The Weekly News.

SIXTH YEAR. CUMBERLAND, B. C. [Formerly Union] TEUSDAY JULY 19th., 1898

UNION MEAT MARKET

For the choicest meats we are head quarters. If you have not tried our noted sausages, bologna and head cheese, you should do so at once. Fresh vegetables, eggs and butter, salmon bellies, Mackerel, etc.

SHIPPING SUPPLIES

SIMON LEISER

We have opened Up

A New Stock of

Stationery and Books.

A fine line of Combs & Brushes, Perfume and Toilet Waters, Tooth-brushes & Powders, French and English Toilet Soaps.

Mason's Extract o Herbs for Summer Drink.

—o—

Poison Fly Paper, and Tanglefoot Insect Powder, and Bedbug Destroyers.

—o—

A complete line of Patent Medicines.

All New Goods.

ONLY PURE DRUGS FOR DISPENSING.

PEACEY & CO.

GIDEON HICKS & CO.,

P.O. Box 233 Victoria, B. C.

Cumberland representative Rev. Wm. Hicks.

Agents for the famous Mason & Risch pianos.

Tuning, repairing, polishing

Mail orders will receive prompt attention.

All kinds of music and musical instruments.

FOLDING CAMP BED.

THE GREATEST BOON TO SPORTSMEN, PRO SPECTORS, AND CAMPS GENERALLY SUITABLE FOR HOUSES OR BOATS.

COMFORTABLE, NEAT and STRONG.

Single bed, folds in bundle 3 feet long by 5 inches in diameter, weighs 11 pounds, price $3.50

Double bed (full size) folds 4 feet long by 5½ inches in diameter weighs 17 pounds, price $4.50

Every bed provided with water-proof shipping case. Can be extended or folded in three minutes. Discription circular on application.

Order at once. Address,

KLONDIKE FOLDING BED CO.,
NANAIMO, B. C.

J. A. Carthew

ARCHITECT and BUILDER,

CUMBERLAND, B. C.

NOTICE.

DRIVING through the new cemetery with teams is strictly forbidden.

By order. M. Whitney
Dec. 13, 1897. Sec'y pro tem

C. H. TARBELL

Dealer in

Stoves and Tinware

Plumbing and general Sheetiron work

PROMPTLY DONE

Agent for the

Celebrated Gurney Souvenir Stoves and Ranges

Manufacturer of the

New Air-tight heaters

NOTICE

Any person or persons destroying or withholding the kegs and barrels of the Union Brewery Company Ltd of Nanaimo, will be prosecuted. A liberal reward will be paid for information leading to conviction.

W. E. Norris, Sec'y

THE STARS UNFURLED in SANTIAGO

ON TO PORTO RICO.

ON TO SPAIN.

YELLOW FEVER.

Yellow Dust Pouring From the North in Golden Streams

Coast Lights Extinguished.

Algiers, July 18—Spanish authorities in Balearic Islands have extinguished the coast lights there until further orders.

Northern Treasure.

Victoria, July 18.—Steamer Brigham, the first of the St. Michael fleet, passed this afternoon. She is supposed to have on board $750,000

Accidental Drowning.

The body of Achaman was found in the harbor this morning. It is thought he fell in from the boat house, from where he was seen.

The Yellow Scourge.

Washington, July 18—Officers advice from Santiago place the number of yellow fever cases at 300.

Ten Millions from Klondike.

San Francisco, July 18—The Klondike miners who returned last night place the total out-put at ten million dollars for this season. Prospecting is being extended in many directions from Dawson. There are about 26000 persons in Dawson. The steamers Wear and Hamilton to come down to St. Michaels are expected to bring down $2.000.000 in gold. The out put of Munook district does not exceed $100.000

Across the Atlantic.

Washington, July 18—Plans for sending the eastern squadron to Spain have reached the point where the naval officers are considering the exact day of departure, and it is said that postive orders have been given that preparations must be brought to a close at once with a view to having everything ready to sail this week.

Porto Rico Expedition.

Washington, July 18—Porto Rico expedition has started on its mission to capture the island.

Raising the Stars and Stripes.

Morro Castle, Santiago de Cuba, July 18—At one this morning the Spanish flag was lowered from the staff of Morro Castle. The lowering of the emblem of Spain in the eyes of the world was attended by Spanish and American troops. Almost immediately after the Spanish flag was hauled down, the steam launches, commanded by Lieut. Hobson, entered the harbor, penetrating as far as the storing station of the submarine mines. The premises were found to be formidable, and later in the afternoon all were exploded. Six or seven steamers in Santiago harbor will fall prisoners to our army and navy. Soon after noon Commodore Schley and Capt. Cook steamed into the harbor in order to make close observations of Spanish forts. Commodore Schley expressed his belief that our fleet probably could have entered the harbor without the loss of a single ship. In the harbor Schley's party first steamed around the wreck of the Reina Mercedes at the firing station, which Schley inspected in person. The American party met the Spanish army captain who was courteous but gloomy.

Six Month's for Davis.

Nanaimo, July 18—J. P. Davis appeared on two charges Saturday before Judge Harrison. First, for breaking into Simon Leiser's butcher shop at Union; and breaking jail at Cumberland. On the first charge he was acquitted, but on the latter one he was found guilty and sentenced to six months imprisonment in Nanaimo jail.

Clara Barton's Report.

New York, July 17—A telegram was received from Miss Clara Barton dated Playa del Este, July 17—"I came from the front yesterday in a pouring rain. Siboney is burned. Four army surgeons are with us. There being no orther preparations for them, we are feeding refugees of Siboney. Many thousands at Burmiza, El Wellis, also feeding 5000 at Caney by army wagons, and 2000 by pack mules. Commander of the Marblehead called for 100,000 rations for the refugees in the woods and country surrounding Guantanamo."

Shafter's Summary.

Shafter's Headquarters July 17—Final report of casualties in army since it landed in Cuba is as follows: 1914 officers and killed, wounded and missing.

American Flag Goes Up.

Washington, July 17—The following from Shafter: "The surrender has been definitely settled, arms turned over and troops will be marched out as prisoners to-morrow. The Spanish flag will be hauled down to-day and American flag hoisted."—Shafter.

Spain's Offer

London, July 16—Despatch from Vienna says, "Learned on reliable authority that Austria Court to-day was informed that Spain was prepared to cede Cuba and pay an indemnity, but not to abandon Porto Rico. Senor Sagasta trusts to be able to retain the Phillipines as a Spanish possession. The powers prefer the islands to remain in Spanish possession, rather than in American hands.

We are still in the ring

And we do not want the Earth with Cumberland and Union thrown in, but we do want your monthly orders for:

Groceries, Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes, Glassware, Tinware, Hardware, Hats, Caps, Ready-made Clothing, Ladies' Summer Vests, Shirtaists and Wrappers, etc., etc.

A large stock of Pickles, Jams, Jellies, Catsups, Pie-fruits, and Marmalades, just opened up.

FIVE LARGE 4lb., BARS OF SOAP FOR $1.00

Finest Line of Toilet Soaps in Town.

McPHEE & MOORE.

CITY COUNCIL.

The Council met Tuesday evening July 12th, with all present.

BILLS PRESENTED.

W. Riley for over-hauling and repairing hose, $5 50; for June rent $8 00; for for printing assessment notices $3 00 Referred to Finance Committee, to be paid if found correct.

REPORTS

Ald. Willard reported 3d street had been opened south from Dunsmuir Ave.

The Mayor reported that Ald. Carthew and himself had ordered 300 feet of hose and two nozzles.

TENDERS

Tenders were received for erection of fire hall; laid on table to be considered next meeting.

VOLUNTEER FIRE COMPANY.

The names submitted by Mr. Robt. Addison for a volunteer fire company were accepted, and they were requested to organize.

BY-LAWS.

Road Tax By-lay finally passed and ordered published Sanitary and Scavenger By-law read a first time.

MISCELLANEOUS

Ald. Calnan called attention to the unsanitary odors from the Third street bridge. The matter was referred to Board of Works. Ald. Calnan also reported there were complaints on account of horses running at large. The clerk was directed to notify owners to keep same off the streets. Adjourned.

THAT BALLOON

The balloon sent out the other day from Montreal in search of the lost aeronaut, Andree and which sailed across the continent, is believed by Mr McIver of Oyster Bay to have been seen by him on Thursday last. It was going north-east.

Secretary Alger's Congratulations.

Washington, July 16—Following message wast sent to-day by secretary Alger:

To Maj. Gen. Shafter,
Playa Del Este, Cuba.

I can not express in words my gratitude to you and your heroic men. You work has been well done. God bless you all.

R. Alger, Secretary of War.

Soapy Smith on Exhibition.

Victoria, July 17—Latest from Skagway is that parties are trying to buy the body of Soapy Smith and have it embalmed and put it on exhibition.

If our readers have any local news of interest, we will be pleased to insert same in the local column, if brought to the office.

Moliere and the Ass.

Lions, bears and elephants have done well on the stage; lizards and serpents (vide Mme. Sarah Bernhardt) have also been covered with stage glory, and mice have come to the fore with great credit to themselves and their trainer.

But while so many "dumb things" have been excellent actors one of their number at least has been immortalized through failure. Moliere himself was the actor who brought about the unrehearsed scene between himself and his ass. The play was "Don Quixote," and Moliere played Sancho. Some minutes before he had to appear on the stage he was waiting in the wings, mounted on his ass. But the latter suddenly forgot his part and insisted upon appearing on the scene without delay. Nor was it of any avail that half a dozen assistants hung around his head and clung desperately to his tail. The ass, with Moliere on his back, dashed wildly among the actors on the scene, and the fiasco would have been complete had not Moliere saved the situation by shouting to the audience, while jogging along, "Pardon, gentlemen! Pardon, ladies! This confounded beast has come on against my wishes!" The public responded at once with roars of laughter and applause, but Moliere never again mounted an ass.—Westminster Gazette.

A NEIGHBOR'S ADVICE.

THE MEANS OF RESTORING A LITTLE GIRL TO HEALTH.

She was Gradually Fading Away and Her Parents Doubted Her Recovery to Health.

From The Examiner, Charlottetown.

Perhaps the most remarkable cure that has ever been recorded is that of little Minnie Woodside, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Woodside, of Baltic, P. E. I. Mr. and Mrs. Woodside are members of the Princetown Presbyterian church, and are well and favorably known in the settlement where they reside. Mr. Woodside does an extensive business in oysters. A newspaper correspondent hearing of the remarkable recovery of this little girl, called on Mr. Woodside and ascertained the exact facts of the case. The following is substantially the result of the interview:—"About a year ago last June I first noticed that my little daughter was not as bright as usual and that she complained at times of pains in her head and chest. Up to that time she had regularly attended school and was remarkably clever for a child of her age. She did nothing except attend school, and although I never supposed it would do her much injury, I allowed her to study too seduously. Thinking that she was only a little run down I kept her from school for a few weeks and expected that she would be all right again. By the end of that time I was badly disappointed in my expectations, however, as she rapidly grew weaker and lost flesh every day. I was alarmed about her condition when she complained of a soreness in her lungs and began to cough. I was just preparing to take her to a doctor when a neighbor called to see her and advised us to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. She assured me that Pink Pills had restored her own daughter to health after several doctors had failed to do her any good. I therefore resolved to give them a trial and purchased a couple of boxes that very day. I began giving my little daughter those pills being very careful to follow the direction. At the end of a month I noticed a decided improvement in her health and thus encouraged I continued using the pills three months more. Her health was quite restored by that time and she was able to attend school again. I regard my daughter's cure as almost marvelous and accord all the credit to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. For little girls and boys of delicate constitutions no better remedy could possibly be prescribed. What was done for my little girl could certainly be done for other children.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that every box you purchase is enclosed in a wrapping bearing the full trade mark Dr Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People

Indolence, methinks, is an intermediate state between pleasure and pain, and very much unbecoming any part of our life, after we are out of the nurses arms. —Steele.

DEAR SIRS,—This is to certify that I have been troubled with a lame back for fifteen years. I have used three bottles of your MINARD'S LINIMENT and am completely cured.

It gives me great pleasure to recomment it and you are at liberty to use this in any way to further the uie of your valuable medicine.

TWO RIVERS. ROBERT ROSS.

WALL PAPERS
—AND—
Room Moulding.

Neat Color Patterns, 3c to 10c per roll.
Fine Color Patterns, 10c to 15c per roll.
Good Gilt Patterns, 10c to 20c per roll.
Fine Gilt Special Patterns, 20c to 50c per roll. Ingrains in all colors. Sanitary and Varnish Tile Papers. Room moulding to match all papers, 3c to 6c per foot. See our stock or send for samples before purchasing. **R. LECKIE.**
425 Main Street. WINNIPEG, MAN.

A DOCTOR'S DIRECTIONS.

They save a daughter from blindness.

When a father writes that yours "is the best medicine in the world," you can allow something for seeming extravagance in the statement if you know that the medicine so praised, cured a loved daughter of disease and restored to her the eyesight nearly lost. The best medicine in the world for you is the medicine that cures you. There can't be anything better. No medicine can do more than cure. That is why John S. Goode, of Orrick, Mo., writes in these strong terms:

"Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best medicine in the world. My daughter had a relapse after the measles, due to taking cold. She was nearly blind, and was obliged to remain in a dark room all the time. The doctors could give her no relief; one of them directed me to give her Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Two bottles cured her completely."

The thousands of testimonials to the value of Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla repeat over and over again, in one form or another the expression: "The doctors gave her no relief; one of them directed me to give her Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Two bottles completely cured her."

It is a common experience to try Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla as a last resort. It is a common experience to have Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla prescribed by a physician. It is a common experience to see a "complete cure" follow the use of a few bottles of this great blood purifying medicine.

Because, it is a specific for all forms of blood disease. If a disease has its origin in bad or impure blood, Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparila, acting directly on the blood, removing its impurities and giving to it vitalizing energy, will promptly eradicate the disease.

The great feature of Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the radical cures that result from its use. Many medicines only suppress disease—they push the pimples down under the skin, they paint the complexion with subtle arsenical compounds, but the disease rages in the veins like a pent-up fire, and some day breaks out in a volcanic eruption that eats up the body. Ayer's Sarsaparilla goes to the root. It makes the fountain clean and the waters are clean. It makes the root good and the fruit is good. It gives Nature the elements she needs to build up the broken down constitution—not to brace it up with stimulants or patch it up on the surface. Send for Dr. Ayer's Curebook, and learn more about the cures effected by this remedy. It's sent free, on request, by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

The most terrible of lies is not that which is uttered but that which is lived. —W. G. Clarke.

Minard's Liniment the Lumberman's Friend.

He who increases the endearments of love, increases at the same time the terrors of death.—Young.

Minard's Liniment is used by Physicians.

Life is a short day; but it is a working day. Activity may lead to evil, but inactivity cannot be too good.—Hannah More.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the House.

Ungratefulness is the very poison of manhood.—Sir P. Sidney.

Dr. Henry Ievers, Quebec, writes:—One of my children sprained her ankle, which became much swollen and discolored. Some "Quickcure" was spread on linen and applied; the pain ceased at once, and the swelling was gone the next day, and on the fourth day she walked to school as usual"

Hundreds would never have known want if they had not first known waste.—Spurgeon.

CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS.

The Dyke Cure removes all crave for alcoholic stimulants in a few days. In four weeks complete a perfect cure. A simple vegetable tonic. Can be taken privately as a home treatment. No bad after effects, and no loss of time from business. DR. MCTAGGART, 44 Bay street, Toronto.

One may smile and smile and be a villian still.—Shakspeare.

Sun Insurance Office.
Eastern Assurance Co.
Quebec Fire Insurance Company.
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Lloyd's Glass Insurance Company.
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Fresh Seeds
—SEND TO—
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BOECKH'S
BRUSHES and BROOMS.
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TORONTO ONT.

MEN WHO ARE WEAK

To all those suffering from Nervous Debility an Weakness, LOST MANHOOD and premature Decay, Inability, Lack of Confidence, Mental Depress on Palpitation of the Heart, Weak Memory, Exhausted Vitality, Errors of Youth, Varicocele, etc.

$1 BOX OF MEDICINE FREE

THREE SCORE YEARS AND TEN, the greatest Remedy for Men, acts in 2 hours. One box shows wonderful results in most chronic, obstinate and hopeless cases, and will surely cure recent cases. Sent sealed on receipt of 12 cents in stamps to prepay postage, full regular $1 box, with valuable medical book, rules for health, and what to eat and avoid. If you have tried others and failed do not miss this. Write at once. If we could not help you we should not make this honest offer.

Address, QUEEN MEDICINE, CO., Box 947 M. Montreal.

TAPE WORMS CAN be removed without Pain or Starving, in one hour by using **Dr. White's Tapeworm Secret.** Sent by mail, postpaid for **$5** Satisfaction guaranteed. Address
Dr. White Medicine Co., 480 Main St. **Winnipeg**

Shun the inquisitive, for you will be sure to find him leaky. Open ears do not keep conscientiously what has been intrusted to them, and a word once spoken flies, never to be recalled.

Ask for Minard's Liniment and take no other

No man or woman of the humblest sort can really be strong, gentle and pure and good, without the world being better for it, without somebody being helped and comforted by the very existence of that goodness.—Phillip Brooks.

Send Your Name and Address
ON POSTAL CARD TO
D. RICHARDS, Woodstock, Ontario
AND I WILL RETURN YOU
FREE, AN ILLUSTRATED BOOK.
Yours truly, D. RICHARDS

MECHANICS' & MINERS' TAR SOAP
BEST MADE
ROYAL CROWN SOAP CO WINNIPEG

RELIABILITY

Makes the worth in Eddy's Matches--seeing our name on the box begets confidence. Lots of other makes where you get more wood for your money--many imitations too, put up "like Eddy's," but they are very different in use.

This name guarantees the quality.

THE E. B. EDDY CO., LTD.

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MONSOON INDO-CEYLON TEA

The Advance of Civilization...
Is marked by people demanding the best.
MONSOON
INDO-CEYLON TEA
IS CERTAINLY THE BEST IN ITS LINE. TRY IT.
25c, 30c, 40c, 50c and 60c per Pound.

THE NORTHWEST FIRE INSURANCE CO.
HEAD OFFICE, - WINNIPEG.

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C. O. WOODMAN, Secretary.
371 Main Street, - - - - WINNIPEG

YOUR ATTENTION

Our No. 1 Collection contains 33 full sized packets of the best Vegetable Seeds, sufficient to furnish vegetables throughout the year, and one packet of Wild-Garden Flower Seeds, which we will send prepaid to any address in the Dominion of Canada or United States for the extremely low price of $1.
Our No. 2 Collection contains 16 packets of Vegetable Seeds and one packet Wild Garden Flower Seed Mixture. Prepaid for 50 cents.
Our No. 3 Collection contains 8 packets of Vegetable Seeds for 25c.
Our No. 4 Collection contains 40 packets of Flower Seeds for $1.
Our No. 5 Collection contains 20 packets of Flower Seeds for 50c.
Our No. 6 Collection contains 10 packets of Flower Seeds for 25c.
All postpaid on receipt of price. For varieties in above collections see our Handsome Illustrated Catalogue containing other great offers. Mailed free to any address.
R. ALSTON, Royal Greenhouse & Seed Establishment, **WINNIPEG, MAN**

THE ALEXANDRA CREAM SEPARATOR
Awarded the highest prize ever offered—$150.
R. A. LISTER & CO., Ltd.,
232 & 234 KING ST., - WINNIPEG, MAN.
(And 18 St. Maurice Street, Montreal)

Headquarters in the Northwest for Dairy Machinery, Apparatus and Furnishings. Gasoline Engines and Steam Engines from 1 H.P. and upwards. Steam cookers making it a pleasure to boil feed for stock. Horse powers and small threshers. The Cream Separator for the ranch
"THE MELOTTE"
Splits the cream off 85 gallons of milk in an hour by hand as easily as machines by other makers will do 30 gallons and leaves less fat in the skim milk.
CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED.

BOVRIL, LIMITED
MANUFACTURERS OF
BOVRIL In Tins and Bottles.
JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF,
Dessicated and Dried Potatoes and other Vegetables.
SOUP NODULES
And other preparations of condensed food specially suited for prospectors, surveyors and explorers, and for
KLONDIKE OUTFITS
London, ENGLAND. and 27 St. Peter St., MONTREAL.

London and Canadian Loan & Agency Co., Ltd.
195 LOMBARD ST., WINNIPEG.
Money to Loan on Improved Farms.
FARMS FOR SALE In the best districts in the province. Improved and unimproved.
Send for our Lists. Prices Low. Terms Easy.
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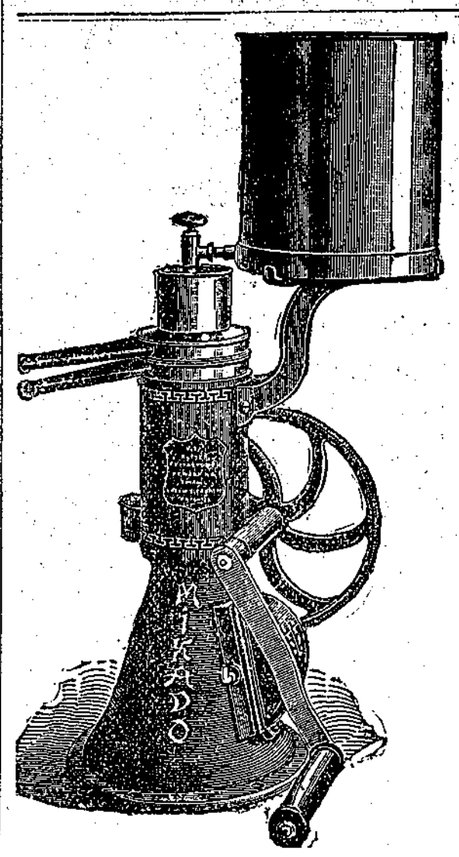

CREAM SEPARATORS
WHEN BUYING
WHY NOT GET THE BEST?

We wish to draw the attention of intending purchasers of Cream Separators to the cut herewith.

The Empire Mikado has now been tested in Manitoba for the last two years with ever increasing satisfaction. The strong points about it are the reasonable price at which it can be sold, the absolute cleanness with which it skims, the ease with which it is operated (the whole weight of the bowl being on ball bearings like a bicycle), the quickness with which it can be washed up and put away, and the simplicity of construction of the whole machine is so simple that any person of ordinary intelligence can operate it satisfactorily.

The Mikado is the smallest size of the Empire Separators, and has a capacity of 27½ to 30 gallons per hour, according to the season of the year.

The price is $90 in Winnipeg, but a very liberal discount will be made to cash purchasers and to those in localities where this Separator has not yet been introduced. Write for special catalogue to the

Manitoba Cream Separator & Supply Co.,
175 McDermot Street,
WINNIPEG, - MANITOBA.

In addition to all other advantages, it has been proved by using a Mikado Separator instead of deep or shallow setting that a dairy of ten average cows will pay the cost of the machine in less than a year out of the extra amount of butter that is made.

From Vancouver to Halifax there is only one Tea equal to Blue Ribbon "White Label" and that is Blue Ribbon "Red Label."

OUR DEBT TO BARNUM

THE SHOWMAN A MORALIST IN DISGUISE OF THE ÆSOP TYPE.

His Fables Presented Under the Guise of Freaks or In Hair Raising Acts—The Lesson He Meant to Teach by Shooting the Woman Out of a Cannon.

In this age of scramble the public too soon forgets its benefactors, and ever there is need of a class of devouter spirits who, like Walter Scott's Old Mortality, shall go about through the graveyards, with retouching mallet and chisel, seeking to keep green the memory of departed worthies.

Like too many of his forerunners, the late lamented P. T. Barnum, the aboriginal creator of the "greatest show on earth," was in his day and generation a man misunderstood—a man who, as Wordsworth puts it, "wandered lonely as a cloud" even amid the throngs gathered by the more superficial attractions of his circus. Dealing on so vast a scale in wild beasts and human monstrosities, few but a select group of bosom friends knew him for what he really was, a moralist in disguise of the Æsop type—a man who, while he talked beasts, meant men.

In the earlier stages of his career positive reprobation was heaped on his head by thousands who, to use their own coarse language, felt they had been jeremy diddled in paying a quarter each to revel in the vision of the beautiful "Fiji mermaid" sitting on a rock and combing her golden locks, only to find inside the tent the stuffed skin of a she baboon glued on the tail of a codfish. "Your reprobation is misdirected," retorted Barnum. "True, I have got the quarters, but then in return you have got the experience. Mermaids are æsthetic, anatomical and psychologic impossibilities. The one thing needful was to work in you a drastic, realistic cure. My show is strictly moral, and now it remains with you, as you chew the cud of sweet and bitter reflections, to extract the moral." Thus from the start was manifest the serious, didactic cast of the great man's mind.

That in so obtuse a world as this a moralist of the type of Barnum was at the outset misunderstood is only natural. When, for example, he first loomed up before the American public as the one man on the planet of the hardihood to shoot a full grown live woman out of a cannon and catch her on the fly in a wavy net as big as a porgy seine, who for a moment dreamed that underlying all the pageantry of so sensational a spectacle lurked a pregnant moral lesson? Yet to Barnum the moral was the one serious consideration. To use his favorite natural history figure of speech—for the turn of his mind was highly metaphorical—the moral stood out plain as a jackass' ears. In his eyes the rest of the exhibition, the whole external show, was mere embellishment, mere rhetorical emphasis to excite the sluggish minds of the thoughtless and stimulate them to reflection.

"Here"—he would break out in his more expansive hours of perhaps venial self exultation—"here is my grand parable, my dramatic moral masterpiece." The supreme moral forces of the individual and of society are momentum and control. Momentum by itself is headlong and destructive. Control by itself is tame and even sappy. In harmony they become sublime as the centripetal and centrifugal forces of the solar system. Preachers in the pulpit essay indeed to expound the same doctrine. Preachers, however, have no such magnificent apparatus of illustration at command as has the proprietor of a circus, and so all remains in the realm of vagueness and abstraction. Their hearers fall asleep, but when bang goes my big cannon and, lo, 150 pounds of glorious womanhood—rose red, lily white, shiningly bespangled—is seen hurtling through the air the dullest head clears up. Momentum in all its titanic, all its frightfully perilous bearings is grasped in a trice. The emotions pour in a mighty flood. The fate of a woman, of a sister, hangs in agonizing suspense. Momentum hurls her with annihilating fury, and, unless some equal counter force leap to the rescue, a second more and she must lie before the stupendous throng of spectators a brainless, bleeding corpse. Now first reveals itself the latent significance, the profound symbolism, of my interposing net. Action and reaction are equal, and so the net must embody a power of arrest at least as mighty as that of the gunpowder that discharged the woman out of the cannon's mouth. But, a power, must it be yielding, though firm; pliant, though irresistible; absorbent as a poultice, though reactive as a steel spring. The astonished audience now beholds how it envelops her, sways with her, deflects her on 50 tangents, yet ever holds her safe in diminishing velocity till at last she lies in its embrace,

Calm as a cradled child in dreamless slumber bound.

"It is at this crisis in the exhibition," would proceed the great moralist, "that I always scan with that smile of sympathetic benevolence for which I am noted the vast amphitheater to see how many fond parents have caught the inner meaning of the dramatic spectacle and are expounding to their little boys and girls the real significance of the parable—making it plain as day what the destructive momentum of their own irascibility and belligerency will inevitably bring them to if they do not learn how to enmesh and absorb it in the firm yet yielding net of patience and sweetness."

Is it any wonder, then, that in hours of such effusion the world famous impresario should proudly have conferred the title of "greatest moral show on earth" upon what ordinary mortals called nothing but "Barnum's circus?"—Boston Herald.

HIS BUSY FOUR MINUTES.

What a Man Can Dream In a Cat Nap Lasting From 5:42 to 5:46.

Burton had set his alarm clock for 5 30, as he had some writing to do and knew that he couldn't steal time for that purpose at the office during the day. When the alarm clanged, he awoke, sat up in bed, thought lazily for a moment and utterly forgot his writing. It was 5:42—for he looked at the unwinking face of the dial—when he settled back for an involuntary doze, one of those quick little naps that overpower a man in the short hours of the morning.

A few moments later he was standing in a small inclosure surrounded by log walls. A brown horse stamped beside him, and a woman, bearing a marvelous resemblance in face and voice to his wife, was trying to tell him something. He shook his head, disengaged his arm from her restraining hand and tightened the saddle girth upon the brown horse. On the horse's back he sprang, the walls opened and he sped out, while behind him came streaming a tumultuous rout of horse and foot soldiery in blue uniforms, whom he had really failed to notice before, but who evidently belonged to the walled inclosure.

The air was cool, bracing, delicious, the skies bright blue. To right and left rolling hills of considerable height were crowned with underbrush and straggling trees, while deeper woods extended to the background. He noticed that the leaves were resplendent in red and yellow, and he realized that October was in all its glory.

Somehow the ride must have been short. There was a whirl of dust and a coach whizzed by, not a stagecoach of the west, but one of those affairs with broad tires and cushioned seats so much in vogue for tallyho parties. He found himself, horse and all, by the side of the log wall again, and the coach passed inside. The next instant he noticed a puff of white smoke up on the hillside, about 1,000 feet away. Then came other white puffs, and the leaves flew in spots on either side of him. He called his men—called in a voice which seemed to give no sound—and there was no noise accompanying the white puffings up there among the underbrush. His men began to skulk behind trees and walls and opened fire upon the places whence the white clouds kept rolling.

A man in black ran out upon the hillside, emerging from a clump of brush. There was a general firing and the man staggered. As he fell Burton noticed that he had changed his costume in the moment of the fall and was now arrayed in a blue gray uniform. He picked himself up and reeled back among the trees. There was more firing, and Burton awoke.

Fully believing himself hours behind his office time, he looked at his clock. It registered 5:46. All the events of the dream had passed before his drowsy mind in four minutes of actuality.—Chicago News.

FOIBLES OF GREAT MEN.

Napoleon's Fondness For White Trousers. A Famous Jurist's Weakness.

The weakness of a great man is often that feature which contains the most interest for the student of human nature. It may be of interest to know that Napoleon set aside $4,000 a year for dress. Unfortunately he had a weakness for white breeches, and often while wholly absorbed in state affairs he would spill ink or coffee on those delicate trousers, which he would hasten to change upon discovering the spots. This circumstance cost the blameless but timid Comte de Remusat his place as master of the robes. The emperor spoiled his clothes so frequently that the imperial tailor was constantly receiving fresh orders, and $4,000 became insufficient to meet the bills. The master of robes was foolishly afraid to mention the subject to Napoleon and continued to give unsatisfactory replies to the insistent tailor, who became pressing in his demands. At length, becoming exasperated, the tailor took the bold step of complaining to Napoleon, who learned with astonishment and anger that he owed his tailor $6,000. He paid the bill and at the same time dismissed the frightened Comte de Remusat.

"I hope," said the emperor, smiling and frowning at the same time at his newly appointed master of robes, "that you will not expose me to the disgrace of being dunned for the breeches I am wearing."

The famous judge, Lord Kenyon, had a weakness for indiscriminately passing the sentence of death upon the victims of law brought before him. This peculiar weakness took its form in terrorizing the defendants and afterward invariably modifying the decree. He passed the terrible sentence of death upon a young woman who had been found guilty of theft, but intimated that he meant to recommend her to mercy. The young woman only heard the formula of the sentence and fainted. Lord Kenyon, evidently much agitated, called out: "I don't mean to hang you! Will no one tell her that I don't mean to hang her?"

The number of celebrated men who stand conspicuous in human foibles and weaknesses is large, and often it is among the great minds that selfishness, vanity and unreasonableness are found to hold the most unchecked sway.—Detroit Free Press.

Count on Their Hands.

The Indians of Guiana have a queer system of numeration. They count by the hand and its four fingers. Thus, when they reach five, instead of saying so, they call it a "hand." Six is, therefore, a "hand and first finger." Ten is "two hands," but 20, instead of being "four hands," is "a man." Forty is "two men," and thus they go on by twenties. Forty-six is expressed as "two men, hand and first finger."

Washington Was Fond of Dancing.

"The stately Washington had always been known as a 'dancing man,'" writes Mrs. Burton Harrison in The Ladies' Home Journal. "He was 'fond of dancing,' says Mrs. Lewis, 'and had an odd fashion of keeping time by waving his arms before him till his hands almost crossed.' At the assemblies in Alexandria, at the 'bread and butter' balls of his earlier manhood, at country 'frolics' and at headquarters during the Revolution—he had many a time achieved what old General Nathanael Greene called a 'pretty little frisk.' And it was not until late in life—until after he had ceased to be president—that he wrote a letter to the managers of a birthnight ball in Alexandria, saying, alas! his and Mrs. Washington's 'dancing days' were over. In the list of queries regarding the etiquette necessary to his presidential state, which he submitted to Mr. Madison and Mr. Jay, he had, indeed, asked, 'in what light the appearance of the president of the United States rarely at tea parties would be considered,' but he had suggested nothing about excusing himself from taking a comrade for the cotillon or minuet."

IN THE GARDEN.

My love picked flowers one by one
While I stood near with my cigarette.
She plucked a rose like a great, red sun,
Moneywort, asters and mignonette.

"Here is a white brier," she said,
"As white as the love that I give to you."
I plucked a marigold out of the bed.
"Here is a heart that is blithe and true—

"Blithe and true and full of the sun."
My lady smiled at our fair conceit,
Pulling the flowers one by one
And pressing the thorns beneath her feet.

The soft hours stole across the lawn,
And she came close and softly said,
"When the dew is dry and the leaves are gone,
What will become of the white and the red?"

And I said: "In a garden the poets know,
Where the laughter of youth grows never old,
We will see the phlox and the lilies blow
And the sweetbrier loving the marigold.

"We will walk the pathways without a care,
Smelling the rose and the mignonette,
And you will be wonderfully kind and fair,
And I will be still at my cigarette!"
—Theodore Roberts in Time and the Hour.

MODEST FIRE HEROES.

What They Think About When They Are Perilling Their Lives For Others.

"Heroes Who Fight Fires" is the title of an article by Jacob A. Riis in The Century, in the series of "Heroes of Peace." Mr. Riis says:

I once asked Fireman Martin M. Coleman after one of those exhibitions of coolness and courage that thrust him constantly upon the notice of the newspaper man what he thought of when he stood upon the ladder with this thing before him to do that might mean life or death the next moment. He looked at me in some perplexity.

"Think?" he said slowly. "Why, I don't think. There ain't any time to. If I'd stopped to think, them five people would 'a' been burnt. No, I don't think of danger. If it is anything, it is that up there I am boss. The rest are not in it. Only I wish," he added, rubbing his arm ruefully at the recollection, "that she hadn't fainted. It's hard when they faint. They're just so much dead weight. We get no help at all from them heavy women."

And that was all I could get out of him. I never had much better luck with Chief Benjamin A. Gicquel, who is the oldest wearer of the Bennett medal, just as Coleman is the youngest, or the one who received it last. He was willing enough to talk about the science of putting out fires, of Department Chief Bonner, the "man of few words," who he thinks has mastered the art beyond any man living; of the back draft and almost anything else pertaining to the business, but when I insisted upon his telling me the story of the rescue of the Schaefer family of five from a burning tenement down in Cherry street, in which he earned his rank and reward, he laughed a good humored little laugh and said it was "the old man"—meaning Schaefer—who should have had the medal. "It was a grand thing in him to let the little ones come out first." I have sometimes wished that firemen were not so modest. It would be much easier, if not so satisfactory, to record their gallant deeds. But I am not sure that it is, after all, modesty so much as a wholly different point of view. It is business with them, the work of their lives. The one feeling that is allowed to rise beyond this is the feeling of exultation in the face of peril conquered by courage, which Coleman expressed. On the ladder he was boss! It was the fancy of a masterful man, and none but a masterful man would have got upon the ladder at all.

THE PENNY IN CHURCH.

Such an Offering, Except From the Poor, Is an Insult to God.

"The important part which the penny plays in the average church offering is known to every one who has ever been interested in church finances," writes Edward W. Bok in The Ladies' Home Journal. "And that it is a part entirely out of proportion to the necessities is felt and realized by many a church treasurer. Scores of people who could afford to drop a nickel or a dime into the church offering content themselves by giving a penny. The feeling is either that the smallest offering 'will do,' or the matter of church finances is not given any thought. There is a failure to realize that a church is the same as any other business institution, and it must have money for its maintenance.

"There is such a thing as too literal an interpretation of the phrase that 'religion is free.' Of course it is free, and let us hope that it will always be so in this country. But to make religion free costs money—and this isn't an Irish bull, either. There are those to whom more than 'the widow's mite' given to the church would mean doing without some absolute necessity of life. The penny of such a one is the most welcome gift to any church, the most noble offering which any one can make. But from those who can give more than a penny, and who are giving only the penny, such an offering is an insult to God and to his church, and the sooner people see the matter in this hard, true light the better. I am almost tempted to say that the great majority of churches could, with perfect justice, rule out the penny from their offerings. Were this done the nickel would be the prevailing offering, and to how few persons, when one stops to consider the question, would such an offering be a hardship or an impossibility? A yearly offering of $2.60, calculating that one attended church once each Sunday or twice with one offering of 5 cents, would galvanize the church finances of this country."

A Slave to Duty.

"I intend to show you, sir," said the judge, as he put the limit of fine on the gentleman who had been mauling his wife, "that wife beating, in this country, is an expensive pastime."

"I didn't do it for pastime, your honor," pleaded the culprit. "I only done it as a duty."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Not Too Crazy.

Jones, the tailor, is informed that one of his clients has suddenly gone insane.

"Oh, the poor fellow! But he'll pay my bill, at least, won't he?"

"Oh, he isn't quite insane enough for that?"—Gaulois

HISTORY OF THE EARRING.

How Various Nations Have Regarded the Ear Pendants.

The customs of studding the person with gems is of extreme antiquity, and the fashion of piercing the ear lobes for the purpose of sustaining gems set in gold has been followed by most races from the earliest times to the present day. Homer describes how Juno placed pendants in the lobes of her ears. Eardrops were presented by Eurydamas to Penelope, and among the Athenians it was a mark of nobility to have the ears bored.

Among the Phoenicians, however, the wearing of earrings was the badge of servitude, and the same custom obtained with the Hebrews. The rabbis assert that Eve's ears were bored when she was exiled from Eden as a sign of slavery and submission to the will of her lord and master. The Egyptian women wore single hoops of gold in their ears, and in Biblical times the custom appears to have been universal. They appear to have been regarded as the most cherished possessions of their wearers and were only parted with under great stress of necessity. Thus the golden calf is supposed to have been made entirely from the gold earrings of the people. Among the Arabs the expression "to have a ring in one's ears" is synonymous with "to be a slave," and to the present day an Arab who has been conquered by another places a ring through his ear as a sign of obedience and servitude.

So general was the use of earrings in Rome and so heavy were they that there were women whose profession was that of "ear healer," who tended at the ears of those ladies who had torn or injured the lobes with the weight of their pendants. These specialists were known as auriculoe ornatrici. At one period the Roman men took to wearing earrings, but the custom was forbidden by Alexander Severus, while in Greece the children wore an earring in the right ear only.

Coming to more modern times, the fashion of wearing earrings appears to have been general in England from the conquest.

The early Saxons appear to have worn rings of plain gold in their ears, while in the fourteenth century these appear to have been decorated with small pearls. In the reign of Elizabeth earrings were adopted by men of fashion, and the custom spread until in James I.'s time all the courtiers had their ears pierced. The earrings worn by men took the form of either plain wire rings or crosses or triangles of gold, studded with gems.

There is a very ancient notion which is still held by country folks that the piercing of the ears is good for the sight. The origin of this belief is lost, but it has obtained for centuries. It is scarcely necessary to state that the belief is quite without foundation.

In the middle ages it was the custom for lovers to present earrings to their mistresses, and persons who were about to be married used to stick a flower through the ring or over the ear, much as a clerk would a pen, as a sign of their being engaged.

A curious variety of earring much worn during the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. was the ear string. This has been alluded to by many writers. Thus in the Westminster drolleries we find:

Yet for thy sake I will not bore my ears
To hang thy dustie silken shoe ties there.

And Marston, in his satires, published in 1598, has:

What maan'st thou, dim that walks all open breasted,
Drawn through the ear with ribands?

As to whether the wearing of wires through the ears is likely to come into general fashion again in this country we do not offer any opinion. There must, we should imagine, always be a prejudice against the mortification of the flesh necessary, and the custom of having children's ears pierced has ceased to be general for many years, but the dictates of fashion are fickle, and it is just possible that we may see leaders of fashion wearing both ear and nose rings before the close of the century. Who knows?—Exchange.

Drugs in Household Use.

Much has been written and said by medical journals and by medical men on restricting the sale of drugs and chemicals, it being urged that they should never be dispensed save under a doctor's prescription. There are, of course, many articles in ordinary household use that are distinctly poisonous, and while some of them may be used as medicines and doubtless are, others are almost indispensable in the household economy. It is very evident that to require a physician's prescription for these would be absurd and expensive in the extreme. It is all very well to argue in favor of such restrictions, but in view of the fact that in proportion to the amount of ordinary poisons sold injuries are extremely rare it seems hardly worth while to draw the line so closely. At all events the general public will not allow its privileges in this direction to be unduly abridged.—New York Ledger.

Aids.

Fanny—I wonder where Mr. Reggie got his lovely English accent. He's an American born.

Queenie—Why, I heard he bought his teeth in London.

Fanny—How clever of him!

Underground Flow of Rivers.

F. R. Spearman writes of "Queer American Rivers" in St. Nicholas. Speaking of the rivers of the western plains Mr. Spearman says: The irrigation engineers have lately discovered something wonderful about even these despised rivers. During the very driest seasons, when the stream is apparently quite dry, there is still a great body of water running in the sand. Like a vast sponge the sand holds the water, yet it flows continually, just as if it were in plain sight, but more slowly, of course. The volume may be estimated by the depth and breadth of the sand. One pint of it will hold three-quarters of a pint of water. This is called the underground flow, and is peculiar to this class of rivers. By means of ditches this water may be brought to the surface for irrigation.

LOVE'S RECOMPENSE.

Strong in the strife, dear,
Still the heart's true;
Storm in my life, dear—
Sunlight for you!

Heaven's love undying
Lead you along;
Give me the sighing,
You the sweet song!

So you are blest, dear,
Joy shall be mine;
Thorns for my rest, dear,
Roses for thine.

Life wreathe a love you
Blossom and light;
Only to love you
My dream in the night.

My song in the sighing—
The star in the sky,
Till life's light is dying
And love kiss goodby.
—Atlanta Constitution.

A TOOTH OF GOLD.

The Truthful Narration of a Dentist Who Knew His Business.

The man in the chair of torture was remonstrating with the doctor of dental surgery.

"That's all right," said the dentist, "but you are foolish not to let me build that tooth up with gold for you."

"What's the use? It will cost me $40, you say, and I cannot afford to eat my $5 a week board with a $40 tooth. It is too much dead capital."

"Is it?" smiled the dentist. "Listen to a story. About ten years ago I was trying to make a living in the west in partnership with a fellow who wasn't any luckier than I was. We worked around to the north, where the winters are as bad as they are in the Klondike, and our funds kept getting lower and lower until starvation sat down to table with us. The weather was getting colder, too, and the last wagon train out was booked for the following Sunday, then two days away. It was our last chance, for to remain there for the four months till the trail was open meant death, sure. The price to go with the train was $25 each. Just what $25 amounts to you will never know until you need it as badly as we did.

"We hadn't a cent on earth, and nothing to put up to get one with. It was indeed a cold day for both of us. By Saturday noon we had given up all hope of getting out and had retired to our shanty. As we sat gazing in stupid despair at each other my partner grinned a ghastly grin and the gleam of the gold in his filled teeth caught my eye. I concealed my feelings and quietly asked him how many teeth he had filled. He told me there were six, and one of them was nearly a solid gold tooth and had cost him $50. In a minute I had communicated my idea to him, and in another minute I had my tools, for I had been studying dentistry then, at work in his mouth, digging away like a miner. It was a rich field, and in half an hour I had out every bit of gold in those teeth of his and had beaten it up into a wad that we took to the owner of a saloon who knew what raw gold was worth. He looked it over and offered $60 for the wad.

"My partner kept his mouth shut and so did I, and when the train moved out with its wagons next day we had our place in the front row and $5 apiece spending money. Six months later we struck luck and I filled my partner's teeth and never charged him a cent."

"Go on with mine," said the man in the chair, "and charge me the same."—Washington Star.

Italian, French, Spanish Confections.

It was not from either Italy or France that we got the best confectioners in the earlier days of English cookery. Spain, notably Toledo, furnished England with the most celebrated pastry cooks, or pasteleros as they are called, though we have since looked most to France for these artists. Under the patronage of "Bloody Mary" and of Queen Henrietta Maria Spanish methods flourished apace in the court cuisine. We read that when Mary entertained the Princess Elizabeth at Richmond in the summer of 1557 a sumptuous banquet was served, in which there was introduced as an ornament a pomegranate tree in confectionery work bearing the arms of Spain, showing Mary's Spanish leanings in a rather ostentatious fashion. These Spanish and Portuguese confectioners were very skillful.

In the comedy of "The Sun's Darling," by Ford and Decker (first acted 1623-4), the "Spaniard" who is one of the dramatic persons declares himself "a confeccianador, which in your tongue is a comfit maker, of Toledo." He says, "I can teach sugar to slip down your throat in a million ways," and he professes himself skillful in "conserves, candies, marmalades, sinkadoes, ponadoes, marablanc, bergamoto, aranxues muria, limons, berengenas of Toledo, oriones, potatoes of Malaga and ten millions more."

Australian Fever Cure.

"What's that fired grave for?" asked the recruit.

"Fella all sick; weather bad and budgery no good down 'bout Womba. Plenty rain one time, fella catch cold; plenty fever this time; by'm by fetch 'im longa that place," explained Warrigul, as a litter emerged from a wurley of the camp, and the sick man was borne to the curious grave. The doctor walked in the rear.

Thrusting his hand into the long ditch, to test its warmth, the doctor signaled to lower the patient into it. He was then covered from neck to foot, feet and all. His head alone rested above the dirt. Sergeant Dalton explained:

"The blacks put fever patients in the ground like that and steam the fever out. They say the earth will draw off the evil spirit, and then fill him with life."

"Electric currents, by Jove!"

The next day the late patient was bobbing around like a 3-year-old.—Outing.

Making Him Useful.

Applicant—I am an ex-convict, sir, but I want to lead an honest life. I know you by reputation, and I thought you might help me.

Eminent Author—What were you in prison for?

Applicant—Forgery.

Eminent Author—Good! You're the very man I want. You can come along and write autographs for me.

THE WEEKLY NEWS

Cumberland, B. C,
Issued Every Tuesday
M. Whitney, Editor.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
IN ADVANCE.

One Year	$2 00
Six Months	1 25
Single Copy	0 05

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

One inch per year	$ 12.00
" month	1 50
week. " line	10
Legal notices, per line	20

Notices of Births, Marriages and Deaths, 50 cents each insertion.

No Advertisment inserted for less than 50 cents.

Persons failing to get THE NEWS regularly should notify the OFFICE.

Persons having any business with THE NEWS will please call at the office or write.

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

TUESDAY, JULY 19th, 1898.

THIRD AND FOURTH OF AUGUST

The midsummer Fruit and Flower Festival now demands our attention. In advertising we certainly do our share towards it. We trust our readers will do their full duty to this enterprise by exhibiting and attendance. Everyone who has a garden or farm, can find something to show which will add to the attractiveness ot the Festival. The time now remaining is short, and preparations require to be com pleted.

And now comes the prohibition question to the front. A plebiscite is to be taken in the fall. The friends of temperance have already started the ball. Let it be an educational campaign, conducted in the form of public discussions and lectures.

The political situation is hardly satisfactory to either party. It means, we suppose, a Coalition Government, or another election before long.

City of Cumberland, B C

Statement From the 1st of January 1898, to June the 30th 1898.

Street crossing account,	$ 23.32
Election expenses on acct.	100.00
Sundries,	26.50
Office account,	101.26
Ditch account,	57.70
Advertising account,	108.75
Street account,	26.75
Street light account,	71.00
Side walk account,	8.00
Tool account,	7.15
Rent to May the 31st, 1898.	32.00
Incorporation account,	127.50
To balance	79.07
	$ 769.00
By trade licenses	$716.00
By billiard table licenses	15 00
By dog tax licenses	38.00
	$769.00

June 30th, 1898, by balance $79.07

LAWRENCE W. NUNNS,
City Clerk.

THE PLEBISCITE.

Dominion Alliance Executive Issues A Strong Appeal.

The Executive of the Dominion Alliance met Saturday, June 11th. It was decided to issue the following appeal to the public:

To all friends of Temperance in Canada:

The Plebiscite Bill has been passed by parliament. The money for the expense of voting has been appropriated. It is now certain that early in the coming autumn the electors of Canada will be asked to vote "yes" or "no" on the question of the total Prohibition of the liquor traffic.

This contest will be one of terrible intensity, nothing like it has ever before taken place in the history of our cause. The liquor traffic realizes the situation and will fight as it never fought before. The very life of this wealthy, grasping and powerful evil is at stake. To meet it we must be earnest, united and organized.

We can not win without personal sacrifice. We must be ready to give money, time and energy to the fight. Organization must be perfected, literature must be circulated, meetings must be held. Every voter must be personally canvassed.

Men and women, we appeal to you to keep in this work in this hour of need. Do it for the sake of the homes that will be desolated and the innocence and weakness that are doomed to ruin and shame if this traffic goes on.

Lose no opportunity for work. Every available assistance will be needed. Wisely seek to promote our cause in your home, your church, your Sunday school, your Young People's organization, your temperance society, your business life, your social life. Enlist every one of these influences in support of this great reform. Every one of them is a force that may be utilized.

Make special efforts to secure the aid of the press in your locality. In it you will often find a warm and potent friend. Help it with facts, arguments and information that will nearly always be welcomed, appreciated and used.

If there is a plebiscite organization in your locality unite yourself with it. If not, not take steps at once to have such a work begun. Lose no time. A great responsibility is upon us. A splendid opportunity is given us. Do your utmost for God and Home and Canada.

By order of the Dominion Alliance Executive.

J. J. MACLAREN, President,
F. S. SPENCE, Secretary.

A Peaceful Lining.

London, July 13.—The Star claims to be able to state positively that active exchange of views occurred Tuesday between diplomats who are endeavoring to arrive at a peaceful understanding. It also says the Spanish Government is ready to give Cuba up if the U. S. is ready to assume the Cuban debt. The greatest difficulty is the war indemnity; but a solution of this may be found in the proposal from American and English bankers to repay the U. S. Government for its war expenses in 20 annuities, taking in the tobacco monopoly and railroad concession of Cuba and Phillippines. It is rumoured if Spain surrenders Santiago, President McKinley, in order to facilitate peace, will abandon the attack on Porto Rico. The Queen will appoint the new cabinet, which is significant of peace.

Refugees Fed by U. S. Rations.

Juraquiri, July 13—Gen. Shafter telegraphed to Washington regarding extreme privations suffered by 18,000 Santiago refugees now in El Caney, and received reply directing him not to assume the responsibility for their maintenance, but to give them such food as he could spare. He accordingly sent 22,500 rations.

In Ruins,

Off Juragua, July 13—The miserable town of Juraquiceto lies in ruins tonight. It was burned under orders of army authorities, and most every building was set on fire during the day and the Cubans fled to caves for shelter. This action was taken by the health officer and served two purposes of ridding the hospital camp of unhealthy and dirty buildings, and driving away Cubans whose presence was an inconvenience to possible workers. Among the buildings fired was the post office. The whole town is completely in ashes.

From Gen. Shafter.

Washington, July 13—Following received from Gen. Shafter: "Your telegrams saying no modification orders just received. Have had an interview with Gen. Toral, and extended the truce until noon tomorrow. I told him his surrender would be considered. As he was without hope of escape he had no right to continue the fight. I think I made a strong impression on him and hope for his surrender. If he refuses I will open on him at 12 noon, to-morrow with every gun I have, and I have the assistance of the navy who are ready to bombard the city with 13-in shells."

To Fall By The Sword.

Off Juragua, July 13—All negotiations for peace and the full surrender of Santiago de Cuba ended in utter failure today. It must now fall by the sword. The Spanish leader refused Gen. Shafter's proposals for surrender and the American army now only awaits the word to begin the final struggle. The engagement will begin within the next 24 hours. The Spaniards have now evacuated a small town near Santiago, which is now occupied by United States troops.

Madrid, July 13—The latest received by Spanish government from Santiago is that it is making a heroic defence.

Spaniards Surrender.

Manila, via Hongkong, July 13—Insurgents on Wednesday reported that the German gunboat Irene refused to permit them to attack the Spaniards on Grand Island. Dewey dispatched the Raleigh to investigate the matter. On reaching the bay the Raleigh opened fire on the forts, whereupon the Irene slipped her cable and steamed out. In reply to the fire of American warship the Spaniards numbering 500 men surrendered everything. On returning to Manila the Irene explained she interfered in the cause of humanity,

The Insurgents made a vigorous attack on the Spaniards, shelling blockhouses and trenches north of Manila, and captured the Spanish guns at Saint Messa.

Latest Election Statement.

July 12, 5 p. m.—Latest returns give Opposition 19 and Government 17. Cassiar is yet to vote. She has two members. In the official recount Deans majority over Martin was reduced from 9 to 4.

"TRAMWAY COMPANY INCORPORATION ACT," AND AMENDMENTS THEREOF.

TAKE NOTICE that the Fairfield Exploration Syndicate Limited, proposes to build a Tramway between the following points at Phillipps Arm in Nanaimo Mining Division (Comox Electoral District,) viz: starting at a point on the shore of Phillips Arm about one mile southeast from the Head of Fanny Bay, and about five hundred feet southeast from Marble Creek; thence southwesterly in a direct line to about the centre of the "Dorothy Morton" Mineral Claim; a distance of about six thousand feet.

AND FURTHER TAKE NOTICE that any person or persons objecting must give notice in writing of such objections to the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies at Victoria, B.C., within two months from the first publication ot this notice in the British Columbia Gazette.

Dated at Vancouver, B.C., this 13th, day of June 1898.

THE FAIRFIELD EXPLORATION SYNDICATE, Limited.

JAS. J. LANG, Attorney and Agent.

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CITY OF CUMBERLAND GENERAL MUNICIPAL RATE 1898

Whereas it is necessary that a by-law be passed for levying a rate on all the land, improvements and real property on the Assessment Roll of the corporation of the City of Cumberland, to provide for the general and ordinary expenses of the corporation during the current year:

Therefore the Mayor and Council of the corporation of the City of Cumberland do enact as follows:—

1 There shall be raised and levied and collected upon all the land, improvements and real property mentioned and described in the Aasessment Roll of the said city of Cumberland for the year 1898 an equal rate of four fifths of one per cent on the dollar on the assessed value thereof as appears on the said roll.

2 The aforesaid rates or taxes shall be due and payable by the person or persons liable to pay the same to the collector of the said City of Cumberland at his office on the first day of October 1898.

3 A rebate of one fifth of the amount thereof shall be allowed on all taxes levied and assessed under section 1 of this by-law in all cases where the same are paid on or before the first day of November 1898. All ratepayers failing to pay their taxes by the first of December will be disqualified from voting at the next Municipal Election.

4 If the rates or taxes, or any part thereof due to the corporation shall not be paid by the 31st day of December 1898 the same may be collected in the manner provided by the "Municipal Clauses Act 1896 and amendments thereof"

5 This by-law shall come into force and take effect on and after the first day of July 1898

This by-law may be cited for all purposes as the "City of Cumberland General Municipal Rate By-Law 1898. Reconsidered and finally passed by the Municipal Council of the City of Cumberland the 24th day of June 1898.

Signed and sealed

Lewis A. Mounce, Mayor
Lawrence W. Nunns, City Clerk

J. R. McLEOD

General Teaming Powder Oil, Etc., Hauled. Wood in Blocks Furnished.

SCAVENGER WORK DONE

NOTICE

During my temporary absence Mr. Kenneth Grant will conduct for me the undertaking business. Orders left at my residence on Maryport Avenue will receive prompt attention. P.O. Box No 5

Cumberland, Jan. 29. 98. Alex. Grant

—MONEY to loan upon improved real estate.——L. P. ECKSTEIN.

If our readers have any local news of interest, we will be pleased to insert same in the local column, if brought to the office.

Esquimalt & Nanaimo. Ry

THE STEAMER CITY OF NANAIMO WILL RUN AS FOLLOWS:

W.D. OWEN, MASTER,

Calling at Way Ports as Freight and Passengers may offer:

Leave Victoria for Nanaimo Tuesday 7 a.m.
" Nanaimo for Comox, Wednesday 7 a.m.
" Comox for Nanaimo Friday 8 a.m.
" Nanaimo for Victoria, Saturday 7 a.m.

FOR Freight or Staterooms apply on board, or at the Company's Ticket Office, Victoria Station, Store Street.

O. H. FECHNER,

LEADING BARBER and TAXIDERMIST and Dealer in Fishing Tackle and Sporting Goods.....

CUMBERLAND, B. C.

INSURANCE.

I am agent for the following reliable companies:
The Royal Insurance Company.
The London and Lancashire.
Current Rates.
Can be seen afternoon's at corner office near The News.

JAMES ABRAMS.

NOTICE TO TAXPAYERS.

Assessment Act and Provincial Revenue Tax.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, in accordance with the Statutes, that Provincial Revenue Tax and Taxes levied under Assessment Act are now due for the year 1898. All of the above named Taxes collectible within the Comox, Nelson, Newcastle, Denman, and Hornby Islands Division of the District of Comox, are payable at my office.

Assessed Taxes are collectible at the following rates, viz:

IF PAID ON OR BEFORE JUNE 30th, 1898—Provincial Revenue, $3 00 per capita.

Three-fifths of one per cent on Real Property.

Two and one-half per cent on Wild Land.

One-half of one per cent on Personal Property.

One-half of one per cent on Income.

IF PAID AFTER JUNE 30th, 1898—Four-fifths of one per cent on Real Property.

Three per cent on Wild Land.

Three-fourths of one per cent on Persona Property.

Three-fourths of one per cent on Income.

January, 1898. W. B. ANDERSON, Assessor and Collector

A. H. McCALLUM, licensed auctioneer will attend to all sales in the district on reasonable terms

Mineralized Leather

"Kidduck"—A kid tanned so that water "creeps" off it, perspiration evaporates through it, and friction wears it slowly. Can be boiled in hot water without injury. Made solely for the $4.50 and $5.50 grades of the Goodyear Welted.

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FOR YOUR JOB PRINTING

Give us a Trial, we do Good Work at

REASONABLE PRICES.

THE NEWS

GO TO

Fred Kimpel

The only First Class Tonsorial Artist in the City.

When you may wish an easy shave
As good as barbers ever gave,
Just call at my Shaving Parlor
At morn, eve, or busy noon
I cut and dress the hair with grace
To suit the contour of the face,
The room is neat and towels clean
Scissors sharp and razors keen,
And everything I think you'll find
To suit the taste and please the min
And all that art and skill can do,
If you just call I'll do for you.

FRED KIMPEL.

J. B. HOLMES' REVIEW

Editor News:— I regret the campaign should not have closed without leaving any hard feeling behind, and slurs should have been cast reflecting on the integrity of individuals being true to the cause they espoused. Speaking personally I do not intend to give the assurance to any such miserable and suspicious individual he would like.

There were doubtless many strong upholders of the opposers of the present Turner government, who felt that by so doing they were casting their lot in with those who would, when the opportunity occurred sacrifice the very principles they wished to advocate, viz: Freedom, Humanity and Fair-play. For among the ranks of the opposition are to be found men who would sacrifice the liberty of the subject to forward their teetotal platform, and would advocate a plebiscite being taken with a view to restrict the craving of human nature of which they have no control, rather th n the more reasonable one of getting the view of the masses to restrict the legislature in dealing with their birthright. Men and women under the name of religion would not be content with coming themselves, but would not hesitate o stoop to bias the principles of humanity in one of the rising generation by bringing him to defend one of the most flagrant acts of inhumanity ever brought before a court of justice.

Inconsistent men while rabidly denouncing the policy of the government themselves are guilty of actions in dealing with public money that reflect anything but cred it to their names. Fanatics who would advocate woman's suffrage, forgetting that the sphere of woman's influence is most felt in her own home, and that the noblest citizen and patriot the world has yet produced is solely due to the noble examble and influenc which they distinctly trace to a mother's training and guidance. To these, gentlemen, I would draw their attention to these few suggestions, viz: That if they wish to help the cause of temperance, religion and humanity, they pretend to have so deeply at heart, I would ask them to take a lesson from the successful candidate in the late campaign, by getting into the very midst of their enemies. Teetotal and religious bodies of all denominations of the present day are conspicuous by their absence in the midst of the evil and crime they profess they wish to conquer. The greatest writers and authorities of the temperance question of the present day are unanimous in their belief that you can not make a man temperate by an act of parliament. These advocates of temperance would do well to give both their time and money, which they would make you believe is of a secondary consideration, to introduce a non-alcoholic beverage, which would be equally acceptable as the fermented article and treat their fellow brothers to this new beverage, and so create a universal appet te for it, which in time, would loosen the stronghold that liquor has obtained on them, and so gradually raise them from the depth of misery they are falling into; but unfortunately amongst their ranks are not to found liberal men. There are men among them almost too mean to supply themselves with a liberal sustenance but when they are partaking of other folks' hospitality are anything but examples of temperance. In promoting the cause of religion they forget that "what proceedeth from a man defileth him and not what entereth in." Their lives, which they themselves consider so pure and noble, are those of selfish example and consist of confining their principles and company to themselves, and the utmost libearlity shown by them is the distribution of a few pamphlets which can be had at the cost of a few cents per gross In our present candida es their temperate and religious defenders should be able to draw a great lesson; for Mr. D. though a strictly temperate man, to gain his cause, was in the midst of those who indulged in the alcoholic beverage where an argument was going on unfavorable to his side, he was here to show the other side, and when the battle was fought to win he magnified his intense religious and humane feeling by shaking hands with his strongest opponents

I am not asking the public or either of the candidates to accept the slightest intimation from me which way I cast my vote. I am totally indifferent to any opinion. I take the privilege accorded me by the secret ballot and freedom of opinion sooner than satisfy anybody of so suspicious a nature.

I take this opportunity of saying on behalf of the electors who advocated the cause of the Opposition publicly at the meetings, by personal canvass or who subscribed to the funds, that they can congratulate themselves their efforts and actions were in unison with the majority of the country and that had Mr. Dunsmuir taken the advice of his opposers, he would have gone in with a much larger majority on the side of the new present government which would have proved more to the interest of the district. They can also congratula e themselves on being the means of bringing to the light grievances which undoubtedly did exist and were equally shared by the late government supporters of which our member elect was entirely ignorant, and expressed himself both willing and anxious to try and remedy

I take this opportunity of the press to explain these matters which from the reason of my nature and want of practice in public speaking keep me from expressing on a public platform.

I am Sir,

Yours truly

J. B Holmes.

BLACK DIAMOND NURSERY.

Comox Road, Nanaimo, B. C.

Fuit trees of all descriptions. Ornamental trees, Shrubs, and Roses.

P. O. BOX 190 XXXXXXXXXXXX

HUTCHERSON & PERRY.

PROVINCIAL SECRETARY'S OFFICE

HIS HONOUR the Lieutenant-Governor has been pleased ta make the following appoiutments:—

26th June, 1898

James Abrams, of the City of Cumberland Esquire, S. M., to be Police Magistrate within and for the said City.

PROVINCIAL SECRETARY'S OFFICE

HIS HONOUR the Lieutenant-Governor has been pleased to make the following appointments:—

25th June 1898

Walter Thomas Dawley, of the settlement of Clayoquot, E-quire, J. P., to be a Mining Recorder within and for the West Coast, Vancouver Island. Mining Division.

WEST COAST, VANCOUVER ISLAND MINING DIVISION

NOTICE is hereby given that the land comprised within the undermentiond boundaries, and hitherto forming a portion of the Alberni and Nanaimo Mining Divisions, has been created a Mining Division to be known as the West Coast, Vancouver Island Mining Division, namely:—

Commencing at the mouth of Maggie Creek, Barclay Sound; thence following the said creek to the height of land dividing the waters flowing into the Straight of Georgia ahe Johnston Straight from the waters flowing into thn North Pacific Ocean: thence following the said height of land to Cape Scott; thence southerly and easterly following the sinuosities of the coast line, including all islands, to the point of commencement,

By Command.

A. CAMPBELL REDDIE

Deputy Provincial Secretary

Prvincial Secretary's Office,

25th June, 1898.

DYKE & EVANS

Music Dealers

VANCOUVER, - B. C.

—o—

SOLE AGENTS:

Karn Pianos

Echo Banjos

Washburn Guitars

.....and.....

Mandolins

Organs, etc.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

FLOWER, FRUIT, Vegetable and Pet Stock Show.

To Be Held in Cumberland, Aug. 3d. and 4th.

PRIZE LIST.

BEST COLLECTION OF FLOWERS

	PRIZES. 1st.	2d.
Asters, cut	$1.50	$ 50
Balsams,	1.50	50
Carnations,	1.50	50
Chrysanthemum,	1.50	50
Canna, pot	1.00	50
Candy Tuft, cut	1.00	50
Cockscomb, "	1 00	50
Dahlia, "	1.50	50
Daisy, "	1.00	50
Chinese pinks, "	1.50	50
Digitalis,	1.00	50
Flowering Sage,	1.00	50
Ferns, pot,	1.00	50
Fuschia, pot	1.50	50
Geraniums, "	1 50	50
Gladiolas, cut	1.50	50
Hollyhock, "	1.00	50
Heliotrope, "	1.50	50
Honeysuckle, "	1.00	50
Hydrangea,	1.00	50
1st Prize by H. J. Theobald		
Ice plant, cut	1.00	50
Larkspur, "	1.00	50
Lobelia, pot	1.00	50
Lavender,	1.00	50
Lupin,	1.00	50
Lillies,	1.50	50
Marigold	1.50	50
Mignonette,	1.00	50
Nasturtium,	1.00	50
Mimulus,	1.00	50
Oleander, best plant,	1.00	00
Oxalis,	1.50	50
Palm, plant	1.50	50
Petunia,	1.50	50
Pansy,	6.00	40
By Simon Leiser, in goods, at the store.		
Phlox, Dumondi,	1.00	.50
Phlox, perennial,	1.00	.50
Poppy, best col.	1.50	.00
Pinks, Florist.	1.50	1.50
by Gus Hauck in goods at store.		
Roses, " "	5.00	3.00
By Peacey & Co.,		
Snap Dragon,	1.00	00
Stocks	1.50	5
Sun Flowers,	1.50	.50
Sweet Peas,	150	.50
by Gus Hauck in goods at store.		
Verbena,	1.50	.50
Zinnia,	1.50	.50
Immortelles	1.50	.50

Best collection of annual flowers cut $3 and $2, by C. S. Ryder—"Cheap John."

Best collection of perennials, $3 and $2.

Best collection of wild flowers by children under 14 years. $1 00 50

Best col. of annual flowers, cut, grown by children under 14 years of age. First prize by J. P. Davis, 1 doz., pot plants; 2d prize by J. J. R. Miller $1 worth of bulbs.

Best collection of pot plants $3 and $2.

" specimen of hanging baskets $1.50 and 50 cents.

Best specimens Geranium $1.00

" specimen of Fuschia $1.00

" " " Rose $1.00

VEGETABLES.

Beans, (string)	1 00	50 each
Beets, table size, 6,	1 00	50
Cabbage, early, 3 heads	1 00	50
Carrots, table, six,	1 00	50
Cauliflower, 3 heads,	1 00	50
Celery, 3 sticks,	1 00	50
Cucumbers, three,	1 00	50
Cress, water, one dish,	1 00	50
Lettuce, 6 heads,	1 00	50
Salad, Mustard and Cress, best dish,	1 00	50
(Early Potatoes, 14 lbs by Sam Davis.)	2 50	1 50
Onions, six,	1 00	50
Peas, best dish,	1 00	50
Radish, 3 bunches,	1 00	50
Rhubarb, 6 stalks,	1 00	50
Spinach, 1 basket,	1 00	50
Squash, crook neck, 3	1 00	50
Tomato, six,	1 00	50
Turnips, for table, 6	1 00	50

FRUIT.

Currants, red, best plate,	1 00	50
Currants, black, best plate,	100	50
Currant Wine, best bottle,	1 00	50
Gooseberries, best plate,	1 00	50
Strawberries, best plate,	1 00	50
Blackberries, best plate,	1 00	50
Apples:		
Early Harvest,	1 00	50
Yellow Transparent,	1 00	50
Red Astrichan,	1 00	50
Pears, Bartlett,	1 00	50
" Clapp's favorite,	1 00	50
" other varieties,	1 00	50
Plums, best plate, yellow	1 00	50
" " " red,	1 00	50
" " " blue,	1 00	50
Peaches " "	1 00	50
Cherries, best plate, black,	1 00	50
" " " light,	1 00	50

CHICKENS.

Best pair, White Plymouth Rock, McPhee & Moore from store.	1 00	50
Best pair, Blue, barred Plymouth Rock,	1 00	50
Best pair, Brown Leghorn,	1 00	50
Best pair White " by McPhee & Moore at store	1 00	50
Best " Buff " by Mr. Willard.	1 00	50
Best pair Langshans,	1 00	50
" Wyandottes, McPhee & Moore at store.	1 00	50
" Houdans,	1 00	50
" Bantams,	1 00	50
" Light Brahmahs, by McPhee & Moore store.	1 00	50
" Dark "	1 00	50
" Black Spanish, Agateware, by C. H. Tarbell.	2 00	1 00
" Black Minorcas, McPhee & Moore at store.	1 00	50
" " Cochin,	1 00	50
" Buff "	1 00	50
" Dorking,	1 00	50
" Hamberg,	1 00	50
" Game,	1 00	50
Best Canary Singer,	1 50	50
Rabbits, best pair	1 00	50
Best pair Fantail Pigeons,	1 00	50

T. D. McLean offers a prize of $4.00 payable out of his store to the exhibitor who takes the most prizes.

NOTE.—This exhibition is under the auspices of the Comox Agricultural Society; but the committee in charge will not allow it to be a burden on that society. They estimate the receipts, and contributions received will be ample to pay the prizes offered, but if not they will be paid proportionately so far as the money goes; if more is realized than the prizes and expenses amount to, the prizes will be increased accordingly, which is hoped will be the case.

COMMITTEE.

JOHN J. R. MILLER, Chairman,

LEWIS MOUNCE, F. D. LITTLE

J. A. HALLIDAY, ROBERT LAWRENCE,

M. WHITNEY, Secretary.

CONTRIBUTIONS AND PRIZES

The following contributions have been given or pledged in aid of the Floral, Fruit Vegetable and Pet Show to be given in Cumberland August 3d, and 4th.

IN PRIZES—see Prize List.—Simon Leiser, merchant, through Mr. H. P. Collis, manager, $10 in goods; McPhee & Moore, merchants, $5 in goods; A. H. Peacey & Co., druggists, $5 in cash; C. S. Ryder, cheap magnet store, $5 in cash; T. D. McLean, jewler and watchmaker, $4 in goods; Sam Davis, Union Hotel, $4 in cash; C. H. Tarbell, tin hardware and stove store, $3 in agateware; Gus Hauck, merchant, $5 in goods; W. Willard, harness maker, $1 cash; H. J. Theobald, painter $1 cash; John J. R. Miller, gardener, $1 bulbs etc.; J. P Davis, florist, 1 dozen pot plants.

IN DONATIONS TO THE SOCIETY.—Lewis Mounce, lumberman, $5; Messrs. Robertson & Co., Vendome Hotel, $3; John Richardson, Waverly Hotel, $3; D. Kilpatrick, livery stable, $3; Gordon Murdock, livery and blacksmith, $3; P Dunne, merchant tailor, $2; Fred Kimpel, barber $2; Chas. Thon, fruit and confectionary, $2; A. W. Rennison, $1; Henry Kells, boot and shoe maker $1; Dan McLeod, merchant tailor, $1; Robt Strang, baker, $1; D. Anthony, fruit and confectionery, $1; T. H. Brown, boot and shoe maker, $1.

SUNDAY SERVICES

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

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. 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 ervice. REV. W. C. DODDS, pastor.

COMOX DIRECTORY.

H. C. LUCAS, Proprietor, COMOX BAKERY, Comox, B. C.

COURTENAY Directory.

COURTENAY HOUSE, A. H. McCallum, Proprietor.

RIVERSIDE HOTEL, J. J. Grant, Proprietor.

GEORGE B. LEIGHTON, Blacksmith and Carriage Maker.

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	Daily. A. M.	Sat. & Sund'y P.M.
Lv. Victoria for Nanaimo and Wellington	9.00	4.00
Ar. Nanaimo	12.20	7.10
Ar. Wellington	12.45	.35

GOING SOUTH—READ UP.

	Daily. A M	Sat. & Sund'y. P M
Ar. Victoria	12.07	8.00
Lv. Nanaimo for Victoria	8.46	4.38
Lv. Wellington for Victoria	8.25	4.25

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A. DUNSMUIR, President. JOSEPH HUNTER. Gen'l Supt

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Will be in Union the 3rd Wednesday of each month and remain ten days.

Gordon Murdock,

Third St. Union, B.C.

Blacksmithing

in all its branches, and Wagons neatly Repaired

Milk, Eggs, Vegetables.

Having secured the Harrigan ranch I am prepared to deliver aily pure fresh milk, fresh eggs, and vegetables, in Union and Cumberland, A share of patronage is solicited.

JAMES REID.

WANTS.

AGENTS. "The Beautiful Life of Miss Willard," her secretary and literary executor, Anna A. Gordon; introduction by Lady Henry Somerset; sell to everybody. Great snap! Prospectus fifty cents. Books n time. Bradley-Garretson, Ltd., Toronto.

WANTED: Farmer' sons or other industrious persons of fair education to whom $60 a mouth would be an inducement. I could also engage a few ladies at their own home. T. H. Linscott, Toronto.

WANTED CHRISTIAN MEN AND WOMEN

to intsoduce "Glimpses of the Un4een," the most marvellous book since the publication of the Bible. Revealed religion demonstrated. Supernatural facts of the Bible no longer in doubt. Rev. Dr. Austin is the editor; Dr. Badgley, Professor of Philosophy, Victoria University, writes the introduction. The contributors are scholarly and devout men, among whom are Rev. Dr. Thomas, Judge Groo, Rev. G. W. Henderson, Rev. Wm. Kettlewell, J. H. Coyne, M.A., Chaplin Searles, Evangelist Crossley and many others. Contains experiences of Wesley, Mark Twain, Dr. Buckley, W.T.Stead, and a host of similar men. The veil separating the spirit land is drawn back so that all may at least have a "glimpse." Full bound canvassing book, 75c; worth twice that. Experience unnecessary. Books on time. Freight paid. Big commission. Sells on sght.

Bradley-Garretson Co., Ltd., Toronto.

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MINING AND SCIENTIFIC PRESS,

220 MARKET ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

DR. JACK'S WIFE.

BY ST. GEORGE RATHBORNE.

He grasps the situation at once and pushes himself forward so as to come in front—what conversation he heard between these men on the Plaza Heelright has warned him concerning their attentions, and he feels that a hawk has suddenly darted down upon the dove-cote, threatening its fair inmates with harm.

"Stand back, fellows!" snaps this animated dwarf, as he whirls his heavy cane in the faces of the advancing couple, who, startled by the unexpected bar placed upon their further progress, come to a halt.

If looks can kill, their scowls will do the American up in quick order. They exchange a meaning glance and then move, not forward, but to either side. Such a division of forces will have a disastrous effect upon his case, as it leaves him unable to watch both men and protect front and rear.

While this little affair takes place Avis still wrestles with the stupefied doctor—she spares him not, since the situation has become so critical in its nature—Larry is devoted, but even such bravery when in a small body cannot stand out long against overwhelming numbers. His strong arm—Doctor Jack's—would soon turn the scale. So she works and talks industriously, pleading with him to arouse himself, to shake off this lethargy and save them from ruin.

"Wake up, Jack, dear Jack! It is Avis who calls, your own Avis. We are beset, and need your help. Wake up, or all is lost, for Larry cannot hold out against them!" she cries, accompanying every few words with a shake that makes his teeth rattle, and by this means she is slowly but surely causing the drugged doctor to throw off the incubus that has for a while paralyzed his brain—he gasps for breath, opens his eyes, and stares in a stupid manner about him.

"Larry—how in the world—oh, yes, we're in Spain yet—I see—and things look dused ugly for us. Bless me, I can't keep awake—it's agony to try, Avis; there's a dear girl, let me have a cat-nap and I'll be feeling wonderfully better."

But the same "dear girl" is just as determined that he shall not have a relapse—the change, if any occurs, must be in the other direction, and so this singular massage of love continues, while Doctor Jack groans and expostulates; presently, perhaps, she will succeed in getting through his benumbed brain the real cause for it all, when the man must become himself.

Aready Larry struggles in the arms of the enemy; the two men, turning, have come at him from different directions. His heavy cane does yoeman service, and the first whack sends Colonel Leon Garcia, that noble exponent of "how to win glory from behind a tree or stone wall," to the floor, with stars dancing before his eyes.

Unfortunately Larry is not an Irishman wielding a shillelah, and before he can recover himself after making this ten-strike, the second of his enemies has descended upon him as might an avalanche in the Alps.

Lord Rackett is so large, and his antagonist of such diminutive stature, that it would seem as though the latter must be crushed at once; but the battle is not always to the strong nor the race to the swift, and Larry is so exceedingly nimble that he manages to elude the punishment meant for him, while at the same time he keeps up a vicious fusillade of savage kicks at the shins of the Briton, which must be very exasperating and painful.

Garcia picks himself up from the floor—Garcia, who is a beautiful sight to behold, for the heavy cane thumped him on the forehead, and already a lump has arisen the size of an egg.

From his eyes flash the fires of hatred and revenge. The hot Spanish blood demands retaliation, and woe to Larry if he once feels this man's grip.

No wonder Avis increases her cries and the fury of her massage. He must arouse himself or they are all lost. And it happens that while she thus entreats and exhorts she by chance gives utterance to the name of the man whom he has learned to despise—the man who has sworn to wed Doctor Jack's widow. It electrifies him as might a galvanic battery. He springs erect.

"Ah! where is this British lion, this plotter against a woman's peace?" he cries; "let me show him how an American can defend his own. I see him, the rascal. Avis, dear, step aside, and don't fear, for your Jack is on deck, and himself again."

Yes, thank heaven! Doctor Jack has come to time.

CHAPTER VI.

The situation has undergone a change, and now the American party is on top. Avis no longer has cause to cry out and feel that a dire calamity overshadows them, for she has perfect faith in Jack's ability to take care of any man opposed to him.

When Doctor Jack so suddenly leaves the side of his wife, his eyes are fastened upon the tall figure of the Briton, who is waging his queer and unequal fight against the plucky bantam, Larry Kennedy. En route, however, Jack has his attention drawn to the Chilian officer, whose attitude is so threatening that it is plain to be seen the dude stands in more danger from this source than from Lord Rackett.

Hence, Jack changes his course, and heads for the colonel, who, with a quick eye for danger, which has served him on many an occasion in the recent war, realizes that a tornado is bearing down upon him.

The Chilian is wise beyond his years, and discreet. There is not a man in all the country better able to take care of himself.

A dead man is of small service to any one, and under this policy Colonel Leon knows how to skip out of an engagement with a whole skin.

He waits not on the order of his going. Out, dropping his learcious aspect as well as the dude's cane, which he has picked up from the floor, he turns and makes a beautiful flying leap through the door, leaving the Englishman alone to face his foes. At any rate, the colonel will live to fight another day.

Doctor Jack can now turn his attention in the direction of the Briton, who sees him coming, and is not averse to the meeting. He flings Larry to one side with a tremendous sweep of his muscular arm, as one might brush away a troublesome fly.

"At last!" he exclaims, almost savagely.

He has cherished a spirit of revenge for years, and here is the man against whom it has been directed. The woman he once loved, ay, and for whom he still cherishes a passion, looks on. It will give him the keenest delight to punish her husband before her eyes.

As for Doctor Jack, what he has lately heard concerning this man, from the lips of the one with whom he has been in league, gives him a fierce desire to meet the Briton—to teach him that Americans are ever ready to do battle in defense of their wives, and give the man a lesson he may long remember.

So they meet.

It is like the impact of mighty forces, for both men are powerful, both urged on by the strongest force in the world—hatred.

Avis looks on with glistening eyes. Her only fear is lest Jack may have been weakened by the drugged cigarette, and unable to do himself justice. In such an event she stands ready to fly to his aid—something she holds in her hand will change the tide of battle instantly—at any rate, Jack must not be hurt.

Larry, too, watches with intense interest, and is ready to join in the fray, if necessary. He can hang upon the British bull-dog's arm, and prevent him from utilizing his full power, or, by clutching one of his legs, trip him up.

It happens, however, that Doctor Jack does not need any assistance. He has been thoroughly aroused by the gravity of the situation, and the presence of this man who covets his wife, so he shows himself at his best.

They whirl about the room locked in each other's embrace like a teetotum, or a couple of spinning dervishes, coming against the far wall with a crash. It is Lord Rackett who gets the full benefit of this contact, and it rather takes the wind out of his sails.

He soon concludes that he does not care quite as much about demolishing the Yankee who carried off the prize, as he imagined. It must have been a mistake. Then there is Garcia, poor Garcia, who received such a wicked crack over the head. Perhaps his mind is wandering, and he may get into some trouble unless he has a friend to look after him.

Thus many philanthropic reasons appear to Lord Rackett why he should terminate this little engagement in which he gets decidedly the worst of it. He suddenly makes a supreme effort, and breaks away from the other's hold. Jack is not particularly anxious for his company, although bent on delivering punishment. He never seeks a quarrel, and yet they find him always ready to take care of himself.

When he discovers that he is not pursued, the Briton turns in the door-way to hurl defiance back at the man with whom he has just been engaged, and assure him they will meet again. Evidently the date of that meeting is not the present, for when Doctor Jack makes a rush in that direction Lord Rackett Plymptom vanishes like the morning mist in the valleys of the stavely Andes.

Jack looks around, and is just in time to see the Chilian senorita endeavoring to leave the room. Larry sees fit to block the door, bowing, with one hand on his heart, and what was meant to be a killing smile upon his face; but Marilla de los Vegos snatches a small dagger from her bosom, and at sight of it the dude quickly steps aside, again bowing as he allows her to depart. Larry has no desire to run contrary to the will of an infuriated beauty who handles such toys.

The first act of Jack Evans, when the clouds of battle have passed and victory is assured, is to turn and take his wife in his arms, and Avis, pleased to know that her massage of love has been successful, smiles in his face as she nestles near his heart, feeling that the plots of the lovely senorita to steal her Jack can never succeed.

"We must get out of this, by Jove!" remarks the little man, soberly.

"Larry, my dear boy, how are you? Shake hands. It's like old times to set eyes on your honest phiz again. What brings you to this republic of the Pacific, for I take it you are not here by mere accident?"

"Tell you later, dear boy—concerns your welfare, too. At present it strikes me the sooner we quit this palatial twap the better."

"Wise Larry. That long head of yours is full of bright thoughts. For my part"—with a perceptible shudder and a curious look at Avis—"I have not the slightest desire to remain here a minute longer than I can help. We can have a good explanation later. What are these papers—ah! the bait with which I was drawn into the trap. It may pay me to take them along and examine them at my leisure."

So saying, he gathers them up, after which the trio start to leave the house. Various sounds can be heard in different parts of the mansion, which is certainly far from being quiet now; but they move along unmolested, and presently reach the front door.

Down the steps they pass, heading for the large gate. If this should be closed they may experience new trouble. A chance will then be offered for Larry to show his mettle and demolish the obstruction, though the chances are it will require all the muscular force which Doctor Jack can bring to bear in order to break down such a barrier.

Fortune favors them. The heavy gate is still ajar just as Avis and Cousin Larry left it, and in another moment, with relieved and thankful hearts, the trio reach the Calle los Angeles.

All is plain sailing from this on. At the point of the junction with the main street Doctor Jack sights a vehicle that will hold them all, so he hails the driver. It chances to be a private carriage, but what of that? The magic silver proves too much for the driver, and he agrees to carry them all to the fonda, which they presently reach.

Time—nine-twenty.

A good deal has occurred since the sun went down in the west, and considerably more is upon the programme for the next twenty four hours. The world will be electrified by an event that has been impending for some time, but of that more anon.

When Doctor Jack has seen Avis safe in their rooms at the hotel, and an explanation has been given on both sides that clears up all hazy points connected with this singular affair, he asks to be excused for a short time, as Larry awaits him below—Larry who has come to Chili on a mission, and whose business it has been to serve the man he seeks.

Of course, the conversation is an earnest one. Jack asks many questions which the other answers promptly. Upon the taller man's brow can be seen a frown, as though the news thus brought is not of the most pleasant nature in the world.

He is used to dealing with knotty questions, however, and allows no problem to go unsolved when it concerns the welfare of his fortunes, or the health of one he loves.

"The clouds look pretty dark, Larry, but you can trust me to brush them away. I thought I had my hands full before, but this new trouble, following on the heels of the adventure we have just passed through, adds to it."

"I'll stake my money on you, old boy," declares Larry, whose admiration for the doctor almost reaches the point of fetish worship.

"We are being watched even now. When you turn, carelessly notice that fellow who leans on the bar—he is interested in us."

"By Jove! I don't like his looks," says Larry, at which Jack laughs.

"You'll find a good many chaps in this town who have no claim on beauty. We'll set this fellow down as a spy."

"They know you're here. What else can they want, the beggars?"

"You see, I carry some papers—this syndicate would like to get hold of them. That explains his presence here." We will outwit them, my boy. I work best when rushed, and all these dangers rather crowd me, you know."

"Where do you go?" as Jack moves away.

"To interview that fellow," is the reply.

The dude watches Doctor Jack have a talk with the dark-faced Chilian, who appears ugly enough to be troublesome; but the American's manner is magical, and almost against his will the other is drawn into a conversation, though his manner shows suspicion.

At length he walks away, leaving the hotel.

"Well?" says Larry, as the other joins him.

"Just as I suspected. He is in their employ. I sent a message by him which may have some effect upon them, and again may fall flat. All I want is another day and night in this city. My messenger from the mines will arrive by that time, and we will sail for the golden shores of California."

"Ah! you seem to put gweat confidence in this messenger," drawls Larry.

"Because I know him, and when you meet Kirke Smith—"

"By the gods!, if you've got that Texan lightning arrester engaged I give in, Jack, dear boy."

"You met him?"

"In New Orleans; I shall look for his advent with cuweosity, I assure you. If a wegiment interfered, Kirke would wade through."

"He promised to be here by to-morrow night, and unless he breaks his word we'll sail by the following day. I am seriously thinking of changing at the isthmus, taking steamer in the gulf and heading for New York. This is the effect of the news you brought. At any rate, sail we do, if Kirke Smith comes in."

CHAPTER VII.

If Doctor Jack imagines for a moment that his enemies are asleep, he labors under a delusion to be sure. Men of the Lord Rackett order being built upon the bull-dog system, do not give up a cherished object easily. A little backset only arouses more of the stubborn spirit in them, and they set about forming new and ingenious plans in the place of the bubbles that have burst.

The American is deeply concerned regarding certain things, and makes a proposition to Larry, who readily acquiesces. Then Doctor Jack seeks his rooms above, where he finds Avis, reading by the light of a lamp.

"I have decided to see the head of the police force, the Intendente as they call him, concerning certain facts. Larry will remain below, dear, in case you want him," he says.

To his surprise Avis shivers as she puts her arms around his neck.

"Be careful, I beg of you, Jack."

"Why, my dear girl, you have been with me in scenes of danger before now, and never showed the white feather. Why, you are trembling all over. What does this mean?"

The discovery he has made alarms him. Her health is more to him than all else.

"Oh! Jack, since you left me, as I sat in my chair, I had a terrible dream. It seemed to me as though they had poisoned you."

"Heaven forbid! I don't look like a dead man, do I, Avis dear?" he says, cheerily.

"It made a strong impression on my mind, and the first thing my eyes fell upon as I awoke shuddering, was the bowl of beef tea which was sent in for you some time ago!"

He laughs.

"And, of course, you imagined some one had been meddling with it. Come, my dear girl, the sooner we are out of this country the better it will be for your nerves, which have been dreadfully tried of late."

"Oh! Jack, what would I not give if both of us were in New York, or on our California farm. This foolish notion, as you term it, grew upon me instead of departed; in imagination, I could see a dozen vipers in that bowl—it grew abhorrent to me."

"And so you threw it away," noting that it no longer rests upon the table. "Why, my dear, if it were still here would speedily prove to you the harmless quality of the beef tea."

"By drinking it?"

"Yes, as I have often done before, since my sickness last spring."

"I feared as much, so—I tested it."

"Ah, you drank it, then!" a little uneasily, looking into her pale face.

"No, no, thank heaven I was not that foolish. You remember the Maltese cat that made friends with me when we first took these rooms?"

"Yes, yes."

"Just when I was worrying over what I should do, I heard her cry outside the door. A sudden thought flashed into my mind. I let her come in, poor thing."

"Poor thing?" he echoes, his flesh beginning to creep.

"My next move was to put the bowl down on the floor, and pussy began to eagerly lap up the contents. That was at half-past nine o'clock exactly."

"Yes," his voice is low and awed now, as though he has caught the infection of her alarm.

"When she had lapped about a quarter of the fluid, the cat stopped, and I breathlessly awaited the result."

"Well, what came of it, dear?"

She points to something on the floor.

"Under that traveling-shawl, Jack."

He springs forward, bends, and snatches the shawl away; then a cry bursts from his lips. Lying upon the floor is the body of a gray cat, stretched in such a shape that its death must have been one of agony.

"Heavens, this is terrible!" says Doctor Jack, as he stands there and gazes, while Avis clutches hold of his arm in a trembling way.

The thought which almost paralyzes Jack is in connection with Avis; what if she had taken some of this devil's broth. Sure Providence has watched over them both.

"I knew my enemies hated me, but it never entered my mind that they would descend to such a thing as poison. What more could be expected in this country after a bitter civil war, when the passions of men have been inflamed to the utmost. It gave you a shock; I don't wonder at it."

Grinding his teeth with rage, he takes up the defunct animal. His first thought is to toss it out upon the street, but then he remembers he may need some evidence.

"I will leave it in the hallway," he says.

"But you are not going out now, Jack?"

"There is more reason than ever that I should seek the Intendente; when such diabolical business is being carried on he should know the facts. I leave you armed, Avis, and Larry is close at hand. You are not afraid?"

"For myself—no. It is of you I think," she replies, her old brave nature asserting itself.

"Do not worry. I shall take a carriage at the door, and come back the same way. The distance is not far. I will return in an hour."

He examines the beef tea that remains, and even pours a portion into a vial.

"Perhaps he may wish to have a sample analyzed. It may assist the ends of justice, so I will go prepared."

Doctor Jack embraces his wife and then leaves the apartment, taking the poor feline with him. His feelings are of a more intense form than when he entered, for this last terrible blow of an unscrupulous foe has unsettled his iron nerves.

It is evident that unseen enemies are around him, ready to strike in the dark. He groans to think that Avis is here with him, exposed to these dangers. If she were only safe, he could better afford to laugh at the plottings of his enemies.

Below he finds Larry, to whom he confides the new and alarming turn which the case has taken. As might be expected, this worthy is astounded, and shows it on his face. Like a brave man he feels able to meet open foes, but this cowardly way of seeking revenge, adopted by the secret cabal against whom Doctor Jack has pitted himself, is of such a terrifying, vindictive, diabolical nature that it almost freezes the blood.

Leaving the little man on guard, Jack passes outside to find a vehicle which will carry him to the Intendencia. One happens to be near. It looks like a lucky chance, which he is only too willing to embrace. If he did but know that this same driver has twice refused a fare within the last half hour, perhaps his suspicions might be the sooner aroused.

The night ride begins.

It is an ordinary hack in which Doctor Jack finds himself. He pays little attention to the vehicle itself, since its erratic movement presently engage his regards.

The driver must be drunk, he at first concludes. Then it flashes through his mind that when he held his brief conversation with this worthy the man gave no evidence of being under the influence of liquor. Indeed, Jack was inclined to believe him unusually bright and smart for a Valparaiso Jehu.

This, then, brings the case down to one of design. If the man is out of his mind, there is a method in his madness. His eccentric movements, passing up one street and down another, might do for a man trying to throw another off the track, but they are certainly entirely out of place for a driver who has been hired at a round figure to take a fare to police headquarters as soon as possible.

"Confound the fellow, what can he mean?" mutters the American, as for the third time his vehicle leaves the main avenue and plunges down into a darker calle.

It has gone beyond a joke. Doctor Jack hesitates a moment ere deciding what ought to be done, and then pokes his head out of the window, half-expecting to see some footpads with whom the driver is in collusion.

The rattle of wheels drowns his voice when he speaks, and he seriously contemplates firing a shot past the fellow's ear that must bring him to terms. A shout, however accomplishes the same thing. The Jehu turns, beholds his fare making a threatening movement, and pulls hastily up.

Doctor Jack fiercely demands the reason for his erratic movements, whereupon the man abjectly apologizes. The only excuse he makes is that the pavement is bad on certain sections of the main street, which it is policy on his part to avoid.

"Well, get to the office of the Intendente as speedily as possible. It's all I ask."

Perhaps his excuse is valid, but Jack has seen enough of life to doubt it. He believes the man has another motive, and is in league with outside parties, though what his purpose may be is a mystery.

The night air is chilly, but Jack keeps a window open, though he has to fasten it, as some secret spring pushes it shut. His mind is wrought up by the recent events that have occurred, and he finds plenty to think about, which will form the basis of his conversation with the Intendente.

Presently it strikes Jack that there is a peculiar, though pleasant odor in the vehicle. He did not notice it when he entered, hence it must be exhaled from some receptacle as they jolt along over the road.

He is at once suspicious. The very fact that the odor has a soothing effect, and makes him drowsy, causes alarm. Such things he has read of as happening in London and Paris, where wonderful games of fraud are inaugurated, but who would dream of such a thing in old Valparaiso?

Doctor Jack can circumvent a game that is even better played than this. He puts his head out of the window, and breathes the fresh air of the night, which invigorates him so that he can decide upon his next move. On a former occasion he remembers pulling himself out of the window of a hack, and reaching the roof. He tries it again, and succeeds as before, nor does the driver suspect his presence near until Jack gives him a dig in the ribs that causes the fellow to roar aloud in sudden fright.

Turning, he beholds his fare coolly seated on the roof of the vehicle, and hears spoken in Spanish the words:—

"I'll finish the ride on top, man; the odor of your vehicle doesn's please me. Now, make a bee-line for our destination, or I'll tumble you overboard in a jiffy."

Baffled in all he has undertaken the Jehu heads once more for the main street. His look amuses the American, who would fain draw from him the secret he guards, but the fellow at least has the merit of being taciturn when ugly. When at length he alights before the flaming red lantern that marks the Intendente's office, Jack believes he can well afford to spare the driver, who has played him false, so he pays the fellow off and enters the office.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Steerage Passengers.

"The Steerage of Today" is the titlo of an article by H. Phelps Whitmarsh in The Century. Mr. Whitmarsh says:

One evening several members of steerage No. 1 and I were grouped about the foremast, talking upon the all absorbing subject, America. The conversation drifted into an argument on the equality of man, and this, in turn, led to a discussion as to the rights of the saloon passengers.

"If we ain't got no right to go into their quarters," said one of the men, "wot right 'ave they to come into ours? It'd be all right if they be'aved theirselves, but they don't, blast 'em! Anybody'd think as 'ow we was a lot of bloomin lepers, to see the way they carries on—a-'oldin 'andkerchiefs to their noses an a-droring their silk petticoats close to 'em, an tiptoein an titterin. 'Ho, George,' says the big woman with diamonds in 'or ears, as come down yesterday; 'the pore, bloomin creechahs, but wot makes 'em smell so?' Just as loud as that, mind you. S'elp me, I could 'a' tore 'er to pieces!"

As I happened to witness the incident so graphically described by the cockney, I could not help feeling that his anger was righteous.

School Funds In Colonial Days.

The logs for the great fireplace, furnished by the parents of the scholars, were a part of the school expenses, and in many a school when a parent was tardy in the delivery of his winter's load of wood the child suffered by banishment to the farthest and coldest corner of the schoolroom.

The teacher's pay was in any of the inconvenient and uncertain exchanges of the day, wampum, beaver skins, Indian corn, wheat, peas, beans or any country product known as truck. Whale oil and fish were paid to the teachers on Cape Cod. It is told of a Salem school that one scholar was always placed in the window to study and also to hail occasional passersby and endeavor to sell to them the accumulation of vegetables, etc., which had been paid to the teacher.—Chautauquan.

Tennyson and His Pipe.

Tennyson came to the library today (1852). After a time he said, "I must have a pipe." Mr. Wild replied that he should either go and smoke up the chimney in the back library or on the roof. He chose the latter, and I went to show him how to thrust his huge length through the window. In a quarter of an hour he came down greatly refreshed. During a conversation on French affairs on the day of the christening of his child he broke in with his deep, sonorous voice, "By the holy living God, France is in a loathsome state."—"Journals of Walter White."

Teacher—Mountain climbing is said to be healthful and invigorating in its effects. Do any instances of this occur to you?

Juvenile Pupil—Yes'm. The goat is a mountain climber, and the goat is very strong.—Chicago Tribune.

The public impression that the dark continent is no longer the "unexplored" area of the old maps is a mistake. What has been done is mostly to stake out territories along definite routes. Within these lines the country is generally as unknown as in the time of Mungo Park.

The extravagance of the Roman ladies of high rank was one of the prime causes of the fall of that mighty empire. Lolia Poppea, who cut a wide swath in Nero's time, was the happy possessor of a gown said to have cost nearly $1,000,000

A PROBLEM SOLVED.

"Any children?" queried Rose gently.

He had just given her the interesting information that he was a widower, although so young—35 at the outside.

"One," he admitted, and his dejected tone seemed to imply that that one was an unsatisfactory possession—not quite right in its head, perhaps, or disfigured with a harelip. "We had only been married a year, you know. She died when it was born."

"Ah-h!" breathed Rose, with soft intensity. She did not like to say more, and the womanly pity welling out to him in his misfortune was sufficiently expressed. Having consumed the after dinner cigarette, indulged in at her urgent bidding, he was at liberty to respond to it. They exhaled their sighs together. It was, in fact, a particularly sympathetic night—mild, still, solitary, with a beautiful moon. They sat out in it alone, tete-a-tete, on hammock chairs, free to sit thus till bedtime, while their host and hostess, her uncle and aunt, dozed over newspaper and knitting in the drawing room behind them, the world forgetting, by the world forgot.

"Son or daughter?" Miss Lascelles asked after a pause, not willing to break the thread of such an exquisite subject.

"A boy," said Mr. Bell, still with that unfatherly air of discontent. Sometimes I wish it was a girl. She could look after me by and by. I could have her trained to be my housekeeper and sew my buttons on—that sort of thing, you know."

"You would have to wait a long time," said Rose. "Judging by—by your looks," she turned admiring eyes upon his very comely person, "it must be a perfect infant at present."

"Quite an infant—that is—let me see—15 months and a little over. Yes, it will be 15 months on Thursday since he was born, and lost his mother two days after."

"Poor, poor little thing!" ejaculated Rose.

"Oh," laughed the young man in an odd, mirthful way, "you needn't waste your pity on him, Miss Lascelles. He's all right—rolls in fat—never ailed a thing in his life—might take the prize in a baby show. So they tell me. I haven't seen him myself for a good while."

"You haven't?" cried Rose, smilingly indignant. "Well, you are a nice sort of parent, I must say. Don't you have him with you at home, then?"

"I haven't got a home. I gave it up when my poor girl died. What's the use of a home to me? I should never be there. My business takes me all over the country, and you can't leave a house and a young child to servants. The little time that I did try to carry on by myself they played the deuce with everything, child and all. One woman started feeding it with thick arrowroot. She'd have killed it to a certainty."

"Yes, indeed. The idea! But it's incredible what some fools of women will do in the way of mismanaging a baby. I used to see a great deal of that when I was a district visitor."

"A mother of half a dozen, too," said Mr. Bell reflectively, lighting another cigarette. "Then a girl who'd never had any took to the job like a duck to water—knew just what to do and how to do it. I will say that for her."

"The instinct is in us all," remarked Miss Lascelles dreamily to the man in the moon, who seemed to survey the couple with his tongue in his cheek, "or if not it ought to be. I'm sure I could give many a mother points, as you call it."

"I've no doubt you could. I heard somebody say the other day that mothers are born, not made—very true too. You see it in the little girls nursing their dolls. I don't think anything of a she child that doesn't want a doll as soon as it can speak."

"I always loved them," declared Rose.

He leaned forward to look at a spider's web that the silver light had just touched, making it shine out from its background of dark leaves and veranda post, and there was danger of rupture to the delicate thread of the topic that was weaving so charming a conversation, wherefore the young lady hastened to inquire what had become of his little son.

"I suppose," she said, "he is with his mother's people?"

Slowly resuming his attitude of repose, Mr. Bell puffed awhile in silence; then answered: "No-o, not exactly. With a friend of his mother's, not her family. Unfortunately her family is in England; so is mine. Neither of us had a soul here belonging to us. That was just the difficulty."

"It must have been a great difficulty," murmured Rose in a feeling tone.

"I believe you," assented Mr. Bell, with emphasis. "In fact, it put me into the most ridiculous hole, the most confounded fix—one that I can't for the life of me see my way out of, one that—However, I mustn't talk about it to you. It's not a thing that one ought to talk about to anybody."

And yet he yearned to talk about it now and to this particularly sympathetic woman, who was not young and giddy, but, like himself, far out of her teens and experienced in the troubles of life such as weighed him down. There was "something about her," he thought, that irresistibly appealed to him, and he did not know what; but an author, who knows everything, knows what it was. It was the moonlight night.

A few words from her, backed by the nameless influences of the hour, unloosed his tongue.

"You mustn't think me an unnatural parent," he said. "It's not that at all. I'm awfully fond of him. I've got his photograph in my pocket. I'll show it to you when we go in—the last one for the time being. I get a new one about once a month—a regular Mellin's food series, in all sorts of get up, clothes and no clothes, but all as fat as butter and grinning from ear to ear with the joy of life. You never saw such a fetching little cuss. I'd give anything to get hold of him—if I could."

"But surely—his own father"—

"No. It sounds absurd to you, naturally, but that's because you don't understand the situation."

"I can't conceive of any situation"—

"Of course not. It's a preposterous situation, and I just drifted into it. I don't know how—oh, I do know! It was for the child's own sake. So that you really must not call me a heartless parent any more, Miss Lascelles. Nobody would do that who knew what I'd suffered for him." Mr. Bell took the second cigarette from his mouth and sighed deeply. "Even in the beginning it would have been difficult to get out of it, having once got in," he continued, after a pause, "but it has been going on so long, getting worse and worse every day and every hour, till now I'm tangled up and helpless, like that moth in that spider's web"—pointing to a little insect tragedy going on beside them.

Miss Lascelles leaned forward, resting her arms on her knees and spreading her hands in the enchanting moonlight, which made them look white as pearls and made her rather worn face look as if finely carved in ivory. It was a graceful, thoughtful, confidential pose, and her eyes, uplifted, gleamed just under his eyes, ineffably soft and kind.

"I'm so sorry," she murmured. "But if I don't know what the trouble is—Oh, don't tell me if you'd rather not! I can't help you, can I? I do wish I could."

"So do I. But I'm afraid nobody can help me. And yet—perhaps a fresh eye—a woman's clearer insight"— He paused, irresolute, then succumbed to temptation. "Look here, Miss Lascelles, I'll just tell you how it is if you'll promise not to speak of it again. You are no gossip, I know—you will understand—and it will be such a blessed relief to tell somebody. And perhaps you could advise me, after all"—

"Let me try," she broke in encouragingly. For an instant her pearly hand touched his sleeve. "You may trust me," she said.

"I'm sure of it. I'm sure of it," he responded warmly. He flung away the remnant of the second cigarette, took a moment to collect himself and plunged headlong.

"You see, we had nobody belonging to us in this country. I came out to make a living and a home for her—too crowded up in England—and as soon as I'd got a bit of a steady income I sent for her to join me. Of course we had to be married from somewhere, and some kind old people that I knew took her off the ship and looked after her for a day or two, and we drove to church from their house. Their daughter acted as bridesmaid, and she and my wife got to be great chums. She used to come and stay with us a good deal—it was lonesome for the poor girl in a strange land, and me so much away—and we used to put up with them when we went to town. In fact, they were what you might call bosom friends. That was just the difficulty."

"You are speaking," queried Rose gently, "of the person who has the baby?"

"Exactly. Ah, I see you begin to understand."

"I think so," said Rose, with a smile broad enough to be visible in any kind of moonlight. "But what was the difficulty?"

"Well, you know, being so really fond of her and all that—wishing to do it for the sake of her dead friend, what could I say? Especially as those women were killing the unfortunate brat between them. She was not so very young and was evidently clever at managing"—

"Yes," interposed Rose, smiling still.

"And peculiarly situated for undertaking the job—much as you are situated here—living with two old folks who doted on her and were only too pleased to let her do whatever she liked, fond of a baby, and in want of some object in life, and so on. But chiefly it was for Mabel's sake. To see poor Mabel's child messed and mauled about by a set of bungling, ignorant creatures, who had no interest whatever in it, was more than she could stand, she said. To tell the truth, I couldn't stand it either, and she begged me to let her have it to look after, as there was no female friend or relative nearer to it than she was. What could I do? She lived in a nice, healthy spot, and there was the old mother with her experience, and I was obliged to go away, and—and—well, I just had to say 'yes' and be thankful to do it. We got the—the doctor found a—we engaged the sort of nurse that does everything, you know, a fine, strapping young woman, in the pink of condition, and away they went to Melbourne together. And at the first blush the worst of the trouble seemed over instead of just beginning. I gave up my house and stored the furniture and went off after my necessary business, miserable enough, as you may suppose, but at least with an easy mind about the boy. As far as he was concerned, as far as poor, dear Mabel was concerned, I felt that I had acted for the best. For the matter of that, looking at the business from their point of view, it appears even now that I did act for the best. Indeed, I don't for the life of me understand how any man could have acted otherwise under the circumstances."

The listener listening intently here put a quiet question, "Did you pay her?" which caused the narrator to wince like a galled horse.

"Ah, there you hit the weak spot, Miss Lascelles, right in the bullseye!" he declared, sighing furiously. "If I could have paid her, of course there'd have been no difficulty at all, but she wouldn't be paid."

"You ought to have insisted on it," said Rose severely.

"I did insist. I insisted all I knew, but she said it was a labor of love for her friend and seemed so hurt at the idea of money being brought into the question that I was ashamed to press her beyond a certain point. She let me pay for the nurse's board, and that's all. The baby didn't eat anything, you see, and they were comfortably off, with lots of spare room in their house, and I just looked on it as a sort of temporary visit until we should be able to turn round a bit. But"—with another sigh—"he's there yet."

Miss Lascelles nodded, with an air of utter wisdom.

"Of course you went often to see the child?"

"Whenever I was in town, and found him always the same, so beautifully cared for that, upon my soul, I never saw a baby in my life so sweet and clean and wholesome looking, jolly as a little sand boy all the time, too."

"That means that he had a perfect constitution, inherited from you evidently. And you were fortunate in the nurse?"

"Very fortunate! But it appeared that beyond—beyond running the commissariat department, so to speak, she did next to nothing for him. Miss—the lady I spoke of—did everything, made herself a perfect slave to him."

"Bought his clothes?"

"Oh," groaned the wretched man, "I suppose so! What did I know about a baby's clothes? And she wouldn't answer my questions—said he was all right and didn't want for anything, as I could see with my own eyes. I tried making presents, used to send game and things, found out her birthday and gave her a jewel, took every chance I could get to work off the obligation, but it was no use. She gave me a birthday present after I'd given her one."

"Well, if moths will go into spiders' webs," remarked his companion, "they must take the consequences."

"Sometimes they get helped out," he replied. "Some beneficent, godlike being puts out an omnipotent finger"—

He looked at her and she looked at him. At this moment they seemed to have known one another intimately for years. The moon again.

"Tell me everything," she said, "and I'll help you out."

So then he told her that he had been giving up the habit of frequently visiting his son. Cowardly and weak, he knew, but the thing was too confoundedly awkward, too embarrassing altogether.

"But she writes. She writes a full report every week, tells me what he weighs and when he's got a fresh tooth and how he crawls about the carpet and into her bed of a morning and imitates the cat mewing, and drinks I don't know how many pints of new milk a day, and all that sort of thing. I believe the rascal has the appetite of a young tiger, and yet I can't pay for what he eats. The nurse was long ago dispensed with, so that I've not even her board to send a check for, that they might by chance make a trifle of profit out of. It seems too late now to simply take the child away, and there leave it. I haven't the unspeakable shabbiness, the brazen impudence, the mean selfishness to do such a thing, and besides he might come to any sort of grief, poor little chap, in that case. There's no doubt in the world that her taking of him and doing for him have been the salvation of his health and perhaps his life. And I know, by what she tells me, that he regularly dotes on her—as so he ought—and would howl his very head off if we took him from her. What could I do with him if I did take him? I've no home, and nobody to look after it if I had, and hired servants are the deuce with a lone man at their mercy. It would be worse now than it was at first. And so"—with a heavy sigh—"you see the situation. I'm just swallowed up, body and bones, drowned fathoms deep, in a sea of debt and obligation that I can never by any possibility struggle out of, except"—

He paused and blushed.

"Except," continued Rose, with the candid air of a kind and sensible sister, "except by marrying her, you mean. Yes, I see the situation. I appreciate your point of view. I should understand it if it were not that she unquestionably laid the trap for you deliberately, just as that spider laid his for moths and flies, and marriage by capture has gone out."

"Oh, don't say that!" the man protested in haste. "I would not for a moment accuse her of that. She was Mabel's friend. It was for her—it was of pure womanly compassion for the motherless child at any rate in the beginning, and even now I have no right whatever to suppose"—

"But you know it all the same. Every word you have said to me tells me that you know it. You may as well be frank."

He squirmed a little in his chair, but confessed as required.

"Well—but it's a caddish thing to say—I think she does expect it. And hasn't she the right to expect it? However, that's neither here nor there. The point is that in common honor and honesty, in common manliness, I should repay her if I can, and there's no other way—at least I can't see any other way. It is my fault, and not hers, that I don't take to the notion, for a better woman never walked, nor one that would make a better mother to the boy, but somehow you do like to have your free choice, don't you?"

"And ought to have it," quoth Rose with energy, "and must have it and shall. Now listen, Mr. Bell"—addressing him in such a tone of confidence and encouragement that he felt sure she was going to cut his bonds forthwith. "You have asked me to help you, and I can help you. It will be perfectly easy, situated as I am here. He will not miss her after a couple of days, and she has really no earthly right either to him or to you, and it would give me the greatest pleasure you can imagine. This is what you must do." She leaned forward in her chair and gazed earnestly into his paling face. "You must just hand that baby over to me."—Exchange.

USES OF PATE DE FOIE GRAS.

How to Prepare Dainties From This Famous and Expensive Comestible.

In a stress of circumstances considerable can be done with pate de foie gras as a forcemeat. It makes delicious little croquettes and excellent patties. As forcemeat to incase oysters for frying or as a cover to coquilles of chicken or any dainty mince this famous potted meat, made from the fatted livers of Strassburg geese, is unrivaled.

The old idea that geese were specially tortured by being deprived of water in order to increase the size of their livers for this preparation is said to be a mistaken one. The geese, it is said, are merely tied up and fed generously on cornmeal. Pate de foie gras is always expensive. A half pint jar costs from $1 to $1.25. It will make only six croquettes. The truffles with which the meat of the fatted livers is mixed add something to its cost. The smallest jar of truffles, holding only a few of the precious fungi, costs 60 cents. These canned truffles are quite inferior to the fragrant fresh truffles shown in baskets in Parisian markets. They have lost their pleasant odor, and much of their flavor has gone.

To make foie gras croquettes mince fine a tablespoonful of nice smoked beef tongue which has been well boiled. Measure the tongue after mincing it. Add half a pint of foie gras put up as a simple forcemeat with truffles. Add half a cup of simple cream sauce. This is made by melting a teaspoonful of butter in a saucepan, adding the same amount of flour and when mixed half a cup of rich milk. Stir well, add a mushroom minced fine and white pepper and salt. Let the sauce simmer two or three minutes, stirring it constantly. Add it to the tongue and foie gras.

It must be remembered that the pate de foie gras is already seasoned. Add to the croquette mixture merely half a glass of madeira and a large tablespoonful of meat glaze. The last can be purchased already prepared. Heat the mixture, which must be soft when hot, but firm enough to form into croquettes when cold. Shape it when thoroughly cold in six croquettes in any form you please. An oblong shape is always a good one. Roll the croquettes in beaten egg and then in sifted bread crumbs and lay them in a croquette basket. Lower them into a pot of fat deep enough to cover them and steaming hot in the center. Fry them three minutes, when they should be an even, rich brown. Clusters of green parsley or pale green chervil placed at each end of the platter on which the croquettes are served will be sufficient decoration, though chefs sometimes add a garnish of truffles.

A Herringbone Charm.

This was a case at Hertford petty sessions in which a wife endeavored unsuccessfully to obtain a separation from her husband. Defendant said the whole cause of the trouble was that his wife had unfortunately taken to drink, and also that she was always consulting a fortune-teller. Defendant produced from a parcel a well-worn vest, and, pointing to an object which had been tacked to the cloth inside the lining, explained that it was a charm placed there by his wife. A neighbor had told her that when the charm withered he would die.

The Clerk (to complainant)—Did you put that in?

Complainant—Yes; I put it in to stop his jealousy and to make him give over fighting.

The Clerk—And this is the nineteenth century! What is the charm?

Complainant—A herringbone.

The Clerk—Any particular bone?

Complainant—I don't know. It came out of a herring.

The Clerk—And it has not had the desired effect?

Complainant—I don't know. I think not.

The Clerk—That is a great pity, as it is so cheap a charm that we might have supplied three charms free from the court on application, for jealous husbands.

Complainant—I don't know why it did not work. It has succeeded in a number of cases.

The Clerk—If it is possible to cure a man of his jealousy so cheaply, I wonder it has not been tried before.

The defendant said he had never been a bad man to his wife, but he thought it time to say something when she struck him over the head with the rolling-pin. Perhaps the charm was upside down.

His Assistant.

Doctor—Your husband is in a most critical condition. I think I ought to have some assistance.

Patient's Wife—Just as you say, doctor. But (shuddering) it seems horrible to send for the undertaker so soon.

BEAUTIFUL SHADES.

SUNSHINE FROM LAMPS FOR CHEERLESS DAYS.

A Rite of Afternoon Tea—Pen Pictures of an Attractive English Drawing Room. Materials and Plans For Making Lovely Lamp Shades.

If English winter days are gray and cheerless, the sky leaden and the streets colorless and depressing, while other countries boast of their brilliant winter sunshine, blue skies and dry, bracing climate (and it would be useless for us to attempt to compete with them in these respects), yet no country can equal the comfort, beauty and cheerfulness of an English interior—the great glowing open fire, flashing on the colored tiles; the wide, inviting armchairs, the hospitable rite of afternoon tea, with its bright silver, dainty china, hot muffins and other British delicacies, and over all the glamour of the softening, seductive rays of the silken shaded lamp. In every corner of the globe where the English sunshine seeker wanders you will find him with his "tea basket," or still cruder contrivance, trying to remind himself of that hour at home, when the odor of the fragrant tea leaf is wafted abroad and the cheerful lamps are brought in, making sunshine within if not without. It is not so much the tea the exile yearns for as that he is homesick for the hour. Indeed, one almost welcomes the dreary autumn days for the sake of the comfort which reigns within doors, and undoubtedly one of the most important additions to that comfort is well distributed and deftly shaded artificial light on which we are so specially dependent.

There is nowadays room for the display of much artistic taste and ingenuity in the choice, manufacture and remodeling of electric light, lamp and candle shades and in suiting them to and associating them with their surroundings so that they shall not only appear things of beauty in themselves, but shall add a charm to the general scheme of furnishing. Each season brings with it certain slight changes and novelties. The tendency is toward added height, and where the chimney used to show above the opening in the shade there now almost invariably rises a framework, covered with frayed out ruching or curved out points, covered plainly with silk or perhaps edged with a tiny quilling, thus entirely concealing the working apparatus and making the lamp look like an enormous overblown silken blossom. Indeed, the size and elaboration of lamp shades have increased with each successive season, until now three or even four materials are frequently employed in the more decorative of the latest specimens. That most fascinating, but, alas! most perishable of materials, chiffon, is largely pressed into the service. It is used instead of lace or in combination with it. Sometimes it is richly embroidered, and one very elegant shade was composed of sulphur colored chiffon, having a kind of appliqué ornamentation of small black velvet crescents. These elaborate lamp shades are, of course, costly to buy ready made, but there is nothing in their manufacture which the dainty fingered, skilled home worker may not accomplish at half the cost.

One of the novelties which appeals particularly to the resources of the amateur worker—as it permits of the employment of odds and ends of silk—is the shade composed of two contrasting colors. Pale pink and eau de nil, for instance, or pink and yellow, or white and yellow, which latter combination is specially effective and lovely on a large white china lamp, in combination with yellow flowers. The plain, round empire shades are still used both for candles and for lamps. Although rather stiff in appearance, there is one pretty fancy to which they lend themselves particularly well, and that is the employment of pressed ferns and flowers in their manufacture, or rather ornamentation, by laying them upon the plain silk surface of the shade and keeping them in their places by covering them with fine, closely stretched tulle or fine brussels net. The effect of the light shining through the pressed fern is very lovely.

A shade or set of shades covered with white silk may be made to do duty in a great variety of different decorative schemes by the use of different colored ribbons. Choose rather narrow ribbon of whatever may be the tint of the flowers and decorate the white lamp shade with it according as best suits its form; a band or frill or ruche round the top with one or two jaunty little bows and one or two slanting bands brought across the shade to its edge, and again finished off with bows, or, if it be a pointed shade, the points may be outlined with a narrow quilling of the ribbon.

Chine ribbon in pink and green on a white shade, with the vases filled with pink and white carnations and feathery greenery, is quite charming, or, again, a cool and novel effect is produced by employing for the table decorations a good blue china, such as Dresden, Royal Danish or the blue Crown Derby, and, using this as the leading motif, deck the lamp shades with ribbon of the same tone of blue and employ white blossoms. If the result be too cold to please, a touch of red or pink would give the desired brilliance.

A white silk or chiffon and lace lamp shade, decorated with trails of crimson autumn foliage, such as the ampelopsis, which takes on such gorgeous tints in the autumn, or even the small leaved Virginia creeper, is an object of the most exquisite beauty, and the good effect may be further enhanced by using some of the scarlet trails upon the white tablecloth.

Lamp shades for studies and for common, everyday use are best made as simply as possible, without lace or other fragile elaboration. A china silk, having a small conventional design neatly and very closely drawn on a simple frame, trimmed only with frills, has a pleasing and appropriate effect.

Please remember that the life of all lamp shades would be more than doubled if in the evening when the lights are extinguished they were carefully put away in a cardboard box instead of being left to gather dust through the night and then handled roughly by dirty fingers when the fires are made in the morning.—London Queen.

LOCAL BRIEFS.

Mr. James Dunsmuir left Friday morning for Victoria.

The wife and daughter of Ald. Calnan are visiting in Nanaimo.

Mr. A. Dick, Inspector of Mines, was a passenger on the down trip of the City of Nanaimo.

Two gentlemen representing the B. C. Co of Vancouver are in the district taking pictures of residences and business places.

There were seven convictions in the Chinese cases Thursday. The fines imposed were $25 and costs.

THIS IS A SNAP.—One half Lot 4 in Block 5, on Penrith Ave., second house west of English Church. Neat cottage, also stable. See Frank J. Dalby, Agent.

The H. M. S. Amphion has been at the Bay for some time, and on the 16th the Quadra arrived. A survey of the harbour is in progress.

We noticed Saturday that Mr. Cairns was cutting down the thistles along the road side in front of his lands—a good example.

The framework of John Wilson's hotel at Union Bay is up, and in a few weeks the building will be finished.

FOR SALE.—My farm 160 acres, about 30 acres perfectly cleared, and about 30 acres cleared but not stumped, 3½ miles from Comox wharf, also one good milk cow for sale.—W. ANDERTON.

Rev. W. Hicks preached Sunday evening in favor of prohibition, a very interesting sermon, to a good sized audience. It was the first gun in the plebiscite campaign.

The school house lot is being cleared for the new school building for Cumberland and Union, the plans for which building will be up to-morrow (Wednesday.)

Miss Sarah Lewis, has returned from Victoria, where she graduated at St. Ann's Academy with high honors, bringing with her a gold medal, as a testimonial of her good conduct and efficiency.

LOST—A woman's gray fur cape, on the road leading to Courtenay, between the railroad and one and a half miles north of John Piket's. Finder will please leave it at NEWS Office for the owner.

Mr. P. C. L. Harris of Victoria will arrive next Wednesday and speak at Courtenay during the week on Prohibition, and occupy Rev. Mr. Tait's pulpit Sunday, and Sunday evening the pulpit of Rev. Mr. Hicks of Cumberland.

COAL SHIPPED.

July 15—Str New England, 111 tons coal.
" San Mateo, 4,400 tons of coal for Los Angeles.
" Tug Tepic, 450 tons coal.
" Maude, 138 tons coal.
" Rapid Transit, cargo coal for cane, Seattle.
July 18—Kildonan, 198 tons coke.
" Maude, 139 tons coal.
" H. M. S. Amphion, 207 tons coal.
Warrimoo due to-day.
Santram is loading.
Minneola is due.

Passenger List.

July 13th City of Nanaimo: Miss Crawford, Miss Whittier, Miss Carto, Sandall, Mrs. A. Lawson, Miss A. Lawson, Miss G. L. Davie, Miss Carr, F. R. Martin, S. Mc Davitt, J. Frew, R. Bonnie, W. A. Allan, W. Short, J. Walker, Mrs. Walker, Mrs. Sage, Mrs. C. C. Weston, Selina O'Brien, Miss McNeil, D. Steel, W. Steel, Miss Steel A. Dick, Er. Tomb, J. W. Saunders, S. H. Graydon, Mr. and Mrs. J. Roe, Miss Bairfield, Coburn, Miss Davie.

A Pioneer Gone.

Fred A. Saunders, brother of Henry Saunders, of Victoria, died at Alberni yesterday. He was one of the early pioneers of Alberni among the first to take claims up in that district.

Spain Suspends Payment.

London, July 15—According to a special from Madrid, the government has decided to suspend payment of salaries of civil and military servants as the money is needed for war purposes.

CORPORATION OF THE CITY OF CUMBERLAND.

A By-law for levying a Road Tax for the Year 1898

Whereas it is deemed expedient and necessary that provision be made for necessary expenses of the Corporation of the City of Cumberland,

Now therefore the City of Cumberland enacts and ordains as follows:

I. There is hereby imposed and levied, and there shall be raised and collected an equal arte by way of Road Tax of Two Dollars per head per annum, upon all male persons between the ages of twenty-one and fifty years of age, residing within the City oo Cumberland, except those already assessed by the Corporation.

II. The aforesaid tax shall be due and payable to the Collector of the Corporation of the City of Cumberland at his office within the said Corporation on the first day of August 1898.

III. This By-law may be cited as the Road Tax By-law 1898.

Read the first time in open Council the 24th day of June 1898.

Read the second and third time the 24th day of June 1898.

Reconsidered and finally adopted, the seal of the City attached thereto and numbered the 12th day of July 1898.

L. W. Nunns, City Clerk. Lewis Mounce Mayor.

MORTGAGE SALE

Mortgage Tenders addressed to the undersigned and posted to him will be received up to noon of the 18th day of July 1898 for the purchase of that certain piece of property described as follows: East half of Lot Ten, Block Ten, City of Cumberland.

The title deeds may be inspected and further information received by aplying at the office of the undersigned. The highest or any tender not necessarily accepted. Dated June 27th 1898

Louis P. Eckstein, First Street Cumberland, B. C., Solictior for mortgages.

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Soapy Smith' Death.

Victoria, Soapy Smith, the gambler at Skagway has met his death after a desperate struggle, at the hands of Frank Reid, city surveyor at Skagway. It appears that D. Stuart, a returned Klondiker, was robbed of a sack of $3,000 by Smith's gang. An indignation meeting was called for the arrest of Soapy and and his gang. Smith went down with intention of breaking up the meeting, but found himself guarded, and then and there met his death by a rifle ball. The gang of gamblers have fled and Skagway will be a safe place for a time at least.

Terms of Capitulation.

New York, July 16—Special to the Journal from Siboney, gives the following terms of capitulation:

That 20,000 refugees at Caney be returned into the city. American infantry patrol to be posted in the region surrounding the city. Our hospital corps is to give attention to the sick and wounded. All Spanish troops in the province to come to the city and surrender guns. Defences of the city, to be turned over to Americans in good order. Americans to have free use of Juragua railway, which belongs to the Spaniards. All Spaniards to be conveyed home in American ships in least possible delay.

A. H. MCCALLUM, licensed auctioneer will attend to all sales in the district on reasonable terms

CHINESE ACT AGAIN SUSTAINED,

Nanaimo, July 15.—It is just learned that Anti-Chinese Act has been sustained by the full court in the case of Bryden vs. Union Colliery Co. The company was given leave to appeal to the Privy Council.

Corporation of the City of Cumberland

City of Cumberland, Court of Revision.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Court of Revision for the purpose of hearing all complaints against the assessment of 1898 as made by the assessor of the City of Cumberland, will be held at the Council Chamber, City Hall on Monday 22nd day of August A. D. 1898, at 10 o'clock A. M.

By Order
LAWRENCE WM. NUNNS,
City Clerk.

Cumberland, B. C., July 7, 1898.

Cervera Has a Sea voyage.

Particulars of Santiago's Fall.

Playa Del Este, July 15—Santiago has surrendered. A commission is now arranging its terms. Probably Spanish army will accept parole and be returned to Spain. We insist on immediate possesion of the city. Our army will enter to-night.

Port Altonion, July 15—Menaced by Americans on land and sea, disheartened by past defeat, without hope of victory, we have submitted to the inevitable and surrendered—signed Toral.

The power of Spain in eastern Cuba is crushed. The end came swiftly and unexpectedly. The Santiago campaign with its deeds of splendid daring and dark with its record of slaughter has paved the way, it is hoped, to peace.

The command to surrender had been so emphatic that the army forsook the idea of victory without bloodshed. Noon today had had been set for final assault upon the city. To-day was looked forward to as the greatest in the history of the campaign, when soon after 2 o'clock this afternoon Sampson received the signal that Gen. Toral had surrendered. The admiral could scarcely credit the news.

Spanish Disaster near Manila.

London, July 15.—Despatch from Manila says Spanish gunboat Leyte which was to bring General Monet's column from Macabore in meeting with an Amerian warship cast off her boats, which surrendered to the Americans. In the mean time the troops in the boats were compelled by the sailors to beach the boats. The sailors made the best of their way to Horine.

Madrid, 15.—Capt. Gen. Augusti telegraphs as follows: Gen. Monet's column unable to hold out in Macabore, left in boats towed by gunboat Leyte, to seek reinforcements. they were stopped by Americans and made prisoners by a company of Insurgents. An official enquiry has been ordered into the conduct of Gen. Monet.

Successful Spy.

London, July 15—A dispatch from Gibralter gives a long story of Apsendo, a wealthy American, who was lionized for six weeks at Madrid, who dined with Admiral Camara, who inspected the fleet and defences and in every way won the confidence of the Spanish officials, only to disappear the moment a warrant was issued for his arrest. He turned up afterwards at Algiers and confessed that his name was Fernandez and that he was a captain in the American army. His Spanish descent enabled to deceive Spaniards while acting as the confidential agent of the U. S. Government.

THE BIG STORE

DRY GOODS DEPT.

Just to hand a Splendid assortment of

Men's and Boys' Underwear, Mining and Cashmere Socks, and a big line of Men's Sweaters, in all colors.

This is without exception the best assortment we have ever shown in these goods.

Simon Leiser.

Fruit and Ornamental Trees
SHRUBS, ROSES, RHODODENDRONS, GREENHOUSE AND BEDDING OUT PLANTS.
Agricultural Implements
SPRAY PUMPS, FERTILIZERS, BEES AND BEE SUPPLIES.
Most Complete Stock in B. C.
NO AGENTS. CATALOGUE FREE.
M. J. HENRY,
604 Westminster Road,
VANCOUVER, B. C.

GORDON MURDOCK'S
LIVERY.
Single and Double Rigs to let
—at—
Reasonable Prices
Near Blacksmith Shop, 3rd St.,
CUMBERLAND, B. C.

Society Cards

I O O. F.

Union Lodge, No. 11, meets every Friday night at 8 o'clock. Visiting brethren cordially invited to attend.

F. A. ANLEY, R. S.

Cumberland Lodge,
A. F. & A. M, B. C. R.
UNION, B. C.

Lodge meets first Friday in each month. Visiting brethren are cordially invited to attend.

R. LAWRENCE. Sec.

Hiram Lodge No 14 A.F .& A.M.,B.C.R
Courtenay B. C.

Lodge meets on every Saturday on or before the full of the moon
Visiting Brothers cordially requested to attend.

R. S. McConnell,
Secretary.

Cumberland Encampment.
No. 6, I. O. O. F., Union.

Meets every alternate Wednesdays of each month at 8 o'clock p. m. Visiting Brethren cordially invited to attend.

JOHN COMBE, Scribe.

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THE NEWS OFFICE
with your printing. Reasonable prices prevail

Teaming & Livery

I am prepared to furnish Stylish Rigs and do Teaming At reasonable rates.
D. Kilpatrick,
Union, B. C.
× also ×
Horseshoing and GENERAL
Blacksmithing.

Richard P. Wallis,
NOTCH HILL RANCH,
NANOOSE BAY, B. C.
Breeder of thoroughbred and high class white PLYMOUTH ROCKS, BLACK LANGSHANGS. Over 170 prizes won in the last five years. At Vancouver's recent Show, out of an entry of 28 birds 26 secured prizes.
I gaurantee 10 birds to the hatch. Infertile eggs replaced. Eggs $2.00 per setting of 15.

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BANK OF
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All business by mail carefully and promptly attended to.
W. A. SPENCER,
MANAGER.