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THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

SEVENTH YEAR. CUMBERLAND, B. C. SATURDAY, JAN., 13th, 1900

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If you do you should order a dozen from us. We bottle the Union Brewery Co's., beer, one trial will convince you that ours is the best. $1.25 per dozen delivered. We give We give 10c per dozen for empty bottles,

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MANUFACTURER OF FURNITURE.

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

WEILER BROS.

Complete Furnishers. VICTORIA, B. C.

MOTTO:

NOT QUANTITY BUT QUALITY.

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

Call and Inspect. A. H. PEACEY.

CUMBERLAND.

These who attended the dance at Comox, for the benefit of the Mansion House Fund, enjoyed themselves immensely, until——!!!

A social will be given at the Methodist Church on Monday evening, under the auspices of the the Epworth League.

Mr. Alex Grant is town and is going to be with us a few days.

THE NEWS War Bulletin gives all the latest news of the Transvaal. Subscribe for the Bulletin and keep posted on the war. Price per month $1.00, or 5 cents per copy.

WAR NEWS.

Frere Camp, 10.—There has been no bombardment of Ladysmith nor any shelling at Cheverly by British guns since Sunday. Gen. White's gallant defence of Ladysmith cannot fail to have a strong effect upon the British people.

London, 10.—From headquarters is reported that Buller is constructing a railway from the main line to Colenso westward in the direction of Dotgretters drift.

Despatch from Frere Camp says all was quiet there thus dispelling the belief that Buller had followed up to his demonstration before Colenso with an effective move elsewhere.

Cape Town, 10.—The Boer are reported to have left Majersfontein and are reinforcing at Colesburg. Advices from Modder River says Boers continue to exteud their works and it is estimated that 30,000 men are required to defend them. The prisoners captured by the Canadians and Queenslanders at Sunnyside are going to Cape Town for trial as believed

London, 10.—Latest from Blonmfontein says officials there recognize that thty must evacuate the town at an early date and are securing houses at Pretoria. It also announced that the hospitals at Blonfontein and elsewhere are full of wounded men. Little change in position at Colesburg. Gen. French reports that he had reconnoitered with a squadron on the Boers east flank, two miles from Richertang and drawn off a considerable force of Boers who being anxious for their communications with Norvals point withdrew. French reports 12 killed and 44 wounded on Jan. 4th.

London, Jan. 10.—War Office has had no news from Natal since Sunday, consequently nothing to bulletin. The Morning Post demands that the forces be increased by 65,000 men. The Mail says "It understands that the suppression of another general commanding in South Africa will shortly be announced," this may have relation to General Buller's hasty summons from Devonport.

Berlin, Jan. 10.—45,000 Lyddite shells have been turned out by the Krupp's works for Dr. Leyd's.

New York, Jan. 10.—McGovern knocked Dixon out last night in 8 rounds after a hard fight.

Victoria, Jan. 10.—In House today Jos. Martin defended the gross attack made upon him by the Nanaimo Herald. He said he will address a meeting at Nanaimo some time this week, Probably Saturday.

London, 9—Gen. Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener have arrived in Cape Town.

London, 10.—Rumored from Cape Town that a big battle is now on at Tugela River. No details.

Fere Camp, 10.—Firing from Boer position around Ladysmith began to-day. It still continues but the cannonading is light and irregular. With the exception of usual shelling of Boer position by naval guns, the British force remains inactive. Eight Boer camps were seen to-day by a patrol along the Tugela River in a westerly direction. All quiet. Natives say that when they reconnoitered near Colenso on Saturday the Boers hurried from Springfield. This supports the belief that Colenso was weakened to attack Ladysmith.

Feere Camp, 10.—Learned on good authority that Pres. Kruger sent word to the headquarters asking why Ladysmith had not been attacked and the reply was: "We should lose too many men." His answer to this excuse was the suggestion that the Free Staters might be put in the front. This suggestion was taken and the attack delivered.

Pres. Kruger's advice was so good that the Free Staters behaved better than the Transvallers have done, at all events they managed to sieze a hill. Later in the day the Transvallers retired before Gen. White's counter attacks amid jeers of Freestates who actually stuck to their position until they were bayonetted to death. A heavy gun mounted on Umbulwana Hill has been firing since daybreak. Evidently the siege of Ladysmith is still maintained.

Rensburg, Caps Colony, Jan. 8—It's reported here officially with Reference to the disaster to the 1st batallion of the Suffolk regiment that Colonel Watson marched the regiment in close column to the top of the hill at midnight. He assembled the officers and was addressing them just at day break when enemy vollied at distance of 30 paces. The Colonel, his adjutant, and two other officers killed. The suffolks who had scarcely fired a shot fled back to the pickets a bout a thousand yards away some one having shouted "Retreat," a bout 150 however remained, lost heavily and finally surrendered.

Victoria, Jan. 11.—In house last night Mr. Martin offered to resign his seat in Vancouver and try conclusions with Mr. Cotton in Vancouver, or Dr. McKechnie in Nanaimo City, or Mr. Smith in South Nanaimo, or Mr. Semlin in West Yale.

London, 12.—In the attack on Ladysmith last Saturday, the British losses were 14 officers killed and 34 wounded and over 800 non-commissioned officers and men killed and wounded. The Boer losses are estimated at between 2,000 and 3,000 men.

Feere Camp, 8.—Our patrols have searched both flanks of the Boer position. They found a large camp five miles east of Colenso. Evidently in anticipation of a British attempt at turning movement.

Vancouver, 12.—Mayor Garden was elected to-day by a majority of 194.

Even the arrival of Roberts and Kitchener at Cape Town has failed to stem the growing impatience at the prolonged inactivity and the entire absence of news giving no satisfaction in the South African situation. It is assumed that with with the landing of the these generals a return will be made to the organized plan of campaign: namely a great centre advance on Blomfontein But the most impatient admit that Roberts will be unable to move before the end of the month. Up to the time of this despatch no news of any importance has been received from South Africa.

London, Jan. 12.—General Buller reports that he has removed his camp down the river and is now 4 miles from the enemy, but is still on the south side.

Lorenzo Marquis Jan. 11.—Several Portugese on their way to join the Boers have been interrupted by the frontier police.

Victoria, B. C. Jan. 12.—Chas. Hayward was elected mayor yesterday over Chas. Redfern by 722 of a majority.

Montreal, Jan. 12.—W. W. Ogilvie, the millionaire miller, died suddenly to-day.

Subscribe for NEWS War Bulletin Three hundred words, delivered daily. One dollar per month, in advance.

MANSION HOUSE FUND MEETING.

Chairman, A. Urquhart, Acting Chairman, J. B. Holmes.

The secretary read the minutes of the previous meeting.

Moved by Mr. Parkin, seconded by Mr. Salmond that a concert be given every month alternately at Courtenay and the Bay. That the first be given at the Agricultural Hall, Courtenay on January 18th.

Moved by Mr. Hardy, seconded by Mr. Parkin that admission be 50 cts. and 25 cts. for chrildren.

Moved by Mr. Grant seconded by Mr. Salmond that a committee be appointed to sell tickets.

Moved and seconded that Mr. A. Grant be appointed chairman of the Programme Committee

Moved and seconded that Mrs. McPhee and Mrs. Berkeley be requested to solicit subscriptions on behalf of the Mansion House Fund.

Moved and seconded that a subscription list be placed in every Post Office, store and hotel in the district.

CITY ELECTIONS.

The following are the results of the Municipal Elections:

FOR MAYOR.

J. A. Carthew	50
C. S. Ryder	37
Majority for Carthew	13

North Ward Nominations:—W. B. Walker and J. E. Calnan.

No opposition.

Middle Ward:—

R. S. Robertson	15
W. Willard	14
Gus. Hauck	10

Robertson and Willard elected.

South Ward:—

Cessford	12
Nicoll	9
Robertson	9

Returning Officer cast his vote in favor of Nicoll. Cessford and Nicoll were elected.

Mr. Dave Richards has fitted a tobacco stand in connection with his barber shop. For a good imported cigar, call on Dave.

PAW FOOZLES BADLY.

GEORGIE'S DAD MAKES ANOTHER SAD EXHIBITION OF HIMSELF.

He Undertakes to Show How the Ancient and Honorable Game Should Be Played—But Let Georgie Tell the Story For Himself.

My Uncle Fred Got paw to go out playin Golf yistady afternoon. Thay went over to the park whare they are some Linx, and me and maw and Little albert and the pupp went Along to See the Fun.

"I never thot I would cum to this," paw Says, "but I spose I got to Be in fashun. They ain't no Game to This Thing. What's the use of Gittin a Fancy Soot fer Sich make Beleave munky bizness? I could play golf with my overcote on. If thay was sumboddy pitchin the Ball and puttin curves on to it they mite Be Sum Sense in Tryin to Hit it. But whare the Ball is Layin Still ennybuddy could Hit it without Half Tryin. It ain't nothin But shinny with a Little style throwed in. I used to Be grait at that, and ennybuddy what ever played Shinny can play This game rite off. I Bet I kin nock that Ball so fur the Furst whack I give it That nobuddy won't never Find it no more."

"All rite," says Uncle Fred, "come on and Let's see you Do it."

So He put the Ball on Top of a Little pile of Sand and Give paw one of the clubs, and paw He Begin to Swing it Up and Down, and maw she Hollered to waite till she could Git Behind a Tree, and then she made me and little Albert git out of the way, and paw He Hawled off and Hit with all His mite.

He never Tutched the Ball. But the Handle of His Club Cot His watch Chane, and when I seen His Watch Goin Thru the are I thot paw Had made a Drive what was Goin to Brake the record, and I Hollered:

"Good fer you, paw. I bet you kin Hole Down in Three and Beat Bogey the First Time."

Paw Didn't stop to Say nothin. But started after the Watch. We Found most of it in Less than Half a nour, and Then paw Went Back to Try it agin.

After He struck that Time maw says "Paw, wait. I'll Send Georgie Home fer the Garden spade."

"What Fur?" paw ast.

"Becoz you kin Dig up the Sod a Good deal easier with it Than you kin with that club," maw Says. "It would Take you all afternoon to Dig up a place four foot Squair with That Thing."

Paw treated maw with cold Disdain That's what maw Sed it Was enny how, only I Diden't See nothin Very Cold about it. Paw was purty Hot But after while He Hit the Ball, and it went rollin along about Fifty feat.

Paw diden't Have no Golf Shoes on with them iron Things in the Soles, so His Shoes Got purty Slippery, and uncle Fred picked out anuther club Fer Him, and paw walked Down to Whare the Ball was Layin and was Goin to Hit it agin.

Uncle Fred Hollered "Fore" at Sumbuddy about a Half a mile ahed, and Then paw He joggled His club a minit and Then Hauled off with all His mite and Let go.

I Don't no whether it was paw's Back Bone what made the crack or whether it was His Busted Suspenders. Mebby it Was only His Teath Comin Together When He Set Down.

After while When He Begin to Take a ninterest in Things agin He Says:

"A Person's Back ain't Broke if He kin move His toes, is it?"

"No," says Uncle Fred, "try it."

So paw moved one Foot a Little and Then the other and Rolled over on the Grass and Says to Maw:

"If you wasn't Such a Blame fool about always Bein afrade to go out on the Water we mite of Went on a Bote excursion Toda, and This Woulden't of Hapened." GEORGIE.

—Chicago Times-Herald.

Considerate.

"Officer, I ain't got no hard feelin's ag'in youse, so I wans youse t' leave me go, 'cause me gang's in de near distance, an youse'll suffer!"—New York Journal.

Made It on the Ground.

He—I have not seen Jones out hunting lately.

She—No; he has got concussion of the brain.

He—How did he do that?

She—Well, he always said he would make his mark on the hunting field!—Judy.

May Baby Suck His Thumb?

When baby is cutting his teeth, he will, if left to himself, suck his thumb. He does wisely. There is no better "baby comforter" in the world than his own little thumb. It is better than any of the patent devices sold for the purpose, it being of the right size, the right hardness and firmly attached to the tiny hand, so that there is no fear of being swallowed. Then again it has another advantage over artificial substitutes. It is much cleaner, for nurse is sure to wash the baby's little hands several times in the day, and it is quite likely that she may entirely forget to wash his "pipe," as she calls it.

The sucking of the thumb causes a flow of saliva, which relieves thirst and aids digestion. The pressure of the thumb eases the irritation and pain of the gums while the teeth are growing, and finally it helps to bring them through the gums.

Sucking the thumb will often make a child leave off crying and fall into a peaceful and refreshing sleep. It may be indulged in freely and as often as the baby feels inclined.

If there is any fear of the child acquiring a habit of sucking his thumb, which would look foolish as he grew older, he may be easily cured of it when he has cut all his first teeth. The method is to make a paste of aloes and water and to smear it on his thumbs.

One or two dressings of this will be enough, for the bitter taste will soon disgust him, and he will have no pleasure in what formerly gave him so much satisfaction.—Home Notes.

Microbes and Hair.

Microbes and new women are the two great factors in modern life, and when the two come together they can vanquish even a medical man, as a strange story from Hungary shows. There is a young doctress of medicine in Hungary who has the most magnificent hair, and she was anxious to know the hospital operations of a certain famous surgeon. However, she found admission denied her, and, on inquiring why, the surgeon said that she had too much hair, that hair was a home for microbes, and so she might render his best operations dangerous to the patient. There was nothing for it, so she cropped her hair short. But it happened that one of the other hospital surgeons had a magnificent beard, so the doctress went to the great surgeon and said: "Doctor, you made me cut off my hair, but you allow one of your assistants to come to your operations wearing a long beard. Does not a beard nourish microbes as much as hair?" The great surgeon acknowledged the justice of her contention and said that his colleague should either shave or leave the hospital. But the young surgeon was not so keen in the pursuit of science as the doctress. He refused to cut off his cherished beard and preferred to leave the hospital and go, microbes and all, somewhere else. And here we are bidden to note the superiority of woman over man; but, after all, it is but the old story. A woman has always sacrificed everything for the whim of the moment, however much she may repent afterward.

Way of the Average Woman.

It requires organization of the most systematic kind, a patience and a perseverance far beyond the average, with unfailing health and endurance, to combine outside work and home duties and to do both equally well.

No right thinking person, either man or woman, will begrudge the woman who is a wife and mother, simply because she is such, her part in the progress of the world, its knowledge, its social life, its governance even, provided she has the necessary strength of body and mind to do so with enjoyment to herself and profit to others. But common sense ordains that wifehood and motherhood should have first claim on her energies, for when all has been said and done the highest advancement of the whole race comes through these channels, says the Pittsburg Daily News.

Our great crying need now, as it has ever been, is for truer homes, homes whose quietness and restfulness shall restore us for the battle and give us new strength and inspiration. She who makes and keeps such a home does more for her generation than if she organized a whole series of benefit clubs. No charity that any woman ever undertook will make adequate excuse for inefficiency as head of her household or as helpmate could she only be persuaded of the fact.

Children Like Company.

No child can be expected to thrive and to possess that buoyancy of spirit so truly essential to youth unless it has the companionship of others of its own age. We invariably find that the girl who is brought up alone, who has been forbidden to play with other children, is narrow minded, suspicious of others and altogether a decidedly disagreeable little person to meet. Companionship rubs the angles off the juvenile mind, each child finds its own level and the quarrels (so deeply deplored by their elders) all serve to fit them for the battle of life.

Children, like ourselves, must interchange thoughts and opinions with others, and to see a little boy or girl playing alone and in silence is to me a dreary sight. At the same time a large amount of discretion is required on the part of the parents regarding the class of companions with whom their children play. A little unsuspected supervision will soon enable you to discover the right sort and to weed out the undesirable ones.—Kansas City Journal.

No Gentleman.

Superintendent—Did he purchase a copy of that commonplace book?

Salesman—Not even when I assured him it was a work without which no gentleman's library was complete.

Superintendent—In other words, he considered himself no gentleman and that therefore his library was complete.—Boston Transcript.

Those who think a large family handicaps a man should explain how the old timers who are dying rich and leaving large families made their money.

LETTERS WE WRITE.

LAVISH WITH BRIGHTNESS, BUT RESERVED WITH CONFIDENCE.

Exercise Care and Judgment When You Write—Young Girls Advised to Not Gush—The Sweet Story In the Old Love Letters.

It would not be well to ask that fewer letters be written, but to make a plea for better letters is certainly reasonable, and I for one would like to make it just now.

Women are the letter writers of the world. Of course the greater number of stamped envelopes that are intrusted to Uncle Sam's care come from the hands of men, but this majority is due to business. It is not of business letters I am thinking. The up to date business letter is quite perfect. It is the letter of the newsy, chatty sort, the letter that tells of hopes and doubts and fears and little heart secrets generally, that needs to undergo a sort of reform.

There is always somebody handy to tell you what is "good form" in stationery, and one should really be careful to use nice paper and good ink, but whether you have in your desk just the finest and properly tinted paper or the cheapest and plainest, do not, do not, I beg of you, put down in cold black and white—or pale blue and violet—a lot of foolishness that you might one day regret.

It would be worse than folly, it would be unkind to your friends and those who love you, to ask that you make your letters coldly practical, with every word weighed in the balance. This would not make your letters seem part of your very self, and this is what they should seem. But it is always well to remember that a letter is more telltale than anything you could possibly say in conversation. There are men and women who have written letters over which they exclaimed in after years, "I never could have been foolish enough to write like that!"

I am going to ask particularly of the young and enthusiastic girl that she refrain from writing those "gushing" letters that she somehow drops so naturally into penning. I want to remind her that many times she is inclined to grow confidential on paper when she would never think of being so if she stood face to face with that same acquaintance to whom her confidential letter is sent.

Letters travel so cheaply and quickly nowadays that we who send them and those who receive them regard them too lightly. When the post was slower and more expensive, letters were written with more care, and we all know how full of interest and valuable information many of the old time letters are today.

When away on your vacation, write bright and newsy letters to your best friends, but above all things refrain from unkindly criticising those you have met. Remember that this world is not such a big place after all. People who are widely separated in summer time may be brought close together in winter time.

Honor only a few with your confidence. You may write bright letters to all your circle of acquaintances, and, after all, those things which concern you individually and closely are often only tiresome to other folks.

Haven't you at one time or another posted a letter and then wished you had not done so? It is homely advice, but good, to "write a letter and sleep on it over night."

A letter, no matter who has penned it to you, should be received as a confidential matter, to be taken care of and not subjected to the comment and criticism of others. When it was written, there was doubtless no other thought concerning it in the mind of the sender than that your eyes alone would scan it.

Do you think that the "love letters of the great" would be spread out for curious eyes if the "great" themselves could speak? I think not. The "love letters of the great" may be interesting. It is often so charming to know that a very wise and stern man was, after all, so very human as to write almost silly letters to the object of his adoration, but he thought not of the prying eyes that in after years might twinkle over his little romance, no matter how beautiful and soulful it was.

Let us take good care of the letters of our friends. It is an easy enough matter to put those precious ones that we would not part with for worlds in a little bunch all to themselves and through all the years that we live remember they were sent to you or me alone. After one has left all the affairs of this world behind—but that is another story. It is not ourselves then, but others who are responsible for giving to the public these sacred documents, for isn't the story that one heart tells to another sacred?

There is such a charm about an old love letter. Have you ever chanced to find one tucked away in the corner of an unused trunk or in a heap of rubbish in an attic corner? Maybe the John who wrote it and the Priscilla who read it are entirely unknown to you, but at once your fancy begins to paint them as they must have been. Your eyes grow dim as you read the sentimental little verse that follows a lot of endearing terms. But put the little letter back in its hiding place, if you do not care to tear it up, for John only made those vows of eternal devotion to Priscilla. Maybe—who knows?—they may have proved eternal. Maybe that Priscilla, first a bonny sweetheart and then a bonny bride, lived to be a happy wife and devoted mother. Maybe one day as the sun went low she held John's hand and promised to greet him when he should come to her in the far beyond. All these things the little old love letter hints at.—Margaret Hannis in St. Louis Republic.

Conservative.

Quinby—Don't you think Medley carries his anti-imperialism rather far?

Pember—I don't know. What makes you ask?

Quinby—He stopped his daughter singing "Up In a Balloon" because it smacks of expansion.—Boston Transcript.

A WESTERN KANSAS RAIN.

One Might Almost Think This Story Was an Exaggeration.

A reader in the east writes that there has been a western Kansas man back there telling them about the heavy rains in western Kansas. The reader says he is suspicious of the man and thinks that his story is a lie. He says he has always understood that little or no rain falls in the western part of the state, but that this western Kansas man is telling a story about ten inches of rain falling in half an hour and wants to know if there is any truth in the statement. We have not kept track of all the rains that have fallen in western Kansas and of course cannot say as to the particular fall of moisture to which the man from Kansas refers.

We might say, however, that if the impression prevails in the effete east that it never rains in western Kansas it is a serious error. It is true that there are spells of drought when for several months there will not be sufficient moisture fall to wet a 2 cent postage stamp, but when it gets ready to rain out there the bottom seems to fall out of the sky.

The story is told of a man who was driving over the divide north of Dodge City when one of the showers came up. He was riding a buckboard, which has a bottom made by fastening the cleats between the axles, with spaces of half an inch between the cleats. The water fell so fast that it could not run through the bottom of the buckboard as fast as it fell. Rushing down the side of the divide, the water struck a barb wire fence and dammed up until the water ran over the wire of the fence. This was because the rain came so fast that it couldn't get through between the wires of the fence.

On the same trip the traveler says he saw a jack rabbit drown while it was jumping through the air. The same traveler declares that within half an hour the water was three feet deep on the ridge and falling faster than it could run on both sides of the hill. We have supposed that possibly the traveler in his excitement might have exaggerated, but there are residents in Dodge City who stand ready to prove the truth of the story by showing the ridge where the buckboard stood during the rain and the place in the air where the jack rabbit was when it drowned.

STRINGS OF PEARLS.

Real Dangers of Losing Them Through the Breaking of the Cord.

It might seem as though the care of a string of pearls was a very simple matter, and yet the possessors of these precious gems are often heard bewailing some misfortune that has happened.

"Naturally I was three-quarters of an hour late to dinner the other evening," one woman said. "My string of pearls broke just as I was clasping it around my neck."

"The being late is immaterial, but did you find them all?" she was asked.

"No," the speeker continued, "there were 73 on the string, and five of them have slipped away, I fear never to be recovered, as every crevice and spot in the room has apparently been searched into. Perhaps I have been a little careless about not having them restrung often enough."

As a fact, pearls should be unfailingly restrung every three months, or they cannot be worn with security. The heavy silken cord that is generally used to string them appears to be the only thing that will give them the suppleness that adds so much to their charm, and it is only when this cord is new that it is equal to the not inconsiderable weight of the pearls. As soon as in places it begins to fray it is only a question of time before one of these weak spots will break and let fall the precious stones.

Since the very long strings have been worn this accident has not been an unfrequent occurrence in ballrooms, and last winter a commotion was caused in the hallway of an opera house simply by the breaking of one of these silken cords.

As a precaution and to keep them from swinging many women when dancing fasten their pearls to the front of their bodices with a brooch, or if the string is long enough they wind them about their wrists. It is a most reckless habit to twirl them nervously about the fingers and to make a plaything of them, for it must necessarily hasten the fraying of the cord. The cost of having a string of perhaps 50 pearls restrung at a reliable house is about 75 cents or $1, and surely considering the comfort it brings the money is well expended.

Savage Crabs.

The most savage specimens of the crab species is found in Japan, seeming to dream of nothing but fighting, to delight in nothing half so much. The minute he spies another of his kind he scrapes his claws together in rage, challenging him to the combat. Not a moment is wasted in preliminaries, but at it they go, hammer and tongs. It sounds like two rocks grinding against one another. The sand flies as the warriors push each other hither and thither until at last one of them stretches himself out in the sun, tired to death. But he does not beg for mercy or attempt to run away, only feebly rubbing his claws together in defiance of the foe. That foe comes closer, and, with his claws trembling with joy at his victory, the conqueror catches hold of one claw of the vanquished crab, twists it until it comes off and bears away the palpitating limb as a trophy of his prowess. Such is a battle between warrior crabs.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Smoke in Tunnels.

How to get rid of smoke that fills the long European tunnels through which 50 to 250 trains per day pass has long been a serious problem with engineers. One engineering professor has solved it by filling large steel cylinders 5 feet long by 2 feet wide with air at 750 pounds pressure carried in a locomotive tender. On entering the tunnel the air is allowed to escape and the smoke successfully driven out.

THEIR FAVORITE BOOKS.

Cowper read only his Bible and his prayer book.

Chopin rarely read anything heavier than a French novel.

Voltaire's favorite classical author was Juvenal, the satirist.

Caesar Borgia had a library of works relating mostly to art.

Rossini for nearly 30 years read nothing but French novels.

Jean Paul Richter had only five or six books, all philosophical.

Titian read his prayer book and the metamorphoses of Ovid.

Paul Veronese thought there was no book equal to the "Aeneid."

Lord Clive said that "Robinson Crusoe" beat any book he ever read.

Franklin read all he could find relating to political economy and finance.

Beethoven was not a great reader, but occasionally found pleasure in a novel.

Hogarth was fond of joke books and farces and enjoyed them immoderately.

Michael Angelo was fondest of the books of Moses and the psalms of David.

Cherubini was a lover of botany and made collections of works on the subject.

Mario, the great tenor, read anything he could obtain relating to sports or hunting.

George III for many years of his life read nothing but his Bible and prayer book.

"Papa" Haydn liked stories, and he said, "The more love there is in them the better."

Da Vinci read Pindar and thought him the noblest poet who ever wrote in any language.

Swift made a special study of the Latin satirists and imitated their style and language.

St. John Chrysostom never tired of reading or praising the works of the apostle John.

Heine seldom read anything but poetry, but he read that with the most scrupulous attention.

POULTRY POINTERS.

Generally the better the scratcher the better the layer.

Feed milk and bran for growth, milk and meal to fatten.

When you get ready to fatten fowls, do the work quickly.

Game chickens, given a free range, are in danger of being overfed.

The most successful fanciers are those that keep one or two breeds.

Hens cease to lay when improperly fed or when in a diseased condition.

Hens require a variety of food. They get excessively tired of one kind.

Hens should be killed when they are 3 years old. They lay fewer eggs after that.

Grain is deficient in lime and mineral matter, but bran is rich in nitrogen and carbon.

Scalding fowls before picking partially cooks the delicate skin, rendering it dry and wrinkled.

While linseed and cottonseed meals are excellent foods, too much of them will cause a loss of feathers.

When your birds have bowel disease, change the food for a few days and at the same time change the grit.

A yellow leg or skin does not indicate quality. The best table fowls, games, Dorkings, Houdans and Langshans do not have yellow legs.—St. Louis Republic.

ORCHARD AND GARDEN.

If trees are to be planted in the fall, the soil should first be prepared in good condition.

All small fruits should be planted far enough apart to admit of using the horse cultivator.

So far as it is possible large limbs should never be removed from plum and cherry trees.

Thrifty, growing trees yield the finest looking fruit; old and nurtured trees the richest fruit.

No variety of pears will ripen so finely on the trees as they will when gathered and ripened in the house.

Good feeding must attend rapid growth in trees and plants as well as in animals. Make the soil in the orchard rich.

In the pruning encourage the growth of new wood. Many trees and vines fail because the new wood is cut off, leaving the old.

With the peach the young trees should be started with low heads, the lower limbs not more than two feet above the ground.

Lice on trees may be killed by dissolving a pound of potash in a gallon of water and applying on the affected parts with a brush.

THE JEWEL CASKET.

Quite original among brooches is a fan of which the sticks are chased gold and the leaves incrusted emeralds.

A pretty little notion in gold bar pins is a design in the form of a common iron nail set lengthwise, with brilliants, rubies or olivines.

The latest whim in bracelets is gold band bracelets close set with diamonds and fastening with the old fashioned spring clasp.

The heart, plain or "winged," solid or skeleton, single or double, rides upon a very high wave of favor as the groom's gift to the bride, in form of a brooch or pendant.

The carving of opals into the form of flower petals is a charming new idea. Single violets and daisies in the form of brooches are thus represented, with a diamond for the center and stem incrusted with brilliants.—Jewelers' Circular.

One Consolation.

The man who gets a meager salary has the satisfaction of knowing that in case he is laid up by sickness he won't lose much.

FERNANDO DE NORONHA.

Where 60 Soldiers Guard and Keep Order Among 1,800 Convicts.

At the time of our visit to this Brazilian penal island there were 1,800 convicts in the settlement. Of these 1,000 are divided into 10 companies of 100 each, under the command of a sergeant, himself a convict. They live in outlying villages, and are employed at work in the fields and plantations and tend the sheep and cattle. The rest live in the town and are engaged at different handicrafts in the workshop, or fish in catamarans, the native Brazilian canoe, too roughly built to attempt to escape in, being merely two or three logs bound together and propelled by sail or paddle.

All have to work for their food and clothing, which they obtain from the government stores in proportion to the work performed. Some of the convicts themselves are allowed to keep private stores, where their fellows are allowed to purchase any little extras they require beyond the bare necessaries of life. Convicts of good behavior are allowed to have their wives on the island should they be willing to come.

There are two schools, one for the children of the officers and soldiers and one for the children of convicts. The masters in both cases are convicts. At the age of 12 the sons of the convicts are sent to a military school at Pernambuco. The girls are allowed to stay on the island with their parents if they wish to do so.

To maintain order among these 1,800 prisoners there were at the time of our visit only 60 soldiers in garrison. Little difficulty, however, is experienced in their management, punishment for ill behavior being detention in the penitentiary, flogging or, in extreme cases, banishment to Rat island, a small, uninhabited island about a mile long at the northeast of Fernando, where its occupant would have to keep himself alive by fishing.—Chambers' Journal.

ALWAYS ON HAND.—Mr. Thomas H. Korter, Lower Ireland, P. Q., writes: "My son, 18 months old had croup so bad that nothing gave him relief until a neighbor brought me some of DR. THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL, which I gave him, and in six hours he was cured. It is the best medicine I ever used and I would not be without a bottle of it in my house."

Among the products which science has put to valuable service is the nettle, a weed which is now being cultivated in some parts of Europe, its fiber proving useful for a variety of textile fabrics. In Dresden a thread is produced from it so fine that a length of 60 miles weighs only 2½ pounds.

It took four months for four men to do seven inches of a cashmere shawl one yard wide, working from 5 in the morning till 5 in the evening every day, so it was hardly to be wondered at that two yards should cost nearly $500.

JUST THE THING THAT'S WANTED.—A pill that acts upon the stomach and yet is so compounded that certain ingredients of it preserve their power to act upon the intestinal canal, so as to clear them of excreta, the retention of which cannot but be hurtful, was long looked for by the medical profession. It was found in Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, which are the result of much expert study, and are scientifically prepared as a laxative and an alterative in one.

A Bishop's Method.

A letter written with one's own hand is considered more respectful and courteous than any other. Bishop Barrington, whose handwriting is execrable, wrote to a correspondent, "Out of respect I write to you with my own hand, but to facilitate the reading I send you a copy made by my amanuensis."—Louisville Western Recorder.

Canadian Contingent.

If any of our readers had been at the Express Office on Monday morning they would have noticed two large tin cases of Foot Elm, which had been ordered for the Canadian Contingent for South Africa. Sweaty, blistered and chafed feet are the cause of a good deal of misery among soldiers in their long marches, and the authorities were wise in providing this popular remedy, as it will add greatly to the comfort of the troops, for thousands of Canadians can be found who gladly testify to its virtues, and the manufacturers, Messrs. Stott & Jury, Bowmanville, Ont., are to be congratulated on being owners of so valuable a remedy.—Montreal Star.

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The three great vital factors of this body of ours are the heart, the nerves and the blood.

It is because of the triple power possessed by Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills of making weak, irregular beating hearts strong and steady, toning up run down, shattered, nervous systems and supplying those elements necessary to make thin, watery blood rich and red, that so many wonderful cures have been accredited to this remedy.

Here is the case of Mrs. R. J. Arnold, Woodstock, N.B., who says:

"I was troubled for some time with nervous prostration and general weakness, feeling irritable, debilitated and sleepless nearly all the time. My entire system became run down. As soon as I began taking Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. I realized that they had a calming, soothing influence upon the nerves. Every dose seemed to help the cure. They restored my sleep, strengthened my nerves and gave tone to my entire system. I think them wonderful."

MILBURN'S Heart and Nerve Pills

He Disposed of the Book.

"Now, here is a book!" exclaimed the seedy man as he dashed in the banker's private office.

"Don't want no books!" grunted the banker.

"But this is one you can't help being interested in."

"Haven't time to read books, and"—

"But I am sure you will take this book," persisted the seedy man.

"Look here, sir, do you intend to leave this room, or must I"—

"Don't need to call the janitor; I'll go. This is your book, though."

"My book?"

"Yes, your pocketbook. I found it in the hall." Then he vanished.—Chicago News.

Green Diamonds.

While a real emerald colored diamond is rare, those with a green tinge are quite plentiful. The Museum of Natural History in Paris has several examples of green diamonds, but Dresden has the most famous, and it is one of the five marvels of gems known to the world.

When a man gets up to his ears in debt, he can hear nothing but the clamor of his creditors.—Galveston News.

There is no game so silly that there are not some people who are experts at it.—Washington Democrat.

THEY CLEANSE THE SYSTEM THOROUGHLY.—Parmelee's Vegetable Pills clear the stomach and bowels of bilious matter, cause the excretory vessels to throw off impurities from the blood into the bowels and expel the deleterious mass from the body. They do this without pain or inconvenience to the patient, who speedily realizes their good offices as soon as they begin to take effect. They have strong recommendations from all kinds of people.

The closer you get to a great man the smaller he appears

Cancer Attacks the Middle-Aged.

Men and Women Between 40 and 60 the Most Frequent Subjects of the Deadly Disease.

It has long been recognized by the medical profession that cancer is chiefly a disease of mid-life. Welch, the noted author, in his System of Medicine, says that in "2,038 tabulated cases of cancer of the stomach, three-fourths occurred between the ages of 40 and 60." So, too, cancer of the breast, cancer of the lip, cancer of the womb, cancer of the bowels, and, in fact, all cancerous growths, in whatever part of the body they may be found, occur most frequently in middle-aged persons. That being the case, would it not be wise for persons getting up in years to consider carefully any lumps or growth on any part of the body however insignificant these may appear to be? They may not cause much trouble now. What may they develop into a year hence? At this early stage we would strongly advise everyone to take treatment, as it is a simple matter to have these growths removed by our remedy, and much subsequent suffering averted. If you have let things run on until the cancer is well pronounced, it will take a while longer, but still we can effect a perfect and permanent cure. If you are in the last stages of cancer we cannot positively promise a cure, although we have cured quite a number of cases. Yet we can always help you and give you a great deal of comfort and ease. Our treatment is a constitutional remedy that attacks cancer at its origin in the system, and as the cause is removed the cancer lumps or growth gradually fade away, till not a vestige remains. We have cured dozens of persons in Canada these last few years, and if you would like to know something about their cases and more about our treatment, send 4 cents in stamps and we will give you full information. STOTT & JURY, Bowmanville, Ont. Mention this paper.

LAUGHING GAS.

Yon Yonson In Denver.

A clever piece of verse appeared in the Denver papers recently. It was the story of how "Yon Yonson" went to Denver, as follows:

Ay coom en on das Burlington
Das vas snap lightnin tren!
Ay tenk de yourney yust begun
Ven "Too-oo-oot!" and har Ay, bane!

Das pooty quick, yo bat mae life,
But not a yot or yar.
Ven Ay got back, Ay tol' mae vife
Das mos' so fast lak her.

Ay coom dar saven yar ago
Mat em gran' tren. Das bum!
Ay tenk railroads yust so slow,
Lak judgment day vas coom.

En ven das lightnin tren today
Yoom oop into da air
En fly yust lak a baard avay
Ay tenk Ay shed mae hair.

Ay got sax dollar money en
Mae pocket. Das all right.
En you yust bat mae life dar bane
A hot time har tonight.

Politics In Billville.

Public office is a public trust. We hired out the children, mortgaged the mule and the newspaper and then got left by six votes!

We have elected another man to the mayoralty, but the former mayor still holds the office. He has barricaded the doors and swears he will not surrender alive.

The other day we turned the prisoners out of jail to vote, but they outran the candidates, and now the sheriff can't catch 'em.

We tried the Australian ballot system, but it don't work to suit. It don't elect half the candidates who wanted to get in.

We have just laid out a new town to accommodate our disappointed office seekers.

A Crying Need.

Wanted, an india rubber desk,
One to expand and contract at will;
One to expand, though, most of the time—
A desk I could never hope to fill.
Mine is one of the usual size,
Big enough for methodical men,
But, good Lord, not of a size by half
To hold the things that come in my ken!

Day after day do I lay aside
On my desk the things I'll take up next;
Week after week I forget these things,
Which pile up higher, and I am vexed.
At best, once a month I make a sweep
Of the gathered stuff to show my zeal,
And, swearing a virtuous reform,
Shuffle the cards for another deal.

But what's the use? In another month
I'm back in the same old rut again.
An india rubber desk is all
That will keep me out of it, that's plain.
You business men who follow a rule
Don't know the troubles we're forced to meet,
Who follow the grind of the daily press
And haven't the time to keep things neat.
—Philadelphia North American.

He Was Literary, Too.

I was prowling through Mulberry Bend one night to see the darker side of tenement life, when a boy about ten years old came up to me as I stood for a moment on a corner, and queried:

"Gittin' stuff for a sermon next Sunday?"

"No, I'm not a preacher," I replied.

"That's lucky for you! They gin preachers the cold chuck around here. Stranger doin' the slums, mebbe?"

"No."

"Cause if you was I'd whistle for de gang, and we'd be on to you like a house! Gittin' picturs wid a kodack, mebbe?"

"No."

"De last kodack feller down here got away wid his life, but dat was all. Say, Cully was you an artist wid de brush?"

"No, I'm not an artist."

"Cause I wanted to remark dat you might possibly git away, but you'd be lame all de rest of your life! You don't look like one of de purfesh?"

"No, I'm not a thief, burglar or pickpocket," I answered.

"Cause if you was you'd have to whack up half a dollar to buy beer fur de gang, you know, or some of 'em would put de peelers on. What is your pertickler lay, Cully, if it wouldn't break yer neck to give it away?"

"Writing for the newspapers."

"Dat's literary, hain't it?"

"Yes."

"Cully, put it dore!" he said as he extended a hand which hadn't felt water for four weeks. "I'm right in it myself!"

"As how?"

"As I've a sister in a bookbindery, and me daddy runs the engine in a job office. Shake agin, Cully—a literary shake!"

The Assessor Foiled.

Cunning Assessor (to Kreesus' wife)—Wonder if I could get an idea from you as to how much your husband is worth?

Truthful Wife—I don't know. From the way he stints me I should say that instead of being assessed for anything at all the city ought to pay him something.

An Autocrat's Slang.

"Well," said the czar of Russia one day as he reined his horse at the western boundary of Olonetz and looked in prophetic mood at the peasants working in the fields beyond, "I can see my Finnish."

A Definition.

Tommy—Pop, what is a necessary evil?

Tommy's Pop—A necessary evil, my boy, is—um—one we like so much that we don't care about abolishing it.—Philadelphia Record.

BABY'S OWN SOAP

I Must have the genuine, The imitations look very nice, but they hurt my delicate SKIN.
THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO'Y.

W. N. U. 248.

A BRAVE WOMAN.

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

A PATHETIC LETTER.

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

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

He Popped.

The diffident young man had wanted to propose to the girl, but for the life of him he did not know how to go about it. He read books on the subject and sought information from men who had experience, and while the theories were admirable, in every instance he found that the practice thereof was a different thing.

He was walking with her one evening, thinking over these things, when her shoe became untied. She stuck out her pretty little foot with a smile, looked down at it, and he fell on his knees and tied the lace. Then he walked on with her, and the shoe became untied again. The third time it happened he was ready as before.

"See if you can't tie a knot that will stick," she said, as he worked away at it.

"If I can't I know a man who can," he said.

"Do you want him to tie it?" she asked coquettishly.

"Yes," he replied.

She jerked her foot away.

He smiled to himself.

"It's the parson," he said, and he rose to his feet and finished the work.—Berlin (Md.) Herald.

To Make a "Nigger June."

Two New Englanders have been engaged in mining in Tennessee for many years, and in their employ are many negroes. Speaking of their colored workmen the other day, one of the partners said:

"My partner and I were standing on the street corner talking business when some colored citizens passed, and we overheard one remark to the others: 'See dem two gemmen on de corner? Waal, dey's both Yankee Republicans, but dey sutnly does know how to make er nigger june.'"

He explained that "making a nigger june" meant making him hustle. Children in the south catch a June bug, tie a string to one leg and "let him june," the juning being a humming noise of the wings as the little creature flies round and round.

The never-failing medicine, Holloway's Corn Cure, removes all kinds of corns, warts, etc; even the most difficult to remove cannot withstand this wonderful remedy.

Overdoing It.

"Dear one," he whispered, "do you think if I married you your father would ever forgive us?"

"I'm sure he would, dear," she asserted softly.

"And would he give us a house of our own?"

"I know he would, dearest."

"And would he give us enough to live beautiful on?"

"I am sure of it, Harry."

"And would he take me into the firm?"

"Certainly he would."

"And let me run the business to suit myself?"

"Of course he would, darling."

She snuggled to his bosom, but he put her aside, coldly.

"I cannot marry you," he said, hoarsely. "Your father is too willing to get you off his hands."

Married people live longer than the unmarried, the temperate and industrious longer than the gluttonous and idle and civilized nations longer than uncivilized.

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Correspondence

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Write for descriptive catalogue.

G. W. DONALD, Sec.

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EDDY'S
BRUSHES
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ON THE MARKET.

Hale Old Age.

Sad to see people advanced in years suffering from Backache, Lame Back, Urinary Troubles and Kidney Weakness. A hale old age, free from pains and aches, can only be attained by keeping the kidneys right and the blood pure.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

befriend the aged by freeing them from pain and correcting all Disorders of the Kidneys and Urinary System.

Mr. Thomas Ash, an old resident of Renfrew, Ont., spoke as follows:

"I am 72 years of age, and have been troubled for a number of years with pains across my back. When I would stoop over it gave agonizing pain to straighten up. I was so bad that I could scarcely walk. I have taken many kinds of medicines, but got nothing to help me. Being recommended to try Doan's Kidney Pills I got a box. After taking three doses I noticed a great change for the better, and I can now get around as smart as a cricket. I can split my own wood and am, in fact, just like a new man."

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

ISSUED EVERY SATURDAY.—

M. E. Bissett Editor.

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

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

SATURDAY, JAN. 6th, 1900

WAR NEWS.

London, 6.—Following from Powell dated Mafeking "We attacked one of enemy's works this morning. Our force consisted of three guns, two guns, armoured train, etc. Enomy had strengthened their worhe during night and doubled garrison. Never-the-leeg our attack was carried out and pressed home under hot fire but all efforts to gain the interior by escapade failed, the fort being practically impregnable. Our attack only withdrew after six officers had been hit, also a large number of men. The general situation remains unchanged."

Cape Town, 6.—Reported that Gen. French has once more occupied Colesburg.

Feere Camp, 5.—Boers have been firing to day at Ladysmith and Colesso. There is a rumoral at this port that Boers are short of provisions. Gen. Buller's army is eager to advance.

London, 6.—There is still no important news from the front, but the silence which has descended on Gen. Buller's huge force at the Tugela River is believed to be the prelude of another attempt to reach Ladysmith. In the meanwhile the extraordinary tenacity of Boers are displayed around Colesburg tends to detract from the success of Gen. French is supposed to have achieved.

Pietermaritzburg 6.—The restlessness of the Zulus is increasing. Many of them are on the verge of starvation and anxious to fight the Boers.

London, 6.—Transvaal edition of Standard and Diggers News is responsible for the story that the former residence of Napolean on the Island of St. Helena is being renovated for Kruger. The story has created bitter feeling.

Rensburg.—Some Free Staters sent a petition to Pres. Steyn asking to return home. He replied that they had crossed the border without permission and as they had no money to pay for damage done they must pay for it with their blood.

London, 8.—Reported that Genl. Buller has crossed the Tugela and has captured 12 guns. The report not confirmed.

London, 8.—Genl. Buller telegraphs that Genl. White has had a battle with the Boers at Ladysmith and after hard fighting defeated them with heavy losses. Report confirmed.

Feere Camp, Natal, 9.—The following from White dated 9 a. m. "The enemy attacked Casecais Camp at 2:45 in considerable force but were repulsed. Fighting still continues."

Feere Camp, 6.—Following from White: "An attack was commenced on my position on waggon hill. Enemy was in great strength and pushed the attack with the greatest courage and energy. Some of our entrenchments on Waggon Hill were taken three times by enemy but were re-taken by us. Attack continued until 5:30 p. m. One point in our position was occupied by enemy the whole day, but at dusk in a very heavy rain-storm they were turned out of this position at the point of the bayonet by in a most gallant manner by the Devonshires.

The troops have had a very trying time and behaved excellently. The enemy was repulsed everywhere with heavy loss, greatly exceeding that on my side. Despatch concludes, 'Very hard pressed.' This means that Whites position is critical."

French has now joined British commander with the familiar phrase "I regret to report etc." Telegrams from Rensburg say seven officers and 30 men of Suffolk were killed and 50 captured.

French's announcment that the Essex regiment has been sent to rereplace the Suffolks is more bitter to latter's friends than list of casualities. Suffolks have disgraced themselves and their flag by bolting and leaving a few of their more staunch comrades to fill the Pretoria goals.

Nondon News confirms the report that White repulsed Boers with terrible losses to Boer side.

London, 9.—There is no confirmation that Buller has crossed the Tugela River.

London, 9.—A private of Irish Rifles who fought at Stromberg in a letter home says that when Gen. Gatacre saw the position, the guide led the troops into he shot the guide with his own revolver.

London, 9.—Lord Delaware in graphic description of the Battle of Magersfontein says: "It is useless to disguise the fact that a large percentage of the troops are losing heart for the campaign, comprised of a succession of frontal attacks on a force securely entrenched. our men fought admirably but they were asked to perform miracles. Don't blame them and don't blame the gallant general who was the first victim of the disaster which overcame the Highland Regiment. The marched in quarter column to their doom. General Wauchope's last words were: "For God's sake men, do not blame me for this!" It will gladden the hearts of his many friends there was no accord between Methuen and Wauchope in regard to bes method of attacking. Methuen's was adopted and the mistake cost over d hundred lives.

Lorenzo Marques, 9.—The British have been compelled to retreat from Dordreche. Fighting continues a ound Colesburg. The British occupy some of the outside Kopjes. Bullets are dropping in in the town and 15 were wounded.

London, 9.—Gen. White still holds out or did so sixty hours ago when the Boers outed from their footholds inside the works and suspended their assult at midnight. England has taken heart. The situation is causing much anxiety. The beleagured force must have expended a large ammount of ammunition which cannot be replenished so far as the garrison is concerned by the greater loss of Boers.

There is one division only at Cheverly, another at Feere and at Estcourt. Gen. Buller's 30,000 men and seventy guns were inactive on Saturday and when White telegraphed Gen. Buller could really make no move of any importance.

News from Belmont shows that the Queenslanders and Canadians volunteers have been so energetic in that neighborhood that a large belt of the Free State across the Boer laager has been deserted by the Boers.

Victoria, 9.—No new developments in the political situation.

MEMORABLE SURRENDERS.

How British Became Prisoners of the Boers—Surrender Brought About by Treachery.

The Transvaal was annexed, rightly or wrongly it matters not now, in 1877. Of its surrender in 1881, after we had suffered reverses, says the Navy and Army, there can be only one opinion: Vestigia nulla retrorsum. Let us turn to the beginning of the events. After successfully breaking the power of the Basuto chief Sekukuni, Sir Garnet (now Lord) Wolseley left the Transvaal with a small garrison, and, as he thought, at peace. But there was much friction between the British and Dutch settlers, the latter protesting against the loss of their freedom. Meeting succeeded meeting, and petition petition, and at length the Boers issued a proclamation declaring their independence.

The Ninety-fourth regiment, which had been stationed at Leydenberg, left that town on December 5, 1880, to reinforce the garrison at Pretoria. The force was composed as follows: 216 officers, non-commissioned officers and men, three women and two children of the Ninety-fourth; two officers and five non-commissioned officers and men of the Army Service corps; three non-commissioned officers and men of the Army Hospital corps, and one surgeon, making a total of nine officers and 248 men, with thirty-four wagons. The little force was under the command of Col. Anstruther. Before their departure they had heard rumors of the Boers fighting, but they did not believe them. Indeed, Col. Anstruther says in his despatch that the field cornet had told him that though emissaries had been through the country endeavoring to rouse the people to stop the British force, the appeal had met with no response.

In spite of this voluntary assurance the little force, it was subsequently ascertained, was followed all the way from Middleburg by a large mounted force of Boers, who kept well out of sight. The country near Prinsloo's Farm, on the Bronkhorst Spruit, is well but not thickly wooded, and favored the advance of cavalry. On nearing this place two or three Boer scouts were noticed, and Col. Anstruther immediately halted his force. Hardly was that done when the enemy appeared in skirmishing order on the rise of a slightly wooded hill on our left. In addition there were large numbers in the rear and on our right flank. Col. Anstruther had been treacherously trapped. The number of Boers altogether was estimated by Col. Anstruther at 1,200 to 1,500. The Boers sent forward a flag of truce half way between the line and Col. Anstruther went out to meet it. The bearer handed him a letter signed "P Joubert," and countersigned by other Boers, requesting him to wait where he was until a reply had been received to an ultimatum that had been sent to Sir Owen Lanyen, administrator of the Transvaal. Col. Anstruther replied that he could not wait, as he had orders to proceed with all haste to Pretoria. "I have my orders for Pretoria, and to Pretoria I'll go," he said. The bearer of the flag of truce said he would take the message to his commandant general, and when asked by the colonel to let him know the result, nodded assent.

Almost immediately, however, the enemy's line advanced. Col. Anstruther ran back to his men and ordered the leading company to skirmish, but before they could open out to more than loose files a murderous fire was opened on them. A hot fire was returned, but the contest was too unequal, and lasted only twenty minutes. By that time all the officers, and two out of three of the non-commissioned officers and men were either killed or wounded, and Col. Anstruther ordered the cease fire to be sounded, and hoisted a flag of truce. Two officers were killed and Col. Anstruther himself was dangerously wounded. The Boers took possession of all arms and ammunition and surrounded the remnant of the little force. The colors of the Ninety-fourth were with the detachment, but they were saved from falling into the hands of the Boers.

Conductor Egerton of the Army Service corps, though himself wounded, obtained permission from the Boer commandant, Franz Joubert, to go into Pretoria for doctors and ambulances. He was not allowed a horse or arms of any kind, but a sergeant was permitted to accompany him. Some of the men of the Ninety-fourth had torn the colors of the regiment off the poles, and Conductor Ralph Egerton took charge of them on his journey, holding them round his waist. Joubert had previously asked for the guns and colors. Egerton had replied that there were no guns, and as to the colors, he did not belong to the Ninety-fourth, and did not know where they were. At that time the colors were secreted under the wife of Sergeant-Major Fox, who was wounded, and Egerton spoke truthfully when he denied knowledge of them. His gallant action in carrying the colors to Pretoria was subsequently rewarded by a commission in the regiment.

Following is the story of the British surrender at Potchefstroom:

When it was ascertained early in December, 1880, that the Boers were determined to fight, every precaution was taken at Potchefstroom, and the court house and jail were fortified. On the 14th the Boers were reported to be in large force some five miles off. On the 15th about 500 mounted Boers rode into the town and took possession of some buildings. Next day several armed Boers rode to within 200 yards of the camp. Col. Winsloe, who was in command at the town, ordered a small party of mounted infantry under Lieut. Lindsell to ride up and inquire what they wanted. When that officer approached the Boers fired. Lieut. Lindsell then gave the order to his man to charge, which they did most effectively, cutting down two of the enemy and driving the remainder back to the town amid the cheers from the men garrisoning the fort and jail.

A general attack was then made by the Boers on two sides of the fort, but the steady fire of our men soon repulsed them. That evening the water furrow from which the supply of water for the camp was taken was cut off. A well was sunk to a depth of 20 feet, but no water was found. The weather was fearfully hot, and the men suffered terribly when the supply of water was limited. On the 17th it was determined to take the water-carts to a stream were all gone. Fever, dysentery and scurvy broke out. There was heavy fighting on March 17 and 18. At length, on the 20th, half a mile away from camp and fill them. This difficult expedition was entrusted to Lieut. Lindsell, who set out in the dark with twenty-five drivers of the Royal Artillery, and a company of the Twenty-first. The company was most successful, and enough water was brought in to last another two days. In the meantime the working of the well was going on, but without result. At length, when the last drop of water had been finished, several new wells were begun, and on December 10 the Royal Artillery struck water at nine feet.

In the meantime the Boers had kept up a hot fire on the fort, the jail and the court house. On the morning of the 18th the court house was fiercely assaulted. The garrison was short of water, and the roof of the building was fired, so it was deemed advisable to surrender. This was done on the understanding that the lives of the defenders should be saved. To the dismay of the garrisons of the prison and the fort, first a white flag was seen hoisted over the Union Jack on the building, and a quarter of an hour later the Union Jack was replaced by the flag of the South African Republic. On the 21st the garrison of the prison, falling short of provisions, evacuated it, and retired without loss to the fort. The Boers, encouraged by the capture of the court house, and strongly reinforced, made a great effort to capture the fort on January 1. The latter garrison was sorely pressed. Two thousand Boers kept up an incessant and rapid fire for some time, but made no visible impression. Nothing of note occurred until the 5th, when the Boers occupied the cemetery, about 300 yards to our left. Lieut. Lindsell and a party of volunteers made their way down by moonlight, and drove the Boers back to the town. This little expedition was afterwards spoken of by the Boers as the most gallant feat we did during the seige. Lieut. Dairymple Hay led the attack and was successful in gaining possession of a troublesome position and capturing four prisoners and some ammunition, waterproof coats and trenching tools. Soon after this engagement a truce was called, and an exchange of prisoners took place. But as soon as the truce was over firing began again.

From that time to the end of the seige nothing of much interest occurred. Food ran very short in the fort. By the beginning of March rations had fallen to four Col. Winsloe decided that it would be better to surrender with honorable terms than be forced to surrender unconditionally in three days' time—for provisions could not last till then. On the 21st therefore the surrender was made. When Col. Winsloe surrendered, he was entirely ignorant that an armistice of eight days had been declared, having been misled by the lying statements of the Boer leaders. Tardy reparation was afterwards made for this treachery. The seige had lasted three months and five days, and our total casualties were 83 killed, wounded and prisoners out of 219.

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THE FARM GARDEN.

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

Cabbage—For the earliest crop, seed seed should be sown in a hot-bed, or a cold frame in march, so the plants will be ready to put out late in April or early in May. For late crop, sow in open ground in May, and fransplant towards the latter part of June or early in July.

Plant the early varities two aad the late three feet apart, in soil that is very rich and has been well worked to a good depth.

Commence cultivating about three days after planting, ann continue operations at least once a week until the plants get too laege to allow the cultivator to go through without brsaking too many leavrs.

The best early cabbage is Early Jersey Wakefield second early, Henderson's Early Drummer. Vandergam is also a very good summer variety. For winter I know none better than Steele Briggs Savoy 'Chester.'

Cauliflowers are not quite so hardy and require more moisture than cabbage; otherwise the treatment is the same. Demi Dur is one of the best varities for family use. Brussel sprouts and kale require the same treatment.

Carrots—Sow in drills, one foot apart, as early in spring as the soil can be worked for early; for late crop any time up to the middle of May, in deeply worked soil thin to about four to feet apart. Cultivate as soon as they show in the row General or ox heart is the best family carrot.

Sweet Corn—Thie is a treat we should try for. It requires a rich warm soil with plenty of sunshine to bring it to perfection. Plant in hills three feet apart, dropping five or six grains in each; when well up, thin to three plants to the hill.

Cultivate deep at first, but shallow when the plants get about one foot high.

Best variety for home use, White Corey.

Cucumber—This is one of the tender plants that must be kept out of the ground until the middle of May. Plant in hills four feet apart; make a hole where the hill is to be, put in a couple of spades of well rotted manure, mix this thoroughly with the soil, fill up the hole level and plant eight or ten seeds in a circle. When the plants are well up thin to four in a hill. Water in dry weather.

Lettuce—This is one of the easiest of all plants to grow, given a good rich soil, well cultivated and they will grow to perfection. Plant one foot apart. For early use, sow seeds in cold frame in March, or a few plants may be raised in a box in the house; for late, sow in open ground early in spring. Hanson is one of the best.

The natives of temperate countries requiring a temperature from 40 to 45 degrees to germinate are: beets, beans, carrots, cabbage, cauliflower, celery, kale, lettuce, onion, parsnip, peas, radish, turnip and a few others. These are classed as hard .

[The above paragraph was omitted by mistake in the issue of Dec. 24rd It comes after paragraph headed, "Seed Sowing.]

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

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" 9:28	Goldstream	" 4:53
" 10:14	Shawnigan Lake	" 5.39
" 10:48	Duncans	6:15
P.M.		P.M.
" 12:24	Nanaimo	7:41
Ar. 12:40	Wellington	Ar. 7:55

WELLINGTON TO VICTORIA.

No. 1 Daily. A.M.		No. 3 Saturday. A.M.
De. 8:05	Wellington	De. 4:25
" 8:29	Nanaimo	" 4:39
" 9:55	Duncans	" 6:05
" 10:37	Shawnigan Lake	" 6:46
" 11:23	Goldstream	" 7.39
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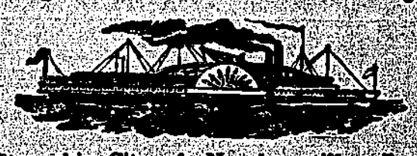

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A HARVEST OF TARES.

By Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen

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CHAPTER VIII.

Parish duties occupied much of Mr. Falck's time during the day, and in the evening when he returned from his labour he was apt to find his fiancee in animated conversation with the young engineer.

"But really, Mr. Brun," he once heard her say, as they rose from the piano after having played a duet, "I don't see why you call yourself an engineer. There is nothing of the engineer about you. I should rather fancy, if I knew nothing about you that you were an artist."

"You have guessed my innermost secret, Miss Hulda," cried Brun, with a kindling enthusiasm. "I am an artist—an artist disguised as an engineer—an artist's soul forced by cruel necessity to wear the engineer's mask."

"But why do you do it if you don't like it?"

"Why do I do it? Because an unkind fate supplied me with a guardian who is deaf to reason and impervious to entreaty. He simply compelled me to go to the School of Technology in Gothenburg when I longed to go to the Academy of Arts, and when I rebel, as I have done repeatedly, he tells me that I must first acquire an honest profession whereby to earn my bread—as if art were a dishonest profession—and then if I want to fool with art afterward as a mere amusement it cannot do me much harm. But in a few months I shall fill my twenty-first year, and then I shall bid a jubilant farewell to engineering, and devote myself to my beloved art."

"You intend to become a professional musician?"

"Musician? Why, no. I intend to become a painter. In music I am a mere amateur, and, to be perfectly frank, I am an amateur in painting, too, owing to my uncle's tyranny. But from the 24th of March proximo I intend to be a full-fledged professional painter."

"But will it not be rather late to begin at 21?"

"Perhaps. But where one's whole life and happiness are at stake it can never be too late. I hate mathematics; I loath machines; my soul revolts at mechanics. And for a man to spend his life among the things he detests is a crime against himself. It is the greatest crime he can commit. You don't know me yet. If you did, you would not say it is too late. I feel the spark of genius within me. I am aglow with a divine fever—a mighty creature impulse. I know that I shall steal the fire of the immortals."

Such talk the parson's daughter had never heard before, and she lacked the experience to appraise it according to its worth. There was something in this youth's audacity that struck a responsive chord in her bosom, and his enthusiasm for all that was beautiful had a contagious quality which made it irresistible. There was a warm persuasiveness in his eloquence which made it a luxury to listen to him, and his utter scorn of the utilitarian ideals which had been preached to her from childhood was delightfully daring and novel. She scarcely noticed that he always talked about himself, and that he found no topic comparable to himself in interest. His plans, his dreams, his experiences, his noble rebellion against teachers, discipline and guardian, his purpose to conquer the world with his fame and confound all those who had doubted his genius were the themes upon which he played perpetual entertaining variations. It is scarcely to be wondered at that Mr. Falck's sober discourses about the pietists, who were then causing a disturbance in the parish, the alarming emigration and the great poverty among the tenantry seemed stale and unprofitable after such high-flown dithyrambics, and the curate, who observed that he could not hold a candle to his rival, soon withdrew from the competition. He rated the young engineer so low as regards moral worth and character as almost to hold him harmless. He did not doubt that Hulda, when the novelty of his personality had worn off, would discover his hollowness and then return with a warmer allegiance to himself. In the meantime he could afford to wait. He knew her well enough to be aware that the least opposition on his part to Mr. Brun, the least attempt at disparagement, would enlist her sympathy and make her his champion. He therefore exerted himself to appear perfectly neutral. He never allowed the jealous wrath which sometimes took possession of him to colour his speech, and he never remonstrated against their perpetual singing and playing, detached strains of which reached him in his study whenever a door was opened. And yet never had Hulda appeared more precious to him than now, when he seemed on the verge of losing her. He could scarcely comprehend what his life could have been without her, and he pitied his own grey and barren past. Oftentimes he caught himself defending her against his own charges, and wondering how she could ever have consented to bestow her own radiant self upon one so unattractive and ill-favoured as himself. Was she

No less disgusted than the magpie.

so very culpable in preferring the handsome, nimble-witted youth, if, indeed, she did prefer him?

It was about the middle of February. The world was a vast, white void. The forest was half buried under a shroud of snow, and the pines stood with drooping branches, groaning under their burden. Now and then when a load of snow fell, the bough shook itself with a sense of relief, and the fine frost crystals drizzled down glistening in the sun.

The parsonage, lying waist-deep in the snow, looked like a fortress in a state of siege, surrounded by its white breastworks and ramparts. The Christmas sheaves, nailed on tall poles to the gables of the barn and the mansion, had been pretty well pillaged, but noisy swarms of sparrows still kept flying from one to the other and fought sham battles for the possession of the dilapidated straw. A fussy magpie sat in the maple near the front door, ruffling up her feathers against the cold, and looked disgusted.

At the window in the large and cozy sitting-room stood Mr. Falck, looking no less disgusted than the magpie. The room was filled with song and the odour of salted rose leaves. For a quiet, Christian gentleman the curate was mentally indulging in some vigorous language. The atmosphere round about him seemed charged with some highly excitable fluid vibrating with suppressed wrath.

"Ich lie-ie-ie-ie-be dich," came from the piano in a wildly passionate soprano, and a deliriously "rampageous" baritone went mad with exultation. They repeated it singly and conjointly, "Ich liebe dich; ich lie-ie-ie-ie-be dich; ich lie-ie-ie-ie-be dich."

Then came a recital of all the various circumstances under which they loved and would continue to love each other—summer, winter, sunshine, moonshine, rain, etc.—and Mr. Falck concluded it was time for him to have an accounting with his fiancee, so as to discover how they were standing. He stood contemplating the young engineer's back as he tossed his head hither and thither in the ecstacy of the song, though it was less demonstrative than Hulda's, which swayed with a languishing motion.

"Would you care to take a sleigh-ride with me this afternoon?" he asked when the song was at an end. "The weather is magnificent."

She looked at Brun as if her answer in some way depended on him, and Mr. Falck even fancied that there was some hidden understanding in her glance, as if she were begging him to help her out of her predicament.

"I hope you will kindly excuse her," began the engineer, with embarrassed haste, for he was anxious to prove equal to the occasion. "The fact is—that is to say—Miss Hulda and I—"

"Have a previous engagement, probably," finished Mr. Falck. "I shall be sorry to interfere with it, but I desire very particularly that Miss Hulda will ride with me this afternoon."

"Very well," said the girl, dejectedly. "I shall be at your service. When do you wish to start?"

"At four o'clock."

CHAPTER IX.

At the appointed hour Nils drove up before the door, with the parson's best horse—a fat and ponderous family cob of uncertain age—and betrayed as nearly as he dared his contempt for Mr. Falck's poor muscle by the way he handed him the reins. Fritz was balancing, with both hands in his pockets, on the top of the woodpile, and watched the horse with the eye of a connoisseur. Now and then he vouchsafed his future brother-in-law a contemptuous glance, as he stood wrapped in a wolfskin overcoat, and with a huge red woollen scarf wound about his neck and waist. Presently Hulda appeared, stepping lightly in spite of the heavy fur cloak (which was the common property of three sisters, and worn by turns), and with a youthful elasticity which aroused the admiration of the critical Nils.

"I tell ye, boy," he observed to Fritz, who had just leaped down from the woodpile, "if that ain't a boss girl, Nils Thorsen ain't no jedge of women folks."

"I am going to tell Randie the cook that you said that," remarked Fritz, with the malice of jealousy.

The groom laid his head on one side and spat with an expression of concentrated cynicism and disgust, but the words he uttered were not for ears polite.

Mr. Falck was in the meanwhile awkwardly assisting in disposing his fiancee's feet in a fur-lined bag, and she was accepting his attentions with a half-rebellious acquiescence. In the parlour windows the pastor and his wife were seen watching the preparations for the ride with parental interest, and nodding and kissing their hands, and in the windows of the second floor Magda, Stina, and four smaller sisters and three servant girls were taking note of the important event, and exchanging the liveliest comments.

When finally the wolfskin robe had been strapped to the sides of the sleigh, the curate signalled cautiously to the horse, who started forward with a jerk, and came near upsetting the vehicle in the great snowbank at the gate. A maid here emerged from the house, calling Miss Hulda, and waving a muffler frantically above her head.

Mr. Falck stopped the horse, and enquired what was the matter.

"Your mother, Huldy, she wants you to put on this muffler," declared the maid, breathlessly. "She's afraid you might freeze your ears."

"Oh, bother! Tell her I don't need it."

"She do say it very particular, Huldy."

"Well, give it here."

She snatched the muffler from the maid's hand, and, turning to her fiance, made a motion as if to take the reins away from him.

"Do whip up the horse," she demanded, "or they will be sending the whole family wardrobe after us."

Though it was but little after 4 o'clock in the afternoon, the sun had long since set, but the moon had not risen. The stars flashed forth from the deep nocturnal blue with a dazzling brilliancy. Venus glowed with a bright and steady shine. Mars twinkled with an uneasy, scintillating splendour, and Jupiter, large, like a diminutive moon, sailed in calm majesty under the milky way. The snow sparkled and glittered with myriads of frosty diamonds, and the hollows and undulations were filled with clear, bluish shadows. It crackled under the horse's hoofs. It flew like rifle balls past their ears, flung up by the animal's hoofs. It drizzled in faint, spasmodic showers from the pine boughs when the wind of their speed invaded the still and silent forest. In the vast, solemn, moonless void the jingle of their sleighbells sounded flat and a trifle frivolous. It was like a trivial dancing tune played upon an organ. Hulda listened to it with a slight annoyance until by its ceaseless iteration it became absorbed in the silence, and she heard it no more. She half forgot her companion, too, and her thought went careering through the boundless space with a blissful sweep and buoyancy. She was sensitive, easily attuned, as is every artistic temperament. The newly-discovered delight of sympathy which her intercourse with Brun had yielded her had somehow imparted a tensity to her mood, a quivering susceptibility to the influences of nature.

"Oh, isn't it glorious?" she cried, as they plunged into the gloom of the pine woods with their endless colonnades of frost-silvered trunks, upon which the starlight sparkled.

"Tsch-tsch-tsch," said Mr. Falck, chirruping to the horse, and cracking his whip sharply.

She felt rebuffed, and lapsed into an offended silence. She had not been acutely conscious of Mr. Falck until that moment, but had only felt an enthusiastic need to pour her rapture into a sympathetic ear. She would not trouble him again, surely. But at the end of 15 minutes, during which the sleighbells had been jingling monotonously, the forest suddenly ceased, and the frozen river like a vast blue shield studded with countless flashing gems spread out before them. The unexpectedness of the scene, and its dazzling splendour quite took her breath away.

"Oh, God!" she exclaimed, ecstatically, "how transcendently gorgeous! How glorious! How sublime!"

"Tsch-tsch-tsch," chirruped Mr. Falck again, and cracked his whip once more. He felt always a trifle awkward when anybody raved, and strong language made him ill at ease. He was disposed to make it as unnoticeable as possible, and his cracking of the whip was therefore a mere instinctive movement expressive of his discomfort. He would have liked to talk seriously with Hulda, and had, in fact, planned this sleigh ride for the express purpose of affording him the opportunity. But how could he talk sensibly to her as long as she was in this overstrained, lyrical mood?

They had now swung out upon the ice, which rang under the hoof-beats of the horse with a sharp, metallic resonance. The wind sang in their ears, though there was not a breath of air stirring except for the commotion of their speed in the still, keen cold.

(To be continued.)

WOMEN HAVE BACKACHE

AND SUFFER THE PAINS AND DISTRESSES OF KIDNEY DISEASE.

Women are so accustomed to attribute their pains to ailments of the feminine organs that they frequently suffer with backache and kidney disorders without understanding the nature of the disease.

The most marked symptom of kidney disease is backache. Then there is irregularities in urinating and deposits in the urine. When these indications are present, delays are dangerous. There is safety only in the immediate treatment with the world's greatest kidney cure—

DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS.

Women who suffer with backache and the tired, languid feelings which accompany kidney ailments can use Dr. Chase's Kidney Liver-Pills with perfect confidence. They are purely vegetable, and act naturally on the kidneys, liver and bowels.

One pill a dose, 25 cents a box. At all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

THE TROTTING RECORD.

Anaconda, 2:03¼, is the eighth pacer to pass the 2:04 mark.

Bertha Lee, by Senator Rose, took a new record of 2:13¼ at Terre Haute.

George West is reported as saying that no hopples go in his stable next year.

Elyria, 2:25¼, has five new performers so far this year, while Little Joker, a pacer, by Elyria, has a mark of 2:25¼.

George Tod, owner of Lord Vincent, 2:08¾, has presented the $500 silver Charter Oak cup to his driver, Charley Doble.

The Putnam (Conn.) track record was set at 2:15½ the other day by the bay gelding Red Bird in the third heat of the 2:20 trot and pace.

The estimated cost of constructing the boundary road, speedway and dike for the new Boston drive is $300,000. The speedway will be used this winter.

In the free for all pace at Princeton, Ills., the black mare Persenette, 2:11½, by Oneida, set a new track record of 2:13½, a reduction of two and three-quarter seconds.

It is a settled principle of racing that to win a share of the money a horse must go the full course, distance flag or no flag, heats or dashes, trotting, pacing or running.

Dariel, 2:07¼, by Alcander, the mare who has done so well of late in the N. W. Hubinger stable, holds the Athol (Mass.) track records, 2:16¼ in a race and 2:12½ against time.

In the second heat of the free for all at the South County fair, West Kingston, N. Y., Tom Carpenter, with Alcinta, pushed Belle Colley to the wire in 2:14¾, which lowered the track record a half second.—Horseman.

STAGE GLINTS.

Wilderbruch has just completed a drama for the Court theater in Berlin.

Miss Victoria Walters this season replaces Miss Mayo in the part of Janet, the milkmaid, in "The Devil's Auction."

The engagement of Max Beerbohm, the critic and brother of Beerbohm Tree, to Miss Grace Conover is reported.

Edward Harrigan has completely recovered his health and has written two plays, "An Old New Yorker" and "Dear Old Larry."

"The Elixir of Life" is the title selected by George Sims for the London version of the French farce played as "The Proper Caper."

John Drew's company in "The Tyranny of Tears" includes Isabel Irving, Ida Conquest, Arthur Byron, Harry Harwood and Frank E. Lamb.

Coquelin aine is willing to return to the Comedie Francaise in Paris on condition that he be allowed a certain amount of time each year to produce classical plays on the continent.

Julia Arthur's plans for this season include a production of "Hamlet," with herself in the title role; "Romeo and Juliet," "More Than a Queen," the Parisian success of "Plus Que Reine" and "A Lady of Quality."

Marion Crawford has contracted to write a play for Viola Allen. It will probably be called "In Old Madrid," and the locale of the story will be in the Spanish city, the time being 1570. The drama will be founded on a new novel by Crawford, which is to be published in serial form in both an English and an American magazine.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Game cocks in Porto Rico bring as high as $100 each.

The English workingman has 278 working days in a year, the American 308, the Hungarian 312 and the Russian 267.

A resident of New Zealand has patented a liquid for branding cattle which can be applied with a brush without the necessity of holding the animal, the compound consisting of hydrate of soda, water, kerosene, hematite and aloes.

A strange funeral was lately witnessed in Folkestone, England. The undertaker, arrayed in deep black, rode a wheel in front of the procession, with a child's coffin strapped across the handle bar.

The British government keeps 11 vessels at work sounding and charting the ocean beds to find out where dangers lurk. Last year 10,000 square miles were carefully charted in different parts of the world—Asia, Africa and the South Pacific.

A Chicago man owns a dog that can't tolerate whiskers. Whenever a man with hair on his chin passes this animal he sets up a most doleful howl and appears to be suffering intensely. It doesn't matter whether the offender is a preacher, an undertaker or a butler—all whiskers are alike to him.

THE CYNICAL BACHELOR.

A homely woman who is vain doubts the accuracy of mirrors.

A young man seeking a quiet spot to kiss a girl should avoid her mouth.

When a woman cuts a man's acquaintance, she looks daggers at him.

A woman, to say the least—but, then, it isn't a woman's nature to say the least.

Asthma Cure vs. Asthma Relief.

It is a recognized fact among those suffering from asthma that the longer they use the temporary relief asthma remedies which require to be burned, the worse they become until it loses its effect entirely. Clarke's Kola Compound is not among this class, but will permanently cure the worst case of asthma in from 60 to 90 days. Mr. F. J. Painton, proprietor of Painton's Music Store, Vancouver, B. C., writes: "I have been a great sufferer from asthma in its worst form for over fifteen years, and had consulted physicians both in England and Canada but obtained no relief. A friend of mine who had been cured by the Kola Compound advised me to try it, and three bottles have entirely cured me; it is now over two years since my recovery, and asthma has not troubled me since; and previous to taking Dr. Clarke's Kola Compound I have many nights had to sit up nearly all night. It is truly a wonderful remedy, and it affords me great pleasure in attesting my appreciation of anything so worthy." Clarke's Kola Compound is sold by all druggists. Free sample bottle sent to any person. Mention this paper. Address, The Griffiths & Macpherson Co., 121 Church street, Toronto, or Vancouver, B. C., sole Canadian agents.

A Harassing Problem.

"William, I don't know whether to telegraph or not before I start out to Cousin Caroline's."

"Why are you undecided?"

"Well, if I don't telegraph maybe she won't be at home; and, if I do, maybe she will go off visiting somewhere."—Detroit Free Press.

Ready For Duty.

If lasses clamor to be kissed
Until a hero's nervous,
Of deputies appointed list
For such a trying service!

True courage fills this mighty land,
Our lads know naught of fearing.
Sound forth the call! You'll find at hand
No lack of volunteering.

—Washington Star.

Misapprehension Corrected.

"That is the blind asylum, isn't it?" asked the visitor.

"That's what it is called," replied the resident. "They call it the blind asylum, but I should think that anybody could see that its site is admirable."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup stands at the head of the list for all diseases of the throat and lungs. It acts like magic in breaking up a cold. A cough is soon subdued, tightness of the chest is relieved, even the worst case of consumption is relieved, while in recent cases it may be said never to fail. It is a medicine prepared from the active principles or virtues of several medicinal herbs, and can be depended upon for all pulmonary complaints.

Complimented.

"I don't know when I have been more touched by a personal tribute," said Senator Sorghum.

"Was it something the man who just left said to you?"

"Yes; he said he was tired of dealing with politicians who lacked conscience, that he was going to use his influence for me because I was an honest man and would pay every dollar I promised in return for votes."

The Irrepressible Candidate.

He took an run for office—they beat him out of one—
He saw another heave in sight an still kept up the run.
An when they beat him out o' that he saw another rise
An tried to read his titles clear beneath them office skies!

He jest kept on a-runnin from morn to evenin late;
He jumped the highest fences to reach the office gate.
He never stopped for rest at all—to ketch a single breath—
But run so fast at last—at last he run himself to death!

A writer in Harper's Magazine says that, 40 years ago, wild pigeons were found in myriads in New York state, but in late years they have been rapidly disappearing.

Eleven parrots and seven dogs greet Mme. Scalchi, the singer, when she goes home. One of the parrots can sing two verses of the "Marseillaise."

The reason those people succeed so well who mind their own business is because there is so little competition.

Not of the Ancient Order.

The art of compounding liniments and lotions is recorded among the ancients of many ages back, but Griffiths' Menthol Liniment is a decided improvement on all previous liniments brought before the public. It combines the well known pain-relieving properties of Menthol with the best counter irritants known to medical science. Sold by all druggists, 25 cents.

Himalayan Kownee.

A traveler in the Himalayan mountain region has discovered that the natives of that country cultivate a grain hitherto unknown in civilized agricultural operations, which has something the look of wheat, but has very much longer ears, and which has a peculiar inward curve. The shiny, brown grain, unlike wheat, is, on the other hand, much smaller than wheat grains should be for so large an ear. But the interest is that a cereal of this character should yield such heavy crops in so high an altitude, where the seasons are necessarily short and the temperature low. The natives call the grain kownee.—Exchange.

Ridicule.

There is no character, howsoever good and fine, but it can be destroyed by ridicule, howsoever poor and witless. Observe the ass, for instance, his character is about perfect, he is the choicest spirit among all the humbler animals, yet see what ridicule has brought him to. Instead of feeling complimented when we are called an ass, we are left in doubt.—Pudd'nhead Wilson's Calendar (Mark Twain in Century).

Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator does not require the help of any purgative medicine to complete the cure. Give it a trial and be convinced.

Success is apt to destroy a man's belief in luck.

A NEIGHBORLY CALL

BUT IT WAS PAID AT AN UNSEASONABLE HOUR.

And the Trouble Was Rather Increased by the Callers Neglecting to Make Sure That They Were at the Right Place.

Wise is the man who, if fate decrees that he shall dwell in a flat, takes pains to master all details by which his own domicile may be distinguished from that of his next door neighbor. For if he fails to do so strange things may transpire, as this story will demonstrate.

It happened only a few nights ago and in Woodlawn, which is a veritable wilderness of flat buildings of all sizes and designs. One of the old fashioned structures is particularly confusing. It has an infinity of length, in which there are six entrances, all much alike, each giving ingress and egress to the tenants of eight flats.

Two or three weeks ago a family took up its abode in the building, occupying the ground floor flat on the east side of the fourth entrance from the east end of the building. That sounds easy enough.

So far all well and good. But on the night in question the family, consisting of a rather young father, a good looking young mother and a little girl went to the theater, leaving the flat in charge of the brother of the paterfamilias, a young man of some 21 years and gifted with an appetite for slumber.

It was late when the family returned—nearly 1 o'clock, in fact. How it happened no one knows, but they all missed the count and turned in at the fifth entrance from the east end of the building instead of the fourth. A ring at the doorbell at first brought no reply. They were vexed, for they had no latchkey with them. A few more rings, however, brought an answer.

The door was opened an inch and a sleepy male voice said, "Who is it?"

"Why, it's us, of course," was the answer. "What did you think it was, burglars?"

And with this remark the man pushed on through the door, followed at once by his wife and little girl, into the dimly lighted parlor. In the middle of the room stood a dazed looking individual, with sleep heavy lids and frowzled hair, attired only in a rather brief night garment.

Paying no more attention to her supposed brother-in-law, the woman took off her hat and began making herself otherwise quite at home.

At last the figure in the middle of the room spoke. This is what he remarked: "If you folks want anything here, or if I can do anything for you, please tell me and I'll try and accommodate you."

As sure as fate, that voice was a strange voice.

"Why, isn't this No. 511?" the man asked.

"No; it's No. 515, if you please."

They stood not on the order of their going, but went at once. Not, however, before the woman had picked up her hat and sundry other articles of wearing apparel and had grabbed a frightened little girl by the arm.

The next evening an extremely embarrassed young man made a brief call to apologize for a blunder he attributed to a lack of acquaintance with the appearance of the building at night. The apology was accepted in good part.

It is said that people in the same flat building never got acquainted with each other. The young man who was mistaken for a brother and a brother-in-law now is wondering whether that call was the end or only the beginning of social relations between the two families. As he is the older tenant, he says the problem is one his wife must decide.

Can Any One Guess?

"Are you good at riddles, Dick?"

"Yes, fairly."

"Well, then, if it takes an hour and a half for a cockroach with a wooden leg to hop up a bar of soft soap, how many yards of tripe would it take to make an elephant a waistcoat?"—Ally Sloper.

It is estimated that Kansas City, Mo., has a population of 192,000, and Kansas City, Kan., 50,000.

Couldn't Keep Him Out.

"The brightest reporter I ever knew," said a newspaper man, "was Billy Gaylor, who died at Hot Springs in 1895. He was a most persistent fellow after an item, and that reminds me of a little story, about the last incident of his career. He had been assigned by a certain Chicago daily to interview an eminent bishop about a schism in the church. The bishop didn't want to talk and wouldn't see him, but Gaylor bribed a servant to let him into the hall and waylaid the dignitary as he was coming through. He was ordered out for his pains, but next day he penetrated the house again on some pretext or other and was again fired.

"He repeated the exploit three or four times with similar results, and at last the bishop coming home late at night, found Billy sitting in his study reading the Bible. Nobody could explain how he got in, but the prelate wilted and told him what he wanted to know on condition that he would go away and stay away.

"Shortly after poor Gaylor got galloping consumption and died, and, happening to meet the bishop at a church conference, I told him that the young man who had once so molested him would never do it again.

"'Let us hope that he is in heaven,' said a clergyman standing by.

"The bishop's eyes twinkled. He loved a joke. 'No doubt he is,' he replied gently. 'I don't think they could keep him out.'"—Exchange.

Occupations Affect Faces.

"A man's occupation or condition has more to do with making his face than most people think," observed a gentleman who is somewhat a judge of character. "Intellectual pursuits, like the studies of the scholarly profession, when coupled with temperate and good moral habits of life, brighten the face and give the person a refined and superior look. Magnanimity of nature or the love of study and art will make a bright, glad face, but contrary to this a man may have a face that does not please anybody because of a love of self to the exclusion of others, notwithstanding his learning and worldly shrewdness. Soldiers get a hard, severe look; reporters look inquisitive; mathematicians look studious; judges look grave, even when off the bench; the man who has had domestic trouble looks all broken up.

"An example of the ludicrous side of this subject is to see a third class lawyer stalking around a police court looking as wise as an owl. The business makes the face, I say. There's the merchant's face, the ministerial face, the lawyer's face, the doctor's face, the hoodlum's face, all so distinct each from the other and singly that I seldom fail to recognize those callings shining through the faces. And what city bred boy cannot recognize a genuine farmer the moment he sees him on the street?"—Washington Star.

How to Kill Them.

Although every housekeeper may not be a member of a band of mercy or humane society, she can help on the good work if she will practice some of the society's rules. For example, let her bear in mind that crabs to be properly killed should before boiling be thrust through the mouth and body with a sharp steel at one blow.

When a lobster is required, insert a narrow bladed knife into the third joint of the tail, severing the spinal cord. This will cause instant death and is much less cruel than to put it into the water alive, especially if it is not boiling, as the lobster then suffers a slow, lingering death.

Terrapin also should be mercifully killed before being cooked.

The eel tribe is said to be a terrible sufferer from man's inhumanity to fish. So difficult is it apparently to kill eels that people have even ceased to try to kill them at all. If their heads were cut off before they were otherwise handled, they would at once be out of misery.—Buffalo Express.

Heat of the Earth.

It is well known that a great deal of effort has been put forth in all parts of the world where mining is carried on to a great depth, to determine as a satisfactory average the increase of the earth's temperature with depth. A few years ago it was commonly assumed to be 1 degree for each 90 feet in depth, but more recently deeper workings under other conditions have led to the belief that it is something over 200 feet for each degree of increased temperature. It is admitted, however, that the depth to which mining has thus far been carried is so shallow as compared with the great distance to the center of the earth that it is really not known what the average increase of temperature with depth is. Observations made at the various places have been where the surrounding conditions were so different that the tests were not satisfactory, as, for example, those made in the Lake Superior and Nevada regions.

A Touch of Nature.

Smyth—We don't hear so much about a cheap coat making a cheap man as we did a few years ago.

Tompkins—No. It has since been discovered that a millionaire who succeeds in buying a $10 business suit for $6.88 will brag about it as much as any other man.—New York Truth.

FRANCE'S HORSEMEN.

SOME REMARKABLE FEATS OF THE FRENCH CAVALRY.

The Cuts Given From Actual Photographs Show Seemingly Impossible Maneuvers That Are Now Being Performed by the Mounted Soldiery of France—A Jump Down 80 Feet.

About two years ago certain seemingly marvelous cavalry maneuvres of the Italian army, feats of equitation that seemed impossible and were certainly amazing, astonished the military world of Europe. Soldiers were depicted by the photograph as riding their horses down almost perpendicular slopes and the exercises looked as dangerous as actual warfare, though it was clear they were easily executed.

Fired by this example of the Ital-

OFFICER MOUNTED ON CRAPAUD.

ians the French cavalry have repeated the feats and added some of their own, a couple of the most characteristic being shown in the reproductions of the actual photographs. These French equitation exercises are conducted by the Chasseurs D'Afrique at Tebessa, and the Frenchman is proud to point out that whereas the Italian feats were accomplished by the officers and sub-officers riding specially trained and picked horses, and all experienced in these exercises, in the French army the remarkable feats are performed by all the cavalrymen using simply the common ponies of the troop of African cavalry.

The slope they descend is about sixteen feet high and about six feet out from the perpendicular at the bottom. This gives a whole slope with a break in it for about nine feet, with an inclination of more than 45 degrees, and the lower part, about seven feet, nearly perpendicular. The obstacles sometimes placed in the way of a professional steeplechaser are but playthings compared with such a steep descent as that which the African Chasseurs take without complaining. The horses,

JUMPING DOWN 80 FEET.

however, vary a good deal. Some glide all the way to the bottom. Others leap nearly to the edge of the lower slope and a leap of six feet or so is not uncommon.

Such feats are far beyond the ability of the average steeplechaser, and the squadron is coming in for considerable praise for its expertness and daring.

An Unjust Discrimination.

"This idea of making you take out a license for a dog is all wrong," said the dog owner. "It is unjust discrimination."

"Oh, I don't know!" answered the man who had just come from the county clerk's office. "In most places you have to take out a license for a wife too."

"But you don't have to renew it every year," returned the dog owner in an aggrieved tone.

Obedient to the Letter.

Bobbie's Mamma—Now, mind, Bobbie, if they pass you the cake a second time at the party you must say, "No, thanks; I've had plenty," and don't you forget it.

Hostess (at the party)—Won't Bobbie have some more cake?

Bobbie (who hasn't forgotten)—Nope, thanks; I've had enough an don't you ferget it!—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Human Weakness.

"Didn't he once say he would never speak to you again?"

"Yes. But he saw I had a cold, and he couldn't resist the temptation to tell me of a sure cure."—Boston Journal.

COUNTRY GIRL'S SLEEPING-ROOM.

Fitting and Furnishing It to Please the Daintiest Maiden.

"I know a dear little girl who is sure that her room is everything to be desired," writes Mrs. John B. Sims of "The Sleeping-Room on the Farm," in The Ladies' Home Journal. "It is 15 feet square and has two wardrobes. There is a north and south window. The walls are covered with paper in a delicate shade of gray, with pink clover blossoms scattered over it; the window curtains are of silkoline in the same shades; a matting in subdued colors covers the floor. The bedroom suit, however, did not please the little miss. It was old enough to be in fashion again, but it was of walnut, heavy and dark. Then her mother came to the rescue, and when a woman, a pair of brushes and two cans of ready-mixed paint get together, success is sure to follow, and so it proved in this case. That bedroom furniture changed its color as quickly and as effectively as the world-famed chameleon of our school-days. The rule for doing such work always began with 'scrape the wood thoroughly with glass and then sandpaper it,' and it always discouraged me. In this case, however, this rule was found quite easy to break, and it was broken quickly. The solid wood was painted a very pale gray, almost silver white, the scroll work was picked out in old rose. A cane bottomed chair was painted to match; a camp chair was covered with crétonne which harmonized. The washstand was fitted out in white. A shelf for choice books, a small home-made stand for the keepsakes, and the Delft candlestick, a few dainty pictures on the walls, and the little maid was satisfied."

How a Filipino Dies.

The general, in a white hat, was marching in advance of the firing line, when the discharge of a rifle was heard in the yard of a house next to the road. Several soldiers rushed into the yard, but not in time to prevent two more shots, which came whizzing in the direction of the general. At this moment I came to a break in the hedge where I could see what was going on. A young Filipino was about 30 yards off. He was turning this way and that like an animal at bay, thoroughly frightened. He had a rifle in his hand. It afterwards turned out that this rifle was choked. The soldiers were breaking down the high hedge to get in. Suddenly the Filipino made a run for life. He got through the hedge in some way, and dashed across the open field. Three shots followed, all of which took effect. The wounded man turned, ran sideways a few paces, lay down on the ground and a second later was dead. I got a good sight of the whole incident, and so naturally did the Filipino stretch himself along the ground and rest his head upon his arm that I thought he was shamming. An examination a minute later proved that he was dead. There is the difference between the manner in which American and Filipino soldiers die—the American falls in a heap and dies hard; the Filipino stretches himself out, and, when dead, is always found in some easy attitude, generally with his head on his arms. They die the way a wild animal dies—in just such a position as one finds a deer or an antelope which one has shot in the woods.

Lancing a Felon.

Dr. Stivers of New York had a large dispensary clinic, and rarely a day passed that one or more cases of felon did not appear. "It won't hurt," was always his comforting assurance to the patient if the latter made any outcry. "Put your finger down there, indicating the edge of the table, "and keep still!" he commanded, and patients, as a rule, made little fuss. Dr. Stivers once had a felon on his left forefinger. He poulticed it for about a week, and walked the floor with pain at night. At last he went to his assistant surgeon, who said gravely, "That ought to have been lanced before."

"Possibl—but—" said Dr. Stivers, and then with a long breath—"perhaps you had better lance it now."

"Certainly, put your finger on the table," said the assistant surgeon.

Dr. Stivers complied, and with a face as white as paper watched the knife. "Be gentle," he cautioned, "that's an awful sore finger!"

"It won't hurt," remarked the assistant surgeon, and the sharp steel descended. There was a howl of agony from Dr. Stivers, and with his finger in his other hand he danced about the room crying "Oh, oh, oh!"

"Why," remarked the assistant surgeon, "I have heard you tell patients hundreds of times that it didn't hurt to lance a felon."

"No doubt, no doubt you have," groaned Dr. Stivers, "but that depends on which end of the knife a man is at."

Where Children Marry.

The farther south one goes the earlier one finds marriages take place. A census was taken lately in Algeria, and it was found that the youngest Arab married man was 12 years old and that there were very many boys who were married at 13 and 14, while some at 15 had several wives. There is a youthful Algerian widow of 15 and a divorced husband of the same age. Girls are still more precocious and are sometimes married when only 11 years old, though 12 is the more usual age. There are 189 widows of 15 and 1,176 divorces of the same age.

SELECTIONS

DEMOLISHED BY DYNAMITE.

How China's Great Wall Will Be Used to Build Modern Cities.

It took 2,000,000 men working for ten years to build the great wall of China.

Even then many parts of the wall were already there for the men to link together. The earlier sections were built 3,322 years before the birth of Christ. The final wall was completed in 204 B. C.

Now, more than 2,000 years later, the wall is to be blown up by dynamite to suit the modern idea of progress. It will be destroyed in a twinkling. It was built in 30 centuries.

An interesting and striking object lesson in China's whimsical transition in a few years from superstitious stagnation to practical advancement is furnished in the proposition to blow the old wall into ruins. The proposition emanates from the new ruler of China, the dowager empress. She is a remarkable old woman, this dowager empress, to have been evolved by a country like China. The wall has been the pride of the Mongolians all their lives. They have been reared on it from childhood. It has been a part of their religion. Up to two years ago the bare idea of removing it would have stricken the little yellow people dumb with indignant horror. Even now had the suggestion come from a foreigner they probably would have cried out for the white devil's blood and called upon the empress to banish all unbelieving dogs from the wall's protection. But it came from the great empress herself, who could cut off the heads of a thousand or two of the poor little chaps if they dared to raise so much as their eyes in dissent, and so the beloved wall must come down, with all its precious traditions and sacred charms clinging around it.

It will be like pulling the old empire out by the roots and building a new empire of things on the ruins.—San Francisco Examiner.

World's Largest Grapevine.

La Para Grande, the biggest grapevine in the world, has reached the end of its long outdoor life and will soon be cut down. Seventy-five years it has been growing on a ranch in the Montecito valley, near Santa Barbara, Cal., but it has shown signs of dying, and so the owner, Albert Magee, the Pittsburg stove manufacturer, has ordered it removed. From the pride of the California vineyards the vine will be turned into a museum curiosity. The Santa Barbara Chamber of Commerce will preserve it as a specimen of what the soil of Santa Barbara county is able to produce. La Para Grande has a trunk, or main stem, 3½ feet in circumference, and the trellis, higher than a man's head, on which the spreading branches of the vine are supported, measures nearly six feet in each direction. In its prime this single vine produced full four tons of grapes in a single year. Those days of its glory are, however, long past.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Two Rapid Readers.

Perhaps the fastest reader the world ever knew was Gladstone. He could read and digest a novel of 50,000 words, a scientific work as large or larger, a political treatise or a history by merely glancing at the leaves as he turned them over. His eye and mind seemed to photograph with the rapidity of an instantaneous camera. His eye was the lens, his mind the sensitive plate. In his reading he was omnivorous to the last degree.

The most rapid reader we ever had in this country is John G. Carlisle, former senator from Kentucky, speaker of the house and secretary of the treasury. Joe Blackburn says that Carlisle is the most remarkable man he ever saw: that he can tell the contents of a book without looking at it and give the synopsis of an argument on being told the name of the author.—New York Press.

Your Wife's Silk Dress.

Silk dresses are objected to by some husbands, and to such there is interest in the recent decision of a New York judge:

"If a husband allows his wife to wear articles in his presence and with his knowledge which he would ordinarily be liable to pay for as necessaries and he makes no objection, he will be liable to pay for them, for his permission to her to retain and enjoy them without objection is equivalent to ratification of the purchase."

Under this ruling a dressmaker secured payment for a silk dress furnished to Mrs. Schleimer without her husband's knowledge.

Knew His Standing.

He was backing a theatrical enterprise, and he had just met the little daughter of his star.

"But I don't see his wings," the little one protested, turning to her mother.

Then he knew just how he was regarded by the profession.—Chicago Post.

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

ISSUED EVERY SATURDAY.—

M. E. Bissett Editor.

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

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

Job Work Strictly C. O. D.

Transient Ads Cash in Advance.

SATURDAY, JAN. 13th, 1900

Local Briefs.

Congratulations to the new council.

Mr. Charlie Grant returned from Nanaimo last boat.

Mr. W. Bowes, representing M. W. Ward & Co., Victoria, is in town

See our Navy Blue and black serge @ 25c. per yard at
Stevenson & Co's.

Mr. H. Grant came up from Nanaimo this week and paid us a visit.

Times are better now than they have been for a long while in this town.

Mrs. Dickson of Nanaimo was up visiting her daughter, Mrs. Bate, this week.

If you want to keep a secret you better not go out on a moonlight night

We are in receipt of a handsome calender of the Royal Insurance Co. from Mr. Jas. Abrams.

Mr. W. Gatt arrived back last boat. We are glad to see him round once more after his severe illness.

Mr. J. B. Holmes has been chosen to deliver the patriotic address at the concert in Courtenay on the 18th inst.

Mr. J. A. Halliday returned Wednesday from Victoria where he had been the guest of His Honor, the Lieut. Governor for some days.

The Irish soldier has invariably, throughout the countless campaigns of the British army, shown himself to be the bravest of the brave.—Nelson, B. C., Miner.

Mr. W. E. Glennon has the Riverside Hotel provided with an acetylene gas plant. The hotel is being renovated throughout and under its energetic proprietor has a good future.

Like the Spaniards, the Boers must either adapt themselves to the changes that time and modern civilization have brought about or be trodden under foot by those who are marching onward.—Chehalis Examiner.

The store occupied by C. H. Tarbell has been enlarged by removing the partition between it and that part of the building formerly used as a barbershop. When the improvements are completed, Mr. Tarbell will have a fine store in which to display his large stock of hardware and stoves.

The public accounts of the province of British Columbia, which have just been laid before the legislature, show the gross revenue for the last ending fiscal year, to have been $1,531,638, and the total expenditure $2,264,936; whereas the respective totals 1897-8, the last year of the Turner government, were $1,478,517 (an increase of $56,000 over the previous year) and $2,087,347. In other words the Revenue has increased under the first year of Semlin government's direction of affairs by $53,121 (or in decreasing ratio) while at the same time the expenditures have grown by $177,589—for every dollar gain in revenue, three have been spent.

Lord Methuen's complaint that General Cronje has been using rude language to him disposes of the claim that this is a civil war.

We sell the 'Iron Clad' stocking for boys @ 25c. per pair, worth 35c.
Stevenson & Co.

Eugene V Brewster of Brooklin N Y in a recent address said "I don't pretend to be honest. Few men are and a lawyer cannot be." What have the profession to say about it? Is it libel or a give away?—Kingston Whig.

See Stevenson & Co's woman's underwear @ 25c.

Speaking at the banquet of Hon. F. R Latchford, a sew evenings ago, Sir Wilfrid Laurier argued that Ottawa should be a Mecca to Canada. Formerly it was the Washington of the north, but evidently Sir Wilfrid has discarded American notions for Mohammedan ideas.—Summerside, P E I Journal.

Women's and children's flannelette underwear ready to wear at such prices during this sale that it dont pay to buy the material and make them. Stevenson & Co.

There will be an open installation of officers of the I. O. G. T. on Thursday the 25th. All are cordially invited. A good program will be rendered.

CLAY PIGEON SHOOT.

CUMBERLAND vs. COURTENAY.

1st prize, $10, R. Coe; 2nd prize, $6, T. Horne; 3rd prize, $3, M. Coe.

Following is the score:

Mat Gibson,	0010100111—5
F. Parks,	0011100011—5
R. McQuillon,	0000010001—2
R. Coe,	1110111101—8
W. McPhee,	1111100001—6
Chris Ganner,	0010011110—5
Carl Lippett,	0010001100—3
F. Jaynes,	1110000000—3
M. Coe,	0011111000—5
Thos. Horne,	0101010111—6
L. Coe,	1000000000—1
O. H. Fechner	0000001111—4

Our ladies' and children's jackets and capes are being rapidly closed out but we have a few nice ones left yet. Quick selling prices are in vogue in this department and you should not delay in getting the best of these bargains.
Stevenson & Co.

TO ABOLISH OLD AGE.

Dr. Metchnikoff is a Russian, whose name is in point of fact something else, but this is as near as it it can be expressed in our alphabet. But as a rose by any other name would smell as sweet, so the Russian doctor's discovery will be just as valuable, if it is real matter how his name may be spelled or pronounced. He thinks he has made a discovery which will render old age a perfect unnecessary state, and that in fact there is really no reason why a person ought not always to continue in the prime of life. "Old age is a disease," is the keynote of this new gospel. Dr. Brown-Sequard startled the world with a somewhat similar statment a few years ago, but Brown-Sequard was not a man of such eminence in science as the Russian with the unwiritable name. The latter is a bacterioligist of enormous repute. The very wisest people—people who are on speaking terms with bacteria, bacilli and germs of every kind who cultivate such delicacies as yellow fever, cholera and the bubonic plague as though they were onions or orchids look very grave when this doctor from the domains of the Czar says anything. It is not very clear from the published statments of the doctor's work if we were to be inoculated with serum from guinea pigs, rabbits or something else, but he clearly proposes to inject something into us that will make us as playful as kittens at four score and ten and active young things at one hundred and fifty.

STEVENSON & CO's.

MID-WINTER
Stock-Taking sale

is going on and you should not fail to visit this store in your search for bargains. This is the time prices go down with a thud in order to clear winter stocks out and make room for new goods. We can quote here only a few of the bargains, for we have not room to tell all we would wish. For the rest come and see.

Men's Clothing

There have been many sizes picked out but possibly we have yours. If so, you will be surprised how cheap you can get a suit here. We have them from $5 up. We have not room to quote all the prices with reductions. Don't delay, but come and see.

Men's Furnishings

All winter furnishings, such as sweaters wool underwear, Cardigan jackets, reefers, bachelors' blankets, overcoats, etc., at cost.

Boy's Suits

$1.25, $1.75, $2.00, $2.50, $3.00, $3.50 which were $1.75, $2.25, $3.25, $4.00 and $4.50. These must be sold and now is the time to secure a suit for your boys cheap.

Boys' Reefers

worth $2.50 and $3.50 at $1.50 and $2.00 These are bargains.

Girl Tams at 50 cents worth 75 cents.

150 Remnants of dress goods at half price.

Women's gaiters worth $2.50 now $1.95.

Art muslins worth 16 1-2 cents per yard now 12 1-2 cents.

Heavy Plain blue Flannelette.

worth 15 cents now 10 cents.

Boys' underwear 45 cents worth 60 cents each.

Dress Lengths

at prices to suit everyone.

Remnants of table linen at 35 cents a yard worth 50 cents

Ladies' lined fur topped gloves 95 cents worth $1.25 and $1.50 per pair.

Ladies' colored kid gloves worth $1.00 at 85 cents.

Ladies' black kid gloves—a few sizes—worth $1.00 now 75 cents.

Boots and shoes

for men women and children at sale prices

Womens' button dongola kid boots $1.50 and $2.00 worth $2.50. If we have your size this is your opportunity.

Ladies' coats and capes less than cost

See our ladies' water proofs, latest styles at surprising low prices.

STEVENSON & Co's.

CASH STORE

MORTGAGE SALE.

By Tender of Property in Town of Cumberland.

Under and by virtue of the powers contained in seven certain mortgages, which will be produced at the time of the opening of the tenders hereinafter mentioned, there will be offered for sale by tender, same to be received on or before the 8th day of February, 1900 the folling property, namely, Lots Numbers, One, Two, Three, Four, Five, Six, Ten, Eleven and Twelve, in Block Twelve in the Town of Cumberland, British Columbia, according to plan 522 A.

Upon the property are erected certain one story frame buildings, thirteen in all.

Tenders to be made in sealed envelopes, directed to Messrs. Macdonald, McMaster & Geary, 51 Yonge St., Toronto, Ontario.

All tenders must be received at the above address before the 8th day of February, 1900, on which day same will be opened.

The property will be sold subject to a reserve bid, the highest or any other tender not necessarily to be accepted.

TERMS: Ten per cent. of the purchase money to be paid when the offer is accepted, and the balance within thirty days thereafter.

For further particulars and conditions of sale, apply to

MACDONALD, MCMASTER & GEARY,
51 Yonge Street, Toronto,
Solicitors for the Vendors.

The man who thinks he knows it all often marries a woman who teaches him a lot more.—Kansas City Star.

THE LARGEST
and most Complete Stock of
Musical
Instruments in B.C.

FLETCHER BROS.,
88 Government St.
Victoria, B. C.
P. O. Box 143.

PIANOS, ORGANS,
GUITARS,
MANDOLINS,
BANJOS,
AUTOHARPS,

All the latest Sheet Music and Folios. Finest Strings for all instruments. Agents for the popular Domestic Sewing Machines. Needles and parts for all machines. Send for Catalogue.

NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY given that application will be made to the Legislative Assembly of the Province of British Columbia at its next session for an Act to incorporate a Company for the purpose of constructing, maintaining and operating a line of railway, with telegraph and telephone lines, from the City of Victoria to a point on the eastern boundary of this Province, with branch lines of any length from any point or points on the main line to any mining camps, or to any coastal points, together with all necessary or incidental powers usual under the Railway Act.

Dated this 22nd day of November 1899.

DUMBLETON & ANDERSON,
Solicitors for the Applicants.

COME to the CashGroceryStore at Comox for your X-mas 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.

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.

CORPORATION OF CITY OF CUMBERLAND.

FINANCIAL STATMENT FOR 1899.

RECEIPTS.

Balance from 1898	$ 52.34
Real Estate Tax	981.60
Trade Licenses	1,665.50
Road Tax	310.00
Dog Tax	46.00
Govt. Grant to Fire Dept.	150.00
Total Receipts	$3,205.44

EXPENDITURE.

Election Costs	13.50
Advertising Costs	50.80
Streets	478.[illegible]9
Street Lighting	[illegible].64
Side Walks	3.15
Drains and Sewers	1,030.25
Fire Hall	303.41
Hydrants on ac.	200.00
Fire Department Sundries	25.49
Rent	50.00
City Clerk's salary	240.00
Police	26.65
Magistrate's Salary	26.65
Safe	150.00
Typewriter	50.00
Letter Press	8.50
Stationary and Postage	42.45
Statues	10.00
Premium on Clerk's Bond	6.00
Auditor's Fee, 1898	7.50
Sundry Office Expense	12.10
Office Furniture	8.75
Fuel	7.25
Moving Safe	10.00
Legal Advice	5.00
Donations to Sports	50.00
Refund Trade License	30.00
Road Tax Refunds	8.00
Dog Pound	30.37
Tools	6.55
Sundries	16.05
Total Expenditure	$3145.85
Total Receipts	$3,205.44
" Expenditure	3,145.85
Bal in Treasury	59.59

L. W. NUNNS,
City Clerk.

CUMBERLAND, B. C., JAN, 5 1900.

I hereby certify the correctness of the above statment, having examined the books and vouchers of the City Clerk

J. B. BENNETT,
Auditor.

Much less did European powers hostile to Great Britain dream that her colonial provinces of the empire would of their own free will send forth their sons to a foreign shore to fight for their fellow colonials. The example of loyalty and fidelity set by the colonial provinces to the attachment to the British institu- is one of the most momentous political events of this closing century.—London Free Press.

A man got badly hurt in No 6. Shaft Wednesday, falling rock being the cause of his injuries.