

# THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

EIGHTH YEAR.

CUMBERLAND, B. C. WEDNESDAY, JAN. 30 1901.

## A BROOM for 25c.

It is a long time since we have been able to offer our friends a Broom at 25 cts. NOW WE HAVE THEM.

## CREAM OF WHEAT

A splendid Breakfast Dish, 20 cts. per packet. With every two packets we give a very nice picture.

**Simon Leiser**

## Nicholles & Renouf, Ltd.

61 YATES STREET, VICTORIA, B. C.

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

Agents for McCormick Harvesting Machinery.

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

## STORE TALK FOR 1901

### IF YOU ARE DESIROUS

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

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

**WEILER BROS.,**

COMPLETE FURNISHERS.

VICTORIA, B. C.

## SPECIAL SALE

—OF—

BLANKETS, COMFORTERS, MEN'S AND BOYS' WINTER SUITS,  
SWEATERS, UNDERWEAR, SOX, MACKINAW COATS,  
REEFER COATS, MITTS, GLOVES, SNOW EXCLUDERS,  
ARCTICS, GUM BOOTS, RUBBERS, LEGGINGS, ETC., ETC.

New Stock of Mining Shoes just opened up.

Our Grocery Stock is complete.

All at close prices for the next 20 days at

**C. J. MOORE'S**

### LETTERS.

EDITOR CUMBERLAND NEWS—Sir: There having appeared in the last issue of the News a misleading letter, the Board thought it would be well for the general public to know the facts, though only responsible to the managers for conduct of affairs in re Hospital matters.

First, the committee were not instructed to call for tenders but to purchase articles mentioned by the anonymous writer. This committee went to the several stores, asked to have prices quoted on articles required to be purchased with the understanding that the lowest quotation on any article would be accepted. The articles in question, blankets, the committee specified gray color to the merchants. None of the grey on which prices were quoted were satisfactory as to quality in any of the stores. In the last store visited, viz. Simon Leiser's, a red blanket was shown which met the requirements both as to weight, quality and price. The committee here unwittingly violated a rule of business courtesy by not immediately going to the other stores and asking quotations for similar blankets, they having decided to take none of the grey blankets upon which prices had been quoted but closing at once on the red blanket above mentioned.

Now, when the committee's attention was called to their breach of business etiquette, they immediately apologized, cancelled the above mentioned purchase, and notified the several stores interested that they were at liberty to tender on the blankets in question on the following Saturday evening at the regular meeting of the Board. No new tenders being received, the board instructed the committee to proceed with their purchases, at the same time, by motion, unanimously endorsing their action.

The Board being merely stewards for the managers were necessarily compelled to consider the best financial interests of the Hospital regardless of interested, self seeking individuals of whatever prominence.

The Board might add that their books are audited at the end of each fiscal year, the audit being submitted to the managers or to any who may be inclined to examine the same.

This may not be considered either a reply or a rejoinder, but simply a statement of a few facts for the general public to consider.

HENRY F. PULLEN,  
Sec. of Board.

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

### THISTLES vs. ATHLETICS.

The football match took place on the grounds here last Friday, and tho Athletics delighted their townspeople and surprised the Thistles beyond belief. The ground was covered with four inches of hard snow and as a consequence the play was hard and the game a

heavy one. At the start, from the apparent ease with which the Thistles captured the first goal, it looked bad for our boys, but the next game brought the Cumberland spirits up like mercury and there they stayed to the end of the match. Following is the run of the play: Athletics won toss and took lower goal, playing up hill. First goal by Adams, of Nanaimo, in 5 minutes; 2nd goal, Hector Law, of Athletics; 3rd, Adams. No further goal to half time.

Upon play being resumed, Athletics made 4th goal in 3 minutes, T. Whyte scoring; 5th, Athletics, H. Law, giving Athletics 3 to Thistles' 2. Referee, John Bennie. Perfect harmony prevailed throughout, and barring the little natural chagrin felt by the Thistles upon their finding out that the Cumberland boys can play "fit ba" although we are in the woods, nothing but jollity prevailed.

The next game between the two teams will be played at Nanaimo on Feb. 7th, at which our boys feel quite fit to "do them up again."

### TO THE DEAF.

A rich lady cured of her Deafness and Noises in the Head by Dr. Nicholson's Artificial Ear Drum, gave \$10,000 to his 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.

### PAY DAY HARVEST.

Judge Abrams on Monday tried sundry pay-day cases: McQueenie, stealing, four months. Sundry drunks and scrappers contributed \$5 and costs per scrap.

### GAME.

The Cumberland game bird importing and protecting association met and organized last Thursday evening. Mr. E. Barrett in the chair. Meré preliminaries were arranged, it being decided to hold another meeting to arrange matters fully. The business transacted was—a resolution that subscriptions be \$2 per member to be applied at once for purchasing and importing Virginian quail, to be set at large near Cumberland to breed. Each member binding himself to enforce the law in regard to the preservation of the birds. Collecting committee: Messrs. F. Jaynes, E. Barrett, O. H. Fechner and W. B. Anderson. Mr. S. H. Riggs, treasurer. The next meeting will be held on Thursday, 31st inst. at O. H. Fechner's to report progress, by which time it is expected letters will be here advising prices of birds, &c. Mr. Cross, of the Western Life Assurance Co., will obtain data in Victoria re experience with the quail there, for the benefit of the association.

Our mule mail munched itself over the road Saturday with a small amount of mail. Really it would be better for the citizens to establish a pigeon post.

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

### LOCALS.

A meeting of the Fire Brigade will be held Friday evening, Feb. 1.

There will be memorial service next Sunday evening in Trinity Church.

The Council did not meet Monday on account of the death of the Queen.

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

Mr. T. A. Cross, of the Western Life Assurance Co., is in town on a business visit.

The man who was brought up for stealing clothing from a Cumberlander last week, was discharged by Mr. Abrams for lack of evidence.

A letter from Mr. Maille, the organizer of the Miner's & Labourers' Association is left over for want of space.

Subscribers in arrears for the News are respectfully requested to show their will to support a local concern by paying up their small indebtedness.

We understand that the adjoining property owners offer to plant maple trees on the hospital block from the lookout to Mr. Little's at their own expense. This will improve their property and be of benefit to the hospital at no expense to that institution.

The fine summer villa of F. Crackey Esq., of Nob Hill was badly damaged by fire a short time ago. He demanded the sum of \$2,000 from the insurance company, but finally compromised for six bits which amount was paid over by the agent, Mr. Butch, a few days ago.

When the bartender at the Vendome was closing up for the night on Saturday he had occasion to go into the dining room. When he got back to the bar, he found a man trying to get out by way of the window, who explained that he had been asleep and when he awoke thought he had been locked in. The bartender, suspecting nothing, let him out, after which, thinking something was wrong, he examined the till and found it had been robbed. The police were notified and the man, McQueenie, arrested. No money was found on him, but he afterwards told where he had concealed it, and the amount, between \$30 and \$40, was recovered.



## GOOD NIGHT, SWEETHEART.

In the dusk of the shadowed garden  
The listening flowers are still;  
The wind is asleep in the meadows,  
And softly croons the rill.  
A song of love and longing,  
Of a dreamland fair and bright,  
And it seems to sigh, as it ripples by,  
Good night, sweetheart, good night!

Wherever you fare tomorrow,  
Whether by land or sea,  
The stars watch over you, love,  
As they look down on me.  
They will shine in the midnight heaven  
With the same unchanging light  
We used to know in the long ago;  
Good night, sweetheart, good night!

The clover scent in the grasses  
Is sweet as the breath of May;  
In the hush of the silver starlight  
All pain is lulled away,  
And into the world's great silence,  
Like a dove in airy flight,  
This message, true and winging to you,  
Good night, sweetheart, good night!  
—Washington Capital.

## The Devil's House

How Billy Daniel Outwitted  
the Arch Fiend.

Nearly every coarse fisher, who has been down to the Norfolk waters to ledger for bream knows the Red House at Cantley, on the Yare. The present building is modern, but there was a Red House on the same spot many years before the existing licensing laws were heard of—when the landlord used to brew his own beer and a cask or two of spirits that had never paid duty could be smuggled up the river.

At the beginning of the century Billy Daniel earned a precarious livelihood by eel fishing. His home was an old Yarmouth yawl, tarred over, with a shedlike edifice over the stern that made a sufficient cabin for the old man when he was sober enough of nights to scull down to it in his punt, from the Red House. This elementary houseboat always lay in the dike against the Devil's House that now is, but then was not, and Billy had fastened a large eel tank beneath it and kept his slimy riches therein. He sent up a load to Norwich, when he had one, by an up bound wherry and disposed of his small catches at the Red House or at the village inland.

Billy was getting old and began to be dissatisfied with his houseboat as a dwelling on the misty autumn nights and in the biting east winds and frost and snow of winter. His desire was toward a brick cottage, and he grumbled to himself about it. He was a lonely man and did much self-communing aloud. He did not live in the savor of sanctity. He drank, he swore, he smuggled, and he poached and was a thorough-paced rascal. This did not influence Parson Sparrow against him. The worthy divine was one of the hard-drinking Norfolk parsons of the old school and could drink and swear with Billy himself. Indeed the two were good friends, each looking on the other as a sportsman. Many a good day's pike fishing did they have together, and many a three pound eel did Billy take up to the parsonage to be stewed in sound port.

Before the nets went down for the autumn "run" Billy got most of his eels by bobbing, at which he was an expert. One summer Billy had not been doing as well as usual. Whether it was that his hand was getting shaky or his luck had does not appear, but it is certain that his prospects of getting a cottage seemed to him poorer than ever.

On a hot night in June he was out bobbing half a mile below his houseboat. The night was dark. There was no moon, and the stars were clouded over. There was scarce a breath of air. It was near midnight, and the silence was only broken by a white owl and the ceaseless whisper of the reeds on the road—a perfect night for bobbing, but Billy fared badly and cursed as he sat with a pole in each hand waiting for the tugs that were few and far between.

"Durn it!" he said. "The devil's in the eels. I wish I had the old varmint here along o' me. Perhaps he'd give us a bit o' luck—house an' all."

As he spoke he heard a muffled sound of sculls coming up the river. "Now, I winner," he continued, "whew, that be a-comin' up here this time o' night disturbin' the eels, blam him!"

A punt came quickly and very quietly up. A gaunt figure clad in dark fennan's clothes was sculling backward. He eased against Billy's punt and "held" up till the way was stopped.

"Wheer be yew a-comin' tew?" said the old man. "Yew sling your hook."

"What's the matter, William?" said the stranger. "I've come to do you a good turn if you'll help me."

"I'll help yew out o' this sharp enow if yew don't sheer off," growled Billy. "Don't be a fool, William," said the stranger. "Listen and see."

Pointing to the four quarters in turn the stranger spoke again.

"By the murmur of the reed,  
Hail, from river, broad, and pond!  
Hail, ye goodly tribe o' eels  
Ere the dawn upon ye steals!  
Here is that on which to feed."

Billy declared to Parson Sparrow afterward that the poles were almost chucked out of his hands and he "worn't" sustain as how he worn't to be the fewd. He hauled up and landed what he called a "skeptful." The whole water around was alive with eels.

"There you are, William," said the stranger. "Don't be frightened."

"It 'ud take an uglier face than yew'n to frighten me," said Billy, who knew not fear. "But wheer be yew, master?" he continued, snitten suddenly civil.

"Never mind that. Would you like to always get as many eels as you want—enough to build yo-your cottage and set you up for life?"

"Wha naturalhig," said Billy, and all the time his punt rocked with the motion of the eels.

"Will you swear any oath I may dictate to do what I command?" said the stranger.

"Aye, bor; that will I," said Billy, for whom fancy swearing had no terror. The stranger laid a lobworm, an eel and a piece of ribbon in Billy's hand. "Repeat after me," he said, and in the manner of the bridegroom in the marriage service Billy swore:

"By the worm of the dewy night, by the scaleless fish of the mud and by the snaky ribbon of the river, I swear to obey."

"Very good," William said the stranger. "Now all you have to do is this: Whenever you want eels, come here alone and call them near midnight, as I did. They will come." He repeated his incantation until Billy knew it, and the river hauled with eels.

"At midnight," the stranger went on, "on the third night of the third month in every third year from tonight you must kneel in a corner of the house you will build and say:

"I'll join the devil on Strumpshire hill,  
I'll dance with the devil round Strumpshire mill.  
When my breath is out and my heart is still,  
My soul to the devil with all good will."

"You must then follow what comes to you. Swear!"

"All right, bor; I swear," said Billy. "But that 'ud be a masterpiece to see me a-dancin' round Strumpshire mill, devil or no devil."

Billy knew Strumpshire mill. It stood and still stands on the top of the only decent hill in the neighborhood. Yarmouth roads can be seen from it on a clear day. Evidently it was a Norfolk brocken at the beginning of the century, and Billy was in for a local Walpurgisnacht.

The stranger said no more, but backed out and in half a dozen strokes had disappeared, leaving the old man half dazed, but jubilant. When his punt was full, he paddled back to his houseboat and slept.

The next morning he picked out a fine brace of eels and went up to see his friend, Parson Sparrow. He told his adventure of the previous night and held up the two eels as corroborative evidence.

"Ha, ha!" laughed the parson. "Why, Daniel, you were drunk!"

"I tell yew I worn't, parson," retorted Billy. "Do yew come an' look at the catch."

"Well, well," said Sparrow, "you'd better try the dodge, and if it is successful, why, you must build a round house without a corner in it and cheat the devil. Ha, ha! Eh?"

"That I will, bor," said Billy, delighted. "I'll cozen Old Nick yet. But don't yew tell nobody on it, sir, will yew?"

The parson chuckled and promised to keep the secret.

The dodge was successful. Night after night did the well get filled, and with fine eels. Billy grew tired of bobbing and made a large, fine meshed scoop net, and after repeating the charm he simply shoveled out as many fish as he wanted. He was drunk all day, but sobered up at night, when he wanted eels, for he found the incantation too much to get his tongue around when he was in liquor, and the eels would not come for misquotations.

He soon saved enough to build a cottage. He leased a few acres against his boat from the lord of the manor at a rent of four stone of eels per annum, planted his willows and engaged a local builder. A round, thatched house was soon run up under Billy's supervision, without a corner in it. The old man got the parson to come to the housewarming, and under the influence of Red House old ale and smuggled brandy the Rev. John Sparrow concocted a halting screed to be cut in stone over the door. He said, "Hic, a servant o' the Lord c'n rhyme 's well 's the devil." This was it:

"The devil may come, and the devil may go;  
The devil may rave, and the devil may swear;  
I won't care a curse for the old hoodie crow  
While my house stands round as it is, not square."

The screed was duly cut, and Billy settled down in his cottage to many eels, much drink and great content.

The third night of the third month of the third year came in the course of time, and Billy went to sleep drunk and hiccupping. "I can't kneel in no corner, 'cause there ain't no corner."

The night was unusually close for March, and what was still more unusual, shortly after midnight a heavy thunder storm broke over Cantley. The people in the Red House said afterward that the lightning played all around Billy's house, and the crash of the thunder was terrible, and the storm made off to the northeast, Strumpshire way, without disturbing the drunken man. He woke in the morning in the sunshine with a great thirst and a desire for a small beer. He staggered out of bed, across to his cupboard, where the cask was and suddenly stopped.

"Wha, blam me old heart alive," he said, "here's a coarner!" He looked "mazedlike" about him. Everything was as usual save that his house was square, not round.

As quickly as he could he went out. The screed over the door was gone. A black smear like an eel was in its place. He lost no time in getting to the parsonage, where he found Parson Sparrow breakfasting off home brewed ale and roast beef. The parson looked a bit serious at first after hearing of the transformation, but after a mighty pull at the ale he cheered up. "Why, Daniel, man, you must sell your house now; that's all. You only swore to kneel to the devil in the house you were to build."

"Right yew be, bor!" said Billy, roaring with laughter.

The parson bought the house for a fishing box, and there the tale ends. Whether the magic of the incantation continued history sayeth not. That is all that is known of the way Billy Daniel cheated the devil.

I do not vouch for the veracity of all the details of the legend, but I know the cottage is now square, and there is no screed over the door. The whole house is so dirty that the mark of the scaleless fish has merged in the general blackness.

The probability is that the devil got both Billy and the parson, after all, so he may have got his own back in the end.—Black and White.

**Flying Power of the Humming Bird**  
The humming bird flies as the Irishman played the fiddle—by main strength.

the frigate bird relies on his skill in taking advantage of every varying current of air, and the skeleton of the one indicates great muscular power, while that of the other shows its absence.

No other bird has such proportionately great muscles as the humming bird. The keel of the sternum, or breastbone, from which these muscles arise, runs from one end of the body to the other, while at the same time it projects downward, like the keel of a modern racing yacht. These muscles drive at the rate of several hundred strokes a minute a pair of small, rigid wings, the outermost bones of which are very long, while the innermost are very short, a feature calculated to give the greatest amount of motion at the tip of the wing with the least movement of the bones of the upper arm, to which the driving muscles are attached.

Another peculiar feature is that the outermost feathers, the flight feathers, or primaries, are long and strong, while the innermost, those attached to the forearm, are few and weak. So far as flight is concerned, the bird could not dispense with these secondaries and not feel their loss. Finally, the heart, which we may look upon as the boiler that supplies steam for this machinery, is large and powerful, as is necessary for such a high pressure engine as the little humming bird.—Popular Science Monthly.

## PAINTED RESULTS OF SCOUTNESS.

A stout man lifted himself into a Heights car the other morning and took the only vacant seat. Pretty soon a lady came aboard, and the stout man quickly arose to tender her his place. As he reached a standing position the car suddenly started, and he sat down with a sound like a broken slate. Blushing deeply, he once more struggled to his feet and was about to step out into the aisle when the motorman saw a wagon on the track and fiercely applied the brakes. The car stopped so suddenly that the stout man doubled over on a thin young man in the front seat and almost cracked his slender neck. The young man pushed the dents out of his derby hat and muttered some remarks that were not complimentary to fat people in general.

Then the fat man braced himself for the third time, and the lady sympathetically remarked, "Please don't trouble yourself." But the fat man's spirit was up. He crowded out into the aisle and filled it so full that the lady could not get by him; then, with a polite wave of his hand, he indicated the seat and backed out of the way.

"Thank you!" said the lady very sweetly. "But I get off at the next stop."

Then the fat man went out and filled up the back platform.

## THE TROTTER RECORD.

Lamp Girl, 2:00, is the fastest trotter bred in Virginia.

Joe Patchen now holds the Parkway (Brooklyn) track record—2:00 1/2.

Crito, 2:13 1/2, is the fastest Kansas bred trotter for the season of 1900.

John Nolan and Boralma hold the 4-year-old gelding trotting record, 2:08.

Goshen Jim, 2:10 1/2, new California pacer, is now in the stable of James Thompson.

Contralto's second heat in 2:11 1/2 is the fastest ever trotted in the West state, Lexington.

Elyrietta, 2:21 1/2, pacing, at Minerva, O., is by Elvira, and next season will be started as a trotter.

A son of Nowood, 2:12 1/2, owned in Missouri, has been punished with the name of Woodwork Kitchen.

Gib Doolittle, Harford, is getting together a stable of horses to race at the New England half mile tracks next season.

T. D. Dewey, Qwasco, Mich., who owned Louis, Napoleon and bred and developed Jerome Eddy, 2:10 1/2, is still hale and active at the advanced age of 78.

Sphinx's latest standard performer is Alma Sphinx, 2:24 1/2, pacing, at Ithaca, Mich., on the 3d inst., making the twelfth new one this season, four in 2:15 and seven in 2:20.

My Chance, 2:10 1/2, by Vantage has been raced three years in succession and has been unplaced just twice in 22 starts. He is owned by N. L. Purvins of Mount Sterling, Ills.

Graylight, 2:20 1/2, the 7-year-old gray gelding owned by A. P. Horne of Manchester, N. H., has been started nine times the past season and has been behind the money just once.

A float in the Wellington (Kan.) wheat jubilee parade that attracted general attention was that of the Anti Horse Thief association. It bore the sign, "\$500 for a horse thief, dead or alive."—Horseman.

## APHORISMS.

Mind unemployed is mind unenjoyed.—Bovee.

Charm strikes the sight, but merit wins the soul.—Pope.

The education of the will is the object of our existence.—Emerson.

Culture and fine manners are everywhere a passport to regard.—Paley.

He that may hinder mischief, yet permits it, is an accessory.—E. A. Freeman.

The way of the world is to praise good saints and persecute living ones.—Hove.

The two great movers of the human mind are the desire of good and the fear of evil.—Johnson.

## MISSING GREAT THINGS.

Genuine Gold Bricks That Have Been Kicked and Let Lie.

"I dare say every great invention, before it is finally hit upon," remarked a New Orleans lawyer, "has been within hand's reach of dozens of men who were unaware how near they stood to fortune. There is nothing more singular in fact than the way people can skate around some huge idea without seeing it. When the foreordained fellow comes along, grasps the practicability of the thing and reaps the reward of perspicacity, the others who have been so near and yet so far feel somehow that he has interfered with their vested rights. Lots of famous lawsuits have grown out of those conditions. But it is certainly exasperating to realize that you have stubbed your toe on a genuine gold brick and then were fool enough to walk off and let some other chap pick it up."

"I had an experience of that kind once myself. It occurred to me that a revolving bookcase would be a handy thing for office use, and I had one built to order. It proved a success, and on several occasions I thought vaguely of having the device patented, but dismissed the scheme as 'not worth while.' Nearly two years afterward, a more intelligent gentleman up in New England did what I wouldn't do, and today he is rolling in riches. I have been obliged to buy one of his cases since, and I never hated to give up money so badly in my life. Several other instances in the same line have come under my personal observation."

"I have a friend, for instance, who stumbled upon the principle of the Bell telephone long before the war. He was at college at the time, and he and a fellow student actually went so far as to construct an experimental line, over half a mile long. They had it in successful operation for several weeks, when it was discovered and destroyed by a cantankerous professor, and thus vanished what might have been one of the biggest finds in the world. The incident had almost faded from my friend's mind when Professor Bell launched his invention on the public."

"Another gentleman who was formerly a client of mine anticipated the pneumatic tire years before somebody else patented it. He is fond of fine horses, and away back in the seventies he had a light road cart made that was almost the exact counterpart of the modern pneumatic sulky. The big clumsy looking tires excited great merriment among his friends. They dubbed them 'sausage wheels,' and he has told me more than once that that foolish joke was the thing that caused him to abandon the experiment. Pneumatic tires have since made half a dozen big syndicates rich."

"Still another acquaintance figured out the exact mechanism of the self-binding reaper nearly ten years before the machine was covered by patents. Not being a farmer, he failed to appreciate the importance of the thing. It impressed him as being chimerical, and he pigeonholed his drawings to gather dust until he awakened to the fact that he had a fortune by the throat, only to let go again. His comments on the incident wouldn't sound well at a prayer meeting."

## A CROOKED CUSTOMER.

He Put Through a Neat Little C. O. D. Swindle.

"While the majority of men in business are honest," said a merchant of 40 years' standing and considerable success, "some of them are so confounded slippery, that the honest men are kept forever on the edge watching them. Of course the easiest way to beat is to get credit for goods and not pay for them, but that kind of thing plays out after a time or two, and then the crook must devise some other scheme and have it of such nature that the law can't reach him, for these fellows are not quite in the criminal class. At least they are not so in act, though they are morally."

"I had a customer once that was of the crooked class, and I was everlastingly watching him. He was able enough to pay, but he just wouldn't if he could help it, and it was a kind of race between us all the time. He lived in another state, and I shipped my stuff to him by express. I knew him well enough not to send anything except C. O. D., and I felt sure of him that way for any amount he might buy."

"I suppose I had made half a dozen shipments to him; and it went so easy that I became careless, and one day he got me. I had shipped him 50 cases of canned goods at so much per case, and at the usual time of receiving the money from the express company I received a notification that the goods were refused. 'Explanations followed, and I learned that my customer claimed I was charging him 50 cents a case more than I had agreed to charge. It was not true, of course, and I was about to order the goods returned, but the express people told me it would cost \$1 a case to get them back, and I would save \$25 by letting myself be beat out of \$25, so I submitted, and the man got his goods with a profit to start on of \$25."

"What else could I have done and not get stuck for more? Nothing, and the crooked customer knew what I would be forced to do before he refused the goods. I have quit selling him, but he is still in business, and the Lord only knows how many other honest merchants he is working his C. O. D. confidence game on."

## A Shanghai Rumor.

"No, I do not know what the European concert will play," observed Li Hung Chang.

Then, with a knowing smile, he continued:

"But I should not be surprised if we furnished the Tune."—Baltimore American.

## Didn't Know the Cause.

Mr. Sappy—Didn't you know, Miss Maw, that a horse kicked me once and knocked me senseless?

She—I didn't know that it was a horse that did it.—Harlem Life.

## AUSTRALIAN IRRIGATION.

Miles of Country Reclaimed and Made to Bloom in Our Antipodean Sister Colony.

Some irrigation experiments of a remarkable character are at present being conducted in New South Wales. As is generally known, there is an immense inland region, used exclusively for pastoral purposes, embracing an area of several thousand square miles, and graphically described as a waterless country, the rainfall being slight, and the water supply extremely precarious. Yet it was not until within the last few years, that it was definitely known that abundance of water could be obtained not only from the cretaceous formation, but also from other rocks underlying the soil in this part of the colony. Artesian boring in New South Wales commenced in 1879, in which year operations were begun at Killara, a station lying between Bourke and Wilcannia. The supply was tapped at a depth of 140 feet, and the effluent water rose to a height of 26 feet. In 1884 the Colonial Department of Mines put down its first bore in search of water, a small supply of which was reached at 89 feet. Since then much work has been done, both by the Government and by private enterprise. On the 30th of November, 1899, there were 73 completed Government bores, while 12 were in progress, and contracts had been let for others. Of those completed there were 49 flowing, yielding a supply approximately 29,000,000 gallons per diem, and 16 from which a supply of 750,000 gallons per diem can be pumped; but in the remaining eight bores, the search for water suitable for drinking purposes has been unsuccessful. The deepest bore sunk in the colony is that at Dolly, on the road from Marree to Boggabilla, which is down 4,086 feet, yielding a flow of 745,200 gallons per diem.

The next in depth is the Bantanya bore on the Silverton-Cobham road, being 3,615 feet deep. The largest flow has been obtained at the Toolara bore, on the road from Walgett to Coonamble, which yields approximately 3,000,000 gallons a day. The water from the Government bores, over and above that required for traveling stock and domestic use, is being used for irrigation purposes, and much has already been accomplished in this direction. At the Perabore, 8 miles from Bourke, on the Wannaring road, an area of 683 acres has been reserved for an experimental farm. The remainder of the land has been cut up into 20-acre blocks, all of which have been let under the homestead selection provisions of the Crown Lands Act of 1895. Should future results realize the anticipations formed by those who have carefully studied the question, it is possible that the vast expanse of treeless, waterless country at present given up to sheep, and which is a source of heavy loss to pastoralists during prolonged periods of drought, may become studded with richly fertile spots. The system of soil aeration now adopted is said to have proved successful in every respect, and where only a few years ago there was nothing but dry burnt up country, may now be found beautiful gardens, filled with the choicest flowers growing in luxuriant profusion, and orchards filled with healthy trees giving the promise of future abundant crops. But there have been varying results on the irrigation farms. Several have been successful, and others only partially so. This, however, has been occasioned largely by the character of the tenants. Those possessing real agricultural experience and willing to turn it to the best account, have found irrigation farming a remunerative enterprise.

## Strippings Rich in Fat.

The Farmer's Advocate says: That there is a marked difference in the quality of milk first drawn from the cow, as compared with that which comes away towards the finish, was clearly shown by an experiment carried out some time ago by a well-known dairy expert. This gentleman found that while the average percent of butter fat in the first half pint of milk withdrawn from a cow worked out to only 1.32 per cent., the butter fat in the strippings, or the last half pint, amounted to over nine per cent. There was hardly any difference in the percentage of the other solids present in the last drawn milk.

## When Drying Off a Cow.

In drying off a cow, the animal should be put upon rather dry food and the quantity of milk withdrawn at each meal should be gradually lessened—in other words, a little milk should always be left behind in the udder. After a few days only as much should be withdrawn as is found necessary in order to relieve the animal of an uncomfortable pressure of the milk glands. In addition to this the cow should be given about half an ounce of powdered alum in drinking water twice daily, and the udder should be rubbed with an ointment consisting of one drachm of Belladonna extract, to an ounce of lard.

## New Belgian State Railroad.

The Belgian State Railroad management will build an entirely new line between Brussels and Ghent, 31 miles, at a cost of 15,000,000 francs. This will be built to be worked by steam, but with reference to its transportation ultimately into an electric railroad.



# THE CUMBERLAND NEWS

CUMBERLAND, B.C.

## The Money in His Pocket.

A young Pittsburger arose from his bed one morning and, dressing, went down stairs to breakfast. As he sat at the table he carelessly put his right hand into his trousers pocket and was surprised to find \$7.25. He knew that when he retired for the night he had just 25 cents and had fallen asleep while wondering where he could borrow money the next morning. He was highly elated over the discovery, for, although he thought long and hard, he could not remember how he had come into the possession of the money. After work that day he took a friend to the opera and later to supper. When he returned home about midnight, a brother stepped into his room and said, "Harry, did you pay that bill for me today?"

The young man was almost dumfounded. It all came to him at once. Shortly after he had retired the previous night his brother had entered the room and, placing the money in his trousers pocket, said: "Say, old man, when you go down town tomorrow, I wish you would pay Mr. — that bill I owe him. I promised to let him have it by tomorrow."

The young man was dozing at the time, and that accounts for his failure to remember what his brother had said to him. He was kept busy borrowing from friends to make up the amount the next day, and he declares that hereafter his brother will have to pay his own bills.

## RHEUMATISM CURED.

Jas. McKee, Linnwood, Ont.  
Lachin McNeil, Mabou, C.B.  
John A. McDonald, Apprior, Ont.  
C. B. Billing, Markham, Ont.  
John Mader, Mahone Bay, N.S.  
Lewis S. Butler, Barin, Nfld.

These well known gentlemen all assert that they were cured by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

## Tripped Up.

Mrs. Newrich—That Mrs. Hyatt is a stick up thing. I know just as much about music as she does. She needn't get funny.

Mrs. Browne—Why, what has she done?

Mrs. Newrich—Oh, she tried to trip me up today—asked me if I'd ever heard somebody's "Songs Without Words."

TRY IT.—It would be a gross injustice to confound that standard healing agent, Dr. Thomas' Eucalypti Oil, with the ordinary pungent, lotions and salves. They are oftentimes inflammatory and astringent. The Oil is, on the contrary, eminently cooling and soothing when applied externally to relieve pain, and powerfully remedial when swallowed.

## Tricks of His Trade.

A visitor at one of the local prisons became interested in one of the prisoners, who was being detained for picking pockets. He frankly admitted his guilt and spoke of his business in the same way that a tradesman would boast of his expertness.

"What I would like to know is," said the visitor, "how you know where a victim has his money?"

"Easy enough," replied the "leather snatcher," smiling shrewdly. "When you're in a crowd just holler 'Look out for pick-pockets!' and all of them, men and women, will instinctively place their hands where they have their money. Now that you know where to look for the stuff you can go to work quietly. See?"

The visitor thanked the jailbird for the information and was moving away when the latter called him back.

"Here," said he: "I don't want that. It isn't worth over a couple of dollars, and he returned a pin that had lately adorned the visitor's scarf and which he had nipped while in conversation with him.

# BRIGHT'S DISEASE

is the deadliest and most painful malady to which mankind is subject. Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure any case of Bright's Disease. They have never failed in one single case. They are the only remedy that ever has cured it, and they are the only remedy that can. There are imitations of Dodd's Kidney Pills—pill, box and name. The original and only genuine cure for Bright's Disease is

# DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

Dodd's Kidney Pills are fifty cents a box at all druggists.

CHRONIC DERANGEMENTS OF THE STOMACH, LIVER AND BLOOD are speedily removed by the active principle of the ingredients entering into the composition of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. These pills act specifically on the deranged organs, stimulating to action the dormant energies of the system, thereby removing disease and renewing life and vitality to the afflicted. In this lies the great secret of the popularity of Parmelee's Vegetable pills.

## A Man Said This.

"At the altar," said the youthful Benoit, "woman promises to obey."  
"She does," admitted the elderly Benoit.

"But she doesn't keep that promise," went on the young man.

"Oh, well," returned the other, "that depends largely on how you treat her. It is almost always possible to compel obedience."

"How?"  
"Why? I have found that the easiest way is to find out what she has been determined to do and then tell her to do it. Thus it is possible for a man to retain his dignity and self respect."—Chicago Post.

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

## There's a Girl Worth Having.

He—I don't believe your father will give his consent. I haven't got much, you know.

She—That doesn't matter. The first month we can live on love, the second I'll begin to borrow things from mamma, and about the third papa will get tired of it and come to the rescue.—Stray Stories.

CHRONIC DERANGEMENTS OF THE STOMACH, LIVER AND BLOOD are speedily removed by the active principle of the ingredients entering into the composition of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. These pills act specifically on the deranged organs, stimulating to action the dormant energies of the system, thereby removing disease and renewing life and vitality to the afflicted. In this lies the great secret of the popularity of Parmelee's Vegetable pills.

The difference between a fort and a fortress lies in the fact that the former is designed to contain society, the garrison and their munitions, while the latter is often a city containing a large number of non-combatants.

## LEST WE FORGET.

Ladies of Canada.

The bond of union between the mother country and her colonies is strong. In time of necessity the colonies have always been loyal. Patriotic Canadian ladies, while they cannot bear arms in time of war, can assist their brother colonists in a substantial way. Ceylon and India produce the finest GREEN TEAS. Drinkers of Japan teas should try them. Monsoon, Salada and Blue Ribbon packets are known to all Colonists.

## A Shifting Location.

"Midgely is a poetical fellow. I asked him how tall his new sweetheart is." He answered, "Just as tall as my heart."

There is no sense in that—anyway not in Midgely's case. He told me that the first time the girl's grandfather came into the parlor his heart was in his boots.

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

Ella Wheeler Wilcox denounces the use of the word "lady" and advocates the substitution of "woman." Ella must desire to kill off the coon song.—Tacoma Daily Ledger.

We have always maintained that Senator McMillan is one of the few Michigan statesmen who can push an office seeker out of a tenth story window and make him believe he went down the elevator.

LA "TOSCANA," RELIANCE CIGAR FACTORY, Montreal

## Alloway & Champion

BANKERS AND BROKERS.

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

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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. Gait coal from Leithbridge. Prices quoted to all railway points.

# PALE AND BLOODLESS.

## THOUSANDS OF ANAEMIC GIRLS HURRYING TO THE GRAVE.

A Young Lady at Cobourg, Ont., Whose Case Was Pronounced Hopeless, Tells How She Regained Health and Strength—A Lesson to Mothers.

Anaemia is the term used by doctors to indicate poverty of the blood. The alarming, especially among young girls, and a large percentage of the altogether too numerous cases of consumption which annually ravage the country have their origin in this trouble. The first indication of anaemia is a pale, sallow or waxy complexion. This is followed by loss of appetite, frequent headaches, indisposition to exertion, swelling of limbs, violent heart palpitation and frequently fainting fits. These symptoms may not all be present, but the more there are the greater the urgency for prompt and effective treatment, which should be persisted in until all traces of the trouble have vanished. Among the thousands who have been brought near to the brink of the grave from this trouble, and ultimately restored to health through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, is Miss Bella Boyd, an estimable young lady whose home is at Cobourg. Miss Boyd gives her experience as follows:—

"It is nearly ten years since my illness first commenced, and although I was doctoring more or less I received little or no benefit, as the doctors did not seem to understand my trouble. Two years ago my health became so bad that another doctor was called in, and he stated that my case was a most severe type of anaemia, and that while he could help me the trouble had progressed to such a stage that he could hold out little hopes of a cure. At this time I was as pale as chalk, my eyelids were swollen and would hang down over my eyes like sacks of water. My feet and limbs would swell, and were always cold. I was subject to violent headaches, severe palpitation of the heart, and if I stooped over I would be so dizzy that I could scarcely regain an upright position. My appetite failed me almost entirely, and I grew so weak that I was a mere wreck. While in this condition I read in a newspaper of the cure of a young girl whose case was much like mine, through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I determined to try them. Those who know me did not think any medicine could do me any good or that I would ever get better, but I determined at all events to give the pills a fair trial. I have used them for nearly a year with the result that I feel like a new person. The swelling in my eyelids and limbs has disappeared, my appetite is good and my face is regaining the color which left it years ago. I can sew and do work about the house and this great change in my condition is due solely to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. It is not too little to say that they have saved my life and I strongly urge girls who are similarly afflicted to give them a thorough trial."

## WHAT IT LACKED.

A Bitter Blow to the Man Who Was Proud of His City.

"Well," said the prominent citizen proudly, after having conducted his visitor around in one of the finest automobiles ever built, "What do you think of the place, anyway?"

"Oh, it's quite a metropolis in some respects. Still, of course, it's really only a one horse town, after all."

"Wh-what?" gasped the man who had been twice mayor and once the representative in congress of his beloved city, "a one horse town? My dear fellow, have you seen the new census reports? Look at the population we have! Here, let me show you our figures as compared with some of the other large."

"Yes, I know all about that. You have made a fine gain during the last ten years, as far as people go. But it isn't people alone that count."

"I know that. Still, you must admit that we have some fine public buildings and that our business streets are well built up."

"I know. Your postoffice, courthouse, city hall, public library and art gallery are all very fine. Your boulevard and park systems are excellent, too, and one's first impression on entering the place is of a thriving, bustling business center. Your Chamber of Commerce struck me as being particularly fine from an architectural standpoint, and your public school buildings seem to be models of their kind."

The prominent citizen ran his fingers up through his hair and shifted his weight from one leg to the other. He looked doubtfully at his visitor for a moment, as if not quite sure that he had understood. Then he said, half bitterly: "And yet you think it is a one horse town?"

"Why, yes, certainly," was the reply. "You have only a nine hole golf course here, you know!"

## The Innocent Victim.

Funny Man (suddenly)—He doesn't cut any ice, does he?  
Innocent—Who?

Funny Man—The coal man.—Detroit Free Press.

## The Voice of Envy.

Upson—They say Miss Muchcash has rented a flat.

Downes (one of the rejected)—Only rented? I heard she'd married him.—Kansas City Independent.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

## Popular Women.

I was told the other day that the most successful women in the social world were women of few words. Is that the secret of their success, I wonder? It must have something to do with it, I am sure, says a writer. I was also told that the game of golf had exerted an influence on women which was apparent in a falling away of the talking habit and the vivacity which occasioned it. A vivacious woman is helpless on the golf links. The calm woman, steady of eye and brain, is the only one who can hope to become a good player. Fussiness is absolutely ridiculous in the game, and feminine eyes are quick to note it. If golf will do for the sex what lectures and medical advice, even ridicule, has failed to accomplish, let us welcome the game with arms stretched even wider than they are at present. It has a rule which forbids one to talk while another plays, and the task of hunting the elusive little white ball is one that does not require companionship; hence speech is out of the question. A few years ago could you even imagine a woman spending three or four hours without gabbling about nearly everything in creation? It is done frequently now, but only by golf players. Unfortunately the players are but a very small part of the sex that talks too much.

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 the chronic state of morbid despondency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and by tranquillizing 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—resulting in improved appetite. Northrop & Loring, 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.

## A Rearrangement.

"Yes! think of some people having three meals a day regular!" sighed Plodding Pete.

"Yes," answered Meandering Mike. "I hate to see 'em waste their opportunities. They could jes' as easy have three short rests a day an' eat all de balance o' de time."—Washington Star.

## The First Dollar He Ever Made.

"Oh, yes, I have always kept the first dollar I ever made! It was such a big piece of work that I couldn't spend it. And the counterfeiter laughed heartily at the recollection."—Detroit Journal.

We have no hesitation in saying that Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial is without doubt the best medicine ever introduced for dysentery, diarrhoea, cholera and all summer complaints, sea sickness, etc. It promptly gives relief and never fails to effect a positive cure. Mothers should never be without a bottle when their children are teething.

## Her Preference.

Jack—Don't you think that woman, as a rule, prefers a man who is her master?

Ethel—Not at all. She prefers one who, think he is.—Smart Set.

English archers in battle used the longbow. French archers the crossbow. The longbow was certainly the better.

# At Your Door.

Our handsomely illustrated 100 page Catalogue will be sent you on application.

This will place the largest and choicest jewelry stock in Canada at your disposal.

We are doing business on the closest possible margin of profit, guarantee safe delivery of goods and cheerfully refund money if you are not thoroughly satisfied.

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# 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.

## For 50 Years

mothers have been giving their children for croup, coughs and colds

# Shiloh's Consumption Cure

Mothers—have you SHILOH in the house at all times? Do you know just where you can find it if you need it quickly—if your little one is gasping and choking with croup? If you haven't it get a bottle. It will save your child's life.

"Shiloh always cured my baby of croup, coughs and colds. I would not be without it."

MRS. ROBINSON, Fort Erie.

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

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

Where the Sun Was Setting.  
"I suppose you read my poem," said he.

"I read the first line," answered Miss Cayenne. "It set me thinking so deeply I couldn't go on. I know it by heart. 'The sun was setting in the west.'"

"But that isn't the best thing in the poem."

"Perhaps not, but it is absorbingly mysterious. I have been anxious to meet you and inquire whether you ever knew of a case where the sun set in the north, east or south."—Washington Star.

Not Afraid of Her.  
"Why are you putting all those sharp, daggerlike things in your hat?" asked the husband of Mrs. Strongmind.

"I am hoping the hat snatching woman will grab it in her hands while I am down town," replied Mrs. Strongmind, closing her lips firmly and putting a few more sharp and glittering stickpins in her headgear.—Chicago Tribune.



## I Recommend

# BABY'S OWN SOAP

to all mothers who want their babies to have pink, clean, clear, and healthy skin.

Made of the finest materials. No soap, wherever made, is better.

THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., MONTREAL  
Manufacturers of the Celebrated  
ALBERT TOILET SOAPS.



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

# MONEY

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



Manufactured by THOS. LEE, Winnipeg

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

## OXYDONOR.

(Trade Mark Registered November 24, 1890.)  
Dr. Sanohe agrees to take instruments back at half price if parties using them are not benefited after using for five weeks.

F. Froe, 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. It relieved me of Pain, and in six weeks cured.

Mr. W. G. Ellworthy, Winnipeg, says: I have suffered for four years with articular rheumatism, was in hospital for five 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. Gagger, 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. Gibbons, Grain Exchange, Winnipeg. Send for Booklets of grateful reports.

W. N. U. 301.



# THE CUMBERLAND NEWS

Issued Every Wednesday

W. B. ANDERSON, EDITOR

The columns of THE NEWS are open to all who wish to express their 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 of an abusive or libellous character.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 23, 1901

## UNNECESSARY WASTE.

The Loss of Small Potatoes and Small Corn. All Preventable.

Considering causes of unnecessary waste upon the average farm, a Country Gentleman writer says: Chief among these with us this season is loss of small crops, due to tardiness with our spring work. In itself perhaps a small loss. But what I mean to emphasize is that we should learn lessons from the small losses and slight failures of the season. We can only progress as we strive to do our work better than we did this year. The all-wise Creator seems not to be satisfied with that which now is, but always wants something better. Hence we are going to make an everlasting resolve that our spring work for the reception of grains shall not be all done at that time, but rather arranged for in the fall for the present fall. Our greenward to be mowed for pigs and the land for the oats will be plowed, and then the preparation of those fields in the spring by the use of the large V shaped cultivators, with all new parts, which cuts the foil growth of clean, will be made comparatively short, and the corn, potatoes and cabbage can come in for their proper share of attention and at the right time.

The loss on the late potato crop of our county alone, caused by being a little behind time, amounts to thousands of dollars, while fields planted ten days or two weeks earlier under similar conditions proved all right.

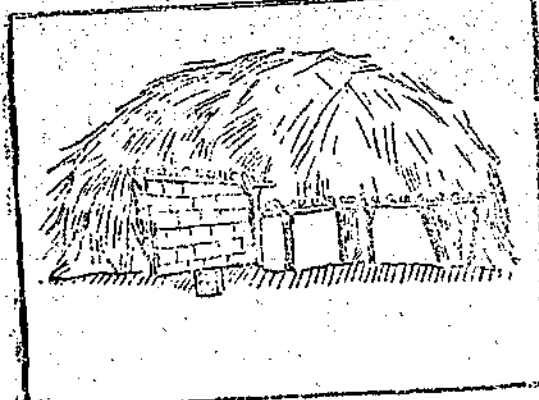
Then if the wheat crop was so materially lessened from the effects of the insect and the newly discovered worm, these could be guarded against. The sorts we have could be improved upon by introducing some new varieties. Great savings might thus be made. We are sowing a new variety of red wheat which was raised in Indiana, proximity to the white, and this was highly satisfactory.

We incurred loss through many gallons of kerosene in combating the much dreaded pear psylla, when one application of whale oil soap solution at the proper time would have been much more effectual and would have caused less injury to the trees. We expect to profit by our failures.

Now, if the many who have been sorely troubled to provide food for their live stock on account of the protracted drought will experiment a little with Dwarf Essex rape and alfalfa, I am certain that their efforts will be well rewarded. We sowed a five acre plot, and it has furnished us a great amount of feed for store cattle through the long drought at a time when every thing else seemed to be sizzling in the sun.

### Straw Covered Icehouse.

Where the straw stack is a farm feature an icehouse, inexpensive, but effective, can easily be combined with it, as shown in the cut from an exchange.



ICEHOUSE IN STRAW STACK.

A cheap, rough framework suffices, and the boarding up need not be tight. The floor should be level and drained from meltage water by a trench filled in partly with stone. Outside drainage to carry all surface water away from the stack is also necessary. Entrance is through a long passage arranged with airlocks to prevent currents of air.

### Onions and Their Pests.

Onions should be pulled very soon after the tops have died down, and if they continue green too long it may be well to break down the green tops, for which no better way has yet been found than to roll a barrel over them. It is usual to allow the onions to lie in the field for a week or two to get thoroughly dry before topping them, and this entails the trouble of turning them over with a rake several times perhaps before they are well dried, especially in rainy weather. If one had a shed or loft where they could be spread two or three inches deep, the drying would be better done, and the onions would not shrink as much in drying. We begin to doubt if there is much profit in growing onions in New England, as there is so much competition from the rich lands of the west, where they need to any rate or not. I have seen a Canadian American Cultivator.

## STORING CELERY.

Packing it in a Trench—Keeping For Family Use.

Celery is best stored in trenches. Truckers usually dig a trench not over a foot wide and just deep enough to sink the tops of the plants to the surface level. In taking up the plants some soil may be left on the roots. Most growers knock all the soil off to save space. Pack the plants in the trench very closely together; then either lay a single board across the top, which covers it, or make a species of trough from two boards, put together in a V shape and place this cover over the trench. Close the end with straw or leaves, so that there will be some ventilation.

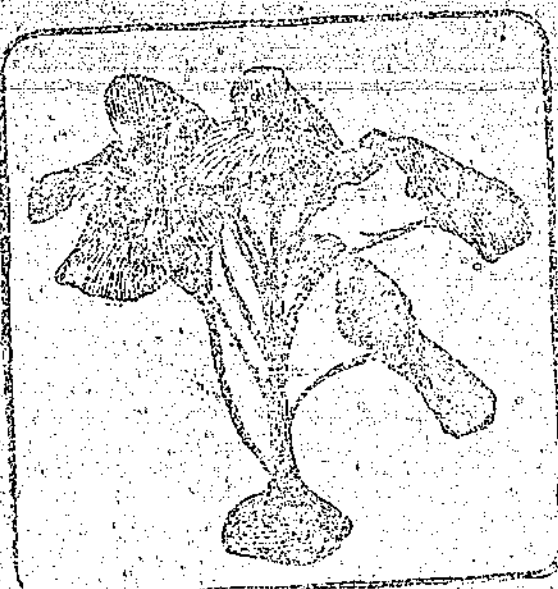
When cold weather begins, put some soil over the top and later coarse manure if desired. As the celery awents a good deal when first stored it is not wise to put the soil covering on at once, but it must be put on when really cold weather starts. Some growers use a wide trench, making it about four feet wide, a board being run through the center to keep the celery from crowding too closely together. This is covered with a peaked roof of boards, having ventilators at reasonable distances, which are filled with litter in very severe weather to keep the frost off.

Where only a little celery is grown for family use it is quite practicable to stand the plants in a box deep enough to hold them, having a layer of loam on the bottom. A few holes may be bored into the sides of the box, and through these a little water can be given from time to time as the loam dries out. Such a box as this may be placed in a corner of the cellar, and the celery will then keep well.

Still another way for the home grower, says Rural New Yorker in connection to the foregoing, is to take the old soil and manure out of the hole, put in a little loam and stand the celery close together in this. Cover with the shutters and when very severe weather comes fill the frame clear up to the top with hay or leaves. Replace the shutters and shutters and pile hay or straw over the top.

### Rape as a Catch Crop.

Professor Craig of Iowa says it is chiefly the use of rape as a catch crop, affording succulence when other food crops are not available, that gives it its highest value. Under favorable conditions it is usually ready to feed in



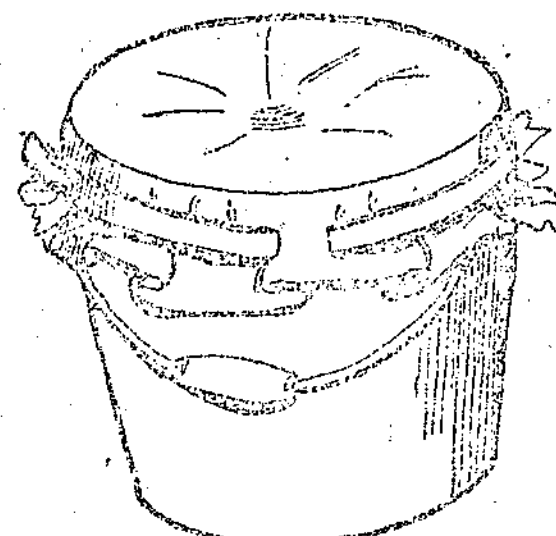
RAPE PLANT TWO MONTHS OLD.

six weeks after it is sown, but as a rule eight weeks should elapse before stock is turned upon it. It needs rich soil. Sow about three pounds of seed per acre in rows 20 inches apart. The Dwarf Essex is the best variety.

As to the danger of pasturing rape access to salt and licks and to an adjacent pasture have been helpful as preventives, according to the Ontario station. On frosty mornings, when sheep eat freely of rape, especially of the leaves of plants that are immature, there is some danger that bowel disorders will be induced, which may cause death. When the sheep have been removed the previous evening and got a moderate feed of oats in the morning before they return, the danger is to some extent lessened. It is at least questionable if there is any profit in pasturing rape after the stalks have been made brittle with hard frost.

### Clean Milk.

To secure cleanliness in milking The American Agriculturist suggests a wooden hoop a little smaller than the top of the milk pail. Put a square of cheesecloth over the top of the pail and hold it in place by the hoop, as shown.



MILK PAIL COVER.

This is an aid to cleanly milking and can be made in ten minutes. The cloth should be washed after each milking, when it will be ready for use again. This simple device will do just as well as the more elaborate ones which are adapted to the top of the milk pail, and the household milk will not be soiled.

## A CANDY BEE.

Fun in Date in Chasing Dish Style. Some Appropriate Recipes.

The good old days when a marsh-mallow roasted surreptitiously over a candle or a low turned gas jet seemed a triumph of bravado and culinary skill to the college girl are overpast, and few up to date young women now seek the classic shades without including in their scholastic outfit a chafing dish and as many of its accessories as they can compass.

In many of the western university towns where coeducation prevails the sorority and fraternity houses furnish the stage settings for weekly chafing dish candy bees, those sweet functions which usually take place Saturday evenings. Each girl comes armed with her own dish and her own favorite recipes, while the masculine element in the role of attendant squires are kept busy shelling nuts, chopping figs and raisins, grating coconut or papaya, corn. White paper caps, made to imitate the French chefs and big white aprons are worn by all these contestants for culinary honors. The long dining table is left without a cloth, while a tray at each place holds the chafing dishes. All of the adjuncts are placed near at hand before the actual cooking begins, never omitting plenty of soft towels and a bottle of olive oil in case the alcohol spills over on the polished table. The instant this occurs (and no chafing dish party is ever immune from accidents of this kind) a little oil is poured on the spot and the oil and alcohol "sopped" up with towels.

Everything in the way of nuts, candied fruits and popcorn can be utilized in chafing dish confectionery. To increase the fun and jollity judges are often appointed and prizes offered for the most original designs or for the most successful combinations of color or flavor.

The following recipes for fudges and candies have all been frequently tested and pronounced the best of their kind, according to Table Talk, which prefaces them as above:

Peanut Candy.—Any one who has ever lived in New Orleans is familiar with the delicious creamed peanut candy for which the old darky mammy is famous the world over. These candies are easily made, although it is difficult in the north to procure the rich brown sugar, the genuine product of the cane. The light brown or coffee sugar of our markets is, however, a fairly good substitute. To a pound of sugar add two-thirds of a cupful of boiling water and two even tablespoonfuls of sweet butter. Stir until it melts. Add just a pinch of cream of tartar and let the syrup boil without stirring until a drop of it will make a soft ball when rolled between the fingers. Wet the fingers in ice water before tasting. When the drop is still soft, but does not stick, the candy is ready. If it is too hard and cracks when bitten, it has boiled too long, and in that case add a teaspoonful of water and let the syrup boil an instant. Do not stir, but merely test again. When it reaches the creamy or soft-ball condition, extinguish the flame and pour into a cupful of peanut kernels. Have ready buttered tins and pour the candy into them. When partly cool, erase with a knife into candies two inches square. Break into squares when cold.

Concord Cream Peppermint.—Put into the blazer two cupfuls of granulated sugar and one-half cupful of water. After it begins to boil remove the spoon and boil eight minutes, placing the hot water pan under it if it boils too rapidly. Remove, add eight drops of peppermint, beat hard and drop from the end of the spoon on waxed paper. When hard, they may be dropped in melted chocolate, then lifted out with a fork and again placed on oiled paper to dry.

Chocolate Fudge.—Melt one butter ball in the cutlet pan, add one cupful of cream or milk, two cupfuls of granulated sugar and one-half cake of unsweetened chocolate. Stir constantly until the chocolate is melted. Heat to boiling point and boil eight or ten minutes until it looks crumbly, and if a little is thrown into cold water it draws into a gleamly though not crisp, like candy. Extinguish flame, add one teaspoonful of vanilla and beat until the mixture is creamy. Pour into a slightly buttered pan, cool and mark in squares.

Maple Creams.—Put into the blazer one-half pound maple sugar broken in to small pieces with one-half pint cream. Heat to boiling point and cook to 105 minutes until it begins to harden slightly. Have ready in a buttered pan a layer of pecan or hickory nut meats and pour the hot mixture over it. Cool and mark into squares.

### Preserving Nature.

America is doing well in preserving areas of special interest. In England there is a public society, known as the National Trust, that is buying up tracts for the purpose of preserving wild plants and animals of rare value in natural history. Part of a huge swamp, known as Wickham Pond has recently been purchased by this society for this laudable purpose.

King Leopold of Belgium, who has been a lifelong patron of preserving, has donated the whole of his real estate in that country, for parks and pleasure grounds for the people to enjoy. He said he was determined to have his name held in grateful remembrance as long as the country should endure—Albion's Monthly.

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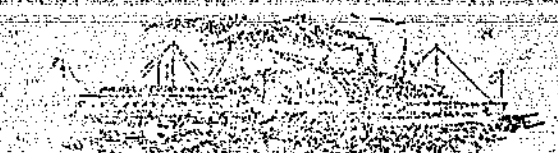
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## NOTICE

NOTICE is hereby given that application will be made to the Legislative Assembly of the Province of British Columbia at its next session for an Act to consolidate certain mining lease ground situated in and around the Gulch, Athol District of British Columbia and more particularly known as the "Gem," "Lampin," "Will of the Wisp," "Engelhardt," "Gordon," "Cousin Jack," "Lancashire Lad," "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 time of the 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 confer to the applicants and their assigns the said consolidated leaseholds and water rights, with power to carry any water that they may derive 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 conducive to the attainment of the above objects or any of them.

HUNTER & OLIVER,  
Solicitors for the Applicants.

## NOTICE

NOTICE is hereby given that application will be made to the Legislative Assembly of the Province of British Columbia at its next session for an Act to incorporate a company with power to construct and operate a railway from the City of Victoria, thence northwesterly to a point at or near Stannour Narrows, Vancouver Island, thence by bridge or otherwise to the Mainland of British Columbia, thence north easterly, alternately by way of the "Jeune Cache" or "Yellow Lead" Pass, or vicinity of Fort George, and the River of Prince River, thence to a point at or near the eastern confines of the Province and from any point on such line to the northern boundaries 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 (authorised 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.

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

## BUREAU OF PROVINCIAL INFORMATION.

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

In view of the proposed early re-organization of the Agents 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. GOSNELL,  
Secretary, Bureau of  
Provincial Information.

45m

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NEWS OFFICE



## FOR A WOMAN'S SAKE

BY MRS. M. E. HOLMES.

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

"How did she learn it?"  
"The whole truth, as far as he knew it, was told her by the son of Daniel Scratton."  
"Scratton! He is still living, then, and prosperous, of course. Some men—and Scratton is one of them—are sure to thrive. Though I of all others have no right to speak of him, for he stood my friend often and often when others, who promised more, forsook me in my time of need."  
"He your friend?" exclaimed Silas, indignantly. "Daniel Scratton was never a friend to any one but himself. You listened to that man's advice, and were ruined, and it is out of such ruins that these usurers build up their wealth. He has an estate now, and a large one—Scratton Park, he calls it; and through his agent, one Verulam Gritt, a disgraced attorney from London, he trades on the necessities and grinds the faces of the poor."  
"Who—who did you say?" asked Goodbye, again starting from his chair. "Verulam Gritt, the agent for Daniel Scratton! Since when?"  
"The man has been settled some six or seven years, at most, down here," replied Silas; "but report says that very many years before that Scratton, not satisfied with his gains in Gattord, had picked up this fellow—taking him out of a debtor's prison, I believe—and placing him in an office as an advertising money-lender, to use him as a shield, behind which he himself lent money at rates of almost fabulous interest."  
"Great Heaven! Who told you this?"  
"The man himself, hinted a portion of it to those who repeated it to me; for it appears that even a worm writhes at times under the heel of a master, and matters of what he could do, if he chose. I have an old newspaper with other rubbish in that press, which contains what Gritt declares was one of his patron's advertisements by which he used to draw the unwary into his net. Poor Brandy Copley gave it to me, for Brandy Copley was one of the victims of N. Y. Z., you may be sure. But what is the matter? You are ill! Father! Father! He had fainted!"  
And so it was.  
As his son spoke a veil was suddenly lifted which had hitherto concealed much of the past. The scales fell from Richard Goodbye's eyes, and the light rushed into his brain so vividly that his very reason staggered beneath the sudden shock. Everything about him seemed to reel and swim. He felt as he had felt when overwhelmed by the angry waves at sea; and stretching out his arms, in a vain endeavor to grasp at something for support, he came heavily to the ground.

### CHAPTER XLIII. FATHER AND SON.

There was but one way, and that way, to induce Richard Goodbye to leave the neighborhood of Gattord at once.  
"I take Mr. Ormsby's promise," thought Silas, "that a full week shall elapse before he will divulge to any one, with the exception of two persons who will be bound by the same promise, the secret upon whose safe keeping must now depend my father's life. A week! Before two days are over, I will find the courage I lack now, and tell him all."  
No sooner was this resolve taken, then Silas, with all the quick energy of his nature, proceeded to put his scheme into action.  
The door had opened, and, pausing on the threshold, stood the slight form of Bessie Mathewes' adopted daughter. She uttered a little cry on perceiving how the room was occupied, and was about to withdraw when Silas, who had placed his finger to his lips with a warning gesture, beckoned her into the room. She entered at once and without fear, closed the door behind her.  
"I know that you had returned," she said, "and I was anxious to have news of Miss Maud."  
"Daisy," said Silas, whose mind was made up, and who, if his father was to remain some days in Gattord's Cave, saw of what importance it would be to have Daisy's help in the commissariat department, and also in need as a messenger—"Daisy, this is my father."  
Daisy started, and opened her pretty eyes.  
Richard Goodbye was also startled at this unexpected announcement of himself; but a reassuring gesture from his son, and a scrutinizing glance at the sweet face of Daisy was enough.  
"This is my father," Silas went on to say, "whom we all believed dead. He has returned to England, to find himself in some danger—a danger that will soon be over; but, while it exists, he must remain in close hiding."  
"Surely, he is safe with us."  
"With us, yes—that is, with you and me, Daisy; but Granny and father were, at the best but cool friends, and Peony has a tongue which nothing can control. I know of a place of hiding, which I will show you afterwards, that you may keep my father supplied with food; and

should circumstances arise that suspicion is aroused, you can serve as a means of communication between him and me."

Daisy very readily agreed to this. It was Silas' wish and it was Silas' father who was in danger. Daisy required to know no more. She quickly packed away in the basket the remainder of Richard's meal with various toothsome additions, to which a bottle of spirits was added, by Goodbye's own desire.  
"It will do me no harm," he said; for he saw a shade come over his son's face as he heard this last request. "There is no fear of my losing my head when thought and action are required; but, when the dark fit is upon me, if I did not drink I should go mad. It is strength I seek, not oblivion."  
This was said during Daisy's absence from the room, and she was not many minutes away, for she and Silas both knew that the whole household would soon be stirring. Then, her preparations completed, she stood and watched them as they passed, swiftly and silently out of the house.  
On the threshold Richard paused, and turned towards her.  
"Heaven bless you, my pretty wench!" he said; "for you have a good heart, and Heaven will bless you as long as you keep it innocent and pure. Be kind to Silas—and, after glancing over his shoulder at his son, who had moved on, he sank his voice into a whisper—"for there are great trials in store for him. You love him, and he will need all your tenderness and care. Heaven help you! and farewell!"

Then, without appearing to have seen the little hand which the wondering girl had extended to him, Richard Goodbye turned away, and strode quickly after his son. They struck off into a bypath, so screened by trees as to place them almost immediately out of view of the house.  
Silas led the way, silent, sad, and thoughtful; and Richard Goodbye, also lost in gloomy thoughts, followed some paces behind. Suddenly, as they neared the Heath, Silas felt his father's hand laid upon his arm. He turned, and saw that his cheeks were wet with tears.

"Silas," he said, with his voice singularly gentle by comparison with his usual harsh tones—"Silas, do you remember that year you saw upon my face when I took the letter from you in the Silvery Wood? That scar was made by the riding whip of Sir Hugh Willoughby. Indeed, and indeed, I was sorely tempted and had much to bear!"

"He lashed you?"  
"As a coward lashes a dog."

There was a silence, and each gazed into the other's face.

Then, in the same low, pleading tone, Richard Goodbye spoke again.

"What hope for me, of Heaven's mercy, when my own son refuses me forgiveness here, upon this earth?"  
There came no answer, in words, to this appeal, but as we leave them standing on the green turf beneath the spreading branches of a tree, the wanderer's weary head is resting on the breast of his weeping son.

To be Continued.

An Indian Summer.



—Chicago News.

**The Boy Who Learned the Way.**  
He was very young—about 13—this boy who spent most of his time in the studios watching the artists draw and paint and wishing he could do the same.  
"What kind of pencils do you use?" he said one day, and they gave him one of the kind. That night he tried to make a figure he had seen one of the artists draw, it seemed so easy. But he could not do the same kind of work.  
"Perhaps I haven't the right kind of paper," he reasoned. "I will get a piece tomorrow." Even the right kind of paper did not help him any.  
"I need a studio and an easel," was his next conclusion. "I have the desire; surely all I need now are the necessary surroundings."  
A few years of impatient waiting passed before he secured the "necessary surroundings," and when he had them all and still found it impossible to draw the truth dawning upon him.  
"I know what is wrong," he cried, throwing down his pencil. "I know nothing of the principles of art. I must learn them first."  
He was still young when his name as a great painter was known on two continents. He had learned the "principles." A bit of brown paper and a burned match would then enable him to draw as easily as all the art essentials.—Ann Partlan in Success.



## RHEUMATISM CURED

By Dr. McLaughlin's Electric Belt  
PAY WHEN CURED.

I make this proposition to you fairly, and carry it out fairly—you don't have to pay a cent till you are cured. I could not do this if my belt was not superior to all other electrical body appliances. It never costs a cent for repairs; I warrant that, and it gives a current which you can feel, and regulate and which will not burn.

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Pay me when cured—that is my proposition. It is an easy one for you to accept. Will you accept it? Then don't wait till your trouble gets chronic.

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130 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

### A New Heart.

The minister had been talking about the necessity of a new heart, and little Bessie's father, taking her on his knee, asked her if she knew what a new heart was.

"Oh, yes," replied the little miss; "you can buy one at the candy store for a penny."

### Distinction and Difference.

The difference between "ill" and "sick" was illustrated the other day by a Somerville man as follows: "When I found that I was ill, I sent for the doctor. When I got the doctor's bill, it made me sick."—Somerville Journal.

### Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

#### Forgiven.

He—Isn't his singing something awful?

She—Don't be too hard on the poor fellow. He's probably doing his best.

He—Oh, in that case it's all right. I was afraid he was doing his worst.

### Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, Etc.

#### She Stuttered.

"I'm afraid my daughter Moya is getting so she stutters," said Mr. Dolan. "She do be recitin' too much Latin an' geometry at the high school."

"When did you notice it first?" inquired Mr. Rafferty.

"This mornin' when she got a letter. I interrogated her concernin' it, an' she said somethin' about 'Billy Doo,' I know better. It 'vor 'Billy Dooley.'"

### THE UNION JACK

which floats over Britain and all her colonies is emblematic of the adage, "In union there is strength." The patriotic ladies of Canada can exemplify that adage, and indulge a patriotic sentiment by assisting their English, Scotch and Irish cousins who produce the pure machine-made GREEN teas of Ceylon and India. Tea drinkers will find the Blue Ribbon, Monsoon and Salada green teas a pleasant change from Japan.—Colonist.

### BRUDDER GARDNER.

Some Philosophical Reflections by the Colored Sage.

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

De man who ain lookin fur trouble kin allus find it. Fur ober 30 y'ars no thier ober cum about my cabin, but two nights arter I had put in a burglar alarm I lost a bar'l of soft soap an a bran new wheelbarrow.

When de old woman figgered it out dat we could buy an icebox fur \$3 an be boosted to de top of society, I saw nuffin but de icebox. When we had got it home an I found it took ice an butter an meat an milk to run it, I saw dat dere was an ass as well as a box.

Foty y'ars ago when I licked a man fur disbelievin in Noah's ark I thought der matter was settled forever, but to my surprise de question ain still been discussed an debated on all sides, wid a chance dat I've bin in de wrong all de time. Mebbe a man had better hoe an let things 6,000 y'ars old work out.

I ain't sayin dat I've lost my faith in humanity, but when I riz up in de mawnin an find my Sunday shirt missin from de clothesline I've led to recallin de old woman's simplicity in leavin de clothes out ober night hasn't elevated de moral standard of society ober two feet.

M. QUAD.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

## SAVED HIS POSITION.

QUICK WIT LANDED HIM SAFELY OUT OF A TIGHT PLACE.

How a Clerk Worked Up an Excuse That Was Gladly Accepted by His Employer, to Whom He Had Shown Gross Incivility.

"It's mighty hard for a clerk to be suave and polite all the time," said a department manager in one of the big stores. "A clerk is like any of us human beings, subject to headaches and indigestion and fits of irritability, and occasionally he will be a little gruff without intending it. When I was younger, a few thoughtless words once came near losing me a good job, and the way I escaped being fired was rather amusing. It happened like this:

"I had charge of the men's furnishings counter in a large clothing store, and the pay being first rate and chance of promotion excellent I was naturally anxious to hold on to the job. One morning, however, I was feeling all out of sorts and was just developing an ugly headache, when a man came in and asked to see some cravats.

"I could tell from his general appearance he was from the north, and he had a curt, semisupercilious manner that irritated me immediately. If I had been feeling well, I would have kept my temper, but my head was throbbing, and when he pawed over the stock, finding fault with everything and sneering at my statements as to quality, I began to get crusty.

"Finally I couldn't stand it any longer. 'If you really want a scarf,' I said, 'you'll find plenty here that I dare say, are as good as anything you've been accustomed to wear.' Just then I happened to look up and caught sight of a floorwalker standing in a rear aisle and making frantic gestures to me with his hands.

"If you'll wait a moment," I said to the customer, wondering what the dickens was up, 'I'll see if I can find something else at the other side. With that I hurried over to where the floorwalker was standing. 'What's the matter?' I asked in a low tone.

"Great Scott, man," he whispered, "that's the boss!"

"The store, as I should have explained, was the southern branch of a New York establishment, and during the time I had been there the head of the firm had never before paid it a visit in person. Consequently I didn't know him by sight, and my blood ran cold when I realized how hopelessly I had rammed my foot into it. During the next five seconds I did some quick thinking, and among other things that came crowding into my mind was the fact that the boss had been married only a short time before. That gave me an idea.

"I'm going back," I whispered to the floorwalker, and in a minute or two you send one of the boys to me with a piece of folded letter paper."

"What are you up to?" he asked.

"Never mind," said I. "You do exactly as I say. Let him just hand me the paper and walk off. I hurried back to the counter and found my man looking black as thunder. 'Sorry,' I said, still as gruff as ever, 'but that's all we have. If nothing in it suits you, you'll have to go elsewhere.'

"Very well," he replied sarcastically, 'and now let me give you a small piece of information. I—'

"At that moment a boy handed me the paper. I tore it open, pretended to read a note, slapped my leg joyfully and proceeded to do a double shuffle on the floor. The stranger glared at me in amazement. 'What the deuce is the matter with you?' he growled. 'Are you crazy or just drunk?'

"Neither!" I cried. "I am simply relieved, inexpressively relieved and rejoiced! You must pardon this dictio-

exhibition, my dear sir, I wait on earnestly, and I hope you will so pardon my gross rudeness to you a moment ago. I was beside myself with anxiety and didn't know what I was doing. The fact is," I said, with the best imitation of diffidence I could muster up, "the fact is, we have just had a new arrival out at my house. It's a boy, sir, and everything's all right. And really I hope you will overlook—"

"Don't say a word," he interrupted, cordially grasping my hand. "I appreciate your feelings, and your apology is ample. Here's my card."

"So that was the way I got out of it," added the department manager, grinning. "but it was a close shave, especially in view of the fact that I was and am a case-hardened old bachelor, with a special aversion to infants. The boss was very kind and cordial, and whenever he came to town afterward he never failed to ask how the youngster was getting on. He doesn't know any better to this day."

### Boston's Slave Market.

In the old colonial days Boston had an "intelligence office," which was also a slave market, as appears from a notice published in February, 1770: "The intelligence office opposite the Golden Ball, lately kept by Benjamin Leigh, is now kept by Grant Webster. There is to be sold at said office West India and New England rum, wines of several sorts, male and female negroes, several secondhand chairs," etc.

### Too Long to Wait.

"I disown you!" cried the angry parent. "I shall cut you off with a shilling!"

"Yes, sir," replied the erring son. "And might I have the shilling now?"—Stray Stories.

From the root of the pretty flower known as white bryony can be made a decoction which acts with magical effect in curing bruises of all descriptions. It is said to be peculiarly efficacious in healing a blackened eye.

### OLD WORLD ITEMS.

Of the total area of the Japanese empire—147,000 square miles—hardly 12 per cent is cultivated.

In England and Wales there are 7,371 fishing boats and 40,000 fishermen engaged in the sea fishery. Last year they caught 6,850,000 hundredweight of fish, including 2,250,000 hundredweight of herring.

The richest bed of sulphur in the world has been found in Transcaucasia, Russia, 100 miles from Kibira. The ore is sandstone and contains 60 per cent of sulphur. It is estimated the mound contains 9,000,000 tons of sulphur.

Plow cattle being exterminated in India, an ingenious famine official has relieved the government of a superfluous difficulty by inventing a man plow. The unprecedented spectacle is now witnessed of men yoked to this implement.

A Pasteur institute has just been opened at Kassaia, a hill station in the Punjab district, about 30 miles from Simla, India. It is thus no longer necessary for a person bitten by a rabid animal to journey to Paris for treatment by inoculation.

### PERT PERSONALS.

The divine Sarah and Edmund Rostand are a golden pair to draw to.—Atlanta Constitution.

The Russian commander in China, General Tschitschagoff, is not a man to be sneezed at.—Minneapolis Journal.

The "Rev." John Alexander Dowie says he is not an American and is proud of it. So is America.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Bathhouse John's verses will not rank high as poetry, but it must be remembered that they were intended for a popular song.

## AN HONORABLE MEDICINE

That Appeals to the Best Judgment of the Best People and Gets Right Down at the Cause of Disease, is DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS.

Why is it that in nearly every home in the land you find some of Dr. Chase's family remedies? Why is it that Dr. Chase is honored and esteemed as a true physician of undoubted skill? Why is it that Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are kept in the family medicine chest as indispensable for everyday ills which arise from constipation and sluggish action of the liver and kidneys?

It is because Dr. Chase's remedies are all honorable medicines. Medicines that have been tried in the severest cases and proven to be of most unusual value. They are immensely successful because everybody has learned to have confidence in them and confidence in their discoverer, Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills have for nearly a quarter of a century taken the lead as the greatest seller which medicine dealers handle, and this enormous sale is entirely due to the downright merit which they possess. They cure when others fail.

It is when there is a bitter taste in the mouth, heaviness about the stomach, headaches, backaches, pains in the shoulders and limbs and depressed, languid feelings, that people turn to Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. Torpid liver, inactive kidneys and irregular bowels are the cause of ab-

least seven-tenths of human ills. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills invigorate these organs as no other preparation was ever known to do; and what is best of all, they not merely afford relief, but strike deeper and make thorough and lasting cures.

Mr. Walter B. Bann, Conoco, Prince Edward county, Ont., states: "I was troubled for some years with kidney and liver troubles of which entirely cured my kidney and liver troubles. I then began Dr. Chase's Nerve Food for my nervousness. It strengthened my stomach and whole system, and I gained in flesh. I cannot speak in terms of too great praise for Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and Nerve Food, for besides curing me, they did my father, who is an old man, a great deal of good. I have every confidence in recommending these remedies."

Mr. J. J. Ward, J. E., certifies that he knows Mr. Walter Bann, and that his statement of his cure is perfectly correct. The chances are that your neighbors have used Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. Ask them. One Pill a day, 25c a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.



## OUR UNCLE, THE GENERAL

He Was Very Terrible In War, but Easily Disarmed by a Woman.

Whenever the widow, Magdalen Monostary, sent her son, who was studying law in the residence, his monthly stipend, she always accompanied it by a closely written eight page letter. What wonder then that when the occasion really called for it and the case was important she should have sent her elder brother a communication which might easily be mistaken for a volume, nearly every tenth line of which appealed to him to save the family honor and that immediately and without a moment's delay.

"My strength is exhausted and my son is obdurate," pleaded she, "and I do not dare say a word, as he immediately throws out hints and makes threats which makes my blood run cold and my heart to stand still. I am anticipating some terrible calamity. In my opinion the best thing to do would be to talk to the girl herself, only I could not do it as I am nothing but a mere woman. With you it is different. You, being a man, could do it so much better than I." The honor of our family is at stake, and my whole trust and confidence are anchored on you."

Thus appealed to and the case being so urgent, the general lost not a moment's time. Having consulted a time table and sent a telegram to his sister saying, "I am coming," he left at the spot. "I shall hit this idyl right through the center," muttered he, twisting the ends of his mustache into such fierce ends as if he intended to spear the idyl on their points. The widow, Magdalen Monostary, could not do otherwise than meet him at the depot and, falling on his neck, sob her soul out on his manly bosom. On the way home she did nothing but lament. "Only a tailor's daughter! Only a tailor's daughter!" The general made a deprecatory gesture. "All right, my dear, all right. Console yourself. I am going to see things."

As the carriage rolled along the single street of the little province town the news that the general had arrived spread like wildfire, and at the market square a small boy yelled: "Won't tailors get it, though! The general has arrived." But the prodigal son, who jeopardized the family honor, was nowhere to be found, as he had left the house early in the morning.

"Never mind," said the general. "I have come to see to things with regard to the girl. I do not need him."

"Shall I accompany you, Belshazzar?"

"No, indeed. Women invariably spoil everything. I will manage without you," and straight as a ramrod he started on his errand to the loud clanking of his sword, which struck the sidewalk at every step, until he reached the hut in which the tailor patched and steamed the pants of the poorer citizens of the town. He was followed at a respectful distance by a small regiment of barefooted children, who stared in awe-struck admiration at his beligerent mustache and gold embroidered collar and who whispered among themselves, "He is going to the tailor's, and he will murder Este with that saber!"

The general finally noticed the crowd of little ragamuffins, and their sight made him furious. He could not very well disperse them, for a general could not so far forget his dignity as to notice the children of the rabble, but on reaching his destination he gave the door such a tremendous pull that the tailor, who for the last five minutes had been trying to look dignified, nearly fell off the table.

The general remained standing on the threshold. He looked the tailor up and down and then down and up and finally thundered in his most military accents, "Are you the boss?" If the tailor had dared to answer truthfully, he would have answered, "Not exactly." As it was, however, he answered with humility, "I am, but I hope you will kindly excuse it."

The general looked the frail little man over once more and thought within himself: "What an acquisition to one's family! Something truly to be proud of!"

Here the Mrs., who, to do her justice, had much more presence of mind than her husband and was much the cooler of the two, offered a chair to the general, saying, "Won't you accept a section of our modest little home?"

But the general frowned her down and remained standing. "Thank you," said he stiffly, "I have no intention of sitting down. I want to speak to your daughter."

The girl was probably not unprepared, for she stepped through a half open door and said, "Here I am, general!"

Then the general did quite unconsciously what so far he had forgotten to do. He saluted, at the same time critically examining the girl who threatened his family with a misalliance.

She was slender, but of a majestic figure. She had an exquisite head of soft blond hair and magnificent blue eyes suspiciously red around the edges, as if they had shed a good many tears.

There was so much dignity about this young girl, who was a schoolteacher, that she seemed entirely out of harmony with the surroundings in the father's hut.

The general turned to the tailor and asked in a considerably milder tone of voice, "Is this your daughter?"

But the girl opened the door into the sitting room and said firmly, "Kindly step this way, general." The next moment the general saw himself alone with her in the scrupulously clean sitting room. He took a chair, while she remained leaning against the mantel. But the general did not remain seated long. He almost immediately arose again. He walked out of one corner of the room into the other, furiously twirling his mustache. He looked right and left and up and down and then became aware that he did not know how to begin. Finally the girl said, "I thought you wanted to speak to me?"

The general struck a martial attitude, grabbed his sword and stuttered, "Yes, yes, but perhaps you have already guessed what I have come for?"

"I think I have," faltered the girl. The old general heaved a sigh of relief. "In that case," said he, "I have not much more to add. You seem to be a superior sort of a girl and will therefore understand that this marriage is not."

"To be thought of!" the girl managed to finish, with a choking voice. "She was as pale as death and her features set and expressionless, but she stood straight before him and looked squarely into his eyes."

The general retreated a step. He was very much embarrassed and decidedly uncomfortable. It seemed to him as if he would much rather have been in the thickest of the battle than where he was. An unaccountable feeling akin to fear began creeping over him, and in order to do something and relieve the tension he said in a voice of thunder, "My nephew is a good for nothing, God-forsaken reprobate!"

Something like a red flame shot into the girl's eyes. "Do not slander him in my presence," said she threateningly.

The general was effectively silenced. He felt as if his mission was at an end, and yet he did not want to acknowledge himself beaten nor yet leave without having made his peace with the girl. He had the need of saying something comforting to the girl without exactly apologizing. He approached her again and said in a soft, hesitating voice, "Excuse me, my child, I am so sorry!"

At the sound of this gentle, appealing voice the outward composure which the girl had been keeping up with difficulty completely forsook her, and she broke down. Seizing both the arms of the general with an iron grasp, she called out in a voice ablaze with passion: "Then why do you want to kill me? What has brought you here? Whom have I dishonored, and what blot is there on me?"

The general felt as if some one was strangling him, and then he became furious at himself. He brought his fist down on the table with such force that everything danced upon it and, running up and down the room, shouted: "Whatever did I come here for? Is this my funeral? Am I a detective or a hangman? Is it my business to persecute women?"

"Forgive me," stammered the frightened girl tearfully. "I did not mean to—"

"Forgive you? On the contrary, I beg your pardon. What must you think of me? I am a soldier, not a lawyer, and I shall see that no one molests you. I came to see to things, and I mean to do it, and what I am going to do—well, is going to happen."

With this he opened the door leading into the workshop, where the father and the mother of the girl were, and roared with a voice which made the walls shake: "I am asking for the hand of your daughter, for my nephew, as she evidently loves the rascal, and you are not going to say me nay, but you are going to let her marry him. There now! At last everything is settled satisfactorily." Arrived at his sister's house, he placed himself in front of her and in a voice loud enough to be heard by a whole regiment he said: "I have seen to things. Everything is settled as it ought to be. All you have to do now is to see that the wedding is celebrated at once, for you cannot expect me to undertake the journey twice on the same business." Translated from the German for Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Thoughtlessness. Thoughtlessness is at a discount in this practical, workaday world. An employer once asked a clerk why he failed to take advantage of an opportunity to make a good sale. "I didn't think, sir," was the reply. "That is no excuse," very justly rejoined the merchant. "You are paid to think!" Perhaps half the failures to achieve success in life come of thoughtlessness. Brains were created not for ornament, but for use. The man who thinks wins the race.

An Inference. "I just know she is ten years older than she admits," said the woman with the sharp nose. "How?" asked the other half of the duo. "Why would she be letting that 16-year-old kid make love to her if she were as young as she pretends?"

## THE OLD AND THE NEW

### TRANSPORTATION METHODS IN THE HUDSON BAY COUNTRY.

Resources of This Land of Legend, History and Romance—From the Time of King Charles, Who Granted the Company a Charter in 1670, to the Present Day—The Newer Methods.

More than two centuries have passed since the Commercial world was first attracted by the resources of the Hudson Bay country, and its development first begun. When on the second of May, 1670, King Charles granted the royal charter that gave to the Hudson Bay company all that vast stretch of territory north of what was then French soil, extending from the Atlantic to an ocean they knew not where, he gave away far more than he knew. But King Charles was deeply in the debt of his royal cousin, Rupert, the Black Prince, one time terror of the West Indies islands, for soldiers and treasures furnished him when hard pressed in the wars. In fact, it might be said that King Charles was almost indebted to Prince Rupert for his throne, for without the soldiers and treasures which he furnished it is hardly probable that a Stuart would ever have again ruled over England.

So it happened that when this royal cousin, asked for a grant of the territory in North America, encircling Hudson's Bay and stretching westward for unknown distances King Charles was quite well pleased at being able to pay his debts so easily. That charter completed the organization of "The Governor and Company of Merchants-Adventurers Trading Into Hudson's Bay." The same company exists to-day, and, though an almost countless number of fortunes have been taken from the land which an early King of England gave away, they have not impoverished it, and many more fortunes remain for others to gather in years to come.

For more than two centuries this same company, now commonly called the Hudson's Bay Company, has operated in the country granted by royal warrant to Prince Rupert and his merchant companions. The story of what it has done of the adventures of its early employees, the hardships they endured and the international contentions for the land which they successfully combated are all graphically told by Mr. Beckles Wilson in his recent book, "The Great Company." Of this company he says in his preface: "Change, unceasing never ending change, has marked the history of



OLD METHOD OF TRANSPORTATION AROUND HUDSON BAY.

this hemisphere of ours, yet there is one force, one institution which survived nearly all conditions and all régimes. For two full centuries the Hudson's Bay Company existed, unshorn of its greatness and endures still—the one enduring pillar in the new world mansion.

For much the greater part of those two centuries, the dog team, the canoe and other primitive methods of transportation known to the Indians and the Esquimaux were the only means of transporting the marketable products of the great territory to where the traders of the company would exchange goods from England for them. But a few years ago the Canadian-Pacific Railway invaded a portion of the field occupied by the company, and the territory through which it passed soon became rich provinces instead of the Indian hunting grounds of former years.

But 200 miles of unbroken forest still lay between the nearest point touched by the railroad and the inland sea around which the company had first erected its forts and warehouses, while to the north and west almost the same conditions existed that the first traders of the company had found when they invaded the territory more than 200 years ago.

Now a new line of rails is being pushed forward to tap this rich country, and assist in its more rapid development. The northern terminus of this new line is to be directly on the shores of the bay, where a town will be built.

Through the Canadian forests, north of Sault Ste. Marie, workmen are now laying a half a mile of railroad tracks every day, and more than 45 miles of the road have already been completed. Other men, prospectors and engineers, have all

through the past summer pushed through the forest searching for the easiest route for a roadbed, and for the most profitable territory for the road to traverse.

Once past the Canadian Pacific main line and the world knows but little of the resources of the great territory that stretches away to the north, but the prospectors who have been thoroughly exploring the country, and who have just been called in for the winter, bring back glowing accounts of what may be expected of it once it is opened up.

It is the head of the avalanche that is developing the resources of the country, is very enthusiastic over the prospects. The prospectors that he has kept in the northern forests through the summer tell him that vast forests of spruce, valuable for pulp, pine, hardwoods, tamarack and cedar lie all along the route. The trees are large and of fine clear grain. There are vast beds of kaolin and china clay, iron ores, carbonate of iron, copper, gypsum and other minerals.

The spruce forests continue northward of the hardwood clear to the shores of Hudson Bay. They form a source of raw material for paper making for an unlimited period. There is enough spruce along the line of this road to make the paper of the world, it is estimated, for 1,000 years. Besides, it is stated, there are millions of acres of land timbered with maple, beech and oak, fine farming lands once cleared.

### ANTONIO CONTALIANOS

The Greek Strong Man and Wrestler Now in New York.

Antonio Panagi Contalianos, the Greek strong man and wrestler, is now in New York and is ready to meet all comers in the weight lifting line and is especially anxious to arrange a Greco-Roman wrestling bout



### ANTONIO CONTALIANOS

with Ernest Roeder for the world's championship.

Contalianos is a native of Athens and has traveled in almost every country of the world. His record shows that he is one of the greatest strong men in the world and that he has few equals at wrestling.

Among the best men who have been defeated by him are the Italian champion, Paul Repetto; the Spanish champion, Stellings, and Samun, the Sultan's best man, whom he vanquished in Constantinople. Contalianos also made a clean sweep of Chile, meeting all comers and defeating Surgiano, Pinakia, Cristilo and Callistro, the best men of that country.

Contalianos' chief feats of strength are the lifting of 2,200 pounds, with harness, lifting a 400 pound ball in each hand, and the lifting of three canoes, which are strapped to him and fired off while he holds them in the air.

### Flour Made From Bananas.

The nutritive value of flour made from dried bananas has attracted popular attention during the last couple of years. The Connecticut State experimental station has recently analyzed banana flour made from three sorts of bananas. The flour is made by cutting the fruit into small pieces, drying and grinding. It appears that the fresh bananas closely resemble fresh apples in their chemical composition, and banana flour similarly resembles dried apples in nutritive material. It contains much less protein than wheat flour, and less than half as much as rice, while its carbohydrate contents approach closely that of these two popular articles of diet. In those countries where banana flour is prepared in considerable quantities, it is used in combination with milk, sugar, etc., in the preparation of custards, cakes and similar articles.—Southern Industrial News.

### The Possible Millionaire.

Moosley—What would you do if you had a million dollars a year?

Mudge—The assessor, of course.

From the foregoing the casual reader may learn that in America, where even the lowest has a chance to rise, the great middle class is fully alive to and able to assume the plain duties inherent in the possession of wealth.—Indianapolis Press.

### Popular British Song.

The British general was humming to himself as he walked along.

"What's that he's singin'?" asked Tommy Atkins.

The correspondent shook his head. "I don't recognize it," he said, "but very likely it's 'There's one more river to cross.'"—Chicago Times-Herald.

### How to Avoid Catching Cold.

Keep your vitality above the negative condition. No disease can exist where there is an abundance of pure blood. To get the necessary amount eat nutritious food; to circulate it perfectly, take proper exercise; to purify it, get fresh air and sunlight. If a perfectly healthy condition of the skin exists and an even temperature of the surface of the body is maintained it is impossible to catch cold. Cold water baths taken every day will do much toward producing the former, proper food and exercise, the latter, Nature gives you an alarm in the first chilling feeling. Heed it at once, or pay the penalty. Take a brisk walk or run, breathe deeply, and keep the mouth closed. If you are so situated that you can do neither, breathe deeply, rapidly, and noisily, until you are satisfied that your body has passed from a negative to a positive condition. Take care of your throat and lungs by protection from within, as well as protection from without, by keeping the mouth closed when passing from a warm to a less warm temperature. Precautions are often wrongly taken. It may be better to turn your chest protector around and make a back protector of it, thus protecting your chest and lungs by the necessary care of the spinal column, along which is the chain of sympathetic nerves. It is better to turn up one's coat collar than to wear a muffler, and better to protect carefully the back of the neck from draughts of cold air than to protect the throat. Pay attention to the feet by keeping them dry. Discard cotton hose in winter and wear woolen. It is not the woolen hose that make the feet perspire, it is nervousness, which has been caused by worry or excitement. In this condition and through this cause the feet become damp, chilly, clammy, and the result is that the glands of the throat become enlarged, and hoarseness ensues.

### Pithy and Pointed.

A young man may die but an old man must.

Continued cheerfulness is a manifest sign of wisdom.

Maids of honor are those who do not indulge in flirtations.

From the mother's point of view an ugly baby is an impossibility.

The woman question for centuries has been: "What did she have on?"

It is no credit to a man to keep his word because no one will take it.

When ghosts walk they probably enter houses by the aid of skeleton keys.

It may not hurt a joke to crack it, but some of the crackers ought to be hurt.

"Love is but a transport," says a poet. Yes, and so is a canal boat, for that matter.

A lady who has been a widow three times says a good place to get a husband is by the ear.

Only after a public favorite becomes a "has-been" does he begin to realize the emptiness of applause.

Wise is the man who does of his own free will that which he would otherwise be compelled to do.

It is related of Midas that what ever he touched turned to gold, now, adays, it's a bit touch some men with gold they will turn to anything.

### Should Keep Ducks.

A citizen called recently at the water registrar's office and introduced himself and his business by saying: "I'm Mister Jerry Muldoon. My collar is full of water, and my

hins will be drowned if it isn't fixed, so I want you to fix it."

Mr. Muldoon was informed that nothing could be done for him there.

Two or three days later he reappeared. "I come again to see about that collar," said he. "It's worse than ever."

"But we told you the other day, Mr. Muldoon, that we can do nothing about it."

"Yes, but my collar must be fixed or my hins will be drowned."

"Well, Mr. Muldoon, did you see the mayor about the matter?"

"Indeed, and I did," replied Mr. Muldoon.

"And what did the mayor say?"

"What did he say, is it? 'Ma Muldoon,' says he, 'why don't you kape ducks?'"

### The Umbrella Maker.

Two cyclists set out the other day for a spin. One got a long way ahead of the other, and, turning an ugly corner in the lane, collapsed over a heap of stones, smashing his machine with getting irretrievably mixed up among the spokes.

An old woman, with her egg basket, happening to come down the road just then, was met round the bend by the second cyclist, who asked her:

"My good woman, have you seen a young man on a bicycle up here?"

"Na, na," was the reply. "I've seed no bicycles, but I've seen a man sitting on the floor mending umbrellas."

The Day of Large Enterprises.

"Maybe he's inclined to put on airs because he has a barrel of money," said one politician.

"We'll soon teach him something about modern politics," replied the other in a resolute tone. "We'll let him realize that nowadays a man who gets into a campaign with anything smaller than a hog-head is exceedingly small potatoes."



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WEDNESDAY, JAN. 30, 1900

It is with the profoundest grief that the news of the death of our beloved Queen has been received. It has been known for some time that Her Majesty's health had been failing, but until the dread moment comes one refuses to believe that the termination will be fatal, and we who have been born and raised under her rule cannot help but feel the sudden consciousness of something gone. Signs of sorrow are visible everywhere, even at Pretoria the burghers show a sympathy which we pray and trust may have the effect of restoring peace.

Victoria can justly be called the "Good." Her policy was to always maintain peace which was shown in her last rally before death. A London despatch says: "Queen Victoria summoned the Prince of Wales and the Kaiser to her bedside and besought them as they loved her to avoid war and maintain peace." It would take volumes to write of the incidents of her life and reign, of her kindly sympathy for the poor and distressed as well as for the rich, of her many acts of charity which will never be known, and of the sweetness and true womanliness of her disposition which has endeared her to friend and foe alike. And now our beloved Sovereign of blessed and glorious memory having lived to a good old age and full of years has been gathered unto her forefathers. Her remains will be laid to rest on the 2nd of February at Fergomore, beside those of the Prince Consort, whose memory she ever held dear.

REQUIESCAT IN PACE.

Andrew Carnegie, the iron millionaire, having endowed Seattle with a \$200,000 library, has made himself, apparently, the recipient of favours in the way of begging letters from cranks of all kinds. The most consummate piece of copper speed gall that it has ever been our misery to encounter, is the cool request of a Rev. Dr. Wilson, of Victoria, for enough treasure from Mr. Carnegie, to improve the Victoria library. Mr. Carnegie probably never gave much thought to Victoria before this, but if he now thinks with all his might and main that, of all the tupenny hapenny, little low down, beggarly places on the continent of America, Victoria takes the whole loaf, we cannot well blame him and we will have to thank the Rev. Wilson for it.

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

The drama, "Dot, the Miner's Daughter," will be given in the Hall on Feb. 19th. Tickets are on sale now at Peacey's Drug Store.

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

Mrs. T. Kirkwood, acting D. D. G. M., Royal True Blues, is up with us for a few days. She will install the officers of Cumberland lodge.

The Japanese of this place, not to be behindhand in their means of amusing themselves, have just purchased a fine billiard table which they have had set up at No. 2 slope town.

The Rev. Mr. Gray announced from the pulpit last Sunday that he had resigned as pastor of Trinity Church and would leave Cumberland in March. We are sorry to lose Mr. Gray.

Free Press is responsible for the statement that Lord Roberts was born on September 30th, 1882. Thanks friend Press for the information. We would not thought him so old. Carries his years uncommonly well, does Bobs!

The Seattle P.-I. devotes nine full columns to our late Queen dealing first with the last scenes at the dying Sovereign's bedside. Then with after events in London. Then with the signs of mourning and tributes paid the memory of the departed from all parts of the world. A well executed half tone engraving 6x8 of Her Majesty illustrates the page.

Mr. C. McDonald, of Simon Leiser's, draped a window in that establishment most artistically in black and white upon receipt of the news of the death of Her Majesty. In the centre was placed a large picture of our late Sovereign. Messrs. Stevenson & Co. had also a very pretty window in somewhat the same style.

The travelling dairy will visit Comox during March. Either from the 10th to 21st or from 21st to 27th. A special agent of the C. P. R. will be in Comox at the same time to ascertain the needs of the farmers as regards transportation via C. P. R. Mr. Anderson, the deputy minister of agriculture, in a letter to the secretary of the agricultural society, says: "I hope every man and woman will attend the meetings and be induced to become members of the institute."

A would-be "bad man" the other evening had the indecency to make a disrespectful remark about our dead Queen. A well planted blow, landed where it did the most good, laid him out for 15 minutes. Let it be understood right here that our little town is chuck full of loyal Britons, and it will be just as well for the few anti ites who find their way in to keep their ultra democratic opinions to themselves or be prepared to take the consequences.

Bobby Burns was duly honored at Mine Host Sam Davis' Friday night. Mr. McKnight occupied the chair and was ably supported by our old friend Mr. Thorburn. The banquet was described to us as being simply perfect, and due justice was done to Mrs. Davis' culinary success. Songs, speeches, toasts, anecdotes, with a sparkling of Bobs own inimitable verses, made old Time fly quickly. Yet time was made for a jolly dance which was kept up far into the "weisma' hours." About 60 were present. The function also marked the opening of the new hotel addition, which makes the "Union," always well kept and comfortable, now quite up to date and complete with every convenience to the public.

**Fashions and Fancies.**  
Un-cut velvet is a beautiful material for hats and suits of mourning. The wide spreading black velvet bow in the hair, a modified Alsation, is becoming to many faces. In the hat line nothing is smarter than the low crown and broad brim. Everything is based on that shape. Among Parisian fancies, are the new boleros with the contrail ends. All sorts of bizarre ornaments and belts are used on the new things, and quite the latest models have skirts trimmed on either side just below the belt, with soutache, or little velvets, to watch the trimming on the corsage. Figured velveteens and Persian patterned pannes make attractive waists. Harmonies of color now find favor in dress schemes. Narrow silk elastic belts are as useful as they are pretty. Black hats continue the height of elegance.

## CORPORATION OF CITY OF CUMBERLAND

### NOTICE.

Out of respect to the memory of our late beloved Queen, and as a sign of mourning, on the day of Her Majesty's funeral, I hereby proclaim SATURDAY, the 2nd day of February next, a public holiday in Cumberland.

JAS. CARTHEW,  
Mayor.

### NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that application will be made to the Legislative Assembly of the Province of British Columbia, at its next session, for an Act to incorporate a company with power to construct, equip, maintain and operate either a standard or narrow gauge railway for the purpose of carrying passengers and freight, including all kinds of merchandise, from a point in Wellington District, thence northerly to a point in Comox District, Vancouver Island, situate on or near the 50th parallel of latitude on or near the east coast of Vancouver Island; thence northerly through Sayward and Rupert Districts, to Cape Scott, Vancouver Island, or to some other point at or near the north end of Vancouver Island; with power to construct, operate, and maintain branch lines to the coast on either side of Vancouver Island and to other points, and all necessary roads, bridges, ways, and ferries, and to build, own and maintain, wharves, docks, saw-mills, and coal bunkers; and with power to build, equip, own, maintain and operate steam and other vessels and boats, and to operate the same on any navigable waters connecting with the said railway lines or branches thereof; and with power to build, own, equip, operate and maintain telegraph and telephone lines in connection with the said railway and branches, and to carry on a general express business, and to build and operate all kinds of plants for the purpose of supplying light, heat, electricity, and any kind of motive power; and with power to acquire water rights, and to construct dams and flumes for improving and increasing the water privileges; and with power to expropriate land for the purpose of

he company, and to acquire land, bonuses, privileges, and other aid, from any Government, Municipal Corporation, or other persons or bodies incorporated with power to lease and to connect and make traffic and other arrangements with railway, steamboat and other companies now or hereafter to be incorporated, and with power to make waggon roads to be used in the construction of such railway and in advance of the same, and to levy and collect tolls from all persons using and on all freight passing over the said railway, and such roads, branches, ferries, wharves and vessels owned or built by the said Company, whether built or owned before or after the construction of the railway, and with all other usual, necessary or incidental rights, powers and privileges as may be necessary or conducive to the attainment of the above objects or any of them.

Dated at Victoria, B.C. this 27th day of December, 1900.

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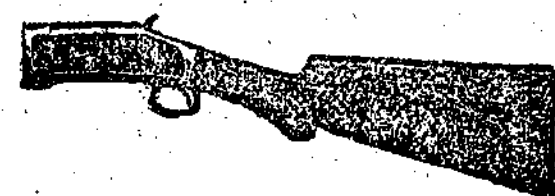
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