THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

NINTH YEAR. CUMBERLAND, B. C. WEDNESDAY, JULY 3, 1901.

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JUST OPENED UP at

C. J. MOORE'S

DOMINION DAY.

Fine weather greeted the pleasure seekers on the 1st, and enabled the sports to be carried out without a hitch, except for certain few events which were not pulled off for lack of competitors. The expected match at baseball did not materialize, owing to the Nanaimo's being unable to procure transportation. This was a great disappointment to most people and no doubt caused many people who would have attended, to seek pleasure elsewhere that day. It is hoped however, to get up a game with the Nanaimo 9 at a future date. The day was happily marred by few accidents. J. McNiven got a spill in the 3-mile lap race, and G. Sheppard and J. Gibson through colliding in the 5 mile race, were both thrown. Sheppard remounted, and took second money, Gibson not being able to continue. Outside of these, and a foul struck ball lighting square on the top of little Charlie Horne's head, no accidents occurred. In place of the regular ball game, a scratch match was played between two teams of Union boys.

The dance in the evening was well attended by a large gathering of light footed pleasure seekers.

Following is a list of events and winners:

Clay pigeon match, postponed.

Throwing hammer, 1st, H. Cameron; 2nd, T. Hudson.

Boys foot race, 15 years, 1st, B Rees; 2nd, H. Bates.

Girls foot race, 15 years, 1st, A. Hunden; 2nd, L Hunden.

Boys sack race, 1st, A. Thompson; 2nd, B. Rees.

Boys foot race, 12 years, 1st, O. Harrison; 2nd, R. Magnon.

Putting shot, 1st, J. Bruce, 2nd, T. Hudson.

Girls foot race, 10 years, 1st, K Dowdall; 2nd, A. Pollock.

Bicycle race, 16 years, 1 mile, 1st. S. McKnight; 2nd, A. McNeill.

Boys foot race, 10 years, 1st, W. Grieve; 2nd, D. Hayman and McKane.

Old man's foot race, 1st, W. Johnson; 2nd, G. Grieve.

100 yard dash foot race, 1st, T Whyte; 2nd, T. Hudson.

Three mile lap bicycle race, 1st, G. Sheppard; 2nd, A. Grieve.

Standing broad jump, 1st, Thos. Hudson; 2nd, J. Bruce.

Ladies 4 lap bicycle race, 1st, Mary Hayman; 2nd, Ethel Vass.

Italian bowling match, 1st. Guiseppe Chaira; 2nd, A. Michele.

Foot race, ½ mile, 1st, T. Whyte; 2nd, R. McKnight.

Bicycle race, 1 mile open, 1st, A. Grieve; 2nd, J. McNiven.

Ladies foot race, 50 yards, 1st, Mary Hayman; 2nd, F. Patmore.

Standing high jump, 1st, T Hudson; 2nd F. Piercy.

Pole vault, 1st, T. Hudson; 2nd, A. McLaughlin.

Human rabbit race, 1st, Joseph Stant; 2nd, J. Walters.

Race, W. C. Co's employes. 1st, R. Whyte; 2nd, R. McKnight.

Two mile bike race for Carey's cup, won by A. Grieve.

1 mile foot race, open, 1st, R. McKnight; 2nd, A G. Fisher.

Five mile bike race, 1st, A. Grieve; 2nd, G. Sheppard.

Obstacle race, 1st, T. Hudson; 2nd, T. Whyte.

Wheelbarrow race, 1st, T. Whyte; 2nd, T. Hudson.

Running broad jump, 1st, Thos. Whyte; 2nd, T. Hudson.

Track record, B. Cameron, 31½ seconds.

CLOSING OF SCHOOLS.

The closing exercises and public examination of pupils attending the Union public school took place on Friday morning, June 28th. A number of parents and friends showed their interest in school affairs by being present. Amongst the visitors were Ven Archdeacon Scriven, Rev. Mr Hall and Trustee Willard. The pupils in all the divisions distinguished themselves most creditably in all subjects in which they were examined. One little lad created quite a burst of merriment in the 5th division. When asked by a visitor the title of our future king, and being prompted to refresh his memory, that large coal supplies were brought from a country of the same name, the youngster immediately replied "Mr Dunsmuir."

The following is the roll of honor for each division:

1st division, Mr Bennett, teacher.

Proficiency and head of school—Edna Harrison.

Regularity—Bessie McKnight and Agnes Gleason.

Deportment—Elsie Collis and Queenie Abrams.

Special prize for best collection of native flowers pressed—Alan Anderson, 1st; Elsie Collis, 2nd.

Second division, Mr Pullen, teacher.

Proficiency—Evan Hunden.

Regularity and punctuality—Rose Chadwick.

Deportment—Martha Farmer.

Third division, Miss Milligan, teacher.

Proficiency Tsunezo Tanaka.

Regularity and punctuality—Elizabeth Miller.

Deportment—Mary E. Stant.

Fourth division, Miss Willemar, teacher.

Punctuality—Sophy Gleason.

Deportment—Jessie Nelson.

Proficiency—Edwin Anderson.

Prize for writing, Kate McNeil.

Prize for improvement in writing, Jean Campbell.

Fifth division—Miss Cameron, teacher.

Deportment—Effie McFadyen.

Proficiency—Elizabeth Tapello.

Regularity and punctuality—Jean Walker.

Miss Milligan will leave shortly for Vancouver to take a course in the Normal School, thus entitling her to a life certificate. During her temporary absence her class will be taken by Miss Mary Milligan. We are sure that the parents of Union feel grateful, and should congratulate themselves in having secured the services of Mr Bennett as a principal for the kindly interest he has shown personally and otherwise towards the pupils, and which was demonstrated in the number of beautiful and useful prizes awarded by him to them. Would it not be well for some of our energetic citizens to donate a prize yearly for some special subject in each division(?)

It would be wise also to call the attention of the school authorities to the condition of the blackboards. In the 4th division, especially, the color being worn off completely in spots and the plaster broken so badly as to make it almost impossible for a child with strong eyesight to distinguish the figures at a reasonable distance from the board. How must it affect the eyes of a child with defective vision?

MARRIAGE AT COURTNEY.

Last Wednesday, Mr. Harry Mounce took his last drive down the Comox road—which he has used a heap plenty of late—as a bachelor, for upon the return trip he brought back a bride in the person of Miss L. Davis of Courtney. The ceremony was performed at the residence of the bride's parents, by the Rev. Mr Menzies of Sandwick, and the happy couple were the recipients of many handsome and costly presents. The bride, a most popular young lady of Courtney, well known here, and the groom, a brother of Mr. L. Mounce, M. P. P., will reside in Cumberland for the future. Our best wishes attend them.

WHARF NOTES.

On 26th, Mr S. Peters and Miss N. Cook were married in the presence of a few intimate friends. The happy couple left on the "City" for the Sound and Vancouver for their honeymoon. They will reside at the wharf.

Miss C. Drew is visiting in Vancouver with Mrs Reid.

Mrs Davis has left for Vancouver, where she will live in future.

Mrs Hoyt and family leave shortly for Vancouver where Mr Hoyt has obtained employment.

Mr J. McLaughlin and Mr Eaton are visiting at Harrison hot springs.

Miss Cathcart, the school teacher, has gone to Victoria for the holidays.

CUSTOMS RETURNS.

Following are the customs returns for the month of June, 1901.

Imports dutiable	$5,124
" free	52
Duty collected	1,340

"The Campbells are coming." No! not that. They are here, and show a fine lot of bread stuffs and pastry, at Mr Douglas' old stand.

We much regret the serious illness of Mrs Nunns, who has been kept to her rooms for some days. Her many friends will however, be pleased to hear that she is improving.

That Lossing Gal

BY T. C. DEAN.

It was at this hotel that Valleyfield and Elizabeth stopped one fair morning, and they had not to make any of the journey by stage, as now a branch of the flourishing railway ran right into the town.

CHAPTER XII.

Everybody in Eldorado Basin was

OMNIA BONA BONIS.

pleased to meet Elizabeth and Valleyfield, for there were still many there who remembered the fight at the Eagle Bill mine and the part these two had played therein, and the fame of their acts on that occasion and the subsequent events of their lives were now soon passed from lip to lip. Valleyfield's old friend, the Darcian barkeeper, still occupied his old position, but this time he stood behind the flashily equipped bar of the Union Central. He greeted Valleyfield very cordially when he shook hands with him, giving him a gentle push around that he might the better view him. "Darn my hide," he said, "but you're as pert as ever. I guess you could hold your own yet in another brush if you were called on. I always was darn glad that you caught that fakir Godfrey dealing from the bottom of the deck, and made him lay down his hand. It was the making of this territory, for things just boomed after they were freed from Godfrey's corners and bluffs. And darn my skin I hear you're to take a partner, and play double after this. Here's my hand on it, for you've struck one of the best lodes in the female mine. She's all pay ore. She's all gold, and no dross. She's all there. She's all right, and you won her in a square call. Turn round, let's look at you again. Darned if you ain't all pay ore, too, and you're the fellow that made Godfrey cash in his chips. Say! What are you going to have"?

After dinner Elizabeth and Valleyfield left the hotel to stroll through the places which were associated with such tender and sacred memories in their minds. Both were happy and light of heart, and went forth to their walk with rapture depicted on both their countenances. Before their glad steps seemed to stretch the verdant meadows and groves that led nearer than ever to heaven's gate. Elizabeth's face was beautiful as of old. Nay, even more beautiful, for there was a new, lustrous light in her eyes, that those who had thought her so beautiful in her girlhood had never seen. Valleyfield had all his old-time courtly grace at his command, and his step was buoyant and light. Through the fragrant country they rambled, the flowers blooming in floral waves near and far, and the serenades of the alto-throated birds seeming to congratulate them on the arrival for them of life's longed-for joys.

"Let us go to the place where I first saw you, and to the stream that you carried me through," said Elizabeth, after they had been walking for some little time. "I want to see that lovely spot again, and bring back to my memory the first sweet sensations of the dawn of my love for you." And so they directed their steps in that direction. Arriving there they sat for a time in an orion-lighted grove, where the giant vines had formed themselves into a temple, and where the breeze echoed the laughter of the Dryads at the pools. Then they went to the brook which still ran merrily along, with the same notes of rapture in its voice, its cascades mingling their melody with the wild birds' songs.

"Sweet, happy stream," said Elizabeth, "how I love you. May you ever glide onward in joy, and may you ever fill this land with your music, as pure and sacred as a child's hymn. I am a living being, you are a stream. Yet something that I know not binds me in love to you and I shall ever be your friend."

Valleyfield lifted her in his strong arms and carried her across, but I am afraid it was not an exact repetition of that event of bygone days, for he held her close to his heart, and the hot tears of joy, as he felt her thrill beneath his touch, fell on her upturned face.

"Now," she said, "I should like to go with you to the mine, and from there I will go with you to the altar, where God shall give you eternally to me, and I to you."

To the mine they went. "The dear old Eliza-bill," as Elizabeth expressed it. Here they found great activity, for the mine was paying heavily, and was still by far the richest claim in the district. Both were received here with great cordiality, for Elizabeth had been assumed possession of her property some weeks before, installing Lyson as the new superintendent, and Mr. Lossing and the employees of the mine had been duly notified. Her father had written Elizabeth a warm letter of affection, in reply, approving her action in his characteristic style, and had invited Valleyfield and Elizabeth to spend their honeymoon with him in Italy.

Elizabeth went in and sat down at the spot where Valleyfield had declared his love for her after she had been wounded on the night of the fight. This spot was now only a passage way. The expression on her face was one of deep emotion as she knelt down and kissed the rock floor. To the cart loads of rich golden ore that passed her she paid no attention. This spot where her blood had once been spilt, and where the sound of a man's voice had once thrilled her with a thrill beyond even the power of death itself to dispell, seemed more precious to her than her golden possessions, which passed and repassed her now.

After an hour spent here in exploration, both took their departure, and retracing their steps by way of the woods proceeded back towards their hotel where the clergyman and a host of friends were already assembling. On their way back they went to the old cabin, now in ruins, where Valleyfield had once made his quarters, and here Elizabeth once more knelt down, kissing the old timbers in loving fervor.

As they were about to emerge into the clearing where the street cars had a station, and from which place they would soon be wheeled to their hotel, Valleyfield suddenly put his arm around Elizabeth and said impressively in a voice of deep emotion:

"Oh, my love! In a few minutes more you will be my wife. All your relations will be changed. New emotions, new feelings and new conditions will come to you. Oh, may I always make you happy! Oh, my love, may the sweet days of your youth be no brighter than the noonday or evening of your life under my companionship and bosom companionship. May God take me from the world instantly if I ever wantonly give you a moment's pain."

"Hush," she said gently, laying a finger on his lips and looking up into his face with a radiant smile. "Do you think I am afraid. You foolish boy. You do not know your own nobleness as well as I do."

And looking into each other's eyes in silence, they passed out of the wood, and in a few hours afterwards into the blessed light of their new life.

Oh, sun of our great strange earth, soft sweet and so kind, cheering all living things in winter, and giving life and hope to all things at the awakening of the spring, shining over the trackless forests of the North, the plains of the West, the deserts of the East and the perfumed groves of the South, leaving in thy train always the inspiration of life's holiest deeds, the blessings of life's rewards and the sweets of life's sequestered dwelling places when won at last, where the door of grief shuts to never open again—give always unto these two thy kindest light in the great strange land of life's nuptial fullness, down the paths of life's duetted afternoons, and through the new valleys of more care follow, shrd, shrd, shrd, shrd, more can follow them, for we must leave off our record here, for our heroine is no longer "That Lossing Gal."

THE END.

A PREMATURE TEST.

Ted and Jo Had No Firecrackers on the First.

The days before the First of July are always a time of tension for the small boy. He feels that he ought to begin right away. His nerves tingle. So do his fingers. And if there are any explosives within reach of his fingers there is apt to be more or less premature explosion.

Mr. Podgers had laid in a liberal supply of crackers and torpedoes for his boys, as well as a large assortment of sky-rockets and Roman candles. Some of the crackers were of the giant variety. He cautioned his boys not to touch any of them until he gave them to them on the First of July, and he put them away in the china closet in a safe box. Then he went to the office. No one but an amateur in faith would have done such a thing, but Mr. Podgers thought he knew his boys. They were such good little fellows!

For one whole day the boys withstood the strain, but the next afternoon they decided it would do no harm just to peep into the box. It was wonderful! Such an array they had not even dreamed of.

Teddy handled one of the big crackers carefully.

"I wonder how much noise it will make?" he said.

"Oh! a awful lot," said Jo. "Won't it be fun!"

"Yes," said Ted. "Wonder if we mightn't just try one?"

"Yes," said Jo; "you go ahead and do it. Papa won't care for one."

So Ted got a match, and Jo lighted the cracker. That was all in the chin closet.

But just then Mr. Podgers happened to come home. They boys heard his tread in the hall.

"Put it back, quick!" exclaimed Jo. "maybe papa wouldn't like it."

So they put it back.

In a moment there was a terrific explosion in the china closet. Then another. Then the closet seemed to grow too small for the noise. Dishes began to dash around its interior in wild ecstasy. It was like a cross between a boiler factory and an earthquake.

Mr. and Mrs. Podgers rushed to the scene. A few sky-rockets were still gyrating in confinement.

Two very quiet little boys stood outside the closet door.

Mr. Podgers stood silent a moment, and Teddy looked up into his face doubtfully.

"They's good firecrackers, papa," was all he said.

And his father went out to find a limber pine board.

THE CHILD WOULD TALK.

And Her Precocious Remarks Got Her Into Trouble.

Scene: Street car. Dramatis personæ, 4-year-old girl, mother and several passengers.

Child (in high, shrill treble)—Mamma, did you get papa's birthday present?

"Yes, dearest."

"What did you get, mamma?"

"Cigars, lovey."

"The cheap ones that Aunt Millie told you about?"

Silence from mamma, but a heightened flush on her face that was not entirely the reflection from "dearest lovey's" red velvet hat.

"Mamma, that man over there has on a dreadfully dirty necktie. You told papa the other day that no gentleman would wear a soiled necktie." Man glares and pulls his overcoat about his neck.

"Mildred, stop talking!"

Mildred was silent for half a block.

"Mamma, that lady over there forgot to polish her shoes this morning." Lady in handsome tailor made broadcloth draws her unmistakably badly clad feet under her dress with a look of anger at the golden haired child.

"Mamma, let me have some of my candy," tugging at the box in her mother's hands.

"Mildred, do keep still. It is not good manners to eat on a street car."

"Mamma, those young ladies have awful bad manners, haven't they?" And mamma looked up to see that two handsomely attired daughters of a woman whom she had been dying to be on intimate terms with were sitting in the far end of the car sampling a box of bonbons and who cut her dead as they looked into her eyes.

"Mildred, I will certainly spank you good when I get you home if you don't sit down and quit talking," in suppressed whisper from the enraged mamma. Then Mildred turned her attention to outside things, dusting the pretty dove colored cloth gown of the lady next to her as she squirmed upon the seat.

"Oh, mamma!" with a tug at her mother's shoulder. "Look quick! Isn't that the young man who lives next door to us that you told Aunt Mildred had such 'soulful' eyes?"

Mamma's reply was not audible, but her actions were. The car stopped just then, and she yanked "dearest lovey" by the arm and lifted her into the street in a way that presaged "disturbed conditions" in the atmosphere of that household, with "some dampness."—Washington Star.

He Reversed.

"Why, what's the matter, daughter? Been married but a brief month and weeping so bitterly! Tell me what is the trouble. Surely you and Jack haven't quarreled already, have you?"

"No, mamma."

"And he hasn't gone away and left you, I'm sure."

"Oh, no, mamma! Jack wouldn't be quite as mean as that."

"Then what in the world can have happened to make you so miserable? Is Jack in trouble—I mean, has he met with any reverses?"

"Yes, mamma, that's it—his reverses. When he was courting me, he never left the house till 12 o'clock or after, and now he's reversed that rule and never comes home till about that time."—Richmond Dispatch.

All In the Game.

"Here is a terrible thing," commented the young thing, looking up from the paper. "A young man attacked his wife with a poker and was only stopped by the screams of the woman, which attracted a passerby, who summoned the police."

"Ah, a poker game," replied the major. "The gentleman 'passed,' the lady 'saw him' and 'called.'"—Pittsburg Chronicle.

First Impression.

Estelle (seeing pelican for first time)—Gracious! If ma had a mouth like that, couldn't she hold a lot of hairpins?—Chicago News.

He Deserved a Medal.

Towne—Did you ever hear Bonem telling a story? Isn't he tiresome?

Browne—Yes, but he has one good point that is really remarkable.

Towne—What's that?

Browne—He's the only poor story teller I ever knew who, in telling an Irish story, would admit that he couldn't imitate the brogue.—Philadelphia Press.

Asserts Himself.

"Do you know, John," asked Mrs. Billus as they sat alone in the back parlor, "that Jimmy Highmore is beginning to be devoted to Bessie?"

"No," snorted Mr. Billus. "I don't know it. But I can tell you one thing. The Highmores can't break into this family with any Jimmy they've got!"—Chicago Tribune.

Business Before Pleasure.

Daughter of the House (awaiting her lover in the hall)—Well, what did papa say?

Suitor (wine salesman)—There! I knew I had forgotten something! I didn't mention you to him, but I sold him two cases of claret.—Lustige Blatter.

SELECTIONS

STILL A FASHION LEADER.

What May Be Expected Sartorially From Edward VII.

"Will Edward VII continue to set the fashions for men, or will that province descend to his son, the present Duke of Cornwall and York?" was asked the other evening in a party of gentlemen who take a more or less vital interest in matters sartorial.

One who is regarded as an authority said: "The new king, Edward VII, will be just as much an arbiter of fashion now as he ever was. The dictatorship of styles was never something that attached peculiarly to the title of Prince of Wales, but it fell naturally to Albert Edward on account of his temperament. Irrespective of his royal blood, he was a born society leader, and up to very recent years he has always taken a lively interest in dress. So it goes without saying that the tailors and designers have looked to him for a lead, and it is a mistake to suppose that he has set the pace along only a comparatively narrow line—merely for garments, in other words, suitable to men of his build and bulk.

"In waistcoats, hats, canes, gloves, ties and shoes he has practically made the modes for the last quarter century, and whatever he has appeared in has been at once adjusted and adapted to men of all ages and weight. His absolute supremacy in that field will be admitted, I think, by anybody who has ever given the subject any attention. The popular form of high turnover collar, which is worn almost universally for business at present, was introduced by the then prince several years ago, the link cuff was brought out by him, and every innovation of any importance is traceable directly to that source. A good illustration of his ingenuity, by the way, is the small silk loop by which the lapels of a frock coat may be connected without buttoning, thus giving a stout man a couple of inches extra room, with no loss of snugness. That device was invented by the king and is merely one detail out of dozens that go to show the attention and study he gave to the subject.

"As far as I have heard," continued the speaker, "the Duke of York has never exhibited the slightest interest or talent in matters of dress, and on more than one occasion he has actually excited public comment by the carelessness of his attire. He sat for his portrait recently in a frock coat and tan shoes. So I think it may be safely asserted that Edward VII will continue to be monarch of modes, and while he cannot be expected to devote as much thought to the topic as he did in younger years he will still give general direction to all important masculine fashion."

Left Handed Children.

Professor F. W. Smedley of the child study department of the Chicago public schools declares a connection between right and left handedness and intellectuality in children has been discovered. From experiments he is convinced that right handed children are naturally the brighter. Pupils whose speech is affected and who find difficulty in articulation are most often left handed.

The explanation is this: The right hand is controlled from the left side of the brain and the left hand from the right side of the brain. Speech is controlled by the right side of the brain. The overdevelopment of one hand or the other is thought in this way to affect speech.

Professor Smedley is guarded in his statements, saying that it will take a long time to work out the problem, if it is solved, of the connection between the hand and the brain. He does not believe that dexterity is directly connected with intelligence, but that it is noticeable through its effect upon speech.

"I am not sure what we shall be able to do with this knowledge when we are more certain about it," said Professor Smedley. "It should lead to discoveries of methods in the training of children which may be beneficial. At present I am inclined to advise parents not to struggle with left handed children to make them right handed. There is a physical reason why they have a tendency that way."

The French Academy.

M. Jules Verne when asked by a friend to apply to the members of the French academy replied: "I have just completed my seventy-third year and do not at such an age aspire to the academy. Dumas, the younger, asked me 28 years ago. I declined, and since then 59 academicians have died. They may be immortals, but they have not been rendered immortal." It is hard to see why any French man of letters should be anxious to belong to a society of which Moliere and Daudet were not considered worthy of membership. Besides, the famous epitaph will never be forgotten. "He was nothing, not even an academician."

Value of Farm Crops, 1900.

The January bulletin of the department of agriculture gives the value of the principal farm crops of the United States grown last year. The figures are as follows:

Corn	$751,220,034
Wheat	323,515,177
Oats	208,669,233
Barley	24,075,271
Rye	12,295,417
Buckwheat	5,341,413
Potatoes	90,811,167
Hay	445,538,470

It appears that next to the corn crop hay is the most valuable of the northern grown farm products.

The Head Hunters.

In Tupuselei, in New Guinea, the houses are built on piles in the open ocean a good distance from the shore. The object of this is to protect the inhabitants against sudden attacks of the kindly head hunters, who always are on the lookout for victims, whose heads they need in their business. Other villages in this happy land are perched up in all but inaccessible trees for the same weighty reason.

Amply Fortified.

Blobbs—If you would keep well, eat plenty of onions.

Slobbs—I guess that's right. No self respecting microbe would care to stack up against an onion eater.—Philadelphia Record.

Fond of Pomp.

It is said that no monarch has ever had such a genius for the organization of pageants as the present emperor of Germany, and the recent celebrations of the bicentenary of the creation of the kingdom of Prussia have been very impressive as well as very gorgeous. The order of the Black Eagle is a modern institution of chivalry compared to the Garter or the Golden Fleece, the two decorations which rank the highest of all the great orders of Christendom. But no order of knights has such an impressive ceremony at its gathering as the highest one of the Prussian kingdom. The heralds in their uniform of the pattern established 200 years ago, the fanfares on the great silver trumpets, the king of Prussia, for the kaiser for the moment sinks the emperor in the king, seated on the golden throne, with his scarlet cloaked knights ranged before him in secret council—all this has the true ring of the traditions of chivalry.

WHEN DISCOURAGED TURN TO DR. CHASE

He Cures Every Form of Piles Thoroughly and Well Without the Danger, Expense and Pain of an Operation.

It is surprising what a large number of men and women suffer from the wretched uneasiness and torturing itching of piles. You may be among those who, through modesty or fear of the surgeon's knife, have been prevented from appealing to your physician for a cure. You have tried the hundred and one things that friends have recommended and have become discouraged. You say, as many have said before you, that there is no cure for piles.

Now is the time for you to turn to Dr. Chase, whose famous ointment is recognized the world over as the only actual cure for every form of piles. The real substantial value of Dr. Chase's Ointment has given it a unique position among medicines. It is used in nearly every neighborhood on this continent and has become known by word of mouth from friend to friend and neighbor to neighbor. Ask your friends about it, ask your druggist, ask your doctor. Others have been discouraged, and after years of misery have been cured by Dr. Chase's Ointment. Here is one. Mrs. James Brown, Hintonburg, near Ottawa, writes:—"I have been a constant sufferer from nearly every form of piles for the last 20 years, and during that time, both here and in the old country, have tried almost every remedy.

"I am only doing justice to Dr. Chase's Ointment when I say that I believe it to be the best remedy obtainable for bleeding and protruding piles. I strongly recommend Dr. Chase's Ointment to mothers, or indeed, to any person suffering from that dread torment—piles."

Mr. George Thompson, a leading merchant of Blenheim, Ont., states: "I was troubled with itching piles for 15 years, and at times they were so bad I could scarcely walk. I tried a great many remedies, but never found anything like Dr. Chase's Ointment. After the third application I obtained relief, and was completely cured by using one box." Ask your neighbors about Dr. Chase's Ointment, the only absolute cure for piles.

You can obtain Dr. Chase's Ointment for 60 cents a box from any dealer. If you prefer, enclose this amount to these offices and the remedy will be sent, postpaid, to your address. Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

A DREAM.

I stood where gifts were showered on men from heaven,
And some had honors and the joy thereof,
And some received with solemn, radiant faces
The gift of love.

The green I saw of bay leaves and of laurel,
Of gold the gleam.
A voice spoke to me, standing empty handed,
"For thee—a dream."

Forbear to pity ye who, richly laden,
Forth from the place of heaven's bounty went.
Who marvel that I smile, my hands still empty;
I am content.

Ye cannot guess how dowered beyond the measure
Of your receiving to myself I seem.
Lonely and cold, I yet pass on enraptured;
I have my dream.

—Anne Reeve Aldrich.

WHEN THE YAQUIS ROSE

BY M. QUAD.

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They said it was a reckless thing to do and that only Americans would have attempted it. On the west side of the Sierra Madre mountains in Mexico are the roaming grounds of the Yaqui Indians, and between the Yaqui and Fuerte rivers is their main stronghold. And yet we opened the Sunset mine with only the mountain range between us and every man from president to the cheapest workman realizing that we might be attacked at any hour. The Yaquis have warred with the Mexicans for the last 200 years, and their hands are raised against all others who invade their domains.

We were months in getting machinery over from Chihuahua, erecting buildings and fairly opening the mine, and, though we had a guard of 50 Mexican soldiers, we worked in the shadow of death, as it were. If the Yaquis came through the pass, they would come in such numbers as to overwhelm us. Strangely enough, as we thought at the time, they let us alone, and at length the guard was withdrawn, and we were left to ourselves. We had a force of 30 white men and 100 peon laborers. Not one of these peons could be depended on

A SERIES OF EXPLOSIONS SHOOK THE EARTH.

in case of a row. The engine house we made our fort, and 30 men behind its loopholed walls would make a good fight of it. But yet we had something more than powder and lead to depend upon. If the Yaquis came through the mountain pass, they would approach the works, two miles distant, by way of two ravines which led quite to our doors. In some places these ravines were only six or seven feet deep, in others over 30, with stone walls on either side. Under the direction of a civil engineer powder and dynamite charges were hidden away in these walls and buried in the earth and wires connected with the power house and an electric battery.

Had it been possible to buy the friendship of the Yaquis we should have attempted it and thus secured our safety, but we knew they were not to be tempted by anything we could offer. We had been working full force for three months, with an alarm now and then, when we learned why we had not been disturbed by raiding parties. The whole fighting force of the Yaquis, numbering between 4,000 and 5,000, was gathering for a grand effort to sweep across the mountains and clear the country to the Rio Grande. This had been the dream of the chief for years, and his people had been treasuring up rifles and ammunition. When the force was finally ready to move, the Mexican government was powerless to stop it except on the north, and it was too late to send out anything like a general alarm. The 4,000 well armed savages, knowing no mercy, fell upon prospector, freighter, hunter, miner and villager, and not a man escaped from their hands. Almost by accident we got word of the movement, and the mine was closed, the peons were sent away, and we prepared for a siege. Lookouts were established along both ravines, and we had four days in which to hear the tales of panic stricken fugitives who passed our way.

The Yaquis had no pity for age, sex or condition. They found the people almost defenseless, and when they had captured a village every man, woman and child was put to the torture. Every habitation was burned, live stock was slaughtered, and even the dogs and cats were killed. The idea was to leave nothing alive behind them. The army did not push forward at swift pace, but dallied along and spent hours witnessing the torture of its victims. We knew when the Indians finally entered the mountain pass, headed straight for us, and it was half an hour before sunset one evening when we saw the first of their force debouch on the plain and begin a close survey of our situation. We were ready for them, but we knew that no attack would be made before morning. They would have had a long march and be out so as to avoid missing a single shot and at the word of command fired, killing nearly every one of the Indians. The others jumped up, only to be cut down by the reserve fire. The only two unhurt were Wahnemo and his 4-year-old papoose. Grasping the child, he sprang for the mountain side, scaling the rocks like a chamois amid a shower of bullets, soon distancing his pursuers and getting out of range of their rifles. Halting on a shelf of rock, he set the child down and proceeded to indulge in every exhibition of contempt and derision that his imagination could invent to aggravate the discomfited troopers, who gnashed their several sets of teeth in rage at the insults of the old heathen. They were relieved at last by the arrival of Lieutenant Huyl, who bore in his hand a new target rifle, received only the day before the scouts started.

This wonderful gun was guaranteed to carry—I forget—1,100 yards with accuracy, and the lieutenant, who was one of the best fellows in the world in garrison, but quite cold hearted and bloodthirsty where Apaches were concerned, announced that while he was doubtful of his gun carrying near the Indian, yet he was going to try. The Apache, feeling secure against their carbines, continued his taunts until Huyl, taking deliberate aim, with sights raised for 1,500 yards, fired. His aim was true, and the gun all that it was boasted. The old savage plunged face forward over the ledge and crashed down the rocky mountain side at the very feet of his slayer.

The attention of the soldiers was now directed to the papoose, the subject of this sketch. That interesting infant still calmly occupied the ledge and was evidently turning the situation over in his mind. The troopers, with Lieutenant Huyl at their head, slowly and painfully clambered up the rocks and finally approached the orphan, who, instead of squalling as a civilized Christian child would have done, commenced throwing stones at his pursuers, hitting Lieutenant Huyl squarely on the nose with a half pound rock and drawing blood copiously. He followed this success by other good throws, causing as nearly a panic as possible. At last, by flanking him, our Apache was knocked down by a blow from a saber and stunned. His capture was now easy, but the lieutenant's orders were to return no prisoners.

"What shall we do with the little devil?" asked one of the men. "Shoot him or throw him over the cliff after his father?" The "little devil" had regained consciousness by this time and deliberately set his teeth into the calf of the soldier's leg. Lieutenant Huyl wiped his bloody nose and replied: "A baby who fights this way ought not to be killed in cold blood. By George, I'll take him back to San Carlos if it costs me my commission!"

A gag was put into the young one's mouth to prevent any more biting, and, with a soldier holding each hand, he was landed on the plain below. There he was placed on horseback, a lariat tied to one foot, passed under the horse and tied to the other, and thus the troopers returned to the reservation.

Lieutenant Huyl was a great favorite with General Crook, but he had disobeyed orders and confidently expected to be put under arrest. But the general had already heard something of the stone throwing affair and had enjoyed a hearty laugh over Huyl's broken nose. When the lieutenant in making his report reached the point where Wahnemo was killed, the general interrupted him with, "By the way, I think you had better not let me know officially any more of this scout than you have already told." Then glancing at the swollen nose he burst into a roar of laughter, in which all the other officers joined.

The young Indian was confined in the armory until his first fright was overcome. The soldiers of Company A named him Dick Huyl and, fitting him out with a uniform fashioned from the lieutenant's old clothes, regularly adopted him into the service.

In less than a month the small recruit learned to express himself tolerably in English and in a very short time had accumulated all the accomplishments of tobacco chewing and profanity possessed by the soldiers. He also picked up a wonderful knowledge of bugle calls and evolutions, always turning out at roll calls and taking his place at the extreme left of the company when in line.

When I first knew him, he had been under the refining influences of the United States service two years. If that Indian had improved in that time, I am very glad I did not know him before. He was not beautiful according to classic standards.

The Apaches flatten the heads of their babies between boards, and this, as much as anything else, served to render Dick unattractive to us children. Then he had such a predilection for carrying snakes in his pocket! The soldiers spoiled him, of course, and upheld him in every villainy he chose to perpetrate. When he shot the mules in an ambulance filled with women and children, causing a runaway and a smash up, one soldier thrashed him with a barrel stave and a dozen more gave him 5 cent pieces to comfort him. They alternately pounded and petted, but it was all one to him. He seldom laughed and never cried. He was an Apache.

I said he never cried. I will note an exception. Every Saturday afternoon the men took him out behind the quarters and gave him a bath. This process was very simple. They stripped off his clothing and turned the hose on him. On these occasions the shrieks of the little savage could be heard all over the post.

I have not seen Dick since I was 9 years old, but I like to think that he grew up and regularly enlisted in the old regiment and is now an honor to the service.—New York Tribune.

A Magician.

"They say my cousin is a wonderful doctor."

"You bet he is! I swallowed a nickel the other day, and he made me cough up $2."

All That's Left Them.

While autos, bikes and equestrians
On park roads take their flights
The only rights of pedestrians
Seem to be funeral rites.

—Smart Set.

Evidently a False Rumor.

"No," said the little man with the damp looking nose, "I never try to jump over mountains before I come to them. I always permit myself to be governed by circumstances."

"Oh," replied the man who is always hearing things, "I thought it was your wife."

Odd Name Combinations.

"It gets curioser and curioser!" exclaims Alice in Wonderland. Mr. Pitt-Lewis, Q. C., the deputy judge of the city of London court (and the recorder of Poole), was inclined to do the same. Some time ago he tried a case of Alabaster versus White. A little while afterward there was one of High versus Low, and later he was confronted with a suit of Halfpenny versus Penny. His honor was at first under the impression that some one was playing a joke, but the litigants were real enough.

Strange conjunctions of names occur, however, in other places than law courts. In the early part of the nineteenth century a parson in Bloomsbury began one morning by tying the nuptial knot between Prior and Nun. The second couple embarking in matrimony were called respectively Doctor and Patient and the third Beans and Bacon. The fourth couple was put off for four and twenty hours because their patronymics were Toogood and Best. "Come tomorrow," said the cleric. "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof."

Fairy In Disguise.

The waiter girl was undeniably pretty, and she did not seem to know it.

Modest, ladylike in demeanor, mindful only of her duties, she moved swiftly to and fro through the crowded restaurant, heedless of the admiring glances darted at her by susceptible young men, filling the orders of exacting guests with exemplary patience and good nature and tactfully repelling all attempts to engage her in airy badinage or in any conversation not pertaining to the business of feeding hungry men.

"What is your order?" she asked the grave, silent man who had just taken a seat at one of the tables.

"Bring me," he said, "a Swiss cheese sandwich with rye bread, a couple of doughnuts and some coffee."

"Slab o' Switzerlan' on rye!" she piped shrilly. "Sinkers! Draw one in Java!"

Her D's and "Idees."

While James Russell Lowell was editor of The Atlantic Monthly, Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford enjoyed a warm personal friendship with him, and he frequently accepted her stories. Mrs. Spofford feared that he might be taking them because of his interest in her and not for the merit of her work. She resolved to put the matter to a test. Her handwriting was peculiar. One of the most characteristic letters was her d, to the end of which she gave a queer little crook toward the left. In order to disguise her work she had her sister copy one of her stories before she sent it to the editor. Mr. Lowell accepted it in a letter in which he wrote, "The d's may not be yours, but there is no mistaking the 'idees.'"

A Funny Misunderstanding.

Dean Alford, in his "Queen's English," tells of a somewhat curious misunderstanding that resulted from the cockney aspirate.

A Scotch lad in a military school went up with a drawing of Venice which he had just finished to show it to the master. Observing that he had printed the name under it with two "n's" ("Vennice"), the master said:

"Don't you know there's only one 'hen' in Venice?"

"Only one 'hen' in Venice!" exclaimed young Sandy, with astonishment. "I'm thinking the' no hae mony eggs, then!"

Neither One Thing Nor the Other.

Hoax—He claims to be very swell, but he's rather ordinary, isn't he?

Joax—Yes. He's like the meat in a sandwich. He's just between the upper crust and the under-bred.—Philadelphia Record.

OCEAN LOG RAFTING.

HOW THE INDUSTRY HAS DEVELOPED ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

The Towing of Monster Timber Rafts Down the Coast From Seattle—A Great Business—Inventor of the Method Had Many Troubles.

This is the time of year when the log rafters of the Pacific coast, especially at Seattle, are very busy men. Log rafting on the high seas is one of the great industries of the coast, and, although the birthplace of the business was on the Atlantic side of the continent, it has reached its highest development in the west, where hundreds of thousands of feet of timber are rafted annually.

The rafts are simply mammoth bundles of piles chained together and towed to their place of destination. The inventor and patentee of the methods now in vogue is Captain H. R. Robertson, and no history of the industry is complete without mention of him.

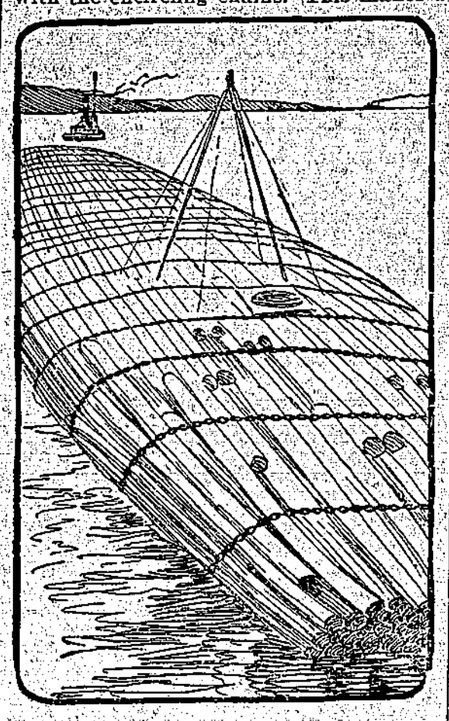
The first raft ever constructed under the Robertson methods was built at Port Joggins, N. S., in 1886. An unsuccessful attempt to launch it was made that year, the ways breaking under the enormous weight of the raft. In 1887 it was launched all right and taken to sea. The hawser connecting it with its tug snapped near Boston, and for months the raft, 400 feet long, drifted around the sea, a menace to navigation, until it finally went to pieces on the Azores islands.

While Robertson was the inventor of the method under which this great raft was built, credit must be given to James D. Leary of New York, for he it was who came to the inventor's aid when his financial resources were at an end, and he has been to Atlantic rafting what Robertson has been to the industry on the Pacific.

Immediately upon the loss of the raft of 1887 Mr. Leary announced his unshaken confidence in the feasibility of the enterprise and declared his determination to launch another raft. He and Robertson were out about $50,000 on their first venture, and it was considered foolhardy to again risk such a sum. They went ahead, however, contracted for the logs to be delivered at Port Joggins in the winter of 1888, and this raft was successfully built, floated and towed to New York, where its arrival created a sensation.

The pile rafts now built on the Pacific coast are constructed with the greatest care. The piles are placed in a huge cradle in the form of a gigantic vessel's hull. This cradle costs $8,000. When the load is complete, one and a half inch chains are passed around the body of the raft every 12 feet of length. Running fore and aft through the center are two two inch chains, one holding the bulkheads at each end in place and the other fastening to the hawser.

From this tow chain are lateral chains running out from the center to connect with the encircling chains. This makes a



RAFT BEING TOWED OUT TO SEA.

steady strain in towing, and the heavier the pull the tighter are the piles held in place.

In all there are 41 encircling chains, each 150 feet long, two fore and aft chains of 600 feet each, 1,000 feet of lateral chains, 75 fathoms of 1¾ inch tow chain and 150 fathoms of 14 inch manila hawser.

San Francisco takes the great part of the piles rafted on the coast, and since Captain Robertson took to the coast his rafting appliances there has been a great reduction in the price of piling to consumers, which is of direct personal interest to every wharf owner and renter in San Francisco or any port where piles have to be brought from a distance. Prior to the rafting era the sticks sold for 16 to 20 cents a lineal foot, and even then it was difficult to get all the piles that were needed, but now there are plenty of them to be had for 10 to 12 cents a foot. As the consumption of San Francisco alone is 30,000 piles a year, the annual saving is not far from $150,000, estimating the length of piles to be 70 feet each.

Attempts have repeatedly been made to secure legislation at Washington prohibiting rafting on the high seas as a menace to navigation. A bill to this effect was introduced at the first session of the Fiftieth congress, 1888, by Representative Dingley and has been repeated frequently of late years. The Dingley bill was read twice, referred to the committee on merchant marine and fisheries and ordered to be printed, and then the committee went to the United States attorney general for his official opinion as to the legality of the proposed legislation.

The attorney general spent some time investigating the matter and then stated that a raft had as much right on the high seas as a barge or sailing vessel or steamship and that congress had no power to enforce contrary rulings.

Apparently the chief agitators against rafting are members of the firemen's, sailors' and engineers' unions, who see in it a menace to their employment. As each raft consists of timber enough to load from five to ten vessels the seamen believe that the manufacture of many of them would result in that number of craft being withdrawn from the trade, which would force them to seek other work. Farmers and loggers are in favor of pile rafting, because it clears the land and prevents the waste of enormous quantities of timber.

THE OLD SCHOOLHOUSE.

Why the West Side of It Lacks a Coat of Whitewash.

It was in the days when the public schools were not located on every square in New Jersey and, in fact, when almost every square embraced a few cornfields. Martin Miller was the schoolmaster, and he had ideas of his own about punishing derelicts.

His place of business was the little one story, partly whitewashed frame building which stands near the handsome city hospital buildings and which attracts the attention of the Princeton and Lawrenceville students while trolleying from Trenton to their studies, because the schoolhouse still shows that the whitewashing was never completed.

"Miller's school" was the only name the boys knew, and not until manhood dawned did any of his scholars ever care to inquire as to the frontispiece to his family name.

"Percy Williams!" shouted Schoolmaster Miller one day through his toothless gums to the present brick manufacturer, "you've missed yer g'ography!"

"Yes, sir," said Williams meekly.

"Why?"

"Didn't know it, sir."

"You'll whitewash the north side o' this schoolhouse fer punishment. Yere's th' line an th' bucket. Thar, git to work!"

"Lou Snyder, stand up!" next said Schoolmaster Miller to the man who is now building trolley lines. "You've missed yer 'rithmatic!"

"Yes, sir."

"Why?"

"Got a mistake in the first sample. You'll whitewash the hull o' the south side o' this schoolhouse fer punishment. Thar's the bucket and brush. Thar—no back talk—git to work!"

"John Scuman, come yere," thundered Master Miller next to his then pupil, now a well known cigar manufacturer. "You knowed nothin 'bout yer spellin lessin an yer father hain't sent me them two bushels o' onions fer yer teachin fer last month. Why did you miss it, eh?"

"Thet air page's tored out o' my speller where th' lessins is!"

"You'll whitewash th' east side o' this yere schoolhouse. Thar's th' brush an th' lime an th' bucket. Git to work!"

Then Schoolmaster Miller called Cliff Bailey, the remaining scholar.

"Bailey," he shouted, "I hain't looked yer papers over today yit! What in thunderation did you miss? I know you missed somethin. You always miss, you chucklehead!"

"I missed whitewashin the west side o' the schoolhouse, I guess, Master Miller, 'cause father told me today to tell yer when yer come to school thet yer was an ass an thet I'd learn more tendin the hogs. So I'm leavin right now, an I miss the whitewashin."

Then young Bailey jumped through the barnlike door. Bailey is now an officer in the United States army, and the old schoolhouse still stands, but the west side of it has never had a coat of whitewash.

One on Delia.

"Oh, this is too bad!"

"What's the matter?"

"Delia Jones sent me a lovely book as a birthday gift, and she forgot to take out the card of the person who gave it to her.'

Keep Limewater on Hand.

Limewater, being easy and inexpensive to prepare, should be kept in every household. To make it place a piece of unslacked lime the size of an egg in an earthen vessel and pour over it one quart of clear, cold water. Allow it to stand a few hours, then filter through blotting paper, rejecting the sediment. Put it into a clean bottle, cork, and keep in a dark, cool place. Lime acts very energetically on water, and a teaspoonful of limewater put into a cupful of water or milk almost entirely destroys any deleterious substance there. A teaspoonful in a cupful of milk is an excellent remedy for delicate children whose digestion is weak. It is also very beneficial in cases of acidity of the stomach. It gives no unpleasant taste to the milk or other article of food in which it is used.

A Zealous Ibsenite.

She (breaking into conversation)—Are you fond of Ibsen, Mr. Sapleigh?

He—Oh, yes, I'm very fond of it. Shall I order some?—New York Evening Journal.

HONEST ABE, U. S. M.

THE RURAL MAIL CARRIER HEARS ABOUT A LOVE MATCH.

He Gives Aunt Sally His Private Opinion of the Case, but Takes Care the Government Doesn't Get Mixed Up In It.

[Copyright, 1901, by C. B. Lewis.]

Just as I reached Farmer Riker's on my trip the other day my cart broke down, and Mrs. Riker came out and said:

"Now, Abe, I'm glad on't. It does seem like a stroke of Providence. I've been wanting to have a talk with you for a week past, but you was in a hurry or Benjamin was around."

"What's on your mind, Aunt Sally?" I asks as I works away at the repairs.

"It's about our Mirandy, Abe. You know she's 27 years old and never had

"THERE THAT FELLOW STOOD SMILING AT MIRANDY."

an offer of marriage, but it do really look as if things was coming her way at last. What you got in that box up there?"

"A porous plaster for Uncle Tobe Brown, a box of pills for Jim Hobson, a bottle of liniment for Mrs. Dawson's rheumatism and pins, thread, needles, hairpins, cough drops, shirt buttons and shingle nails for various other folks."

"What a kind hearted, accommodating man! But about Mirandy. She's in the house cutting over carpet rags and singing the 'Sweet By and By,' and I don't know when I've seen her look so happy. Say, Abe, I want"—

"Hold on, Aunt Sally," I says—"hold right on till I know whether what you've got to say is an international question for the state department to handle or only a confidential communication between you and me. Don't never forget that I'm representing the United States of America through the postoffice department. It's a powerful burden on a man's back, but I'm trying to bear it without busting my overcoat."

"You needn't worry, Abe," she replies. Mirandy hain't been walking around on the Monroe doctrine or sticking up her nose at our colonial policy. She's got a beau at last, and I don't reckon that has anything to do with Uncle Sam. He rather encourages such things, as I understand it. I'm talking to you as an old friend and not as the feller who carries the American eagle under his arm."

"Then go ahead and tell me all about it, and I'll do my best to encourage the match. Who wants Mirandy?"

"It's a feller what come along a few days ago with a new sort of wire clothesline. He puts up 200 feet for a dollar, and if you ain't satisfied after six months' trial he takes it down and leaves you a corn sheller or a parlor organ in its place for nothing. He come along here the other week when Benjamin was gone to town and I was busy with the churning, and I sent Mirandy to the door to tell him to move on or take the end of the broomstick. She was so long about it that I finally followed after, and I was never so astonished in my whole life. There that fellow stood smiling at Mirandy, and there Mirandy stood smiling at him, and you'd thought he'd been her beau for the last six months."

"Case of love at first sight," says I.

"It was, Abe, it was, and they was bold as brass about it. When I started to box Mirandy's ears, she turned on me, and when I told the fellow we didn't want no windmills, patent gates, washing machines, pianos, beartraps or lightning rods he almost winked at me as he enters the house and takes a cheer and says he has at last met the angel of his dreams. If Mirandy hadn't put her finger in her mouth and run up stairs, I believe he'd have proposed to her then and there. Do men fall in love that way, Abe—good men?"

"Are you asking me as representing the postoffice department, the present administration and the United States of America at large, Aunt Sally?"

"Of course not. The postmaster general and the United States can go to ballymack if we can get Mirandy married off to some good man. Don't you try to make out that this has anything to do with the Alaska boundary or the Nicaragua canal."

"Well, then, giving you my private opinion, which needn't go no further, a feller is sometimes hit with love the same as with a crowbar, and maybe a woman is too. What's the chap's name?"

"Hawkins, and Mirandy says it's awfully romantic."

"What does he look like?"

"Like a bean pole with clothes on, but Mirandy says that all the cavaliers and knights she has ever read of looked just that way. She sorter thinks this feller is a cavalier in disguise, and she goes around purring like a kitten after supper."

"Has the feller declared his love for her?" I asks as my job is almost finished.

"Has he!" shouts Aunt Sally as she throws up her arms. "Well, I should say that he had—more'n a hundred times. He don't do nothing from morning till night but eat three square meals and declare his love for Mirandy. Law me, but he ain't a bit afraid of me or Benjamin. He goes right on talking about his love the same as anybody else would about turnips, and Mirandy sits there and hitches around on her chair and giggles. I'm sometimes almost afraid the Lord will bring some awful punishment on me for allowing of it. It's for Benjamin to do something, but he won't move hand or foot. He won't even ask the feller if he's able to support Mirandy in luxury. Abe, I wish you'd let go of the American eagle and the star spangled banner long enough to tell me what to do."

"There ain't nothing to be said, Aunt Sally."

"But there must be. When a gal falls in love with a wire clothesline man, shouldn't it be found out whether he's worth the clothes on his back, what denomination he belongs to, whether he's a hand to run out nights or stay home with his family? I'm free to say that Mirandy ain't no great shakes as a gal and that if she loses this feller she may never have another chance, but I don't want her to be took in by a pirate. What would you do if you was me, Abe?"

"I shouldn't worry. It's no good to worry about gals, Aunt Sally, especially old gals like Mirandy. When they fall in love, it's all over with 'em, and they've got no sense left. She wouldn't listen to me, knowing that I represent this glorious American republic and that to stop me on the highway is unlawfully detaining the United States mail. They've fell in love, and they are bound to marry, and you've just got to let things slide. You hain't no rights in the case."

"But don't I even get 200 feet of wire clothesline out of it? He ain't put up a single inch yet, and it don't look as if he meant to."

"You might insist that the wire go up before the marriage takes place, but if he hangs off about it continue to spread your washing on the currant bushes and the grass. It appears as if Providence had brought 'em together, and nobody ought to fly in the face of Providence. That's the way of it, Aunt Sally, and whom the Lord hath joined together let no man put asunder, and I'm half an hour behind time and have got to rattle on."

M. QUAD.

Distinguished Traveler.

First Fly—Oh, say! Who's the important looking gent?

Second Fly—It's Professor Book worm, just returned from the interior of India.—Chicago News.

Do you intend buying a rifle or pistol? If so, get the best which is a

STEVENS

Rifles range in price from $4.00 to $75.00. For large and small game, also for target practice. Pistols from $2.50 to $20.00.

Send stamp for large catalogue illustrating complete line, brimful of valuable information to sportsmen.

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ASSESSMENT ACT AND PROVINCIAL REVENUE TAX.

COMOX DISTRICT.

NOTICE is hereby given, in accordance with the Statutes, that Provincial Revenue Tax, and all taxes levied under the Assessment Act, are now due for the year 1901. All the above named taxes collectible within the Comox District are payable at any time at the Court House Cumberland. Assessed taxes are collectible at the following rates, viz:—

If paid on or before June 30th, 1901:—

Three-fifths of one per cent. on real property.

Two and one-half per cent. on assessed value of wild land.

One-half of one per cent. on personal property.

Upon all excess of income—

CLASS A.—On one thousand dollars and not exceeding ten thousand dollars, one per cent. up to five thousand dollars, and two per cent. on the remainder.

CLASS B.—On ten thousand dollars, and not exceeding twenty thousand dollars, one and one-half per cent. up to ten thousand dollars, and two and one-half per cent. on the remainder.

CLASS C.—On twenty thousand dollars, and not exceeding forty thousand dollars, two and one-half per cent. up to twenty thousand dollars, and three per cent. on the remainder.

CLASS D.—On all others in excess of forty thousand dollars, three per cent. up to forty thousand dollars, and three and one-half per cent. on the remainder.

If paid on or after 1st July, 1901:—

Four-fifths of one per cent. on real property.

Three per cent. on the assessed value of wild land.

Three-quarters of one per cent. on personal property.

On so much of the income of any person as exceeds one thousand dollars, in accordance with the following classification, upon such excess the rates shall be, namely:—

CLASS A.—On one thousand dollars, and not exceeding ten thousand dollars, one and one-half per cent. up to five thousand dollars, and two and one-half per cent. on the remainder.

CLASS B.—On ten thousand dollars, and not exceeding twenty thousand dollars, two per cent. up to ten thousand dollars, and three per cent. on the remainder.

CLASS C.—On twenty thousand dollars, and not exceeding forty thousand dollars, three per cent. up to twenty thousand dollars, and three and one-half per cent. on the remainder.

CLASS D.—On all others in excess of forty thousand dollars, three and one-half per cent. up to forty thousand dollars, and four per cent. on the remainder.

Provincial Revenue Tax $3 per capita.

JOHN BAIRD,
Assessor and Collector.

Cumberland, B. C., 11th January, 1901.

jy 22

WE WANT YOUR

Job Printing

SATISFACTORY WORK PRICES

In the County Court of Cumberland,

HOLDEN IN CUMBERLAND.

In the matter of the Estates of—
Davis M. Davis, Mah Bug Wing, Lam Chong, Sue Lam, Gang Arb, Mah Li Yong, Tsen Tsung, Mah Wing Chong.

—AND—

In the matter of the "Official Administration Act."

Notice is hereby given that under given orders granted by His Honor, E. Harrison, dated the 15th day of May 1901, respectively, I have been appointed administrator of the effects of each of the above named.

All claims against any of the said estates duly verified, must be filed with me not later than the 17th day of June, 1901, and all persons indebted to any of said estates, are required to pay such indebtedness forthwith.

HENRY P. COLLIS,
Official Administrator.

Cumberland, May 15th, 1901

Union Brewery.

Fresh Lager Beer THE BEST IN THE PROVINCE

STEAM Beer, Ale, and Porter.

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s12w P. O. BOX 190.

NOTICE

Is hereby given that Robt. Grant has made application for an hotel license for the Riverside Hotel, Courtenay, to sell intoxicating liquors under the provisions of the statutes in that behalf. The Board of License Commissioners will meet to consider the above application on Wednesday, July 10th, at 10 a.m. at Court House Cumberland.

JOHN THOMSON,
1t Chief License Inspector.

Cumberland, B. C., June 26, 1901.

Esquimalt & Nanaimo Ry.

VICTORIA-COMOX ROUTE.

Taking Effect Tuesday, Oct 16th, 1900.

S. S. "City of Nanaimo"

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

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

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

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

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

Sails from Nanaimo, Saturday 6 a.m. for Victoria and Way ports

FOR Freight tickets and State room Apply on board,
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NOTICE.

Tenders for groceries and meats for Union and Comox District Hospital, will be received by the Board of Directors up to the 29th inst. Under head of groceries all canned goods must be tendered for by the case. Quality and brand mentioned. Brands of flour also to be indicated. Tenders to be sealed and directed to the Secretary.

The board reserve the right to reject any or all tenders.

629 L. W. HALL, Sec.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SCHOOL, CUMBERLAND.

SEALED TENDERS, indorsed 'Tender for Cumberland School House,' will be received by the undersigned up to noon of 29th June, 1901, for the completion of the school house at Cumberland.

Drawings, specifications, forms of contract and tender may be seen on and after the 12th June, 1901, on application to J. Baird, Esq., Government Agent, Cumberland, B.C.

Tenders will not be considered unless made upon the printed forms supplied for the purpose, and the agreement to execute a bond, appended to the form of tender, is duly signed by the contractor himself and two other responsible residents of the Province in the penal sum of $800, for the faithful performance of the work.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

W. S. GORE,
Deputy Commissioner of Lands & Works.

Lands and Works Department,
Victoria, B.C., 12th June, 1901. at

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS
Issued Every Wednesday.
W. B. ANDERSON, - - - EDITOR.

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

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

WEDNESDAY, JULY 3, 1901.

RESERVE.

NOTICE is hereby given that all the unappropriated Crown lands situated within the boundaries of the following areas are hereby reserved from pre-emption, sale or other disposition, excepting under the provisions of the mining laws of the Province, for two years from the date hereof, pursuant to the provisions of sub-section (5) of section 4 of the 'Land Act,' as amended by section 6 of the Land Act Amendment Act, 1901, to enable the Industrial Power Company of B.C., Limited, to select therefrom timber limits for wood pulp and paper manufacturing purposes, as provided by an agreement bearing date the sixth day of June, 1901, viz.:—

AREA 1—All the surveyed land on both sides of the river at the head of Wakeman Sound.

AREA 2—Commencing at the west boundary line of the Indian Reserve on Nimkish River, thence along both sides of the river to the lake, with a width on each side of the river of 40 chains.

AREA 3—Extending from the head of Queen's Reach, Jervis Inlet, ten miles up the river, with a width of one mile on each side of each branch thereof.

AREA 4—Extending from the head of Robson Bite, Johnson Strait, three miles up the river, with a width on each side of half a mile.

AREA 5—Extending for five miles up Adam's River, Johnson Strait, from its mouth with a width on each side of one mile.

AREA 6—Extending from the junction of Butchay or White River with Salmon River for a distance of ten miles up said White River, with a width on each side thereof of one mile.

AREA 7—Commencing at a point where the 51st parallel intersects with the Coast Line of British Columbia; thence east on said parallel to a point north of Embley Lagoon; thence south to said Lagoon; thence south and west following the channel between Kinmard Island and Pandora Head; thence south and west along centre of Wells Passage to the Queen's Charlotte Sound; thence northwest to point of beginning.

AREA 8—Malcolm Island.

AREA 9—Gilford Island.

AREA 10—Commencing at the head of Pitt Lake; thence up the river at the head of said lake for a distance of five miles, having a width of half a mile on each side of said river.

W. S. GORE,
Deputy Commissioner of Lands & Works.

Lands and Works Department,
Victoria, B.C., 6th June, 1901. je21,4t

GOVERNMENT DISTRIBUTION OF STUMPING POWDER.

Farmers desirous of being supplied with Blasting Powder at cost price for clearing land can obtain blank forms of requisition from the Secretaries of the Farmers Institutes:

Henry Hills, Secretary Farmers' Institute, Alberni.
A. Halliday, Comox, Sandwick.
H. De M. Mellin, Cowichan, Somenos.
John Stewart, Nanaimo-Cedar; Starks Crossing, Nanaimo.
J. H. Smart, Motchosin, Motchosin.
C. K. King, Victoria, Cedar Hill.
E. Walter, Islands, Ganges Harbor.
E. A. Brown, Delta, Ladner.
H. Bose, Surrey, Surrey Centre.
A. H. P. Matthew, Langley, Langely.
Alex. Philip, Richmond, Vancouver.
A. M. Verchere, Mission, Mission City.
G. W. Chadsey, Chilliwack, Chilliwack.
Wm. Green, Kent, Agassiz.
J. M. Webster, Maple Ridge, Webster's Corners.
John Ball, Matsqui, Abbotsford.
A. H. Crichton, Oboyoos, Kelowna.
W. P. Horsley, Spallumcheen, Armstrong.
S. M. McGuire, Salmon Arm, Salmon Arm.
J. W. Smith, Kamloops, Kamloops.
H. Percy Hodges, Okanagan, Vernon.

Department of Agriculture, Victoria, B. C., May 8th, 1901.

J. R. ANDERSON,
Deputy Minister of Agriculture

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.

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Vancouver, B. C.

Esquimalt & Nanaimo Ry.
TIME TABLE EFFECTIVE NOV. 19TH, 1898.

VICTORIA TO WELLINGTON.

No. 2 Daily A.M.		No. 4 Saturday P.M.
Dp. 9:00	Victoria	Dp. 4:25
9:28	Goldstream	4:53
10:9	Koenig's	5:34
10:48	Duncans	6:15
P.M.		P.M.
12:14	Nanaimo	7:41
Ar. 12:3	Wellington	Ar. 7:55

WELLINGTON TO VICTORIA.

No. 1 Daily A.M.		No. 3 Saturday A.M.
Dp. 8:05	Wellington	Dp. 4:27
8:26	Nanaimo	4:39
9:52	Duncans	6:05
10:37	Koenig's	6:46
11:13	Goldstream	7:32
Ar. 11:45	Victoria	Ar. 8:00 P.M.

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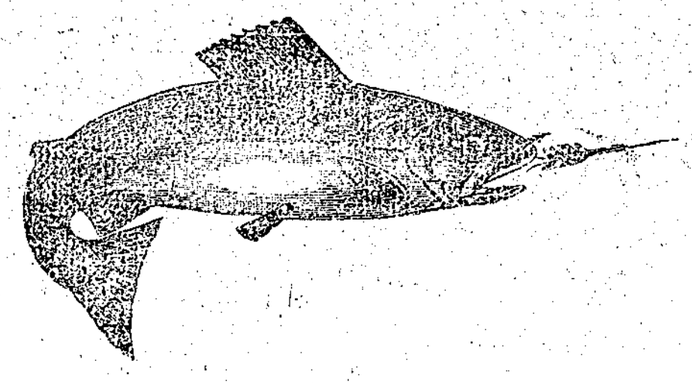

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NEWS OFFICE.

FAREWELL TO YESTERDAY.

Where is the road to Yesterday?
Oh, tell in prose or rhyme,
For I would trace my backward way
To that enchanting clime!

Life was so fresh and good and true
And friends so kind and fair,
Why should a day so bright and new
All fade away in air?

Who knows the road to Yesterday?
Is every seeker blind?
Say, does it cast no single ray
To pilot those behind?

Oh, there's a road that leads our feet
To hours more glad and bright—
A road so short, a joy complete,
A journey of a night!

Come, bid farewell to Yesterday,
For in Tomorrow's face
The happiest days now flown away
Shine with a sweeter grace.

—Woman's Life.

THE LITTLE GOLD NUGGET

A Tale of the Australian Gold Diggings.

John Archer decided that the nugget would be safer in his little daughter's keeping than in his own.

"You must take great care of it, darling," said John Archer. "It is for your mother." And Effie stowed the little nugget away in a corner of the old workbox which had been her mother's under the cotton and socks she was darning for her father. She felt duly weighted with the responsibility. She knew that this yellow earth was of great value, for her father, leaving her mother, who was very delicate, with some friends in Brisbane, had come a long, weary way to find it.

Having hidden the little nugget away, Effie came out of the hut to look around and see if any one was near who might have seen her. No. No one was near who might have seen her, only Billy, the black—King Billy, the aboriginal monarch, who loved rum and tobacco and who was chopping some firewood for her.

This little girl's reason for trusting King Billy, the black, was somewhat strange and is worthy of being recorded. She trusted him because she had been kind to him.

But Effie was only 12.

As the child stood in the broad light, her tumbled hay hued hair kissed and illumined by the bold rays of the sun and her round, trustful blue eyes shaded from the glare by two little brown hands, watching King Billy at his work, a flock of laughing jackasses alighted in a neighboring gum tree and set up a demoniac cachinnation. What made the ill omened birds so madly merry? What was the joke? Effie's trust? Billy's gratitude? They failed to explain, but their amusement was huge and sardonic.

"Drive them away, Billy," cried Effie, and the obedient king dropped his ax and threw a faggot of wood at the tree, which stopped the laughter and dispersed the merrymakers.

"Billy tired now," said the black grinning. "Too much work—plenty wood," and he pointed to the result of his labor.

"Yes, that will be enough, thank you. You're a good boy. I'll give you some tobacco."

"Billy's thirsty."

"Then you shall have some tea."

"No tea. Rum."

"No, Billy. Rum isn't good for you."

"Good for miners; good for Billy."

"No, it's not good for miners," said Effie emphatically. "It makes them fight and say wicked things."

"Makes black fellow feel good," declared Billy, rolling his dusky eyes.

This last argument was effective. Effie went into her hut—her father had returned to his work—and poured a little spirits from John Archer's flask into a pannikin. Billy drank the spirits with rolling eyes, smacked his lips and then lay down in the shadow of the hut to sleep.

The long afternoon passed very slowly for Effie. Her few trifling duties as housekeeper were soon done. The little hut was tidied and the simple evening meal prepared and some hours must pass before her father returned. How could she pass the time? She had only two books—a Bible and a volume of stories for little girls, which she had won as a prize at school in Brisbane. But she was too young to appreciate the first, especially as the type was very small and it was difficult reading, and she had grown beyond appreciating the stories for little girls, having known them by heart three years before. She would like to have slept. Everything around her suggested and invited the siesta—the steady heat, the brightness of the light without the hut, the distant murmur of miners' voices which came from beyond yonder belt of wattle gums, the monotonous hum of the locusts in the forest, the occasional fretful cry of a strange bird and the regular snores of the fallen king, who slumbered in the shade of the hut. Even the buzz of the annoying flies assisted the general effect and brought drowsiness.

To remain still for a few minutes would have meant inevitably falling asleep. Effie felt this and remembered the little gold nugget. If she slept, some thief might come and take it. And so she put on her hat and, forsaking the seductive cool and shade of the hut, went out into the brightness and heat.

Archer's hut stood on the edge of the valley, over against the foot of the blue, heavily timbered hills. About 50 yards distant from it, hidden among the trees, was a high moss grown rock, at the base of which Effie had discovered the smallest and sweetest of natural springs. Thither the child ran—looking back often to see that no one approached the hut in her absence—to bathe her face. In a few minutes she returned, drying her face in her apron and shaking her wet hair in the sun. No one had come, but King Billy was now awake and was slouching lazily off toward the bush. Effie laughed as she saw him, his great head bent forward and his thin, narrow shoulders bowed. She laughed to think of his laziness and that he should look so tired after such a very little wood chopping.

She was still laughing at King Billy as she opened the old workbox to take another peep at the yellow treasure and to make quite sure that the heat hadn't melted it away. And it was quite slowly that the laugh died from her pretty eyes and mouth—quite slowly because of the moments it took to realize and accept a misfortune so terrible—when she lifted the coarse socks and looked and saw no little gold nugget, saw nothing. Then horror and great fear grew in the blue eyes, and pale agony crept over the childish face and made it old, and the poor little heart seemed to stop beating.

Effie said nothing and made no cry, but she closed her eyes tightly for a moment and looked in the box again. No, it was no illusion. The little nugget was not there. The first gold her father had found, which had been intrusted to her care, which was to have been taken to her mother—it was gone. She put down the box quite quietly and walked out into the day. But the sun was shining very strangely and mistily now, and the blue sky had grown black, and the trees seemed to move weirdly, and the locusts had ceased humming from fear, but the strange bird was somewhere near, shrieking brokenly: "What will father say? What will father say?"

But as the child stood there despairing her sight grew clearer, and she saw a black figure among the trees, and she was conscious of a pair of dusky eyes watching her through the leaves. Then only she remembered, and she knew who had done this cruel thing. King Billy! And she had been kind to him. Effie suddenly burst into passionate sobbing. The black figure still hovered among the trees, often changing its position, and the dusky eyes still peered through the leaves. And the laughing jackasses flew down to the old tree again and laughed more madly than before—laughed at Effie's trust, at Billy's gratitude!

* * * * * * *

It was 10 o'clock, and darkness and quiet reigned in John Archer's hut. Over among the tents behind the wattle gums a few gamblers and heavy drinkers were still awake, and their voices, raised in anger or ribald merriment, might occasionally have been faintly heard from the hut. But Archer, who had sown his wild oats, was a true worker, and he had his little daughter, for whose sake he had built the hut away from the noisy camp.

Archer had come home late and weary, as usual, had eaten his supper and gone to rest without, to Effie's intense relief, speaking of the little gold nugget. The child was afraid to speak of the loss, and she was not without vague hopes that a beneficent Providence would restore the nugget during the darkness and save her from this great trouble.

For this she prayed very earnestly before she lay down to sleep. Or did she sleep at all that night? She never quite knew. But she thinks that it was then that she first experienced that terrible purgatorial condition which is neither wakefulness nor sleep when the body and mind are weary enough to bring the profound sleep which they require, but which the brain is too overladen and too cruelly active to allow, when dreams seem realities and realities dreams. It must have been a dream when she saw something small and yellow float through the tiny window on the ghostly silver moonbeams. And yet when, having closed her eyes, she opened them again it was still there, hovering about in the darkness, less bright now and with a pale yellow halo. But it faded quite away. It was a cruel, mocking dream.

Then was it a dream when the old curtain which divided her corner of the hut from her father's moved near the ground, bulged slightly toward her? It would be curious to see, and she lay still. From under the curtain seemed to come a thin arm and slowly, cautiously, after the arm a head with a great shock of hair. And the moonbeams just touched a face. I think they kissed it, though it was black, for they found in a black hand the little yellow object which had floated in the first dream.

It was all so real, so beautiful, that the child lay still, scarce daring to breathe lest the vision should melt away, and when in her dream came the voice of her father with the words, "Speak, or I'll fire!" her lips refused to open.

But it was no dream when the shot came and the black king rolled over on the earth dead, with the little gold nugget he had come to restore pressed in the death agony against his heart, where, too, was a little gold.

And the laughing birds in the old tree, startled from their sleep by the shot, laughed once more, wildly and madly, at Billy's honesty.—Exchange.

Huxley's Ideal Church.

The following is Professor Huxley's definition of a church given in his "Life and Letters:" "A place in which, week by week, services should be devoted, not to the iteration of abstract propositions in theology, but to the setting before men's minds of an ideal of true, just and pure living; a place in which those who are weary of the burden of daily cares should find a moment's rest in the contemplation of the higher life which is possible for all, though attained by so few; a place in which the man of strife and business should have time to think how small after all, are the rewards he covets compared with peace and charity."

A Taking Motto.

Slippery Sam—Have you heard the motto of the Pickpockets' union?

Slick Fingered Phil—No; what is it?

Slippery Sam—"Whoever is worth doing is worth doing well."—Ohio State Journal.

Stopped In Bath.

Soiled Sammy—We'll hev ter bounce Raggles from der guild.

Dirty Donovan—Wot fer?

Soiled Sammy—He stopped two weeks in Bath, Me.—Kansas City Independent.

HUMOROUS TIPSTERS.

Quick Returns For Bright Ideas. The Other Half of the Cartoonist.

Caricaturists' ideas for funny pictures often run low. They say that their hands do not lose their cunning, but that their minds refuse to frame comical scenes and situations. They must turn out a certain amount of grist, however, and on such occasions have recourse to the humorous tipster. He is usually a literary free lance, with some knack of humor. The most successful are those who contribute funny paragraphs, stories and sketches to the humorous weeklies or the humorous columns of daily papers and magazines.

In New York there are at least 50, of whom probably one-half sell tips or enter into business relations with the artists. Where tips are sold they bring from $1 to $3, and they average $2 each. It is generally a cash transaction. Equally common is the practice of going halves upon an idea. In this case the tipster makes a schoolboy sketch and on a separate sheet writes the reading matter to accompany it. The artist thereupon makes a finished picture. If the publication uses black and white and no color, the drawing is purchased and the artist absolved of further responsibility. If, however, the publication has a color press, the artist is often called upon to oversee the press arrangements as to the distribution of the various inks. In the former case the artist and tipster equally divide the price paid. In the latter the artist receives a somewhat larger share.

The business pays fairly well so far as the time consumed is concerned. A man with grotesque fancies will often conceive a dozen tips in an hour, but it may be several days or weeks before he can do it again. The most successful tipster is said to clear $1,000 a year. An ordinary tipster makes one-half or one-third as much. During a political campaign there is a big demand for cartoons, and prices go higher. Tips for these cartoons will often bring $5 and $10, and when they have been worked out upon the partnership principle they have netted as high as $100.

How Coolies Get Free Burial.

You see, no Chinaman would set foot on a vessel unless he had every assurance that in case he died he would be put away in a first class coffin and brought into port. If we didn't all contract to do that none of us would carry a cooly, not if we offered them free passage, so we promise to supply a "chop dollar" coffin in case of death and to carry the cooly back to the port from which he sailed, and that costs money.

This business hadn't gone on a month before the cooly saw his chance to beat the company and began to do it. You see, a cooly who is about to die, or wants to pass in his checks, and they can do it just whenever and wherever they want to, steps on a steamer, say for Hongkong, and he only pays about $2 for a deck passage. Then when he gets good and ready he just stops breathing, and the company has to provide a coffin and pay the freight back home.

Reading.

I have known some people in great sorrow to fly to a novel or the last light book of fashion. One might as well take a rose draft for the plague. Light reading does not do when the heart is really heavy. I am told that Goethe when he lost his son took to studying a science that was new to him. Ah, Goethe was a physician who knew what he was about! In a great grief like that you cannot tickle and divert the mind. You must wrench it away, abstract, absorb, bury it in an abyss, hurry it into a labyrinth.—Bulwer.

Avoiding the French Bill of Fare.

Bouttown—Better not go to the St. Fashion hotel. Their bill of fare is in French.

Cultured Friend (indignantly)—I can understand French.

Bouttown—Yes, but the waiters can't, and neither can the cook.—New York Weekly.

GRANDMAS OF TODAY

THEY KEEP IN THE RACE WITH THE YOUNG PEOPLE TO THE END.

The Old Fashioned Grandmother, the One Who Placidly Sat In the Chimney Corner Darning Stockings, Is a Thing of the Past.

I was bemoaning the fact that I had never known my grandmothers. One died before I was born and the other when I was a few months old. I thought it would be so comforting to have a grandmother because they always regarded their grandchildren as being incapable of doing wrong. At least they were sure to multiply one's virtues and minimize faults. Their chief object in life, as I picture them, was to minister to their descendants' comfort, to make the crooked places straight. The grandmother of my fancy would keep my clothes in repair, darn the stockings, knit plenty of washrags and silk mittens, surprise me with my favorite dishes, laugh at my jokes and generally submerge her life in the affairs of mine. What was I going to do in return for all this unselfish devotion? I would be her granddaughter. That, according to the old traditions, was quite enough compensation.

I was holding forth, exploiting my views and desires on the grandmother question in the presence of one of those people who delight to take a person down and make him feel cheap, especially if they imagine one is posing as younger than the family Bible records. This individual spoke up and said: "Why, if your grandmothers were living they would be so aged that they would be mummified. Instead of darning your stockings, knitting your mittens, they would be blind, deaf and imbecile. You would have to tend them with greater slavishness than a mother a newborn babe, and without the sweet recompense in the latter case. When people become imbecile with age, they grow repulsive, and the prolonging of this state is dreadful, while each day the unfolding of a budding life is filled with mysterious delights."

Of course I did not want a grandmother that was deaf, blind and imbecile. I thought I would drop the subject, as it appeared to be getting personal. But my companion continued: "Besides, could it be possible in the order of things for you to have a vigorous, industrious, capable grandmother, she would not be sitting at the chimney corner darning your stockings. She would be out attending to her lodge or club business, visiting the millinery openings, ordering a fashionable gown, playing cards or attending a high tea. The old fashioned grandmother is as much a thing of the past as the spinning wheel, the canalboat, stagecoach, making candles and family rendered soap."

I protested that I did not believe my grandmothers would be of the modern pattern. I had heard my mother tell often of how completely her mother lost her taste for society and outside affairs after she had grandchildren. She had raised a large family, but these reproductions were just as much a delight as had been the originals. She infinitely preferred their society to that of grown people. Their prattle, school experiences, little ambitions, filled her life completely. She was constantly planning surprises for them by making animal cakes, individual pies, candy, aprons, hoods, doll clothes.

"Yes, but if she lived now she would be different. The air she would breathe is filled with assertive germs which declare that every woman owes it to herself to have a career and stand at the helm and steer it to the very end. She must not allow her life to be submerged in that of her own children, as they make their appearance rather unwelcome frequently, but must have outside missions. As soon as her offspring is married off, which is accomplished with as great dispatch as diplomacy can secure, then she is free to carry out pet schemes and natural desires untrammeled."

"Perhaps you are right," I replied. Such a grandmother as this would be no comfort to me as a grandmother, while she might be a most helpful friend, and I could be proud of her position in the literary, artistic or philanthropic world as her tastes might dictate her pursuit.

A grandmother of my acquaintance said to me not long ago: "It would be a great trial to me to have my grandchildren or any children in the house with me now. I could not adapt myself to their demands and interruptions. I have raised my family and now want my time for individual pursuits." This woman has especial talents and necessities for using them, and in her case these feelings may not seem unnatural. But this is much the sentiment that possesses the grandmothers of the age who have no special missions or avocations outside the domestic circle. If they have means, they buy handsome gifts for their grandchildren and wish them to have all the advantages possible that do not represent personal self sacrifice or curtailment of freedom of action.

Women are imbued with the spirit of the age, which demands that there shall be no old ladies with caps and shawls who stay at home and guard the fireside, but that they must keep in the race with the young people to the very end.—Susan W. Ball in Terre Haute Gazette.

Betrayed by His Feet.

Sherlock Holmes—I have not looked around, but a very tall man just came in and sat down in the opera chair behind me.

Miss Marvel—It is true! Say, you do the most wonderful things. Now, tell me how you knew without looking of the tall man's presence.

Sherlock Holmes—His feet are sticking through under my chair.—Ohio State Journal.

His Mistake.

"How lovers are given to freaks of fancy!"

"What's the case in point?"

"Here's a story where a fellow calls his girl's hair golden, and the accompanying picture shows it's only plaited."

Her Hint.

Stout Man (whose appetite has been the envy of his fellow boarders)—I declare I have three buttons off my vest.

Mistress of the House (who has been aching to give him a hint)—You will probably find them in the dining room, sir.—Exchange.

It is said that posts planted in the earth upper end down will last longer than those which are set in the natural position in which the tree grew.

It is sometimes easier to step into another man's shoes than it is to walk in them.

The Whole Business.

Cook (to young mistress, who has received a present of some game)—And, please'm, do you like the birds high?

Mistress (puzzled)—The bird's eye?

Cook—What I mean, mum, is some prefers the birds stale.

Mistress (more puzzled)—The tail? (Decides not to seem ignorant.) Send up the bird, please, cook, with the eyes and the tail!—Punch.

WISDOM OF THE HEN.

Something More Than Mere Sitting Required to Hatch Out the Egg.

A fresh egg has the yoke perfectly balanced in the middle of the white. Unless it remains thus balanced the chances are decidedly against its hatching. Brooding hens understand that. When filling the nest, a hen turns over all the eggs in it before she quits it after laying a new one.

She knows, too, that in hot weather the sun will addle her eggs, so she chooses a shady nest spot. But in winter a nest is often made where the fullest sunshine streams into it.

Brooding is throughout full of quaint surprises. Eggs will hatch if kept at blood heat, 98 degrees. But they hatch more certainly and turn out stronger chicks if the temperature is a degree or so higher. Just how it is done nobody knows, but mother hens some way contrive to raise the normal heat of their bodies to the requisite pitch. Further, they strip the whole breast of feathers, so the eggs may have the benefit of full heat. Twice a day they turn over every egg in the nest, cuddling them separately up underneath their beaks, making little soft half fretful chuckling noises the while.

Hens are most uncalculating egg stealers. All eggs in sight will be drawn into the nest, though the stolen eggs may crowd out those legitimately there. Still in a way hens take stock of what they brood. With few eggs they sit prim, with trimly folded wings. With too many they sprawl all over the nest, wings loose enough to let light between the feathers, and frequently turn themselves about reaching for uncovered eggs and drawing them underneath the breast.

A hen of average size cannot profitably cover more than 15 eggs. In cold weather 13 is a better limit, although in midsummer the same hen might brood and hatch 20. Left to themselves, the unchecked instinct of egg stealing with hens is apt to result in a nest full of spoiled eggs, with maybe one or two feeble chicks.

Twenty-four hours of brooding makes hardly a perceptible change in an egg. Sometimes in warm weather there is the least reddish tinge beside the whitish clot in which the germ lies. After 36 hours the clot shows a well defined drop of very red blood. In two days the blood drop has spread to veins and arteries. At the end of ten days the head is fairly well formed, though the trunk is still ragged. In two weeks the chick is recognizable as a chick, and if the shell envelope is broken will quiver all through and feebly move the head. It has, however, no vestige of the downy coat it will wear a little later. The coat forms rather rapidly.

The period of incubation for a chicken is 21 days, and for two days before leaving the shell the young fowl is practically perfect. Yet it would not live were the shell forcibly removed. It spends the last two days gathering vital force to make its own way out into the world. It lies snug within the shell, the head bent upon the breast in such a position as brings the beak full against the shell.

The beak is armed with a tiny detachable piece of horn, flint hard and set upon the very tip of the upper mandible. At full hatching time the chick presses this triangle against the brittle shell and breaks a triangle hole in it, possibly a quarter of an inch across. An hour later the chick, having turned itself slightly, presses the beak against a new spot and makes a fresh break. As more air comes in the little creature grows stronger. It writhes still more strongly in its prison, turning always from left to right. In two hours or ten it breaks the shell in two and slips out into the nest, a wet and weary sprawler.

Egg production varies enormously. A hen's capacity is about 400 eggs, divided pretty equally through the first three years of her existence.

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS

CUMBERLAND, B.C.

Little Perry's Awful Threat.

I won't ever live in this house no more,
And I'm goin away, 'way off somewhere
In the dark woods, and mebby a bear
Or something nobody ever saw before
Might come and eat me up, and then,
I bet you, when
My pa has no little boy he'll be
Sorry he punished me!

And I'm goin to starve and not
Ever eat anything again at all,
And when I'm up with God and got
Wings and can look at my pa and he
Comes home and sees my coat in the hall
And looks all around everywhere
And I ain't there,
I bet he'll be sorry he punished me!

And when I'm far away
And nearly starved and can hardly stand
They might be a big, bad man come along and say
He'd take me off to some strange land,
And then, when the people told my pa
How cruel he was, I bet he'd be
The saddest person you ever saw
And sorry he punished me!

And when they has no little boy no more
Mamma would cry all day,
And when no little boy would open the door
For pa at night and say,
"Hello!" I bet
That's when he'd be
The saddest yet,
And I'll stay this time, but he
B-b-b-better quit punishin me.

—Chicago Times-Herald.

I know MINARD'S LINIMENT will cure Diphtheria.

JOHN D. BOUTILLIER,
French Village.

I know MINARD'S LINIMENT will cure Croup.

J. F. CUNNINGHAM,
Cape Island.

I know MINARD'S LINIMENT is the best remedy on earth.

JOSEPH A. SNOW,
Norway, Me.

The rooster makes two-thirds of the noise, but the hen does all the work.

Love in a cottage is all very well as long as the flour barrel isn't empty.

SIX OILS.—The most conclusive testimony, repeatedly laid before the public in the columns of the daily press, proves that DR. THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL—an absolutely pure combination of six of the finest remedial oils in existence—remedies rheumatic pain, eradicates affections of the throat and lungs, and cures piles, wounds, sores, lameness, tumors, burns, and injuries of horses and cattle.

Man may require but little here below but when he dies he is apt to get a lot.

The trouble with too many young men is that they try to lead a $25 existence on a $9 salary.

The great demand for a pleasant, safe and reliable antidote for all affections of the throat and lungs is fully met with in Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It is a purely Vegetable Compound, and acts promptly and magically in subduing all coughs, colds, bronchitis, inflammation of the lungs, etc. It is so palatable that a child will not refuse it, and is put at a price that will not exclude the poor from its benefits.

Said a young lady to a printer: "You may print a kiss upon my lips but you must not publish it."

If a girl has two strings to her beau there is danger of some other girl getting hold of one of the strings.

Severe colds are easily cured by the use of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, a medicine of extraordinary penetrating and healing properties. It is acknowledged by those who have used it as being the best medicine sold for coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs, and all affections of the throat and chest. Its agreeableness to the taste makes it a favorite with ladies and children.

Why love laughs at locksmiths is beyond all understanding. There isn't anything a little bit funny about the average locksmith.

Twenty million copies of "Hymns, Ancient and Modern" have been sold.

There are nine kilted battalions in the British army.

Sore Lungs

mean weakened lungs—all caused by a cold and cough. Weak lungs sooner or later mean consumption.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure

will heal and strengthen the lungs, cure cold and stop the cough.

Mr. Johnson, Manager C. Daniels & Co., King St. Store, Toronto, says: "We sell lots of Shiloh and we recommend it, too. I had a severe attack of Pneumonia which left me with sore lungs and a bad cough. Shiloh completely cured me. Shiloh is *all right*."

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

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

A LAME BACK

Causes Mr. C. H. Wilcox Years of Great Suffering.

Injures his Spine while Lifting, and the Doctors Told Him he Would never Fully Recover—But He is once More Free From the Trouble.

From the Brockville Recorder.

In the western section of Leeds county there is no man better known that Mr. Chas. H. Wilcox. He has resided in the vicinity of McIntosh Mills for years, and during much of the time has conducted a very successful saw-milling business. All of Mr. Wilcox's neighbors know that he was a great sufferer for years from a lame back, and most of them know that this affliction has now happily passed away. Mr. Wilcox says he owes this happy release from pain to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and those who know him will not for an instant question the sincerity of his statement. He gives the story of his suffering and subsequent cure in the following statement:—"One day while working in the mill, and engaged in lifting lumber I had the misfortune to severely wrench my back. I was so badly injured that I had to be carried home, and for six months I was practically unable to move, and suffered great torture. The doctor told me that I had injured my spine, and that I would never fully recover from its effects. At last I was able to go about again, but was far from being the man I had been before. For years I suffered almost continually from pains in the back, and was unable to lift any heavy weight. At times the pain was so bad that I was unable to work at all, and I was often confined to the house for days at a time. During this time I was treated by four different doctors, but their treatment did not seem to do me any good. They told me that owing to the injury to my spine my back would always be weak. Seeing that the doctors were unable to help me, and having read of the many cures resulting from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I decided to give them a trial, and procured a supply. Very soon I could see that they were relieving me a little, and this encouraged me to continue their use. In all I took about ten boxes, and when they were finished my back was as strong as ever. The pains that had racked my body for so many years had entirely disappeared, my back felt as strong as before the injury. It is now two years since I discontinued the use of the pills and in all that time I have not had an ache or pain, so that I may safely say that my cure is permanent. I would advise all similar sufferers to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, for knowing what they have done for me, I am confident that they cannot be less successful in other cases."

These pills are sold by all dealers in medicine, or may be had by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine company, Brockville, Ont. Do not take any substitute or any other remedy alleged to be just as good.

Out of every 1,000,000 letters that pass through the postoffice, only 20 go astray.

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

The world's press is stated to include 37,000 newspapers.

Thirty-five words a minute is considered rapid writing.

The average gas jet consumes five feet of gas per hour.

Keep MINARD'S LINIMENT in the House.

Infinite toil would not enable you to sweep away a mist, but by ascending a little you may often look over it altogether. So it is with our moral improvement; we wrestle fiercely with a vicious habit which have no hold upon us if we ascended into a higher moral atmosphere.—Helps.

The proprietors of Parmelee's Pills are constantly receiving letters similar to the following, which explains itself: Mr. John A. Beam, Waterloo, Ont., writes: "I never used any medicine that can equal Parmelee's Pills for Dyspepsia or Liver and Kidney Complaints. The relief experienced after using them was wonderful." As a safe family medicine Parmelee's Vegetable Pills can be given in all cases requiring a cathartic.

It takes 50,000 roses to make an ounce of attar of roses.

A bee does not weigh the one-hundredth part of an ounce.

In 1835 elephants could be bought for $225. Today the price is $4,000 apiece.

There are 150 square miles of streets in London. Each square mile averages 12 streets and each street 100 houses.

Forget all personal quarrels or histories you may have heard by accident, and which if repeated, would seem a thousand times worse than they are.

THE PEDAGOGUE.

The total number of students at the universities of Germany this winter is 34,389, a gain of 6,000 in ten years.

Charles A. Smith of Minneapolis has presented 25,000,000 feet of standing pine to the Swedish Lutheran college at Lindsborg, Kan. The timber is valued at $25,000.

The Berlin Academy of Science has awarded the Helmholtz medal to Sir George Gabriel Stokes of Cambridge. The only other holders of this distinction are Professor Virchow and Lord Kelvin.

Dr. Herbert Baxter Adams, Ph. D., LL. D., professor of American and institutional history and director of the historical department in the Johns Hopkins university, has resigned his position on account of ill health.

Chicago business men say that the country high schools provide them with a more promising class of clerks than those graduated from the city schools. They are smarter and more generally available than the town boys.

The Pope can speak English, German and French perfectly.

It is said that 587 different languages are spoken in Europe.

MINARD'S LINIMENT Lumberman's Friend.

There are over 9,000 brass bands in the Salvation army.

There are 134 different religious sects in the United States.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

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

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

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

Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Never shed tears over spilt milk. There is enough water lost as it is.

MINARD'S LINIMENT is used by Physicians.

A woman doesn't have to be good looking in order to look good.

The pleasure of doing good is the one pleasure that never wears out.

The wisdom of a fool is always spicuous by its absence.

YEARS A PRISONER.

A Sundridge Farmer Closely Confined in His Own House.

Recently Liberated, He Hastens to Write an Open Letter, Telling of His Years of Misery, and His Miraculous Release.

Sundridge, Ont., April 29.—(Special).—A case of prolonged torture has just come to light in Strong Township, a few miles from here.

It seems hard that an honest man should be kept a prisoner in his own home for over four years, and yet that is just what happened to Mr. Wm. Doey, of Lot 19, Concession 13, Township of Strong. His family and friends all tried to secure his release, but in vain.

"For four years I suffered excruciating torture, during which time I was scarcely free from pain.

"The trouble commenced in my back, where it often remained stationary for months, and so intense was the pain that I could not lie down to take rest, but had to sit night and day in a chair. The pain would then remove to other parts of my body, and when in my knees, I was unable to walk, and confined constantly to my room.

"I was treated for Rheumatism by several doctors, and also tried many medicines without receiving any benefit. Almost in despair, I feared would never again experience the of being free from pain.

"A short time ago my attention was directed to some remarkable cures of rheumatism by Dodd's Kidney Pills, recorded in the public prints. I procured a box, and soon found that they were doing me good. I continued, and very soon I was a new man, and entirely free from pain.

"I have continued so for over six months, being able to attend to my daily duties on the farm, and feeling able for any kind of work.

"I verily believe this change, this remarkable cure, has been effected by the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills, and I think it my duty to make this statement public, for the benefit of any one afflicted as I was."

This is the statement which Mr. Doey makes over his own signature, and one cannot help being struck by its sincerity. Everyone in this neighborhood knows that Mr. Doey was a cripple for years, and his miraculous restoration to health, has created a great deal of talk in and around Sundridge. Dodd's Kidney Pills are having a very large sale here.

Darwin says an acre of pasture land contains 26,000 worms.

"A step in the right direction" is to give up using poor or adulterated teas and drink Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea.

100 DINNER AND TEA SET PIECE AND 48 PIECES SILVERWARE FREE

A rare chance. No deception, we speak nothing but the truth. You can get a full size decorated Dinner and Tea Set, (100 pieces) and 12 Silver Plated knives, 12 Forks, 12 Tea Spoons and 12 Table Spoons, for selling our remedies. Our business reputation is for square and honest dealing, and we will prove it. Every honest person who sells only 8 boxes of our New Life Pink Pills (a grand remedy for all impure and weak conditions of the blood, Indigestion, Stomach Trouble, Constipation, weakness and nervous disorders—a gentle laxative—a grand tonic and life builder) will receive our generous offer of a handsomely decorated 100 piece Dinner and Tea Set and 48 pieces of silverware with a beautiful Silver Plated Butter Knife, Sugar Shell, Pickle Fork and Salt and Pepper Set, which we give absolutely free for selling the 8 boxes of Pills.

Don't Send a Cent. Order to-day and we send Pills by mail, sell them at 25 cents a box. (These are our regular 50 cent sizes). They are easy to sell. When sold send us the money, $2.00, and we guarantee if you comply with the offer, we send to every one taking advantage of this advertisement, the 12 Knives, 12 Forks, 1 Table Spoons, 12 Tea Spoons and 100 piece decorated Dinner and tea Set will be given absolutely free. We are a reliable concern and guarantee the dishes and silverware full size for family use. We desire to introduce our Pills into every household and are advertising in this way. Write at once. **NEW LIFE REMEDY CO., Box Toronto, Ont.**

THE ROYAL BOX.

It is not "all talk" with the Emperor William. He is really a brilliant orator.

The king of England is without doubt the most traveled monarch the world has seen.

The German emperor, it is said, takes great pleasure collecting ties and scarfs of all ages, climes and patterns. His collection numbers, it is said, 18,000 of these.

Queen Wilhelmina's latest photograph shows that she is not so pretty after all. Of a strongly Dutch type, her face and ears are large and the eyes and nose are small and crowded.

Queen Victoria once conducted a Bible class. Long ago, when she was staying in London, she would call together the children of her married servants in one of the private rooms of Buckingham palace and read the Bible to them. At the close of the reading she would explain the chapter and children's hymns were sung.

If the gossip writer of a Paris paper is to be believed, the king of the Belgians is very vain of his personal appearance. His beard particularly is the object of much attention, for at night before retiring his majesty envelops it in a silk bag which keeps it in curl. His toilet table is covered with brushes, combs and various kinds of brilliantine.

NEARER YET AND DEARER STILL.

When you were a blushing young miss
And I was your dutiful swain,
A smile from you savored of bliss,
And a frown filled my heart with pain.
You were dear then, but now, as my wife,
Of course you're somewhat nearer;
And in paying your bills, on my life
I'd swear you get dearer and dearer.

SOZODONT FOR THE TEETH 25c

A beautiful woman needs no letter of introduction.

Never judge a man's character by one good or bad action.

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

Europe manufactures about 2,000,000 square yards of looking glass every year. What a paradise it must be for vanity and old maids.

The Minister Won.

A minister was one day walking along a road, and, to his astonishment, he saw a crowd of boys sitting in front of a ring with a small dog in the center. When he came up to them, he put the following question: "What are you doing to the dog?"

One little boy said, "Whoever tells the biggest lie wins it."

"Oh," said the minister, "I am surprised at you little boys, for when I was like you I never told a lie."

There was silence for awhile until one of the boys shouted, "Hand him up the dog!"—London Leader.

A Fortunate Circumstance.

She—Richard, what made you press those cigars on Mr. Thompson? Do you know that was the box I gave you at Christmas?

He—Yes, my dear. But he doesn't.—Judy.

FRAGRANT

SOZODONT

a perfect liquid dentifrice for the

Teeth and Mouth

New Size SOZODONT LIQUID, 25c
SOZODONT TOOTH POWDER, 25c
Large LIQUID and POWDER, 75c

25c

At all Stores, or by Mail for the price.
HALL & RUCKEL, New York.

Fish with soft roes are males; those with hard roes, females.

The longer a man is married the less his wife expects of him.

ALL-WOOL MICA ROOFING Reputation for durability established. 10 years trial. A home industry. Encourage it. BEWARE of American Paper Felting, which cracks in our climate. For samples and testimonials apply to

W. G. FONSECA, (Sole Agent.)
G64 Main Street, WINNIPEG.
Issuer of Marriage Licenses.

BUSINESS CHANGE.

The Imperial Fruit and Produce Co'y,

Has purchased the stock and trade of the ANDERSON PRODUCE CO.

All kinds of Fruit in Season.
Best Prices paid for Produce.

Brass Band

Instruments, Drums, Uniforms, Etc.
EVERY TOWN CAN HAVE A BAND.
Lowest prices ever quoted. Fine catalogue 500 illustrations mailed free. Write us for anything in Music or Musical Instruments.
Whaley Royce & Co., Toronto, Ont., and Winnipeg, Man.

Supplies for all makes of sewing machines
WHEELER & WILSON
249 Portage ave. SEWING MACHINE CO.

AGENTS WANTED.

We are in need of a few reliable Agents throughout the country to handle our

GASOLINE LAMPS AND SUPPLIES.

Good profit and quick sales. For particulars address
THE INCANDESCENT GAS LAMP Co.,
313 Main St., Winnipeg.

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Everything for the Printer.

TORONTO TYPE FOUNDRY CO.

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ISSUED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

Subscription, $2 a year, in advance.

W. B. Anderson, Editor.

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

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

Job Work Strictly C. O. D.

Transient Ads Cash in Advance.

We notice an article of unusually spiteful virulence in the Nanaimo Herald of 26th June ult, in which a great deal of cheap acrimony is hurled at Hon. Mr Dunsmuir. If the article possessed the slightest particle of wit, or of reason, or did it show any just cause why so much foul mud should be thrown, it would perhaps be excusable, but as it is, it reads like the silly abuse one so often hears a disgruntled and spiteful boy heap upon a man against whom he has an imaginary grievance. We do not know whether Mr Dunsmuir is the monster the Herald would have people think him or not, we believe not, for we do know that the same gentleman has many good and and kindly attributes, and for these we give him his due and just credit. And we also know, from personal contact and observation, that he, in the time of the late sad disaster here, felt deeply the loss sustained by the relatives of the poor unfortunates, and also, that anything that could be done to expedite matters in the first explorations, was ordered done by him. He did far more than giving actual cash, and that this was also freely given, we refer our readers to the relief fund list.

The cutworm scare is lessening every day; and we sincerely hope, as indeed we think, that there will not be a visitation like that of 1900. The Rev. Mr Taylor, speaks in a letter, of the moth appearing lately near Wellington, but this does not show in any way, that there is the slightest danger of a plague of the worms. The moths may be seen any year, quite commonly, and the strangest part of it is, that last year, there were not observable, more moths than usual, yet the worms hatched, grew, and flourished in millions. Of course, when we consider that every one of the female moths lay several hundreds of eggs, it goes without saying that if conditions are favorable for the hatching, the growth, and the preservation of the hordes, the land will be overrun with insect destroyers, and these conditions evidently existed in perfection, last year. If not, more than usual, we would be scourged every year the same way, for personal observation has taught us that the parent moth exists in sufficient numbers every year, to produce enough eggs, to overrun the face of the country, but Nature, niggardly and meanly treated as she is by mankind, is yet good enough to make conditions, so unfavorable, that the enemy of herbage is to a large extent destroyed. It is then for us to help her in her work for good, and devise means and ways when, from an unknown cause, her counteracting agents fail, and we

To know Blue Ribbon Tea is to love it. Are you drinking it?

are plagued as with locusts. In cases such as these, foster and protect the birds. Throw your poisons where they can do no harm, and encourage mother nature's little feathered insecticides. They will regulate the supply of destructive worms if given a chance to multiply, and if protected and encouraged by proper harbourage. Paris Green will not then be required, and will be relegated to its proper place,—among the very questionable remedies for cutworms.

LOCALS.

Mrs L. Hall has recovered so far from her recent illness as to be able to sit up.

Trolling spoons at the Magnet.

We regret to say that Rev. Mr Dodds who left here a short time ago is suffering from an attack of appendicitis.

Ven Archdeacon Scriven leaves this week to attend the meeting of the Anglican Synod at Nanaimo.

Mr R. Grant has erected a comfortable cottage at Roy's beach for a residence for his family during the summer months.

See Moore's window—flags for 4th of July and campers supplies. Also creamery butter.

Salmon berries are ripening, and the kids are correspondingly happy, as are many old folks. From appearances, the crop of wild fruits will be large this year, especially blackberries.

Leiser's Big Store approaches completion. Watch for the opening.

Mr Carthew is busy, with his gang of carpenters; erecting the summer bungalows for the prospective campers at the beach. That part of the littoral will be thickly settled, by all appearances, on both sides of Gartley's point.

Several of the Comox Indian braves and their dusky fair ones, took in the town about pay day and evidently, from their actions, looked upon the "Old Square," not wisely, but too well. They however, managed to steer clear of the skookum house.

William Connors' well known face will be missed on our streets for some time to come. Last week, when at work in No. 4 slope, part of the roof fell and a shower of rock struck him on one arm and the face, slightly cutting the latter, and badly tearing the flesh from the former. So bad was the wound that the doctor found it necessary to cut away much of the flesh to enable him to operate on the mangled tendons. It is to be hoped that Billy will make good progress towards recovery.

Mr William Hayman last week brought down from the lake head, 8 trout which weighed together 48 3-4 lbs., besides a number of smaller ones. His is said to be the finest creel of fish ever brought down from the lake.

GUN SHOOT.

Following are the scores made by members of the Cumberland Gun Club at their last shoot on Monday 24th ult.

Parks,
10111001110111000 —11
Fechner,
11011101111001011100111111—18
Bate,
11101010110110101100010001—14
Horne,
011101100101 — 7
Piket,
000000000010010 — 2

Letter from Secretary of Nanaimo baseball team, explaining why that team could not be present on 1st, will be published in next issue.

TO THE DEAF.

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

RESERVE.

NOTICE is hereby given that all the unappropriated Crown lands situated within the boundaries of the following areas are hereby reserved from pre-emption, sale or other disposition, excepting under the provisions of the mining laws of the Province, for two years from the date hereof, pursuant to the provisions of sub-section (5) of section 41 of the Land Act,' as amended by section 6 of the 'Land Act Amendment Act, 1901,' to enable the Industrial Power Company of B.C., Limited, to select therefrom timber limits for wood pulp and paper manufacturing purposes, as provided by an agreement bearing date the 13th day of June, 1901, viz:—

AREA 1—All the surveyed land on both sides of Kingcome River, and the land surveyed between Kingcome Inlet and Bond Souud.

AREA 2—Commencing at the north-east corner of Lot 1; thence following up the river at the head of Thompson's Sound and its branches, a distance of ten miles, and having a width on each side thereof of one mile.

AREA 3—Commencing at the northern boundary of Lots 45, 55 and 56, on the Kle-na-Klene River; thence north along the said river and its branches five miles, and having a width on each side of one-half mile, including all surveyed lands.

AREA 4—Commencing on Wakeman Sound at the south-west corner of Lot 61; thence west on the 51st parallel of latitude to a point north of Embley Lagoon; thence south to said lagoon; thence south-westerly following the passage between Kinnaird Island and Pandora Head to Mills Passage; thence to Queen Charlotte Sound; thence south-easterly along the shore line of Noel Channel, and easterly along the centre of Fife Sound to Village Point; thence north-westerly to the north of Trivett Island to the mouth of Kingcome Inlet; thence north along the west shore of Wakeman Sound to the paint of commencement.

AREA 5—Consisting of Harbledown and Turner Islands.

W. S. GORE,
Deputy Commissioner of
Lands & Works.

Lands and Works Department,
Victoria, B.C., 22nd June, 1901. jy2,4t

WANTED—Capable, reliable person in every county to represent large company of solid financial reputation; $936 salary per year payable weekly; $3 per day absolutely sure and all expenses; straight, bona-fide, definite salary no commission; salary paid each Saturday and expense money advanced each week. STANDARD HOUSE, 334 Dearborn, St., Chicago.

CAMPBELL'S **BAKERY**

All kinds of CAKES, PIES, PASTRY, etc., Suitable for PICNICS - and - SOCIAL - GATHERINGS.

ALL HOME-MADE GOODS—NO FACTORY STOCK.

Minced Steak Pies on Friday. Beef Steak Pies on Saturday.

FRESH BREAD, etc., delivered daily by Van.

Poultry Netting

2 Foot, 5c. per yard
3 " 8c. " "
4 " 10c " "
6 " 15c. " "

Fencing Wire from 5c. to 5 3-4c. per lb.
Bailing " " 5 3-4c. "
3-8 Coil Chain 7 1/4c. "
Navvy Wheelbarrows, $2.50 each.

Magnet Cash Store

NOTICE TO PRE-EMPTORS OF CROWN LANDS.

THE attention of Pre-emptors of Crown lands is hereby called to an amendment to the "Land Act," passed at the last session of the legislature, which provides as follows, viz:—

"9. Pre-emptors of Crown lands, whether in arrears in payment of instalments of purchase money or not, who at the time of coming into force of this Act have obtained Certificates of Improvement within twelve months thereafter, shall on conforming with the provisions of the "Land Act," except as hereby altered, be entitled to obtain Crown grants of their pre-emption claims upon completing payments of purchase money at the rate of seventy-five cents per acre, and Crown grant fees, which payments may be made as follows:—

"Twenty-five cents per acre on or before the 31st day of December, 1901:

"Twenty-five cents per acre on or before the 30th day of June, 1902;

"and the remaining—

"Twenty five cents per acre on or before the 31st day of December, 1902, and without any further payment of interest or arrears of interest."

W. S. GORE,
Deputy Commissioner of
Lands & Works.

Lands and Works Department,
Victoria, B.C., 1st June, 1901. j13,4t

RE COAL MINES REGULATION ACT.

EXAMINATION FOR CERTIFICATE OF COMPETENCY.

NOTICE is hereby given that an Examination for Certificates of Competency as Managers of Mines will be held on the 1st day of August, 1901, at the Court House, Nanaimo, B.C., and at Fernie, B.C.

Candidates, not under twenty-three years of age, desirous of presenting themselve for examination, must deliver to Mr. Thomas Morgan, Chairman of Board of Examiners, Nanaimo, on or before the 15th day July, 1901, notice of such intention, in writing, together with a certificate of service from their former, or present employers, testifying to at least two years' experience underground.

The examination will be in writing and will include the following subjects viz.:—

1. Mining Acts and rules.
2. Mine Gases.
3. General Work.
4. Ventilation.
5. Mining Machinery.
6. Surveying and Levelling.

Any further particulars required may be obtained on application to Mr. Morgan, Chairman of Board of Examiners, Nanaimo, B. C.; Mr. Archibald Dick, Inspector of Mines, Cranbrook; and Mr. J McGregor, Inspector of Mines, Nelson, B.C

RICHARD McBRIDE,
Minister of Mines.

Department of Mines,
18th June, 1901. je24,4t

NOTICE.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given to the electors of the Municipality of Cumberland that I require the presence of the said Electors at the Polling Station, corner of Dunsmuir Avenue and Third Street Cumberland, B.C., on Tuesday the 9th day of July, 1901, at 12 o'clock noon, for the purpose of electing an Alderman to fill the vacancy in the North Ward for the remainder of the present year.

The mode of nomination of candidates shall be as follows:

The Candidate shall be nominated in writing; the writing shall be subscribed by two voters of the Municipality as proposer and seconder, and shall be delivered to the Returning Officer at any time between the date of the notice and 2 p.m. of the day of the nomination, and in the event of a poll will be opened on Saturday, the 13th day of July, 1901, at the Polling Station, corner of Dunsmuir Avenue and Third Street, Cumberland B.C., on which every person is hereby required to take notice and govern himself accordingly.

The qualification as candidate for Alderman is as follows:

He must be a male British subject of the full age of twenty-one years and not disqualified under any law and have been for the six months next preceding the day of nomination the registered owner in the Land Registry Office of land and real property in the city of the assessed value on the last municipal assessment roll of $500 or more over and above any registered incumbrance or charge, and who is otherwise qualified as a municipal voter.

Given under my hand at the City of Cumberland, this 25th day of June, 1901.

LAWRENCE W. NUNNS,
Returning Officer.

je25,1d

Columbia Flouring Mills Company

ENDERBY, B. C.

Hungarian,
Three Star,
Wheatlets 10-10's
Strong Bakers

R.P.Rithet & Co.,

(LIMITED.)

Agents, - Victoria, B.C

Now is the time to advertise in THE NEWS. Time and tide wait for no man.