THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

SEVENTH YEAR. CUMBERLAND, B. C. SATURDAY, FEB., 24th, 1900

SPECIAL SALE
—OF—
CORSETS
—AT THE—
BIG STORE.

We wish to dispose of the following lines to make room for New Goods. To move them quickly we have reduced them to QUICK MOVING PRICES.

USUAL PRICE			SALE PRICE.
40 Pairs	75 cts.	$1.00 $1.25	50 cts.
28 "		1.25 1.50	75 "
23 "		1.50 1.75	$1.00

Imported French Corsets.

USUAL PRICE		SALE PRICE.
10 Pair	$1.75	$1.20
26 "	2.00	1.35
8 "	2.25	1.45
35 "	2.50	1.80

All sizes in both short and long waist.

New shoes and clothing to hand other new goods arriving.

SIMON LEISER.

Nicholles & Renouf, Ld.

61 YATES STREET, VICTORIA, B. C.

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

Agents for McCormick Harvesting Machinery.

Write for prices and particulars. P. O. Drawer 563.

If you want . .

CARPETS, LINOLIUMS, CURTAINS,
ALLPAPERS MATTINGS,
TABLE LINENS,

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

SAMPLES FREE ON REQUEST.

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

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

Complete Furnishers, VICTORIA, B. C.

FOR 15 DAYS
SHOES AT COST.

—ODD SIZES—

Now is your chance to get some good Shoes for little money. Sale commences Pay-day, February 24th, 1900.

C. J. MOORE

Highest premiums paid for Eggs and Butter.

LETTERS.

We publish the following from our old friend K. Sharp:

DAWSON, N.W. T.,
Dec. 29th, 1899.

EDITOR CUMBERLAND NEWS—Sir: Some of your readers who have friends in this territory may be interested to hear of the experiences which one is likely to encounter when going in late in the season.

I left Vancouver on the 10th day of October, by the steamer Cutch, bound for Skagway; the steamboat companies refusing to book me through to Dawson at that time of the year. Had beautiful weather all the way until within a few miles of Skagway when it rained heavily. Arrived there on the morning of the 15th at 3:30 a. m. Left by 8 a.m. train. At the White Pass summit it was snowing heavily, being a foot deep on the ground already; the small lakes on the mountains were covered with ice and it looked as if winter had commenced with a vengence. Arrived at Lake Bennett at 2:30 p.m. Found the lake clear of ice, but a tremendous gale blowing from below, so that had there been a boat to leave that day it could not have done so.

My next move was to get a steamer to take me as far as White Horse Rapids. This was no easy matter as most of them were put into winter quarters. I at last found one, and the only one that was supposed to leave for the rest of the year, the Olive May. Thus far I had not met with any person going to Dawson, and was advised to wait until spring, but I had started and was determined to do my part to get through even if I had to walk and break trail.

Dr. Scharschmidt is at Bennett, he is customs broker, also owner of a newspaper printed there. He is looking well and I believe is doing a good business. From current reports I should not be surprised to hear of him being elected Mayor of that world famed city in the near future. Mrs. Scharschmidt is also there. I spent a pleasant evening with them at their home. Arrived at White Horse Rapids on the 18th but there was no steamer there to take me any further. Four men were drowned there the day before, and during the time that I was at the canyon a steamer came through, struck a rock just outside, sank almost immediately and was a total loss. All hands were saved.

There were about twenty miners here from Atlin wanting to go to Dawson. Also a man and his wife who had missed the boat, that had left the day before. Consultations were held as to what was best to do as we were about five hundred miles from our destination. That afternoon the steamer Reindeer tied up at the landing, having come up from Dawson with passengers. We made arrangements with the captain to take us down, which he offered to do for one hundred dollars each; guaranteeing to land us in Dawson. The ice was running heavily and it looked to me as if we would not get far without being frozen in. We passed quite a number of scows going down the river with the ice, running great risks of drifting on a sand bar or smashing on the rocks at any minute. Seven scows were wrecked in the thirty mile river in one day and not less than fifty thousand dollars worth of machinery and provisions were lost. Arrived at the foot of Lake Lebarge on the 20th and heard from the telegraph operator there, that the thermometer registered 30 degrees below zero, in Dawson that morning.

All went well with us until the morning of the 22nd when through carelesness on the part of the pilot, the boat ran on a sandbar, a few miles above the Five Finger Rapids. Everyone on board worked hard to get her off, when on the afternoon of the 24th, we succeeded in swinging her clear. The Captain then took the boat in behind an island and tied her up for the winter under the pretext that the water was too low to float her down. This was merely an excuse as he evidently did not want to go any further. The passengers then demanded their money back which he positively refused to give. Some of the miners had paid their last dollar and were in desperate circumstances; as we were then between two and three hundred miles from Dawson. A meeting was held by the passengers and it was decided that the money should be refunded to them at once. The Captain was notified of the result of meeting and also if he refused his life would be in danger. Realizing the helplessness of his condition and the people he had to deal with he paid up at once.

It was now a question of how we should proceed on our journey as the river looked as if it might be a week or two before we could travel on foot. A suggestion was made that we build a scow but this was unfavorable to a great many thinking that it would take too long to build it and also that it would be dangerous for a light craft amongst so much ice. I promised to build a scow that would take us all safely down and that it would be ready in twenty-four hours, but all hands must help and do the best they could. We started to work at ten o'clock in the morning and at twelve o'clock the next day our craft was afloat. This seems hardly creditable that it was built in so short a time, but by the description given further along you will see how it was done. Some were skeptical as to the staunchness of our scow, as it leaked considerably at first but I had tested the temperature of the water and found it 2 degrees below freezing and that the air was 15 degrees below zero. I knew from former experience that the water would freeze on the inside as well as the out and so form a coat of ice over the seams which would make them as watertight as if they had been thoroughly coated with pitch.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Remnant Sale of Flannellettes, Prints and Dress Lengths Don't miss this opportunity.—Gus Hauck.

NOTICE.

For the greater convenience of getting late news and the facilities of mailing we shall issue the NEWS after this issue on Tuesdays, beginning March 6th. A Bulletin will be sent to the subscribers on March 3rd.

W. B. ANDERSON,
Editor.

COUNTY COURT.

Before His Honor, Judge Harrison, Feb. 22.

Naturalization certificate to H. Martin.

Moore vs. P. Menir. Judgment in favor of plaintiff.

Moore vs. D. Rodgers. Judgment in favor of plaintiff.

Davis vs. Yarwood. Judgment in favor of plaintiff.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Judge Harrison came up Wednesday to hold County Court.

There will be no service in Trinity Church Sunday evening.

Mr. Webster was slighly injured last week. Doing well.

Mr. Grant, of Comox, has been asked to take part in the Marble Bay concert.

Germea makes a delicious breakfast in five minutes For sale by Gus Hauck.

A. Garner, who lived here and in Comox, has been accepted on Strathcona's Horse.

Well, I should say, yes Peter! Our valentine is small, but "she's a daisy, you bet!"

Boys! show your patriotism by taking your best spring girl to the Mansion House Dance.

The Colliery Co.'s name has been chonged to "Wellington Colliery Co." and the Union Mines are now "Comox Mines."

If in quest of Footwear go and inspect New Stock of Boots and Shoes at Gus Hauck's.

The teachers and school children will give an entertainment next Friday evening to raise funds to purchase an organ for the school.

J. B. McLean, our popular conductor and freight agent has resumed work after a sojurn in Victoria under special medical care. James is better but far from well.

Mr. Turnbul who slipped and fell and hurt himself some time ago is not improving as he ought. A shock of this kind is serious in the case a person of Mr. Turnbull's weight.

Owing to want of space and shortness of time before going to press we have been obliged to leave out much matter of interest, notably the write up of the K. of P. banquet which we will publish next week.

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS, under the managment of W. B. Anderson, shows a marked improvement. Mr. Anderson promises to make the paper a thoroughly local one and in this he displays good judgment. The last issue was filled with local happenings and personally reflects much credit on the new editor.—Free Press.

We thank the Free Press for its kindly remarks. Any such testimonial from a veteran paper is sufficient endorsation.

NOTICE—Dr. Dalby, Dentist will be in Cumberland on the 1st of March and will remain over till the 15th. Office in Whitney Block.

Owing to a bad washout on the road, Mr A. Brown and his family, while driving to the Union wharf Sunday, narrowly escaped serious injury. One wheel of the rig getting down in the hole and the horse becoming frightned began to plunge throwing the occupants of the buggy out. The horse then ran four miles to the wharf, where he was found afterwards. The rig was completely wrecked. Unless danger spots like this are promptly repaired some persen will be seriously injured or perhaps killed.

On the completion of the new bridge at Courtenay, Mr. D. F. Adoms, the contiactor and his workmen, will give a grand free ball in the Courtenay Hall, on the evening of Wednesday, Feb. 28th, 1900, to which a hearty invitation is extended to all. Free lunch will be served in the dining room of the Courtenay Hotel from 11:30 p. m. to 1 a.m. Good music will be provided so all go and have a good time and help district and new bridge. Dancing to commence at 8:30 sharp, with the grand march.

TO REPEL BORES.

Ingenious Device of a New Orleans Business Man.

"The time of almost every man in active life is terribly taxed by useless visitors," said a busy New Orleans shipper. "I mean people who come on foolish errands, tedious friends who drop in to chat and don't know when to go, and the small army of agents, canvassers, solicitors and the like, who in the aggregate consume many precious hours every day.

"I have a scheme for disposing of such bores that works to a charm. The whole secret lies in that chair beside my rolltop desk. It is very innocent looking, as you will observe, but it has some marked peculiarities. To begin with, it is firmly attached to the floor and is so placed that whoever sits in it faces a flood of light, while I myself am in the shadow. Then, again, the back is very straight and very narrow. It has no arms, and the seat pitches slightly forward, the front being half an inch lower than the rear.

"It is utterly impossible for any bore to sit in that chair four consecutive minutes. With female book agents it is peculiarly efficacious, for the simple reason that such callers are generally 35 or over, and no woman of that age can sit quiet in the glaring daylight under the calm scrutiny of a man in the shadow. The coolest of them lose their self possession, twist, wriggle and soon fly the spot. Then, again, the straight back and absence of arm prevent the occupant from assuming that graceful sidelong attitude without which no woman is able to converse.

"With male bores it is equally deadly. All garrulous men either tilt back when they are talking or lean forward impressively with their elbows on the arms. The two poses seem to be essential to a flow of language, and neither of them is possible here. When they find that the legs are attached to the floor and search in vain for a rest for their elbows, they lose the thread of their story, look miserable for a moment and then beat a retreat.

"The pitch of the seat simply adds to the general discomfort of the machine. One finds oneself continually sliding off without knowing why. It is very disconcerting. I wouldn't take anything for that chair. It has saved me thousands of dollars."—New Orleans

A SKIN BEAUTIFIER

Of Untold Value, Which Positively Cures Pimples, Blackheads, Eczema, Salt Rheum and Every Form of Skin Disease, Is

DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT.

As great as may be the difference of opinion as to the various types of beauty, no one can see beauty in a face that is disfigured by pimples and blackheads or scarred by traces of eczema or other skin diseases.

In society the low-neck dress frequently reveals shoulders and back covered with pimples or other skin eruptions repulsive to the sight.

Why are women content to try to cover up such blemishes by powders and harmful preparations when they could as well cure them and make the skin clear, healthy and natural by using a preparation so well known as Dr. Chase's Ointment.

Eczema or Salt Rheum may be taken as the most severe of skin diseases which destroy beauty and cause acute misery from the terrible itching which accompanies them.

That Dr. Chase's Ointment has cured some of the worst cases of Eczema that have existed is known to all who read the testimonials frequently published in this paper. That it cures Eczema is sufficient proof that it will quickly banish the lesser skin diseases, such as pimples and blackheads.

No preparation is of such inestimable worth in a woman's toilet, for besides curing the pimples that are usually troublesome at regular intervals it gives instant relief to the itching to which women are subject and absolutely cures piles.

Dr. Chase's Ointment, 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or by mail on receipt of price by Edmanson, Bates and Co., Toronto.

Everybody is coughing except those who use Dr. Chases' Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, the most popular and succes-ful remedy extant for croup, bronchitis, asthma, coughs and colds, 25 cents a bottle.

A HARVEST OF TARES.

By HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN.

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Hulda gave a vague nod, but made no reply. With a kind of somnambulistic calm she again ascended the stairs, and bent her steps toward the blue room. Her mother was seated in a large chintz-covered chair in the middle of the floor. For a long while nothing was heard but the clicking of her knitting needles. It was chilly, and she had a worsted shawl thrown over her shoulders. On the tiled bit of wall about the stove, called the fire wall, a blue Cain was murdering a blue Abel, and a blue Noah, followed by his blue family, was emerging from the blue ark. Hulda remained standing at the door gazing at these familiar sights and waited for her mother to address her. It was singular what an oppressive effect this room had upon her spirits—how it cowed her self-respect and reduced her to a state of juvenile delinquency. She was actually afraid of her mother as she sat there in her stern immobility with the smooth bands of hair upon her placid brow and her cap strings, which were so terribly suggestive of something inexorably sinister, falling on either side of her head, and giving a little flutter whenever she nodded, as if to accentuate the points of her denunciation. And then the little hairy wart on the left side of her chin—what an awful fascination it had in the pinafore days during the torturing lecture that preceded chastisement!

"I wonder that you dare look your mother in the face," she began, pausing in her knitting, and fixing a gaze of stern reprobation upon her daughter.

"You—you sent for me," answered Hulda, apologetically. She felt acutely the justice of her cause, and she was determined not to be browbeaten.

But the habit of respect for this formidable blonde matron was so deeply ingrained in her that she found it impossible to assert herself as she had intended.

"I must say you are a credit to your family," said Mrs. Brinckman, severely.

"I fancy I have done it no discredit."

There was a long, ominous pause, filled by the clicking of Mrs. Brinckman's knitting needles.

"Do you know," she enquired with slow and distinct enunciation, "what people would call a young lady who is engaged to one man, and has nocturnal interviews with another?"

"That does not concern me, for I had broken my engagement with Mr. Falck before I—listened to Mr. Brun."

She had no desire to prolong the conversation, and therefore readily lapsed into silence. A couple of minutes passed before Mrs. Brinckman resumed her cross-examination.

"May I ask," she began, with a sarcastic curl of her lip, "what opinion you entertain of a gentleman who deliberately sets out to steal another man's fiancee, and when received in a clergyman's family on trust as presumably a man of honour uses his opportunities to beguile his host's daughter into nocturnal meeting, which must compromise her reputation? Tell me, what do you think of such a man?"

"If it is Mr. Brun to whom you refer," cried Hulda, with sudden spirit, for the least reflection upon her lover aroused her indignation as nothing else, "then I can only say that—that you have been misinformed. In the first place, a full-grown woman is not a thing which can be stolen like a parcel, nor is she a child which can by sweet cajolery be beguiled into compromising situations. I chose with my eyes wide open between Mr. Falck, whom I did not love, and Mr. Brun, whom I do love. Whatever blame there is in the matter attaches to me, not to him."

Mrs. Brinckman, who was unprepared for this frank avowal, knit her brow, and stared at her daughter in amazement. The blue vein upon her forehead swelled slightly, and her knitting dropped into her lap.

"I—I—knew that you were thoughtless," she said at last, with calm severity, "I did not know that you were shameless."

Putting her hands on her knees, she rose cumbrously, and the vases and candlesticks on the bureau shook as she walked out of the room. Hulda heard her turn the key in the lock, and each of her retreating footsteps through the long hall gave an echoing thump in her heart.

It was wrath, and not despair, which was uppermost in her mind as soon as she found herself alone. To be punished as if she were a child because she insisted upon her right to her own life would have been humiliating if it had not been so obviously futile. The attempt to discipline a wayward heart with the rod or with confinement and starvation argued a simplicity of mind with which she would be loath to credit her astute mother. She little knew the strength of the will which she hoped to curb by such primitive means. And to have sent her lover flying head over heels, as if he had been a pickpocket,

"My daughter and I will take supper together."

was an outrageous breach of hospitality, which argued ever a deeper distrust of her than it did of him. She sat ruminating upon her ills and wrongs, viewing them from every possible side, and so intense was her agitation that she almost forgot her hunger. How she had been deceived and entrapped, hoodwinked, cajoled, and used to further plans which had no relation to her own well-being.

She thought and thought until it seemed that her head must burst. She grew dizzy and feverish, and little misty spots gathered before her eyes, and as she stared at them slowly dissolved. She walked up and down, then flung herself down upon the bishop's bed, then rose again, and from sheer vacuity fancied the creases of the pillows were fashioning themselves into an episcopal countenance. Her eyes throbbed and burned, but her fount of tears was seared, and she could not weep. She began to suspect that her mother's punishments were more efficacious than she had dreamed. But all the fierce rebellion of outraged individuality rose to protest against surrender, and she resolved to set steel against steel, and to endure to the end.

Two or three hours passed, and the storm without had somewhat abated. Then steps which she instantly recognized were heard in the hall. A key was thrust into the keyhole, and the door was opened. The pastor appeared on the threshold with a much perturbed countenance, and closing the door behind him entered.

"But, my dear child," he began, in a voice of affectionate remonstrance, "what does this mean? Malene tells me that you have had neither breakfast nor dinner."

She sat immovable on the bed, and it seemed to her that her hand, which rested on her knee, was inordinately large and was growing larger. Next she noticed that her father had travelling boots on, and that there was an out-of-door glow in his cheeks which told her that he had just returned from a visitation. She guessed instantly that Malene, the maid, had braved the wrath of her mistress by appealing to his sympathy.

"My dear little girl," he continued, walking up to her, and tenderly stroking her cheek, "won't you tell your father what has happened?"

For an answer she flung herself upon his neck, and burst into convulsive sobs.

"Well, well, my own sweetheart," he murmured soothingly, "it is too bad; it is too bad. Don't cry now, dearest. It is all a misunderstanding. It'll be soon cleared up."

He kissed her cheeks, and ran his fingers caressingly through her hair, and spoke comforting words as they came into his mind. While she lay still weeping upon his shoulder, Malene entered with a tray, upon which were a steaming pot, bread and butter, and cold meats.

"But, Malene," said the pastor, "why have you brought Miss Hulda's supper here? Or stop a minute. You may just as well leave it. Then you may bring my supper here, too. My daughter and I will take supper together."

The maid at his request lighted the candles, and made a fire in the stove, and presently returning with a second tray set the bishop's toilet table for two. It is needless to describe the affectionate artifices by which he coaxed her to eat, and, though not dispelling her grief, turned her into a calmer and less despairing mood. He told her humourous stories about his old antagonist, the sheriff, who had never forgiven him for underestimating his musical genius, and procuring a substitute for him in the quartet. He talked with vavacity about Lars Nordyv, who had told him in private that "that Huldy of yours has got a headpiece on her that beats mine and yours and any man's in the parish." Then came the lamentable history of Peer Vandsbeck, who was fast going to the bad with drink, and whose wife had applied for support from the poor funds. His desire to divert her by stories of this sort was to Hulda almost touching, and she feigned a greater interest in them than she actually felt.

With all his kindness he was as far from comprehending her as her mother, since he supposed that, like a naughty child, she could be coaxed back into good humour by fairy tales. As she sat there watching his obvious efforts to amuse her, and his pleased laugh when he fancied he had succeded, she felt her heart warm toward him with a tenderness which did not exclude a sense of his inadequacy to the situation. But for all that the mask she was wearing was becoming irksome to her, and an urgent need rose within her to show him her real countenance.

"Father," she said in the pause which had followed the story of Peer Vandsbeck's misdemeanours, "do you know where Mr. Brun went—when mother—sent him away?"

He looked annoyed and disappointed. His efforts had, after all, been in vain.

"No, child, no," he replied, in a tone of dismissal. "I have not the least idea."

"If you will not find out for me, father, I shall have to find out for myself," she remarked, after awhile, with quiet resolution.

"My dear child, you don't mean that. Only consider for a moment. This young man has no profession and no fortune. He has no means of supporting himself, much less a wife and family. These matters appear sordid to you, no doubt, and highly unromantic. But for that very reason it is a parent's duty to consider them and prevent his child from plunging into that sea of trouble. You must trust me a little, dear. You must concede that your mother and I have seen more of life than you have, and that we have no desire in the world but to secure your happiness in so far as it is in human hands to do so."

He rose, apparently unwilling to discuss the subject further, patted her cheek, kissed her, and walked out of the room.

(To be continued.)

Had Reason to Remember Him.

Justice Cave was once walking along Oxford street, London, with two little boys. A man was selling toys on the curbstone. One of the boys asked for a toy. Sir Lewis turned back and bought two. When he had gone, it was noticed that the man looked rather white.

A passerby said to him, "Do you know that gentleman?"

"Yes," he said, "I knows him, but he don't know me. He once gave me two years!"—London Telegraph.

A man who received a bill for a book that he had no recollection of having ordered sent the following answer: "I never ordered the book. If I did, you did not send it. If I got it, I paid for it. If I didn't, I won't."

SCHOOL REPORTS.

The class of 1903 at Harvard contains over 500 students.

"Coeds" at the University of Wisconsin wear short skirts.

The University of Pennsylvania has received an anonymous gift of $50,000 for its new dormitories, now in course of erection.

Three of Chicago's high schools have decided to teach Spanish, the first provision made thus far to add this language to the public school system.

There is not only to be no hazing at Radcliffe this year, but every new student will be particularly looked out for by a "senior adviser," who is expected to do much in a friendly way to smooth the path of new girls.

ARMY ITEMS.

The German army includes more than 10,000 military musicians.

There are in the English army 760 Jews, 144 of them being officers. France has 300 Jewish officers.

When English soldiers are on the march and billeted upon publicans, only three halfpence per man is allowed for their breakfast.

A rifle of very small bore, invented by Captain Daudeteau of the French army, fires a bullet with such force that it will perforate a horse, from head to tail, at a distance of 12½ miles.

SCRAPS OF SCIENCE.

According to chemical analysis, 15 parts of the flesh of fish have about the same nutritive value as 12 parts of boneless beef.

The curious fact is noted by M. Maurain in the Journal de Physique that careful measurements of the intensity of gravitation in different parts of the globe show this to be greater on islands than on continents.

The velocity of light is 192,000 miles in a second of time. From the sun light comes to the earth in eight minutes. From some of the fixed stars of the twelfth maguitude it takes 4,000 years for the light to reach us.

WOMEN'S WAYS.

A woman in Kansas has taken her life because her husband smelled of beer. What she would have done if he had used brilliantine on his whiskers must remain a mystery.—New York Press.

A woman in New Jersey has just begun suit against a man for not fulfilling an engagement of marriage made in 1868. And yet some cynics declare women have no patience in matters of the heart.—Baltimore American.

Next Year.

Your patience you must cultivate
And try
To overlook life's sorrows great,
Nor sigh
And say the fate of honest pluck
Is queer;
Perhaps we'll all have better luck
Next year.

No doubt the trusts will all lay down
Their hands
And bosses cease to give each town
Commands.
Our baseball players—that's the thought
Most dear—
Will march to victory, as they ought,
Next year.

—Washington Star.

Mayhap the Lady Stutters.

Hicks—They say Milkton is a most delightful husband. He anticipates his wife's every wish, so Toplin tells me.

Wicks—Yes, that's so, I guess. When she wants to ask him to do anything, he just slips out of the way before she has the chance.—Boston Transcript.

Faults of Early Training.

"Flossie Bluffkins believes in reincarnation."

"She is too lazy to believe in much of anything."

"Yes; she says she can't help it. She used to be a princess on the banks of the Nile."—Chicago Record.

An Original Oath of Allegiance.

In the old days when the Spanish province of Aragon was a proud and independent monarchy the people used, when choosing their king, the following singular form of election

"We, the freeborn inhabitants of the ancient kingdom of Aragon, who are equal to you, Don Philip, and something more, elect you to be our king on condition that you preserve to us our rights and privileges. If in this you should fail, we own you for our king no longer."—Harper's Round Table.

A Domestic Truth.

An American woman has got very near to the heart of the "servant difficulty" when she says of the "domestic" of today: "She is in the household, but not of it; a vital part of its serenity and ease, but always wholly subordinated to it. On the other hand, the patriarchal traditions of service lead the mistress to attempt to control the private life of the maid as though she were really a member of the family." In the happy mean between these two extremes lies a true solution of the "problem"—if women, both employers and employed, were only wise enough to find it.

How He Got Elsewhere.

"How did he escape?" inquired the detectice.

"Well," replied the turnkey with the damaged eye, "he sort o' nicknamed himself out."

"What?"

"He pried his cell door open with a jimmy. Then he knocked me down with a billy."

"Yes?"

"And then he sallied out."—Chicago Tribune.

Don't Waste Your Money on Worthless Catarrh Cures.

JAPANESE CATARRH CURE CURES,

and is the

ONLY GUARANTEED CURE.

The proprietors of Japanese Catarrh Cure are daily receiving many letters of gratitude from the catarrh-afflicted in all parts of Canada. During December and January we sent out over three thousand free sample boxes, and in 90 per cent. of the cases the people tell us that even the small sample has done them more good than many dollars' worth of so-called cures. Japanese Catarrh Cure is the result of a prescription perfected by years of experimental study by one of America's most successful specialists in treating this disease. It is a pomade prepared from stainless compounds of Iodine and Essential or Volatile oils. The natural heat of the body melts it, and the very act of breathing carries it to the diseased parts; it reaches every diseased portion from the orifice of the nose to the innermost recesses of the middle ear, curing invariably all forms of catarrh of the nose and throat, and all forms of catarrhal deafness.

Sold by all druggists. Price, 50 cents: six bottles, $2.50. A free sample sent to any address. Enclose 5-cent stamp. Address, The Griffiths & Macpherson Co., 121 Church Street, Toronto.

What Women Don't Know.

"One of the mistakes of women," said a woman's lecturer the other day, "is in loving too much. They can never make a mistake in loving, but they ought to be careful in picking out the man. They are rather apt to do it on the grab bag principle. Another of the mistakes of woman is not knowing how to rest, and still another is not knowing how to eat. What women don't know about both has built 10,000 hospitals. Consider the way of man and be wise. Women worry too much. They are misers to jollity, and they nearly always die leaving a large account in the Bank of Merriment."

SUFFER NO MORE. There are thousands who live miserable lives because dyspepsia dulls the faculties and shadows existence with the cloud of depression. One way to dispel the vapors that beset the victims of this disorder is to order them a course of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, which are among the best vegetable pills known, being easy to take and are most efficacious in their action. A trial of them will prove this.

TAKING THE REINS.

About 1,600 trotters and pacers have entered the standard ranks this season.

David Harum, the horse that John Bratton has won so many prizes with, is a hackney.

Through Centric, 2:18¼, and Ilene, 2:20, both good race horses, old Dauntless has come into notice again this year.

Kingmond, 2:09, is the fastest new trotter of the season of 1890, and Billy Andrews is the fastest new pacer. Billy's record is 2:06½.

The greatest reduction of any pacing record of the season was that for 4-year-old pacing mares. The Maid cut it from 2:07¼ to 2:05¾.

Dr. Brophy, whose farm is situated near Fox Lake, not far from the city of Chicago, recently sold a yearling colt for a cool thousand dollars.

Octavia, 2:18, record taken at the last Rigby park meeting, is by Baron Wilkes, out of old Sapphire, the dam of Nominee and Nominator, whose records are 2:17¼.

At Salt Lake City Autocrat, Jr., was recently driven for a record and on the second trial stepped the mile in 2:29½. He is owned by Dr. Hosmer, Nephi, Utah.

The 2-year-old gelding trotting record was the one that suffered most severely during the season just passed. Endow cut that from 2:18, where Fred S. Moody left it in 1895, to 2:14¾.

THEY WAKE THE TORPID ENERGIES.—Machinery not properly supervised and left to run itself, very soon shows fault in its working. It is the same with the digestive organs. Unregulated from time to time they are likely to become torpid and throw the whole system out of gear. Parmelee's Vege able Pills were made to meet such cases. They restore to the full the flagging faculties, and bring into order all parts of the mechanism.

When You See It In Print.

A sensitive man is never so humiliated as when he is obliged to read his own proofs. Type mocks the writer. The sentence that in manuscript moved, with the stride of an armed man or danced as a swooning strain of Strauss is now limp and lame. The phrase that glowed with color is now pallid. Sparkling wit is flat; sage reflection is jejune. The thought "Shall I ever get the money for this?" is jostled by "Who would be fool enough to pay for it?"—Boston Journal.

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 and 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.

WELL DONE, COMOX!

The following is a detailed statement of Mansion House collections made in Comox to date:

MESDAMES MCPHEE & BERKLEY'S LIST.

"We the undersigned residents of Comox District are desirous of showing our loyalty to our Queen and sympathy with the cause in maintaining our rights in South Africa, to which we most willingly and heartily subscribe (Signed)

Ashman & Co.	$2 50
Mrs. C. Swiften	1 00
E. Duncan	2 00
Mr. O. Duncan	2 00
Mrs. R. Duncan	2 00
Mrs. W. Duncan	2 00
Mrs. W. M. Dingwell	2 00
Isaac Davis	1 00
D. Fletcher	1 00
W. E. Gilmore	5 00
Mrs. G. Greave	1 00
W. Lewis	1 00
R. Landells	1 00
Mrs. Milligan	1 00
John Mundell	1 00
T. W. McKenzie	1 00
H. P. Millard	2 50
J. McPhee	5 00
S. J. Percy	2 00
Jas. Parkin	1 00
P. Plewes	1 00
A. Salmond	5 00
A. Urquhart	10 00
John Urquhart	2 50
Rev. Willimar	50

SUMMARY.

Proceeds of Courtney Concert	$152 00
Mesdames McPhee and Berkley's Local Collections	59 50
Proceeds of Ball, Comox Bay	50 00
Proceeds of Concert, Comox Bay	127 50
Local Collections, by Mr. John Ladd	11 00
Total	$400 00

The rural hotel keepers will be delighted to know that the license fee has been reduced from $110 to $80 per annum; and will thank Messrs. Ebert, Pooley, A. W. Smith and Higgins for their persistent pressing of this matter upon the Government—which unquestionably has had the result of bringing about the partial measure of justice that has now been conceded, Messrs. Eberts and Pooley having been especially in insistent in this regard.

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.

It Will Certainly Pay You to

GET OUR PRICES AND TERMS ON

Pianos and Organs

BEFORE ORDERING ELSEWHERE.

SOLE AGENTS FOR

HEINTZMAN, NORDHEIMER, STEINWAY, BELL, DOMINION. WORMWITH PIANOS. ESTEY, BELL AND DOMINION ORGANS.

M. W. WAITT & CO.

60 Government St., Victoria.

Chas. Segrave,

Local Agent, Cumberland.

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

The NEWS Job Department.

NOTICE.

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

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

H MAURICE HILLS
Solicitor for the Applicants.

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

For particulars apply at this office.

A BARGAIN.

Anyone wishing to secure a house and lot of land very cheap will do well to call at this office. The owner intends to leave and will sell at a big sacrifice.

McLAUCHLIN AND CARTHEW'S

Livery Stable

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

Third St., Cumberland, B.C.

THE H. B. A. VOGEL
Commercial College,

P. O. Box 347, VANCOUVER, B. C.

We teach Business, Book-keeping, Shorthand, Typewriting and the general English Branches. The demand for office help is larger than the supply.

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED PROSPECTUS.

Notice.

CHANGE OF CORPORATE NAME.

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

Dated Victoria, 18th July, 1899.

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

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE.

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.,
361 Broadway, New York.

Dates for Reference.

1486—1899.

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

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

O. H. FECHNER,

LEADING BARBER and TAXIDERMIST

Keeps a Large Stock of Fire Arms, Amunition and Sporting Goods of all descriptions.

CUMBERLAND, B. C.

Fruit and Ornamental Trees,

Rhododendrons, Roses, fancy Evergreens, Magnolias, Bulbs, new crop Lawn Grass Seed for present or spring planting, largest and most complete stock in Western Canada. Call and make your selections or send for catalogue. Address at nursery grounds and greenhouse.

M. J. HENRY,
3009 Westminster Road, Vancouver, B. C.

Society Cards

Hiram Lodge No 14 A. F. & A. M., B. C.
Courtenay B. C.

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

Visiting Brothers cordially requested to attend.

R. S. McConnell,
Secretary.

Cumberland Encampment.
No. 5, I. O. O. F., Union.

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

CHAS. WHYTE, Scribe.

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The New England Hotel.

M. & L. YOUNG, Props.

Victoria, Vancouver Island

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CUMBERLAND, B. C.

SUNDAY SERVICES

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

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

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

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

Esquimalt & Nanaimo Ry.

TIME TABLE EFFECTIVE NOV. 19TH, 1898.

VICTORIA TO WELLINGTON.

No. 2 Daily. A.M.		No. 4 Saturday P.M.
De. 9:00	Victoria	Dc. 4:25
" 9:28	Goldstream	" 4:53
" 10:14	Shawnigan Lake	" 5.39
" 10:48	Duncans	6:15
P.M.		P.M.
" 12:24	Nanaimo	7:41
Ar. 12:40	Wellington	Ar. 7:55

WELLINGTON TO VICTORIA.

No. 1 Daily. A.M.		No. 3 Saturday. A.M.
De. 8:05	Wellington	Dc. 4:25
" 8:20	Nanaimo	" 4:30
" 9:55	Duncans	" 6:05
" 10:37	Shawnigan Lake	" 6:46
" 11:23	Goldstream	" 7.37
Ar. 11:50	Victoria	Ar. 8:00 P.M.

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

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

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

J. R. McLEOD

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

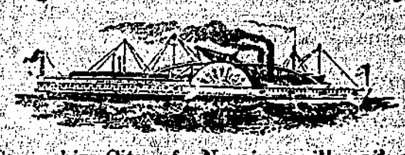
SCAVENGER WORK DONE

COURTENAY Directory.

COURTENAY HOUSE, A. H. McCallum, Proprietor.

GEORGE B. LEIGHTON, Blacksmith and Carriage Maker.

Esquimalt & Nanaimo Ry.



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

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

FOR Freight tickets and State-room Apply on board,

GEO. L. COURTNEY,
Traffic Manager

Livery AND Teaming

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

D. KILPATRICK.
Cumberland

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.

Cumberland Hotel

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

MRS. J. H. PIKET, Proprietress.

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

Sample Rooms and Public all Run in Connection with Hotel.

Rates from $1.00 to $2.00 per day.

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

FOR SALE: Old papers. Apply at NEWS Office.

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

JOHN HOWE,
Hornby Island.

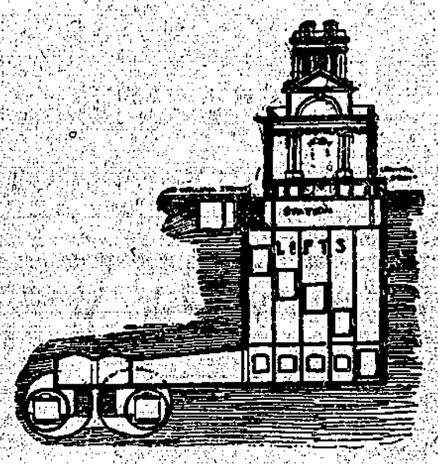
TRANSIT IN LONDON.

GREAT CITY IS SOLVING THE PUZZLE OF SAFE RAPID TRANSIT.

Convinced of the Advantages of the Underground Electrical System—Capitalists Have Put $100,000,000 Into the Great Scheme—Outline of the Work and Some Interesting Figures.

Within the next few months London capitalists are going to spend something over $100 000,000 in backing their belief that underground railways using electricity as a motive power will solve the problem of rapid transit. London, with her endless stream of clumsy, creeping omnibuses, antediluvian "tram-cars" and stuffy, grimy, sulphurous underground steam railways, still is a source of amusement and pity to visiting Canadians; but the mass of wooden fence and derricks in front of the Royal Exchange, the disturbance of traffic on principal streets, and the general tearing up which is going on in the heart of the city mean that radical changes are taking place. The pokey old metropolis of the world is going to have comfortable rapid transit before the boasted wide-awake New York gets it.

The pioneers in this movement in London started building the first under



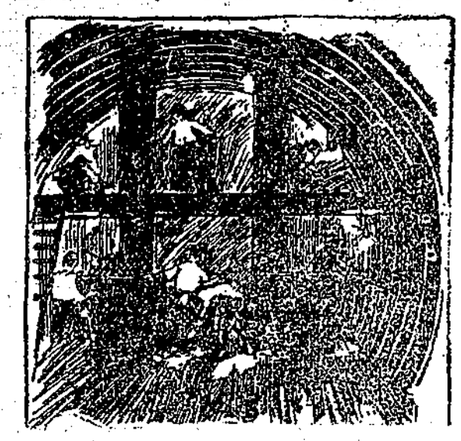
OLD CHURCH, SHOWING THE UNDERGROUND STATION BENEATH IT.

ground electric railway in 1887, and it was in fear and trembling. The results of their experiment, however, have undoubtedly been so satisfactory that, since the opening of the first line, another of the same nature has been built and is in operation; still another, mammoth in importance, is on the point of completion; something like eight more are being projected, and even the owners of the old steam underground railways are wondering if it wouldn't stand them well in hand to put in electricity, too. These new electric underground lines will be from one to six miles and a half in length, and it will cost $3,000,000 a mile to build them.

The line which thus set the ball rolling was the City & South London Railway, which, in 1887, was told by the Queen that it might go ahead and build an electric railway if it wanted to, and the public was allowed to ride on it in 1890. This road runs from the Borough, in the center of the city, to Stockwell, three miles south, and its bi-yearly statements show that people have taken more and more kindly to the idea of doing comfortably in 20 minutes what it formerly took them somewhat over an hour of misery to do. According to a complete statement issued last spring, the receipts of the line since the beginning of 1891 were $1,884,285, and at that time the holders of stock were gratified with a dividend—5 per cent. preferred, 2 per cent. ordinary.

This state of things emboldened the Southwestern Railway to build an underground electric road from its station at Waterloo to the Bank, in the city, tunnelling under Father Thames. The line thus made is one and a half miles long and cost $3,110,670. It started in the fall of '98 to take people back and forth between those places about four times as quickly as they had ever been taken before; and the company's statement for the first half year tells us that 1,715,825 persons paid tuppence each for the privilege during those six months. This road's dividend was 2 per cent.

A significant fact regarding these two roads is that far from attempting to "hedge," both are stretching out over more territory. Thus the City & South



GREATHEAD SHIELD AT WORK.

London is adding about a mile and a half at each end of its present road. Part of its earnings it is putting into a new depot at Lombard street, and is continuing its line north to Moorgate street, and still further to the Angel, at Islington. From the other end of the line, at Stockwell, the road is creeping on south to Clapham Common, and to give the good folk of Islington and Clapham these advantages will cost the company $10,000,000. The City & Waterloo line is also growing. From its present station at Waterloo it will branch out to Charing Cross, then plow under Picadilly Circus, and finish up at Baker street. This road will be two miles long, and $6,000,000 will just about cover the cost of building it.

Four years after the opening of the City & South London Road there was begun what will be known as the Central London Railway. This, when completed—which will be toward the end of this year—will be the most important electric underground railway in London, for its tunnels will bisect the smoky old city, starting at Shepherd's Bush and burrowing under Bayswater road, Oxford street, Holborn, Newgate street, Cheapside, Poultry and a lot of other streets as venerable, until it reaches the Bank—which is the Rome to which nearly all these new roads will lead. This particular one will cost in the neighborhood of $20,000,000.

R. O. Graham, secretary of the Central London Railway Company, when asked if he would tell something about the road and why its projectors adopted electric underground traction, said:

"We have laid two parallel tunnels, which will extend from end to end of the line—that is, 6½ miles. I don't know just how many passengers we shall carry at first, for no railroad line ever has been constructed in England along a route so crowded with traffic as between the Bank and the Marble Arch (at the end of Oxford street). But from figures based on the experience of the present steam underground railways running through a congested district—from Moorgate street to Paddington—it is anticipated that 7,000,000 or 8,000,000 passengers a mile will be carried annually by our trains.

"I think," he went on, "that the advantages of electricity over steam as a motive power are rather generally admitted. It is safer and quicker. Underground railways, too, will be subject to none of the obstructions which surface railways encounter. On our line there will be a conspicuous absence of smoke and noxious vapors, and the two separate tunnels will insure almost perfect ventilation. The temperature of the earth at a distance of 60 feet beneath the surface—that is what our line will be—changes little. Both cars and stations will be lighted by electricity.

"It is the scaffolding used in building our road which makes the Royal Exchange look as if that stately building was undergoing repairs. Immediately opposite are entrances to the station of the City & Waterloo Railway, and on the other corner is the partially completed station of the City & South London Company. When permission was given to build a station in front of the Royal Exchange it was put forth as a condition that we should build a subway underneath the street for the use of foot passengers. This means all, not merely those who use our line; and it means, too, that in future no one need endanger his life by skipping through the crush of cabs, omnibuses and drays in the square by the bank. Our station will also be connected by subways with that of the City & South London and the City & Waterloo, so that passengers may step from one of these lines to another. The Central London will carry passengers into the city from the west, and will make in 25 minutes a trip which now requires an hour and fifteen; the City & Waterloo from the east, and the City & South London, with its extended line, from the north and south. We shall connect with the Baker Street & Waterloo Road, and also with the Great Northern & Strand, the Charing Cross, Euston & Hampstead, and the Northwest London. Now every one is watching us, and if our line does well it will be the signal for renewed activity in all quarters."

In building their new station at Lombard street, the City & South London have had a particularly ticklish job, for they were obliged to tunnel under a church. This church is St. Mary Woolnoth, and is an old-timer, having been built by Hawkshaw, one of Wren's pupils. When the City & South London asked Parliament to extend its powers, in 1897, the wardens of the old church managed to get a clause inserted in the railroad's bill that the venerable structure should be preserved. Some of the people in the neighborhood had ancestors buried there. Before the fabric was touched careful photographs and sketches of the interior were taken so that the fittings might be restored with all accuracy.

This jumble of names, distances and figures means that within the next few years underground London will be a vast spider's web of electric railways entering the business centers of the city from every direction. By the end of this year one will be able to travel from Clapham Common to Moorgate Station in 21 minutes, and when the City & South London gets through burrowing under the church, another eight minutes will take him to Islington, so that he will travel from South to North London within half an hour. Electric underground trains will be running from Shepherd's Bush to the Bank; from Baker street to Waterloo, thence to the Bank; from Cricklewood to Marble Arch—and on to the Bank. The Old Lady of Threadneedle street will have callers bundle in upon her faster than she ever has had them before. To this end are working the brains of London's foremost engineers, such as William R. Galbraith, Alexander H. Kennedy, Sir Benjamin Baker and Sir John Greathead. The "shield" for underground tunnelling, invented by the latter, is in use in each of the present enterprises in London.

His Confession.

Chicago Girl—Now that we are engaged, tell me truly, is there anything in your past life that you have reason to be ashamed of?

Chicago Youth—Darling, I cannot tell a lie. I once thought for almost a week that I loved a St. Louis girl.—Chicago News.

Affairs of the Heart.

The beautiful young girl hesitated to marry the ugly old man.

"They say you have a bad heart," she faltered.

"Yes; I'm liable to fall dead any minute," he answered with apparent candor.

Now at last she gave her consent, for in her innocence she believed him.

More marriages are affairs of the heart than we sometimes think perhaps.—Detroit Journal.

KUMAR SHRI RANJITSINHJI.

The Indian Prince Who Has Broken All Cricket Records.

Kumar Shri Ranjisinhji is the name of the Indian prince who is expected to visit the United States shortly as the champion cricket player of the world. He has the record in the annals of the game of scoring 3,000 runs in one season in first-class matches. This has never been accomplished before. The next highest record is that of W. G Grace, who scored 2,739 in 1874. It is remarkable that an Oriental should eclipse an Englishman so emphatically in the latter's national

KUMAR SHRI RANJITSINHJI.

game. Prince Ranjitsinhji was born at Sarodar, in the Province of Kathiawar, western India, in 1872. It was during his school days in India that he learned to play cricket. In 1888 a visit to England gave him greater opportunity to master the intricacies of the game. During his second year at Trinity College, Cambridge, he played regularly with a team and in 1892 he played for the seniors. At Lord's, in 1895, he made his first appearance in first-class cricket. That year he scored an aggregate of 1,775 runs with the average of 49. In 1896 his record was 2,780 runs in 48 completed innings. The team which comes with the prince will open at Philadelphia on Sept. 22. The New York games will be played immediately after those at Philadelphia.

A Hint to Ma.

This precocious youngster of 6 still lives with his family in a fine home near the city limits, but there is no telling when he may strike out on his own hook, for he is a boy of decided opinions and vast self reliance.

One morning the mother was doing quite a job of scolding because so few of the family were ready for breakfast at the appointed hour. She wanted them to understand that she was not running a hotel and that they must come down in time or shift for themselves.

"Maw," broke in the young hopeful, shrilly, "you'll make us all sorry we married you if you don't quit talkin' so much."

The Penalty of Excess.

Excessive cycling is making physical wrecks of its devotees. Breaking records is paid for by broken health, and the honor is costly at the price. It is one of the unhealthy characteristics of people afflicted with restlessness to take up a good thing and push it to disastrous extremes.

It Seemed Natural.

For ten minutes the angry man did nothing but call names. Meanwhile the other's smile grew broader and he gave every evidence of being especially pleased.

"Ah," he said at last, "that sounds good. That makes me think of old times."

"You like it?" exclaimed the angry man.

"Sure," replied the other. "It recalls the days when I was in politics and ran for office in a hotly contested election."

The Old Jealousy.

"How in the world," asked somebody in the group, "will Chicago ever manage to dispose of the 168,000,000 eggs packed in cold storage there?"

"She'll use them in her next census," growled a man from St. Louis.—Chicago Tribune.

The Druggist's Work.

There is a druggist in one of the suburban districts who advertises:

"The doctor prescribes: we execute."

Such advertising cannot fail to appeal to those who desire to be executed.

She Was Disengaged.

Afternoon Caller—Is Miss Lippitt disengaged?

Nanette—I'm afraid so, ma'am. I just see her young man hurry down the front steps with the diamond ring she's been wearing since April.—Boston Traveler.

Not His Affair.

Her Papa—Why, you haven't even earned the money that is represented in the clothes upon your back.

Mr. Saphedde—Well, what of it? If my tailor is easy, why should it make you sad?

Limited.

"Have you heard that the colonel has been wandering in his mind lately?"

"Really! Then he won't have far to go."—Judy.

New formed lakes, canals, etc., often become mysteriously populated with fish. This is believed to be effected by birds which, having been feeding on fish spawn elsewhere, alight in the new waters and drop some of the spawn from their bills.

NEW HOME OF W.C.T.U

REST COTTAGE, LOVINGLY ASSOCIATED WITH FRANCES WILLARD.

The Appropriate Site of the Family Mansion Was Chosen by the Woman Who Devoted Her Life to the Advancement of the Cause Represented by the White Ribbon.

Rest Cottage, which for 30 years has been the home of the family of Frances Willard, and which by the peculiar fitness of things has been selected as the future home of the Women's Christian Temperance Union national headquarters, is one of the most beautiful of the older homes in classic Evanston, a noted Chicago suburban village. A twin-gabled cottage with many windows, surrounded by a spacious lawn shaded by numerous mammoth old oaks, its very appearance bears out its name and causes an observer to think of the aptitude of the title bestowed on it by the woman who devoted her life to the advancement of the cause represented by the white ribbon.

The building is situated on Chicago avenue, half a block north of Church street, in one of the prettiest parts of Evanston. It was built in 1865 by J. F. Willard, the father of the temperance worker, who moved to Evanton in that year for the purpose of educating his children. The house originally consisted of nine rooms, but in 1880 Mrs. Mary B. Willard, the widow of a brother of Frances Willard, had built what is known as the "annex," consisting of eight rooms to the north end of the cottage proper. A few years later Mrs. Willard sold the annex to Frances Willard, who already owned the ground, and went to Berlin, Germany, where she now resides. It is in this annex that the offices of the association are to be.

The property is now owned by Miss Anna Gordon, vice-president of the W.C.T.U., to whom it was bequeathed by Miss Willard at her death. For several years past the

THE REST.

cottage has been rented, and the furnishing and furniture that was used by the Willard family has been in storage. A few months ago, however, the place was vacated, and since then Mrs. Oscar Crandall, a cousin of Miss Willard, has restored all the old belongings exactly as it was when the great temperance worker lived there. Mrs. Crandall, who has been the lifelong friend of Miss Gordon and closely connected with her and Miss Willard in their work, has made her home at Rest Cottage since last August. When the offices of the association are taken to Evanston Miss Gordon will make her home in the portion of the cottage formerly occupied by the Willard family, her private office being Miss Willard's "den," where she did most of her work and about which so much has been written.

This den is one of the most interesting spots in the cottage, and is a place held almost sacred in the estimation of the wearers of the white ribbon. Since it has been restored by Mrs. Crandall everything is exactly in the same position as when Miss Willard used it. Every chair is in the same position it formerly occupied, and every picture has been replaced. Miss Willard's desk occupies its old position at one side of the pleasant room, and even the inkstains on one end are there, as when she wrote her last letter from Evanston before going East on the trip which terminated in her death two years ago.

One thing which attracts particular attention on entering the room is Miss Willard's motto, "Let something good be said," which is painted on the red bricks above the open fireplace, at one end of the room. The only addition to the furnishing of the room since it was occupied by Miss Willard is a large picture of herself, which has been placed by loving hands above the desk. In the upper right hand corner of the picture, underneath the glass, is a spring of evergreen, tied with a small white bow. The evergreen is from her grave and the white ribbon is the bow she wore the last time she was dressed before her death.

Rest Cottage is the Mecca of all white ribboners who visit Chicago, and not a day passes but brings its quota of visitors to see the former home of their idol. Mrs. Crandall courteously shows all who call through the place, taking them last to the "den." One day last week she entertained twenty-three of these visitors.

Evanston is 14 miles from the Chicago city court house.

A man's memory quite often depends on whether the item is debit or credit.—Kansas City Star.

Cause of the Blindness.

Ethel (on rear seat of tandem)—We're scorching. Aren't you afraid that policeman will see us?

George (on front seat)—He? No. He never sees me. He's been owing me $5 for more than a year.—Chicago

A WONDERFUL FEAT.

All Toronto Is Talking of a Most Remarkable Occurrence.

Are the Days of Miracles With Us Again?—Recent Events in Certain Directions Would Seem to Indicate That They Are.

Toronto, Dec. 13.—A few weeks ago the press of this city gave the particulars of a successful case of skin-grafting, a large number of patients in the hospital voluntarily permitting the surgeons to take from their arms and chests small pieces of skin, which were "graft d" on the back of a young lad who had been terribly burned sometime previously, and whose back was entirely covered with these engrafted pieces, which have "taken root" so to speak, in the most satisfactory manner.

Now comes the report of a still more wonderful triumph of medical skill—a man who was horribly maugled and broken by a fall of forty-five feet, and who has been an almost totally help less cripple in consequence, having restored to him the comparatively full use of his limbs, and fully all his wonted strength and health. The narrative is a most interesting one and shows clearly the wonderful extent of modern medical resources.

The man who has had this rare experience is George Roberts, a well-known bricklayer, who lives at 82 Armstrong Avenue. At the time of the accident he was working on one of the walls of the building now known as the Toronto Opera House, but which was then the Adelaide Street Roller Skating Rink. The bones of both his legs were broken at the ankles, the joints in his left foot were dislocated and other injuries equally severe were inflicted. For six months the victim lay in the hospital, his legs in splints, and his foot in a plaster of Paris cast. The most skilful medical men in Toronto attended him, and succeeded in setting the fractured bones in the legs but the dislocated joints of the foot defied all their skill. It was found utterly impossble to keep the bones in their places, and at the end of six months Mr. Roberts left the hospital a helpless cripple, with little prospects of ever recovering the use of the foot. After a time, however, the bones grew together and he was thus enabled to move about, though there was not the least semblance of movement in the joints. But with this change came new troubles. Rheumatism of the most agonizing nature set in, and his nervous system became a source of continual torture. Day after day, experiments intended for his relief were made, doctor after doctor treated him, one kind of medicine after another was used, but efforts were fruitless. For two years he endured increasing torment, and, as he told the reporter, had it not been for the sinfulness of the petition, he would have prayed that he might die. This pitiable suffering continued until a few weeks ago, when what many of his neighbors look upon as a genuine miracle he was completely restored to health. In a voice broken and quivering with emotion, he told the reporter how this happened.

"Of late my sufferings had grown almost unbearable. The lower portion of my body was entirely without feeling, except that of the burning agony caused by my rheumatism, and my quivering nerves. I was at this time, watching with interest the case of a young girl, Laura Sheehan, who had been brought home from St. Michael's hospital to die, but who was steadily getting better since her mother began giving her Dr Arnold's English Toxin Pills. So wonderful was her improvement that I thought I would try the medicine myself. I did so, and thank God, it made a new man of me. My terrible, agonizing rheumatic pains are gone. My nerves are now as sound, strong and steady as ever they were, and I am enjoying the best of health and can eat and sleep naturally, and do a full day's work. I have used, I believe, every remedy you can name, but they did me not a particle of good. Dr. Arnold's English Toxin Pills alone benefitted me. They have given me new life—made me a new man in fact—and I earnestly and honestly urge every man or woman who suffers from rheumatism or broken down nervous system to take this most excellent medicine. When it cured me, it will cure anyone."

Dr. Arnolds' English Toxin Pills are made to cure disease in the only rational way—by killing the germs that cause it. They stand alone in this respect, for no other medicine made destroys the germs of disease in the system.

Dr. Arnold's English Toxin Pills are sold by all first-class druggists at 75 cents a box, sample box 25 cents, or sent postpaid on receipts of price, by The Arnold Chemical Co, Limited, Canada Life Building, 42 King West, Toronto.

The M. & N. W. railway has applied to parliament for authorization to complete their extensions in seven years.

WOMAN AND HOME.

THE HIGHLY ACCOMPLISHED DAUGHTER OF A TALENTED MOTHER.

The Woman of the Angelus—Grandma Brown's "Fussbook"—A Nasty Man Wrote It—How She Has the Best of It—Curious Pets of Women.

Among the talented women photographers and artists of the Queen City perhaps none is more deserving of honorable mention than Mrs. A. O. Kaplan, one of the best amateur photographers, and her daughter, Ysabel DeWitte Kaplan, artist and writer.

Mrs. Kaplan is an accomplished woman in a number of the graceful arts, but her photographs particularly reveal her artistic temperament. There are the choicest bits of scenery, the finest interior views and clever fancy pictures in her very extensive collection which have been highly complimented by the best photographers in this city. Mrs. Kaplan is also an artist, and her home is adorned with beautiful water colors of exceptional merit.

Mrs. Kaplan inherited her mother's artistic talents, which she displayed from infancy. She drew her first pictures before she was 3 years old, and at the age of 10 years was admitted to the Cin-

MISS YSABEL DEWITTE KAPLAN.

cinnati Art school—the youngest pupil ever admitted. She attended on Saturdays until leaving high school and then studied regularly for two years.

At the end of this time Miss Kaplan studied at the Art Students' league in New York, becoming a pupil of Kenyon Cox, Mowbray and Beckwith. After a three years' course she was elected a member of the league, which gave her recognition as an artist. Several first prizes were bestowed upon Miss Kaplan at the exhibitions in New York. Her work has been reproduced in the St. Nicholas, The Ladies' Home Journal, Life, Truth and many of the leading eastern papers. Her sketches are exceedingly clever and show humorous appreciation of the ridiculous side of life. Miss Kaplan has recently taken up miniature painting and has recently executed orders with great credit for several prominent parties in this city and New York. Considering the youth of Miss Kaplan, who is only 22, her career promises to be a most flattering one.

In addition to her ability as an artist, Miss Kaplan excels as a writer of both prose and poetry. Many of her verses have appeared in print from time to time. Her particular forte is children's and fairy stories.

Miss Kaplan is a charming girl personally and possesses a most lovable, winsome disposition. Her lustrous dark eyes reveal the depths of her nature, yet lurking within one sees the happy girlish spirit, unaffected and gracious.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

The Woman of the Angelus.

Barbizon, a little village in the midst of the forest of Fontainebleau, a short distance from Paris, has become a goal of pilgrimage for many admirers of Millet's work and particularly for those who know that the woman who suggested to the great painter his famous picture of "The Angelus" still lives there in a little cottage a stone's throw from where she was born. Mere Adele's home is a small vine clad cottage, in which she lives a frugal but comfortable life, troubled only by the overinquisitive tourists and by her rheumatism. She must have been an attractive woman once, for even now, although she has witnessed the passing of more than threescore years and ten, there are traces of former beauty in her wrinkled face.

Mere Adele is a lady, though she has worn her fingers blunt by toil, and her form is bent under the burdens she has had to bear. When she looks at you, her smile is like a benediction, and the beautiful things of earth are not lost upon her. Her manner is cheerful, as one who feels she has not lived in vain. If questioned closely, she will will tell you of the day when the great artist came through the dense forest with his wife and children, leaving behind him the gay city of Paris with its schools of painting and its models. She knows a great deal of the very hard days which followed for Jean Francois Millet—the toil, the anxiety, the disappointments. She nursed his five children and did the little field work in the garden adjoining the cottage. When he saw his nursegirl, Adele, and her father reverently bowing their heads in prayer at the ringing of the angelus, he conceived the picture which, if not his best work, is yet the best known and the one most appreciated by the people. Mere Adele calls herself a child of God. She looks it in the painting, and she lives it every day in her humble cottage.—Edward A. Steiner in Woman's Home Companion.

Grandma Brown's "Fussbook."

An old lady who lives up the state has the reputation of having brought about more reforms than any one in that part of the country. Her methods are simple. When anything comes under her observation that seems to need a remedy, she quietly notes it in a book which she keeps for the purpose. She never forgets the grievances that need righting, and as opportunity serves she puts in a word where it will do the most good. After a time the agitation spreads, and when the feeling becomes general Grandma Brown has accomplished her end. She has been quietly working along these lines for many years, though it was only recently that her neighbors heard of the plan. In her own family it has long been the custom to say when some laxness on the part of the town officials was mentioned, "You'll have to put that in your 'fussbook,' mother." Here are some of the things that persistent agitation brought about: A new street was cut through to the schoolhouse so that the children were not obliged to go by a road on which fast horses were speeded and where several accidents had occurred. A village rule against riding on the sidewalk was passed. Sunday baseball playing was prohibited. A hill so steep as to be dangerous for all vehicles, especially bicycles, was graded. A marsh, horribly productive of malaria, was drained by subscription, and numerous other matters of public improvement attended to, and all this without special influence and nothing but keeping the matter before the people resorted to. "Grandma studies her 'fussbook' as carefully as some people do their prayer lists," said one of her irreverent young grandsons.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

A Nasty Man Wrote It.

"Women are the most unreasonable creatures in the world," said the fire insurance man to his wife.

"Some women," she corrected.

"Well, we won't quarrel about it, but let me tell you about that old lady in Slabtown who had her house insured three weeks ago," he went on. "She had a $1,500 policy on it, about all it was worth, really, and we were only getting $12.50 a year for carrying it. Last night it burned down to the ground, and today she was in to see me. She was fairly sopping in tears and angry besides."

"'I thought,' she sobbed, 'that if I had my house insured it wouldn't burn down. You told me that I am sure.'

"'Oh, I beg your pardon, my dear lady, I couldn't have said that,' said I.

"'Yes, you did, or I never would have had it insured. I've been living in that house for 50 years, and it never was insured before, and it never burned down before. And it wouldn't have been insured now if you hadn't put me up to it.'

"'But I never told you that it wouldn't burn down if you had it insured.'

"'Yes, you did, too,' she insisted, 'for what is the good of insuring a house if it is going to burn down, I'd like to know?'

"'There's a good deal of good. For instance, you will get $1,500 from the insurance company, which you wouldn't have got, and you have only paid $12.50.'

"'When do I get it?' she sobbed, as if she wasn't going to get a cent.

"'Just as soon as we can get matters in shape and report the loss to the company.'

"'Well,' she said, sniffling as she went out, 'I suppose I will, but if I had known it would have burned down, just the same, I never would have had it insured, never!'"—Washington Star.

How She Has the Best of It.

Every man has his day, but, thanks to his gallantry, woman has every day. If reasonably indulgent, she is mistress of her destiny. She has her finger in all sorts of pie, writes Jean Potage in the Boston Home Journal. Her sins are forgiven her. If she murders a man who has failed to treat her like the perfect lady she was not, the jury is pretty apt to acquit her, taking into consideration the naughtiness of the man. On the other hand, if she treats a man nastily and he does her quietus make with a large bodkin, 12 good men and true disbelieve his story and order him to the scaffold. If she sues her lover for breach of promise, she gets at least a part of what she sues for. If he sues her, he gets the ha! ha! from all the newspapers. In case of a quarrel in which she is to blame she has a court of last resort which is closed to mankind—she can always shed tears when she finds things are not going her way. If she loses a part of woman's glory, her golden locks, she may piece out the remainder with some adroitly commingled curls, to the eternal deception of the public, and so never hear the remarks of derision turned toward her baldheaded husband. If she's an actress, she can play Juliet and Hamlet both, while the male Thespian, though he may make a better Hamlet, is precluded by public prejudice and an insipient black beard from ever looking at the moonlight and asking Romeo wherefore he is Romeo. And still she asks for her "rights" and seeks for "power." The first person who asked for the earth and then scolded because it was not fried on both sides and turned over, must have been of the sex that brought Adam to grief with an apple.

Curious Pets of Women.

Some minds are strikingly original, even in the choice of pets. Certainly this was the case with the wife of a gentleman farmer who made a pet of a pig. The animal lost its mother early, and the lady, taking pity on the little orphan, bore it off to the kitchen, where she succeeded, by the aid of a feeding bottle, in rearing it.

The pig became a great pet and used to follow its owner like a dog. It could hardly have been its outward attraction that won her heart. It must have been its qualities which endeared it to her.

Another very singular pet was that of a frog, which was tamed by a young girl in the country and would come out from under the leaves at her approach to be fed with a strawberry.

A lady who was confined to her room had a fowl which, before her illness, was a constant companion. It used to be regularly brought to her room every morning to see her and be fed by her own hands and allowed to take a short walk about her room.

Another member of the feminine gender actually made a pet of a turkey and declared it should "never be eaten, but die in its own good time," which it did, of old age.

A much more extraordinary instance of a strange pet, for a woman at any rate, was where an old lady so far overcame the natural repugnance of her sex as to tame a mouse which had been caught in her store cupboard. So successful was her treatment that at last the tiny animal would take crumbs from its mistress' fingers.—Woman's Life.

Chance For a New Hero.

It is my opinion that the bankrupt courts would have less to record did a man have the nerve, for it requires nerve and a good deal of it sometimes to let his wife know the exact state of his business, says the Chicago Times-Herald. More women than most people have any idea of are as ignorant as strangers concerning the financial standing of their husbands. Indeed it is probable that his business associates know to a dollar almost the income of a man who keeps all knowledge of his standing from the one who should know it as well as he does himself. To the right kind of a woman, and the majority of wives belong to the right kind, the greatest consideration is to give her a specific understanding of how the bank account stands and what the business outlook is. The true woman will then be cheerfully ready to submit to temporary curtailment—in fact, will insist upon it. Under stress of circumstances the domestic help will be parted with with less reluctance, and there will be a closer study of culinary details to devise ways and means of making the table more attractive as the menu becomes limited. There is more actual heroism in this sort of openness between man and wife than there is in rescuing impossibly beautiful maidens from perils to which young women, as a rule, are never exposed in this prosaic day. The anxieties which beset the average couple of good social standing and restricted incomes might be mitigated largely through the proper frankness on the part of the man.

Wedding Superstitions.

The bride who finds a spider on her wedding dress may consider herself blessed.

The bride who dreams of fairies the night before her marriage will be thrice blessed.

If a bridegroom carries a miniature horseshoe in his pocket, he will always have good luck.

Ship marriages are considered anything but lucky. Get married on land or don't get married at all.

No bride or groom should be given a telegram while on the way to church. It is positively a sign of evil.

If the wedding ring is dropped during the ceremony, the bride may as well wish herself unborn, for she will always have ill luck.

Kiss a bride after the ceremony and before the newly made husband has a chance to do so, and you will have excellent luck throughout the year.

Maidens eager to wed should give dishwater heated to the boiling point a wide berth. It means that they will not marry for a long time if they attempt to cleanse dishes in water so hot.

Should a bride perchance see a coffin while being driven to the railway station prior to departing upon her honeymoon she should order the driver to turn back and start over again, or else she will surely meet with bad luck.

European Wives of Japanese.

Much has been said about mixed marriages in Japan. On rare occasions they are a success, but this is not generally the case, especially if the wife be the foreigner.

I was much interested in a European lady I knew who had married a Japanese officer. They were a very united couple, and, had it not been for the husband's mother, all might have been well. But in Japan a wife is entirely in subjection to her mother-in-law, who makes the most of this authority, in some cases reducing her son's wife into a sort of upper servant. In the present instance as long as her husband remained at home his wife was able to do pretty much as she pleased. When, however, the war broke out and he joined his regiment in China, the mother-in-law entirely regained the upper hand. The unfortunate daughter had to abandon her European customs, to adopt Japanese dress for herself and her child, to sit on the floor and live principally on Japanese food.

So great was the old lady's power and influence that the western woman did not dare to disobey, but had to submit in silence until her husband's return home, when, I am glad to say, life once more became bearable to her.—Cornhill Magazine.

For the Hair and Face.

An excellent tonic for the hair is made by mixing one quart of bay rum, half a teacupful of table salt and four drams of tincture of cantharides.

If the face be very sunburned, a good plan is to spread over it at night the white of an egg. It will draw the skin and make it feel most uncomfortable, but the result next morning will be highly gratifying.

To Make the Hair Soft and Glossy.—The use of this shampoo will keep the hair in perfect condition, rendering it soft and glossy: Shake the yolk of an egg in half a pint of alcohol till thoroughly mixed. Strain and you will have a clear fluid left which will keep for an indefinite period. Into each basin of water used for washing the hair put one or two tablespoonfuls of this liquid. Rub well into the scalp and through the hair. Rinse in clean warm water. Rub with a linen towel till partly dry and then take a large Japanese fan and fan vigorously till perfectly dry, when the hair will be delightfully soft and glossy.—Home Notes.

Knitting wool can be made a fast color by soaking it in a strong solution of salt and water, taking it out after a few minutes' immersion and hanging to dry in the open air.

Abridged History of a Courtship.

Met him—met him again—in love with him. Met him again—no longer in love with him, but he is in love with me because I am so beautiful. Met him again—he is still in love with me, not only because I am so beautiful, but because I am also good. Sorry for him. Again I met him—he is colder than he was. Think he has forgotten my beauty and my goodness. I, however, am inclined to think that I am in love with him after all. How lucky he is, and how angry mamma will be. Mamma proved to be strangely pleased. Makes me angry, for I know she is not a good judge of a young girl's heart. Flirted with him outrageously to make mamma angry—didn't succeed. Engaged to him—glad. Married to him—sorry.—Philadelphia Times.

Lady Hopetoun, wife of the lord chamberlain, is one of the cleverest of a galaxy of female Nimrods which includes Lady Sandhurst, Lady Beaumont and the Duchess of Bedford, and she can bring down anything, from a partridge to a stag, as skillfully as can most men. In Australia she used to practice regularly at the rifle range, and her scores of "bulls" was the envy of many men shooters.

Fish, to be good, must be fresh. In buying, see that the flesh is hard, the scales shiny and the eyes bright; otherwise Mr. Fish has been on earth too long to be relishable. Fish should be kept cool until cooked; it should be rinsed carefully, using as little water as possible, as much water destroys its delicate flavor.

Oil can be prevented from becoming rancid if it is of good quality in the first place. Two or three tablespoonfuls of oil should be added to every quart bottle of salad oil, and the bottle should be left uncorked, being shaken occasionally.

Peculiarities of the Japanese Bath.

To their credit, be it said, Japs are regular whales at bathing, and usually when not drinking tea are bathing. Their only trouble in life seems to be their inability to enjoy both these delights at the same time. If some American trick swimmer could teach the Japs how to swallow tea out of a bottle while under water, they would build a tin temple round him, burn incense made of old rags and bones under his nose and worship him.

Public baths are numerous in which "mixed bathing" was practiced until lately, but now a bamboo fence separates the sexes, though it does not screen them from view, the fence being only two feet high in bathhouses in the interior of Japan. Some homes have a wooden bathtub, circular shape, with a stove built in one end, which heats the water. The whole family, beginning with the father, bathe in the same water. Sometimes women "tub" themselves and their children outside their doors in the streets where sidewalks should be. The first time a foreigner falls over one of these bathing parties and into the arms of the bather he feels the situation is unique, but by the time he has tumbled over half a dozen he tires of the fun, rubs his shins and makes some very uncomplimentary comment, while the polite little woman underneath squeaks out, "Sayonara" (Sir, please call again), etc.

OUR GIRLS.

No woman can look intelligent and talk to a baby simultaneously.—Chicago News.

That Chicago woman who spanked her husband every 24 hours didn't waste any time on the "consent of the governed" idea.

A physician declares that one of the chief causes of baldness is intelligence. Is this another mean jab at the sex which does not become bald?—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The girls of Muscotah have entered into a sensible agreement to the effect that no young man shall be allowed to take a girl home from church unless he also accompanies her there.—Muscotah (Kan.) Record.

Measuring Time.

Just when the day became divided into hours is not known, nor is the process explained. The Greeks and Romans measured time by the water glass and the sun dials. The hourglass, filled with sand, was the outgrowth of those vessels, from which the water dripped through tiny openings.

If a pair of herrings could be left to breed and multiply undisturbed for a period of 20 years, they would yield an amount of fish equal in bulk to the globe on which we live.

Nothing takes impudence out of people so promptly as adversity.—Atchison Globe.

Favorite Colors.

The Sultan of Turkey's favorite color is dark red. The German Emperor likes his uniforms of blue and red, and covered with gold embroideries. The King of Greece, who dons his uniforms as seldom as possible, has a marked preference for light colors. The Emperor of Austria has a preference for gray, while the Emperor of Russia likes dark green uniforms, and the King of Italy, excepting the rare occasions when he appears in a general's uniform, generally wears black.

Quite a Fad Nowadays.

"Is Aguinaldo dead or isn't he?" demanded the observant boarder.

"I'm afraid not," replied the cross eyed boarder. "I think he has contracted the deathless dying habit, like the emperor of China."—Pittsburg

The Cardinal and the Reporter.

Many instances are related of Cardinal Gibbons' broad mindedness as well as his tact and diplomacy in avoiding religious discussions with persons whose views are opposed to his own. Upon one occasion, so the story runs, in Baltimore a young journalist was sent by his chief to interview his eminence upon a topic of local interest. When the interview was over, the cardinal and his caller had a friendly chat upon a variety of subjects, including the church. The journalist was a Protestant, and in the argument that followed he became excited and expressed himself freely from his point of view. Upon returning to his office he reflected upon the outcome of his visit and came to the conclusion that he stood a fair chance of being discharged should the cardinal repeat the conversation to his editor.

The next day his eminence dropped into the newspaper office in question and asked to see the proprietor, who was his personal friend. The reporter was told of the call and quaked in his boots. The publisher and the cardinal discussed a matter of mutual interest to them, and before leaving his eminence said:

"By the way, you sent a young man to see me yesterday, and I was rather impressed with him. He appears to have the courage of his convictions. It would please me if you could do something better for him." Within a month the reporter who had anticipated dismissal received a gratifying promotion.—Raleigh Colston Smith in New York Times.

Dewey's Foresight.

"The battle of Manila was won in Hongkong harbor," said Admiral Dewey to me when I first saw him in May, 1898, and heard him describe the great fight. Many times since then I heard him repeat the same sentiment, and the more the truth of it is considered the more light it sheds on his character. While he was brave, strong, prompt and decisive in action, he was thoughtful, cautious, deliberate and sure in preparation.

Day after day he summoned his captains to discuss all the possibilities and eventualities of a conflict with the enemy. He gave them an opportunity to say when, where and how the battle should be fought. From junior to senior he called upon them to express their opinions freely. If any man had a novel idea, it was given careful consideration. If it was an old one with improvements, it was viewed in all phases.

After the admiral had patiently heard his captains and duly interrogated them, he quietly told them his own exact plan of battle and just what he expected of each man. Whether this was made up originally out of his own ideas or from such in union with the best points advanced by his captains, it was reached only after thorough deliberation and was final.—Hon. John Barrett in Harper's Magazine.

Some English Cranks.

When I lived at Newport, R. I., from 1864 to 1878, says Colonel T. W. Higginson, in The Atlantic, there was a constant procession of foreign visitors, varying in interest and often quite wanting in it. I remember one eminent literary man who, in spite of all cautions to the contrary, appeared at a rather fashionable day reception in what would now be called a golf suit, of the loudest possible plaid, like that of the Scotch cousin in Punch who comes down thus dressed for church to the terror of his genteel cousins. In this case the visitor also wore a spyglass of great size, hung round his neck, all through the entertainment.

Another highly connected Englishman, attending an evening reception given expressly for him, came into the parlor with his hat and umbrella in his hand, declining to be parted from them through the whole evening, which suggested to a clever Newport lady the story of the showman who exhibited a picture of Daniel in the lions' den and pointed out that Daniel was to be distinguished from the lions by having a blue cotton umbrella under his arm. In this case, the lady remarked that the conditions were reversed, since it was the lion that carried the umbrella.

Waste of Water.

Occasionally the typical Pat has a brilliant afterthought; sometimes it is not so luminous as he fancies.

"Are you going to move the well, sorr?" inquired a man of all work, whose employer had announced his intention of building a new house in a new and more convenient spot.

"No," answered the gentleman briefly, his mind full of his own plans.

"Now that was a foolish question for me to be axin, sorr," said Pat, after a few moments' reflection. "Sure, and why didn't I think? Av coorse, ivery drap of water would run out and go to waste whiles you were moving it! It's nothing but a blundering goose I am!"

He Made It Clear.

The Worcester Gazette tells of a musician whose English is not as perfect as his music. While conducting a festival at Littleton, N. H., he was called upon to introduce a soloist. He did it in this fashion:

"Ladees und chentlemen, I haf beene esked indrodoose to you Meester Vilder to play for you a flooet solo. I haf now done so, und he vill now do so."

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.
Issued Every Saturday.

W. B. ANDERSON, - - - EDITOR

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

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

SATURDAY, FEB., 24th, 1900

WAR NEWS.

A Boer despatch from Lovenzo Marquez dated Feb. 15 says the initial attack on Colesburg on the 12th resulted in a federal loss of 9 men killed and 14 wounded. The British it is added were driven out of their camp and one Maxim captured.

Boer Laager near Ladysmith, Feb. 13.—Ye terday Col. Botha with a small force crossed the Tugela to the deserted British camp, where he encountered fifty Lancers of whom thirteen were killed, five wounded and nine prisoners taken, one of whom was sent to tell the British to come and get their wounded.

London, Feb. 14.—It is now officially announced that the British cavalry division under Gen. French, on Monday seized the crossing of Reit river at De Kills drift on east bank of which he is now camped. From Field Marshall Roberts at Modder River, towards which all eyes are turned, there is no word.

London, Feb. 14.—Despatch from Rensburg says there was fighting for two days near Colesburg. The Boers are making a desperate effort to outflank the British left. Enemy occupys a strong position from Achtrang through Poffontein to a point five miles south of Jasfontein. The fighting at outbost camps has been severe lately.

A Brussels despatch says two thousand British soldiers have arrived in Pretoria shelled in rags and dying of hunger. The soldiers the correspondent says were thought to have been shut up with White at Ladysmith.

News from Mafeking, is to the effect that Boers have deliberately shelled the woman's laager, throwing the shell from their big guns. Considerable shelling and sniping has been going on for the last fortnight, and Boers have been attacking hard in western trenches.

London, Feb. 15.—War Office received the following from Roberts: Gen. French left Devil's Drift yesterday morning with three brigades of cavalry, horse artillery and mounted infantry, including several colonial contingents, in order to sieze a crossing off the Modder River about 25 miles distant. He reports that he forced a passage at Clip Drift and occupied the hills north of the river and capturing three of the enemy's laagers with their supplies, while Gen. Gordon of the 15th Hussars with his brigade who made a feint at Rondoval Drift, four miles west has siezed it and a second drift between that and Clip Drift together with two more laagers. French's performance is brilliant considering the excessive heat and blinding dust storm which raged all day. Owing to rapidity of his movements his loss was small. Four officers and 53 men had to be sent last evening in ox waggons to the railway line prostrated with heat.

A party of Boers crossed the Tugela where they spied the South African Horse Brigade who repulsed them. Several other skirmishes have taken place and the Boers are anxious about their positions. They have been throwing up defensive works from Trichards Drift to Spy Kop.

A despatch from Mafeking says the garrison can hold out until June. Buller wires that a squadron of First Dragoons, moving to out post line, covering the flank of camp, met a party of Boers near Futenburg. Boers reaching the crest of the hill first opened a heavy fusilade on the squadron, which retired. He sent out supports and the Boers retired.

London, Feb. 15.—News has been received here that Gen. Hart has occupied Colenso after resistance.

London, Feb. 17.—Despatch from Naupert says very severe fighting on near Rensburg. The enemy greatly outnumbered our troops, being about 4,000 in number; they attacked with desperate determination, charged home only to experence such a heavy maxim and rifle fire from our men and their loss must have been considerable

London, Feb. 17.—Despatch from Arundel says two companies of the Wilfshire that were on outpost duty failed to join their force before the battle of Rensburg and their absence noticed on the parade they were evidently cut off.

London, Feb. 17.—Gen. French dined with the club at Kimberly with great rejoicing.

Pietermaritzburg, Feb. 16.—Buller is hammering the Boers and is preparing for another important move.

Jacobsdal, Feb. 17.—Gen. Cronjie with ten thousand men is in full retreat towards Blomfontein. Gen. Kellie Kenny is fighting a rear guard and harrashed the retreat. Kitchener is endeavoring to cut Cronje off before reaching Blomfontein. Destructive battle expected if it has not already taken place.

Water Vaal Drift, Orange Free State, Feb. 15.—Roberts with a strong force marched towards Free State. They crossed the Reit River at Water Vaal Drift and marched along the right bank. Boers showed fight and we had many casualties. The division marched on Jacobsdal and took the town capturing many prisoners.

London, Feb. 17.—A despatch from Roberts says: Gen. Kenny's brigade captured seventy-eight waggons laden with stores, and an immense quantity of ammunition belonging to the fleeing Cronjie brigade.

London, Feb. 17.—The Queen has promoted General French to be Major-General.

London, Feb. 17.—Gen. Roberts reports British crsualties during fighting at Jacobsdal as follows: 1 killed, 14 wounded and 3 missing.

Orange River, Feb. 16.—Boers are attempting to cut British line of communication at Graspan, but no serious results are expected although they are undoubtedly making strenous efforts to cut British lines at De Arr. On the other hand news comes that Gen. Macdonald has again occupied Koodeosbeag.

London, Feb. 19.—The War Office received the following from Buller: Chleverly Camp, Feb. 19.—I yesterday moved around enemy's flank. The Queen's, who had divided on northern slope and supported by the rest of the second brigade under Hildyard, assaulted and took southern end of Monte Carlo. Fourth brigade on left or western slope and Welsh Fusillers supported by rest of Sixth brigade assaulted west flank of enemy's position while the second brigade of cavalry on right watched eastern slopes of Monte Carlo and drove back those of the enemy who attempted to escape from there. Our artillery assaulted by heavy fire on their front and flank and attacked on their flank and rear. The enemy made but sllght resistance and abandoning the strong positions were driven across the Tugela. I have taken several camps, a waggon load of ammunition, several waggons of stores and supplies and prisoners. Accurate fire of naval guns from Cheverly was of great assistance. Our casualties are few.

Strokstroom, Feb. 19.—Boers are retiring and Gen. Brabant's forces are now entering Doordrecht. Typhoid fever is said to be playing havoc among the Boers at Colesburg. At Kimberly the report is current that Mafeking has been relieved, but Boers are trying to conceal the information. It is difficult to measure the full importance of Buller's movements. He is now bombarding Hlwana Hill, near the Waggon Road. He has captured hundreds of prisoners. In Cape Colony Gen. Brabant seems to be successfully learning the road for the advance of Gen. Gatacre. Roberts wires from Jacobsdal confirming the press announcements regarding Brabants movement.

London, Feb. 19.—It is said the War Office has received good news from Gen. French with reference to Cronjie.

Durban, Feb. 19.—Bombardment of Boer position at Hlwana Hill was still proceeding at 6 o'clock this evening. It is said the British captured hundreds of prisoners.

Cairvely Camp, Feb. 19.—The Boer line of fortresses is broken. The British have achieved a decided success in capturing the enemy's position on Monte Christo. The British had comparatively few casualties. Rumored that Gen Cronjie's army is surrounded and that French has got between the Boer forces and Blomfontein and is only awaiting reinforcements to close in on the enemy. The guards have occupied the outer positions at Magersfontein.

Ladysmith, Feb. 17.—Boers have been very active during the last few days and are evidently making a move somewhere. Garrison are in excellent spirits.

Cape Town, Feb. 19.—The Str. Laurentain with the second Canadian Contingent on board arrived to day.

London, Feb. 20.—Following from Buller dated Blowes Farm, 20.—The Fusiliers Brigade yesterday took Hlwana Hill to the right of the enemy's position and cammanding King and Colenso, we hold the line of the Tugela on south side from Colenso to Eagle Nest. Enemy seen in full retreat and the only position they occupy is across the Colenso and Ladysmith Ry. where it is close to the angle of the Tugela with a weak rear guard. This morning the enemy has withdrawn all the troops north of the Tugela and practically evacuated Colenso.

According to a special despatch from Tarkastada, a refugee who has arrived there says the Boers are 6,000 strong at Stromberg. He believed the Boers have started northward in Natal and will rais the seige of Ladysmith and reinforce Cronjie. It is rumored that Gen. Kitchener has brought Cronjie to a stand still and has engaged him. Gen. Methuen will proceed with reinforcements to Kimberley. The railroad is now open.

Lord Roberts is now at Paarderberg, 30 miles east of Jacobsdal or 60 miles from Bloomfontein.

The Boers have abandoned all their positions between Modder River and Kimberley. The British have captured a number of Boer guns. A report from Ladysmith says that all is well.

VICTORIA NEWS.

Victoria, B.C., Feb. 20.—The Redistribution Bill brought down yesterday, practically leaves membership unchanged. Esquimalt and South Vancouver is wiped out. A resolution against McKechnie holding his seat was defeated. Joe Martin and Prentice voting with the Government. A writ has been issued against Dr. McKechnie. The writ claims from the doctor $33,000 penalties under the Constitution Act, and refers to the fact that McKechnie has been sitting in the House illegially, for which a penalty of $500 a day is provided. Prominent member on Government side said today the Government would immediately upon passing the Redistribution Bill appeal to the country. Prentice, without sanction of the Government, is going to introduce a bill to repeal the eight hour law. This will probably precipitate a crisis.

Gabriel, a farmer a Winnipeg, was rotten-egged for attempting to hold a pro-Boer meeting.

Mason's pro-Boer resolution is opposed unanimously by the Senate committee on foreign relation. —Seattle P.-I.

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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.

PRESS CLIPPINGS.

Mr. Kellie's "freak" bill is almost identical with the famous Bunster bill of years ago, to exclude Chinese from railway works, only that the Bunster bill made the maximum length of hair four inches. It was disallowed.—Colonist.

The total cost to the United States of the war with Spain, including expenditures in the Philippines, has reached about $355,000,000.—Coast Seaman.

The British Embassador to France has been forced to go to Itlay as a result of the bitter feeling among the French people towards Great Britain.—Coast Seaman.

At first glance Kellie's little bill may seem like a blow directed at the poets of the West, but it is the queue of the Chinaman that Mr. Kellie is after. The question is, can British Columbia be permitted to cut its own hair.—Toronto Star.

The career of the Royal Scots Fusiliers in South Africa will attract special attention, in view of a story just told by Mr. Lyde, of Bolton.

"Mr. Lyde is a son-in-law of the late Colonel Gildea, who commanded the Pretoria garrison in 1881, and he gives an entirely new interest to the incident of the burying of the British flag at Pretoria after Majuba.

"The flag was buried, he says, on the restorance of the independence to the Transvaal, was not that borne by Colley's force but was the Union Jack carried by the 49th regiment which was almost annihilated on going to strengthen Colonel Gildea's position.

"A woman with the illfated regiment wrapped the flag around her under her dress and took it to Pretoria, where it was buried by British residents. Col. Gildea, had dug it up and brought it home with him on going to the command at Dover.

"Though the belief prevails that the flag still lies interred in African soil, it was in possessien of Col. Gildea up to the time of his death, about a year ago, and was till recently retained by the family and kept hanging over the mantlepiece.

"Colonel Gilden often declared that it would again float over Pretoria; and Mr. Campbell Gildea, of Glasgow, one of his sons, has given it to the Colonel's regiment, the Royal Scots Fusiliers, who have it with them in Natal, and are bent on carrying it to the Transvaal capital."—Canadian Home Magazine.

"TAPS."

Natives are assisting the Boers near Spearsman's.

Van Anda joins Mansion House fund entertainments.

The notorious Col. Esterhazy is serving with the Boers.

Canadian Patriotic fund is now in the neighborhood of $111,00.

Colonel Long, who jeopardized his guns at the first Tugela affair is probably dying from his wounds.

Remington's Scouts have been disbanded by Methuen on account of some members communicating with Boers.

A Boer disguised as a Highlander was detected at Modder River. He thus hoped to escape observation as a spy.

Men of the 2nd Canadian Contingent from McLeod will carry lariats to the war. Either to lasso a fresh horse or a Boer as occasion demands.

South African Chartered Company and Cecil Rhodes will organize corps of irregulars. Major Carrington, of Carrington's Horse Force, will command.

Two batches of trained dogs have been dispatched faom Germany to assist the Boers. They have been drilled to dismount cyclists by pulling them from their machines, and a dozen or so of these dogs are calculated to throw a cyclist corps into great confusion.

According to the statment of a Boer lady of education now in England, it has always been the policy of Krugeer to conceal the number of Boer casualties in war even in the Transvaal. Boers killed in battle are weighted and thrown into Rivers and no information is given to his relatives. Thus it will be seen that an estimate is hard to arrive at.

On 15th inst Mr. Chamberlain in Commons said that the Natal Ministry had notified Home Government that they could be no longer responsible for the peaceful behavioh of the Zulus on account of the Boer invasion of their territory. He further said that if report of invasion was correct, natives would be encouraged and assisted in maintaining their rights. Mr. Chamberlain's words on this occasion are described as being "cold and cutting as steel" and of "terrible import," sitting meanwhile with a face "firm and unmoved."

Had Gladstone, in the last affair, possessed and exercised one-half the firmness and decision of of Mr. Chamberlain, there would have been no Boer War of 1900.

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS

CUMBERLAND, B.C.

ONE ON SOUSA.

How an Artless Organ Grinder Made Business Good.

John Philip Sousa has an intense dislike for the mutilation of his musical compositions. To hear one of his marches played out of tune or time not only sets his teeth on edge, but provokes his anger beyond his power of resistance. Not long ago he went down from his home in Yonkers, on the Hudson, to New York city, and in front of the Grand Central station he heard an organ grinder playing "The Washington Post March." He was turning the wheel with the utmost slowness and extreme irregularity. It sounded like a funeral march.

Sousa stood it as long as he could and then rushed across the street and exclaimed: "That's not the way to play that! Don't do it any more! It's awful!"

"How should I play?" asked the grinder impassively.

"Faster, faster!"

"Ah!"

"Yes. This way. Let me show you." And he took the crank into his hands and turned it with so much spirit and vigor that he soon had a crowd around him.

"Thank you," said the organist. "Who are you?"

"I'm Sousa. That's the proper way to play that march."

"Thank you, sir," replied the organist, bowing profoundly.

The next day Sousa came to town on the same train and found the same organ grinder in the same place playing "The Washington Post March" just as he had been taught the day before, but with much greater success. Murmuring and evidently awe stricken spectators were dozens deep circled around the musician. Sousa forced his way to the front to see the cause of the excitement. He found it. On the organ was a large canvas sign reading: "The Washington Post March. Composed by John Philip Sousa. Played by a Pupil of Sousa."

Mr. Sousa has not given any more music lessons to strangers.—Columbus (O.) Press-Post.

The great lung healer is found in that excellent medicine sold as Bickle's 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.

Pointed Paragraphs.

Unhappiness is half happy until deprived of hope.

Some men work hardest trying to accomplish useless things.

A lie is always in a hurry, but the truth is willing to wait.

The more horse sense a man has the less he bets on the races.

Excuse is a cloak used by indolent people to cover neglected duties.

No man would be conceited if he could see himself as others see him.—Chicago News.

Important to Cyclists and Lacrosse Boys.

Mr. Mack White, the well-known trainer of the Toronto Lacrosse Club and Osgoods Hall Football Club, writes: I consider Griffith's Menthol Liniment unequalled for athletes or those training. I have used it with the best success, and can heartily recommend it for stiffness, soreness, sprains and all forms of swelling and inflammation. All druggists, 25cts.

THE CENSOR.

If the sultan is going to have some warships built here, why, that's another case where Turkey is a cause of thanksgiving.—Philadelphia Times.

No army is complete without a press censor. He gains more victories and reports fewer losses than any other sort of an officer or soldier.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

After all, football appears to be an incentive to education. After a man has been so badly crippled that he can't walk he has nothing to do but study.—Philadelphia Ledger.

It will be an instructive episode to mark to what extent Passenger Agent Daniels will be able to abolish tips on dining cars of the New York Central.—Elmira Gazette.

The man who said that the only geography one really knew was learned from the places one visited forgot what could be done in this respect by a lively foreign war.—New York Evening Sun.

An attempted bullfight at Puebla resulted in the bulls turning upon the whole show and driving the spectators out of the place. The bulls seem to be "getting on" to the game. There will be no more of it at Puebla.—Boston Globe.

The Sioux warriors who did the Indian congress act at the exposition yearn for a season at Buffalo. The rations are said to be better than the reservation fare, while the opportunity to sell trinkets brings ample pin money.—Omaha Bee.

The New York clergyman who is preaching a series of sermons on matrimony pointed out to his congregation last Sunday that married men outlive bachelors. Probably this preacher never heard the Hon. George Marden's conundrum as to why married men live longer than single ones. They don't. It only seems so to them.—Boston Herald.

Only Saw Her Own Joke.

Aunt Hannah—Of course you ought not to go if your husband does not want you to go. You know you promised to obey him.

Mrs. Darling—When I promised to obey him, of course, I looked upon it as a joke. You could not think seriously of obeying a man who had been telling you for nearly a year that he desired only to be your devoted slave.

Women's Ailments.

Women are coming to understand that the Backaches, Headaches, Tired Feelings and Weak Spells from which they suffer are due to wrong action of the kidneys.

The poisons that ought to be carried off are sent back into the blood, taking with them a multitude of pains and aches.

DOAN'S Kidney Pills

drive away pains and aches, make women healthy and happy—able to enjoy life.

Mrs. C. H. Gillespie, 204 Britain Street, St. John, N.B., says:

"Some time ago I had a violent attack of La Grippe. From this, severe kidney trouble arose, for which I doctored with a number of the best physicians in St. John, but received little relief. Hearing Doan's Kidney Pills highly spoken of, I began their use and in a short time found them to be a perfect cure. Before taking these pills I suffered such torture that I could not turn over in bed without assistance. Doan's Kidney Pills have rescued me from this terrible condition, and have removed every pain and ache.

LAXA-LIVER PILLS

Work while you sleep without a gripe or pain, curing Dyspepsia, Sick Headache and Constipation and make you feel better in the morning. Price 25c.

IMPERTINENT PERSONALS.

Dewey's engagements are always brief.—Utica (N. Y.) Observer.

We would like to know if it isn't about time to be handing a sword or a house or something to Fitz-Hugh Lee.—Minneapolis Times.

"An honorable death is the knighthood of life" is what Miss Mary E. Wilkins wrote in an autograph album once. Probably she is in no hurry to be knighted.—Boston Globe.

Rudyard Kipling has written another great war poem, which it is hoped his genius will enable him to live down. No ordinary man would ever recover from it.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

General White made a great blunder when he went after Nicholson's Nek instead of jabbing him in the slats or forcing him to the ropes with a Sharkey rush.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Sir Henry Irving's remark on his arrival that he is pleased to find that the country is prosperous and that money is plentiful again is one of those things that might better have been put in some other way.—Providence Journal.

If Hadji Miram, sultan of Sulu, cares to change his mode of conducting a harem from the job lot to the installment plan, he might get some useful pointers from the experience of Mr. De Wolf Grass Widower Hopper.—St. Louis Republic.

At last Alfred Austin, England's official poet, has successfully wooed his stereotyped muse. We recognize in "Afric's shore," "inflexible as fate," "unfaltering hands" and "fettered state" our old friends of venerable whiskers and prehistoric value. We extend to Mr. Austin our awestricken congratulations.—New York Journal.

THE PUBLIC should bear in mind that Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil has nothing in common with the impure, deteriorating class of so-called medicinal oils. It is eminently pure and really efficacious—relieving pain and lameness, stiffness of the joints and muscles, and sores or hurts, besides being an excellent specific for rheumatism, coughs and bronchial complaints.

Not So Brave as He Looked.

Stricken by panic, the audience was jamming itself into the exits.

The celebrated funny comedian went on with his "turn" cool, calm and collected.

"Run for yer life!" shouted the property man in a whisper. "De house is afire!"

"Gee!" said the comedian. "I thought it was just the usual rush."—Indianapolis Journal.

TUMORS

Are Readily Removed by Our Constitutional Treatment Without the Necessity of Operation.

Many people are afflicted with lumps or tumors in various parts of the body that do not seem to cause them much pain or inconvenience. Tumors, it must not be forgotten, are serious, and should not be neglected for several reasons. In the first place their growth may involve or impair some vital part of the body; in the second place they constitute a drain on the system, and in the third place they frequently develop into cancers, as any physician will substantiate. Few people care to have their growths removed by the surgeon, as they dread the pain of the operation. With our pleasant home treatment it is different. You simply take the remedy internally. It goes through the system, searching out and neutralizing and destroying those poisons from which tumors and cancers develop. You have nothing to suffer and nothing to dread. After a time you will notice the tumor lessening in size and gradually disappearing till it is completely cured.

Send two stamps and we will mail you our treatise and testimonials, STOTT & JURY, Bowmanville, Ont. Mention this paper.

SKATES MADE OF GLASS.

They Are Said to Have Many Advantages Over Those Made of Steel.

"I believe the death-knell of wooden and metal skates has been rung," said one of the largest skate manufacturers to an English reporter. "Several practical inventors have been experimenting on these articles for years past, and the latest result is a skate made of glass, hardened by a recently discovered process to the consistency of steel. The entire skate is of this substance, the upper part resembling a slipper, open behind with a split leather 'lace-up' heel-cap.

"Among several advantages stated are, that they are much faster than steel blades and, so extremely slippery that they will run almost equally well over rough, snow covered ice as upon smooth, and also glide easily over inequalities, broken twigs and other obstructions. They are made very sharp, and, owing to their extreme hardness, it is impossible to blunt them; and, unlike steel skates, they never want grinding and cannot rust.

"The crystal skates are really beautiful in appearance, being nearly transparent; the substance has, also, while in the liquid state, been variously colored. They have already been privately tested. A famous skating champion recently tried a pair at the Niagara Ice Rink, using mahogany-colored ones, to avoid attracting notice, the time being hardly ripe for exhibition. A private trial has also been made in Paris at an ice rink exclusively hired for the occasion, several ladies—among them a celebrated lady continental skater—taking part; their skates were colored blue, crimson, brown, etc., to match their costumes."—Baltimore American.

One Mother's Death.

Columns of facts and figures with all their arugments, could not convey a stronger portrayal of the awful effects of drunkenness than this story of real life taken from one of the big daily papers of New York. One morning last winter, so the story runs, a policeman came into the Jefferson Market court, having in charge a lad of twenty. The boy stared vacantly about him, and his face, which was honest and good humored, was bloated with a long and heavy debauch. Close behind him came a little woman, decently clad.

Her hair was white and her countenance pale and anxious.

"Who's this, officer?" the justice said, when the boy's turn came.

"It is John Cleary, your honor. We've got his mother to enter complaint against him for habitual drinking. We think if he had a month at the island it would give him a chance to pull up."

"You can do nothing with him yourself, Mrs. Cleary?" asked the kindly magistrate, who, used as he was to scenes of suffering, was startled by the dumb agony in the old woman's face.

"I cannot, sir. It's five years since he took to drink. It's not Johnny's fault. There's four saloons near by. He was as good a boy as ever a mother had. He is good now when he is himself."

"He's mad when drunk," the policeman said. "He tried to kill her twice."

"Sign the complaint, Mrs. Cleary," the magistrate ordered, nodding to a clerk who laid a printed form on the table before her saying: "Write your name on that line."

She took up the pen, and then turned to the justice again. Her thin face was bloodless.

"Sir," she said, "he's all the child I've got! I've been fighting the devil for him five years. If I sign that paper, I'll have to let him go. He'll never come home again."

"It's the only chance to save him," the officer said.

She wrote her name. Johnny was told to stand up.

"Now go into the witness-box," a policeman directed her. "You must swear against him!" Her foot was on the step. She suddenly turned. "I can't swear against him! I can't!" She clutched her breast with both hands. "It's killing me! Johnny come here!"

Her son sprang toward her, but she fell at his feet. She was dead when he lifted her.

"Mother, mother, I'll quit the drink!" the startled lad cried.

But she did not answer. The physician said it was heart disease.

An ambulance was summoned. Some one whispered to the justice.

"Discharged," he said, and the wretched lad followed his dead mother home to be haunted all his life by the terrible thought that he sent her broken-hearted to her death.—Sel.

Not Controlled.

Waggles—Dere's one awfully funny t'ing 'bout dese bathers.

Willie—Wot's dat?

Waggles—Nobody makes 'em git in de water, an' dey has de same sort of aversion to it dat you an' me has, Willie.

Crown of the Czar.

The Crown of the Emperor of Russia resembles in shape a miter. At the summit is a cross of five perfect diamonds and the pear-shaped ruby, the finest in the world. All the other gems used in the decoration are pure white diamonds and pearls. These stones are set in silver, and the lining of the crown is of purple velvet. This crown was made in Geneva at the command of Catherine II., and is valued at about $1,000,000.

The Czar's scepter was made for the Emperor Paul in 1797, and it is the finest that the world has ever seen. It is surmounted by the famous Orloff diamond. The diamond cross is supported by a sapphire of fabulous value.

The collar, star, and jewel of the order of St. Andrew, another of the Emperor's jewels, is ornamented with five pink diamonds and two Siberian aquamarines, one blue and one green, set in diamonds. The decoration is valued at more than $75,000.

To those who are used to thin flavorless teas Blue Ribbon Ceylon will be a revelation. Try it and be convinced.

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FREE SEND FOR OUR CATALOG OF SEEDS, ETC., 1900
Farm and Garden Implements.
J. M. PERKINS, Winnipeg

"A Word to the Wise," Etc.

The young man had taken off his coat and hung his hat carefully on the hall rack. Coming into the parlor he went to the fire and held his hands out to warm them. The girl waited for him to speak, but it was evident that he was a bashful young man and knew not how to begin the conversation. Finally he said:

"It was very, very cold last night. I staid at home and hugged the stove all the evening."

The girl turned her great brown eyes toward him and said, with just a tinge of art in her voice:

"I don't see any use in hugging a stove."—Baltimore Herald.

Healthful Ignorance.

"Don't you want the water of your well analyzed?" asked the traveling agent of the chemical company.

"What fur?" inquired the hale old farmer sitting on the front porch.

"To know whether it is pure and wholesome or not."

"I reckon not. If there's anything the matter of it, mister, I'd ruther not know it."

"How long have you been using it?"

"Eighty-seven years."

The traveling agent passed on.—Chicago Tribune.

Profitable Silence.

"I think that husbands ought to pay their wives a weekly salary," declared Mrs. Tomdik.

"About how much?" asked Mrs. Hojack.

"Well, say $10 a week."

"I used to think so, too, until I discovered that my husband pays about $800 a year for my millinery and clothes alone, and then I decided that any salary I would like to ask for wouldn't go very far."—Detroit Free Press.

Leg A Solid Sore.

When it comes to healing up old running sores of long standing there is no remedy equal to Burdock Blood Bitters.

Bathe the sore with the B.B.B.—that relieves the local irritation.

Take the B.B.B. internally—that clears the blood of all impurities on which sores thrive.

Miss D. Melissa Burke, Grindstone, Magdalen Islands, P.Q., says: "It is with pleasure I speak in favor of B.B.B. which cured me of a running sore on my leg. I consulted three doctors and they gave me salve to put on, but it did no good. Finally my leg became a solid running sore. In fact for nearly a month I could not put my foot to the floor.

"I was advised to use B.B.B. and did so. Three bottles healed up my leg entirely so that I have never been troubled with it since."

Patiently Bore Disgrace for Years.

"I had for years patiently borne the disgrace, suffering, misery and privations due to my husband's drinking habits. Hearing of your marvelous remedy for the cure of drunkenness, which I could give my husband secretly, I decided to try it. I procured a package and mixed it in his food and coffee, and, as the remedy was odorless and tasteless, he did not know what it was that so quickly relieved his craving for liquor. He soon began to pick up flesh, his appetite for solid food returned, he stuck to his work regularly, and we now have a happy home. After he was completely cured I told him of the deception I had practised on him, when he acknowledged that it had been his saving, as he had not the resolution to break off of his own accord. I heartily advise all women afflicted as I was to give your remedy a trial."

A pamphlet in plain, sealed envelope, sent free, giving testimonials and full information, with directions how to take or administer Samaria Prescription. Correspondence considered sacredly confidential. Address The Samaria Remedy Co., 23 Jordan-street, Toronto, Ont.

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THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.
ISSUED EVERY SATURDAY.—

W. B. Anderson, Editor.

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

Subscribers failing to receive Th NEWS regularly will confer a favor by no y s the office.

Job Work Strictly C. O. D.
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SATURDAY, FEB. 24th, 190

WHAT SHALL WE DO TO BE SAVED?

That the present Government ship is fast falling to pieces is potent now to everyone. Rudderless, dismasted and waterlogged it is drifting unto the rocks of dissolution urged on by a resistless power behind. During the short and notorously useless reign of the present administration they have systemitically wrought their own ruin by using a vacillating policy and at times by the passing of acts most ruinous to the welfare of the country. By their high-handed and arbitrary methods of doing things, either in Council or in Parliament, they have alienated friends and embittered foes. They have uselessly vexed people in all parts of the country by petty acts of injustice thereby incuring the enmity or in any case the disapprobation of eminent citizens who, in many cases were at first favorably disposed toward them. See for example the sponging off the list of the names of most respectable and influential citizens who in many cases had acted many years witnout renumeration, but with the loss of much valuable time, as Justices of the Peace.

It has been said that there has been a great falling of of Provincial Revenue in the last year. Can this be a matter of wonderment when the pridcipal mines of Kootenay have been closed down by untimely legislation? We do not say that the 8-hour law is bad, because any law to enable wage earners to get the largast amount of money for the least amount of labor must be good but that this was untimely and that it has been of no value to the workingman is evident for the mines are closed and the workingmen are without the means of earning their daily wage.

The takins off of mining licenses has had the effect of showing Ah Sin that he may be employed and can go mining without paying over his lttttle $5.00 and thousands of Chinese are thus mining to-day in Cariboo and other places witdout paying one cent into the public treasury. The loss has been enormous but will be paid for by the present member's seat in Cariboo.

But among all asinine emaniations of weak brains, the Alien Act stands pre-eminent. A proceeding on the same parallel as those upon which Great Britain is at war today. To think of the capital lost to the country, the revenue lost to the Government and the terrible set back to the progress of the Atlin country alone. A setback which left thousands of loyal British subjects who had spent their last dollar in getting in; without any chance of making enough to get out with or even to buy food for themselves; leaves a taste in one's mouth akin to assafœtida. This is saying nothing of the injustice done the citizens of a friendly power whose alliance and friendship are of the greatest value to our mother country, and whose citizens were willing to spend large sums of money in Canadian development. Then the pititul spectacle of their weakness exposed to the werld; when, with their usual vacillation they first proposed to amend the law and then finally repealed it, thus clearly showing that their policy was utterly rank. But repealing it will not bring back public and private losses. Formerly it was the custom under the old regime to send police officers from the various centres on periodical trips into the more unsettled parts of the district. This was wise, for the fact being generally known that a police officer was liable at any time to make his appearance was a check on crime in remote parts. One of the first acts of the present government was to issue circulars to every Government Agent and Chief Constable that constables were not to leave their stations unless called upon. What lungs of brass a man must have to make Mr. Mitchell in Cumberland hear him from Cape Mudge when a squad of drunken Indiands menaces his life and steals his property, as they did with Andy Galorno some years ago, and who took the law into his own hands and shot one through the arm? People are loth to settle in in remote parts of the country under more favorable conditions. What likelihood is there of obtaining settlers for the millions of acres of wild land when the government refuse them even transient police protection? A person taking up wild land is immediately taxed, but no effort has been made by the preseut administration to gain population and enrich the country by spending anything in in roads, railways or police protection. They cannot see how to throw out a spratt to catch a whale—their's are all spratts—and how their hands were raised in holy horror when an opposition member's clerk, innocent of any wrong doing, sold the Government a ton of coal! The expenses of that member's re-election they took no thought of. He must be unseated. And lo! now it transpires that the president of their council, the gentle McKechnie, the Vancouver Coal Company's doctor, has been sucking Government paps all along wgen he most certainly "didn't orter." They have drawn their salaries for weeks when their majority has been too small to conduct the country's business. They would not go to the country for fear of defeat and they have held on to public office, drawing public money when they have been in a position which rendered their being of any use to the country or to their constituedcies, an impossibility. To cap all and to create if possible a majority of favorable seats for themselves, they try to deprive Vancouver Island of valuable and much needed representation by cutting out one constituency allogether and one member out of another.

WAR NEWS.

Toronto, Feb. 21.—The Globe has the following from Modder River: Canadian Contingent participated in Sunday's battle. They forded the Modder River after a night march and were engaged all day. The B C casualties were killed: Scott, Mardrel, Jackson and Summers; wounded: Todd, Arnold, Beach, Nethersol, Nuncaffe, Rivers, Dixon, Smiles, Thompson and McKenzie; altogether the Canadians lost 19 killed and 31 wounded.

Ladysmith heliographed to Colenso as follows: Enemy have removed their Long Tom from Bulwayah Hill. Buller's naval guns are raiding the enemy's position. We expect relief within two days.

Paadersburg, Feb. 21.—Gen. Cronje's night march from Majersfontein now appears to have endeed in disaster. The main body of the Boers are enclosed in a deadly death trap. Enemy are hiding in bed of Modder River, commanded by British artillery and closed on east and west by Infantry. They made a gallant charge but were repulsed and surrounded.

Modder River, Feb. 21.—The Boer forces under Cronjie are estimated at 8,000 men. At 12 o'clock he asked an armistice for 12 hours which was refused, later he sent a messenger to say he would surrender. The British general sent a reply telling him to come into camp which he refused saying there was a mistake and that he would fight to the bitter end. The bombardment wa then reopened and our lyddite shells reached the Boer waggons. We continued shelling the laager through the night and in the morning resumed with maxims in the morning, chiefly from the north side.

How did the mustache go Captain?

Mr. McPhee of Courtenay has made a great improvement in his store there, having had a large well cut out of the ceiling so as to form a gallery in the upper story. The convenience and improvement is most marked. Mr. McPhee is progressive.

200 pairs Boy's Tweed Pants, splendid value 50 cts and upwards at Gus Hauck's.

VICTORIA NEWS.

Victoria, Feb 23.—The House opened this afternoon with the biggest tongue fight of the season between Neil and Eberts who called one another every name on the catalogue for the charge of yesterday that Neil was a pro-Boer.

Redistribution Bill bill defeated bp a vote of 19 to 18.

CITY OF CUMBERLAND

Sidewalk Rate By-Law.

A BY-LAW to authorize and regulate the payment of the cost of constructing side-walks.

Be it enacted by the Mayor and Council as follows:

To tax each and every ratepayer in the City of Cumberland, in front of whose place a side-walk shall be laid, one-third the amount of the cost of material and labor, provided that said side-walk be laid on the Avenue only. And that side-walks laid on streets be built out of the general revenue.

Read the first time 29th Jan., 1900.
Read the second time 12th Feb., 1900.
Read the third time 17th Feb., 1900.
Reconsidered and finally passed 19th Feb., 1900.

JAMES CARTHEW, Mayor.
L. W. NUNNS, C. M. C.

PAY! PAY! PAY!
CONCERT
In Aid of the Canadian Patriotic Fund at Marble Bay Opera House,
Texada Island.
Thursday, March 1st.

Patriotic Songs, Instrumental Music, Negro Melodies, Step Dancing, Recitations, Etc., Etc.

S. S. CITY OF NANAIMO will convey visitors to Van Anda and return after the Concert.
Steamer will leave UNION WHARF, COMOX, at 12 o'clock, noon.
Str. Tickets, $1. Concert 50 cts

A RIDDANCE SALE
ON PAY-PAY
—OF—
Silks, Dress Goods, Under-wear, etc.

100 pieces of silk at remnant.
30 pieces dress goods worth from 75c. and $1.35 per yard, now 50c.
Women's dress skirts worth $6.50 sale price $5.85.
25 pieces black dress goods worth 85c. now 50c. and 65c.
New assortment of ladies' ties, belts, etc.
White, plain and twilled 8-4 sheeting 25c. a yd.
Embroidered sheeting 6 yds for $1.00
Men's suits, boys' suits and boys' reefers half price,

Many of these lines must be cleared out at once to make room for new goods. To do this we sacrifice a great deal, but that is gain you.

STEVENSON & CO'S.
Cash Store, Cumberland, B. C.

COME to the CashGroceryStore at Comox for your Xmas Holiday Goods. Groceries, Biscuits, Cakes, Fruits, canned and fresh, Canned Meats, Canned Peels Oranges and Lemons, fresh. Anything you desire in Xmas Novelties, Cards, Toys, etc. Also a new line of Boots, Shoes and Dry Goods. Flour and Feed always on hand. Inspection invited and a fair share of your patronage solicited. Wishing you a Merry Xmas and a Happy and prosperous New Year. I remain,
Yours sincerely,
F. J. Leighton,
COMOX.

Hospital Benefit
GRAND BALL
Under Auspices of Cumberland Grove No. 3, U. A. O. D. in
CUMBERLAND HALL, MARCH 16.

Change Of Date
FINLEY
Photographer
—WILL BE IN—
CUMBERLAND FEB. 28
Without fail and will Remain until
March 16

CORPORATION OF THE CITY OF CUMBERLAND

Court of Revision.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Court of Revision for the purpose of hearing all complaints against the assessment of 1900, as made by the Assessor of the City of Cumberland, will be held at the Council Chambers, City Hall, on Saturday, the 31st day of March, A.D. 1900, at the hour of 3 o'clock p.m.

By order,
LAWRENCE W. NUNNS, C. M. C.
Cumberland, 24th Feb. 1900.

CITY OF CUMBERLAND.

Trades License By-law, 1898.
AMENDMENT TO SECTION 21.

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

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

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

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

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

JAMES A. CARTHEW, Mayor.
LAURENCE W. NUNNS, City Clerk.
Cumberland, B.C., 13th Feb., 1900.

FOR SALE: Old papers. Apply at NEWS Office.