THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

EIGHTH YEAR. CUMBERLAND, B. C. TUESDAY, JULY 10th, 1900.

WE HAVE STILL A FEW

Blouses and Wrappers

—WHICH MUST BE SOLD—

..Groceries..

Ogilvies Hungarian Flour in 98 lb sacks for $2.50 per sack.

A 1 gallon can of apples for 40 cents, as cheap as fresh fruit and no waste.

Raspberries, Strawberries, Huckleberries 6 Tins for $1.00.

To those who wish to pay their accounts in 30 days, viz: from pay-day we allow a discount of 5 per c nt on groceries.

SIMON LEISER, Cumberland.

Nicholles & Renouf, Ld.

61 YATES STREET, VICTORIA, B. C.

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

Agents for McCormick Harvesting Machinery.

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

CHINA = MATTINGS =

A Large Shipment just arrived, specially suitable for summer use, prices:

15, 20 25, 30, 35, 40, 45c yd.

English Linoleums - - -

6, 9 and 12 feet wide from 50c. per square yd up

Best Scotch Linoleums, all widths, $1.00 and $1.25 per square yard. Our range of Carpets and Art Squares is very complete.

SAMPLES OF OUR GOODS FREE ON APPLICATION.

Weiler Bros.

VICTORIA, B. C.

DINNER SETS
TEA SETS
CHAMBER SETS

We have a few left and must clear them out at Bargain Prices. Crockeryware, Glassware, Tinware, Agateware, Woodenware.

LAMPS

Hanging Lamps, Hall Lamps, Table Lamps etc., etc., at

C. J. Moore's, Cumberland.

STRAWBERRY FESTIVAL.

The Methodist Ladies' Aid had a strawberry festival on the 3rd in Cumberland Hall, in connection with which there was a pleasant and novel concert, in which the pianola brought here as a sample by Mr. Whiteacre, agent of Messrs. Mason & Risch, the manufacturers, entered largely into the programme with its selections. To such a state of perfection has this attachment been brought, that for a listener, not seeing the performer, to distinguish between its work and the execution of a first-class pianist is difficult. It has given the people of this place an opportunity of hearing piano selections which could only have been played by highest class professionals. The programe was as follows:

Pianola selection, "Rule Britannia," variations.....Beethoven

Pianola selection, "Les Sylphes," valse caprice.....Bachman

Pianola selection, "Polka de Concert,".....Bartlett

Glee by Choir, "Medley" .Johnston

Pianola selection, "Valse de Concert".....Mattee

Pianola selection, "Whispering Wind Mazurka".....Wollenhaupt

Pianola selection, "The Charlatan March".....Sousa

Song, "True Till Death".....Scott-Gatty

Mr. Gideon Hicks.

Pianola selection, "Pasquinade".....Gottschalk

Pianola selection, "America," variations.....Gottschalk

Mesdames Hicks, Furbow, L. Mounce, Banks and W. Mounce attended to strawberries and cream The candy stall was presided over by Miss McKenzie and Miss McCarther, the treasurer of the L. A.

The Cat Resisted DeepWater Baptism

"A little boy I knew of in the West," writes Rev. Cyrus Townsend Brady in the July Ladies' Home Journal, belonged to a family who had trained him to believe in the deep-water form of baptism and was experimenting with the household cat and a bucket of water. The animal evidently did not believe in immersion, for she resisted, bit and scratched and used bad language—in the cat tongue of course. Finally, the little boy, with his hands covered with scratches and with tears in his eyes gave up the effort to effect the regeneration of the cat. 'Dog-gone you!' he cried—notice the choice of epithets in the use of the word dog—'go and be an Episcopal cat if you want to!'"

FUNNY, ISN'T IT?

A woman who has so much to do that she cannot spare a minute to sew a button on the old man's jeans can always find an hour and a half for clavering with her neighbor over her back fence.

FISH STORY NO. 6

Aha! here we are again, and its Mickey is in it this time. Well, to cut loose, Mickey, Jackey, Nickey and Sandy all went down river to Dago flat on Dominion Day. Fish were plentiful and everything was lovely. After getting camp in shape, Nickey and Jack pulled up river a piece to get the evening fishing. The other two fished along the bank near camp. About dusk and getting pretty hungry, they went up to camp to prepare supper. Mickey, before leaving sticking his rod in the sand and leaving the bait out in the stream for any stray trout which might happen along with a hunger as fierce as his own. He had not been in the tent long, before he noticed that o fish had hooked himself on his tackle, but being anxious for grub (did you ever see him different?) and the tent being a little distance from the river, he did not trouble to go down just then. Presently, down came the other two with the boat, Nickey standing up and whipping the stream. Presently he spied Mickey's fish jumping to get away. "Pull in quietly, Jacky," said he, "There is a big one." Being nearly dark, they did not notice the rod bending like a willow from the shore. Jackey pulled close in, and Nickey thrashed that water until his arms ached. No use, the trout would not take. Mickey enjoyed the scene for a while, meantime eating his supper, when he had finished, he cooly walked down to the shore, filled and lighted his pipe, hauled in the fish, and walked up the bank, leaving the two in the boat doing the self-inflicted kicking act.

A visit to our public school on examination day revealed the fact that the children are orderly, attentive, and well up in their class work, showing that the teachers are are all that is required—and more if opportunity were given to exercise their talent. We would much liked to have published a list of all children who were passed higher but have been unable to procure it up to time of going to press.

Miss Tarbell is home from Vancouver—where she has been attending High School—for the holidays. The following will show how well she, as a pupil of Mr. Bennet's has done. Neville Smith of Comox too shows a slate which he may well be proud of.

Pass list—Class D: 1st, Ellen Tarbell. Neville Smith.

Honor Roll—Proficiency: Ellen Tarbell. Latin—Ellen Tarbell 1st 94; N. Smith 72. English—E. Tarbell 1st, 84 Algebra—E. Tarbell 1st, 90; N. Smith 73. Geometry—E. Tarbell 1st, 83. Bookkeeping—E. Tarbell 3rd, 82; N. Smith 66. Arithmetic—N. Smith 1st, 90; E. Tarbell 50. Phonography—E. Tarbell 1st, 97. History—E. Tarbell 1st, 90; N. Smith 70. Geography—E. Tarbell 1st, 98; N. Smith 63. French—E. Tarbell 2nd; N. Smith 58.

Our old friend Abram Homilton came back from "Auld Scotland" last week. Abe looks as rosy and hearty as a man well can and says, like many more, that the experiment of living in the Old Country after a sojourn here, is well nigh an impossibility. What with the crowds of enthusiasts anent Mafeking and Pretoria days, and nearly getting pressed into active service a few times, Abe had a hard time getting here, but the welcome he had was warm, and there are certain conspirators hatching plots to corral him so that he cannot get away again.

LOCAL ITEMS.

The wedding bells will ring to-day.

Mr. Horbury the elder, has been confined to his room for several weeks with rheumatic fever. We are glad to announce that he is able to be up and about again.

The following are the Custom returns for the month of June:

Imports:

Dutiable	$1,140
Free	518
Duty collected	$324 48

We have on file for reference by our readers the latest price circular of the McMillan Fur & Wool Co., Minneapolis, Minn. Their advertisement will be found in another column, and we take pleasure in recommending any parties who have goods in their line to ship them.

Friday evening Mrs. E. Jones became so violently ill that telegrams were sent to her son in Washington and to Mrs. Parks her sister. her life being despaired of. However, during the night she rallied and is now progressing favorably to the joy of her friends. Mrs. Parks arrived Saturday and being a skilful nurse is attending well to the invalid.

A young and esteemed resident of Nob Hill last Saturday evening, went to the station shed here to await the outgoing 11 o'clock train for the lake. Feeling very tired from arguing with refractory mules all day, it is presumed he fell into Murphy's arms. When he awoke, it was—well, the birds were singing hallelujah, "and the blow almost killed F—ather."

The committees for arrangements in connection with the first of July S. S. Pic-nic, which passed off so pleasantly, wish to make special mention of U. C. Co's., contrabution toward its success in so generously providing accomodation for transportation of excursionists, and also to employees of the road for their courtesy in fulfilling all requirements for their convenience.

Free Press says: "A number of people are very anxious to find W. B. Finley, photographer. He left here on Saturday morning and has not since been heard from. The gallery is now besieged by people who had paid for photographs, but the doors are closed."

We understand that there are numbers of people here in Cumberland and Union who would be pleased to see batches of Mr. Finley's photos. Is lynching in season now?

Messrs. H. Reifel, R. Curry and Barlow were up for a few days last week, combining business with pleasure. Mr. Reifel looking up the Union Brewery trade. Mr. Curry that of the Nanaimo Cigar Co., while Mr. Barlow was boosting up A. R. Johnston & Co.'s grub stuffs. We say "with pleasure" because when leaving after a tiresome wait and a few games of 7-up, Bob was noticed carrying a big, dilapidated stuffed eagle down the main street, shouting the while, "Yea! Yea! Yea!" while Henry sang, "Hooraw." Barlow did the laughing act.

Speaking of the U. B. Co. we must make mention of the way in which the Co. has built up a large business by the superior excellence of their beverages. Better than which is not brewed on the Pacific Coast, and there is not a customer in this district at least, but would miss Mr. Reifel if he ceased to attend to their wants.

Mr. Curry too sells some fine cigars for his firm.

FORTUNES ADRIFT.

By CUTCLIFFE HYNE.

[Copyright, 1898, by the Author.]

The old fellow bawled at him again: "The hands know it as well as me, and they say they're not going to be drowned for anybody. They say they're going to cast off the hawsor."

This time Captain Kettle yelled back a reply. "You thing!" he cried. "You putty man, get back to your post! If you want to live, keep those niggers' fingers off the shackle. By James, if that tow is cast off, I'll turn the Saigon for the beach and drown the whole crew of you inside of three minutes! By James, yes, and you know me, and you know I'll do it too! You ham faced jellyfish, away aft with you and save your blooming life!"

The man winced under the little captain's tongue and went away, and Captain Kettle looked across the wheel at his assistant.

Cortolvin shrugged his shoulders and glanced backward at the beach and nodded. Kettle leaned across and shouted:

"I know it, sir, as well as you do; I know it as well as they do, but I've got a fortune in tow yonder, and I'd rather die than set it adrift. It isn't one fortune either; it's a dozen fortunes, and I have just got to grab one of them. I'm a married man, sir, with a family, and I've known what it was to watch and see 'em hungry. You'll stand by me, Mr. Cortolvin?"

"It seems I promised. You know I've been long enough with Mohammedans, skipper, to be somewhat a fatalist. So I say God is great and our fates are written on our foreheads and no man can change by an inch the path which it is foreordained he should tread. But they are queer fates, some of them. I went away from England because of my wife; I step out of the middle of Arabia and stumble across you and hear that she is dead; I look forward to going home and living a peaceful country life, and now it appears I'm to be drowned obscurely, out of the touch of newspapers. However, I'll be consistent. I won't grumble, and you may hear me say it aloud, 'La Allah illah Allah.'"

Captain Kettle made no reply. Through the infernal uproar of the tornado he did not hear much of what was said, and part of what did reach his ears was beyond his comprehension. Besides, his mind was not unnaturally occupied with more selfish considerations. Astern of him, in the German liner, were some thousand passengers, who were all assets for salvage. The detail of human life did not enter much into his calculations. He had been brought up in a school where life is cheap and not so pleasant and savory a thing that it is set much store on. The passengers were part of the ship, just as much as were her engines and the bullion which he hoped she carried. The company which owned her was responsible for all; their credit would be damaged if all or a part of her was lost, and he, Owen Kettle, would reap a proportionate reward if he could drag her into any civilized port. And when he thought of the roaring beach so terribly close astern he bit his beard in an agony of apprehension lest the fates should steal this fortune from him.

And meanwhile the line of surf was growing ever nearer. So close indeed were they to the hateful shore that when for a moment the fountains of white water subsided where the breakers raged upon the beach they could see dimly beyond through the sea smoke palm trees and ceibas and great silk cottonwoods whipping and crashing before the insane blast of the tornado. All hands on the Saigon's deck had many minutes before given themselves up for as good as dead. Their only chance of salvation lay in casting off the towrope, and no one dared touch the linking shackle. They quite knew that their savage little skipper would fulfill his threat if they disobeyed his orders. Indeed old Murgatroyd himself sat on the hatch coaming with an opened clasp knife and vowed death on any one who tampered with either shackle or manilla. The clumsy mate had swallowed rough words once, but he preferred drowning to living on and hearing Captain Kettle address him as coward.

The shore lay steep to, but the backwash creamed far out into the sea. Already the stern of the German liner was plunging in the whitened water and destruction seemed a question of seconds. Then a strange thing happened. It seemed as though the finger of God had touched the wind; it abated by visible gradations, and the drift of the steamers grew more slow; it eased to a mere gale, and they held their place on the lip of the boiling surf, and then with a gasp it sank into quietude, and a great oily swell rose up as if by magic from the bowels of the deep, and the little Saigon forged ahead and drew the helpless passenger ship away from the perilous beach. Those tropical hurricanes of the eastern sea progress in circles, and this one had spurned them from its clutch and let them float on a charmed ring of calm.

Cortolvin bowed over the wheel in silent thankfulness, but the shipmaster rejoiced aloud.

"How's that, umpire?" said he. "By James, wasn't it worth hanging on for? I've got a wife, sir, and kids, and I'm remembering this moment that they'll always have full bellies from now onward, and good clothes, and no more cheap lodgings, but a decent house semi-detached, and money to plank down on the plate when they go to chapel on Sundays. The skipper of that Dutchman will be ruined over this last half hour's job, but I can't help that. It's myself I have to think of first. One has to in this world, or no one else will, and, Mr. Cortolvin, I'm a made man. Thanks to McTodd"—

From below there came a sudden whir of machinery, as though the engines had momentarily gone mad, and then a bumping and a banging which jarred every plate of the Saigon's fabric, and then a silence, broken only by the thin, distant scream of a hurt man. Presently the boom of steam broke out from the escape pipe beside the funnel, and a minute later the chief engineer made his way leisurely up on to the bridge. He was bleeding from a cut on the forehead, and another gash showed red among the grime on his stubby cheek. He was shredding tobacco with a clasp knife as he walked and seemed from his manner to be a man quite divorced from all responsible occupations. He halted a minute at the head of the bridge ladder, replaced the tobacco cake in the pocket of his coat and rolled up the shreddings in the palms of his crackled hands. Then he filled a short brier pipe, lit it and surveyed the available universe.

"You'll be the tornado, way ahead there, I'm thinking," said he.

"Are those blame engines broke down again?" asked Kettle sharply.

"Aye, ye may put it they've broke down."

"Then away with you below again, Mr. McTodd, and get them running again. You may smoke when we bring up the Aden."

McTodd puffed twice more at his pipe and spat on the wheel grating.

"By James!" said Kettle. "Do you hear me?"

"My lungs are a bit muzzy, but I can hear ye for a' that, captain. Only thing is I can't do as ye'd like."

Captain Kettle stiffened ominously. "Mr. McTodd," he said, "if you force me to take you in hand and show you how to set about your work you'll regret it."

"Man," said the engineer, "I can do some kind of impossibeelities. Ye've seen me do them. Ye've seen me keep those palsied rattletraps running all through that blow. But if ye ask me to make a new propeller out of rod iron and packing cases I'll have to tell ye that you kind of meeracle's beyond me."

"My great James!" said Kettle. "You don't mean to tell me the propeller's gone?"

"Either that or else all the blades have stripped off the boss. If ye'd been below on my footplates, ye'd have kenned it fine. When it went those puir engines raced like an auld cab horse trying to gallop, and they just got tied in knots and tumbled down and sprawled 15 ways at once. I was on the platform oiling when they jumped, and that nigger second of mine tried to get at the throttle to close her down."

"Well, get on man, get on!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WASN'T AFRAID

But He Wasn't Looking For Any Trouble Either.

Prosecuting Attorney Wheeler Campbell was in an unusual predicament Saturday. He was prosecuting a peace warrant in the police court. One of the most essential questions to be asked on such occasions is:

"Are you afraid that unless this defendant is restrained by law he will do you some great bodily harm?"

This question he propounded to the prosecuting witness, who was a stalwart man, almost twice the size of the man he had sworn out the peace warrant against.

"Naw, sah, I ain't!" he boldly replied.

"You are not?" asked the attorney in amazement. "Now, wait. Let me ask you the question again, so you'll understand it. Are you afraid of him?"

"No, sah, I a-ain't tow say a'fred o' dat niggah," he sputtered. "I ain't scar'd ob him!"

"Are you afraid he will attempt to do you bodily harm?" tentatively asked the attorney.

"Not ef—ef—not ef I kin git a fa'r showin at 'im, boss!" he said as he glared defiantly at the prisoner.

The spectators here began to laugh. The prisoner's stolid countenance also relaxed into a sinister smile, but the witness contended that he wasn't a bit afraid of the prisoner and didn't seem to care who knew it.

"What did you get this peace warrant for, then?" demanded the attorney.

"I jes' wanted—jes' wanted," he explained, "fo' to show dat niggah dat my 'tentions wuz peaceably 'uclined, sah."

The court then asked a few questions and found out that the witness was afraid the prisoner would shoot him or do something of that kind, but he wasn't really "afraid" of him. The defendant was accordingly required to execute bond, and at the same time the witness' reputation for fearlessness was unaffected.—Paducah Sun.

HEART PALPITATION

A QUEBEC LADY RELEASED FROM GREAT SUFFERING.

She Had Tried Many Medicines Without Avail, but Ultimately Found a Cure Through the Use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Few bodily afflictions are more terrible than disease of the heart. To live in constant dread and expectation of death, sudden and with last farewells unspoken, is for most people more awful to contemplate than the most serious lingering illness. The slightest excitement brings suffering and danger to such people.

For several years Mrs. Gravel, wife of P. H. A. Gravel, foreman in Barry's cigar factory, St. John's suburb, Quebec, was such a sufferer, but thanks to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills she is again in the enjoyment of good health. Mrs. Gravel says:—

"My general health was bad for several years, my appetite was poor, and I was easily tired, but it was the frequent sharp pains and violent palpitation of my heart which caused me the greatest alarm. I tried many medicines and was treated by several doctors, but in vain. Finally I became so poorly that I was not able to do any household work, and was frequently confined to my bed. At the suggestion of one of my friends I decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. After taking a few boxes I began to gain new strength and vigor. The pains in my heart were less frequent and less severe, and in every way my health was improving. I continued using the pills until I had taken eight boxes, when I had completely recovered my health. I have gained in flesh; my appetite is good, and I am able to do all my household work without feeling the awful fatigue I was before subject to. I am very thankful to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, for they have truly released me from much suffering, and I hope that others may be induced to try this wonderful medicine."

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

What It Takes.

"A camera, I grant you, takes pictures,"
Said the amateur. "Ah, but it's funny!
When you have to buy plates and such fixtures,
You find that it also takes money."
—Philadelphia Press.

Nothing New.

He emerged from the ruins of the wrecked train casually, dusted his clothing and yawned.

"You appear to take the thing coolly," remarked a doctor.

"Oh, yes," he replied. "You see, I operate my automobile in a rocky country."—Philadelphia North American.

Hard and soft corns cannot withstand Holloway's Corn Cure; it is effectual every time. Get a bottle at once and be happy.

Exercise For Him.

"How did your wife's drives strike you?" asked the enthusiastic golfer.

"Not at all," said the indulgent and attentive husband, "but they kept me dodging."—Philadelphia Press.

There are millions of the inhabitants of the Philippine Islands who never knew the dominion of Spain and never saw a Spaniard.

There are said to be fewer suicides among miners than among any other class of workmen.

SORE FEET.—Mrs. E. J. Neill, New Armagh, P. Q., writes: "For nearly six months I was troubled with burning aches and pains in my feet to such an extent that I could not sleep at night, and as my feet were badly swollen I could not wear my boots for weeks. At last I got a bottle of DR. THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL and resolved to try it, and to my astonishment I got almost instant relief, and the one bottle accomplished a perfect cure.

Quick Arrow Shooting.

The Maya Indians have acquired extraordinary dexterity with the bow and arrow, which, with the spear, is their only weapon, though the boys before they are strong enough to draw the bow often use a sling made from a strip of rawhide, with which they kill squirrels and small birds. The bows are about five feet long, made of a thin, tough strip of cuhoon palm, well seasoned. The arrows are usually carried in a tiger skin quiver and can be used with marvelous rapidity, as the following incident will show:

A chief of the Lacondones of my acquaintance named Canek had been on bad terms with his father-in-law for some time. One morning while hunting in the bush he espied the old man in an anana tree gathering the apples. He at once fired an arrow at the man, striking him through the chest and while the body was falling placed another arrow in the neck. Fortunately for himself he managed to reach the nearest Spanish settlement before any of the murdered man's relatives could overtake him.—Chambers' Journal.

CUMMINGS WAS EXCITED.

An Incident Attending the Execution of the Chicago Anarchists.

When the Chicago anarchists were hanged, great preparations were made by Amos J. Cummings, then editor of the New York Evening Sun, to get the news ahead of the other evening newspapers. A direct wire ran from the jail in Chicago to The Evening Sun office, and an alert operator was at each end of the wire. The form of the first page was made up and ready to print with the single exception of a line giving the time of the hanging. That line was to be inserted as soon as the news flashed from Chicago. Then the form would be locked, turned over to the stereotypers, who would make a matrix, stereotype the plates, rush them down to the presses, and in a minute or two more the papers would be in the hands of the newsboys on the street.

About 10 o'clock in the morning, however, a boy rushed into the office with a copy of an evening newspaper containing an alleged account of the hanging of the anarchists.

Cummings grabbed the paper from the boy and rushed with it over to the operator.

"Look at that!" he cried.

"They have not been hanged," answered the operator calmly. "I have this minute been talking over the wire to our man in the jail at Chicago, and he tells me they haven't yet left their cells for the scaffold."

Then Cummings scanned the newspaper more closely and realized that it had anticipated the news. He picked up a bit of copy paper and scribbled on it these words: "Beware of bogus extras!"

"Here," he said to one of the office boys. "Have a bulletin made of that and put it up in front of the office."

Then for two hours Cummings and every one else in the office waited for the news of the hanging. The suspense became almost unbearable, for all the time the rival paper was selling in the streets and the newsboys' cries came in through the windows. As the time dragged on Cummings became more and more nervous. He hung around the operator and asked him 100 times if he was sure everything was all right. His excitement was intense. At last, when the editor was so wrought up that it was not safe to speak to him, the instrument clicked and the operator yelled out:

"Mr. Cummings, the drop is falling!"

Cummings, who had been walking to and fro, suddenly stopped stock still. His form was rigid. His face worked, and his eyes blazed. Then he roared out at the frightened operator:

"How long does it take a drop to fall in Chicago?"

A roar of laughter from the reporters in the office relieved the tension, the operator shouted the exact time of the hanging, the foreman of the composing room inserted the line in the form, and in five minutes the paper was out.—Saturday Evening Post.

JAPANESE LACQUER

It Is the Greatest Art In the Chrysanthemum Kingdom.

Professor Rein of Bonn university says in an exhaustive work on lacquer that "among the many well developed branches of Japanese art industry lacquer work undoubtedly takes first place. In no other have the feeling for art and artistic ability of the Japanese their free play of fancy and their admirable perseverance and skill in executing their richly figured pictures, developed earlier and more."

Japanese lacquer ware is distinguished for its lightness, elegance, solidity and the beauty and spirit of its decoration, and principally by several valuable elements in the material itself, such as great hardness, in which it excels all others, without showing brittleness or cracking, for its luster and mirrorlike surface and its resistance to a number of agencies which attack and destroy common resinous lacquer varnish. Professor H. W. Vogel says the simple black Japanese lacquered dish is proof against acid and alcohol. Hot cigar ashes or even boiling water do not affect it. It is these characteristics which distinguish Japanese lacquers from European and American imitation, which are all prepared from resinous varnishes and have none of the properties of the Japanese product.

There is a great variety of single color Japanese lacquer ware—black, red, greenish yellow, green, brown of various shades, cloudy light green, dark green and a variety of other shades almost too numerous to mention.

There is a peculiar lacquered yellow woodenware made in Nojiro, a small town north of Akita, near the Japan sea, that differs from all other varieties, inasmuch as the natural grain of the wood is clearly shown and beautifully preserved, while usually the material used is entirely concealed beneath the opaque coating of lacquer. This ware is of a transparent yellow or brownish yellow color, through which the veins or spots of the wood show up under a high luster, which adds greatly to the beauty of the ware. Nojiro Shun Kei, as it is called, is very expensive, and is seldom exported to this country. It is claimed that its method of workmanship is a trade secret that is jealously guarded by those engaged in its production.—Jeweler's Review.

Don't Be Critical.

Whatever you do never set up for a critic. We don't mean a newspaper one, but in private life, in the domestic circle, in society. It will not do any one any good, and it will do you harm—if you mind being called disagreeable. If you don't like any one's nose or object to any one's chin, don't put your feelings into words. If any one's manners don't please you, remember your own. People are not all made to suit one taste. Recollect that. Take things as you find them unless you can alter them. Even a dinner after it is swallowed cannot be made any better. Continual fault finding, continual criticism of the speech of this one and the conduct of that one, the dress of the one and the opinions of the other, will make home the unhappiest place under the sun. If you are never pleased with any one, no one will ever be pleased with you.—Weekly Budget.

Japanese Superstitions.

Enlightened as the Japanese are in many ways, it still happens that in cases of sudden outbreak of disease religious festivals are organized with a view to propitiating the Supreme Power, and these functions have the effect of gathering together the people from infected as well as healthy localities, to spread infection.

It is said that one's nose is an unerring guide to his character. Napoleon liked his generals to be men with aquiline noses.

The Deacon's Dream.

"May you take this lesson home with you tonight, dear friends," concluded the preacher at the end of a very long and wearisome sermon, "and may its spiritual truths sink deep into your hearts and lives to the end that your souls may experience salvation. We will now bow our heads in prayer. Deacon White, will you lead?"

There was no response.

"Deacon White"—this time in a louder voice—"Deacon White, will you lead?"

Still no response. It was evident that the deacon was slumbering. The preacher made a third appeal and raised his voice to a pitch that succeeded in waking the drowsy man.

"Deacon White, will you please lead?"

The deacon rubbed his eyes and opened them wonderingly.

"Is it my lead? No—I just dealt."—Detroit Free Press.

Drunkenness a Century Ago.

In reviewing "The Early Married Life of Maria Josepha, Lady Stanley," the London Spectator comments on the light in which drunkenness was regarded at the beginning of the nineteenth century. There was a christening of twins and rejoicing among the neighbors, tenants and laborers. "All the guests," says Maria, "were as drunk as I ever had the pleasure of seeing any one." Among the laborers, however, "that extent of intoxication was not reached which causes men to be swine."

Lady Sheffield, who received this account of the festivities, replies: "I would have given a great deal to be present. There is nothing I love so much as such sort of festivities, where one has the satisfaction of knowing that one makes one's friends happy as well as drunk." In London, she declares, "when you give a ball you affront many people, please a few, make many drunk and yourself miserable."

NO DOCTOR THIS SPRING

If the Kidneys and Liver Are Kept in Perfect Order by Using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills—They Are Marvellously Efficient in Preventing as Well as Curing Disease.

Spring is nature's cleaning time for the human system, and the kidneys and liver are worked overtime in the effort to remove the morbid waste matter from the blood.

So long as the kidneys and liver are active and vigourous there need be no fear of spring tumors, pimples, boils and eruptions, for the poisons which cause these will then be effectually removed from the body

Besides purifying the blood, cleansing the system, and preventing the ills peculiar to spring, Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills will take the pains out of the back and sides, and thoroughly cure Lumbago, Brights Disease, Biliousness, Constipation, and the various complications and derangements of the Kidneys and Liver.

The blood can only be cleansed by the activities of the kidneys and liver. That is the only means which nature has provided. To purify the blood you must work in harmony with nature and assist these organs in their gigantic task of continually filtering the blood. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills act directly on the kidneys and liver, and are the most effective blood purifiers ever discovered. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box at all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

THE UNLAID GHOST.

We sit at the table—that other and I;
  Between us the glitter of glass and of plate.
The jest and the wine and the table go by,
  Till over the walnuts the hour grows late.

We smile at each other across the ferns,
  The gleam of the rose shade tinges her face,
And something deep in me kindles and burns
  When her slim throat pulses its yellow lace.

Where in my brain was that ghost of a sob?
  She? Ah, never again, I know!
If only I could not see that throb,
  Like the breast of a caught bird, frightened so!

Queer how a trick of a vein will bring
  Dead memory down like a waterfall;
The quivering, unforgetable thing
  Is such a little thing, after all!

A thing that a casual eye must miss—
  A bit of old lace, with the little stir
Of the white skin under—only this—
  But, oh, how it always belonged to her!

"Dead," did I say? (How unlined her brow!)
  Dead? Ah, that is for her—but I—
Something stirred in my heart just now—
  Something I buried too deep to die.

Bravo! This is as good as a play!
  Fool! To breathe hard at the sight of a face!
But, oh, to smile—and the terrible way
  Her throat will pulse in that yellow lace!
—Post Wheeler in New York Press.

The Brown Merino

"Do you think it will look fit to be seen after it is turned?" I asked, holding up to the light my old brown merino.

Georgie Terry looked at it rather dubiously, while I anxiously waited her decision.

"H'm—I don't know, Rose. I wish you would take my black alpaca. The merino will be good enough for me at home."

"Indeed, I'll do no such thing!"—I exclaimed indignantly. "Have all the pleasure of going away and take your dresses in the bargain, leaving you to stay home and wear my old clothes! I can't be quite that selfish, Georgie."

Georgie laughed melodiously. She always had such a pleasant, rippling laugh—it sounded warm and sunny, just like her own sweet temper.

"'Now that's what I call straining at a gnat,'" said Georgie, with her ripe, red lips trying to pout, but quivering with smiles instead. "But here comes mamma. She shall settle that point."

Poor, dear mamma turned her head, first to one impetuous daughter, then to the other, sighing gently all the while. But to my great glee the decision was in my favor.

"I wish you could have another new dress, dear Rose," said mamma in her kindest tones, "but I don't see how we can manage it."

All this dispute may seem very trivial to the unconcerned, but to us, the interested parties, it was of great importance. I was going on a journey—going to leave my home and travel alone for the first time in my life. We—that is, mamma, Georgie and I—lived on grandfather's farm in New Hampshire.

Mamma had a friend named Mrs. Wharton, who had been living in Boston for many years, and she had written to mamma begging that one of us might pay her a long visit. Great was the debating as to which should accept the invitation.

Georgie insisted that it was my prerogative, as I was Mrs. Wharton's namesake. I rather think our new minister had something to do in making Georgie so persistently refuse to go, for good and kind as Georgie was she had never been quite so active until young Mr. Partridge beamed upon us with his bright, black eyes. However, it won't do to tell her secrets without special permission.

Mamma had given me a new gray gown for Sundays and visitings. I had also a white one for evenings in case I should go to any parties. These, with my two morning wrappers, were considered a very good outfit.

Georgie had generously insisted on my taking her new black alpaca, her one best dress, and leave my brown merino, my last winter's garment, for her to wear on Sundays. But Georgie was the soul of generosity and would beggar herself to do any one a kindness.

After much twisting and turning and discussions as to trimmings my wardrobe was considered finished and presentable, and I embarked on my journey. The ride was one of long delight, for my passionate love of traveling had hitherto been very little gratified.

As I stood in the railroad station at my journey's end, looking helplessly about me, a tall gentleman with a handsome brown mustache approached and, bowing with easy and polished grace, said in an inquiring tone:

"Miss Rose, I presume?"

I bowed in response, inwardly wondering if polite society required gentlemen to address ladies at first acquaintance by their Christian names.

"My aunt, Mrs. Wharton, has been unexpectedly called away from home for a few hours and has given me the honor and pleasure of escorting you to her house," he remarked.

My second reply was another bow. Again I was wondering who this nephew was. The gentleman looked at me curiously. Evidently he was beginning to think me dumb, so I found voice to say:

"How is Mrs. Wharton?"

"Very well indeed, I thank you, and looking eagerly for your arrival."

After we were seated in the carriage, which was far handsomer than my country experience had thought possible, the gentleman proceeded in his efforts for my entertainment.

"Do you wonder how I knew you, Miss Rose?" he asked.

"Very much," I replied—not, however, without qualms of conscience, as I had really not given it a thought.

"I recognized you by your dress," he triumphantly responded.

I looked down at my brown merino, the subject at home of so much disputing, and felt an inward terror. Was the man a medium, a clairvoyant? Had he in spirit heard my conversation with Georgie?

"My dress?" I gasped.

"Yes, your dress. My aunt informed me that your traveling suit was brown."

"Oh!" I faintly ejaculated, inwardly thinking how very strange in mamma to write to Mrs. Wharton concerning the dress and feeling considerably vexed about it—so much so that the gentleman, judging from my flushed cheeks that the subject was unpleasant, pursued it no further, to my great relief.

Presently the carriage stopped before a large and handsome dwelling, and although I knew that Mrs. Wharton was in possession of a very comfortable income I was not prepared for the elegance I encountered.

My poor brown merino looked sadly out of place beside the rich crimson furniture and splendid mirrors, and had not Mrs. Wharton's nephew made strenuous efforts for my entertainment I should have subsided into that most forlorn and dreary feeling—homesickness.

"My aunt begged that we should dine at the usual hour," said the gentleman after I had divested myself of my wraps, "as she was afraid she would not be able to return before 8 or 9 o'clock. The friend she has gone to see is very ill—in fact dying—and Aunt Lizzie will probably stay until all is over."

"Aunt Lizzie?" I thought. "Has she discarded the name of Rose?"

I remembered, however, that her initials were R. E. W.

The dinner was charming. My appetite was good. I never had dyspepsia in my life, and I ate the luxuriant food, so daintily prepared, with an enjoyment that must have been quite amusing to my companion.

About an hour after we had sat down, while we were leisurely partaking of our dessert and discussing the rights of women, the butler handed a note to my vis-a-vis. After asking me to excuse him he opened and read.

The look of surprise and consternation in his face was simply appalling.

"Has anything happened to your aunt?" I timidly inquired, feeling uncomfortable under the scrutinizing gaze of his dark gray eyes.

"No, no—that is, nothing of importance—but I do not think she will be back tonight. But, Miss Rose—your name is Miss Rose, is it not?"

I put down the orange I was peeling and looked the amazement I felt.

"My name is Miss Rose Terry," I replied, with as much dignity as I could assume.

"Yes—certainly—I beg your pardon—but Miss Rose—Miss Terry, I mean—you will make yourself comfortable for the night—until my aunt returns, I should say."

His confusion seemed very strange after his late self possession, but attributing it all to the contents of the note—alas, I did not then dream of the information it contained!—I endeavored to make the best of it and told him not to be uneasy, as I had no doubt but that Mrs. Wharton would return early in the morning.

Books and music formed the principal subjects of conversation during the few hours I passed with Mrs. Wharton's nephew, and so pleasant and agreeable did he prove that I began to like him very much and quite forgot my embarrassment at remaining so long alone with a stranger.

At breakfast next morning we chatted away like old friends, but when the meal was over my companion asked me to walk into the library for a few moments.

I complied with the request, made rather gravely, feeling a sensation pass through me that something was going to happen.

"Please be seated, Miss Terry," he began. "I regret that I am obliged to explain a very strange mistake, and I beg your pardon for keeping you in ignorance through last evening; but, believe me, I did so only because I wished you to have a pleasant and comfortable rest after your long journey."

I could say nothing to this preparatory speech, for my heart was throbbing at such a furious rate I dared not trust my voice.

"My aunt," he continued, "expected a lady friend named Miss Annie Rose to arrive yesterday, and, being called from home unexpectedly, she commissioned me to be her escort from the railroad station to the house. She spoke of Miss Rose's traveling dress being brown, and hence my mistake in accosting you. The note I received last evening apprised me of my error, for in it Aunt Lizzie informed me that Miss Rose, learning of the illness of Mrs. Talmage, had arrived by an earlier train and gone directly to the house of Mrs. Talmage so that she might see her friend once more while alive. If you will accept my apologies for causing you this inconvenience and delay in your plans, I will be truly grateful for your forbearance and will do all in my power to rectify my mistake as speedily as possible."

What could I say? He was so sincerely sorry I could not find fault with him. With hot cheeks I explained my part in the misunderstanding.

"My friend is Mrs. Rose Wharton. She lives on Charles street. If you will"—

"I will deliver you safely into her hands, Miss Terry," he interrupted, "and will immediately order the carriage. But first I must thank you for your goodness in so readily granting pardon for my inadvertence."

When we arrived at Mrs. Rose Wharton's door, he turned to me, and, taking my hand, said:

"Miss Terry, you have shown me great mercy. Will you add to your favors one more kindness and grant me permission to call this evening and renew the acquaintance which, although commenced under such untoward circumstances, has yet afforded me much happiness?"

The look which accompanied these words was so beseeching that my heart yielded and I murmured an almost inaudible "Yes," which favor he acknowledged by a slight pressure of my hand.

Mrs. Wharton and I had a hearty laugh over my adventure and when he called that evening she was completely charmed with both his manner and appearance.

The acquaintance commenced so strangely, progressed rapidly, and before my visit was half over I had good reason to hug my old brown merino with a grateful heart for being the unconscious means of bringing me so much happiness.

I afterward had the pleasure of seeing Miss Annie Rose's brown suit. Need I say it was as far superior to mine as a brand new $3 a yard material could be to a 75 cent merino which was in its second season?

"Never mind," said my lover, as I pointed out the difference. "You shall have as many ruffles and flounces as you like hereafter, but this brown dress is simply perfect, for it contains Rose."—Chicago Times-Herald.

As to Quotations.

How many persons can unhesitatingly name the source of the most familiar quotations? Many a man goes through life without reading a single play of Shakespeare, but probably no English speaking man goes through life without quoting him. If he sneers at "a woman's reason," he quotes Shakespeare; if he refers to "a trick worth two of that," he quotes Shakespeare again.

Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer" is not a popular work, but one line of it—"Ask me no questions, and I will tell you no lies"—is known and used by everybody.

A Troopship's Water Supply.

The ship's ordinary supply would be totally inadequate for the requirements of, say, 1,000 troops besides horses, but the difficulty is overcome with the aid of a good condensing apparatus. From the tanks into which the water is condensed (about 225 tons and upward a day) extra iron pipes are run to suitable positions on the different decks, and draw off cocks are fixed. Under the cocks for supplying the horses tubs are placed into which the water is run. In the soldiers' quarters small pipes are fixed, and the supply is taken from spring cocks, the amount allowed being usually six pints a head a day, except when the vessel is in the tropics, when one gallon a head is allowed.

To provide against any breakdown of the condenser portable iron tanks holding about 400 gallons each are placed in the lower holds and filled. Lift pumps are then fixed fore and aft on the main deck, and the suction pipe from the pumps is taken down close to these tanks and finished with a union, on to which a rubber suction hose is screwed, and led to each tank as required. A rising main taken from pump is turned down and run parallel with the main supply and finished at the same points.—Building World.

Where Rain Is a Novelty.

The Chilean provinces of Atacama, Tarapaca and Tocna are in the rainless region, or desert country west of the Andes, and are entirely devoid of vegetation. The winds in all of this region are from the east and in passing over the elevated perpetual snows of the Andes are stripped of their moisture and arrive on the coast perfectly dry.

The last rain, a slight shower which fell in Antofagasta, in Atacama province, was the first rain which had fallen in 10 years. The last rain which fell in Iquique, in Tarapama province, was the first in 24 years. With both of these showers a notable phenomenon occurred. The bare hills back of these cities assumed a green tint from a little plant which sprang up almost in a night.

The query is, From where did this plant come? The whole of the coast presents a most dismal and discouraging appearance from the sea, but the climate is healthy, being especially adapted to pulmonary and throat troubles from its extreme dryness and freedom from germs. The heat is modified by a local sea breeze, and the sea bathing is most invigorating, as the water is cold.

A Singing Frog.

A traveler recently returned from Japan tells that in that quaint country trained insects are kept in cages as singing "birds."

Fireflies and crickets are often found, but an especial favorite is the singing frog. A rare one belongs to a lady of the Japanese court. It is highly accomplished, as it has been in training for seven years. It sings beautifully and will do so even in the presence of strangers. In the winter it hibernates. During its long sleep its bed is a jar full of tiny stones. Over the jar is fitted a covering of straw rope as a protection against cold. These frogs are delicate creatures and are very sensitive. They show great affection to those who treat them kindly.

Growth of Pity.

No one formerly looked on with any pity or even horror at punishments which are now found too dreadful for description. Men were broken on the wheel were burned at the stake, were racked, were cut up alive. No one seems to have felt any pity for their agonies. Men were put into noisome prisons, where, with bad air and insufficient food, they died unnoticed and unpitied. It is very different now. Human hearts are more tender.—Chicago News.

The first postoffice was opened in Paris in 1642, in England in 1581, in America in 1710.

It is believed that in China there is 20 times as much coal as in all Europe.

Depth of Desert Sand.

It is supposed that the average depth of sand in the deserts of Africa is from 30 to 40 feet

Æsthetic Policemen.

In Berlin the police authorities control many little things about which the police of American cities would not concern themselves in a thousand years. Three courts decided that if the Berlin police judged any particular color scheme of a house to be improper or too gaudy or in bad taste otherwise they could order the painter to change it.

Fractional.

"Where the wife is the better half, what is the husband?"

"Perhaps he is what is meant by the submerged tenth!"—Detroit Journal.

GLEANINGS.

The Afghans never leave their homes without having an arsenal of weapons in their belts. Arms are their adornments.

The valley of the Amazon still remains almost unexplored. What has been done has been accomplished in great measure by Europeans.

There are 53,000 acres of most beautiful forests within the confines of the Yosemite, General Grant and Sequoia national parks of California.

The death rate of Dublin is causing considerable anxiety. Recently it has been as high as 50 in 1,000. In fact, the mortality rivals that in the worst of Asiatic cities.

"The funniest thing I have observed in the United States is the way men worship women," an educated German was overheard saying recently. "In my country," he added, "we make them know their places."

The privilege of erecting bootblacking stands in the large down town office buildings of New York is valuable, and even the right to go from office to office with a bootblacking box is assessed in some of these buildings.

A man who lives in a thriving town not far from Kansas City, a blacksmith by trade, makes quantities of tomahawks and sells them to Indians at western agencies, and they in turn sell them to eastern tourists as curiosities.

The Turk is a fatalist of the most pronounced type. "Kismet" ("It is fate") is his watchword. He may lose the most cherished object that his life holds, but it will not move him to tears or to supplications or to rage if he believes it was to have been.

THE DEACON.

The Rev. Francis Edward Carter, honorary canon of Canterbury, has been appointed dean of Grahamtown, South Africa.

President Faunce of Brown university is delivering a course of lectures in Johns Hopkins university on "The Use and Abuse of the Bible."

The Rev. Dr. Orello Cone, well known for his writings in the field of Biblical criticism, has recently been made professor of Biblical theology at St. Lawrence university, Canton, N. Y.

The Rev. Dr. F. A. Noble, who for 21 years has occupied the pulpit of the Union Park Congregational church, Chicago, has announced his intention of retiring from active ministerial work. Ill health is given as the cause for his action.

Bishop Samuel Fallows, Reformed Episcopal, of Chicago will deliver the address at the dedication of the Simmons soldiers' monument at Kenosha, Wis., on Memorial day. He commanded a brigade of Wisconsin regiments in the last year of the civil war.

Anton Niklas Sundberg, archbishop of Sweden, who died recently, was descended from the old Norse race. In 1865, when the greater part of Karlstadt was destroyed by fire, the bishop took such an active part in fighting the flames that he won the admiration of all.

A Timely Bullet.

W. Weinecke, a Rotherham reservist, 2nd Northumerland Fusiliers, was among those who got to the top of a hill at Stormberg, in spite of the heavy Boer fire. Then the order came to retire. "Of course we could not remain there without being taken so we began to look for a way down. We could not get down the same way as we came up as the Boers commanded it with their fire. There was nothing else except a drop of about 14 ft. straight down. The first to attempt it fell, and I think broke his neck; the next got shot dead, and the third was shot in the hand. I made a jump for it, and I was surprised I had not broken any of my limbs, and I can assure you I lost no time in getting away. Well, there was a barbed wire fence in the path, and I got tied up in that with two more fellows. A bullet came, and broke the wire, and released us. Several men were shot in this fence."

Cooks Facing Fire.

Some amusing stories of our irrepressible Irishmen at the front are related in a letter by Sergt. Medland Newsham, D.L.L., to his parents at Northampton. He writes: "In the Colenso fight one of the officers of the Dublins went down off the lines and saw the chief cook there fighting and firing away with the best of them. He asked him what he was doing there. He said, 'Foightin,' sorr. Can't help it—couldn't resist the music any longer.' The officer asked him where the other cooks were. 'They're foightin', too, sorr.' The officer told him to get the cook pots and make some coffee for the men. They went back three miles, got the pots, and started boiling them, when a shell blew all their constructions to pieces. The poor 'Dubs' got no coffee that day. They have been cut up badly, but are as full of fight as ever. They were the first in action at Talana, and have been fighting practically ever since."

Pure Water Is Poison.

A scientist of some standing asserts that chemically pure water is poison to the human stomach, upsetting some hitherto accepted theories regarding distilled water by the argument that in distillation the water loses sundry salts that it greedily abstracts from the animal tissues when it is swallowed, thus constituting a protoplasmic poison.

BREVITIES.

PERSONALITIES.

Grant in a note once regretted his inability to be a "paulbearer."

Thomas Darragh of Granite Mountain, Tex., claims to be the oldest Republican voter living. He is 98 years of age.

Walter Rothschild is one of the few members of parliament courageous enough to disdain the unwritten laws of the house of commons in matters of dress.

President Loubet of France says that when his term of office ends he will not seek re-election, but will retire to his old home farm, and there end his days in peaceful retirement.

Captain Gordon Chesney Wilson, who was wounded in South Africa, had the pleasure of being reported by the British war office on the wounded list as "Lady Wilson's husband."

Congressman J. C. Needham of California began to collect postage stamps when he was a small boy and has never given up his collection, which is now one of the best in the United States.

After two terms in congress Charles Franklin Sprague of Massachusetts proposes to retire from public life. He is satisfied with his experience. His wealth is estimated as high as $20,000,000.

Russell Sage has two pet kittens of which he is very fond. They are brought in to see him every morning after breakfast and every evening after dinner and are most attached to him.

General Methuen, the British commander, and Mrs. Joubert, wife of the Boer leader, are said to be natives of the same English town, Corsham, from which Mrs. Joubert emigrated to South Africa early in life.

Representative Kluttz is a lawyer by profession, but is actively identified with many large business projects in his district in North Carolina. Among other projects Mr. Kluttz is interested in the cotton industry and manufacture.

General Joubert, by way of being a humorist, complains that the English countermanded an order to attack his troops without notifying him, and thereby deprived him of a whole night's sleep.

When Hamlin Garland reached New York with his bride and registered at a hotel, he wrote "Hamlin Garland" on one line of the book and "Zulime Taft Garland" on the line below it. This, he explained to a reporter, was to avoid concealing the identity of his wife, who is a sculptor.

Senator Tillman made his reputation in the senate as an extempore speaker, and he was considered to be one of the best in congress. Lately, however, he has become more careful, and whenever he wishes to speak on a set subject he always carefully prepares his speech beforehand and commits it to memory.

NEARER HOME.

One sweetly solemn thought
  Comes to me o'er and o'er;
I'm nearer home today
  Than I ever have been before.

Nearer my Father's house,
  Where the many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne,
  Nearer the crystal sea;

Nearer the bound of life,
  Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving the cross,
  Nearer gaining the crown!

But lying darkly between,
  Winding down through the night,
Is the silent, unknown stream
  That leads at last to the light.

Closer and closer my steps
  Come to the dread abysm;
Closer Death to my lips
  Presses the awful chrism.

Oh, if my mortal feet
  Have almost gained the brink,
If it be I am nearer home
  Even today than I think,

Father, perfect my trust,
  Let my spirit feel in death
That her feet are firmly set
  On the Rock of a Living Faith!
—Phœbe Cary.

Bunkoed.

"I've made a wager with my friend, Baroness Herzig, that you'll draw whatever I want for our next charity bazaar!"

"Certainly, countess. It's very flattering to me personally and as an artist! What do you want me to draw?"

"A check for 200 guldon!"—Der Floh.

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS
Issued Every Tuesday.

W. B. ANDERSON, - - - EDITOR.

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

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

TUESDAY, JULY 10th, 1900.

WAR NEWS.

London, June 29.—Lord Roberts sent bulletin of two small fights occuring on June 26th in which the Boers were discomforted. Despatch from Pretoria says a small force of mounted troops with 3 guns commanded by Col. Draper was attacked by enemy the morning of the of the 26th, seven miles north of Senkel. They beat of enemy and burned their laage. Our casualties were 3 killed, 10 wounded. Hunter temporarily commanding Hamilton's division made one march yesterday from Heilberg to Frankfort, yesterday without opposition. Enemy attacked our Roadvals spruit post on railway yesterday but were beaten off by detachment of Derbyshires and Australians. Baden, Powell reports capture of an influential Boer named Royor who was endeavoring to raise a commando in Rustenbery district. A patrol brought in over a hundred rifles, more than 4,000 rifles and 15 guns have been taken during last few days. He declares that 30 Boers have arrived at Rustenberg going to their homes from DeArr's command. They would have left before if they had seen the proclamation which was carefully withheld by Boer authorities. Parties of Boers still hang on Buller's flanks.

Twenty-five Canadians who captured two guns as reported a few days ago bluffed two hundred Boers by Pretensbing that support was near at hand which caused enemy to run and leave guns behind. Since Sunday General French on the left, General Hamilton on right and eleventh division in centre have been endeavoring to surround enemy's position 25 miles from Pretoria. There was fighting for three days, but on Tuesday night, the enemy decamped, going eastward. Total casualties 50.

London, June 29.—The British Consulate at Chee Foo wires that a message has been received from Pekin that the foreign legations are still at Pekin. It is reported on good authority that that the Government alarmed by the foreign military preparations has issued an edict ordering pre emptory suppression of the Boxers and announcing a decision to protect the legations. Large re-enforcements are now being landed for the march on Pekin.

Washington, June 29.—Navy department received following cable from Admiral Kempff: Chee Foo, June 29.—Pekin relief expedition now in Tien Tsen with 200 sick and wounded. Ministers and Pekin party not with them. No news from them.

London, July 3.—Following from Lord Roberts: Pretoria, July 3.—Gen. Buller's leading brigade has left Standerton for Gratings. Boers here and at Johannesberg and several families of men who have been fighting against us are being fed, some are in a state of destitution. Gen. Hunter reached Frankfort without opposition and McDonald joined him there yesterday. He found two men of the Sussoth and 18 of Derby military in the hospital, they had been well treated. Methuen reports from Paardekaal on the Heilbron Kroonstadt road that he has captured the commandeer of Dewits scouts and two other prisoners and Anders Wessels the head of the Africander Band. Gen. Clery occupied Greylinesterd yesterday without opposition but met with a good deal of sniping, there were four or five casualties.

London, July 3.—From far East there is practically no additional news. Rumors are current in Paris that the British embassey has received notification of massacre of French and British Ministers at Pekin but not confirmed. Shanghai report that the international forces at Tien Tsen are suffering for good water owing to the Pei River being choked with corpses of Chinese and other victims of the bombardment.

Berlin, July 3.—Addressing a detachment of German marines which sailed for China yesterday, the Emperor made remarkable speech during which he notified the world of Germany's intention to avenge the murder of Baron Von Kettler late minister of Germany at Pekin.

London, July 3.—The fact that a relief column has been unable to relieve Tien Tsin in response to the prayer of the beleaguered legations in Pekin is regarded as destroying almost every vestige of hope for the unfortunate foreigners in the capital, the worst is feared and the massacre of Cawnpore is in every man's mind. It is now felt here that it is necessary that a single nation should deal with the situation instead of an assorted expedition. Hence arises the demand that Japan shall be given a mandate to complete the work left undone in 1894 with proper security that she shall not be again squeezed out when the costly task is over.

New York, July 3.—The search for bodies in piers on who perished in the fire at North German Lloyd Co's piers was resumed to-day, the number already taken out is 74. It's feared the loss of life will reach over two hundred. The mayor said he would apply at once for warrants charging two tugboat captains with murder, and that he had evidence to prove that these men used boat hooks to keep drowning men from from climbing on their tugs because unfortunates had no money.

Wellington, July 3.—A ghostly find was made at Diver Lake to day when body of Alex. Morden was fished from the lake Body has been in water some time and is a mistery.

London, July 4.—Nothing decisive has yet been heard from the columns seeking to hem in Dewit, all of Roberts field transports are engaged in supplying these columns One thousand Boers are hanging on Gen. Clery's right flank in his advance to Creylingstadt. Strathcona's Horse on July 1st received its first baptism of fire in which one trooper was missing.

New York, July 4.—One hundred and two bodies have been recovered from the waters of North River up to 10 o'clock last night.

Shanghai, July 4.—The edict issued at Pekin on June 26 amounts to an open challenge to the Powers and practically declares war. It commands the provinces to enroll the Boxers and troops to assist to expel the foreigners.

London, July 4.—Not a single foreigner is now alive at Pekin is latest Chinese report which has reached Shanghai. Earlier reports describe condition of British legation as something awful. It is said 50 rooms of legation were filled with sick and wounded and the killed lay unburied in heaps. It is to be expected that many members and officials of Tsung Li Yamen perished when German guard avenged murder of the German Minister and set fire to buildings.

That the foreigners at Chintz have been abandoned to a horrible fate seems no longer a doubt, the decision of the admirals regarding it hopeless to relieve Pekin under the circumstances. Advices from Shanghai to-day say there is continued fighting at Tien Tsen while while the German Consulate at Chee Foo wires confirming the renewal of hostilities. He says the foreign settlement at Tien Tsen is again surrounded and is being bombarded and that women and that women and children are being removed. The mission buildings at Makuden have been burned, and that many native christians have been killed, and all the foreigners are to be driven from the Chinese Empire.

Tacoma, Wash., July 4.—Thirty-five men, women and children were killed and 18 injured; nine fatally, in the wrecking of a trolly car on out-skirts of Tacoma to-day. Happy excursionists, 104 of them, boarded a trolly car at Edison en route to Seattle. The car bowled along at a good speed to where the tracks turned from Dowlin street. The car suddenly lurched, left the rails, and jumped over a bridge 120 feet high with the above results. Motormen lost control of car on a hill near bridge.

London, July 5.—The converging columns are making Dewit's roving grounds more and more contracted and the possibility of his capture and defeat is near. Heavy artillery fighting was heard near Ficksburg on 3rd. The Boers are massing in great numbers in the Findlay district. State secretary Reitz has gone to Hamburg with part of Transvaal treasure. Kruger has moved to Nielspruit.

London, July 5.—The oft repeated story of massacre of all the whites in Pekin is being told today with the circumstantiality that almost convinces those who have hitherto refused to credit the sickening tales. The only hopeful feature of evil news is the fact that it comes from Chinese sources at Shanghai but it is realized that even if the tragedy has not yet been enacted it cannot long be delayed unless help comes from unknown sources. The Emperor Kwang See committed suicide on June 8th by taking opium under compulsion, the Empress Dowager also took poison but is still alive though reported to be insane from effects of the drug. The above has been officially reported to the German consular staff. The holding of Tien Tsen against the overwhelming hordes now seems to be a very remote possibility and the safety of other treaty port is serious.

London despatch from Shanhai under date of July 4th announces that British Legation at Pekin with 400 refugees was still safe when the message was sent. Another despatch from same source says that there has been heavy fighting at Tien Tsen and only the arrival of 900 Japanese prevented capture of the town.

Shanghai, July 5. — Despatch from Pekin, no date, says with the last re-enforcements the force investing the Legations number 80,000 men, but the opportune arrival of the Japanese troops has saved the place from being captured long since. The heavy fighting resulted in filling the Legations with wounded.

Montreal, July 5.—Geo. Lynch, Daily Express correspondent at Ladysmith said in event of war there was very strong probability of Imperial troops being sent through Canada over C. P. R. to Vancouver, thence by the Empress to China.

London, July 6.—Special from Pretoria says an inter tribal fight in which more than 1,000 natives are engaged is taking place on plains north of Boer position. Fight is for possession of Boer cattle.

Maseru Bastuland, July 5.—Boers made determined attempt to retake Ficksburg, O.R.C., yesterday, they attacked the place at midnight, fighting was short but fierce, lasting an hour and the federals were repulsed.

London, July 6.—In response to enquiry as to situation following reply has been received: Shanghai, July 6.—"Prepare for the worst."

Lord Roberts reports that Lieut. Rundle and the carbiners and a patrol were captured by the Boers near Pretoria July 4th. Dr. Doyle says he thinks there were 10,000 to 12,000 cases of enteric fever at one time in Africa. Six hundred patients died at Bloemfontein in one month.

London, July 6.—To the reports of massacre of whites is now added the horror that the soldiery have now butchered at the capital five thousand natives Roman Catholic converts. The Chinese describe Pekin as an inferno as the streets are running with blood.

A Tien Tsin despatch says the Chinese dead in that city now number thousands and the river are full of floating bodies.

London, July 6.—The story that all foreigners in Pekin are murdered seems to be circulated simultaneously at Chee Foo, Shanghai and Tien Tsen, yet not confirmed. Correspondents at Shanghai gather details from Chinese source relate that when the foreigners' ammunition was exhausted, the Boxers and Imperial troops rushed the British Legation and poured into the court yard with fanatical fury, foreign troops were so hopelessly outnumbered, that their fate was certain the moment the mob broke in. The court yard was converted into a shamble. There is only left the hope that in the final rush of the murderous horde the men of legations had time to slay with their own hands the women and children. The Chinese are whispering the terrible story under their breaths. Their attitude towards foreigners in street has undergone a strange change. Two Manchus who arrived at Shanghai certify to the truth that the Prince Tuan visited the palace and offered the Emperor and Dowager the alternative of poison or the sword. The Emperor took poison and died within an hour, Dowager also choose poison, but craftly swallowed only a portion of what was offered her and survived. On same day Chinese Customs Bureau was destroyed, intense indignation felt in Shanghai against supposed action of powers in restraining Japan from sending army to Pekin immediately.

Despatch from Shanghai says it may now be taken for granted that all foreigners in Pekin have been wiped out.

MEN WANTED.

500 white miners and helpers for the Wellington Extension and Comox mines, to supercede all the Chinese in our mines. Apply at once to the managers of the said mines, Wellington Colliery Co., Ltd.

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$50 REWARD.

STOLEN from the premises of the undersigned, about the 16th of April, one small red cow, 3 years old, would calf about 20th. Branded on left hip it. Anyone giving information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of the thief or thieves will receive the above reward. (Signed) JOHN CONNELL, Oyster River, Comox, B.C. m15t4

Esquimalt & Nanaimo Ry.

S. S. "City of Nanaimo."
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Monday, 12 (noon), from Vancouver for Texada, Shoal Bay and Way Ports via Chatham Point.
Returning Tuesday via Van Anda and Way Ports to Vancouver.
Thursday, 7:00 a. m., from Vancouver for Van Anda, Comox, Union Wharf and Way Ports.
Thursday midnight from Union Wharf for Nanaimo, connecting at Nanaimo with E. & N. Trains, also Str. "Joan" for Vancouver.
Saturday, 7:00 a.m., from Nanaimo for Union Wharf, Comox, Van Anda, Way Ports and Vancouver.

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Sails from Nanaimo 4:00 a. m. Thursday for Victoria and Way Ports.
Sails from Victoria 7:00 a. m. Friday for Nanaimo and Way Ports, connecting with "City of Nanaimo" for Union Wharf and Comox.
Sails from Nanaimo 4:00 a. m. Saturday for Victoria and Way Port.

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If you think of buying a Bike it will pay you to inspect the above.

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MUNICIPALITY OF THE

CITY OF CUMBERLAND

NOTICE.

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

By order of Council,
LAURENCE W. NUNNS,
City Clerk.

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

ADVERTISE IN THE

WEEKLY NEWS

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SUBSCRIPTION, $2.00 A YEAR.

Labor Saving Baking Machinery.

The ideal loaf depends on the perfection of the leavening process. Baking fixes the air cells and the quicker that is accomplished the better. If dough is placed in the oven before it is sufficiently "proofed," the bread will be close-grained or heavy. If the temperature of the oven is too low, then soggy bread results; if overheated the crust will form too quickly becoming hard, thus preventing the escape of water. The result is an "underbaked" loaf. The right temperature and medium-sized loaves result in such a penetration of the heat through the loaves as to delay the baking of the crust until the necessary changes have been made. To test the oven, throw on its floor a tablespoonful of fresh flour. If it takes fire or burns black quickly the oven is overheated and must be allowed to cool. If the flour remains white after a few seconds the temperature is too low. If the oven is right the flour will turn a blackish or brownish yellow and look slightly scorched.

In the large cities there are immense bakeries where machinery and reel ovens are employed in bread making. This reduces the cost to the consumers, who will ere long be able to buy, if they are not already, bread as cheap as they can make it at home, taking fuel and labor and less from bad bakers of bread in to account. In the large bakeries the dough is mixed in huge oval tubs of oak which hold five barrels or 1,000 pounds of flour made into dough, which is worked by machinery. The tub is elevated on a platform so as to permit the working of revolving steel blades. Three men are thus enabled to work up in one day without touch of hand 150 barrels of flour, which if done in the ordinary or old method by hand would require the services of thirty men. A huge lump of twenty-four pounds of dough is cut by machine in a few seconds into twelve loves. Economy of material, better bread and low cost are the results of these mechanical improvements.—F. N. Barre" in Food.

Words Misspelled Mentally.

"I suppose," said a man who was looking in the dictionary, "that many of us arrive at mature years with a wrong impression of certain words. There is for instance, a word which I wish I could recall, but I can't, which was in some way originally impressed upon my mind, with an added letter, it is a word that is comparatively in common use. I grew up carrying that additional letter in the word and never thinking but that I had it right. I have no doubt that I had seen this word in print time and again in its correct form, but the absence there of the letter which I had in the word in my mind had never struck me. One day, however, it did strike me very plainly, and the word then looked so different from the one to which I was mentally accustomed, that at first I thought that it was misspelled, as I saw it in print, but I very quickly discovered that it was spelled there correctly. I remember now that for some little time hereafter it halted me whenever I encountered it, but it soon ceased to appear strange, and the proof that it was right, as I now saw it, was so overwhelming that it made me smile. I had no difficulty in erasing from my mind the old spelling and substituting the correct form.

"An acquaintance tells me that for years the impression upon his mind of the word repugnant was repungant. He didn't discover that the word was repugnant until he had occasion to write it, and then he could at first scarcely believe that he had had it wrong for so long a time. The simple explanation of his mistake was that he had transposed the letters in a hurried reading.

"Another acquaintance tells me that for some time in his youth he carried the word dislocate in his mind as discolate. He says that always it almost seemed to him as though there was something the matter with discolate, and yet he thought it must be all right. It seems funny that he didn't look in the dictionary. That is what he did at last, and when he discovered his mistake he set the word in his mind, and he tells me that it hasn't been out of 'joint since."—New York Sun.

POLITICAL NEWS.

Ottawa, July 5.—British Columbia gets the cold shoulder on railway subsidies, for although $3,500,000 is to be voted, B. C. gets a beggarly $96,000 for a line from Duncan Lake towards Arrow Lake, Kootenay.

Nanaimo, July 5.—Hon. Jas. Dunsmuir was re elected by acclamation to-day.

Clinton, B. C., July 5.—Hon. J. D. Prentice, Provincial Secretary, was to-day declared elected by acclamation.

Mission, B. C., July 5.—Hon. R. McBride, Minister of Mines, elected by acclamation to-day.

Victoria, July 6.—J. G. Garvin returning officer for Cassiar is in town. After election he came leaving his trunk with ballots cast in election to follow on next steamer. When steamer got to Victoria the trunks was not on board and no information can be secured of their whereabouts. There has been no official count and result may be to void election which will probably result in Irving's return. Staples has lost the prestige of Government supporter so effective in outlying districts.

NOTICE.

TO MY old friends and patrons in Cumberland and Union:

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

A. SEATER.

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

Esquimalt & Nanaimo Ry.

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No. 2 daily. A.M.		No. 4 Saturday P.M.
De. 9:00	Victoria	De. 4:25
" 9:28	Goldstream	" 4:53
" 10:9	Koenig's	" 5.34
" 10:48	Duncans	6:15
P.M.		P.M.
" 12:14	Nanaimo	7:41
Ar. 12:35	Wellington	Ar. 7:55

WELLINGTON TO VICTORIA.

No. 1 Daily. A.M.		No. 3 Saturday A.M.
De. 8:05	Wellington	De. 4:25
" 8:26	Nanaimo	" 4:39
" 9:52	Duncans	" 6:05
" 10:37	Koenig's	" 6:46
" 11:18	Goldstream	7.32
Ar. 11:45	Victoria	Ar. 8:00 P.M.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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Grantham, Comox.

Notice.

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

By order
FRANCIS D. LITTLE
Manager.

RAIN.

Like billows of inverted seas
The gray cold clouds hang low,
The writhing boughs of trees wind lashed
Toss madly to and fro;
The drip and beat of sullen rain
In rhythmic cadence fall
On mist blurred pane and lichened roof,
While loud the wild winds call.

The drip and beat of falling rain—
The hoarse wind's moaning call—
They come to me like voices sweet
That pain and unrest thrall.
Afar the brown fields seem to lie
Beneath the tempest's beat,
With patience mute that knows 'tis this
Will make their blooming sweet.

Afar the hills against the sky
A misty, dark wall run;
Their rain fringed crests seem reaching up
To find the hidden sun.
And faith and hope within my heart
Look up as do the hills
To find their sun beyond the storm
That all the present fills.

What though my fields seem waste and bare—
What though my skies seem drear—
My heart has planted precious seed
In those fields brown and sere,
And trusting God, who knoweth all,
I patient bear the beat
Of present's storm that he hath sent
To wake their blooming sweet.

—Boston Transcript.

HOW SHE CAME HOME.

By Kennedy Bing.

A Vivid Sketch of a Girl Who Had Erred Returning to Her Parents.

It was gloaming when Janet Goudie crept to the white gate leading to her father's farm. On the ridge between her and the west she saw the two long shafts of a tilted roller standing up dark, gaunt. The sight made her suddenly afraid. She thought of her father. Was it he who had been working with the roller—who had left it there an hour since? She paused with a beating heart.

After a little she opened the gate and slipped quietly through, holding it carefully in her hand as she turned to fasten it. She remembered how it always swung to the post with a clap, and, though she was far from the house, she shrank from making a noise. Then she turned up the hilly road.

When she came out upon the bare uplands, they were flooded with uncanny light. It dazzled Janet so that she could scarcely see the house lying straight before her. Her whole body felt how visible to the farm folk it must be, coming on illumined in the yellow glare. She cowered so closely to the stunted hedge that the straggling brambles tugged at her. A burst of terrible splendor came athwart the world, an awful dying gloom. Far and wide flamed the red and silent moors like altars lighted for the end of time. Janet crept on, feeling mean and little in the great desolation.

At last she stood within the long shadow that was cast toward her by the house. So dark and silent were the buildings that her heart stopped beating with a sudden dread. But presently a familiar sound fell on her ear, and she breathed with relief on looking round. Over in the little croft the ducks were waddling home, late as usual, and clattering away to themselves. When the drake stood up and flapped his wings, the white round of his breast shone vividly.

The farm road led to the square close at the back of the dwelling house. The front was to the sunset. Janet stole to the corner of the barn and peered down through the shadows to the kitchen door. She was shaking with fear. Her father had threatened that if ever she came back he would hound the dog at her. She hoped it would not be a new dog. Baldy, she knew, would not bite her. The tall white wooned pump glimmered like a ghost in the gloom. She remembered every feature of the place as if it were yesterday she went away. Yet she felt she was looking at it athwart an eternity. The double feeling of familiarity and strangeness made her conscious of her physical abasement. Everything at home was the same. It was she who was different, different.

A stall tied cow lowed loudly in the empty byre, and the mournful sound was echoed by the gaunt buildings. Janet shivered and drew her poor shawl about her shoulders. At last she ventured out, creeping down the close on her tiptoes tremblingly. When she reached the step of the back door, she stood and listened for a sound within. The house was silent as death.

Twice she raised her hand to knock, and twice she let it fall in cowardice. Then self pity came over her with a burst in the throat, and her lips whispered in dull repetition: "Oh, it's a pity o' me! It's a pity o' me! My God, aye! It's a gevan pity o' me!" She knocked faintly. There was no response. As she craned to listen she heard the old fashioned kitchen clock tick with a dreary loudness.

She knocked again. The scrunt of a chair being pushed backward on the stone floor made the blood prick her veins suddenly. A silence followed and then the shuffle of slippered feet coming slowly. Would it be her father? And would he curse her? Her tongue was dry in her mouth.

A bolt clanked to the wall, the door creaked on its hinges, and somebody peered out at her, hand over eyebrows.

"It's you!" said her mother at last.

The woman stared at her daughter for awhile and then turned away without a word, leaving the door open behind her. Janet followed to the kitchen with a timorous foot that was ready to start backward. But her father was not in the kitchen.

There was a strange stillness. The rich light came streaming through the bare window and fell full upon the dresser. The dishes shone weirdly against it. There on its old hook Janet's mug was still hanging, her name on it. With a sudden stab of memory she thought of the night her father had brought it home to her from the winter fair at Carbie, coming in from the wonderful darkness, with snowflakes on his coat, to his little girl by the great fire; how blithe had been his dark eye, how cheery and red the middle of his cheek. She could still feel his finger rough and cold beneath her chin and the benediction of his eyes looking down at her. But now—ah, Christ!

Mrs. Goudie had put away in the window sill her great Bible and her heavy white rimmed spectacles a-top of it. Janet was still standing.

"Sit doun," said her mother carelessly.

Janet sat down on the edge of a chair close to the door. Rab, the cat she had reared, was sitting near her in a blank band of sunshine lying athwart the flags, his legs propped in front of him like two furry little pillars, his gray golden slits of eyes fixed on the window. Janet, feeling the constraint of the silence, put out her hand and, not daring to speak aloud, said "Rab!" in a choking whisper. Rab turned and looked at her carelessly through his half shut eyes. Then he rose and walked, with lazy stretchings of the hind legs, away over to the hearth. There he sat down and stared up at a blue wisp of flame blinking in the grate. The monotonous tick of the clock was the only sound in the wide kitchen.

Mrs. Goudie stood with her hand on the back of a chair. At first her eyes gazed before her with the wide look of a proud anger, and her mouth was hard. The glow fell upon her withered face and revealed its dark and stern nobility. Presently her eyes narrowed and went away, and she seemed to be musing. Then a strange smile that was not pleasant to look at appeared about the corners of her mouth. But she did not speak.

The light became more unearthly.

"I declare," said Mrs. Goudie suddenly, with a false shrillness of voice that made Janet wince; "I declare, it's like the day o' judgment, this." The smile never left her lips.

Again was appalling silence. The clock seemed to be ticking more and more loudly. As Janet listened to its slow metallic beat her heart sank lower in her breast. Where could her father be? He was so seldom out of the kitchen at the gloaming. She turned her head to see what o'clock it was. The old yellow dial was shining with eerie vividness.

All this time her mother had given no sign either of pity or resentment. But—

"Well," she said at last, always with that ironic edge on her voice; "well, we had better gang butt the hoose, d'ye no think?"

Janet rose passively without speaking. Now that her ordeal had come she was too feeble to be sharply afraid. She felt herself borne onward like a creature in the clutch of fate. She was going to meet her father. A bare lobby with whitewashed walls ran from the front door between the kitchen and the parlor. A shaft of yellow light struck in through an oblong slit of glass above the door, falling straight upon a row of pegs. On one of these was the farmer's everyday hat, a square hard felt, green gilt at the sides with age. The level rays revealed a thick coating of dust on it.

The mother opened the room door, which fell to the right, and then stopped, speaking over her shoulder.

"We've made changes here," she said shrilly, as if showing alterations to a stranger. She pointed to a bed, the curtained head of which was close to the door on the left. Janet had begun to tremble.

She followed her mother into the room. At first she could see nothing because of the invading glory.

"There's your fether!" said Mrs. Goudie.

Janet turned her eyes from the light, and there lay her father in his shroud beneath the full glow of sunset.

The clock ticked loudly in the kitchen.

A fringe of sandy whiskers stuck out from the tight jaw bandage. There were vivid hairs in it, redly gleaming.

Janet's knees were water below her. She sank by the bed.

"Fether!" she panted, with open mouth and unstrung lips. "Fether!" and then with a shrill scream of anguish: "Oh, God; My fether! My fether! My fether!"

"A-hey," said her mother, "that's what ye brocht your fether till!" On an April morning three and twenty years ago this woman had felt a thousand pulses leap and throb within her when a feeble little cry told that from her body a living soul had come into the world—ah, mystic wonder!—a newborn soul and from her body and the child of the man she loved. But that child had broken the heart of the man she loved, and she was merciless.

Suddenly a blatant low from the great empty byre echoed through the silence hollowly, and again there was silence.

The somber radiance deepened in the room. The brass knobs at the head of the bed gleamed mournfully.

"Speak to me, fether!" whispered Janet. "Speak to me, fether! Speak to me!"

But he lay with closed eyes in the lonely light, and it seemed to Janet that his shut lips smiled—smiled with the quiet irony of the dead, who know the secrets of all things and will tell us nothing.—Speaker.

Only Thing to Do.

"Aunt Emeline, what would you do if you opened your eyes at night and saw the dark form of a burglar moving stealthily around in your room?"

"I'd shut my eyes."—Chicago Record.

Garland and the Virginian.

Cleveland's first attorney general, Garland—a specimen of what Lincoln called the plain people—was born in Arkansas and "raised" in blue jeans. One day, at the department of justice, he received a visit from a Virginia gentleman of aristocratic manner, who bored him horribly with talk about "first families."

"It seems to me, suh," said the visitor at last, "that there are Gyarlands in No'th Ca'lina. I once met a gentleman named Henry Gyarland, from that state. May I ask, suh, if he was a relative of yours?"

"First cousin," replied Mr. Garland shortly. "He was hanged for horse stealing."

A look of ill conceived horror and disgust came over the visitor's countenance. Then, drawing on his gloves, he rose to his feet, took up his hat, and, waving a hand toward the walls of the room, said: "A fine collection of portraits you have here, Mr. Gyarland. Your predecessors in office, I presume?"

"Yes," grunted Mr. Garland. The Virginian stalked out, evidently glad to make his escape, and the attorney general, turning to his chief clerk, grinned and remarked:

"He'll never bother me any more."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Stole Watch to Get Square.

"Great Scott, but that's a fine watch!" came from the chorus. "Where'd you ever get it?" "Stole it," answered its possessor calmly. "You don't believe me, do you?" he went on. "Well, I'll tell you how it happened. I was on a western district which enjoyed the reputation of being the toughest one covered by the house. I had some time to kill and so went into one of the gambling joints. It isn't necessary to go into details as to what happened. As luck would have it, there were a half dozen others in the place besides myself who might be considered as possible victims.

"When the time came, the lights were put out suddenly, and then we had 'rough house' for about ten minutes. In the middle of it I felt somebody grab my watch and reached after him. I caught some one and felt that he was just putting a watch in his trousers pocket. I gave his wrist a hard wrench and got the timepiece. Then I broke away. When I got to the light, I found the watch was this one. And as I never heard from the owner I have kept it to compensate for the loss of mine."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Both Told the Truth.

"Truth compels me to state," said the presiding officer of a medical congress, "that upon the list of physicians present just read there is one that is no gentleman."

A stir of surprise passed over the assemblage at this, and one man upon whose foot, as the presiding officer said afterward, the shoe seemed to be a perfect fit half rose from his seat. But in another moment a woman's voice from the back part of the hall made itself heard.

"I quite agree with Dr. Blank," said the voice, "for I am that physician. In my turn I must say, however, that Dr. Blank is no lady."

Moro Polygamy.

Polygamy is the Moro's by religion and divine right. A Moro must give a separate house to each wife, in which she is supposed to set up housekeeping, with a sufficient number of women slaves to wait upon her. She may own them in her own right, but more often her Moro husband must purchase them for her. As women slaves bring a higher price in the market than men, the drain on the husband's exchequer is immense.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Different Cut.

"I hyuh de white young lady say dat she was gwinter cut de yuthuh young lady dat made huh so mad," said Miss Miami Brown.

"It's scan'lous de way dese white folks is actin," answered Mr. Erastus Pinkley. "Fust dey sings coon songs, den dey does cake walks, an now dey's gwine in foh carryin razors."—Washington Star.

THE HOLE IN THE GROUND.

One of Nature's Wonders That May Be Seen In Texas.

In the Peach creek neighborhood is a place known as the Hole In the Ground, which is the only place in Texas, as far as known, where the wind blows up and down, a regular gale. The hole is on the cattle ranch belonging to Claus Baumgartner and close to the creek between high, wooded bluffs. Peach creek is really a bayou, its waters level with the sea and running only during freshets caused by excessive rains. High south or north winds are the only ones to ruffle its usually placid surface.

But it does not matter how placid the waters of Peach creek may be, how straight and unbending the trees on the bluffs may stand or how lazily the clouds drift through the air, there is always a gale at the Hole In the Ground. It blows and roars and whistles and shrieks as only a raging hurricane can do in its mad career. The hole is a costly affair to the man who owns it. The low ground on which it is situated is the only place where his cattle can get water at the creek.

It would be all right if a fence could be maintained around the hole, but that cannot be done. Every time the wind veers to the east everything above ground between the bluffs is sucked into it, snapping the stoutest fenceposts like pipestems and snatching coils of barbed wire like they were flimsy gossamers. At such times horses, cattle and sheep that happen to be on the flat are doomed. Strong horses, caught in the eddy of the mysterious wind, are as helpless as flies in a gale. They plunge and leap and struggle for a minute, then they are pressed down, whirled around a few times and go down never to be seen again.

The hole itself is about 300 feet across the top, with slanting sides. No one has ever dared to go close enough to be able to look down into it and see what the bottom is like. The sounds of the wind vary from a hoarse roar to a keen whistling noise. The prevailing winds, except an east wind, do not seem to affect it in any way, for in calm and storm, rain and shine, night and day, winter and summer, it puffs and sucks and whirls and eddies to suit itself.

Twice in the memory of man Peach creek has overflowed its banks high enough to run into the hole. The water then rose to a depth of four feet on the flat where the hole is situated. For a minute or so the water would pour down with a gurgling noise, then the earth around seemed to hump itself for a moment, and the next there would be an explosive sound, when it would come up again in a solid column 100 feet high. When this column broke, the waves rushed against the adjacent bluffs and were whipped into foam. This was repeated every minute or two until the water in the creek went back again within its banks. After the water had receded and the hole had resumed its usual labor of sucking and puffing wind once more, the ground around was literally covered with the bones of dead animals on which it had gorged itself for many years before.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Finger Nails.

The pace of growth of finger nails varies very much, not only at different ages, but in different individuals of the same age. Influenced by many external and internal conditions, the pace also varies in the same person from time to time. A few observations will be submitted to the notice of the reader as to the growth of finger nails in men at different ages.

At 21 years the nail was replaced in 126 days, at 31 years in 159 days, at 32 years in 88 days, at 55 years in 110 days, at 67 years in 144 days. It is curious that in this growth the swiftest grower was a tuberculous subject who had a sharp attack of blood spitting during the observation. Sea air is said to quicken the growth of the nails; profound grief has been credited with the power of destroying them.

A valuable point of diagnosis is afforded by the growth of the finger nail. In distinguishing between true paralysis of centric origin and the various pseudoparalyses of hysteria which sometimes so closely simulate organic disease, it is well to remember that the growth of the nail is modified by most of the centric lesions, while its development is not affected by hysteria.—Medical Record.

The Actress' Make Up.

"If an actress' features are irregular, she has to treat them specifically," writes Franklin Fyles in The Ladies' Home Journal. "If her nose is a pug or a turn up, she draws a white line down its center to the very tip end. On each side of this line she lays on a light, bluish gray tint. The effect of that is to lengthen the nose when the full face is seen. Of course the illusion is lost when the profile is presented. If the cheeks are too plump, the lower halves of them are darkened. An imitation of youthfulness is helped by making the color very light just below the eyes. If the cheek bones are high and the cheeks hollow below them, the former are whitened and the latter reddened. When an actress is called upon to 'make up for a character part,' which means preparing herself to represent an old or eccentric woman, her methods are much the same that men use under the same circumstances. Few young women on the stage like to look old. Stage managers have to struggle to make them conceal their youth even when the characters require it. They are apt to lose years as soon as his vigilance is relaxed."

Money Saved Feeding Babies.

"A Larned woman whose husband hires the family washing done is reported to be the most economical woman in Kansas," says Austin Neal. "When she feeds the baby, she puts an apron on over its dress, then a bib over the apron, a clean rag around the baby's neck over the bib, and then holds one hand under the baby's chin while she feeds it with the other. By practice of this sort of economy she has enabled her husband to save $9,000 in the last seven years."—Kansas City Journal.

DANGER IN MISPRINTS.

A Case In Point—Care Taken by Author and Publisher.

"The danger from misprints is nowhere so great," a publisher said the other day, "as in medical treatises. At present a paragraph is appearing in certain technical periodicals as follows: 'We are asked to state that in the third edition of Professor Virgil Coblentz's very useful little book, entitled "The Newer Remedies," recently issued, the dose of biennostasine (cinchonidine dihydrobromide) is given as from one to four grams (15 to 60 grains) instead of from one to four grains. The error has been corrected in the copies printed since it was discovered.'

"This is an error possibly of a very dangerous character. It may be the printer's error; it may be the author's. No one else can rightly be held responsible, and indeed the responsibility comes home to the author after all.

"Extreme care is taken to guard against misprints in technical works. In the publication of medical books, such as this one referred to, in which doses are prescribed, the watchfulness is about as close as it can well be. The reason is obvious. It is presumed that the author has revised his manuscript; that he has written his formula accurately and plainly; that he has read and reread what he has written; that mistakes of carelessness may be all corrected. The printer, following the manuscript, does his best to reproduce exactly what it contains. The duty of the proofreader (there may be more than one) is to see to it that the printer has done his work accurately.

"The revised proof is then sent to the author. It pretends to be in printed words exactly what he has written. He reads it carefully for errors. He is at liberty to change it if he will. As a rule, he does this work conscientiously. The proof is then corrected again to correspond with the author's changes. Thus revised, it is sent to him again to read for errors. It is returned to the publisher with further corrections, revised and sent once more to the author. This is the last proof, the 'foundry proof.' The pages are in the condition they will be when the book is issued.

"Publishers follow their own customs, of course. The routine I have described is not common to all the houses. Greater or less care may be taken.

"It is apparent that such a mistake as the word grams for grains may properly be laid at the door of the author, to whom the possibility of such a thing should give the sharpest eyes. Such mistakes are infrequent. I do not at this moment recall another. When they do occur, their discovery throws the publishing house into a state of consternation. Publication is stopped until the mistake is corrected, the books in the house are changed so as to read aright, notice is sent to the merchants to whom the books have been sent, and the mistake is there corrected again. Through the merchants an attempt is made to trace the individual purchasers. No time is lost; no trouble is too great. Notices are inserted in the technical journals, such as the one I have read. Warnings are placed wherever they may be effective.

"The minor errors are corrected in later editions. A mistake in spelling, a bad quotation and so forth distress the author more than anybody else. It is possible to insert in a book a paper slip with printed corrections and references. That is sufficient. It is not a life and death matter."—London Post.

Man's Mighty Lever, Machinery.

Taking all the manufactures of the United States in 1890, barring some omissions in reporting horsepower, it is found that the total horsepower was in round numbers 6,000,000, equivalent to the labor of 36,000,000 men, while only 4,476,884 persons were employed, the supplemental labor having a ratio equivalent to 8 to 1. Horsepower used in manufactures equivalent to 36,000,000 men represents a population of 180,000,000—in other words, if the products of the manufacturing establishments alone of the United States in 1890 had been secured by the old hand methods without the aid of power machinery it would have required a population of 180,000,000, with none left for agriculture, trade, transportation, mining, forestry, the professions or any other occupations.—Carroll D. Wright in Gunton's Magazine.

A Few Paragraphs Which Ought to Make You Smile.

Mr. Styles—Did you call on Mrs. Boreham Friday?

Mrs. Styles—Yes; unlucky day, you know.

"Why, was she out?"

"No; she was in."

Do Not Pay Cash

PAY SCRIP FOR DOMINION LANDS AND SAVE DISCOUNT.

A very large saving can be made. We can furnish the exact amount for any payment.

Write for particulars and price.

ALLOWAY & CHAMPION, WINNIPEG

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS

CUMBERLAND, B.C.

WRITERS AND PAINTERS.

William Dean Howells, the novelist, has joined the forces of the Anti Death Penalty league of Massachusetts.

Edwin Markham, the author of "The Man With the Hoe," is delivering a series of ethical addresses to the West Side Y. M. C. A. of New York.

T. C. Steele, an artist, has just finished a life size three-quarters length oil portrait of ex-President Harrison, which is to be placed in the Commercial club of Indianapolis.

The late R. D. Blackmore, the novelist, attributed the delayed success of his "Lorna Doone" to the romantic marriage of the Princess Louise to the Marquis of Lorne.

Miss Maud Earle is spoken of in England as the successor to Rosa Bonheur. She is said to be one of the greatest living painters of animal life, if not the greatest. Dogs are her particular specialty. All the noted dogs in England are "sitting" to Miss Earle for their portraits.

RECENT INVENTIONS.

In an improved dental chair an electric motor is placed on a swinging bracket to operate the drilling engine, with electric heaters connected with air and water pipes to heat a jet of either air or water for use with the drills.

A new life preserver has a pair of inflatable air receivers attached to either end of a metal tube, with a mouthpiece at the center, the pipe being suspended from the shoulders by straps, which hold the reservoirs on either side of the head.

LA "TOSCANA," BELIANCE CIGAR FACTORY, Montreal

A Bureaucrat.

Mrs. Wunder—I understand your husband holds a government position.

Mrs. Parvenoo—Yes, he is in the chiffonier of statistics.—Baltimore American.

TO PREVENT IS BETTER THAN TO REPENT.—A little medicine in the shape of the wonderful pellets which are known as Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, administered at the proper time and with the directions adhered to often prevent a serious attack of sickness and save money which would go to the doctor. In all irregularities of the digestive organs they are an invaluable corrective and by cleansing the blood they clear the skin of imperfections.

Papa Knew.

Johnny—What is a bore, papa?

Papa—A bore is a person who tells you so much about himself that you get no chance to tell him anything about yourself.—Baltimore American.

Port Mulgrave, June 5, 1897.

C. C. RICHARDS & CO.

Dear Sirs,—MINARD'S LINIMENT is my remedy for colds, etc. It is the best liniment I have ever used.

MRS. JOSIAH HART.

TRUST THRUSTS.

The trust claims to be a growth. So is a wart.—Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

The constitution was once amended to the end of assuring 4,000,000 people of freedom from slavery. It is possible that it may again be amended in such manner as to absolutely admit of wiping out the trusts.—St. Louis Star.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, Etc.

POLITICAL QUIPS.

Senatorial speeches on pending questions are rarely as deep as they are long.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The number of statesmen who get over an affection for private life just before a political convention is always remarkable.—Washington Star.

To 11 states of the Union has been confined the honor of providing the nation's rulers, while all the others await their turn.—Albany Times-Union.

MINARD'S LINIMENT Cures Dandruff.

Prepared Chalk.

Thoroughly pulverize the chalk, then mix it with clean rainwater in proportion of two pounds per gallon. Stir well and let it settle for about two minutes. The gritty matter will now have settled to the bottom. Slowly pour the water into another vessel so as not to disturb the sediment. Permit the whole to stand until entirely settled, then decant, as before. You now have prepared chalk ready for use, when dried. Spanish whiting may be treated in the same way and makes an excellent polishing powder, says The Jewelers' Circular.

MINARD'S LINIMENT Relieves Neuralgia.

To Keep a Watch From Losing Time.

During the night your watch is quiet, as it were—that is, it hangs in your vest without motion or touch. If you don't wind it at night, the mainspring is then relaxed, instead of being in that condition during the day, remarks The Industrial World. By winding it in the morning the mainspring remains close and tight all day. It keeps the movement steady at a time when you are handling it, running about the city attending to your daily affairs. A relaxed mainspring at this time accounts for fine watches varying slightly.

MINARD'S LINIMENT for Sale Everywhere.

WINNIPEG INDUSTRIAL.

Rules by Which Horses Can Be Entered for Competition—List of Prizes.

The following is a list of the prizes and conditions for horses to be entered at the Winnipeg Industrial exhibition:

The directors in charge are I. M. Ross, J. A. Mitchell and R. I. M. Power.

RULES.

1. Horsemen are especially urged to send in their entries as at early a date as possible to facilitate the allotment of stalls.

2. All stall doors must be left open, so that visitors can inspect the horses between the hours of 9 a.m. and 12 noon, and 1 p.m. and 6 p.m. All stalls must be cleaned out before 7 a.m., so that refuse can be taken away before the arrival of visitors.

3. All animals competing for prizes must be entered in the names of their bona fide owners, or their duly authorized agents, except where sire and get are shown; should doubts arise, the directors may require affidavits of ownership from the exhibitor. Both horses in a team must be owned by the exhibitor.

4. No horse will be allowed to enter or compete in more than one class or section, except for the best horse or mare of any age in its class, in the sections for progeny, and for special prizes or attractions.

5. Horses shown as a team can also compete as single horses.

6. Horses must be shewn uncovered, and in such manner as the judges may require or allow; and if exhibitors refuse to submit to the proper requirements of the judges, their animals will be ruled out. In the roadster, carriage and hackney classes, exhibitors must come prepared to show their horses in harness if required.

7. All horses competing must be brought out for the inspection of the judges or, for exhibition, whenever called out by the official appointed to attend to that duty.

8. Exhibitors who may desire to take their horses from the grounds at night will be allowed to do so on depositing $5 with the manager as a guarantee for the return of the animal next morning. If the horse is not returned by 10 o'clock next morning, the amount deposited and all premiums awarded will be forfeited.

9. A copy of the certificate showing registration in one of the stud books named, signed by the secretary of the association publishing the same, must be produced to the judge, except for foals, before the judging takes place. The registration number of animal and name of stud book must be given with all entries.

10. The age of horses shall date from 1st January.

11. No horse suffering from contagious or hereditary disease will be allowed a premium. Stallions and brood mares injured by accidents which do not lessen their usefulness, may be awarded a prize.

12. Non-compliance with the rules of the association, on the part of an exhibitor or his employee shall incur the forfeiture of any premium awarded.

13. All horses competing where registration is required must be registered in a recognized stud book.

Entry Fees—Stallion, 3 years old or over, $1,50 each; all other horses, two years and over $1 each; all other horses, one year and under, 50 cents each.

CLASS 1—CLYDESDALES.

Certificate of registration in Clydesdale Stud book of Canada (appendix excepted), or in the Clydesdale Stud book of Great Britain and Ireland, or the American Clydesdale Stud book, must be produced in this class.

	1st	2nd	3rd
Stallion, four years or over	$30	$20	$10
Stallion, three years	25	15	10
Stallion, two years	15	10	5
Stallion, yearling	10	6	4
Brood mare, with foal by side	25	15	10
Brood mare and two of her progeny, three years and under	15	10	5
Three-year-old Filly	15	10	5
Two-year-old filly	10	8	5
Yearling filly	8	6	4
Foal	6	4	2
Mare, any age	diploma		
Stallion and three of his get—get to be foaled in Man., N.W.T., or B.C. The award to be made on the proportion of 25 per cent. for the stallion and 75 per cent for the progeny	25	15	
(a). Stallion, one year and over, foaled in Man., N.W.T. or B.C.	15	10	
(b). Mare, one year or over, foaled in Man., N.W.T. or B.C.	15	10	

CLASS 2—SHIRES.

Certificate of registration in the Canadian Shire Horse Stud book, English Shire Horse Stud book, or American Shire Horse Stud book, must be produced in this class.

Sec.	1st	2nd	3rd
Stallion, four years or over	$30	$20	$10
Stallion, three years	25	15	10
Stallion, two years	15	10	5
Stallion, yearling	10	6	4
Brood mare, with foal by side	25	15	10
Brood mare and two of her progeny, three years and under	15	10	5
Three-year-old filly	15	10	5
Two-year-old filly	10	8	5
Yearling filly	8	6	4
Foal	6	4	2
Mare, any age	diploma		
Stallion and three of his get—get to be foaled in Man., N.W.T. or B.C. The award to be made on the proportion of 25 per cent for the stallion and 75 per cent for the progeny	20	10	

CLASS 2—A.

Stallion, any age, Clydesdale or Shire, special by the Horse Breeders' association of Manitoba and the N.W.T.	diploma		
Brood mare, any age, Clydesdale or Shire, special by Horse Breeders' association of Manitoba and the N.W.T.	diploma		

CLASS 3—DRAFT HORSES.

Horses registered, or eligible for registration, cannot compete in this class, except in sections for teams in harness. Stallions must be registered.

Sec.	1st	2nd	3rd
Brood mare, with foal by side. 1st prize by Massey-Harris company, Two-Furrow Imperial Gang Plow, value $38	$38	$10	$5
Brood mare and two of her progeny, three years and under	15	10	5
Three-year-old gelding or filly, 1st prize by Minnesota Moline Plow company, per H. F. Anderson & company value	22	10	5
Two-year-old gelding or filly	12	8	5
Yearling gelding or filly	8	5	3
Foal	5	3	2
Team geldings or mares, suitable for dray purposes. To be shown in harness to a dray or wagon. Prize by Massey-Harris company, fanning mill, value $25	25	15	10
Team geldings or mares, suitable for farm purposes, in harness to a wagon. Prize by Hon. Thos. Greenway	25	15	10
Mare, any age	diploma		
Stallion and three of his get. Get to be foaled in Manitoba, Northwest Territories or British Columbia. The award to be made on the proportion of 25 per per cent for the stallion and 75 per cent for the progeny	25	15	

THE FATE OF ANDREE.

Search This Summer at King Charles Land, Beyond Spitzbergen.

No hopes are longer entertained that Dr. Andree and his two companions have survived their attempt to cross the north polar area in a balloon. Sir Martin Conway voiced the general opinion when he wrote in the new "International Geography" that "an attempt by the Swedish engineer Andree to cross the north polar area in a balloon must be classed with the mysterious tragedies of exploration."

Another effort will be made this summer, however, to ascertain the fate of the explorers by following up a clew that may prove to be important. On Sept. 11 last year a buoy was picked up on the north coast of King Charles Land, 80 degrees north latitude and 25 degrees east longitude, which bore the words on a nickel plate "Andree's Polar Expedition." It was taken to Stockholm unopened, and there it was proved to be what Andree had called "the north pole buoy." It was the buoy in which he was to place a message and drop it when he passed the north pole.

It was opened in the presence of several arctic experts and members of the government, but no message was found in it. There was a coating inside the tube that seemed to resemble paper, but a microscopical examination showed that it was a growth of algæ. The experts agreed that it could not have drifted from the neighborhood of the pole to King Charles Land. There appeared to be no reason why it should have been thrown out empty, and the view forced itself upon all that it was a part of the wreckage of the expedition.

This is the clew which it is proposed to follow up. It is thought that the expedition may have come to grief not far from the place where the buoy was found. Next summer a Swedish-Russian expedition is to go to Spitzbergen to relieve the party that has been spending a number of months there in the work of measuring an arc of the meridian in that high latitude. The Swedish steamer that will be part of this expedition will make a detour to King Charles Land and carefully search the entire neighborhood for further traces of the lost party. It is thought to be highly probable that more wreckage will be found and perhaps considerable light thrown upon the fate of Andree and his men.—New York Sun.

Nome City Prices.

Nome City, the new mining town on the Alaskan coast, already has a newspaper, a four page sheet, which measures about 12 by 16 inches, but which sells at 50 cents a copy. The new journal styles itself the Nome Gold Digger, and its first issue contains some interesting advertisements.

The bill of fare of the principal restaurant includes tenderloin steak at $3; reindeer steak, $3; ptarmigan, $3; boiled mackerel, $1.50; coffee and doughnuts, 50 cents; corned beef hash, $1; sausage, $1.50; fried ham, $1; salmon, $1; three eggs, $2; loaf of bread, 25 cents; toasted cheese, $1. Two story seven room dwellings are advertised for rent at $200 a month; wagons and teams for hauling are hired out at $10 an hour; a shave costs $1 and a hair cut $1.50.

A Naval Plum.

The command of a receiving ship is pre-eminently that of a married man, and he and his family always live on board in unique and delightful homes. There are but six receiving ships in the service—the Franklin, at Norfolk; the Independence and Pensacola, at Mare Island, Cal.; the Richmond, at League Island, Pa.; the Vermont, at the Brooklyn navy yard, and the Wabash, at Charlestown, Mass. There is no house rent to pay; the captain is allowed two stewards by the government; so it is looked upon as one of the very few chances offered in the naval officer's career to save money.—Anna A. Rogers in Woman's Home Companion.

One trial of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator will convince you that it has no equal as a worm medicine. Buy a bottle and see if it does not please you.

Strategy That Failed.

In order to overcome her husband's objections to afternoon card playing a North Fifth street woman recently bought a box of cigars and claimed that she won it at a card game. Her husband smoked only one and is now more opposed to afternoon card playing than ever.—Atchison Globe.

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

Might Be Worse.

"Fate has drawn us together!" he cried passionately.

"Then it is not so bad!" she said, with a sigh of relief. "I thought you were going to say some amateur artist had drawn us together."—Chicago News.

BILIOUSNESS BURDENS LIFE.—The bilious man is never a companionable man because his ailment renders him morose and gloomy. The complaint is not so dangerous as it is disagreeable. Yet no one need suffer from it who can procure Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. By regulating the liver and obviating the effects of bile in the stomach they restore men to cheerfulness and full vigor of action.

Contempt for family life is one mark by which smart society may be recognized.—Arnold White in London Chronicle.

Hotel Balmoral, Montreal. Free Bus. Am. P. $1.50 up. E. P. $1.00 up.

HORSES FOR SALE IN CAR LOADS.

D. S. MACDONALD & CO. have made an arrangement with one of the largest HORSE RANCHING companies in the state of Montana by which they will ship horses into this Province, in train loads, with headquarters at WINNIPEG, where they will be sold in car lots to dealers.

This stock consists of choice coach and heavy draft or farm horses, with a limited number of Cleveland Bays. They will commence to arrive from the 1st to the 10th of June, due notice of which will be given, when horse dealers will do well to inspect this stock before buying elsewhere, as the prices will be right.

Address, General Delivery, Winnipeg.

OXYDONOR.

Trade Mark Registered Nov. 24, 1896.

One Oxydonor will serve a family. You are to do the curing yourself. Fully tested in all diseases. Oxygen is nature's greatest cure. Sure cure for La Grippe, Rheumatism, Catarrh, Chronic Dyspepsia, etc. Dr. P. Emmons, of Syracuse, N. Y., writes: "I wish to give you particulars of a few from many cases which have been effected by the Oxydonor 'Victory' in my practice." He especially mentions cases of Pneumonia, Bowel Trouble, Erysipelas, Asthma, Rheumatism, Diptheria, Measels, Neuralgia, etc. Particulars can be seen at my office. Subdealers in every district wanted. For descriptive booklet and particulars address WM. T. GIBBS, Grain Exchange, Winnipeg.

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

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SPECIAL SUMMER COURSE IN ALL BUSINESS SUBJECTS

No midsummer holidays. Now is the time to prepare for a situation in the busy season. Full particulars on application.

G. W. DONALD, Sec.

N. B.—We assisted over 100 of our students to positions during the past five months.

FARM LANDS

For Sale in All Parts of the Province. Write for Lists.

NARES, ROBINSON & BLACK, WINNIPEG, MAN.

FLOR DE ALBANI CIGAR

Manufactured by THOS. LEE, Winnipeg.

THE ALL-WOOL MICA ROOFING

Which neither Heat nor Frost affects. After 9 years' trial customers class it superior to all other roofing. Highly recommended at Winnipeg Industrial Exhibition, 18/7-8.

W. G. FONSECA, Real Estate Agent.

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MUTUAL HAIL INSURANCE CO. OF MANITOBA.

Incorporated in 1891 by Manitoba Government.

PRESIDENT: JOHN RENTON, Farmer, Deloraine. VICE-PRESIDENT: C. J. THOMSON, Farmer, Virden.

The Original Hail Insurance Co.

Managed by the Farmers themselves.

During the nine years of its existence this Company has paid about **ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS** for losses sustained by farmers by hail storms. The assessments have ranged from 12½ cents to 25 cents per acre, which is the maximum that can be charged. The average amount paid for losses has been **$5.50** per acre for total loss, and at the same rate for partial losses.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS FOR 1900:

T. L. MORTON, Farmer, Gladstone. F. SCHULTZ, Farmer, Baldur.
JOHN RENTON, Farmer, Deloraine. J. MOLLAND, Farmer, Glendale.
C. J. THOMSON, Farmer, Virden. H. B. BROWN, Farmer, Morden.

ROBERT STRANG, Managing Director, Winnipeg

LOCAL AGENTS AT ALL PRINCIPAL POINTS IN THE PROVINCE.

Men often dress in bad taste without knowing it.

If you wear **Shorey's Clothing** you cannot be otherwise than correctly dressed.

Shorey's

4 Button Sack

Kilmarnoc Tweed Suits,

Retail at $12.00.

They are as good as any one wants for a business suit and better than you can get to order for $20.00.

Sold only by the best dealers, and guaranteed in every particular.

Not made to order, but made to fit.

A PURE GRAPE CREAM OF TARTAR POWDER

DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER

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

Avoid Baking Powders containing alum. They are injurious to health

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS
ISSUED EVERY TUESDAY.

W. B. Anderson, Editor.

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

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

Job Work Strictly C. O. D.
Transient Ads Cash in Advance.

TUESDAY, JULY 10th 1900.

Some objection has been made to an article which appeared in the NEWS on 26th June re the school grounds. One trustee even charging us with "ridiculing the trustees," withdrawing his subscription in consequence. Now we defy any person of unbiaised judgment to find anything in that article ridiculing or even criticising the trustees or any other person, and we state right here that there was no intention of anything of the kind, The trustee in question remarked that after years of school service without any recompense he did not consider it just to be ridiculed. It must be borne in mind that any person accepting a public trust, whether with or without remuneration, is a public servant, and as such, is liable to criticism and to censure if occasion demands. In this case the trustees were neither criticised nor censured, but a plain statement of facts was put before them and it remains with them to take what action they see fit. If they take a wrong one, then they are liable to censure, not before. Lest there should be further misunderstanding, we will repeat 1. A dividing fence should be built between the girls' and boys' play grounds in the public school grounds. 2. Boys are in the habit of, and have frequently been heard to use bad language in the school grounds. This can be proved, and should be attended to. We are sorry to lose a good subscriber through a misunderstanding, but we must insist upon the right of every newspaper to put before the public matters of public interest, in which the expenditure of public money is concerned, and in this stand, we will, if blamed by one person, be heartily supported and commended by ninety-nine. We give all praise where deserved. We will attack no person privately or on matters of private business, but we will keep an eye on matters of public interest, in the interest of the public. It matters not whether Mr. Netherby tells the trustees that "it is not necessary to divide school grounds." Mr. Netherby has no right to dictate to the trustees what their school should or should not have. The public of this town, through those trustees, are the ones to judge and the trustees will be upheld by the public and by this paper in doing what is right. We have a magnificent school, and a staff of teachers which gives every satisfaction. Should there be a shortage of funds to make necessary improvements, let the trustees make ther wisnes known to the Government, and this paper will uphold them and assist them in every way it possibly can.

MR. GIBSON'S SUBSCRIPTION LIST.

Chas. Bridges	$ 5 00
Mrs. Carwithen	5 00
J. Nicholson	3 00
W. E. Harmston	1 50
W. J. McQuillan	2 00
T. J. Piercy	5 00
Rev. J. X. Williams	2 00
R. Duncan	2 50
Geo. Leighton	2 00
G. Lippiatt	2 00
John Crockett	2 00
H. T. Theobald	1 00
W. Glennon	1 00
J. Grieve	1 00
R. Plews	1 00
J. Piket	1 00
C. C. Westwood	1 00
E. Duncan	2 00
W. Mitchell	3 00
Mrs J. Milligan	1 00
J. Williams	2 00
W. Willard	50
J. Baird	1 00
J. Abrams	1 00
J. Bruce	1 00
R. S. Robertson	1 00
F. Partridge	50
H. P. Collis	1 00
S. C. Davis	1 00
G. W. Clinton	1 00
A. Urquhart	1 00
R. R. Smith	50
R. Grant	1 00
L. Mounce	1 00
J. McPhee	5 00
B. Crawford	1 00
F. Childs, one day with team	
C Cawlin, taking in hay	
T. Hardey	1 00
F. Cunliff	1 00
W. Huband	2 00
J. B. Smith	1 00
Mrs. J. Rees	1 00
Mrs. S. Culhoun	1 00
Adam McKelvey	6 00
Stafford McKelvey	5 00
Mrs W. Parkin	1 00
Mrs. W. M. Dingwall	2 00
Mrs. O. Duncan	2 00
Isaac Davis	2 00
W. Matheson	2 00
F. Prevet	1 00
Rev. Verbeke	1 00
J. Hansan	1 00
Mrs. H. Smith	1 00
Mrs. J. Davis	25
H. C. Lucas	2 00
Nemo Cliff	1 00
F. J. Leighton	1 00
J. B. Holmes	50
G. G. McDonald	1 00
H. Stewart	1 00
T. E. Williams	1 00
J. W. McKenzie	1 00
H. Martin	50
W. C. Machin	1 00
Waller & Partridge	3 00
F. Burns	1 00
A. Salmond	2 00
Mr. Blackburn	50
T. C. Woods	1 00
K. Grieve	50
N. Palmer	50
F. Auley	50
G. Grieve	1 50
J. A. Halliday	2 50
Rev. Menzie	2 00
John Mundell	1 00
H. Urquhart	5 00
A friend	50
A friend	10 00
Total	$136.25

"Twenty dollars a month on a farm," says an exchange, "is very much better than $35 a month in a city store. As a general thing at the end of nine months the former has $150 in cash, three pairs of overalls and a straw hat, while the latter has two or three suits of clothes, a pair of golf socks and $17 in the hole. Yet there are 75 applicants for the latter job and one for the former."

STEVENSON & COMPANY'S
HALF PRICE
Midsummer Sale,

Is booming along all the lines of summer goods. Many lines have been cleared out entirely during the past week, but others of equal value will be placed on our bargain tables this coming week.

Lot No. 1 consists of Womens' and Children's hats at half price. These are genuine bargains and you should not overlook them.

Womens' sailor hats worth 50c, 75c, and $1.00, now 25c.

We are placing on sale all our summer shoes Oxfords and slippers at greatly reduced prices. Come early and get the right size.

Womens' blouses at half price. All of those good washing print and gingham blouses at half price.

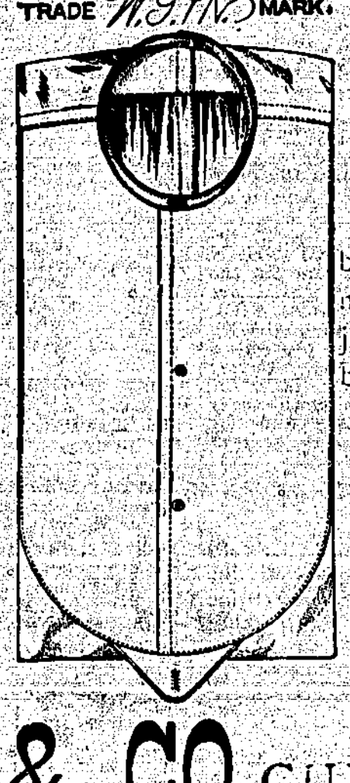
Womens' belts 25c. and 50 cents, worth 50c. 75c. and $1.00.

Mens' shoes worth $2.50, sale price $1.75.

Mens' overalls, riveted and with canvas stayed bottoms, regular 90c., sale price 75c.

All mens' Fedoras and Derby hats at half price. $2.50 hats, sale price $1.25; $3.00 hats sale price $1.50; $3.50 hats, sale price $1.75.

TRADE W.G.P. MARK.



If you want some nobby summer shirts at money saving prices just step in and get one before your size is gone.

STEVENSON & CO. CUMBERLAND.

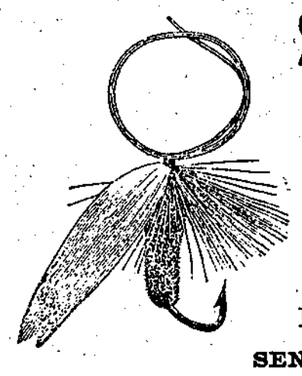
WALLER AND PARTRIDGE

Shoes Shoes Shoes

Here at last, it has taken some time to get them from the factory, but we are now opening out *1000* pairs of mens' boys' ladies' misses and childrens' shoes, and prices are away down. Don't you want a pair for the holidays? if so we can suit you.

INSPECTION INVITED.

WALLER & PARTRIDGE.



Sporting :: Goods.

HAMMOCKS, BASEBALL, CRICKET, LACROSSE, FISHING TACKLE, BOXING GLOVES, LAWN TENNIS AND PUNCHING BAGS

THE BEST QUALITY FLIES TRIED ARE HARDY BROS., PRICE $1.50 PER DOZEN.

SEND FOR A SAMPLE DOZEN.

Tisdall's Gun Store, Vancouver, B. C.

E. G. PRIOR & CO., Limited Liability

ESTABLISHED 1859.

DEALERS IN

Hardware, Tools, Wagons, Carriages, Farm Implements and Machinery.

Miners' Tools and Camp Outfits a Specialty.

Massey-Harris & Ivanhoe Bicycles.

VICTORIA. VANCOUVER. KAMLOOPS.

Columbia Flouring Mils Co.

ENDERBY, B. C.

Hungarian, Three Star A Superior Family Flour. Strong Bakers' Two Star. Superfine One Star. Wheatlets 10-10's Per Gunnie.

R. P. RITHET & CO., Limited.

AGENTS, - - - VICTORIA.