

Provincial Library 83

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

SEVENTH YEAR.

CUMBERLAND, B. C. SATURDAY, JULY 22nd 1899

Stock-taking Sale

When stock-taking time arrives, people usually expect bargains. That is quite natural, for it is known to be the general custom of merchants all over to clear out short ends and odd pieces of goods at small prices. This is what we are going to do right away, commencing Saturday, July 22nd.

Remnants of Prints, Flannelettes, Organdies, Muslins, Ribbons, and Laces, and Stuff Dress Goods at low prices, all marked in plain figures.

LACE CURTAINS—We have only a few pairs of each kind left now and they must go.

One doz. pairs regular \$2.50 curtains at \$1.95.

CORSETS—\$2.50 P. D. Corsets in black \$1.50

Zephyr and Berlin Wools 5 cents a layer, always have been 10 cents.

BOOTS & SHOES—We have several incomplete lines of Ladies' Half Shoes which we will clear out at reduced prices.

\$2.00 low shoe goes at \$1.60

\$1.50 " " " \$1.15

\$2.50 button shoe goes at \$2.00

Gentlemen will find it to their advantage to look over the balance of our stock of Gent's Shoes, for they are going cheap.

MEN'S UNDERWEAR—From 25 cents a piece up, and Top Shirts from 50 cents up. Call and see them.

MEN'S HATS—If there is anything we can give you a stunning bargain in it is in Hats. Step in and price them.

MEN'S SUITS—To be able to sell cheap and set the pace for competitors stock has to be bought cheap. Our stock was bought right and customers will get the benefit of close prices.

\$7.00 suit for \$5.00

\$8.00 " " \$5.75

\$10.00 " " \$7.50

\$12.50 " " \$9.75

\$18.00 " " \$14.50

Stevenson & Co.

CUMBERLAND, B. C.

NOTICE

For the Mutual Benefit of the MINERS OF CUMBERLAND

—AND—

SIMON LEISER.

NEW STOCK OF

Miners' Supplies

Clark's Patent Overalls in Blue and White. Ellis' Patent Miner's Flask, New Reflector Lamp. Copper Lamps.

EXTRA SPECIAL PICK HANDLES. COAL SHOVELS.

Give us a Call for our Mutual Benefits.

Simon Leiser, Union.

Nicholles & Renouf, Ltd.

61 YATES STREET, VICTORIA, B. C.

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

Agents for McCormick Harvesting Machinery.

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

Off the Wires

Spokane, N. J., July 18.—The New England Cotton Yarn Company with an authorized capital of \$11,500,000, filed papers of incorporation with the secretary of state to-day. The company is formed to weave cotton, flax, jute and linen. The stock is divided into \$6,000,000 preferred and \$5,000,000 common, the former to bear 7 per cent cumulative dividend and is subject to redemption after January 1, 1900, at \$140 for each \$100 share.

Seatonville, Ill., July 18.—Katie Herbertsheimer, who belongs to a highly respected family here, shot Chas. Salzman below the heart. He shot at her three three times, two shots taking effect in the neck. The man's chances of recovery are slim, while the girl is not seriously wounded. She drove in from her home near Princetown and called Salzman out of a saloon, where he was drinking. The man got into her rig and the two drove away. They had not proceeded far when Miss Herbertsheimer drew a revolver and shot Salzman in the abdomen. He fell over the dashboard but soon rallied and began to shoot at his assailant. Salzman is a young farmer living at Hollowayville, and is said to have been courting Miss Herbertsheimer for a long time. It is believed that his subsequent refusal to marry her was the cause of the shooting.

Semlin, Austria, July 19.—The fireman who attempted to assassinate former King Milan is a Bosnian named Knezevic. He had accomplices. During his fight Knezevic endeavored to shoot himself, and when he failed he jumped into the River Save, which joins the Danube at Belgrade, but he was dragged out by the police.

Butte, Mont., July 19.—While workmen were preparing to solder a leaky kerosene can at the Continental Oil Works to-day, a case of gasoline exploded, burning Robert Langstaff, one of the employees, so badly that he died that night. J. Gilston was badly burned. The other men say there was no fire near at the time.

San Francisco, July 20th.—The managers of the Glen Park in this city have raised the offer of a purse for the Jeffries-Sharkey match to \$60,000. If they get the fight they promise to make the general admission \$1 and at the rate expect an attendance of 100,000. The fight will be held in an open air arena.

Nanaimo, B. C., July 12.—Geo. Young, conductor on the E. & N. Ry., was killed this afternoon while coupling cars. He was single.

C. S. Ryder has been appointed Royal Hydrographer for this district. The following is the latest Hydrographic Report: July 19th, 1899, Hydrographic Report: That at 11 o'clock and 40 minutes there was a stream of water fell measuring 4393642 and 11-20ths feet that being the end of my tape can not state how much more fell.

Kamloops, 21.—An unknown man was found hanging from the limb of a tree near the Indian reserve here. Supposed to be a case of suicide as no person is missing at present. So far unidentified.

Vancouver, July 21.—There was a very animated scene at the C. P. R. Station yesterday as the treasure from the Garrone was being transferred from the wharf to the train. Unloading of Lippey party's treasure was a unique scene. The Boys walked around the wagon in short circles with revolvers in their belts as a cool half million was being loaded in to the express wagon. The Bank of Commerce also transferred a million in dust in boxes each containing 4,000 ounces. This all went to Seattle. There was two million in the mail car alone surrounded by three armed men while 250 miners who occupied the coaches had with them another million in afts and gold dust.

Vancouver did a roaring business with the 500 Klondykers let loose on her streets.

Victoria, B. C., July, 21.—Dixie H. Ross one of the most prominent business men died here yesterday.

Victoria, 21.—When nearing Port Simpson wharf the other day the Str. Boscowitz broke her shaft and had to be towed to Victoria. She arrived last evening in tow of the Capilano. Tug Czar sails for Comox to-day to tow the Transfer No. 1 to Vancouver for repairs.

Washington, July 19.—Secretary of war Alger has tendered his resignation to the President.

Seattle, July 19.—The loss of 12 members of the Elk Rotsobue Sd. party was reported from St. Michaels by the Str. Roanoke. The 12 men perished at various points on the trail. Scurvy, starvation and frost fell upon them. Mrs. W. B. Benns is the only survivor. She escaped death on the trail but in danger of scurvy. Her husband, fortune and friends were swept away by the wild trip across the Alaskan mountains.

Cowes, July 19.—The Shamrock in the trial against the Britannia won easily being a mile and a half ahead at the finish.

Victoria, July 19.—Semlin declines to say anything regarding the speech alleged to have been made by McInnes in the north.

The Board of health met this morning. No infectious diseases in the city.

Ottawa, July 19.—Supplementary estimates were presented to-day for a total of \$3,500,000 making appropriation to be voted this session. 1,750,000 with railway and bridge subsidies still come down, among the estimates is \$1,200 for a change of route of part of the Comox telegraph line from the woods to the new road between Qualicum and Union Bay.

HOTEL ARRIVALS.

Cumberland Hotel: C. B. Brown, J. H. Fleming, J. Whalen, J. H. Simpson, Vancouver, Prof. Clerc and Mrs. Clerc, H. Mahrer, Nanaimo.

Eye-sight is Priceless.

PROFESSOR J. GABRIEL CLERC, an EYE SPECIALIST of over 20 years practice, a graduate in French and American methods of fitting glasses to defective eyesight in the most complicated cases. Special care taken in fitting glasses to children. HEADACHE, MELANCHOLY and NERVOUS TROUBLES are often cured by properly fitted glasses. NEAR sighted eyes, FAR sighted eyes, DOUBLE sighted eyes, ACHING eyes, BLURRING eyes, TIRED eyes, SQUINTING eyes, and CROSS eyes are POSITIVELY CURED WITH GLASSES.

My PERFECTION EYE REMEDIES are the best for inflamed eyes and all disorders of the Eye-Lids.

Consultation Free of Charge at Cumberland Hotel.

Notice

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given to the electors of the Municipality of Cumberland that I require the presence of the said Electors at City Hall, Cumberland, B. C., on Friday, the 28th day of July, 1899, at 12 o'clock noon, for the purpose of electing a mayor and one person to represent them in the South Ward.

The mode of nomination of candidates shall be as follows:

The Candidate shall be nominated in writing; the writing shall be subscribed by two voters of the Municipality as proposer and seconder, and shall be delivered to the Returning Officer at any time between the date of the notice and 2 p. m. of the day of the nomination, and in the event of a poll will be opened on Tuesday, the 1st day of August, 1899, at the City Hall, Cumberland, of which every person is hereby required to take notice and govern himself accordingly.

The qualification of candidate for Mayor is as follows:

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

The qualification as candidate for Alderman is as follows:

He must be a male British subject of the full age of twenty-one years and not disqualified under any law and have been for the six months next preceding the day of nomination the registered owner in the Land Registry Office of land or real property in the city of the assessed value on the last municipal assessment roll of \$500.00 or more, over and above and registered incumbrance or charge, and who is otherwise qualified as a municipal voter.

Given under my hand at the City of Cumberland, 22nd day of July, 1899.

LAWRENCE W. NUNNS,

RETURNING OFFICER.

THE LARGEST

and most Complete Stock of

Musical

Instruments in B.C.

FLETCHER BROS.

88 Government St.

Victoria, B. C.

P. O. Box 143.

PIANOS, ORGANS,

GUITARS,

MANDOLINS,

BANJOS,

AUTOHARPS,

All the latest Sheet Music and Folios. Finest Strings for all instruments. Agents for the popular Domestic Sewing Machines. Needles and parts for all machines. Send for Catalogue.

OUT IN THE FIELDS.

The little crows that fretted me,
I lost them yesterday
Among the fields above the sea,
Among the winds at play,
Among the lowing of the herds,
The rustling of the trees,
Among the singing of the birds,
The humming of the bees.

The foolish fears of what might pass,
I cast them all away
Among the clover scented grass,
Among the new mown hay,
Among the hushing of the corn
Where drowsy poppies nod,
Where ill thoughts die and good are born—
Out in the fields with God!

—St. Paul's.

AH LON.

Ah Lon was 16, and, considering that she had grown up in China Town, remarkably sweet, albeit with a tinge of bitterness. She was also pretty, with soft curves in her face and intelligence in her large, oblique eyes. She wore a neat frock of dark blue linen, made with a long square Chinese jacket and full trousers. A round club of wood fitting the nape of her neck was her pillow. She could only afford to have her hair combed with the seven combs, and worked into shining curls, stuck fast with pomatums, then pinned fast upon her head.

For Ah Lon was not the daughter of a rich merchant, but of a poor seamstress, who lived in a rickety old building, more respectable than many in China Town, but patronized by rats if not by opium fiends. Ah Lon and her mother, a withered old woman with a determined temper, lived on the third floor, and sewed week in and week out for the Chinese women who spent the dollars of the rich merchants.

Until Ah Lon passed her fifteenth birthday she was happy enough. From her window she could look into the grand restaurant opposite, whose walls were of carved wood gilded, and whose balconies were crowded with palms in beautiful vases and hung with Chinese lanterns. There was a banquet almost every night, and the wealthy merchants in their satin and crepe garments sat about the little tables and dined off tiny plates of tinier portions, while women sat close by and sang in monotonous, discordant voices. The opium smokers lay on marble couches in the recesses of the rooms and looked with filmy scorn upon the beasts who cared for food. Once a week Ah Lon went with her mother to the josshouse and worshiped the magnificent idols of ivory and gold, and once she went to the theater and listened for three hours to a play she could not understand. But, although there was no scenery, she admired the gorgeous gold embroidered robes of the actors so much that she forgot to be bored, and finally went to sleep on her mother's shoulder.

Beyond these brief experiences, and what she saw from her eyrie, Ah Lon knew nothing of the world. Her mother had told her once that outside of China town—a swarming precinct not a half mile square—was a great dust colored city called San Francisco, wherein only an occasional washhouse bore the faintest resemblance to any of her native place. But Ah Lon had never seen it, although strange foreign looking people came sometimes with a policeman to poke their noses about China Town, to the phlegmatic contempt of the race that bled and despised them.

"Mother," said Ah Lon one day, "some girls have fathers. Have I not one?"

"Perhaps," said the mother, whose wrinkled eye sockets suddenly contracted.

"Where, then, is he?"

"Under the pavement in a bunk, smoking opium night and day—unless he is dead."

Ah Lon stared at her mother with expanded eyes. She knew that life was not particularly interesting for little girls whose mothers were poor, but it was her first intimation that it might be ugly. Usually, when her mother spoke at all, it was to give her daughter brief orders. Upon rare occasions Wo Ling talked of the Flowery Kingdom of her youth, rocking herself back and forth and crouching the while.

"Will he never come back?"

"Ask no more," interrupted her mother fiercely. "I have told you this that you may know what will befall you if you marry. He beat me and he beat you, but you were too young when he deserted us to remember. We were not so poor then, and had saved money. He took it all to buy him opium in a hole underground, and left us to work our fingers to the bone. Never shall you marry so long as I have strength in my right arm to beat you."

"But are all men alike?" asked Ah Lon naively. She had seen slim and prosperous looking young men sit down to dinner opposite.

"All that you will ever meet. Talk no more."

But a week later Ah Lon came home one day after delivering a dozen little jackets for a merchant's child and found Wo Ling pounding her knees with her clinched hands. The woman's patient face was contorted, her eyes glittered with the sunken fires of her nature. It was the first time that Ah Lon had seen her mother excited, and she dropped the little bag of silver to the floor and stood wringing her hands.

"What is it?" she asked. "What is it?"

Wo Ling clasped her hands hard together and set her face.

"Your father," she said. And it was some moments before she could speak again.

"He is dead?" asked Ah Lon in a whisper.

Wo Ling shook her head. Finally she spoke. "He has been doing work for one of the rival secret societies—those who rule us here in China Town and our own souls, who murder and are never caught by the big white policemen with the clubs; he has done murder and all kinds of terrible work for one of these societies—I do not know which—and the other knows of it at last and is hunting him down. He sends me word that he will come here tonight and that I must hide him."

In spite of her horror Ah Lon thrilled with the first excitement which had come into her life.

"He will come?" she gasped.

"Yes, but he shall not stay. When the highbinders follow, they can have him."

Ah Lon had never contradicted her mother—indeed, she had thought her second in wisdom only to the priest in the josshouse. But the inherited instinct rose in rebellion, and she said timidly:

"He is my father. I should like to protect him."

Wo Ling sprang to her feet and catching Ah Lon by the shoulder hurried her out to the little balcony and pointed downward to a large shop, whose windows glittered with masses of rich stuffs and delicate china.

"You see that," she said hoarsely. "It is owned by the rich merchant, Wong Tee. Such another would your father have been had he not loved opium more than the girl who followed him from China—cast forth by her parents—to grow old and bent and weary in an attic. And I was as beautiful when he left me as you are today—and at 30 you, too, will be old and bent and weary." She wheeled Ah Lon about and pointed to the little dingy, ill furnished room with the holes the rats had made and the great pile of work. "It will be like that as long as you live," she said. "Shall I not take vengeance on the man?"

Ah Lon, deeply impressed, did not know what answer to make, so she fell to weeping bitterly. Her mother released her, and prepared the evening meal of rice and sausage. Soon after, Ah Lon went into the small room adjoining and crept into her bunk, knowing that she should not sleep that night.

Twice she peered through a crack in the door and saw her mother sitting there, her hands pressed hard against her knees, her head strained forward, her eyes wild. A town clock was booming 2 when Wo Ling, without moving her head, called in a loud whisper:

"Ah Lon."

Her daughter ran to her.

"He is coming," said Wo Ling. "Go down stairs and bring him safely here."

Ah Lon marveled at what she could not understand in her mother's voice, and forgot her fear of rats. She slipped hastily down through the black well of the stair, stopping several times to listen intently. At last she heard some one panting as if in terror, and a moment later stumbled over an ill smelling heap.

"Ling Tang?" she asked rapidly. "I am Ah Lon, your daughter. Wo Ling waits you, and will give you food. We have sausages and rice."

She turned and ran up stairs. The heap gathered itself together and followed slowly.

"He comes," she said to her mother. And she waited, trembling with curiosity. Wo Ling raised herself to her full height, which was above that of most Chinese women.

The man entered. He had nothing in common with his moon faced compatriots of the streets, who looked comparatively clean and well fed, and Ah Lon could not know that underground there were many like him. He was in rags, and what they covered might have rattled, he was so fleshless. His face was wrinkled hide and bony structure, and sparse gray hair fell about it and from his cheeks and chin. He looked 100, and he may have been 35. Ah Lon gave a cry and fled to the bedroom, slamming the door behind her. But Wo Ling took the wreck in her arms—Gertrude Atherton in Lady's Realm.

Skyscrapers Very Old.

Lanciani, the famous Roman archaeologist, has shown that in the Rome of the Caesars trouble was experienced with high buildings. A law was passed restricting the height of fronts to 60 feet. In order to evade it builders adopted the practice of carrying up the rear portion several stories more. Other laws bearing on the heights of buildings were passed in older times. There was a tendency to diminish the height of stories as the buildings increased in size, and a height of 130 feet was probably attained. It is believed that the ceilings were so low that a man could not stand upright in the rooms.—Green Bag.

Striking a Bargain.

"Do you love sister?" asked the terrible boy of Pitcher street who was temporarily entertaining a regular caller. "That's a leading question, young man." "She said last night that she'd give \$10 to know, and I need it. Say, own up, and I'll give you half."—Detroit Free Press.

LIVING A FAIRY TALE

LITTLE ESKIMO BOY WHO IS BEING EDUCATED IN NEW YORK

Brought From the Far North by Lieutenant Peary. He Is Transplanted Into a Land Where Everything Seems Wonderful and Miraculous.

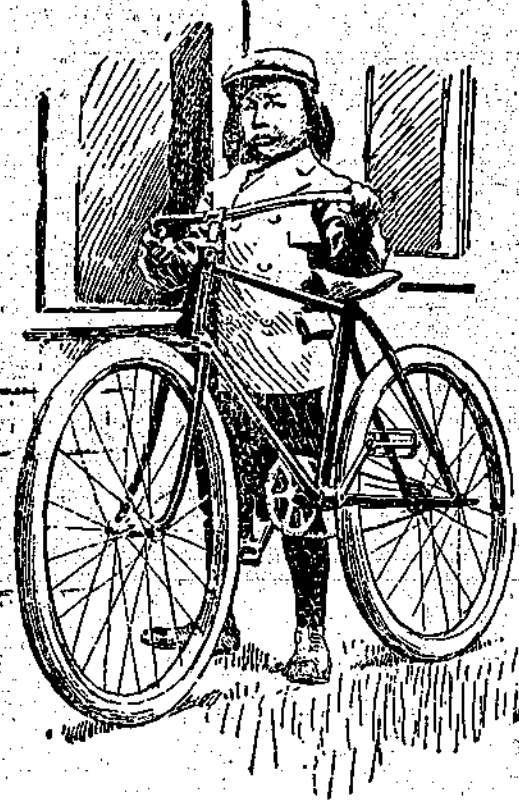
There is a boy in New York to whom the experiences of the past 18 months must seem like the most wonderful fairy tale ever imagined. About a year and a half ago he was living in a snow hut half way between the arctic circle and the north pole. He was one of the Smith sound Eskimos, a tribe living in the most northerly inhabited part of the globe.

The northern lights, the crash of newborn icebergs, the thunder and groan of storm driven flocks, the solemn, awful grandeur of the long arctic night and all those visible manifestations of polar mysteries were as familiar to him as are electric lights and the rattle of the trucks to us. But of the merest commonplace of our civilized life he knew nothing at all. A burning jet of gas, a water faucet, a cable car, even a brick building of ordinary height, was to him a thing miraculous.

Yet now this little Eskimo boy lives in the center of our highest civilization and is being educated according to the most modern methods. A year ago he lived among people whose mental vision was of the narrowest. Now he constantly meets men of the highest enlightenment.

The subject of this most fascinating experiment in ethnology is known as Mene. He is one of the six members of the tribe whom Lieutenant Peary brought back with him from his last trip. He is also one of the survivors, for several of them died as a result of the climatic change.

Mene was for some time in charge of Dr. Franz Boas of the New York Museum of Natural History. The scientist soon discovered that the boy was the brightest member of the party. Besides his mental qualities, the child had a disposition so pleasant and winning.



MENE, THE ESKIMO BOY.

that it made many friends for him, and when, last spring, it was planned to break up the little band, two or three of whom were to return north with Lieutenant Peary, Mr. Wallace of the museum expressed his desire to take Mene into his family and bring him up with his own son, who is two years older than the little Eskimo.

This project was put into effect at once, and Mene—Mene Wallace," as he calls himself—has enjoyed the advantages of that home ever since. He has not been legally adopted, but Morris K. Jesup, the president of the museum, who is very much interested in the boy, is rather anxious that he should be, and Mr. Wallace says that it will probably be done in the course of time.

Mrs. Wallace has taken the deepest interest in assuming charge of the little protege from the north, and to her is due much of the credit for the remarkable rapidity with which he has developed in every way since he entered her household. It is pretty safe to say that there is no better behaved 9-year-old boy of any nationality than Mene is today.

Mene's days are well occupied, for besides his regular attendance at a public school he has a private tutor. This is in order to help him on as rapidly as possible in his study of English and thus enable him to keep up with his class.

His manner of talking is still, of course, broken and faulty. Occasionally, when he attempts long explanations, it is a little unintelligible, but, as a matter of fact, he can almost always make himself understood and is improving daily with wonderful speed. He pronounces his English words correctly, without any peculiarity of accent. He still remembers most of the Eskimo words that he knew in his northern home, but he shows signs of forgetting them unless he is made to repeat them frequently.

Dr. Boas and one or two other students of the Eskimo tongue often get the boy to talk with them and endeavor to learn from him something about the almost unknown language of his race.

Mene is of average height for his age and is stockily built. He is exceptionally strong in his muscular development and in wrestling can easily vanquish much larger boys than himself. His face is broad, with high cheek bones, and his brown eyes are set a trifle obliquely, as in the Mongolian type of countenance. A healthy red glow through the dark skin on his plump cheeks, and he has entirely recovered from the sickness which he as well as the others suffered last winter.

His hair is straight, black and rather coarse. His expression has gained wonderfully in intelligence within the last year.

In his play hours he is like any other healthy, happy boy, and he enjoys the same amusements as his constant comrade, Willie Wallace. They have bicycles and a pony, which they drive to a little cart, and skating is a favorite sport with them at this season.

What kind of a man he is going to be when he grows up and whether or not he can adapt his Eskimo intellect to the problems of civilized existence are the interesting phases of this experiment.

ALFRED R. ROWLEY.

Novelists and Babies.

The Medical Press and Circular brings a serious charge against modern novelists of being absurdly untrue to nature in one most important particular. It appears that the novelist of today absolutely ignores vital statistics. He or she is lavish enough with marriages and revels in deaths, but seldom condescends to a birth.

Now, if nature acted in this way The Medical Press and Circular is right in saying that before long there would be neither novelists nor readers left upon the face of the globe. For instance, suppose things really went on in the style of Mr. Anthony Hope's "Prisoner of Zenda." In this stirring tale there are on an average five deaths to every chapter, with not a single birth in the whole book. At this rate, as The Medical Press points out, the world would speedily become depopulated.

In Dickens' day it was far different, and in "David Copperfield" and other books he brought plenty of young hopefuls into the world, in proper keeping with the birth rate of the country. Did he not give prominence to Mrs. Gamp and Betsy Prig, whose sole concern was to usher in the coming generation?

A Good Bluff.

Wise Willie—Nex' time yer beg fer suthin ask fer it in ther "interes" uv science.

Soiled Sammy—What good's dat? Wise Willie—Why, dat's de way to make a fake work.—New York Journal.

Unavoidable.

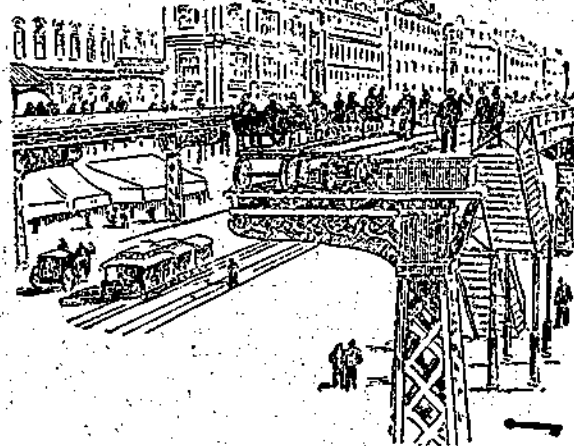
Mamma—Gladys, you had better accept young Mr. Dolley. It is an offer not to be sneezed at.

Gladys—But how can I—kerchoo—help it, with this—kerchoo—influenza?—Harlem Life.

MOVING SIDEWALKS.

A Proposed Unique Feature of the Paris Exposition Next Year.

One of the features of the Paris Exhibition will be a series of moving sidewalks (trottoirs mobiles) constructed on a scale sufficiently large to demonstrate the practicability of their general introduction into the large cities of the world. Two of these moving sidewalks or platforms are to be erected along the banks of the Seine to connect the new exhibition grounds with the old, and will be nine miles in length. It is expected that these sidewalks will be most useful in relieving the congestion which is sure to occur along these strips of the river bank.



MOVING SIDEWALKS.

One of the sidewalks, which will be entirely within the exhibition grounds, will be built on the ground, as there will be no streets for it to cross, but in the case of the other, which will run on the north bank of the river, the construction will be on the elevated principle, as shown in the accompanying illustration. In each case the moving sidewalks will be triple. One strip will be stationary, another will be kept moving at the rate of three miles an hour, while the other will be always moving at a rate of close on six miles an hour. The motive power employed will be electricity, and each rolling platform is furnished with a continuous rail, and is pushed forward by fixed rollers. The two moving platforms will be operated by the same motive power, which is applied at regular intervals throughout the length of the line. Meanwhile, a short experimental strip of moving sidewalks has been constructed at Saint-Ouen, which is being used every day by large numbers of deeply interested Parisians, who are ever on the lookout for novelty, and who find in this sidewalk one that exactly suits their fancy. The proprietors of this new venture have already realized a considerable sum of money from it.

At the Telephone.

Casey—Who does yez want ter see? Grogan—Dunnohue. Casey—Who did yez say? Grogan—Dunnohue—Dunnohue! Casey—Well, if yez dunno who, how the devil do I know who?—Scribner's Magazine.

Both Unendurable.

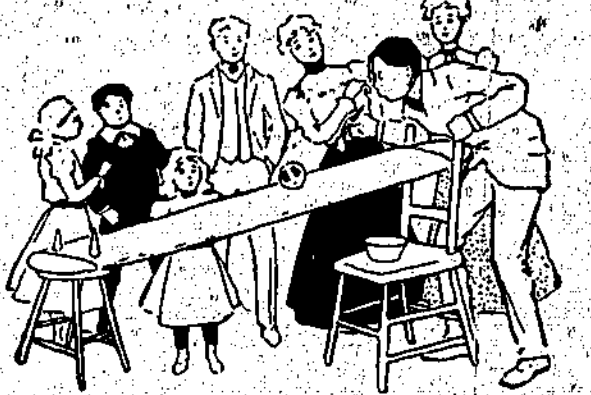
Dukane—Spiffins is insufferable. He is always saying, "I told you so." Gaswell—He isn't as bad as Snagga. Snagga is always explaining in great detail how his plans happened to fail.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

THE BUBBLE GAME.

How You Can Have a Lot of Fun With Simple Appliances.

Probably the liveliest amusement for an evening party may be enjoyed by means of a cake of brown soap and a number of common clay pipes. The game should be played in the dining room, where a basin of strong soapuds is placed in the center of the table. The young folks are given clay pipes with neat ribbons attached, and an ironing board covered with cloth is rested on the backs of two chairs of different height. At the lower end of the board two pieces of wood are fastened, so as to stand upright on either side of the board.



A CRITICAL MOMENT.

forming a goal. Now, the object of the game is for each player in turn to dip his pipe in the suds, blow a bubble, drop it on the upper end of the board, and carefully blow it forward and, if possible through the goal. As it is very difficult to drop the bubble on the board each one is given three chances, and finally the one who succeeds in blowing the most bubbles through the goal is the winner. Prizes may be awarded.

At the end of the game, if a number of persons have made the same number of "goals," a further interesting bubble contest can be introduced. All should start together to blow large bubbles, the one who blows the largest being the winner of the contest.

The addition of a small amount of glycerin to the soapuds will make the games easier, preserving the bubbles to greater size and strength.

Further fun may be had by two, three or four persons blowing one large bubble by placing the pipes together as the bubbles are being blown.—Boston Herald.

A Bird's Shower Bath.

Through the open windows in a New England village come many bird songs, but none strikes the ear with more distinctness than the frequently reiterated call of "chebeck," the least flycatcher. Like all its family, it snaps its bill when it catches a fly and shakes its wings and tail to emphasize its remarks. The least is a most friendly little bird, who quickly responds to kindness. A story is told of a pair that began by coming to a house for cotton for their nest and finally drew nearer and nearer till they built in a clump of honeysuckle in a corner of the piazza and made friends of the whole family. Another is told of a chebeck, the pet of a lady whose shrubby yard had many nesting birds. Almost every day through the summer, when she would go out to water her garden at 3 o'clock, the chebeck would come flying in to have her give him a shower bath. While waiting for her to get out the hose he would fly down on the fence and begin his talk. Then she would come up within five or six feet of him and turn the hose upon him gently. In describing it she says, "Of course he doesn't like a very heavy shower, but just bewet and between, and when he has had enough he flies into the bushes and preens himself beautifully."—Humane Alliance.

The Mother's Pride.

I have four little faithful guardsmen. The pride of a fond mother's heart. There you see them like soldiers in waiting. Each one ready to do his full part.

True, I often find stains on my carpet. The traces of small muddy boots.



While I see your fair tapestry glowing, All spotted with blossoms and fruits.

You may keep your fair home, with its order, Its freedom from bother and noise; You may keep your fanciful leisure, And I'll keep my four darling boys!—Good Housekeeping.

Her Idea of Punishment.

There are many who think that had they but been born in a higher sphere of life they would have known what complete happiness meant. That this would not have been the case the following story goes a good deal toward showing, says the New York Herald. It was against the strict etiquette of the Dutch court for the young Queen Wilhelmina to be allowed to play with any other little boys and girls, and so she grew up practically alone. Wilhelmina was only about 6 or 7 years of age when she was one day overheard playing with her dolls. One wax baby misadvised itself in some way, and the small mother, holding up a warning finger, said sternly:

"If you are so naughty, I shall make you into a princess, and then you won't have any other children to play with, and you'll always have to throw kisses with your hands whenever you go out driving." This she evidently considered the most severe punishment that could be administered.

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS

CUMBERLAND, B.C.

Male Dentistry.

A Mexican mining company, which owns 300 mules, keeps a dentist on its staff simply to look after the mules' teeth.

One of Mr. Mule's amiable weaknesses is the habit of bolting his food, which frequently causes dyspepsia or other diseases. This bolting of his food is not caused by a desire to hasten his meal, but because his molars, or back teeth, having more work to perform than his front teeth, wear away in the course of a few years and become much shorter than the front ones, thus allowing the food to pass into the stomach without being properly masticated. In cases of this kind the incisors, or front teeth, have to be filed down an eighth or a quarter of an inch.

The molars of the mule are three and a half inches in length, while the incisors measure two and a half inches, and, judging from his signs of pain, the nerves are as sensitive as those of human beings. An expert dentist operates on 24 mules a day.

The extracting instruments are from two to three feet in length, and the entire case of instruments weighs fully 50 pounds. The teeth of every mine mule are examined and treated, if necessary, once or twice a year.

Are your corns harder to remove than those that others have had? Have they not had the same kind? Have they not been cured by using Holloway's Corn Cure? Try a bottle.

Ask for Minard's Liniment and take no other.

Those Absurd Questions.



"Hello, Jim! Playin' hooky?"
Jim—Say, d'yer tink I'm loafin' own here for me health?—New York Journal.

Minard's Liniment is used by Physicians.

A Mistake Corrected.

It has been said that speech was given man to conceal his thoughts. This is not the true answer. Speech was given to man to prevent other people from talking.

Mated.

"There's no fool like the old man who married a young woman."
"I don't know. There's the young woman who marries the old man."—Chicago Record.

HE HAS TRIED IT.—Mr. John Anderson, Kinross, writes: "I venture to say few, if any, have received greater benefit from the use of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil than I have. I have used it regularly for over ten years, and have recommended it to all sufferers I know of, and they also found it of great virtue in cases of severe bronchitis and incipient consumption."

A KICKER FROM KICKERVILLE

Why couldn't this world of beauty and law have been formed on a different plan?
Why pretend it is perfect and quite without flaw?
When it's plain to the dullest man That a thousand improvements might be made
In his own little corner alone,
If his modesty did not make him afraid To let his ideas be known.
Why couldn't, for instance, coal be clean (To begin with a housewife's woes)?
Why couldn't the odor of kerosene Suggest the odor of roses?
Why couldn't milk and butter retain The scent of the clover and hay As well as that of turnip or drain Or the stable over the way?
Why couldn't window panes stay bright With a touch of the labor and sweat?
Why, in the name of health and light, Couldn't dust have been left out?
Why couldn't fire burn as well In a blizzard as in a thaw?
Why couldn't strawberries grow in a shell Why couldn't we like things raw?
Why couldn't bacteria dwell elsewhere Than in what we daily use?
Why couldn't we breathe our native air Without shaking in our shoes?
Why couldn't it seem as easy to live As it sometimes seems to die?
Why couldn't—but none can an answer give And echo answers, "Why?"
—Boston Transcript

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

A TURKISH WEDDING.

The Ceremony Occurs at Night and Occupies Four Hours.

A wedding is always an interesting event, even to those who are not directly concerned in it. Whereas the ceremony of "tying the knot" only takes a few minutes in Christian countries, it lasts in Cairo from 7 o'clock in the evening to 11, and is like enacting a chapter in the "Arabian Nights."

With difficulty we made our way to the gate of the large garden in front of the pasha's palace, the entire facade of which was brilliantly illuminated and within which the wedding ceremony was about to take place.

The ladies were immediately taken away from us and conducted to the harem; our men being shown into a room, beside another reserved for the natives—men everywhere, but not a woman.

After awhile we were invited into the large dining hall, where we were rejoined by the ladies, but only the ladies of our own party, and all sat down to dinner. And such a dinner! I cannot give the menu.

What took place in the harem is best told by one of the ladies. She said: "I was ushered through a long, narrow stone passage, lighted by torches held by negroes, and suddenly found myself in a large room, the harem, brilliantly lighted by electricity, with a number of beautiful women with pencilled eyebrows and red stained finger nails, lightly clad and unveiled, sitting on richly covered divans. Their costumes were of costly fabrics, and they were covered with diamonds and pearls."

"In the middle of the room was a bower of roses for the bride, and on all sides were rare oriental carpets and embroideries. After waiting an hour in the harem the bride appeared, walked to the bower and sat down in it. After another long wait the bridegroom came."

"He went directly to the bower, raised the veil of the bride, who was beautiful and whom he saw for the first time, placed a magnificent diamond necklace over her head and led her away. After this ceremony a procession formed in the garden and marched around it to the sound of music. Then the bridegroom's best man came out and made a speech on his behalf, which was replied to by one chosen for the purpose. After this the crowd began to disperse, and all was over."—Paris Herald.

Chronic Bronchitis Cured.

Mr. Charles E. Reid, the leading druggist of Revelstoke, B. C., says: "I have every reason to believe Griffiths' Menthol Liniment will cure chronic bronchitis. A lady customer says she has been troubled with chronic bronchitis for years, and that this liniment has cured her completely. It always gives the best satisfaction to my customers. 25 cents. All druggists."

Minard's Liniment the Lumberman's Friend.

His Complexion.

"De lady of de house insulted me by the offer of a piece o' soap," said Meander Mike. "She's one o' dese prejudiced people. She took a dislike to me simply because me complexion was sandy."

"Go 'way!" exclaimed Plodding Pete. "You ain't no blond."

"I know it. But I sleep in a gravel bank last night."—Washington Star.

The healthy glow disappearing from the cheek and moping and restlessness at night are sure symptoms of worms in children. Do not fail to get a bottle of Mother Graves' Worm Expeller; it is an effectual medicine.

Never Touched Him.

The experienced old inhabitant knows too much to be caught in a cyclone.

After a terrific storm which wrecked numerous houses in a Georgia settlement a coroner's jury was startled to see the ground breaking a few feet from where they were standing.

Presently a head and shoulders emerged from it and the old inhabitant crawled out.

He surveyed the debris scattered around, yawned, stretched his limbs and said:

"Pears like you had somethin' of a hurricane roan' here. I crawled in jest two hours 'fore it lit!"—Atlanta Constitution.

The winners of the sewing machines in the Royal Crown Soap Co.'s competition for the week ending May 20th are as follows: Winnipeg, Mrs. J. H. Frost, 388 Logan avenue; Manitoba, Oscar Birton, St. Norbert; Northwest Territories, W. A. Logan, Wapella, Assa. All persons wishing to enter this competition must have their coupons in before six o'clock on Saturday, the 27th inst., as it will be discontinued after that date. The last drawing will take place on Monday, May 29th.

Misinformation.

She (severely)—I have been informed that you intend to give a bachelor dinner to your friends on the day before we are to be married. Now, as I understand it, a bachelor dinner is for the purpose of taking leave of a gang of fellows whom no gentleman would introduce to his wife, and I should just like to know why a gentleman should have such—

He—My dear, you have been misinformed. I haven't the least intention of giving a bachelor dinner or taking leave of anybody.

"You haven't?"

"Of course not. I shall meet them every night at the club 'ust the same as before."

A CURE FOR FEVER AND AGUE.—Parneley's Vegetable Pills are compounded for use in any climate, and they will be found to preserve their powers in any latitude. In fever and ague they act upon the secretions and neutralize the poison which has found its way into the blood. They correct the impurities which find entrance into the system through drinking water or food, and if used as a preventive fevers are avoided.

Permanent Cure of Chronic Constipation.

Perhaps you've suffered with constipation for years, tried all the pills and purgatives you ever heard of or read of, without getting any more relief than the one dose of the medicine afforded.

Then you were left worse than before, bowels bound harder than ever, the constipation aggravated instead of cured. All the miseries of constipation—Headache, Sick Stomach, Biliousness, Pimples, Eruptions, Blisters, Blotches, Piles, and a thousand and one other ills crowded back on you again with redoubled severity.

Wouldn't you consider it a blessing to be cured of your constipation so that it would stay cured? So that a repetition of all the suffering you have endured would never come again? Burdock Blood Bitters can cure you—cure so that the cure will be permanent.

That's where it differs from all other remedies. It makes a thorough renovation of the whole intestinal tract, tones the bowel wall, acts on the liver and stomach, and causes all the digestive and secretory organs to so work harmoniously and perform their functions properly and perfectly that constipation, with all its attendant sickness, suffering and ill health, become a thing of the past.

Miss Arabella Jolie, living at 99 Carrière Street, Montreal, Que., bears out all we say in regard to the efficacy of Burdock Blood Bitters in curing constipation permanently. This is her statement:

"For over a year I suffered a great deal from persistent constipation and could only get temporary relief from the various remedies I tried until I started using Burdock Blood Bitters. I am thankful to say that this remedy has completely and permanently cured me and I have had no return of the constipation."



A Typical Boy.

A lecturer in Colorado asked: "Where else in the world will you find in one spot, outside of this state, such products as marble, iron, freckle, chalk, copper, lead, slate, fruits of all kinds, hemp, flax, all manner of grains and—but why enumerate them? Where? I say—"

To which a man in the audience promptly replied: "In my boy's pocket."—Boston Transcript.

The Goddess of Liberty.

Mr. Wear—Why in creation don't you go to bed?

Mrs. Wear—I must wait up for the girl.

"Why don't you lock her out?"
"I'm afraid she'd stay out."—New York Weekly.

Absolutely Full.

First Manager—They tell me you played to standing room only out in Wayback?

Second Manager—Yes, there wasn't a seat sold in the house.—Yonkers Statesman.

The czar, it is said, though not so fond of extraordinary precautions as sometimes represented to be, is highly nervous. He prefers a small staff whom he can really trust around him to a larger one, such as his father used to have.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the house.

HIGH GRADE PLOWS, SEEDING MACHINES, Harrows, Mowers, and other implements. See COCKSHUTT PLOW CO., Winnipeg.

BALD HEADS prevented by using

DORE'S DANDRUFF CURE

BARBER SHOPS give Trial Treatment at the application, or large bottle at druggists, 50c. Bottle expressed, \$1.00. Sample with booklet on the hair, 10c. post-paid.

JONES BROS. & CO., Toronto.

Strictly Up to Date.

"I see," remarked Deadbroke, "that you advertise an up to date boarding house. I suppose that refers to the service and appointments."

"No, indeed," replied the landlady, "that refers exclusively to the boarders. I don't keep any one who gets behind."—Philadelphia Record.

Swiss Purse Are Small.

Switzerland is the poorest field for professional racing cyclists. The biggest prize of the year, the Grand Prix, amounts to \$100 as against \$2,000 for the corresponding prize in Paris. Racing men can learn how to starve there.

THE PHILIPPINES.

Instead of playing a long engagement in Manila Aguinaldo has decided on a number of one night stands in the provinces.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A camera fiend at Manila fell into the hands of the Filipinos and was tortured. Those Filipinos may not be utterly bad after all.—New York Tribune.

A Manila restaurant now serves "Livres and Bacone American Style." The next progressive jump may land that restaurateur in the "Corne Boefe Hasche."—Denver Post.

"It doesn't require a palmist to read that hand," remarked Aguinaldo pensively as General Otis dropped four aces on the board and reached for the pile.—Minneapolis Journal.

Mismanagement

The disappointment caused by the mismanagement of the Winnipeg branch of our business is such as to have advised a

MAMMOTH CLOSING SALE

To this end we commence with this announcement:

THE BIGGEST WALL PAPER SALE

MANITOBA HAS EVER KNOWN.

The mismanagement has been such as to accumulate a ponderous stock, all of which will be sacrificed during this sale to continue throughout June and July.

The head of the firm will remain in Winnipeg during the closing of the business.

C. B. SCANTLEBURY,

496 MAIN STREET, JUST AT THE BEND OF THE STREET

NOTE.—If you cannot visit the city send a postcard. Write: "Please send samples of Wall Paper, for Bedroom, Parlor or Hall, prices not higher than 25c per single roll." Sign name and address.



E. CARTLY PARKER

12 ADELAIDE ST. E., TORONTO.

ALL STANDARD BRITISH COLUMBIA, ONTARIO AND REPUBLIC STOCKS DEALT IN ON COMMISSION.

I am offering some attractive money making stocks just now. It will pay you to keep in touch with me. CODES: Bedford McNeill, Clough's, Moring & Neale.

MEMBER OF THE STANDARD MINING EXCHANGE.



It is

Chase & Sanborn's

Seal Brand Coffee,

reason enough why it is popular.

LUCAS, STEELE & BRISTOL Circle Tea Importers of Groceries L. S. & B. Coffees, L. S. & B. Extracts, Wm. U. S. Hamilton, Ont. L. S. & B. Spices

SUFFERING WOMEN

I can cure permanently all diseases peculiar to women, such as displacements, inflammations and ulceration of womb, painful, suppressed and irregular menstruation, leucorrhoea, etc. WRITE FOR FREE BOOK. Mrs. Julia B. Richard, Box 996, Montreal, Que.

REID'S PIANOS

In touch, tone and finish they have no equal. Correspondents wanted in every town to act as agents. REID BROS., 257 King St., West, Toronto.

GRAND JEWEL COOK STOVES

Buy and use them and you will be delighted with results. If not satisfied money refunded. Manufactured by Burrow, Stewart & Milne, Hamilton, Can.

MANITOBA DEPOT, 132 Princess St., Winnipeg. Ask your dealer for GRAND JEWEL. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

WE MAKE FURNACES TOO.

BRITANNIA, BEAVER and BUFFALO are the finest India and Ceylon TEAS packed. Put up by MacKENZIE & MILLS, Winnipeg

BINDER TWINE.

SELECTED MANILA HIGH GRADE MANILA

(All made this season from Pure Manila Hemp) Ask for Prices and Samples. Special inducements to carload buyers.

THE INDEPENDENT CORDAGE CO. (Limited), Toronto.

Manufacturers of Manila and Sisal Binder Twine and Rope of every description.

Correspondence

Instruction given by mail to those who cannot attend college. Full particulars on application to G. W. DONALD, Sec. Winnipeg Business College.

W. N. U. 222

It's no Trick



To make Biscuits, Ruffles, etc., nice and light and wholesome when you use

WHITE STAR BAKING POWDER

It is unsurpassed in LEAVENING STRENGTH, is ABSOLUTELY PURE, and LOW IN PRICE.

THE DYSON-GIBSON CO.

PERSIATIC SHEEP

DIP AND ANIMAL WASH

THE ONLY REMEDY THAT WILL POSITIVELY CURE SCAB IN SHEEP.

It destroys the patches of living bacteria, relieves the pain and irritation, heals the sores, and makes the skin whole and sound. PERSIATIC SHEEP DIP is invaluable for relieving the animal of all vermin, fleas, lice, ticks, insects, etc., and for the Cure of all Skin Diseases. Do not be put off with an inferior article—get the best. PERSIATIC SHEEP DIP is the most highly medicated and reliable Dip in the market. At your dealers or direct from us.

THE PICKHARDT-RENFREW CO. (LIMITED)

Box A, Stouffville, Ont.

fy the Office.

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

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

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

SATURDAY, JULY 22nd, 1899.

Ever, one has heard of the celebrated 'embalmed beef' wherewith our American cousins fed their soldiers during the late war. We have known of sandy sugar and wooden nutmegs, but few are aware that from 5,000,000 to 6,000,000 barrels of adulterated flour is manufactured and sold yearly in the United States.

As might be expected the adulterants are, with one exception, not only wanting in nutritious qualities but positively harmful as well. These, according to chemical evidence, are 3 in number: flourine, mineraline and barytes. Flourine is a mixture of corn-starch and sulphuric acid. Mineraline is white clay ground to powder. Barytes is white rock pulverized to look like flour. A Congressional committee was appointed to investigate the matter. The following is part of its report:

"From evidence thus presented to the committee there is no room to question the fact that our wheat flour is to-day adulterated with material absolutely deleterious to health. This practice, therefore constitutes a menace to the health of more than 70,000,000 people. But it is not alone the public health that demands a remedy for the evils of adulteration. The milling industry is now the largest single industry in the United States, but it cannot long exist part honest and part dishonest. Competition between the honest miller who manufactures flour from all wheat and the dishonest miller who manufactures flour from part wheat and part corn starch flourine, barytes, or mineraline, and then sells it for the pure article, must either destroy the business of the honest miller or make him a rascal like his dishonest competitor. No one who stops to consider the facts will deny that this is not competition, but annihilation. This great and constantly growing industry is, therefore, seriously menaced by the fraudulent practice which has recently grown up among a class of men who, for the sake of larger profits, will not hesitate to destroy the health of our fellow-men." The effect of such a practice, if unchecked, will harm the export trade of the United States. What strikes us nearer home is that some Canadians are not slow to copy any money making tactics originated by others and it may not be long before we shall have need of investigating committees to sample the products of our flourmills.

THE GAELIC TONGUE.

The secretary of the Dublin Pan-tic Congress has issued an interesting sketch map, showing the present distribution of the living Celtic languages. From this it would appear that about three and a quarter millions speak one or the

other of the Celtic languages. Britain comes first with 1,322,000 (679,700 speak Breton only), Wales 910,000 (508,000 Welsh only, is an excellent second, and Ireland's 680,000 (38,000 Gaelic only) make it a good third. Scotland is fourth on the list, her proportion being given as 250,000 (42,000 Gaelic only), and the Isle of Man brings up the rear with three thousand Manx Gaelic speakers. The compiler would have greatly enhanced his admirable map by the addition of an approximate estimate of the considerable Gaelic-speaking Scots resident in Nova Scotia and throughout Canada, also in New Zealand, Australia and elsewhere, as well as the numerous population of Gaelic-speaking Irish in the United States. The details as regards Scotland show that contrary to general belief, Gaelic speakers may be found in large numbers all over the country, although they predominate in the north and west.

THE POOR PRINTER BOY.

A soul came up to the golden gate. The soul was rough and the soul was late;

It rapped, and the sound on the midnight air

Woke Peter up from his slumbers there.

"Who's next," quoth Peter, "to meet his fate,"

And peered at the stranger from under the gate.

"I'm Peter the painter," came the answer faint,

As he looked in vain for his patron saint,

"What's your business here," quoth Peter then,

And he peered again at the the soul of the man;

Said the painter, "I've left the land of wrong

And come to join the heavenly throng."

"You're not the first painter we've run out here,

Said old Peter with a wicked sneer;

"The case of the painter is hard indeed,

But a man shall reap as he sows his seed."

And then with a voice like a far-off knell

He committed the painter's soul to hell.

An editor came to the golden gate

And his was the same as the painter's fate,

Then a throng representing most every trade

Came up to the gate and Peter said:

"You all must take a different cell

In that horrid climate that mortals call hell."

Then the soul of a printer, whose steps were slow,

With the toils and cares of the world below,—

A poor ill-used printer all wrinkled with care,

Came up to the gate and asked entrance there.

St. Peter smiled on his soul so pure

And comforting words did his heart outpour.

"Poor innocent downtrodden printer boy"

You never on earth did yours—if enjoy,—

Picking type all day of your life.

Friendless there and continuous strife,"

Abused by everyone—fighting fate;

You're welcome to enter the golden

gate. He turned his back on the world of care, And Peter helped him to climb the stair, And put on him a pair of winged shoes, And he flew around where the choir sings, He gazed with awe on the faces fair, For all are printers, those angels there.

THE HOLIDAYS.

The camping and picnic weather has at length arrived. Last Saturday a large number went to Oyster River and remained over a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Wier and a party have been up the lake.

Dr. and Mrs. Millard, Mrs. McCallum, Mrs. and Miss Simpson went up to the Big Falls on the Courtenay River on a fishing excursion last Saturday. The Dr. landed two good trout with one sweep. After lunch the party returned. This is said to be the first time ladies visited the falls.

Sir Richard Musgrave and a few friends came up to Comox on his steam-launch, Haidee.

Salmon are very plentiful of Hornby. A S wash caught 17 on morning this week.

WHEN COMPANY COMES IN THE COUNTRY.

"Begin to enjoy yourself when your guests arrive—in fact, before they arrive," is Mrs. John B. Sims' advice to the hostess in an article on "Entertaining in the country," in the July Ladies' Home Journal. "Do not try to serve such an elaborate dinner that the work of getting it ready will draw so upon your physical powers that they will be strained to their utmost endurance, when your visitors arrive, greet them with a hearty handshake; make them feel that you are ready for their coming: speak of the pleasure that you hope the day may bring; compliment them on their good appearance; notice the neckwear, the dainty handkerchief; be thoroughly interested in each and every one, when the time comes for you to prepare the dinner and place it upon

FOR SALE.—A number of young pigs, different sizes. Berkshires. WM. LEWIS, Courtenay.

INSURANCE.

I am agent for the following reliable companies: The Royal Insurance Company, The London and Lancashire, JAMES ABRAMS.

PURE MILK.

Delivered daily by us in Cumberland and Union. Give us a trial. HUGH GRANT & SON.

the table, leave your guests as gracefully as possible. If the dinner be not too elaborate, and the mental atmosphere be clear and bright, your friends will come again 'Eat to live,' and not 'Live to eat,' should be the motto of every household."

Two Irishmen were on one occasion engaged in a dispute as to whose genealogy could be traced farthest back. One succeeded in carrying his family tree back to Noah, and then triumphantly demanded whether his antagonist could approach that. The other, whose name was O'Flaherty, was dazed for the moment, but recovering his staggering faculties he rejoined with scorn: "Arrah, the O' Flaherties weren't beholden to that ould beggar Noah; sure, they had a boat of their own the time of the flood."—The Sentinel.

THE COLLEGE EDUCATION.

The end of college education is not to fill the mind with knowledge; its object is to train the faculties and to instil principles which may be applied and developed in the specialized work of the future. President Dwight has well said that college education is not a preparation for business life, nor for professional life, but for general educated life. "Mind-building," he writes, "is the college business, and the aim the college has in view is to send forth the young man at the end of his college course with his mind built, not in the sense that there will be no change or development afterwards in all the years which follow, but in the sense of complete readiness for the beginning of the educated life of manhood."

This may not be the modern idea of education, but it is surely the old one, and the correct one, and the one with which, in principal at least, we are all familiar. The end of college education is not to store the mind with knowledge, but to discipline it and to train it so that it may be able to grapple successfully with all the problems of life.

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE.—101 acres of land near Courtenay. Apply at this office.

FOR SALE.—Valuable property in Cumberland. For further information apply to News Office.

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 withholding or destroying any kegs belonging to this company.

HENRY REIFEL, Manager.

Cumberland Hotel

COR. DUNSMUIR AVENUE AND SECOND STREET, CUMBERLAND, B. C.

Mrs. J. H. PIKE, Proprietress.

When in Cumberland be sure and stay at the Cumberland Hotel, First-class Accommodation for transient and permanent boarders.

Sample Rooms and Public Hall Run in Connection with Hotel.

Rates from \$1.00 to \$2.00 per day.

Samuel J. Piercy

Milk, Butter, Eggs, and Farm Produce supplied daily.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

0000000000 0000000000

Livery AND Teaming

I am prepared to furnish Stylish Rigs and do Teaming at reasonable rates.

D. KILPATRICK, Cumberland

0000000000 0000000000

Esquimalt & Nanaimo Ry.



Steamship City of Nanaimo will sail as follows, calling at way ports as freight and passengers may offer.

Leave Victoria for Nanaimo

" Nanaimo for Comox, Tuesday 7 a.m.

Comox for Nanaimo, Wednesday 7 a.m.

" Nanaimo for Victoria, Friday 8 a.m.

OR Freight tickets and State-room apply on board.

GEO. L. COURTNEY, Traffic Manager

COURTENAY Directory.

COURTENAY HOUSE, A. H. McCallum, Proprietor.

GEORGE B. LEIGHTON, Blacksmith and Carriage Maker.

Independence ..

The man who buys Shorey's Ready Tailored Clothing looks and feels independent. His apparel is just as stylish as though he had paid a high price to a swell tailor. His appearance is a recommendation if he is seeking employment. The simple fact that he is wearing Shorey's Clothing is proof of his well-balanced judgement. And the guarantee card he finds in the pocket of each garment makes him independent of all risk.

The clothes must satisfy him, or he can have his money back.



For Sale by Stevenson & Co.

FROM THE NORTH.

Wind City, on the Wind river, the third South branch of the Peel, was a camp during the winter, and a score of miners are said to have perished. It was late in January when the last report was received from the pest camp by miners crossing the Rocky mountains in their way to Dawson. These miners finally got through with the news.

They do not have a list of those already dead, but the following unfortunate were not expected to live when the messenger left:

- Dr. J. B. Mason, Chicago.
- W. C. Cuch.
- Brown Brothers.
- Dr. Martin, dentist, Chicago.
- Edward Harris.
- Mitchell.

All were very sick with the dread scurvy disease. Harris had a leg amputated from freezing, and Mitchell was suffering from a broken arm. The miners were the only ones left in Wind City. They sent out an Indian to secure assistance. He said that the men were unable to care for themselves, and that none expected to live.

Wind City was started last September, when some seventy-five miners who had been trying to reach Dawson over the Edmonton trail gathered there and built winter quarters. A number of substantial cabins went up, and when winter settled down Wind City became a lively place.

The whirl of social affairs was varied and interesting. The population was made up of men from all vocations of life. Young college men and men of professions predominated the old miners. There were dances, in which the three women of the camp were never allowed to be wall-flowers, and occasionally a man who was camped some twenty miles further down the Peel would be brought to Wind City. The miners were social, studied and produced rare lectures in singing and playing, and German, French and telegraphy. A lecture course was arranged, with subjects ranging from the circulation of the blood to astronomy. Glee, chess, check and card clubs were organized, and regular sessions. Church services were held every Sunday at 2 p. m., and the community proved a model one. The miners sent two Indians, 225 miles on the river to Fort McPherson for mail.

For four months the miners at Wind City had just as good a time as the miners in any other part of Alaska. Their food, nearly a year old, was beginning to get bad, but the miners used to that. Nothing went seriously wrong until one morning several of the miners took down with scurvy. They were followed by several others. A pestilence seemed to strike the camp in a minute. Some half of the people there were stricken with the dread disease.

When came the undoing of Wind City. One of the miners who could move decided it was time to get about their business to the rivers leading to the Yukon on the other side of the Rockies. They packed their sleds and turned their backs on the pest camp. With a few good cheer, all around, the party set out one by one over snow and death helped depopulate Wind City. The survivors seemed to be particularly ill. The medicine which Dr. Mason was soon exhausted, and when taken down himself he had nothing to take. There were no vegetables and no source from which fresh food could be secured. The miners had no help from above, but miraculously practices in the north land. The camp was large Wind City days had fresh meat. When all were but a dozen scurvy-stricken men, the unfortunate had to rely on canned meats, as they could no longer hunt.

There is a graveyard at Wind City where the bodies of 15 or 20 men lie in memory of the terrible price some men paid for gold. In outlying places several corpses have nothing but blankets for their coffins. They after all the well men left camp, there is no one to bury them. It is fortunate that a record of the identity of the occupants of this Arctic grave has not yet been sent out. Many daily with friends on the Edmonton trail will be uneasy until further details are obtained.

Among the men who escaped from the pest camp and who have just reached are A. G. McGregor, Dr. Sloan, Alexander, W. N. Gray, J. W. and Howard McGregor, of Huron, Ontario; Dr. J. J. Brown, W. C. Cuch, Carl Brown, Mendel George and James A. Ferguson, of Detroit, Oliver Carter and William Smith, of Bay City, Michigan; James Smith, Fritz Thiele and John Lano of Fargo, Dakota.

These men got away from Wind City several parties. They proceeded up the Wind river over ground before travelled by white men, covered 60 miles before they reached the real base of the mountains. 77 miles they followed the canyon of the Wind river through the mountains. The scenery is described as wonderful, and had an easy grade. They finally reached the summit, and a mile and a half of rock separating waters which flow east into the Yukon from those that flow west into the Yukon. The first of the westerners they called Pass river. Some miners also called it Hell river. It followed it for 33 days, making 100 miles. Many nights they slept out, their thermometer was 60 degrees below zero. Dr. Sloan seemed to be imperiled, as he seldom wore a coat, and the warmest weather.

As while on this river that the caught up with the party with scurvy and death at the camp of Wind City. It would be more generosity than an ordinary man in his make-up to turn back to hellish northland to the rescue of hopeless, helpless miners, or to add one more victim to the list of the scourge.

A brave man of another party at withstand the appeals brought by an Indian from the stricken camp. He wrote to his partner who had been back to me, old friend, for me, if you ever wish to see me. This camp is a pest-hole cursed and is good. There is not a well in the camp. Scurvy, vile, sickeningly has taken hold of us. Covered with great scaly sores, only a matter of a few weeks, and we are one to cook our food. I

have piled up my supplies beside the bed and eat things raw rather than suffer as I have to when moving around. I'll soon be so that I can't move, for the uncooked food is making the scurvy worse.

"We have had testimony this week of what a man will do for his partner. Dr. Martin, a dentist from Chicago, was camped with two Chicago men 75 miles below us on the river. Both were taken with scurvy. He loaded them on a sled and tried to pull them here, where he expected to find medicines and fresh supplies. One man died soon after the journey commenced. He took his other partner on his back and completed the journey, although it nearly killed him. On reaching here exhausted he discovered signs of the dread disease in his own body. He has it very bad, and is in a weak condition."

Several men turned back, determined to do all in their power to help out the unfortunate. Before fall, summer travellers or Hudson's Bay men will come upon the camp, and details of the winter's deadly work will then be obtained.

NO WOMEN COUNCILLORS.

Commons Agrees With Lords in Excluding Them From London Government.

London, July 6.—The House of Commons this morning rejected the amendment to the London Government bill proposed by Hon. Leonard Henry Courtney, Unionist member for the Bodmin division of Cornwall, permitting the election of women as councillors, by a vote of 246 against and 177 in favor.

The House of Lords amendment providing for the exclusion of women from the office of councillors was then formally agreed to.

MORTGAGE SALE.

UNDER and by virtue of the powers contained in a certain mortgage, dated the 30th day of May, A. D. 1894 and registered in the Land Registry Office, Victoria, in Charge Book Vol. 13, Folio 53, No. 16 322 b, the following property is offered for sale by tender, viz: Lot 90, Comox District, consisting of 160 acres and situate next James Knight's at Shelter Point, Oyster River, and known as the William Tree Ranch. Sealed Tenders (marked "Tender for Lot 90") for the purchase of the said property addressed to the undersigned and left at his office or posted to him will be received up to noon of the 29th of July, 1899.

The title deeds may be inspected and for further information received upon application to the mortgagee or his solicitor. The highest or any tender not necessarily accepted. Samuel Davis, Mortgagee, Union Hotel, Victoria, B. C. LOUIS P. ECKSTEIN, Solicitor, or M. J. A. G. Dated 15th July, 1899.

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VICTORIA TO WELLINGTON.			
No. 2 Daily.		No. 1 Saturday	
A.M.		P.M.	
De. 9:31	Victoria	De. 4:25	Victoria
9:35	Goldstream	4:30	Goldstream
10:14	Shawinigan Lake	5:39	Shawinigan Lake
10:48	Duncan	6:15	Duncan
P.M.		P.M.	
12:24	Nanaimo	7:11	Nanaimo
12:40	Wellington	Ar. 7:55	Wellington
WELLINGTON TO VICTORIA			
No. 1 Daily.		No. 3 Saturday	
A.M.		A.M.	
De. 8:05	Wellington	De. 4:21	Wellington
8:29	Nanaimo	4:39	Nanaimo
9:55	Duncan	6:05	Duncan
10:37	Shawinigan Lake	6:45	Shawinigan Lake
11:23	Goldstream	7:32	Goldstream
Ar. 11:50	Victoria	Ar. 8:00 P.M.	Victoria

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Cumberland Encampment.
No. 5, I.O.O.F., Union.

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CHAS. WRYTE, Scribe.

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FROM LONDON.

The Daily Mail announces this morning that Irevy Colonel Robert Baden-Powell, commanding the Dragoon Guards, Captain Lord Edward Cecil, of the Grenadiers, and Licur, the Hon. Algernon Hanbury Tracy, of the Royal Horse Guards, who according to a semi-official statement in the Times yesterday have been ordered to proceed to South Africa to organize the residents, police and local forces at various points on the frontier, will sail for Capetown to-day on the steamers Goorkha and Dunotter Castle.

The subject of the despatch of these officers was brought up in the house by the leader of the opposition, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, who read the following extract from the Times: "The commander-in-chief has been engaged in completing the composition and organization of a larger force, which it will be necessary to despatch should the negotiations with the Transvaal fail." "It is with regard to this statement of the Times," he continued, "which is apparently a new declaration of government policy, that I wish to inquire." (Opposition cheers).

Mr. Balfour replied: "I do not think there is any new declaration of policy in the paragraph, but I conceive that the war office would be extraordinarily willing in its most ordinary and obvious duties if it were not prepared for any emergency, however undesirable and however unlikely, that could possibly arise." (Ministerial cheers).

Mr. Henry Labouchere, Radical member for Northampton, asked whether the officers spoken of in the communication as going to South Africa were going into Cape Colony and Natal to organize the police and local forces, and if so whether it was with the consent of the colonial authorities there.

Mr. Balfour—"I do not know." Commander George Richard Bethel, Conservative member for the Holderness division of Yorkshire—"Would the right honorable gentleman say in what circumstances the special service officers are likely to be employed, and against what enemies of the Queen?"

Mr. Balfour—"My honorable friend is quite as competent a prophet as I am, and it will require a prophet to answer for circumstances which may arise."

In the house of Lords to-day the secretary of state for war, the Marquis of Lansdowne, introduced a bill which is regarded as the thin edge of the wedge of conscription and as therefore likely to render the government unpopular. The bill, which is entitled the "militia ballot," is intended to simplify and regularize an existing act now practically suspended in favor of volunteer enlistment. In his speech introducing the measure, Lord Lansdowne carefully explained that the government only wanted it read the first time, as there was no intention to pass it, and he repudiated "the idea of trying to introduce conscription by a side wind."

Personally, he said, he did not favor conscription, but he thought it "advisable that such a bill should be in readiness, if wanted," and that "the country should realize how it stands with regard

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this question."

Already the liberal papers are attacking the government and asking what need there is of such a measure unless conscription is intended, and looking to the fact that recruiting is dwindling, the bill will be regarded with great suspicion.

Ottawa, July 7.—British Columbia had another field day to-day. Col. Prior raising the general question of immigration. Col. Prior hoped the government would at an early date state its policy on the question of disallowance of the anti-Japanese legislation, as the present uncertainty has a most detrimental effect upon trade in British Columbia. Personally he was strongly in favor of restricting the immigration of Japanese. He also advocated an increase in the poll-tax on Chinese. Unless the government stopped this immigration from the Far East, white labor in Canada would be swamped. There was another class of immigrants, coming in by government assistance, against whom he strongly protested. He referred to the Galicians and Doukhobors. These people would not associate or assimilate with Anglo-Saxons, and in his judgment it was a matter of regret that the government should pay these people to settle in Canada.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier said that as to Chinese immigration the government were willing to do the utmost to meet the views of the people of British Columbia, but the question was complicated and would have to be handled carefully, so that nothing might be done to injure trade with the Orient. If recent legislation of British Columbia had been directed only against the Chinese, the government would not have interfered and would not now interfere if such legislation were passed. With Japan the matter was complicated by questions of imperial policy. It was of the utmost importance to Great Britain that Japan should be her ally in the East, and Canada must be prepared to make whatever sacrifices were necessary in the interests of the Empire. As to the Doukhobors, they were an excellent people, of the Caucasian race, like ourselves. True, they would not fight, but neither would Quakers, and nobody proposed to ostracize Quakers on that account.

Mr. Sifton defended the immigration policy of the government. Every effort, he said, was being made to secure immigrants from the United States and Great Britain, with considerable success. The Doukhobors and Galicians were desirable agricultural settlers.

The discussion lasted most of the evening.

Mr. Bostock defended the Japanese, and said they easily assimilated the Canadians.

Col. Prior made a spirited reply to Sir Wilfrid Laurier's reflection upon him for "springing" the matter on the house, pointing out that the Premier himself when in opposition had frequently adopted such a plan to obtain opportunity for calling attention to matters which could not come up in ordinary course. He denied that he had appealed to the worst passions of the people; but if speaking in behalf of the working classes against Asiatic competition constituted an appeal to the passions, he was prepared to admit his responsibility. It is reported to-night that the government will increase the poll tax on Chinese coolies to \$250, which practically means exclusion.

FIVE HUNDRED CARATS.

By GEORGE GRIFFITH.

[Copyright, 1898, by the Author.]

"Every day, and sometimes two or three times a day, either the secretary or one or other of the directors came up and had a look at the big stone, either for their own satisfaction or to show it to some of their more intimate friends. I ought perhaps to have told you before that the whole diamond room staff were practically sworn to secrecy on the subject, because, as you will readily understand, it was not considered desirable for such an exceedingly valuable find to be made public property in a place like this. When Saturday came, it was decided not to send it down to Cape Town, for some reasons connected with the state of the market. When the safe was opened on Monday morning, the stone was gone.

"I needn't attempt to describe the absolute panic which followed. It had been seen two or three times in the safe on the Saturday, and the secretary himself was positive that it was there at closing time, because he saw it just as the safe was being locked for the night. In fact, he actually saw it put in, for it had been taken out to show to a friend of his a few minutes before.

"The safe had not been tampered with, nor could it have been unlocked, because when it is closed for the night it cannot be opened again unless either the secretary or the managing director is present, as they have each a master key, without which the key used during the day is of no use.

"Of course I was sent for immediately, and I admit that I was fairly staggered. If the secretary had not been so positive that the stone was locked up when he saw the safe closed on the Saturday, I should have worked upon the theory—the only possible one, as it seemed—that the stone had been abstracted from the safe during the day, concealed in the room and somehow or other smuggled out, although even that would have been almost impossible in consequence of the strictness of the searching system and the almost certain discovery which must have followed an attempt to get it out of town.

"Both the rooms were searched in every nook and cranny. The whole staff, naturally feeling that every one of them must be suspected, immediately volunteered to submit to any process of search that I might think satisfactory, and I can assure you the search was a very thorough one.

"Nothing was found, and when we had done there wasn't a scintilla of evidence to warrant us in suspecting anybody. It is true that the diamond was last actually seen by the secretary in charge of Mr. Marsden and Mr. Lomas. Mr. Marsden opened the safe, Mr. Lomas put the tray containing the big stone and several other fine ones into its usual compartment, and the safe door was locked. Therefore that fact went for nothing.

"You know, I suppose, that one of the diamond room staff always remains all night in the room. There is at least one night watchman on every landing, and the frontages are patrolled all night by armed men of the special police. Lomas was on duty on the Saturday night. He was searched as usual when he came off duty on Sunday morning. Nothing was found, and I recognized that it was absolutely impossible that he could have brought the diamond out of the room or passed it to any confederate in the street without being discovered. Therefore, though at first sight suspicion might have pointed to him as being the one who was apparently last in the room with the diamond, there was absolutely no reason to connect that fact with its disappearance.

"I must say that that is a great deal plainer and more matter of fact than any of the other stories that I have heard of the mysterious disappearance."

"I said as the inspector paused to refill his glass and ask me to do likewise. "Yes," he said dryly, "the truth is more commonplace up to a certain point than the sort of stories that a stranger will find floating about Kimberley, but still I dare say you have found in your own profession that it sometimes has a way of—to put it in sporting language—giving fiction a seven pound handicap and beating it in a canter."

"For my own part," I answered, with an affirmative nod, "my money would go on fact every time. Therefore it would go on now if I were betting. At any rate I may say that none of the fiction that I have so far heard has offered even a reasonable explanation of the disappearance of that diamond, given the conditions which you have just stated, and as far as I can see I admit that I couldn't give the remotest guess at the solution of the mystery."

"That's exactly what I said to myself after I had been worrying day and night for more than a week over it," said the inspector, "and then," he went on, suddenly getting up from his seat and beginning to walk up and down the room with quick, irregular strides, "all of a sudden in the middle of a very much smaller puzzle, just one of the common L. D. B. cases we have almost every week, the whole of the work that I was engaged upon vanished from my mind, leaving it for the moment a perfect blank. Then, like a lightning flash out of a black cloud, there came a momentary ray of light which showed me the clue to the mystery. That was the idea. These," he said, stopping in front of the mantelpiece and putting his finger on the glass case which covered the two relics which had started the story, "these were the materialization of it."

"And yet, my dear inspector," I ventured to interrupt, "you will perhaps pardon me for saying that your ray of light leaves me as much in the dark as ever."

"But your darkness shall be made day all in good course," he said, with a smile. "I could see that he had an eye for dramatic effect, and so I thought it was better to let him tell the story uninterrupted and in his own way, so I simply assured him of my ever increasing interest, and waited for him to go on. He took a couple of turns up and down the room in silence, as though he were considering in what form he should spring the solution of the mystery upon me. Then he stopped and said abruptly:

"I didn't tell you that the next morning—that is to say, Sunday—Mr. Marsden went out on horseback, shooting, in the veldt, up toward that range of hills which lies over yonder to the northwestward, between here and Barkly West. I can see by your face that you are already asking yourself what that has got to do with spiriting a million or so's worth of crystallized carbon out of the safe at De Beers. Well, a little patience and you shall see."

"Early that same Sunday morning I was walking down Stockdale street, in front of the De Beers' offices, smoking a cigar, and of course worrying my brains about the diamond. I took a long draw at my weed, and quite involuntarily put my head back and blew it up into the air—there, just like that—and the cloud drifted diagonally across the street dead in the direction of the hills on which Mr. Philip Marsden would just then be hunting buck. At the same instant the revelation which had scattered my thoughts about the other little case that I mentioned just now came back to me. I saw, with my mind's eye of course—well, now, what do you think I saw?"

"If it wouldn't spoil an incomparable detective," I said somewhat irrelevantly, "I should say that you would make an excellent story teller. Never mind what I think. I'm in the plastic condition just now. I am receiving impressions, not making them. Now, what did you see?"

"I saw the great De Beers diamond—say, from £1,000,000 to £1,500,000 worth of concentrated capital—floating from the upper story of the De Beers' consolidated mines, rising over the housetops and drifting down the wind to Mr. Philip Marsden's hunting ground."

To say that I stared in the silence of blank amazement at the inspector, who made this astounding assertion with a dramatic gesture and inflection which naturally cannot be reproduced in print, would be to utter the nearest commonplace. He seemed to take my stare for one of incredulity rather than wonder, for he said almost sharply:

"Ah, I see you are beginning to think that I am talking fiction now, but never mind, we will see about that later on. You have followed me, I have no doubt, closely enough to understand that having exhausted all the resources

of my experience and such native wit as the fates have given me, and having made the most minute analysis of the circumstances of the case, I had come to the fixed conclusion that the great diamond had not been carried out of the room on the person of a human being nor had it been dropped or thrown from the windows to the street, yet it was equally undeniable that it had got out of the safe and out of the room."

"And therefore it flew out, I suppose," I could not help interrupting, nor I am afraid, could I quite avoid a suggestion of incredulity in my tone.

"Yes, my dear sir," replied the inspector, with an emphasis which he increased by slapping the four fingers of his right hand on the palm of his left. "Yes, it flew out. It flew some 17 or 18 miles before it returned to the earth in which it was born. If we may accept the theory of the terrestrial origin of diamonds. So far, as the event proved, I was absolutely correct, wild and all as you may naturally think my hypothesis to have been."

"But," he continued, stopping in his walk and making an eloquent gesture of apology, "being only human, I am most instantly deviated from truth into error. In fact, I freely confess to you that there and then I made what I consider to be the greatest and most fatal mistake of my career."

"Absolutely certain as I was that the diamond had been conveyed through the air to the Barkly hills and that Mr. Philip Marsden's shooting expedition had been undertaken with the object of recovering it, I had, all the approaches to the town watched till he came back. He came in by the old Transvaal road, about an hour after dark. I had him arrested, took him into the house of one of my men who happened to live on that way, searched him, as I might say, from the roots of his hair to the soles of his feet and found—nothing."

"Of course he was indignant, and of course I looked a very considerable fool. In fact, nothing would pacify him but that I should meet him the next morning in the boardroom at De Beers' and in the presence of the secretary and at least three directors apologize to him for my unfounded suspicions and the outrage that they had led me to make."



"I saw him standing in front of me, carrying me with a glance of revolvers," upon him. I was of course, as you might say, between the devil and the deep sea. I had to do it, and I did it, but my convictions and my suspicions remained exactly what they were before."

(To be continued.)

Loveable Little Pigs.

While the raising of swine is not exactly a poetical occupation, it is said to be a paying one and one that would be practicable for a woman to engage in.

"One of the most thoroughgoing, capable business women of the day," says The Practical Farmer, "is a breeder of fine swine, and she has won a reputation that is enviable. She has made thousands of dollars from the business and is proud of and enjoys her work. Poultry and swine breeding as a part of the farm wife's business ventures forms both a happy and profitable combination. Even the word 'happy,' she says, is well placed, for it is a happy work caring for and owning handsome sows and pretty, thrifty pigs, fine shotes and marketable hogs. Little pigs, she asserts, are as lovable as baby chicks, and through actual ownership one takes pride and comfort in watching them grow and looking to the comforts and needs of the entire swine herd."

THEY WERE YOUNG.

AND SO WERE BOUND TO MAKE MISTAKES.

Too Late They Learned That Discussion of Deep and Serious Problems Is Not Always the Way to Attract a Pretty Girl's Attention.

They were young, shamefully young, but they tried to hide it and thought they were succeeding fairly well. They waded through indigestible dishes, invented expressly for young men who have not yet acquired self-assertive stomachs, and tried to be nonchalant in the eyes of the waiter. They made each move with stiff deliberation, and with due gravity discussed art, music and the drama and settled certain deep problems of humanity over which older men are puzzling yet. In fine, they were getting a huge and self-satisfactory pleasure out of their superior existence when the girl came in.

She was a dainty and ethereal looking creature, and she modestly took a seat at the opposite table with only a cursory glance of curiosity in their direction before she began at the fatiguing task of poring over the menu card.

The thin young man with the waving hair and the white brow hung his arm gracefully over the back of the vacant chair next him and assumed a much louder and more animated tone than he had been using.

"Yes," he said, "Cicero was right when he averred that 'to study philosophy is to prepare oneself to die.' How true this is! Often when engaged in some deep study that is perfecting my mind for this world's battles I think of this and declare with Montaigne, that after all the end of our race is death and he who has learned to die has unlearned to save. I presume you have read Montaigne," he added, addressing the others, but glancing at the young lady, who was, however, quietly reading a newspaper.

"No," said the young man with the cuffs, as he turned himself so the young lady would be bound to look him straight in the eyes the next time she glanced up. "I have not studied him deeply; moreover, I do not care to contemplate so dismal a thing as death. Life—life with its endless movement and beautiful coloring—is what interests me most, although, as McKay says, 'All life is as a game of whist—the biggest liars win.'"

The thin young man was about to answer this with a crushing blow from the great Carlyle, which should at once crush any previous statement and establish his right to be looked at and admired, when the waiter, committed the awful indiscretion of setting down before the angelic creature a common, vulgar plate of ham and eggs. As the spirituelle beauty, however, waded into the base viands with great energy they gradually recovered from the shock and returned to the attack.

Love and hate and friendship, war, pestilence and bloody murder, wine, women and song, and the fate of nations and of creeds were discussed, all the philosophies and all the philosophers of all ages were dragged into service, and an amount of erudition that should have won any woman's heart was displayed, but all to no purpose. The divinity merely ate and ate.

It had just dawned upon them that she was of course a rare and unapproachable being, who was insensible to the attractions of handsome and brainy men, when a fellow with a flaming shirt front and a tie that would stop a tornado walked in with the stump of a cigar between his teeth and plumped himself down opposite the fair vision.

To the two onlookers this was a horrible sacrilege, and each of the two felt that it would be right to kick the coarse fellow into the street if he were only not so large. But the goddess only looked up and said:

"Why, hello, Billy! Awfully glad you blew in."

Some Result Certain.



"Well, talking with pa is bound to have some good result, dear."

"Yes, that's just what I was thinking. If I don't get your hand, I shall get his foot, that's certain."—Comic Cuts.

A Visitor Expected.

Caller—Are you the editor?
Prizefighter—Yes, I'm the head hitter. What do you want?
Caller (going)—Nothing, thanks.—Pink Me Up

ASTHMA PERMANENTLY CURED.

A Well-known Canadian Notary Public Suffered for 35 Years—Permanently Cured by Clarke's Kola Compound.

R. D. Pitt, Esq., Kamloops, writes: "I had suffered for at least 35 years from the great oppressiveness of asthma, and shortness of breath. I had during these years consulted many physicians and tried all the remedies, until the doctor told me I might get temporary relief, but I would be always troubled. I tried Dr. Clarke's Kola Compound, and after taking the first bottle I became greatly relieved, and three bottles have completely cured me. I can now breathe as naturally as ever, and asthma does not trouble me in the least. I feel it my duty to bear testimony to the marvellous effect this remedy has had in my case, and would urge all suffering from this disease to try Clarke's Kola Compound, as only those who have suffered all these years as I have can appreciate what a blessing this remedy must prove to sufferers from asthma." Three bottles of Clarke's Kola Compound are guaranteed to cure. A free sample will be sent to any person troubled with asthma. Address: The Griffiths & Macpherson Co., 121 Church Street, Toronto, and Vancouver, B.C., Sole Canadian Agents. Sold by all druggists. When writing for sample mention this paper.

Clarke's Kola Compound is the only permanent cure for asthma; it is now successfully used throughout the leading hospitals in England and Canada.

His Criticism.

When the first edition of the "Seasons" came out, the poet sent a handsome bound copy to Sir Gilbert Elliott of Minto, who had shown him kindness. Sir Gilbert took the book to his gardener, a relative of Thomson's, who turned it over and over in his hands, gazing at it in admiration. Sir Gilbert said:

"Well, David, what do you think of James Thomson now? There's a book that will make him famous the world over and immortalize his name."

"In truth," said David, "it is a grand book. I did not think the lad had ingenuity enough to have done such a neat piece o' handicraft."

MINARDS' LINIMENT is the only Liniment asked for at my store and the only one we keep for sale.

All the people use it.

HARLIN FULTON.

Pleasant Bay, C.B.

Using the Left Hand.

The superiority of Japanese drawing can probably be traced to the custom of that land to make the children practice painting and drawing without the use of any stick or supporting device for the hand. They are taught to draw at the same time they are taught to write the letters of the alphabet, and they are taught to use both hands equally in the task.

The natural preference given to the right arm has been explained physiologically by the construction of the veins and nerves that enter the arms, those of the right arm being more prominent. The reverse is the case in the few who are naturally left handed.

JUST THE THING THAT'S WANTED.—A pill that acts upon the stomach and yet is so composed that certain ingredients of it preserve their power to act upon the intestinal canal, so as to clear them of excreta, the retention of which cannot but be harmful, was long looked for by the medical profession. It was found in Parmentier's Vegetable Pills, which are the result of much expert study, and are scientifically prepared as a laxative and an alterative in one.

A Man of Many Names.

The Earl of Ancaster, in his 63 years of life, has borne more names than fall to the lot of most peers. He began life as Mr. Heathcote, the son of Lord Aveland. At the age of 37 he succeeded his father as Baron Aveland. Ten years ago he became twenty-second Lord Willoughby de Eresby in succession to his mother, and six years ago he was made Earl of Ancaster. It was through his mother that he came into possession of most of his 132,000 acres and of his three castles in England, Scotland and Wales.

A SHORT STORY

In London Life Containing Condensed Wisdom for Thousands.

A baker
Living at
237 Dundas Street,
London, Ont.,
Geo. Roberts by name,
Recommends
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
Because
They cured him.
He had
Pain in the Back;
His Urine
Was red-colored
And painful
In passage.
The cure through
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
Was quick and complete.
That's how they always act,
Because they're
For kidneys only.
If you have
Sick kidneys
Don't experiment
With an unknown remedy.
Take no substitute for
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS.

NERVOUS DYSPEPSIA, ITS NATURE AND RATIONAL TREATMENT.

Nervousness and dyspepsia frequently go hand in hand, each ailment encouraging the other. When the nervous system becomes weak and exhausted, the gastric nerves of the stomach are powerless to control the supply of digestive fluids, and digestion is at once impaired. Reacting on the nerves the imperfect digestion of the food lessens the supply of nourishment for the nerves and increases their weakness.

The trouble begins with exhausted, worn-out nerves, and the rational treatment is to strengthen the nerves, restore to the gastric nerves their functions and make good digestion possible. To accomplish this the nerves must be supplied with such nourishment as is contained in

DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD,

the world's most famous remedy for diseases of the nerves.

By restoring and revitalizing the nerves Dr. Chase's Nerve Food removes the cause of nervous dyspepsia, nervous headache, sleeplessness and irritability, and the many ills which are an accompaniment of weak blood and shattered nerves. Fifty cents a box at all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

WOMAN AND HOME.

A NEW YORK CLUBWOMAN WHO IS THE SOLDIER'S FRIEND.

Signs of the Tongue.—Honey is a Good Thing.—A Woman and a Flour Barrel.—Children in Church.—The Magical Forty Winks.

Mrs. Adelaide Wallerstein of 23 West Sixtieth street, one of the most prominent of New York clubwomen, is able to count among her friends many thousands of grateful soldiers.

During the war with Spain she was chairman of the Porto Rican division of the women's national guard work. Soldiers are inclined to regard Mrs. Wallerstein as a heroine, and she has been visited by some few battalions of them.

What particularly endears Mrs. Wallerstein to the soldiers is that she knew just what to send them. Realizing the scarcity of printed literature in camp, she originated the traveling library for the soldiers and sent independently several hundreds of entertaining volumes and periodicals. For blankets, disinfectants and other practical gifts the camps were indebted to Mrs. Wallerstein. To show that they kept their benefactress in mind the soldiers hung a large picture of her in the library at Ponce.

Mrs. Wallerstein is a graduate of the woman's law class of the New York university and a student in the Woman's Medical college.

I suppose my fondness for soldiers is only one phase of my interest in every-



MRS. ADELAIDE WALLERSTEIN.

thing sick and suffering," explained the philanthropist to a New York World reporter. "I sent them books because I believe that next to food and clothing books are the most essential aid to living for soldiers or for anybody else. It is gratifying to know that I was not far wrong in my judgment as to what they would need, and it is really a great pleasure to me to have them come to see me as they come home."

You know, too," Mrs. Wallerstein went on, "that I believe in helping people with money so far as one is able. I have seen many soldiers in absolute poverty and unexpectably grateful for the few dollars which I or some one else was able to give them. It is chiefly because of my experience with soldiers that I am going to take a medical course. I want to be able to be in the hospitals as doctor, nurse and friend. I am ambitious to study the cases of the patients, to treat them scientifically and to give them sympathy, advice, money or whatever they may most need. A poor woman came to me the other day and said that she had heard that I never refused anybody anything. That is rather more of a reputation than I care to live up to, but I was glad to see the woman's attitude toward me none the less."

Signs of the Tongue.

One of the first things a physician does when consulted by a sick person is to ask to see the tongue. He does this today perhaps more through following the traditions of the past than because he expects to learn a great deal by such an inspection. Formerly the means of arriving at a diagnosis were fewer and less precise than they now are, and the aspect of the tongue was held to be of great importance. Now we have learned that the tongue is changed in appearance by many trivial causes and can only be relied upon in a limited sense. Nevertheless there are some valuable indications which such an inspection furnishes, says The Youth's Companion.

The tongue is always rendered less moist than usual by fevers or inflammations. This dryness may amount merely to a little stickiness of the surface or there may be a total absence of moisture, the tongue being dry as parchment, cracked and dark in color.

A furred tongue almost always indicates that something is wrong with the digestion, although smokers often have a thin coating, even when they have no stomach trouble and in the inflammatory diseases of the stomach there is little or no fur on the tongue.

A broad, flattened tongue, showing indentations at the sides from the pressure of the teeth and a thick fur of a whitish or brownish color, points to simple indigestion and loss of tone in the stomach. It calls for a laxative, a very plain diet for a few days, chiefly of milk and lime-water or vichy, and then perhaps a bitter tonic for a week or two. When the coating is yellowish, there is more or less "biliousness" associated with the indigestion.

In acute inflammation of the digestive organs the tongue is rather dry, not usually heavily coated, brownish red in color and sometimes smooth and glazed as if varnished.

Honey a Good Thing.

It would be greatly for the health of the present generation if honey could at least be partially restored to its former place as a common article of diet, says What to Eat.

In many cases it may be a matter of real economy to lessen the butter bill by letting honey in part take its place. A

pound of honey will go about as far as a pound of butter, but if both articles be of the best quality honey will cost the less of the two. Often a prime article of extracted honey (equal to comb honey in every respect except appearance), can be obtained for half the price of butter or less.

We all know how children long for candy. This longing voice is a need and is another evidence of the necessity of sugar in our diet.

Children should have all the honey at each mealtime that they will eat. It is safer and will largely do away with the inordinate longing for candy and other sweets.

At the present day honey is placed on the market in two forms. In the comb and extracted. "Strained" honey, obtained by mashing or melting combs containing bees, pollen and honey, has slightly gone out of use. Extracted honey is simply honey thrown out of the comb in a machine called a honey extractor.

The silly stories seen from time to time in the papers about artificial combs being filled with glucose and deftly sealed with a hot iron have not the slightest foundation in fact. For years there has been a standing offer by one whose financial standing is unquestioned of \$1,000 for a single pound of comb honey made without the intervention of the bees. The offer remains untaken and will probably always remain so, for the highest art of man can never compass such delicate workmanship as the skill of the bee accomplishes.

A Woman and a Flour Barrel.

"It's no use trying to trick a woman customer," said a wholesale flour dealer of Philadelphia. "Not so long ago," he continued, "when I was still in the retail trade, we had a shrewd Irish woman for a customer. One day she ordered a barrel of a certain brand of flour. We happened to be out of the brand, but I told her we could send her a barrel of another brand equally good. A week or so after she came into the store and declared that she didn't like the flour and insisted on having it taken back and the brand she wanted sent instead. Well, we hauled the flour back to the store and, being still out of the brand wanted, filled up the returned barrel, put in a new head and carted it back to the woman again. We heard nothing more about the matter for three weeks, when one day she came into the store in a highly indignant frame of mind. 'I want you to send up to my house and haul that flour away,' she exclaimed. 'What's the matter now?' I retorted. 'You sent me back the same barrel I had.'"

"Of course I denied it, but she floored me. 'Huh,' she retorted, 'that's all very fine! But I had two bakins' out of the first barrel before I sent it back.' 'Yes,' I assented, 'and you got a full barrel in return.' 'Doesn't that prove'—"

"Prove nothing," she interrupted. "The first two bakins' out of the barrel I got the second time were all right, but I want you to know that I always take my flour out of the barrel with a saucer. When I got down to the third bakin' out of that second barrel, I—"

"Yes," I interposed weakly, "what did you do?" "I found my saucer," was her answer. "Then she swept out."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Children in Church.

The lessons and the prayers are not wholly beyond children. Often they can catch little bits that come within the range of their small minds. But the sermons! It goes to one's heart to see, as I so often do, little darlings of 5 or 6 years old forced to sit still through a weary half hour, with nothing to do and not one word of the sermon that they can understand. Most heartily can I sympathize with the little charity girl who is said to have written to some friend: "I think, when I grows up, I'll never go to church no more. I think I've getting sommons enough to last me all my life."

But need it be so? Would it be so very irrelevant to let your child have a story book to read during the sermon to while away that tedious, half hour and to make churchgoing a bright and happy memory, instead of rousing the thought, "I'll never go to church no more?" I think not. For my part, I should love to see the experiment tried. I am quite sure it would be a success. My advice would be to keep some books for that special purpose. I would call such books Sunday treats, and your little boy or girl would soon learn to look forward with eager hope to that half hour once so tedious. If I were the preacher, dealing with some subject too hard for the little ones, I should love to see them all enjoying their picture books.—Lewis Carroll's Letters.

The Magical Forty Winks.

Every one accustomed to napping must have remarked how much more refreshing is a nap of 5, 10 or 20 minutes than a long daytime sleep of two or three hours. This is because in a short nap the brain and senses are rested without relaxing the muscular and nervous systems. It is simply a breaking up of the current of conscious activity, thus restoring the tonicity of the system; from which the inference is clear that it is the nap habit of only the "40 winks" order that is desirable to cultivate, and the duties of almost every one will admit of such refreshment so far as time is concerned. Indeed there is no better way of gaining time on a busy day than to cut out 15 or 20 minutes for renewing the energies. After a morning's effort body and mind both grow tired, the work flags and "things go wrong." Now is the time for the magic dip, from which you return to your post fresh, in good spirits, ready to carry on things with a vim. It scarcely seems reasonable that a few minutes' daily sleep should have any marked effect upon the health, but that is the case any one may prove by trial.—Ella Morris Kretschmar in Woman's Home Companion.

To Remove Stains.

Stains on painted wood caused by spatters of mortar or lime may be removed by rubbing with lemon juice; the paint will resume its original color, and a little furniture oil well rubbed in will restore the luster. An easy way to remove all stains

from table linen is by rinsing the stains in clear, cold rainwater, then washing immediately in boiling water in the washing machine. When warm water is used for washing by machine or by hand, the linen may be placed in the boiler and covered with cold rainwater, then allowed to boil a few minutes. Every stain will disappear, and it is ready for the wash. For washing windows I have found nothing easier or better than ammonia. It is weakened with rainwater as little as it is possible over it, rubbed over the glass with a soft cloth, dried and in a few minutes polished. Turpentine is invaluable in cleaning wood and gilt frames. Apply with cloth or brush and dry with soft cloth. A bottle of hard or finishing oil should be kept in every home. Its application where needed on furniture or frames saves much of the extra hard work at housecleaning.—Housekeeper.

The Secrets of Childhood.

It is no wonder that all children long to be grown up when one thinks of the unnecessary slights and slurs that are put upon their youthful opinions, of the thoughtless cruelty with which their little errors and embarrassments are held up to the general ridicule. There is one refuge open to the child, and sometimes it is the only one, from harmful exposure and painful misunderstanding. That refuge is in silence, and if we remember our own childhood more vividly we should never say or think that our children have no secrets from us. The secrets of artless childhood are indeed many. Most of them are in themselves trivial, a few are important, but they are all important in that they secure to him a privacy otherwise impossible, in the shelter of which his inmost consciousness of self remains inviolate.—Elaine Goodale Eastman in Woman's Home Companion.

Homemade Fairy Lamps.

The effect of the jeweled fairy lamp, which is so admired in cozy corners, may very easily be obtained by an adjustable globe covering. This requires a ball shaped globe, and the best color is white for the background. The jewels are set in a net very much like the beaded nets for the hair. The meshes of the net are about an inch in diameter, however, and the jewels are of cut glass like those set in the metal fairy lamps.

This net easily adjusts itself to any shape of globe, so that it appears to be a part of the globe itself. The cord of which it is made is either white or silver or gold covered, the latter being much richer, especially when stretched over a red or green globe.

The best imitation of the fairy lamp at home is made with an electric drop light, as it hangs from the ceiling like the oriental lanterns which are considered indispensable to all cozy corners.

The Accomplished and Winsome Geisha.

The geisha came into evidence in Japan in the middle of the last century, and in a remarkably short time her popularity was such that her presence became indispensable at parties, which, but for her contagious vivacity and mirth, would perhaps have been flat and insipid. Her duties are not merely to serve tea and dance for the entertainment of her patrons, but she is expected to laugh and talk gayly, even if on the most trivial subjects. A geisha must be highly accomplished in many ways. She plays the samisen and often a number of other musical instruments, dances, sings and talks, and her remuneration is generally large.—Onoto Watanna in Ladies' Home Journal.

Childish Pride in Clothes.

It is perfectly natural for a child to take pride in its clothing. A little girl's hair ribbons and a little boy's neckties are matters of great concern to them, and they should not be forced to wear that which is soiled or crumpled to a point of untidiness. To a child who doesn't revel in the luxuries of the rich the Sunday hair ribbon is a highly prized possession. It is well to develop this feeling, especially regarding cleanliness. A baby who has a dislike for soiled hands is not half so hard to manage as is the rebellious youngster who kicks and screams at the sight of a wash rag or the smell of a cake of soap.—New York World.

After the Bath Take a Walk.

After having washed the body all over in cold or tepid water dress warmly and walk for an hour at least. Exercise is essential to health, without which beauty cannot exist. The fresh water stimulates the blood and gives, naturally, a rosy tint to the complexion. The exercise, shaking off the lassitude caused by fatigue, gives a steady circulation to the blood, which enables it to flow freely through the natural channels and imparts to the skin the fresh color which is such a charm.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Woman's Rights at Six.

Dolly, who is 6, was sent to the boarding school just before Christmas. When she came home for the holidays, she voiced her many objections to the temple of learning where her guardian had placed her.

"I don't like to stand in a straight row," she said, "and I don't like to drink out of a mug with a big 'Be Good' on it, and I don't like to have my face washed round and round as if it was a plate."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Child Freedom.

The little girl of today and the little boy of today are not allowed enough of childish freedom. They have freedom, you say? Yes, but not of the childish sort. The old fashioned girl and the old fashioned boy were restricted as to clothes and evening parties, maybe, but they were allowed to frolic and play games the whole of the long summer afternoons. And their mothers' houses were not thought one bit too good for them to feel at home in.

Use Oil For Massage.

A dry massage will increase wrinkles rather than drive them away. Six drops

of olive oil, however, will work wonders if carefully stroked in with the tips of the fingers about the face and throat, left on overnight and washed off in the morning with tepid water, but no soap. This should be done about every third night, but where the skin shows a tendency to be oily a longer interval should be observed.

Anxious Old Lady.

"Oh, my friends, there are some spectacles that one never forgets!" said a lecturer, after giving a graphic description of a terrible accident he had witnessed. "I'd like to know who sells 'em!" remarked an old lady in the audience who is always mislaying her glasses.—American Hebrew.

A dietetic teacher advises elderly people to abstain from the use of stimulating foods. The need is indicated by natural inclination on the part of persons, after they have passed the age of 55, to return to the simple foods of their childhood. Bread and milk, for example, is usually an esteemed diet by old people, and it is an excellent one.

When a Chinese girl is married, her attendants are invariably the oldest and ugliest women anywhere to be found in the neighborhood, who are engaged expressly to act as a foil to her beauty. It is said that several exceptionally ugly old women make a handsome income per annum by acting in this capacity.

To fix scalloped potatoes, take slices of boiled potato and some good thick brown gravy. Grease a pie dish, line it with browned bread crumbs, set on these a layer of potato, cover with the gravy and so on until the dish is full. Scatter browned bread crumbs over the top and bake as usual.

When purchasing sheer linen handkerchiefs, those that are pure linen may be readily recognized by moistening the tip of the finger and stretching the fabric over it. Linen will show the moisture through immediately, but cotton threads take more time to absorb the moisture.

Sage Counsel.

The lion is the best to fight.
He leaps along the plain.
And if you run with all your might
He runs with all his mane.
I'm glad I'm not a Hotentot,
But if I were, with outward callum,
I'd either faint upon the spot
Or lie me up a leafy pallum.
The chamois is the best to hunt.
He's fleetest than the wind.
And when the chamois is in front
The hunter is behind.
The Tyrolese make famous cheese
And hunt the chamois o'er the chazuma.
I'd choose the former, if you please.
For precipices give me spazzums.

The polar bear will make a rug
Almost as white as snow.
But if he gets on in his hug
He rarely lets you go.
And polar ice looks very nice,
With all the colors of a prism.
But, if you follow my advice,
Stay home and learn your catechism.
—Kansas City Journal.

Hereditary and Environment.

Her clothes did not fit her. Her conversation also betokened the thoughtful person.

"Do you believe criminal tendencies to be due more to heredity or to environment in youth?" she asked eagerly.

"Alas, it is hard to say!" replied the burlar in the end cell. "I was an only son, and I wore long curls until I was 10 years old! Which circumstance had the more to do with making me what I am I cannot decide."

Here his voice broke in a sob.—Detroit Journal.

The New Way.

They've broken down the barrier.
That custom used to raise.
The girl, if you would marry her,
Must do it all these days.
Papa and dearest mamma seem
Not 'in it' as of yore.
When most they favor love's young dream,
The more you may deplore.

It used to be the proper thing
To cultivate mamma,
And give her potted plants, and bring
Cigars for "dear papa."
But fashion now has made it wise
To court the girl alone,
To read her hieroglyphic eyes
And tremble on her tone.

Then in some lonesome, dark retreat,
Far from the haunts of men
Or maids, she'll bring you to her feet,
Then bring you up again.
She'll educate you to the ways
That suit her inclination
And marry you in ninety days
By average calculation.
—Chicago Record.

A Discovery.

Painter—Penman's always finding more's nests.
Painter—What's he discovered now?
"That Kipling's poem, 'The White Man's Burden,' is plagiarized."
"No?"
"Yes," he says it's purely plagiarized from Tennyson's 'Ring Out the Old, Ring in the New.'"

Oh, Hully G!

We went to hear Melba as grand as could be. Her singing, it suited us both to a T. For the high note she reached was a beautiful D.

But we'd seats in the orchestra center—row E—
So I reached for two high notes and each was a V.
And I'm "busted" from now till next Saturday, C!

Not For Her.

Mrs. Ezyfix—My Willie is getting great enjoyment from collecting canceled postage stamps of various nations.
Mrs. Newrox—My Harold started in on that sort of thing, but I made him stop it. I don't allow anything secondhanded in the house.

The Milk Trust.

The milk trust now a-forming
Will make the milkmen hump.
Already we can see them
A-rallying round the pump.
—Philadelphia North American.

CURTAIN RAISERS.

Charles G. Craig is to star in "Shore Acres," next season.

Marie Tempest is to star in "The Green Carnation" in London.

Maddeline Bouton, now the Baroness Nimptsch, declares that she has retired from the stage forever.

A San Francisco writer is moved to remark, "Nance O'Neill will some day wear Sarah Bernhardt's crown."

Augustus Thomas has completed a new play entitled "Arizona," which will be produced in Chicago early next season.

Augustin Daly has bought for this country Paul Hervieu's "The Law For Men," and Eleanor Duse will play it in Italy.

Ida Conquest has been assured of the leadership in one of Charles Frohman's regular companies in New York next season.

Otis Skinner is shortly to appear in an adaptation of "La Chénine," from which Beerbohm Tree took "Ragged Robin."

The new Casino production in New York is called "In Gay Paree." It includes a burlesque forecast of next year's World's fair.

Ellis Proctor Otis, the popular actress, is a first cousin of General Otis, the military commander of the United States forces in the Philippines.

It has been discovered in England that Squire Bancroft's title, "What Will the World Say?" which he gave to his new play, is rather an old one, having been used as far back as 1841.

Ellen Terry appeared recently in the costume of Queen Catherine in a platform entertainment. She recited the trial scene, taking also the parts of Henry VIII and the cardinal. She wore the costume of the latter.

It is announced that Mary Marble will star next season in a piece called "A Queen of the Night." Miss Marble, however, has announced her intention of resting throughout the whole of the next season, and so the matter stands.

BEE BUZZES.

The eggs of worker bees will often hatch.

It is best to have honey well refined before storing it away.

A young queen that has defective wings should be destroyed.

Fruit bloom serves to build the bees up strong, but does not give much surplus.

Frames of empty combs can best be taken care of by keeping them in ordinary hives.

Allow no stock of any kind to run in the apiary during the winter unless it be poultry.

Pure granulated sugar is in every respect as good as the best quality of honey for feeding bees.

When a colony dies from any cause, cleanse the hive thoroughly and rinse with boiling water.

There is nothing more valuable in the apiary than empty combs. They should be well cared for.

Never move a comb hastily or hold a new comb horizontally, as it will probably break and fall.

Make a nice entrance to each hive by spreading sawdust in front up to the level of the bottom boards.

Mice often destroy colonies of bees, besides eating large quantities of honey, if once they get into a hive.

One of the chief merits of flat bottomed comb foundation for surplus is the fact that it usually contains less wax than the natural base built by the bees. The greatest objection is that bees will gnaw it more than thick foundation.—St. Louis Republic.

CHOP SUEY.

Even King Humbert of Italy cannot resist the current craze for collecting China bric-a-brac.—Albany Argus.

The Chinese blue book is out. No nation ought to be able to issue as blue a book as China.—Houston Post.

The "open door" in China, if these international complications continue to pile up, will have to be changed to a "storm door."—New York Press.

China is determined to resist Italy's demands. China threatens to "become as confirmed and chronic a resister as Turkey."—New York Telegram.

China has the choice of saying whether she will be peaceably sliced and quartered or whether she will be put on the rack and torn to pieces.—Indianapolis News.

The brightest schoolboy cannot be expected to give the correct boundary lines of China from day to day. It puzzles the dowager empress herself.—Philadelphia Record.

It's natural that Italy, "the boot of Europe," should be brought in to begin the kicking down of the Chinese wall for the grand final assault of the powers.—St. Louis Republic.

China explains that Italy's note was returned without reply, for fear that an answer would give offense. Celestial politeness is equal to the most highly civilized article.

SOME QUERIES.

Why aren't baseball grounds diamond fields?

Why isn't the detective's salary always spot cash?

Why isn't a slot machine a sort of catch-penny affair?

Why isn't a man weighed down with years under age?

Why isn't a skirt divided against itself a pair of trousers?

Why isn't it a milk shake when the milkman forgets to call?

Why can't we hear the bed tick in the silent watches of the night?

Why is it that the meanest people always have the longest memories?

Why isn't correcting a bad boy an attempt to cure by the laying on of hands?

Why isn't stann the laboring man's friend if he finds work for idle hands to do?

Subscribers failing to receive The News regularly will confer a favor by notifying Job Work Strictly C. O. D. Transient Ads Cash in Advance.

SATURDAY, JULY 22nd, 1899.

If mail is to be carried from Nanaimo to Cumberland by August 1st it is high time the road was put in condition to be traversed.

The Victoria Times prints a strong article in favor of the Government compelling railway companies to use automatic couplers. In view of the large number of accidents resulting each year from the absence of automatic couplers, the point is well taken.

"There is no suitable coke in British Columbia for the operation of an iron manufactory. The cost of shipping the coke to British Columbia would of itself be great inducement enough to bring the plant to the United States."—Victoria Times. (Quoted from the Ledger.)

It is a little surprising to see a paper supposed to be informed in most matters concerning the Province quoting a paragraph like the above.

The Tacoma Ledger may or may not know any better. It is to the interest of Sound papers not to know better. But surely the Times ought to know better than to spread such a palpably misleading statement abroad without a word of denial.

It is well known to all having any knowledge of the coal mining affairs of B. C. that the Union Colliery Co. have at Union Wharf 150 ovens, capable of turning out 150 tons of coke per day. The superior quality of this coke has been frequently demonstrated by thorough testing.

Superintendent Aldridge of the Trail Smelter stated that the Union coke was almost the equal of Connesville (the best in America) coke.

The Everet smelter prefers Union coke, to the Puget Sound article though the latter is protected by a high tariff.

THE LATE JOHN WILSON

At an early hour last Thursday morning peacefully passed away in sleep one of the best known pioneers of this country in the person of Mr. John Wilson. He had been ailing a long time, but his early death was unexpected. Some weeks ago he was in town, as alert as ever, but it was easy to see that his vigorous manhood was gradually failing. The deceased gentleman was so well known to our readers that a sketch of his life is hardly necessary. To his old friends, his many good qualities are too well known to be commented on. To those who had the pleasure of meeting him lately, his genial, kindly nature appealed as much as the honesty and uprightness which ever marked his business dealings. One and all will join in deeply regretting that his familiar form will never more be seen around this district—his early home.

WANTED—To form a class for shorthand. Latest improved Pitman system. Apply at News Office.

The canine population of this town would seem to have formed an Orpheus Club. About midnight, peaceful sleepers are awakened by a baritone howl beneath the window. This solo is kept up till an answering alto resounds from five hundred yds distance. Then they have a duet. A mongrel cur now joins in and soon the charming voice of a belated Thomas cat swells the chorus and you jump up, open your window and throw your Sunday go-to-meeting boots at the disturbing element, but they don't mind it. Not much! Having drawn a long breath during the temporary interruption the quartette strike up the familiar air "We won't go home till morning" and you might as well give in to superior numbers.

MAIL DAY.

In the early morning all Union—from the solitary drummer (doomed to spend a week in town), who holds undisputed reign on the Cumberland Veranda, to the oldest inhabitant, male, female or feline—wears a look of expectant anxiety. They gather in little groups (i. e. the men—they mostly do nothing) on the corners and 'wonder if the train will be early.' Then they 'wonder if the wind is fair.' Then they 'wonder if the boat will call at the Islands.' Finally, they wonder if the boat will come at all. A little thing like sending the purveyor of H. M. Mail off on a picnic isn't reckoned to make much odds.

About noon, every one goes home. Some go home to 'lunch', some for a 'bite to eat', some to 'dinner', others again to 'grub up.' At this eventful meal the whole question of mail is re-hashed with as much gravity as the British Cabinet would discuss the Eastern question.

At 3 p. m. Unionites having become tired of minding the neighbors' business (that takes them from Friday morning to Wednesday at noon), and having passed around the last bit of slander and gossip are reduced to a pitiful state indeed. They have nothing at all to do and Satan himself seems short of his stock-in-trade supplied them freely the rest of the week.

3.30. A rumor flies around from where—sits chewing gum to where—is dusting bottles, that the boat is in. This amazing intelligence somewhat revives the town. At 4.30 a whistle is heard, —rig with—sitting in state behind tears wildly down to the 'station' followed by all the men, boys, dogs, girls and most of the women in town. —is there with a benevolent grin.—wearing the air of a patient martyr who wants the people to know it.—looks every inch an Alderman—of Cumberland. Only the Chinaman and dogs don't look like gaping idiots. On the platform they all stand and stare at the unlucky passengers as civilized people would at some strange wild beasts. Then—looks around with the air of a tin god on wheels. The whistle blows. The train starts. The show is over.

M. G.

(We have a standing offer to publish everything sent us unless it is too personal, so though the above is not very flattering in it goes. ED. NEWS.)

LOCAL BRIEFS.

Pay day to-day.

Mrs. Fagner returned this week.

Mrs. McKnight came home yesterday.

Mr. A. Rennison is back from California.

A miner had his ankle hurt at No. 4 yesterday.

Prof. Clerc, optician, is at the Cumberland.

Mr. Wm. Holden, General Agent, F. L. A. went down on Friday's boat.

Hugh Grant has begun shipping vegetables to Texada.

Mr. W. Mitchell was a passenger on Wednesday's boat.

Vancamp's Syrups, Catsups and Park beans at Moore's.

Miss Willemar returned from Victoria, where she has been attending school, last boat.

"Schilling's Best" Baking Powder, Coffee and Spices at Moore's.

Try a package of "Lipton's celebrated Tea." 50 and 60 cents a pound at Moore's.

Mrs. Greenshields is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. McDonald, at Comox.

Miss Ruth Denton, organist of the Methodist Church has resigned.

Mrs. Abrams returned last boat from a visit to her mother at Nanaimo.

All Summer Goods, Blouses, Underwear, and Children's Dresses at Big Reductions at Gus. Hauck's.

"For camping out," take Deviled Crab, Ham, Chicken, Turkey, Duck, Potted, Veal and Tongue, at Moore's.

200 Pairs of Ladies Tan Oxford and Button Shoes at actual cost at Gus. Hauck's.

Quite a few in town are taking the courses of the International Correspondence Schools Scranton, Pa.

The farmer's had their hay considerably dampened by the heavy rains this week.

Mrs. and Miss Miss Simpson of Victoria, are enjoying a visit to Mrs. McCallum at Courtenay.

Dr. Millard's cottage is rapidly nearing completion. Dr. and Mrs. Millard expect to take possession by the 1st of August.

Miss M. Tarbell returned Wednesday from an extended visit to Mrs. McMillan, Denman Island. The Misses McMillan came up with Miss Tarbell.

T. D. McLean having now arrived back in Cumberland, to take up his place once more in his store, will be pleased to see his old customers and friends.

The "orchestra on wheels," so far has been rather unlucky. One of the riders had the misfortune to run into a log on the side of the road, but was not seriously hurt, only getting a few slight bruises.

Prof. J. Gabriel Clerc, eye specialist, whose ad appears in another column comes well recommended by the numerous cases he has treated successfully in Nanaimo and other cities in this province. Those who have eyes that require treatment would do well to consult him at once as, we understand, his stay in town will be short.

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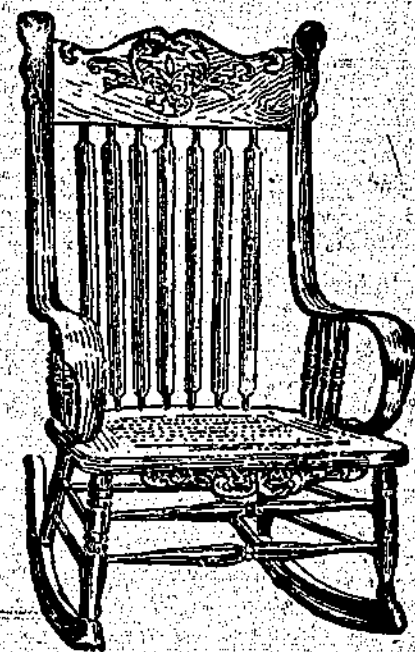
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Largest and Best Appointed Showrooms west of Toronto. Send for our Large Illustrated Catalogue—Mailed Free.

ST. ANN'S ACADEMY,

Humboldt Street, Victoria, B. C.

THE SCHOOL YEAR BEGINS FIRST MONDAY OF SEPTEMBER AND ENDS THE LAST WEEK OF JUNE

The Course of Study is divided into five grades:

Primary, Junior, Preparatory, Senior and Graduating, and comprises Reading, Spelling, Elocution, Grammar, Rhetoric, English Literature, History, Geography, Botany, Astronomy, Natural History, Geology, Geometry, Latin, Pay-sie's Algebra, Arithmetic, Linear and Map-Drawing, French conversation compulsory for those who learn the language.

Due attention is paid to plain Sewing, Darning, Mending, etc., etc. Weekly instructions are given in domestic economy, politeness, and all that constitutes lady-like deportment.

Special attention is paid to pupils preparing for Teachers' Examination. In the COMMERCIAL CLASS, instruction is given in Penmanship, English, Book-Keeping, Stenography, Typewriting and all the branches of a business education. For further information address

THE SISTER SUPERIOR.

The store of Mr. T. H. Carey was entered by a window last Saturday night and two pieces of cloth and a coat and vest stolen. Mr. Carey did some detective work on his own account with the result that he found the clothes in a Chinaman's room at the New England.

Policeman Thompson arrested the Celestial and Judge Abrams sentenced him to 3 months and a fine of \$75. Mr. Carey is out \$8—the price of a piece of cloth—on the racket.

Since March we have received letters addressed to Mr.—Esq and beginning Gentlemen, Dear Sir, and Dear Sirs, but the very latest is an invitation from the manager of the Spokane Industrial Exposition to the Editor of the News and lady. Neither of us is going.

I Have Received

BY DIRECT IMPORTATION, A CHOICE SELECTION OF

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Call and Examine.

P. Dunne