Poor Library

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS. 89

EIGHTH YEAR. CUMBERLAND, B. C. TUESDAY, JULY 3rd 1900.

WE HAVE STILL A FEW

Blouses and Wrappers

—WHICH MUST BE SOLD—

..Groceries..

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

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

Raspberries, Strawberries, Huckleberries 6 Tins for $1.00

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

SIMON LEISER, Cumberland.

Nicholles & Renouf, Ld.

61 YATES STREET, VICTORIA, B. C.

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

Agents for McCormick Harvesting Machinery.
Write for prices and particulars. P. O. Drawer 563.

CHINA MATTINGS

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

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

English Linoleums - - -

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

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

SAMPLES OF OUR GOODS FREE ON APPLICATION.

Weiler Bros.

VICTORIA, B. C.

DINNER SETS
TEA SETS
CHAMBER SETS

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

LAMPS

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

C. J. Moore's, Cumberland.

AN ENJOYABLE EVENING

The Strawberry Festival, which was given by the Ladies' Guild of of Trinity Church in Cumberland Hall last Monday, was well attended considering the state of the weather. It being cold and wet. As stated before, the original intention was to have held the affair in Mr. Roe's grounds if the weather had been warm enough, but with remarkable precision, rain began to fall on Sunday and kept up intermittently during Monday, thus spoiling what would have been a pleasant garden party, a novelty in Cumberland. However, the change to the hall was not without some advantages, and certainly to judge from peoples' after remarks, everyone enjoyed themselves immensely. The fruit was scarcely up to the standard owing to the quantity of rain which has fallen lately, robbing the berries of much of much of their flavor.

Regarding the concert, all did so well that comment would be ill advised. Three new singers in our public were heard that night, for the first time. Two ladies, Miss Rippon and Miss Flo McDonald, and a gentleman, the Rev. Mr. Gray, and that these acquitted themselves famously was evident from the genuine applause which greeted their several performances. Three little girls, Miss Lillie Grant Miss Queenie Abrams and Miss Charlotte Mounce, showed, by their peformances on the piano, that they are promising musicians.

On Mesdames Collis, Rae, Beckman, Ramsey, Grant, Moore, O'Brien, Misses Horbury and Abrams devolved the task of preparing and dispensing the refreshments. The musical part was attended to by Mesdames Collis and Anderson. To Mr. Segrave thanks are due for the loan of the piano, and Mrs. Piket of the Cumberland, with her usual kindness, did all in her power to assist in the Hall.

Following is the programme:

CHAIRMAN, ... REV. MR. GRAY
Instrumental—Violin, Flute, Cornet and Piano—"The Bellman,"..... Messrs A. Anderson, jr. Anderson, Murdock and Mrs. Anderson.
Song—"Anchored,"—Rev. Mr. Gray
Piano Selection—"General Clayton's Grand March,"—Miss Miller
Song—"Auntie,"—..Miss Bertram
Piano—"March of the Guards,"... Miss Bate
Recitation—"Battle of Magersfontein," (very good) Miss Laura Abrams
Comic Song—"What do you think of Hoolhan,".. Mr. R. McGregor
Piano Duet—Polka, "Valliance,".. Misses Lillie Grant and Charlotte Mounce
Vocal Duet—"Life's Dream is O'er" ...Miss Rippon and Mr. Segrave

INTERMISSION.

Instrumental—Violin, Flute, Cornet and Piano.."Ornament Waltzes,"..Messrs A. Andeason, jr., Anderson, Murdock and Mrs. Anderson
Piano Solo—"Handicap March," Miss Queenie Abrams
Song—"The Ship I Love,"..... Miss Rippon
Mandolin and Banjo—"High School Cadets' March,"..Messrs Segrave and McGregor
Song—"I Fear no Foe,".Mr. Purdy
Piano Selection—"The Blue Bells of Scotland,"..... Miss Bertram
Song—"Pauline,"..Miss McDonald
Comic Song—"Whistling Rufus," Mr. Segrave

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

TELEGRAPHIC NEWS

London, July 2.—Gen. Botha is showing increased activity. His patrols cover wide stretches of country approx. near the British outposts and engage in skirmishes while larger bodies threaten to be caught by the return blows which the British promptly seek to deliver. Attacks of this sort were made on Friday last at Pinaspruit on Pole Carew and at the Springs. Generals Botha and Dewitt are seemingly operating in combination. Botha is reported to have devided his forces into two parts, one moving west and other to the South to try effect adjuncture with Dewitt.

Boer circulars are out exaggerating the Chinese trouble and urging the Boers to rejoin army. Lord Roberts and several co-operating columns are still out within striking distance of Dewitt. Colonel Colville has been ordered home.

New York, July 1.—The four great piers of the North German Lloyd's ship line were totally distroyed by fire this afternoon. The large passenger steamer Saale, the large freight and passenger steamer Bremen and the Main, a large passenger steamer. All Ocean liners were burned to the water's edge. Humburg-American steamer Phoenix, passenger steamer, burned to the water's edge; Kaiser Wilhelm Der Grosse's bows badly scorched; Campbell Storage Warehouse, five big buildings five stories high burned. Loss, $10,000,000; over 200 lives lost. Eight barges, 11 coal boats burned or sunk. Fire started in some bales of cotton on one of the piers. Loss of lives not yet known, but must have been frightful. Passengers who came on doomed vessels slept on board and when ships caught fire were seen waving frantically from port holes. Ships could not be moved away from wharves owing to intense heat.

London, July 2.—Official despatches received by the consular body at Shanhai by an express cable dated Shanghai, July 1: Confirm the report of butchery of Baron Von Kettler, the German Minister, on June 18. He was riding on Legation Street when he was attacked by boxers, dragged from his horse and killed. his body was hacked to pieces with swords The German Legation and six other buildings were burned and a number of servants of the legations were killed and their bodies thrown into the flames. There is very little hope that any foreigners are left alive in the capital. Execution are being reported daily.

Hong Kong, June 30.—The U. S. battleship Oregon is reported to be on a rock south of How Kee light.

STINGY.

There is a man in Texas so mean that he will not give his children a middle name because in writing it they will waste ink; nor will he allow anyone to inflate a bicycle tire on his farm because it uses up some of the air over his land. He goes behind a tree to look at his watch because he is afraid someone will ask him to give the time of day.--Cottage and Castle.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Mrs. H. Riggs presented Stanley with a pretty little girl Saturday. Both well.

John Veto, an Italian miner, was injured Saturday in No. 4 by fall of rock. He is improving.

Fred Pickard, Soturday, got caught between a building and No. 5 engine, and sustained a severe squeeze. He is getting on all right.

Rev. Mr. Hicks, by special request takes this parish for another year.

We regret that the elder Mrs. Roy is suffering considerably from the effects of her accident.

Report is current that R. Walsh who went to Atlin from here last year has had his leg broken in three places.

F. Chalmers and Miss Maggie Piercy of Denman were last week united in matrrmony by the same Rev. Gentleman.

We have noticed several familiar faces within the last few days of persons who have been away and returned. Mr. Jos. Daniels, sr., Mr. E. Walker, Mr. McLellan and several others.

William Anthony is suffering from burns caused by ignited gas in No. 6 shaft, Wednesday evening. Though deeply burned about the head and hands he is not in danger. His Chinese help, however, was injured severely.

Private Whitely is dead of enteric fever in Africa. Victorias' death roll now is: Blanchard, Scott, Maundell, Todd. Somers and Whitely. The last named, though he enlisted in Vancouver, was a Victorian.

Mr. D. Roy and Miss Stewart of Nova Scotia were married on the 26th inst. at the residence of the bridegroom. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Mr. Dodds of this place. The NEWS wishes the young couple long life and happiness.

The Italian battleship Regina Margherita in course of construction at Spezia, is 13,500 tons, will carry the extraordinary heavy armament of four 12-inch, four 9-inch quick-firers, twelve 6-inch quick-firers, and eight 14-pounders.—Coast Seaman's Journal.

NOTICE.

Any person or persons using any language as defamation of character will be prosecuted according to law. (Signed) P. McNiven.

Nanaimo, B. C. June 29th.

The following little missive, written on scented note, was found under our sanctum door Wednesday:

"Dear Matrimonial Editor, NEWS:

As I have had several proposals lately, and have refused them all, in spite of the fact that some were from most eligible and handsome young bachelors, I have been called by certain spiteful old maids a 'flirt:' Now I distinctly deny this and offer to your sympathetic ear my real reason for refusing, which were my fears that the proposers would not fulfil the requirements given in the accompanying verse.

The husband that I mean to get
Must be well stored with riches;
Good-natured willing still to let
His dear wife wear the—trowsers.

Yours sincerely,
J

FORTUNES ADRIFT.

By OUTCLIFFE HYNE.

[Copyright, 1898, by the Author.]

"I should have thought you'd been long enough at sea to know your business by this time," said Kettle unpleasantly. "D'you think that every steamboat that trades has a brand new Harland & Wolff?"

"Well," said the mate sullenly, "I'm waiting to be taught."

"Pass the manilla round the combing of the after hatch, and you won't come and tell me that's drawn while this steamboat stays on the water top."

"Aye, aye!" said the mate and stepped into his slippers and shuffled away.

Captain Kettle walked briskly to the center of the upper bridge and laid a hand on the telegraph. He gave crisp orders to the lascar at the wheel, and the Saigon moved in perfect obedience to his will.

Ahead of him the great slate colored liner lay motionless on the oily sea. Her rail was peopled with the anxious faces of passengers. Busy deckhands were stripping away the awnings. On the high upper bridge were three officers in sun helmets and trim uniforms of white drill, talking together anxiously.

The little Saigon curved up from astern, stopped her engines and then with reversed propeller brought up dead, so that the bridges of the two steamers

"We can't hold her!" he roared.

were level and not more than 20 yards apart. It was smartly done, and, as Kettle had intended, the Germans noticed it and commented. Then began the barter of words.

"Howdy, captain!" said Kettle. "I hope it's not a funeral you've brought up for. This heat's been very great. Has it knocked over one of your passengers?"

A large, bearded man made reply: "We haf seen a slight mishap mit der machinery, captain. My ingeneers will mend."

"Oh, that's all right! Thought it might be worse. Well, I wish you luck, captain. But I'd hurry and get steam on her again if I were you. The breeze may come away any minute now, and you've the shore close aboard, and you'll be on it if you don't get your steamboat under command again by then and have a big loss of life. If you get on the beach, it will surprise me if you don't drown all hands."

Captain Kettle put a hand on the telegraph, as though to ring on his engines again, but the bearded German, after a preliminary stamp of passion, held up his hand for further parley, but for the moment the opportunity of speech was taken from him. The passengers were either English, or, for the most part, understood that tongue when spoken, and they drank in every word that was said, as Kettle had intended, and now they surged in a writhing, yelling mob at the foot of the two bridge ladders and demanded that assistance should be hired, let that cost what it might. There was no making a hail carry above that frightened uproar, but the German shipmaster raved and explained and reasoned for fully a dozen moments before he quelled it. Then, panting, he came once more to the end of his bridge and addressed the other steamer.

"Dose bassengers vos nervous," said he, "because dey thought dere might be some lectle rain squall. So I ask you how mooch vould you take my rope und tow me to Aden or Perim?"

"Phew!" said Kettle. "Aden! That's wrong way for me, captain. Red sea's where I come from, and my owner cabled me to hurry and get to Zanzibar."

"Vell, how mooch?"

"Well, say £100,000, as your passengers seem so anxious."

"Hondred t'ousand teufels! Herr Gott, I haf not Rhodes on der sheep!"

"Well, captain, take the offer or leave it. I'm not a towboat, and I'm in a hurry to make my passage. If you keep me waiting here five minutes longer, it'll cost you £120,000 to be plucked in anywhere."

The shipmaster on the other bridge went into a frenzy of expostulation. He appealed to all Captain Kettle's better feelings. He dared him to do his worst. He prayed him to do his best. But Kettle gazed upon the man's gesticulating arms and listened to his frantic oratory unmoved. He lit a cheroot and leaned his elbows on the white railing of the bridge and did not reply by so much as a single word. When the other halted through breathlessness, even then he did not speak. He waved his hand toward the fearsome heavens with their lurid lights and pointed to the bumping thunder, which made both steamers vaguely tremble, and he let those argue for him. The clamor of the passengers rose again in the breathless, baking air, and the captain of the liner had to yield. He threw up his arm in token of surrender, and a hush fell upon the scene like the silence of death.

"My gompany shall pay you hondred t'cusand pound, captain, und you haf der satisfaction dot you make me ruined man."

"I have been ruined myself," said Kettle, "heaps of times, and my turn for the other thing seems to be come now. I'll run down closer to you, captain, or do you bid your hands heave me a line from the fo'c's'le head as I come past. You've cut it pretty fine. You've no time left to get a boat in the water. The wind may come away any moment now."

Captain Kettle was changing into another man. All the insouciance had gone from him. He gave his orders with crispness and decision, and the mates and the lascars jumped to obey them. The horrible danger that was to come lay as an open advertisement, and they knew that their only way to pass safely through it—and even then the chances were slim—was to obey the man who commanded them to the uttermost.

* * * * * * * *

The connection between the steamers had been made, the snaky steel wire hawser had been hauled in through a stern fair lead by the Saigon's winch, and the old mate stood ready with the shackle which would link it on to the manilla.

The heavens yielded up an overture like the echo of a Titan's groan. "Hurry, there, you slow footed dogs!" came Kettle's voice from the bridge.

The lascars brought up the eye of the hawser, and Murgatroyd threaded it on the pin of the shackle. Then he cried, "All fast!" and picked up a spike and screwed home the pin in its socket. Already the engines were on the move again, and the Saigon was steaming ahead on the towline. It was a time for hurry.

The air thickened and grew for the moment, if anything, more hot, and the tornado raced down upon them as a black wall stretching far across the sea, with white water gleaming and churning at its foot. It hit the steamers like a solid avalanche, and the spindrift in it cut the faces of the men who tried to withstand it as though whips had lashed them.

The cooly quartermaster clung on to the Saigon's wheel spokes, a mere whisp of limp humanity, incapable of steering or of doing anything else that required a modicum of rational thought. The little steamer fell away before the blast like a shaving in a dry street. The tonnage of the tornado heeled her till her lee scuppers spouted green water, and she might well have been overturned at the very outset. But Kettle beat the helpless lascar from his hold and spoked the wheel hard up, and the engines, working strongly, brought her round again in a wallowing circle to face the torrent of hurricane.

She took five minutes to make that recovery, and when she was steaming on again, head to the thunderous gusts, the tale of what she had endured was written in easy lettering. On both fore and main decks the bulwarks were gone level with the covering boards; the raffle of crates, harness casks, gangplanks and so on that a small trader carries in view to the sky had departed beyond the ken of man, and indeed those lower decks were scoured clean to the naked rusted iron. The port lifeboat hung stove from bent davits, and three of the cooly crew had been swept from life into the grip of the eternal sea.

Cortolvin fought his way up on to the upper bridge step by step against the frantic beating of the wind and without being bidden relieved at the lee spokes of the wheel. Captain Kettle nodded his thanks The Saigon had no steam steering gear, and in some of the heaviest squalls the wheel threatened to take charge and pitch the little shipmaster clean over the spokes.

Amid the bellowing roar of the tornado speech, of course, was impossible, and vision, too, was limited. No human eye could look into the wind, and even to let it strike the face was a torture The sea did not get up. The crest of any wave which tried to rise was cut off remorselessly by the knives of the hurricane and spread as a stinging mist throughout the wind. It was hard indeed to tell where ocean ceased and air began. The white sea was spread in a blur of white and green.

The big helpless liner astern plucked savagely at the Saigon's tail, and the pair of them were moving coastward with speed. Left to herself and steaming full speed into the gale the little Saigon would have been able to maintain her position, neither losing ground nor gaining any. With the heavy tow in charge she was being driven toward the roaring surf of the African beach with perilous speed.

It was possible to see dimly down the wind, and when Cortolvin turned his face away from the stinging blast of the tornado he could understand with clearness their exact position. Close astern was the plunging German liner, with her decks stripped and deserted and only the bridge officers exposed. Beyond was the cotton white sea, and beyond again were great leaping fountains of whiteness, where the tortured ocean roared against the yellow beach.

Thirty minutes passed, each second of them brimmed with frenzied struggle for both man and machinery. The tornado raged and boomed and roared, and the backward drift was a thing which could be measured with the eye.

Then the old mate heaved himself up the bridge ladder by laborious inches His clothes were whipping from him in tattered ribbons, his hat was gone, and the grizzled hair stood out from the back of his head like the bristles of a broom. He clawed his way along the rail and put his great red face close to Kettle's ear.

"We can't hold her!" he roared "She's taking us ashore. We shall be there in a dozen minutes, and then it will be 'Jones' for the lot of us."

Captain Kettle glared, but made no articulate reply. If he could have spared a hand from the wheel spokes, it is probable that Mr. Murgatroyd would have felt the weight of it.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HE WAS EASY.

The Moral to This Little Story Is, "Don't Bet."

"Talk about your 'easy marks!'" said a Chicago turfman. "I heard of a case out at the track the other day that really beat the record. One of the professional touts that haunt the ground got hold of a pretty verdant insurance man who lives here in town and talked him into putting up $200 to bet on a 20 to 1 nag that he swore had a lead pipe cinch on the first race. The tout went to the betting ring ostensibly to place the money, which, needless to say, he really put in his inside pocket and brought back a 'follney' ticket.

"But that's only the starter. After delivering the fake ticket he sat down by the victim and remarked casually that he wished it would rain.

"'You see, this horse is dead stuck on mud,' he said, 'and if the track was only a little slushy we would have a double riveted certainty. I've sent over to the paddock to see whether it can't be fixed.'

"'What d'y' mean?" asked the insurance man in surprise.

"'Sh-h!' whispered the tout. 'Here's my man now.'

"Just then a sporty looking individual rushed up with a great air of mystery. 'Well, it can be done for $25,' he said.

"'Give him $25 quick, old man!' exclaimed the tout excitedly. 'This is for getting the stretch wet.'

"On the spur of the moment the insurance chap handed over the cash.

"'Now just wait,' said the tout, and sure enough in a few minutes a sprinkling cart appeared and wet down the track, as is always customary before the first race.

"'What did I tell you?' cried the tout gleefully. 'We couldn't lose now if our horse went to sleep! Just excuse me a minute till I tell that fellow to lay it on good.'

"He flew out of the grand stand, picked up his side partner and in almost less time than it takes to tell it the pair were in a trolley car headed for Royal street and dividing the $225 swag.

"The poor sucker waited patiently in the stand and was overjoyed when his horse by something next to a miracle actually won the race. Then he presented his bogus ticket, and they say the language he used after the bookie tossed it back was a caution to boa constrictors.

"It was nothing, though, to the remarks of the two touts when they heard in town that the 20 to 1 shot had landed."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Age Told by Teeth.

"Men's ages can be told by their teeth as accurately as horses," said a Frankford bookkeeper over his luncheon. "I have found this out by my intercourse with salesmen. They come into the office, stand at the little counter, and when the proprietor is not in they entertain me a weary while with accounts of their business skill and merited success. Having nothing to do, I watch their mouths—their mouths that cannot be stationary.

"Up to the age of 28, I have learned, a man's mouth closes and opens like a child's, and what teeth are displayed are the upper ones. At 30 the lower lip becomes loose, and the lower teeth are as much shown as the upper teeth. At 32 the tops or edges of the lower teeth are blunt, but they are still white. At 34 the upper teeth don't show at all. The lower ones' edges then are a pale brown.

"And so on, as the years go by, the lower lip droops more and more, the lower teeth become shorter, and their edges grow blunter, thicker and darker. I have often wondered why it is that the lower teeth wear down in this way, while the upper ones don't do it, and why only the upper front teeth decay."

Teacher—Well, Johnny, if you can't spell "pilot" perhaps you can tell me what it is?

Johnny—Why, I guess it's a lot where they grow pieplant.—Philadel-

STOWAWAYS AT SEA.

THEY BRING LUCK TO SAILORS AND RAGE TO MASTERS.

When Discovered, These Vagrants of the Ocean Have a Hard Time and, It Is Whispered, Even Pay For Their Temerity With Their Lives.

They call them "stowaways" in the ship's logbook, which is a mild way of expressing the muffled curses that go with them down to the sea. There was a time when stowaways were hanged, a proceeding that, according to all official accounts, has not materially reduced their numbers. To protect the shareholders of her triple expansions and compounds England deals quite severely with the chaps who steal free passage. Russian master mariners have been known to flog them unmercifully, and Italy makes them wish they never were born. America gives them a good scolding, threatens all sorts of punishment and ends up by pitying them.

Human nature was always weak, and the miseries of the stowaway are many. If the average sailor had his way, every ship coming and going would be filled with uninvited and penniless passengers, and even spring beds would be provided for their comfort. There is, of course, a reason, well founded or otherwise, for this. The average tar firmly believes that disaster cannot overtake a vessel which has a stowaway on board.

There are any number of reasons for the fact that sailors consider a ship with a stowaway on it to be perfectly safe. One authority on marine superstitions says that a stowaway who was discovered on a ship before she sailed was promptly put ashore by the officers. When he got on the pier, he shook his fist savagely and said:

"I'm glad you've turned me off your rotten old tub! Neither she nor you will live to see Christmas day, while I shall."

This ship never turned up, according to the lore of the beach combers, and from that day to this a stowaway is always lucky aboard ship. That the officers of the majority of ships do not share with the tars in this common belief may be judged from the tough experience of some of these impecunious tourists. The American immigration authorities view a stowaway in much the same light that a pauper immigrant is considered. It is mandatory on the master of a ship bringing a stowaway to the United States that he, as the first agent of the owners, be personally responsible under the penalty of a heavy fine for the stowaway's deportation. This law is not calculated to put the master mariner in a happy frame of mind, and he treats the unbidden passenger as he thinks he should be treated. There is no doubt, that some have received very severe handling from irate skippers, and it is even hinted that stowaways caught on board have been brutally beaten, put in irons and flung overboard at night in midocean.

Countless numbers of stowaways have died in their attempts to cross the ocean. The average steamer has many dark holes in her big interior, and, notwithstanding the fact that a ship seldom leaves port without a search being made to see that no unauthorized person is on board, many succeed in eluding detection. It is only a few years since one of the regular liners arrived here with the dead body of a stowaway in her hold. He had rapped and hammered on the ship's hatch without avail when the ship was outside sight of land and had starved to death.

In another instance a man hid himself in a chain locker, and when the anchor was hove up he was crushed to death, the noise of the steam winch and the rattling of the chain drowning his cries. The British steamer Maroa arrived in Penarth Roads some years ago with the body of an unknown man which was found in the bunker hold. It is supposed the man surreptitiously got on board at Havre. A man was found dead under the main hatch of one of the National line steamers on her arrival here. It was shown that he died of starvation and suffocation. In one of his pockets was found a novel entitled "Doomed on the Deep." Still another case is that of a man who hid himself in the forepeak of a steamer bound to London. While she was proceeding up the Thames river she was run into by another steamer and was cut out to her collision bulkhead. The stowaway was crushed to death.

Many women have stolen passage across the ocean. When the Dominion liner Mariposa was totally wrecked in the strait of Belle Isle, in September, 1895, the Allan line steamer Austrian came along to rescue the passengers and crew. In making a roster and searching the ship two women stowaways were found. The Pacific steamer Monowai, on a trip to Sydney from San Francisco, ran into a storm the first day out. As her master, Captain Carey, was descending from the bridge to go to breakfast an 11-year-old girl as pale as a ghost and dreadfully seasick approached him.

"I know I have no right here," she said to the skipper, "but I want to go to my mother, who is in Australia, and I am willing to work for my fare."

The girl gave her name as Rebecca Levy and told the captain a straightforward story. She said that her father had failed in business in San Francisco and had sent his wife and two smaller children back to their home in Melbourne. He died after that, and she had slipped aboard the ship to get home to her widowed mother. The law compelled the captain to enter the fact in the logbook, and when the other passengers heard of this they raised a purse for her fare. This they gave to the captain. He sent for the little girl when the ship reached Sydney and handed her the money that the passengers had subscribed, saying as he did so:

"If the British board of trade or anybody else wants to find fault because you came as a stowaway aboard this ship, let them find fault with me. I've got a little girl of my own, and she doesn't cry when she gets money either. Good by, and God bless you!"

When the passengers cheered him as they were going ashore, Captain Carey turned to them and said: "You mustn't think I would not flog a full grown stowaway. I would. That isn't troubling me, though. I'm thinking of section 313 of the merchant shipping act. I'm afraid they'll make me toe that seam." But they never did.

In nine cases out of every ten the stowaway has outside aid in secreting himself on board a ship. But he is loyal to his host, and there are few instances where he has betrayed him. That's the only feather in his cap.—New York Mail and Express.

THE HOME DOCTOR.

Oily medicines can easily be taken from a spoon that is very hot, as the oil slips off quickly.

Bathing the face in hot water every five minutes for an hour will sometimes cure a cold in its first stages.

Those who suffer with eczema can often obtain relief by applying lint wrung out of cold water or lead lotion to the affected parts. Only nourishing and digestible food should be taken.

THE ART OF WAR.

With an 8 inch heliograph mirror it is possible to establish communication between forces 183 miles apart.

A force of 10,000 men which can cover 25 miles in the day is stronger than a force of 15,000 which can cover only 15.

Cavalry, when marching in sections—that is, four abreast—occupy as exactly as possible as many yards as there are men in the force.

Now We Have a New Word.

"Dear me," exclaimed Old Subscriber, "the paper seems to be made up almost entirely of essays and editorials today! There's practically no news in it."

"It must have been Sheldonized," suggested Constant Reader.—Chicago Post.

My Heartless Lady.

My lady is a heartless jade,
Of heart the minx is wholly free,
Yet she's a sweet and gentle maid;
You see, she's giv'n her heart to me.
—Philadelphia North American.

Too Practical.

Ethel—Did Joe Cose seriously ask you to marry him?

May—He did.

Ethel—Whatever did you say?

May—I told him I despised practical jokes.—Philadelphia North American.

WORN OUT BY SOCIAL DUTIES.

Mrs. Young Suffered Terribly With Pains in the Head and Back, Exhausted Nerves, Sleeplessness and Loss of Appetite---No Relief Obtained Until She Used Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

In all Michigan there are few ladies better known or more universally admired for her sterling character and broad sympathies than Mrs. E. H. Young, No. 214 Greenwood Ave., Jackson.

She is a leader among the "Lady Maccabees," the "Lady Foresters," and other fraternal societies, and for the benefit of her suffering sisters makes the following statement:

"My social and other duties in connection with several ladies' fraternal societies had drawn so much upon my strength that I found myself all run down in health. I was very nervous, had no appetite, could get no real rest or sleep, and suffered much from pains in the head and back. I tried many tonics, but could get no permanent relief from them. Finally I purchased Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, took two boxes as directed, and found it a perfect cure for my trouble. Its action was mild and effective, and I believe it to be the best treatment in the world for nervous troubles and for building up the system."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is of inestimable value as a restorative to overcome the ill effects of artificial winter life. It fills the shrivelled arteries with new, rich blood, strengthens the nerves, and gives new life and vigor to every organ of the body. 50 cents a box, six for $2.50, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

For cold in the head and catarrh there is Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure. For throat and lung troubles Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, each 25 cents.

ON THE MARCH

Down the canyon of the street,
Hear the muffled marching feet!
Hear the thousand throated hum
As the soldiers nearer come!
Eagerly the people crowd,
Faintly now, and now more loud,
While we listen, breathless, dumb,
Comes the droning of the drum.

Marching down the western light,
Bursts the column on our sight!
Through the myriad golden motes
Splendidly our banner floats!
Then the sudden swelling cheer,
Voicing all we hold most dear,
Wondrous, welling wave of sound
Till the whirring drum is drowned!

Now the marching men have passed.
We have watched them to the last
Till the column disappears
In a mist of sudden tears.
Loves and hates before unguessed,
Tremble in the troubled breast,
Loves and hates and hopes and fears
Waking from the sleep of years.

—Herbert Muller Hopkins.

AN ODD SPECULATOR.

How a Man Who Failed at Many Things Was a Great Success In a Single Role.

BY GREENE L. ELWOOD.

From a worldly point of view my life had been a monotonous succession of knockdowns until I made the acquaintance of Leonard Hardman.

I was giving an elaborate account of my ill luck to a friend of my college days and imploring him to help me to a situation suitable to my attainments. Gilbert listened sympathetically. When my story was finished, he thought awhile in his quiet way, and then said, with a peculiar smile:

"Kent, old boy, you have had a tough time of it, but don't despair. I am going to give you a letter to Leonard Hardman, a capitalist, whom I know quite well. He is a good man. Go to him and relate your story just as you have to me, and I think he will be able to do something for you. He asked me to find him a man if I could, and I think you will please him."

"Do you mean that I am to tell him all about my—my failures?" I asked in astonishment.

"Certainly; tell him everything. He likes candor, and if you don't make him understand that you have made a bad mess of business heretofore I doubt if he will want you."

A queer situation, to be sure. Gilbert gave me the letter, and I lost no time in hunting up Leonard Hardman.

I found him a man of 60 or thereabout, short, stout, red faced and side whiskered, evidently a substantial citizen, who never permitted himself to go hungry or thirsty. He had even the appearance of a benevolent person. His suit of offices was quite pleasant and expensively furnished, but he kept no clerical force save an office boy.

Mr. Hardman read my friend Gilbert's letter with surprising interest and then turned to me inquiringly.

"Gilbert advised me to tell you all about myself," I began in an embarrassed way.

"Go right ahead," he said heartily.

"In the first place, then, I am a college man, though I was graduated at the wrong end of my class. Of course some one had to graduate there. When I left college, I taught school awhile, but my abilities, which were quite conspicuous, were not really appreciated, and I took up life insurance. In this work I found it so difficult to please the company, especially so difficult to make ends meet, that I turned my attention to fire insurance, with practically the same result. Giving up insurance, I became a canvasser for a very excellent book, but business was not good. Knowing that there was no better judge of land values anywhere than myself, I went into real estate, with my usual enthusiasm and pluck, and yet my success in that line could have been much greater. I then got mixed up in politics. Tried to get the nomination for congress, but circumstances forced the nomination for the legislature upon me, and at the election I was snowed under. Disgusted with the uncertainty of political life, I became a museum lecturer, ceasing that work when the proprietor became bankrupt. Since that time I have been engaged as an advertising solicitor, which, believe me, is work far below my capacity and a very precarious way of making a living in the bargain. I am now looking for something of a steady, remunerative kind. I have never been appreciated, sir, nor given a fair opportunity to show my admirable business and literary qualifications. All I ask is such an opportunity. Gilbert suggested that you might be able to employ me in your business."

There I stopped. The effect of my history upon Mr. Hardman was almost startling. From the very first he evinced an intense interest in me, and when I ceased speaking he grasped me by the hand with convulsive warmth.

"I am sure I can help you," said he—"that is, if you will help me. You see, it is a case of reciprocity. I have been successful in a business way—quite successful, but a man always wants to do better than he has done and see his gains increase faster. For a long time I have felt the need of an assistant, a man of certain qualifications, such qualifications, indeed, as I feel that you possess. If you will engage with me, I am confident that we can accomplish great things."

"What is your line of business?" I ventured to ask.

"Oh, I'm what you call a speculator; buy a thing, no matter what, so long as it is something that will likely increase in value—increase surely and quickly. Now, I could give you as a starter"—he reflected a moment—"say, $250 a month for your services, this arrangement to continue so long as it is mutually agreeable. How do you like that?"

"Like it!" I repeated, amazed, for I had never made so much as $100 a month in my life, although of course I felt capable of earning any kind of a salary, no matter how large. "Like it! Why, I consider it a very generous proposition. I'll do my level best to deserve your confidence. I will strive, sir, as never before to"—

"No, no," he cried excitedly; "don't strive. Leave all that to me. I don't want you to work too hard. Just be your own natural self. That's what I want you to be. Don't strive, I beg of you, and don't worry about anything. We'll have a good time together, you and I, and—you can begin in the morning if you are ready."

I was too dumfounded to say more. The next morning I reported promptly for duty, half fearing that Leonard Hardman would prove to have been a creature of my dreams instead of a beneficent reality. He was a little late. When he came, he shook my hand cordially and said he was delighted to see me.

"What shall I do first?" I asked.

"Do? Oh, that's so. Let me see—well, the first thing we will do is to read the morning papers carefully, all about real estate sales, the stock market, the market reports and the political news. Great things, these newspapers, don't you think?"

I gave him quite at length my opinion of newspapers and how they ought to be run, and he was deeply interested and agreed with me in everything. He was a man of fine discernment in many respects.

"After we finish our papers," he said, "we will go for a drive and look at some nice outside property. It's a grand day for driving. By the time we return it will be noon, and we will lunch together. After luncheon, ah—well, we will make further plans."

"I like this situation," I said to myself.

We read the papers. From time to time Leonard Hardman paused to ask me questions of one kind or another, generally bearing upon investments, and my luminous replies manifestly pleased him. It gave me pleasure to note that my employer invariably concurred in my opinions. He could scarcely have done less.

We drove over pretty nearly the whole city. When we returned for luncheon, we had covered at least 30 miles. All this time we had kept up a lively conversation. Mr. Hardman was always drawing me out. I never saw a more persistent catechiser or a better listener. I, who am so well informed and so rich in experience (surely one may tell the simple truth about himself), took great pains to enlighten him, and he showed genuine appreciation, a thing really rare in this world.

We lunched at the Bohemian club, and the quality of the lunch was a revelation to me. We had terrapin and champagne and other things that I had not been accustomed to, but my refined tastes fit in quite readily to these things as if I had been used to them all my life. Best of all, Leonard Hardman informed me that he would be glad to have me lunch with him every day when I had no other engagements. I thanked him and mentally promised never to make any conflicting engagement.

The days that followed were much like that first day. If I ever did anything like work or earned a dollar for my kind employer, candor compels me to admit that I have no recollection of it, nor could I ever make out what Leonard Hardman was doing in the way of business. No transactions were ever closed at his office. His afternoons, however, were uniformly spent away from the office, I knew not where nor how, and if he made any money at all it was made in secret operations. I felt somewhat piqued at his clandestine way of doing things, but as my salary was always paid promptly and I lunched regularly at his expense it did not seem to me proper to call him to account.

For the space of three years I was thus associated with Leonard Hardman, during which time he claimed to be prospering and seemed to be happy and contented. But I never found out the nature of his business or the amount of his profits. My early qualms of conscience for not having been more serviceable to him soon gave way to placid unconcern about his secret operations, whatever they were.

His demeanor toward me never changed. It was always gentle, even deferential, something not usual in an employer. We were more like companions than anything else.

Almost three years to a day from the commencement of my singular service Leonard Hardman died. This was a hard shock to me, for I felt a warm attachment for him. Moreover I was troubled at the thought of having to hunt another situation.

When his will was opened, it was found to contain, much to my surprise and delight, a handsome legacy of $50,000 in my favor. I gathered together his papers so that his affairs could be put in order and among other things found in his private rooms at the club where he lived (he was a bachelor) a book which proved to be a diary, carefully kept to the very day of his death.

The contents of this diary were and have ever since been a source of intense humiliation to me. I am generous enough, however, to overlook and excuse the vagaries of a man who had proved so good a friend to me and who possessed so many noble qualities. From the date of my engagement in his service almost daily references were made to myself in this strange diary. Some of these references were kind, others most unkind. What gave me keenest grief and still grieves me and what I now freely forgive because palpably the product of a mind enfeebled by long devotion to business are the following entries:

"Jan. 13, 1882.—Richard Kent has this day entered my service. I have a theory which I wish to put thoroughly to the test, and Kent is the subject of my experiment.

* * * * * * *

"Jan. 25, 1883.—It is now something more than a year since Richard Kent came to my office. My theory has worked out. But let me explain:

"All business success worth the name is the result of good judgment. Some men have judgment at times good and at times very bad. No man has good judgment in all things and at all times, because man is fallible. Some men exhibit bad judgment all the time.

"While I had been successful in my business affairs, nevertheless on occasions I lost heavily as the result of bad conclusions. It finally occurred to me that if I had an adviser in the shape of a man who was wrong all the time I should be able to accomplish great results. I sought a long time before I found him. Richard Kent proved to be the man, and a treasure he is.

"Kent is a well educated, well bred man of 40, smart in many things, brilliant in a few things, but the worst reasoner I ever met in my life. On any proposition of ordinary difficulty he uniformly goes wrong. I have never known him to fail. Whenever I am in doubt what to do I ask his advice and then do the other thing. His fallibility is perfect."

Whatever my faults (if I have any) fear is not one of them. I have nothing to conceal. I give the foregoing extracts with profound sorrow and only because they are necessary to explain the visionary state of Hardman's mind with respect to myself.—Short Stories.

The Burglars' Terror.

A burglar, well known to the police of the larger cities, who was recently taken into custody, told a reporter that "a little dog" was more terrifying to the "profession" than any burglar alarm or detective.

"Guns be blowed!" said he. "I'm dead willin to take a chance wid a fly cop, too, and the tinklers and sitch ain't troublin me a little bit. But a bit of a dorg! Yessir, I hates them little 'purps' worse'n poison. The big fellers—St. Bernards and them—you kin make friends with. Give them a bit of meat and they're all right. But when one of them little dorgs comes at you, a-barkin and yelpin, you got to skin out quick or you finds the hull house a-top of you.

"There ain't no makin friends with them. They know you don't b'long there, and they're just a-goin to git you out or know the reason why! The 'Come, Fido, nice doggy,' racket ain't a-goin to help you at all. There's only one thing to do when them little fellers gets to hollerin round your heels. Just git out as fast as you kin git! Nine times out of ten that ain't fast enuff, neither!"—New York Mail and Express.

He Got the Gun.

Several years ago Colonel Jack Chinn visited Texas. He brought with him a negro valet, Sam. This negro had been a slave in the Chinn family before the war began in the states and idolized his young master. One night while in Houston the darky came to Chinn and said:

"Massa Jack, I'ze goin out in cullud society heah tonight, an I'd like to borrow dat ivory handled six shooter of yours to take along."

"Why, you black rascal," returned the colonel, "some of these Houston coons will take that gun away from you and break it over your head!"

The darky straightened up. Like his master, he was a man of unquestioned nerve, and there was a peculiar glitter in his eye as he said:

"Massa Jack, you let me hab dat gun, an if I don't show up heah wid hit in de mawnin you can go down to de morgue an throw down de sheet an say, 'Lawd, don't he look nacherl!'"

Colonel Chinn's body servant was that night armed in a manner that entitled him to move in the best circles of Afro-American society in Houston.—Dallas News.

The Valet; His Opportunity.

The Comte de Brienne, talking of the violence of some masters toward their servants, said that on one occasion, having corrected his valet for some grave dereliction of duty, he had forgotten the matter when the next morning, while shaving him, the man suddenly held the razor to his throat, saying, "Whose turn is it today, M. le Comte?"

"A moi toujours; continue," was the calm reply.

"He finished shaving me, and we were mutually pleased with each other," but relations became somewhat strained after such an incident, and the comte gave him 100 louis and his dismissal. "Never beat your servants, young men," he concluded; "your lives are at their mercy, and you would find it hard, as I did, to owe it to one of them."

Dorothys In England.

Do you realize how many children are named Dorothy? A children's hospital in London not long ago asked every child in England named Dorothy to contribute a shilling toward a bed to be called by that name. The result was enough money to found a dozen beds, showing that there are thousands and thousands of children named Dorothy living in England alone.—Atchison Globe.

Quite Free.

Pastor—I understand Brother Jorkins considered my sermon very free. Do you know on what ground?

Deacon—I have an idea. When the collection was taken up after it, he was asleep, and it passed him.—Philadelphia Press.

PARIS OF THE FAUBOURGS.

The Workingman's Pride and Delight In the Beautiful Streets.

An article in The Century, "Paris of the Faubourgs," by Richard Whiteing, throws a bright light on the difference between the lives of the laboring classes in the French capital and in London. The Parisian lives in the streets and prides himself on their beauty and cleanliness. The Londoner has less to boast of in this respect and takes less interest in the external aspect of his city.

The people of the faubourgs, the humble folk generally—small traders and small annuitants, as well as workmen—like all the rest of us, are the product of their surroundings. They are shaped by the private life and by the public life, by the street and the home. These people in Paris owe a great deal to the public life. It condescends to their needs for color, variety, movement, in a way universal among the Latin nations. Out of doors is merely their larger home, and they expect to find adequate provision there for every kind of enjoyment. Our own race tends to regard that domain as a mere thoroughfare between the workshop and the fireside, where all our interests are centered. If it serves that purpose, that is about all we ask of it. It may be as ugly as it likes and within certain limits of indulgence almost as dirty. To the Frenchman it is more than a place of transit. It is almost a place of sojourn.

So the Parisian common man has his share of the Champs Elysees and of the boulevards in his freedom of access to their fountains and promenades and their bordering alleys of tender green. He comes down stairs to them, so to speak, as soon as the scavengers have done their timely work. He descends to his thoroughfare as the millionaire expects to descend to his breakfast room or his study, with all its appointments fresh from the broom and shining in their brightness of metal and glass. So whatever the gloom of the domestic prospect his street helps him to feel good. The beauty of the statuary, of the public buildings, is a means to the same end. For nothing the poorest of poor devils may see the glorious bronzes in the terrace garden of the Tuileries, the outdoor figures of the Luxembourg, the great horses of the Place de la Concorde, the magnificent compositions of the arch. The very lamppost that will light his way at nightfall serves the purpose of a thing of beauty all through the day. Compare it with the English bar of cast iron, hideous to the eye in form and color, foul with the mud stains of years of traffic. The Frenchmen must have it suave and shapely in its lines, a model of a good renaissance ornament in its decorations, bronze in its material and washed and polished every week or so to keep it smart.

THE PELICAN.

A Bird That Offends Both the Eye and the Nose.

Pelican bend, in the Missouri river, near St. Charles, Mo., is the scene of a great annual gathering of pelicans. There is a big flat bar in the river there which has endured far beyond the usual span of bars' existence in the treacherous, shifting current of the Missouri. This bar is the semiannual stopping place of vast flocks of pelicans that migrate from south to north in the spring and from north to south in the fall.

Persons who have observed their habits claim that they invariably arrive at Pelican bend on Sept. 4 and remain until cold weather sends them south.

The pelican is not an attractive bird. He offends both the eye and the nose. But he is commendably regular in his habits. The parent birds catch fish and after eating their fill deposit the others in their pouches under their bills and carry them to their young. These pouches will hold from three to eight pounds of fish. They are elastic and when distended to their utmost nearly touch the ground. When empty, the pouch lies close up under the big bill and is merely a mass of wrinkles. It is this pouch that gives the pelican his characteristic and disagreeable odor, caused by particles of decaying fish.

The pelican's legs are short and strong, and its feet have large webs. It is not a fast swimmer nor a rapid flier, but it is practically tireless in both air and water. On land it is awkward and unwieldy. Its feathers are pure white except for a fluffy tuft of brown plumage that is seen in the top of the head for about six weeks in the early summer. This tuft disappears in August and leaves a pimply bald pate that is red, then pink, then a straw color. By Nov. 1 the skin on the head hardens into a horny crest, which grows as the winter progress, until by the time the bird arrives at its breeding place in the northwest it is so prominent that it is called the "centerboard," because of its resemblance to the centerboard of a sailboat. When properly cured, the pelican skins and plumage are largely used in women's garments and hats.

Firmly Rooted.

The daughter of a Mississippian who has adopted Memphis as her home tells the following story of her father:

"Papa was relating to the family and some of his friends one day the experience he had gone through in having a tooth pulled. He said the dentist pulled so hard that he pulled him clear out of his chair. I was only a little girl at the time, but I mustered up courage to say half musingly:

"'Well, papa, that must have hurt mighty bad.'

"'Well, I guess it did,' he replied. 'If you could have seen the two roots of that tooth that were wrapped around my backbone, you would know how it hurt without asking me.'

"I suppose he meant jawbone, but the laugh that followed was too loud for me to hear the correction, and I do not know to this day where the roots of that tooth had taken hold."—Memphis Scimitar.

Confiding.

"I never saw a man of more confiding disposition than Barber."

"That's Barber, all right. Why, he even believes his own lies."

No Wild and Woolly West.

Easterners have an erroneous impression about the vast plains country that stretches eastward from the flanks of the Rockies to the wheatfields of the Dakotas. It is a region where crimes are far less numerous in proportion to population than they are in the densely settled regions of the eastern and middle states.

If the sombreroed ruffians with pistols and knives in their boots and cartridge belts around their waists are not in the cattle country, where, then, are they to be found? Where are those Alkali Ikes, Lariat Bills, et al., who fire at the decanters in barrooms and at the silk hats of tenderfoot strangers—the villainous desperadoes whose lynching bees and other harrowing anecdotes make up considerable of the stock in trade of our eastern comic illustrators? I do not know.

For many years I have wandered through the great northwest on horseback, stagecoach and in canoes, as well as in the palatial Pullman sleeper of the great transcontinental lines, and I have never discovered any of the fierce, bewhiskered dime novel heroes. During all my travels in the Dakotas, Montana, Idaho, Washington, Oregon and British Columbia I have never seen a man hurt or witnessed any sort of row, and I would feel much safer to strike across the mountains or plains alone on a broncho and unarmed than I would to walk up Clark street at night in Chicago.

Infant Baptisms In Russia.

"I was fortunate enough," writes Trumbull White, "to visit the Church of St. David, in Tiflis, Russia, just in time to attend a baptismal ceremony. According to the rites of the Greek church, as practiced in this ancient Georgian temple, the youngster in question, a fine boy 4 or 5 weeks old, had to be immersed three times in a baptismal font filled with water, each time to be completely covered, in addition to various blessings and anointings with holy oil and several long prayers.

"The benevolent looking old priest proved himself a man of kindly thoughtfulness. While the family group around the baby was getting him properly unclad, for the ceremony requires that the child shall be naked, the priest surreptitiously dipped his finger into the font, and I saw by his face that it was too cold. Then he stepped behind a screen, where his samovar was steaming, emptied the hot water into a pitcher, and while the family still kept busy over the baby he poured enough to temper the pool that had been provided for the shorn lamb. The result was that the little fellow took his plunges without a murmur and thereby distinguished himself."—Chicago Record.

Nassau's Big Tree.

In Nassau, the capital city of the Bahama islands, they say "the tree in the public square"—not the trees. Now the public square of Nassau is quite as large as that of most cities of the size, but there is only one tree in it, and that tree literally fills the square and spreads its shade over all the public buildings in the neighborhood. For it is the largest tree in the world at its base, although it is hardly taller than a three story house. It is variously known as a ceiba or a silk cotton tree, but the people of the low islands of the West Indies call it the hurricane tree; for no matter how hard the wind blows it cannot disturb the mighty, buttressed trunk of the ceiba.

Its trunk throws out great curving, windlike braces, some of them 20 feet wide and nearly as high. These extend into the ground on all sides and brace the tree against all attack, while the great branches spread a thick shade overhead. In the tropic sunshine of midsummer, hundreds, even thousands, of people may gather in the cool of its shadow. No one knows how old the great tree is, but it must have been growing hundreds, if not thousands, of years. A very old picture in the library at Nassau shows the tree as big as it is at present, and even the oldest negro in the island cannot remember when it was a bit smaller.

Tom Corwin's Ready Wit.

Governor John Brough was once matched against Corwin and in his speech said:

"Gentlemen, my honored opponent himself, while he preaches advocacy of home industry, has a carriage at home which he got in England; had it shipped across the water to him. How is that for supporting home industry and labor?"

When Corwin came to the stand, he made a great show of embarrassment. He stammered and began slowly:

"Well, gentlemen, you have heard what my friend Mr. Brough has to say about my carriage. I plead guilty to the charge, and I have only two things to say in my defense. The first is that the carriage came to me from an English ancestor as an heirloom, and I had to take it. Again, I have not used it for seven years, and it has been standing in my back yard all that time, and the chickens have converted it into a roost. Now, gentlemen," with a steady look at Brough, "I have nothing further to say in my defense, but I would like to know how Brough knows anything about my carriage if he has not been visiting my henroost!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS
Issued Every Tuesday.

W. B. ANDERSON, - - - - EDITOR.

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

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

TUESDAY, JULY 3rd, 1900

WAR NEWS.

London, 23.—Special from Shanghai say that Tien Tsin has been bombarded for las three days. The entire British and Frenc settlements have been destroyed. Heav casualties are reported. No word has bee received from Admiral Seymour and is b lieved relief column has fared badly.

London, June 23 —Despatch from Che Foo from Rev. Brown says: Have just g away from Tien Tsen in a German gu boat. City has been bombarded for sever days by Chinese, all foreign parts of tow have been destroyed. Lieut. Wright of U S. navy 150 other white residents, marine and sailors sent up to our assistance wer killed or wounded. American consulat building destroyed. Ammunition almos gone, garrison suffering terrible and nee instant relief. Reliable despatch from Pe kin says all the legations except the British Austrian and Belgians have been burned.

London, June 23.—Gen. Styne's force i Orange River colony is for the time bein drawing most of the attention of Lor Roberts, rather to the neglect of Gen Botha and Kruger. The severance be tween the Transvaal and Orange Rive colony was completed yesterday as Lord Roberts said it would be on arrival of Gen Buller's advance, under Lord Dundonald a Standerton. The wide net around th 7,000 men under Styne will contract an brisk fighting is likely to take place be cause all resistance south of Vaal is necessary to be swept by to make it necessary for a line of communication. President Kruger's grandson who surrendered to Baden-Powell is back on his farm working peacefully. Gen. Dewit's farm houses have been burned to ground by British. Gen. Buller has issued a special order eulogizing advance of Strathcona's Horse.

Vancouver, June 23.—Verdict for seven thousand dollars was given this afternoon by the jury in Nightingale vs. Union Colliery Co.

Cheefoo, June 22.—It is officialy reported that the bombardment of Tien Tsin with large guns continues incessantly. The foreign concessions have all been burned and the American consulate has been razed to the ground. The Russians are occupying the railway station but are hard pressed. The casualties are heavy.

Calcutta, June 22.—Fourteen transports will convey troops from India to China, al except six are already in port. The Ner budda and Palmecotta will probably sai Sunday with 70th Bengal Infantry.

London, June 22.—Lord Salisbury presided this morning at a special meeting o the Cabinet on eastern crisis. Prior to which French ambassador and Chinese minister paid a lengthy visit to the foreign office. Officials expect that important developments will be the outcome as Salisbury proceeded to Windsor after.

In spite of Shanghai's grim statement that the Chinese used forty pounders and that 1500 foreigners were massacred thre is no reason to conclude that the foreign colony has been unable to protect itself.

London, June 25. — Despatches from China arrived last night are those which give further details of the repulse of Thursday's attempt to relieve Tsen Tsin. According to despatch from Chee Foo herds of Chinese with well posted artillery blocked the way of the allies' forces. The guns of the allies could make no impression and it was found impossible to shift the enemys position, nothing could be done except to fall back which was done. The foreigners in Tsen Tsin are making a gallant defensive.

London, June 25.—Special from Town shows that all the recent fights at Zand River the Boers captured 2,000 mail bags containing a three weeks accumulation of mail for Roberts' army and £4,000 worth of stamps intended for troops.

Another despatch says Boer have 1,350 prisoners on Delegoa Bay line and probably about 800 in 800 in Orange River colony. Gen. Warren wires that the rebellion has been extinguished in north of Cape Colony. Interest mostly centres in Orange River colony where Gen. Dewit is causing British much annoyance.

London, June 26.—Lord Roberts six columns are converging so as to oosen in upon Free Staters although defensive result cannot be expected for several days. Number of Boers who were supposed to be in Natal have broken through Gen. Rundle's lines.

Canadians were engaged in fight at Honingspruit on Friday. Gen. Dewit's men first cut off Canadian outposts at Dawson two being killed, 5 wounded and 3 captured. Free Staters then attacked camp in which were 50 Canadians and two companies of Shropshires though without effect as the men were well entrenched. Eight Hollanders were arrested at Standerton for destroying property prior to British occupation. Boers fired on construction train near Standerton yesterday, killing 2 and 4 wounded.

A party of Brabant's Horse near Ficksbury saw a camp of kharki men and walked in only to find themselves among Boers, the visitors surrendered.

London, June 26. — Following from Roberts from Pretoria: Buller reached Standerton on June 22nd. He found a good deal of rolling stock. All Dutch residents had left town. British prisoners captured since our occupation of Pretoria have been taken to Marchadodorp. Hamilton occupied Heieblerg Saturday. Enemy fled pursued by our mounted men, previous day Broadwood's cavalry had skirmish with enemy dispersing them completely and capturing 6. Hunter's advance brigade reached Johannesberg on 22nd.

New York, June 26.—A special to the Journal states that Admiral Seymour's force has been wiped out.

London, June 26. — Despatch from Chee Foo giving rear Admiral Kempff as authority for announcement of relief of Tsen Tsin on June 23rd. The news received at Berlin later was given to consulate at Chee Foo who announced that relief column had entered Tien Tsen during the afternoon of the 23rd. A telegram from governor of Kis Chow announces that Admiral Seymour's force has reached Pekin.

Washington, D. C.—Navy Department received cable from Admiral Kempff, "relief force reached Tien Tsen on 23rd. Loss very small. Pekin relief force which left Tien Tsen June 18th reported ten miles from Tien Tsen surrounded. Force left Tien Tsen on the 24th to render them assistance.

Chee Foo June 26.—Officers of British cruiser Terrible assert that discord exists between Russians and Anglo-Americans and say that they believe the Russians are planning to break the concert and take possession of Pekin independently.

London, June 27—The Boer commandoes in eastern part of Orange River colony appear to have been broken up by their leaders for the time into small parts that harass large columns of British incessantly, sniping pickets and making a show of force here and there. Gen. Dewit, Styne's commander, is the genius of these guerilla operations. He is the hero of Boers in these last day of hostilitis. Kruger will probably retire to Watervaalenper. His physician thinks his condition of health will not allow him to go to the right veldit. British prisoners at Nootgedacht are now more comfomfortable. Large quantities of food and blankets have been forwarded to them. Gen. Botha is uncommonly active east of Pretoria.

Canadians are doing excellent outpost work.

London, June 27.—War Office received following from Roberts, Pretoria presidency, June 27—Sir Chas Warren reports that rebellion in Cape Colony of the Orange Colony is now over. The last formidable body under Commandant De Villers surrendered on Wednesday, consisting of about 220 men, 280 horses, 18 wagons, 260 rifles and 100,000 rounds of ammunition.

London, June 27.—A convoy of 50 wagons escorted by Highlanders between Rhenoster and Heibron was captured Tuesday. Lord Roberts reports the convoy was surrounded and sent a messenger to nearest points asking for assistance re-enforcements were unable to reach the convoy and 150 Highlanders in reply to a flag of truce from General Dewitz surrendered during the morning of June 24th.

London, June 27.—Cables from far East to-day are very conflicting Admiral Seymour, it is said, succeeded in getting a message to Tien Tsen on Monday, saying he was terribly harassed and could only hold out another two days, and had 62 killed and over 200 wounded. Relief now on the way.

London, June 28.—Gen. Rundle had a sharp artillery and rifle fire skirmish near Senekel on Friday with a large force of entrenched Boers. He decliued to attack them. The Boer outposts north-east of Pretoria are busy. Commandant Dewit with 3,000 men and three guns is moving north-east in the Orange River Colony. It is understood that he and Gen. Botha entered into a compact that neither would surrender so long as the other was in the field. 12,000 rifles are told to have been surrendered to the British. President Kruger is still at Machadodorp.

D squadron (Canadians) was attacked by a superior number at Honing Spruit. Canadians took to their horses but suffered severely 3 killed, 4 wounded and 2 prisoners. Boers pursued the party to within rifle shot of camp, when private F. Waldy, Calgary, not caring to be shot or captured without a good ffght jumped from his horse and killed two Boers. Another was shot from camp.

Chee Foo, June 28.—Admiral Seymour's expedition has been relieved having failed to connect with Pekin. Russian Colonel Shettle commanding the combined forces of 11,000 men is supposed to be proceeding to Pekin. Admiral Seymour's expedition is returning to Tien Tsen, his force has suffered greatly, having had 62 killed and over 200 wounded.

It is estimated that 40,000 to 60,000 Chinese troops are now before Pekin. Boxers from all sections are swarming there. Now feared that many foreigners and native converts have been massacred.

POLITICAL NEWS.

Victoria, June 27.—At a meeting of Martinites committee held last evening it was decided to ask ex-Governor McInnes to contest Victoria in opposition to Turner at bye election. To-day petitions are in circulation asking him to stand for South Nanaimo, South Victoria and Victoria which probably indicates that McInnes has agreed to stand in every seat on the Island.

Victoria, June 27.—The dates for by-election other than Victoria and South Victoria are as follows: South Nanaimo, nominations July 5, eleciton the 10th. Kootenay, nomination. July 5, election 11th. Lillooet, nomination, July 5th election, 12th. Dewdney, nomination, July 5, election, 10th.

Victoria, June 28.—McInnes last night sent a letter to Martinite committee declining nomination in in Victoria and also in the other two Island bye elections. He says in letter that over nine months ago he urged on ministers advisability of immediate session or immediate election in order to end political unrest.

Reported here that Dunsmuir and a California capitalist have acquired the New Vancouver Coal Company's property. Arrangements being made here for reception of Joly who is expected here to-morrow evening. Since McInnes declines nomination no opposition will be offered to Tutner in bye election here.

Nanaimo, June 28.—Chas. Fielding, a son of Richard Fielding, was drowned in Nanaimo River last night. Hhe was in swimming and attacked with cramps. Body not yet recovered. Age, 24 years.

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

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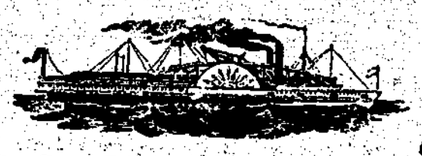

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Returning Tuesday via Van Anda and Way Ports to Vancouver.
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Sails from Victoria 7:00 a. m. Monday for Nanaimo and Way Ports.
Sails from Nanaimo 7:00 a. m. Tuesday for Comox and Way Ports
Sails from Comox 7:00 a. m. Wednesday for Nanaimo and Way Ports.
Sails from Nanaimo 4:00 a. m. Thursday for Victoria and Way Ports.
Sails from Victoria 7:00 a. m. Friday for Nanaimo and Way Ports, connecting with "City of Nanaimo" for Union Wharf and Comox.
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NOTICE.

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

By order of Council,

LAURENCE W. NUNNS,
City Clerk.

Cumberland, B.C., May 8th, 1900. 813

ADVERTISE IN THE

WEEKLY NEWS

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THE AGE OF ALUMINIUM.

To the June number of the Century Magazine, Nikola Tesla contributes an article that will create profound discussion. Among other startling assertions he predicts the doom of the copper industry, which will be supplanted in his opinion by aluminium at a time not far distant. Iron also, he thinks, has before it a fierce struggle for existance with the wonderful new metal, with the chances by no means preponderantly favorable to the present king of metals.

With the advances made in iron of late years, Tesla says, we have arrived at the limits of improvement. We cannot hope to increase very materially its tensile strength, elasticity, hardness or malleability, nor can we expect to make it much better as regards its magnetic qualities. More recently a notable gain was secured by the mixture of a small percentage of nickel with the iron, but there is not much more room for further advance in this direction. New discoveries may be expected, but they cannot greatly add to the valuable properties of the metal, though they may considerably reduce the cost of manufacture. The immediate future of iron is assured by its cheapness and its unrivaled mechanical and magnetic qualities. These are such that no other product can compete with it now. But there can be no doubt that, at a time not very distant, iron, in many of its now uncontested domains, will have to pass the scepter to another; the coming age will be the age of aluminium. It is only seventy years since this wonderful metal was discovered by Woehler, and the aluminium industry, scarcely forty years old, commands already the attention of the entire world. Such rapid growth has not been recorded in the history of civilization before. Not long ago aluminium was sold at the fanciful price of thirty or forty dollars per pound; to-day it can be had in any desired amount for as many cents. What is more the time is not far off when this price, too, will be considered fanciful, for great improvements are possible in the methods of its manufacture.

THE DOOM OF COPPER.

The absolute unavoidable consequences of the advance of the aluminium industry will be the annihilation of the copper industry. They cannot exist and prosper together, and the latter is doomed beyond any hope of recovery. Even now it is cheaper to convey an electric current through aluminium wires than through copper wires; aluminium wires cost less, and in many domestic and other uses copper has no chance of successfully competing. A further material reduction of the price of aluminium cannot but be fatal to copper. But the progress of the former will not go on unchecked, for, as it ever happens in such cases, the larger industry will absorb the smaller one; the giant copper interests will control the pigmy aluminium interests and the slow pacing copper will reduce the lively gait of aluminium. This will only delay not avoid, the impending catasrophe.

MUST IRON ALSO GO?

Aluminium however, will not stop at downing copper. Before many years have passed it will be engaged in a fierce struggle with iron, and in the latter it will find an adversary not easy to conquer. The issue of the contest will largely depend on whether iron shall be indispensible in electric machinery. This the future alone can decide.

. . . . . The seemingly insuperable difficulties which are now in the way may be overcome in the end, and then iron will be done away with, and all electric machinery will be manufactured of aluminium, in all probability, at prices ridiculously low. This would be a severe, if not a fatal, blow to iron. In many other branches of industry, as ship-building, or wherever lightness of structure is required, the process of the new metal will be much quicker. For such uses it is eminently suitable, and is sure to supersede iron sooner or later. It is highly probable that in the course of time we shall be able to give it many of those qualities which make iron so valuable.

Esquimalt & Nanaimo Ry.

TIME TABLE EFFECTIVE NOV. 19TH, 1898.

VICTORIA TO WELLINGTON.

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

WELLINGTON TO VICTORIA.

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

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

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

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

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Manager.

OUR MOTHER THE SEA.

Long ropes of pearls the mother sea flings down
To the winged emerald daughters of her heart,
Who run in laughter and in laughter part
Upon the beach, though clouds to westward frown;
Low thunders from the sunset sudden drown
The light sea laughter, and the wavelets dart
Back to the mother breast, again to start
And weave the pearl ropes in a glittering crown.

White foam, green waves, such virtue in you lies
That, as you move, new essence is unrolled
To him who, like the palm 'neath sunsick sky,
For silver coolness and sweet grayness sighs—
O strong, great mother, made to God's own mold,
Who does not long to kiss thee ere he die?
—Maurice Francis Egan in Lippincott's.

The Sinking of The Birkenhead

Story of the Loss of a British Troopship on the Coast of Africa.

BY ROBERT W. SISE.

In the closing days of the year 1851 the English troopship Birkenhead sailed from Cork in perfect trim and in charge of an able and gallant commander with 631 souls on board. Two months later her shattered hulk lay at the bottom of the ocean off the African coast and of her human freight only 193 remained alive. While the disaster which intervened was one of the most terrible of the many which lie at the door of old ocean, it is one of which Englishmen can never think without pride, for those saved included all the women and children on board, and in the story of the loss of the Birkenhead the horror of the disaster is obscured by admiration for the men who cheerfully yielded their lives to save those of the weaker ones and when all hope was gone faced death steadfastly and without flinching or faltering.

It was a clear, bright morning in late December, 1851, when the Birkenhead steamed out of the cove of Cork and rapidly dropped the Irish coast behind her. Her cargo consisted of troops destined to relieve those at that time on the African stations, the detachment being made up of details from the Seventy-eighth highlanders, the Twelfth lancers and the Forty-third, Seventy-third and Ninety-first of the line, commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Seton of the Seventy-eighth highlanders. The soldiers were nearly all destined for long terms of service in the colonies, and many of them had their families with them, there being some 40 women and children on the ship.

The Birkenhead was a stanch and well equipped vessel, and Captain Salmond, her commander, a thorough seaman, but from the first there were forebodings of disaster among her crew, for she was what is known as an unlucky ship, one of those unfortunate vessels with which nothing seems to go right, and had suffered a series of small mishaps almost from the day of her launch. Seamen always fear a ship of this kind, and, singularly enough, their fear seems to be justified to a certain extent, for of the great ocean disasters a large proportion seems to have happened to these unlucky ships.

Even in the early part of the voyage the Birkenhead appears to have justified her reputation, for from the time of her sailing until she had crossed the bay of Biscay she was buffeted by such a succession of gales as was almost unprecedented for that time of the year even in that stormy and boisterous region. She suffered several minor accidents, but managed to get through without putting in for repairs. Later she ran into better weather, and from that time on had a smooth and pleasant voyage to St. Simon's Bay, Cape of Good Hope, her first port of call, where she arrived on Feb. 23, 1852.

At this point Colonel Seton found instructions from Sir Henry Smith, the governor of the Cape of Good Hope, regarding the distribution of the troops on board, and waiting only one day to take on fresh provisions and water, the Birkenhead started for Algoa Bay, the first place at which she was to land a detachment.

It was a beautiful evening on which she steamed out of St. Simon's Bay. The night was clear and still, and the surface of the water was unruffled, although, as always on that coast, there was a heavy swell running in from the seaward. The course of the ship lay along the shore, which could be plainly seen at a distance of about three miles, the lights and beacons being in full view. On board the ship all was calm and tranquillity. Only the watch remained awake, and the big vessel slid on over the smooth water almost without sound except for the rhythmical beat of her engines and paddles.

How the disaster happened no one will ever know. It is certain that Captain Salmond was a full mile farther inshore than he should have been, but how the mistake was made, through what unknown current or error in calculation, he never explained to a human court martial. On such a night there would seem to be no excuse for such an error, yet it was made, and about 2 o'clock in the morning of the 24th the Birkenhead drove, without warning, upon one of the many submerged rocks running out from Point Danger.

Unfortunately for all on board, the rock was one of the farthest out from land, detached from the rest of the reefs and with deep water all around it. The ship went on with such force that she passed nearly half over it, tearing open her bottom as she did so, and finally brought up hanging on the rock at a point just forward of the paddle boxes and with her bow and stern fully supported by the sea only when she was underrun by a swell. As each sea ran under her she was raised almost clear of the rock, and, as it passed on, dropped on it again, as one pounds a stick of kindling wood across one's knee to break it in two. No ship built with human hands could stand such treatment long, and the Birkenhead instantly began to fill and settle.

It needed no seaman to tell from the steady settling of the vessel that she had not many minutes to remain above water. The white, set faces of the ship's officers as they moved about directing the getting out of the boats and the desperate energy with which their orders were carried out showed that there was hope of safety but for a few, yet men and officers were as calm and steady as though on parade. There was a rapid consultation of the officers, and the soldiers and marines were at once put to work throwing overboard the horses and camp impedimenta and manning the hand pumps in the after part of the vessel, which was the only part there was any hope of keeping afloat, even for a short time.

In the meantime the sailors were working fiercely getting out the boats, but with meager results. Two cutters and the gig were swung out and lowered, but the davits of the other boats were found to be rusted fast in their places, so that the boats could not be stirred from their positions. These three boats then were the only hope of safety for more than 600 souls, but there was no hesitation as to who should take advantage of that hope. The second cutter, commanded by Lieutenant Richards, was brought alongside, and the women and children were placed on board. Colonel Seton, with his drawn sword in hand, stood in the gangway and threatened to cut down any man trying to force his way into the boat, but there was no need of this precaution, for the men stood steady and quiet at their posts, though the writhing of the deck under their feet told them that the vessel was in her death throes.

Hardly had the cutter cleared the gangway with her precious freight when the Birkenhead broke squarely in two just forward of the engines, and the forward part, sliding off the rock, plunged like a shot into the depths of the ocean. It was seen that there was no time to bring any more boats alongside, and the order was given for all who could to save themselves. Even then, when all discipline was thrown aside, the habits of years of rigid training ruled all the actions of the soldiers. There was no unmanly rush for the two remaining boats, and those who could swim aided their comrades to places in them and on bits of floating wreckage. The boats were quickly filled beyond the point of safety and pulled away from the vessel, leaving those on board facing death by the ghastly light of the blue lights and rockets which had been showered upward since the ship first struck.

Death was not long in coming for most of the poor fellows. Five minutes after the forward part of the vessel had gone down she broke again just aft of the mainmast. The after part heeled over and sank, and a moment later the main body of the vessel slid from the rock and plunged beneath the waves, Colonel Seton standing calmly by the gangway and going down with it to a brave man's grave. In a little more than 20 minutes from the time the vessel struck the rock there remained of her no vestige but the floating wreckage, which covered the water, and the main topmast, which projected above the surface. On this many of the men took refuge, while others supported themselves on pieces of wreckage or on life preservers, with which they had previously provided themselves, and started for the shore, which was some two miles distant.

It was too far for most of the poor fellows, and of nearly 300 who started for the shore most gave it up and sank before completing the distance. But there was another death which lurked in the waters between the rock and the shore—death sudden and horrible and which left the survivors with shaken nerves and failing courage. The sea was infested by sharks, and nearly all who had stripped off their clothes were eaten by them. Many a poor fellow, swimming alongside with a comrade, heard a sudden rush and a cry and found himself with only a bloody eddy beside him and a creeping dread at his heart that he might be the next to meet such a fate.

And even with the shore safety was not gained. A heavy swell and strong undertow and a rocky and difficult coast were but a part of the dangers with which they had to contend. For a long way out from the shore the sea was filled with great masses of seaweed, which wrapped about their limbs as they swam and slipped under their feet as they struggled toward the shore, and many who had almost reached the land gave up, disheartened, and met their death in the clinging weed.

Gradually, one after another, they dragged themselves from the water and gathered together on the firm land, and when it became certain that there were no more to come there were in that party but 68 out of all who had stood on the deck of the Birkenhead when she went down. But little could be done for them at the fishing station at Point Danger, and they were obliged to tramp for more than 20 miles through a rough and broken country to the house of Captain Smalds, formerly of the Seventh Dragoon guards. Here they were well cared for and two days later were taken off by H. M. S. Rhadamanthus, sent from St. Simon's Bay.

The fate of the other survivors was much easier. The three boats under Lieutenant Richards, when they pulled away from the wreck, had made for St. Simon's Bay, as they were all so heavily loaded as to make the attempt to land in the heavy surf inshore one of great danger. They rowed all night and at dawn were picked up by the schooner Lioness, Captain Ramsden, who after taking them on board at once started for the scene of the wreck. On arriving there, early in the afternoon, the main topmost was found to be still standing, with 45 men clinging to it. These were taken off, but there was no sign of any other survivors.

One hundred and twenty-five were taken by the Lioness from the boats and from the mast. Sixty-eight succeeded in reaching the shore. Of the others of the Birkenhead's great company all perished; but, to the credit of British courage be it said, there was in this number not one woman or child. Captain Wright, the senior surviving military officer, remained for two days at the scene of the wreck for the purpose of burying the bodies. Many came ashore, but the greater number sleep in unmarked but not unhonored graves.—Short Stories.

Brutality In Russia.

In the "Memoirs of a Revolutionist," by Prince Kropotkin, the author, after telling of things he himself saw in his childhood, says:

"If, however, I were to relate what I heard of in those years, it would be a much more grewsome narrative—stories of men and women torn from their families and their villages and sold or lost in gambling or exchanged for a couple of hunting dogs and then transported to some remote part of Russia for the sake of creating a new estate; of children taken from their parents and sold to cruel or dissolute masters; of flogging 'in the stables,' which occurred every day with unheard of cruelty; of a girl who found her only salvation in drowning herself; of an old man who had grown gray headed in his master's service and at last hanged himself under his master's window, and of revolts of serfs which were suppressed by Nicholas I's generals by flogging to death each tenth or fifth man taken out of the ranks, and by laying waste the village whose inhabitants, after a military execution, went begging for bread in the neighboring provinces."

Human Nature Fallible Everywhere.

We sometimes put on a long face, remarks an exchange, and look as though we hadn't a friend in the world, just because some person has found fault with something he saw in our paper. But why feel so badly over "spilled milk?" The merchant doesn't please all his customers; the postmaster, too, is kicked and cussed because he made mistakes; the station agent is frequently backed up in the corner by some old woman, and given to understand this and that and numerous other things; the barber is censured for his dull razor; the baker is accused of fraud—some people declare that he puts too much wind in his bread; the butcher is forever reminded of his tough meat; the grocer charges poor accounts to good customers so as to "even up," and even the preacher finds it hard work to please all his congregation with his best sermon. The only good person is the one who is doing the kicking.

To Keep Brushes Clean.

The best way to clean hair brushes is with spirits of ammonia, as its effect is immediate. No rubbing is required, and cold or tepid water can be used as successfully as warm. Take a tablespoonful of ammonia to a quart of water; dip the bristles without wetting the back, and in a moment the grease is removed; then rinse in cold water, shake well and dry in the air, but not in the sun. Soap and soda soften the bristles and do not get them so thoroughly clean.

Not a Confiding Nature.

Mr. Johnsing—I don't like dat Farmer Jones. He's too 'spicious.

Mr. Jackson—What's he done now?

Mr. Johnsing—He's done gone an' put a six-foot bahb-wiah fence aroun' his melon patch.

Cheering Mrs. French.

The wife and family of General French aroused quite a remarkable demonstration at Wolverton on Wednesday night, when they visited an amateur performance of "The Yeomen of the Guard." When the news of their intended visit became known the hall was decorated, and the townspeople flocked there, many wearing button portraits of the general, and other emblems. The "Yeomen" formed themselves into a guard of honor, and the ladies of the chorous formed an escort, one of their number being in waiting, with a lovely bouquet for the general's wife. Directly the party arrived the audience rose and cheered vociferously. Mrs. French was quite taken back, and not a little touched by the warmth of her welcome.

A Costa Rican Wonder.

"The National theater, at San Jose, Costa Rica, is a wonder," said a gentleman who has recently returned from that city. "In point of beauty it is said to stand third among houses of its kind in the world. It cost $3,000,000 to erect, and the work of construction occupied many years. The design follows the Grand Opera House of Paris in a general way, although of course the building is very much smaller, and the material is white marble and Mexican onyx. The main entrance hall and foyers contain some superb pieces of statuary, and the decorations were done by European artists of reputation.

"When a visitor sees it for the first time, standing in the midst of a straggling little Central American capital, with a suburban jumble of mud built adobe huts, he feels like pinching himself to find out whether he isn't dreaming. The people of San Jose are immensely proud of the house, as they well may be, but they are so far away from amusement centers that the only regular performances are by an opera company hired by the government in France or Italy for a brief season every year.

"It is an interesting fact that all the Central American capitals have disproportionately fine theaters, kept up by the government. The revolutionary presidents have found it good policy to amuse the people. It takes the place of public improvements."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

MEN OF MARK.

Lord Salisbury is increasing in stoutness and recently tipped the beam at 265 pounds.

Archbishop Ireland is a man of many tastes, chief among which is that for law, which study he has pursued for several years.

President McKinley drank no wine at the recent Ohio society banquet. He turned his glass down at the beginning of the feast.

Ex-Congressman John Davis of the Fifth Kansas district has gone totally blind. He was one of the founders of the Populist party and served two terms in congress.

Salvini, the famous Italian tragedian, now 72 years old, is acting in St. Petersburg, his first appearance there for 20 years. He is said to have created great enthusiasm.

Brisbin Skiles of Gap, Lancaster county, Pa., though 84 years old, still makes good his claim to the title "the king of fox hunters," which was bestowed upon him many years ago.

Senator Hoar's jokes take a classic turn. He recently declined a dinner invitation on the ground that after dining he spoke only Greek, while he knew his host understood only Persian.

Dr. Charles W. Dabney, president of the University of Tennessee, has received notice from the French government of his appointment as a member of the committee on international awards at the Paris exposition.

Alfred Beit, the South African millionaire, is reported to have bought a suit of old furniture for $350,000, which is abundant evidence that Mr. Beit is not paying the expenses of a war waged largely on his account.

Sir William McCormac, the chief consulting surgeon to the British forces in South Africa, receives a salary of £5,000 a year. Dr. A. Conan Doyle, who volunteered to go as registrar to the Langman field hospital, receives no pay.

Giles F. Filley, who recently died in St. Louis, gave up his whole fortune, nearly $1,500,000, a few years ago to meet the notes of a friend which he had indorsed, although he might have taken advantage of the bankruptcy laws.

Ex-Senator Philetus Sawyer of Wisconsin recently sold his last piece of property in Washington and now owns only a trifling bit of suburban acreage. He takes a keen interest in Washington affairs and is extremely well posted on what is going on.

Senator Vest recently sent a newspaper clipping to the secretary to be read to the house. The latter got the wrong side of the clipping, and instead of an editorial on the money question began: "Ridiculous! We are giving away these goods at half price." "The other side!" cried Mr. Vest.

Calvin Fenton Fargo, who recently died in San Francisco at the age of 80, was a "forty-niner." He was a cousin of Governor Fenton and a native of Batavia, N. Y. He lived in Paris for 15 years, returning to California in 1865. He was a bachelor and left his large fortune to his niece, the wife of Dr. George Taylor Stuart of New York city.

PEN, PENCIL AND BRUSH.

W. E. Norris, the novelist, is to write two comedies and a drama during the present year.

General Lew Wallace is at work upon another drama, the scene of which is said to be laid in Thebes.

F. Marion Crawford, the author, is a yachtsman of ability and has just been granted by the Italian authorities a captain's certificate of his ability to sail a ship at sea.

The monument to Rosa Bonheur at Fontainebleau will be completely the work of members of the artist's family under the direction of Isidore Bonheur, the sculptor, her brother.

Hubert Herkomer, the English painter, is in Berlin to execute a number of orders for portraits and at the same time arrange an exhibition of his own works. This will include some of his most important pictures, among them the portrait of Miss Grant, the "Lady In White," the "Lady In Black" and some of his recent work in enamel.

THE HALL OF FAME.

We can tell better whether Hall of Fame is a fitting title when we see the names inscribed therein.—Ridgewood (N. J.) News.

The proposition to erect a hall of fame in New York city is of course being met with difficulty as to how to detect the famous.—Syracuse Post-Standard.

Miss Helen Gould gives $100,000 to build a hall of fame for the University of the City of New York, and her father's name is to be included in its roster of the distinguished dead. That's all right. Jay deserves to be remembered as the father of one of the kindest hearted, clearest headed and most generous women in the world.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

How to Get a Genial Dog.

A vagrant dog, particularly a cur with seven or eight different strains of common dog in him, is the best kind of a dog to own. He is always smiling and wagging his tail at you, and his appreciation of little favors is only equaled by his appetite. A fancy dog with a blue ribbon around his neck is always looking for an opportunity to snap at children. If we kept a dog, we would keep a yellow one, purchased as a pup from a negro boy.—Atchison Globe.

No industry except that of cloth manufacture has contributed so much to the comfort and advancement of man as that of glassmaking, which is one of the oldest of technical industries. Its earliest home was Egypt.

The famous gardens of Versailles have cost £8,000,000.

INCONSISTENCY OF MANKIND.

Lord of Creation Reads Love Stories, But Objects to Carrying Scuttles of Coal.

Men are not willing to share with women the odium of the inconsistency that goes with human nature. The woman always gets the blame for not being consistent, while the Lords of Creation sit back and enjoy the sensation of being always just what they should be in this respect. Read this, and see if something similar has not occurred to you at some time in your life:

"James, dear, will you bring me up a scuttle of coal from the cellar?" said a busy wife.

"That's just the way with you," said James, with a frown, as he put down his book and rose from the armchair.

"Just the way with me?"

"Yes!" he snapped. "As soon as you see me enjoying myself, you have something or other for me to do. Didn't you see I was absorbed in my reading?"

"Well, dear, I will do it myself."

"Yes, and tell everybody—your mother especially—that you have to carry your own coal up from the cellar. No, I'll do it. Let me mark my place."

So he marked the place in the book at which he had ceased reading, and when he went down to the cellar, grumbling all the way, she picked up the volume, and found that it was a love story, and that the passage he had been absorbed in was as follows:

"My darling, when you are my wife I will shield and protect you from every care; the winds of heaven shall not visit your face too roughly, those pretty hands shall never be soiled by menial tasks, your wish shall be my law, your happiness——"

Just then he reappeared, and, dropping the scuttle upon the floor, said:

"There's your coal! Give me my book."

Saved by Death.

When Abraham Sapiro of Paterson, N. Y., practiced running in his boyhood days and earned laurels as a sprinter, he probably did not dream that some day he would have to race for his life with competitors not of flesh and blood.

Sapiro had charge of the mixing vats at the Katz brewery. Some of the vats were empty the other day, and the opportunity for cleaning the machinery was considered good. In the centre of each vat is an upright shaft. To this are attached two sets of large paddles, the edges of which are sharp as knives. These are driven around at high speed, and the boiling malt is thoroughly mixed.

Sapiro had been cleaning and sharpening the huge blades and told McKay, his assistant, to go to the next room and raise the lever that allows the malt to flow in. He wished to see if it was in working order. He remained in the vat and a moment later was horrified to see the great blades moving.

Sapiro also began to move, for he rightly concluded that McKay had raised the wrong lever and that he would have to keep moving until the mistake could be rectified. But fright had incapacitated McKay, who heard the cries of Sapiro and was soon at the side of the vat. What he there saw transfigured him and robbed him of all presence of mind.

Sapiro, now racing about the little circle, might as well have been alone. He knew just how fast he had to go, for while one set of knives was pursuing him the other, moving at the same speed, was making pace for him. The pace finally reached its limit, and as Sapiro ran, fearful of slipping on the smooth copper bottom, he began to realize that it could not last long.

Already his limbs began to fail him, and his breath came hard and fast. But Sapiro determined to die gamely, and thus his life was saved. A workman in a distant part of the building heard his cries. He took in the situation at a glance and signalled to the engineer. The knives a minute later began to slow up, and so did Sapiro. He watched the knives with a look of terror. It became more difficult for him to keep his distance from the awful pacers, even though the latter were going more slowly. Sapiro fell exhausted as they stopped. He was lifted out and taken home, suffering only from the effects of his race and the strain upon his nerves.

FLOWER AND TREE.

In Australia there is said to be a gum tree which is 415 feet in height.

The rose was an emblem of immortality among the Syrians, and the Chinese planted it over graves.

The wood of the redwood tree never decays, it is said, and fallen trunks, which have been overgrown by old forests, are as solid as the day they fell.

Perhaps you don't know that a few roots of iris—the Japanese iris is best—planted in rich earth in an old washtub painted green on the outside will make a handsome ornament for your lawn, especially if you will give it plenty of water.

Her Cry of Despair.

The sky was dun and lowering.

"It threatens rain," said the man.

"Nonsense!" said the woman.

For the woman's wet weather skirt was exceedingly becoming to her.—Detroit Journal.

Indispensable.

"Somebody's been again at my writing desk! It's always so when I want to work!"

"What's missing—ink, pen?"

"No, my corkscrew!"—Unsere Gesellschaft.

HERE'S A NEW IDEA.

Which Would Knock All the Sentiment Out of Warfare.

"A few days before I left home," said a visitor from Washington, "a legal friend of mine called me into his office and showed me a most extraordinary mechanical monstrosity upon which he had just applied for a patent. I suppose the application has been passed upon by this time, so there is no harm in describing the device.

"It was called 'the automatic color bearer' and consisted of a small four wheeled truck made self propelling by means of a one horsepower gasoline engine geared to the axles. On the truck was a papier mache dummy of a color sergeant posed in a heroic attitude and waving a flag in the air. A cord was attached to the starting valve of the engine, to be paid out as the machine advanced, so the thing could be stopped whenever desired by simply giving it a gentle tug.

"The inventor, who was an Iowa man, began his written specifications by calling attention to the fact that the flag had disappeared from the modern battlefield. Machine guns and long range magazine rifles had banished it from the scene of action, and it would be courting certain death for any soldier to attempt to carry it through the zone of fire. The consequence was that armies now went into battle without the inspiration of their national emblem, and to remedy that grave deficiency the gentleman from Iowa offered his patent automatic color bearer.

"His plan was to keep it moving continually in front of the firing line, and he guaranteed it to stand any sort of fusillade without collapse. Being a mere shell, the dummy would offer no resistance to bullets, and they would pass clear through it without inflicting any damage except to make a small hole. The truck itself was protected in front by a five-eighths inch shell shield.

"My friend, the lawyer, nearly laughed himself into hysterics while he was explaining the machine, and he said that the inventor fully expects to make a fortune out of it. I would like to see a brigade going into action behind a papier mache color sergeant. It would be an inspiring spectacle and the ne plus ultra of modern practical warfare."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

I know MINARD'S LINIMENT will cure Diphtheria.
JOHN D. BOUTILLIER.
French Village.

I know MINARD'S LINIMENT will cure Croup.
Cape Island. J. F. Cunningham.

I know MINARD'S LINIMENT is the best remedy on earth.
Norway, Me. JOSEPH A. SNOW.

RAILWAY TIES.

Work has been begun on the Canso and Louisburg railway in Nova Scotia.

A syndicate has been formed to build a single rail high speed electric railway between Liverpool and Manchester.

Two Glasgow firms have received orders for upward of 100 locomotives for South Africa, to be dispatched when the present war ends.

As now surveyed from New York to Buenos Ayres, the intended Pan-American railroad would be 10,221 miles long. To finish and equip it would cost at least $200,000,000.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, Etc.

Behind the Times.

"This," the lecturer said, throwing another picture upon the screen, "is a view of the public highway leading to the great pyramids of Egypt."

"The 'public highway!'" commented an auditor in disgust. "The pyramids are in the desert. He'll be telling us next that they have railroads in the Holy Land and that one can ride in a car to the top of Mount Vesuvius."—Chicago Tribune.

MINARD'S LINIMENT Cures Dandruff.

Well Equipped.

She—You used to call me an angel.

He—Yes, I remember I called you "my angel without wings."

She—But you never do any more.

He—No, I've begun to believe that you have wings, after all. It's so easy for you to fly into a passion.—Catholic Standard and Times.

MINARD'S LINIMENT Relieves Neuralgia.

It's Quite the Thing These Days.

"Yes," said the man who had achieved a little unexpected notoriety by advancing some marvelous political views, "I think I shall run for the presidency."

"As the representative of what party?" asked the listener.

"Oh, I'll organize a new party of my own!" was the reply. "They all do it, you know—that is, all really progressive people."—Chicago Post.

MINARD'S LINIMENT for Sale Everywhere.

A WOMAN'S BURDEN

THE STORY OF A WOMAN ADDRESSED TO WOMEN.

It Tells How Those Weak and Despondent Can Obtain New Health and Strength at a Small Expense—The Facts Fully Verified by Investigation.

From the Mail, Granby, Que.

The reading public have evidence put before them almost every day of the healing powers of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. It is sometimes asked whether these cures are permanent, and in reply to this we would say that a case which recently came to the attention of the Mail indicates that the results following the use of this medicine are as lasting as they are beneficial. Some years ago Mrs. Robert Webster, who is well known in Granby, passed through a very serious illness in which her condition very nearly bordered upon collapse. Her blood appeared to have almost turned to water She was very weak, her appetite fickle, and she suffered from severe headaches. Mrs. Webster had the benefit of excellent medical advice, but apparently without avail, as she seemed steadily growing worse. The least exertion would fatigue her, and finally she was for a time unable to do her housework and was confined to bed. Her husband suggested the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and purchased a few boxes. Mrs. Webster had not been taking the pills long before she found herself growing stronger. Her headaches disappeared, her appetite improved, new blood appeared to be coursing through her veins, and her nerves again became strong and active. After using the pills for a couple of months she felt as well as ever she had done in her life, and could do her house work without feeling the fatigue that had formerly made her life so miserable. This, as already indicated, happened some years ago, and in the period that has elapsed Mrs. Webster has enjoyed the best of health. She says that if she feels at any time a little run down she takes a few doses of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and is soon all right, and she thinks there is no medicine to equal them Mr. Webster, speaking of his wife's cure, says Dr. Williams' Pink Pills did her a thousand dollars worth of good, and friends who knew her condition before she began the pills and saw the effect upon her, say the same thing. There are a number of others in this vicinity who have used this great medicine, and so far as the Mail can learn the results have always been beneficial.

There are thousands of women throughout the country who suffer as Mrs. Webster did, who are pale, subject to headaches, heart palpitation and dizziness, who drag along frequently feeling that life is a burden. To all such we would say give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial. These pills make rich, red blood, strengthen the nerves, bring the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks, and make the feeble and despondent feel that life is once more worth living. The genuine are sold only in boxes, the wrapper bearing the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People". May be had from all dealers or by mail at 50c a box or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Lucky She Didn't Say "Longer."

She—You don't love me any more.

He—I couldn't.

She melted.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

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

Adapted For the Stage.

"What did that publisher say about your novel?"

"He said it was too trashy to print, but would probably dramatize all right."—Chicago Record.

Drifted Apart.

"I had thought thee an idol of gold," he sadly sighed, "but thy feet are clay."

Berenice Briskit contemplated him with hauteur, also froideur.

"Well, they're only 2 B's, if I do say it myself," she retorted.

Here they drifted apart, inasmuch as they were palpably not affinite souls.—Detroit Journal.

Sound and Substance.

"Kirby Skaggs is a great talker."

"Does he ever say anything?"—Chicago Record.

Do Not Pay Cash

PAY SCRIP FOR DOMINION LANDS AND SAVE DISCOUNT.

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

Write for particulars and price.

ALLOWAY & CHAMPION, WINNIPEG

THE KAISER.

It looks as if the kaiser may never be able to write a hissless play.—Washington Post.

Germany will probably give the kaiser all the navy he wants if he will only stop writing plays.—Baltimore American.

Kaiser Wilhelm has now painted a picture, written a battle hymn, composed a piece of music and produced a drama, so there is really nothing left for him to do except to declare war on somebody or take to lecturing.—San Francisco Call.

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.

A Sure Test.

"Are you sure she is as gentle and patient and amiable as she seems?" asked the friend.

"Not quite sure," answered the young man who is in love, "but I'm going to find out."

"How?"

"I'm going to get her to call somebody up over a long distance telephone and then watch her."—Indianapolis Journal.

LA "TOSCANA," RELIANCE CIGAR FACTORY, Montreal

THE CENSOR.

Soda water and baseball men are beginning to get gay.—Atchison Globe.

The Paris exposition seems to have done more to avert war between the great powers than has The Hague conference.—Houston Post.

Several firms are very busy enameling bicycles the popular khaki color. It is an excellent shade to hide splashes of mud.—London Chronicle.

The pension for Liliuokalani didn't go. She has no vote, and a discarded queen does not count in the national game.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

After 26 years of always honest and always earnest endeavor Maud S is dead. She deserved her great fame and her fortunate life and her peaceful and speedy death.—New York World.

Dr. Malbran advises people not to shake hands, as it might spread the plague. Shaking hands is a more or less unnecessary and dirty custom at all times and especially in hot weather.—Buenos Ayres Herald.

The German sense of humor is not of abnormal development, but Germans can scarcely repress their smiles when the agrarian measures looking to the exclusion of foreign meats is called a sanitary measure without selfish significance.—Boston Herald.

A TONIC FOR THE DEBILITATED.—Parmelee's Vegetable Pills by acting mildly but thoroughly on the secretions of the body are a valuable tonic, stimulating the lagging organs to healthful action and restoring them to full vigor. They can be taken in graduated doses and so used that they can be discontinued at any time without return of the ailments which they were used to allay.

Literary Gents.

"What's your game?" asked the man with the big cigar in the Pullman.

"If you mean my profession," replied the other, with dignity, "I'm a maker of books."

"And I'm a bookmaker," cried the first heartily. "Shake!"—Philadelphia North American.

There are cases of consumption so far advanced that Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup will not cure, but none so bad that it will not give relief. For coughs, colds and all affections of the throat, lungs and chest, it is a specific which has never been known to fail. It promotes a free and easy expectoration, thereby removing the phlegm, and gives the diseased parts a chance to heal.

TOWN TOPICS.

"Screened water" is the latest in Chicago. St. Louis is to have the screenings.—St. Louis Star.

Emporia is a good prohibition town, but a man can make a living by picking up empty bottles in the alleys.—Emporia (Kan.) Gazette.

It would be an improvement at least if the officials would just try to run New York for a week "the way Parkhurst would do."—Chicago Record.

The establishment of a home for nice respectable old horses that have been worn out by faithful service is the most respectable thing that has happened in New York for years.—Kansas City Star.

It may be true that Kansas City is deficient in sleeping accommodations, but there is more to keep delegates awake there than in any eastern city that aspires to convention honors.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Still Hangs High.

Gaswell—I had hoped that the backbone of the winter was broken.

Dukane—And it isn't.

Gaswell—No; not even the goose bone.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Consoling Thought.

"Well, anyway, it wuz a awfully stylish coat when it wuz new."—New York Journal.

Outclassed.

"I am glad to see you are free from that egotism which prompts professional jealousy," said the man who assumes a patronizing and paternal manner.

"No," said the young actor languidly. "To tell you the truth, I haven't seen any actors whose work suggested any reason whatever for my being jealous."—Washington Star.

Why It Amused Him.

"Why did you laugh so loudly at the story that old fellow told at lunch yesterday? I've heard it a dozen times, and I know that I've told it to you three or four times myself."

"Oh, yes; the story was no good, but you see the old fellow had proposed to pay for the meal."—Chicago Times-Herald.

One of the results of the present crusade in Uniontown, Pa., against swearing is that any one heard using profane language is fined 60 cents. And this at the very approach of spring housecleaning time.—Oil City (Pa.) Blizzard.

SOMETHING MORE THAN A PURGATIVE.—To purge is the only effect of many pills now on the market. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are more than a purgative. They strengthen the stomach, where other pills only weaken it. They cleanse the blood by regulating the liver and kidneys, and they stimulate where other pill compounds depress. Nothing of an injurious nature, used for merely purgative powers, enters into their composition.

The Mystery of Life.

"His life is simply a living death!"

"Yes; he's a living example of the impossibility of living on so small an income as his!"—Detroit Journal.

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

OXYDONOR.
Trade Mark Registered Nov. 24, 1896.

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

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

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No midsummer holidays. Now is the time to prepare for a situation in the busy season. Full particulars on application.
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N. B.—We assisted over 100 of our students to positions during the past five months.

FARM LANDS
For Sale in All Parts of the Province. Write for Lists.
NARES, ROBINSON & BLACK,
WINNIPEG, MAN.

ROSA LINDA CIGAR
Manufactured by THOS. LEE, Winnipeg.

DO YOU USE SHOE DRESSING?
IF YOU WANT A DRESSING THAT WILL KEEP THE LEATHER SOFT AND PLIABLE FOR LADIES' FOR GENTS
TRY PACKARD'S
ONE TRIAL WILL CONVINCE YOU OF ITS SUPERIOR MERITS
L. H. PACKARD & CO. MONTREAL

W. N. U. 271

Better Time For Baby's Efforts.

Grinder—What, asleep at your desk, sir, and work so pressing!

Meekly—Excuse me, sir; baby kept me awake all night.

Grinder—Then you should have brought it with you to the office.—Brooklyn Life.

Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea
and
"Transplanted Mocha and Java Coffee"
should be in every home where there is a good housekeeper.

Good Clothes are not expensive, it is the common kind that costs most in the end:

Shorey's Clothing

must be good as every garment is guaranteed and money will be refunded if it is not as represented.

All seams are overcast.
The Cloth is sponged and shrunk.
The Linings are good.
The Buttons match.

The inside, which you cannot see is as good as the outside which you can see. It is sold by reliable dealers only. Made to Fit — not made to Order.

Shorey's
Forbes worsted Trousers
Retail at $3.50
Tailors get $6.00

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ISSUED EVERY TUESDAY.

W. B. Anderson, Editor.

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

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

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

TUESDAY, JULY 3rd 1900.

Live Stock Commissioner in August.

During J. R. Anderson's recent tour on the Mainland he most fortunately fell in with F. W. Hodson, Dominion Live Stock Commissioner, who was on his way to Victoria for the purpose of meeting Mr. Anderson and discussing means by which his (Mr. Hodson's) services could be made available in the interests of the farmers of the province. In consequence of the meeting Mr. Hodson did no- come on to Victoria, but travelled eastward for a time in company with Mr. Anderson.

Mr. Hodson, before he was selected for his present position, occupied that of superintendent of institutes in Ontario, and in which he was most successful, raising the system in a few years from a very small beginning to its present flourising condition. The Dominion government was not slow in recognizing hisabilities, and he was therefore asked to accept the position which he now fills, and for which he is so well qualified.

Mr. Hodson's wish is to concentrate the efforts of our government in making appropriations for benefit of the farmers, so that the best results may be obtained, and to that end he has asked Mr. Anderson to furnish him with such particulars of the various acts, appropriations and other materials, so that he may be in a position to make suggestions for a future policy. He quite recognizes that the average farmer of this province is unable to obtain the best results single handed, and that it is only through co-operation with each other that they can possibly hope to obtain that which appears beyond their reach. He is of opinion it is through the Farmers' Institutes that these results can be best attained, and he therefore suggests that a scheme be evolved, so that all may join as members, that the appropriations be directed in one channel, that an effort should be made to induce the Dominion Government to give assistance in the same direction, and thas the service of himself and other Dominion officers be given; so that those who are unable to import breeding stock on their own account, may, through the medium of co-operation have the benefit of such stock as may be obtained in that manner. Mr. Hodson from his position, is thoroughly acquainted with all the breeders of pure stock, and the value of such stock, he is therefore eminently qualified to act as purchaser, and inasmuch as there are no attendant expenses such as commission, etc., it will readily be seen that the advantage of such an agent is beyond question. He is also in a position to command the lowest freight rates, being in touch with all the authorities of transportation lines.

It had been Mr. Hodson's intention to proceed to England after his visit to this province, but after his interview with Mr. Anderson he has relinquished the idea and will return to the province whenever it can be arranged for him to make the tour of the country and take in all the institutes. This Mr. Anderson thought had better be done during August, and Mr. Hodson is therefore prepared to come at that time and will in such case address meetings of Farmers' Institutes wherever they are arranged.

It is Mr. Hodson's earnest desire that Mr. Anderson should attend on the part of the province, the annual meeting of stock breeders, which is to take place during the autumn, in order that the province may so come in closer touch with Eastern breeders and methods.

It is noteworthy in connection with this matter that the districts of Kamloops and Okanagan, although two of the richest agricultural sections in the province, are still without Farmers' Institutes. In the case of the first named steps are now being taken to form such an organization at an early date.

The British navy are experimenting with two new varieties of fuel in Welsh steam coal. One is a mixture of anthracite coal with some other materials, the nature of which is not divulged, compressed into small blocks, and the other consists largely of Welsh coal residue. Four first-class battle ships have shipped several hundred tons of this fuel. The reason for this action is probably due to the fact that the Admiralty sometimes experience great difficulty in obtaining sufficient quantities of the Welsh coal. A short time ago the the stock of this coal at Portsmouth was exceptionally low and the question was raised in Parliament as to whether some other fuel could not be discovered that would fulfill the exigencies of the navy with equal satisfaction.—Scientific American.

A. Portray and Mrs. Baxter were married Saturday by Rev. Mr. Dodds.

Sunday Schools of the Methodist and Presbyterian Caurches held a pic-nic at the Point Monday.

The NEWS will do job work as cheaply as can be imported from other cities, in spite of the malicious statements of certain persons disposed to do us a business injury to the contrary.

Mr. Gideon Hicks is visiting here with Mr. Whiteacre of the firm of Mason & Risch. At the Strawberry Festival to be held to-night in Cumberland Hall, under the auspices of the Methodist L. A. Society, Mr. Hicks will sing and Mr. Whiteacre will give selections on a fine Mason & Risch piano with the aid of a pianola, an auxilliary instrument made by the firm and which performs most difficult and brilliant music and which is now for the first time being exhibited in the west.

Mr. "Mike" left on the City of Nanaimo on Saturday to take in the 1st of July celebration in Vancouver. Micky will be here when he gets back.

Vancouver, June 29.—Sir Henry Jolly, Lieut.-Gov. of B. C. arrived here to-day. He was met by Mayor and Aldermen after which he left for Victoria.

MEN WANTED.

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

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HALF PRICE
Midsummer Sale,

Commencing Saturday, June 30th, we will clear a large number of lines of summer goods at half prices.

Lot No. 1
100 ladies' and children's trimmed hats at half prices.

Lot No. 3
All our colored muslins at almost half prices.

Lot No. 5
75 ladies' sailors, the latest novelties, worth $1.25, $1.50 and $1.75. now 50 cents.

Lot No. 7
All mens' felt hats in stock, half price.

Lot No. 9
Ladies' button boots and slippers at $1.00, were $1.75 and $2.

Lot No. 2
All mens' duck and straw hats half prices.

Lot No. 4
All ladies' sailor hats 50c. 75c. and $1.00, now 25 cents.

Lot No. 6
5 dozen child's muslin headwear worth 35c. 50c now 25c.

Lot No. 8
300 pairs mens', womens' and children's shoes at a fraction of original prices.

Lot No. 10
We are placing on one of our tables a lot of ladies' and mens' fine shoes, mostly one or two of a kind. Prices right.

Don't wait
These bargains won't last.
STEVENSON & CO. CUMBERLAND.

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

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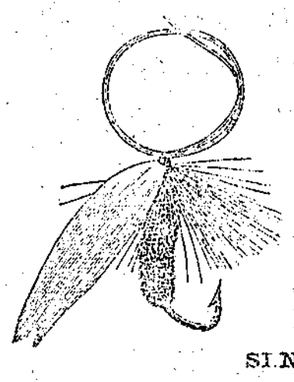

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