident that it would be impossible to retain Slingerfontein which the British evacuated under cover of darkness.

The British casualities are lighter than might have been expected under the circumstances.

Reit River, Feb. 14.—Col. Hanney in command of a brigade of Mounted Infantry marching from Orange River had an engagement on Sunday with Boers holding the hills. Hanney held the enemy while he pushed his baggage and main body through to Ramap. The objsct was successfuly carried out. British loss 4 killed, 22 wounded and 13 missing. Dundonald with 700 mounted men reconnitered the high ground which the enemy sometimes visited. The enemy fled after slight resistance but returned reinforced and kept up a heavy rifle fire, wounding Lieut. Churchill. Five men are missing.

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SPECIAL SALE

This cold snap, along with the snow, will put you in need of some warm clothing. As it came late you will gain by us being overstocked in a good many lines of winter goods. The prices we quote below are in some cases below cost.

100 Men's Suits

All the best makes, but we want the room. So to clean out quickly we will sell them all at half price. All marked in plain figures. Suits from $3.00 to $11.50 now.

50 Boys' Suits

In Tweed Serge and mixed. All the best makes. These also go at half price. Suits from $1.00 up to $3 50 now.

100 Pair Men's Pants

In all the new clorings and patterns. Regular $2.00 to $6.00 a pair. We sell them now from 90 cts. a pair up to $3.25 a pair.

45 Pair of Boy's

Lined and unlined Tweed and Serge Pants. Regular 65 cts. to 75 cts. a pair; sale price, 40 cts. and 50 cts. a pair.

Top Shirts

We have a large line of Top Shirts in Flannel, Tweed, and Knit. We have reduced these to 65cts, 75cts and $1.00 up.

Undershirts

All our underwear has been reduced to cost to clean up as we do not want to carry any over. You can save money by buying now. Shirts and drawers from 35cts up to $1.50.

Men's Gloves and Mitts

We have reduced all our lined gloves and mitts to cost. We have the leather kind at 35cts a pair up to $1.00.

Blankets

Three pair Union Blankets, sale price $1.85, three pair White wool blankets, sale price $2.95 a pair, three pair Blue Klondyke blankets, regular $7.50, sale price $5.00 a pair. 10 pair Flannelette Blankets, sale price $1.25 a pair.

Mining Shoes

25 pair Mining Shoes, well nailed, bellows tongue, regular price $2.50, sale price $1.50 a pair.

Rubbers

We carry all sizes and kinds of rubbers and can fill all rubber want at reduced prices. Men's rubbers from 60cts a pair up

Pay Day Sale

We still have our Pay Day Sale on in all lines of dress goods, staples, ladies boots and shoes. You can save money by looking this stock over all lines reduced.

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