THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

NINTH YEAR. CUMBERLAND, B. C. WEDNESDAY, JULY 31, 1901.

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A SONG OF TRIUMPH.

Soon will my head be woolly gray,
And my free soul be flying,
Through skies of azure far away,
With ne'er a thought of dying.

Then come ye on with scythe or hoe,
I scorn your best endeavor;
For men may come and men may go,
But I grow on for ever.

—CANADA THISTLE.

The following has been received from the Victoria branch of the N. L. We trust that all loyal readers will give it due consideration:

The Navy League, 2,
13 Victoria Street,
London, S.W.,
4th July, 1901.

Sir,—The Secretary to the Admiralty has admitted in the House of Commons the specific indictment of the Navy League, i.e.

1. That the Mediterranean fleet is short of battleships.

2. That the Mediterranean fleet is short of cruisers.

3. That the Mediterranean fleet is short of destroyers.

4. That the Mediterranean fleet is short of auxiliaries.

And further that the strength of the Mediterranean fleet, falls short of the Standard which was admitted by the Admiralty as necessary to the safety of the Empire.

These things being so, and the statements of the Navy League in regard to deficiencies having been proved to be accurate, it is necessary to place the facts before the electors with the view of increasing the strength of the Navy, and placing the safety of the country beyond cavil or dispute.

For this purpose money is needed, and I would therefore ask your readers to join the League as members at £1; or as associates at 5 or 1 as they may think desirable.

The German Navy League has a membership of 600,000 and its last year's income is stated to have been £100,000.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
H. SEYMOUR TROWER,
Chairman Ex. Com.
WM. CAIUS CRUTCHLEY, Secretary.

Upon the suggestion of Rear Admiral Bickford, Commander-in-Chief of the Pacific Station, it is the desire of the British Columbia branch of the Navy League, to form a British Columbia Naval Reserve, in the same manner as Newfoundland has done.

Taking into consideration the membership of the German Navy League above mentioned, (which was formed long since the British), this branch earnestly appeals to all readers of these letters, to join the British Columbia branch as members, at $2 per annum; which includes subscription to the Navy League Journal, a monthly publication from London, on the subject of the League and the Navy.

The Hon. Secretary's address is P. O. Box 637, Victoria, B.C.

H.M.S. Warspite arrived in Comox harbour Sunday. She will stay some time.

WIRE NEWS

Vancouver, B. C., July 19th—(Special)—The Fishermen's strike was definitely settled tonight at a meeting of the local union. The board of trade arbitrated the matter. The basis of the settlement is twelve and half cents on a quarter of the entire pack, and 10 cents on the balance. The men start fishing on Sunday night.

London, July 23—Fragmentary despatches from St. Petersburg tell of unusual activity in the army and navy circles in Russia.

The Czar, according to these dispatches, has ordered the enlistment of 300,000 men for the army and navy, and at naval stations work is being pushed night and day.

An explanation of this military activity is given in a brief telegram from the Russo-Scandanavian press agency at St. Petersburg.

The message states that the Russian government has ordered the railways to hold themselves in readiness to transport troops on four hours' notice, and that war with Japan is imminent.

London, July 19—A despatch to the Globe from Shanghai dated July 17, says the Russians are endeavoring to buy the Kaiping collieries in Chili, the strategic value of which is incalculable.

The Kaiping collieries are now largely supplying the navies of the powers on the far east with coal.

London, July 22—It is believed, says the Times, that a grant will be made to Lord Roberts in recognition of his services in South Africa, and to enable him suitably to maintain his peerage. To provide for this an additional estimate will be submitted to parliament. The grant will be £100,000.

RELIEF FUND FOR MRS SNEDDEN.

Nanaimo, July 24—Mrs Sneddden, widow of the miner killed in the Cumberland disaster, has received the relief money awarded her. It amounts to close on two thousand dollars. She is now ill in the hospital, but on coming out will go with her five young children to live in Scotland.

Port Simpson, B. C., July 22—A big fire started at Metlakahtla this morning. The bishop's house, the big church with home, Indian girls' home, the old school, several other houses and old cannery were destroyed.

Mr Carthew is prosecuting work in the school, having got the contract for finishing up the extra rooms upstairs. This will enable the board to do away with the present 5th room which is in the old school, separate from the new.

Arangements are being made to have a Bluejackets day from ships crews in Comox harbour at an early date. A delegation has been appointed to approach the executive of the flag ship with a view to obtaining Admiral Bickford's consent to the scheme.

MRS. KRUGER BURIED

Former President Very Depressed at the Loss of His Wife.

Pretoria, July 22—Mrs Kruger, wife of former President Kruger, of the South African Republic, who died on Saturday of pneumonia, after an illness of three days, was buried here this afternoon.

Amsterdam, July 22—Mr Kruger is very depressed as the result of the death of his wife, but his health is unaffected. On the contrary, he has thrown himself into his work with more than his usual energy. Press comment on the death of Mrs Kruger is sympathetic. The newspapers do not attach any special significance to the event.

A rumor from Pekin has it that the Russians are rapidly completing the Manchurian Railway, and that they will employ 50,000 troops for the defence of the line. Li Hung Chang proposes to withdraw all Chinese troops from Manchuria, with the object of avoiding all chances of a collision with the Russians. Wily old Li; no wonder he is not popular with the British in China. He is regarded as the ablest man in China, but as one absolutely tied up to the interests of Russia, although it is common gossip in Tientsin that his friendship has cost Russia a great deal of money. He has never forgiven England for having refused to interfere on behalf of China at the time of the war with Japan, as he fully expected she would.—World.

KIRKWOOD RITCHIE.

Last evening at the residence of the family of the bride, Milton St., Rev. A. O. McRae united in the bonds of holy matrimony, Captain Alexander Kirkwood master of the SS. Mineola, and Miss Bessie Ritchie, youngest daughter of the late Mr Ritchie. The bride who was prettily and becomingly gowned in white organdie, was assisted by her sister, Mrs Armstrong and by Miss Murray, while Chief Engineer MacIntosh supported the groom. After the wedding a reception was given at which the many friends of the young couple wished them long life and happiness, wishes in which the Herald sincerely joins. Mr and Mrs Kirkwood leave this morning on the Mineola for Port Los Angeles, and will take up their residence at Santa Monica.—Herald.

Death's Hand.—On Saturday, George Wood, who has been coachman to Mrs Dunsmuir, died from cerebral hemorrhage. He leaves a widow and three children here; a brother, T. C. Wood, of Comox, and a father and two sisters in England, to mourn his loss.—Colonist.

Work is being pushed at the pithead, No. 4 slope. Buildings are being erected over the new engine, fan engine, and sundry minor repairs are being made. The whole incline trestle is to be replanked and strengthened.

A GODDESS OF AFRICA.

A Story of the Golden Fleece.

By ST. GEORGE RATHBONE

CHAPTER IV.

THREE MONTHS IN TANGLE AND DESERT.

Lord Bruno appeared to be strangely affected upon hearing this startling announcement from his companion.

His face lighted up with an eager expression that naturally enough aroused the curiosity of Hastings; nor were the words he let fall calculated to lessen this feeling.

"Something told me there was more than mere accident in this meeting, Rex, and already I can see the hand of destiny guiding us. Yes, I imagine we shall get on famously together. Of that more anon."

They had left behind them the scene of the desperate encounter, with all its hideous accompaniments, which would doubtless haunt Rex for many a day, although by this time he was growing accustomed to pictures of violence, since their long trail through the denth of African forest and desert had been marked in many places by sanguinary conflicts, where the ugly nature of the native tribes refused friendly overtures, and forced a meeting that resulted in pitched battle.

In many cases these blacks were so ugly in appearance, and with such barbarian manners and customs that one could hardly believe them human beings at all; indeed, the travelers were more apt to liken them to some family of monster apes, for like the gorilla they lived in the tree tops.

Familiarity usually breeds contempt, and in this case the continued fighting that fell to their share made soldiers out of an erstwhile art student and scientist.

Heavier grew the shadows, as night closed her sable mantle over the forest. Buesoe evidently knew just where he was heading, for he possessed the remarkable acumen for which American frontiersmen have always been noted. The signs of forest and stream were as familiar to him as the mariner's compass to the sailor, and from mountain and plain the voices of nature whispered her eternal secrets in his ear. It were useless to ask him why certain things were so—he could only tell you that he was as sure of it as that he lived.

There was no encounter with the enemy, no warning shot from either vanguard or those upon the flanks.

Evidently the Makalakas had been utterly demoralized by the sudden swoop of Bruno and his cowboy band, and believed the forces of the feared wizard of South Africa, Cecil Rhodes, had been turned loose upon them.

As the country was swarming with hostiles it would be poor policy to remain long in one spot.

Even Lord Bruno knew this, and Jim Bludsoe would surely advise against it, though there was really nothing to prevent their stopping a few hours in order to cook supper and recuperate.

The twilight had rendered objects very uncertain by the time a whistle from the leader warned them he had arrived close to the spot which would serve them as a temporary laager, or camp.

Here the offshots of the hills, known as kopjes, dwindled down to a rough country, in which it were an easy task to find some basin where a small fire might be lighted with but a trifling chance of discovery.

Bludsoe's unerring judgment had marked out such a place, and straight as the crow flies he led them to it.

Presently a cheery scene was presented in a little "dip" back of the first roll, where a camp fire burned, horses were staked out as on the plains, to nibble at the grass, and the doctor busied himself in preparinging supper, for besides being able to minister to the wants of tortured flesh, this remarkable man was a chef of no mean calibre, and could tickle the palates of his fellows with savory dishes, which, if they lacked the elegance of a Lamonico concotion, were certainly unrivaled in the estimation of those who partook.

Bludsoe was looking after the horses, and doing numerous chores about the camp. The other two members of Lord Bruno's little band appeared to have vanished into thin air. Hastings had only to glance in the direction of a tree that marked the rise in front, to catch a glimpse of a small fiery spot which he knew was the end of a cigar Red Eric smoked while standing on guard. Little Phil occupied another coign of advantage near by. Evidently Bludsoe was not the man to be caught napping.

"Come," said the artist, as he threw himself at full length upon a blanket at some little distance from the fire, "suppose you occupy that place, Rex. We have some twenty minutes to spare before supper will be ready. Your friend is busy with his specimens, packing them up more securely for some purpose or other. I confess that I am frightfully eager to hear this amazing yarn of yours. Will you relieve my curiosity, my dear fellow?"

Hastings laughed as he accepted the seat, and hugged his knees.

"Twenty minutes would hardly be enough in which to tell you a tenth of the whole story, so I shall only relate that part beginning with my leaving Zanzibar and striking into the wilderness."

"Good!" said the Briton, nodding eagerly.

"I must in a measure explain the motive that influenced my action. It was no desire to emulate Stanley or even my friend Chandler—I did not seek to undertake these frightful dangers in the interest of art, such as might influence an enthusiast like yourself, nor did the eager desire of the professor to discover new wonders in the field of science that might cause untold millions unborn to rise up in ages to come and call him blessed, have any particular weight with me.

"Plainly, then, my dear Bruno, I am a rude, uncouth treasure seeker—a Cortez or Pizarro transferred to this heart of the Dark Continent. I sought a fortune, a will-o'-the-wisp that had eluded many an eager hand before. I have been so close to it that here is one of the gems which await the bold adventurer daring enough to invade the spirit-guarded temple in the hollow of the extinct volcano, called by the native Kro-kato."

He held out his hand and deposited something in the palm of the artist—something that glowed in the glowed in the sparkling firelight like a gleaming drop of liquid fire, or a crystal of blood.

No wonder Lord Bruno uttered an exclamation as his eyes rested upon this priceless ruby. He had never seen its peer, rudely cut though it was by some native lapidary of a past age.

"Jove! if that be a sample of the treasure trove I don't wonder you are ready to undertake unlimited dangers in order to secure it. Really, I shall take some stock in King Solomon's Mines after this. The romancer had a foundation for his wonderful tale. That stone is worth a snug sum of guinea gold, I tell you. But pray proceed."

"At some other time I will tell you how and when and where I learned about this wonder treasure that has lain buried in the depths for ages. You remember the story of Edmond Dantes in Monte Cristo, and under what peculiar conditions he learned of the hiding place of the vast wealth accummulated on the island in the Mediterranean—well, I believe that in one sense my experience was almost as singular as his. But you shall judge yourself at some future time."

"Our journey was anything but peaceful. It started under favorable auspices, but sre a week had passed we found ourselves in hot water. I believe a wave of fanaticism has swept over Africa from the region of the Nile and the Kingdom of Dahomey down to the very borders of Matabele land.

"At any rate we found the blacks aggressive all through our trip. At times I actually had reason to suspect that these tribes of interior Africa were really united in some ancient league, and recognized in the white man the coming doom of their race, for at some future date, as surely as the world continues to exist, that restless, colonizing Anglo-Saxon race is bound to dominate Africa even as it does North America, Australia and many other quarters of the globe.

"Well, we were in a position to offer either the olive branch or war to the knife, and when the aggressive tactics of the blacks forced us to the latter condition, you can believe we hit hard.

"Still, the continual dripping of water will wear away a stone, and this constant system of warfare began to tell upon our organization.

"We lost some men in battle, others deserted, stealing what the could, and by degrees, our condition began to grow desperate.

"I am not made of putty, however, and never once thought of relinquishing my plans, for the idea of possessing this argosy had become the one scheme of my life—you know a man may find himself so wrapped up in a certain matter that he fairly dreams of it.

"Time will not allow me to tell you what we experienced—how many dangers we escaped, and how bravely my men stood up against the flight of poisoned arrows sent among us by a tribe of such demon-like blacks that I called them the Jabberwocks.

"Reduced to half a dozen we came at length to the country of my dream — my yearning inspiration. It had been so impressed on my mind that I seemed to recognize every feature of the landscape, and I assure you this fact gave me a peculiar sensation, since it seemed to add a positive assurance with respect to the existence of the fabulous mine.

"It was not my intention to take a single member of the expedition into my confidence, outside the professor.

"Our carriers and guards had no idea but that Monsieur Jules was the real head of the traveling show, and that I had accompanied him in a spirit of pure adventure, coupled with a desire to shoot big game.

"Hence, I did not find it difficult to steal away from our camp one night, gun in hand, and head for the quarter where I believed the secret cache might be found.

"I found it, you see, and came within an ace of leaving my bones in the depths of that strange ruin, the remnant of what must have been a temple ages ago, dedicated to the sun possibly, since I have found evidences that there were fire worshippers in the heart of Africa, as well as among the ancient Peruvians and the Aztecs of Mexico, but wait until you see that remarkable crater temple yourself.

"When I fled from the scene after a desperate encounter with some gigantic blacks who appeared to guard the sacred valley, my intention was to get away as speedily as possible, dispose of this jewel in Johannesburg or Cape Town, and organize a new expedition prepared to cope with the tremendous difficulties which I had found must be surmounted if success were ever to perch upon my flag.

"Our proper course should have been to have immediately left that dangerous region; but the professor had conceived an idea, and being as stubborn as a mule, he was bound to have his way, danger or not.

"In brief, he had discovered a large kraal against the side of the mountain, a town that seemed to be many times larger than anything he had as yet run across, besides presenting possibilities that were especially alluring to such a devoted son of science.

"To make a long story short, then, I reluctantly agreed to accompany him, knowing by experience that this was the quickest method of inducing him leave the hostile region, for it had by this time become a question as to whether we would ever live to reach civilization again so numerous were the difficulties that beset us.

"We started out immediately, having cautioned our few remaining men to remain in hiding. I may as well mention just here that when we reached our rendezvous again all of them had decamped with the plunder, save faithfully Friday, but since his specimens remained safe, Monsieur Jules never worried.

"I knew from the lay of the land that it was our policy to ascend the hill, since, by taking a circuitous course we could reach a point where the whole great village of conical huts would be spread before us in the moonlight.

"This we managed to accomplish, and upon crawling around the loose rocks found that my shrewd supposition was very accurate, since we overlooked the entire kraal.

"We were immediately startled by the fact that a tremendous commotion seemed to have swept over the place. From our elevated position we could see a dense mass of kneeling blacks in the open space at the foot of the cliff, and the low murmur of a chant which had struck our ears upon rounding the side of the hill now burst into a most amazing chorus, that rose and fell like the waves of the ocean.

"I was at first alarmed, believing that our presence had come known, and had something to do with this terrible spectacle; but the professor assured me it was only some part of their fetish worship, and begged me not to think of leaving, since he was bound to see it through, come what would.

"So we crouched there, and peeped through crevices in the rocks at the multitude of devout worshippers below.

"I tell you, Bruno, I never experienced anything equal to it — that chant so weird, so uncanny in its sudden outbursts, coming from the throats of hundreds of the most densely ignorant negroes in all Africa — the expectancy with which they crouched there and looked upward—all these things gave me an eyrie sensation I do not ever remember experiencing before in all my life.

"Then I began to wonder what they could be looking for up on the face of that cliff—surely they awaited no dawning of the sun—could it be they worshipped the quarter whence he had vanished that evening in a golden splendor I have never seen equaled outside of Venice and in Florida? It would only be carrying out the same idea as the true Mussulman who says his prayers five times a day with his face always turned toward the sacred city of Mecca.

"Then I conceived another notion—possibly in some niche along the face of the cliff the hideous voodoo idol they worshipped had a resting place.

"Eagerly I sought to discover it, but although my eyes alighted upon a little platform or ledge half-way up, where the silvery moonbeams played in undisturbed splendor, I could discover no trace of an idol or figure of any sort.

"Again I turned my attention upon the great mass of superstition ridden blacks groveling upon the plain. They seemed convulsed, as with one mind they sprang to their feet, waved their arms wildly aloft, and gave vent to a fearful shout that went rolling down along the line of kopjes like thunder.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Pa's Way With Tommy.

Tommy—I hate to have ma whip me.

Jimmy—Aw, wimmen can't whip hard.

Tommy—That's it; pa thinks she don't half do it, so he allus gives me some too.—Chicago Record.

His Fate.

"Dear me, that was terrible! Man fell overboard in midocean the other day and never was seen again!" said Hicks.

"Drowned?" asked Mrs. Hicks sympathetically.

"Oh, no; of course not," said Hicks ironically. "Sprained his ankle probably."—London Tit-Bits.

IT MADE HIM A HERO.

AN ACT THAT BROUGHT A LAWYER FAME AND FORTUNE.

It Looked Like an Exhibition of Pure Nerve and Daring, but In Reality It Was Simply an Outcome of His Nearsightedness.

"A person who enjoys good eyesight," said a man who most decidedly does not, "would be greatly astonished to know how little is seen by those who are nearsighted even in a moderate degree. The average shortsighted man, of whom there are hundreds in every large city, sees nothing distinctly more than a foot away from his nose. Beyond that distance the outline of objects becomes hazy and indistinct, growing rapidly more and more so until everything is finally merged into one general blur. The faces of people across the street are mere pink blotches, their figures are destitute of detail, signs are indecipherable 30 feet away, and the whole movement of traffic and passing show of the thorough fare is a misty panorama, in which nothing much smaller than a cab can be definitely distinguished.

"Of course a nearsighted person can see as well as anybody through properly fitted glasses, but a great many folks regard them as such a disfigurement that they prefer to do without their aid. That kind of pride is certainly very foolish because it causes one to miss at least nine-tenths of what is going on, to say nothing of being an open invitation to accident. Yet, oddly enough, I know of a case in which it actually saved a man's life and laid the foundation of a fortune.

"The hero of the episode was a lawyer in a city in Ohio where I spent my boyhood. He was beyond middle age at the time, but was straight as an arrow and a decidedly handsome, soldierly looking personage. These good looks of his were his weak point, and although he was extremely nearsighted he was vain enough to deny himself glasses and kept the fact of his infirmity a secret. The consequence of this folly was a wide reputation for haughtiness, as he rarely recognized anybody on the street, and it undoubtedly damaged him in his practice. At any rate, he had never made anything more than a very modest living when the curious incident I have in mind occurred.

"The city government had been for a long time under ring rule," continued the story teller, "and it finally became so bad that the decent people revolted and organized a reform movement. The good looking lawyer—call him Colonel Jones for convenience—was one of the reformers and, among other things, he made himself active in securing indictments against a number of gambling house keepers.

"The boss ringster of the place was a typical bully and ward politician named Harding, who was financially interested in several of the games and naturally furious at any interference. He was a giant physically, he would fight at the drop of a hat, and the personal fear he inspired was really the secret of his influence. After the gambling indictments were found he proceeded to use his 'pull' to have them pigeonholed, and, learning what was going on, Colonel Jones was rash enough to write a newspaper card in which he scored the authorities for allowing such a ruffian to defeat the ends of justice.

"The colonel looked like a soldier, but he was really a very bland and peaceable gentleman, and he never dreamed that his little effusion would get him into personal difficulty. On the morning the card appeared he was walking calmly to his office when Harding rushed out of a bar across the street, called him by name and at the same time leveled a six shooter at his head. At that distance all coons looked alike to the nearsighted lawyer, and, turning in the direction of the voice, he made out the vague figure of a man with outstretched arm apparently beckoning him to come over.

"A little surprised, but still perfectly placid, he started to cross the street. Harding glared at him in amazement and once or twice was on the point of pulling the trigger, but the spectacle of that serene and dignified figure calmly advancing straight on the muzzle of the gun was too much for his nerves, and before the colonel traversed half the distance he dropped the weapon and ignominiously fled.

"Needless to say, the episode made a tremendous sensation, and Jones, who had sense enough to hold his tongue, was the popular hero of the hour. Harding, on the contrary, was ruined, for his prestige had disappeared like a flash of lightning, and, unable to stand the disgrace of the affair, he quietly sold out his belongings and left the city. That broke the back of the ring, the reformers went into control, and the colonel was elected mayor by a tremendous majority. He served two terms, built up one of the biggest law practices in that part of the state and died worth nearly a quarter of a million dollars.

"In explanation of my inside knowledge of the case I don't mind saying that he was a distant relative of mine, and in the family circle, where his nearsightedness was well known, he owned up to the facts as a good joke. He said he had a vague idea when he started across the street that Harding was a farmer client who had promised to pay him a fee that morning."

Not Troubled.

Irate Tenant—I asked you when I rented this place if you had ever been troubled by chicken thieves, and you said no. Every one of my chickens was stolen last night, and I am told that the neighborhood has been infested with chicken thieves for years.

Suburban Agent—I never keep chickens.

Hunting For Titles.

A woman preacher inveighing against Christianity in the name of botany and biology and mineralogy and all the other "ologies", she could copy from the dictionary reminded one disgusted man of a negro he once knew who announced himself as a "doctor of medistrology." The negro, fond of an assumption of learning, used big words, of which his favorite was "interstransubstantiationableness."

"Why, doctor," the negro was asked, "you don't even know the meaning of that word."

"P'raps not, sah; but in doubtful places when speakin, sah, I've used that word with spontaneous effervescence."

A Queer Animal Race.

The following paragraph is from the columns of the Bulawayo Chronicle: "At the recent Belingwe sports meeting a animal race was held, in which a monkey and a big rooster were two of the most prominent starters. These two caused considerable diversion, the monkey chasing the cock the length of the course, eventually wringing its neck."

A Question of Grammar.

"I is," began Tommy, when his teacher interrupted him.

"That is wrong. You should say, I am."

"All right," said Tommy. "I am the ninth letter of the alphabet."

ROBERT HARRIS, MONTREAL,
President of the Royal Canadian Academy of Arts, whose Exhibition in Toronto Just Closed.

A Vegetarian Cyclist.

Oatmeal rolls and coffee for breakfast, soup, peas, rolls, coffee, ice cream for dinner, soup, rolls, peas and ice cream for supper.

Such is the daily diet of Major Hurley, the cycle rider. The board of control overlooked Hurley in the round up of the amateurs, and he looms up now as perhaps the greatest possibility in the amateur championship race this year.

Hurley is a whirlwind rider, a dangerous sprint. He won race after race last season in Boston, but steadily refused to leave home. Adhering to his peculiar diet, he gained weight and strength daily under severe training. This diet was not so much a matter of choice as of necessity, for ill health and the doctor's advice compelled him to eat up meat. He now lives up to these rules from choice and because he is certain that he can thrive on it. He will go out for a fight for championship honors.

Linguistic Triumph in China.

It was during the height of the late military troubles in China, when an English correspondent was visiting near two Alsatians of the German troops. One said to the other:

"Schang, schynt d'sunn schun?" (John, is the sun shining yet?)

His companion replied: "Ja, d'sunn schynt schun lang" (Yes, the sun has been shining a long time).

An English soldier chanced to hear as this interesting conversation was progressing, and he stopped to listen. Then he exclaimed feelingly and with evident admiration:

"Wonderful fellers these Germans! Only been here a week, and blowed if they ain't talking Chinese already!"

One Might Think So.

The doctor in charge of a State asylum was showing the place to a visitor. He pointed out that he thoroughly believed in plenty of work for brain and body for his patients, and he therefore made them carry bricks from one place to another. While he was speaking a patient who had just completed his task came up to the doctor and asked him what he should do next. "Carry the sand back to the place you took it from," the doctor replied. The lunatic looked at him with a pitying smile. "Here, me, doctor, but do you think I'm daft?"

The King's Automobile.

King Edward VII. has just purchased a wonderful automobile. It is a noiseless, odorless, nine-horse power machine, capable of running 55 miles an hour.

SWEET IDOLATRY.

Deep in a dreamy, ancient wood,
Where once a mighty temple stood
In grandeur mid the fertile lands
A ruin centuries old now stands,
Its crumpled walls 'neath mosses green
So thickly buried scarce 'tis seen,
Its columns fallen to decay,
Its grandeur long since passed away.

Amid this wreck, triumphant still
O'er Time, which thus hath worked its will
Upon this temple, carved in stone,
An ancient idol stands alone,
Sits pensive on its granite throne
With lichens thickly overgrown.

On either side the forest dank,
With tangled brake and creepers rank,
Bars any seeking to intrude
Upon the idol's solitude.
Above twines many a leafy limb
To form a covering for him.
Below, e'en at its granite base,
A pool flings back the idol's face,
And from green pads upon it spread
The stately lotus rears its head.

There, in its dreamy solitude,
A thousand years the god hath stood.
A thousand years, each summer through,
The lotus heart hath proven true—
Hath breathed the fragrance of its love
To please that stony face above.

While stands the image in the grove
That loyal flower will prove its love,
Though vain its efforts to beguile,
It aye will strive to win the smile,
A fate true love hath often known—
To waste its sweetness on a stone.
—Arthur J. Burdick in Los Angeles Herald.

KISMET.

What Fate Did For Dick Madison and Dolly Seymour.

Half a minute before the Riverdale express was to pull out of the Grand Central station a cab dashed up to the entrance, a tall, athletic young fellow leaped out, handed the driver a bill, grabbed his suit case and rushed to the ticket office. He had barely time to run down the long station to his train, for as he swung himself up the steps the engine slowly pulled out with its heavy load. The 4:20 for Riverdale generally was crowded, and this particular day was no exception. As the young man passed through car after car not a vacant seat was to be seen. Finally he stopped by the only place left in the whole train. Next the window sat a remarkably pretty girl of about 20. Chic was written all over her, from the folded Persian scarf on her little traveling hat to the perforated tips of her jaunty Oxfords. For the rest there were a brown skirt—short, of course—and a white waist, with scarlet belt and butterfly tie.

The young man hesitated a moment. She glanced up with a pair of brown eyes in which contended mischief and demureness. The young man gave a little start, but the girl straightway looked out of the window again, so he said nothing and sat down. She appeared to find the landscape of cobblestoned streets and Harlem flats extremely interesting, for she gazed at them intently. Once she turned and glanced at him, but finding his eyes—frank, blue eyes they were—fixed on her she turned away with a little toss of her curly, brown head, and he could see the red blood mount in her tanned cheek.

"Hang it," he said to himself, "I am sure that it is!"

Which remark, though not clear to an outsider, was full of meaning to him. For this same brown eyed face was fixed in his memory. He had seen those same brown curls under vastly different circumstances and had thought of them more than is deemed consistent when a man is engaged to some one else. Richard Madison was a young man of some wealth, nominally in charge of a fine old estate, but the lifelong friend and lawyer of his late father attended to the business so well that the young man was only too glad to leave it entirely in these hands and enjoy himself traveling. The past 15 months he had spent abroad with several friends, and he had but that very morning stepped off the fleetest of modern ocean greyhounds. His first thought was to run up to Rose Hill and see Helene Carey, his fiancee. She did not know he was coming, for their correspondence of late had not been very spirited. Helene had been at Newport and yachting a good deals. She was a favorite socially, as she was rich, and more amiable than clever. Their engagement had never been announced, but it had been an understood thing between their families for several years. From a social standpoint it was an excellent match, but Madison had often found himself wishing that Helene was—well, "different." He could not exactly define what he meant. "Since that idiot Morris told her she looked like Eames she has been colder than ever," he said to himself savagely. He thought now of Helene's placid eyes and smooth hair.

"Now, if it only curled, like—like"—

His eyes wandered again to the brown curls so close to his shoulder, and he thought of the time he had seen this same pretty head dripping wet and the small face very white. With two chums he was steaming along the Thames in a launch, between the beautiful green banks and picturesques homes of which the English are so justly proud. Suddenly they heard a shriek and a splash and turned to see a white dress disappear into the water. Madison sprang out and swam toward her, missed her the first time, but when she next came up grabbed her, and in a moment's time was rolling her most unromantically on the grass, while the people of the house came rushing down with restoratives and thanksgivings in the usual incoherent jumble. He remembered how he broke away from them as soon as she opened those brown eyes, and many times since he had groaned inwardly at his idiotic remark when she looked into his eyes and murmured some words of thanks. And now, after all these months, here he was sitting in the same seat with her—on the way to see Helene.

They were just entering the tunnel now, and the girl struggled to close the window. Before she could make it work, however, in they dashed, and a whiff of the ill smelling smoke swept in. Madison reached over to the obstinate window, which, recognizing the masculine touch, obediently closed. Somehow in the process his hand met hers.

"Thank you ever so much," said a small, sweet voice when he had resumed his seat. He raised his hat.

"Don't mention it."

She turned now and looked straight into his eyes, while an amused expression danced in her own.

"Do you always say that?" she asked.

"So you have consented to recognize me," he replied. "Awfully good of you! No; I have a few other phrases at my command if I only have a chance to show them off."

"Why did you run away?" she demanded.

"Why—er—you know I had to go after my hat. It was floating down the river, you know."

The last part of his sentence was lost in her burst of laughter.

"How perfectly absurd!" she exclaimed and laughed again. "But if that isn't just like a man—to save a girl's life and not stay for thanks and introductions because his precious hat is gone! We tried and tried to find you, but we only had that place for the season and left in about a month afterward."

"We?"

"The aunts I always travel around with. They have been ready ever since to fall on your neck with gratitude and tears."

"Oh," protested the young man, on whose brow the laurels of life saver did not rest easily, "it didn't amount to anything!"

"Oh, of course not," she answered quickly, with exaggerated politeness, "but you needn't lay such stress on it!"

"But I"— he began. Then their eyes met, and both laughed.

"Your eyes are brighter than ever," he said.

"And you've shaved your mustache."

"Why, I haven't worn a mustache for a year. That's another rescuer you are thinking about. Is it a habit of yours to fall into the river when a young man happens to go by in a boat?"

She flashed a scornful glance in his direction.

"I never forgot anybody or anything, though that is more than some people might say. You wore a mustache in the fall of 1899 going up the Nile. It shows in the picture."

"So it was you who took that snap shot of me from the stern of the Silver Sail?"

"I was photographing all the funny things I saw." Another smile danced in the brown eyes.

"To think," said he, addressing the plush backed seat in front of them, "that I have known you more than a year, and this is our third meeting, and I don't know your name yet."

"I don't know yours."

"It is Dick."

"Mine is Dolly."

"Then my other name ought to belong to you, too, for it is Madison, and that combination would just suit you."

They were out of the tunnel long ago.

"Open the window, please, now," said Dolly. "It is getting a little close, don't you think?"

He obeyed silently.

"Where are you going now, Dolly?"

She looked out of the window, absorbed in the spectacle of a black dog chasing a yellow one across the field.

"I am going to Riverdale, Mr. Madison."

"Do you live there, Miss Dolly?"

"Miss Seymour," she put in.

"Not Dorothy Seymour, Harvey's sister?" he cried.

"Yes," she said. "Why not?"

"Why, he used to blow about you until we were all crazy to see you, and then you never did show up at commencement or anything, and we decided you were a myth."

"There!" she exclaimed. "That explains it."

"What?"

"Why, your face being so familiar. You are the one with the banjo sitting in the window seat of Harvey's room at college. He has a picture at home of his den with half a dozen of the boys in it."

"Oh, I remember that picture! Well, isn't it all strange? Miss Seymour, do you believe in fate?"

"What do you call fate?"

"Well, sometimes I think that you are destined to do a certain thing or meet a certain person, and fate acts as a sort of a conductor, you know." Here he stopped, rather confusedly. He had just thought of Helene for the first time.

"Possibly," said Miss Seymour. "Where do you think fate is taking you now?"

He gave himself an inward shake.

"I am going to Rose Hill," he said.

"Oh, do you know people there? I spent a few days last week at Rose Hill. I didn't know many there, and they say that nothing happens there in an age, but we had at least one exciting event during my stay."

"What was that?"

"Why, the beauty of the place—let me see, what was her name?—eloped. Her family was terribly shocked. My friend says they are very proud and that the girl was tired of society. Carey—that was her name—Helene Carey. Why, do you know her?"

"I have met her," replied Madison, whose heart was thumping violently.

"Perhaps that was an illustration of the fate you were talking about," she went on. "Love is a curious thing, isn't it?"

"Rose Hill!" called the conductor from the end of the car.

"Why, this is your station!" exclaimed Miss Seymour. "You will have to hurry."

But Madison sat still, though he kept the little hand she had held out to him for goodby.

"I think," said he, "if you don't mind, I will go on with you to Riverdale."

HOPE OF THE CECILS

THE YOUNGEST SON OF THE FAMILY IS IN THE HIGHEST FAVOR.

A Disciple of His Father, the Premier, He Has Lived All His Life With Him —Lord Hugh Cecil, Who May in Time to Come Succeed to the Political Position of Lord Salisbury.

Lord Hugh Cecil, who at a recent Irish demonstration in the House of Commons advocated the imprisonment of rebellious members of Parliament, is the "rising hope" of Lord Salisbury's "festive circle," as Lord Rosebery recently called the Prime Minister's family. Lord Salisbury's eldest son is not looked upon as a likely successor to the political position of his father, and it is Lord Hugh, the youngest, who is viewed as the coming man of the Cecils. He is the only unmarried son, and has lived all his life with his father, whose disciple he is. He is the only

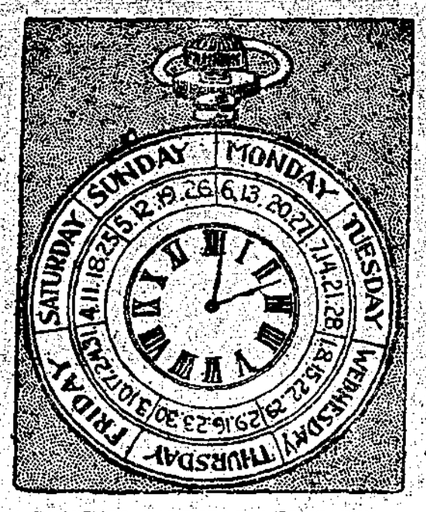
LORD HUGH, THE HOPE OF THE CECILS.

Cecil who raises any enthusiasm, or who wants to be enthusiastic. To him, as to his father, politics is an essential part of religion, and he speaks to the House of Commons as if he were preaching from his brother's pulpit at Hatfield. He is earnest enough to revolt from party ties when they interfere with freedom of thought and conviction, and intense enough to propose a revolution in Parliamentary procedure which no other member of the House dare support. He is 31 years old.

PERPETUAL CALENDAR.

Handy New French Device With This End in View.

Every man likes to have a calendar handy, and many novel and convenient schemes are already in use to tell the day of the month. Below is illustrated a new French device for this purpose, called the calendar watch. When the works of the watch are made to actuate the calendar it generally increases the cost to such a price that the watches are not in common use, but the simple arrangement here shown can be placed in a watch without materially raising its cost. The dial and hands of the new watch are made somewhat smaller than in the ordinary watch, leaving space around the rim of the dial



COMBINED CALENDAR AND WATCH.

for the insertion of two flat rings, on one of which is printed the days of the week, the other containing seven series of numbers. It will be seen that one of the series starts with the figure one, another with the figure two, and so on. Now, if the series containing the figure one is set in line with the day of the week on which the first day of the month falls the rings will be in position to indicate the days of the week on which all the days of the month fall. Near the winding stem of the watch is shown a projecting spindle, which is pushed in to bring the ring-setting mechanism into connection with the winding stem, thus providing a simple and cheap arrangement for adjusting the calendar, which must be done once a month.

His Description of Her.

While watching the circus parade Rastus became separated in some unaccountable way from his sweetheart, and he asked a policeman to help him find her.

"What does she look like?" queried the officer.

"Well, sah," replied Rastus, "she's—she's a brunette, sah, with a Yeastah hat on her haid, an her name's Jopheeny, sah."—Chicago Tribune.

FEW PEW DOORS LEFT.

Common In the Old Times, They Are Now Counted Obsolete.

"In old times," said a dealer in church fittings and equipments, "it was a common thing to have doors on the pews in churches. Fifty years ago in most Protestant churches there were pew doors. While used in Catholic churches also, they were not so common.

"In those days the pew door was an institution. Now it is pretty nearly obsolete. There are still some in use. They will be found here and there yet in some of the old Protestant churches, as they may be occasionally, too, in some old Catholic churches, but they constitute no part of the equipment of any new church, and in many old churches the pew doors have been taken off as unnecessary and in the way.

"There are various reasons for this. Conditions have changed for one thing. In the old days pews were more commonly rented entire. Now there are more free churches, more free pews, and there are rented nowadays a greater number of individual sittings.

"In such conditions a pew door is not in any degree a necessity. It might indeed be undesirable in itself. Partly opened or closed the door was in the way. It might squeak. It was likely to be slammed in opening or closing. It was a quite unnecessary expense. It was really a surplusage, and in all new churches its use was everywhere discontinued whether the pews were rented or not.

"In Catholic churches, where it is still the common, prevailing custom to rent the pews and where there might still be some need for a pew door, its place is now to some extent taken by a modern attachment called a pew guard. This is a simple but sightly strip of stitched leather attached at one end to the inner side of the upper part of the end piece of the pew next the aisle, the other end, when the guard is not in use, hanging down over the pew arm.

"If all the regular occupants of a pew are not yet in it and it is desired to hold their places for them, the pew guard is put up across the open end of the pew, the free end of the guard being then secured in a holder made to receive it fixed on the inner side of the upper part of the end piece of the pew in front. Not in use, the pew guard, hanging loosely over the arm of the pew to which it belongs, occupies practically no room at all and is in nobody's way.

"And so the pew door, once in common use and commonly considered an essential adjunct in the fittings of a church, has now, by common consent, virtually disappeared from use."

THE PLUS ULTRA IN HAMS.

Only Two or Three of Them Found In a Hundred Thousand.

"No, this is not really ham," said a New Orleans epicure, who was taking breakfast with a couple of friends at a restaurant the other day. "Of course it is what is known commercially as ham," he continued, prodding the pink substratum which supported a pair of neatly poised eggs, "and I dare say it is a very excellent article of its kind; but, compared to the highest achievements in ham, it scarcely belongs to the same family. The delicacy of which I speak is not to be procured in open market for love or money, and I confess that my own acquaintance with it is due entirely to fortunate chance.

"Some years ago I was of assistance in a slight way to a young fellow from Chicago, who had become involved in trouble through no particular fault of his own and seemed likely to suffer simply because he was a stranger. I got him out of the scrape, and he returned home extravagantly grateful. Soon afterward I received a letter of thanks from his brother, who is foreman of a large packing house in Chicago, and with the letter came a ham, swathed in as many wrappings as an Egyptian mummy and boxed up for shipment as carefully as a diamond necklace. That was the first real ham I ever tasted or, in fact, ever saw. When I sampled it—but, pshaw, I might as well attempt to describe the aroma of a carnation. In delicacy, flavor, tenderness and a dozen other qualities it so far transcended any other hams in my experience that they were not fit to be named in the same parish. How it was secured I learned later on.

"In all large packing houses, so I am told, the inspectors who examine the finished product keep their eyes open for phenomenally choice pieces of meat for the personal use of the chief employees. Thousands upon thousands of hams pass under their eyes every day, and now and again they see one that their experience tells them is a miracle of perfection—a rara avis upon which nature has freakishly done her level best. We encounter such abnormalities in everything, you know—in flowers, fruits, precious stones, pearls—something above high water mark in which there is accidentally a perfect equilibrium of all the elements of excellence, and it is exactly the same with hams. When the inspector spots the paragon, he immediately grabs it and lays it aside, and it was one of the gems from this culling extraordinary which I received."

Is Conversation a Lost Art?

Conversation calls for training of two kinds. A talker presupposes a listener. Now, listening is a platonic occupation out of fashion on this side of the Atlantic. Watch carefully a group of our compatriots chattering together, and you will notice that the speaker is rarely allowed to finish a sentence. His companions will snap the thread of talk away from him, unconscious of any incivility—just from sheer nervous inability to listen to the end. Having "caught on" to the drift of an idea, they can no more listen placidly to its development than they can wait until a play is over or a cable car stopped to make their exit.—Eliot Gregory in Harper's Bazar.

Feather In His Cap.

The Hungarians, during several centuries, were in almost constant warfare with the Turks, and a custom arose of a warrior decorating his cap with one feather for every Turk he killed. No one was allowed to wear a feather until he had slain a Turk in fair fight, and the greater the number of feathers the greater the prowess. The expression came to England late in the sixteenth century and is found in many authors subsequent to that time.

It is not such a very distant jump from the English to the French language. There are 3,000 words used alike in French and English without variation in spelling. The variation is in the pronunciation.

THOSE ANGEL CHILDREN.

How One of Them Entertained Her Sister's Caller.

When young Sellshoes called the other evening, Miss Ohfudge, in a flannelette wrapper was reading an intensely absorbing novel in her room up stairs, and so she sent her angel sister, Pansy, aged 6, down stairs to inform Mr. Sellshoes that she'd be down in a few moments. The angel sister carried the information to Mr. Sellshoes in the parlor, and then hovered around, waiting for an opportunity to deliver herself of a few bright little sayings of childhood.

"Mr. Sellshoes," she remarked after awhile, in a shy manner, twisting her hands coyly, "have you got many bureau drawers where you live, an do you hunt in them much?"

"Well—er—I dunno," replied Mr. Sellshoes hesitatingly. "Why?"

"Oh, nuthin," replied the angel child, "'cept that sis she began t' hunt 's soon 's you came through the bureau drawers f'r a piece of stickin plaster t' cover up a big pimple she's got on her chin, an she said she jes' wisht you had t' rubber an hunt through all your bureau drawers, an then you wouldn't be so willin t' put folks out so. Do you often have t' hunt through your bureau drawers?"

Young Sellshoes flushed slightly, then paled slightly, and made an inaudible reply. The angel child pretended to fix the rug in front of the grate fire for a moment, and then she opened up again.

"Oh, Mr. Sellshoes," she exclaimed, "what a funny hat you must wear? Do let me see it, won't you?"

"Why, it's just like all other hats," replied young Sellshoes, in a muffled, choked sort of tone. "Why do you wish to see it?"

"Oh, nuthin," replied the angel child, turning around and drumming the piano, "'cept that sis she says that you talk through your hat, an I thought it must be a funny lookin hat."

Young Sellshoes twisted some more in his seat and half rose to go, but, thinking better of it, again stared hard out of the window. The angel child drummed on for a couple of minutes, and then she once more wheeled about on the stool.

"And oh, Mr. Sellshoes," she prattled in her sweet, innocent little voice, "please, sir, tell me what you won't do."

"Won't do?" repeated young Sellshoes hoarsely. "Why, I don't think I understand what you"—

"Well," cut in the lovely little prattling lamb, "I heard sis say yesterday, w'en she was talkin 'bout you, 'He won't do'—jes' like that, an I thought that"—

The rest of it was drowned in the tum-tumming of the angel child's angel little paws on the piano.

Then young Sellshoes went out into the clammy night without waiting for Miss Ohfudge, and three minutes after he left the angel child of the Ohfudge household was learning things about the back of a corrugated sterling silver hairbrush that he had never dreamed of in her young and joyous life before.

His Grievance.

"These outrageous trusts ought to be wiped out of existence if it takes every gun and every gallows in the land to do it."

"What's your special grievance against them?"

"Why, the scoundrels refused to buy up our plant."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Not the Same.

"My son," said the good old man, "if you only work hard enough when you undertake a thing you're bound to be at the top when you're through."

"But suppose I undertook to dig a well?"—Philadelphia Press.

Forth and Back.

"Verses."

This was the heading the poet wrote over the latest effort of his muse.

"And reverses," he muttered as it came back to him from the magazine publishers.—Chicago Tribune.

Friends No Longer.

"I cut his acquaintance," she remarked, "because he paid such a poor compliment to my taste and judgment."

"What did he do?"

"He wanted me to marry him."—Philadelphia Times.

He Was.

"Your neighbor down the road," said the tourist, who had stopped for a drink of water, "has the repute of being a man of considerable cultivation."

"I reckon so," responded the man with the hairy arms, who was sitting in the kitchen doorway and picking his teeth. "He's tried pretty much everything, from mushrooms to hothouse bananas. But he's lost money on all of 'em," he added, cutting off a chew of plug tobacco.—Chicago Tribune.

Heredity.

Tom—Do you believe in the doctrine of heredity?

Jerry—Of course I do. Did you notice what a beautiful black eye Charley had yesterday? He got that from his father.

Tom—But his father hasn't a black eye.

Jerry—Can't help that. It was from the old man that Charley got it. He told me so himself.—Boston Transcript.

BOWSER BOARDING.

HE FINDS NO. 3 A VERY HOMELIKE PLACE.

It Looked For a Time as If His Troubles Were Over, but a Midnight Serenade by One of the Boarders Sent Bowser Adrift Again.

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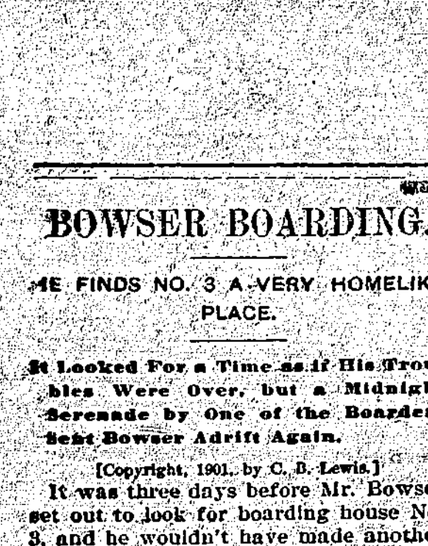
It was three days before Mr. Bowser set out to look for boarding house No. 3, and he wouldn't have made another move except for his bragging and boasting to Mrs. Bowser before she left. Meanwhile he went around to the house to see how the family cat came on. She was not to be seen at first, and he sat down on the front steps to meditate. As he had just come to the conclusion that the doctor who had advised Mrs. Bowser to go away and live on top of a hill for a month for her health was an ass the cat came around the corner of the house and sat down and looked at him with a reproach that went right to his heart. She had been suddenly turned outdoors to shift for herself. From chicken bones and Orange county milk



HE SAT DOWN ON THE FRONT STEPS TO MEDITATE.

she had been reduced to old boot legs and garbage palls, and she knew him to be the cause of it. From a sleek, slick cat, boasting of her lineage, she had become a rumpled outcast, a tramp among felines. Dogs had hustled her over fences, and other cats had knocked her about until her pride of spirit was gone. Mr. Bowser looked at her and felt conscience stricken and was about to extend his sympathy when a passing dog leaped the fence and the cat had to take up the turmoil of life once more.

Half an hour later Mr. Bowser was ringing the bell of another boarding house. He didn't look for homelike appearances on the outside. He had also made up his mind that no one should find him a soft mark again. As he was ushered into the presence of the landlady he looked her in the eye and squared off and said:

"Madam, I am looking for a temporary home while my wife is absent."

"I see," she replied.

"I want a good bed free from bugs and a Christian home. I want well cooked meals instead of family prayers."

"I understand. You have been imposed on by landladies better fitted to run chicken farms than boarding houses."

"I have, and I don't intend to submit to any more of it. If you have a vacant room, let me see it."

Mr. Bowser found a well furnished room and a good, clean bed and was highly satisfied. The landlady went over the bill of fare with him, and he was still further pleased. It was hotel life with all the comforts of home, and he put down his money for a week in advance and felt that he had struck the right house at last. As they went down stairs the landlady said:

"You feel a bit lonesome, of course, with your wife being gone, but we will chirk you up here. I always have a sisterly feeling for a lonely married man. I will see that you do not get despondent. This evening, if you wish it, I will sing to you, or we will have a game of cards together. Just feel that this house is home and that you have at least one relative here."

Mr. Bowser felt that he had rather the sister business had been left out, but he went away moderately happy, and dinner again was his first meal. He couldn't have found reasonable fault had he tried. He cut out the sisterly singing or card playing by going to bed early, and he never had a better night's rest in his own room. There was only one drawback to breakfast. The eggs, toast, bacon and coffee were delicious, but among the boarders was a cross eyed young man who insisted on calling him Mr. Towser and warning him that he ought to take off some of his superfluous fat if he wanted to escape apoplexy. As his existence was entirely ignored, however, the interruption was not serious.

It was another good dinner which welcomed Mr. Bowser again, and he rose up from the table feeling that he could truthfully tell Mrs. Bowser that she hadn't yet learned the first principles of housekeeping and that he was determined never to keep house again. He had reached his room and was about to sit down to his letter when the landlady tapped at his door and in a sisterly way offered to accompany him to the theater in case he had tickets and didn't want to go alone. She retired to tap again after a few minutes and invite him to hear her sing, and on the third occasion she hoped that he would come down to the parlor and hear the cross eyed young man make a recitation. To her disappointment and grief, all her sisterly offers were declined with thanks, but she was not a woman to be easily discouraged. She had set out to be sisterly, and she sat herself down and talked of trusts and the Chinese question for a full hour. Incidentally, as it were, she also asked Mr. Bowser how long he had been married, who he married, if his married life was happy and about a hundred other questions.

It was half past 10 o'clock before Mr. Bowser fell into bed, and he was just closing his eyes in sleep when the boarder in the next room to his burst forth into song. It was the voice of the cross eyed young man. He had a voice between the limpid ripples of a rivulet and the roar of a mad bull, and he sang of his true love. Mr. Bowser was on end in a minute, and the next minute he was saying:

"By gum, but if that howler doesn't stop that noise there'll be a row here to make the windows rattle!"

The howler did not cease to howl. According to the words of his song, his true love had died and been buried at sea, and, though his grief was five years old, it was still poignant enough to interfere with his appetite and prevent him from escorting any other girl to the circus. Mr. Bowser bounded out of bed and pounded on the wall and demanded silence, but the answer he received was a solemn caution to go at it and reduce his flesh. At that his jaw set and the light of battle shone in his eyes. He began to dress, and the howling continued. The cross eyed young man even opened the door that his roaring notes might roar the louder. When Mr. Bowser had fully dressed, he stepped into the hall and entered the howler's room. The singer had reached the thirty-ninth verse and was still in good trim when he was seized by the neck and whirled around and deposited on his bed. His song ended, and he cried for help, and it wasn't a minute before the sisterly landlady and ten boarders came rushing in.

HE WAS SEIZED BY THE NECK AND WHIRLED AROUND.

"He was yawping and howling," explained Mr. Bowser as he pointed to the young man on the bed.

The explanation didn't go. The cross eyed young man was the songster of the house. He was thinking of grand opera. His songs were welcomed by the boarders at any hour of the day or night, and some of them were lulled to sleep by them. It was almost sacrilege to take him by the neck, and Mr. Bowser must apologize or go. Even after apologizing he must furnish references that he wasn't a desperado in disguise. Mr. Bowser went. Without a look at the young man on the bed, who feared that compression of the neck had affected his high notes; without a glance into the pitiless faces surrounding him, he passed down stairs and out doors and down the street and never paid the slightest attention to the tramp who struck him for a dime and called him "Old Skinflint" because he didn't hand it over.

M. QUAD.

[To Be Continued.]

Urgent.

Mrs. Jumbo—Oh, hurry, doctor, dear! My little Willie has swallowed a golf ball, and I'm afraid he'll have appendicitis!—Chicago News.

For the Public Good.

"If you don't take it," said the struggling young author, with a gleam of fierce determination in his eye, "I'll find somebody who will."

The editor looked the poem over again.

"Well," he said, "how will $5 do for it?"

"I'll take it," replied the struggling young author, suppressing his eagerness. "When will I see it in print?"

"You won't see it at all, young man," rejoined the editor, handing over the money. "I'm buying this merely to suppress it in the interests of the helpless public."—Chicago Tribune.

Shot at Short Range.

Mrs. Fourthhusband—Is it really true, as the papers intimate, that our United States senators frequently talk for the mere purpose of killing time?

Mr. Fourthhusband—No question of it, my dear.

Mrs. F.—What a reprehensible practice, to be sure!

Mr. F. (mindful of the fate of his predecessors)—Very true, but there are greater offenders. Our local cemetery bears testimony to the existnce of more fatal talkers than those whom you accuse.—Boston Courier.

Literary Aristocracy.

"Yes," remarked the editor of The Bugle, "The Bugle is the organ of the common people. The Hustler cannot be regarded in any other light than as the organ of the classes."

"I've noticed," replied the farmer, "that the editor of The Hustler seems to be rather stuck up."

"Stuck up! Why, that man refuses to take any wood except oak, hickory and maple on subscription."—Brooklyn Life.

His Glorious Mark.

"Ah, count," his American wife said the first time she ever saw his bare arm, "I see you have been vaccinated!"

"Vaccinated! Vaccinated!" he shrieked. "Mon Dieu! Zis ees what you call—ze humiliacion! Diable! Eet ees not ze vaccination! Eet ees ze—what you call heem—ze mark from ze terrible duel zat I have fight. Zat ees ze honaire—ze gr-r-reat badge! Mon Dieu! Vaccinated!"—Chicago Times-Herald.

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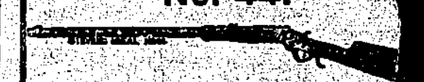

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RE COAL MINES REGULATION ACT.

EXAMINATION FOR CERTIFICATES OF COMPETENCY.

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

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

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

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

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

RICHARD McBRIDE,
Minister of Mines.

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

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS

Issued Every Wednesday.

W. B. ANDERSON, - - - EDITOR.

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

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

WEDNESDAY, JULY 31, 1901.

RESERVE.

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

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

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

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

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

AREA 5—Consisting of Harbledown and Turner Islands.

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

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

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TIME TABLE EFFECTIVE NOV. 19TH, 1898.

VICTORIA TO WELLINGTON.

No. 2 Daily. A.M.		No. 4 Saturday. P.M.
De. 9:00	Victoria	De. 4:25
" 9:28	Goldstream	" 4:53
" 10:9	Koenig's	" 5.34
" 10:48	Duncans	" 6:15
P.M.		P.M.
" 12:14	Nanaimo	" 7:41
Ar. 12:3	Wellington	Ar. 7:55

WELLINGTON TO VICTORIA.

No. 1 Daily. A.M.		No. 3 Saturday. A.M.
De. 8:05	Wellington	De. 4:25
" 8:26	Nanaimo	" 4:39
" 9:52	Duncans	" 6:05
" 10:37	Koenig's	" 6:46
" 11:18	Goldstream	" 7:32
Ar. 11:45	Victoria	Ar. 8:00 P.M.

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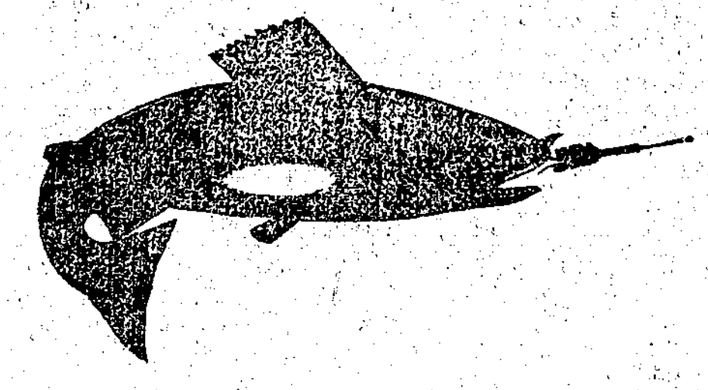

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NEWS OFFICE.

TWO OF A KIND.

The early bird catches the worm, we are told,
And the worm that is early gets caught;
So if you're a bird you must rise ere the gold
Of the morning flames up or catch naught!
With the first hint of day
You must hurry away
To where annelid idiots are caught!

And if you're a worm you must stay close in bed
Till all the woodpeckers have gone.
When they knock at your door, you must cover your head
And be deaf as a stone till the knockers have flown!
Oh, "You'll starve if you do!"
Well, the bird'll starve, too,
And there'll two "Simple Simons" be gone.
—Ben S. Parker in Indianapolis Press.

A Confederate Family.....

By PAUL GRANT

To get the true flavor of war we must look to those who have participated in war. The following story smacks of the trials of a southern family and the hardships and injustice to which it was subjected.

"Hurry, hurry!" cried the captain. "Soon the fight will begin, and if we will have to ride down the lines, it will be no joke."

So away they went down the lines, two miles to Resaca, across the pontoon bridge over the river there, where the Federals open fire on them, then on to Calhoun, where a hot cavalry fight was going on.

After two days spent there anxiously waiting for Johnston to drive back the enemy and enable them to go home, and finding that he was retreating and that it was impossible for them to return through the lines they joined the great army of refugees and at last found safety in that general asylum, southwest Georgia.

Their retreat was sorrowful. Their return was comical.

The war was over, and the southerners stood a nation of paupers. Not one cent did any one have. Dazed they stood and gazed at their heaps of Confederate money, some of it so new and crisp that it seemed to mock them with their blasted hopes.

The first thought of the refugees was how to get home. Their friends, who had hospitably entertained them, from being wealthy planters were now ruined and had not bread for themselves, as their negroes became demoralized and would not work. But with no money and wretched transportation who could travel?

In the history of all distressed people there is found a Moses who rises up to deliver them. So now in the history of the G.'s the eldest daughter played the part of Moses and led them home.

After they had become refugees she had for a while acted as matron in a hospital in Macon and as such ranked as a Confederate officer. So now, on this ground, she applied to the Federal post commandant at Bainbridge for transportation to Macon. The officer honored the demand and furnished it, and she made tho best of her way there to interview General Croxton, post commandant at that point.

"Be sure," said a polite friend, "that you put on your best clothes so as to impress the Yankees. Nothing like looking well off."

"I intend to," said she. And this is how she was dressed:

She wore what to Confederate eyes seemed a black silk dress. True, it had once been a green striped one, but having been dipped in a weak solution of logwood the stripes only vaguely betrayed themselves. The garment was gayly trimmed with stripes of palmetto braid, plaited by the wearer's own industrious fingers. She had also manufactured the gloves which covered the said fingers.

Then her head was adorned with a wonderful bonnet. It was a sort of phenix in the way in which it rose from its ruins, having been made over several times into divers shapes, according as rumors of fashions reached its owner. For even in the shut in Confederacy the women, in the midst of the multifarious duties devolving on them, strove to follow the fashions as they vaguely heard they were worn in the outside world.

It proved afterward they were misinformed, for while they were painfully building up three story bonnets, with but scanty material to build with, looking like "Pelion on Ossa piled," the outside world wore little pancakes on their heads.

Strong in the rectitude of her apparel, Miss G. went forth to "impress" General Croxton. How he was impressed, whether with amusement, wonder or admiration, will never be known, as he was too gentlemanly to show any emotion.

Escorted by a boy cousin, Miss G. sought the general's presence. Her brother declined accompanying her.

"It will never do for a big, ablebodied fellow like me to go," said he, "and besides women can do more with the Yanks than men."

Having thus eased his conscience, he left her to face the foe, which she did with great equanimity, and made her claim for her own transportation as a Confederate officer and for her father's family on the plea that the Federal government, having forced them from their home at the point of the bayonet, so to say, it was its business to take them back.

"Before Confederate officers obtain transportation they surrender," said the general, smiling. "Have you surrendered?"

This was a horrid speech, for the southern women prided themselves on never surrendering.

"I decline to answer that," cried she indignantly.

He laughed and after bantering her a little, struck by the novelty of both applications, he made out the transportation papers for them all and gave them to her.

And so in September the scattered family rendezvoused at Macon and started on their trip home. The government did not furnish very stylish transportation. They were given a freight box car, into which they packed themselves and a scanty supply of household goods, for news reached them through the lines that their house had been sacked and its contents scattered to the four winds.

They reached Atlanta the next morning and were switched off on a side track to be taken in charge by the officials of the Western and Atlantic railroad, and young G. went out to interview these parties. They now made the acquaintance of what was afterward known as the "carpetbag" gentry.

The town of Atlanta was then hardly more than a sort of camp, inhabited by a few of the old citizens, a Yankee garrison and a lot of what might be called miscellaneous adventurers.

The post commandant was an old Dutchman of autocratic proclivities. Indeed, had he been an eastern pasha under the viceroy of Egypt he could not have had a keener eye to exacting "backsheesh." At this time a few enterprising parties had established little shops that went by the name of "sheebangs," the contents of which could almost be stored away in a drummer's trunk, so tiny were they. But the Dutch pasha kept an eye upon them and constantly levied tribute. Seeing one in a rather flourishing condition, he demanded quite a sum of "backsheesh." The owner plucked up his courage and refused to pay it.

"Den," cried the Dutch pasha, "I shut up dis sheebang!"

And it accordingly was shut.

Another source of profit was to levy a tax on every carload of refugees that passed through the town. If they refused, they were detained until they paid it, which they finally did rather than be turned out of the car and left in Atlanta minus funds and shelter.

Young G. now had the pleasure of interviewing these cormorants. After vainly refusing, remonstrating and entreating he, by the advice of friendly citizens, paid the tax, some $20, but it seemed an enormous sum to the ruined refugees.

In his absence one of the robber crew came down to the car to inspect the family and their belongings and then calmly demanded his tribute. Mr. G. was a fiery old man, and he scornfully refused to pay it. A hot altercation ensued. It must be allowed that the Yankee, a tall, raw boned man, preserved his equanimity, which only served to exasperate the other.

"I'll pay you nothing!" cried the old man. "I have General Croxton's transportation papers that take me home, and not a cent will I pay you."

"Then you don't leave here," said the other coolly.

"You have no right to demand money from me over your superior officer's orders. Just show me your authority, sir."

"It is the rule here for all refugees to pay," said the man calmly, "and you must."

"The rule? Who gave you any right to make a rule? I'll bet you can't show me any proof of your authority for so doing."

"I don't bet," said the righteous thief, with an indescribable drawl. "I have conscientious scruples about it."

"You!" cried the old man, now badgered into a fury. "You have conscientious scruples! You! God bless my soul! You!" He dropped back in his chair speechless with anger.

Having thus spiked his enemy's guns, the blackmailer, after again calmly assuring him that he should not leave without pay, took himself off.

Young G. soon after appeared and stated that he had paid the tax, as they could not stay over in Atlanta and camp by the railroad track, and it was not worth while resisting when resistance was useless.

They soon after started on their journey over the roughest road on earth, for it had been torn up many times by the contending armies, and a legend was in circulation that when the iron rails had been so twisted as to be unfit for use saplings had been improvised into rails and nailed to the cross ties so as to take a train over the gaps. The road was so rough that the story did not seem incredible.

Marietta, their next stopping place, seemed deserted. The only people they saw were a lot of men busy with a machine straightening railroad rails, so as to use them again. And they had certainly been twisted into the most wonderful shapes in the world.

The travelers' route lay now through a dreary country and endless scenes of desolation. They failed to recognize it. It was the "Shermanized district," and only chimneys and heaps of ruins marked the sites of what had been smiling villages.

At last they reached Resaca and then home. It had been, in army parlance, "sacked and gutted." Every window was gone. A soldier, it was said, had tried his prowess with pickax to see if he could destroy a window at a single blow. He succeeded, the gaping holes causing the house to look like a blind thing.

But the roof was there to shelter them, and it belonged to them, and that was a great thing. So they set to work to make themselves comfortable.

Before a great while they had in canvas window glass, which, if it kept out most of the light, also kept out most of the wind.

Reminders of the battle were scattered about. The lock of the front door having been broken, it was kept closed by the aid of a weight made out of half a torpedo with which General Wheeler had blown up the railroad track near their house. Old Parrott shells were used to prop open the windows, and the fire was stirred with a bayonet, and empty cartridge boxes were used as troughs to feed the cows in, so that there was a warlike flavor about things.

But in a year's time the returned refugees had got so to rights that there was little to tell that the house had been in the center of the battlefield and been a hotly contested spot—only the grave of a Confederate soldier, who slept peacefully in the flower garden, where the roses waved above his head and scattered their perfumed petals over his grave.—Atlanta Constitution.

HORSES AND THEIR DRIVERS.

Just How the Animals Know What to Do Is a Wonder.

The man who had never handled horses sat down beside me in front of the store and began to ask questions.

"These horses are, most interesting creatures, and you drive them everywhere, they say."

"Oh, yes, almost anywhere!"

"Is it hard to control them?"

"No, quite easy if you understand them."

"How do you force them to do what you want?"

"Oh, you don't have to force them; just let them know what you want!"

"Indeed! How do you communicate your wants to them?"

"By the use of reins attached to a bit in their mouths and by words which they get to understand, such as a cluck or a chirrup to start and the word 'whoa' to stop, the word 'back' to go backward, etc."

Just at this point a man came slashing up in front of the store with a horse and wagon and, calling "Back!" jumped out, and the horse stopped.

"Why doesn't the horse go backward?" asked my friend.

"Well, the driver didn't want him to."

"But he said 'Back!'"

"Yes, I know, but the horse knew he didn't mean it."

"But what does he say when he means go 'backward?'"

"The same thing."

"Does the horse do it? How does he know when he means 'back' and when 'stop?'"

"I don't know; I am sure."

"Well, this must be a very dull man and a very bright horse."

"Not at all; both about the average."

"This is most peculiar. What does the man do when he wants the horse to start?"

"He has several ways of speaking to him."

"Does the horse always start?"

"Sometimes he does not start very quickly."

"Then what does the man do?"

"He pulls on the reins."

"Does that always mean to 'go ahead?'"

"Well, no; not always. Of course he pulls on them when he wants him to stop too."

"What? The same thing for stopping and starting?"

"Well, not exactly the same, but much the same."

"Well, well! And what is the result of such an outrageously mixed code of signals? I don't see how they get along together."

"Well, I don't know just how the horse reasons it out, but they get on surprisingly well. The horse just takes it for granted that all pulls mean 'go ahead' till he gets such a long and strong pull that he wonders if that is intended for 'stop,' and then he stops, and if he doesn't get a cut of the whip he concludes he must have guessed right."

"In the name of common sense, are there any more complications for the poor horse to figure out?"

"Well, yes; there are a few more, of course. They usually pull on both reins when they want to urge him on, but sometimes they jerk on one."

"But that means 'turn.'"

"Yes, but he mustn't turn when the jerk is not intended for 'turn,' or he will get a harder jerk on the other rein."

"How does he manage it?"

"Well, he supposes that all ordinary jerks mean 'go ahead,' but when he gets an extra hard and long one he tries turning, and if nothing happens he knows that was what was meant."

"Doesn't this guessing policy make driving unpleasant?"

"Yes, both unpleasant and difficult. The driver has to use about twice the strength necessary and does not accomplish the results he wants nearly as quickly or easily, and it is much harder and more unpleasant for the horse."

"Well, why do they keep it up then?"

"I am sure I do not know."

"Well, well! Do many people use this method of driving?"

"Yes, most people."

"What explanation do they give?"

"When they give any they say, 'It is easier.'"

"Then I suppose it must be."

"No, it is not."

"Are you sure?"

"Sure."

"Well, well! I must make a note of this. It is most interesting."

What Ma Didn't Forget.

"Pa."

"Yes."

"That Mrs. Flipley was here today, and guess what she said about you?"

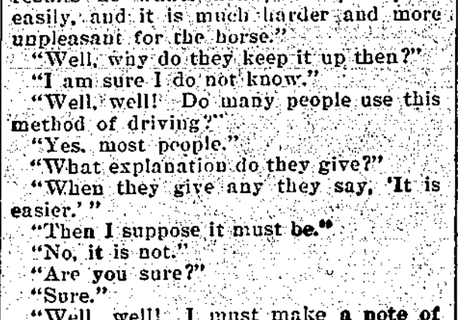
"Oh, I can't!" the old gentleman replied, beginning to get interested. "What was it?"

"She told ma she thought you were such a handsome looking man and held your age so well."

"She did, eh?" he replied, pushing out his chest and pretending that it didn't make any particular difference to him what she had said.

"But," the sweet child continued, "ma told her she ought to see you in the morning before you put in your false teeth and get the side hair slicked up over your bald spot."

Those Silly Questions.



"Does he want a hair cut?"

His Brother—Naw! He wants a shave, of course, and his mustache trimmed.—New York Journal.

A CLEVER SWINDLER

THE VALISE TRICK HE WORKED ON EXPRESS COMPANIES.

It Was Comparatively Easy For Him to Operate His Sharp Scheme, but He Tried It Once Too Often on the Same Expressman.

"There is no end of ways for beating the small expressman about town," said the man in the peaked cap. "I've had a good many clever tricks played on me in my 20 years' career as an expressman, but the smoothest chap that ever 'worked' me for a snap was J. Collins. I saw Collins just three times in my life. The first time was when I moved him from Forty-fourth street up to Ninetieth street. I was employed then by an express company whose place of business was in Eighth avenue, and when Collins came around to the office and said he wanted us to move a trunk and a box of books I was sent out to do the job.

"Collins was a little man with bulging blue eyes, a sandy mustache and a mole on his chin. He watched me like a hawk while I was carrying his things down stairs and loading them in the wagon. When I got ready to drive off, he said: 'Oh, by the way, I have an extra valise here I wish you'd put in with the other things if it isn't too much trouble. I'd carry it myself, but I'm not going straight up to the house, and I hate to be bothered with lugging it around all over town.'

"Now, it was against the rules of the company for the driver to haul anything for a customer not listed at the office. I told Collins so, but he didn't give a continental for laws and regulations.

"'Oh, pshaw!' he said. 'That'll be all right. Nobody need know anything about it but you and me. It'll be a great favor to me for you to take the grip, and I'll make it worth your while.'

"Clear up to the last minute my judgment argued that the course of wisdom was to persist in my first refusal, but Collins' insistence finally won the day, and I consented to take the grip. Collins went down to the street with me, and just before I mounted to the seat he pressed a half dollar into my hand as a sedative for my uneasy conscience. I drove direct from Forty-fourth street to Collins' new boarding house, but when I got there the grip was gone. Collins raised a terrible row about it. He maintained that it contained odds and ends of valuable bric-a-brac, and he threatened to bring suit against the company for $100. The company acted wonderfully white with me. Although they could be held in nowise guilty for a violation of their rules, they naturally disliked police court notoriety and finally compromised with Collins for $50, of which they generously paid one-half, thus letting me off with a punishment fee of only $25.

"Three months after that I left the Eighth street concern and went to work for a company up on Columbus avenue. One evening shortly after I was sent out to fill several orders that had come in late in the afternoon. I was half dead that night with toothache, and my companion, a good natured sort of fellow, did most of the work and attended to all of the details of the moving. So intense was my pain that I gave scarcely a thought to where we were or what we were doing until I heard my man snorting around and swearing like all possessed. Then I got up spunk enough to ask what was the matter.

"'Holy smoke,' he said, 'that grip is gone! That fellow up on Seventy-fifth street insisted upon my bringing a valise along with his trunk and boxes, paid me 50 cents extra for doing it, and now it's gone. I'm in a pretty fix, I am.'

"Instantly my tooth ceased to jump and my heart took up the tempestuous refrain. 'Was the man's name Collins?' I asked.

"'Yes,' said he. 'Did you see him? He was monkeying around between the house and the wagon all the time, but it was kind of dark, and you had your face all bundled up and seemed to be more dead than alive, and I didn't think you took any notice of him.'

"'I didn't,' said I, 'but I know how he looks.' Then I described Collins to a T. Sure enough, it was my old friend J. C. who had met with the loss, and again he got damages for bric-a-brac which had been packed in his grip. At that I began to get suspicious, and when I went into business for myself a few weeks later I resolved to keep an eye open for J. Collins. I hadn't been on this corner two weeks before I fell foul of Collins. He wanted to be moved again, this time to the depot. I deputed one of my men to transact business with him, and that night when the driver went over after his trunks I hovered around in the background and watched his movements. His trick was simple. He swiped his own grip, which was comparatively easy to do, considering he always had the expressman call late in the evening. I hurried over to the depot ahead of him to watch the entire proceeding. As usual he flew into a terrible rage when the driver reported that the grip was lost and demanded satisfaction then and there. Then I stepped up, and in less than five minutes J. Collins had become considerably wiser.

"'I ought to bring you into court,' said I, 'and make an example of you, for I don't doubt that there are other deadbeats working the express companies the same way, only they may not do it so frequently, but if you pay me what you soaked me and my friends for I'll let you off.'

"J. Collins was inclined to show fight at first, but he soon weakened. 'I haven't got the money here with me,' he said.

"'Then get it,' said I. 'You won't leave this town till you do.'

"He saw I was in earnest and dived down into his pockets and forked over the money."

Sharp Man.

"Yes, sir," said the man who was standing with one foot on the wagon hub, chewing a straw, "I'm kind o' glad that feller is goin to move out o' the place. He's too slick. He makes me uneasy."

"Sharp hand at a bargain, eh?" said the traveling man.

"Sharp is no name for it. Why, one time he said he had a nightmare, an' the whole town got agitated an took to wonderin how he was goin to use it so as to get the best o' some one in a hoss trade."

If its colors were but fast colors, self conceit would be a most comfortable quality. But life is so humbling, mortifying, disappointing to vanity that a great man's idea of himself gets washed out of him by the time he's 40.—Buxton.

Didn't Scare Him.

Wicked Willie (sizing up the visitor's bonnet)—Ma, I ain't scared of it.

Ma (obliged to show up because the hand is called)—Why, Willie, dear, what do you mean?

Wicked Willie—You said Mrs. Jig's new bonnet was a perfect fright. She can't scare me with it worth a cent.—Montreal Star.

A Long Job.

"Goodness, sonny! What are you doing?"

"Choppin de tree down ter git some apples."

"But there are no apples this time of the year."

"There will be by de time I gits de tree chopped down."—New York Evening Journal.

THE SHOTE WAS THERE.

Why One Old Farmer Thinks He Would Make a Good Detective.

"Guess I wouldn't have much trouble gittin on the 'tective staff in Detroit ef I wanted ter make appercla-tion," and the old farmer kicked a log in the open fireplace so that he could see his neighbors better. They were assembled to hear him tell all about it.

"When I missed that shote outen the pen next mornin it jest came ter me sudden as lightnin that it had been stole by that ther George Washington Pepperville what had been workin fur me. He knowed the dog, so it wouldn't bother him none, and he was the powerfulest man fur fresh pork I ever see. So I goes inter town and tells the head man of the 'tectives, and he puts a couple of fellers on the job, and they reports that they was no shote about Pepperville's shanty, and they was no case ag'in him. I 'lowed I might be follerin the wrong track, but I kim home here and sot my own stakes, and I was to Pepperville's afore sunup.

"'Wash,' I says, 'why didn't you keep that hog when you had him? Wasn't he fat 'nough yit ter suit you?'

"'Who you talkin to?' he muttered. 'I'll hab de law on you ef you make me any mo' trouble 'bout dat hawg.'

"'Now, Wash,' says I, 'don't git your dander up. That there shote kim home in the night and went ter squealin ter git inter the pen. I put ole Rastus on the scent, and he landed me right here.'

"'Dog gone dat Rastus,' he shouted, 'I'll flay dat dog alibe!'

"And he sprung ter the middle of the room and ripped up the floorin, and there was the shote. Wash would have jumped on me, but I jest kivered him with that ole muzzle loadin pistol of mine and tole him ter go gentlelike.

"Well, sir, he begged and whined so I let him off, him agreein ter tote the pig home in a bag and ter chop wood fur me three days fur my trouble."

The Rehearsed Wedding.

The wedding was, upon the whole, an artistic success. The bride particularly evinced unmistakable talent. She trembled with all the technical accuracy of an aspen leaf and the emotional intensity of a startled fawn. Her trembling indeed was irreproachable. If she cast down her eyes with something of amateurish gawkiness, the fact is easily attributable to her inexperience, this being her first wedding, rather than to an essentially defective method. She was fairly well supported.

The bridegroom rose from his knees too soon and had to be knocked down by the prompter, but otherwise the minor parts were carried out creditably.

Felt Familiar.

Bennet Burleigh related a pleasant story in the London Telegraph. The incident, which happened in his sight and hearing, was as follows: Two officers, total strangers, new arrivals from up country, rather lonely and bored, were awaiting luncheon. The elder having proposed that they should sit together, a mutual friendliness developed so rapidly that at last one said to the other: "Do you know, I rather like you, and there's something about you that seems familiar, as if we had met before? I'm Major S. of the Blanks." "Indeed! Are you? I thought so. And I'm Lieutenant S. of ——'s staff, just joined—your youngest brother!"

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS

CUMBERLAND, B.C.

SPRING TONICS.

A Few Doses of Fun to Cure That Tired Feeling.

Church—You say he goes out in his automobile just to kill time?

Gotham—Not altogether. He killed a couple of dogs yesterday.

Crimsonbeak—He tried to scare me.

Yeast—Indeed!

"Yes, and I dared him to do his worst."

"Well?"

"He did. He went home and wrote me some poetry."

"Is every hair in your head numbered, grandpa?"

"Yes, my child."

"Well, grandpa," said the little fellow as he contemplated the great bald spot, "you haven't got much of a head for figures."

Sue Brette—We had to cut up some of the stage money and use it for snow in that winter scene last night.

Foote Lighte—Is that so?

"Yes, and the comedian said he thought it about time we had some sort of change in the weather."

"I am awfully disappointed in my son," said the fond father.

"How so?"

"Why, I've used, I suppose, 50 bottles of different hair producers in my efforts to make him a professional pianist."

Mrs. Crimsonbeak—You had better take your overcoat with you tonight, dear?

Mr. Crimsonbeak—Are you going to sit up for me until I come home?

"Yes, John."

"Then I think I'd better take my storm coat."—Yonkers Statesman.

What's In a Name?

"Who are you, sir?"

"Oh, I'm the dog catcher!"—New York Evening Journal.

What we best conceive, we fail to speak.—Browning.

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

All the people use it.

HARLIN FULTON.

Pleasant Bay, C. B.

To the man of humanity the world is generally disposed to ascribe every other good quality, of its influence all, in some degree, partake, and therefore all love it.—Blair.

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

Time was, and that was termed the time of gold.—John Hall.

Put not your trust in money, but put your money in trust.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

There never was, and never will be, a universal panacea, in one remedy, for all ills to which flesh is heir—the very nature of many curatives being such that were the germs of other and differently seated diseases rooted in the system of the patient—what would relieve one ill in turn would aggravate the other. We have, however, in Quinine Wine, when obtainable in a sound, unadulterated state, a remedy for many and grievous ills. By its gradual and judicious use the frailest systems are led into convalescence and strength by the influence which Quinine exerts on nature's own restoratives. It relieves the drooping spirits of those with whom a chronic state of morbid despondency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and, by tranquilizing the nerves, disposes to sound and refreshing sleep—imparts vigor to the action of the blood, which, being stimulated, courses throughout the veins, strengthening the healthy animal functions of the system, thereby making activity a necessary result, strengthening the frame, and giving life to the digestive organs, which naturally demand increased substance—result, improved appetite. Northrop & Lyman, of Toronto have given to the public their superior Quinine Wine at the usual rate, and, gauged by the opinion of scientists, this wine approaches nearest perfection of any in the market. All druggists sell it.

The burnt child dreads the fire.—Ben Johnson.

MINARD'S LINIMENT Lumberman's Friend.

Nothing worries some women like the absence of worry in others.

BACK TO HEALTH

THROUGH THE KINDNESS AND PERSISTENCE OF A FRIEND.

An Every-day Story That Will Bring Health and Happiness to Young Girls Who Act on the Advice Given.

From the Sun, Orangeville, Ont.

In every part of Canada are to be found grateful people who cheerfully acknowledge that the good health they enjoy is due to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. In the town of Orangeville there are many such people, among them being Miss Lizzie Collins, an estimable young lady who resides with her mother in the east ward. Miss Collins' cure through the use of this medicine was recently brought to the attention of the Sun, and a reporter was sent to get the facts from the young lady. Miss Collins cheerfully accorded the interview and her statement is given practically in her own words. "Two years ago," said she, "I became so weak that I was forced to take to bed. The illness came on gradually, I found myself much run down, suffered from headaches and was as pale as it was possible for a living person to be. I used several medicines, but they did not help me. Then I consulted a doctor, and he said that I had scarcely any blood, and that my condition was one of danger. Medicine did not seem to do me any good and I found myself growing weaker. I reached the stage where my heart kept palpitating violently all the time. The headaches became continuous, and my condition one which words can scarcely describe. I really despaired of getting better, and loathed the sight of medicine. I had been confined to bed for about two months when one day a friend called and urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I told her I had lost faith in all medicines but she was apparently determined I should try the pills, for she brought me about half a box she had been using herself. I could not then do less than try the pills, and when they were used, while I cannot say that I felt much better, I had more confidence in the pills and got half a dozen boxes. Before these were gone, there was no doubt that they were rapidly restoring me to my old-time health, as I was soon able to sit up and then be around and out. I used in all eight or nine boxes, and before these were gone I felt as though I had never had an ache or pain in my life. That is what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills did for me and I think I would be very ungrateful if I did not add my testimony for the benefit it may be to some other young girl."

Miss Collins' story should bring hope to many thousands of other young girls who suffer as she did. Those who are pale, lack appetite, suffer from headaches, and palpitation of the heart, dizziness, or a feeling of constant weariness will find renewed health and strength in the use of a few boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Sold by all dealers, or sent by mail post paid, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Change lays not her hand upon truth.—Swinbourne.

Childhood shows the man, as morning shows the day.—Milton.

ALWAYS ON HAND.—Mr. Thomas B. Porter, Lower Ireland, P. Q., writes: "My son, 18 months old had croup so bad that nothing gave him relief until a neighbor brought me some of DR. THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL, which I gave him, and in six hours he was cured. It is the best medicine I ever used and I would not be without a bottle of it in my house."

What the dew is to the flower, gentle words are to the soul.

Surmounted difficulties not only teach, but hearten us in our future struggles.—Sharpe.

Cucumbers and melons are "forbidden fruit" to many persons so constituted that the least indulgence is followed by attacks of cholera, dysentery, griping, etc. These persons are not aware that they can indulge to their heart's content if they have on hand a bottle of Dr. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial, a medicine that will give immediate relief, and is a sure cure for all summer complaints.

Horses in their wild state live to the age of 36 normally, being still fresh and hearty at that age in the desert.

The United Kingdom produces 76,000,000 bushels of wheat, 78,000,000 bushels of barley, and 150,000,000 bushels of oats in a year.

All market gardeners and fruit farmers in England suffer from the tyranny of the railway companies in the matter of transport.

Twenty per cent of all horned cattle are killed for food in a year, 40 out of every 100 sheep, and 90 out of every 100 pigs.

When some people feel for the poor they forget to feel in their pockets.

Canada imported last year agricultural implements to the value of $1,823,795.

MOTHERS.

Mothers are the queerest things!
'Member when John went away,
All but mother cried and cried
When they said good-bye that day.
She just talked and seemed to be
Not the least bit upset—
Was the only one who smiled!
Others' eyes were streaming wet.

But when John came back again
On a furlough, safe and sound,
With a medal for his deeds,
And without a single wound,
While the rest of us hurrahed,
Laughed and joked and danced about,
Mother kissed him, and then she cried
Cried and cried like all get out.
—Edwin L. Sabin in The Century.

Owing to competition with Spain, Italy and Northern Africa, where labor is cheaper, French farmers are abandoning the cultivation of olive groves. In the department of Marseilles alone within six months 40,000 olive trees were uprooted.

MINARD'S LINIMENT is used by Physicians.

The way to be comfortable is to make others so; the way to make others so is to appear to love them; the way to appear to love them is to love them in reality.

Sweden cultivated only 1,350,000 acres of land in 1812. Now she has 12,500,000 in plow, and grows 106,000,000 bushels of grain in a year.

Women have been gardeners at heart since the beginning of all things, but it is only during the latter portion of last century that they thought of flowers as makers of a fortune, of fruit and vegetables as sources of income.

The sun's diameter decreases at the rate of five miles in a century. Its present diameter is 860,000 miles.

Charity's argument is short, but it has a long reach.

Enterprise is a sprout that is pruned by experience.

A lazy man is never inclined to decline a chance to recline.

THE PLUMBERS OF CANADA INVITED.

JOHN S. MORGAN'S LETTER OPEN FOR THEIR PERUSAL.

Nova Scotia Member of the Guild Wants His Case Published—An Eight Year Sufferer from Backache—Cured Recently by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Bridgewater, N.S., June 3.—(Special)—The case of John S. Morgan, plumber and tinsmith, of this town, should be put prominently before every union and non-union man in Canada. In a matter like this there should be no distinction, the benefit belongs to all.

John S. Morgan for eight years was hampered in his work by backache. Stooping continually at work is the cause of a great deal of backache, though not in the way most people imagine. Mr. Morgan's letter explains the truth of the matter when he says Dodd's Kidney Pills cured his backache. It was really Kidney ache that Dodd's Kidney pills cured. It was really Kidney ache that troubled Mr. Morgan.

Backache is the commonest symptom of Kidney Disease. Kidney Disease is the commonest of human ailments, and Dodd's Kidney Pills are the one infallible cure for all Kidney diseases. Read what Mr. Morgan says about them himself.

"I have been subject to lame back for eight years. The different remedies I tried were no good. I got so that I was crippled up entirely and couldn't do a tap of work. Another thing was a frequent desire to urinate altogether unnatural.

"About a year ago I commenced to use Dodd's Kidney Pills. I had run down in weight to about 140 pounds. During the time I was using Dodd's Kidney Pills I gained 23 pounds. My back got better and better as I continued taking the pills until today I am as free from backache as ever I was in my life. This after eight years of it means an awful lot to me. I realize the danger I was in and know what I owe to Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"I recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills to anyone who has backache or any other Kidney complaint."

FRAGRANT

SOZODONT

for the TEETH and BREATH

New Size SOZODONT LIQUID 25c
New Patent Box SOZODONT POWDER . . . 25c
Large LIQUID and POWDER 75c

25c

At the Stores or by Mail, postpaid, for the Price.

A Dentist's Opinion. "As an antiseptic and hygienic mouthwash, and for the care and preservation of the teeth and gums, I cordially recommend Sozodont. I consider it the ideal dentifrice for children's use." [Name of writer upon application.]

HALL & RUCKEL, NEW YORK.

MOST PEOPLE LOPSIDED.

Differences Between the Legs, Eyes and Ears of Men and Women.

The two sides of a person's face are never alike. The eyes are out of line in two cases out of five, and one eye is stronger than the other in seven persons out of ten. The right ear is also, as a rule, higher than the left.

Only one person in 15 has perfect eyes, the largest percentage of defects prevailing among fair haired people. Short sight is more common in town than among country folk, and of all people the Germans have the largest proportion of shortsighted persons.

The crystalline lens of the eye is the one portion of the human body which continues to increase with the attainment of maturity.

The smallest interval of sound can be better distinguished with one ear than with both. The nails of two fingers never grow with the same rapidity, that of the middle finger growing the fastest, while that of the thumb grows the slowest.

In 54 cases out of 100 the left leg is shorter than the right. The bones of an average human male skeleton weigh 20 pounds, those of a woman are six pounds lighter.

That unruly member, the tongue of a woman, is also smaller than that of a man, given a man and a woman of equal size and weight. It may be appalling to reflect, but it is nevertheless true, that the muscles of the human jaw exert a force of over 500 pounds.

The symmetry which is the sole intelligible ground for our idea of beauty, the proportion between the upper and lower half of the human body, exists in nearly all males, but is never found in the female. American limbs are more symmetrical than those of any other people. The rocking chair, according to an English scientist, is responsible for the exercise which increases the beauty of the lower limbs. The push which the toes give to keep the chair in motion, repeated and repeated, makes the instep high, the calf round and full, and it makes the ankle delicate and slender.—Exchange.

When Irving Forgot Himself.

Ben Webster, an English actor, told a good story of how he held his own when Sir Henry Irving happened to be absentminded. In the "Lyons Mail" there is a touching scene between Lesurques (played by Irving) and his daughter Julie, of which Didier (Mr. Ben Webster) is a perfectly silent witness.

One night Sir Henry, instead of making his long speech, appealed in trembling tones to Mr. Webster: "Speak to her, Didier; speak to her!" Didier was dumfounded. There was an awful pause. Irving, quite unconscious of his own mistake, frowned wrathfully at the young actor, but Mr. Webster, equal to the occasion, gave way to a burst of tears and exclaimed, "I cannot; you know I cannot speak!" and turned his back on the audience.

Then Sir Henry picked up his lines with a start, and it was observed that Didier's shoulders shook with emotion!

Victoria's Proposal.

It was at Windsor castle that Queen Victoria, then only a girl of 20, did what she described as "the most nervous thing a woman was ever called on to do"—when she summoned the young Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha to a private interview and "proposed" to him. She had first met him when as a boy of 17 he came with his father to England, and when, three years later, he "made no secret" of his love for his fair cousin "no one was surprised and every one was delighted."—London Tit Bits.

We make ourselves miserable in the anticipation of evils that never happen.—Beaconsfield.

Keep MINARD'S LINIMENT in the House.

No success is worthy of the name unless it is won by honest industry and a brave breasting of the waves of fortune.—Huxley.

PARMELEE'S PILLS possess the power of acting specifically upon the diseased organs, stimulating to action the dormant energies of the system, thereby removing disease. In fact, so great is the power of this medicine to cleanse and purify, that diseases of almost every name and nature are driven from the body. Mr. D. Carswell, Carswell, P. O. Ont., writes: "I have tried Parmelee's Pills and find them an excellent medicine and one that will sell well."

If we could sweep intemperance out of the country there would hardly be poverty enough left to give healthy exercise to the charitable impulses.—Phillipps Brooks.

In his VEGETABLE PILLS Dr. Parmelee has given to the world the fruits of long scientific research in the whole realm of medical science, combined with new and valuable discoveries never before known to man. For DELICATE AND DEBILITATED CONSTITUTIONS Parmelee's Pills act like a charm. Taken in small doses, the effect is both a tonic and a stimulant, mildly exciting the secretions of the body, giving tone and vigor.

In England in 1800 a horse called Phenomenon trotted 17 miles in harness in 53 minutes, a record never beaten in England.

AGENTS WANTED.

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

GASOLINE LAMPS AND SUPPLIES.

Good profit and quick sales. For particulars address

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Lowest prices ever quoted. Fine catalogue 500 illustrations mailed free. Write us for anything in Music or Musical Instruments.
Whaley Royce & Co., Toronto, Ont., and Winnipeg, Man.

W. N. U. No. 327.

No doubt there are other good teas, but for strength, richness and real quality Blue Ribbon stands alone.

FOUND.

Last Saturday on Comox road near Big Hill, a ladie's walking coat. Owner can have same by proving property and paying for this notice. Apply at this office. jy31

WANTED

A young man 18 to 20 years of age, with one to two years experience in drygoods. Apply at

C. E. STEVENSON & Co.,
jy31,2t Cumberland, B.C.

THE PEOPLE WANT TO KNOW

When a cow by-law will be enacted?

How many square inches of sleep equals the 750,000 square yards of cow bell music would-be sleepers are forced to listen to these moonlight nights?

The whereabouts of Eddie Auld? N.B.—This from the girls.

How many times a week Charles visits Sandwick?

If summer has come to stay?

Everything useful at Moores, all sizes of jars for preserving.

Dr. James Fletcher, the eminent Entomologist and Botanist of the Central Experimental Farm, is timed to reach the coast at the end of the present month and will proceed to Nanaimo on the 1st of August, where he will be met by Mr J. R. Anderson. Dr Fletcher comes to the province by the kind permission of the Hon. Sydney Fisher for the purpose of investigating several matters in connection with entomology, particularly that of the cutworm; making collections of plants, especially in relation to grasses, of which a large exhibit is being prepared by Mr J. R. Anderson for the Agent General's office, and giving a series of lectures at meetings of Farmer's Institutes during his tour in the province. The itinerary has not yet been completed by the Deputy Minister of Agriculture, except in so far as relates to Nanaimo, Comox and Alberni, at which places it is arranged the gentlemen named will reach on the 1st, 2nd and 6th of August respectively.

Go to Campbells' for best pastry, cake and bread of all kinds.

CORRECTION.

We must crawfish, and having to, we do it as gracefully as possible. In our last issue, we gave out that Mrs Kilpatrick had given birth to a daughter. This mistake arose from a lady telling of a Mrs Kirkpatrick, of Slocan, a friend of hers, being a happy mother, and did not refer to Mrs Kilpatrick. We are sorry that the mistake was made.

Hardware, fine crockery and glassware at the Magnet Store.

At a meeting held in the Council Chambers Monday the report of the finance committee of the 1st. July sports was received and adopted. A substantial balance remains in hand.

The Nanaimo Ball nine play the Cumberlands here next Friday at 2 p.m. The striped boy's of our burgh are determined to wipe the field clean on that occasion.

We are in receipt of a business directory of Nanaimo City, Free Press print. This will be a great convenience to us here, as well as to people elsewhere.

No Chinese are employed in growing, preparing or packing Blue Ribbon Tea. Are you drinking it?

PERSONAL

Mr C. Whyte returned last week from a visit to Vancouver.

Mrs W. Whyte, who made the record lady's bike ride to Nanaimo, returned by boat.

Mr McGirr, of Kurtz & Co, left Friday.

Mrs Jas Abrams is visiting in Nanaimo.

Mr Turner, of the McClary Mfg. Co., visited the town last week.

Miss K Peacey and her two nieces are the guests of her brother A. H. Peacey.

Mrs A. McLaughlin and daughter returned to Union wharf Thursday.

Dr. Grice arrived on Wednesday last to remain until Aug. 2nd.

Mrs F. D. Little and family, and Mrs H. P. Collis and family, went into camp at Gartley's on Friday.

Miss Addie Smith took steamer for Vancouver Thursday. She has a position there as stenographer.

R. Hodgson left suddenly for Nanaimo Monday, upon receipt of news of the death of his father. He biked it down.

Mr Percy Smith, of Oyster River, was in town for a few days last week, looking after his interests here.

Mr Tisdall, after looking over the improvements now being made to S. Leiser's premises, expressed the opinion that when completed, the store will be equal in style and finish to any in the province.

Arrivals by Wednesday's steamer were Judge Harrison from Victoria, Mr C. E. Tisdall, Mr McGirr, of Kurtz & Co., Messrs Whalen, Smith and Burns from Vancouver, and Mr G. R. Robson, of the H. B. Co., from Victoria.

"Crackey" Crawford is back again from a visit to his home in Springhill, N.S. He tells us that the Maritime Provinces are no good any more compared with B.C. The Nob Hill contingent celebrated his home coming with due ceremony and all the old time honours.

Last Friday's outgoing train took away a load of passengers from the town. Some of these were visitors, going home, and others residents of the town off for a well earned holiday. Mr Jas. Auld, the capable master builder who has had charge of the alterations to Mr S. Leiser's business premises, with most of his hands, left for Ladysmith, where Mr Auld has several contracts to fulfil.

Mrs J. B. McLean and family started on a visit to her father on the Mainland. Mrs H. Campbell and family and Mrs Arris also left by the same train. Mrs Piket took passage for a few days' stay in Victoria.

Mrs John Whyte and family too, were noticed, and a host of others who could not be noted in the hurry of departure.

Latest style in sun shades at Leiser's.

Sandwick, B.C., July 31, 1901.

EDITOR CUMBERLAND NEWS—Sir: Allow me very briefly to answer the second question asked by the boys about the use of tobacco. The first question, "What will it cost," in twenty years; from 18 to 40, I have told you at 3 good cigars and 2 drinks of beer will come to over $4,000. But a young gentleman at Courtenay told me he could run an old fashioned pipe as far as tobacco was concerned for only 30 cents a week or about $350 if you allow anything for the cost of pipes. How nice to have three or four hundred dollars in the bank when you are 40 years old and need it. And can you earn it honestly in any easier way than by letting tobacco alone? But the Second Question is "What harm will it do us?" In answer to this I venture to state, without fear of successful contradiction, that tobacco contains nicotine which tends to vitiate and destroy the user. It is true that some persons follow the habit for a long time without any apparent injury; but every physician whom I have consulted on the subject, stated that it was unnecessary to health, and was often the cause of chronic diseases of the heart and stomach. A single case is not always sufficient evidence to justify or condemn, but where statistics of large numbers are taken, the conclusion is pretty sure to be the correct one. The Minister or Superintendent of Education for the State of California in giving evidence before the State Legislature at Sacrimento, stated that "the boys who smoked and chewed tobacco, fell far behind in their studies, and were much worse in every way than those who did not." So you can see the use of tobacco will degrade you morally, mentally, physically, socially and financially. Who wants to be a victim of a degrading habit? If you must spend money foolishly, slip your bills quietly one at a time into the stove, and earn more to make a good use of it, that is the advice of your humble servant.

S. F. CRAWFORD.

Columbia Flouring Mills Company

ENDERBY, B. C.

Hungarian,
Three Star,
Wheatlets 10-10'
Strong Bakers

R.P.Rithet & Co.,
(LIMITED.)
Agents, - Victoria, B.C

- The BAKERY -

Cakes, Pies, Pastry, etc. Fresh Bread Every Morning

Minced Steak Pies on Wednesdays & Saturdays

CAMPBELL BROS., Dunsmuir Avenue.

Poultry Netting

2 Foot, 5c. per yard
3 " 8c. " "
4 " 10c " "
6 " 15c. " "

Fencing Wire from 5c. to 5 3-4c. per lb.
Bailing " " 5 3-4c. "
3-8 Coil Chain 7 1/4c. "
Navvy Wheelbarrows, $2.50 each.

Magnet Cash Store

NOTICE.

Until further notice, on and after August 1st 1901, sprinkling or watering gardens, or premises, from water mains will not be allowed after 9 a.m., under penalty of having the water turned off and a charge of $2.00 made for turning on again.

No water to be used from hydrants for any purpose except extinguishing fires.

Any person found using water from any other persons faucets will be prosecuted.

GEORGE STEVENS,
Mgr. Cumberland Water Works.
jy31

CORPORATION OF THE

CITY OF CUMBERLAND

A BY-LAW

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

7. That any person riding a bicycle shall have between the hours of sunset and sunrise during the months from the first of October to the first of May in each year, and from one hour after sunset to one hour before sunrise of each day from the first day of May to the first day of October of each year a light attached to such bicycle when so ridden, and such light shall be kept lighted and bright so that it can be clearly seen a distance of 30 yards from the front of the bicycle.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

JAMES A. CARTHEW,
Mayor.

LAWRENCE W. NUNNS,
jy17,3t City Clerk.