THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

EIGHTH YEAR. CUMBERLAND, B. C. WEDNESDAY, JAN. 2 1901.

REMEMBER

OUR 10 per cent DISCOUNT

SALE

Of Dry Goods, Clothing, Shoes, Furnishings Hats, Caps, &c.

Ends January 5th, 1901

This is a genuine opportunity to save money.

Simon Leiser.

Nicholles & Renouf, Ld.

61 YATES STREET, VICTORIA, B. C.

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

Agents for McCormick Harvesting Machines.

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

XMAS

IF YOU WISH something real good for the Holidays and cannot make up your mind, let us know, and we will send by return mai our special

XMAS CATALOGUE

OF

Fine Goods.

WeilerBros

COMPLETE FURNISHERS. VICTORIA, B. C.

Santa Claus is Coming

Christmas groceries, etc.

Candies, Chocolates, Bon Bons,
Nuts, Dates, Figs, Apples
JAPAN NAVAL ORANGES.
RAISINS, CURRANTS, PEEL, ETC.

Nice Stock of CHRISTIE CAKES of all kinds at

C. J. MOORE'S

DEATH OF MRS. A H McCALLUM.

The town was shocked on Saturday last by the news, in the midst of the season of rejoicing, of the appallingly sudden death of Mrs. A. H. McCallum. She had been feeling rather poorly during Friday afternoon and grew worse during the night, Mr. McCallum went for Dr. Staples, who stayed with the patient during the night, when she seemed to get better. About noon Saturday she again became worse and doctors were hurridly summoned, but their services were of no avail, the poor lady expiring about 2 p.m. Deceased came to Courtenay some years ago from Nanaimo and she and Mr. McCallum for several years conducted the Courtenay Hotel, and during her stay among us made many and warm friends and no enemies. No one one who has ever known the late Mrs. McCallum can fail to feel the blank caused by the removal of her kindly, whole hearted presence from among us. The deepest sympathy is felt for the bereaved husband.

The cause of the deceased lady's death was heart disease.

A large gathering of friends attended the last obsequies of this late popular lady on Monday last. The cortege left this place about 2 p.m. after service in the house and proceeded to the cemetery at Sandwick where many residents of the vicinity showed the esteem in which the deceased was held by attending. The impressive services in the house and at the grave were rendered by the Rev. Mr. Menzies, the Presbyterian clergyman of Sandwick. The pallbearers were Messrs. J. Baird, Dr. Millard, J. Bruce, A. Seater, W. J. McQuillan, and J. W. McKenzie.

TO THE DEAF.

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

UNION BAY.

During the week past the S. S. Bristol loaded a cargo of coal and coake for San Francisco.

The S.S. Tellus loaded for San San Francisco 3,400 tons coal.

The Amur took a part cargo of coal for Skagway.

The Tepic and two scows loaded for Vancouver.

A very successful entertainment in the shape of a Christmas tree wac held in the school house at Union Bay. The children rendered a very nice programme of songs and recitations in a most creditable manner. Mrs. Davis gave several organ solos which were well rendered and elicited a hearty encore. The music by the orchestra, consisting of Mr. Davis, violin, Mrs. Davis, guitar, and Arthur Cook, organ, was well worth going a long way to hear and added much to the enjoyment of the evening. Mrs Beveridge ably presided at the organ during the rendering of the children's part of the programme. Much credit is due to Mrs. Beveridge, Miss Cathcart and Miss Rushworth for the able manner in which the children had been drilled. After the presents had been distributed, coffee and cake was passed around and a very enjoyable entertainment brought to a close. Mr. M. Manson acted as chairman.

Mrs. Davis, the accomplished musician of Union Wharf, will shortly open a pianoforte class in that lively little town.

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

PRIZES AND WINNERS.

Following is the list of prize winners and prizes, in order, of the Gun Club shoot held Dec. 25th:

Winner	Prize	Donor.
Horne 1st	pair pants	T. Carey
R. Coe	hunting coat	H. Creech
L. Coe	briar pipe	A. H. Peacey
Bate	hat	Stevenson & Co
Fechner	box cigars	W. Glennon
Jaynes	" "	J. Bruce
Ramsay	umbrella	Sunel & Co
Parkes	box shells	Fechner
Horbury	song album	Waitt & Co
Davis	umbrella	C. J. Moore
M. Coe	rubber shoes	Waller & P.
Ganner	box shells	C. Tarbell
Hayman	keg beer	Union B. Co.
Bruce	cuff links	P. Stoddart
Riggs	bt whisky	R. S. Robertson

SCORE AND HANDICAP.

Name	Handicap	Score
R. Coe, jr.	6	14
C. Ganner	2	10
F. Parkes	1	15
J. L. Coe	6	17
T. E. Bate	4	14
J. Horbury	6	10
F. Jaynes	0	10
L. Coe	4	15
M. Coe	2	11
F. Ramsay	5	12
O. Fechner	4	14
T. Horne	2	22
S. Riggs	4	8
W. Hayman	4	7
J. Bruce	4	7
S. Davis	11	4

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

Three young men of the lake and town went to Courtenay for two days holiday Xmas. Had a good time and came back slightly "stouter" than they went.

Mr. S. Leiser, with his customary seasonable generosity, has endowed us with a fine New Years turkey. Fine! fat! and frozen! Our thanks to Mr. Leiser and to Mr. Collis, his enterprising manager.

The Smokies are to be sued for damages. Doney's horse is no more! After the horrible soul rending chestnut the Mokes worked on him, he went to the railway near thr sawmill, threw himself over the emtankment and broke his poor neck.

Benovolence Lodge, K of P. gave a very successful ball in the Cumberland Hall New Years night. The costumes of the ladies were much admired and elicited much favourable comment, but we think they were not half so pretty as the wearers.

A PURE GRAPE CREAM OF TARTAR POWDER

DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER

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

Avoid Baking Powder containing alum. They are injurious to health.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Geo. D. Curtis, lately of Comox, was married on 17th at Nelson to Miss Crickmay.

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

A Gun Club shoot at clay pigeons took place on the club grounds Xmas, at which good shooting was done. The score is given elsewhere.

The various stores in town presented very attractive appearances in their holiday dresses, and what is more, the windows were stocked with goods of very superior quality.

High class goods sell well in Cumberland. The trader who stocks up with cheap inferiors will starve.

By the way, the appearance of business windows is much improved and brightened by Mr. Keen's artistic lettering.

Trinity Church Sunday School Xmas tree in the Hall Thursday evening last. Grace Methodist Church S. S. and Presbyterian S.S. on Xmas eve.

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

Following are the Custom returns for the month of Dec., 1900:

Dutiable goods	$2,607
Free	18
Duty collected	665

"Bob" Currie, of eagle fame, has our thanks for a box of the Nanaimo Cigar Co.'s most fragrant weeds. We now lie back in our chair of an evening, puffing sweet puffs, thinking that the company make a mighty good article, and blessing Bob. We feel sorry now that we guyed him about that eagle and promise him that we "never will do it no more." We have nothing to say about Henry this time. He did not send that beer he promised.

Speaking of Nanaimo folks, Mr. J Mahrer was up a while since doing his usual good trade in the firm's excellent liquors. At one place where he intended to call however, he changed his mind suddenly—but we'll tell you the story some other time.

Mr. Geo. Richardson, lately of Nanaimo, brother of Mrs. D. Richards of this place and Miss Ruth Heywood were married on Wednesday last at Grace Methodist Church by the Rev. Mr. Hicks. After the ceremony the happy pair received their friends' congratulations in the ante-room. They will reside in Cumberlond. The News throws the customary slipper and rice with best wishes.

TIRED MOTHERS

A little elbow leans upon your knee,
Your tired knee, that has so much to bear;
A child's dear eyes are looking lovingly
From underneath a thatch of tangled hair.
Perhaps you do not heed the velvet touch
Of warm, moist fingers, folding yours so tight;
You do not prize this blessing overmuch;
You are almost too tired to pray tonight.

But it is blessedness! A year ago
I did not see it as I do today;
We are so dull and thankless and too slow
To catch the sunshine till it slips away,
And now it seems surpassing strange to me
That, while I wore the badge of motherhood,
I did not kiss more oft and tenderly
The little child that brought me only good.

And if some night, when you sit down to rest,
You miss the elbow from your tired knee,
This restless, curling head from off your breast,
This lisping tongue that clatters constantly;
If from your own the dimpled hands had slipped
And ne'er would nestle in your palm again;
If the white feet into their grave had tripped,
I could not blame you for your heartache then!

I wonder so that mothers ever fret
At little children clinging to their gown,
Or that the footprints, when the days are wet,
Are ever black enough to make them frown.
If I could kiss a rosy, restless foot
And hear a patter in my home once more;
If I could mend a broken cart today,
Tomorrow make a kite to reach the sky,
There is no woman in God's world could say
She was more blissfully content than I:
But, ah, the dainty pillow next my own
Is never rumpled by a shining head!
My singing birdling from its nest has flown;
The little boy I used to kiss is dead!

—Mrs. May Riley Smith in Baltimore News.

WOMAN WITH A CONSCIENCE.

It Was Too Nice For Practical Purposes.

"It's a troublesome thing to have, is a conscience abnormally developed," ruminated Olivia. "Next to being commonsensible or trying to be dignified there's nothing so likely to render one ridiculous and unpopular. I almost wish it was possible to have one's conscience shaved like a beard, or amputated like a corn, or pulled out like a defective tooth. Personally, I'm rather tired of being a perpetual slave to the thing called conscience."

"What's the matter now?" I queried. You see, I knew Olivia very well—have known her since she was an infant in arms, in fact—and I could read the signs of her mental unrest. I knew she had been "opening her mouth and putting her foot into it" once more, as the Irishman said. Olivia is rather unfortunate that way always. If there's any tongue trouble going anywhere, she's pretty sure to pick it up somehow or other.

"Oh, it's nothing new—at least not more than a half a dozen new brain pangs or conscience pains," she replied. "I have merely been reflecting—rather sadly—upon the dolefulness of possessing a conscience in good working order when such an article is distinctly and decidedly out of fashion and when one doesn't know how to control it in the least."

A dear little girl is Olivia, all the more lovable, perhaps, because of the inconsequence which is naturally hers. She "rambles on sweetly," as her sister says of her when conversing with her intimates—just thinking aloud. I knew I should get to the bottom of her latest trouble presently if only I didn't interrupt and send her off on another track at a tangent, so I merely smiled sympathetically and waited in silence.

"When I was a child," she sighed presently, "I don't believe I was a bit popular, although I think most people liked me. And I know I didn't have half the fun some of the other girls did, and all because my conscience was 'bloated,' as my older brother said.

"I never left my Sunday school lesson unlearned or my music lesson unpracticed because I wanted to go violet hunting or coasting Saturday afternoon," she continued, with a sigh. "I was too conscientious for that. And I always owned up to the mischief I'd done and refused to share in the trifling consequences of the mischief I hadn't done for the very same reason. When I became a trifle older, I passed low in many an examination because I wouldn't make use of borrowed language or look at my books the very last thing. A little later I earned unpopularity among my fellows because I never would say I was glad to see any one when I could not say so honestly."

And now—

"And the worst of it all is that I don't believe I ever was or ever will be one bit the better for all these conscience troubles," was the commencement of the next "ramble," for the sake of which she left the previous one unfinished. "As a little child worrying over my Sunday school lesson I certainly sinned just as much on the side of spiritual pride and childish 'puffed-upedness' as I would have done on the grounds of neglect of duty had I enjoyed my Saturday afternoons as the other children did. It is an open question if I wouldn't have been a really better girl had I sometimes kept still about my own small wrongdoings as well as tacitly owned up to a few which I hadn't committed. The slightly pharisaical attitude of mind came strongly into play again over the 'exam. pads' I wouldn't borrow and the crib knowledge I would have none of, and, although I never did say I was glad to see any one falsely, I've strained the truth and cracked my conscience's funny bone many a time trying to think of some other conventionally pleasant thing to say. And now"—

"Well, what is it?" I pressed her, determined to fathom the trouble at last. "What has happened now?"

But she merely shook her head mournfully and rambled on.

"It's a point of conscience with me. It always has been to look at all things from both sides, and in consequence many a time I've looked at a given question from both sides of the fence until I've impaled myself upon it and have writhed under the knowledge that people thought I was sailing with the wind, and so on.

"'You run with the hare and hunt with the hounds, don't you?' a girl said to me last week, and, mean as she was, I understood just how she thought it was true. And yet I was only following out the dictates of my abnormal conscience and trying to be just.

"Another girl last week asked me if the powder on her face showed, and when I said yes she fairly hated me. My conscience didn't allow me to say no, and it never occurred to me until long afterward that I might have pleasantly brushed off the powder for her which did show and left the powder which didn't show alone without saying anything at all. Two days ago my brother's wife asked me what I thought of her complexion, and because my conscience compelled me to tell her the truth she went home without bidding me good night or speaking to me again. She hasn't spoken to me since, in fact. And things have gone on after this fashion until I am tired of it.

"When 'Robert Elsmere' first came out, it was a point of conscience with me not to read it, and every one called me 'saint' and 'prig' until life was a weary burden. A week or two ago some of us were talking of it, and it occurred to me that it was a point of conscience not to condemn a thing unread. The consequence was that I suffered tortures on account of disl cated religious principles for a whole week. Then it occurred to me that it was a point of conscience not to let anything shake my faith or interfere with my religious stability, and that particular conscience trouble gave way to another. I always have one or more on hand, as you know."

I did know. I never knew Olivia when she didn't have a whole sheaf of such trials and tribulations on hand. I was dying to hear all about the last new conscience wrench, and she would not come to the point. I did not dare to hurry her for fear of never hearing of it at all.

"When my friends and relatives make fun of Delsarte exercises or the newest form of athletics, my relentless conscience always impels me to try these things personally, just so that I can discuss them intelligently and without prejudice. In consequence I'm seldom without a backache or a sprained muscle or something equally pleasant. Let a politician, a private individual, a cause or anything else, for that matter, become unpopular, and my tyrannical conscience compels me to champion it or him or them. As a result half the people I know are continually writing me down as a miserably disputatious and disagreeable person."

Which was putting the matter entirely too strong. But then that's Olivia's way. It's a point of conscience with her to make the worst of herself for fear she should be untruthfully complimentary.

"It's always been so," she moaned now, beginning to sob a little, "but now it's worse than ever. Now"—

"If you don't come out with it now," I broke in, unable to restrain my impatience much longer, "I shall go stark, staring, raging, raving mad and either kill you or myself. Now"—

"Now," said Olivia, breaking down utterly and crying as though her heart would break, "now Charley and Harry have both proposed to me. They did it a month ago. I put them both on probation because I liked them both, and it was a point of conscience with me to treat them both just alike and fairly, although I can't help saying that I really like Harry a little bit the better, and now they both accuse me of flirting, and neither of them will speak to me at all. And it's all because my unfortunate conscience won't let me alone."

"Well, dearie, there's one recompense anyhow," I volunteered consolingly when I had comforted her by promising to set matters right with the one she "liked a little bit the best." "People can't help respecting any one who's so intensely conscientious and so very much in earnest about it as you are."

"Oh, I don't know about that," retorted Olivia, relapsing into a modified condition of gloominess again. "I don't know about that at all. Of course, the men who like you say that sort of thing to your face very often, but they're a great deal likely to call you a silly little priggish idiot behind your back, and the girls one knows don't even pretend to respect one. They simply say you're a miserable, contemptible little prig to try to be so much better than other folks and that you make everybody uncomfortable about you and let it go at that. No; there isn't much comfort in being more conscientious than other people, and I sometimes wonder if the best people in the world, as well as the happiest, aren't the people who have only just enough conscience to keep them reasonably honest and kind and not too big an allowance to live comfortably with."

And really, despite the fact that I firmly believe ironclad consciences to be necessary, in great numbers, to the proper conduct and salvation of this gay and sinful but altogether adorable world at least in this present day and generation, it seemed to me that Olivia had either proved her case or something very like. I don't in the least know how to reconcile the two aspects of the subject, however. Perhaps some of the rest of you can help me out.—Chicago Evening Post.

Abraham's History.

A schoolboy at a prize examination furnished the following biography of the patriarch Abraham: "He was the father of Lot and had two wives. One was called Ishimale and the other Hagar. He kept one at home, and he turned the other into the desert, where she became a pillar of salt in the daytime and a pillar of fire by night."—Woman's Journal.

MY SECRET

When first assurance came to me
That thy dear heart was mine,
I wandered forth upon the lea
Alone, lest all the world should see
My secret so divine.

But, ah, the world has passed me by
Nor read the secret, dear;
The poor old world, so dim of eye,
So dull of ear, 'twere vain to try
To make my feelings clear
To those who cannot know as I
Thy heart when love draws near.

—William Wallace Whitelock in New York Home Journal.

THE MAN UP A TREE.

BY M. QUAD.

[Copyright, 1900, by C. B. Lewis.]

I am something of a reformer not only in theory, but in practice, and when I discovered the man up a tree I determined to try my hand at elevating his moral standard. I hold that no man is so bad that he can't be reformed to a certain extent, and I hold that any way to bring about a betterment of his moral character is justifiable. I mean by that, to speak frankly and plainly, that, while some men can be reformed by sympathy and encouragement, others need a rap on the head with a baseball bat to arouse their dormant integrity and ambition.

I had extended sympathy and more or less financial aid to this man up a tree. In a burst of confidence he had confessed to me that he had been a swindler, a gambler, a confidence man and a great deal more. He had been "laid away" in prison two or three times during his career, had sailed under a dozen different names, and he might have admitted a murder or two had I not cut him short. I draw the line at murder. I can set out with a good deal of confidence in the task of reforming burglars, highway robbers, incendiaries, perjurers, and so forth, but when it comes to murderers I hesitate. Having become interested in this man, I didn't want him to own up to anything worse than robbing a blind

HE PITCHED FORWARD INTO THE ROOM.

man or burning an orphan asylum. He had come to me as a man who had at last seen the error of his ways and sighed to take another track and be counted with the good and respectable. He had given me the name of H Jones-Jones. It struck me that there was an extra amount of Jones about him, but the name is an honest one, and I didn't find fault about it. He was a man of about 45, with all the evidences of his career in his face, but I didn't look for babylike innocence in his eyes. When he threw himself upon my mercy, as it were—when he made a clean breast of his wicked career and added that if any one would point out the path of honesty he would turn into it and travel on without a limp, I agreed to take him in hand. He had whiskers with which the police were acquainted, and I sent him to a barber shop. He had clothes which gave him away as a dead game sport, and I bought him a modest suit of blue. Then I gave him money for a week's vacation from crime, and when the vacation was over we were to see what further could be done. I took my week off at the same time and brought up amid the fresh buttermilk and dew kissed goldenrod of the country.

On the second night of my stay, as I sat by my open window at midnight to finish the last of my cigar and wonder if my Jones-Jones had kept straight during the last 48 hours, I suddenly caught sight of him on the ground below. It was a farmhouse hotel at which I was stopping. I had a corner room, and at that corner of the house stood a large apple tree. I had observed that a big limb branched out so close to my window that I could have descended by it. What you can descend by you can also ascend by. I had no sooner caught sight of Jones-Jones at the foot of the tree at an hour when everybody was supposed to be in bed than I understood that he intended to pay me a secret visit. How he had tracked me to my lair was of no consequence. Why he should imagine that I had brought along any great amount of boodle on my week's outing I didn't stop to figure. Indeed I am not sure that he had tracked me. In looking for country board he might have stumbled upon the place. He might have thought the open window belonged to another boarder. No matter how it was, however, Mr. Jones-Jones had no sooner begun to climb that apple tree than I made ready to receive him with all due hospitality. There was no club in the room, but the water pitcher had been filled for the night and made a good weapon. Armed with that I took my stand on one side of the window and waited. Jones-Jones was not an impetuous man. He had all night in which to climb and creep, and it was at least 15 minutes before he grasped my window sill with his hands and drew his body into the opening. I waited with patience until he had reached a particular position and then brought the pitcher down upon his head. The idea was to administer an anæsthetic, and it was a success. He pitched forward into the room with a long drawn sigh, and I lighted the lamp and took from his wrist the "billy" which he had bought in town with my money to use as a "cracker" in case his sleeping victim woke up before being plundered. Then I forced brandy between his teeth, bathed his face with water, and in the course of a quarter of an hour my midnight visitor had so far recovered his senses that I ventured to remark:

"Well, Jones-Jones, why didn't you tell me that you were coming, that I might be on the lookout for you?"

Jones-Jones sat up. He didn't recognize me. He himself had a different look on his face. That dissipated but yet crafty look had disappeared, and in its place was wonderment if not honesty. It was my wicked man in the flesh, but not in the spirit. He got off the floor and felt of the bump on his head and sat down on a chair, and it was a long five minutes before he said:

"Sir, my name is Brown-Brown, and I don't exactly understand the situation. Am I in your room, or are you in mine?"

"I believe it's my room," I replied, "but being as you arrived late and the landlord is asleep you can stop until morning."

"Very kind of you, sir—extremely kind. As to this bump on my head—is it a bump or not? If it's a bump, how did I receive it?"

"You hit your head on the door in the darkness, I believe."

"Ah! Just so. Very stupid of me, but it's only a trifle. Now, then, Mr. Ashmere, as to the business in hand. If you think you can advance me $500, I am sure I can make a go of it."

It took me a little while to catch on, but by and by I discovered that Jones-Jones had been knocked out and Brown-Brown had taken his place. Jones-Jones was a crook who wanted to reform; Brown-Brown was a poor but honest man who wanted to go into the making of shirts. He knew nothing whatever of Jones-Jones. He picked up the conversation as if he had been talking about the business when the accident happened. He called me by another name than my own, and it was plain to me that he was also another man. I sounded him about crime and state prison, but he solemnly assured me that he had never been arrested. He was Brown-Brown as far as his name went, but as for his past history he was rather hazy on the subject.

I had turned Jones-Jones, the crook, back into Brown-Brown, the honest man, by a knock on the head. It was rapid transit reformation, and I looked upon the problem as solved. Having been willing to assist a crook, I could not refuse an honest man. When my week was up, we went back to town together, and I gave Brown-Brown money enough to set up in shirtmaking. He had on the clothes I had bought Jones-Jones. He had the hair, the eyes, the mouth and the build of the crook, but there had been a change of souls. As far as the present went he was bright and talkative, but when asked of the past he looked puzzled and could not figure it out. The doctors agreed with me that it was the whack on the head that had made Brown-Brown of Jones-Jones and that the police ought to be given full power to go around breaking water pitchers over crooks' craniums; but, alas, that was a twist of the business we hadn't the foresight to discover and prepare for.

My man prospered wonderfully well. People said he was a little eccentric, but he was honest and a hard worker. In one year he had paid me back half my money, and built up a good business. One day a detective entered the store to make a purchase. He had known Jones-Jones as a crook. He knew that Jones-Jones had a crooked finger on his right hand and a mole on his left cheek. When he discovered that Brown-Brown had these same identification marks, he began to look at him more closely, and by and by he made up his mind that the old crook stood before him. He was so sure of it that he set out to make an arrest. Brown-Brown was an honest man, but in his surprise he started to make a bolt of it. As he ran out of his shop and down the street, pursued by the detective, he encountered a policeman who tapped him on the head with his club. Brown-Brown went down like a log and was carted off to the station. I was present when his senses returned, and you can imagine my feelings when he sat up and said:

"Well, you've got me at last, but I gave you a run for it. You fellers ain't half sharp."

"You are Jones-Jones, the crook," said the sergeant.

"Of course I am, and the slickest crook in the country. Is it that bank business you want me for this time?"

"Mr. Brown-Brown"— I began as I stepped forward, but the crook stopped me with:

"Who in blank is Brown-Brown?"

Then I realized how it was. I had smashed Jones-Jones, the crook, over the head with a water pitcher and changed him into Brown-Brown, the honest shirt constructor. The policeman had smashed Brown-Brown with his club and changed him back into Jones-Jones, the crook. The taps on the head had done the business. My tap was all right, and I had founded a new theory upon it and invested $500 in cash. But I hadn't foreseen that a second tap might come any day, as come it did, and my theory had been knocked into a cocked hat, and I was $250 out.

In the Giddy Whirl.

"He has no pride. He actually rode in a public merry-go-round! Said he had been waiting years for the opportunity."

"Guess he must have thought his turn had come."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

SIX WEEKS IN A GRAVE.

The Story That Is Told of an Indian Fakir's Feat.

The Scottish Medical and Surgical Journal quotes a remarkable case of Indian magic recorded by James Braid, surgeon, whose observations on mesmerism are well known. At the palace of Runjeet Singh—a square building which had in the center a closed room—a fakir who had voluntarily put himself into a comatose condition was afterward sewed up in a sack and walled in, the single door of the room having been sealed with the private seal of the runjeet. To exclude all fraud Runjeet, who was not himself a believer in the wonderful powers of the fakir, had established a cordon of his own bodyguard round the building, and in front of the latter four sentinels were stationed who were relieved every two hours and were continually watched.

Under these conditions the fakir remained in his grave six weeks, when the building was opened in the presence of the Runjeet Singh, and the seal and all the walls were found uninjured. In the dark room, which was examined with a light, the sack containing the fakir lay in a locked box which was provided with a seal, also uninjured. The sack, which presented a mildewed appearance, was opened and the crouching form of the fakir taken out. The body was perfectly stiff. A physician who was present found that nowhere on the body was a trace of pulse beat evident. In the meantime the servant of the fakir poured some warm water over the head and laid a hot cake on the top of his head, removed the wax with which the ears and nostrils had been stopped, forcibly opened the teeth with a knife, drew forward the tongue, which was bent backward, and repeatedly sprang back again into its position, and rubbed the closed eyes with butter. Soon the fakir began to open his eyes, the body began to twitch convulsively, the nostrils were dilated, the skin, heretofore stiff and wrinkled, assumed gradually its normal fullness, and in a few minutes the fakir opened his lips and in a feeble voice asked Runjeet Singh, "Do you now believe me?"

While tales of Indian fakirs are calculated to excite distrust, and impostors trade on the credulous for purposes of gain, the fact remains attested by well authenticated cases that certain men can voluntarily put themselves into a state in which no vital phenomena are demonstrable by more or less careful examinations, and can awake later to normal life. In this connection the hibernation of animals must be mentioned, also the observation of Leeuwenhoek that in the dust of houses and towns animalcules exist which are capable of drying up completely without losing the power of awakening to active life upon being moistened with rain water; also the vital alternations attributed to toads and especially the cases of prolonged trance, both conscious and unconscious, with suspended animation, and the instances of burial alive.—Modern Medicine.

The highest point at which flowering plants have been found was in Tibet, at 19,200 feet. Nine species were recorded at 19,000 feet or higher.

The average height of an Englishman is 5 feet 8¾ inches.

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS

CUMBERLAND, B.C.

IT IS TO LAUGH.

Some Jokes and Sayings Concocted by a Professional Jester.

"Some men improve upon acquaintance," remarked the Observer of Events and Things, "but a bad egg never does."

"Some men have no business in politics," said the Observer of Events and Things, "and others seem to have no business anywhere else."

"There's one of the best shoes on the market," said the enthusiastic shoe dealer.

"That's all right," replied the customer, "but how about on the foot?"

"Have you got a short story for to-day?" said the editor.

"Yes," replied the exchange editor, just coming into the sanctum. "I'm dead broke."

At the congress of phrenologists in London next November an effort will be made to have phrenology recognized as a science, says an exchange. Wouldn't that bump you?

"It's all very well to have a concert of the powers in China," remarks the Observer of Events and Things, "but the trouble seems to be that they all want to play the first fiddle."

A young man named Smith wrote to his local paper and asked what he must do first to become a great pianist. The editor's kind advice was as follows: "Let your hair grow and change your name."

She—The rarest fish, I believe, is the ribbon fish. It is an inhabitant of the great depths of the ocean.

He—I suppose the mermaids are very partial to this specimen.

C. C. RICHARDS & CO.

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

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

CHRISTOPHER GERRY.

Ingersoll, Ont.

Demoralizing.

"I always run from a braggart."

"Why?"

"If I talk to one a few minutes, I get to telling lies myself."

Down on Chinese Fashions.

"What is Bessie shrieking about?"

"Oh, nurse plaited her hair in a pigtail, and she won't have it."—Indianapolis Journal.

THE BRIGHTEST FLOWERS must fade, but young lives endangered by severe coughs and colds may be preserved by Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. Croup, whooping-cough, bronchitis—in short, all affections of the throat and lungs are relieved by this sterling preparation, which also remedies rheumatic pains, sores, bruises, piles, kidney difficulty, and is most economic.

Men have lost more by crowding than they have by waiting their turn.

Never dispute with a man more than 70 years of age, or with a woman of any age.

Last year there were imported into the United S tates, over 1,000,000, grains of quinine, costing over $1,500,000.

In 1870 there were 9,000 Shakers in the United States. At present they do not number more than one thousand.

Milton's mind rose to its highest capacity when the blind poet was between 54 and 59. It was at this period of his existence when he offered to the world "Paradise Lost."

A nugget weighing 1,150 ounces was found recently in the Ural gold mines at Orsk, in the government of Orenberg.

Neuralgia

is Rheumatism of the face. Uric Acid left in the blood by disordered kidneys lodges along the nerve which branches from the eye over the forehead, and across the cheek to the side of the nose. The cause is the same as in all Rheumatism— disordered Kidneys. The cure is likewise the same—

Dodd's Kidney Pills

HOLIDAY JEWELLERY

The present moment is not in the least too soon a time to think of the present you intend giving this Christmas. Today our unprecedented stock of Watches, Jewellery, Silverware and Diamonds is in the condition to demand your attention. We shall be so busy presently that we would advise you to think seriously of your Xmas Jewellery purchases NOW.

Write for our handsome new Illustrated Catalogue--sent free and become well posted.

B. & H. B. KENT

The Leading Jewellers,

144 Yonge St, Toronto.

Africa has very nearly 700 languages and this fact presents great difficulties to missionary effort.

In 1870 there were 9,000 Shakers in the United States. At present they do not number more than one thousand.

A nugget weighing 1,150 ounces was found recently in the Ural gold mines at Orsk, in the government of Orenberg.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Halls Family Pills are the best.

The lightest woods in the world are cork and poplar. Pomegranate is one of the heaviest.

When the British Sparrow hawk is flying towards its dinner it goes through the air at the rate of 150 miles an hour.

Cowper had turned the half century when he wrote "The Task," and "John Gilpin," and De Foe was within two years of 60 when he published "Robinson Crusoe."

There is no doubt that in a few years the same revolution will take place in the Green Tea trade as has occurred in the Black Tea trade. A few years ago all the Black teas consumed in the world came from China. Today they have practically gone out of consumption, being pushed out by the finer flavored and much healthier teas of Ceylon and India. The same effect will be produced in a very short time in the Japan Tea trade. Ceylon is now producing the most delicious Green Teas, which are very similar in flavor to Japan Tea, but being absolutely free from any coloring they are much healthier. This Green Ceylon and India Tea can be obtained now in the well known packets of the "SALADA" Tea Company at 40c per pound, and it is just as economical to use as Japan Tea at 25c per pound, because it is nearly twice as strong.

Alloway & Champion

BANKERS AND BROKERS. . .

362 MAIN ST., WINNIPEG

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

Osler, Hammond & Nanton

BROKERS, ETC.,

Dominion Bank Building, Winnipeg

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

The Prince Got Even.

Several years ago, while a midshipman in the British navy, the late Prince Alfred, duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, made a brief stop at Vancouver's island and was entertained at a ball given by the governor. He was very much struck by the appearance of a girl who seemed to be the belle of the assemblage when he entered the room and learned by inquiry that she was the daughter of the governor, whose wife was a full blooded Indian. The prince asked the honor of a dance, but the girl, having been educated at a finishing school in Portland, Or., held her head very high and, not knowing the prince's social station, responded that the governor's daughter was entitled to dance with officers of higher rank than midshipmen.

The prince took the rebuff good naturedly. His time for revenge came when one of the governor's suit, not knowing of what had happened, begged his royal highness' permission to present the governor's daughter as a partner for the next waltz. The prince politely declined, remarking that "his mother would be deeply mortified to hear that he had danced with a squaw."—Algonaut.

MINARD'S LINIMENT Relieves Neuralgia.

Presence of Mind.

Physician—Now, sir, you must make up your mind to smoke less.

Patient—Why, I never smoke at all.

Physician (affecting to be annoyed)—H'm! Don't interrupt me, sir. As I was saying, you must make up your mind to smokeless powder shells, a fowling piece and all that sort of thing. In other words, take a gunning trip.—Philadelphia Press.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, Etc.

He Only Wanted a Start.

A publishing firm recently received the following offer from an anxious autobiographer who probably had been reading "The Hooligan Nights:" "I wish to put my life Before the puBlic if I can Get Anuf Out of it to give me a start in the world. I led a Crimnel life 21 years; Arested 20 time shot at 27 times Realeased on 9 haBis Corpas Warents. Broke 13 Jales Convicted 7 times Broke 1 pen and taken 27 Convicts with me. Waylaid and shot my fathern law twice married seperated and Divossed. If I can get a start in the World Bye putting my life Before the puBlict I will doo so."—London News.

MINARD'S LINIMENT Cures Dandruff.

He Knew His Business.

The colored man who was fishing in the river at Mobile had just one poor little fish to show for his catch, and as he held it up to view I hoped him better luck next time.

"Dat's all right, white man," he replied as he put the fish in his pocket. "It don't weigh ober fo' ounces, an I'ze spent de hull arternoon but wid dat fish in my hand I kin go home an make de old woman believe dat one weighin ten pounds dun got off my hook an will be waitin round fur me tomorrer!"

Glad to Know It.

Wife—Oh, John, the moths have made several holes in your winter suit.

Husband—You don't say? That's surprisingly good news.

Wife—Good news?

Husband—Yes. It shows it has some wool in it. I never believed it before.

MINARD'S LINIMENT for Sale Everywhere.

Well, That's a Good Deal.

"I hope you help ma all you can about the house," said May.

"Yes, when she's busy," answered Nan. "I keep out of the way."—Philadelphia Press.

Braced to Endure.

"Were you in good health while you were abroad?"

"Oh, excellent. We couldn't drop out of our personally conducted party a day, you know, without losing big money."—Detroit Free Press.

Rural Reasoning.

"Look here!" exclaimed the stranger as he stumbled into his twentieth puddle. "I thought you said you knew where all the bad places were on this road?"

"Well," replied the native who had volunteered to guide him through the darkness, "we're a-findin 'em, ain't we?"

A story first heard at a mother's knee is seldom forgotten—and the same may be said of other things received at a mother's knee which will readily recur to the reader.

Before the next tourist season opens the Swiss railway from Spiez to Foutigen will be completed.

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 [illegible] upon for all pulmonary compl[illegible]

MEN--PAY WHEN CURED.

My Electric Belt is a quick and positive cure for weakness in men. The vitalizing electric power is given direct to all weak parts, developing the full natural vigor of health. It makes the blood warm and the nerves as strong as steel. I want every man who is weak from any cause who suffers from lame back, rheumatism, weak stomach or ailing kidneys, to be cured by it, pay me when cured, and then tell his friends.

DR. McLAUGHLIN'S OFFER.

I am not giving belts away. I am simply curing first and asking my pay afterward. I am doing this because I can do it. I have an electric belt which DOES CURE, and any honest man who will secure me can have my Belt and pay me when cured. Is that fair? I can do this because I have the best Electric Belt in the world. My Belt is twice as strong as any other, and it is the only one that can be worn with any comfort. It does not burn. Call and consult me to-day, or send for my beautiful 80-page book, which tells my story honestly. Sent sealed, free.

Dr. M. B. McLAUGHLIN,

130 Yonge Street, Toronto.

You can't buy "just as good" as Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea.

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

Color of Blue Grass.

Mrs. Bayview—Is the blue grass of Kentucky really blue?

Colonel Kaintuck—No, it's green. Same color as your blue sea, you know.—New York Weekly.

For Art's Sake.

"The trouble with the drama of today," said the severe critic, "is that the managers are too fond of the mighty dollar. They produce plays to make money."

"Just so," said his friend. "True art, I suppose, would furnish us all with free passes."—Brooklyn Life.

JEWELRY BY MAIL.

If there is a post office in your neighborhood and you have a jewelry want of any kind, we can supply it almost as well as if you visited us personally.

Write for our 1901 catalogue and thus have, practically, the finest stock of jewelry in Canada to choose from. Besides, our system of one price in plain figures and our guarantee as to quality mean so much to out-of-town buyers.

We prepay all delivery charges, and if what we send does not please you in every particular, return it, and by next mail we will cheerfully refund your money.

RYRIE BROS.,

Yonge and Adelaide Sts.,

TORONTO.

LA "TOSCANA," BELIANCE CIGAR FACTORY, Montreal

Extorted From Them.

"Ferdinand sold his great-grandfather's family Bible for $15."

"How odd."

"Not at all. He said he was bound his ancestors should help him out that much, anyway."

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

"The Economic" Acetylene Gas Burner has an air chamber which prevents the flame resting on the gas opening. No more clogging, no more worry. Burns equally well full on or turned down. Yields more light from gas used than any other burner. Price $1.75 per dozen or $2 per gross, samples 25 cents each. The Economic Acetylene Burner Co., 28 Wellington Street W., Toronto, Ont.

MONEY

To Loan on improved farms at current rates. Write to

NARES, ROBINSON & BLACK,

WINNIPEG, MAN.

Brass Band

Instruments, Drums, Uniforms, Etc.

EVERY TOWN CAN HAVE A BAND.

Lowest prices ever quoted. Fine catalogue 50 illustrations mailed free. Write us for anything in Music or Musical Instruments.

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

ROSA LINDA CIGAR

Manufactured by THOS. LEE, Winnipeg.

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

OXYDONOR.

(Trade Mark Registered November 24, 1890.)

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

F. Free, Winnipeg, says: I have used "Oxydonor" for two weeks for Bronchitis and Catarrh of the Head, and I feel like a new man.

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

Mr. W. G. Ellworthy, Winnipeg, says: I have suffered for 6½ years with articular rheumatism; was in hospital for 5 weeks, and used almost every remedy, including mesmerism galvanism, electric belt, etc. I have used Oxydonor 10 days and received more benefit than from anything else.

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

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

HARMLESS & RELIABLE Golden Seal THE WIFE'S FRIEND

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

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN

and 31 BABY'S OWN NURSERY RHYMES, Beautifully Illustrated and set to Music, with Piano Accompaniment, for 10c. postpaid to any address. THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., 168 McCord Street, Montreal, makers of Baby's Own Soap and Master Mechanic's Extraordinary Tar Soap.

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS

Issued Every Wednesday.

W. B. ANDERSON, - - - - EDITOR

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

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

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 26, 1900

PROFITS FROM OTTERS.

Furs Secured in Northwest Waters That Bring $500 Each.

From the Morning Oregonian.

The most beautiful streten of ocean beach to be found anywhere on the Pacific Coast of the United States is the wide expanse of spotless and glittering sand which lies between Gray's harbor and the Quinimuit river. There may be seen an unbroken area of twenty miles in length and at low tide from three to five miles in width, which would make a moonlight playing ground for the houris.

There are many tower-like structures at regular distances of perhaps a mile each, which excite the curiosity of the many Coast Line steamers plying between San Francisco and northern ports. These are the towers or shooting boxes of sea otter hunters. They are built of tall, slender poles, generally four in number, sunk to a great depth and fixed securely in the sand and surrounded by a small box covered with a roof to protect its occupants from the burning sun. Cleats securely fastened to the poles from bottom to top afford the hunter means of ingress and egress.

The hot sun which blazes fiercely on this wide expanse of white sand during the months of July and August heats it almost to a burning point, and the waters of the incoming tide, rolling and curling over this hot sand, become deliciously warm. This is the playing ground of the sea otter, the place where they come to spend their holidays.

The leave their homes in the far off rocky islands, where there are no sand beaches, and the green waters are cold and deep, and come here like people to a watering place, to spend the summer months in rolling and tumbling about in this warm water in a perfect ectasy of delight. They leap and play about in the foaming breakers and polish their beautiful skins by hugging the sandy bottom and allowing the ocean swells to drive and throw them about as they will.

Although sea otters have the timidity which is natural to all wild animals they are better able to protect themselves than any of the other animals which have their homes in the sea. The swiftness of their movements makes it possible for them easily to catch any kind of small fish, and thus they can appease their hunger with the daintiest food.

No sharks can catch them; they could be twenty feet away while Mr. Shark was turning on his back, and if the shark was directly beneath them they could throw themselves five feet in the air like a kaleidoscopic ball, while the ugly monster was snapping his jaws. The hunter is in his box, the tide is coming in and, with a powerful field glass to assist his practised eye he eagerly scans each coming roller. He has been here every day for a week, and his rifle has lain untouched by his side. To-day something may happen.

All at once he starts and mutters a little ejaculation; he sees something. He will soon know what it is, for the swells are coming swiftly and the distance between himself and the object he has seen will be quickly lessened. Yes, there it is again; there is no mistake. It is an otter, not more than 600 yards away. The hunter lays down his glass and there is $500 or $600 worth of beautiful, shining fur plainly visible to the naked eye.

The man in the tower picks up his Sharp's rifle, inserts a 120-grain cartridge in the chamber, and there is a wicked, wistful gleam in the keen eye of the hunter as he raises his weapon for the first shot. There is a flash, a recoil and a report, which is scarcely distinguishable in the roaring of the breakers to the man who holds the gun. Ammunition is no object, and, with lightning rapidity, he loads and fires his piece. That otter will not be more than ten feet away from where he was when the hunter pulled the trigger when he gets there, and that hunter can hit a bounding deer at 300 yards twice out of five shots. The otter is enjoying himself in the dangerous company of murderous bullets, which are doing their best to find him.

Another huge breaker brings him within 200 yards of the hunting rifle. A quick recoil of the heavy gun turns the hunter half round; there is an unnatural splash which tells the man something has happened. He strains his eyes; no need of his glass to see there is blood in the water, and this tells him that there is a big hole somewhere in that $500.

No need to shoot again; no otter could bled like that and not be washed ashore. The hunter lays down his heated gun; there will be no more otters in sight today. He sees his game almost opposite his tower; it is drifting helplessly toward the shore. That skin is his and its possession means that he will have everything he wants for another year if he does not fire a single shot.

The fierce gleam of desire has left his dirty face and has been replaced by one of possession. He is wild with joy. How he wishes he could get down from that tower and be at the spot where the otter will be thrown up on the sand, but he must wait until the tide falls a little. One of his half-breed boys, who is 10 or 11 years old, is moping lazily along the beach, his quick eye detects something. Like a frightened wolf he leaps over the sand and is soon beside the dead otter.

With a yell of delight he flies toward the shanty on the bluff to tell his mother and the half dozen or so of other little half-breeds what has happened, and they all come trooping down the beach as fast as their legs can carry them.

The tide is going out now and the blood of the otter stains the sand which has lured him to destruction, and the ebbing ripples tenderly caress for the last time the pretty animal which has been their playmate all its life, and the sea will moan for the free-born thing which has always had a home in its bosom.

Some way or another the news spreads quickly and other hunters and crowds of siwashes come trooping toward the dead otter from all directions.

WONDERFUL SCALES.

Will Weigh Accurately a Pound of Feathers or Two of the Biggest Cannon.

From the Washington Post.

While Washington is not a manufacturing city, with large industrial enterprises requiring the use of monster weighing machines, or "scales," as they are commonly called, it has many weight determining balances, and one, at least, which leads all others in this country. The large scales upon which entire freight cars, with their loads of many tons, are weighed are considered colossal, but with all their immensity they are incagre in the eyes of Uncle Sam, who went the railroad magnates of the country "one better" by installing at the navy yard the largest pair of scales in the country.

This machine can outweigh the largest railroad scales by fifty tons, and when it is considered that its result must be accurate to a pound, while railroad scales are considered good when they come within fifty pounds of the exact weight, the result obtained is little less than marvellous. The scales are scarcely two years old, having been brought here during October, 1898, and set in position in the south end of the big navy yard near one of the gun shops. A track leads from the gun shop to a forge and crosses the flooring of the big scales about ten feet east of the entrance to the latter building. A considerable period of time was required for the manufacture and erection of this monster machine. It was brought here in sections and the greatest care was exercised in reassembling the various sections of steel so that the poise of the broad platform should be exact.

Hundreds of visitors have trod across the platform without knowing they were near one of the most interesting mechanical contrivances in the national capital. They are not mentioned in the guide books, and the men at the navy yard do not call attention to the scales, par excellence, unless, perhaps, a flat car happens to be on the platform being weighed with its load of two or three great guns. All the large ordnance manufactured for the navy is weighed upon this machine. It has given eminent satisfaction, two years of usage having failed to dull its sensitive nature; yet it has done its work each day in a dull ponderous way, with no meed of praise except from a few naval officers.

There is nothing attractive about the scales. From the surface of the ground they look like ordinary hay scales. Their delicate mechanism like the vital organs of the human body, is invisible to the eye. The most intricate parts are in a broad pit below the ground. Close investigation, however, and a foot rule would show that the platform of the machine is forty-eight feet long and twelve feet wide. Beneath the powerful machinery is a cement base, laid upon long piles. The ground is somewhat low, and it was necessary to utilize the services of a pile driver to secure a stable foundation. A solid base is one of the prime requisites of a perfect weighing machine.

When the government sought bids for the erection of the machine notices were sent to all the leading scale manufacturers in the country. Much of its fine and peculiarly sensitive apparatus was specially manufactured for use in the big machine, which differs in its parts from any other scales in the country. The completed structure is regarded as the finest of its kind in the world, a model and marvel of modern mechanism, as well as a splendid achievement for American ingenuity.

In order to illustrate the accuracy of the counterpoise of the huge machine to a reporter an officer in the bureau of yards and docks picked up a half brick which was lying near by, and tossed it upon the platform of the big scales. He then consulted a long brass lever in the reading box along the edge of the platform and found that the weight of the brickbat was just one pound.

Turning to the reporter he said the machine is so sensitive that it will give the exact weight of anything from a pound of feathers to a pair of 13-inch guns, and do it accurately. The capacity of the scales is 150 tons, or double the capacity of the old set, removed when the present appartus was installed. A 13-inch gun weighs about fifty-five tons. Two of these monster instruments of war, reclining on a 48-foot car truck, can be weighed on the machine without taxing its capacity.

The nearest approach to the navy yard scales to be found in this city are the big weighing machines of the railroads. Though the navy yard machine now compels them to take a back seat, they were once envied by the smaller scales as the giants of the capital. The Pennsylvania Railway Company has a machine at Benning with a capacity of 100 tons. The Baltimore & Ohio Company has one of similar capacity in its yards within the city and there is another set of scales of like capacity at a local grain elevator.

A DANCE AT THE RANCH.

The night nae cottillions brent frae Fran

From every point they gaily come, the broncbos' unshod feet
Pat on the green sod of the range with quick emphatic beat:
The tresses of the buxom girls as banners stream behind—
Like silken castigating whips cut at the sweeping wind.

The dashing cowboys brown of face, sit in their saddle thrones
And sing the wild songs of the range in free uncultured tones.
Or ride beside the pretty girls, like gallant cavaliers
And pour the usual fairy tales into their listening ears.
Within the "best room" of the ranch the jolly gathering throng
Buzz like a swarm of human bees and fade the air with sing
The musicians fan their sweetest smiles and give their tongues full rein
In efforts to entrap the boys in admiration's chain.
The fiddler tunes the strings with jerk of thumb and scrape of bow
Finds one string keyed a note too high, another keyed too low.
Then rosins up the tight-drawn hairs, the young folks in a fret,
Until their ears are greeted with the warning words: "All set!"

S'lute yer pardners! Let 'er go!
Bal—ance all an' do-se-do!
Swing yer girls an' run away!
Right an' left an' gents sashay!
Gents to right an' swing or cheat!
Git to nex' gal an' repeat!
Balance next an' don't be shy!
Swing yer pard an' swing her high
Bunch the gals an' circle round!
Whack yer feet until they sound!
Form a basket! Break away!
Swing an' kiss' an' all git gay!
Al man left an' balance all!
Lift yer hoofs an' let 'em fall!
Swing yer on sites! Swing agin!
Kiss the sage hens if you kin!
Back to pardners, do-se-do!
All jine hands an' off you go!
Gents salute yer little sweets!
Hitch an' promenade to seats!

And thus the merry dance goes on till morning's struggling light,
In lengthening streaks of gray breaks down the barriers of night.
And bronks are mounted in the glow of early morning skies
By weary-limbed young revelers with drooping, sleeping eyes.
The cowboys to the ranges speed to "work" the lowing herds,
The girls within their chambers hide to sleep like weary birds.
And for a week the young folks talk of what a jolly spree
They had that night at Jackson's ranch down on the Owyhee.

—Denver Post.

Reports are coming in of damage by the storm. Part of the road to Roy's is gutted out by water and is next to impassable. We fear that the accounts from the outside when wire communication is restored, will be startling.

People from the Valley could not get up here until late in the day Thursday. They reported the depth of water over the road at the junction too great to allow teams to pass and were forced to wait until it lowered.

TO THE DEAF

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

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that an application will be made to the Legislative assembly of the Province of British Columbia, at the next session, for an Act to incorporate a company with power to construct, equip, operate and maintain a railway of standard or narrow guage, to be operated by steam, electricity, or any other motive power for the carrying of passengers and freight, from a point at or near the junction of the Chilcat and Klahini Rivers; thence westerly along the Klahini River and northerly in the general direction of the Dalton Trail, to some point not less than five miles from the Provincial boundary, in the District of Cassiar, Province aforesoid; and to build and operate tramways in connection therewith; with power to construct, operate, and maintain branch lines and all necessary bridges, roads, ways, ferries and other works and to build, own and maintain wharves and docks in connection therewith, and with power to build, acquire, own, equip and maintain steam and other vessels and boats, and operate the same on any navigable waters within the Province; and with power to build, equip, operate and maintain telegraph and telephone lines in connection with the said railway and branches; and to generate electricity for supply of light, heat and power, and for all and every other purpose mentioned in sections 80, 81, 82 and 83 of the "Water Clauses Consolidation Act, 1897," and to do everything necessrry and incidental to the carrying out of all or any of the objects referred to in the said sections; and to build, own and maintain saw mills; and with power to expropriate lands for the purposes of the Company, and to acquire lands, bonuses, privileges or other aids from any Government, municipal corporation, or other persons or bodies; and to levy and collect tolls from all parties using and on all freight passing over any of such roads, railways, tramways, ferries, wharves and vessels owned or operated by the company, and with power to make traffic or other arrangements with railway, steamboat, or other companies; and for all other usual, necessary or incidental rights, powers or privileges in that behalf.

Dated at the City of Victoria, B. C this 16th day of October, 1900.

JOHN IRVING.

RAW FURS

HIDES AND DEER SKINS

SHIP TO

McMILLAN FUR & WOOL CO.

EXPORTERS AND IMPORTERS.

209-212 FIRST AVE. NORTH, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Write for Our Circular and See the Prices We Pay.

Union Brewery.

Fresh Lager Beer THE BEST IN THE PROVINCE

STEAM Beer, Ale, and Porter.

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

HENRY REIFEL, Manager.

MAHRER & CO.

Wholesale Wine and Liquor Merchants

NANAIMO, B C.

Direct Import

of Whyte and McKay, Glasgow Special Scotch Whisky,
Jas. Watson & Co., Dundee, Glenlivet.
R. McNish & Co., Glasgow, Dr. Special.
Al. Demerara and Jamaica Rum,
Guiness' Stout and Bass' Ale.
French Cognacs in the very best qualities.
Port, Sherry, Clarets, Etc., Etc.

ALWAYS ON HAND—A Carload of.....

Hiram Walker's & Son's Rye Whiskies

CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED. P. O. BOX 11.

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

LADYSMITH

(Extension)

LOTS FOR SALE,

Apply to,

m15m3 L. W. NUNNS

ASTRAY ON MY PREMISES.

ONE RED STEER, branded X. Owner may recover same by proving property and paying costs and charges of advertising and damage.

M. GIBSON,

o8t3 Sandwick.

EGGS FOR HATCHING,

FROM HEAVY WINTER LAYERS.

Beack Langshans, $2 per sitting.
Black Minorcas, $2 per sitting.
Barred Plymouth Rocks, $1 per sitting.

E. PHILLIPS,

Grantham, Comox.

GRACE CHURCH Methodist Sunday School will have the annual XMAS TREE on Dec. 25th, in Grace Church.

Picture Framing.

Large Assortment of Mouldings Good but Cheap.

HENRY F. PULLEN.

Samples can be seen and orders left at T. D. McLEAN'S, Jewellery Store.

GET OUR PRICES AND TERMS ON

Pianos and Organs

BEFORE ORDERING ELSEWHERE.

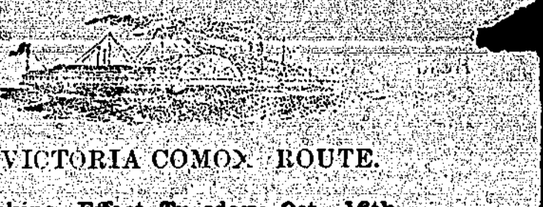
M. W Waitt & Co.

Victoria, B. C.

The oldest and most reliable house in the Province.

Chas. Segrave, Local Agent, Cumberland, B. C.

Esquimalt & Nanaimo Ry.



VICTORIA COMOX ROUTE.

Taking Effect Tuesday, Oct. 16th, 1900

S. S. "City of Nanaimo.

Sails from Victoria Tuesday, 7 a.m. for Nanaimo and Way ports.

Sails from Nanaimo, Wednesday 7 a. m., for Union Wharf, Comox and Way ports.

Sails from Comox and Union Wharf, Thursday 8 a. m. for Nanaimo and Way ports.

Sails from Nanaimo, Friday 4 a.m. for Comox and Union Wharf direct.

Sails from Comox and Union Wharf, Friday 6 p. m. for Nanaimo direct.

Sails from Nanaimo, Saturday 7 a.m. for Victoria and Way ports.

FOR Freight tickets and State room Apply on board,

GEO. L. COURTNEY, Traffice Manage

Black Diamond Nursery

QUARTER WAY, Wellington Road

HUTCHERSON & PERRY,

20,000 Fruit Trees to choose from.
Large Assortment of Ornamental Trees, Shrubs and Evergaeens.
Small Fruits in Great Variety.

Orders by mail promptly attended to.

$12tc P. O. BOX, 190.

FINE

Job Printing

—DONE AT—

The News Office.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that application will be made to the Legislative Assembly of the Province of Britsih Columbia at its next session for an Act to consolidate certain mining leases of ground situated in and around Trond Gulch, Atlin District of British Columbia and more particularly known as the "Gem," "Lampman," "Will o'the Wisp" "Engelhardt," "Gordon," "Cousin Jack," "Lancashire Lad," "Louise," "Pure Gold," "Ida," "Clifford," and "Only Chance," together with other adjoining or adjacent properties that may hereafter be acquired by the applicants into one holding with a demise thereof from the Crown for a period of 25 years from the final passage of the Act with a right of renewal for a further period of 25 years and that the water privileges and easements now held or hereafter acquired by the applicants and in particular the right of diverting and using 2,500 miners inches from 4th July Creek, 5,000 miners inches from Surprise Lake, and 900 miners inches from Moose and Elk Lakes be held, employed, and enjoyed as appurtenant to the whole or any part of the said holdings; and to confirm to the applicants and their assigns the said consolidated leaseholds and water-rights, with power to carry any water that they may divert from Surprise Lake through the said Moose and Elk Lakes for the use of applicants and their assigns solely and with all other usual, necessary or incidental rights, powers, or privileges as may be necessary or incidental or conductive to the attainment of the above objects or any of them.

HUNTER & OLIVER,
Solicitors for the Applicants.

NOTICE.

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

F. G. TILTON,
On behalf of Applicants.

Dated December 3rd, 1900.

BUREAU OF PROVINCIAL INFORMATION.

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

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

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

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

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

d5m

Relation of Climate to Crime.

Now we have a factor to consider in our study of crime that is an important one, and its bearing upon the heredity view is far from insignificant. Prof. Bosco, who has made a comparative study of the statistics of homicide in Europe, shows that, while in eight principle states in Western Europe—Spain excepted—with a population of 128,500,000 people over ten years of age, there are 2,777 annual trials for murder, Italy with 25,000,000 individuals of like age, has 3,606 such trials. France, Belgium, England, Scotland, Ireland, Austria, Holland, Germany, with six times the population of Italy, only furnish three-fourths as many murders. The statistical tables of Dr. Bosco place the civilized nations of Europe, Scandinavia and Russia excluded, in the following ascending order of homicidal criminality: Holland, England, Germany, Scotland, France, Belgium, Ireland, Austria, Hungary, Spain and Italy—a scale affording suggestion to the psychologist.

Hippocrates believed that all regions liable to violent changes of climate produced men of fierce and stubborn disposition. Buckle declared that the interruption of work caused by instability of climate leads to instability of character. Quetelet says that the number of crimes against property relatively to the number of crimes against the person increases considerably as we advance toward the North. Another eminent student of French criminal statistics, M. Tarde, confirms the opinion of the latter authority, and admits that high temperature does exercise an indirect influence on the criminal passion. But the most exhaustive investigations in this problem have been recently undertaken in Italy by Signor Ferri, whose criminal statistics of France show that crimes against the person rise with the temperature, those against property do the reverse. Clearly, climate has a great influence, but how about India, which is far less homicidal than any European country? India has not half as many homicides annually as England. With this example before us, then, whatever climate has to do with fostering these crimes may be obviated by a better form of social organization. Here racial distinction comes in, and Prof. Ferri's table gives this sequence of races, namely: First, the Teutons; the Franco Celt; the mixture of Slav, Latin and Teuton in Austria; then the Magyar; lastly the Latin. Latin-American, accordingly, is more homicidal than the Anglo-Saxon North.—Phrenological Journal.

PATENTS GUARANTEED

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

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

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

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

ADVERTISE IN THE

WEEKLY NEWS

The most northerly paper published on the Island.

SUBSCRIPTION, $2.00 A YEAR.

ALL KINDS OF

JOB WORK

DONE AT REASONABLE RATES.

HOME GROWN

Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Roses, Shrubs, Vines, Bulbs, Hedge Plants.

For Fall Planting.

80,000 to Choose From

NO AGENTS nor commission to pay. Orders dug in one day; you get it the next. No fumigating nor inspection charges. Greenhouse plants, seeds, agricultural implements, etc. Largest and most complete stock in the province. Send for catalogue or call and make your selections before placing your orders. Address

M. J. HENRY,
VANCOUVER, B. C.
WHITE LABOR ONLY.

Sportsmen!

BEFORE BUYING

A Gun, Rifle, Ammunition

Or anything in the Sporting Line

CALL AND SEE

O. H. FECHNER,
Of Cumberland.

He Can Save You Money on all Purchases.

NOTICE

TO MY old friends and patrons in Cumberland and Union:

On June 1st next, I shall be prepared to supply milk and cream, fresh and sweet, butter eggs, &c., and solicit a resumption of the patronage so liberally accorded me in the past.

A. SEATER.

Courtney, B.C., May 22, 1900.

Esquimalt & Nanaimo Ry.

TIME TABLE EFFECTIVE NOV. 19TH, 1898.

VICTORIA TO WELLINGTON.

No. 2 Daily. A.M.		No. 4 Saturday P.M.
Dp. 9:00	Victoria	Dp. 4:25
" 9:23	Goldstream	" 4:53
" 10:9	Koenig's	" 5:34
" 10:48	Duncans	" 6:15
P.M.		P.M.
" 12:14	Nanaimo	" 7:41
Ar. 12:35	Wellington	Ar. 7:55

WELLINGTON TO VICTORIA

No. 1 Daily. A.M.		No. 3 Saturday A.M.
Dp. 8:05	Wellington	Dp. 4:25
" 8:26	Nanaimo	" 4:36
" 9:52	Duncans	" 6:05
" 10:37	Koenig's	" 6:46
" 11:13	Goldstream	" 7:32
Ar. 11:45	Victoria	Ar. 8:00 P.M.

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

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

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

WE WANT YOUR

Job Printing

SATISFACTOY WORK PRICES

I Have Taken an Office in the Nash Building, Dunsmuir Avenue, Cumberland, and am agent for the following reliable insurance companies: The Royal London and Lancashire and Norwich Union. I am prepared to accept risks at current rate. I am also agent for the Standard Life Insurance Company of Edinburgh and the Ocean Accident Company of England. Please call and investigate before insuring in any other Company.

JAMES ABRAMS.

MINING & SCIENTIFIC PRESS

THIRTY-SEVENTH YEAR. ✦ ✦ ✦
✦ ✦ WORLD-WIDE CIRCULATION.
Twenty Pages; Weekly; Illustrated.
INDISPENSABLE TO MINING MEN.
THREE DOLLARS PER YEAR, POSTPAID.
SAMPLE COPIES FREE.
MINING AND SCIENTIFIC PRESS,
220 MARKET ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

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

The NEWS Job Department.

MUNICIPALITY OF THE

CITY OF CUMBERLAND

BICYCLE RIDERS caught riding on the sidewalk after this date will be prosecuted.

By order of Council,

LAURENCE W. NUNNS,
City Clerk.

Cumberland, B.C., May 8th, 1900. 8t3

WANTED

A NUMBER OF PIGEONS for purchase.

CHARLES SCOTT,
Quarterway House,
Nanaimo, B.C.

st12c

JAS. A. CARTHEW'S

Livery Stable

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

R. SHAW, Manager.
Third St., Cumberland, B.C.

Cumberland Hotel

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

MRS. J. H. PIKET, Proprietress.

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

Sample Rooms and Public Hall Run in Connection with Hotel

Rates from $1.00 to $2.00 per day

PATENTS

TRADE MARKS, DESIGNS, COPYRIGHTS &c.

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

SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN,

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

MUNN & CO.,
361 B'DWAY, NEW YORK.

COURTENAY Directory.

COURTENAY HOUSE, A. H. McCallum, Proprietor.

GEORGE B. LEIGHTON, Blacksmith and Carriage Maker.

Livery AND Teaming

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

D. KILPATRICK,
Cumberland

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.

SUNDAY SERVICES

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

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

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

J. R. McLEOD

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

SCAVENGER WORK DONE

FOR A

WOMAN'S SAKE

BY MRS. M. E. HOLMES.

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

CHAPTER XXXVII.

A TORTURED HEART.

Parting from his small friend, Joey Throstle, at the outskirts of the town, Silas Goodeve, took his way in the direction of the Silvery Wood.

The road he selected was precisely the one taken by Sir Hugh Willoughby on the night which had ended so fatally to him so sadly to all the family of the Willoughbys.

Did Silas Goodeve love Maud Willoughby?

Well, no, not as Cyril Ormsby loved her. Silas' love was the love that a poet feels for his ideal mistress—a love that was a worship.

He knew that Maud was ill. He believed that she was dying of love! He also knew that between her lover and herself was an obstacle.

Was there any one who could come to their aid, and shed a ray of light through all the gloom that was deepening round them?

But one!

And that one? Ah! no wonder that Silas Goodeve shrank back appalled at the task imposed upon him.

By what means had Silas Goodeve become possessed of knowledge which, if hidden, rendered him an accomplice in a crime, which, only to think of, filled him with a shuddering horror?

In that lay poor Silas' secret; and, as yet, that secret was locked in his own breast!

Time, however, took the matter in hand; and, as years elapsed, fashioned a barrier which effectually shut out from intrusion the scene of so much wretchedness.

A thicket of tangled wildness and prickly gorse—"a wall of green, close-matted."

Yet a passake had been made; for, stooping under the drooping boughs of a great tree, Silas leaped down into a sort of water-course, and followed its windings for some twenty yards.

Through this Silas passed, though not without considerable difficulty, the twisted creepers making cunning traps for his feet. He passes, however, as, scarcely seeing, certainly without heeding, such obstacles.

What a wild place!

Many, many times Silas had visited this weird spot, and kneeling in the fern, taken counsel of his own heart, while he prayed for one who was far away. "Man's guilt cannot stretch further than Heaven's mercy," he would say again and again, as, with his clasped hands pressed upon his breast, he gave way to an agony of tears.

He would speak, for the sake of Maud Willoughby, if for no other, Silas would speak all he knew.

The thing once spoken, the spell which had bound him to the spot would be broken, and he, too, would quit England, to return to it no more.

For years, no other feet but his had entered the Deep Hollow.

Then why does Silas Goodeve start, and with a look of amazement mingled with fear, survey the trampled fern in one particular spot.

One spot! The feet, whether of man or beast, have gone everywhere.

Here a narrow path has been forced through the fern and underwood.

Following these traces with a wondering gaze, Silas comes upon a place where the fern has been still more beaten down.

"An animal of some kind," said Silas, with a sigh of relief, "that has found out this solitary place, and made it his lair."

Continuing with greater minuteness his investigations, Silas follows the trail through the thick underwood—towards the fence itself, which separates the Deep Hollow from the other portion of the wood.

A footprint down here in the soft mud; and here is another, and many others.

They are the footprints of a man.

What could have been his purpose in entering a place, which, as under a ban, all others for years have shunned?

"Some poacher, perhaps."

Was Silas' last surmise, to which he added this comment: "He must be a daring fellow, whoever he is."

Then, taking from a compartment of the tin case he so constantly carried, a hammer and some nails, he set himself to work to repair the broken fence, and to strengthen it as well as he could.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE PREFACE TO THE SECRET.

If ever Ormsby Towers was at its worst, it was on the night its owner halted at the "Dog and Duck," just outside Gatford, and had the satisfaction of personally introducing himself to Mr. Adolphus Scratton.

No better description of the night in question could be found than in the words, "it was a wild night."

The copper-colored clouds had become inky black; a dark tapestry, stirred by a howling wind and embroidered by the lightning.

The rain, as eager to escape from the fierce war above, came tearing down, beating every weakly thing level with the earth, when Cyril Ormsby, who had arrived home, threw open the window of a room that had been put into some sort of order for his occupation, and looked out into the night with an uncovered head, careless of storm and rain.

Only an hour ago he had learned from the old couple who did duty as housekeepers at the Towers, of Maud Willoughby's illness.

But when she saw Cyril Ormsby sink in a chair, it dawned upon her that something had gone wrong, though what that something was she was far from guessing.

"Tell Stephen to re-saddle my horse; I must return to Gatford at once."

"Gatford!" almost screamed the old woman; "but you must be stark, staring mad, Gatford! in such a night as this?"

"I know my own business best. It is necessary that I see Doctor Cameron to-night."

With hands upraised, Martha left the room. When she was gone, Cyril flung open the window.

"Maud dying! It cannot—it must not be!"

At the moment the words escaped his lips the great bell of the court yard was rung by some one without—rung loudly, as by a firm hand.

A strange time for a visitor!

At once Cyril's thoughts reverted to the news he had just heard, and a chilly terror almost stopped the beating of his heart.

"She is dead!"

To rush to the room-door, to open it, to traverse the corridor, and descend the back-stairs which led to the court-yard, was the work of a moment.

The housekeeper's son was standing on the stone flags of the kitchen, a lantern in his hand, the light of which fell upon the figure of a man.

"Yes, my business is of importance. I must see Mr. Ormsby to-night."

As the speaker turned, he recognized by the pale light of the lantern the face of Silas Goodeve.

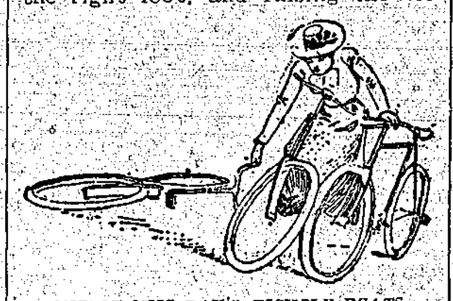
To be Continued.

A SLICK BICYCLE GIRL.

Interesting Achievements of an English Girl.

Miss Day, who is an English woman well known in bicycle circles, is said to be one of the best amateur trick riders. She is said to hold the record for the standing balance, having maintained her seat for two hours, balancing the wheel without moving. Another of her feats is that of riding one wheel and leading two others which she picks up from the floor while on the move and entirely without the use of the handlebars.

This clever rider commences by mounting in the usual way, and by riding to the spot where a bicycle has been already placed upon the ground. This she reaches on her left side when the left pedal is descending. She takes advantage of this favorable moment to stoop and catch hold of the bicycle by the left handle; quickly swinging it up, she then transfers her grasp to the middle of the handlebar. A revolution of the pedals brings her within reach of the second machine lying to the right. Coming to a halt, she balances herself on the led bicycle, the tires of both front wheels touching, repeating the above operation with the right foot, and raising the second machine in a similar manner. The resumption of pedaling is a very difficult matter, partly on account of the cranks being in an unfavorable position for the operation, and also because the front wheel has a tendency to swing around and collide with one or other of its neighbors, a tendency which, if not smartly checked, would cause a bad fall, as the rider has no means of saving herself. When the difficulties of the forward movement have been overcome, great care must still be exercised to avoid entanglement of pedals with steps, spokes or each other, and interlacement of handlebars. The rider keeps slightly in advance of her charges and executes circles very prettily, although the skill required to determine the exact relative positions, when each machine must describe a different length of curve, is of a very high order of merit.



ONE OF MISS DAY'S BICYCLE FEATS.

Getting On.

Miss Oakland—It is strange that Blanche is learning to ride the bicycle, when the other girls learned long ago.

Miss Bellefield—Blanche always was a little peculiar, you know.

"Is she getting on all right?"

"Yes, she has learned to get on all right, but she has difficulty in getting off."

Alas!

"Of course," said the young man who had been singing loud and shrill. "I am only an amateur in music."

"An amateur," responded Miss Cayenne pensively, "is one who pursues an art purely for love of it."

"I believe so."

"It's the way of the world," she added, with a little sigh. "We are so often unintentionally cruel to those we love."

A STRANGE CASE

EYE TROUBLE WHICH DEVELOPED INTO RUNNING SORES.

Doctors Said It Was Consumption of the Blood, and Recovery was Looked Upon as Almost Hopeless—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Wrought a Cure.

From the Herald, Georgetown, Ont.

Our reporter recently had the pleasure of calling on Mr. William Thompson, papermaker, at Wm. Barber & Bros. mills, a well known and respected citizen of our town, for the purpose of acquiring the details of his son's long illness and his remarkable recovery through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mr. Thompson kindly gave us the following information which will speak for itself: "About two and a half years ago my eldest son Garnet, who is fifteen years old, took what I supposed to be inflammation in his left eye. He was taken to a physician, who advised me to take him to an eye specialist, which I did, only to find out that he had lost the sight of the eye completely. The disease spread from his eye to his wrist, which became greatly swollen, and was lanced no less than eleven times. His whole arm was completely useless, although he was not suffering any pain. From his wrist it went to his foot which was also lanced a couple of times, but without bringing relief. The next move of the trouble was to the upper part of the leg, where it broke out, large quantities of matter running from the sore. All this time my boy was under the best treatment I could procure, but with little or no effect. The trouble was pronounced consumption of the blood and I was told by the doctor that you would not come across a case like it in five hundred. When almost discouraged and not knowing what to do for the best, a friend of mine urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, saying that he had a son who was afflicted with a somewhat similar disease and had been cured by the pills. I decided to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial and secured some of them at the drug store, and after my boy had taken two boxes I could see the color coming back to his sallow complexion and noted a decided change for the better. He went on taking them and in a few months from the time he started to use them I considered him perfectly cured and not a trace of the disease left, except his blind eye, the sight of which he had lost before he started to use the pills. He has now become quite fleshy and I consider him one of the healthiest boys in the community. If any person is desirous of knowing the merits of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills you may direct them to me, as I can highly recommend them to any person afflicted as my boy was."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that every box you purchase is enclosed in a wrapper bearing the full trade mark, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. If your dealer does not keep them they will be sent postpaid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

People That "Have an Account."

She—Yes, I'm going to call on the new neighbors.

He—Why? Have you heard that they are good people?

She—I haven't heard anything about them, but three delivery wagons from the dry goods stores stop in front of their house for every one that comes here.

OUT OF SORTS—Symptoms, Headache, loss of appetite, furred tongue, and general indisposition. These symptoms, if neglected, develop into acute disease. It is a trite saying that "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," and a little attention at this point may save months of sickness and large doctor's bills. For this complaint take from two to three of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills on going to bed, and one or two for three nights in succession, and a cure will be effected.

THE COOKBOOK.

To keep lemons as well as to improve their flavor put them into more than enough water to cover them and change it every day or two.

Salt fish is more quickly freshened and is also said to be more delicate in flavor if soaked in milk instead of water. Milk that has begun to turn is just as good as that which is perfectly sweet.

To obtain spinach green for puddings, icings, etc., bruise well mashed spinach leaves to a pulp in a mortar. Add a few drops of alcohol and mash and mix the two thoroughly together and then squeeze through a strong piece of white cloth.

Parsley can be kept for winter use in soups and sauces by plunging fresh bunches of it into slightly salted boiling water and boiling for three minutes. At the end of that time it should be removed and dried quickly near the fire.

DYSPEPSIA OR INDIGESTION is occasioned by the want of action in the billiary ducts, loss of vitality in the stomach to secrete the gastric juices, without which digestion cannot go on; also being the principal cause of headache. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills taken before going to bed, for a while, never fail to give relief and effect a cure. Mr. F. W. Ashdown, Ashdown, Ont., writes: "Parmelee's Pills are taking the lead against another makes which I have in stock."

OUR COMPLEX BRAIN

HOW NERVE MESSAGES ARE CONVEYED TO AND FROM IT.

It Is a Signal Box Which Records and Transmits All Sensation—Self Control the Key to Preserving Its Equilibrium.

The science of medicine is year after year becoming more and more perfect. Its diagnoses are more reliable, and its method of treatment is more rational.

Although the brain is the chief part of the animal man, yet there are many things about the brain which scientists have not yet fathomed.

But great strides have been made in that knowledge which has only within recent years been discovered and which reveals to us what the cranium really contains. Shelving what has gone before and what has been taught as medical law, the following interesting data on how the brain works are now what is accepted at the present time as the correct theory:

The cerebrum—front and top—is the chief part of the brain and the immediate source of all our mental action. The gray matter of the outer surface is made up of layers of nerve cells. These are the thinking centers. Experiments have clearly demonstrated that each convolution has a special function, and if destroyed it cannot be replaced.

It has also been found that the left side of the brain is more active than the right.

How has that been found out? Well, if an epileptic commences a fit by twitching the right thumb or hand one would find its cause in its nerve center on the left side of the brain. It is only within the past few years that medical men are now able to make a map of the surface of the brain according to the various functions performed.

All impressions received from the outer world, whether through the medium of sight, smell, hearing, taste or touch, are carried direct to the surface of the brain and recorded in the brain cells of their respective areas, while all movements are the result of impulses from the cells in the different motor areas.

Now, there are five large sensory areas in the make up of the brain. First, sight, which is the largest, at the back of the brain. Smell, taste and hearing have their positions at the side of the head in the temporal (temples) region and inner surface. Touch has its domicile at the top of the brain, while the large motor (giving motion) area takes up the bulk of the middle brain.

These are so splendidly arranged by nature that the motor cells of the lips are in front, then those of the hand, arm and so on to the foot. To give you an example how the sensory and motor nerves work: If you touched anything hot or sharp, the impression would be conveyed to the sensory area along the nerves connected with it. The sensory cell which received the message would immediately communicate with the motor cells to pull your hand away.

Why is it easier to remember an object than, say, a mathematical formula or a poem? The reason of this is that whereas the former has impressions stamped on several brain centers, such as sight, touch, smell, taste and the rest, the latter are stamped on centers which are not nearly so retentive as the former.

In repeating poetry, for instance, it is the sound of the last line which suggests the next line, but an object presents itself to the brain centers concerned immediately. You know an apple or an orange when you see it because you are aided in distinguishing it by a set of centers which are not only more numerous, but quicker in perception. Though poetry is revived in the sight and sound centers, it is not so well fixed there as in the other case, because it calls up fewer centers.

An apple, for instance, is stamped twice in the optic center, once as a green fruit and once as the printed word. There is an optic word center and a pictorial or photographic center. The poem is only stamped in the former, as of course, it is not an object which can be pictorially represented.

The brain is nothing less than a big album of photographs and other sensory impressions. The prefrontal region may be compared to a registry office where certain records are kept. In the brain that particular part is the starting place for the memory. If we wish to recall a subject, the stimulus must pass to the prefrontal or registry office of the brain, whence the stimulus is sent to the brain cells containing the sensations to be recalled. It is like a signal box on a railway.

Now, unless your blood be in good order the active life of the brain will be affected. Blood is the nourishing agent, and if it be of a poor kind the work it does in the way of nourishment will be of a worthless character practically. Poor blood is an enemy of the brain, but happily it is not so disastrous a foe as worry. In that you have the real enemy of the brain. Worry disorganizes the machinery of the brain and mind and is little inferior to shock, which usually paralyzes both.

Worry causes irregular nerve action, and if it be continuous it produces a confusion of ideas. This depresses the cells of the brain, and the usual result is if there is no abatement in the worry complete failure of the brain's action and consequent mental disturbance.

Self control is the key to preserving the equilibrium of the brain and to maintaining its natural healthy state.

At the opening of every presidential campaign there is always a big demand for collections of campaign badges, state and national, used in the campaigns of the past.

Effort to Suppress London.

New York's laudable desire to be the biggest city in the world is in striking contrast, as a writer in that city suggests, with the ambition of London in the last years of the sixteenth century, when the decree of Nonesuch forbade the erection of buildings where none had existed in the memory of man. The extension of the metropolis was deemed to encourage the plague, create trouble in governing multitudes, a dearth of victuals, multiplying of beggars and inability to relieve them; an increase of artisans more than could live together, impoverishing other cities for lack of inhabitants. The decree asserted that lack of air, lack of room to walk and shoot, etc., arose out of too crowded a city. A proclamation to the same effect was also issued by James I.

What Women Admire In Men.

What we admire most in men is a loving appreciation of ourselves. The most admirable man is he who makes a comfortable home for the woman who loves him and who delights to make that home bright and cheery for his sake, for, after all, it matters little what we admire in men. It is what we love in them that is the important factor in the well being of the world.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Open Account.

Harris—Did your summer trip cost you much this year?

Battison—Can't tell till my country cousins have made me their winter visit.—Boston Transcript.

A Learned Man Quibbles.

"When I hear about men who are crazy to wander off to the gold coast," remarked the professor, "they always strike me as Nome mads."—Chicago Tribune.

AN HONORED PHYSICIAN.

Trusted and Admired by Tens of Thousands of Grateful Cured Ones is Dr. W. A. Chase.

First, by his famous Recipe Book and later by his great family remedies, Dr. Chase proved his wonderful skill as a conqueror of disease. A grateful world now rises to call him blessed and to tell of the incalculable benefits derived from the use of his great prescriptions.

ECZEMA ON THE HEAD.

Mrs. Joseph Querin, Ethel, Huron Co., Ont., writes:—"I was troubled with eczema on the head and face for about 9 years. My head was a mass of scabs, and though I tried the doctors I was all the time getting worse. I finally began to use Dr. Chase's Ointment, and to my surprise obtained relief from the first application. Three boxes cured me, and I would not begrudge $200 for the benefit I have derived from this great remedy. Dr. Chase's Ointment is of almost daily use in the home, and I would advise everybody to keep some on hand."

WEAK AND NERVOUS.

Mrs. J. M. Bradley, 100 Jane St., Ottawa, states:—"For several years I have been gradually running down in health; I was very nervous and weak, and worried greatly over my future. Hearing of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food and the wonderful results it has accomplished in others. I obtained a box and began using it as directed. I began improving immediately, and I am now restored to full health and vigor."

"Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is an excellent remedy, and I can recommend it to all who are weak, nervous, or run down in health."

KIDNEY BACKACHE.

Mr. David McLeish, 279 Slater St., Ottawa, Ont., states:—"I was troubled with kidney disease and backache for four or five years and have used very many remedies without obtaining permanent benefits. Some time ago I began using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and found them to be the best medicine I ever used. Their use took away that kidney backache, and made me feel better in every way, gave me refreshing sleep, and made my digestion good."

Imitators of Dr. Chase's Remedies do not dare to reproduce his portrait and signature, which are to be found on every box of his genuine remedies. At all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

BIRTHDAYS.

Another birthday. Like a nun that tells
Her beads within the convent's narrow cells
My soul takes heed. Not those dull beads she loves,
Although she cons them with such eager eyes;
It is because they bear her soul above
And aid the yearning spirit to arise.

And so I feel the years that come and go
Lift me to larger life and nobler deed,
And that is why I count my birthdays so
And do not sorrow as the fleet years speed;
Each one a blessing like the meek nun's prayers
Told on the sacred rosary she wears.

—Edith Willis Linn.

"MARRIED EYES, HOW SWEET THEY BE"

"Now's your chance, Deronda!" cried the agent's hearty voice.

When he had carried the mail bags up from the depot, he had waited until their contents were distributed. That was not a long time. It never was in Excelsior. And tonight the sacks had not been of sufficient weight to tax his strong shoulders. But out of their lankness had come a surprise for him and an opportunity for Deronda.

"I can guess. It's a letter from Uncle Donald. A check?"

Once in awhile, at Christmas always, a letter inclosing a check arrived from Donald Bertram of New York. And his brother, who found his petty salary as station master of the insignificant Nebraska town quite incommensurate with the needs of a large and increasing family, hailed the advent of each inclosure with gratitude and elation.

"No. It's a letter from Donald, but there's no check." He looked across at his best loved and eldest child with a smile brighter than even the welcome check had ever summoned. "Guess again."

She looked at him from her opposite end of the table where she presided, her mother, in true western fashion, still being busied at the kitchen stove until the remainder of her family had eaten. Between Deronda and her father a noisy and voracious young brood intervened, eight or ten of them. Deronda was kept busy attending to their needs. She and her mother "did" for the rest. They ate as their portion whatever was left and never dreamed of complaining. Labor and service were their ethics of domesticity. But now Deronda paused in her task of pouring out the numerous cups of milk.

"Father! It's good news! Keep still, Flora! What is it?"

The tidings came out in a rush. "If you will go to New York for a visit, the check will follow your letter of acceptance. There!"

Deronda was the healthiest girl in town, but for the moment she felt positively weak. She set down the pitcher. The children clamored unheeded.

"Oh!" she gasped. "I must tell mother!"

Then she was gone, and the overworked man with the kindly face waited on the children himself.

Those that followed were exciting days. The little, straggling, low rooms over the depot were the scene of many confabulations, much scheming, many glorious hopes, innumerable pleasant prophecies. 'Ronda, as the children called her, was going away—away into some vast and mystic fairyland, which their vivid imaginations merged in the triple ecstasy of Yuletide, heaven and the Fourth of July. But one day order was born of confusion, sobriety of hysterical anticipation. That was the day Deronda's trunk stood labeled and corded on the platform, the day Deronda's self, freshly and becomingly garbed, stood beside it, the day that Agent Bertram and Mrs. Bertram and all the numerous young Bertrams listened for the whistle of the train at the depot eight miles west, hung around her with growing excitement as the black column of smoke came down like the guide of those fleeing from Pharaoh and clung around her in an adoring farewell, which was detrimental to her finery if flattering to her sensibility.

Then the iron beast was upon them. A few passengers alighted. Some express packages were handed off. These the agent mechanically received. Then Deronda's foot was on the first step of the Pullman. The engineer was looking back to see that the agent's pretty daughter got on safely before he pulled the throttle. The brakeman stood irresolute. The conductor loitered along, deferring the signal to start, because the departure of Deronda for the east was public property all along the line, and the men who had known her since she wore short dresses and waved them a welcome when their train went by were interested in this young bird flight of hers from the overflowing family nest.

A tentative whistle quivered on the air.

"Goodby, Deronda! Have a good time!" Deronda's father gave her a hard squeeze of the hand. There was the peck of a kiss between these two who loved each other so dearly.

And the train was speeding eastward.

Ah, that was a marvelous world into which Deronda went, a world where one wore dainty clothes from dawn until dawn, a world where the chief function of the women was to charm, that of the men to serve with most exquisite courtesy. And the meed of admiration she received when her western dresses had been discarded for beautiful gowns was new to her. Very sweet it was too. To be sure, she had known what it was to have young men beslege her for dances and hang upon her words. But in one case those who had given her tribute were clumsy and rough handed country boys. The men to whom her later environment introduced her possessed that indefinable air of breeding, of culture, of distinction which can be neither bought nor acquired. And she found the melody of trained voices at the opera sweeter than the triple note of the meadow lark, the scent of hothouse roses more delicious than the perfume of wild clover.

And so, too, she discovered entrancement in the homage of Eldred Wier. Not that in his case there was the possibility of comparison. She had never been touched by the attentions of her former acquaintances. There had not been one who attracted her. When she came east, she was quite heart whole and fancy free. But missiles, the gentlest of missiles, well directed, did their deadly and delicious work. Perhaps these would not have been so promptly effective, even if hurled by Dan Cupid's unerring hand, had Deronda realized that she was the bright particular star of the season. Had any one told her that her piquant, golden brown beauty, her unconscious air of aloofness, her repose begotten of prairie life and placid daily duty, had won for her a higher meed of approbation than was usually accorded a newcomer in an exclusive coterie she would have opened her serene gray eyes wide in smiling incredulity. All the girls had admirers. Almost all the girls had lovers. But not one of them had such a lover as Eldred Wier.

One month passed, two, three. And always there were the same tributes, always there was the same direct and personal deference. Theaters, dinners, dances, flowers, bonbons, gloves, afternoon visits, rides and drives. Always the same low, intimate tones, the allurement of impassioned eyes. Then, suddenly it seemed, it was time to go home. Time to go back to the dull, little town, to the rooms over the depot, to the horde of clamorous children.

Eldred Wier was the last to leave the Pullman. His worshiping eyes devoured the beauty of the shy, expectant face. His hand held hers in a close and tender clasp. He bent his head. He spoke in a tone that thrilled her.

"You know, you must know, I love you. You know, could I have my way, I would never let you go."

Then the train began to move. He was gone.

* * * * * * *

Five years later there was a tremendous rush of travel westward. The Nebraska town of Wymore was one of those caught in the vortex of impetuous pleasure seekers, although there were many health seekers, too, bound for the solacing serenity of Colorado or the golden glory of California. A splendid summer day was waning when a snorting train disgorged its myriads on the depot platform. A young man, nervous and haggard of aspect, helped an elderly woman to alight. With scant show of patience he hurried her into the waiting room.

"I tell you I've got to leave you awhile," he declared testily. "I've a letter to present to one of the eastern officials of the road. His private car is due here now. I'll be back as soon as I can."

Heedless of her whimpered objections he hurried off. A tall, beautiful young woman, most charmingly gowned, attracted the observation of the throng as she came down the waiting room. She noticed the woman sitting alone and evidently in distress.

"Can I be of service?" she inquired, pausing.

The traveler, in apparel too elaborate and youthful for her years, looked up into the gentle face of the speaker. Her wrinkled cheeks were chalky under their rouge, and her false curls and bonnet were awry.

"No!" she shrilled, heedless of hearers. "No one can help me. I brought it on myself. Me, worth half a million, to go and marry that young whippersnapper, that leaves me here like a bale of goods! Not even a drink of water"—

The young woman brought her a glass of water, set straight the disordered hair and bonnet and fanned the agitated old face, talking pleasantly the while.

"I am here," she said, "to meet my husband. He is one of the directors of the road. There, his special has just come in. He is coming this way." She rose eagerly. "There is some one with him." She took a step forward. "Welcome, Will," as the stately man who had hastened to her side bent and kissed her.

"If it wasn't for this young lady, Eldred"—

The resentful wail was cut short by a sharp exclamation. White as death Eldred Wier stared at Deronda Leighton. She looked from him to the shriveled old creature on the seat. So this was why he had never written, had never come. This was why she had fancied her heart was broken until "a better man drew nigh."

"Mr. Wier!" The glimmering smile in her radiant eyes maddened him. "I have been making the acquaintance of your wife. Mr. Wier," she explained, "is an old acquaintance of mine. But it is meet and part. Goodby." She swept the travelers a gracious bow.

"We really must go now, Will, dear. The carriage is waiting."—Chicago Tribune.

A New Terror of Courtship.

An Indiana brunette for some days had been suffering from a supposed attack of pleurisy, but when Dr. S. F. Bordman was called in he found that one of the young lady's ribs was fractured. After much questioning the girl blushingly admitted that her best beau had inflicted the injury while giving her his usual tender embrace before parting on his last visit. The occurrence of the accident was marked by a sharp pain in the side, "a catch in her breath" and a sudden relaxation of her hold.—Chicago Medical Recorder.

WE LOVES HER THE BEST.

In all her gracious loveliness
She stooped and gave a fond caress
Unto the lad with curls of gold,
Who had been gently kissed and told
This lady was to be a mother
To him and his wee baby brother.

That night, unmindful of the bride,
He stole unto his father's side;
Upon his knee he climbed and said,
With tearful eyes and low bent head:
"Our new mamma is sweet and kind
And good; but, if you wouldn't mind,

"Dear papa, me and little brother
Would rather have our other mother,
The one who went away one day;
Nurse says 'twas just a year last May
(A sigh escaped the tiny breast),
'Coz, papa, we loves her the best."

—Pearson's Weekly.

A CURIOUS COURTSHIP.

HOW A GIRL DROVE AWAY A WORTHY LOVER AND WAS SORRY.

"If I go, Rosalie," Harry Reynolds said, "remember that I shall not return." He made a step toward her and continued, "Have you not a word for me, Rosalie?"

"I do not think of anything further that I wish to say," she responded coldly.

Harry gazed at her a moment and then rushed from the room.

"Cold hearted, selfish girl!" he exclaimed.

For a few seconds after his departure Rosalie retained her indifferent position, but all her senses were alive to catch his lightest movement. Of course he would return, and when he behaved properly and asked her pardon and submissively he should have it, but to be lectured and scolded in that manner was more than she would bear. In vain did she listen. An hour, then two, then three hours passed by, and sick at heart Rosalie went up to her room and cried herself to sleep.

Rosalie was warm hearted and quick tempered, but was easily appeased. She was also passionately fond of admiration and quite as much bent on having her own way as was good for her. These faults, however, did not prevent the village beaus from being at her disposal, and hitherto she had been nearly impartial in her treatment of them, having no mind to give up the general homage by fixing upon one.

But lately there had been a difference in her feelings. She had acknowledged there was a charm in Harry Reynolds' attentions such as she had never found in any other. A thrill new and delicious went through her when their eyes met, and she read the admiration which he vainly tried to repress. Harry had a high ideal of womanly excellence which Rosalie by no means came up to, but in spite of her frivolities and his own misgivings they were frequently together and fast verging toward an explanation when that destiny which appears to delight in the annoyance of lovers introduced an element of discord into their happiness.

Mr. Clarence Dalton came up from the city on a visit to his uncle. He was handsome, agreeable, wealthy and noted for the careful elegance of his attire. The girls were enchanted with him, and Rosalie alone regarded him with seeming indifference. She said to herself with virtuous resolution, she must be careful now. Harry might be wounded if she received attentions from such a lion.

Happy for her had this prudent disposition lasted. But the old spirit came up after awhile. She was entirely accustomed to queening it in her little world, and her vanity was piqued that Mr. Dalton did not at all seem struck by her charms. It was quite a Christian duty to give Mr. Dalton a lesson in good taste. So by a few little feminine lures, such as a pretty girl well knows how to practice, he was attracted to her side, and once there he seemed exceedingly well pleased to stay.

Harry could endure it no longer and in the interview whose close we have portrayed determined to "put his fortune to the touch to win or lose it all." Conscious of her power, indignant, with some justice, that he should assume to dictate her conduct when he had never openly declared his love, Rosalie had responded by a series of flippant, exasperating little speeches which drove Harry almost to despair. She intended to relent in time, but pride, vanity and a certain triumph in knowing that his whole manly heart was hers to play with at will wrought sad mischief.

Rosalie had no doubt that Harry would come the next evening as usual and all could easily be made right again. But the evening came and went and no Harry. What could it mean? Surely he loved her, and if so he could not stay away. She would wait patiently since it was all that she could do.

The next evening Mr. Dalton called, but Rosalie sent down word that she was ill and asked to be excused. Yet as night after night went by and Harry did not return her submissive mood changed. She would show Mr. Harry Reynolds that she was not suffering from the withdrawal of his presence. There were other people quite delighted to be in her company.

The next time Mr. Dalton came she did not decline to see him, but came down and was as friendly and pleasant as could be desired. The young man noticed a more womanly thoughtfulness in her manner than he had hitherto observed and wondered what might be the cause.

Poor Harry's state meanwhile was far from enviable. For the first 24 hours he maintained a fierce resentment. But as the days came and went he softened little by little until every harsh sentiment had vanished and a determination seized him to seek Rosalie and try to efface the memory of his previous sternness.

Toward evening he wended his way to her home with the sweetest anticipations of reconciliation and affection. With every step she seemed to grow lovelier and dearer than before. But as he neared the gate a sight met his eyes which speedily cooled down the fervid tones of his fancy painting. It was Mr. Dalton assisting Rosalie to dismount from her horse. The exercise had brought a bright flush to her cheek, and she was fairly dazzling. She perceived Harry in time to bestow on him a very distant bow and then turned, with added empressment, to her companion. Harry changed his intentions at once, walked by the house in the most leisurely and indifferent manner and proceeded to call upon that obnoxious Nellie Kellis, whom Rosalie regarded so supercilliously.

Mr. Dalton meanwhile found his affairs in a somewhat perplexing state. Flirtation had been since his eleventh year the element in which he delighted to exist. Matrimony with its cares and responsibilities was to him the most distant of prospects and must offer extra inducements to make him forsake his freedom. Now, however, he began to feel himself very seriously interested in a person who had not one claim to fashion, family or fortune—a little village girl who wore dresses of her own fitting and made all the pies and cakes that appeared on her table. Whether she really cared for him or regarded him as a friend or simply as an admirer was impossible to say.

Other people were not slow in drawing their conclusions, and before three weeks were over the village authorities in such cases declared it would be a match.

Harry could not in his heart deny the reasonableness of their predictions. He had the grief of believing that his wishes, hopes and affections were nothing to Rosalie. Yet had he anything but his own harshness to blame for the change? He was miserable, but his own act had caused the misery.

Mr. Dalton had a mother living, a stately lady of some forty odd years, well preserved and a leader of society. Clarence was her only boy and the object of a great many ambitious dreams. The marriage which looked to her so misty and far away was to her a very near reality. She had selected a girl of his rank for a wife, when, lo, there came a rumor that struck her to the heart. Could it be that Clarence was about to make a fool of himself? She wrote a letter to her son in which she expressed perfect confidence in his discretion and her assurance that he would do nothing foolish or imprudent.

Mr. Clarence's brow as he read the maternal effusion was clouded with thought. Where, in the name of common sense, could there be any danger in a marriage with such a charming girl as Rosalie Ames? As for the danger of her heart, he wished he were a little surer of it. He felt at that moment that his own was in a much more perilous position than hers.

As Harry walked that afternoon along the broad road leading from his house he was attracted by almost inarticulate groans, and looking a few yards into the distance he saw a senseless form lying in his path, while a mad horse dashed furiously down the road. As he drew nearer he recognized the dark, tasteful riding suit which he had seen Dalton wear so often before. And passing from the clothing his eyes rested upon the face, pale as death, of the unconscious man.

Good and bad angels tugged at Harry's soul for one moment in a mortal conflict. What call had he to interfere in his behalf? The sneering fop who had blighted all his hopes! Let him stay there and die. But in the next moment, forgetting all but the welfare of his fellow being, he snatched off his overcoat and raised Dalton's head and rested it upon it. Then with frantic haste, he summoned aid, and all that skill and care could do was employed for the sufferer's restoration. Harry hung over him, pale and agonized, the accusing voice ever ringing in his ears. "God forgive me!" he cried. "That wicked delay."

At last signs of returning life were visible, and ere long the physicians assured the watchers round that all was hopeful. Rest and good nursing alone were needed.

Harry quietly stole away and resumed his walk. Wandering thus, quite forgetful of the outer world, he encountered a well known form—Rosalie stood in his path, her cheeks pallid, her eyes swollen with weeping. She did not seek to avoid him, but seemed waiting for him to speak. He took her hand. She did not withdraw it. He felt that she knew all.

"Don't hate me," he said. "I deserve no credit. I almost turned to leave him, for hatred and jealousy had possession of me, and if he had died I should have been his murderer. But it was for you, Rosalie. I loved you so! For I have saved him only to render certain the destruction of my own happiness."

Rosalie looked up at him with brimming eyes. "I don't see why," she said softly. "I am sure that nobody wishes to make you unhappy."

Now, I cannot say whether this statement appears particularly lucid, but Harry was clever enough to understand it instantly. All the troubles, trials and misgivings of the last few weeks dispersed like mists before the sun, and content took the place of wretchedness in those two reunited hearts.

Clarence Dalton made a very stylish best man at the wedding of his preserver, and, judging from his devoted manner to the maid of honor, he did not suffer irremediably from his loss. As for his mother, she blesses to this day the friendly accident that saved her darling from so terrible a misalliance.

—Brooklyn Citizen.

Randolph's Literary Taste.

American statesmen have, as a rule, been men of marked literary proclivities, who have surrounded themselves with libraries of great value. To this rule there is one notable exception in the gifted Andrew Jackson, whose list of books ranged from Barlow's "Columbiad" to a small edition of the "Devil on Two Sticks," and included both a copy of the Penny Encyclopædia and "Mrs. Gaston's Cookbook."

The celebrated John Randolph of Roanoke was his antithesis, and in his love for books and literary allusions involved himself in many acrimonious disputes, one of which resulted in his famous duel with Clay. The duel arose from a comparison of Clay and Adams as a coalition to that of Blifil and Black George in Fielding's novel, "Tom Jones," which Randolph referred to as a combination unknown until then of Puritan and blackleg. His reading was extensive, but of a rambling nature. He had few favorites, though he could not stand "Tom Moore's sentimental ditties, which were all ideal and above nature." The poet himself he described as a wit and a spruce, dapper little fellow. Randolph was unchangeable in his literary views, steadfast in believing himself incapable of error in such matters, carrying this conviction so far that he actually dismissed his doctor upon his deathbed because the latter disagreed with him about the pronunciation of certain words.—Collier's Weekly.

Lord Russell's Favorite Lines.

Like most men who speak correctly, Lord Russell was both a writer and a reader. His address to the American jurists assembled at Saratoga Springs in August, 1896, when he took "Arbitration" for his theme, is a good sample of his powers of composition, for this was an effort confessedly written to speak, and as a reader he was or had been omnivorous of Shakespeare, with all of whose works he was perfectly familiar. On my once asking him, which, to his mind, were the most perfect lines of poetry he could recall he quickly answered:

"Those lines from the fifth act of the 'Merchant of Venice' in which Lorenzo says to Jessica:

"Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold;
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young ey'd cherubins;
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it."

Tan Cakes For Fuel.

In many parts of Normandy "spent bark" or "tan" is used by peasants as fuel. They get the tan for little or nothing, and then, by means of a very primitive sort of press, they make it into cakes, which very much resemble peat in appearance. It is then dried on shelves erected on the walls of the house and garden and protected from the rain by little sloping roofs.

These tan cakes make excellent fuel, and in Caudebec, a little place between Rouen and Havre, it is much used. It seems that thousands of tons of tan are thrown away annually, which at small cost might be converted into excellent fuel.—London Mail.

It's Different With Widows.

"Do you think he will marry her?"

"No, I don't. But if he doesn't watch out I think she will marry him. She's a widow, you know."

If you want a

JACKET or COSTUME

AT HALF PRICE

WRITE TO THE WHITE HOUSE.

67 GOVERNMENT ST. - - VICTORIA, B. C.

HENRY YOUNG & CO. are closing out the Department and are selling their Jackets and Costumes regardless of cost.

$8, $10 and $12 Jackets are going for $2.50

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

W. B. Anderson, 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.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 2, 1900

The question of the proper lighting of the town is now agitating the minds of many of our progressive citizens. The Colliery Co. are willing to enter into a suitable agreement to supply electric light themselves, or steam to a company if it is desired to form one, and it seems to be the prevailing opinion that electricity is the only proper and sure means of giving high power lighting both for interiors and for the streets, all of which can be supplied at a cost not greater than that in Nanaimo or in Victoria and in the case of the street lighting at less per candle power than what is now costing the corporation. Some say that they prefer having the acetylene light so as to have entire control of their own lighting, but there seems to be a great uncertainty about the supply of the carbide necessary to provide this light. Others say that electric light is uncertain, and that it is apt to break down on consumers at odd times, but this may be said of any light produced by mechanical means. Certainly, the acetylene has broken down badly this winter and any failure in electricity is, as a rule, qhickly remedied.

THE WEEKLY NEWS.

Its just a little paper,
It isn't much on dates,
It hasn't many supplements,
Or colored fashion plates.

It comes out every Wednesday,
Unless the forms are pied;
The outside is home printed,
And the stories are inside.

It does not worry much
About affairs of state;
But it says that Mr. Jones
Has painted his front gate.

It seldom mentions Kruger
Or Joseph Chamberlain,
But it says a certain grocery
Has a grand new window pane.

It tells about the measels
That Jimmie Thompson had;
And it says that Mr. Moore
Is once more a "happy dad."

The most important things that happen
Within the little town,
The man who runs this paper
Has plainly jotted down.

It's good and useful paper,
That is all I have to say,
And as long as it is printed
I hope it comes my way.

—SOMEBODY.

NOTICE.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given to the electors of the Municipality of Cumberland that I require the presence of the said Electors at the Polling Station, corner of Dunimuir Avenue and Third Street, on Monday the 14th day of January, 1901, at 12 o'clock noon for the purpose of electing a Mayor and Aldermen to represent them for the year 1901.

The mode of nomination of candidates shall be as follows:

The Candidate shall be nominated in writing, the writing shall be subscribed by two voters of the Municipality as proposer and seconder, and shall be delivered to the Returning Officer at any time between the date of the notice and 2 p.m. of the day of the nomination, and in the event of a poll being necessary, such poll will be opened on Tuesday the 17th day of January, 1901, at the Polling Station, corner of Dunsmuir Avenue and Third Street, of which every person is hereby required to take notice and govern himself accordingly.

The qualification of candidate for Mayor is as follows:

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

The qualification as candidate for Alderman is as follows:

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

Given under my hand at the City of Cumberland, 1st day of Jan. 1901.

LAWRENCE W. NUNNS,
Returning Officer.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that an application will be made to the Legislative assembly of the Province of British Columbia, at the next session, for an Act to incorporate a company with power to construct, equip, operate and maintain a railway of standard or narrow guage, to be operated by steam, electricity, or any other motive power for the carrying of passengers and freight, from a point at or near the junction of the Chilcat and Klahini Rivers; thence westerly along the Klahini River and northerly in the general direction of the Dalton Trail, to some point not less than five miles from the Provincial boundary, in the District of Cassiar, Province aforesoid; and to build and operate tramways in connection therewith; with power to construct, operate, and maintain branch lines and all necessary bridges, roads, ways, ferries and other works and to build, own and maintain wharves and docks in connection therewith, and with power to build, acquire, own, equip and maintain steam and other vessels and boats, and operate the same on any navigable waters within the Province; and with power to build, equip, operate and maintain telegraph and telephone lines in connection with the said railway and branches; and to generate electricity for supply of light, heat and power, and for all and every other purpose mentioned in sections 80, 81, 82 and 83 of the "Water Clauses Consolidation Act, 1897," and to do everything necessrry and incidental to the carrying out of all or any of the objects referred to in the said sections; and to build, own and maintain saw-mills; and with power to expropriate lands for the purposes of the Company, and to acquire lands, bonuses, privileges or other aids from any Government, municipal corporation, or other persons or bodies; and to levy and collect tolls from all parties using and on all freight passing over any of such roads, railways, tramways, ferries, wharves and vessels owned or operated by the company, and with power to make traffic or other arrangements with railway, steamboat, or other companies; and for all other usual, necessary or incidental rights, powers or privileges in that behalf.

Dated at the City of Victoria, B. C this 16th day of October, 1900.

JOHN IRVING.

GREAT REDUCTION SALE

—OF—

Toys, rocking horses, magic lanterns, dolls, etc.

Our stock of Toys and Xmas Goods is growing smaller every day and to make a clean sweep of them and insure rapid selling in these lines this week we put them on sale from now to Xmas at reduced prices. You will find them arranged in separate lots. "Your choice of any in the lot at one price."

Remember we do not carry goods over from one season to another.

Furs

What's more appropriate for a Xmas present than a nice Fur. These are included in the lines of goods at reduced prices.

200 Pictures

These are something out of the ordinary and are ornaments to any room.

They are going at 10c each

Ladies' Handkerchiefs

This is a line in which we excell both in quality and assortment and are prepared for the Xmas trade in these lines. Ask to see them.

Gent's Fancy Slippers

Fancy embroidered plush slippers ..... $1.50 per pair

Morocco and patent leather ..... $1.

Gent's Furnishings

Do you want a tie?

Do you want a nobby, up to date tie? If so just step in and take a look through our new Xmas stock

White Spreads

We have just to hand another supply of those large white spreads at ..... $1.00 each

Men's Rubber Boots
AT CUT PRICES

Our stock of men's snag rubber boots is rapidly going down. The Price tells the reason. We may have your size left. Don't wait until it is gone.

Lace Curtains
From $1. a pair up

Rugs and Squares

in a variety of patterns and colorings.

Children's White Ruffs
From 25c up

Stevenson & Co. CUMBERLAND

Columbia Flouring Mills Company.

ENDERBY, B. C.

HUNGARIAN,
THREE STAR,
WHEATLETS, 10-10's
STRONG BAKERS.

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

You can stand

A jug on the stove to keep warm with safety if you use our

ASBESTOS MAT. Price 10 cents.

FOR SALE AT THE—

Magnet Cash Store

Genuine Clearance Sale at Reduced Prices.

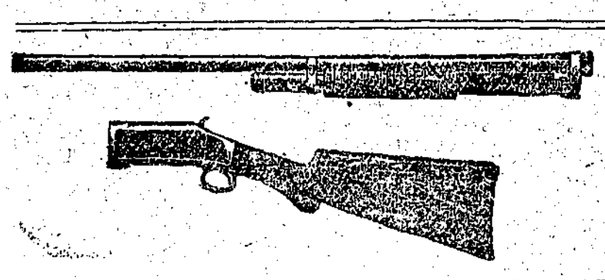
10 per cent. Cash Discount (for 10 days only.) commencing Dec. 20th Late delivery compels us to sacrifice all our Winter Stock of:— Wrappers, Flanneletts, Uunderwear, Ribbons, Gloves, Dress Goods, etc. As we do not intend carrying over any Xmas goods we include them in our 10 per cent. Cash Sale. Also GENT'S UNDERWEAR, HATS, SHIRTS, TIES, COLLARS, ETC.

OUR GROCERY STOCK includes all the choicest Xmas Goods, Plum Pudding, Layer Raisins, Mince Meat, Cranberries

ASSORTED SOUPS, 15 cents per tin.

We are receiving this week ½ ton nuts. Candy in abundance.

WALLER AND PARTRIDGE



Don't miss your deer.

BEFORE BUYING YOUR

GUNS AND AMMUNITION

GET OUR PRICES.

As we carry the largest stock in B. C., and your cheapest freight is from Victoria. Repairs by first class workmen.

JOHN BARNSLEY & CO.

115 GOVERNMENT ST. - VICTORIA, B.C