THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

NINTH YEAR. CUMBERLAND, B. C. WEDNESDAY, JULY 17, 1901.

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C. J. MOORE'S

Miss Maudie Taylor left Sunday for England, suddenly. Though her departure was said to have been in contemplation for some time, unforseen events hastened her departure.

STRIKE AT ROSSLAND

Rossland, July 11—All the miners employed by the Rossland Great Western mines are on strike today. The total number of men affected is about 900. The miners' union has called out the crews of the War Eagle and Centre Star, to take effect tomorrow morning at 7, when the day shift goes to work. This will add 300 to the list of idle men.

Several of the smaller mines have conceded to the demands for an advance of 50 cents per day in muckers' wages, and have not been interfered with.

The situation has been without incident as yet and a fairly good spirit prevails among the parties interested. Business men and others are devoting every effort to bringing about an arrangement between the miners and mine managers, a special session of the board of trade taking place tonight for this purpose.

Trail, July 11—The Trail smelter closed down its large copper furnoces at noon in consequence of the Rossland strike and will close down their other copper furnaces in the next few days. The lead furnace will, however, be kept in operation so long as sufficient ore can keep the business supplied. There was considerable disappointment felt at Trail when it was learned that strikers had prevented the loading of Le Roi ore for Trail. This ore had already been mined and was lying on the dump and would have aided in keeping the Trail plant in operation. As an illustration of the general effect of the action upon the part of the leaders of the Western Federation of Miners, besides causing the laying off, perhaps, of half the employees at Trail, the smelter is compelled to practically stop its coal, coke and limestone shipments, which in turn will result in laying off numerous men in the coal and lime properties and also compel the railway to reduce the number of their crews.

The strawberry and ice-cream festival held on Thursday the 11th, was a decided success. It was arranged by the children of Trinity Church Guild, assisted by some of the ladies of the congregation. The hall was tastefully decorated with beautiful flowers; and delicious strawberries and indisputable cream were served unstintedly. The programme was an impromptu affair. The Misses Bate of Cumberland and Miss Bate of Nanaimo, delighting the audience with piano selections and songs. Miss Minnie Horbury also sang a pleasing little ditty. It is to be regretted that the attendance was smaller than on former occasions, owing to several other entertainments being held the same evening.

Fishermen Are Arming

Vancouver, July 10th—A statement signed by Frank Rogers, a member of the executive of the Grand Lodge of Fishermen's Unions of British Columbia, now on strike against the canners, was published today as follows:

"Reliable information has been brought to us that some of the canners have advanced money for the Japs to purchase rifles and revolvers. They said that the canners have ordered the Japs when they shoot they must shoot to kill. The fishermen consider this arming of the Japs a step which means civil war. And the fishermen will ask all white men and Indians to govern themselves accordingly."

Your correspondent asked the secretary of the Fraser River Cannery Association, Mr Burdis, if this statement of Mr Rogers was correct, and Mr Burdis stated that no money had been advanced for firearms, although the Japs had made repeated requests to be given money to purchase weapons to defend themselves against the possible attack of strikers on the Fraser river.

Mr Farrell, a member of the committee, gave the statement an unqualified denial. Mr Farrell stated that many of the Japs, in asking for advances of money, had put in their statements, "Guns and ammunition so much." This item had been in every instance scored out, although the Japs had urged they wished the rifles and ammunition to use in case of self defence.

Subsequently Mr Rogers telephoned to a local paper that the white fishermen would be armed just the same as the Japs.

A member of the canners' committee, in reply to this remark of Mr Rogers, stated that the canners knew for a fact that the men in the patrol boats manned by white strikers, had been armed when they were patrolling the river in an attempt to drive back the Japs.

Members of the canners' executive say that the statement made to newspapers, that the committee are favorable to a suggestion made by Government Labor Commissioner Bremner, as to a possible way of settling the strike, is incorrect; that they have had no suggestion before them, and would make no further proposals to the fishermen.

Vancouver, July 11—(1 a m.)—The latest reports from the Fraser are that all is quiet on the river.—Victoria Times.

Vancouver, July 11—The magistrates today opened the hearing of a case of intimidation of two Jap fishers near Port Grey on Wednesday night, by a white man and five Chinese. The Japs were out fishing about 8:30 p.m., and were stopped at the point of a revolver, and compelled to stop fishing. The Japs were accompanied by D. Campbell and G. J. Johnston, provincial officers, and arrests followed immediately. The case is causing great excitement.

The fish are running better, some catches reaching 24 and 25.

L. O. L. EXCURSION.

The Orangeman's excursion to Vancouver on July 11th to 12th, by "City of Nanaimo" was most successful, and gave pleasure to all who availed themselves of the opportunity to visit Vancouver at a cheap rate. The steamer left Union wharf at 7 p.m on the 11th, with about 140 passengers. Arrived at Nanaimo at 12:30. Leaving that city at 1 a.m. of the 12th, she arrived at Vancouver at 5, loaded to her utmost capacity, being filled up at Nanaimo. The boat was met at the wharf, by the reception committee and arrangements were made for hour and place of meeting for the grand procession, which took place later, and in which over 2,500 walked. During the two days —12th and 13th, the city was en fete, and the visitors were treated most royally by the Vancouverites. A fine program of sports contributed to the pleasure on Saturday. Our boys got licked at ball by the Burrard team, but never mind, they can stand a licking as well as great prosperity and will redeem themselves before long. On Sunday, at 10 a.m., the Joan pulled out for Union direct, with our contingent of tired but happy excursionists aboard. Arrived at the wharf at 4 p.m., and reached Cumberland at 5. The L. O. L. are to be complimented upon the successful termination of their venture.

A RECORD RIDE.

Mr Robert Gibson, Mrs McNeill and Miss J. White, all of Cumberland, performed the remarkable feat of riding from that place to Nanaimo yesterday on their bicycles. The party left Cumberland at 5:15 a.m., and arrived in town at 4 p.m., thus taking less than ten hours for the journey of 73 miles, a large portion of which was over a very bad roap. The ladies felt pretty tired after the trip, and the gentlemen of the party confessed to a slight weariness. The time is believed to be a record, at least so far as the ladies are concerned for that particular road.—Herald.

The Herald has made a little mistake. It should have said Mrs W. Whyte, and Miss McNeill.

A CARD.

This to let the public know that we do not blame Mrs Harris of Cumberland, for milking our cow in her yard on the 9th inst.

GEO. GRIEVE.

CLOSED DOWN.

Van Anda Mines on Texada Temporarily Cease Work.

Vancouver, July 8—(Special)—The Van Anda mines have been temporarily closed and the miners are discharged.

DANCING ON LIVE COALS.

SAVAGE CEREMONIES AMONG THE MESA GRANDE INDIANS

How would you like to dance on living coals of fire with your bare feet? That is what the Mesa Grande Indians of San Diego county do when they have one of their fire dances—a not infrequent occurrence. But these fire dances will soon be a thing of the past, for it is only the old Indians that now take part, the younger generation, with their store clothes, short hair and half civilized manners, being content to be interested spectators. The singular ceremonies will undoubtedly pass away with the old men of the camp.

MESA GRANDE FIRE DANCE.

The most recent of these strange and peculiar dances was held only a few nights ago, says the San Francisco Examiner. It was in connection with the death of a prominent young Indian, Jose Clayto, who passed to the happy hunting grounds one year ago. Big ceremonies attended his death at that time and they were continued this year. The full significance of the ceremony is not understood by those not thoroughly initiated into the mysteries of Mesa Grande Indian lore, but it is weird and uncanny enough to satisfy the most fastidious taste.

The time is 9 o'clock at night in the large court or square of the fiesta grounds. A big fire of oak logs lights up the faces of a hundred Indians, the women squatting by themselves, the men standing, and all as silent and expectant as if some dire tragedy were about to be enacted.

Soon two Indians emerge from the deep mysterious shadows of the ramadas, about 20 yards distant, and slowly approach in a stooping posture, uttering strange, guttural sounds. They are naked to the waist and are painted hideously with white paste or chalk. They wear a line of eagle plumes draped gracefully from the shoulders to the waist and have a headdress of fluffy owl feathers. They do-ce-do about the circle once or twice with peculiar antics and then retire, uttering the strange sounds.

Soon a solitary Indian comes out, uttering the same strange cry, circles the fire and also retires. Then comes the grand entree. From out of the darkness emerges a band of about 15 Indians, crawling slowly on hands and knees, uttering queer sounds in their throats. They are nude to the waist, all daubed and streaked with white, and wear feathers in their hair. Walking ahead of the crawling procession are two or three Indians, apparently herding the crawling creatures back, to keep them from going too fast, like cowboys in front of a band of cattle. As they crawl past the fire one or two try to roll into the blaze, but are herded back.

At last the band comes to a halt and is finally soothed into quietness by the herders using their plumes and sprinkling medicine on the kneeling figures. For some moments not a sound is heard except the low chanting of the squaws. The dancing begins and gradually increases in vehemence as the chanting grows louder and wilder. This is kept up for an hour or two, until the men are reeking with perspiration and the white designs on their brown skins are sadly marred. Meanwhile logs have been heaped on the fire until it lights up the inclosure like day. The dancing is now varied by the squaws joining in and all dancing and singing around the fire.

After half an hour of this the women withdraw, and the men, led by old Sonane with his medicine rattle, circle round a few times, chanting their wild songs. Suddenly, with deep grunts and guttural sounds, all sit down and shove their feet into the fire, kicking the glowing coals and scattering them about the place. Then, remarkable as it may sound, they dance on these coals until they are extinguished, then fall on their knees, fighting the fire with their hands, in a perfect frenzy, slapping it, pounding it, putting dirt on it until it is entirely put out.

One big Indian, whose frenzy is getting the better of him, is hauled out of the fire by his wife. Some in their excitement put live coals in their mouths and chew them up. The medicine man is supposed to prevent them from getting burned. Persons who have seen the dances are of the opinion that the old Indians dance until their feet are perfectly numb; that it does not hurt them to dance on the fiery coals, although many times the odor of burned skin permeates the air.

A fire dance was held a few days previous to this one at the Mesa Grande fiesta. Not only was there a fire dance, but also a feather dance, a wildcat dance and other queer ceremonies. This fiesta is one of the events of the year with the Indians, so they all came with their household goods, their horses and their dogs, especially the dogs. A fiesta would not amount to much unless there were two or three flat chested, razor backed dogs to each Indian.

The fiesta was counted quite a success from nearly all standpoints—in point of numbers, in the amount of gambling and horse racing indulged in, in the enthusiasm produced by the ceremonial dances of the old Indians, especially the graceful tatabuila dance, and finally in the number of white people who came out of curiosity to witness the performances. The fiesta lasted a week. A few families would leave daily as their funds became exhausted until finally all had gone back to their several villages to thrash a little more grain or cut some more wood to procure a little more money to squander at the next fiesta, which is to take place at a neighboring rancheria.

These fiestas, stretching through six months of the year, are a great source of poverty among the Indians. Most of the hard earned money of the redskins vanishes at these celebrations, and they go home with empty purses, sometimes with empty stomachs and very often in a state of intoxication.

LEAVEN OF CIVILIZATION.

How Benighted Africans Adopt the White Man's Ways.

The opening of the Uganda railway running up from Mombasa on the east coast of Africa into the interior has suddenly brought the arts and amusements of civilization into a region hitherto little visited by white men. At a recent native religious holiday at Mombasa the natives, who probably had seen pictures of the Ferris wheel in the illustrated papers sent to the railroad men, resolved to make a wheel for themselves of the same pattern.

AFRICAN FERRIS WHEEL.

How they succeeded is shown in the picture. The wheel, whatever its defects may appear to be from an American or European viewpoint, was the great success of the celebration, and the natives are immensely proud of their rapid development in engineering skill.

Did the Baby Reason?

The kindergartners say it is a growing opinion that it is near the age of 8 that the child begins to see the end to be gained in contradistinction to something to be done, says James Champlin Fernald in The Atlantic.

The assumption is not true of real children. The present writer knew, for instance, a little cherub of two years' terrestrial experience who found the cat in his high chair after he had left it and went to eject her. The cat objected and scratched his hand, whereupon he withdrew to think it over. That high chair was of the dislocating kind that can become a low easy chair by pulling a handle. Two-year-old walked round the table, came up behind pussy's strategic position, pulled that handle and brought the whole fortification down like thunder. That cat made a leap such as could only have been inspired by a conviction of the approaching end of all things, and young humanity had established forever the "dominion" given him in Genesis over the "beast of the field."

Wanted to Be Safe.

We were spending the winter in old Fortress Monroe, and the small boy of the family had been cautioned repeatedly not to drink any water that had not been boiled, as it was not safe.

One day, when something had gone wrong and he was crying bitterly, his mother called cheerily to him: "Kenneth, do you know that your tears are salt? Catch the next one and taste it."

Stopping his sobs for a moment, he wailed forth in the most dismal tones "Oh, no! I'm 'fraid to. It hasn't been boiled."—New England Magazine.

An Abbreviation.

A colonel of a British regiment in South Africa who was repairing a railroad after one of General De Wet's many breakages discovered a fine empty house, which he proceeded to occupy as headquarters.

When the news of the colonel's comfortable quarters reached Bloemfontein, he received a telegram which read:

"G. T. M. wants house."

The colonel was unable to make out what "G. T. M." meant and inquired of officers, who translated it "general traffic manager."

"All right," said the colonel. "If he can use hieroglyphics, so can I."

So he wired back:

"G. T. M. can G. T. H."

Two days later he received a dispatch from Bloemfontein ordering him to attend a board of inquiry. On appearing in due course he was asked what he meant by sending such an insulting message to a superior officer.

"Insulting?" repeated the colonel innocently. "It was nothing of the kind."

"But what do you mean," demanded his superior, "by telling me I can 'G. T. H.?'"

"It was simply an abbreviation," replied the colonel—"G. T. M. (general traffic manager) can G. T. H. (get the house)."

The Tobacco Taste.

"Even the best judges of tobacco can't always be depended on," remarked a dealer to a reporter recently. "Sometimes their taste goes back on them, so to speak, and remains blunted for a week at a stretch. One of my customers, for instance, is a well to do merchant, who is very particular about his cigars and one of the few real connoisseurs in town. When he is in good form, he can tell more about tobacco on a superficial examination than anybody I know, with the single exception of a dealer who has a big reputation as an expert. About a month ago this gentleman began to complain about a favorite brand of very high class cigars. I knew the goods were all right and advised him to buy something else for awhile. He finally began smoking a pipe and used a cheap cut plug that he declared was the best smoke he ever tried. One day, all of a sudden, his taste returned, and he went back to the cigars. At present the bare smell of cut plug will make him sick. Strange, isn't it? They tell me that the professional samplers of tobacco take a week off every few months and never look at the weed until they return to duty. In that way they keep in condition."

Tapioca.

This elegant and delicate starch is the product of a plant that is cultivated very extensively in the Malay peninsula, where its culture is almost entirely in the hands of the Chinese. The tubers of the plant (Manihot utilisima), which weigh on an average from 10 to 25 pounds, are first scraped and then carefully washed, after which they are reduced to a pulp by being passed between rollers. This pulp is carefully washed and shaken up with abundance of water until the feicula separates and passes through a very fine sieve into a tub placed beneath. The flour so obtained is repeatedly washed and then placed on mats and bleached by exposure to the sun and air. It is finally converted into the pearl tapioca of commerce by being placed in a crude shaped frame covered with canvas. It is slightly moistened and subjected to a rotary motion, by which means it is granulated. It is next dried in the sun and finally over the fire in an iron pan greased with vegetable tallow and is then ready for the market.

Before and After.

"So that young man who calls to see you is an actor, is he, Susan?"

"Yes, pa, and isn't he sweet? He appears before the footlights."

"Oh, he does, does he? Well, the next time he comes around here he'll disappear after the foot lights if I don't miss him."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

A MOTHER'S INSTINCT

SHE WHO HAS IT DOESN'T NEED HELP FROM CONGRESSES.

Such a Mother Is Not Tied Down to a System In Rearing Her Children. What Do We Recall When We Look Back at Our Childhood?

If one judged from the mothers' congresses and the lectures, articles and books on the subject of the rearing and training of children, it would seem that in no other era have women been so intent upon fulfilling properly the duties of parenthood. It might be taken also as a tacit confession that the mother instinct is not inborn in every woman and therefore that which does not come from the heart must be learned from books. There is no intention here to disparage such a movement. In some quarters it has been overdone and has become accordingly ridiculous, but it has its uses and has doubtless been productive of good in awakening certain women to a more thoughtful view of their responsibilities.

The mere fact of bringing young into the world does not bestow the mother instinct. Many a childless wife, many a lonely spinster, has the true mother heart that may be lacking in the mother of ten children. Dumb animals even vary greatly in this respect. There are dogs and cats just as averse to the duties of maternity as any frivolous fine lady. One hen will rear successfully all the chicks she has brought off the nest, while another in the same flock will lose her whole brood successively by carelessness and neglect. One topknoted denizen of the poultry yard afforded a curious study to the observant. She was completely wanting in that protective instinct toward her young which is usually so strongly developed in the hen. She had always a preoccupied and fluttered air, as if there were far more serious problems to be solved than maternal ones. If she scratched for her chicks, it was in a desultory and ineffective way, and in the meantime they went astray, became entangled in the long grass or fell into holes. Sometimes, as if in absence of mind, she would even stand with a claw planted firmly on a member of her brood regardless of its "peeps" and struggles, meanwhile uttering one of those raucous soliloquies to which hens are addicted. Perhaps she was airing her theories upon the proper rearing of young chickens.

A woman with the real mother instinct does not need to attend mothers' congresses or lectures or to study books. We see her in the most simple and natural manner possible bringing up good, healthy, happy children who are to be the bone and sinew of the nation. If one should ask her upon what system she proceeds, she could not tell, for it is all done instinctively. But the truth is any system for the training of children must be a very elastic one and vary to suit the individual. The mother's sympathy gives her wisdom to deal with diverse temperaments and dispositions, and if there is anything in these alien to her own nature her love bridges the difference—that love which follows her offspring no matter how far they may go, so that her heart, as Mme. de Sevigne expressed it, is "always on the highroads." If a child of hers is crippled in mind or body, homely of countenance, dull of wit or broken in fortune, around that one is her affection protectingly cast, because he needs it the most. Her heart is the unfailing refuge, the sanctuary that cannot be violated, the one place of all where even the erring and the defeated will not be judged, but loved. And though all the rest of her children may be happy, honored and successful, her love is forever wandering away after the unfortunate who has failed and fallen short of her teachings—out into the cold, through the rain and snow, over the dreary stretches of the highway, like a beseeching angel pleading with him to turn homeward. But whether she is a happy or unhappy parent, her love is not, like the passionate egotism of the animal, limited only to her own. For their sake her heart is tender toward all childhood, and her pity embraces the little ones who are orphaned and uncherished. * * *

In one of Coleridge's poems he tells a strange story about a woman who set her affections upon her daughter's suitor and finally invoked a curse upon them both because they had balked her passion. Thenceforth nothing prospered with them. They were beset by misfortunes of all kinds, the curse being so active because

A mother is a mother still,
The holiest thing alive.

The more modern view, however, is that there is nothing holy in maternity per se. It is the individual who ennobles or degrades it, and the woman who shows herself unworthy of motherhood is not to be an object of honor simply because she has brought forth children. There are women, and mothers, who actually dislike children, and, apart from these unpleasant paradoxes, some there are who love their children accordingly as the latter minister to their pride and vanity. The cleverest and handsomest are the favorites, because they reflect glory upon the self seeking parent, and the less creditable ones are pushed into corners and kept in the shade as much as possible. This is rather a man's than a woman's way of loving, and yet there are families in which the tenderness comes all from the paternal side, and the children are actually "mothered" by the father. Then there are the mothers who in the pursuance of some fixed idea thwart their children, stunt their aspirations and prevent the gradual unfolding of their natures.

"Etre savant, c'est quelquechose," says a French writer; "etre tres bon, c'est encore mieux"—and one fancies that this is true where mothers are concerned. Does any child think more tenderly of his mother because she has written a remarkable book, painted a fine picture or excelled in music? Many a woman has made such efforts in art, spurred on by the thought of her children, and in becoming an artist she does not cease to be a mother. Yet, after all, these are not the things we recall when we look back at childhood. What we do remember is how our mother mended the garments we tore, healed our bruises, wiped away our tears, was glad of our little pleasures, sang us to sleep at evening and soothed us when we woke in the night crying with the terror of bad dreams. Perhaps the woman who did all this for us was gifted and brilliant, but it is her goodness, the inexhaustible tenderness of her mother love, that lives in memory and makes us homesick, even in old age, for that unfailing solace which elsewhere we have not found.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Knew All Their Tricks.

"Gentlemen," said Frederick the Great, "I am entirely dissatisfied with the cavalry. The regiments are completely out of hand; there is no accuracy, no order; the men ride like tailors. I beg that this may not occur again and that each of you will pay more attention to his duty, but I know how things go on. You think I am not up to your dodges, but I know them all and will recapitulate them.

"When the season for riding drill comes on, the captain sends for the sergeant major and says: 'I have an appointment this morning at —. Tell the first lieutenant to take the rides.' So the sergeant major goes to the senior subaltern and gives him the message, and the latter says: 'What! The captain will be away? Then I am off hunting. Tell the second lieutenant to take the men.' And the second lieutenant, who is probably still in bed, says: 'What, both of them away? Then I will stay where I am. I was up till 3 this morning at a dance. Tell the cornet I am ill, and he must take the rides.' Finally the cornet remarks: 'Look here, sergeant major, what is the good of my standing out there in the cold? You know all about it much better than I do. You go and take them,' and so it goes, and what must be the end of it all? What can I hope to do with such cavalry before the enemy?"—"History of Frederick the Great."

By Main Strength.

Mr. Jowders looked gloomily at the letter to which he had just painfully affixed his signature and then cast a dubious glance at his wife.

"Do you want to just run this over before I send it to son James?" he inquired, and when Mrs. Jowders shook her head he hastily folded the sheet, which bore the marks of hours of toil, and thrust it into an envelope, which he sealed with trembling expedition and then leaned back in his chair with an air of relief.

"I was afeared you'd want to read it, and then most likely 'twould be all to do over again, mother, like the last one," he said, "but I'm glad James wrote he didn't mind a word misspelled here and there. There's some things I can do, but I never could seem to get a good purchase on the system of spelling, some way.

"As I view it," continued Mr. Jowders, "there's some words you can spell by the looks and some you can spell by the sound. Them I can most gen'ally manage, but when you come to spelling by jedgment and main strength my chances are about as slim as they make 'em."

Verdi and Bismarck on Titles.

The composer Verdi was offered a title of nobility by King Victor Emmanuel. It was intended that he should be created Marquis or Comte de Busseto, after the estate upon which he lived. The composer refused the offer energetically. He considered that Verdi was somebody and that the Marquis de Busseto would be nobody.

Even Bismarck was unable to parry a blow of this character. When the young emperor broke with him, he conferred upon him the title of Duke of Lauenbourg. Bismarck received the parchment with this exclamation:

"A pretty name! It will be handy for traveling incognito."

Some days after a parcel arrived at Varzin bearing the address "Mme. la Duchesse de Lauenbourg."

Bismarck, to whom it was delivered, being then at table, arose and, offering the letter to his wife, remarked ironically:

"Duchess, enchanted to make your acquaintance!"

Where He Shone.

A Thespian who spent several years trying to get beyond "the carriage awaits milord" station in first class Broadway productions was induced by his brother to join him in the dairy business in the City of Mexico. While on a business trip to this city recently buying new machinery and appliances for his prosperous Mexican creameries he met one of his former companions who was still struggling for an opportunity to "say lines." An exchange of confidences revealed the fact that the former actor was now making a snug fortune in the milk business, and his friend, the persevering player, remarked: "You're all right, Billy. You could never have shone in a theatrical way, but you are a star in a milky way."—New York Sun.

When the Dreamers Wake.

Cora—Was their marriage a surprise?

Lena—No; but everybody thinks it will be.—Smart Set.

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS

CUMBERLAND, B.C.

A FARMER'S TRIALS.

A SUFFERER FOR YEARS, THE RESULT OF A FALL.

In His Weakened Condition La Grippe Fastened Itself Upon Him and Brought Him near the Grave.

Mr. William Silver is a well known farmer living near Hemford, N. S. During his life he has passed through much sickness, and now, thanks to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, he is again enjoying vigorous health. To a reporter who recently interviewed him Mr. Silver said: "I am now in my 62nd year and I may date the beginning of my trouble to my sixteenth year when I was thrown from a horse's back and had my spine somewhat injured. This was always a weak spot and it seemed to leave me more susceptible to other troubles as it grew worse as I advanced in years. As a farmer I always had to work hard, and often to expose myself to inclement weather. My back trouble was finally aggravated by indigestion, and as this affected my appetite, I was very much run down. Finally a few years ago I was attacked with lagrippe, which developed into pneumonia. My family doctor succeeded in conquering this trouble, but for six months I was not able to leave the house, and all that he could do for me did not bring back my strength. Finally I consulted another doctor, but with no better result. In fact, before I stopped doctoring I had tried four different physicians and all the time instead of getting better I was growing weaker. Some eighteen months had now elapsed since my attack of la grippe, and during that time I was not able to do any work. My whole system seemed exhausted, and my nerves shattered. On fine days I would go out for a while, but often I would become so weak and dizzy that I could scarcely get back to the house. One day a neighbor asked me why I did not try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I thought the advice might be worth taking and I sent for a half dozen boxes of the pills. Before they were gone there was no doubt I had found a medicine that was helping me, and I got a further supply. I continued taking the pills for about three months, and before I quit using them I was feeling better and stronger than I had done for years. Every symptom of the weakness that had followed la grippe was gone, and my back which had bothered me for so many years was almost as strong as in boyhood. I have since done many a hard day's work, and been exposed to bad weather, but without any evil effects, and I can truly say Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have restored me to vigorous manhood."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure such cases as the one noted above because they create new, rich, red blood, thus strengthening weak and shattered nerves. They do not purge and weaken like other medicines, but strengthen from the first dose to the last. Sold by all dealers in medicine or sent post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

It's a short alley that has no ash barrel.

An apt quotation is sometimes better than an original remark.

MINARD'S LINIMENT Lumberman's Friend.

An expressman says that old maids are uncalled for packages.

Probably the best housekeeping plan is not to mortgage the house.

A peculiar affliction has affected the thousands of Virginia crows that make their home at Arlington, and which fly over Washington every morning on their way to the feeding grounds on the banks of the Potomac. An eye disease has broken out among the birds and blinded hundreds of them. They are unable to search for food and are starving to death in large numbers. At the famous crow rookeries over at Arlington, the poor feathered things are dying by the hundreds. The disease resembles the common cataract which often attacks the human eye. A number of birds were found to have a skinlike covering over the pupil.

Many of the wrinkles on a woman's face come from trying to smile when she doesn't feel like it and much of the red on a man's nose is from taking a "smile" too often when he ought not to feel like it.

"Anything new or fresh this morning?" a reporter asked in the police station.

"Yes," said the sergeant.

"What is it?" asked the reporter, whipping out his note book.

"That paint you are leaning against."

A REMARKABLE CASE

Mr. T. S. Forrester of the Fortune Block Interviewed by a Free Press Reporter.

Dr. Sanche's "Oxydonor" Scores Another Victory over Disease.

Hearing that Mr. T. S. Forrester, of this city, a resident of the Fortune Block, had recently made a marvellous recovery to health after years of suffering, during which time he had endured tortures and had several times been given up by medical men as being beyond hope, a Free Press representative called upon him to obtain particulars of the case which had baffled medical skill.

"The trouble from which I was suffering," said Mr. Forrester, "was the result of a gunshot wound which I received during the American civil war. The bullet entered my leg. This caused an aneurism to form in the groin, and also caused a swelling for the last eight years, and about two years ago I had a severe attack of grip, and also had a heart trouble known as mitral regurgitation, caused through an imperfect valve, the result of a strain received in wrestling. I had a severe cough after the attack of grip, and the strain of that seemed to break up the compention and caused dilatation of the heart, which is considered incurable. All treatment for it is merely palliative and there has never been a case known where compensation once broken down has been taken up again. One of the concomitants of dilatation is dropsy, and dropsy set in with me very badly. My body was swollen so badly that I could not get into a suit of clothes. In fact I could not find a suit large enough in the city. I was tapped for dropsy, and the accumulation of fluid was so rapid that it was thought I would have to be tapped again ten days later. I felt very uncomfortable, but did not get tapped, but found there was no water in the cavity, but an effusion under the skin. Then my leg broke out, and I sat with my foot in a wash basin for five months with the fluid dripping out, and it ran so rapidly that my wife had to empty the basin twice a day. The dropsical condition was alleviated, and then ulceration set in and my leg was swollen and ulcerated from the toes to the knees and the calf of my leg measured 27 inches round. One ulcer was fully an inch deep. Nobody expected me to get better. Nothing seemed to benefit the leg, but after a time it started to heal a little, and I went out to work, but soon came back. In 1899, two local physicians gave me one month to live. Subsequently Dr. Devine told me I had not three weeks on earth, and again later on he said one evening that I would not see daylight. I realized myself that I was pretty low at the time. I could not lie down for over a year, nor sit in an arm chair, but sat and slept in a straight-backed chair, with my head resting on the table. I also went to the hospital, but came back home shortly after, but was always afraid to lie in bed. About two months ago a friend of mine called in and was telling me about Oxydonor, and told me of a case which it had benefited. A few days later he brought one over, and from the time I put it on the leg commenced to look as if it were healing. It is now healing very rapidly, and is greatly improved. My general condition and appetite is good, and all this has taken place since I commenced putting on the Oxydonor. I suffered fearful tortures with my leg. The irritation was intense, and one night I felt like cutting it off, and would have done so had I thought I could have lasted until I could have had the stump dressed, as the pain would have been less than that I was then suffering. I consider it incredible that a man could suffer as I have done and live through it, but I have a wonderful vitality and power of resistance. I consider that my recovery was a miracle and was the direct work of God in answer to prayer, but think that the Oxydonor was the instrument of His grace."

Mr. Forrester is a highly competent watchmaker and jeweler, and is well known to the jewelry trade of this city. He is a native of Louisiana, but has lived most of his life in Atlanta, Georgia, until 1893, when he came to the Northwest. He is a veteran of the civil war, having fought on the Confederate side, and has studied medicine and graduated as a physician. The Free Press representative who interviewed him found him heartily thankful for his recovery, and he now has hopes of being once again fully restored to his former vigor and strength of body.

Mr. W. T. Gibbins, Grain Exchange, Winnipeg, is representing Dr. Sanche in the sale of Oxydonor.

If a man's weak spots were visible you would think he had the measles.

Keep MINARD'S LINIMENT in the House.

The wages of sin is paid in full only when the job is complete, but lots of men draw something from time to time on account.

The handwriting has changed but the quality of Blue Ribbon Tea is just as good as ever. Was there ever such a Tea!

A MINISTER OF RICHMOND HILL.

Rev. F. Elliott Frankly and Strongly Endorses Dodd's Kidney Pills.

The Great Kidney Remedy Inspires Gratitude Wherever It Goes—No Medicine so Highly Endorsed—What a Minister of the Gospel has to Say About Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Richmond Hill, May 20.—(Special)—A sensation was caused in this township when it was reported that the Rev. F. Elliott had published a strong letter in the papers endorsing a patent medicine. This happened some little time ago, but the matter has not been forgotten. The medicine in question was the famous Dodd's Kidney Pills and the Rev. Mr. Elliott is still in receipt of frequent enquiries about his experience with them.

To a recent questioner who asked him about Dodd's Kidney Pills, Mr. Elliott was quite outspoken.

"I believe Dodd's Widney Pills to be an excellent remedy," said he. "I see no reason whatever why I should not recommend them; they have helped me, and I believe they will help others. If they were not a strictly honest, meritorious, reliable cure for everything they are claimed to be, nothing would be more objectionable or further from my thoughts than for me to endorse them to anyone, much less lend my name to a printed statement. But as the facts stand I hold by my former course, and shall always be happy to recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills by any means in my power."

The letter referred to in which Mr. Elliott endorses Dodd's Kidney Pills, was published in this paper some time ago. It reads as follows:

"I feel it my duty to inform you of the great benefit I have derived from using Dodd's Kidney Pills. Last spring in particular when suffering from Lame Back, the pain and weakness was so great I could hardly turn or get out of bed. Knowing it all came from disordered kidneys, I began to use Dodd's Kidney Pills and my pain and lameness soon disappeared. I consider Dodd's Kidney Pills a good reliable medicine for the diseases for which they are recommended.

"When I hear people complain of Lame Back or Rheumatism, I always say, 'Why don't you take Dodd's Kidney Pills.' I wish to add this testimonial is entirely unsolicited and only good will to men would induce me to allow my name to be published in this connection.—Rev. F. Elliott."

Alfred A. Taylor, of Margaree, says: "One bottle of MINARD'S LINIMENT cured a swelling in the gamble joint, and saved a horse worth $140.00.

Thos. W. Payne, of Bathurst, saved the life of a valuable horse that the vet. had given up with a few bottles of MINARD'S LINIMENT.

The artist's work is finished when he draws his last breath.

The weight of the transgressor is invariably light.

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

Time, tide and soda water wait for no man.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

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

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

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

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Where there's a will there is always a lot of lawyers in the way.

Variety may be the spice of life, but most men prefer cloves.

A year ago there was a shipwreck at St. Margaret's bay, England, and the life line brought sailor after sailor to shore, amid the cheers of the resuers. At last only the captain remained on board. The line was ready, the signal was given, and the answering jerk did not come. Again and again, for a quarter of an hour, the question passed along the rope without reply. At last when hope was nearly dead, the signal came, and the captain was hauled dripping ashore. He picked himself up, drew a small, wet, quivering dog from his breast pocket, and set it tenderly down. Then he looked round and said, in simple apology: "I couldn't find the little brute anywhere!"

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.

"Well begun is half done," says the proverb, but you can't convince the professional well digger that such is the case.

DYSPEPSIA AND INDIGESTION.—C. W. Snow & Co., Syracuse, N. Y., write: Please send us ten gross of pills. We are selling more of Parmelee's Pills than any other pill we keep. They have a great reputation for the cure of Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint." Mr. Charles A. Smith, Lindsay, writes: "Parmelee's Pills are an excellent medicine. My sister has been troubled with severe headache, but these pills have cured her."

Always put off till tomorrow the revenge you could accomplish today.

Never put off till tomorrow the creditor you can put off for thirty days.

MINARD'S LINIMENT is used by Physicians.

Yan Kajdas, of Krzeszonice, in Bohemia, committed suicide by placing a dynamite cartridge in his mouth and exploding it by jumping. Not only his head, but also the whole of his body, was blown to pieces.

The great lung healer is found in that excellent medicine sold as Bickles' Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It soothes and diminishes the sensibility of the membrane of the throat and air passages, and is a sovereign remedy for all coughs, colds, hoarseness, pain or soreness in the chest, bronchitis, etc. It has cured many when supposed to be far advanced in consumption.

A London paper says that half a dozen men of education and position there were recently discussing the comparative cost of royal and republicao institutions, when someone suggested Switzerland as a model of economy. Not one man of the lot could recall the name of the Swiss president. The inquiry was extended until 20 men had been consulted, including a cabinet minister, a peer and three members of parliament, but all were ignorant. Whitaker's almanac finally informed them that Walther Hauser is the man.

Mr. T. J. Humes, Columbus, Ohio, writes: "I have been afflicted for some time with Kidney and Liver Complaints, and find Parmelee's Pills the best medicine for these diseases. These pills do not cause pain or griping, and should be used when a cathartic is required. They are Gelatine Coated, and rolled in the flour of Licorice to preserve their purity, and give them a pleasant, agreeable taste.

The individual who hates mankind in general is a close student of his own nature.

THE HORSE—noblest of the brute creation—when suffering from a cut, abrasion, or sore derives as much benefit as its master in a like predicament, from the healing, soothing action of DR. THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL. Lameness, swelling of the neck, stiffness of the joints, throat and lungs, are relieved by it.

Nations, like individuals, are powerful in the degree that they command the sympathies of their neighbors.

Sozodont

A Perfect Liquid Dentifrice for the Teeth and Breath

25c

Sozodont Tooth Powder

Both forms of Sozodont at the Stores or by Mail; price, 25c. each; Large Sizes, together, 75c. HALL & RUCKEL, New York.

It is surprising how quickly horses learn the bugle calls. Once, during a terrible night storm in camp, our horses were seized with such terror that those of nearly every battery broke loose and scattered about. The next morning there was a wild rush among the artillerymen to capture the horses. But the horses refused to be caught. An officer ordered a bugler to give the feed call, and the horses from every direction came dashing in, and the rush was so great that it was with difficulty the men could get out of the way of the eager horses.—From "Horses in War."

The devil's master-piece is a drunkard's home.

Master—John, the new pair of horses are well matched, aren't they?"

Coachman.—"M-yes, they're well matched, sir. One's willin' to work, and t'other's willin' to let him."

The male mosquitoes do not bite, but live on the juices of flowers and plants.

Only three weeks are required to develop a perfect mosquito from the egg.

A single sunflower breathes out 20 ounces of water in a day.

In the pupa state the Hessian fly can scarcely be distinguished from a flaxseed.

The guava tree bears fruit more more months in the year than any other semi-tropical fruit.

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

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Brass Band

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EVERY TOWN CAN HAVE A BAND.

Lowest prices ever quoted. Fine catalogue 500 illustrations mailed free. Write us for anything in Music or Musical Instruments.

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

Supplies for all makes of sewing machines

WHEELER & WILSON

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AGENTS WANTED.

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

GASOLINE LAMPS AND SUPPLIES.

Good profit and quick sales. For particulars address

THE INCANDESCENT GAS LAMP Co.,

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BIG STOCK OF

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AND

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Everything for the Printer.

TORONTO TYPE FOUNDRY CO.

LIMITED.

175 OWEN ST., WINNIPEG

Sozodont for the **Teeth** LIQUID POWDER Each 25c

SCIENTIFIC BOWSER.

THE OLD MAN MAKES A VERY INTERESTING EXPERIMENT.

He Thought He Had Made a Remarkable Discovery That Would Be of Explorers to Find the North Pole, but Circumstances Made Him Change His Mind.

[Copyright, 1899, by C. B. Lewis.]

"Do you know," began Mr. Bowser after dinner the other evening—"do you know what prevents men from reaching the north pole?"

"Several things," replied Mrs. Bowser, who, being the only one present, took it that the query was addressed to her.

"Yes, several things, but principally because of the cold. But for the awful temperature around the pole men could easily overcome the other difficulties. When the thermometer registers 100 degrees below zero, the lifeblood of the strongest man congeals. He must either retreat or die."

"Well, what of it?" she asked.

"What of it!" he repeated, with a chuckle. "If you overcome the cold, you discover the pole, don't you?"

"And you have found a way of overcoming the cold, I suppose. It is two weeks since you had a fad, and I was wondering what would come next. If you are going to visit the north pole with a lot of hot water bags strapped around your body to keep your temperature at summer heat, let's hear about it."

"Being as you are a woman and being as every woman is about half idiot, I can overlook your sarcasm. Your way of encouraging a husband to seek for fame is to belittle every plan he originates. Had Columbus had a wife like you this American continent would have continued to be a paradise for woodchucks. Expecting nothing but ridicule and sarcasm in reply, I will, however, ask you a question or two. Suppose that a man going out with a temperature of 20 degrees below zero raises the temperature of his body 30 or 40 degrees."

WHAT THE IDEA CAME TO.

"That would offset the cold," replied Mrs. Bowser.

"Your head is not filled with sawdust after all. Yes, it would work that way, and don't you see my plan? To meet the cold of the north pole we simply keep on raising the temperature. It's the simplest thing in the world, and yet nobody seems to have thought of it. Mrs. Bowser, consider the north pole as discovered. Consider it discovered by Mr. Bowser."

He stepped back and bowed before her, and the cat came out from under the lounge and squinted at both and wondered whether it was a question of science or mousetraps.

"Yes, but how are you going to raise the temperature of the body a hundred degrees or more?" queried Mrs. Bowser.

"Just as easy as lifting up your foot. Do you see these lozenges? They contain no less than six different redhot ingredients, including cayenne pepper. Two of them are warranted to make the blood fairly boil and cause the temperature around the pole to seem like an August day in America. I shall at once consult the government about sending out an expedition. The government provides the ship, and Bowser's lozenges do the rest."

BOWSER EXPLAINS HIS IDEA

"But you haven't tried them yet."

"No, but I am about to do so. I wonder if our cook wouldn't eat one and then sit on a snow bank in the back yard and see how it worked?"

"Of course she wouldn't."

"Well, there are others. I'll find a couple of tramps who'll sit out all night for a quarter apiece. I'll run a pair of them in at once and get the experiment under way."

"You'd—you'd better wait," she faltered as he started for the door.

"Why wait?" he asked. "It's a cold night, with snow and tramps at hand for experiment. If an expedition is to be sent out, it will wish to start in the spring."

"But it will end in a row."

"It will end in the discovery of the north pole and make the name of Bowser better known than that of Columbus. You just keep quiet and let me run this thing."

He put on his hat and overcoat, and it did not take him five minutes to find a couple of tramps who were sloshing about between his house and the corner. When he explained what he wanted and his willingness to pay, they both cheerfully accompanied him. As they stood with their backs to the range in the kitchen and hungrily eyed the remains of dinner he took their temperature and pronounced it normal and then escorted them to the back yard. There were snow banks against the fence, and he selected positions and sat them down. It was a keen, cold night, one made to order for such an experiment.

"Now, then," said Mr. Bowser as all was ready, "I take it that you feel cold?"

"W-e d-o!" replied the men in chorus through their chattering teeth.

"That is splendid. I estimate that there is a difference of at least 40 degrees between your temperature and that of the weather. You will now each of you take a lozenge in your mouth and let it slowly dissolve. In two minutes your blood ought to be the same temperature as the weather. In five you ought to imagine that robins are singing and daisies blooming around you."

As Mr. Bowser wasn't experimenting on himself he discreetly retired to the warm atmosphere of the kitchen and took his stand at a window. He had scarcely begun his observations when one of the tramps rolled over and began to kick like a horse tangled up in his harness, while the other sprang to his feet and spat and spluttered and coughed and crammed his mouth full of snow.

"What are you fellows up to!" shouted Mr. Bowser as he rushed out.

They gave him no heed. They seemed to be acrobats let loose, and they went through more antics than as if they had picked up a dozen hot horseshoes. It was five minutes before either of them could speak, and then one cooled his mouth with an icicle hanging to the clothesline and stuttered:

"B-b-boss, what s-s-sort of a g-g-game is this?"

"Yes, what sort of a g-g-game?" added the other as a snowball melted in his mouth.

"It's no game at all. It's an experiment, as I told you. What have you done with those lozenges?"

"S-s-spit 'em out, durn ye!"

"Yes; sp-spit 'em out!"

"But you mustn't do it. These are to raise the temperature of your blood until it affects the temperature of the atmosphere. If you'd kept sucking the lozenges, you'd have been perspiring by this time. Sit down and try it again."

"Bill," said the first as he continued to eat snow and draw in long breaths of the frosty air, "does it look like a cold blooded attempt to burn up the vitals of two respectable gents?"

"It do, Sam; it do."

"And by burnin up our vitals take away our appetites?"

"That's the game."

"If I was playing any game, would I promise you a quarter apiece?" asked Mr. Bowser.

"It's my solemn opinyun that ye would."

"That's our solemn opinyun."

Mr. Bowser was about to protest and increase his cash offers when the two gentlemen with burned vitals fell upon him. The three went down together, and Mrs. Bowser, looking from a back window, and the cook and cat, looking from a back door, could see nothing for the next two minutes for the cloud of snow in the air. Then the two tramps detached themselves from the circus and climbed the yard fence, and the household went out to look for Mr. Bowser. There were thousands of traces of him at hand, but it took three minutes to discover his actual presence and dig it out from under the snow. He had been thumped and kicked and choked, but life had not departed. He soon rallied and sat up, and after being helped to his feet he made his woozy way to the kitchen and thence up stairs. He did not ask what had happened, and Mrs. Bowser gave him a rest of 15 minutes on the lounge before she said:

"I suppose the government ought to be notified at once, and if you don't feel well I can do it myself."

An ugly glare, followed by a gritting of his teeth, and it was ten minutes before she observed:

"I've told the cook to heat some witch hazel to wash off the blood. Do you wish for any temperature?"

But Mr. Bowser had grown weary of north pole and fallen asleep.

M. QUAD.

MAKING OVER THE BARN.

How Capacity of Old Fashioned Kind May Be Doubled.

The old fashioned barn can have its capacity more than doubled by fixing it over, like the sketch herewith, says A. L. Williams in American Agriculturist. Points about it worth considering are having the milking cows by themselves, no manure under cows, half the time saved in unloading hay when labor is high priced. Valuable

OLD BARN MADE OVER.

time is saved in putting on loads in field on a low down wagon with long body, which kind will be necessary to have for drawing on to the floor, as near the top of barn as possible, silo in the middle of barn, and milk cows won't be disturbed every time a horse is hitched up or unhitched.

The trap (a) in driveway is to drop in bedding, and (b) to put grain through into a grainroom built over the cows. The addition (c) is for milk cows only, and (d) for horses, dry cows and calves. The main part of barn may be used for storing wagons and implements or part of the floor removed and the hay mows lowered.

Treatment For Milk Fever.

Recently a fine Jersey cow dropped her third or fourth calf. In about 30 hours she was found lying unconscious, her eyes glazed and as near dead as a cow could well be and live, says J. E. Wing in Breeder's Gazette. I telephoned the doctor, however, and in half an hour he had made the injection into the udder of potassium iodide solution. In 2½ hours the cow got up, moved a little way and fell down again. At intervals she got up again, but not to remain until after night. Next morning she was standing in apparent comfort, chewing her cud. She ate alfalfa hay with some appearance of relish. Three days after she seemed quite well. There has been no appearance of garget, though, as we have fed her very lightly, she has not given much more milk than the calf would take. I consider this almost like raising the dead. It seems to me the value of this treatment for milk fever can hardly be overrated.

Signs of a Good Dairy Cow.

The bigger the belly the better. Udder should be well balanced and large, not too fleshy, with milk veins tortuous and elastic. A cow which stands in the stall with her fore legs wide apart, nearly out of joint at the shoulder, is pretty sure to be a continuous walker.

In Doubt.

"I always go to Henrietta," said Mr. Meekton, "when anything is puzzling my mind. But a doubt has recently arisen which I don't quite know how to express."

"Aren't you happy?"

"Of course I'm happy. At least I assume so. But I don't feel inclined to act the way other people do when they are happy, and sometimes I almost think that I'd have more fun if I were not married. But I can't make sure. I can't go to Henrietta and ask her whether, if she had been in my place, she would have married herself. It doesn't sound reasonable."—Washington Star.

Utterly Unknown.

Miss Newrich—I know nothing about the world.

Mrs. Chaperon—That is immaterial. Does the world know anything about you?—Indianapolis News.

Lucky the Boss Was Out.

"Is the boss in?" asked the stranger, entering the drug store.

"No," replied the absentminded clerk, "but we have something just as good."—Yonkers Statesman.

An Advantage.

Tess—That Chicago girl is quite tall, isn't she?

Jess—Awfully so when she stands on her tiptoes.—Philadelphia Press.

Union Brewery.

Fresh Lager Beer THE BEST IN THE PROVINCE

STEAM Beer, Ale, and Porter.

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

HENRY REIFEL, Manager.

MAHRER & CO.

Wholesale Wine and Liquor Merchants

NANAIMO, B. C.

Direct Import

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

ALWAYS ON HAND—A Carload of

Hiram Walker & Son's Rye Whiskies

CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED. P. O. BOX 14.

TO THE DEAF

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

Sportsmen!

BEFORE BUYING

A Gun,
Rifle,
Ammunition

Or anything in the

Sporting Line

CALL AND SEE

O. H. FECHNER,

Of Cumberland.

He Can Save You Money on all Purchases.

RE COAL MINES REGULATION ACT.

EXAMINATION FOR CERTIFICATE OF COMPETENCY.

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

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

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

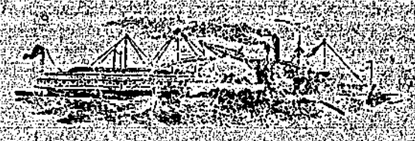
1. Mining Acts and rules.
2. Mine Gases.
3. General Work;
4. Ventilation.
5. Mining Machinery.
6. Surveying and Levelling.

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

RICHARD McBRIDE,
Minister of Mines.

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

Esquimalt & Nanaimo Ry.



VICTORIA-COMOX ROUTE.

Taking Effect Tuesday, Oct 16th, 1900.

S. S. "City of Nanaimo.

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

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

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

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

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

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

FOR Freight tickets and State room Apply on board,

GEO. L. COURTNEY,
Traffice Manager.

THE DEMAND FOR

STEVENS PISTOLS

IS INCREASING RAPIDLY.

Have been making for 37 years the TIP UP—.22 Short R. F. . . . $2.50

The DIAMOND, 6-inch blued barrel, nickel frame, open or globe and peep sights $5.00

Same with 10-inch barrel 7.50

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THE CU LAND NEWS.
Issued Wednesday.
W. B. ANDE - - - - EDITOR

The colu HE NEWS are open to all who wish t ss therein views on matters of publi rest.

While ot hold ourselves responsible for th rances of correspondents, we reserve gt of declining to insert communi ns unnecessarily personally.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 17, 1901.

RESERVE.

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

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

AREA 2—Commencing at the west boundary line of the Indian Reserve on Nimkish River, thence along both sides of the river to the lake, with a width on each side of the river of 49 chains.

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

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

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

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

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

AREA 8—Malcolm Island.

AREA 9—Gilford Island.

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

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

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

GOVERNMENT DISTRIBUTION OF STUMPING POWDER.

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

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

J. R. ANDERSON,
Deputy Minister of Agricultnre

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" 9:28	Goldstream	" 4:53
" 10:9	Koenig's	" 5.31
" 10:48	Duncans	6:15
P.M.		P.M.
" 12:14	Nanaimo	7:41
A. 12:3	Wellington	Ar. 7:55

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No. 1 Daily. A.M.		No. 3 Saturday A.M.
De. 8:05	Wellington	De. 4:25
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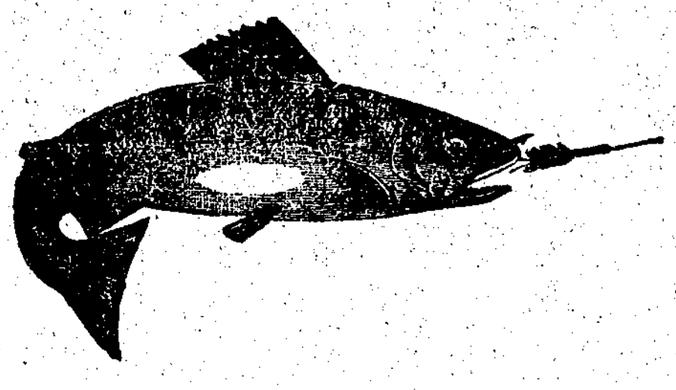

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NEWS OFFICE.

A GODDESS OF AFRICA.

A Story of the Golden Fleece.

By ST. GEORGE RATHBONE

CHAPTER II.

THE BORDER LAND OF ETERNITY.

Again did Professor Jules owe the preservation of his life to the quick wit and ready hand of his companion in arms, since, but for his hasty descent from a perpendicular that murderous weapon of a South African warrior must have passed through his body.

Hastings realized that the crisis he had feared was upon him, since their pursuers were on deck, filled with the zeal of warfare, and determined to accomplish their destruction.

He was a man of action, this American, and even though the condition of affairs seemed next to hopeless, such a thing as surrender to the inevitable never entered his mind.

This is characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon blood—a grim determination to go down with colors flying.

It has been made historical on many a bloody field of battle in England, Scotland, America, yes, wherever the English language is spoken throughout the world.

If die he must he would meet his fate with face to the foe, a weapon in his hand, the fire of battle in his heart.

That would be the glorious end of a brave soldier — who could wish a better?

As with one hand he dragged Verdant to the ground, his other reached out and clutched the repeating rifle that lay close by.

In days gone by that weapon had served him faithfully, and he knew he could place reliance upon it now. So long as there was a leaden messenger within its chamber, and he had the strength to press the trigger, it would send forth its deadly summons, until a breastwork of victims encompassed him about. As Travis and Crockett fell at the Alamo in Texas, with Mexicans piled waist high around them, so this bold son of Illinois meant to meet his end.

Considering the desperate nature of the situation he was remarkably cool and collected. He had anticipated just such a decisive moment as this and in his mind arranged his method of meeting the crisis.

"To arms! they come, the Turk, the Turk!" was what he shouted in the ear of his ally, and the men of that gallant Greek patriot Bozarris certainly could not have shown greater agility in pouncing down upon the swarming foe than did these two fugitives of the wilds in facing the blacks.

Already dusky figures could be seen darting from tree to tree, and Hastings, knowing the value of time, lost not a second in discharging his gun.

The report of the Winchester seemed to arouse the echoes of Hades—from every quarter there arose the most fiendish of yells, and one who had never heard these battle cries of the savage Makalakas before might well be pardoned for believing that a legion of black fiends from Tophet, led by Mephistopheles himself, had burst the barriers of the Inferno, and sought new victims on earth.

There was no time for exercising any deliberation in the line of judgment—to strike speedily and often, with the most fatal result was their one hope, and even that held out but faint chances of success.

Hastings was crouching there, almost flat on his face, behind the heterogeneous bundles which the savant had so carefully and solicitously piled up. They promised, at least, to form some sort of a barrier for the wretched fugitives, though the professor when making his collection had never dreamed to what base use they might eventually be put.

The rapid detonation of the Winchester told that it was in the hands of one who knew how to utilize its wonderful repeating qualities to the utmost, and the fiendish shouts of the black warriors no longer expressed only rage, but pain and consternation as well.

In the midst of the fusilade came a much heavier discharge, very similar to the boom of the Dutch settler's yager or elephant gun.

Strange to say, the professor had insisted upon arming himself with one of these heavy though effective weapons, which appeared the more ridiculous when the rather undersized stature of the fighting Gaul was taken into consideration.

This mammoth gun had always been an object of extreme solicitude to Jules. So long as they had porters, a stalwart black had usually trotted at his heels bearing the yager; but of late it had become quite a burden to Hastings, who more than once contemplated the feasibility of quietly allowing it to sink into some "drift" they were crossing.

Only on a few occasions had the learned savant deigned to discharge his gun; and it was always an open question in the mind of Hastings whether almost equally disastrous results in the rear were not apt to follow such an explosion as before its muzzle.

Therefore, when the thunderous crash of the elephant gun sounded so close to his ears, he experienced something like a sensation of awe, and half expected to find the form of the gallant Frenchman hurled across his back.

"What luck?" he bellowed, so that his words might be heard above the awful clamor.

"It is well," came in the high-pitched voice of the professor, who had evidently taken the precaution to brace himself ere pulling the trigger.

So Hastings again applied himself to the task of distributing the remainder of his leaden pills with a discrimination that was influenced by the audacity of the assailants; and since little of his ammunition went to waste, it can be set down as positive that his wonderful nerve served him as faithfully in this crisis as it had in times gone by.

Brief though the time that had elapsed since the advent of the first black warrior on the scene, those of the enemy who fortunately escaped the fire of the compatriots had rushed in close enough to discharge their own weapons toward the spot where a cloud of powder smoke told of occupancy.

Some were armed with guns of modern make, for long contact with the gold and diamond hunters had made the Matabele and their sable allies familiar with such engines of destruction, and while possibly the owners might have no just claim to the title of sharpshooters, still they were able to keep pumping at their engines of war, and send a swarm of bullets toward the center of the disturbance, that hurtled and hissed about the ears of the besieged with the noisy venom of angry bees.

Numerous war spears also came singing through space, nor was the singular whirr of the deadly Zulu assegia unheard.

Hastings had been wounded in several places, but none of them were serious cuts, and in the fever of battle he hardly took notice of the fact.

Hearing a thud close at his elbow he turned his head to see a Makalaka spear pinning poor Jules to the tree; but his feeling of horror was dissipated upon discovering that the squirming professor had really not been seriously injured, since the weapon had only passed through the slack of his garments.

Finding himself unable to break away, the plucky little savant continued to rattle out the contents of his revolver, and his shrill voice could be heard high above the roar of the melee, as he bade the savage foe such defiance as only a son of France could express.

All this really occurred in a minute of time.

Seconds are laden with grave results when the blare of battle is in the air.

The cloud of smoke which served to conceal them from the sharp eyes of the surrounding blacks, equalized matters at the same time by rendering it impossible for them to see where to direct their shots.

So, while their weapons still held a few more charges, the two fugitives ceased firing.

Hastings snatched at the spear upon which his smaller ally was in one sense impaled; but it required his utmost strength to tear it loose from the tree, so that Jules could once more be master of his own actions.

Perhaps Rex had some vague idea that they might creep off, thanks to the friendly smoke that hugged the vicinity, and the gathering shades of dusk.

Be that as it may, he was given no time to put the inspiration into practical play. Perhaps the undaunted Gaul would have utterly refused to have deserted the scientific treasures of his collection to which he was so firmly wedded.

Before Rex could begin to shape a plan for the future there came a fresh burst of awful yells, and through the smoke sprang the figures of the Makalaka warriors, brandishing their arms and looking in the full panoply of their war dress like demons.

Thus, in an instant, the battle had become a hand to hand affair, where fierce blows were exchanged, where the discharge of a firearm was muffled by the fact of its being pressed against a human form, where two whites, back to back, were pitted against a horde of cruel and merciless foes, eager to drink their blood.

The sword of Damocles hung suspended by a single thread.

So the lives of these twain seemed on the very brink—the passage of one minute would mark their transition from this world into the next.

But that minute proved long enough to save them from such a fate.

Alone it were utterly impossible for them to win, and actually figured the chance of relief coming to them in this wild country north of Matabeleland was about one in a thousand.

Yet it came, such are the vagaries of fate—it came when even the stout heart of that hopeful son of Illinois had given up all expectation of surviving, so that he only fought on with the grim resolution of despair.

Above the tempest of war cries that sounded in his ears, Rex suddenly heard shouts that he feared must be the creation of a disordered brain—shouts that could come from none other than Saxon throats — shouts that, raised in unison formed a mighty "hurrah" that dwarfed the screams of the blacks as the thunder of the tempest might overshadow the feeble growl of cannon.

The struggling mass of sable warriors that desperately endeavored to crush in upon the two white heroes also heard this shout from the forest.

To them it was the most dreaded sound upon earth. They had on numerous occasions engaged with the sturdy sons of England who guarded the border land. Desperate battles had been fought in the days gone by, and these black warriors from bitter experience had come to respect the prowess of the police employed by the British South Africa Company, as well as to fear Cecil Rhodes, the wizard whose hand controlled the destinies of this promising land.

Confusion immediately seized upon the assailants. Their glow of positive victory gave way to sudden despair.

Many turned and ran, hardly knowing in which direction the danger lay.

A few remained as if in the hope of accomplishing the death of the two fugitives ere themselves seeking safety in flight.

Flying figures could now be seen through the rifts of powder smoke—figures mounted on horses, and dashing hither and yon with a rapidity that could only have been equaled by Bedouins of the desert.

From these galloping figures there came flash after flash, and the rapid percussion of reports proclaimed a condition of affairs that could not be other than unhealthy for the unfortunate blacks who had lingered in the vicinity of the scene too long.

By this time Hastings had succeeded in downing the last foeman who remained too obstinate for flight.

As in a dream he watched the dim panorama of scurrying horsemen, and heard the shots and shouts that proclaimed the rescue. It was almost incredible, this being snatched from death at the very last moment.

He leaned upon his rifle, the barrel of which was hot from repeated discharges, and panted for breath while the excitable little professor, overwhelmed with joy, capered about like a boy, alternately shrieking "vive la France" and then in what was intended to be a deeper voice, "hurrah for old England."

Gradually the tumult died away, detonating shots no longer burst upon the startled ear, and even the terrified shouts of the scattered blacks melted in the distance.

The battle of the forest was over.

Rex, still leaning upon his gun, stood there waiting to meet his saviours.

Somehow a spark of fire had fallen among some dead leaves and twigs under the tree, so that a little blaze now leaped up.

Professor Jules had a weakness in the line of a fire, and eagerly tossed some fragments of branches on the blaze, which of course sprang up higher.

Towards this figure, standing there, came one of the mounted rescuers, a man whose deep voice had rung out with a leonine roar as he urged his men to action.

Springing from his steed he advanced directly to Rex, who presented rather an heroic appearance, with blood-streaked face and clothing showing the desperate conditions through which he had just passed.

As the firelight fell upon the features of the stalwart newcomer, Rex leaned forward to assure himself that he was not dreaming, and then found tongue to exclaim:

"Lord Bruno, by my life! You came up in the nick of time, Waterford, just as we were about to go under."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

As Conveying a Warning.

Employer—I am sorry to note, William, that you are about to leave us.

Startled Salesman—What? I don't understand. I about to leave you?

Employer—Yes; you are acting as if you thought it would be impossible for us ever to fill your place.—Chicago Tribune.

Trespassing.

"Say, boy," inquired the angler from the city, "do you think I'm likely to catch anything here?"

"I reckon you are," replied the rustic youth, who had been watching the operation. "I jest see Farmer Wanger coming over the hill."—Philadelphia Press.

That Bonnet.

They were standing in front of the shop window. "That bonnet would be very becoming to me," remarked the wife.

"Yes," replied the husband, "but it won't be coming to you today."—Philadelphia Record.

Another Convert.

Smith—I don't believe in hypnotism.

Jones—I was also a disbeliever until recently.

Smith—What converted you?

Jones—The necktie that a clerk induced my wife to buy for me the other day.—Chicago News.

Cause and Effect.

"I'm goin to leave, mum," announced the housemaid to her mistress.

"Why, I've been doing half your work myself in order to induce you to stay," replied the lady. "Isn't that enough?"

"Yes'm," answered the girl. "But your half of it ain't done to suit me."—Chicago News.

A Volume of Sound.

"Do you appreciate music?"

"Sometimes," answered the young man with wide ears. "The other evening I went to hear a big chorus, and I dozed off and thought the home team was making home runs that drove the bleachers crazy."—Washington Star.

SELECTIONS

THE CHINESE DENTIST.

Work Done by His Wonderful Thumb and Forefinger.

American industry is playing havoc with all time honored institutions. At one time the dentists formed an important guild in China, but in the past 30 years hundreds of bright young Mongolians have picked up more or less knowledge of the profession from American practitioners abroad and are now doing business according to modern scientific methods. In San Francisco the new school has almost driven the old one to the wall. Nevertheless three or four of the latter pursue the calling in the same manner as their ancestors did for a thousand years. At least one of them visits New York every year and stays two or three months until all of his customers have had their teeth put "in order."

His work is curiously primitive. For extracting he relies upon his fingers, and with these he does marvels. With thumb and forefinger he will pull a bicuspid or a molar on which an American operator employs a powerful forceps. This dexterity is the result of years of practice. From boyhood to manhood he is trained to pull pegs driven into a wooden board. Three and four times a day, a half hour at a time, he drives pegs into the holes of his practice board and then pulls them out again. He lifts in similar fashion teeth to which are attached heavy weights. This special training changes the aspect of the hand. The spare flesh vanishes, and the blood vessels and tendons seem to double in size. The forearm grows in girth and becomes as hard as wood. The apprenticeship period lasts two years. At the end the student has a finger grip which is a wonder. Its strength is equivalent to a lifting power of 300 and even 400 pounds. Besides extracting he cleans teeth with a preparation containing ground cuttlefish, using brushes made of split bamboo. For toothache he employs opium, peppermint oil, cinnamon oil and clove oil. Sometimes, though rarely, he fills teeth, but does it so ignorantly that the filling comes out within a few months.

Through all his practice runs a laughable element of superstition. According to his system, all toothache and other dental woes are produced by tooth worms. The nerve pulp is such a worm and is shown to a patient whenever the decay is great enough to permit of its exhibition. To satisfy others he carries about in a pocket some white grubs about as large as an ant. When he extracts a painful tooth, he uses a little legerdemain and shows the sufferer one of the white grubs as the cause of all his pain. For neuralgic toothache he employs counter irritation and sedatives, rubbing the gums, cheeks and neck just below the condyle with a mixture of laudanum and peppermint oil and pinching the skin until the blood is almost forced through the pores. He is not highly regarded by his countrymen, his social position being half way between those of a barber and a laborer. In New York he gets 25 cents for removing a tooth and for other services payments in proportion.

Concert Hall Singers' Trick.

In one or two of the concert and dance halls now so common on both sides of the city there prevails a custom that has heretofore been considered peculiar to the west—that of throwing coins to the singers. The singers are in most cases young men, and they occupy the center of the floor between the dances.

When the audience, through ignorance of the custom or other cause, fails to send the expected shower of silver, the singer lends encouragement in a way that shows cleverness through long practice. One hand is carelessly thrust into a side pocket, and soon the ring of a silver coin on the floor is heard. The singer's hand is still in his pocket, and if there is no response to the first fall of silver another coin is heard striking the floor.

The singer himself is flipping the coin out of his pocket, but you couldn't guess it unless you knew the trick. Usually two or three such bids bring a generous response especially if the song is pleasing.

The Ingenious Sultan.

The sultan when a prince learned carpentering and became an expert carpenter himself and has always continued to take a great interest in it. One of his first acts when sovereign was to establish a complete joiners' factory at Yildiz, in which he superintends the manufacture of all sorts of articles of furniture, mostly of his own design. These are worked by very elaborate secret springs, in the invention of which the sultan takes great delight. He has just sent to the Russian embassy a specimen of his work as a present to the czar. It consists of a table richly inlaid, with the sultan's arms in front, where there are four drawers. By touching a spring the top flies open and the center rises, bearing a silver plate, on which is to be found everything necessary for smoking in silver and amber. The inside of the top has a medallion, in which is a portrait of the sultan's son surrounded by a frame of brilliants.

A Potent Cause of Death.

The New York doctor who put "worriment" in a death certificate as the cause of a woman's taking off no doubt came nearer the truth than is often done in documents of that kind. "Care will kill a cat," and worry is one of the most distressing diseases known to the human race.

She—Don't you think Painter is clever with the brush?

He—Yes. I've noticed that the heels of his shoes always seem to be as well polished as the rest of them.

How It Happened.

"Heavens! What a horrible coat!"

"Why, madam, this is a swallowtail."

"A swallowtail?"

"Yes, ma'am; swallowed very recently by the bulldog."—New York Evening Journal.

Risque.

The languorous eyes of the oriental glittered malignantly.

"Yes, everybody in Bagdad is talking about her bicycle suit!" she exclaimed. "Risque? Why, do you know, it shows fully two-thirds of her nose! Mamma!"

To be sure, her being an inmate of the khalifa's harem made a difference, since men were compelled by law to look the other way when a khalifa's wife passed, but for all that one should use one's social immunities with discretion.—Detroit Journal.

'TWAS DR. CHASE WHO SAVED OUR BABY

Croup, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Severe Chest Coughs Cannot Withstand the Soothing, Healing Effects of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine.

It is the mothers who especially appreciate the unusual virtues of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. They keep it in the house as the most prompt and certain cure obtainable for croup, bronchitis and severe coughs and colds to which children are subject. It has never failed them. Scores of thousands of mothers say: "'Twas Dr. Chase who saved our baby."

Mrs. F. W. Bond, 20 Macdonald street, Barrie, Ont., says:—"Having tried your medicine, my faith is very high in its powers of curing coughs and croup. My little girl has been subject to croup for a long time, and I found nothing to cure it until I gave Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. I cannot speak too highly of it."

Mr. W. A. Wylie, 57 Seaton street, Toronto, states:—"My little grandchild had suffered with a nasty, hacking cough for about eight weeks when we procured a bottle of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. After the first dose she called it 'honey' and was eager for medicine time to come around. I can simply state that part of one bottle cured her, and she is now well and as bright as a cricket."

Mrs. F. Dwyer of Chesterville, says: "My little girl of three years had an attack of bronchial pneumonia. My husband and I thought she was going to leave the world as her case resisted the doctor's treatment. I bought a bottle of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine from our popular druggist, W. G. Bolster. After the first two or three doses the child began to get better, and we are thankful to say is all right to-day after seven weeks' sickness."

Mr. E. Hill, fireman, Berkelet St., Fire Hall, Toronto, says: "I desire to say in favor of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine that one of my children was promptly relieved of whooping cough, and as long as obtainable will not be without it in the house, nor use any other medicine."

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine is sold everywhere and is used in more homes than any other treatment for diseases of the throat and lungs. 25 cents a bottle. Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

TEDDY.

Seemed that all the sunshine left the house when
Teddy went;
Never gleamed so bright a beam as Teddy's black
eyes sent.
Whether they flash in anger or glow with fervent
love,
They're the dearest eyes in all the world—
The eyes of the girl I love.

Oh, yes, she's a girl, is Teddy, though she bears
such a queerish name!
She was christened Nell, but she and I like this
one just the same.
A daughter of old Virginia, one of the fairest,
too,
With a jeweled mind that watches above,
A heart that is brave and true.

But, alas, our northern winters were too wild for
my Southern Rose,
And she's gone away to the southland, away from
its winds and snows,
But I'll welcome her back in the springtime,
When the violet opens her eyes, and I'll count
the time of her coming
Not by months, but bye and byes.
—Rose VanB. Speece in Scranton Tribune.

A QUEEN OF OLD DRURY.

A Story of the Stage.

When Barton Booth was slowly dying and Mrs. Oldfield often too ill to act and ere Kitty Clive had yet emerged into the sunlit path of prosperity, the town was anxiously awaiting the coming of some new favorite.

Were there to be no successors of Anne Oldfield and Mrs. Bracegirdle? Were the Booths and the Bettertons, then, extinct? In the tavern and the coffee houses, at the street corners, in the greenroom of Drury Lane and within the charmed circle of the court itself the selfsame questions were asked and despairingly answered and asked again.

Lying in her sickbed in a small house near Clare market, Susan Ford one night overheard the subject discussed beneath her open window. The uncouth voices awoke her from a fitful slumber, and raising her wasted form on one elbow, she rubbed her eyes and yawned languidly.

"Zounds! 'Tis a pity Anne Oldfield were not young again," quoth one speaker, with some slight elegance of tone.

"I faith we'll ne'er see another like her," came the reply.

The pale face in the dimly lighted room vivified with a keen interest as its possessor caught the purport of the conversation.

"What actress have we now worthy of the name?" another voice exclaimed. "Who can rouse us to fever heat?"

"There is none, nor actor either," chimed in a cantankerous bass. "A plague on 'em all. There's not an ounce of fire in the whole fell tribe of 'em."

"Yea, but ye make a mistake, Master Rayner. If ye'd have traveled as I, ye would have known of one who'd set all London agog an if she chose—a little provincial hussy, mark me, as fiery as the devil and sweeter than the angels. I saw her near by Doncaster now, close upon two years agone. Her name was Susan—Susan—aye, Susan"—

The sick woman had leaped from her bed and rushed to the window, but the rest of the colloquy escaped her ears. The gossipers, already moving away ere she had discerned the personal interest attaching to their remarks, had passed along out of sight and out of hearing.

For a moment she stood transfixed, with one hand clutching the curtain.

"Susan!" she muttered. "Susan who? Oh, can it be? Can it be? Yes, yes, Susan Ford in certainty. God has sent him to cheer me in my illness—to encourage me to be well. Ah, I must get strong! I will! I will be the queen of Drury yet, and Rupert—Rupert will love me the more to see me idolized by all the high and great, by all the big, the mighty public!"

In the buoyancy springing from this newly aroused ambition she strode up and down the room, her disheveled hair clinging round her frail figure, her hands tightly clasped, a keen excitement in her eyes.

She thought of all her appearances miles away in country booths, of her little successes in provincial towns, of the honey of applause even from gaping yokels, of her longings to do something great—to hold an audience entranced, to make them weep or laugh, just as she willed. How often had she glowed with intense delight as she pictured her triumph in London. From every box in Drury Lane earls and beaux would cheer her; the pit would rise to its feet and shout its approbation. And afterward court potentates would crowd round her in the greenroom and shower praises upon her. But there would always come the antithesis to this bright dream—the renewed contemplation of the dull gray of stern reality, with all its attendant poverty, insignificance, monotony.

Then Drury Lane would seem to tower above her like a gigantic frowning rock, and could she, weak and friendless, scale the precipice and gain a footing on those dizzy heights? Nay, as she viewed the prospect her heart would quake, and hot tears, half with anger, half from despair, would flood her eyes.

Yet one day after a long period of despondency her hopes had been revived to some good purpose. While playing at Ludlow she met Rupert Vendover, the eldest son of Sir Reginald Vendover, a brave old cavalier, who enjoyed the leisure earned by an active hunted life in the cause of Charles II. The young Rupert, romantically enough, fell in love with her, and for many days followed her with the company of strolling players from one place to another. He urged her on in the pursuit of fame and, showing ardent love of her beauty, respect for her virtue and every sympathy with her aspirations, very soon gained her undivided affection. Ultimately he had brought her to London, to this very house, promising to use what influence he had in her behalf.

But suddenly those ambitious schemes of hers were shattered again. Sickness struck her down. For months she had lain in this room, weak and spiritless. Only Rupert's daily visits had kept her enamored of life. To ever act again seemed an impossibility.

But now, through a few chance words, all the old restless eagerness took hold of her afresh. The path of fame stood disclosed anew, and she longed to tread it with an all consuming desire.

Suddenly amid her reverie a gust of wind slammed the open lattice against the wall. She turned, startled, and with a hysterical cry fell prone upon the bed.

A minute later footsteps were heard upon the stairs. The room door was opened and the goodwife who tended her entered. A tall figure peered in at her heels and whispered, "May I come in?"

Then, seeing, "Heavens!" he exclaimed. "What's this?" and rushing to the bedside took the senseless woman in his arms.

"Susan, Susan, speak to me, dearest! 'Tis I, Rupert. Speak, speak!"

He chafed her hands and bathed her forehead from a bottle snatched from an adjacent table.

Her eyelids slowly unclosed, and she smiled wanly.

"What is the matter, dear heart? You tax your strength too much in rising. Why"—

"Oh, Rupert! I am but a little weak. I am recovered now. I know I am. A few more quiet days and I shall move in the world again. This confinement is killing me. I must breathe the fresh air, see the faces of the crowd and—and hear the clamor of the audience again."

"Nay, nay, Susan, you are too weak, and you know there is no need to play again so long as you grant me the honor of accepting my help. Become my wife, dearest, and we will go away into the country and see if the meadows and the woods will give you strength."

"I leave not London," she answered, "till I tread old Drury's boards. I would play, Rupert. Oh, grant me this! Get me leave to act Ophelia there, and I will marry you on the morrow of that day—aye, whether it be that London derides or takes me to its arms. Do this, Rupert, dear! Do this, I pray!"

"But, Susan, you are so weak."

"I will succor my strength then. Besides, I am better. Ah, yea, I feel so much better! You know not how very much better, Rupert, dear."

"Well, well, be it so then. But as yet, mark me, you are too ill by far."

"God bless thee, Rupert! Thy goodness makes me well completely."

He folded her in his strong arms, and as she told him all over again of her dreams he soothed her into gentle slumber.

And by and by, when the regular sigh of her breathing fell upon his ears, he crept from the room and went his way.

Not many days intervened before a rumor sped abroad through all the town. A new actress was to appear at Drury Lane in the character of Ophelia, and it was whispered that at last Anne Oldfield would have a worthy successor on those famous boards. Susan Ford was her name, and wild tales went from mouth to mouth of where she came from and who she was.

The old publican who had spoken to such great, though unknowing, purpose beneath Susan's window became in his particular circle a man of recognized wisdom. His previous assertions concerning "the little provincial hussy" were looked upon as inspired, and every foolish thing he now uttered was harkened to with open mouthed attention and wonderment.

Susan, though still troubled with occasional fits of faintness, studied her part with astonishing application. Often she awoke in the middle of the night and arose and rehearsed her scenes, until carried away beyond remembrance of surroundings she forgot to subdue her voice any longer and spoke the lines with all the feeling they really demanded.

But as the night of her debut drew nearer she became quieter and appeared less high strung. Only to Rupert, during the long hours they had together, would she keep saying, with deep and soulful enthusiasm: "I shall be a great success, Rupert. I know it! I feel it!"

At last the eventful night arrived, and Drury Lane was packed in every available corner. The beaus had taken an hour longer over their toilets, the denizens of the pit sported ribbons in their hats and the whole atmosphere bespoke anxious expectancy. The only regret was that the part of Ophelia had been chosen for the debut, and not a character of more prominence and passion.

The earlier parts of "Hamlet" were hardly listened to, and ever and anon cries of "Hasten," "Ophelia, Ophelia," issued from the crowd.

But from the first entrance of Ophelia every one was mute, enrapt. On the instant the house felt that a new genius had indeed found admittance to old Drury's stage.

Her grace and charm won every heart, her mellifluous diction sounded like music and her expressive, beautiful face impressed one and all with grave and pure admiration.

Rupert sat in a box, his heart full to overflowing with a keen joy that had never before been his, gazing intently at the woman he loved so ardently. He had waited patiently all the long, long months since he had known her without decrease of love.

And now at last he was within sight of supreme happiness. On the morrow she was to be his wife.

As the mad scene drew near, the audience exhibited a still more lively interest in the debutante, and when at last she came on the stage as the demented Ophelia the whole house burst forth into applause.

But she seemed to note it not. Her whole soul was pent up in her role. She looked as though she saw no one, heard nothing. She was the hapless Ophelia; none other. She instilled a strange and melancholy wildness into the part. Tears stood in every eye, and not a disturbing sound was heard throughout the house. Gradually she seemed to become more distraught, until in one last terrible climax she gave vent to a frenzied shriek and fell upon the stage.

The audience sat breathless, a pallor on every cheek, and none dared applaud.

Rupert had left the box and gone to her tiring room before the conclusion of the scene. A feeling of uneasiness which he could not throw off disturbed him. He had never known such acting. Yet was that not cause for joy? A noise was heard at the door of the room as he smilingly reassured himself.

He jumped up and flung it open. Susan was struggling violently in the grasp of two men, the words of the mad Ophelia still upon her lips:

"There's rennel for you, and columbine! There's rue for you, and some for me!"

Suddenly her eyes alighted upon her lover.

With a supreme effort she dragged herself free from them.

Then her voice rang out:

No, no; he is dead.
So to thy deathbed!

She sank to the floor, and her life passed away in one short sigh.—Penny Pictorial Magazine.

A Possible Exception.

Wife—Isn't it a fact, dear, that handsome men are proverbially disagreeable?

Husband—Well, I don't know. I always try to be pleasant.—London Fun.

Family Pride.

First Street Arab—See that, Bill? The fellow as they wants is my father.

Second Street Arab—Garn! Yer alus braggin.

Why He Was Deaf.

Scene: Stable of Scottish village inn. Landlord is busy repairing a piece of harness and is carrying on at the same time a conversation with the village blacksmith. Enter farmer.

Farmer—Look here, landlord. Can ye gie me a bottle o' yer best whisky?

Landlord—Weel, ye see, the horses are a' out, an I dinna ken when ony o' them'll be hame.

Farmer—It's no a horse I want; it's a bottle o' whisky.

Landlord—Aye; but, ye see, they're a guid bit awa', an it'll be late before the first o' them's back.

Farmer (louder)—I tell ye, it's no' a horse, but a bottle o' whisky, I want.

Landlord—Weel, ye see, the beasts'll be tired, an—

Farmer—Gang awa' wi' ye an yer beasts!

Exit.

Blacksmith—Man, John, ye're gettin as deaf as a doorpost. It wasna' a horse, but a bottle o' whisky, the man was askin for.

Landlord—Ou, aye, I heard him fine, but he didn' pay for the last bottle he got.

A Nice Family Mix Up.

A widower with a number of small children married a widow who was similarly blessed. In due time the newly married couple added to the number. Hearing a voice in the yard one day, the father went out to see what was the matter.

"Well, what was it?" asked his wife as he returned out of breath.

"Your children and my children were quarreling with our children," was the reply.—London Answers.

Won.

"Dear," said young Mrs. Jellus, "I thought you ought to know. There's a married man who is violently in love with me."

"What?" he cried. "Who is he?"

"If I tell you, will you give me those earrings I wanted?"

"Yes. Who is it?"

"You."

Beardless Soldiers.

Modern warriors generally wear hair on their frontispieces. It is thought to give them a martial appearance. But Alexander's invincible soldiers were all bare faced. He compelled them to shave for a sufficient reason—viz. lest the "outside barbarians" of Asia should seize them by their beards and so capture them.

Laconic Justice.

"Why did you shoot the plaintiff's dog?"

"Because he tried to bite me."

"Even a dog is entitled to a fair trial. You should only have tried to shoot him. Twenty-five dollars."—Exchange.

Oysters when stale will open easily but the shell will close on the knife when fresh.

A STROKE OF GENIUS.

THE CLEVER RUSE OF A BRIGHT MESSENGER BOY.

Bathing Poodle Dogs Was Not In His Line, and He Worked a Scheme That Forever Barred Him From Handling Trilby.

"When I wuz de boss of de kids down at 16 office," said the reformed messenger boy, taking a fresh chew of tobacco and putting his feet in the wastebasket, "de hardest work we had to do wuz getting out of answering de dog call.

"De dog call cum in every Friday morning frum an old daisy what lived all alone in a swell flat building on de Nort' Side. De old dame had a nasty little white poodle dog, an every Friday she telephoned fer a kid to cum an give it a bath an take it fer a walk. She run a bill wid de company, an all her tickets wuz charge. She never let loose of a piece of coin, an de only way fer a kid to git a cent on de call wuz to save his car tickets an walk both ways. So all de wise guys what wuz looking out fer de dough used to git out of it. Besides, what kid likes to be a-washing a woolly pup in smelly water an leading it up an down de Lake Shore drive by a blue silk ribbon.

"Course I never answered de dog call. If me an Mike wuz in de office when it came in on Friday morning an eder of us wuz 'next,' we'd chase out one of de little kids an make him take it.

"But one Friday de main cheese—dat's de manager—he gits sore on me, an when de dog call comes in he comes out in de waiting room, where de kids is a-sitting on de benches, an he says: '521'—dat's me—'521, I want you to hustle up to de Nort' Side an answer dis dog call. Do you t'ink you ain't got nothing to do but go out on de swell runs an play craps all de rest of de time? Now you chase yourself, er I'll tie a can to you'—meaning he'd fire me.

"So I gets a move on me, making up my mind dat de dog call daisy,'ud never want me to bath her pup more'n once.

"She comes to de door herself an lets me in.

"'Trilby isn't feeling well today,' she says. 'You must bath him gentle. Git de water nice an warm an put in a little vi'let water,' she says, 'so it'll smell nice an rub him off nice an dry before you take him out fer his walk. Better put on his pink blanket, so he won't ketch cold,' she says.

"When I gits Trilby out of de water, he's too near croaked to kick, an I dries him off an combs him out fine. Then I puts on his pink silk blanket, an de daisy kisses him goodby, an Trilby an I starts out on a walk.

"Trilby is so fat he can't hardly waddle, an he's scart to death of me. We spiels half way round de block to de alley, an dere behind de flat building where de old daisy lives stands a iron garbage box half as big as a house, wid a swinging lid ten feet long. I lifts up de lid an sees the box is empty. So I drops Trilby in an reaches over an breaks de blue ribbon off close up to de collar.

"Den I runs around to de front of de building an chases up de stairs to de old dame's flat, so I'll be out of breath an kin make my spiel right.

"She opens de door herself, an I yells, 'Trilby broke away from me an run off!'

"'Trilby!' yells de old daisy. 'Run away!'

"'He broke de ribbon,' I says, handing her de little piece I held in my hand. 'Den he tried to bite me, an den he run away down de street, an I couldn't even keep him in sight, he got such a hustle on him.'

"De old daisy give t'ree wild yells an drops down in a chair.

"'What'll I do,' she yells, 'what'll I do! Poor, sweet little Trilby lost on de streets of Chicago,' she says, 'an you are responsible fer it, you villain. I'll call de police! I'll shoot you! I'll never sleep a wink till I finds him. What shall I do?'

"De old daisy yelled an hollered so dat I wuz afraid she'd go bughouse.

"'Call de police,' I says, 'an tell 'em to keep a watch out fer Trilby; tell 'em Trilby's not dangerous an dat you'll pay $2 reward for him.'

"'Two dollars,' yelled de old daisy. 'I'd give $10 dis minute to have dat dear little sweet thing in my arms.'

"'All right,' I says. 'Telephone dat to de police. Den call up de afternoon papers an put in a ad, $10 reward an no questions asked. Answers to de name of Trilby. Den you an I'll go togedder an look fer Trilby.'

"De old dame telephoned to de police an to de newspapers, an den I knowed I had her by de pocketbook. Her an I goes out an looks fer Trilby down by de lake shore fer an hour, and den she went home an went to bed, after telephoning fer de doctor.

"I goes down to 16 office an puts Mike wise. He makes a quick sneak, puts on his plain clothes, digs Trilby out of de garbage box an takes him an de $10 reward lost ad up to de old daisy's flat. It comé hard, but Mike made her cough up before he lets go of de pup.

"We splits de ten, an de next day I gits de manager to call up de old daisy an ask her if she got her dog back yit.

"'Yes,' she says, 'I did, an I never wants you to send me dat boy again what was up here yesterday.'"—Chicago Tribune.

A Generous Time.

Tommy (surprised)—Why, father, I thought that one spoonful of sugar was always enough for my coffee?

Tommy's Father—This is a restaurant, my son. Take all the sugar you want.

Kind of Bess.

Ethel—Mamma told me I could stay in the parlor last night while Mr. Huggard was calling on sister Bess.

Elsie—Did she?

Ethel—Yes, and it was great fun. We played "blind man's buff," and they let me be the blind man nearly all the time.—Philadelphia Press.

He Lost Nothing.

She—So he loved and lost?

He—No. He merely didn't get her. She had no money.—Smart Set.

Puzzling.

"But ze foot of ze bed," the bewildered Frenchman said, "it ees not on ze end of ze laig!"—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Misplaced Honors.

Willie Boerum (entertaining his sister's caller)—Do you like baseball very much, Mr. Jamaica?

Mr. Jamaica—I never played ball much, Willie. I enjoy golf—

Willie Boerum (disappointedly)—Why, I heard pa tell Susan you was a great catch.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Over the Back Fence.

First Woman—You've got to retract what you said about me.

Second Woman—I won't. I never take anything back.

First Woman—Indeed you don't, but you'll borrow everything your neighbors have if you get a chance.—Detroit Free Press.

LITERARY NIGHTMARE.

Some Inside Information About Our Favorite Authors.

When does Mary Mapes Dodge?
When Thomas W. Knox.
What did Charles Reade?
Whatever he saw Mabel Osgood Wright.
What made Virg-il?
Having to Pla-to small audiences.
When is it that John Burroughs?
When he bears Edward Everett Hale.
When did Cice-ro?
When he came Homer gain.
Why did they Hall Caine?
To make Frances Hodgson Burnett.
Who gave Thomas Paine?
Hamilton Wright Mabie.
What made Winston Church-ill?
Eating what he saw John Esten Cooke.
What was it that Bulwer Lytton?
De-land.
What victory did Agassiz?
He saw Charles Dar-win.
Why did Charles Dar-win?
Because he never turned his back to De-foe.
When did Mollie Elliott Seawell?
When she heard Charles Dudley Warner.
Where did Captain Frederick Marry-at?
At the Ellen Olney Kirk.
What made Colonel Richard H. Savage.
Hearing Charles Carlton Coffin.
Why was Wagner, Haydn away Bach?
Because De Koven had him on his little Liszt.
What kept Charlotte M. Yonge?
Helping Elizabeth Phipps Train.
When was Laurence Sterne?
When he found Bill Nye.
Where did H. Cabot Lodge?
In a Dry-den.
For what did Eugene Sue?
For one of Samuel Smiles.
Why do we not laugh at R. D. Blackmore?
Because we find James Greenleaf W(h)ittier.
Whence came Samuel Smiles?
Because he saw a hen reward Beecher.
Why did Miss Mu-loch up the silver?
Because she saw Flora Annie Steele.
When did Victor's mother urge him to become a tailor?
When she said, "Victor Hugo and Help John W. Drap-'er."—Life.

Many Varieties of Them.

"Second Cousin Philenda's youngest daughter, Mary Ella, is married," Farmer Hornbeak announced upon his return from the village. "Niece Theodosia stopped me as I was drivin along an told me to let you know that she'd just got a letter from Okonk, where Philenda's folks live, sayin that Mary Ella was married week before last to Professor—er—er—Somebody. I don't exactly recall what the name was."

"A professor?" returned Mrs. Hornbeak in pleased tone. "I guess, then, that she's made a good match of it an got a man of education an social standin, if so be that he's a professor. I'm real glad 'tis so too."

"Waal, I don't know," said the old man shrewdly. "That depends a good deal, 'cordin to my way of thinkin, on what variety of the species he belongs to, so to say. Theodosia didn't tell me, an I forgot to ask, whether he is a dancin master, a corn doctor, a piano tuner, a prizefighter, a boss physician, a layer on of hands, a balloonatic, a seventh son of a seventh son, a sword swallower, a phrenologist, a bicycle rider, a magician or an elastic skin man."—Leslie's Weekly.

Quite Possible He Knew.

Mrs. Binks (having just let her husband in)—Oh, John, it's raining!

After which remark Mr. Binks may not have been justified in what he said; but, anyway, we should have said the same.

Every working man should remember that Blue Ribbon Tea is packed in this country by white labor only. Are you drinking it?

"WHEN THIEVES FALL OUT."

The NEWS has repeatedly called attention to the repeated and needless changes of school books, and has mentioned the fact that the impression is gaining ground that certain publishers of text books, have a certain pull which enables them to foist on a long suffering public, a number of new editions of school books periodically, thus lining their pockets at the expense of the masses, many of who are ill able to afford the continued drain. By referring to a wire from Toronto re a writ issued by the Morang Co. and the Blackie Co., it seems there is a "School Book ring" in that province, and that members of this are in the habit of pilfering matter from copyright works. If there is a ring, and we believe there is, and that its influence reaches this province, it would be well that it be exposed. In any case, the everlasting changing of books should stop. Give us more "reading, 'riting, and 'rithmetic, and take off a tax which is fast becoming far too heavy for people to stand."

Complaints are being made that grouse are already being shot between this place and Roy's. If this be true, it is clearly a matter calling for greater vigilance of the police. The person who kills grouse now, when the young birds are scarcely quarter grown, should be given the full measure of the law, then taken out, well flogged with a mule whip, and have a dressing of salt, pepper and vinegar applied as a salve.

LOCALS.

Miss Addie Smith is home for her vacation.

Moore's for best bacon, hams and salt sides.

Messrs Barrett and Cressman caught a good basket of trout, with fly and troll, on the lake last week.

The Girls Trinity Club desire to thank the ladies who so kindly assisted by generous gifts, etc., to make the ice-cream festival a success. They also feel indebted to Mrs Piket for free use of hall.

Leiser's Big Store for camping outfits.

Wire fencing to keep your chickens in. Magnet Store.

The new engine started up Friday, but after hoisting a few trips, it became evident that the drums were not strong enough to stand the work. The full force of mechanics were put on to reinforce the parts with iron bands and lagging, and now that this has been done, and after the machinery gets well limbered up, the work of getting coal from the long inclines in No. 4 mine, will be made easy.

"Now" said the judge, to the defendant, "you were some time since, ordered to pay the sum of $5 per month towards liquidating plaintiff's judgment. Please inform the court why you have not complied with that order." "Va-al," said the big Swede, "ai taal you, ai been sick laang time, and ai tank ai been sick again, needer, Yaas!

One of our citizens has suggested having a gymkhana when the flagship is in Comox again, which is said to be next month, when she will stay for some time. The idea is a good one, and the ship's crews are in their glory when indulging in all fantastic games such as go to make a gym. If it could be arranged to have a ball game with the Nanaimo team on the same day, a most delightful holiday would be the result.

Mr T. Whyte, of the "Big Store," on Friday last got word of the serious illness of Mrs Whyte in Nanaimo, and left for that place at once. He went overland, biking it with Mr J. McNiven, making the ride to Nanaimo in less than 9 hours. Mrs Whyte had been ill from the result of an operation of skin grafting to one of her arms, which had been burned some time ago. We are pleased to say the lady is now progressing most favorably.

J. Walters, last week, carried his trunk across the road to a new boarding house. At least, Slim and Plunkey, and the rest of the gang say so. The fever takes the best of us Jimmy.

Try Campbell Bros. cream pies.

Work was resumed Friday, in No. 4 slope, the new engines having been put together by forced shifts. The machinery works as smoothly as a clock.

Reading the advertisements is the next thing to a tour of the markets. —Dry Goods Chronicle.

P. Dunne, tailor, of Extension, who is suffering from a severe attack of appendicitis, was brought into the Nanaimo Hospital yesterday evening to undergo an operation.

Miss Todd, the obliging and genial young lady of C. E. Stevenson & Co., left last Saturday. During her stay in Cumberland, she made many warm friends who regret to hear of her departure.

A BATCH OF BASILS.

Last week, Mrs A. McLaughlin blessed Abe with a baby girl. Mrs Sunel, a fine boy for Sammy, and Mrs Scavardo brought Frank a girl for luck. Wonder if the wet weather has anything to do with all this?

SCHOOL BOOK FIGHT.

Publishing Firms at War Over Copyright of Certain Articles.

Toronto, July 8th—(Special)—J. N. Morang & Co., and B. Blackie & Co., the latter an English publishing firm, on Saturday caused a writ to be issued to restrain Copp, Clark & Co., W. J. Gage & Co., and the Canada Publishing Co., from selling or exposing for sale copies of the second reader authorized for use in Ontario schools by the minister of education, on the ground that it contains reading from Blackie's and Morang's copyrighted works. Morang is fighting what he calls the school book ring, in this province, because they refused to give him a share of school book trade, while using in unauthorized readers selections that he claims to be his own.—Colonist.

RESERVE.

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

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

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

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

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

AREA 5—Consisting of Harbledown and Turner Islands.

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

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

CORPORATION OF THE

CITY OF CUMBERLAND

A BY-LAW.

TO REGULATE THE USE OF BICYCLES IN THE CITY OF CUMBERLAND.

WHEREAS it is deemed expedient that the use of bicycles in the city shall be regulated.

Be it therefore enacted by the Mayor and Council as follows:—

1. That no person shall ride or drive a bicycle at a pace exceeding six miles an hour on any street or alley.

2. That any person riding or driving a bicycle shall before the first day of August, 1901, have attached to such bicycle when so driven or ridden a bell that when sounded can be distinctly heard at a distance of at least 40 yards from such bicycle when in motion, and such person so riding such bicycle shall sound such bell when passing or meeting any other person, whether walking or driving when he arrives at a distance of 30 yards off such other persons so that the bell can be distinctly heard.

3. No person shall ride or use a bicycle on any sidewalks in the city.

4. Any person riding a bicycle shall move out of the way of any foot passengers and at such a distance so that such foot passengers shall not be inconvenienced by such bicycle.

5. All riders of bicycles shall pass any other bicycle or vehicle when meeting, so that such other bicycle or vehicle shall be on his or her right hand and when passing, on his or her left hand, and all drivers of vehicles shall pass all bicycles when meeting so that such bicycle shall have ample room on the beaten track to pass on his or her right hand and when passing on his or her left hand.

6. No person shall throw or place on any street, avenue, lane or public place or cycle track any tacks, broken glass or other sharp or obstructive material liable to injure or delay any bicycle propelled thereon, or knowingly permit any such material to remain on any street, lane or cycle path in front of any Premises owned or occupied by him or her.

7. That any person riding a bicycle shall have between the hours of sunset and sunrise during the months from the first of October to the first of May in each year, and from one hour after sunset to one hour before sunrise of each day from the first day of May to the first day of October of each year a light attached to such bicycle when so ridden, and such light shall be kept lighted and bright so that it can be clearly seen a distance of 20 yards from the front of the bicycle.

8. No person shall carry a child or children upon a bicycle or tricycle.

9. Every rider of a bicycle or tricycle shall at all times when riding the same have control of the vehicle by keeping one of his or her feet on the pedals and holding the handle bars, and in case a number of bicycles or tricycles are travelling together not more than two of them shall be allowed to go abreast.

10. All persons keeping bicycles for sale or hire shall keep posted up in a conspicuous place in the store in which the bicycles are kept a copy of this by-law and shall draw the attention of any person hiring bicycles to the said by-law and regulations thereof.

11. Any person or persons guilty of an infraction of any of the provisions of this by-law shall upon conviction before the Mayor, Police Magistrate, or any Justice or Justices of the Peace having jurisdiction in the City of Cumberland, on the oath or affirmation of any credible witness forfeit and pay at the discretion of said Mayor or Police Magistrate, Justice or Justices convicting, a penalty not exceeding twenty-five dollars and costs for each offence and in default of payment thereof it shall be lawful for the Mayor, Police Magistrate, Justice or Justices of the Peace convicting as aforesaid to issue a warrant under his hand and seal, or in case the said Mayor, Police Magistrate, Justice or Justices of the Peace or any two or more of them acting together therein, then under the hand and seal of one of them, to levy the said penalty and costs, or penalty or costs only by distress and sale of the offender or offenders goods and chattels; and in case of no sufficient distress to satisfy the said penalty and costs or penalty or costs, it shall and may be lawful for the Mayor, Police Magistrate, Justice or Justices convicting as aforesaid or any of them, to commit the offender or offenders to the common jail or any lock-up house in the City of Cumberland for any period not exceeding two months unless the said penalty and costs or penalty or costs be sooner paid.

Read the first time 20th day of May, 1901.

Read the second time 8th day of June, 1901.

Read the third time 17th day of June, 1901.

Reconsidered and finally passed the 15th day of July, 1901.

JAMES A. CARTHEW,
Mayor.

LAWRENCE W. NUNNS,
City Clerk.

jy17,3t

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