# THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

EIGHTH YEAR. CUMBERLAND, B. C. WEDNESDAY, FEB. 13, 1901.



AFTER STOCKTAKING

**BARGAINS.**

**SHOES**

Gentlemen who wear Nos. 9 and 10 can still find a small assortment to choose from.

**Jackets**

We offer all Ladies' and Children's Jackets now in Stock at COST PRICE or less. These are all new goods and real bargains.

**Simon Leiser**

**Nicholles & Renouf, Ld.**

61 YATES STREET, VICTORIA, B. C.

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

Agents for McCormick Harvesting Machinery.

Write for prices and particulars. P. O. Drawer 562.

**STORE TALK FOR 1901**

IF YOU ARE DESIROUS

Of increasing your business there is nothing draws Customers like a Fine Store---the best advertisement.

Let us figure on New Fixtures. Send us a plan and we furnish estimates free of charge.

**WEILER BROS.,**

COMPLETE FURNISHERS. VICTORIA, B.C.

**SALE OF HATS.**

HARD HATS.

SOFT HATS.

BLACK HATS

BROWN HATS

ANY KIND OF HATS

—AT—

**Hat Sale Price.**

FOR TEN DAYS AT

**C. J. MOORE'S**

☞Stock Must Be Cleared Out.


### COUNCIL MEETING.

The City Council met on the 11th Minutes read and adopted.

Accounts—News, $2; T. Edwards. $80. Referred to Finance Committee.

Tenders for nails—From S. Leiser, Waller & Partridge and C. H. Tarbell. Referred to Board of Works Committee to report.

Tenders for coal oil—S. Leiser, 30 cts. per gal.; Waller & Partridge 33 cts. per gal., C. H. Tarbell, 35 cts per gal S. Leiser's accepted.

Seat in Middle Ward declared vacant. Nominations to be held on 19th. and polling, if necessary, on 23rd. City Clerk appointed returning officer.

It was decided to go on with sidewalk work at once.

Present, Mayor Carthew, Aldermen Walker, Cessford, Willard and Riggs.

### OBITUARY.

Poor Tommy Reid died in the hospital last Thursday after a few days illness. He some time ago contracted a cold which latterly developed into pneumonia. He was removed to the hospital for better treatment, but succumbed. He was buried at Sandwick cemetery on Sunday. The Orange order, of which he was a prominent member, taking charge, A large following attended the last obseques.

The deceased was a native of Athol, Cumberland County, Nova Scotia, anp was about 37 years of age. He came to Comox 10 years ago, and remained in the district continuously to the time of his death. He leaves many friends and was deservedly popular with all,

### TO THE DEAF.

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

### A DIRTY DEAL.

Our Athletics met with defeat at at the hands (or feet) of the Nanaimo Thistles, last Thursday. From a disinterested outsider, we learn, however, that the game was one in which our boys have nothing to feel ashamed of or discouraged over, as it is openly asserted that the referee acted in a shamelessly partial and partisan manner throughout the game.

Upon enquiry, we find this idea shared by the players, and, from hints dropped on the field, the Thistles themselves were aware that such was the case, and will no doubt be fair minded enough to admit this if questioned. The Athletics have nothing but a good word for the Thistles themselves, but we consider they were to blame and laying themselves open to censure in allowing such a referee to continue in his unprincipled tactics when it became evident, early in the game, that he had made up his mind to see nothing to the advantage of the visiting team. We consider they should not have chosen him in the first instance, when they knew that this is not the first time he has made himself notorious by his unsportsmanlike conduct as a football referee. When the Thistles visited this place they were beaten, and we defy anyone to prove that any but fair dealing was accorded them by team or referee. Friday week a similar game will be played here. A fair referee will look to the interests of all and a blazing good licking awaits the Thistles in the fairest and manliest fashion. Nanaimo has long had the reputation of being a town of sport, and fair British play. But unless the athletes of that town relegate such men as the referee of the last game to utter obscurity, the opinion of the sporting fraternity of the whole Pacific Coast will rapidly change, and properly so. Surely there are good men to act as referees in Nanaimo! Where is Mr. Inglis. who so impartially acted as such all last season? Where are other fair minded men, without an unenviable record?

### GOOD GRITS PROVIDED FOR.

Hons. Jones, Toronto; Robt. McKay, Montreal; G. McHugh, Lindsay, and A. T. Wood, Hamilton, have been made Canadian Senators.


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


The proper place for advertising is in a newspaper. It goes into the homes of the people and is read every day, and there is a reason for reading it. It contains the news. In short it is indespensible to intelligent people. It is a medium consequently for sellers, because it reaches all buyers.—Waco (Tex.) Herald.

The members of Seghers Council, Y.M., Victoria, entertained their returned brother, Private James Anderton, at a card party followed by dancing, at their hall the other night. There was a large number of ladies present, who added brilliancy to the entertainment. The gathering placed progressive whist until 11 p.m., when an interesting presentation took place. The president W. J. Harris, on behalf of the Seghers Council, presented the returned soldier with a fine gold locket, inscribed on the front with the monogram of the fighting man, and on the reverse side with the insignia of the order, the palm leaf and cross. Inside the following inscription was suitably engraved: "Presented to James Anderton by Seghers Council No. 5, Y.M.I., upon his safe return from active service in South Africa. Victoria, Feb. 8th, 1901." President Harris made a speech eulogistic of the services of the returned soldier, and Private Anderton feeling replied. Refreshments were served, and a dance followed.


A PURE GRAPE CREAM OF TARTAR POWDER

**DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER**

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

Avoid Baking Powders containing alum. They are injurious to health


## LOCALS.

Mr. McKnight is ill from a bad cold.

Miss Matthewson was taken very ill last week, at Mr. Moore's. She is improving slightly.

The production of the drama "Dot, the Miner's Daughter," is put off until Wednesday, Feb. 27th.

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

R. Hodgson is in the hospital with la grippe. He was very low at one time, but is improving.

R. Grant, of Messrs. Grant & Mounce, has been confined to his bed for some days with pleurisy.

Friend D. Richards is the happy father of another boy. Born last week, and can talk Welsh already.

James Henry (Scotty) a miner, had several ribs broken last week by a fall of coal. He is in hospital and mending slowly.

We were pleased to see Mr. Jas. Reid the other day. He is back from a visit to the Antipodes and declares that there is no place like B. C.

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

Mrs. J. D. Beckman got home last week from a long visit to friends in Vancouver. Her father, Mr. Yates, came with her on a visit.

Following are the Custom returns for the month of January:

| | |
|---|---|
| Dutiable goods imported | $843.00 |
| Free " " | 126.00 |
| Duty collected | 279.18 |
| Marine duty collected | 171.16 |

Support a local paper, and make it a powerful medium for the expression of your views and your wants. Give it your hearty support and it will fight your battles.

While it is certainly necessary to advertise in good times, it is certainly much more necessary to advertise when times are a little slack, because then people have to be urged to the buying point.—Ex.

With a view to encouraging the development of a literary spirit in Canada, The Ladies' Magazine, Toronto, is offering cash prizes for the best short stories by Canadian writers. The competition is well planned, and further particulars are given in the January number of the Magazine. A photographic competition is also announced, and cash prizes offered.

## A PORTRAIT.

The mason's hand is rough and scarred,
The mason's back is stooped and bowed;
His brow, close bent above the stone,
With lines of strenuous toil is plowed.
Small ease his honest years have known,
For Labor claims him as her own.

With skillful hand he carves and chips,
His chisel on the hard stone rings.
The gray dust flies about his head,
And ever at his work he sings
A simple croon of boyhood's day,
Timing his chisel to the lay.

And all in reverence I pause
Where he sits careless on the stone;
I hail him one of Labor's kings,
The humble seat his rightful throne,
For yesterday beneath his blow,
Wondering, I saw an angel grow.

—Grace Atherton Dennen in Youth's Companion.

# LITTLE MRS. HOPE

By M. Quad.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY C. B. LEWIS.

There were 20 of us making up the party at an English country house for the shooting season, and it so happened that while all were of course well known to host and hostess seven or eight were strangers to each other until introduced at the house. I do not think there were over three or four who even knew little Mrs. Hope by name or could tell anything of her past. Nor did a great deal leak out about her father after she had been generally introduced and had come to be a favorite with both men and women. She was petite and blond. She had a baby face and big blue eyes, and your first impression of her was that she was a child, and a very innocent child at that. In the billiard room it was whispered that she was a distant relative of Colonel Saunders, our host, and that she had married a scamp and been so ill used that a divorce had been sought for. It was generally agreed that it must have all been the husband's fault and that the man who would ill treat such a light hearted, baby faced wife deserved something beyond contempt. She was by long odds the best looking woman among the eight or ten, but as she was not given to flirtation and as she looked pretty without artificial means she was forgiven for her handsome face and became a general favorite.

The man who leaves business for a week or two for an outing seldom takes along jewelry or money of any account, but nine women out of ten must carry their diamonds wherever they go. There was a brave display of gems at Rose Hill with all except little Mrs. Hope. She had two or three finger rings and a bracelet or two and made a poor showing compared to the rest. This was corroborative evidence that she was none too well fixed financially, but she did not display the slightest feeling of envy, and no hints were thrown out to hurt her feelings. A country house full of wealthy guests is a bonanza for a nervy thief, and the colonel warned the ladies from the outset to be careful of their jewelry. All of them agreed to act upon the advice and then, womanlike, carelessly left every ornament lying about. On the fourth day of the party a lady named White missed three valuable rings which had been left lying on a table in her room. They had been taken in broad daylight while the ladies were on the lawn and while the maid was temporarily absent from the room. It was impossible that any outsider could have got into the house, and it seemed impossible to trace the theft to any particular servant. Counting maids, valets and the house retinue, there were about 20 people in the house aside from the guests. Mrs. White's loss was kept a secret for several days from all but host and hostess, but the colonel's quiet detective work brought no reward.

The second loss was more serious. A Mrs. Willmere left her jewelry lying about after dinner and at bedtime discovered that she had been robbed of every single article. The value was at least £3,000, and as she and her husband were both excitable people the loss could not be kept quiet. Between the finish of dinner and bedtime we were scattered about the house and lawn, with the servants moving to and fro, and no stranger could have entered the house without being seen. The bedroom window was up, but no ladder had been used. It seemed to be plain enough that some servant had secured the jewelry, and one by one the entire lot were summoned before the colonel's court of inquiry and interrogated. There wasn't one without a good character, nor could suspicion justly attach to any one. It was long after midnight before we got through, and next morning the sergeant from the police station was called over. He couldn't suspect one of the guests, and he could find no grounds for suspecting one of the servants, and he got out of it by looking wise and saying that Mrs. Willmere had probably mislaid her ornaments. Unfortunately for her she was rather absentminded, and we presently came to accept the theory, though she searched her rooms over and over again without discovery.

The losses did not break up the party, as might have been the case. The colonel and Mrs. Willmere came to some mutual understanding. I think the detective advised them to call it a "mislay" and thereby put the thief off his guard. Colonel Saunders insisted that every jewel of value be locked up in the family safe, and when this had been done every guest became a Sherlock Holmes. There were 20 guests and 20 theories. Everything from an owl to the stable boy was under suspicion. The detective's theory, as he gave it to the colonel privately, was that a smart thief disguised as a lady's maid or an upper servant had entered the house and committed both robberies. Of all the theories this was the most absurd, but of course the man felt bound to make a move of some sort. The jewelry had been locked up for four days, and things had quieted down, when the colonel started to produce it in honor of a government official who was to arrive that evening. I say he started to, because he no sooner attempted to unlock the safe than he discovered that the bolts had been shot. As he pulled the door open he uttered a groan, and the sight of his haggard face was evidence enough that something was wrong. The safe had been opened by means of a key, but had not been locked again. Every article of jewelry was gone, and the value of the lot was not a cent under £10,000. In seeking to render his guests safe the colonel had helped to despoil them. It was impossible to say at what date the robbery had happened, and the only thing to do was to telegraph up to London for a detective. While waiting his arrival no servant was allowed off the grounds, and of course no guest could well leave while under fire. It was a painful position for every one, and the detective rather added to it when he got to work. As soon as he was in possession of all the facts he said to the colonel:

"These robberies were committed by one of your guests. They must all assemble in the drawing room and submit to have their rooms searched."

Rather than subject them to such an indignity the colonel offered to pay the full loss out of his own pocket, but this no one would hear to. All were willing for the search to go on, and host, hostess and detective made it. Nothing was found. The detective clung to his theory, however, and took another look at the rooms and was given the names of their occupants. There were three rooms which communicated, and those three were occupied by the colonel, his wife and little Mrs. Hope. The door between the rooms of the colonel and Mrs. Hope was bolted on her side and had been for years. This door caught the eye of the detective, and after an examination of the bolt he said:

"This bolt has been worked within three or four days, as any locksmith will tell you, and this door has also been opened."

"Do you know what you are saying?" sternly demanded the colonel.

"I do, sir. You carry the key of the safe in your pocket. To get that key some one has entered your room by this door at night."

"But Mrs. Hope's effects have been searched along with the rest."

"Her effects—yes. She has the jewelry on her person. Let your wife search her."

The colonel was furious and his wife indignant. They would answer for little Mrs. Hope as for themselves.

"I can do no more," answered the detective. "One of your guests is the robber, and it is the guest occupying this room. If you will call her up here, I believe I can break her down in ten minutes."

After long hesitation little Mrs. Hope was called up. She came smilingly, and no pair of eyes ever revealed greater innocence. A layman would have sooner suspected a toddling babe.

"Now, then," began the detective, "you are the robber. You took Mrs. White's jewelry, and you robbed the colonel's safe. You got the key from his trousers by opening this door. You have the jewelry on your person."

For the space of 30 seconds the baby faced woman regarded him with wonder, indignation, fear and anguish. Then she gasped for breath and sank down in her tracks.

"Search her," said the detective as he left the room. Ten minutes later he was called in. The little woman lay weeping on the sofa, and the missing jewelry was spread out on the table.

"God help us!" said the colonel as he looked from the officer to the recovered treasure and back.

"We must help ourselves," replied the man as he looked at the woman with pity in his eyes. "Mrs. Saunders, your maid must go. You must fix the price with her. She must get away as soon as possible, and the plunder must be found in her room later on. She will get safe away."

Three hours later the jewelry was "found" in the maid's room, and everybody else was cleared of suspicion and made happy. The maid had been gone two hours, and the detective doubted whether she could be found in big London, though of course he would use every effort. Little Mrs. Hope was ill for a day or two under the nervous excitement and so had a good excuse for leaving Rose Hill. So far as I know not one of the guests suspected her. Indeed as the maid had left a written confession before she bolted how could any one else be suspected? This being the case, you may wonder how I got hold of the inside facts in the case. Well, that's a matter of no concern as long as I have given you the full particulars. Perhaps the colonel trusted me further than he did the others. As for little Mrs. Hope, it was want of money probably that induced her to turn robber, but I have always tried to make myself believe that she couldn't have realized what she was doing.

### Why the Bishop Did Not Scold.

"A little boy in the neighborhood of Bishop Brooks' home in Boston was one day mischievously ringing doorbells and running away before the doors were opened," says a writer in The Ladies' Home Journal. "In pursuit of this amusement he ran up the steps of the bishop's residence, and the bishop, happening to be in the hall ready to go out, opened the door quickly, before the boy had turned to descend the steps. The child was so startled by the sudden appearance of the good man, who had a kindly smile for all children, that he ejaculated: 'Why, Phi'ps Brooks! Do you live here?' In spite of the misdemeanor the bishop could not find it in his heart to scold the little fellow. He also had been a boy."

## A KAFFIR "SMOKER."

### The Native Women Are Enthusiastic Devotees of the Weed.

In South Africa the native woman smokes incessantly. Your native servant smokes as she cooks and as she washes. The tobacco she likes is rank. The dainty cigarette an English or Russian lady of fashion enjoys, smoked through a quill, so that no nicotine can stain either teeth or fingers, would be sneered at by a Kaffir. "Give me a pipe and something in it I can taste," is in effect what she says.

The men Kaffirs are beyond tobacco. They smoke something so vehement that it makes them cough and splutter, lose their breath, choke and sneeze to an alarming degree. They like snuff, too, and are fond of offering and taking pinches of it ("schniff" they call it) when they meet and visit one another.

Regarding tobacco as too mild for their taste, the Kaffirs take another weed and smoke that. They proceed to arrange a smoking party, by squatting on the ground and getting ready their "pipe," a cow horn with a thin tube in it inserted half way down at right angles to the horn. The end of the tube is in a basin, and it is from it that the smoker sucks the strong stuff that makes him incapable of anything but a series of coughs and chokes for some time after he has had his turn at the pipe, which is passed around from man to man, until a perfect chorus of coughs rends the air.

The tobacco the Boers smoke looks like poor tea and is peculiar in flavor, yet Englishmen who have become used to it acquire such a taste for it that they never ask for any other kind.—London Mail.

### Relics of Former Ages.

The big tree of California is unique in the world. It is the largest, oldest and most majestically graceful of all trees. Scarcest of known tree species, it is the best living representative of a former geologic age. It has come down through the ages simply by reason of its superb powers of defense against hostile conditions. The bark is sometimes as much as two feet thick and is almost noncombustible. The oldest specimens felled are still sound at the heart. Yet, with all its advantages, the big trees do not seem to have increased their range since the glacial epoch.

### Not His.

The drill instructor's face turned scarlet with rage as he rated a raw Irish recruit for his awkwardness.

"Now, Rafferty, you'll spoil the line with those feet. Draw them back instantly, man, and get them in line!" Rafferty's dignity was hurt.

"Plase, sargint," he drawled solemnly, "they're not mine; they're Micky Doolan's, in the rear rank!"

### A Green Hand.

He was a new freight handler.

"Load those barrels in that car," ordered the freight agent.

"Oi can't load barrels in that car, sor," responded the new man.

"Why not?"

"It's a box car, sor."

The Adirondack mountains embrace an area of over 2,800,000 acres, and in this area fully 300 mountain peaks rise to altitudes ranging from 1,200 to 5,000 feet.

Few things are impossible in themselves. It is not so much means as perseverance that is wanting to bring them to a successful issue.

### Encouraging.

He—Is your father a large man?

Ruth—Reasonably so. I have seen him take a gentleman of your size and throw him throu[illegible] way across the lawn.

The crust of the earth under Japan must be comparatively thin, judging by the number of earthquake shocks in that country. They average 500 a year.

Three chief feasts during which the Chinese take legal holidays are those of the dragon, the moon and the year.

## THE LOVE SIGN OF THE ROSE.

She trained a little rose to grow
And grace the gate above,
And hence I love the pathway so
That leads me to her love,
And oft my heart before me goes
To read the love sign of the Rose.

Through fairer bloom for lovers' tryst
To me it seems as fair
As if an angel's lips had kissed
And blessed it blooming there,
For heaven its sweetest smile bestows
On the dear love sign of the Rose.

The pattering of little feet
When shadows blur the light,
And rosy twining arms that meet
And necklace me at night,
These my glad heart enraptured knows
At the dear love sign of the Rose.

Not far away Love's steps shall stray—
In thorny paths to roam,
While o'er the meadows of life's May
Shine signals sweet of home.
When night falls drear, one heart still knows
Rest at the love sign of the Rose.

## BEST GAMBLING SYSTEM.

### The One That Will Surely Beat Faro and Roulette.

"Every confirmed gambler in the world has spent more or less time trying to figure out some system to beat the game," said a well known northern sporting man. "The commonest and most plausible scheme is the one known as 'progression.' It is simply a doubling of bets until a winning occurs, and theoretically it is perfect, but the trouble is that all gambling games have a limit, and the doubling process increases a wager with such enormous rapidity that it is apt to get over the stipulated amount before the winning takes place.

"I was at Monte Carlo last spring," continued the speaker, "and was surprised at the number of touts who infested the grounds peddling 'sure thing' systems to break the bank. The ludicrous part of it was that most of the peddlers were seedy and poverty stricken in appearance, yet they purported to sell secrets which would infallibly enrich any purchaser. I asked one fellow why he didn't try his system himself and buy a new hat, and he replied very glibly that he was 'working for a syndicate' and under bonds not to play.

"Nearly all of these systems are based on progression and would be impossible in high play owing to the casino limit. Nevertheless I saw a number of small progression players at the tables and was told that they have been a fixture there for many years. They were nearly all horrible looking, bloodless old women, who began with the smallest possible wager and quit when they won 20 francs or less than $4. A house official informed me that they were tolerated about the place on account of age and infirmity and that their daily winnings were regarded in the light of a pension.

"In the days of open gambling in New Orleans I remember there used to be several broken down sports who were said to make a living off the games by 'progression playing.' I have my doubts about it, however. The best system and the only system that will beat faro and roulette is to stay away."

### Read This Before You Write.

Never write poetry until you are at least 30, unless you fall in love, when it will come to you like the measles. You would better begin with stories—that is, if you have a leading idea and can invent situations. Do not attempt the novel until you have passed your fortieth year. A novel requires a knowledge of men and manners, a study of human character, and powers to create dialogue and invent surprises. I know that there have been instances when very young men have written clever poems and novels, but these were freaks of genius which do not often occur. Avoid attempts at humor. That mine has already been worked for more than it is worth, and the best of it seems to be labored. What the funny men do produce is not equal to the unintentional humor which is to be found in congressional speeches on the tariff, and in the old fashioned epitaphs in the country churchyards.—Thomas Dunn, English in Success.

### Uses of Olive Oil.

Olive oil should be found in every nursery and on every medicine shelf. In time of croup it can be given frequently and will not disturb the digestion, as do many medicines. It is often given in place of cod liver oil and is as effective in building up the system and far less disagreeable. It is recommended by many specialists both as a food and a tonic. A certain young chemist never has a cold or requires any medicine except a spoonful of olive oil every night and morning, which he takes regularly. He seldom wears an overcoat.

### Peculiar Musical Instrument.

A peculiar musical instrument is used by the Moros. It consists of a hoop of bamboo, upon which are hung by strings a number of thin pieces of mother of pearl. When struck with a small reed, these give forth a sweet, tinkling sound, a combination of which sounds is developed into a weird, monotonous fantasy, very pleasant to the ear—for a short time.

## FIGURES AND EYES.

### An Indication of Advancing Age That Admits of No Compromise.

"As we grow older," remarked the man who was doing that at the rate of a week every seven days, "we begin to observe that we seem to need more light when we read or that the print of the newspaper that we have been reading with ease for ever so many years is not quite as good as it used to be, or that we can distinguish the letters a little better if we hold them farther away than usual, but we are very slow indeed to observe that the real cause of it is that we are growing old, and we rather resent the suggestion of some kindly friend that we need glasses.

"We resent glasses especially because they are the visible sign of our weakness, and all the world may know by them what we fondly think they have not yet discovered—to wit, that our eyesight is failing. I am that way myself, or was, and I stood the glasses off as long as I could, and really I could get along very well reading almost any type. Of course, I could not make out every letter, but I could get enough to complete the word, and oftentimes I could supply whole words that were indistinct by the sense of what I was reading.

"But it was the figures that got me down at last. Ah, those figures! There is no context there, and when I saw dates or numerals of any kind the blur of the years shut out all their outlines, and to save me I could not tell what was before me. I made mistakes so often in reading aloud to my wife that she would laugh at me, though she never caught me on the letters, notwithstanding many was the time I guessed at about half I was reading. But figures would not stand any fooling like that, and at last I acknowledged that it wasn't the type or the paper or the light or anything of that sort and got myself a pair of glasses. Now I can tell a figure as well as a letter, and I discover they are printed quite as plainly as ever, though I was sure they were blurred before."

## ROSE TO THE OCCASION.

### The American Girl, as Usual, Managed to Win the Trick.

A man who is back from a visit to Paris and Germany is telling a story which ought to make the great American eagle flap his wings with pride. It happened at a little railway station in Germany, Grunenwald by name, while the man who tells about it was waiting for a train on a branch line which connects with the main line at that place. Besides himself there were at the station a party of American tourists of the kind you read about in English books and an English family of the kind you read about in American books. The Americans were loud voiced and ungrammatical. They laughed a great deal and they ate peaches, the stones of which they threw at a post to test their marksmanship. They were persons for whom Uncle Sam himself would have felt apologetic, and they displeased the haughty British materfamilias greatly. To the younger members of her family, a gawky boy and a lanky and "leggy" girl of the typical elongated English variety—they were objects of great interest, however, and the girl in particular edged nearer and nearer, to her mother's great disgust. At last she was so near that mamma could endure it no longer.

"Clara!" she called in her loudest voice, "come away at once. You might be mistaken for one of those disgusting Americans!"

A pretty young American looked up and swept Clara from head to foot with a calm glance. Then she went on eating peaches.

"Don't worry, madam," she called out cheerily. "There's no danger of that—with them feet!"

The Transvaal was an unknown land, so far as European knowledge or influence went, prior to the year 1830.

### Man and Beast.

Nothing can be so terrible to an animal as a human being. There are times when the brute seems to recognize instinctively that man belongs to a higher order of creation and is stricken with a feeling akin to awe in his presence.

In a small African village, some years ago, there was a scare about some leopards which were said to have killed a number of goats. Accordingly two white men, accompanied by several natives, set off to hunt them. Presently they found a place in the long grass where it was evident that one of the brutes had recently lain, for the ground was still warm.

The natives formed a ring round it, and the hunters got their guns ready. After a little while the leopard emerged from the long grass and was fired at and wounded, but not fatally. With a great bound he sprang on one of the white men and brought him to the ground. Holding his victim, he turned and growled savagely at the others.

The natives gave a wild yell of fear, and then like a shot the leopard sprang away. He had not been frightened by the guns, but the yell terrified him.—Youth's Companion.

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS

CUMBERLAND, B.C.

**The Unique Born of the Unicorn.**

The born of a unicorn was shown at Windsor castle and in 1598 was valued at over £10,000. Lewis Vertomannus, a gentleman of Rome, saw with his own eyes two unicorns presented to the sultan of Mecca by a king of Ethiopia. They were in a park of the temple of Mecca and were not much unlike a colt of 30 months of age. This was in 1503. The animal became extinct about the end of the seventeenth century.

The unicorn is represented in the ruins at Persepolis, and it was adopted by the Persians as the emblem of speed and strength. In the middle ages it was the symbol of purity. The unicorn hated the elephant, and it used to whet its horn on a stone before it struck the foe in the abdomen. No family, by the way, should be without one of these horns, the average length of which is four feet. They defend from witchcraft. Thus Torquemada had one always on his writing table. Furthermore, a drinking cup made from one will be a safeguard against poison, as will the ground powder put in drink, and indeed the wells of the palace of St. Mark could not be poisoned in the good old days of adventure because these beneficent horns had been thrown into them. Unicorn's born was formerly sold by apothecaries at $120 an ounce.

I was cured of a bad case of Grip by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
Sydney, C.B. C. I. Lague.

I was cured of loss of voice by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
Yarmouth. Charles Plummer.

I was cured of Sciatica Rheumatism by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
Burin, Nfld. Lewis S. Butler.

APHORISMS.

There is no policy like politeness.—Magoon.

One today is worth two tomorrows.—Franklin.

The best hearts are always the bravest.—Sterne.

An honest man is the noblest work of God.—Pope.

Every noble work is at first impossible.—Carlyle.

Faithfulness is the soul of goodness.—J. S. White.

In noble souls valor does not wait for years.—Corneille.

Conduct is three-fourths of life.—Matthew Arnold.

Truth needs no color, beauty no pencil.—Shakespeare.

Humility is the true cure for many a needless heartache.—Montague.

To give up interest for duty is the alphabet of morals.—James Hinton.

While we are considering where to begin it is often too late to act.—Quinsban.

THEY NEVER FAIL—Mr. S. M. Boughner, Langton, writes: "For about two years I was troubled with Inward Piles, but by using Parmelee's Pills I was completely cured, and although four years have elapsed since then they have not returned." Parmelee's Pills are anti-bilious and a specific for the cure of the Liver and Kidney Complaints, Dyspepsia, Costiveness, Headache, Piles, etc., and will regulate the secretions and remove all bilious matter.

From criminal statistics a German sociologist has deduced that property rights of all kinds are respected more generally by the married than by the single.

The Saginaw river in Michigan is 90 miles long and on its banks have been produced 18,000,000,000 feet of lumber.

Rheumatism . .

Is Uric Acid in the blood. Unhealthy kidneys are the cause of the acid being there. If the kidneys acted as they should they would strain the Uric Acid out of the system and rheumatism wouldn't occur. Rheumatism is a Kidney Disease. Dodd's Kidney Pills have made a great part of their reputation curing Rheumatism. So get at the c[illegible] of those fearful shoo[illegible]iff, aching jo[illegible] but one sure way—

Dodd's Kidney Pills

# A STORY FROM LIFE

## SHOWING HOW SUFFERING CAN BE OVERCOME.

**A Mill Operator Who Suffered From Kidney Trouble Spent Many Dollars in Useless Experiments to Restore His Health.—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Acted Promptly and Effectively.**

Good health is the chief requisite to happiness, low spirits, moroseness and irritability can in most cases be teaced to ill health, and in not a few instances are direct symptoms of kidney trouble. These, added to the severe pains in the back which accompany the disease, make the life of the sufferer one of abject misery. One such sufferer was Mr. Darius Dean, of Jordan, Ont. Mr. Dean in an interview with a reporter recently gave his experience as follows:—"I am a saw and grist mill operator, and naturally a strong man; but the life of a miller is a hard one, with long hours of labor and frequent exposure. Some years ago as the result of this exposure I was afflicted with kidney trouble, and although I spent much money in various remedies I did not find a cure until I was persuaded to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. In the autumn of 1898 the trouble began to assume an aggravated form. I suffered from most severe pains in the back, and a feeling of drowsiness and yet so severe was the pain that many a night I scarcely closed my eyes. My appetite was poor, I suffered from headaches, lost flesh, was miserable and wholly unfit for work. It was while in this condition that I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and procured three boxes. Before I had finished the third box I felt much better, and I then procured a half dozen boxes more. I used all these, but before they were all gone I felt that my health was fully restored. In the interval since then I have had just one slight return of the trouble, and Dr. Williams Pink Pills soon drove this out, and my health since has been the very best. I have gained much in weight, eat and sleep well and consider myself as healthy a person as there is in the county, and the credit for this I feel is entirely due to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills increase the supply and the richness of the blood, and in this way cure physical and functional weaknesses. Most other medicines simply act upon the symptoms of the disease, hence when the medicine is discontinued the patient is soon as wretched as ever. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills go directly to the root of the trouble and cure to stay cured. Hence it is unwise to waste money in experiments with other medicine. These pills are sold by all dealers or will be sent post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Turkish women do not come into control of their private fortunes until after marriage. After that they can dispose of one-third of it without the husband's consent.

Music is sometimes divided into two classes, sacred and profane. For particulars as to profane music go to a "sacred concert."—Boston Transcript.

SWEETEST SONGS BUT TELL OF OF SADDEST THOUGHTS.

Dear Ladies:

What to you has been for many months the saddest, yet sweetest hour of the day? Surely that when in silence, alone, or in sweet communion with relatives or friends, you dear absent ones in Africa! Your hopes and fears, your prayers and tears have gone forth to them. And was not that the hour of afternoon tea?

Your soldiers' comrades—the British planters—make the delicious GREEN teas of Ceylon and India. This alone should incline you to try these teas. Japans have no such claim on you, and are, besides, of inferior qualities. Monsoon, Salada and Blue Ribbon brands are all good.—Colonist.

Alloway & Champion

BANKERS AND BROKERS. . . .

362 MAIN ST., WINNIPEG

Stocks and bonds bought, sold and carried on margin. Listed mining stocks carried

Osler, Hammond & Nanton

BROKERS, ETC.,

*Dominion Bank Building, Winnipeg*

Money lent at lowest rates.
Stocks and bonds bought and sold.
Railway and other farm lands in Manitoba and N. W. T. for sale.
Maps and folders sent on application.
Galt coal from Lethbridge.
Prices quoted to all railway points.

LOVE OF COUNTRY.

Ladies of Canada:

Love of country is the strongest characteristic of the average Britisher. Nor is it developed less in the fair Colonist. See her bosom expand with pride as she speaks of the old country. Hear her dilate on the pleasant time she had when there last.

There was nothing she enjoyed so much as the pleasant afternoon tea. And why? Because she sipped the pure product (GREEN OR BLACK) of Ceylon and India. She can buy both in Canada now. The delicious Salada, Blue Ribbon or Monsoon packets await her pleasure.—Colonist.

**To Be Expected.**

His friend expressed no small surprise that his sympathies were so intensely with the Boers.

"Well, you see, my great-grandfather was Dutch, and our cook is Irish," replied the suburbanite, and all was at once clear.—Detroit Journal.

SLEEPLESSNESS is due to nervous excitement. The delicately constituted, the financier, the business man, and those whose occupation necessitates great mental strain or worry, all suffer less or more from it. Sleep is the great restorer of a worried brain, and to get sleep cleanse the stomach from all impurities with a few doses of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, gelatine coated, containing no mercury, and are guaranteed to give satisfaction or the money will be refunded.

**The Novels of the Day.**

"One has to read so many novels now to find a really good one."

"That isn't the worst of it. One has to read so many to find out there really isn't a good one."—Brooklyn Life.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials.
Address, F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Halls Family Pills are the best.

**Reciprocity.**

He—Jackey Jackson wants to give our boy a fox terrier pup.

She—He does, does he? Well, then I'll send his little girl our old cat and six kittens.—Indianapolis Journal.

The great lung healer is found in that excellent medicine sold as Bickles' Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It soothes and diminishes the sensibility of the membrane of the throat and air passages, and is a sovereign remedy for all coughs, colds, hoarseness, pain or soreness in the chest, bronchitis, etc. It has cured many when supposed to be far advanced in consumption.

**A Lieutenant In a Hurry.**

A strange story comes from Triest, in Austria. A lieutenant rejoicing in the name of Adalbert Zalay de Hagyaros arrived at the station and wanted to take a ticket in a hurry. There was a crowd of civilians round the office window, and he ordered them to make way for him. Being also in a hurry, they refused, so the gallant lieutenant ordered a policeman to arrest them. The policeman objected, so the lieutenant ordered up a detchment of troops, which arrested the crowd, policeman and all, and formed a cordon around the station, while the lieutenant took his ticket. The one wonder is that the young gentleman stooped to the indignity of taking a ticket at all.—London Globe.

LA "TOSCANA," RELIANCE CIGAR FACTORY, Montreal

**End of Secrecy.**

"Why was it," they asked, "that you went back on your determination to be married by a woman preacher?"

The bride whose clandestine marriage had just been announced looked surprised.

"Dear me!" she exclaimed. "Wasn't it an elopement, and didn't we want our wedding to be a secret?"—Chicago Post.

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

**Banqued Him.**

Miss Sue Perstitous—Do you take any stock in dreams, Mr. Ledger?

Mr. Ledger—Do I? Why, sometimes after we've been taking stock at the store I don't dream of anything else for weeks.—Philadelphia Press.

**The Point of View.**

"Ah," sighed the old bachelor, "the world is but a gloomy prison!"

"Undoubtedly," responded his pretty sister-in-law, "to those in solitary confinement."—Chicago News.

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

WEAK MEN

YOU DON'T HAVE TO PAY UNTIL CURED

It's something new in the field of medicine to meet with a man who positively knows what his remedy will do, and is willing to wait for his fee until the work is done. I am that way. I know that my Electric Belt will cure where every other treatment fails. To make you feel secure I don't ask for my pay until you are cured.

The Dr. McLaughlin Way

It took me twenty years to perfect my appliance and the way I now use it, but there is no guesswork about it now. As sure as an engineer knows that he can pump steam into his boilers and make his engine go, I know that I can pump electricity into your body and make it go, and go right. There's no guesswork about the engineer's task, as he has learned his trade. I have learned mine in the same way—by experience, and know what I can do.

If you are broken down from hard work or any other reason; if your nerves are shaky; if you have those 'come and go' pains in the back, shoulders and hips; if your stomach is weak, your kidneys and bladder ailing, or if you are a man or woman with any trouble which you have tried in vain to cure with drugs I will cure you first and you can pay me afterward.

My appliance cures while you sleep and causes no bother.

SPECIAL NOTICE—If you have a belt of the burning kind or a "no electricity" band which has disappointed you, bring it in and I will allow you half price of mine for it.

CALL TO-DAY and get a free test of my Belt. If you can't call write for my beautifully illustrated 80-page book, which I will send, sealed, FREE. Address, inclosing this advertisement,

DR. M. B. McLAUGHLIN, 130 Yonge St., Toronto.

SIX OILS.—The most conclusive testimony, repeatedly laid before the public in the columns of the daily press, proves that DR. THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL—an absolutely pure combination of six of the finest remedial oils in existence—remedies rheumatic pain, eradicates affections of the throat and lungs, and cures piles, wounds, sores, lameness, tumors, burns, and injuries of horses and cattle.

**No Place Like Home.**

An Atchison man took sick Saturday and decided to stay home till he got rested. He was back at work at noon Monday. His wife asked him within a few hours to take care of the baby, to chop onions for pickles, to grind the coffee, to dress the children and to milk the cow while he was resting.

Four Lovely Diamonds.

When on a diamond buying trip to the cutters at Amsterdam, we never forget to supply ourselves well with four "special" sizes, viz.:

For our $25 Diamond Ring.
For our $50 Diamond Ring.
For our $75 Diamond Ring.
For our $100 Diamond Ring.

Every one of these diamonds must be of such a quality that the most critical cannot find a fault, for a "Special" Diamond Ring from Ryrie's *must* be of "first quality" always.

Send for our Ring Catalogue.

DIAMOND HALL,
Established 1854.

RYRIE BROS.,
Yonge and Adelaide Sts.,
TORONTO.

RAW FURS.

I, the undersigned, representing Jos. Ullmann, wish to inform those handling Furs that I am in the market. I pay full market prices at the time I receive shipment, and make prompt returns. Price lists are misleading on a changing market. Ship me your furs often, and keep posted by the returns you get from

G. W. BALDWIN

Office, Over J. Y. Griffin & Co., 147 Bannatyne St. East.

P. O. Box 964. WINNIPEG, Man.

Brass Band

Instruments, Drums, Uniforms, Etc.

EVERY TOWN CAN HAVE A BAND.

Lowest prices ever quoted. Fine catalogue 0 illustrations mailed free. Write us for anything in Music or Musical Instruments.

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

W. N. U. 303.

HE RAN A MILE

and so would many a young lady, rather than take a bath without the "Albert".

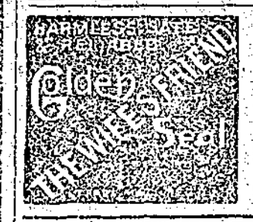
BABY'S OWN SOAP

It leaves the skin wonderfully soft and fresh, and its faint fragrance is extremely pleasing.

Beware of Imitations.

ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., Mfrs.
MONTREAL.

Complete Stock of
FRUITS AND PRODUCE
Constantly on Hand.
Mail Orders Promptly Attended to.
THE ANDERSON PRODUCE CO.
WINNIPEG, MAN.



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

MONEY
To Loan on improved farms at current rates. Write to
NARES, ROBINSON & BLACK,
WINNIPEG, MAN.

FOR OF A GOAT

Manufactured by THOS. LEE, Winnipeg.

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

OXYDONOR.

(Trade Mark Registered November 24, 1890.)

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

F. Free, Winnipeg, s[illegible] have used "Oxydonor" for two weeks [illegible] Catarrh of the Head, and I fee[illegible]

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

Mr. W. G. Ellworthy, Winnipeg, says: I have suffered for 6 years with articular rheumatism; was in hospital for 5 weeks, and used almost every remedy, including mesmerism galvanism, electric belt, etc. I have used Oxydonor 10 days and received more benefit than from anything else.

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

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

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS
Issued Every Wednesday.

W. B. ANDERSON, - - - EDITOR.

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

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

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 13, 1901.

### Facts About the Silo.

Twenty years' experience in the use of the silo has brought out some facts about which all are agreed, says the Jersey Bulletin:

That a larger amount of healthful cattle food can be preserved in the silo in better condition, at less expense of labor and land, than by any other method known.

That silage comes nearer being a perfect substitute for the succulent food of the pasture than any other food that can be had in the winter.

Thirty pounds a day is enough silage for an average sized Jersey cow. Larger cattle will eat more.

A cubic foot of silage from the middle of a medium sized silo will average about 45 pounds.

For 182 days, or half a year, an average Jersey cow will require about six tons of silage, allowing for unavoidable waste.

The circular silo made of good hard wood staves is cheapest and best.

Fifteen feet in diameter and 30 feet deep is a good size. Such a silo will hold about 200 tons of silage cut in half inch lengths.

Corn just passing out of roasting ear stage is the best single material for silage. Corn and cowpeas are the best combined materials in cowpea regions.

Silage is as valuable in summer as in winter.

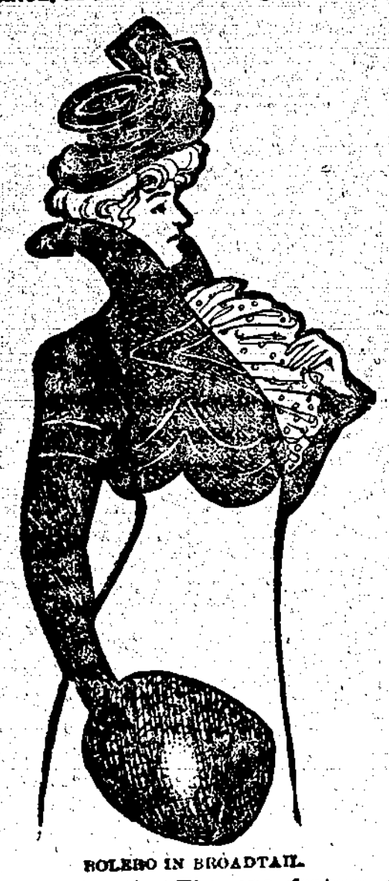
The silo has come to be as necessary a part of a dairy farm plant as a corn-crib or a haymow.

## NEW FUR FASHIONS.

FASCINATING GARMENTS FLAUNT LUXURIOUS AND COSTLY CHARMS.

**The Fur Itself the Only Unchanging Feature — Wraps a Splendid Melange of Varied Skins, Lace, Embroidery and Jeweled Clasps.**

The luxurious tendency of the day is apparent in every department, but it is quite as graphically illustrated in furs as anywhere else. Furs of some kind are one of the necessary elements of an elegant outfit in winter, and they keep pace with all the other things of fashion, as far as the changes in modes are concerned. The one feature of fashion in furs which is at all lasting in these days is the fur itself, which remains in favor for many years. You are obliged to change the form of it from year to year or count yourself quite out of style, but you can at least derive some satisfaction from the fact that the animal itself has not gone out of fashion.



BOLERO IN BROADTAIL.

Russian sable and silver fox head the list because of their beauty, rarity and consequent high price, but Hudson bay sable, sealskin, mink and baby lamb are quite as popular.

Black and white furs are special favorites, the latter in fox made into a muff and boa being particularly stylish for young women. The variety in fur garments is greater than ever, and the specially interesting feature, aside from the shape, is in the varied combinations of fur. The most unusual of all is a long sealskin coat with double revers, one of black and one of white baby lamb. White caracal forms a mouched vest and collar on another garment, a very short jacket ending at the waist line.

Black baby lamb is perhaps the most popular fur for coats that there is, and this no doubt is due in great measure to the fact that it is less clumsy and more easily fitted to the figure than any other fur, but the price, which is higher than ever, has something to do with it, for to be expensive is often a desirable attribute from a woman's point of view. Broadtail is made up in a variety of styles, of course, but one of the pretty novelties is a short bolero coat which fits the figure rather closely and curves up in the back to show one of the wide empire belts of panne velvet in either white or black. Gold braid and oriental embroidery are both used in the finish. In fact, the fur is treated exactly as if it were cloth.

The art of tailoring in furs has reached a high state of perfection among first class furriers, and whatever your fur may be your coat clings to your figure as if it were cloth and with quite as shapely lines. So says the New York Sun, in which occur these items and illustrations of new fashions in furs.

SEAL JACKET WITH CARACAL VEST, ETC.

Ermine is very much used for trimming, but it is not a becoming fur for day wear and figures mostly on evening wraps.

Chinchilla, very expensive and most perishable, is in high favor for collars, revers, hats, muffs and trimmings.

Artistic jeweled buttons are used on the fur coats.

### Agricultural Brevities.

Frosted corn can be put into a silo if it is very dry, sprinkle it pretty thoroughly as it goes in with an ordinary garden sprinkler. It is not better than unfrosted corn, but answers very well says an exchange.

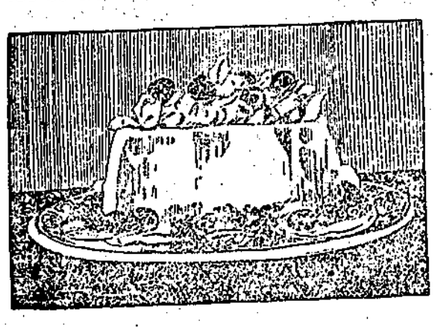
The White Plume celery is a popular early celery in the New York market and may be recognized by its long stalk, feathery head and white skin. The Yellow Plume is also a good long stalk variety of another color. There is an attempt to introduce the Pink Plume, the name of which justly describes the color.

One farmer who manufactured cider and spread the apple pomace in restricted quantities as it was made on the pasture fields for cows has claimed that it is a valuable food when fed in moderate quantities and before it becomes sour.

The sheep is a factor in keeping up the fertility of lands. A million farms east of the Mississippi need them in their pastures to keep down growths of plants that cattle and horses do not touch. They are kept on lands in England far more valuable than the best in New York or Ohio.

### Attractive Setting For a Salad.

Fill a large charlotte russe mold with water and let it freeze solid. With a hot flatiron melt out the center of the ice so as to form a bowl and line this



OYSTER SALAD IN ICE BOWL.

with lettuce leaves. Scald a pint of oysters. When they look plump, drain and cool them. When ready to serve, dress the oysters with mayonnaise and arrange in the ice bowl alternately with a pint of sliced cabbage that has been chilled in ice water dried and dressed with mayonnaise. Set the bowl upon a folded napkin and garnish with parsley and stuffed olives, says Boston Cooking School Magazine, which illustrates this attractive fancy.

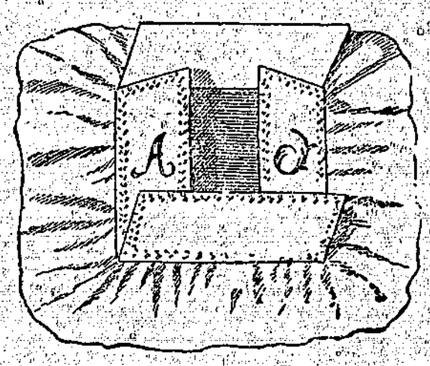
The newest olive dish is in gold decorated green Bohemian glass, footed and standing clear from the cloth at least an inch and a half. May serve a double purpose for bonbons.

## CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

ATTRACTIVE ARTICLES ILLUSTRATED AND DESCRIBED.

**A Capacious and Convenient Handkerchief Case For a Man—A Taking Little Trifle Which Carries a Bright Holiday Aspect.**

The first cut, from The Designer, is a suggestion for that most difficult of all gifts to decide upon, "something for a man." Its construction is thus described: For it are required pasteboard, stiff paper, a small chamois skin, a sheet of wadding, half an ounce of sachet powder, 1⅛ yards of satin ribbon four or five inches wide, and one quarter of a yard of india silk the

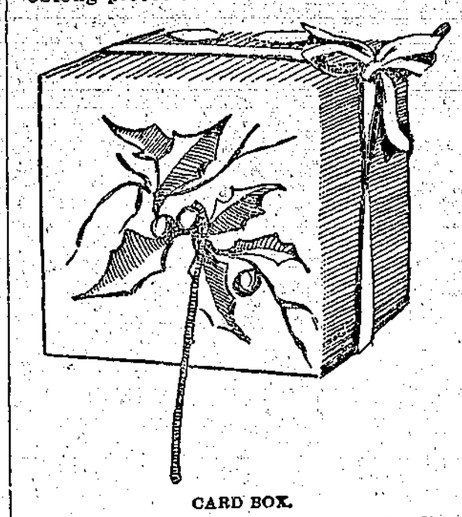


MOUCHOIR CASE.

same shade as the ribbon, with sewing and embroidery silk to match. Cut from the pasteboard three pieces four inches square. Two of these cut in half. This gives you one square and four oblong pieces. Cover one side of each neatly with the chamois. From the paper cut pieces like those of the pasteboard, also from the wadding, allowing a margin for turning over the edges of paper. Split the wadding and sprinkle the powder between the layers. Close them and baste on the silk, covering one side of the paper pieces with it. These form the lining for the pieces covered with the chamois. Baste the respective pieces of chamois and silk together. Overhand with tiny stitches three sides of the oblong pieces, leaving one long side of each and the entire square unsewed.

The design illustrated is feather stitched around the edges with embroidery silk, which is all the square needs, as it is the bottom of the case. On two of the oblongs are embroidered initials, on the other two sprays of flowers. This can be done before putting on the pasteboard, or the decoration can be done with oil or water colors. Sew the ends of the ribbon together, mark it with thread in quarters on both edges, gather with very fine stitches both edges of the ribbon. Now take the square piece and to each corner fasten one of the marked quarters of one edge of the ribbon, the right sides of the ribbon and chamois being placed together. Overhand neatly, putting most of the fullness around the corners, as little is required between. Observe this particularly, or the case will not take a good shape when closed. On the other edge of the ribbon attach in the same way the unsewed side of the four oblong pieces, putting the two with the initials opposite each other.

To put in shape lay the square, which is the bottom, on a table, bring the edges of the ribbon together, making a puff of it. This will bring two of the oblong pieces over the bottom, forming



CARD BOX.

a second square, opening vertically, and the two other pieces over this one, forming a third square, opening horizontally. The upper square can be fastened with loop and button or narrow ribbon. The most effective shade of ribbon for the puff if the chamois is used is old rose or light blue, but a case for hard usage as well as one of exceeding richness is made from bronze leather or heavy brown silk with ribbon to match.

The "cord box," also from The Designer, is extremely pretty. To make it put a ball of cord inside of a pasteboard box which is a three inch cube. Cover the box with white water color paper, bringing the end of the cord through a hole at the center of the top. Fasten the ends of the paper down with sealing wax and tie a piece of satin ribbon around the sides. Paint with water colors a spray of holly on top.

### Pear Chips.

Take eight pounds of hard pears sliced thin, eight pounds of sugar, the juice of six lemons and the grated or thinly pared rind of two, two ounces of green or dry ginger root chopped fine and one tumblerful of water. Cook until clear, then seal in jelly glasses.

RAW FURS
HIDES AND DEER SKINS
SHIP TO
McMILLAN FUR & WOOL CO.
EXPORTERS AND IMPORTERS.
200-212 FIRST AVE. NORTH, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
Write for Our Circular and See the Prices We Pay.

Union Brewery.
Fresh Lager Beer THE BEST IN THE PROVINCE
STEAM Beer, Ale, and Porter.

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

MAHRER & CO.
Wholesale Wine and Liquor Merchants
NANAIMO, B. C.
Direct Import
of Whyte and McKay, Glasgow Special Scotch Whisky,
Jas. Watson & Co., Dundee, Glenlivet
R. McNish & Co., Glasgow, Dr. Special,
Al. Demerara and Jamaica Rum,
Guiness' Stout and Bass' Ale.
French Cognacs in the very best qualities.
Port, Sherry, Clarets, Etc., Etc.
ALWAYS ON HAND—A Carload of.....
Hiram Walker & Son's Rye Whiskies
CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED. P. O. BOX 11.

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

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

Sportsmen!
BEFORE BUYING
A Gun,
Rifle,
Ammunition
Or anything in the
Sporting Line
CALL AND SEE
O. H. FECHNER,
Of Cumberland.
He Can Save You Money on all Purchases.

HOME GROWN
Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Roses, Shrubs, Vines, Seeds, Bulbs, Hedge Plants.
Extra choice stock of Peach, Apricot, Plum, Cherry and Prune Trees. New importation of first class Rhododendrons, Roses, Clematis, Bay Trees, etc. 80,000 to choose from. No agents or commission to pay. Orders dug in one day, you can get it the next boat. No fumigating nor inspection charges. I carry a complete line of bee supplies.
Greenhouse plants, seeds, agricultural implements, etc. Largest and most complete stock in the Province. Send for catalogue.
M. J. HENRY
VANCOUVER, B. C.
WHITE LABOR ONLY.

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

Black Diamond Nursery
QUARTERWAY, Wellington Road
HUTCHERSON & PERRY.
20,000 Fruit Trees to choose from.
Large Assortment of Ornamental Trees, Shrubs and Evergaeens.
Small Fruits in Great Variety.
Orders by mail promptly attended to.
s12tc P. O. BOX, 190.

FOR SALE—Cooking stove (wood burner), also Singer Sewing Machine. Apply to A. H. McCALLUM, Cumberland, B.C.

## NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that application will be made to the Legislative Assembl of the Province of Britsih Columbia at its next session for an Act to consolidate certain mining leases of ground situateh in and around T d Gulch, Atlin District of British Columbia and more particularly known as the "Gem "Lampman," "Will o'the Wisp" "Engelhardt," "Gordon," "Cousin Jack,' "Lancashire Lad," "Louise," "Pure Gold," "Ida," "Clifford," and "Only Chance," together with other adjoining or adjacen properties that may hereafter be acquired by the applicants into one holding with a demise thereof from the Crow for a perion of 25 years from the fina passage of the Act with a right of renewal for a further period of 25 years and that the water privileges and easements now held or hereafter acquired by the applicants and in porticular the right of diverting and using 2,500 miners inches from 4th July Creek, 5,000 miners inches from Surprise Lake, and 900 miners inches from Moose and Elk Lakes be held, employed, and enjoyed as appurtenant to the whole or any part of the said holdings; and to confirm to the applicants and their assigns the said consolidated leaseholds and water-rights, with power to carry any water that they may divert from Surprise Lake through the said Moose and Elk Lakes for the use o applicants and their assigns solely and with all other usual, necessary or incidental rights, powers, or privileges as may be necessary or incidental or conductive to the attainment of the above objects or any of them.

HUNTER & OLIVER,
Solicitors for the Applicants.

## NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that application will be made to the Legislative Assembly of the Province of British Columbia at its next session for an act to incorporate a company with power to construct and operate a railway from the City of Victoria thence northwesterly to a point at or near Seymour Narrows Vancouver aland, thence by bridge o otherwise to the Mainland of British Columbia thence north easterly alternativel by way of Tete Jeune Cache or Yello Head Pass or vicinity of Fo George or Pine River or Peace River Passes to a point at or near th eastern confines of the Province and from any point on such line to the northern bounaries of the Province or to any coastal points thereof, or to any mining regions or settlements in Cariboo, Lillooet Westminster or Cassiar Districts and branch lines of any length therefrom and with power to construct, acquire and operate telegraph and telephone lines (authorized to charge tolls, thereon for the transmission of messages for the public), ships, vessels, wharves, works, waterpowers to supply electric power, light and heat and to expropriate waters and lands for all such purposes and for such other rights, powers and privilege as are usual, incidental, necessary or conducive to the attainment of the above objects.

E. G. TILTON,
On behalf of Applicants.
Dated December 3rd, 1900.

## BUREAU OF PROVINCIAL INFORMATION.

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

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

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

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

R. E. GOSNEL,
Secretary, Bureau of
Provincial Information

d5m


# PATENTS GUARANTEED

Our fee returned if we fail. Any one sending sketch and description of any invention will promptly receive our opinion free concerning the patentability of same. "How to obtain a patent" sent upon request. Patents secured through us advertised for sale at our expense.

Patents taken out through us receive *special notice*, without charge, in THE PATENT RECORD, an illustrated and widely circulated journal, consulted by Manufacturers and Investors.

Send for sample copy **FREE.** Address,

***VICTOR J. EVANS & CO.,***
*(Patent Attorneys,)*
***Evans Building, - WASHINGTON, D. C.***



NOW IS THE

# TIME

To Advertise

IN THE

# CUMBERLAND NEWS

The most northerly paper published on the Island.

***SUBSCRIPTION, $2.00 A YEAR.***

ALL KINDS OF

# JOB WORK

DONE AT REASONABLE RATES.



SMOKE

KURTZ'S OWN
KURTZ'S PIONEER
KURTZ'S SPANISH BLOSSOM

**KurtzCigarCo**
Vancouver, B. C.


## Esquimalt & Nanaimo Ry.

TIME TABLE EFFECTIVE
NOV. 19TH, 1898.

**VICTORIA TO WELLINGTON.**

| No. 2 Daily. A.M. | | No. 1 Saturday P.M. |
|---|---|---|
| De. 9:00 | Victoria | De. 1.25 |
| " 9:28 | Goldstream | " 1:53 |
| " 10:9 | Koenig's | " 5.31 |
| " 10:48 | Duncans | " 6:15 |
| P.M. | | P.M. |
| " 12:14 | Nanaimo | " 7:41 |
| Ar. 12:35 | Wellington | Ar. 7.55 |

**WELLINGTON TO VICTORIA.**

| No. 1 Daily. A.M. | | No. 3 Saturday A.M. |
|---|---|---|
| De. 8:05 | Wellington | De. 4:25 |
| " 8:26 | Nanaimo | " 4:39 |
| " 9:52 | Duncans | " 6:05 |
| " 10:37 | Koenig's | " 6:40 |
| " 11:18 | Goldstream | " 7:32 |
| Ar. 11:45 | Victoria | Ar. 8:00 P.M. |

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

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

A. DUNSMUIR, *President.* GEO. L. COURTNEY, *Traffic Manager*

WANTED—Capable, reliable person in every county to represent large company of solid financial reputation; $936 salary per year, payable weekly; $3 per day absolutely sure and all expenses; straight, bona fide definite salary, no commission; salary paid each Saturday and expense money advanced each week. STANDARD HOUSE, 334 Dearborn, St, Chicago.


**I Have Taken an Office in the Nash Building**
**Dunsmuir Avenue, Cumberland.**

and am agent for the following reliable insurance companies: The Royal London and Lancashire and Norwich Union. I am prepared to accept risks at current rates. I am also agent for the Standerd Life Insurance Company of Edinburgh and the Ocean Accident Company of England. Please call and investigate before insuring in any other Company.

JAMES ABRAMS.


**Notice.**

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

By order
FRANCIS D. LITTLE
Manager.


JAS. A. CARTHEW'S
**Livery Stable**

TEAMSTER AND DRAYMEN
SINGLE AND DOUBLE RIGS
FOR HIRE. ALL ORDERS
PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.
R. SHAW, Manager.
Third St., Cumberland, B.



**Cumberland Hotel**

COR. DUNSMUIR AVENUE AND SECOND STREET. CUMBERLAND, B. C.

MRS. J. H. PIKET, Proprietress.

When in Cumberland be sur and stay at the Cumberland Hotel, First-Class Accomodation for transient and permanent boarders.

Sample Rooms and Public Hall Run in Connection with Hotel

Rates from $1.00 to $2.00 per day



**PATENTS**
TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS,
COPYRIGHTS &c.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain, free, whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Oldest agency for securing patents in America. We have a Washington office. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice in the

**SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN,**

beautifully illustrated, largest circulation of any scientific journal, weekly, terms $3.00 a year; $1.50 six months. Specimen copies and HAND BOOK ON PATENTS sent free. Address
MUNN & CO.,



**Livery AND Teaming**

I am prepared to furnish Stylish Rigs and do Teaming at reasonable rates.

D. KILPATRICK,
Cumberland



# FISHING RODS REPAIRED

# CABINET Work done and repaired

Fancy Inlaying in wood and metal.
French Polishing.

Apply

NEWS OFFICE.

FOR A

# WOMAN'S SAKE

BY MRS. M. E. HOLMES.

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

CHAPTER XLV.

TWO OF A TRADE NEVER AGREE.

"When you can show me such promises in writing, Mr. Gritt, I will admit their value. You are a lawyer, and ought to know that any verbal promise, without witnesses, goes for nothing—in law."

Thus spoke Squire Scratton, as, seated in the scantily furnished room, which he called the "Library," he quietly picked his teeth.

"Nothing in law—granted; but between gentlemen?"

"Now, look her, Gritt, we've known each other for I won't say how many years, but I never heard you make so foolish a speech as that. Do you remember where I found you?"

"You're not the man to let me forget it. If there is a blot on a man's escutcheon, leave you alone to point it out."

"A bot on what?" continued his employer. "Your escutcheon, indeed!—a bit of sheep-skin scribbled over and over with the sharpest of steel pens. Now, it's no good your mounting the high horse with me. When I found you out, you were crouching over some coals in a garret. I found you a mere starving rat, and I made a man of you, and this is your gratitude!"

"And did I do nothing for you?" asked the attorney. "You wanted a creature to do your dirty work, and for the certainty of three meals a day, and some cash at the week's end, I did it. Yes, I did it; but when you found I'd a head, as well as an appetite, and that I could suggest as well as execute, you put me in a very different position; and as I worked the geese that laid you the golden eggs, you promised me that I should have my share of the plunder in the long run."

"Plunder's a hard word, and a foolish one, between you and me," said the unmoved Mr. Scratton, still picking his teeth, and swinging his leg over the chair arm. "Haven't I made you my steward—my man of all-work—down here? Why, all the chaps I've ever known in such position have generally come out richer than their masters."

"Not if their masters had been of the same piece as Daniel Scratton," retorted the rebellious dependant. "You've often said I could skin a flea; but no flea was ever grown on your estate that the skin wasn't stripped off sooner or later by you, the lord and master. When I came down here, you promised me the farm that once was Richard Goodeve's, with all the land adjoining, at a merely nominal rent. You also——"

"Now, look here, Gritt!" and Scratton, rising from his chair, took his usual position before the fire, with his hands deep sunk in his pockets. "I'm a man of business; with this difference—that while I've been a successful man of business, you've worked the oracle in the other direction. You say I've made you a heap of promises. Well, I deny having done so."

"You deny it?"

"In toto. I can't admit anything without proofs. If you have no proofs forthcoming, all the worse for you. Your favorite motto says that business is business, and you can't be offended if I take the words out of your own mouth."

"Do you mean to say that you never promised me the farm, which, but for me, you would never have had?"

"Never have *had*! Wasn't the man in my debt?" sneered Scratton.

"Would he ever have signed the papers he did—the papers that placed him, bound hard and fast, at your feet—but for me?" retorted Gritt.

"He did sign them; that's all I care to consider," said Scratton, with a shrug. "Take my advice, Gritt, and let's have no more of this nonsense. You're my servant, and you're well paid. As for the farm, I'll own that I promised to come to some arrangement with you when the tenant who succeeded Goodeve left; but as he has renewed the lease only yesterday for another seven years, the matter's off, as far as you're concerned, and there's an end of it."

Veralam Gritt, who had punctuated every word of the above speech with the penknife on the desk, glanced up into his employer's face, with a look which had in it neither anger nor surprise. If any one thoroughly knew Daniel Scratton, it was Veralam Gritt. Scoundrels both, they each held their cards, and played them carefully and suspiciously, satisfied there would be cheating on both sides.

"You'll find there's not an end to it," said the exattorney, with great calmness, though he balanced the penknife he held between his finger and thumb, as if feeling a strong desire to launch it at his patron's head. "You're ungrateful, Mr. Scratton; and ingratitude is a thing I detest!"

This observation appeared to tickle Daniel Scratton amazingly, but he said nothing, and his companion went on quite calmly, and with no outward show of temper.

"You ruined Richard Goodeve, by furnishing me, your agent, with copies of all kinds of private documents, in the shape of accounts, law papers, etc., upon which he had asked your advice as a friend. You, having mastered the particulars of all his most secret affairs, thrust him into the spider's web prepared for him. I represented the spider, but the real X. Y. Z. was you."

"Well?"

"Before quiting England, Richard Goodeve swore that, if his life was spared, he would pay back with interest, the heavy debt he owed X. Y. Z. He had no animosity against me, for I told him frankly that I was but a servant, and acted, as in duty bound, in the interest of the man who paid me my wages. He admitted the plea, but took an oath, which, if living, he will not be the man to break."

Scratton's temper was evidently rising. There was a venomous, snake-like look in his eyes, as, plucking at his chin-tuft, he looked savagely at his subordinate.

"Is it that you threaten me, Mister Gritt?"

"I ask that justice should be done to me," said the other, mildly, but with eyes that also meant mischief.

"A few yards of rope would satisfy that request," said Scratton. "It's lucky for you the world doesn't know the full extent of your merits."

"And what if the world knew the full extent of yours?" asked the other, his white lips trembling with a passion he could no longer suppress. "I could tell something."

The only effect produced by this threat was to increase Squire Scratton's anger.

"Oh! it's come to threats, has it? Now, as you've unlocked your mind, Mr. Gritt, it's time I gave you a piece of mine. You have received your salary quarterly; there is no written agreement between us; so when you have made up your accounts, I shall pay you a quarter's salary in advance, and dispense with your services hereafter. You have saved money, I know; and a man who has saved money is always too wise to imperil his own position by attacking a powerful enemy. Besides, who would believe the word of ex-attorney Gritt, whom I picked out of the London gutter, when opposed to that of Daniel Scratton, Esquire, of Scratton Park?"

The triumphant sneer with which the last words were uttered were responded to by one that was equally contemptuous.

"The London gutter, as you call it, is at least as respectable as the Gatford workhouse!"

Mr. Scratton was not at all annoyed at this retort; on the contrary, he smiled, and played cheerfully with his chin-tuft.

"Quite as respectable, regarded as the cradle of the future man. When I quitted the workhouse I was a boy, who had already won the patronage of the master, and conquered the prejudice of the beadle. When the oak is full grown, who cares to inquire as to the soil in which the acorn was planted? But when I picked you up——"

"Take care!" cried the other, with a menacing gesture, breaking in before the sentence was completed; "take care! We have been friends for more than sixteen years, but I may turn upon you yet!"

For a moment, every sign of mirth, real or affected, disappeared from Daniel Scratton's face; and with the snarl of a savage dog, he turned upon the man who had hitherto been his slave, his cringing, crawling creature.

"Get out of this!" he cried, with a gesture so menacing that the ex-attorney, physically a coward, retreated to the door. "You may do your best and your worst, for what I care A bankrupt scoundrel, struck off the rolls for malpractices, and employed by me out of charity, will scarcely gain a hearing for anything he may say! You've sharp teeth, Mr. Gritt; but when you try to use them upon Daniel Scratton, it's the viper biting the file. When it is a question of character in this world, the largest purse carries it!"

Veralam Gritt, his hand upon the lock of the door, looked at his former patron, heard the harsh words he uttered, and still hesitated.

A rascal to his backbone, the attorney had a certain respect that was almost a liking for the superior, because so much more prosperous, scoundrel before him.

"You are not acting wisely in this matter," he said. "A man with your experience, Mr. Scratton, should not despise small enemies. There's a proverb which I've heard you often repeat, that 'the rat gnaws while the house sleeps;' and they've another in Holland, 'that a patient rat can flood a province.' It's not too late to come to terms. I am ready to listen to a fair proposal."

Daniel Scratton advanced a step or two. His cheerful temper had vanished; he no longer played sportively with the grizzled tuft of hair upon his chin, but plucked at it fiercely.

"Scoundrel and beggar, do your worst; but take care what you do, or I'll lay you by the heels, as sure as my name's Scratton!"

He paused, in the tempest of his passion, to take breath. The other, his hand still resting on the lock of the door, repeated the words "Scoundrel and beggar!" with a [illegible] grin. Veralam Gritt had been accustomed to receive such epithets in his varied career, that, like the eels under the flaying knife of the cook, he was used to it.

"Scoundrel and beggar! Those are hard words to pelt an old friend with; and, talking of old friends, there's one of yours just turned up, with an account owing to you."

[CONTINUED.]


## Do Not Trifle

with danger—and remember every cough or cold means danger.

## Shiloh's Consumption Cure

will cure your cough or cold at once. It will heal and strengthen your lungs. It is a safeguard for you always. Take it at the first indication of a cough or cold.

REV. MR. PATTON of Toronto writes: "I used two bottles of SHILOH and take pleasure in recommending it. There is nothing like it for cough, throat and lung trouble.

**Shiloh's Consumption Cure is sold by all druggists in Canada and United States at 25c, 50c, $1.00 a bottle. In Great Britain at 1s. 1d., 2s. 3d, and 4s. 6d. A printed guarantee goes with every bottle. If you are not satisfied go to your druggist and get your money back.**

Write for illustrated book on Consumption. Sent without cost to you. S. C. Wells & Co., Toronto.


**Would Believe His Stories.**

He had come home late the previous night and was telling how it happened.

"You really ought to have married that little Miss Jones instead of me," she said at last.

"Why?" he demanded.

"Oh, she's such a credulous little thing."


## MINARD'S LINIMENT Lumberman's Friend.


**Putting It Delicately.**

"George," said Mrs. Ferguson as they went in to dinner, "I wish you would tell Benny in some way, so it will not offend him, that he takes too much sugar in his coffee. It isn't good for him, and I know his mother wouldn't allow it."

"Benny," said Mr. Ferguson a few minutes later, turning to the young nephew who was visiting him, "you don't mix quite enough coffee with your sugar."—Chicago Tribune.


## MINARD'S LINIMENT is used by Physicians.


**Woman of Few Words.**

He—Oh, promise to marry me. I know I am not worthy of you, but it will make me so happy.

She—You drink, you smoke and you bet.

He—I've signed the pledge, honor bright. Now accept me.

She—Well, you smoke and you bet.

He—Haven't smoked in a year. Now will you marry me?

She—You bet.


## Keep MINARD'S LINIMENT in the House.


**First Bait.**

"I don't know why you men," said the professional liar to the amateur fishermen, "go to all the trouble of digging up your gardens for worm bait."

"Can you tell us a better way?" we asked.

"Well, when I go fishing I always gather together a crowd of impressionable people. Then I start in to tell thrilling ghost and detective stories. When the climax is about to come, I stop short"—

"And?" we asked.

"And collect the baited breaths. Never know it to fail yet. No, thanks. I'll have a cigar this time."

## "WE'LL TAK' A CUP O' KINDNESS."

Though Women's minds, like winter winds,
May shift and turn an' a' that,
To love of Scandal, Tea an' friends—
They're constant still, for a' that!
An' so awa' wi' Foreign Teas,
Doon wi' Japan an' a' that!
Ceylon Green Tea they loe' the best,
And wha' a Crime daur ca' that?

For it's the tea, aboon the lave,
They dearly loe' an' a' that—
Blue Ribbon, and Salada, too,
And braw Monsoon, an' a' that—
Because, you see, 'twixt you and me,
Japan, the Line they dra' at,
For syne the first are British Teas,
They loe' them weel, an' a' that!

Though some may prate o' ither teas
An' flaunt Japan, an' a' that—
The lassies say they'll shae' their way,
An' drink Ceylon for a' that!
For a' that, an' a' that—
Awa' Japan, an' a' that—
The bonnie teas they loe' the best
Are Empire Crown, an' a' that!

The above suggestion from a fair Canadian correspondent, "with apologies to Burns," has been gratefully received and immediately adopted by —Colonist.

**Generosity.**

"Do you think republics are ungrateful?" asked the statesman.

"No, sir," answered the professional politician. "If you knew how to work it, you can coax as much salary and incidental profit out of a republic as you can out of any form of government I know of. As a matter of fact a republic is one of the easiest institutions on earth."

**Popularity.**

"The candidate," said the idle observer, "who confines his speechmaking to 'wot'll you have?' will find himself at all times speaking to the capacity of the house."—Indianapolis Press.


## Ask for Minard's and take no other.


# MARK TWAIN TALKED

AND THEREBY HELPED OUT A VERY INEXPERIENCED REPORTER.

**The Latter Had Felt There Was Nothing to Do but Resign, Told the Humorist So and, to His Astonishment, Had a Joke on the Editor.**

"I see that Mark Twain has returned after his long absence abroad," remarked an old newspaper reporter, "but I am sorry to note that he has changed his mind about coming south to lecture. I hoped to have a chance to interview him and incidentally to thank him again for a big favor he did me a good many years ago.

"It was rather an odd experience," the old reporter went on. "I was young and green at the time and had just secured a 'trial job' on a newspaper in Detroit, when Mr. Clemens came to the city to deliver a lecture. It so happened that all our best reporters were off that night on a local murder sensation, and the city editor called me up, very reluctantly, as I thought, and assigned me to have a talk with the great humorist. I had stepped out of the office but was still within earshot when the night editor came in.

"'Who have you got on the Clemens interview?' I heard him ask.

"'That new fellow,' the city editor replied.

"'O Lord!' said the night editor.

"That brief remark filled me with mingled emotions, in which wrath, mortification and apprehension were present in about equal quantities. But it also put me on my mettle, and I determined to get that interview or perish in the attempt. The city editor had said that he wanted *something about a column long and very* bright and snappy,' and while I was waiting at the hotel for Mr. Clemens to return from the opera house where he was speaking I tried to frame in my mind a series of suggestive questions.

"I can't say I was particularly successful, and many a time in after years I have thought of the folly, not to say cruelty, of sending inexperienced boys on such errands and expecting anything like results. However, that's neither here nor there. The fact is I writhed and sweat blood, and by the time the night clerk told me that Mr. Clemens had just gone up on the elevator I was in a condition bordering on nervous prostration.

"I found the humorist standing before the fireplace," continued the old reporter, "smoking a brier pipe and attired in a suit of pyjamas. His appearance startled me, for I didn't dream that he had had time to undress, and I promptly lost my few remaining shreds of self possession. All my questions flew out of my brain like a scattering covey of quail, and absolutely the only thing I could think of asking him was how he liked the town. He looked at me quizzically.

"'Considering that I arrived after dark,' he drawled, 'and was driven direct to the theater and then direct to the hotel, my impressions are favorable. I think you have a very good quality of nights in Detroit,' he added, after a pause; 'fully equal to the nights I have encountered anywhere.' That was a capital lead, but I was too badly rattled to take it. I stumbled through a few idiotic commonplaces, and realizing evidently that there was no use wasting any more fun on such a chump, he answered in weary monosyllables. In a few moments I gave up in despair.

"'Now, don't make too much of this,' he remarked as I started for the door, and while the caution was no doubt prompted by fear that I would write something phenomenally stupid it had the effect of putting me suddenly at my ease. 'Don't worry about that, Mr. Clemens,' I replied. 'I'm not going to write anything at all except my resignation.' And thereupon I told him briefly the story of my assignment. As I had by that time fully determined to throw up my job and was no longer apprehensive I suppose I told it easily and naturally. At any rate, his eyes twinkled, and when I came to the part about the night editor he threw back his head and roared with laughter.

"'Hold on!' he exclaimed when he caught his breath. 'We'll have to turn the tables on that fellow sure! Just sit down there with your paper, and I'll see whether I can't dictate something.'

"I obeyed in a sort of daze, and he began striding up and down the room, puffing his pipe and running his fingers through his bushy hair. In half an hour he had given me a column monologue about his experiences on the train coming in. The road was a notoriously ramshackle affair, and he 'roasted' it in his happiest vein.

"'Now, you must cut that up into paragraphs,' he said when he got through, 'and sling in a few questions here and there to make it look dialogy.' Then I think you'll have about what you want. Tell those other fellows, as you go out that I have gone to bed.' Those 'other fellows' were two reporters from rival sheets who had sent up their cards and were then cooling their heels in the corridor. I tried to thank him, but he cut me short, and I went away, walking on ambient air. When I turned in my copy, the city editor nearly fell out of his chair. His astonishment pleased me more than a raise in salary, but I was a little disappointed in the demeanor of the night editor. I expected he would look shamed and remorseful, but he didn't. He merely remarked that 'appearances were deceptive,' which I took as unkind."

"Did you ever tell them how you got the story?" asked one of the younger men who had been listening.

"No," replied the old reporter. "I never told. I let concealment, like the worm in the bud, prey on my damask cheek. I had a good deal of cheek in those days," he added thoughtfully as he started down stairs.

## RED BARNS GETTING FEWER.

**Variety Made Possible Nowadays by Cheap Ready Mixed Paints.**

"There was a time," said a paint manufacturer, "when every farmer painted his barn red. The paint used was called venetian red and was made of oxide of iron instead of white lead and zinc. It cost about half as much as lead paint and stood the weather well. The farmer bought this paint dry and mixed it with oil himself and put it on himself. Now I suppose about one-third of the country's barns are painted red and about two-thirds in other colors, with the proportion of red barns still decreasing. This change is due somewhat to fashion and more to the wide introduction of mixed paints ready for use.

"Nowadays prepared paints are put up in simply scores of colors and shades, and many of them are manufactured and sold as cheaply as the old venetian red was. In the old days if the farmer wanted to paint any color but red he had to mix his own colors. He couldn't get a painter to come from town to mix the colors unless he could have also the job of doing the painting. Now the farmer can buy paint in any color or shade that he wants from sample cards, and when he knows the area of surface to be painted he can ascertain just the quantity required.

"There are district fashions in barn painting. It might be, for instance, that in one place the squire painted his barns red and thus set a fashion that his neighbors would follow. It might be that some city man who had bought an abandoned farm would paint the old barns in modern style. Then the neighbors would say, 'I don't know how much Mr. Cityman knows about farming, but he certainly knows how to paint a barn.' And the people thereabouts would be likely to paint their barns more or less like his. Thus you might find districts where the barns would run much alike.

"In modern barn painting the body is of one color and the trim of another. A pleasing style is colonial, in which the body is of a light yellow and the trim white. But barns are painted also in grays and in other colors and in various shades of color and with various kinds of trim, and, take everything together, the old red barn is being more and more crowded by those painted in modern fashion."

**An Unhandsome Trick.**

First Suburbanite—I hear that Keobin's new bull dug up the ground, broke down the fence and tore nearly everything to pieces in the barnyard this morning.

Second Suburbanite—Yes. Some fellow went there early and fastened a pair of red spectacles on the animal's eyes.


# Dr. Chase Prevents Consumption

## By Thoroughly Curing Coughs and Colds Before They Reach the Lungs—Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine Has an Enormous Sale.

There would be no use for sanitariums for consumptives if Dr. Chase's advice were more generally accepted. Not that Dr. Chase claimed to be able to cure consumption in its last stages, though his treatment is a great relief to the consumptive's cough, but what he did claim was that consumption can always be prevented by the timely use of his Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. It is not a mere cough medicine, but a far-reaching and thorough cure for the severe colds, bronchitis and asthma.

It is a pity that everybody on this great continent does not know of the surprising effectiveness of this great throat and lung treatment. The news is spreading fast, and Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine has by far the largest sale of any similar remedy. It should be in every home in the land for prompt use in case of croup, bronchitis, sudden colds or sore throat. It is truly wonderful in its healing effects on the raw and inflamed linings of the air passages. It aids expectoration, loosens the tight chest coughs and positively cures colds.

Mr. J. J. Dodds of Pleasant avenue, Deer Park, Ont., writes:—"I have suffered in my head and throat and all over my body since last summer from a very severe cold, which I could not get rid of. I have tried several of what are considered good remedies, but none seemed to be of any avail. I began to think that my cold was developing into consumption, as very many have to my knowledge. I am thankful now to say that Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine has worked a complete cure, as I am now entirely free of the cold."

Mr. Wm. Davidson, St. Andrews, Que., states:—"Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine has cured me of bronchitis. I have, without success, tried many remedies for the past six years. Last winter when I had a severe attack and was unable to work I procured a bottle of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, and am happy to state that the third bottle made me a well man."

Insist on having Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine when you ask for it, and beware of druggists who offer mixtures of their own for the sake of a little more profit. 25 cents a bottle, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

## THE MOCKING DAWN.

Through the sweet watches of the mellow night,
By kindly Nature decked for love's delight,
While earth lay sleeping drugged by summer's
breath
And lovely hours sank slowly to their death,
I kept my lonely vigil, all in vain,
Till Nature's smile seemed changed to chill disdain.

Then, as the bride whose bridegroom tarries long
Shrinks from the biting jest and vulgar throng,
I shuddered that the day should see the shame
That stung my ashen cheeks to crimson flame,
While stealthy dawn crept up, and loud and free
The jeering cocks shrilled their malicious glee.

With smiling insolence the dainty morn
Stared at my haggard face in silent scorn;
I heard the whispered mockery of the trees
Nudging each other in the morning breeze,
With gusty laughter shaking all their leaves,
And cynic sparrows tittering in the eaves.

Then, like a red faced jester, rose the sun
Reeling above the clouds, and one by one
Sent wide his shafts, as if in drunken mirth,
Pointing derision, till the waking earth
Grew one broad smile that mocked me standing
there,
Making a spectacle of lay despair.

—Miss A. De Alberti in Academy.

# THE STORY OF NORAH S.

BY BARRY PAIN.

This history of a case of double personality has not, so far as I know, been recorded before. More than 20 years have elapsed since the death of Norah S., and it is not now possible to obtain many of the details which one would like to have. But even in its imperfect state the history seems to me to present peculiarities which make it remarkable. I will give it in two parts. This first part contains information supplied by Miss X., who acted as Norah's governess and at a later period as her companion. This lady is still alive, and her wish to have all names suppressed must be respected. The information is supplemented by a few entries in the notebook of a doctor who at one time attended Norah.

Norah's parents died when she was still a baby, and unfortunately their family history cannot be traced. Her father was an English artist; the mother was French and much younger than her husband. They lived abroad—at Rome for the greater part of the year. It was there that they died, within a few days of one another, of malignant malarial fever. Norah was brought to England and adopted by a childless couple—her father's brother and his wife.

The adoptive father has practically nothing to do with this story. He seems to have been a commonplace little man, energetic in his profession—he was a solicitor—and completely under the dominion of his wife at home. Mrs. S. was a woman of strong and narrow religious convictions and of a kindly nature. Both were devoted to the child. They lived in a suburb of a north country manufacturing town, where Mr. S. had his practice. Up to the age of 8 Norah received a certain amount of desultory teaching from Mrs. S. Then a regular governess was engaged.

Miss X. was at that time a teacher of more enthusiasm than judgment. Norah was very fond of her; she was a child of precocious intelligence; she was eager to learn. Miss X. was proud of her pupil and pushed her on. The child worked six hours a day as a rule, sometimes more, and she really did work. At that time unreasoning education was just coming into fashion. One is not surprised to find that shortly after Norah's ninth birthday the doctor had to be called in.

He was an old gentleman, and he kept a kind of rough notebook in which he recorded things of medical and other interest. He speaks of Norah as a pretty little gypsy. He found that she slept ill, was very nervous and had a poor and capricious appetite. She was anæmic, but he bled her all the same. For the rest his treatment seems to a layman to have been sensible enough. He gave her a tonic, which probably did her no harm. He regulated her diet. He absolutely forbade all lessons for the next three months. He sent her to the seaside and gave instructions that she was to play with other children. He noticed, by the way—of course before the days when such things became a special study—that Norah frowned and twisted her face if she were asked a question that it was difficult or unpleasant for her to answer.

The child went to Lowestoft with her adoptive mother and Miss X., Mr. S. was detained by his business. The doctor had given Miss X. the rough side of his tongue. In his notebook he speaks of her as "the hired assassin." She was duly penitent. But the old gentleman recognized that she had made her mistake through ignorance and that the adoptive mother had shared the ignorance and encouraged the overpressure. He saw, too, that the child was very fond of her and that it would be bad for the child to part them at this juncture. Miss X. in her distress had resigned her post, but the doctor would not permit her to go. He told her bluntly that she had done enough harm without that. She was now as eager to amuse Norah and nurse her back to health as she had formerly been to turn her into an infant prodigy. The child got rapidly better.

On the afternoon of Sept. 28, 1864—the date is fixed by a letter in Miss X.'s possession—Norah went out to play on the beach with some young friends whose acquaintance she had recently made. At teatime, as she did not return, Miss X. went out to look for her. She found her alone under the cliff fast asleep. She woke her.

"Why, Norah, you've been asleep!" she said.

The child looked surprised. "I'm not Norah," she said. "Norah's gone away. I'm Janet."

Miss X. at first thought this was some childish joke. "And who's Janet?" she asked.

"Norah's twin sister. Didn't you know? She's told me all about you and Mrs. S."

So far as is known Norah's parents had no other child. It is worth noting, too, that the normal Norah never spoke of "Mrs. S." She always called her "mother."

Miss X. began to get a little nervous, but she still tried to get the child to confess that this was some silly joke. It was useless. The child persisted that she was Janet. She was annoyed at having it questioned and asked Miss X. not to tease her.

She was taken home, and there Mrs. S. clung to the theory that it was some piece of naughtiness or silliness on Norah's part, though she owned that it was quite out of keeping with Norah's usual behavior. The child was cross examined, scolded, frightened, but all through she stuck to her statement that she was not Norah, but Janet. Mrs. S. brought out a new picture book, and she said she would give it to her if she would write her proper name in it.

"I will write Norah's name if you like, but I am not Norah. She has gone away."

She picked up a pencil and wrote the name quickly and without hesitation. Then the two women knew that something was wrong, for the name was written in looking glass writing—writing that must be held to a mirror to be read. After that, at Miss X.'s suggestion, they dropped the question of identity and talked to her about other things. She seemed perfectly reasonable, but less quick to understand things than Norah usually was. It was noticed that, unlike Norah in her normal condition, she was left handed. Miss X. thinks there were some other slight differences from the normal Norah—in the appearance of the eyes, the tone of the voice and the choice of words. But as to these she cannot speak very precisely after this lapse of time.

The child slept until long after her usual hour next morning. When she woke, she had no knowledge of anything that had happened since she went to sleep on the beach. She was completely restored to her normal condition. Mrs. S. had been in a state of great distress. It was not uncommon at that period for people to regard phthisis as romantic and any mental derangement as disgraceful. Certainly Mrs. S. took the latter view. She was rejoiced to find the child restored to herself, and she bound Miss X. to say nothing about the incident to anybody, "lest people should bring it up against her afterward." She considered that Norah had been too much in the sun and that this had "made her silly" for a time. Considering that the disappearance of the symptoms meant the disappearance of the disease, she did not call in a doctor.

Norah apparently completely regained her health. She did not become an infant prodigy. At the age of 14, when Miss X. left her and she was placed in the hands of foreign governesses, she seems to have been a fairly normal girl, a little emotional perhaps, but with no tendencies to melancholy, fond of sport, eager to see the world.

Eight years afterward Miss X. took the post of companion to Norah. During the interval she had once more become an orphan, and she had inherited Mr. S.'s fortune, which was not immense, but was much greater than it had been supposed he would leave behind him. It gave Norah an income of about £1,700 a year. She came to London, where she had many friends. Some of these were anxious to have her live with them, but she was fond of her independence. She wrote to Miss X., with whom she had kept up a desultory correspondence, and an arrangement was soon made between them. They lived together in a comfortable house in Hampstead. Here also Miss X. noticed nothing that could be called abnormal about Norah. She was bright and energetic, fond of pleasure and particularly fond of getting new experiences.

Norah was at this time engaged to be married to a distinguished orientalist and traveler, a man about ten years older than herself, to whom she was devoted. It was arranged that after the marriage Miss X. was to act as her housekeeper.

Three days before the marriage was to have taken place Norah committed suicide, poisoning herself with oxalic acid. It is not a good suicide poison, because the antidote is to be found ready at hand in most houses. But Norah was not discovered; she took the poison in a diluted form and died in her sleep.

No motive of any kind could be found for the act at the time, and the usual verdict was returned.

By her will she left to Miss X. an annuity and all her books and papers. Among the latter was a bundle of penny exercise books tied up with string and marked "Not to be read until a year after my death." Rightly or wrongly, Miss X. made no mention of these at the inquest. It is from them that the brief second part of Norah's history is here written. I have not been permitted to read the whole of these books as yet. Much of what I have read I am not permitted to repeat here, and of verbatim quotation I can give very little.

These books are a revelation of the tragedy of Norah's life. They are concerned principally with her second personality, Janet, and are not consecutive, long lapses occurring between the dates of the different books.

There is no reference to the Lowestoft incident in them. The first book is dated when Norah was 15 years old. The first line begins: "I was Janet in my sleep last night. It is no good to pray any more. One day she will come when I am awake, and everybody will know, and they will shut me up somewhere and say that I am mad."

That note of horror is repeated all through the books. She makes miserable little pathetic tests of her sanity and can find nothing wrong but that one thing—that she feels that she may at any time lose her personality, that Janet must come back. She feels it a disgrace that she is not like other people; she longs for help and sympathy, yet not for worlds would she speak of her trouble to a single soul.

She appears to have some means, never indicated, of communicating with this mysterious twin sister. She speaks of telling her things and of exacting a promise from her that she will never come back except when Norah is alone at night. Then we hear no more of these conversations, which are reported in a most matter of fact way, and another horror springs up. Janet means to ruin her. She will never speak, but Norah knows.

After that comes a period of about a year, during which there are no notes at all. This period coincides with her residence in London and includes the few months of her engagement. Indeed it may be doubted if Norah ever wrote in the book again, for the next entry, which is the last, is written in the looking glass hand. I held it to a mirror and read:

"I have come back for a little while, but tomorrow I shall come back to stay. I shall take him away from you, Sister Norah. It is I that he will marry. I wonder what you thought. For a long time"—

There the sentence breaks off abruptly. It bears the date of the day on which Norah committed suicide.

As a case of double personality it is explicable doubtless on the theory of absolute somnambulism, but it suggests other questions less easy to answer. A clever novelist might be able to make something of it, filling in the lacunæ. Of course, he would be using a motive that has been used before; but, then, all the motives have been used before.—Chicago Times-Herald.

## THE TASK.

Said Duty: "Take thy pen and write
Life throbbing lines, words weighed with import
high!
Enough of sonneting on Sylvia's eye!
Enough of singing of her rose and white!"
I sit me down, when, lo, upon my sight
(My inner sight, since there is no one nigh!)
A vision flashes; thoughts of Duty fly,
Like sheltering birds adown an autumn night.

O mentor stern, no task that thou canst set,
I care not whatsoe'er thou bidst it be,
Will far remove me from some dream of her,
Look I am wearing Love for amulet!
And whence thou mayst as soon part land and sea
As thoughts of Love from Love's true worshiper!

—Clinton Scollard in Cosmopolitan

## THE SECRET SERVICE.

**Tiresome Work of Reading a Cipher Dispatch of 2,000 Words.**

Some governments make use of numerals for their ciphered communications with their agents abroad, others a mixture of numerals and words, and yet others exclusively words. Of course, the only problem that needs solution in dispatches of this kind is to ascertain the key number or key word. When that is accomplished, the remainder is easy, though generally very tedious. Indeed it is difficult to conceive of a more tiresome, head splitting piece of work than either to cipher or decipher a dispatch of some 1,500 or 2,000 words. The writer talks from sad and weary experience.

Some governments change the key word or key numerals with each dispatch, according to a settled arrangement. Others, again, change it every month. Sometimes it is placed at the beginning of the dispatch, at other times at the end. To the uninitiated a dispatch of this kind will appear in the nature of a Chinese puzzle, but to an expert cryptographer the deciphering of a government code dispatch is mere child's play.

Occasionally the dispatch will appear a mere jumble of consonants without any meaning, while at other times it will be so ciphered as to contain sensible and plausible sentences, the meaning of which appears on the surface. It was a code of this kind that was used by the Spanish secret agents in this country during the war with Spain, and the clever staff of secret service men employed by the United States government were in a very short time possessed of a key to the cipher in question.

## THE DRESS MODEL.

A military touch on gowns and separate waists for youthful wearers is just now the correct finish.

The all wool and silk and wool novelty goods and French and English suitings this fall are in soft medium weights in pretty, blended dyes, the result being a nameless, uncertain color.

Reversible satins are used extensively on winter hats and for linings, facings, draperies, choux, tea gowns, accordion plaited petticoats, foundations for lace and velvet opera wraps, etc.

On some very charming negligee gowns the fronts droop in blouse fashion and are closed on the left shoulder and down the left side after the style of some of the revived Russian blouses and jackets.

For elegant winter gowning and in the advance display of French millinery black and gold, black and vivid red and black and white combinations and effects are in marked favor both here and abroad.

It is certain that no matter how elaborately the toilets of ceremony or how tastefully the handsome demi dress or house gowns may be decorated all fancy trimmings will be kept from the skirts of utility tailor costumes.

The new costumes of the different shades of red stand out in sharp contrast to those of gray, brown, blue, etc., and they seem too conspicuous for street wear in most instances. The drear, dull days later on may, however, render these bright gowns a welcome color note in the somber landscape of the season.

Most superb and costly are the velvet gowns and costumes made ready for elegant wear next season. There is already a luxurious and bewildering display of them—black, blue, green, dark Russian green, wine color, purple, pale fawn and gray. Some of the soft, artistic shades in plum color, blue, brown, etc., garnished with guipure lace and rich furs of various kinds, are regal in effect.

# The Way Some Men Love

The Story of a Man's Sacrifice.

By Elizabeth Vose.

"She'll be hard to tether, Kitty will. It'll be like lassoing a butterfly, an I 'low as the man as can do it ain't appeared in camp yit," said Joe Bartlett meditatively. "As for me, I ain't got the show of a chance. How in thunder can I expect a dainty little girl like Kitty to care for a rough, ignorant feller like me?"

He took the pipe from his mouth and, knocking the ashes from it, filled it carefully, but it was evident that his mind was not upon his task.

"Can't even speak grammar as I'd ort to," he muttered with disgust. "But they ain't nothing I wouldn't do for Kitty—Lord love her—even to studying a grammar book."

Joe was modest. He had no self esteem whatever and undervalued his merits. That so remarkable a creature as Kitty should ever love him was to be considered only in the light of an impossibility. If his love became hopeful, he reviled himself and blushed at his temerity.

Yet Joe was foreman of the new mine at Clear Creek camp and the most important man in the place.

"No, the man ain't arrived yit," continued Joe, "an when he does"—he turned a little pale—"when he does God help Joe Bartlett!"

That evening, as was his habit, Joe was at Amos Carter's cabin. There were two reasons why he liked to spend an evening with Carter—he enjoyed swapping yarns with him over their pipes and Kitty happened to be Carter's daughter. Kitty never suspected his love. Joe knew that she did not return it, and he was not a man to wear his heart on his sleeve. If any one had asked her about her opinion of Joe, she would have confessed frankly that she was almost as fond of him as of her father.

In the midst of a story of the plains which he was telling for the twentieth time there was a loud rap on the door. Carter went to open it. A stranger stood on the threshold, a tall, slender, well made young fellow, wearing the garb of the city bred man.

"Is this Mr. Carter's place?" he asked.

"That's my name, young feller. Will you come in?"

"I was told," said the newcomer as he complied with the invitation, "that I should find Mr. Bartlett here."

Joe came forward and offered his toil hardened hand to the stranger.

"You are Mr. Ames, the superintendent's son, I guess. He wrote me you were coming up for a spell, but I didn't 'low we'd see you till the next stage. I am glad to see you, sir," he said heartily.

A certain indifference or indolence which seemed habitual vanished from the young man's face and manner. He held out his hand frankly.

"Thank you. I have come to rusticate. I have a bad reputation at home. It arises from a slight difference between the governor and myself. I am conscientiously opposed to work." He squared his shoulders and laughed. "I am supposed to take father's place here, but I have perfect confidence in you, Bartlett, and I shall take it as a favor if you will forget to remind me of the responsibilities of the situation." Again his boyish laugh rang out, and the others laughed in sympathy.

He was unmistakably a good deal of a dandy. His linen was as immaculate as it would have been in the city, and the hand from which a diamond flashed was as white and shapely as a woman's.

"We must be good friends, Bartlett," he continued, "for I want you to let me down easy on the labor problem. Dad wants to make life a treadmill for me."

A broad smile from his hearers greeted this statement.

"I hope you know what work is, young feller," said Carter, his smile ending in an audible chuckle.

Clay Ames never knew what reply he made. His eyes for the first time had met Kitty's, and he forgot everything else but the tall slip of a girl with the wild rose face.

In less than a week everybody in camp knew that the superintendent's son was in love with Kitty Carter. Half the men in the camp were his rivals, but they all liked the young boss, who had made himself one of them from the first night of his arrival. Kitty's ways were maddening. If her willful heart favored any one, even her handsome city lover, she discreetly kept the knowledge to herself.

* * * * * * *

Joe Bartlett had just left the office and was on his way to the mine. Looking up, he saw Kitty's flying figure speeding toward him. He knew at once that something was wrong. She was breathless, her lips were blanched and her eyes wild with terror.

"Kitty, what is it? Anything wrong at the mines?" he asked anxiously.

She caught his arm to steady herself.

"There's been a slide!" she gasped, "and Clay"—

A sob choked her voice, and the agony in her face went to Joe's heart like a knife stab. His face whitened.

"Is Clay anything to you, Kitty?" he asked huskily.

"Everything—all the world to me," moaned Kitty. "My heart will break if he dies!"

Joe unclasped her trembling fingers from his arm.

"Please heaven we won't let him die, dear," he said gently, and a moment later he was gone.

How the men worked to reach the death trap where six of their comrades were entombed until, exhausted, they were compelled to fall back, while others filled their places! How one man, tireless and determined, kept always at the head, never resting for a moment. To tell all this would make a story of itself.

Joe Bartlett inspired everybody, and cheered and encouraged the despairing crowd that gathered about the entrance of the mine, and when, after hours of hard work, the last dividing wall of earth was penetrated and an opening made large enough for a man to enter, it was Joe Bartlett who, with no thought of his own danger, climbed through into the chamber beyond and one by one lifted the half dead men to those waiting on the outside to receive them.

Young Ames had been farthest back and was the last to be rescued. He was very weak, but he waved his hand feebly to the cheering crowd as Joe lifted him back to life and safety.

Through the opening in the wall of earth the excited, shouting crowd had a glimpse of a grimy, radiant face—Joe had caught sight of Kitty when she first saw Clay Ames—then there was a sickening sound as of muffled thunder, a horrible underground groaning, followed by a crash. A second slide had occurred and Joe Bartlett was buried beneath it.

For a second or two the crowd was awed into silence by the awfulness of the tragedy and then a cry of horror burst from a hundred throats. Women screamed and men grew white and covered up their eyes as if thus they might shut out the memory of the brave face that but a moment before had smiled at them from its grave.

It was hopeless from the first.

Yet never did men work more heroically than the miners of Clear Creek camp for the next 12 hours to reach their comrade. Rough men most of them were, but they cried like babies when at last Joe's crushed body was lifted from under the debris and the light of day fell upon his unconscious face.

They carried him to his own cabin and laid him upon the bed. The bravest man in Clear Creek camp had given his life for his comrades, and the entire camp was in mourning.

* * * * * * *

Moonlight flooded the cabin where Joe lay. The smile which had illuminated his face in the last moment of his life still rested upon it. Two people—a man and a girl—stood beside him. The young man's arm was about the girl's face, and her face was hidden upon his breast.

"He was so good!" she sobbed. "He died for your sake and mine!"

"Yes, dear," said Ames gently, "he was the best and bravest man I have ever known." His arm tightened about her slender waist. "I am glad," he said huskily, "that he did not have a sweetheart."

"It would have killed her," whispered Kitty, laying her tear wet cheek against her lover's face. "But Joe did not care for women. I am sure he never loved any one."

And they never knew, for eternal silence had kissed the dead man's lips.—San Francisco Examiner.

## THE WRITERS.

Winston Churchill, who comes to America on a lecturing tour in December, says he proposes to fool the newspapers here by copyrighting his speech.

Israel Zangwill, the Hebrew novelist, wrote his first book when he was a student at London university. The effort occupied four evenings—he always works in spurts—and he and a friend paid £10 to have the tale published in pamphlet form.

"The public has somehow got the idea," says Joel Chandler Harris in a recent interview in the Atlanta News, "that I am too modest to be healthy, but that is a great mistake. With the exception of a big apple dumpling, with a bowl of butter sauce close by, I know of nothing nicer than to sit in a large armchair and hear your friends say kind things about you when they think you're not listening."

Miss Braddon has published over 60 novels since 1862. Previous to trying literature, however, Miss Braddon appeared on the stage. There is some doubt in the matter, but "An Old Player" has declared that the future novelist made her debut at the Brighton Theater Royal in 1857 and that during the five following months she impersonated as many as 58 distinct characters. Her stage name was Mary Leyton, and, though now known as Miss M. E. Braddon, she is really Mrs. Maxwell and a widow.

**Too Common.**

Mrs. Bangs—Yes, we have strawberry shortcake every day at dinner.

Mrs. Suddenrich—Do you? We dropped them when the berries fell to their present plebeian price.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**Awakened.**

"I understand it's all over between Jack and May."

"Yes. They're married."—Philadelphia North American.

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS
ISSUED EVERY WEDNESDAY.
Subscription, $2 a year, in advance.

W. E. Anderson, Editor.

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

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

Job Work Strictly C. O. D.

Transient Ads Cash in Advance.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 13, 1900

Balaam's horse brought his three lettere up again Saturday. Poor fellow! Hee looks as if his feet wanted trimming—likewise his ears.

It is rumored that Laurier anticipates buying up a whole drove of these long eared mail carriers at the close of the war. Then we may have a mail every day.

The Government of B. C. is evidently getting hard up. They cannot pay for printer's ink to let the public know that they wish tenders for building a goal, so the little notices are written out and placed in the shop windows. Poor B.C.!

How is it the notice to taxpayers is never published here, as it is in all other districts, giving rates, time, and place of payment? It looks as though the authorities here leave matters of public import to be divined by the people. There seems to be no effort made to give vital information. Whose fault is this?

A country newspaper has its interests in the place it is located. Its interests are identical with those of the inhabitants and business men of the place. The inhabitant who fails to support the local press is careless of his interests and of those of the place he lives in. The business man who does not give his support to a local paper is working against his own interests and against those of his customers.—Ex.

There is much comment and speculation as to the reasons of the Ottawa Governmen's refusal to stand the expense of draping the Cathedral in that city for the memorial services of our late Queen. The reason given was that it would be recognizing the Church of England as a state church if this were done. The pubiic however, cannot forget the fact that the Roman Catholic cathedral was draped at Goverament expense on the occasion of the services held on the late Sir John Thompson. The affair is not likely to be allowed to *die* without some very pertinent questions being asked.

### CEMETERY DESECRATION.

It seems almost incredible that people in this place have so little respect for the dead that they make a public thoroughfare of the cemetery. Last week the gates were thrown wide open and left so. Two panels of the fence on the opposite side were torn down, and the passage thus made was used as a roadway for hauling ice from Maple Lake, and piles of ice were placed in the graveward. There is no excuse for this species of barbarism, for there is a roadway outside the fence altogether and the difference in distance is inappreciable. Even were there no road, it does not excuse the vandalism, for a person requiring to go to the lake with a team should make a road and not use a small plot of ground which is known wherever such is laid apart, the world over, as 'God's Acre," and is supposed by all civilized people, to be kept sacred, in memory of the dead. Is there not some person or persons who have charge of the cemetery? If so, they should see to it at once, and if there is no one, then someone should be chosen to look after it.

### TELEGRAPHIC NOTES.

Queen Wilhelmina of Holland and Duke Henry of Mecklenburg-Schwerin were married on 7th inst. Both were nervous and the Queen blushed prettily during the ceremony.

In Williams vs. Le Roi, judgment was given for defendants with costs, in Victoria on 5th.

Conservatives have chosen Dr. Borden as leader.

Private Jas. Anderton arrived in Victoria on Feb. 7th.

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

One of our down camp friends, one night last week, laid a few poison baits in his woodshed to kill the rats, which animals were about in prodigious numbers During the night, a noise in the aforesaid shed, aroused the hunter and his wife out of a sound sleep. "Tom, there is someone getting in," said the wife. The hubby got out, opened the back door a little and asked, "Who's there?" No answer. "Just wait until I can get into my —knickers, and I'll fix you." Back he came, fully dressed, with a stick of firewood in his hand. Wife just behind him. "Who's there?" he thundered. No answer, then he opened the door a bit wider, and something rushed past towards the outer shed door. Hubby hurled the stick, shut the door fast, said he guessed the fellow had gone, and started back to bed, ignoring the wife's question if he was not going to look about outside. Next morning, they found Frank Parkes' cat, dead, poisoned with rat poison, and with a happy look in death at having badly scared a man as a last act.

To J. B. M.—How is that Jim?

The Van Anda sale, reported some time ago, has fallen through. Mr. Treat states that Mr. Fowles the English agent has failed to make the first payment of $12,500 on account of the London and Globe failure. At a meeing of the shareholders in Seattle, it was decided to re-open the mines and start the smelter which had been closed down pending the deal.

### NOTICE.

PUBLIC NOTIC is hereby given to the electors of the Municipality of Cumberland that I require the presence of the said Electors at the Polling Station, corner Dunsmuir Avenue and Third Street, on Tuesday, the 19th day of Feb. 1901, at 12 o'clock noon for the purpose of electing a Alderman to fill the vacancy in the Middle Ward.

The mode of nominatien of candidates shall be as follows:

The Candidate shall be nominated in writing; the writing shall be subscribed by two voters of the Municipality as proposer and seconder, and shall be delivered to the Returning Officer at any time between the date of the notice and 2 p.m. of the day of the nomination, and in the event of a poll being necessary, such poll will be opened on Saturday, the 23rd day of Feb 1901, at the Polling Station, corner of Dunsmuir Avenue and Third Street, of which every person is hereby required to take notice and govern himself accordingly.

The qualification as candidate for Alderman is as follows:

He must be a male British subject of the full age of twenty-one years and not disqualified under any law and have been for the six months next preceding the day of nomination the registered owner in the Land Registry Office of land or real property in the city of the assessed value on the last Municipal Assessment roll of $500.00 or more, over and above any registered incumberance or charge, and who is otherwise quelified as a municipal voter.

Given under my hand at the City of Cumberland, 12th day of Feb. 1901.

LAWRENCE W. NUNNS,
Returning Officer.

### NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that application will be made to the Legislative Assembly of the Province of British Columbia, at its next session, for an Act to incorporate a company with power to construct, equip, maintain and operate either a standard or narrow guage railway for the purpose of carrying passengers and freight including all kinds of merchandise, from a point in Wellington District, thence northerly to a point in Comox District, Vancouver Island, situate on or near the 50th parallel of latitude on or near the east coast of Vancouver Island; thence northerly through Sayward and Rupert Districts, to Cape Scott, Vancouver Island, or to some other 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, bridges, ways, and ferries, and to build, own and maintain, wharves, docks, saw-mills, 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 lines 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 plants 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 land for the purpose of the company, and to acquire land, bonuses, privileges, and other aid, from any Government, Municipal Corporation, or other persons or bodies corporated with power to lease and to connect and make traffic and other arrangements with railway, steamboat and other companies now or hereafter to be incorporated, and with power to make waggon 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 owned or built by the said 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 27th day of December, 1900.

CREASE & CREASE,
Solicitors for the applicants.
j9t6

FINE
Job Printing
DONE AT—
The News Office.

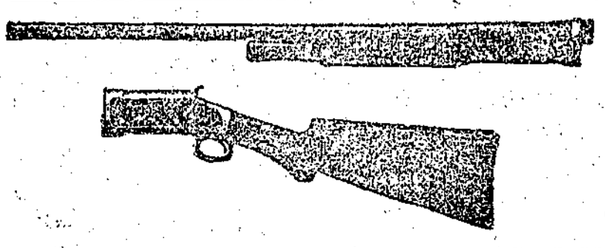
Columbia Flouring Mills Company
ENDERBY, B. C.
HUNGARIAN,
THREE STAR,
WHEATLETS, 10-10's
STRONG BAKERS.

R.P.Rithet & Co.,
(LIMITED.)
Agents, - Victoria, B.C

If you want a
JACKET or COSTUME
AT HALF PRICE
WRITE TO THE WHITE HOUSE.
67 GOVERNMENT ST. - - - VICTORIA, B. C
HENRY YOUNG & CO. are closing out the Department and are selling their Jackets and Costumes regardless of cost.
$8, $10 and $12 Jackets are going for $2.50

Silverware and Cutlery
Cruets, Tea Sets, Cake Baskets,
Butter Dishes, &c., &c.
Nothing better in the world for Wedding Presents.
Magnet Cash Store

WALLER AND PARTRIDGE
—JUST ARRIVED—
Latest and Newest Styles
LADIES' BLOUSES, WALKING SKIRTS, WRAPPERS, FLANNELETTES, PRINTS, ART MUSLINS. LACE AND CHENILLE CURTAINS, WHITE AND COLORED TABLE COVERS.
$2,000 WORTH OF BOOTS AND SHOES
LADIES' and MISSES' BLACK AND TAN SHOES (Cloth Top) MISSES' and CAILDREN'S DITTO,
Try Our 35 ct. Ceylon Tea.
Groceries at Wholesale Prices
5 per cent. Cash Discount.



Don't miss your deer.
BEFORE BUYING YOUR
GUNS AND AMMUNITION
GET OUR PRICES.
As we carry the largest stock in B. C., and your cheapest freight is from Victoria. Repairs by first class workmen.
JOHN BARNSLEY & CO.
115 GOVERNMENT ST. - - VICTORIA, B.C