Poor February

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

EIGHTH YEAR. CUMBERLAND, B. C. TUESDAY, JULY 24th, 1900. 1d

Cheap Groceries

Flour AND Feed

...AT...

Simon Leiser's

CUMBERLAND, B. C.

Nicholles & Renouf, Ld.

61 YATES STREET, VICTORIA, B. C.

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

Agents for McCormick Harvesting Machinery.

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

CHINA - MATTINGS -

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

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

English Linoleums - - -

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

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

SAMPLES OF OUR GOODS FREE ON APPLICATION.

Weiler Bros.

VICTORIA, B. C.

DINNER SETS
TEA SETS
CHAMBER SETS

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

LAMPS

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

C. J. Moore's, Cumberland.

A SAD ACCIDENT.

A most distressing accident occurred in No. 6 shaft, Saturday, on which L. C. McDonald, so long and favourably known in the town, lost his life. From what can be learned, it appears that D. Nellist, fire boss, Geo. Turnbull, brattice-man, and L. C. McDonald, carpenter, were working on a platform in the air shaft, repairing the midwall. When about half way down the shaft, a small streamer of gas became ignited. Nellist shouted to McDonald to hold on hard. Then a heavy explosion took place about 40 feet above them breaking through the midwall, with a concussion sufficient to break the pit-head doors over the main shaft. In the darkness two men spoke on the staging, but poor McDonald was missing. The other two were hoisted safely to the top, and as soon as possible, Mr. Mathews, the colliery manager with Mr. McKnight and several others, descended the main shaft and found the remains at the bottom, the poor fellow having fallen about 300 feet. It would appear that in the excitement of the moment, he stepped off the side of the staging, for there was no vibration of the platform, a can of oil and the men's working tools all being found in place on it when when the surface was reached, and but slight scarches being sustained by the survivors, and no turns being found on deceased, shows that there was little fire immediately next them. A jury was empanelled by Coroner Abrams the same evening, who viewed the remains. The inquest will take place Tuesday 24th. The funeral took place Monday, and the deceased who was a member of Cumberland L. O. L., I. O. O. F. and other lodges, had a large following of members as well as personal friends to the grave in the Presbyterian Cemetery at Sandwick, Rev. Mr. Dodds officiating. The coffin and hearse was covered with flowers, the gifts of friends, and the esteem in which the late departed was held, was evident from the mournful respect shown in the last sad obsequies. His widow is prostrated with grief at the shocking suddenness of his death.

Lord Salisbury, in a speech the other day, handled the present troubles in China in a very practical manner. There is no doubt that the missionaries of Christian denominations, as His Lordship pointed out, are the cause of the mischief. They invade the land of the heathen Chinee, and try to force their religion upon a people whose traditions and history long ante-date Christianity. The intrusion is repulsive to the almond eyed race, who look upon the "foreign devil" alone as much to be dreaded as is his Satanic majesty of Bible lore to the Christian world. These, no doubt, well-intentioned missionaries find it difficult to operate on the Chinaman or woman of mature years, and hence they use sometimes very doubtful means of bringing the juveniles within their fold. To the Chinaman his religion is a sacred thing—the attempts to convert him in British Columbia have demonstrated this fact—but when an attempt is made not only to rob him of his religion but of his offspring, he very reasonably rebels. Modern history has shown us to what extremes men will go to protect faith and fatherland, and those who read intelligently will not be astonished that even the heathen Chinese have some of this commendable spirit in them. If Christian missionaries will persist in intruding themselves upon these people, the missionaries should understand that they do it at their own risk, and that should harm befall them in their over-zealousness to accomplish their ends, the nations from which they hail will not be called upon to avenge the so-called wrong. If this reasonable proposition were once clearly understood there would be less trouble and bloodshed. The teachings of Confucius, when impartially and intelligently tudied, have much to commend them, and those who live up to his precepts and examples will be observers of the sound old doctrine, "Do unto others as you would they would do unto you." The out-look of the present war is anything but encouraging, as it will probably involve the whole of Europe in turmoil, and if this be the result it is doubtful if Christianity will thus be advanced. What would be the fate of a Chinese missionary who would venture into this country to force his religion upon our people?—Economist

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HOW ROWING STROKES DIFFER.

If He Follows Tried Principles the Average Oarsman Can Become Proficient.

From New York Times.

If the embryo oarsman should take seriously all that is said about the difference between the so-called English long stroke and the shorter and quicker American stroke, he never would become proficient. As a matter of fact, there is as much short rowing in England as there is in this country. The difference is not national, but solely one between good rowing and bad rowing. In theory there is only one perfect stroke, and every coach who understands his business knows it, but the difficulty is in imparting the knowledge and putting it into practice.

A long stroke is not necessarily a slow one, though it is not possible to exceed a certain limit without sacrificing length, on account of the time necessarily consumed in the different operations connected with the beginning, finish and recovery.

There is nothing gained by a good beginning if the momentum acquired is to be let go of at once. As long as the stroke is held on to, the pace will continue without extra exertion, but immediately the oars are taken out of the water the speed begins to slacken, and the rushing forward that invariably accompanies short rowing brings the boat almost to a standstill before the next stroke is ready to be given. The long stroke is the vindication of the sliding seat, and the object of every coach should be to attain the maximum of length with the minimum of effort.

Coachers frequently overlook the fact that a 140-pound man cannot drive a five-inch blade through the water as fast as a man weighting 168 pounds. They apparently do not understand why the lighter man rows short, or is late at the finish. Half, or even three-quarters, of an inch trimmed off the edge of his blade would quickly mend the trouble.

The crew that catches the beginning quickest, holds it longest, and brings its oars out cleanest, is the one who never feels the wash of an opponent's rudder.

Columns have been written regarding the different styles of strokes. There are so many strokes nowadays that the various coaches' names have been attached to a certain style of rowing, which in some minor detail differ from the regulation style of rowing, which, after all the successful crews adopt, allowing that it has tried a variety of strokes unsuccessfully. A few years ago most every crew was rowing what was known as the Cook stroke, with more or less modifications, and until after Yale's unsuccessful contention against the English crews on the Thames, the average oarsman thought it was impossible to row any other but the so-called Cook stroke. When Bob Cook, Yale's famous rowing coach, returned from England after the American crew was beaten, he acknowledged that his theory was wrong in several technical parts, and advised the adoption of the stroke as old as rowing, with the additional points made necessary by the advent of the sliding seat.

If a crew with the necessary physical qualifications could follow the salient particulars in a stroke that will send a boat along as fast as it is possible to do with oars, it would be only a question of strength and endurance as to the winner. This stroke embodies the following points:

In the catch slide well up, back straight, chest thrown out, arms straight, slightly bent over. This will give a reach of six inches beyond the toes, and places the back in proper angle for a quick heave, or snap, as it is more generally called.

The legs are still held in their position, while the body is thrown back with a quick snap. This gives a firm catch. Then the legs come in for the long shove, with the arms still straight.

When the slide is done the arm still straight, close to the side, finishing four inches from the stomach, with a quick drop of the hands. The holding on of the arms to the body and legs is done to stop the settling of the boat. On the recovery the body is still straight. The arms after the quick drop are shot out straight. Ten the body drops over quickly after the arms. The body bends forward and the legs draw up slowly so as not to stop the run of the boat, and gives the lungs a chance to fill for the next stroke.

This makes the stroke graceful and easy, the back and legs do the lifting while the stomach free, as the bend is from the hips. The head is at all times erect, as the head plays a prominent part in the stroke.

While this stroke is the only one for crews, in the opinion of most coaches, the rigging of the boat is one of the most important points to be looked after. The angle of the oar in putting in and out of the water to get the power in the right place, the angle of the footboards, the height of the seats, and many other things combine to make speedy and easy rowing.

The average oarsman imagines that he lifts on the end of his oar about 200 pounds, though for a fact he does not lift half that much, but even such a pull would bend his oar four and one-half inches out of the true, which is more than any oar is sprung during the progress of a race. Any man lifting 90 pounds on board will pull 127 pounds on the fulcrum and 37 pounds on the blade, which would spring a good stiff oar three inches. By these figures it will be seen that it will take eight men to lift 720 pounds on the handles, 1,016 pounds on the fulcrum, and 296 pounds on the blade. This shows if the rigging is not properly adjusted for a good lift and the oar is not bent how little power is really being put into a stroke. Eight men lifting the above weight at thirty-four strokes to the minute under fair conditions will row a mile and a half close to seven minutes.

AN INVADING ARMY.

The whole district is overrun with a host of caterpillars. They are as greedy as locusts and as numerous as Boxers, and every green thing disappears before their border. From all parts of the district the story is the same, with the slight variation at times that they are worse in some places than others. We publish a formula which will perhaps slightly check their destruction. If not, perhaps some of the kerosene compounds may be of service:

Copper sulphate.....4 lbs.
Fresh unslacked lime,...3 lbs.
Paris green,.....3 ozs.
Water.....40 gals.

Water-slack the lime, dissolve sulphate in separate vessels, then mix and add Paris green. Apply with spray pump, or syringe. Mix in a wooden or earthenware vessel.

FOR A

WOMAN'S SAKE

BY MRS. M. E. HOLMES.

Author of "A Woman's Love," "Woman Against Woman," "Her Fatal Sin," Etc.

CHAPTER I.

"MONEY ADVANCED TO ANY AMOUNT."

"Excuse me, my dear madam, but what you propose is quite impossible. Business is business. It is a rule I have laid down in life, never to admit sentiment into a cash transaction, and I can't depart from it."

"But, sir, if I could only persuade you to have confidence——"

"In what? Pardon me if I interrupt you, but in what? I trade in money; and what you propose to me has simply relation to the transfer of that exceedingly scarce, but at all times useful, article. You produce a case of jewels—very handsome jewels in their way—remarkably handsome, but not worth by one-half the sum you are desirous of raising upon them."

"Not by one-half?"

"Well, well—not by one-third. I have told you the amount I am prepared to advance."

"It's not enough! I must have a thousand pounds. I have pressing need of one thousand pounds."

"You are not peculiar in that respect, I assure you. Now, if your husband—"

"My husband!"

"I perceived, when you removed your gloves just now, that you wore a wedding ring—a widow, perhaps?"

"Yes, you are right—I am a widow."

This was said with a certain hesitation, slight in itself, but sufficient to be remarked.

"Ahem! I see no good in our prolonging this interview. I advertise to advance money to any amount—you will understand, to any amount—to persons of respectability and trustworthiness, upon their own security, the sex of the applicants of no consequence, and the strictest secrecy to be relied upon. You propose a security which is not sufficient for the sum you require. You have no friend who will become responsible for the remainder?"

This was said in a tone of inquiry.

"I have no friend."

"And so the whole affair falls through. You refuse to give me your name; and have not as yet even shown me your face. I deal in money, as before said; and, so far from straining at a gnat con upon necessity, swallow a decent-sized camel; but in the present case, where the secrecy is all on one side, the business is fishy—hoping I use so expressive a word without offense—decidedly fishy."

"I do not understand you."

"Well, that's queer. It's not business. Any responsible and respectable security, in default of a husband—who may take pity on a fair lady in distress; and ——What! you are going? No offense intended, and no offense given, I hope. Good morning!"

So saying, Mr. Gritt bowed out a lady, who descended the narrow and dimly-lighted stairs.

Mr. Gritt watched the dark figure descend one flight of stairs—then reclosed his door, muttering and chuckling to himself.

"Yes, yes, ma'am, you'll put in a second appearance before long; you've smelt the cheese in the trap; you'll come back again, forced to make a clean breast of it."

He sat down at his desk, and with a countenance which, in its best aspect, was suggestive of an unamiable doorknocker, dipped his pen into the ink, and commenced to write upon a sheet of blue-lined sand-paper.

He had not accomplished more than half a dozen words, when the office door was burst abruptly open, and a man entered.

Virulam Gritt rose from his chair, and addressed his visitor in a voice of great deference.

"I didn't expect a visit from you today, Mr. Scratton, but as I often say to my clerk, Nobbs—Percival Nobbs, a young man of good family, but unfortunate—your visits are like early violets, cheering and fragrant—cheering and fragrant."

The new-comer said, in a growl, "What was the matter with the woman I met on the stairs just now?"

"I can't say. She's a mystery. She came here in answer to one of our advertisements. Wanted to raise money on some jewels which weren't worth what she demanded. She refused to answer questions, and went away in a huff."

"Well, you've had her followed, of course?"

"No; Nobbs is away upon important business; the lady left hastily, and——'

"And you were such a fool as to let this chance escape you! What do you think I placed you here for, sir, and made you my agent, with large capital at your back, but to ferret out such profitable mysteries as this one would have been to us had you only used common sharpness?"

"I don't see how this particular case promised to be as profitable as you make out, Mr. Scratton. The woman offered an inadequate security, and wouldn't take a shilling less than the sum she demanded

"How much was that?"

"One thousand pounds."

"What!"

The gentleman addressed as Mr. Scratton advancing to the bureau, near which Verulam Gritt was seated, struck his hand upon it fiercely; the great leaden inkstand was converted into a fountain, which descended in a shower upon everything around.

"You're an ass, Gritt—you're an ass! When I found you starving in a garret, I thought I had found one whose nose having ben ground down to such an exceedingly sharp point, would know how to apply the grindstone to others. I took you for anything but an ass, Gritt, or you might have rotted and died for me."

"You're too hasty, sir. I hope you've never found me scrupulous. I'm not without a conscience, but I'd perjure myself for you, sir."

"Bah! you'd perjure yourself for any man, if there was no prospect of your being found out. You've let a chance slip through your fingers, and there's an end of it."

"She'll turn up again," said Gritt, positively.

"If she does, let Nobbs stick to her like her shadow. If Nobbs should be absent, follow her yourself. Do you hear?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then, now for the business that's brought me to town. Have you all the papers connected with Richard Goodeve's affairs?"

"They're in the inner office."

"I'll go in and look over them. The man himself will be here in an hour, so do you stay in the outer office; he mustn't see me, at any price. Richard Goodeve is one of your independent, outspoken fellows, ever ready to imagine and to revenge a wrong. Such men, in skillful hands are invaluable; and, if you only act your part well, Richard Goodeve—Richard the Proud—Richard the Radical—Richard the Stiff-necked, shall be at my beck and call, as much my bond-servant to command as though his skin was black, and I had purchased him in an African slave market."

With these words, Mr. Scratton passed into the inner offices, where we will leave him.

CHAPTER II.

SPINNING THE WEB.

We will begin with Mr. Daniel Scratton.

By profession, he was a land-agent; an elastic term, often including, as it did in his case, many other agencies, to say nothing of the brisk and profitable trade of an auctioneer.

When Daniel Scratton first opened his eyes upon the world, his position in the social scale was low down, he having been born of a pauper parent in the workhouse. He also owed what acquirements he possessed, principally of the arithmetical order, to another charitable institution belonging to the same town.

A child of poverty, and a pauper by birth, Daniel soon learned the value of money; and from the time his brain was first able to compass an idea, that one idea was how to obtain it.

Obtain money he did, and much money. The fortune of Scratton began with the smallest savings at first. "Get money, my child." "Get money—honestly, if you can; but get it." Had Daniel been the offspring of that worthy man, he could not have adopted his principle more readily.

With such a man, as he grew richer, his habits became more penurious, and his conduct in business still more hard and grasping, till the Gatford folk, in recognition of this combination of meanness and cruelty, bestowed upon him the sobriquets of Miser Scratton and Daddy Flintskin. All of which, however, did not prevent his receiving every outward show of respect and consideration. At time progressed, Miser Scratton's ambition grew in proportion to his gains, and he determined to widen the scene of his operations.

While on a business visit to London chance had thrown in his way a miserable, poverty-stricken knave, yet a cunning one withal, whom Nature, in her wickedest mood, seemed to have fashioned to do secret and noxious work in a dark and crawling way.

Here was the very instrument that Daniel Scratton wanted—a poor rogue, on his last legs.

A bond was entered into—a plan of action laid down; and, as master and man, they worked together. To catch flies, the spider requires a web; and the web that Miser Scratton fabricated was of the simplest character; but, once within its meshes, the victim found himself, or herself, held as with bonds of iron.

An office, consisting of three rooms, was first selected, judiciously situated. The scheme was accomplished by the following advertisements, inserted in the leading papers.

"Money advanced to any amount, in town or country, upon all kinds of securities, mortgages, leases, portable property of every description, and furniture without removal. The strictest secrecy guaranteed. None but principals treated with. Apply to X. Y. Z., corner of High street and Ellis avenue.

What a bait for the needy!

A philanthropist, possessed of money which he is ready to advance to any amount, upon any security, and the strictest secrecy guaranteed. No wonder the flies rushed into the snare.

Any interest they were ready to pay, any sacrifice to make, as long as the world knew nothing of their distress.

In the foreground of the picture we have painted was Gritt, with smooth manners and sharp knowledge of all the crooked paths of the law; but behind him, in the shadow, was Miser Scratton.

(To Be Continued.)

WALL PAPERING.

A Good Color Scheme Is the First and Great Point.

The wall papering season being once more with us, the following practical points from Good Housekeeping are presented for the benefit of the many whom they will probably concern:

The color of paper for parlor or sitting room should be reposeful and unstimulating and never dark. To select a large figure or one showing great contrasts is a mistake. In regard to color, everything depends on the location of the room and the amount of light it receives. A long, narrow room, lighted only from the north end, needs a lighter, brighter wall than a south room having three or four windows. In the first case yellow is needed, and one can hardly get too much of it. One of the first living decorators covered such a room with brilliant golden yellow, the ceiling only toned down to a cream. It was an immense success. Such a color on a north room sounds more gorgeous than it really is. Nothing can be more brilliant than the sunlight, and yellow paint or paper is the nearest similitude to that.

In regard to figure, it is a great mistake to select that obtrusive or containing a variety of colors. The best is that showing a lighter tint of the same or a harmonious color in conventional lines or arabesque—not in flowers. In fact, flowers not conventional—that is, closely simulating nature—are only fit for sleeping rooms, and then they should appear in small masses.

Wall colors should be closely studied. A hanging may be extremely beautiful and yet be unsuited to a certain room. In general, it may be said that positive colors—bright red, blue and green—should never be used. Again, hangings covering a wall appear much darker than when seen in the roll. As has been said, blue is a cool, depressing color. Once, in summer, we lived by the sea in a room hung and furnished entirely in bright blue. Over wall and carpet rioted blue roses which reappeared in window hangings and toilet appurtenances. So grewsome was the influence that as soon as another room was vacated we induced the landlady to let us remove from that "deeply, darkly, desperately blue" and sunless apartment. It was a lesson never to be forgotten.

It will be found upon trial that dull tints such as blue gray, gray green, pearl gray, cream, delicate terra cotta, sage green and olive, with more or less ornamentation or self colored, will give sufficient range for any number of rooms. Delicacy of tint requires delicacy and refinement in the colors of other furnishings. Bright, deep, rich hues in carpet or rugs and furniture coverings demand greater strength of color in wall than when they are lighter and duller.

A cream or cafe au lait (the color of well creamed coffee), light terra cotta or yellow or pinkish gray will afford excellent background for rooms having little sunlight. All the shades of gray greens and blues and olives will better suit a southern exposure.

Baked Eggplant.

Baked eggplant helps out when variety is desired. In selecting the plant see that it is smooth. Cut it in halves and remove the pulp, leaving the shell about one-third of an inch thick. Chop and mix well together one large or two small tomatoes, one small onion, the inside of the eggplant, a slice of green pepper, a few bread crumbs, a sprig of parsley and a little salt. With this mixture fill the empty shell, lay a piece of butter on top and bake 30 minutes.

Georgia Spring Notes.

We find these breezy spring items in the columns of our esteemed contemporary, the Whitsett Courier:

"Dave Johnson's old mule, with one eye and the mortgage, is doing some tall spring plowing these days."

"Two picnics will be given on Wednesday next. If we can only rent a pair of snowshoes, we will attend both of 'em."

"We are not plowing for fame in this country, but for the sheriff, who levies on the crop once a year with painful regularity."—Atlanta Constitution.

THE PALM OF VICTORY TO THIS VETERAN PHYSICIAN

Whose Famous Recipe Book and Great Family Remedies Have Made Him Loved and Admired to the Uttermost Parts of the Earth--

A Record of Marvellous Cures.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

The Great Blood-Builder.

EXHAUSTED NERVES

Mrs. W. Cronsberry, 168 Richmond St., Toronto, Ont., states: "My daughter, who sews in a white goods factory, got completely run down by the steady confinement and close attention required at her work. Her nerves were so exhausted, and she was so weak and debilitated that she had to give up work entirely for some weeks.

"She then began to use Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and found it excellent in restoring her to health and strength. She is now greatly improved and at work again. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food also helped her through a very severe attack of la grippe. I can recommend it as an excellent remedy.

DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS

One Pill a Dose, 25c a Box.

KIDNEY DISEASE

Mr. Alex. Marshall, 59 Essex St., Toronto, Ont., says: "Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are a splendid medicine, and certainly do all that is claimed for them. Both myself and wife have been greatly benefited by their use. I had kidney disease and pains in the back for over two years, and at times the pains were so acute that I was totally unfit for work. Among the remedies I tried were English Pills, supposed to be good, but they did not fit my case.

"I heard Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills highly praised, and used them. I now feel like a new man. The pains and aches have entirely disappeared and I can now work with comfort. My wife is much improved in health and we both endorse Dr. Chase's Kidney-liver Pills most heartily."

Dr. Chase's Ointment

Has Never Failed to Cure Piles.

PILES

Mr. O. P. St. John, the Dominion inspector of steamboats, residing at 246 Shaw Street, Toronto, in the following voluntary letter tells of his efforts to rid himself of the misery of Itching Piles and of his final success by using Dr, Chase's Ointment: "I suffered for nine years from itching piles, at times being unable to sleep on account of the annoyance caused by them. After trying almost all remedies in vain, I began the use of Dr. Chase's Ointment, which entirely cured me. I cannot speak too highly of it. I have recommended it to several of my friends, all of whom have been cured by its use.

Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure, wonderfully prompt and effective as a cure for cold in the head and catarrh. Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine has by far the largest sale of any remedy for coughs, croup, bronchitis and asthma. Each, 25c. All dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

BATTLES.

Nay, not for fame, but for the right
  To make this fair world fairer still,
Or lordly lily of a night,
  Or sun topped tower of a hill,
Or high or low, or near or far,
  Or dull or keen, or bright or dim,
Or blade of grass, or brightest star,
  All, all are but the same to him.

Oh, pity of the strife for place!
  Oh, pity of the strife for power!
How scarred, how marred, a mountain's face
  How fair the fair face of a flower!
The blades of grass beneath your feet,
  The bravest sword—aye, braver far
To do and die in mute defeat,
  Thou bravest conqueror of war!

When I am dead say this, but this:
  He grasped at no man's blade or shield
Or banner bore; but, helmetless,
  Alone, unknown, he held the field.
He held the field with saber drawn,
  Where God had sent him in the fight,
He held the field, fought on and on
  And so fell fighting for the right.

—Joaquin Miller.

An Amusing Woman

She Was Amusing Because She Laughed at Love.

Lucy Armitage had been born in a queer little town in Ohio, and no one who ever lived there had appreciated its queerness so thoroughly as she. Indeed she was so diverted even by her dearest friends that she made herself rather unpopular. People wanted to like her, but it was difficult when she was laughing at them. They always forgave her, however, when she laughed at some one else. And without reservation they admitted that she was the brightest girl in town. So they made a great lamenting when she left there with her family—her family was more or less of an incident—and came to Chicago. Lucy was sorry to leave the little town, too, when she found that she would be lamented. She began to attach some importance to herself, a thing she had previously failed to do because of all the absurd creatures in a world of absurdity she had seemed the most ridiculous. If she had entertained an ambition, she laughed herself out of it. Her attitude toward herself, as well as toward the world, was that of a mocker. And if a ray of sentiment dared to find its way into her mental compound she gave chase to it with derisive mirth.

She did whatever she attempted well. In the village there had been only the home duties to offer vent to her activity, and she excelled in these. When other girls blundered in breadmaking, Lucy turned out white and feathery loaves. When experienced housewives fretted about the monotony of fare, Lucy invented new dishes. She could make dresses and embroider, and mow the lawn, and curry the horse and drive a nail. Oddly enough, none of these things had satisfied her—not even the drawing of nails. They had not seemed worth while, and she had not been interested in her own achievements, but when she got to Chicago and found what an awful hurry everybody was in she got in a hurry, too, though she laughed all the time at the senseless fret and rush and made caricatures of Chicago street scenes on the edges of her schoolbooks. She, who had been an indifferent student, took a fancy to hustle herself through high school, and, that over, she cast about her for some further fields of work. She had decided to become a part of the breathless and preposterous procession.

She went around and looked at the city and made up her mind about men and women and business and politics and religion with the splendid ease and dogmatism of the young. She sent away a number of ardent lovers.

"Love?" said Lucy. "It's an illusion. Any one over 40 will tell you that."

"But you are under 20," said one of the protesting ones.

"An accident!" cried Lucy. "A mere blunder on my part. It will take me 20 years of my life to rectify it, and I shall be so busy doing it that I really shall be able to think of nothing else."

To herself she said:

"When I marry, it shall be for—for reasons of state, so to speak. I shall marry a capable, brilliant, physically perfect man. I believe in the survival of the fittest. I believe in the selection of species. This girlish sentiment that entraps other girls shall not waylay me."

And for once she did not know that she was amusing.

One morning she awoke with an idea.

"I am going to be a nurse," she said. The more she thought of the idea the better she was pleased. For what other purpose had that magnificently strong body been given her? She felt as if she could radiate strength and courage. She was taken for probation on the merits of her general bearing and intelligence.

"But I'm afraid you are too fond of excitement," the head nurse said kindly. "You seem to have high spirits. I fear you will not be able to stand the discipline and the confinement."

But it seemed to Lucy the place for high spirits. It appeared to be, moreover, the most exciting of places—as stirring and vital as a battlefield. Here were real tragedies, not mimic ones. Here was the actual heroism. She was interested to absorption. There was, moreover, plenty to laugh at—the pomposity of the doctors, the solemn reverence with which they regarded themselves even in the face of outrageous blunders and erroneous diagnoses and futile experiments, the hypochondriacal whims of the patients, the dry sloughing off of all moral responsibility on the part of the nurses, who came to regard themselves as automata set in motion by the physicians. This phase of the comedy humane was deliciously funny to Lucy. She made herself both friends and enemies by her ill advised merriment.

"Doctors are absurd," she commented frequently. "I have never seen anything so owlish and so ineffective as doctors. The way they set up theories before which we all fall prostrate and the manner in which they knock the same theories over presently while we servilely applaud is truly entertaining. I am glad I came."

"You won't stay if you don't exercise more control of your tongue," one of the truly obedient nurses once said to her.

"Oh, well," said Lucy, "the cars still run by the hospital. I can get away."

But for all her nonsense she was soon counted one of the best probationers the hospital had ever known. Her steadiness of nerve was remarkable. Her pulse remained when she witnessed or assisted at an operation. It seemed as if she could divest herself of her own personality entirely for the purpose of serving the inert creature on the operating table. The majesty of life seemed a poem to her at such moments. To preserve at any cost the fragile, divine, mystic, elusive thing which all the science in the world could never synthesize seemed to her half godlike. The physicians gave her extravagant praise.

"But still I do not like doctors," she said.

Sometimes she did not like patients either. There was one old lady, for example, who never could divest herself of the idea that Lucy was a common servant and that whatever else she did she must never sit down. One day the girl had been on her feet for hours waiting upon the patient, rubbing her, feeding her and caring for her in fifty ways, and at length even her firm young body ached in every bone. She dropped into a chair for a few moments of needed rest.

"Miss Armitage," said the querulous voice of the old lady, "the room appears to me to be untidy. I wish you would pick it up."

Lucy looked over at the discontented old creature and smiled tolerantly.

"Miss Coudry," she said, "never before have I been asked to do so difficult a thing," and sat still.

Miss Coudry had no suspicion that her phraseology was at fault, and she reported the nurse. The head physician interviewed her on the subject. Lucy refrained from commenting upon the tyranny of the poor old hypochondriac. She turned the matter with a jest.

"I was asked to pick up the room," she said. "I am not the magnetic strong girl, so I said I couldn't do it."

The physician tempered his reproof.

The months of probation over, Lucy was accepted, and the first severe case committed entirely to her charge was that of a young doctor who had been severely injured in a railroad accident and one of whose legs had undergone amputation. The case was a bothersome one. The young man did not gather strength as he should have done, considering his youth. He sank into a low fever and drowsed along through life week in and week out. Lucy stood by him loyally. She endeavored in every way to inspire him to make a fight for life. But for a long time she could arouse no interest in him. At last she had an idea.

"I will make him fall in love with me," she thought to herself. "It will do me no harm, and it will help him to get well, and as soon as he is strong he will forget all about it. The others always have."

It was a silly comedy to play—perhaps it was rather a coarse farce—but Lucy entered upon her role with enthusiasm. She was really a beautiful girl, but she seldom took time to remember it. Now she stuck a rose in her dark hair mornings, and she was careful to have a faint perfume of violets floating from her exquisite gray gown. Her cap and apron assumed an indefinable coquetry. She took pensive attitudes and talked upon sentimental subjects.

"What a precious guy I am making of myself!" she often chuckled in the recesses of her naughty soul. "Of all the idiotic parts I ever assumed I have most cause to be ashamed of this!" But it proved to be the prescription of which the young doctor stood in need. He watched for her coming in the morning as frightened children watch for their mothers. He hung upon her words, exulted in her springing, firm step, was soothed into exquisite peace by the touch of her cool white hand upon his brow, and when he felt the grasp of her two strong hands upon his in hours of pain it seemed to him that with her by he would find strength to endure anything.

"It will soon be over," Lucy said to comfort her conscience, "and if I am clever perhaps I can get him away before he says anything to me. I hate horribly to face the consequences of my sin. If I had been making sin, I should have made it without consequences."

But clever as she was she did not succeed in her desire. One day Dr. Halson, convalescent, turned from the contemplation of the passersby on the street and said imperatively:

"Miss Armitage, come here."

"Aren't your pillows right?" asked Lucy with feigned solicitude. She knew in her soul that the fatal hour had come.

"My pillows are well. But I wish to say to you a thing you have been preventing me from saying for days. You are a beautiful tyrant, but I will not suffer tyranny even from the beautiful. I find upon consulting with my—with my physician that I shall require your services indefinitely. I want them as long as life lasts. I must take you away with me. I must have you for my wife."

Lucy had many times prepared in her mind the rebukes that she would utter in answer to these remarks. She would bring him to an understanding of the absurdity of the thing, for, of course, this was a piece with the rest of the absurdity of the world.

But this is what she heard herself saying:

"My dear, dear, I knew you could not do without me. Of course I couldn't think of leaving you." And this time when their hands clasped it was hers that were trembling.

Then she laughed. She fairly shouted with laughter till the patients in the other rooms hear and smiled responsively. What mad absurdity! What a perversely amusing world! She would marry only a man of great physical superiority—she hated physicians!

And she had just kissed a one legged physician and promised to be his wife!

"I was never so amused!" cried Lucy.

"You were never so amusing, my dear heart," said her lover.—Chicago Tribune.

CUTTING DIAMONDS.

HOW AMSTERDAM ARTISANS HANDLE THE ROUGH STONES.

The Splitting, Rounding and Polishing Processes That Coax Into Being the Flashing Finished Stone Ready For the Setter.

Among the many industries of Amsterdam one of the most interesting as well as the most important is that of diamond cutting and polishing. Though an unknown art until the fifteenth century, it has since that time flourished greatly until now at the present day there are no less than 62 firms registered as diamond companies in this great city. Among the more important of these firms stands that of Mr. Coster, the manager of which kindly allowed us to inspect the workings of the establishment. Here 350 to 400 workmen are constantly employed, most of them in the delicate work of diamond polishing.

When the diamonds arrive first in Amsteradm, they are in the same rough, uncut state as they were when found in the South African mines. Before reaching their highly polished state they have to pass through three separate and distinct processes—the processes of diamond splitting, diamond cutting and diamond polishing—and when these are accomplished the stones are ready for the jeweler.

The first process consists simply in splitting the rough diamond (containing flaws) into several pure, flawless ones, and in this work 12 men are constantly employed.

We visited one of these workshops, where we found three men engaged in splitting diamonds as they sat at a small table on which fell the light from two windows. One of the men talked English exceedingly well and gave us many interesting details of this particular process, in which no machinery is used. Pulling open a small drawer in the wooden table, he showed us beautiful uncut diamonds, all still in the rough state. Then we watched the actual "splitting" process itself. At first sight it looks a simple one, but we soon discovered that it needs great skill on the part of the workmen.

A small wooden tool is held in the left hand, into which a rough diamond has been firmly "waxed" at the top. Pieces of the waxlike cement lie conveniently near on the table, and, as a gas jet is always burning there, the necessary heat is easily supplied. In the right hand of the workman a similar tool is held, the top consisting also of a diamond, which later on is to act as a knife in the other hand.

Probably most of my readers know that nothing but a diamond will cut a diamond, and so the diamond is extensively employed in all the diamond cutting factories in Amsterdam. A stone of 100 carats can be split in 15 minutes by skillfully pressing one diamond against the other on the spot where a flaw occurs, the diamond in the right hand being used as a knife. Where a flaw occurs a split soon takes place, and the diamond divides into two stones. Should there be another flaw in either of these the operation is repeated, until several pure, flawless diamonds lie on the rough wooden table, and the first process is successfully accomplished.

The second process—that of diamond cutting—is also performed without the aid of machinery, except in the case of the larger stones. It was interesting to find that all the work of diamond cutting is performed by Dutch women and girls.

Diamond splitting and diamond cutting look somewhat alike, as the tools are very similar, but in reality the process is not the same, the great difference being that pressure is used in the first instance always on the same spot, with the idea of causing the diamond to split into two stones, while in the other case it is used equally on every part of the diamond in order to give it simply a round shape. To gain this roundness is, therefore, the one leading idea of diamond cutting. As the diamonds are cut a fine dust falls from them into a wooden box on the table, and this powder is most carefully preserved, as it is used largely in diamond polishing when mixed with oil.

All the diamonds to be cut are given to the women in small packets, each having the number and size of the diamonds it contains written plainly on the outside. After having once received these packets the women are responsible for their contents.

The work of diamond cutting is particularly hard and very trying to the eyes, as some of the diamonds are so small that 800 of them only weigh one carat! The time that a diamond takes to cut depends very much on its size. A large one weighing ten carats usually takes from three to four hours, while the smaller ones take much less time.

The third process, that of diamond polishing, is an important and lengthy one. The skilled workmen sit at long, narrow tables with their backs to the windows, having in front of them the small iron wheels which revolve with such terrible rapidity when set in motion by the great engine. Facing the windows stand apprentices and less skilled workmen, whose work it is to receive the diamonds from the cutting rooms and solder them (by aid of the gas jet) into the top of small pear shaped tools of various sizes, these tools being composed of lead and tin. The diamond tipped tools then pass into the hands of the skilled workmen, who, before fastening them firmly into frames which stand in close proximity to the wheels, dip each diamond into a mixture of oil and diamond dust. This is a most important part of the process, for by means of these grains of dust the polishing is done. Four of these tools containing diamonds are then placed in position near the wheel (four can be polished at once), and with a quick movement of the hand the iron disks are set in motion. The wheels revolve 1,500 times a minute, and the diamond is polished on one particular side by means of the constant friction on it of the grains of diamond dust.

As the object of diamond cutting is simply to make the stone a round one, so the object of diamond polishing is to give the diamond the many "sides," to use a technical expression, considered necessary by the jeweler before it is ready for setting. Great skill is needed in this work, for each stone has to be resoldered a great many times on to the top of the pear shaped tools and placed again and again in connection with the revolving wheels in order to produce these "sides."—B. W. How in Golden Penny.

When men learn to do unto others as they would have others do unto them, horse trading will have become one of the lost arts.—Galveston News.

Wound by the Sun.

A clock is to be seen at Brussels which comes as near to being a perpetual-motion machine as is likely to be invented, for the sun does the winding. The method by which it works is described in The Optician.

A shaft exposed to the solar rays causes an up draft of air, which sets a fan in motion. The fan acts upon a mechanism which raises the weight of the clock until it reaches the top, and then puts a brake on the fan till the weight has gone down a little, when the fan is again liberated, and proceeds to act as before.

As long as the sun shines frequently enough, and the machinery does not wear out, the clock will keep going.

Just for Fun.

Drummond used to tell some amusing stories about the penalties of his American fame. Extraordinary letters used to be wafted to him across the Atlantic. One of them ran as follows: Dear Sir: I am a widow now with one son of twelve years of age. He promises well, and I think could be secured for the kingdom if you would send him autograph copy of your sweet hymn, 'Are they safe with him?'"

What Stopped It.

Customer—I could not make the watch go to save my life. Did you have to do much to it?

Jeweler—Oh, no; not much. We just took that picture of your wife out of the case; that was all.

The Voyder.

The voyder was a large dish in which were collected the broken victuals, which were removed from the table with a large knife with a broad, flat blade, called the voyder knife, from vider, to empty, clear or make void.

"The Boke of Nurture," by Hugh Rhodes, the date of which is 1577, one of the curious set of handbooks of manners and etiquette reproduced by the Early English Text society, speaks of these vessels as follows: "See ye have voyders ready for to void the morsels, that they doe leave on their trenchers. Then with your trencher knyfe take off such fragments and put them in your voyder, and then sette them downe cleane agayne."

Few silver ones remain, but some large brass voyder or dishes which have probably been so used may still be seen, of the history of which nothing is known by their present owners.—"Old English Plate," by W. J. Cripps.

To the Strict Letter.

"Mary," said the lady of the house, "you didn't put any salt in this bread."

"But," replied the new girl, "didn't the master say yesterday he wouldn't have nothing but fresh bread on his table, mum?"—Philadelphia North American.

No Use for a Throne.

Napoleon Bonaparte is quoted in The Century as saying to Dr. O'Meara at St. Helena:

"If I was in England now, and the French nation was to offer me the throne again, I would not accept of it, because if I was to do so I would be obliged to turn bourreau (executioner). I would be obliged to cut off the heads of thousands to keep myself upon it, which would not be pleasing to me. Oceans of blood must be shed to keep me there. No, no; I have made enough of noise already in the world; perhaps more than any other man will make; perhaps too much. I am getting old, and only want retirement. What could I do in France? Alone, to set myself against all the powers of Europe. Madness!"

Earthquakes of Japan.

In the Journal of the College of Science, of Tokio, Professor Sekiya gives an extensive account of Japanese earthquakes from 416 A. D. to the end of 1898, the total number of destructive shocks being 222. It is found that when small earthquakes are numerous seriously destructive ones are less so; this is explained by the fact that in an unstable country like Japan, if the earth stress is used up in numerous small shocks there will be so much less force stored up to produce extensive disturbances.

Why the World Groans.

Somebody wrote a bit of verse
  For want of more employment—
A thing quite pleasant to rehearse
  In moods of mild enjoyment,
And as you read it o'er again
  And bade companions note it,
You thanked with all your might and main
  The willing bard who wrote it.

But Mrs. Brown recited it
  At some small social function,
And Mr. Smithers made a hit
  By singing it with unction
To music Mr. Blobbs composed.
  Van Dabbs, of course, must mingle
New magic lantern views he shows
  For that infernal jingle.

'Twas parodied from land to land
  In satire and polemic,
And no one dared to raise a hand
  To stay the epidemic,
And now it haunts the weary mind,
  With music all departed,
And life is but a grewsome grind
  That leaves us broken hearted.

BILL NYE'S WONDER.

Why He Marveled at the Lack of an Audience.

"I think the late Bill Nye was at his best when an opportunity presented itself to make humorous remarks about himself or his own misfortunes," said M. A. Marks during a conversation in which the writings of the humorist were discussed.

"I remember an incident which happened in Madison, Ind., the town in which I was born and raised. I was manager of the playhouse we had in the town, and when upon a certain occasion the Women's Relief corps, an auxiliary organization to the G. A. R., wanted to get up an entertainment for the purpose of raising money it asked me to pick out something I thought would be a drawing card.

"I looked over the list of attractions and ran across the names of Bill Nye and James Whitcomb Riley, who were then touring together. I told the ladies that in my opinion they could make no better selection, and the humorist and Hoosier poet were immediately communicated with. It so happened that a few days later I had to go to New York and, of course, left the entire matter with the ladies, telling them to proceed at once with selling tickets.

"You may imagine my astonishment when I returned home on the day on which the entertainment was to be given, when one of the ladies came to me and said that they had sold but seven tickets and that they had abandoned the idea of holding the entertainment at all. The worst of it was they had simply come to the conclusion that they could make no money out of the entertainment and dropped it without communicating with Nye or Riley or with their manager.

"Of course in the afternoon they both arrived on the train, and it devolved upon me to break the news to them. I shall never forget the feeling that came over me when I entered their room in the tavern at which they had put up. Riley was sitting in a chair in an apparently meditative mood, while Nye, with his back turned toward the door, was unpacking his grip. Nye did not look up when I came in, but kept right on unpacking, and so I addressed my remarks at Riley. I said that but seven tickets had been sold and that the ladies had decided to abandon the entertainment. Then Bill Nye turned round and remarked: 'Only seven tickets sold! That's funny, because the people of this town never heard us.'"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A NEW ENGLAND COURTSHIP.

How Miss Amanda Finally Came to Marry the Captain.

There is no end to the tales of odd characters and their odd courtships which the tactful traveler in New England can gather from the lips of old people in country districts. Here is one of a lovers' quarrel which was finally healed in the way least to be expected.

Captain Amos Deering of Hentley Cove and Miss Amanda Nott were opposite neighbors. Miss Amanda had her own home—the old Nott homestead—and Captain Amos, who had retired from the sea, boarded with the widow Wright. The two saw a good deal of each other and found the companionship pleasant.

Captain Amos frequently hung over Miss Amanda's fence, offering advice concerning her tiny garden. He even wearied his back in gallantly laying a border of whitewashed stones and large East Indian shells along her front path. Miss Amanda in return occasionally lifted her skirts out of the dust and daintily scurried across the street to inspect the captain's window box and the progress of the cuttings from her own geraniums growing therein.

Of course Hentley people decided that the two were considering matrimony. So they were, with the deliberation and discretion befitting their years. They had at length made up their minds so far that only one difficulty remained.

Miss Nott kept a canary; the captain kept a cat. The bird had been taught tricks. The cat was a beautiful Persian, brought home on his last voyage by the captain himself. Alas! It could not be expected that the two would agree, yet neither would the captain relinquish his cat nor Amanda her bird. No dangerous cat should enter the Nott homestead. Captain Amos would go nowhere where his pet was not welcomed.

There was a quarrel. They made it up next day, but only to the extent of being again on conventionally friendly terms. Each remained resolute. They argued daily, weekly, but neither would yield.

So matters rested for three years. Then one summer night Miss Amanda forgot to shut a window, and early in the morning she was aroused by a hurried knocking and found the captain on the doorstep. He had seen the fallen cage and missed his pet. The inference was plain. He used no circumlocution, but broke the news at once:

"Bear up, Amanda! It's hard, but it's providential. My cat has eaten your canary. Let's have the wedding next week."

And they did.—Youth's Companion.

Electrified Stockings.

Robert Symmer, in 1759, described some most entertaining experiments, making use of the opposite electrifications of superposed stockings of different materials or merely of different colors, the dye matters in the latter case causing differentiation.

If in a dry atmosphere a silk stocking be drawn over the leg and a woolen one pulled over it, the two will be found, upon being removed, to be very powerfully electrified in opposite senses. If the four stockings of two such pairs be used and then suspended together, they will indulge in remarkable antics due to each of the silk stockings trying to attract both of the woolen ones, and vice versa, and, on the other hand, each of each kind repelling the other.

The amount of electrical attraction and repulsion produced in this simple way in a dry atmosphere is remarkable. The experiment may also be performed with all silk stockings, one pair white and the other black.—Popular Science.

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS
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W. B. ANDERSON, - - - EDITOR

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

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

TUESDAY, JULY 24th, 1900

WAR NEWS.

London, 16.—A report from Platkop says the British have been engaged by Boers all day long. Scouts and mounted infantry arriving from the north located the Boers a thousand strong occupying the ridge from which they were driven yesterday. Col. Thornycroft's men held the ... facing them, members of Strathcona's Horse were driven in temporary on the right by the heavy fire. After a stubborn resistance the Boers forced the British to bring the howitzers into action and the infantry deployed for a general advance under Clay's direction Boers opened fire in all directions shelling with the guns posted on the British right the mounted infantry in the face of a severe fire attacked the Boers. A gun posted on an entrenched kopjie forced the Boers from a number of ridges, detached parties retiring on the centre while a gun on the right was withdrawn through a revine towards an entrenched hill.

Cape Town, July 16.—Understood Johannesburg will be the temporary capital of Orange River and Transvaal colonies.

Senekal, O. R. C., July 16.—Gen. Rundle's rapid advance has forced the Boers into a bad corner. Steyne is reported to have given up all hope after the loss at Bethlehem and would have surrendered, but Gen. Dewit threatened to shoot and it's believed he was imprisoned in his own laager.

Washington, July 16.—Navy Department received following from Admiral Remy: "Reported that allied forces attacked native city in Tien Tsen on morning of the 13th, Russians on right with infantry and marines on left. The loss to allied forces was over 250 officers and men.

Tien Tsen, July 16.—The allies were repulsed and compelled to retreat with heavy loss. The Chinamen fought with great desperation and their marksmanship was accurate and deadly. The bodies of two marines who were captured by the Chinese were recovered. The eyes had been hacked out, the cheeks, arms and legs cut off.

July 16, via Shanghai, July 15.—The message describes the garrison at Tien Tsen as fighting hordes of Chinese day and night unable to drive them off and suffering repeated defeats. When Admiral Seymour found himself so hard pressed that he was unable longer to carry his wounded with him he asked them. "Which do you prefer, to be left to the mercy of the Chinese or to be shot by your own comrades." As Admiral Seymour put the question tears were running down his cheeks. "We prefer death to torture, shoot us now that we may die like men," was the piteous response of the helpless soldiers. A firing squadron was told off. The little allied force stopped and beat off with gun fire the Chinese horde that surrounded it. A few merciful volleys from rifles in the hands of comrades and the fanatical Chinese horde was cheated of these victims for its torture

Finnsu, July 17.—Kumassie has been relieved by the British column under command of Col. Wilcocks.

London, July 16.—Despatch from Shanghai dated to-day says allied troops resumed the attack upon the Chinese walled city of Tien Tsen on 14th, and succeeded in reaching the walls and capturing all the forts. The Chinese are now completely routed and the allies took possession of the native city and its defenses. The total losses of the allies during last three days are about 800 killed and wounded. Their guns did much damage to native city causing many large conflagrations and finally silencing the majority of enemy's guns. Simultaneously the 1,500 Russians assisted by Germans and French assaulted and captured 6 guns that were in position on the railway embankment and the magazine of which the French suddenly blew up. A body of Americans, British and Japanese then made a sortie and attacked the west arsenal which the Chinese had occupied. After three hours of hardest fighting yet experienced Chinese fled. When arsenal had been evacuated by Chinese, the American, the French and Japanese and the Welsh Fusiliers advanced towards native city and joined with other attacking forces, Japs infantry and mounted battery advanced to foot walls supported by Americans and French. Despite the valiant attacks the allies were only able to hold the positions and remained outside the walls preparatory to renewing the assault in morning. Casualties sutained by allies very heavy.

Washington, July 17.—Chinese Minister has just received a cablegram announcing the safety of foreign ministers on July 9th.

Shanghai, July 17.—One hundred thousand Chinese troops armed with mauser rifles and modern artillery are encamped at three points, within 4 miles of Shanghai ready to besiege that town in event of an attack by Europeans upon the Woo Sun forts.

Nanaimo, July 17.—At meeting of Miners' Union to-day, following resolution was passed unanimously: "That this informs the Hon. Jas. Dunsmuir of its appreciation of his action in taking the Chinese and Japanese out of the mines, and also of his present disposition to employ union labor, and that the general secretary forward a copy of the same to him.'

Ottawa, July 17.—House spent all morning in concurrence of estimates. Prorogation expected tomorrow.

London, July 18.—Shanghai correspondent of Express on alleged authority of couriers give following story of massacre of legations: He says, "Maddened with hunger after having been without food for many days members of legations made a sortie on night of June 30, and killed 200 Chinese in unexpected attack. Enraged over the loss of so many men the Chinese brought up heavy guns, and their general gave the order thus, "Destroy every foreigner's vestige and make China a sealed book to all western powers." In the final attempt to cut their way through the legations formed a squad, the women and children in centre, when Boxers realized they were being attacked they became like wild beasts and shot each other with revolvers. Heavy guns bombarded all night until the buildings were in flames. Many foreigners were roasted, the Boxers rushed upon them and hacked and stabbed both dead and wounded cutting off their heads and carrying these through the streets on their rifles, they then attacked the native Christians' quarters and massacred all who refused. to join them, outraged the women and brained the children. Hundreds of mission buildings were burned and all China is now afla e with revenge against foreigner. Even Shanghai is menaced. In the province of Hupe and Hauni thousands of native Christians have been mutilated and tortured. The women being first outraged and then massacred.

London, July 18.—Daily Mail's Shanghai correspondent says I can assert positively that the Chinese authorities had the awful news from Pekin a week ago. He describes the final act as 'Hell let loose.' He says: "Toward sunrise it was evident ammunition of allies was running out and at 7 o'clock an advance of Chinese in force failed to draw response. After the sun rose the little remaining band of Europeans met death stubbornly There was a desperate hand to hand encounter. The Chinese lost heavily but as one man fell others advanced and finally overcome by overwhelming odds every one of the Europeans remaining was put to the sword in the most autrocious manner.

London, July 18.—The War Office has received the following despatch from Lord Roberts:

Pretoria, July 17.—Yesterday the enemy made a determined attack on the left of Pole-Carew's position and along our left flank commanded by Hutton, the posts held by Irish fusiliers and Canadian monnted infantry were most gallantly defended. The enemy made repeated attacks coming into close range and calling on the fusiliers to surrender. Enemy suffered severely, they had 15 killed and 50 wounded and four were taken prisoners. The British casualties were seven killed including two Canadians, Lieuts. Borden and Birch, 30 wounded and 21 missing 1,500 Boers with five guns managed to break through the corrall formed by Hunter and Rundle's divisions between Bethelem and Fricksburg. They are closely followed however by our men.

London, July 18.—Reported the Chinese are invading Siberia.

St. Petersburg, July 18.—Despatch from Chee Foo says Prince Tuan has mobilized 950,000 men to expel the foreigners.

London, July 19.—In a despatch dated to day Lord Roberts pays a tribute to Lts. Borden and Birch. He says they were killed while gallantly leading their men in a counter attack; the enemy's flank at a critical juncture of their assault on one position. Borden was twice brought to my notice in despatches for gallant conduct.

Berlin, July 19.—Admiral Von Bendemann, commander of the German Squadron, in his account of fighting at Tien Tsen on Monday, says when the citadel was captured sixty-two guns fell into the hands of the allies. The battle was begun with the attack by 7000 allied upon walls of native city at 2 o'clock in afternoon and continued all day. The Russians were outside the east wall while the Japs, British and French were close to the west wall. The Chinese trying to flank them, walls were badly battered by shells. The total losses of allies were 800. After a day of hard fighting and having lain in shallow partly dug trenches full of water and suffering from hunger and thirst, the two battalions of U. S. Infantry that participated in the attack on Tien Tsen moved back under cover of darkness, the British sailors assisting them to withdraw by firing of volleys to cover their retreat. Americans brought out their wounded under a terrific fire. Loss to Americans alone was 140.

London, July 19.—The action of German Minister of foreign affairs in informing the Chinese Legation at Berlin that all telegraphic messages must be in plain language and submitted for approval by the censor and suggestion of French Minister that the exportation of of arms to China be prohibited which are generally regarded here as long steps in the direction of treating China as a state engaged in war have been supplemented by official statement from St. Petersburg that certain portions of the Amur territory have been declared in a state of war since 17th. Reported that Russia has given the Chinese Minister his passports and told him to leave.

A despatch from Shanghai received today reports that losses of Chinese in fighting at Tien Tsen was upwards of 3000.

Victoria, July 19.—House opened at 3 o'clock by Lieut.-Governor Sir Henry Joly, with usual ceremonies. J. P. Booth was elected Speaker, and after the time honored formalities had been complied with, His Honor read speech from the throne and understood the address in reply to the speech will be moved by Garden and Haywood Opening was a brilliant one. Martin says he is as anxious as Government to get away he does not intend to do anything to prevent winding up of affairs of the session expeditiously.

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FOREIGNERS IN CHINA.

Consul's Figures Place Americans at 2,336—Russia Gains Most.

Statistics concerning foreigners in China are contained in a report on trade relations between China and the United States received at the state department from Consul Fowler, at Chee Foo, dated May 7. The nationality of the foreign element for 1899 is stated as follows:

Americans—Residents, 2,336, increase over 1898 of 279; firms, 70, increase of 27.

British—Residents, 5,562, increase of 414; firms, 401, increase of 3.

German—Residents, 1,134, increase of 91; firms, 115, increase of 8.

French—Residents, 1,183, increase of 263; firms, 76, increase of 39.

Dutch—Residents, 106, increase of 19; firms, 9, increase of 1.

Danish—Residents, 128, increase of 11; firms, 4, increase of 1.

Spanish—Residents, 448, increase of 53; firms, 9, increase of 5.

Swedish and Norwegian—Residents, 244, increase of 44; firms, 2, increase of 2.

Russian—Residents, 1,621, increase of 1,456; firms, 19, increase of 3.

Austrian—Residents, 90, decrease of 2; firms, 5, no change.

Belgian—Residents, 234, increase of 5; firms, 9, no change.

Italian—Residents, 124, decrease of 17; firms, 9, no change.

Japanese—Residents, 2,440, increase of 746; firms, 195, increase of 81.

Portuguese—Residents, 1,423, increase of 339; firms, 10, increase of 10.

Korean—Residents, 42, increase of 2; no firms.

Non-treaty powers—Residents, 29, increase of 2; no firms.

The total number of residents, 17,193, shows an increase of 3,772 over 1898. The total number of firms, 933, shows an increase of 160 over 1898.

Hereafter there will be no thin red line. It will be a thin line of mud color.

Working days, fighting days, ordinary every days, the British soldier will be clothed in that ugly, neutral tint that does not show itself against the rock or the burnt grass of the veldt in South Africa where there is a kopje to be carried. Khaki is the color of the future.

The Daily Mail has the highest authority for stating that the uniform of the future will be khaki. All forms—horse, foot, and dragoons, artillery and army service, officer and private—they are all to wear that monotonous, uninteresting color.

Never a war but leaves its impressions on the details of army service. This war is to abolish the red coat.

At the same time the army is not to lose its butterfly tints entirely. It would be a national calamity and a check to the recruiting sergeant's industry if a red broadcloth were to be wholly a vanishing quantity. The war office realizes to the full the value of a red splash of color in the black coated crowd of a London street. So the soldier's costume is to have a two fold existence. The redcoat is to emerge from his khaki chrysalis on Sundays and holidays, and at any other time when it is intended to be a spectacle and not a working soldier, as, for instance, on dress parades.

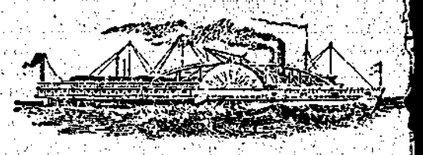
The army is to have a full dress uniform with red coats, more striking, more distinguished than his present red coat. It is to be much more finely frogged, much more fully tasselled than ever a uniform was in all the army's history. But for commercial purposes—still the khaki.

Khaki, also, is to be the hat of the future, and, moreover, it is to be of a type unknown in history. No more nor less than a khaki billycock hat is the war office answer to the disaster at Aldershot last week. Tommy, in a billycock hat, will be a feature of the London streets as soon as Lord Roberts has put an end to the South African campaign. Also the billycock is likely to carry with it a species of awning, carried on whalebone ... and projecting from the novel helmet. That, of course, is only for field days and days of exposure to the sun. But, when the new methods develop, it may be taken as certain that there will be no more field days of fatalities.

$50 REWARD.

STOLEN from the premises of the undersigned, about the 16th of April, one small red cow, years old, would calf about 20th Branded on left hip R. Anyone giving information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of the thief or thieves will receive the above reward. (Signed) JOHN CONNELL, Oyster River, Comox B.C. m15t

Esquimalt & Nanaimo. Ry



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

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

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As the season is advanced we will dispose of the balance of our stock of the famous McBurney-Beatie Co.'s Bicycles at

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MUNICIPALITY OF THE

CITY OF CUMBERLAND

NOTICE.

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

By order of Council,

LAURENCE W. NUNNS,
City Clerk.

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

ADVERTISE IN THE

WEEKLY NEWS

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THE GARROTE.

Demand Made in the Cortes for Its Suppression.

From New York Herald.

Among the things which this country inherited from Spain as a result of the recent war, was the garrote as an instrument of punishment—a fact which was disagreeably impressed upon the public mind some weeks ago, when the barbarous weapon was used for the purpose of putting to death certain notorious malefactors in Puerto Rico. The general sentiment in this country is adverse to any such cruel punishment even in the case of the worst criminals, and now a similar sentiment is spreading throughout Spain itself.

The first evidence that the Spanish people had begun to disapprove of the horrible method of execution which has prevailed in their country for centuries, appeared a few days ago, when the Spanish parliament decided that condemned criminals should in future be executed within the prisons, and not, as heretofore, in public, and that the moral tortures which have heretofore been inflicted on such criminals before they are handed over to the executioner, should be at once abolished. Henceforth, when a criminal is executed in Spain, a black flag will be hoisted above the prison at the moment of the execution, and nevermore will be witnessed those deplorable scenes which usually took place when a criminal was executed in public. Furthermore, the executioner will in future do his work quickly, and not as heretofore, in such a manner as to needlessly prolong the agony of his victim. Instead of testing the garrote for several minutes in the presence of the man who is to die, he will have to make all his preparations before the criminal leaves his cell, and he will be held responsible if the instrument fails to cause speedy death.

There has been talk in Spain of abolishing the garrote altogether, and more than one member of parliament has recently urged that some more humane weapon be substituted for it. Their arguments have made a strong impression on their colleagues and the result is that condemned persons will not in future be tortured before they die. The torture in such cases was the refinement of cruelty. The condemned man, clothed in funeral garb, was taken from his cell twenty-four hours before the time set for his execution, and was led into another cell which had been temporarily transformed into a chapel. He knew then that his plea for pardon had proved fruitless.

The walls of the cell were covered with black cloth, and near an altar, on which tapers were burning, stood several black robed monks, who chanted funeral hymns. In his gloomy cell, where the only sounds heard were the voices of those who prayed for the repose of his soul, the unhappy criminal was obliged to remain in the chapel during the two days and nights preceding his execution, but the time was reduced some time ago to twenty-four hours, and a further reduction was made still more recently by parliamentary decree. Several legislators however, are clamoring for further reform in this direction. They insist that one hour in the chapel is sufficient. "The law," they say, "in condemning a criminal to capital punishment does not ordain that his execution shall be preceded by any other punishment, or that he shall be subjected to moral as well as to physical tortures."

The recent regulations provide that in future the chapel shall be divested as much as possible of its funereal features, and thus, though condemned persons will be required to spend some hours in it, they will not be tortured in the same manner as their unfortunate predecessors were.

MEN WANTED.

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

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SCAVENGER WORK DONE

NOTICE.

TO MY old friends and patrons in Cumberland and Union:

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

A. SEATER.

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

Esquimalt & Nanaimo Ry.

TIME TABLE EFFECTIVE NOV. 19TH, 1898.

VICTORIA TO WELLINGTON.

No. 2 Daily. A.M.		No. 4 Saturday P.M.
Dc. 9:00	Victoria	Dc. 4:25
" 9:28	Goldstream	" 4:53
" 10:9	Koenig's	" 5.34
" 10:18	Duncans	" 6:15
P.M.		P.M.
" 12:14	Nanaimo	" 7:41
Ar. 12:35	Wellington	Ar. 7:55

WELLINGTON TO VICTORIA.

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

Reduced rates to and from all points on Saturdays and Sundays good to return Monday.

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TRINITY CHURCH.—SERVICES in the evening. REV. J. X. WILLEMAR rector.

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

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

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

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

The NEWS Job Department.

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

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By order
FRANCIS D. LITTLE
Manager.

N THE CATHEDRAL.

The city's burning heart beats far outside
This dim cathedral, where the mystic air
Vibrates with voices of impassioned prayer
From generations that have lived and died.
Calm saints, despairing sinners, here have cried
To heaven for mercy; myriad lives laid bare
Their secret places, yielding to Christ's care
The burden, where his sacraments abide.
Soft from the jeweled windows falls the light,
Touching the incense laden atmosphere
To glory, while a deep antiphony
Rolls from the organ to the arches' height.
To soul and sense a Presence liveth here
Instinct with power of immortality.

—Katharine Coolidge in Atlantic Monthly.

Ordered to Africa

By Clifford Mills.

A Touching Sketch of a Young Man Going to the War.

Mother rose softly, slipped on her dressing gown and slippers and stole along the corridor to Bob's room.

Bob lay, six feet of British manhood, yellow haired, straight limbed, deep chested, sound asleep.

Bob smiled and awoke and saw mother looking down upon him.

"My baby! My boy!" mother murmured. "Oh, my darling!"

Bob bore it with admirable grace, but he did not like it—not a little bit—and as soon as he could he wriggled himself free and asked the time.

There was time and to spare, and mother said if he did not mind she would like to read one of the morning psalms to him; it would comfort her, she said. And Bob consented, like the gentleman he was, and lay still while she read, thinking what pretty hair she had—it fell in a long plait right below her waist. Then she kissed him again and went. And when he was quite sure he could count on isolation Bob got up and wandered among the litter of uniform cases and portmanteaus that lay about the floor. Then he took up his Glengarry and, putting it on, regarded his reflection in the mirror with complacency. And his pride must be excused, for he was a newly fledged subaltern of 20 years, recalled from leave to rejoin his battalion, which sailed on the morrow for the seat of war.

A knock came at the door, and his sister, his junior by three years, entered the room. It was easy to see she had been weeping, but Bob expected as much and in his heart did not resent it. He put his arm round her waist and kissed her.

"Nearly time to be off!" he cried with almost brutal cheerfulness and turned to strap his portmanteau, whistling a martial ditty.

Nell sat down on the edge of the bed and surveyed the array of baggage with mixed feelings. She was very proud of Bob. He was a dear hero. But if only the war were over and he back again, crowned with glory! Other girls' brothers had gone, and—well, she would not let herself think. She wished she had been kinder to Bob in the days gone by. Now the little unthought of omissions would be ghosts to haunt her conscience till he was back again. She would like to have told Bob she was sorry, but she knew he would laugh at her for a little goose, and, besides, it would look as if she felt this was indeed goodby. So she choked back the lump in her throat and sat with brave eyes stoically watching Bob, who stood in the window examining his revolver.

But strive as she would she could not check the thoughts that the sight brought to her mind. Bob with a revolver in his hand—yes, but far away in the midst of the din and smoke of battle, surrounded by the foe; dauntless, wounded, bloody—dying, dying! With a little cry, she rose to her feet.

Bob, who had been taking careful aim at the gas globe, turned at the sound. "Hello!" he exclaimed. "What's up, Nell? You look as if you had seen a ghost." Then his eyes followed her gaze. "Little coward!" he cried teasingly. "I believe you got funky at the sight of this revolver."

Nell stopped short on her way to the door; then she gave a queer little laugh. "Well, perhaps I did," she said and went quickly from the room.

Bob went back and finished his packing. Then he caught up his portmanteau and helmet case and went down stairs.

In the hall Perkins, the manservant, met him and hurried forward, with a scared face. "Oh, sir," he cried reproachfully, "you shouldn't, really, sir. I wouldn't have had it happen for worlds, sir," he said pathetically as he took the case and portmanteau from Bob's hands.

"Oh, it is all right, Perkins," Bob answered, with splendid condescension; whereupon one of the housemaids, who was a witness of the scene, hurried off to the kitchen below.

"He's down," she exclaimed breathlessly, "a-carrying of his own portmanteau and looking as handsome and cheerful for all the world as if he was a-going to be married instead of off to the war!"

"Poor dear!" said cook as she turned the chops. "Poor innocent dear!"

Perkins hurried down at this moment. "To think," he cried tragically, "as he's strapped his own traps and carried down his own portmanteau, and he off to the war! I'd have lost a whole month's wage sooner than this here should have happened. Supposing he's killed, and I've got to remember that he waited on hisself the last morning!"

"Ain't he cheerful?" said Mary, the housemaid. "He don't look as if he meant to be killed."

"Oh, they none of 'em means to be killed. But that don't make bullets blank cartridges," Perkins answered grimly.

In the meantime mother had dressed. She had borne up bravely throughout. Once, though, her lips had trembled. That was when the sound of Bob's gay whistling had reached her ears. But even then loving pride had flashed into her eyes and choked down sorrow. Her boy was brave—brave and true—and duty, she knew full well, would find him a hero.

She wondered if father, who was in the dressing room, could hear the sound. She would like to have called to him, only she was just a little hurt at his apparent unconcern at his son's departure. But, after all, she thought, he was only a man; he could not know a mother's heart; his breast had not pillowed the little sunny head in the years gone by; he had not cried with joy when the little feet had taken their first unsteady steps across the floor. How well she remembered that day, and how proud she had felt of her son! He was such a fine, big baby. She had placed him against a chair, and he had looked up at her with round eyes of wonder. Then, when her meaning came to him, he had not hesitated a moment; he had thrown back his little head and, with a scream of delight, walked bravely forward right into her loving, waiting arms. And now—now—She brushed aside her tears, for she heard father coming.

Father entered the room quickly, but paused on the threshold. To tell the truth, he had thought mother down stairs. He had been trying to remember that day when Bob had ridden the new pony for the first time so pluckily whether the lad had been breeched or not. He knew the picture was on mother's dressing table, and he had come in to look at it, and there stood mother with the photograph in her hand.

"Humph!" exclaimed father. "So you have not gone down?" And his voice was not conciliatory, for he felt that every one that morning, himself included, was wearing his heart on his sleeve, and a sense of lost dignity was irritating him.

Mother's heart swelled at the tone. She put down the photograph and looked up at father with a look in which reproach and sorrow mingled, and then suddenly she turned aside, and her hands busied themselves among the brushes and trays on the dressing table, for her quick eye had detected that father was wearing odd boots—a buttoned and a laced up one. To think of it! He, the soul of precision, to thus betray himself! But there his abstraction stood confessed. And, oh, how mother loved him for it! He had been such a stoic too! Well, there was no accounting for man's ways; but, thank God, he had put on odd boots that morning! She no longer felt lonely in her grief. He cared, too; his heart was aching also for their son's departure. Oh, those blessed odd boots!

But she knew his nature and stood for a moment wondering how best to tell him of his mistake without annoying him. And presently mother, on her way down stairs, tapped at the dressing room outer door. "One of your lace boots," she said. "I stumbled over it. I have put it down outside." Then she waited until she heard father swearing softly to himself. Then she knew matters would right themselves and went down stairs.

At breakfast somehow nobody had much to say. Bob wanted to talk, but felt that his one topic—his luck at being sent to the front—would not be exactly congenial to his listeners. So he refrained and ate a hearty breakfast.

He would carry the memory of his last meal away with him to the faroff land. The tender face of mother, smiling bravely from behind the bubbling, steaming urn; the dainty spread table, the pleasant, luxurious room, with its handsome pictures; the broad bow window, from which he could see the dear old garden where he had played as a child; the loving eyes of Nell beaming upon his across the table. Yes, home was home, although he was the luckiest subaltern in the service.

By and by the trap was at the door, and the servants gathered in the hall to wish him good luck and godspeed. Bob shook hands with them all and thanked them, and then he stood with mother in the porch—alone. He could not see her face distinctly for the mist across his eyes, and the next moment he and father were walking quickly down the drive, along which the dogcart was going slowly forward to await them at the gates beyond. Father remarked that the new gamekeeper was giving satisfaction and that there was every prospect of the covers yielding better sport the next autumn.

"We shall have you home again before then, my boy," he said.

"Rather, sir," answered Bob. "We shall not take long to settle this little affair."

At the lodge the gamekeeper's four boys were standing in a row. They had three cornered paper hats on their heads and wooden swords in their hands, and they greeted Bob with sundry salutes and hurrahs. And Bob laughed and gave them a penny each. "You must keep up your drilling," he said. "We shall be wanting new recruits in the regiment by and by."

And then the gate was opened, and Bob climbed to the back seat of the cart. Far away, at the house, something fluttered white from a window, and Bob took out his handkerchief and signaled back again. Then the boys cheered afresh, and the trap turned into the lane, and home was already a thing of the past.

As they drove through the village there was not a doorway that had not some one standing on the threshold to bid him godspeed.

"'Tis the young squire off to the war!" they cried one to the other, and the men's eyes flashed and their voices rose, but the women's eyes filled with tears as they saw him drive past. "God keep him," they said, "and comfort his mother's heart!" For they knew that the men gave willingly their lives for their country, but that the gift of the women was something dearer than life.

And all the while Bob's heart was singing to him. He did not know that the song had come down to him from the long ago time when the sea kings had gone forth with their battle songs to be the terror and conquerors of distant lands. He did not know. But so it was, and 'twas a goodly heritage, of which Bob in his joy and impatience recked little.

So the station was reached and the last goodby spoken, and father grasped Bob's hands. "You will—do your duty," father said. "I am sure of it."

And Bob's face flushed. "Thank you, sir," he answered in a husky voice. "And—my love—to mother."—Pall Mall Magazine.

A MURDEROUS SOCIETY

Depredations Committed by the Chinese Boxers.

MURDER OF MISSIONARY BROOKS

Futile Attempts of the Chinese Government to Punish the Bandits—Their Numbers Estimated at Over 11,000,000—Foreign Troops May Have to Suppress Their Lawlessness.

Chinese officials who are in a position to secure accurate data estimate that 11,000,000 Chinamen belong to the society of boxers, or, as this same organized band of ruffians was once known, the "Society of the Great Sword."

For the last quarter of a century this society has terrorized the great central provinces of the flowery kingdom, and wrought death and destruction in the homes of the Christian missionaries. It was their latest atrocity, the murder of a young Church of England missionary named Brooks, that called for the collective note of the ambassadors and ministers of the powers. In response to that note the Chinese government has sent an armed force against the Boxers, but it is said of this force of soldiers that more than one-half belong to the society, and consequently but little good is expected from it.

Of all the atrocities of which this society of ruffians has been accused none are more terrible than the torture and death of this young Church of England missionary. At the time of his death he was on his way to join a brother missionary at Shan-Tung. On this journey he passed through a village where a number of the members of this society were attending a native feast, and the cry of "foreign devil," started by a little Chinese girl, announced his presence to the blood-thirsty villains.

Almost before he had time to realize what was happening they had surrounded him and began the torture that ended in his death. They pushed him about from one to another, called him all the vile names of which they could think, beat him with clubs, and finally one of the villains brought a hook to which he had attached a long, stout cord, and this he fastened in the poor victim's nose, and in this manner he was pulled about the streets. When he attempted to escape he was literally cut to pieces with swords.

This is but one in a long list of crimes for which this society should be called upon to answer. Several years ago they attacked and destroyed an American mission at Shan-Tung. The head of this mission at that time was Rev. J. H. Laughlin, now of New York city. Other members of the mission were Rev. R. H. Bent, and Dr. J. L. Van Schoick. Of this case Rev. Mr. Laughlin says:

"We lived in three houses all surrounded by a high wall. The first evidence of trouble was a gunshot outside the gate, whereupon the gatekeeper poked out his head to see what was the matter. Instantly a pistol was shot off in his face so that the powder blinded him, although he received no other wound.

"The man fell shriking to the ground, and 25 bandits rushed over his body and into the courtyard. Mr. Bent saw them coming and retreated into his cottage, but the robbers smashed in the door and shot him in the thigh. The missionary seized a piece of the splintered door and ran out, striking right and left. One of the bandits slashed at him with a sword and cut his head, another wounded him on the arm, but he at last escaped with his life.

"I was romping with my little girl in our dining-room and ran out to investigate. I found Mr. Bent's quarters surrounded by a mob of bandits, and heard them shouting 'Kill! kill!'

"I ran back to my quarters, got my wife and children over the fence and helped them to a place of safety. Mr. Van Schoick did likewise. When we returned the bandits were gone, and the mission safe lay literally smashed to bits on the ground. The bandits had shattered it with immense stones and then pried it apart with crowbars. The amount of money secured was small. Sometimes when the plunder does not equal their expectations they seize the person of one of their victims, blindfold him, lead him about in a circle and at last carry him off to the mountains, from where they send messages demanding a ransom."

Another attack on Christian missionaries which called forth a protest from Germany, and which lost to China the valuable port of Tsin-Tau, which was seized by that government in default of the prompt payment of an indemnity, was that which resulted in the murder of some German priests and the looting of a German mission at Shan-Tung.

The trouble which led up to this murder started in May, 1891, when two nuns who belonged to this mission were maltreated by a mob of Boxers, who charged them with bewitching children. The nuns escaped with slight injuries, but the depredations were continued, and the mission stations throughout the province were plundered, and then came the murder of the priests.

As the Chinese government took no steps toward punishing the leaders they became bolder than ever, and many native Christians were put to death by terrible means. This continued until the government at Peking was forced to act if it was to save itself the indignity of having foreign troops landed for the purpose of suppressing the lawlessness and bringing to justice the leaders of the society.

It was only last fall that this attempt was made to put a stop to the atrocities of the society, and the futile attempts at that time promise to be repeated now. The governor of the province who was ordered to proceed against the bandits proved more of a friend than enemy to them, for after the troops which he had dispatched to punish them had returned victorious he degraded the officers of the troops and sent a report to Peking in which he said that the so-called rebels which the tropps had attacked were merely an aggregation of honest country people who had been massacred without right or warrant upon the instigation of the foreign powers.

"Thus, at a single stroke," writes Henry D. Porter, of P'ang-Chaung, in a communication to the Outlook, "the governor paralyzed the action of every official, making it impossible for them to act as they clearly saw was best. The leaders who had slunk away after the fight quickly discovered that the governor was on their side, and within two weeks every man of them was in his place again."

But little better results can be looked for from the present attempt to suppress this society of bandits and murders now with far more than one-half of the force of soldiery that is moving against them composed of members of the society that is committing the outrages, and the day may not be far distant when foreign troops will be landed to guard foreign missions in China and another step in the disintegration of the ancient empire will have been taken.

So far the only punishments meted out has been to a few of the leaders whose heads have been cut off and hung in cages on the highways as a warning to others to desist from their plunderings, but it would take thousands of such punishments to prove an effective cure among a society with 11,000,000 members.

A Boy and a File.

If a boy has any "mechanical faculty" if it comes to him to use tools, let him be thankful. Such a gift of nature — "gumption" it is sometimes called—deserves to be cultivated. It will serve its possessor many a good turn, though it may never serve him quite as well as it served a man who tells his story in The Cleveland Plain Dealer. He opened a door for himself in a really striking manner.

"When I was 14 years old," he says, "it became necessary for me to go out in the world and earn my share in the family expenses. I looked about with small success for a week or two, aad then I saw a card hanging in a store window, 'Boy Wanted.'

"I pulled down my hair, brushed the front of my jacket, and walked in.

"'Do you want a boy?' I asked of the clerk.

"'Back office,' he said.

"I walked back to the little den with a high partition around it, and pushing open a door, which I noticed was slightly ajar, cap in hand, I stepped in.

"It was a chilly day in November, and before I spoke to the proprietor, who was bending over a desk, I turned to close the door. It squeaked horribly as I pushed it shut, and then I found that it wouldn't latch. It had shrunk so that the socket which should have caught the latch was a trifle too high. I was a boy of some mechanical genius, and I noticed what the trouble was immediately.

"'Where did you learn to close doors?' said the man at the desk.

"I turned around quickly.

"'At home, sir.'

"'Well, what do you want?'

"'I came to see about the boy wanted,' I answered.

"'Oh!' said the man, with a grunt. He seemed rather gruff, but somehow his crisp speech didn't discourage me. 'Sit down,' he added, 'I'm busy.'

'I looked back at the door.

"'If you don't mind,' said I, 'and if a little noise won't disturb you, I'll fix that door while I'm waiting.'

"'Eh?' he said quickly. 'All right. Go ahead.'

"I had been sharpening my skates that morning, and the short file I used was still in my pocket. In a few minutes I had filed down the brass socket so that the latch fitted nicely. I closed the door two or three times to see that it was right. When I put my file back in my pocket and turned around, the man at the desk was staring at me.

"'Any parents?' he asked.

"'Mother,' I answered.

"'Have her come here with you at two o'clock,' he said, and turned back to his writing.

"At 25 I was a partner in the house, and at 35 I had a half-interest. I always attributed the foundation of my good fortune to the only recommendation I then had in my possession—the file."

Oh, Beauteous Maid!

There was a girl in our town
Who was so wondrous fair
She could have given many
Of her girl friends a share
Of beauty, but she wouldn't,
And kept it behind locks,
"Because," she said, "it costs me
Just ninety cents a box."

—Philadelphia North American.

LITERATURE AND FLEAS.

Light From an Unexpected Source Upon a David Harum Aphorism.

Here is a communication addressed to the editor of the New York Evening Post:

"The aphorism of David Harum—already become famous, and which will probably be long quoted as an Americanism—'A reasonable amount of fleas is good for a dog — they keep him f'm broodin' on bein' a dog'—has light shed on it from an unexpected source, a scientific authority though it is unlikely that Mr. Westcott ever read the passage on stimuli to energy from Galton's 'Inquiries Into Human Faculty,' which I here quote:

"'The stimuli may be of any description; the only important matter is that all the faculties should be kept working to prevent their perishing by disuse. If the faculties are few, very simple stimuli will suffice. Even that of fleas will go a long way. A dog is continually scratching himself, and a bird pluming itself, whenever they are not occupied with food hunting, fighting or love. In those black times there is very little for them to attend to besides their varied cutaneous irritations. It is a matter of observation that well-washed and combined domestic pets grow dull; they miss the stimulus of fleas. If animals did not prosper through the agency of their insect plagues it seems probable that their races would long since have been so modified that their bodies should have ceased to afford a pasture ground for parasites.'

"As to the range in nature of this benevolent (?) parasitism, Swifts's observation is in point that fleas

"'have smaller still to bite 'em;
And so proceed ad infinitum.'"

A CONTINENTAL DAM.

It Sounds Like a Cuss Word, But This Proves It Otherwise.

Can you give the origin of the expression "continental dam?" asks a correspondent of The Philadelphia Times. It sounds profane, but is it? Possibly, and in all probability it owes its existence to the continental currency of revolutionary fame or its counterfeit. During the darkest days of the revolutionary war, when the credit of the continental government was at its lowest ebb and the redemption of its currency of grave doubt, this currency had depreciated to such an extent that we are told it required $600 of its face value to purchase a good substantial pair of boots. Not content with this deplorable condition of things, however, Yankee ingenuity devised a substitute (counterfeit) for this currency, and when these spurious notes came under the notice and detection of bank officials it was their custom to stamp upon them the Latin word damnato (condemned), or, in its abbreviated form, "dam," thus ending their disastrous career.

Is it possible to conceive of anything more utterly worthless or good for nothing than this counterfeit continental money forever condemned by this "dam" upon it, and is not this the most logical and natural deduction of the origin of the expression "It is not worth a continental dam," so much like profanity, and yet, if we are correct, so absolutely free from it?

Projecting Air.

Physicians in South Africa now have another theory for explaining away the charges made by both Briton and Boer that the other is using explosive bullets. The extensive laceration often found in bullet wounds is now said to be due to the air which the bullet drives before it into the wound. The existence of this phenomenon can be proved easily. If a round bullet be dropped into a glass of water from the height of a few feet, it will be seen that when the bullet touches the bottom a large bubble of air will become detached and rise to the surface. In this case the bubble will usually be from 10 to 20 times the size of the bullet.

Now, a Mauser bullet traveling at high speed is said to carry before it a bubble of compressed air of large dimensions. Experiments made by a surgeon who fired a pistol ball into a glass of water showed the bubble to be 100 times the size of the ball. From the appearance of the wounds and from these experiments it is concluded that the mass of air driven by a Mauser bullet explodes in the body of the wounded man with sufficient force to cause extensive laceration. This destructive air bubble is well known to surgeons under the name of projectile air.

A Sufferer's Confession.

I envy not the nabob's gold,
I scorn the monarch's might;
I covet not the right to hold
A place in fashion's sight.
Yet satan bids me join his clan,
One pitfall, and I slip.
I envy heartily the man
Who hasn't got the grip.

—Washington Star.

Do Not Pay Cash

PAY SCRIP FOR DOMINION LANDS AND SAVE DISCOUNT.

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

Write for particulars and price.

ALLOWAY & CHAMPION, WINNIPEG

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS

CUMBERLAND, B.C.

A Gentle Hint.

Slopay—I don't seem to get any better, doctor.

Dr. Kraft—You worry too much, that's what's the matter.

Slopay—Oh, I don't think I do.

Dr. Kraft—Ah, but I think you do. Now, there's that last year's bill of mine. Don't you think you'd feel better if you had that off your mind?—Philadelphia Press.

Foiled.

"Anger," he said thoughtfully, "shortens life."

She looked at him sharply.

"It also," he went on, "spoils beauty. It has an exceptionally injurious effect on a pretty face."

"John Henry," she exclaimed, "what is it you want to say to me? What provoking suggestion have you to make now? For what offensive ruling in domestic economy are you paving the way?"

Then he knew that all his precautions were useless and that he might as well have told her in the first place that she would have to wait a month for that new bonnet.—Chicago Post.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

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

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

There is a pine nut of Korea which is rich in oil and supposed to be so strengthening that it is given to Korean children who are delicate of constitution.

Life on a Farm

AS TOLD BY ONE WHO HAS UNDERGONE ITS HARDSHIPS.

Hard Work and Exposure to All Kinds of Weather Plays Havoc With the Strongest Constitution—How Health May Be Obtained.

While life as a farmer is one of considerable independence, it is very far from being one of ease. The very nature of the calling is one that exposes its followers to all sorts of weather, and it is perhaps not surprising that so many farmers suffer from chronic ailments. Mr. Thos. McAdam, of Donagh, P.E.I., is a fair example of this class. Mr. McAdam himself says:—"I was always looked upon as one having a rugged constitution; but the hard work, coupled with the exposure incident to life on a farm, ultimately proved too much for me. About eighteen months ago I was attacked with pains in the small of the back and thighs. At first they were of an intermittent nature, and while they were extremely painful, would pass away after a day or two, and might not bother me again for weeks. As the attacks, after each interval, grew more and more severe, I became alarmed and consulted a doctor, who said the trouble was lumbago. His treatment would give temporary relief but nothing more, and ultimately I was almost a cripple. To walk, or even to move about in a chair, or turn in bed caused intense agony, and in going about I had to depend upon a cane. If I attempted to stoop or pick anything up the pain would be almost unbearable. This condition of affairs had its effect upon my whole system, and for a man in the prime of life my condition was deplorable. I think I had tried at least half a dozen remedies before I found relief and a cure, and this came to me through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which a friend urged me to try. I felt some relief before the first box was all gone and by the time I had taken five boxes, I was as well and smart as ever, and although months have now passed I have not had any return of the trouble. My cure is entirely due to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and the only regret I have is that I did not try them at the outset. Had I done so I would not only have been saved much suffering, but considerable money as well."

Some men seem to think a woman's mission is submission.

The night key always has the hardest work to do in the morning.

Stratford, 4th Aug., 1893.

Messrs. C. C. RICHARDS & Co.

Gentlemen,—My neighbor's boy, 4 years old, fell into a tub of boiling water and got scalded fearfully. A few days later his legs swelled to three times their natural size and broke out in running sores. His parents could get nothing to help him until I recommended MINARD'S LINIMENT, which, after using two bottles, completely cured him, and I know of several cases around here almost as remarkable, cured by the same Liniment and I can truly say I never handled a medicine which has had as good a sale or given such universal satisfaction.

M. HIBERT,
General Merchant.

WINNIPEG INDUSTRIAL.

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

Following is a list of the prizes to be presented by the Industrial Exhibition association for cattle shown at the midsummer fair. The conditions governing entries and competitions are also appended.

Directors in charge will be Messrs. Ald. Speirs and Jas. Bray.

The registration number of animal and name of herd book must be given with all entries.

The age of cattle shall date from 15th July.

Cows must be giving milk at the time of exhibition or show signs of being well gone in calf, or proof be shown of having produced a calf this year.

No animal may compete in more than one class or section, except for the herd prizes in the class to which it belongs, and any special prizes offered. This shall not apply to the animals entered in sections for bull and get, cow and progeny, and herd where females bred in Manitoba are shown. No entry fee will be charged for herds, but animals competing in herds must have competed in some other section of the class.

All animals will be shown in the judging ring and exhibitors must be ready to bring them out when called for.

Entry Fees—Bulls, 3 years old and upwards, $1 each; other cattle, over one year, 50c. each; cattle under one year, 25 cents each.

CLASS 13—SHORTHORNS.

Certificates of registration in Dominion Shorthorn Herd book, Coate's Herd Book, or American Shorthorn Herd book will be required.

All animals competing for the specials offered by the Dominion Shorthorn Breeders' association must be registered in the Dominion Shorthorn Herd book.

Bull, four years and over—1st, $20; 2nd, $15; 3rd, $10; 4th, $5. Added by D. S. H. A.—1st, $20; 2nd, $15; 3rd, $10.

Bull, three years—1st, $20; 2nd, $15; 3rd, $10; 4th, $5. Added by D. S. H. B. A.—1st, $20; 2nd, $15; 3rd, $10.

Bull two years—1st, $20; 2nd, $12; 3rd, $8; 4th, $5. Added by D. S. H. B. A.—1st, $20; 2nd, $15; 3rd, $10.

Bull, one year—1st, $15; 2nd, $12; 3rd, $8; 4th, $5. Added by D.S.H.B.A.—1st, $15; 2nd, $10; 3rd, $5.

Bull calf—1st, $12; 2nd, $8; 3rd, $5; 4th, $3. Added by D.S.H.B.A.—1st, $10; 2nd, $8; 3rd, $5; 4th, $3.

Bull calf, of calendar year—1st, $10; 2nd, $8; 3rd, $5; 4th, $3.

Bull, any age—Silver medal.

Cow, four years an dover—1st, $20; 2nd, $15; 3rd, $10; 4th, $5. Added by D.S.H.B.A—1st, $20; 2nd $15; 3rd, $10.

Cow, three years—1st, $20; 2nd, $15; 3rd, $10; 4th, $5. Added by D.S.H.B.A.—1st, $20; 2nd $15; 3rd, $10.

Heifer, two years—1st, $15; 2nd, $10; 3rd, $5; 4th, $3. Added by D.S.H.B.A—1st, $15; 2nd, $8; 3rd, $5.

Heifer, one year—1st, $10; 2nd, $8; 3rd, $5; 4th, $3. Added by D.S.H.B.A.—1st, $10; 2nd, $8; 3rd, $5.

Heifer calf—1st, $10; 2nd, $8; 3rd, $5; 4th, $3. Added by D.S.H.B.A.—1st, $10; 2nd, $8; 3rd, $5; 4rth, $3.

Heifer calf of calendar year—1st, $10; 2nd, $8; 3rd, $5; 4th, $3.

Three calves, under one year old, bred and owned by exhibitor. Special prizes by W. S. Lister, Middlechurch, Man.—1st, $15; 2nd, $10.

Also special by Pure Bred Cattle Breeders' association of Manitoba and N.W.T.—Diploma.

Bull and two of his get. Get to be bred in Manitoba, N.W.T., or B.C—1st, $12; 2nd, $8; 3rd, $5; 4th, $3.

Three animals, any age or sex, the get of one bull, bred and owned by exhibitor, and bred in Manitoba, N.W.T., or B.C.—1st, $12; 2nd, $8; 3rd, $5; 4th, $3.

Cow and two of her progeny, owned by one exhibitor. Progeny to be bred in Manitoba, N.W.T., or B.C.—1st, $10; 2nd, $8; 3rd, $5.

Herd, bull and three females, any age, owned by one exhibitor. Females to be bred in Manitoba, N.W.T., or B. C.—1st, $20; 2nd, $15; 3rd, $10.

Herd, bull and four females, any age owned by one exhibitor—1st, $20; 2nd, $15; 3rd, $10; 4th, $5. Added by D. S.H.B.A.—1st, $20; 2nd, $15; 3rd, $10.

Four animals, any age, bred and owned by exhibitor—1st, $12; 2nd, $8; 3rd, $5; 4th, $3.

Herd, bull and 3 females, owned by one exhibitor, all bred in Manitoba or N.W.T. Special by Montreal "Family Herald and Weekly Star"—Gold medal.

Special prizes by the Dominion Shorthorn Breeders' associations.

Bull, any age— 1st, $20.

Female, any age—$20.

Herd, bull and three females, all under two years of age—1st, $30; 2nd, $20; 3rd, $10.

Special prizes offered by the Canadian Pacific Railway company for Shorthorns bred in Manitoba, Northwest Territories or British Columbia, winners in regular Shorthorn classes to be barred:

Bull, two yeas—1st, $20; 2nd $12; 3rd, $8.

Bull, one year—1st, $15; 2nd, $8; 3rd, $5.

Bull calf, under one year—1st, $12; 2nd, $8; 3rd, $4; 4th, $2.

Heifer, three years—1st, $20; 2nd, $12; 3rd $8.

Heifer, two years—1st, $20; 2nd, $12; 3rd $8.

Heifer, one year—1st, $15; 2nd, $8; 3rd, $5.

Heifer, under one year—1st, $12; 2nd, $8; 3rd, $4; 4th, $2.

Herd, bull and three females, two years and under—1st, $20; 2nd, $12; 3rd, $8.

Bull, any age—$10.

Female, any age—$10.

CLASS 14—POLLED ANGUS.

Certificates of registration in Dominion Polled Angus Herd book, Polled Herd Book of Aberdeen Angus Cattle, or the American Aberdeen Angus Herd book, will be required.

	1st.	2nd.
Bull, three years or over	$20	$15
Bull, two years	20	15
Bull, one year	15	10
Bull calf	10	6
Bull, any age	Silver medal	
Cow, four years or over	15	10
Cow, three years	15	10
Heifer, two years	10	6
Heifer, one year	8	5
Heifer calf	6	4
Herd, bull and four females, any age, owned by one exhibitor	15	5
Two calves, under one year old, bred and owned by exhibitor. Also special by Pure Bred Cattle Breeders' association of Manitoba and N.W.T. Diploma	5	3
Herd, bull and three females, all under two years, owned by one exhibitor	10	5
Three females, any age, the get of one bull, bred in Manitoba, N.W.T., or B.C.	10	5

CLASS 15—GALLOWAYS.

Certificate of registration in Galloway Herd Book of Scotland or American Galloway Herd book, will be required.

	1st.	2nd.
Bull, three years or over	$20	$15
Bull, two years	20	15
Bull, one year	15	10
Bull calf	10	6
Bull, any age	Silver medal.	
Cow, four years or over	15	10
Cow, three years or over	15	10
Heifer, two years	10	6
Heifer, one year	8	5
Heifer calf, under one year	6	4
Herd bull and four females, any age, owned by one exhibitor	15	5
Two calves, under one year old, bred and owned by exhibitor. Also special by Pure Bred Cattle Breeders' association of Manitoba and N.W.T. Diploma	5	3
Herd, bull and three females, all under two years, owned by one exhibitor	10	5
Three females, any age, the get of one bull, bred in Man., N.W.T., or B.C.	10	5

CLASS 16—HEREFORDS.

Certificates of registration in Canad Hereford Herd book, English Herd book of Hereford Cattle, or American Hereford Record, will be required.

	1st	2nd.
Bull, three years or over	$20	$15
Bull, two years	20	15
Bull, one year	15	10
Bull calf	10	6
Bull, any age	Silver medal	
Cow, four years or over	15	10
Cow, three years	15	10
Heifer, two years	10	6
Heifer, one year	8	5
Heifer calf	6	4
Herd, bull and four females, any age, owned by one exhibitor	15	5
Two calves, under one year old, bred and owned by exhibitor. Also special by Pure Bred Cattle Breeders' association of Manitoba and N.W.T. Diploma	5	3
Herd, bull and three females, all under two years, owned by one exhibitor	10	5
Three females, any age, the get of one bull, bred in Man., N.W.T., or B.C.	10	5

CLASS 17—DEVONS.

Certificates of registration in Canada Devon Herd book, Davy's Devon Herd book or American Devon Record, will be required.

	1st	2nd
Bull, three years or over	$20	$15
Bull, two years	20	15
Bull, one year	15	10
Bull calf	10	6
Bull, any age	Silver medal	
Cow, four years or over	15	10
Cow, three years	15	10
Heifer, two years	10	6
Heifer, one year	8	5
Heifer calf	6	4
Herd, bull and four females, any age, owned by one exhibitor	15	5
Two calves, under one year old, bred and owned by exhibitor. Also special by Pure Bred Cattle Breeders' association of Manitoba and N.W.T. Diploma	5	3
Herd, bull and three females all under two years, owned by one exhibitor	10	5
Three females, any age, the get of one bull, bred in Man., N. W.T., or B.C.	10	5

Merely Curious.

Stranger—I noticed your advertisement in the paper this morning for a man to retail imported canaries.

Proprietor of Bird Store—Yes, sir. Are you looking for a job?

Stranger—Oh, no. I merely had a curiosity to know how the canaries lost their tails.—Chicago News.

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

Likely to Be Expensive.

"We have the finest mattresses that are made," the dealer assured her. "Have you any particular choice?"

"I've heard a good deal about reindeer moss," replied Mrs. Gaswell. "I think I should like to have one stuffed with that."—Chicago Tribune.

CAN RECOMMEND IT.—Mr. Enos Bornberry, Tuscarora, writes: "I am pleased to say that DR. THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL is all that you claim it to be, as we have been using it for years, both internally and externally, and have always received benefit from its use. It is our family medicine, and I take great pleasure in recommending it."

The Countersign as He Knew It.

"Have you got the countersign?" asked the sentinel.

"Well," replied the raw recruit, who had left a department store to enter the army, "when I left the counter it was, 'This silk's twice less than cost.'"—Philadelphia North American.

THEY CLEANSE THE SYSTEM THOROUGHLY.—Parmelee's Vegetable Pills clear the stomach and bowels of bilious matter, cause the excretory vessels to throw off impurities from the blood into the bowels and expel the deleterious mass from the body. They do this without pain or inconvenience to the patient, who speedily realizes their good offices as soon as they begin to take effect. They have strong recommendations from all kinds of people.

WESTERN CANADA AS A FIELD FOR SETTLEMENT.

200,000 Acres Wheat and Grazing Lands for Settlement in Manitoba, Assiniboia, Alberta and Saskatchewan.

Deep Soil, Well Watered, Wooded, and the Richest in the World—Easily Reached by Railways.

Vast Mineral Riches, Gold, Silver, Iron, Copper, Petroleum, Salt, Etc.—Immense Coal Fields, Illimitable Supply of Cheap Fuel.

The grain of Western Canada is said to outclass that grown in any other part of the world, while in size and quality the cattle of the Canadian Northwest have no superior.

The Government of the Dominion of Canada gives Free Farms of 160 acres to every male adult of 18 years of age and over, and to every female who is the head of a family, on condition of living on it for at least six months in each of three years and performing easy cultivation duties, thus offering independence for life to anyone with little means, but having energy to settle.

Settlers' effects, viz.: wearing apparel, household furniture, books, implements and tools of trade, occupation or employment, musical instruments, domestic sewing machines, live stock, carts and other vehicles, and agricultural implements in use by the settler for at least a year before his removal to Canada, not to include machinery, or articles imported for use in any manufacturing establishment, or for sale, also books, pictures, family plate or furniture, personal effects and heirlooms left by request; provided that any dutiable article entered as settlers' effects may not be so entered unless brought with the settler on his first arrival, and shall not be sold or otherwise disposed of without payment of duty, until after twelve months' actual use in Canada; provided also, that under regulations made by the Controller of Customs, live stock, when imported into Manitoba or the Northwest Territories by intending settlers shall be free until otherwise ordered by the Governor in Council.

Newly arrived immigrants will receive at any Dominion lands office in Manitoba or the Northwest Territories information as to the lands that are open for entry, and from the officers in charge, free of expense, advice and assistance in securing lands to suit them; and full information respecting the land, timber, coal and mineral laws, and copies of these regulations, as well as those respecting Dominion lands in the railway belt in British Columbia, may be obtained on application to the Superintendent of Immigration, Department of the Interior, Ottawa; the Commissioner of Immigration, Winnipeg, Manitoba; the Deputy Commissioner of Agriculture, Regina, N. W. T., or to any of the Dominion lands agents in Manitoba or the Northwest Territories.

LA "TOSCANA," BELIANCE CIGAR FACTORY, Montreal

Previous to 1834 the house of commons was lighted by candles which were affixed to massive chandeliers.

MINARD'S LINIMENT Relieves Neuralgia.

Any Girl to Any Other Girl.

The breach is made, false friend; goodby!
For loss of you I shall not sigh.
Your love you vowed, fraud superfine—
Then went and bought a hat like mine.
—Chicago Record.

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

Domestic Economy.

Said Brown unto his wife one day:
"We've nothing left to eat;
If things go on in this queer way,
We can't make both ends meet."
His wife replied in words discreet:
"Oh, we'll not be badly fed;
If you can make but one end meat,
I'll make the other bread."
—Chicago News.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, Etc.

Desperate Economies.

"Joe, there's a collar and cuff trust started."

"Oh, gracious! I've been turning mine upside down, and now I suppose I'll have to turn them inside out."—Indianapolis Journal.

Worms derange the whole system. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator deranges worms, and gives rest to the sufferer. It only costs 25 cents to try it and be convinced.

Why?

Little Mary had a rose;
Its thorns stuck in her skin.
"Oh, goodness!" she exclaimed. "Why don't
You use the safety pin?"
—Philadelphia Press.

MINARD'S LINIMENT Cures Dandruff.

One Point of Agreement.

"It is very generous for the British and the Boers to compliment each other so earnestly on their valor," said the stranger.

"Yes," answered the native; "their opinion of each other's valor seems to be the only thing those people can agree on."—Washington Star.

MINARD'S LINIMENT for Sale Everywhere.

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

Taken Unawares.

"False one," he cried, "you do not love me!"

Quickly she went to his side and looked trustingly into his eyes.

"What, oh, what have I done that you should doubt me?" she asked.

"There is powder on your face," he hissed.

"Believe me," cried the unhappy girl, "I was not expecting you tonight."—Chicago Post.

A lady writes: "I was enabled to remove the corns, root and branch, by the use of Holloway's Corn Cure." Others who have tried it have the same experience.

W. N. U. 274

FLOR DE ALBANI CIGAR

Manufactured by THOS. LEE, Winnipeg.

THE ALL-WOOL MICA ROOFING

Which neither heat nor frost affects.

After 9 years' trial customers class it superior to all other roofing. Highly recommended at Winnipeg Industrial Exhibition, 1897-8.

W. G. FONSECA, Real Estate Agent.

ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES.

Main Street, - - Winnipeg, Man.

OXYDONOR.

Trade Mark Registered Nov. 24, 1896.

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

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IN ALL BUSINESS SUBJECTS

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

G. W. DONALD, Sec.

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

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

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

NARES, ROBINSON & BLACK,
WINNIPEG, MAN.

THE PROVINCIAL

MUTUAL HAIL INSURANCE CO.

Incorporated in 1891 by OF MANITOBA. Manitoba Government.

PRESIDENT:
JOHN RENTON, Farmer, Deloraine.

VICE-PRESIDENT:
C. J. THOMSON, Farmer, Virden.

The Original Hail Insurance Co.

Managed by the Farmers themselves.

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

BOARD OF DIRECTORS FOR 1900:

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

ROBERT STRANG, Managing Director, Winnipeg

LOCAL AGENTS AT ALL PRINCIPAL POINTS IN THE PROVINCE.

A PURE GRAPE CREAM OF TARTAR POWDER

DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER

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

Avoid Baking Powders containing alum. They are injurious to health

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS
ISSUED EVERY TUESDAY.

W. B. Anderson, Editor.

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

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

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

TUESDAY, JULY 24th, 1900.

We reprint an editorial this week from the Nelson Economist as to the cause of the uprising in China against the foreigners. It is certainly a satire on our vaunted civilization that our progressive policy, and our Christian religion, has been the means of so many innocent people being murdered with such atrocious barbarity, but nevertheless the reason given for these acts may be correct. A Chinaman abhors our religion, hates our manners and customs, and being naturally of a murderous propensity seeks every excuse, especially when in strength, to vent his inhuman rage against all and any of a race and religion different from his own. But it is not the cause that we are now to sift out. The fact that these deeds have been committed is what will cause the blood of every man of our race to boil. Further, the thought that while hordes of these Asiatic demons have been received into our country, protected and treated as if they were ourselves, while our own people in China have been looked on with hatred, and when the time was ripe, murdered atrociously after being subjected to the worst indignities and outrages, is enough to call for strong retaliatory measures. The Chinese question will, we predict, be very shortly settled in so far as B. C. is concerned at least.

Already we perceive a system of boycotting against Chinese. People, who, at one time purchased vegetables from them, now go without until a white gardener happens to come along. We notice also that white boys have taken to gathering and selling wild fruit, a small trade which was heretofore exclusively in the (dirty) hands of Chinese. Fellow citizens, encourage the lads. Buy their fruit whenever possible, and you will know that your four bit pieces are not going into a Boxer fund for transmission to China to furnish the sinews of war against your own people.

Boxers are reported to be strong in Chinatown, and that they have lately had several feasts in honor of the success of their fellows in China. Last week a Boxer flag was hoisted, and being seen by Mr. James Whyte, he promptly ordered it down. The hoisters refused, when Jimmy gave them 10 minutes to accede to his demand, or he would have a crowd there to do it for them—and he would have had a crowd all right!

It is reported that $3,000 was lately shipped to China from here towards the yellow fund. It is further asserted that $5.00 per month is paid in by every Celestial in camp towards this fund.

When will the Council pass a horse and cow by-law? Lest there should be any misunderstanding we state that it is not our intention to criticise the Council in any way, or ridicule them, as we were accused of on a former occasion by a member of a different body, but to call their attention to the fact that loose animals about the streets, with a lot of cows with their everlasting clanging bells, is a decided nuisance, and is one which is rapidly growing worse. The state of the sidewalks in front of the people's houses every morning is the reverse of pleasant, to say the least. What with cows boat thieves, unfenced school grounds and Boxer meetings, we are having a fine time in our town.

BANK AMALGAMATION.

Agents of Bank of Commerce Confirm News Published by Colonist Yesterday.

Montreal, July 6.—The agents of the Canadian Bank of Commerce in this city confirm the report of negotiations on foot looking to the purchase of the Bank of British Columbia. A meeting of the shareholders of the Bank of Commerce is to be held August 20 to decide on the matter. If the deal goes through, the combined banks will form one of the strongest monetary institutions in Canada, possessing a capital of $8,000,000 and a rest of $2,000,000, and having 70 branches and offices, including one in London.

The present war in South Africa is showing the nearest approach the British army has ever made to rational dress in the field. It seems almost incredible in these days of easy and serviceable khaki, for instance, that the Life Guards fought at Waterloo in scarlet coatees, light blue overalls with gold stripes down the sides, and heavy brazen helmets of the old Roman pattern, with a black bearskin crest and a red, yellow, and blue, "hackle feather."

Cuirasses, which are now only worn for show, were introduced some time after, being first worn at the coronation of King George IV.

A huge bearskin cap—like that now worn by the footguards, but nearly twice as big—was introduced in the Household Cavalry in the reign of William IV. This was replaced by the present pattern of helmet

LOCAL ITEMS.

Mr. Chas. Bridges, of the settlement got severely stung on the wrist by a bee lately, causing his whole arm to swell. He went and consulted a doctor lest blood-poison should set in.

Look out for H. Creech over Stevenson & Co's. store.

Messrs J. Grieve and H. McGregor left for Dawson, N. W. T. on 14th inst. The evening previous to their departure they were entertained to a sumptuous repast by the genial proprietor of the "Riverside" Hotel, Billy Giennon.

Stevenson's rustler, H. Creech, is in town once more, with tailor-made clothing, boots and shoes, to suit the public at large, big or small, the cheapest and the best on the earth. Call and see his sample rooms over Stevenson & Co's. store.

HOT WEATHER ..SPECIALS..

The hot weather suddenly coming on is very oppressive, and doubly so to those not suitably clothed for it. The prices which will reign here for the coming week will be away under all competition, as all summer goods must go without reserve. Below you will find some eye openers regarding our sale:

Summer muslins, ginghams, piques, etc., worth from 12½ to 20 cents. sale price 8 cents per yard.

Womens' white wear—Night gowns, trimmed with embroidery, sale price 75c. Night gowns, trimmed with embroidery, insertion and tucking, regular $1.50, sale price $1.00. White skirts worth 75 cents sale price 65 cents. White skirts worth $1.00, sale price 85 cents. White skirts $1.50, sale price $1.00

MILLINERY

Those pretty hats ranging in price from $1.25 to $6.50, are to be sold at prices which will appeal to all as being a regular slaughter. The die is cast and they will have to go. It is our loss but your gain. Lot one, consists of children's and misses' hats worth from $1.25 to $2.00, sale price 75 cents.
Lot two, consists of misses' and womens' hats worth from $2.50 to $4.50, sale price $1.50
Lot three, consists of womens hats worth from $4.50 to $6.50, sale price $2.50
Womens' sailors, now 15 to 25 cents.

HOSIERY

Womens' fast black hose, worth 15 cents, now 10 cents a pair.
Womens' fast black hose, worth 25 cents, now 15 cents per pair.
Boys' ribbed cotton hose, 20 cents per pair.

Do not forget our shoe department, the prices are easy on you, purse.
NOTICE.—The above prices are hot stuff for all competitors. Our July sales come only once a year. Come and see, your eyes will tell you more than any advertisement. Persuasive prices at

Stevenson & Co's CASH STORE.

London, July 22.—Gen. Dewi has again succeeded in cutting Lord Roberts' communication both by railway and telegraph. He has captured one hundred Highlanders.

Following from Broadwood: "Have followed commando since July 16th. Had sharp fighting at Palietfontein on 19th. Reached Vail Kaintz to-day, enemy doubled back through Hartee Kraft in darkness. Commando consists of 2000 men and four guns, is accompanied by Steyne and Dewit, the wire and main lines of railway are cut to Pretoria, Dewit has crossed the railway and is going north. Gen. Kenny telegraphs from Bloomfontein to-day that the railway has been captured at Honing Spruit, and a supply train and 100 Highlanders captured by the enemy, who are mounted in a large force on Honings Spruit. All communication is cut off while scouts and 30 uncaptured Highlanders who are following the enemy. Several encounters are reported to have taken place in which the enemy were repulsed after each stubborn encounter.

Vancouver, July 23.—Whites Japs and Indians, who went fishing on the Fraser were turned back. To-night Japs are going out in large numbers, under police escort. Trouble is expected.

London, July 22.—Chinese assurances are beginning to cause a slightly better feeling, so that it is now admitted that perhaps not all foreigners have been killed in Pekin. Still the general feeling is one of incredulity.

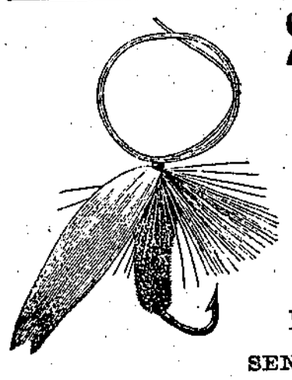
WALLER AND PARTRIDGE

Shoes Shoes Shoes

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

INSPECTION INVITED.

WALLER & PARTRIDGE



Sporting :: Goods

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

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

SEND FOR A SAMPLE DOZEN.

Tisdall's Gun Store, Vancouver, B.

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ENDERBY, B. C.

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

R. P. RITHET & CO., Limited.

AGENTS. - - - VICTORIA.