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THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

NINTH YEAR. CUMBERLAND, B. C. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 18, 1902.

THE BIG STORE, DUNSMUIR AVE.

NEW GOODS

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—BABY CARRIAGES—

With Parasol, Hood or Canopy Tops, and Rubber Tire Wheels..... $14 to $35

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HICKS & LOVICK PIANO CO.
AGENTS FOR

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DOG POISONERS.

At intervals, some miscreant scatters poisoned baits broadcast about the town in seeming disregard of the danger of such a proceeding to valuable stock. Mr South, the secretary of the S.P.C.A. in the meeting held for the purpose of organizing a section of that Society here, spoke in pathetic strain, and in strong condemnatory language of this species of murder. He spoke of dogs and cats, the close companions and pets of little children, being poisoned by some evil minded dastard who, through motives of jealousy, or of blind, unreasoning hatred of the poor dumb animals, gave them a small piece of meat containing the deadly drug. He spoke of the sorrow of the child, and the bitter heart-burnings of the parents at seeing their little one's grief. He spoke also of the law in regard to these monsters, and expressed the hope that, severe though the penalty now was, there would be still more severe measures enacted, and the penalty of imprisonment without option of fine.

This minor tragedy has lately been enacted here, in just the way, and with the details as outlined by Mr South, and in such a way that should the murderer know the effect of his work, his (or her) conscience will smite until death's day.

* * *

One most pathetic incident was the discovery of the dead body of a pet cat in the box with her young kittens, who were vainly seeking the sustenance stopped for ever.

FIRE AT FERNIE.

The Crows' Nest Pass has been the scene of another terrible calmity in the form of a fire at Michel, B.C. Coal Co. have been clearing land for building purposes on the south side of Michel creek, and while the men who were doing the work were at dinner the flames from the burning brush spread to the surrounding forrest. A heavy wind was blowing and inside of 5 minutes the whole mountain side was in a flame. Sparks were carried across the valley and soon ashes and cinders were raining on the wooden town. There is no system of water works in the town and no means of fighting the fire, nothing was practically saved and a large number of the sufferers are destitute. The C.P.R. lost 9 cars which were burned on the tracks before they could be removed. The total loss will be near $75.000.

The new railroad bridge which is to be constructed over the Tyne at Newcastle, England, will be the largest bridge-building undertaking in the United Kingdom since the completion of the famous Forth Bridge. The work has been designed by Mr Clark D. Harrison, the chief engineer of the North-Eastern Railroad Company, and its cost will approxminate $2,350.000. The new bridge will carry three lines of railroad, there being a length of over half a mile of viaduct. There will be three large spans of steelwork, the abutments and masonry supporting which will be of grey granite. The foundations of the piers will be constructed by the aid of large cofferdams and steel caissons. The rail level above high water will be 110ft. There will be some 8,000 tons of steel used in the structure. The work, it is computed, will occupy two years to complete. -"Scientific American."

LOCALS.

A young son arrived at Mrs W. C. White's on Saturday.

Miss Jessie Walker, the second daughter of Mrs M. and the late Mr Alfred Walker, was married on Thursday evening last to Mr Joe Stant of Cumberland.

The Minister of Mines has given assurance that a Royal Commission will be appointed at an early date to enquire into the cause of the Fernie disaster.

Bicycle Suits at MOORE & Co's.

Mr Frank Lovick of the firm of Hicks & Lovick, was married in Victoria recently, to Miss E. M. Gladding of Victoria. Miss Gladding resided in Union with her parents some years ago, and is a cousin of Mrs H. Smith of Comox.

People are again and again asking us if we know when the Council will move in the matter of cows running at large in the streets of the town. We confess we do not know, but have heard it reported that they have lately had some new sidewalks laid for the benefit of the cows.

United in Marriage.—Yesterday afternoon a very quiet wedding occurred in this city, in which Mr W. J. McKay, of Mount Sicker and Miss McCarthur of Cumberland were the happy parties. The couple are staying at the Dominion Hotel and will spend a part of their honeymoon in this city.—Colonist.

Information has been received in Victoria to the effect that the wreck of the "Islander" has been accidentally discovered by a Juneau fisherman. He was trawling for halibut in Stephen's Passage with deep line, when it caught on some obstruction which, after being hauled up, proved to be a door of the ill-fated Islander.

Ladies' Shirt Waists at reduced prices at MOORE & Co's.

The first number of the "British Pacific," an illustrated monthly edited by Mr H. F. Pullen of this place, reached us last week, and is a most creditable production, neat in appearance, and generally well gotten up as regards illustrations and letter press. The articles, mostly by British Columbians of note, are of an entertaining and instructive character. A poem from the pen of Mr Erie Duncan of Sandwick, who has written many choice bits, will be of special interest to local folk. We compliment Mr Pullen on his maiden number, and advise all lovers of good reading to try the magazine. $1 per year. Mr T. D. McLean is the agent.

A rattling association game was played on the grounds last Saturday, between the Cumberland and a picked team from H.M. ships in Comox harbour. Play was fast and furious throughout, much brilliant play being executed on both sides, and so well contested was the game, and so evenly matched were the teams, that a draw was the result, neither side scoring. It was pleasurable to notice that there was a total absence of petty bickering and foolish threatening during the entire game, it being most gentlemanly throughout. One of the Navy team met with a slight mishap during the last half, being accidentally struck a heavy blow over the eye by the knee of another of the same team when the two met to get possession of the ball. He soon recovered sufficiently to resume play

Coronation Day

will soon be here and you will want a.....

NEW SUIT

Don't forget we can fit you out in any style or color and

At ANY PRICE

Youths & Boys Clothing

All of the Latest Coronation Styles. All go at Reduced Prices for Pay-Day.....

—AT—

MOORE & CO.

A son was born to Mr and Mrs Alex. Grant, late of Cumberland, at Nanaimo on June, 11th inst.

Mr J. Johnstone of Courtenay is erecting a handsome two storey residence on his ranch above Courtnay. Congratulations later.

Jas. Brooking of Vancouver, a brother-in-law of Rev. Wm. Hicks, died last week at the residence of that gentleman. Deceased had been an invalid for five months.

The remains of Robert Lamb, a victim of the Fernie explosion, were brought to Nanaimo for interment. At one time he resided in Cumberland. His widow and family are living in Nanaimo.

CONCERT
For Relief of Fernie Sufferers

A concert for the relief of the sufferers by the lamentable disaster at Fernie will be given in Cumberland Hall on the evening of June 23rd. Besides those mentioned on the posters, a number of other well known young ladies and gentlemen will assist in making the programme a success. The residents of Union and Cumberland who have always been ready in the past to respond to the call of the afflicted, will, we are confident, be depended upon to give evidence of their sympathy by attending on that evening. Special numbers will be rendered by the orchestra, while Mr Thomson will contribute some violin selections—old Scotch songs dear to the heart of every one. Quartettes will also be rendered by the Corbett-Randolph Quartette Club. Miss Willis Corbett who has already distinguished herself as a contralto singer will sing a characteristic song, also recite a dialogue. Prof. Schaffner's cornet solo "The Raft," by Pinsuti, will be eargerly looked forward to by lovers of good music. The box plan for reserved seats will be open at Peacey's drug store.

SPIDER'S CHAPS.

A Tale of the Cattle Thieves of Agua Caliente.

Copyright, 1900 by W. LeC. Beard.

"The corp'ral's worse than the private,
The sergeant's worse than the corp'ral,
The luffs are worse than the sergeant
An the captain's the worst of all.
I can't get 'em up,
I can't get 'em up,
I can't get 'em up in the mornin.

In a moment the camp was astir and humming with voices. The men were all dressed when they lay down, so that their toilets were completed when they had rolled up in their blankets and, if they felt inclined, washed their hands and faces.

The bacon and coffee served out by the Ballet Girl soon vanished. The men devoured them standing or squatting on the ground wherever they happened to be.

The Ballet Girl, assisted by two other cooks who came with our re-enforcements, marshaled the pack horses that formed our provision train. Laboriously hoisting himself on to the back of his horse, the Ballet Girl stamped the spike in the end of his wooden leg well into the stirrup and announced that all was ready. The horses of the men had been saddled for some time. The men swung themselves into their saddles and we started in a canter over the desert, a troop that was 87 strong.

The men were in high spirits. Jokes and rough chaff flew from one to another. But it would never do to use up our horses by keeping them at a canter. By the order of the foreman the pace was brought down to a shuffling jog trot. The spirits of the men seemed to keep pace with the speed of their mounts. The shouts and laughter lowered until only a rumble of conversation could be heard.

Mile after mile was passed. The plain over which we rode was unbroken by any tracks save those we left behind us. The trail of the herd, the foreman said, lay farther to the south. The cattle were heading eastward. So were we. The point toward which they steered was probably the grand, sleeping profile of Montezuma, outlined against the blue sky by a distant mountain range, and which marked a pass for which we, too, were headed. On the other side of the pass lay Palomas.

At noon we ate a hasty lunch and then jogged on again. One part of the desert was precisely like another. There was nothing to mark our progress until, toward evening, we came on the track of the herd. The foreman and Hayward were mildly elated then.

"There can't be no doubt but what we're gainin on 'em, an there ain't no doubt but what they're all here, too," said the foreman. "We're liable for to run agains' the outfit mos' any time now." The chase was a little more exciting after this. To guard against ambush or other surprise ten men were detached and ordered to ride 200 yards ahead of us, and ten more were sent as far behind.

The trail we followed was as plainly marked as though a broad street had been laid out across the desert. Sometimes we could see it for miles ahead, drawing to a point as it disappeared on the horizon; sometimes it passed over one of the many sand dunes that wrinkled the surface of the plain; then we could see it only when we mounted the rise.

After sunset we would camp by the side of the trail. In the morning, as soon as there was light enough to see by, we would pick it up again. Day after day this went on. Montezuma's face grew more and more distinct. Cattle that had fallen behind the herd began to dot the trail here and there. Stretching their chafed limbs, the men would tell each other that the thieves would have to pay for all this discomfort once we had overtaken them. It seemed to me that it was months, not days, since we had been following the cattle. I consulted with the foreman as to the advisability of greater speed.

"Can't see what we'd gain by it, only to kill up our horses," he replied. "Them thieves is drivin the herd ter pretty near as good a place ter ship from as where we was goin when we started out from the ranch. We're gainin on 'em too. Don't you fret. You'll see 'em soon enough, an then there'll be all the fun you want."

To be sure, the foreman's idea of fun differed materially from the views I held on the subject, but events redounded to the credit of the foreman's wisdom, as events generally did.

It was about the middle of the afternoon when the foreman rode up to me, pointing to a thin cloud of dust that hung over the trial at a point directly ahead of us, where a rise hid it from our sight.

"That's them," he remarked tersely. "Now, then, I reckon"— He interrupted himself, for there was the crack of a rifle from the invisible space, followed by the popping of six shooters. Above the rise there instantly appeared the heads and then the bodies and horses of the men who composed the vanguard as they raced toward us. One of the horses was wounded, and the rider was sitting very straight, his reins in his right hand, while his left arm, covered by a reddened shirt sleeve, hung by his side. Instinctively the main body formed a line, parting to let the vanguard through. It formed up behind us, and the rear guard galloped forward and joined them; then we all spurred forward.

"Halt!" shouted the foreman, lifting one hand, while he reined in his horse with the other. The men hesitated and then stopped. Some of them had passed ahead and were obliged to return.

"What's wrong?" I asked.

"There's another ridge behind this here one," replied the foreman, raising his voice so that all the men might hear. "Behind that other ridge them thieves is a-waitin fer us. They'll jus waste you men if you try ter rush 'em, an

"Halt!" shouted the foreman, lifting one hand.

maybe we can get away with 'em without that. Dismount. Now, all you boys what has got rifles come with me."

The men rolled from their horses. Those who had rifles drew them from the leather beckets that hung to their saddles.

"You haven't got no rifle, so you can't do no good with us. Stay here," said the foreman as I started forward. "You'll see some er the fight later on, don't fear." What he said was quite true. I could do no good by going forward, armed only with my pistols. Furthermore, though I did not want to shirk my share in this fight, in the result of which I more than any one there was interested, I had not the slightest desire to see more of it than was necessary.

The party led by the foreman toiled half way up the incline and stopped while the foreman went forward alone. Reaching the brow of the little hill, for a moment he peered cautiously over, then beckoned to his men. They came and lay prone, resting their rifles on the sand in front of them. After the pause of a second the foreman must have given some signal, for the rifles spoke together in a crash, and the white smoke drifted lazily back for a moment concealing the men. Another volley, and a much heavier one answered ours. The bullets knocked little spurts of sand from the ridge or flew, singing like mosquitoes, over our heads.

Then the shooting became rapid and irregular, sounding like nothing so much as a number of packs of firecrackers set off together. The men were firing at will. Lying next to the foreman Spider was wasting cartridges, to judge from the rapidity of his fire. He was using one of the rifles he had captured the night before we had started out, and each time he fired he would slip in a fresh cartridge to avoid exhausting the magazine. Once a man who lay near him screamed and then swore, clapping his hand to his shoulder and withdrawing it covered with blood. As he backed down the slope Spider offered him a bandanna handkerchief wherewith to bandage his wound, but he declined it, and tore off his shirt sleeve, using that instead.

After awhile the firing slackened, until there was only an occasional report. Followed by Spider the foreman came down the slope and walked toward me.

"It ain't no good," he called as he came within speaking distance. "Them fellers kin hold us here jus' so long as we don't do no more than we're doin. All we c'n do is ter keep 'em under cover, an we've done that now. Ther ain't one of 'em what dares ter show his head. But while we're waitin here they c'n take them cattle clean back ter Portland, Me., if we only give 'em time enough. We got ter get 'em outer there somehow."

"Rush 'em out!" exclaimed a voice among the men.

"Reckon it comes ter sunthin like that," responded the foreman. "We can't touch their flanks, 'cause their ridge is longer'n ours."

A charge, then, clearly was necessary, and it was as clearly my duty to lead that charge. I did not want to, but if I hoped to retain my self respect or that of my men there was no other course left open.

"All right," I called, trying to speak unconcernedly. "Mount, boys, and line up."

(CONTINUED.)

Not a Steel Engraving.

"Yes, mum," said the tramp, who had devoured the second pie; "in the old days I used to be an engraver and if I only had the tools"—

"Don't let that bother you," interrupted the old lady as she picked up the ax and saw; "here are the tools for a wood cut. Now get to work."—Chicago News.

THE BUYED GUY.

The guide was guiding a guy. As the guide guided the guy the guide guyed the guy until the guy would no longer be guyed by a guide whom he had hired not to guy, but to guide. So the guyed guy guyed the guide. No wonder everyone guyed the guyed guide guiding a guyed guy.

National enthusiam is the great nursery of genius.—Tuckerman.

If you resolve to do right you will soon do wisely; but resolve only to do wisely and you will never do right.—Ruskin.

There is no policy like politeness; and a good manner is the best thing in the world to get a good name or to supply the want of it.—Bulwer.

The first duty of life is to be calm; for the calm mind seeks the truth as the river seeks the sea.—Lawrence.

When a man does wrong it is a poor excuse to say there are athers.

It is wonderfdl how near conceit is to insanity.—Jerrold.

CHOSEN FROM A MULTITUDE.

The Preference Shown By Thinking People for Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine—Record Sales in October.

Considering the large number of remedies for coughs and colds that are now offered to the public, and in view of the fact that nearly every druggist has a preparation of his own which he makes an effort to substitute for the medicine asked for, it seems truly remarkable that the demand for Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine should increase by such leaps and bounds.

During October the sale of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine exceeded by several hundred bottles the record of any previous month in its history. When it is remembered that this preparation received very little newspaper advertising the evidence seems to be conclusive that it makes its way by sheer force of merit.

Thinking people recognize the harmfulness and danger of using strong drugs which are said to cure a cold in a few hours. They prefer to cling to Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, which they know beyond a doubt to be a thorough and effective treatment for coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis, whooping cough, throat irritation, asthma, and even consumption itself.

The combination of Linseed and Turpentine, with half a dozen other ingredients of equal value for treating colds, in such proportions as they are found in Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine has proven to be a perfect protection against such developments as pneumonia, consumption and serious lung troubles. You can with certainty rely on this preparation to afford prompt relief and permanent cure.

Do you suppose that the sale of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine would be more than three times that of any similar preparation if it was not the most effective remedy that money can buy? It has stood the test and proven itself worthy of the confidence that is placed in it. People recommend it one to another, and so the good news spreads. Be sure you get the genuine, with Dr. Chase's portrait and signature on the wrapper; 25 cents a bottle. Family size, three times as much, 60 cents. At all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

It is sowe time ago now since it was decided to erect a monument surmounted by an eagle on the field of Waterloo in memory of the Old Guard and its gallant stand on that fateful day. A committee was formed some years back to consider the question, and M. Gerome executed the work, but the eagle is at the present time in the cellars of the Grand Palais, and cannot be erected for want of money. It is stated that a fete is to be organized, the proceeds to go to the fund in question.

SPRING DEPRESSION

PEOPLE FEEL WEAK, EASILY TIRED AND OUT OF SORTS.

You Must Assist Nature in Overcoming This Feeling Before the Hot Weather Months Arrive.

It is important that you should be healthy in the spring. The hot summer is coming on and you need strength, vigor and vitality to resist it. The feeling of weakness, depression and feebleness which you suffer from in spring is debilitating and dangerous. You have been indoors a good deal through the winter months, haven't taken the usual amount of exercise perhaps, your blood is sluggish and impure and you need a thorough renovation of the entire system. In other words you need a thorough course of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. If you try them you will be surprised to note how vigorous you begin to feel, how the dull lassitude disappears, your step becomes elastic, the eye brightens and a feeling of new strength takes the place of all previous feelings. Thousands have proved the truth of these words and found renewed health through the use of these pills in spring time. One of the many is Miss Cassie Way, of Picton, Ont., who says:—"A few years ago I was cured of a very severe and prolonged attack of dyspepsia through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, after all other medicines I had tried failed. Since that time I have used the pills in the spring as a tonic and blood builder and find them the best medicine I know of for this purpose. People who feel run down at this time of the year will make no mistake in using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

These Pills are not a purgative medicine and do not weaken as all purgatives do. They are tonic in their nature and strengthen from first dose to last. They are the best medicine in the world for rheumatism, sciatica, nervous troubles, neuralgia, indigestion, anaemia, heart troubles, scrofula, and humours in the blood, etc. The genuine are sold only in boxes, the wrapper around which bears the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." Sold by all dealers in medicine or sent post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Beethoven's Wit.

The composer Beethoven was possessed of a grim satiric wit which resembled nothing so much as the caustic humor of Carlyle. It is related of him that one day his brother, who was very proud of a little piece of property he owned, called on him, but found him out, so he left a card inscribed:—"Johann von Beethoven, land proprietor." Next day he had it returned to him, written on the back:—"H. von Beethoven, brain proprietor."

Heard at a Church Concert.

He—How I envy the man who just sang the solo.

She—Why, I thought he had an exceptionally poor voice!

He—Oh, it isn't his voice I envy, it's his nerve.

Wise is the man who knows when to make a long story short.

Some people avoid straightened circumstances by being crooked.

SLEEPLESSNESS is due to nervous excitement. The delicately constituted, the financier, the business man and those whose occupation necessitates great mental strain or worry, all suffer more or less from it. Sleep is the great restorer of a worried brain, and to get sleep cleanse the stomach from all impurities with a few doses of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, gelatine coated, containing no mercury, and are guaranteed to give satisfaction or the money will be refunded.

Some men sow a few seeds of kindness and expect to reap their reward with a mowing machine.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, Etc.

The relation between color and sound is merely hue and cry.

In washing woollens and flannels, the soft soap made from Lever's Dry Soap (a powder) will be found very satisfactory.

Egotism of Genius.

A writer in the London Standard declares the idea that genius is usually modest to be a popular delusion. On the contrary, he alleges egotism to be the very essence of true genius and quotes many amusing examples.

When Wordsworth, Southey and Coleridge were walking together and Coleridge remarked that the day was so fine "it might have been ordered for three poets," the gentle Wordsworth promptly exclaimed: "Three poets! Who are the other two?"

Disraeli, then a mere youth, wrote to his sister that he had heard Macaulay, Sheil and Grant speak, "but between ourselves I could floor them all." And again he said, "When I want to read a good book, I write one."

Our own Joaquin Miller wrote to Walt Whitman: "You and I are over the head of the rabble. We know we are great, and if other people don't know it it is their own fault."

It was President Grant who, being told that a certain senator, an admitted genius who was very hostile to him, did not believe the Bible, expressed his estimate of the senator's egotism by rejoining: "Why should he? He didn't write it, you know."

Sometimes a man's neighbors consider him ungrateful because he insists on managing his own affairs.

Belgium Saloons.

Belgium has 175,000 taverns and saloons for the sale of liquors.

Curious Old Custom.

In one of the suburbs of Paris a wealthy merchant died the other day, and on the evening of the funeral his neighbors witnessed a curious ceremony.

An hour before the body was to be taken to the cemetery the relatives of the dead man, five or six in number, went out into the garden adjoining the house and walked solemnly and silently around it. Each carried a lantern and kept his eyes fixed on the ground, as though he were looking for something. Finally they all halted in front of a large pile of stones and, laying aside their lanterns, proceeded to throw down the pile. After every stone had been removed they examined minutely the spot on which the pile had rested and then slowly and with bowed heads returned to the house.

This is an old Norman custom, and it is observed in this instance because the dead man was a native of Gison. There is a tradition in Normandy that before burying a body all the ground around his dwelling should be searched in order to make sure that the soul has not hidden itself somewhere. At one time every family in Normandy faithfully observed this tradition, but now only a few pay heed to it.

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Those desiring information in regard to any part of the world reached by the C. P. R. or its connections are requested to apply to any C. P. R. representative or to

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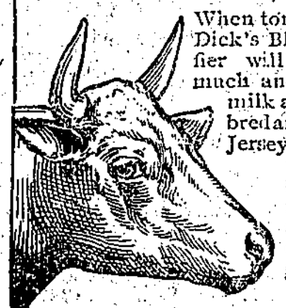
A Common Bred Cow



When toned up by Dick's Blood Purifier will give as much and as rich milk as a highly bred aristocratic Jersey cow gives upon ordinary feed, and a Jersey cow when given.

DICK'S BLOOD PURIFIER

will wonderfully increase her yield of milk. It saves feed too, because a smaller amount of well digested food satisfies the demands of the system and every particle of nourishment sticks.

50 cents a package.

Leeming, Miles & Co., Agents, MONTREAL.

Write for Book on Cattle and Horses free.

ALL IN THE DAY'S WORK

By ELIAS LISLE

Copyright, 1901, by A. S. Richardson.

Between wet and glistening fangs Brindle, the performing lion of the Cosmopolitan circus, let out a sound that was half groan and half roar.

"Whut! You brute!" said Berthels, the elephant man, gesturing at him for silence.

"Don't abuse him," said the woman, scarcely more than a girl, who stood beside Berthels. "He isn't in good humor today."

"Should say he wasn't," replied Berthels. "Ill tempered, bad mannered beast! Wouldn't wonder if he was going bad."

"Nonsense! My lions don't go bad. Besides, he's only a two-year-old. Look at old Archon. He's ten if he's a day, and you don't see him going bad, do you?"

"There's something wrong with Brindle, nyway," insisted the man.

"Of course there is. He's had a rough morning of it. He was clumsy and steped on Archon's toes at rehearsal, and Archon boxed his ears. The hyena in the next cage laughed, and that hurt Brindle's feelings. You know how sensitive he is. He sulked so that I had to beat him to make him perform at all. He awfully cut up about it, for you know I really believe he is fond of me.

"Wish you'd believe that about somebody else, Sue," said the man wistfully, looking down into the clear, brown eyes that were fixed on the lion.

"Perhaps I don't want to," said the girl saucily. "Besides, Brindle is my own slave. You can hear him swearing now," she added, laughing, as the handsome beast muttered lionwise down in his great chest.

"Mlle. Zelka, the feline empress," was right in her half jocular estimate of Brindle. Brindle was a lion with fangs. Some lions are savage, others are sullen, more are treacherous, and all are absolutely cold blooded. There are a very few exceptions to the rule, however, and Brindle was one of those very rare exceptions, with a capacity for affection and loyalty. Mlle. Zelka had only a faint inkling of this. Berthels didn't believe in it at all because he was the head of the elephant herd, and elephant men are very wise and believe nothing but the worst about animals. That is the one reason why all of them don't die young. Berthels was anxious about Mlle. Zelka, who was plain Sue Ranse to him. That she wasn't Sue Berthels was not his fault. If she were did become so, he intended that the lion training career should end, and she suspected this. So it was partly coquetry that made her leave him now, walk over to the cage and, putting her piquant face close up to the lion's, begin to talk to him.

But Brindle's sensibilities had been lacerated. To be beaten by his queen was a humiliation of spirit beyond all others. Not yet had the smart of it passed away. Therefore he now arose sullenly, stalked over to the farther corner of his cage and affected a majestic disdain of his charmer's conversation.

"Well, you aren't very polite this afternoon," she remarked as she turned away. "Hope you'll feel better when it comes time for the show."

"And I hope you'll cut that beast out of the programme tonight, Sue, dear," said Berthels as he went to his elephants.

After they had gone the hyena which had insulted Brindle that morning came to make some jeering remarks. "Say Brindle then in wrath and spoke in substance as follows through the network of bars at which he clawed:

"You snickering eater of better people's leavings, if I could break into your cage for about two seconds and with one swipe at you I'd knock that laugh through the top of the tent."

"He, he, he, he! Ha-ah-h-h-hrr-ha-ha!" mocked the hyena. "Ha-ha"—

The hateful voice died away as a risen growl from Archon's cage gave notice that the king of the circus had awakened—wakened with a strange fire in his eye, before which the other animals cowered. For this was the fire of madness and murder which no man is wise enough to know, though all animals recognize it with terror. Archon had gone bad. At one glance Brindle saw it; knew, too, that the demon in possession of the great lion might lie quietly in wait for long, but that sooner or later it would glut itself in slaughter.

* * * * * *

To the attendants surrounding the cage where the feline empress ruled the beasts that night one wore a grave and drawn face. Berthels should have done with the elephants, but anxiety had brought him into the ring when Mlle. Zelka's act was called. With a pang of fear he noted the intense nervousness of the young lion, the most promising performer of the lot. Brindle was stumbling through his part like an amateur, and his mistress, too wise to be harsh, was coaxing and soothing him with hand and wand.

"Sue," the low voice came to her ears from without the cage in a lull of the music, "let me call the ringmaster and have the young one barred off."

"No; he's all right," said the girl softly. "Don't worry, Phil. He isn't going bad. But I can't understand him. See how he watches Archon."

Indeed the young lion's eyes were hardly ever taken off the king of the group. Twice he missed his cue, and a third time he half turned away.

"All right, boy," said the trainer gently. "I'll give you a rest. Come out, Prætor! Jump! So. Now, Consul! Up! Good boy! Up, Cæsor! Come, Senator, over! Hola!"

Around the confines of the cage, now running, now leaping over the set obstructions, glided the tawny, sinuous bodies of the lion troupe, while their mistress, in the center, waved them on with her wand. But all the time she was watching, not Brindle, but Archon, and Brindle was watching too. Soon it was the big lion's turn. In answer to the command he came forward, but there was something strange in his motion. His eyes were set, and he moved jerkily, and the great tufted tail that had been curving around his flanks grew straight and rigid as an iron club.

"Come, Archon," said the girl. "Up! Get up, sir! Archon!" Then, without raising her voice, for the discipline of the circus thinks first of its audience—the audience that must not be unpleasantly disturbed—she said rapidly: "Set the poles and keep him back. I can't get to the door. He's going bad."

Slowly the great lion moved on—stiffly, like a cat stalking a sparrow. The others crouched at the sides, silent and trembling. Only Brindle growled slightly. Then there was a rattle and clank of the iron door, and a man, bearing a heavy club in his hand, leaped into the cage.

"Phil!" cried the girl, with a thrill in her voice that told him more than he had ever known before. "Go back! They don't know you! You'll be killed! I can handle"—

Her voice was drowned in the shriek of thousands of voices as the great lion hurled himself straight at her throat, smiting at her with those terrible paws. At the same time a second tawny body darted through the air, and the two met. Like a flash the girl had slipped away from the mad lion's onslaught, but a glancing impact had sent her to the floor. Half stunned as she was, she caught at the bars to raise herself, for once a trainer is down authority is gone, and any lion is likely to attack. A strong arm lifted her and drew her toward the door, but the way was blocked. Locked in a furious embrace, the mad lion and the two-year-old were tearing and clawing each other, while the rest slunk, terrified, at the sides. Even in her peril the girl thought of the faithful beast.

"Archon will kill him!" she cried, clutching the elephant man's arm. "See, he is working in at his throat! Oh, can't they get firebrands?"

What Berthels did then was partly from gratitude and partly from the natural fighting courage of the man who trains wild beasts. He swung his heavy club up and as Brindle in a final effort for life tore half loose from his foe brought the weapon down with a smashing blow across the mad lion's maw. A lion's nose is his sensitive point. Half stunned, the giant relaxed his grip, and Brindle tore away. Archon gathered himself to leap. Again the club fell, but this time too late. The man was down.

"At him, Brindle!" cried the girl, catching at Archon with her slender hands, and the faithful lion responded with another attack.

But now the fighting madness was at its height in Archon's brain. One paw broke Berthels' arm, the foaming jaws were at his throat, when there came the crackle of pistols, and the fierce face rose, bespattered with blood, turned hither and thither and closed its eyes. They dragged Berthels out of the cage then and there, but not so the girl. Over her Brindle, torn and mangled, mounted guard until she came to from her faint and drew herself to her feet with her hands buried in his mane.

Berthels insisted that he and the feline empress ought to be married on the day they buried Archon, but his broken arm wouldn't allow it. However, they had a professional wedding in the lion cage, and Brindle, standing proudly on his hind legs, with crossed American flags in his mouth, was best man.

St. Rule's Tower.

St. Rule's tower, in the town of St. Andrews, is an evidence of the link which binds St. Andrew, whose feast all good Scotchmen keep, to the country of whom he is the patron saint. The legend runs that a monk called Regulus, or Rule, brought the bones of St. Andrew from Constantinople to Scotland and buried them near the seacoast, on the spot round which the present town of St. Andrews afterward grew. Whether the story is true or not, there seems to be no other way to explain the connection of this particular saint with Scotland, for he seems to have passed the whole of his life up to the moment of his martyrdom in the east. James II. certainly associated him with the country across the Tweed, for it was he who founded the Order of St. Andrew in 1687, to be conferred on the king and sixteen knights.—London Chronicle.

How the Tea Plant Started.

As you drink a cup of tea do you ever think how tea came to grow? Tell your next visitor the story. A Persian prince on his way to meet his betrothed vowed that he would not sleep until he saw her. After traveling seven days he stopped to rest under a shade tree, and there, being no longer able to resist the temptation, he fell into a sound sleep. When he awakened, he was so sorry that he cut off his eyelids and threw them on the ground. From them grew the tea plant. It is rather unfortunate that the story stops here because it would be interesting to know what the lady thought of a sweetheart without eyelids and whether it would be possible for them to grow again.

TO CANADA'S RESCUE.

Daily Journal of Aberdeen Makes Eloquent Defence of the Dominion.

Here is a Scottish newspaper. The Daily Journal of Aberdeen, with a really eloquent defence of Canada against Kipling's implied suggestion that snow plays a part in our daily life.

"The title of Our Lady of the Snows," says the Scottish writer, "bestowed on Canada in a haphazard sort of manner by Rudyard Kipling, is not at all a happy one, as it applies to a season only. I have seen the grapes hanging in luxuriant bunches to the vines in a Quebec garden, and the fields of tomatoes grow crimson in the warm sunshine. I have lingered in the golden wheatfields in the evening and listened to the myriad sounds of the cricket and grasshopper; I have walked amid the cedar trees in an Ontario swamp when the sunset glow had faded, and watched the fireflies darting to and fro like shooting stars, and I have watched the tiny humming-bird with plumage that rivalled the gaily-painted butterflies, contesting with the bee for the honey that lay within the sweet-smelling flowers. Scenes like these are not associated with a land of never-ending winter. Consequently there can be no greater mistake than to imagine, as too many people do, that Canada is a semi-Arctic country out of which little good can come. And yet, what do we find? According to the returns of the Board of Trade fully 65,000 to 75,000 Britishers went to live in the United States during the past year, while only 12,000 or 13,000 went to Canada. There is no reason to doubt that if the resources and natural wealth of the Dominion of Canada were more generally known in this country, we would soon hear the last of the term "American" as applied to Canadian products, and United States producers would no longer receive credit for Canadian goods, in many cases superior to their own. Those who guide the destinies of the Dominion think that the Stars and Stripes have overshadowed the Maple Leaf long enough. Every true Briton will be of the same opinion."

Dr. Crozier One of the Elect.

Canadians generally will be interested in learning that Dr. J. Beattie Crozier, author of the famous work, "History of Intellectual Development," has been selected as one of the 300 representatives of the empire in the splendid ten-guinea volume of portraits and biographies which the Grosvenor Press are bringing out. The work consists of representative men of every class outside of the military and civil services, who will have a volume to themselves. Dr. Crozier will be one of the representatives of the department of philosophy. Also, of course, he will stand as one of the representatives of Canada, a distinction he has well earned, and on which his countrymen will warmly congratulate him.

The Lovingness of Dogs.

I have heard the watchdog's honest bark bay deep-voiced welcome to me as I headed for the pear tree after dark. I believe the fellow that owned the pear tree chose to think that the dog was giving him warning of my approach, but I knew better. I had never given that particular dog any reason to dislike me and the fact that his noisy welcome did bring the owner of the tree into his orchard with a gun was not the dog's fault. It was merely due to the circumstance that the dog in his canine ignorance welcomed me too vociferously.

Facts About Londoners.

Londoners drink less than seven gallons of milk a head in a year.

Fifty-six different authorities exercise control over the port of London.

In 1,000 deaths of Londoners 287 occur in winter and 226 in summer.

London's cemetery area works out at one acre for each 1,700 people.

In London 900,000 persons are living more than two in a room, and 26,000 six or more in a room.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Sewer gas is counteracted by a handful of salt placed in toilet room basins.

A sponge is the best thing to wipe down paint with, as it leaves no "fluff."

In a sickroom never shake pillows and bedclothes over the patient. Always shake them away from the bed.

It pays well to do your mending before the articles go to the wash, as washing usually results in making the holes larger.

To renovate leather chairs wipe the cushions with a slightly damp cloth and then rub dry. Next apply the white of an egg beaten to a stiff froth and rub with a soft cloth.

To keep the dining room table in a good, well polished condition rub it once a week with a mixture of one ounce of spirits of turpentine and one ounce of olive oil. Apply it with a piece of flannel cloth.

Milk that has been standing any little time in a jug should always be carefully poured into another jug, leaving a little at the bottom, for this portion of the milk is said to be injurious to health.

Housework gloves should be sufficiently loose to allow free play to the fingers. In using rubber gloves for dishwashing care should be taken to wash them on the hands until every trace of grease is removed.

Society Manners.

The young girl who has a society mask which she lets fall when she enters her own home need not hope to long deceive her friends. Inadvertently she will let it slip at an unexpected moment and the glimpse once seen of a peevish, selfish nature is not soon forgotten. If the wishes of the brother at home are not to be considered, the admiring man friend feels sure her lover and future husband will not be either. The sweet, musical voice which is heard in society often changes into a snappy, disagreeable one when used to address a patient devoted mother at home. But at some unexpected moment the young girl is sure to be overheard, says the Philadelphia Press. A chance visitor will ring the bell and be ushered into the drawing room while in a heated argument above stairs the fair young daughter of the house is expressing her opinion in no measured manner.

No rules for preserving the physical beauty can obliterate traces in the face of ill nature. Let the fair debutante bear this well in mind.

She Keeps Bees.

Bee keeping is an occupation which the few women who have taken it up find both pleasurable and profitable. One of those who have made a signal success at it is Mrs. N. L. Stow of Evanston, Ill. Mrs. Stow, who is the wife of ex-Alderman Stow, has a fully equipped apiary. She is a recognized authority on the business and a frequent contributor to bee journals.

She started in 1884 with four hives at her home in Ashland avenue. Soon they had multiplied to twenty. The nearby prairies were covered with white clover and heart's ease, which made the best sort of feeding ground, and it wasn't long before the apiary numbered eighty colonies, making it the largest in the country.

All the work of attending to the bees Mrs. Stow performs herself, and during the seventeen years never has a swarm escaped. Every pound of honey she takes from the hives with her own hands.

Japan's Modern Woman.

In reply to the query about the effect of the new woman idea in Japan a bright Japanese woman replied as follows, says the Detroit Tribune:

"Oh, yes, indeed, a very great effect. We are beginning to have old maids. Such a thing less than a generation ago was unheard of, but now we are recruiting more and more old maids each year. The women's clubs are making our girls much more particular as to their husbands. The more education a girl gets the harder she is to please in the way of a husband. When she gets a knowledge of algebra and geometry and chemistry and poetry and drama, she begins to have ideals and is not contented to marry the first man or even the second or third that she has a chance to marry, and because frequently the fourth does not turn up at all or is no better than the preceding three she prefers to remain single."

Simplicity In Table Decorations.

Elaborate and expensive floral centerpieces are not necessarily the most beautiful. Simplicity often rules the world of art and nature. Who would consider as beautiful at first thought a few sprays of the leafy growth of the garden asparagus together in a small vase with a like number of golden coreopsis? The effect is charming if the vase also be simple. This should be remembered, that a vase of flowers is intended to display the beauty of the flowers and not man's handiwork in molding or coloring the vase.

The umbels of white flowers of the wild carrot are very pretty in vase decorations, yet how few persons would think of gathering them for that purpose!

HON. DAVID WARK.

Oldest Member of Any Parliament in the British Empire, New Brunswick Senator Has Done Good Work.

The oldest member of any Parliament in the British Empire, and probably the oldest representative in any of the national assemblies of earth, is the Hon. David Wark of Fredericton, New Brunswick, who has just entered upon the ninety-ninth year of his useful career, writes the Ottawa correspondent of The Montreal Witness. Fifty-seven years ago he was chosen member for the County of Kent in the New Brunswick Legislature. After playing an active part in that body at confederation, he was raised to the Canadian Senate, which he has attended without interruption since 1867. Mr. Wark's life has been one of value to his country. In one sense he may be termed the father of the Canadian Confederation, since it was the results drawn from legislation of his framing that convinced the colonies in favor of union. On his initiative there was adopted twenty years before the union a free interchange of commodities between Britain's several colonies on the northern half of this continent. The advantages of this broad-minded step were made plain to all, and gradually there came a conviction that instead of rivalry the position of all would be strengthened before the world by a joining of interests.

A marvellous monument of the results of regular habits and temperate living is the life of this man. At this age he is as clear of mind and as vigorous of frame as most men twenty years his junior. There is nothing in that would offend him more than an offer of support. Sturdy independence has been a leading characteristic of his whole life. The very messenger who stepped forward to help him on with his coat would be waved back. The fire of the born reformer still shines in his eye. His last address in the Senate was a complaint that there was not given that branch of the Legislature more to do. Three-quarters of a century on Canadian soil has not clouded his love for Ireland, the land of his birth. Mr. Wark's longevity comes of no lad practice. He has taken regular exercise and refrained from too vigorous indulgence in table delicacies. For years he has eaten but two meals a day—breakfast and tea—but in this, as well as all else, he has adhered to regularity.

Senator Wark was one of the first public men in this section of the empire to identify himself with the Imperial federation movement. He is in favor of any policy that would strengthen the bond between the motherland and her colonies. He would vote tomorrow for intercolonial free trade. He has long advocated the improvement of Canada's trade relations with the United States. The breadth of view which prompted his first public act of consequence—the adoption of free trade between the units of British North America—has been apparent in almost every speech he made. He would like to see confederation rounded off by the inclusion of Newfoundland. In Parliament this wonderful old man has consistently supported every movement that was calculated to elevate the people's morals. In a letter written by his own hand the other day Senator Wark announces that he will probably be up to Ottawa for a portion of the session.

A Harry Furniss Story.

I was at my hotel in Ottawa, the morning after I appeared at the Opera House in the "Humors of Parliament." An eminent Canadian divine was ushered into my quarters, and addressing me, said:

"Allow me to introduce myself, and to say that I listened with the greatest pleasure and profit to your most admirable discourse last evening."

I bowed my very best.

"I must say," continued the rev. gentleman, "that your efforts in the cause of Christianity in this city are marked by a fervor and earnestness that cannot fail to convert."

"Really," I said, "you flatter me."

"Ah, no, sir, you are one of the brave soldiers of Christianity, who march through the world addressing huge audiences and influencing the masses, taking life seriously, and denouncing frivolity and worldliness."

"Well," I said, "I don't think I do any harm, but I must disclaim for my poor efforts to amuse—"

"Amuse, sir," repeated the astonished divine. "Surely I am speaking to the gentleman whose striking discourse it was my good fortune to listen to last evening in Dominion Church?"

"No, sir, I was in the Grand Opera House."

"Then you are not Dr. Munhall, the revivalist?"

"Bless you, no, sir. I am Furniss, the caricaturist."

"Good gracious! where's the door? Let me out! They have brought me to the wrong room!"—From "The Confessions of a Caricaturist."

Some of Them "Out."

"Is the jury still out?" asked the attorney for the defendant of Judge Wayback.

"I guess some of 'em is," replied the judge sagely. "They've bin playin' poker fer the past three hours."

SPIDER'S CHAPS.

A Tale of the Cattle Thieves of Agua Caliente.

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"The corp'ral's worse than the private,
The sergeant's worse than the corp'ral,
The luffs are worse than the sergeant
An the captain's the worst of all.
I can't get 'em up,
I can't get 'em up,
I can't get 'em up in the mornin.

In a moment the camp was astir and humming with voices. The men were all dressed when they lay down, so that their toilets were completed when they had rolled up in their blankets and, if they felt inclined, washed their hands and faces.

The bacon and coffee served out by the Ballet Girl soon vanished. The men devoured them standing or squatting on the ground wherever they happened to be.

The Ballet Girl, assisted by two other cooks who came with our re-enforcements, marshaled the pack horses that formed our provision train. Laboriously hoisting himself on to the back of his horse, the Ballet Girl stamped the spike in the end of his wooden leg well into the stirrup and announced that all was ready. The horses of the men had been saddled for some time. The men swung themselves into their saddles and we started in a canter over the desert, a troop that was 87 strong.

The men were in high spirits. Jokes and rough chaff flew from one to another. But it would never do to use up our horses by keeping them at a canter. By the order of the foreman the pace was brought down to a shuffling jog-trot. The spirits of the men seemed to keep pace with the speed of their mounts. The shouts and laughter lowered until only a rumble of conversation could be heard.

Mile after mile was passed. The plain over which we rode was unbroken by any tracks save those we left behind us. The trail of the herd, the foreman said, lay farther to the south. The cattle were heading eastward. So were we. The point toward which they steered was probably the grand, sleeping profile of Montezuma, outlined against the blue sky by a distant mountain range, and which marked a pass for which we, too, were headed. On the other side of the pass lay Palomas.

At noon we ate a hasty lunch and then jogged on again. One part of the desert was precisely like another. There was nothing to mark our progress until, toward evening, we came on the track of the herd. The foreman and Hayward were mildly elated then.

"There can't be no doubt but what we're gainin on 'em, an there ain't no doubt but what they're all here, too," said the foreman. "We're liable for to run agains' the outfit mos' any time now." The chase was a little more exciting after this. To guard against ambush or other surprise ten men were detached and ordered to ride 200 yards ahead of us, and ten more were sent as far behind.

The trail we followed was as plainly marked as though a broad street had been laid out across the desert. Sometimes we could see it for miles ahead, drawing to a point as it disappeared on the horizon; sometimes it passed over one of the many sand dunes that wrinkled the surface of the plain; then we could see it only when we mounted the rise.

After sunset we would camp by the side of the trail. In the morning, as soon as there was light enough to see by, we would pick it up again. Day after day this went on. Montezuma's face grew more and more distinct. Cattle that had fallen behind the herd began to dot the trail here and there. Stretching their chafed limbs, the men would tell each other that the thieves would have to pay for all this discomfort once we had overtaken them. It seemed to me that it was months, not days, since we had been following the cattle. I consulted with the foreman as to the advisability of greater speed.

"Can't see what we'd gain by it, only to kill up our horses," he replied. "Them thieves is drivin the herd ter pretty near as good a place ter ship from as where we was goin when we started out from the ranch. We're gainin on 'em too. Don't you fret. You'll see 'em soon enough, an then there'll be all the fun you want."

To be sure, the foreman's idea of fun differed materially from the views I held on the subject, but events redounded to the credit of the foreman's wisdom, as events generally did.

It was about the middle of the afternoon when the foreman rode up to me, pointing to a thin cloud of dust that hung over the trial at a point directly ahead of us, where a rise hid it from our sight.

"That's them," he remarked tersely. "Now, then, I reckon"— He interrupted himself, for there was the crack of a rifle from the invisible space, followed by the popping of six shooters. Above the rise there instantly appeared the heads and then the bodies and horses of the men who composed the vanguard as they raced toward us. One of the horses was wounded, and the rider was sitting very straight, his reins in his right hand, while his left arm, covered by a reddened shirt sleeve, hung by his side. Instinctively the main body formed a line, parting to let the vanguard through. It formed up behind us, and the rear guard galloped forward and joined them; then we all spurred forward.

"Halt!" shouted the foreman, lifting one hand, while he reined in his horse with the other. The men hesitated and then stopped. Some of them had passed ahead and were obliged to return.

"What's wrong?" I asked.

"There's another ridge behind this here one," replied the foreman, raising his voice so that all the men might hear. "Behind that other ridge them thieves is a-waitin fer us. They'll jus waste you men if you try ter rush 'em, an

"Halt!" shouted the foreman, lifting one hand.

maybe we can get away with 'em with out that. Dismount. Now, all you boys what has got rifles come with me." The men rolled from their horses. Those who had rifles drew them from the leather beckets that hung to their saddles.

"You haven't got no rifle, so you can't do no good with us. Stay here," said the foreman as I started forward. "You'll see some er the fight later on, don't fear." What he said was quite true. I could do no good by going forward, armed only with my pistols. Furthermore, though I did not want to shirk my share in this fight, in the result of which I more than any one there was interested, I had not the slightest desire to see more of it than was necessary.

The party led by the foreman toiled half way up the incline and stopped while the foreman went forward alone. Reaching the brow of the little hill, for a moment he peered cautiously over, then beckoned to his men. They came and lay prone, resting their rifles on the sand in front of them. After the pause of a second the foreman must have given some signal, for the rifles spoke together in a crash, and the white smoke drifted lazily back, for a moment concealing the men. Another volley, and a much heavier one, answered ours. The bullets knocked little spurts of sand from the ridge or flew, singing like mosquitoes, over our heads.

Then the shooting became rapid and irregular, sounding like nothing so much as a number of packs of firecrackers set off together. The men were firing at will. Lying next to the foreman Spider was wasting cartridges, to judge from the rapidity of his fire. He was using one of the rifles he had captured the night before we had started out, and each time he fired he would slip in a fresh cartridge to avoid exhausting the magazine. Once a man who lay near him screamed and then swore, clapping his hand to his shoulder and withdrawing it covered with blood. As he backed down the slope Spider offered him a bandanna handkerchief wherewith to bandage his wound, but he declined it, and tore off his shirt sleeve, using that instead.

After awhile the firing slackened, until there was only an occasional report. Followed by Spider the foreman came down the slope and walked toward me.

"It ain't no good," he called as he came within speaking distance. "Them fellers kin hold us here jus' so long as we don't do no more than we're doin. All we c'n do is ter keep 'em under cover, an we've done that now. Ther ain't one of 'em what dares ter show his head. But while we're waitin here they c'n take them cattle clean back ter Portland, Me., if we only give 'em time enough. We got ter get 'em outer there somehow."

"Rush 'em out!" exclaimed a voice among the men.

"Reckon it comes ter sunthin like that," responded the foreman. "We can't touch their flanks, 'cause their ridge is longer'n ours."

A charge, then, clearly was necessary, and it was as clearly my duty to lead that charge. I did not want to, but if I hoped to retain my self respect or that of my men there was no other course left open.

"All right," I called, trying to speak unconcernedly. "Mount, boys, and line up."

(CONTINUED.)

Not a Steel Engraving.

"Yes, mum," said the tramp, who had devoured the second pie; "in the old days I used to be an engraver and if I only had the tools"—

"Don't let that bother you," interrupted the old lady as she picked up the ax and saw; "here are the tools for a wood cut. Now get to work."—Chicago News.

THE BUYED GUY.

The guide was guiding a guy. As the guide guided the guy the guide guyed the guy until the guy would no longer be guyed by a guide whom he had hired not to guy, but to guide. So the guyed guy guyed the guide. No wonder everyone guyed the guyed guide guiding a guyed guy.

National enthusiam is the great nursery of genius.—Tuckerman.

If you resolve to do right you will soon do wisely; but resolve only to do wisely and you will never do right.—Ruskin.

There is no policy like politeness; and a good manner is the best thing in the world to get a good name or to supply the want of it.—Bulwer.

The first duty of life is to be calm; for the calm mind seeks the truth as the river seeks the sea.—Lawrence.

When a man does wrong it is a poor excuse to say there are others.

It is wonderfdl how near conceit is to insanity.—Jerrold.

CHOSEN FROM A MULTITUDE.

The Preference Shown By Thinking People for Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine---Record Sales in October.

Considering the large number of remedies for coughs and colds that are now offered to the public, and in view of the fact that nearly every druggist has a preparation of his own which he makes an effort to substitute for the medicine asked for, it seems truly remarkable that the demand for Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine should increase by such leaps and bounds.

During October the sale of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine exceeded by several hundred bottles the record of any previous month in its history. When it is remembered that this preparation received very little newspaper advertising the evidence seems to be conclusive that it makes its way by sheer force of merit.

Thinking people recognize the harmfulness and danger of using strong drugs which are said to cure a cold in a few hours. They prefer to cling to Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, which they know beyond a doubt to be a thorough and effective treatment for coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis, whooping cough, throat irritation, asthma, and even consumption itself.

The combination of Linseed and Turpentine, with half a dozen other ingredients of equal value for treating colds, in such proportions as they are found in Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine has proven to be a perfect protection against such developments as pneumonia, consumption and serious lung troubles. You can with certainty rely on this preparation to afford prompt relief and permanent cure.

Do you suppose that the sale of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine would be more than three times that of any similar preparation if it was not the most effective remedy that money can buy? It has stood the test and proven itself worthy of the confidence that is placed in it. People recommend it one to another, and so the good news spreads. Be sure you get the genuine, with Dr. Chase's portrait and signature on the wrapper; 25 cents a bottle. Family size, three times as much, 60 cents. At all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

It is some time ago now since it was decided to erect a monument surmounted by an eagle on the field of Waterloo in memory of the Old Guard and its gallant stand on that fateful day. A committee was formed some years back to consider the question, and M. Gerome executed the work, but the eagle is at the present time in the cellars of the Grand Palais and cannot be erected for want of money. It is stated that a fete is to be organized, the proceeds to go to the fund in question.

SPRING DEPRESSION

PEOPLE FEEL WEAK, LASILY TIRED AND OUT OF SORTS.

You Must Assist Nature in Overcoming This Feeling Before the Hot Weather Months Arrive.

It is important that you should be healthy in the spring. The hot summer is coming on and you need strength, vigor, and vitality to resist it. The feeling of weakness, depression and feebleness which you suffer from in spring is debilitating and dangerous. You have been indoors a good deal through the winter months, haven't taken the usual amount of exercise perhaps, your blood is sluggish and impure and you need a thorough renovation of the entire system. In other words you need a thorough course of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. If you try them you will be surprised to note how vigorous you begin to feel, how the dull lassitude disappears, your step becomes elastic, the eye brightens and a feeling of new strength takes the place of all previous feelings. Thousands have proved the truth of these words and found renewed health through the use of these pills in spring time. One of the many is Miss Cassie Way, of Picton, Ont., who says:—"A few years ago I was cured of a very severe and prolonged attack of dyspepsia through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, after all other medicines I had tried failed. Since that time I have used the pills in the spring as a tonic and blood builder and find them the best medicine I know of for this purpose. People who feel run down at this time of the year will make no mistake in using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

These Pills are not a purgative medicine and do not weaken as all purgatives do. They are tonic in their nature and strengthen from first dose to last. They are the best medicine in the world for rheumatism, sciatica, nervous troubles, neuralgia, indigestion, anaemia, heart troubles, scrofula, and humours in the blood, etc. The genuine are sold only in boxes, the wrapper around which bears the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." Sold by all dealers in medicine or sent post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Beethoven's Wit.

The composer Beethoven was possessed of a grim satiric wit which resembled nothing so much as the caustic humor of Carlyle. It is related of him that one day his brother, who was very proud of a little piece of property he owned, called on him, but found him out, so he left a card inscribed:—"Johann von Beethoven, land proprietor." Next day he had it returned to him, written on the back:—"H. von Beethoven, brain proprietor."

Heard at a Church Concert.

He—How I envy the man who just sang the solo.

She—Why, I thought he had an exceptionally poor voice!

He—Oh, it isn't his voice I envy, it's his nerve.

Wise is the man who knows when to make a long story short.

Some people avoid straightened circumstances by being crooked.

SLEEPLESSNESS is due to nervous excitement. The delicately constituted, the financier, the business man and those whose occupation necessitates great mental strain or worry, all suffer more or less from it. Sleep is the great restorer of a worried brain, and to get sleep cleanse the stomach from all impurities with a few doses of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, gelatine coated, containing no mercury, and are guaranteed to give satisfaction or the money will be refunded.

Some men sow a few seeds of kindness and expect to reap their reward with a mowing machine.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, Etc.

The relation between color and sound is merely hue and cry.

In washing woollens and flannels, the soft soap made from Lever's Dry Soap (a powder) will be found very satisfactory.

Egotism of Genius.

A writer in the London Standard declares the idea that genius is usually modest to be a popular delusion. On the contrary, he alleges egotism to be the very essence of true genius and quotes many amusing examples.

When Wordsworth, Southey and Coleridge were walking together and Coleridge remarked that the day was so fine "it might have been ordered for three poets," the gentle Wordsworth promptly exclaimed: "Three poets! Who are the other two?"

Disraeli, then a mere youth, wrote to his sister that he had heard Macaulay, Sheil and Grant speak, "but between ourselves I could floor them all." And again he said, "When I want to read a good book, I write one."

Our own Joaquin Miller wrote to Walt Whitman: "You and I are over the head of the rabble. We know we are great, and if other people don't know it it is their own fault."

It was President Grant who, being told that a certain senator, an admitted genius who was very hostile to him, did not believe the Bible, expressed his estimate of the senator's egotism by rejoining: "Why should he? He didn't write it, you know."

Sometimes a man's neighbors consider him ungrateful because he insists on managing his own affairs.

Belgium Saloons.

Belgium has 175,000 taverns and saloons for the sale of liquors.

Curious Old Custom.

In one of the suburbs of Paris a wealthy merchant died the other day, and on the evening of the funeral his neighbors witnessed a curious ceremony.

An hour before the body was to be taken to the cemetery the relatives of the dead man, five or six in number, went out into the garden adjoining the house and walked solemnly and silently around it. Each carried a lantern and kept his eyes fixed on the ground, as though he were looking for something. Finally they all halted in front of a large pile of stones and, laying aside their lanterns, proceeded to throw down the pile. After every stone had been removed they examined minutely the spot on which the pile had rested and then slowly and with bowed heads returned to the house.

This is an old Norman custom, and it is observed in this instance because the dead man was a native of Gison. There is a tradition in Normandy that before burying a body all the ground around his dwelling should be searched in order to make sure that the soul has not hidden itself somewhere. At one time every family in Normandy faithfully observed this tradition, but now only a few pay heed to it.

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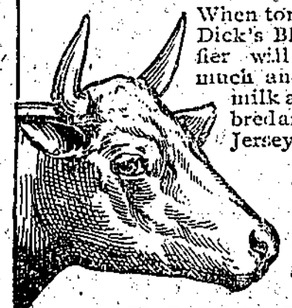
A Common Bred Cow



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ALL IN THE DAY'S WORK

By ELIAS LISLE

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Between wet and glistening fangs Brindle, the performing lion of the Cosmopolitan circus, let out a sound that was half groan and half roar.

"Whut! You brute!" said Berthels, the elephant man, gesturing at him for silence.

"Don't abuse him," said the woman, scarcely more than a girl, who stood beside Berthels. "He isn't in good humor today."

"Should say he wasn't," replied Berthels. "Ill tempered, bad mannered beast! Wouldn't wonder if he was going bad."

"Nonsense! My lions don't go bad. Besides, he's only a two-year-old. Look at old Archon. He's ten if he's a day, and you don't see him going bad, do you?"

"There's something wrong with Brindle, anyway," insisted the man.

"O' course there is. He's had a rough morning of it. He was clumsy and stepped on Archon's toes at rehearsal, and Archon boxed his ears. The hyena in the next cage laughed, and that hurt Brindle's feelings. You know how sensitive he is. He sulked so that I had to beat him to make him perform at all. He's awfully cut up about it, for you know I really believe he is fond of me."

"Wish you'd believe that about somebody else, Sue," said the man wistfully, looking down into the clear, brown eyes that were fixed on the lion.

"Perhaps I don't want to," said the girl saucily. "Besides, Brindle is my sworn slave. You can hear him swearing now," she added, laughing, as the handsome beast muttered lionwise deep down in his great chest.

"Mlle. Zelka, the feline empress," was right in her half jocular estimate of Brindle. Brindle was a lion with feelings. Some lions are savage, others are sullen, more are treacherous, and all are absolutely cold blooded. There are a very few exceptions to this rule, however, and Brindle was one of those very rare exceptions, with a capacity for affection and loyalty. Mlle. Zelka had only a faint inkling of this. Berthels didn't believe in it at all because he was the head of the elephant herd, and elephant men are very wise and believe nothing but the worst about animals. That is the only reason why all of them don't die young. Berthels was anxious about Mlle. Zelka, who was plain Sue Ransome to him. That she wasn't Sue Berthels was not his fault. If she ever did become so, he intended that her lion training career should end, and she suspected this. So it was partly coquetry that made her leave him now, walk over to the cage and, putting her piquant face close up to the lion's, begin to talk to him.

But Brindle's sensibilities had been lacerated. To be beaten by his queen was a humiliation of spirit beyond all others. Not yet had the smart of it passed away. Therefore he now arose haughtily, stalked over to the farther corner of his cage and affected a majestic disdain of his charmer's conversation.

"Well, you aren't very polite this afternoon," she remarked as she turned away. "Hope you'll feel better when it comes time for the show."

"And I hope you'll cut that beast out of the programme tonight, Sue, dear," said Berthels as he went to his elephants.

After they had gone the hyena which had insulted Brindle that morning chose to make some jeering remarks. Arose Brindle then in wrath and spoke in substance as follows through the network of bars at which he clawed:

"You snickering eater of better people's leavings, if I could break into that cage for about two seconds and get one swipe at you I'd knock that grin through the top of the tent."

"He, he, he, he! Ha-ah-h-h-hrr-ha-ha!" taunted the hyena. "Ha-ha"—

The hateful voice died away as a rising growl from Archon's cage gave news that the king of the circus had wakened—wakened with a strange fire in his eye, before which the other animals cowered. For this was the fire of madness and murder which no man is wise enough to know, though all animals recognize it with terror. Archon had gone bad. At one glance Brindle knew it; knew, too, that the demon in possession of the great lion might lie craftily in wait for long, but that sooner or later it would glut itself in slaughter.

* * * * * * *

Of the attendants surrounding the cage where the feline empress ruled her beasts that night one wore a grave and drawn face. Berthels should have been with the elephants, but anxiety had brought him into the ring when Mlle. Zelka's act was called. With a pang of fear he noted the intense nervousness of the young lion, the most promising performer of the lot. Brindle was stumbling through his part like an amateur, and his mistress, too wise to be harsh, was coaxing and soothing him with hand and wand.

"Sue," the low voice came to her ears from without the cage in a lull of the music, "let me call the ringmaster and have the young one barred off."

"No; he's all right," said the girl softly. "Don't worry, Phil. He isn't going bad. But I can't understand him. See how he watches Archon."

Indeed the young lion's eyes were hardly ever taken off the king of the group. Twice he missed his cue, and a third time he half turned away.

"All right, boy," said the trainer gently. "I'll give you a rest. Come out. Prætor! Jump! So. Now, Consul! Up! Good boy! Up, Cæsor! Come, Senator, over! Hola!"

Around the confines of the cage, now running, now leaping over the set obstructions, glided the tawny, sinuous bodies of the lion troupe, while their mistress, in the center, waved them on with her wand. But all the time she was watching, not Brindle, but Archon, and Brindle was watching too. Soon it was the big lion's turn. In answer to the command he came forward, but there was something strange in his motion. His eyes were set, and he moved jerkily, and the great tufted tail that had been curving around his flanks grew straight and rigid as an iron club.

"Come, Archon," said the girl. "Up! Get up, sir! Archon!" Then, without raising her voice, for the discipline of the circus thinks first of its audience—the audience that must not be unpleasantly disturbed—she said rapidly: "Set the poles and keep him back. I can't get to the door. He's going bad."

Slowly the great lion moved on—stiffly, like a cat stalking a sparrow. The others crouched at the sides, silent and trembling. Only Brindle growled slightly. Then there was a rattle and clank of the iron door, and a man, bearing a heavy club in his hand, leaped into the cage.

"Phil!" cried the girl, with a thrill in her voice that told him more than he had ever known before. "Go back! They don't know you! You'll be killed! I can handle"—

Her voice was drowned in the shriek of thousands of voices as the great lion hurled himself straight at her throat, smiting at her with those terrible paws. At the same time a second tawny body darted through the air, and the two met. Like a flash the girl had slipped away from the mad lion's onslaught, but a glancing impact had sent her to the floor. Half stunned as she was, she caught at the bars to raise herself, for once a trainer is down authority is gone, and any lion is likely to attack. A strong arm lifted her and drew her toward the door, but the way was blocked. Locked in a furious embrace, the mad lion and the two-year-old were tearing and clawing each other, while the rest slunk, terrified, at the sides. Even in her peril the girl thought of the faithful beast.

"Archon will kill him!" she cried, clutching the elephant man's arm. "See, he is working in at his throat! Oh, can't they get firebrands?"

What Berthels did then was partly from gratitude and partly from the natural fighting courage of the man who trains wild beasts. He swung his heavy club up and as Brindle in a final effort for life tore half loose from his foe brought the weapon down with a smashing blow across the mad lion's maw. A lion's nose is his sensitive point. Half stunned, the giant relaxed his grip, and Brindle tore away. Archon gathered himself to leap. Again the club fell, but this time too late. The man was down.

"At him, Brindle!" cried the girl, catching at Archon with her slender hands, and the faithful lion responded with another attack.

But now the fighting madness was at its height in Archon's brain. One paw broke Berthels' arm, the foaming jaws were at his throat, when there came the crackle of pistols, and the fierce face rose, bespattered with blood, turned hither and thither and closed its eyes. They dragged Berthels out of the cage then and there, but not so the girl. Over her Brindle, torn and mangled, mounted guard until she came to from her faint and drew herself to her feet, with her hands buried in his mane.

Berthels insisted that he and the feline empress ought to be married on the day they buried Archon, but his broken arm wouldn't allow it. However, they had a professional wedding in the lion cage, and Brindle, standing proudly on his hind legs, with crossed American flags in his mouth, was best man.

St. Rule's Tower.

St. Rule's tower, in the town of St. Andrews, is an evidence of the link which binds St. Andrew, whose feast all good Scotchmen keep, to the country of whom he is the patron saint. The legend runs that a monk called Regulus, or Rule, brought the bones of St. Andrew from Constantinople to Scotland and buried them near the seacoast, on the spot round which the present town of St. Andrews afterward grew. Whether the story is true or not, there seems to be no other way to explain the connection of this particular saint with Scotland, for he seems to have passed the whole of his life up to the moment of his martyrdom in the east. James II. certainly associated him with the country across the Tweed, for it was he who founded the Order of St. Andrew in 1687, to be conferred on the king and sixteen knights.—London Chronicle.

How the Tea Plant Started.

As you drink a cup of tea do you ever think how tea came to grow? Tell your next visitor the story. A Persian prince on his way to meet his betrothed vowed that he would not sleep until he saw her. After traveling seven days he stopped to rest under a shade tree, and there, being no longer able to resist the temptation, he fell into a sound sleep. When he awakened, he was so sorry that he cut off his eyelids and threw them on the ground. From them grew the tea plant. It is rather unfortunate that the story stops here, because it would be interesting to know what the lady thought of a sweetheart without eyelids and whether it would be possible for them to grow again.

TO CANADA'S RESCUE.

Daily Journal of Aberdeen Makes Eloquent Defence of the Dominion.

Here is a Scottish newspaper. The Daily Journal of Aberdeen, with a really eloquent defence of Canada against Kipling's implied suggestion that snow plays a part in our daily life.

"The title of Our Lady of the Snows," says the Scottish writer, "bestowed on Canada in a haphazard sort of manner by Rudyard Kipling, is not at all a happy one, as it applies to a season only. I have seen the grapes hanging in luxuriant bunches to the vines in a Quebec garden, and the fields of tomatoes grow crimson in the warm sunshine. I have lingered in the golden wheatfields in the evening and listened to the myriad sounds of the cricket and grasshopper; I have walked amid the cedar trees in an Ontario swamp when the sunset glow had faded, and watched the fireflies darting to and fro like shooting stars, and I have watched the tiny humming-bird with plumage that rivalled the gaily-painted butterflies, contesting with the bee for the honey that lay within the sweet-smelling flowers. Scenes like these are not associated with a land of never-ending winter. Consequently there can be no greater mistake than to imagine, as too many people do, that Canada is a semi-Arctic country out of which little good can come. And yet, what do we find? According to the returns of the Board of Trade fully 65,000 to 75,000 Britishers went to live in the United States during the past year, while only 12,000 or 13,000 went to Canada. There is no reason to doubt that if the resources and natural wealth of the Dominion of Canada were more generally known in this country we would soon hear the last of the term "American" as applied to Canadian products and United States producers would no longer receive credit for Canadian goods, in many cases superior to their own. Those who guide the destinies of the Dominion think that the Stars and Stripes have overshadowed the Maple Leaf long enough. Every true Briton will be of the same opinion."

Dr. Crozier One of the Elect.

Canadians generally will be interested in learning that Dr. J. Beattie Crozier, author of the famous work, "History of Intellectual Development," has been selected as one of the 300 representatives of the empire in the splendid ten-guinea volume of portraits and biographies which the Grosvenor Press are bringing out. The work consists of representative men of every class outside of the military and civil services, who will have a volume to themselves. Dr. Crozier will be one of the representatives of the department of philosophy. Also, of course, he will stand as one of the representatives of Canada, a distinction he has well earned, and on which his countrymen will warmly congratulate him.

The Lovingness of Dogs.

I have heard the watchdog's honest bark bay deep-voiced welcome to me as I headed for the pear tree after dark. I believe the fellow that owned the pear tree chose to think that the dog was giving him warning of my approach, but I knew better. I had never given that particular dog any reason to dislike me and the fact that his noisy welcome did bring the owner of the tree into his orchard with a gun was not the dog's fault. It was merely due to the circumstance that the dog in his canine ignorance welcomed me too vociferously.

Facts About Londoners.

Londoners drink less than seven gallons of milk a head in a year.

Fifty-six different authorities exercise control over the port of London.

In 1,000 deaths of Londoners 287 occur in winter and 226 in summer.

London's cemetery area works out at one acre for each 1,700 people.

In London 900,000 persons are living more than two in a room, and 26,000 six or more in a room.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Sewer gas is counteracted by a handful of salt placed in toilet room basins.

A sponge is the best thing to wipe down paint with, as it leaves no "fluff."

In a sickroom never shake pillows and bedclothes over the patient. Always shake them away from the bed.

It pays well to do your mending before the articles go to the wash, as washing usually results in making the holes larger.

To renovate leather chairs wipe the cushions with a slightly damp cloth and then rub dry. Next apply the white of an egg beaten to a stiff froth and rub with a soft cloth.

To keep the dining room table in a good, well polished condition rub it once a week with a mixture of one ounce of spirits of turpentine and one ounce of olive oil. Apply it with a piece of flannel cloth.

Milk that has been standing any little time in a jug should always be carefully poured into another jug, leaving a little at the bottom, for this portion of the milk is said to be injurious to health.

Housework gloves should be sufficiently loose to allow free play to the fingers. In using rubber gloves for dishwashing care should be taken to wash them on the hands until every trace of grease is removed.

Society Manners.

The young girl who has a society mask which she lets fall when she enters her own home need not hope to long deceive her friends. Inadvertently she will let it slip at an unexpected moment, and the glimpse once seen of a peevish, selfish nature is not soon forgotten. If the wishes of the brother at home are not to be considered, the admiring man friend feels sure her lover and future husband will not be either. The sweet, musical voice which is heard in society often changes into a snappy, disagreeable one when used to address a patient, devoted mother at home. But at some unexpected moment the young girl is sure to be overheard, says the Philadelphia Press. A chance visitor will ring the bell and be ushered into the drawing room while in a heated argument above stairs the fair young daughter of the house is expressing her opinion in no measured manner.

No rules for preserving the physical beauty can obliterate traces in the face of ill nature. Let the fair debutante bear this well in mind.

She Keeps Bees.

Bee keeping is an occupation which the few women who have taken it up find both pleasurable and profitable. One of those who have made a signal success at it is Mrs. N. L. Stow of Evanston, Ill. Mrs. Stow, who is the wife of ex-Alderman Stow, has a fully equipped apiary. She is a recognized authority on the business and a frequent contributor to bee journals.

She started in 1884 with four hives at her home in Ashland avenue. Soon they had multiplied to twenty. The nearby prairies were covered with white clover and heart's ease, which made the best sort of feeding ground, and it wasn't long before the apiary numbered eighty colonies, making it the largest in the country.

All the work of attending to the bees Mrs. Stow performs herself, and during the seventeen years never has a swarm escaped. Every pound of honey she takes from the hives with her own hands.

Japan's Modern Woman.

In reply to the query about the effect of the new woman idea in Japan a bright Japanese woman replied as follows, says the Detroit Tribune:

"Oh, yes, indeed, a very great effect. We are beginning to have old maids. Such a thing less than a generation ago was unheard of, but now we are recruiting more and more old maids each year. The women's clubs are making our girls much more particular as to their husbands. The more education a girl gets the harder she is to please in the way of a husband. When she gets a knowledge of algebra and geometry and chemistry and poetry and drama, she begins to have ideals and is not contented to marry the first man or even the second or third that she has a chance to marry, and because frequently the fourth does not turn up at all or is no better than the preceding three she prefers to remain single."

Simplicity in Table Decorations.

Elaborate and expensive floral centerpieces are not necessarily the most beautiful. Simplicity often rules the world of art and nature. Who would consider as beautiful at first thought a few sprays of the leafy growth of the garden asparagus together in a small vase with a like number of golden coreopsis? The effect is charming if the vase also be simple. This should be remembered, that a vase of flowers is intended to display the beauty of the flowers and not man's handiwork in molding or coloring the vase.

The umbels of white flowers of the wild carrot are very pretty in vase decorations, yet how few persons would think of gathering them for that purpose!

HON. DAVID WARK.

Oldest Member of Any Parliament in the British Empire, New Brunswick Senator Has Done Good Work.

The oldest member of any Parliament in the British Empire, and probably the oldest representative in any of the national assemblies of earth, is the Hon. David Wark of Fredericton, New Brunswick, who has just entered upon the ninety-ninth year of his useful career, writes the Ottawa correspondent of The Montreal Witness. Fifty-seven years ago he was chosen member for the County of Kent in the New Brunswick Legislature. After playing an active part in that body at confederation, he was raised to the Canadian Senate, which he has attended without interruption since 1867. Mr. Wark's life has been one of value to his country. In one sense he may be termed the father of the Canadian Confederation, since it was the results drawn from legislation of his framing that convinced the colonies in favor of union. On his initiative there was adopted twenty years before the union a free interchange of commodities between Britain's several colonies on the northern half of this continent. The advantages of this broad-minded step were made plain to all, and gradually there came a conviction that instead of rivalry the position of all would be strengthened before the world by a joining of interests.

A marvellous monument of the results of regular habits and temperate living is the life of this man. At this age he is as clear of mind and as vigorous of frame as most men twenty years his junior. There is nothing that would offend him more than an offer of support. Sturdy independence has been a leading characteristic of his whole life. The very messenger who stepped forward to help him on with his coat would be waved back. The fire of the born reformer still shines in his eye. His last address in the Senate was a complaint that there was not given that branch of the Legislature more to do. Three-quarters of a century on Canadian soil has not clouded his love for Ireland, the land of his birth. Mr. Wark's longevity comes of no fad practice. He has taken regular exercise and refrained from too vigorous indulgence in table delicacies. For years he has eaten but two meals a day—breakfast and tea—but in this, as well as all else, he has adhered to regularity.

Senator Wark was one of the first public men in this section of the empire to identify himself with the Imperial federation movement. He is in favor of any policy that would strengthen the bond between the motherland and her colonies. He would vote tomorrow for intercolonial free trade. He has long advocated the improvement of Canada's trade relations with the United States. The breadth of view which prompted his first public act of consequence—the adoption of free trade between the units of British North America—has been apparent in almost every speech he made. He would like to see confederation rounded off by the inclusion of Newfoundland. In Parliament this wonderful old man has consistently supported every movement that was calculated to elevate the people's morals. In a letter written by his own hand the other day Senator Wark announces that he will probably be up to Ottawa for a portion of the session.

A Harry Furniss Story.

I was at my hotel in Ottawa, the morning after I appeared at the Opera House in the "Humors of Parliament." An eminent Canadian divine was ushered into my quarters, and addressing me, said:

"Allow me to introduce myself, and to say that I listened with the greatest pleasure and profit to your most admirable discourse last evening."

I bowed my very best.

"I must say," continued the rev. gentleman, "that your efforts in the cause of Christianity in this city are marked by a fervor and earnestness that cannot fail to convert."

"Really," I said, "you flatter me."

"Ah, no, sir, you are one of the brave soldiers of Christianity, who march through the world addressing huge audiences and influencing the masses, taking life seriously, and denouncing frivolity and worldliness."

"Well," I said, "I don't think I do any harm, but I must disclaim for my poor efforts to amuse—"

"Amuse, sir," repeated the astonished divine. "Surely I am speaking to the gentleman whose striking discourse it was my good fortune to listen to last evening in Dominion Church?"

"No, sir, I was in the Grand Opera House."

"Then you are not Dr. Munhall, the revivalist?"

"Bless you, no, sir. I am Furniss, the caricaturist."

"Good gracious! where's the door? Let me out! They have brought me to the wrong room!"—From "The Confessions of a Caricaturist."

Some of Them "Out."

"Is the jury still out?" asked the attorney for the defendant of Judge Wayback.

"I guess some of 'em is," replied the judge sagely. "They've bin playin' poker fer the past three hours."

"WHEN SKULE LETS OUT!"

I'm happy ez a clam; oh, you kin bet I'm feelin
gay!
Becuz the time fer closin skule gits nearer ev'ry
day.
I'm sick uv this here study work an monkeyin in
skule,
Uv learnin that ole gografy an math'metician
rule.
I list can't git it through my head—the spellin
book, I mean—
For blame near ev'ry word I spell I miss it slick
and clean.
Oh, won't I be a happy kid an won't I whoop an
shout,
An have the slickest kind uv time
When
Skule
Lets
Out!

It ain't a bit uv fun fer me to go to skule an
learn
'Bout who discovered 'Meriky, cuz I don't keer a
durn!
I ten times druther be the man what has a line an
hook
An 'scovered that the fish are bitin down in Col-
ton's brook.
I don't see why they fill me up or 'rithumtic an
say,
I'm goin to be a banker, like my papa is, some
day,
Becuz I'll be a pirut er a cowboy, jist about
Ex quick, by ginger, ez I kin
When
Skule
Lets
Out!

I wonder if they think it's fun to multiply an
add,
I never yit could figger right, an that's what
makes me mad.
The only time in all my life when I kin figger
straight
Is when I figger slidin in about ten minutes late.
I druther read uv Buffalo Bill an what the cow-
boys do
Than hear 'em tell 'bout Dewey an his brave an
trusty crew.
I'd like to kill a Injun chief an be the Buckskin
Scout,
An mebby I will stand a show
When
Skule
Lets
Out!

Jist think uv what I'm missin in the way uv win-
nin fame!
If I keep goin on to skule, I'll never carve a
name.
I don't see how I'll stan' a show to do a blessed
thing
If I must stay cooped up in skule a-studyin by
jing!
But, hully gee, I'm glad it's June, an soon I will
be free;
They won't be no more schoolin for awhile, you
bet, for me!
I'll make things hum around our house when I
begin to spout,
Gee whiz! I wish t'this wuz the day
When
Skule
Lets
Out!

—E. A. Brininstool in Los Angeles Times

Tactful Blander.

Maud—Has Mr. Goodketch come to call on you yet?

Mabel—No. He asked me several weeks if he might call too.

Maud—What did you say in reply?

Mabel—I told him mamma would be glad to see him.

Maud—Well, that's where you swallowed your gum.—Chicago Tribune.

Mean of Them.

"Well, Dorothy," said Aunt Jane, "they've decided to name the baby Harold."

"Oh, pshaw!" exclaimed little Dorothy. "I think that's too mean. Why couldn't they name it Elsie or something? They know I want a little sister."—Philadelphia Press.

A Test of Prominence.

"He assumes a great deal of importance as a public official," said one Chinaman.

"Yes," answered the other, "but anyone can see he doesn't really amount to much. He has been beheaded only twice in the past six months."—Washington Star.

A Very Painful Joke.

Bertie Soppiful—I s'pose, my boy—aw—that all the acres heah belong to the—aw—squire—aw!

Kid (with toothache)—Some on 'em. But I've got arf a dozen achers of me own, and well I knows it!

Emergency Ability.

"Women have no originality—no inventive genius."

"Nonsense. I've seen my stenographer make a memorandum with a hatpin on a cake of soap when she had no paper handy."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Fair Minded, Anyhow.

Briggs—Who was the homeliest man you ever saw?

Griggs—Ugglimugg, by all odds. He was so homely that he took offense if you told him that his children resembled him in the least.—Boston Transcript.

Not His Way.

Judge—You are charged with stealing six turkeys from Colonel Smilax. Have you any witnesses?

Rastus—No, sah; you bet I ain't. I doan' steal turkeys befo' witnesses, sah."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

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Write Your Name and Address Plainly.

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The Rev. C. F. Wells, of Villa Ridge, Ill., says: "Your trial bottle of Asthmalene received in good condition. I cannot tell you how thankful I feel for the good derived from it. I was a slave, chained with putrid sore throat and Asthma for ten years. I despaired of ever being cured. I saw your advertisement for the cure of this dreadful and tormenting disease, Asthma, and thought you had overspoken yourselves, but resolved to give it a trial. To my astonishment, the trial acted like a charm. Send me a full-sized bottle."

—Rev. Dr. Morris Wechsler,
Rabbi of the Cong. Bnai Israel.
New York, Jan. 3, 1901.

DRS. TAFT BROS. MEDICINE CO.,

Gentlemen: Your Asthmalene is an excellent remedy for Asthma and Hay Fever, and its composition alleviates all troubles which combine with Asthma. Its success is astonishing and wonderful.

After having it carefully analyzed, we can state that Asthmalene contains no opium, morphine, chloroform or ether. Very truly yours,

REV. DR. MORRIS WECHSLER.

AVON SPRINGS, N. Y., Feb. 1, 1901.

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Gentlemen: I write this testimonial from a sense of duty, having tested the wonderful effect of your Asthmalene, for the cure of Asthma. My wife has been afflicted with spasmodic asthma for the past 12 years. Having exhausted my own skill as well as many others, I chanced to see your sign upon your windows on 130th street New York, I at once obtained a bottle of Asthmalene. My wife commenced taking it about the first of November. I very soon noticed a radical improvement. After using one bottle her Asthma has disappeared and she is entirely free from all symptoms. I feel that I can consistently recommend the medicine to all who are afflicted with this distressing disease.

Yours respectfully, O. D. PHELPS, M.D.

DR. TAFT BROS. MEDICINE CO. Feb. 5, 1901.

Gentlemen: I was troubled with Asthma for 22 years. I have tried numerous remedies, but they have all failed. I ran across your advertisement and started with a trial bottle. I found relief at once. I have since purchased your full-size bottle, and I am ever grateful. I have family of four children, and for six years was unable to work. I am now in the best of health and doing business every day. This testimony you can make use of as you see fit.

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NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that application will be made to the Legislative Assembly of the Province of British Columbia at its present session for an Act to incorporate a Company with power to construct, equip, maintain and operate a single or double line of railway, to be operated by steam, electricity or any other mode of power; at and from the City of Victoria in the province of British Columbia, thence North west by the most feasible route to a point at or near Seymour Narrows in the said Province of British Columbia; and with power to construct, establish, maintain and continually operate a railway ferry steamship service for the purpose of transferring for reward passengers and passenger and freight cars from the said point at or near Seymour Narrows in Vancouver's Island to a point on the Mainland of the Province of British Columbia; and with further powers to build, equip, maintain and operate branches of the said railway from any point on the main line thereof to any point in Vancouver Island; and with power to build and operate tramways in connection with the said railway; and with power to build, construct, equip, maintain and operate telegraph and telephone lines in connection with the said railways and branches; and with power to generate electricity for the supply of light, heat and power, and for all, any and every other purpose mentioned in Sections 80, 81, 82 and 83 of the "Water Clauses Consolidation Act, 1897," and to do everything necessary or incidental to the carrying out of all or any of the objects referred to in the said sections; and with power to exercise all the powers given to the Company by Parts IV and V of the "Water Clauses Consolidation Act, 1897;" and with power to build, own and maintain saw-mills; and to carry on a general express business, and to build, maintain and operate bridges, roads, ways, ferries, wharves, docks, steamboats, steamships, coal bunkers, and other works; and to make traffic or other arrangements with railway, steamship or steamboat and other companies; and with power to expropriate lands for the purposes of the Company and to acquire land bonuses, privileges or other aid from any Government or Municipality, or other persons or bodies corporate, and with power to build wagon roads to be used in the construction of such railway and in advance of same, and to levy and collect tolls from all persons using, and on all freight passing over any of such roads built by the Company, whether before or after the construction of the railway, and with power to sell out its undertaking; and with all other usual, necessary or incidental rights, or privileges as may be necessary or conducive to the above objects, or any of them.

Dated at Victoria, B.C., this 24th day of March, A.D., 1902.

ROBERTSON & ROBERTSON,
SOLICITORS FOR THE APPLICANTS

ASSESSMENT ACT AND PROVINCIAL REVENUE TAX.

COMOX DISTRICT.

NOTICE is hereby given, in accordance with the Statutes, that Provincial revenue Tax, and all taxes levied under the Assessment Act, are now due for the year 1901. All the above named taxes collectible within the Comox District are payable at my office, at the Court House Cumberland. Assessed taxes are collectible at the following rates, viz:—

If paid on or before June 30th, 1901:—

Three-fifths of one per cent. on real property.
Two and one-half per cent. on assessed value of wild land.
One-half of one per cent. on personal property.

Upon such excess of income—

CLASS A.—On one thousand dollars and not exceeding ten thousand dollars, one per cent. up to five thousand dollars, and two per cent. on the remainder:

CLASS B.—On ten thousand dollars, and not exceeding twenty thousand dollars, one and one-half per cent. up to ten thousand dollars, and two and one-half per cent. on the remainder:

CLASS C.—On twenty thousand dollars, and not exceeding forty thousand dollars, two and one-half per cent. up to twenty thousand dollars, and three per cent. on the remainder:

CLASS D.—On all others in excess of forty thousand dollars, three per cent. up to forty thousand dollars, and three and one-half per cent. on the remainder.

If paid on or after 1st July, 1901:—

Four-fifths of one per cent. on real property.
Three per cent. on the assessed value of wild land.
Three-quarters of one per cent. on pereonal property.

On so much of the income of any person as exceeds one thousand dollars, in accordance with the following classifications; upon such excess the rates shall be, namely:—

CLASS A.—On one thousand dollars, and not exceeding ten thousand dollars, one and one-half per cent. up to five thousand dollars, and two and one-half per cent. on the remainder:

CLASS B.—On ten thousand dollars, and not exceeding twenty thousand dollars, two per cent. up to ten thousand dollars, and three per cent. on the remainder:

CLASS C.—On twenty thousand dollars, and not exceeding forty thousand dollars, three per cent. up to twenty thousand dollars, and three and one-half per cent. on the remainder:

CLASS D.—On all others in excess of forty thousand dollars, three and one-half per cent. up to forty thousand dollars, and four per cent on the remainder.

Provincial Revenue Tax $3 per capita.

JOHN BAIRD,
Assessor and Collector.

Cumberland, B. C., 11th January, 1901.
My 22

Union Brewery.

Fresh Lager Beer THE BEST IN THE PROVINCE
STEAM Beer, Ale, and Porter.

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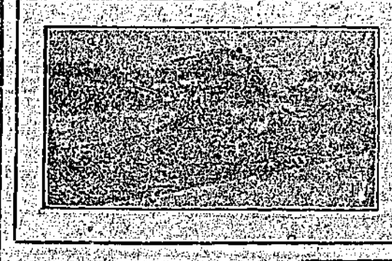

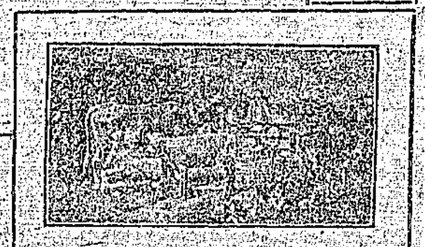

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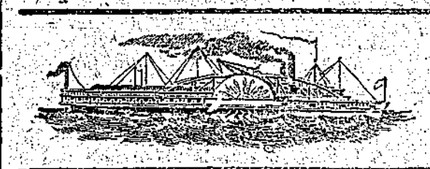

Steamship Schedule Effective Tuesday, January 21, 1902

S. S. "City of Nanaimo."

Leaves Victoria Tuesday, 6 a.m., for Nanaimo, calling at North Saanich, Cowichan, Musgraves, Burgoyne, Maple Bay, Vesuvius, Chemainus, Kuper, Thetis and Gabriola.

Leaves Nanaimo Tuesday, 3 p.m., for Union Wharf and Comox direct.

Leaves Comox and Union Wharf Wednesday, 12 noon, for Nanaimo and way ports.

Leaves Nanaimo Thursday, 7 a.m., for Comox and way ports.

Leaves Comox Friday, 7 a.m., for Nanaimo direct.

Leaves Nanaimo Friday, 2 p.m., for Victoria, calling at Gabriola, Fernwood, Ganges, Fulford and North Saanich.

Leaves Victoria Saturday, 7 a.m., for Island Ports, calling at North Saanich, Cowichan, Musgraves, Burgoyne Maple Bay, Vesuvius, Chemainus, Kuper, Thetis, Fernwood, Ganges, Fulford and Victoria, when freight or passengers offer.

Special arrangements can be made for steamer to call at other ports than those above mentioned when sufficient business is offered.

The Company reserves the right to change sailing dates and hours of sailing without previous notice.

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Traffic Manager

Black Diamond Nursery

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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 personal.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 18, 1902

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TIME TABLE EFFECTIVE NOV. 19TH, 1898

VICTORIA TO WELLINGTON.

No. 2 Daily A.M.		No. 8 Sa P.M.
De. 9:00	Victoria	De. 4:25
" 9:28	Goldstream	" 4:53
" 10:9	Koenigs	" 5:34
" 10:48	Duncans	" 6:1
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
" 11:13	Goldstream	" 7:32
Ar. 11:45	Victoria	Ar. 8:00 P.M.

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

For rates and al information apply at Company's offices.

A. DUNSMUIR, PRESIDENT. GEO. L. COURTNEY, Traffic Manager

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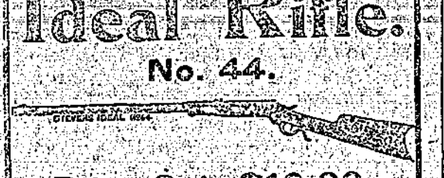

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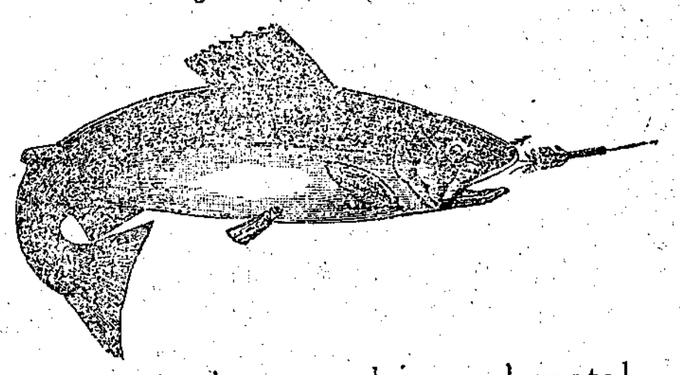

Fancy Inlaying wood in and metal.
French Polishing.
Apply
NEWS OFFICE.

BY THE GRACE OF A RED HAT

By Madge Bronson...

Copyright, 1901, By A. S. Richardson.

It was such a startling bit of millinery—all crimson velvet, peacock breasts and glittering buckles!

Edith Harlowe, stepping from the elevated train, paused for a farewell glance in its direction. The next instant there came a fierce tug on her belt. Then something strong and convincing clasped her waist. Vaguely she felt that her feet were dangling in space. Then she heard horrified cries, and finally she realized that she had been dropped unceremoniously upon the seat nearest the door, with a crowd of curious people pressing upon her.

"Oh, the poor thing, she's going to faint!"

Edith drew herself up defiantly, only to drop back instantly into a more limp and comfortable position, and the downtown terminus was reached before she felt equal to walking. A faint peach blow tint crept into her face as she approached the young guard who had so pluckily come between herself and death.

"This is one of the times, don't you know, when one can't think of pretty speeches. It was all my fault—and—and if you had not"— She shuddered suggestively. "Please give me your name—and my uncle will thank you better than I can. Perhaps he"—

One glance at the guard, and the words died on her lips. The young fellow was looking into her eyes with an air which would stamp any suggestion of reciprocal favors as an insult.

"My name is Larry Creston, and I would be pleased to meet your—er—uncle. Harlem? Yes, ma'am."

And as he assisted a heavily laden Italian into the train Edith turned away with a bewildered feeling that she had been dismissed, but not discourteously.

In the great commercial world where she was but a clerical atom the kaleidoscopic life tumbled madly on without reference to hairbreadth escapes, and it was quite late in the afternoon before Edith found time to scratch off the following note:

Dear Uncle John—You have always said that when you could be of assistance to me I should feel free to call upon you. Now, I have a real favor to ask. This morning your heedless niece was saved from a shocking, if not fatal, accident by the quick wit and ready arm of a guard on the Ninth Avenue L. He impressed me as being somewhat above the ordinary. I know that from your point of view I am rather a useless member of society, but still if you agree with me that I was worth saving, will you try to place this young fellow in a line more suited to his abilities? Your "pull," dear uncle, is unquestioned. Will you kindly attach yourself to one of the numerous strings and oblige your appreciative if somewhat obstinate niece, EDITH HARLOWE.

P. S.—His name is Larry Creston.

For a week Edith heard nothing from her note. Then one noon she met her uncle rushing from his favorite cafe, and she walked at his side to the elevator door.

"Well, Edith, I've seen your hero. First rate fellow, and, strangely enough, I've had some business dealings with his father. They live out in Ohio, and the boy, fresh from college, came here imagining that New York would be at his feet. Instead he soon found himself on his uppers, glad to take the first thing that opened up and too proud to write home for help."

"Um-um!" murmured Edith. "And, what is more to the point, do you intend to help him?"

John Harlowe smiled into the piquant face of his niece.

"In good time, Miss Independence. I've several things in line, but he's at least safe where he is. Long hours and exposure won't hurt him. He's tough as a pine knot—was a member of his college eleven"—

"I guessed as much," acquiesced Edith, with a smile.

"Eh? Why?" inquired Mr. Harlowe. "Have you seen him since?"

"No, but I guess he did not tell you—just how he saved my life. I've—well, I've felt that tackle."

She disappeared in the elevator, leaving her uncle chuckling by the cigar stand.

* * * * * * *

At rare intervals Edith made her appearance at her uncle's dinner table. Her acceptance of such an invitation was usually the occasion for christening a new gown. But on this particular evening she could extract no comfort from the fact that the chiffon applique on her bodice had been purchased at a bargain. Neither did she care about meeting the rising young novelist who was to occupy the seat on her aunt's right. The first breath of spring was brooding over the great city. The office had been musty and close. The columns of figures had danced like mad, gaunt dervishes before her eyes.

Her aunt had just confided to her that she was having new linens made for the furniture when one of the several black and white automatons scattered about the rooms presented itself before her and resolved itself into—Larry Creston.

He took her out to dinner, and she tried to cast a scornful glance at her uncle, who nodded to her across a plateau of lilies and violets. But how could one look scornful when one's head ached? Everything seemed to recall the drudgery of her daily work. The breadsticks were long, narrow columns of figures. Instinctively she began to estimate the number of almonds in the cut glass dish on her left.

Larry Creston's friendly eyes studied her face, and he secretly wondered if this were the same independent, businesslike girl who for many mornings had ridden on his train and whether the change had been wrought by the trailing gown, the bared shoulders or—A faint sigh escaped her lips, and Larry pulled himself together.

"Has your uncle told you how good he's been to me? No, of course not. He's not that sort of man. But I've a berth in the C., R. and N. office. I've been there two weeks, and the fellows are a jolly, clever lot."

Edith smiled, and the tired look faded from her eyes. During the remainder of the dinner she chatted brightly with Larry and those nearest them, but young Creston was not deceived. When they returned to the parlor, he secured for her a dim corner near a window overlooking the garden. The moist odor of spring rose from the ground, the sky was placid and starlit. He did not bore her with idle talk, and the girl was grateful.

Mr. Harlowe was very kind to this niece whose independence tried his soul, and his carriage was ordered to take her home.

Mr. Creston was closing the carriage door when Edith, with sudden compunction for her languor, exclaimed:

"Can't I drop you at your rooms, Mr. Creston?"

The young man laughed lightly.

"I'm afraid it would be rather out of your way, but if I may I'll ride as far as your flat."

So he knew she had a flat. When they turned into the dim, quiet side street, an odd whim seized the girl.

"You've never seen our little den, Mr. Creston? I know it's rather late and utterly unconventional, but won't you stop a bit? Somehow I dread my own company this evening."

The invitation was accepted with alacrity. A few minutes later they were seated in the glow of the lamp, Edith leaning restfully against the soft folds of her cloak. While Creston's quick glance took in the dainty room, whose every appointment had come from the home Edith had loved and lost, the girl was whimsically wondering what would happen if her companion, Mrs. Cornelius, in dun colored wrapper and crimpers, should suddenly appear in the doorway and ask about the dinner, as was her custom. But Mrs. Cornelius slept, and Creston turned from his polite scrutiny of the room to study Edith's face.

"You are nearly worn out, Miss Harlowe," he remarked abruptly. "Do you have your vacation early?"

"In August, I believe, though the schedule's not made out yet."

"Humph! August is a long way off. Why don't you cut it all and go with your aunt to"—

Edith was aroused on the instant.

"So uncle has been talking to you, and you've gone over to the enemy."

"Not so bad as that," replied Creston cheerily. "I shall always be on your side, of course, but then I think you are a bit unjust to your uncle and aunt when they really want you for their sake as well as yours."

"Oh, but you don't understand," protested the girl. "Why, if I were to make my home with them, my salary would not pay for my dinner gowns alone."

"And you must work?"

"I must work. I would be utterly unhappy if I were dependent on any one. I love work, indeed I do."

Creston rose and drew his fine figure to its full height before the tiny fireplace and mantel. From this vantage point he gazed wistfully upon the graceful figure reclining in the wicker chair. But when she looked up at him the wistful expression had disappeared, and in its stead shone a light almost masterful.

"I think that even the most independent of you business women need some one to look after you occasionally."

Edith flushed.

"Thank you for the suggestion, and may I add that I think you have done your full share in—er—looking after me?"

In a flash he read her meaning. She thought he was reminding her of the incident at the "L" station—of her own carelessness and his so called bravery.

"Believe me, I did not mean that. I was only thinking how wan and tired and disheartened you look."

She held out her hand, with a smile that veiled tears.

"I am tired and horrid tonight, and you were very kind to come in and save me from myself. Will you come back some evening when I am more—amiable?"

* * * * * * *

John Harlowe met his niece on lower Broadway.

"Hello, Edith! Back from your vacation? Come in and have lunch with me."

After they had taken possesion of a table among the palms and ordered the most cooling combination on the menu Mr. Harlowe glanced keenly at the sunburned face of his niece.

"Look as if you'd been living on the beach. Been having beastly weather in town. By the way, young Creston's had luck. Rowland went over to the N. Y. and H., and Creston gets his place."

"Yes?"

"It's quite an advance for a man so young in the service, and Edith"—there was positive anxiety in the man's voice as he studied his niece's impassive face—"I hope you'll treat the boy—well, a little better after this."

"I really don't see how I can, my dear uncle. Ten days ago I promised to marry him, and I rather think that's the limit, don't you?"

"He actually asked you to marry him on that salary? Edith, that fellow will be president of the system some day. Lord, what nerve! And on a hundred a month! Think of it!"

"Yes, and just think if I hadn't turned to look at that red hat, and he'd never saved me, nor you'd never"—

"There, there, Edith!—This is no game of consequences."

The Russell House Rotunda.

"This rotunda of the Russell House is one of the best-known places in Canada," said an M.P. at Ottawa to his visitor there the other day. "You can see men here from all over the world, and somehow, they don't seem to get away into private parts of this hotel the way they do in other houses, but are drawn to this rotunda, where they loiter about, smoke, and talk. One reason is that this place is as busy as a thoroughfare. There's a constant coming and going. More than that, you can always find out who anybody is. There's people here who knock around all the time, and delight in telling you who's who. As you don't know anybody here, you'd be a picnic for one of these celebrity-scenters. When I first came down here, I was greatly impressed by the way some of those chaps float around and chat with some of the great men of the land. I thought they must be great men, or they couldn't talk to the great, but now I know that the political big-guns will talk to anybody, and that lots of men who are famous ain't very great when you get close to them."

Four Good Habits.

There are four good habits—punctuality, accuracy, steadiness and dispatch. Without the first of these time is wasted. Without the second mistakes the most hurtful to our own credit and interest and that of others may be committed. Without the third, nothing can be well done, and without the fourth opportunities of great advantage are lost, which it is impossible to recall.

In Hamilton Society.

A Hamilton clergyman married a couple in his church the other day. The caretaker spread the bridal carpet for the wedding party and did the other necessary things to make the affair distinguished. After it was all over and the young couple were leaving the groom handed out envelopes to both the clergyman and caretaker. Later the clergyman said to the caretaker: "What did you get in your envelope?" And the caretaker opened the envelope and disclosed a sheet of paper on which was written, "Thanks." And to the clergyman the caretaker said: "What did you get?" Whereupon the man of God drew forth a similar document and nothing more. When the young couple return from their wedding trip they will hear from both caretaker and clergyman.—Hamilton Spectator.

The Artist and the Duke.

When Gustave Dore was at the height of his fame he visited England, and Blanchard Jerrold took him to a public dinner for one of the literary charities. The Duke of Cambridge was in the chair. Jerrold suggested to the secretary that he should arrange for his Grace to speak of the famous French artist when proposing the toast of the visitors.

"Just write the gentleman's name on a slip of paper, and I'll put it under the Duke's eye." Whereupon Jerrold wrote "Distinguished visitor—Gustave Dore," but unfortunately marked the accent over the surname's last letter so faintly that it was invisible to His Royal Highness. Presently, hot and anxious, the secretary came back to Jerrold, "By all means, says the Duke, but who the devil is Dore?"

Jerrold had to make this clear, and did so on another slip of paper, with the words, "Gustave Dore is the celebrated French painter whose pictures are the admiration of the whole civilized world."

The Duke is too much a man of the world not to have accepted the snub with gracious savoir faire, and he did full honor to Dore in a kindly and appreciative reference to the guest — and did not forget the accent.

More Slander.

Every kind father should drop money into the children's bank in order that their mother can be supplied with "change."—Atchison Globe.

His Luck.

She—Have you never been tempted to give up literature?

Author—No such luck. I've always been compelled to stick to it.—Puck.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON IV, SECOND QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, APRIL 27.

Text of the Lesson, Acts xi, 1-18. Memory Verses, 7-9—Golden Text, Acts x, 43—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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1. The gentiles also received the word of God.

The apostles and brethren that were in Judæa heard this, and it is plain from the context that it did not fill them with joy. How unlike our Lord Jesus the most of His disciples are! At one time some of the apostles felt like burning a town because the people would not receive Christ, and now they seem to feel somewhat like burning Peter because through him some uncircumcised people had received Christ. We receive Christ when we receive the word of God concerning Him. It is a simple and most reasonable thing to receive with meekness the word of God, yet comparatively few do it. Those who do give joy to our Lord (Jas. i, 21; John xvii, 8).

2, 3. When Peter was come up to Jerusalem, they that were of the circumcision contended with him.

Though they had been for years with Jesus and had been filled with the Spirit, they had not learned the significance of "whosoever" nor that "in Christ Jesus neither circumcision availeth anything nor uncircumcision, but a new creature" (John iii, 16; Gal. vi, 15). The feeling still exists in some quarters that it would be wrong to officiate or take the communion outside of one's own denomination.

4-10. Peter rehearsed the matter from the beginning.

About the sixth hour Peter felt led to go on the housetop to pray and, being hungry, would have eaten, but while they made ready he fell into a trance and saw this vision (x, 9, 10). At that very time the messengers from Cornelius were near to Joppa, and it was necessary that Peter should be ready to receive them and go with them, which he certainly would not have done but for this special vision. It is beautiful to see God preparing His servants for the good works which He has prepared for them.

11, 12. The Spirit bade me go with them.

While Peter was considering the significance of the vision the messengers from Cornelius were at the gate inquiring for him, and, instructed by the Spirit, he called the men in and lodged them, and the next day he and six others started with the messengers for Cæsarea and the home of Cornelius. This book might well be called the acts of the Holy Spirit in the name of the Lord Jesus. In it we see God and angels and men all working together that men may know the riches of God's grace and His wonderful love.

13, 14. Who shall tell thee words whereby thou and all thy house shall be saved.

As Cornelius told Peter why he had sent for him, this is what he said that the angel said Peter would do; therefore at the time of that vision neither Cornelius nor his house, however devout, was saved, and Peter had to come from Joppa to tell them the good news concerning Jesus Christ that they might be saved. How few seem to feel as Paul did when he said, "I am debtor both to Greeks and to barbarians, so, as much as in me is, I am ready to preach the gospel" (Rom. i, 14, 15).

15. And as I began to speak the Holy Ghost fell on them as on us at the beginning.

Chapter x, 44, says, "While Peter yet spake these words the Holy Ghost fell on all them which heard the word." So it was while Peter was still speaking and just at the beginning of his discourse that God wrought so marvelously. There was nothing in all this got up by man, neither the discourse nor the results. All was from God. It is my increasing conviction that if we preach the preaching which God bids us (Jonah iii, 2) the results will be all that God pleases (Isa. lv, 11).

16. Then remembered I the word of the Lord, how that He said, John indeed baptized with water, but ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost.

These ascension words (Acts i, 5) had therefore only a fulfillment at Pentecost. Here is another fulfillment, and so it goes on and will until the great fulfillment, or filfullment, of Joel ii, 28-32, in the near future. Jesus had told them that the Spirit would bring to their remembrance what He had said unto them (John xiv, 26), and He is now doing this with Peter.

17. Forasmuch then as God gave them the like gift as He did unto us, who believed on the Lord Jesus Christ, what was I that I could withstand God?

Peter was in the hands of the Lord, the Lord's messenger, the Lord's servant, and it was the Lord who wrought all this, as they might have expected He would had they believed what He commanded concerning giving the gospel to every creature and the prophecy of Joel concerning pouring out His Spirit upon all flesh. Before Peter and the other six Jewish brethren God did for the uncircumcised gentiles just what He had done at Pentecost for circumcised Jews.

18. When they heard these things, they held their peace and glorified God, saying, Then hath God also to the gentiles granted repentance unto life.

The promise to Abram was that all families of the earth should be blessed in him (Gen. xii, 3), and it was written by the Spirit through Isaiah that Israel should blossom and bud and fill the face of the earth with fruit (Isa. xxvii, 6). One would think that in the blessing to this gentile household through Peter the Jew the brethren might have seen some fulfillment of these things and not have been surprised at them. Yet it is true that many prophecies still awaiting fulfillment when fulfilled shall greatly surprise a host of believers.

THE LATE LORD DUFFERIN.

Caught by a Canadian at Julian's Art Studio in Paris.

Ella Hepworth Dixon writes to M.A.P. as follows about the late Lord Dufferin:

"I do not think Lord Dufferin ever got over the cruel loss of Lord Ava in Ladysmith. He was devoted to his eldest son, and when he was offered a parting gift on leaving Paris, he chose that Lord Ava should be painted by Benjamin Constant. The handsome young man who feel at Ladysmith went to the war somewhat against his parents' wishes; indeed, he never told them he was going till the night before. The future Marchioness of Dufferin is an American—once Miss Flora Davies; that she has a fortune is in every way a desirable thing. Lord Basil met her in Paris when he was with his father at the Embassy.

"Lord Dufferin's passion was for painting, and more than once he escaped from a vice-regal throne to go and paint incognito, at Julian's studio in Paris. A Canadian friend of mine tells me that the great viceroy was once fairly caught. It was when the Dufferins were representing Queen Victoria in Canada. One day, my friend saw a man whom she knew well going the round of the different ateliers in the Passage des Panoramas. 'That is an eccentric Englishman, a M. Smithson, who comes to paint—a middle-aged man, as you see,' explained a Swedish student next to her. 'I don't know what you mean,' exclaimed my bewildered Canadian friend, 'that man is the Marquis of Dufferin, Viceroy of Canada. I know him as well as I know you.' When His Excellency passed her she was much too patriotic not to make her most demure Court curtsey. Lord Dufferin recognized his blonde Canadian subject at once, laughed heartily at the whole thing and acknowledged that he had been fairly found out. 'I may mention' (concludes Miss Ella Hepworth Dixon) 'that the unfortunate vice-regal art-student had had to undergo all the usual torments, indignities, and standing of drinks which are inflicted on new-comers in the men's studios in Paris. The consternation when the truth became known was, I believe, considerable.'"

DELAYED BY A WEDDING.

Ceremony Was Performed on the Train—Bridegroom Waited for Girl to Grow.

Pressed for time and impatient to wed the bride for whom he had looked in vain for ten long years, Charles M. Woodworth, a mining law specialist of Dawson, was married yesterday at Calgary, Alberta, to Miss Beatrice Start of that city. An exceedingly romantic history surrounded the wedding in addition to the unique fact of its having been performed on board of a Pullman coach while the train waited for the hurried ceremony to be concluded.

More than a decade ago, when Woodworth was a youth in Nova Scotia, he started on a cross-country tramp. One exceedingly hot day, he applied at a farm house for refreshments and his wants were supplied by an exceedingly pretty little girl of ten years. The young man lingered with her as long as possible and in after years never forgot the incident.

Two years ago he tried to find the girl, but the family had moved, no one knew whither. Coming from Dawson two months ago Woodworth met the young woman on the train and they speedily became engaged, but she refused to accompany him north, and the wedding he desired was postponed indefinitely. Thence Woodworth went to Edmonton to transact some business and thence traveled in Eastern Canada. He was just starting west again when he received a telegram from the young woman, indicating that she would go with him to Dawson City or anywhere else, the only limit being to the ends of the earth.

So the young lawyer hurried westward. He had no stop-over privilege and so he wired to a Calgary clergyman, who, with the bride, awaited the overland on the station platform. The ceremony was speedily performed on the train to the enthusiastic delight of the other Pullman passengers, and Woodworth's lonely trip was transferred into the happiest of wedding journeys.—Vancouver correspondent San Francisco Chronicle.

A Painful Similarity.

"I am surprised that Gayboy didn't pay you. I thought the fellow had good points."

"So have pins, yet they'll stick you!"—Judge.

Railway Rails.

Railway rails deteriorate sooner in tunnels than elsewhere because of the effect of injurious gases.

100

A Skinning Process.

"This," said the fond father to the dermatological expert, "seems to be a pretty big bill for the treatment you have given my daughter."

"It was a difficult treatment," explained the skin doctor. "You see, we had to remove all the cuticle from her cheeks and graft a new epidermis upon them."

"Well," said the father, reaching for his checkbook, "I don't know which one of us you skinned the most."

Santa Fe.

The oldest capital in the United States is Santa Fe, which was the seat of government in New Mexico as far back as 1640.

Introducing a happy man to a pessimist is like shaking a red rag at a bull.

Blessed is the woman whose husband can always find in the bureau drawer the thing he is looking for.

Politeness is the zero mark of love's thermometer.

Messrs C. C. Richards & Co.

Gentlemen,—After suffering for seven years with inflammatory rheumatism, so bad that I was eleven months confined to my room, and for two years could not dress myself without help. Your agent gave me a bottle of MINARD'S LINIMENT in May, '97, and asked me to try it, which I did, and was so well pleased with the results that I procured more. Five bottles completely cured me and I have had no return of the pain for eighteen months.

The above facts are well known to everybody in this village and neighborhood.

Yours gratefully, A. DAIRT

St. Timothee, Que., May 16, 1899.

A BIT OF CORRESPONDENCE.

The following correspondence, ending in true Irish fashion, actually passed between two men in England some years ago.

"Mr Thompson presents his compliments to Mr. Simpson, and begs to request that he will keep his doggs from trespassing on his grounds."

"Mr. Simpson presents his compliments to Mr Thompson and begs to suggest that in future he should not spell dogs with two gees."

"Mr Thompson's respects to Mr Simpson and will feel obliged if he will add the letter 'e' to the last word in the note just received, so as to represent Mr Simpson and lady."

"Mr Simpson returns Mr Thompson's note unopened; the impertinence it contains being only equalled by its vulgarity."

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials.

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

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Some parents use their children to hang old clothes on.

MINARD'S LINIMENT Relieves Neuralgia.

Strange that the vulnerable point of a pugilist should be in the jaw.

Where there's a will there's a way—to break it.

For Their Own Calves.

A couple of young men were out fishing one day and on returning were going past a farmhouse and felt hungry. They yelled to the farmer's daughters, "Girls, have you any buttermilk?"

The reply was gently wafted back to their ears, "Yes, but we keep it for our own calves."

The boys calculated that they had business away, and they went.

Theory and Practice.

"Dinglebat has original ideas about family government. He says every home should be a little republic, where universal toleration prevails and every one has a voice in the government."

"Yes, his family is managed on that plan; but he and Mrs. Dinglebat have the same old wrangle every day as to who shall be president."

Not Painful.

"Here," cried Oldham to his fellow lodger, who was starting for his holiday, "that's my brush and comb you're putting in your portmanteau."

"Well, let me have 'em. You won't need 'em; you've grown so bald lately."

"That's just it. I can't part with them."

Never Pleasing.

Mrs. Mitford—What do you think of this vivisection question? It must be awful to be cut up alive.

Mrs. Graham—Yes, and it is awful to be cut dead, as I was by one of my dearest friends last evening.

RAW WINDS AND WET WEATHER

cause the Colds that cause Pneumonia and Consumption. . . . . .

Shiloh's Consumption Cure

cures the cold, heals the lungs and makes you well. SHILOH cures Consumption and all Lung and Throat Troubles; and Coughs and Colds in a day. Positively guaranteed. 25 cents. . .

Write to S. C. WELLS & Co., Toronto, Can., for a free trial bottle.

Karl's Clover Root Tea Cures Headache

ALL-WOOL MICA ROOFING

Reputation for durability established. Eleven years' trial. Our severe frost has no effect on it. Beware of American paper felting which cracks in our climate.

W. G. FONSECA.

1.5 Higgins ave., Winnipeg. SOLE AGENT HERBAGEUM.

Real Estate Agent. Issuer of Marriage Licenses

The minds of men resemble the soils of old mother earth; some are deep and rich and some are shallow and poor.

Fishermen, like doctors, never attempt to cure a sucker until after he is dead.

A RAILWAY MAN

EXTRAORDINARY UNPLEASANT SYMPTOMS OF KIDNEY TROUBLE IN THIS CASE.

Tortured by all Kinds of Pains and Aches He Tries Everything but Fails to Find Relief Till a Friend Advises Him to Use Dodd's Kidney Pills—They Have made a Well Man of Him and He is Grateful.

Ottawa, Ont., April 21—(Special.) Frank Charrand, a railway man, whose home is at 130 Little Chaudiere Street, has acknowledged that Dodd's Kidney Pills have done more for him than anything else in the world has ever done. He says: "I suffered with backache and was always drowsy and had a very heavy feeling in my limbs.

"I had frequent severe headaches and more times very sharp pains in the top of my head, which gave me much anboyance in my work.

"My fingers would cramp and I would have an uneasiness in my legs and occasional pains in the loins.

"I was dizzy in spells and short of breath. If I ate a hearty meal I would have a pain in my left side. My appetite would, sometimes be very good and sometimes I couldn't eat anything.

"I had a constant soreness and tenderness over the spine and tired feeling in the region of my kidneys.

"I suffered quite a little with a dragging heavy feeling across the loins.

"Dodd's Kidney Pills were recommended to me by a friend of mine who had been cured, and I began to use them.

"Almost from the start I began to feel the wonderful improvement, which continued as the treatment proceeded, till the unpleasant symptoms had one by one entirely disappeared.

"Dodd's Kidney Pills have worked a wonderful cure in my case and I cannot speak too highly of this great and good remedy."

What Dodd's Kidney Pills have done for Mr. Charrand they have done for thousands of others, and they'll do the same for you if you give them a chance.

There are many railway men in Canada to-day who find Dodd's Kidney Pills indispensable. They are the railway man's surest and best friend.

The constant vibration on trains and engines is very hard on the kidneys and Dodd's Kidney Pills make these organs well and able to resist disease.

A thorn in the hand is worse than two in the bush.

MINARD'S LINIMENT Cures Dandruff.

Effect of Gravitation.

If a man weighing twelve stone were to be transferred to the moon, the weight of his body, measured at least by the attraction which the moon would exercise upon it, would be reduced to about two stone. If his muscles and his frame remained the same, it would seem as if he would be able to jump over a wall twelve feet high on the small globe without any greater exertion than would be required to clear a wall two feet high on the earth.

MARKETS.

WHEAT.

Manitoba wheat has been dull all week until Saturday, when the opening of navigation at Fort William and the strength in the American markets developed more interest and some demand for spot wheat sprung up. Prices have gradually come up from 69¾ for 1 northern and 66¾ for 2 northern, at the end of last week, to 71½c and 68½c at the end of this week for wheat in store, Fort William, immediate delivery. For May delivery the price is the same as for spot and in fact the spot wheat is in better demand than the future delivery. No 1 hard is worth 74½c spot. Values are practically the same in store at any of the lake ports, but at the moment, in store Fort William, is most wanted.

Country Wheat—Market nominal, owing to bad roads.

Liverpool Prices—No 1 northern spring wheat sold at Liverpool on Saturday at 6s 1d.

FLOUR-Ogilvies Hungarian Patent $1.95 per sack of 98 lbs.; Glenora Patent, $1.80; Alberta, $1.60; Manitoba, $1.40; Imperial XXXX, $1.20.

MILLFEED—Bran, in bulk, per ton $14.50; shorts, $16.50. Delivered in bags, the prices are $1.50 higher.

GROUND FEED—Oat chop is quoted at $27 per ton delivered to the trade; barley chop, $22 per ton; mixed barley and oats, $25 per ton; oil cake, $27 per ton.

OATS—While there is no surplus of oats to be seen in this market it may also be said with equal truthfulness that there is no shortage. As one dealer puts it, "Whenever oats are wanted a car pops up." Most of the feed requirements are being met with Manitoba oats although two cars of Alberta oats were taken this week for the purpose. Most of the Alberta oats are going to Montreal for export. We learn of one transaction in Fort William oats this week. The price was 36½ for No 2 white. As soon as navigation is declared open the Fort William basis will be adopted. Sellers are asking 45 to 50c per bushel for seed oats here. From 35 to 36c per bushel is being paid for feed grades in car lots on track here. Prices to farmers at country points for No. 2 white oats range from 28 to 30c. Street oats are worth 32 to 34c per bushel.

BARLEY—Receipts are light and the market is advancing for feed grades. Dealers are now quoting 43 to 45c for choice feed grades.

HAY—The floods in the country districts have destroyed large quantities of hay, and the price has advanced accordingly. Baled hay is worth $6 to $6.50 per ton.

DRESSED MEATS—Beef, city dressed, 7 to 8c per pound; country, ½c under these prices; veal, 8 to 9c; mutton, 8c; lambs, 8c; hogs, 7½c.

POULTRY—Fresh killed chickens 11 to 12½c per pound, delivered here; ducks and geese, 10 to 11c; and turkeys, 12½ to 14c.

BUTTER—Creamery—There is very little creamery to be had as milk is scarce and local factories are only making a very small quantity of butter, not enough for their regular customers. Winnipeg buyers are paying 24c per lb. net for their supplies at present.

BUTTER—Dairy—Conditions are not favorable to the production of dairy butter and there is very little coming in. Prices have not changed any this week. Wholesale dealers are paying 22c per pound, commission basis, for fine butter in tubs, bricks or prints; 16 to 18c fos ordinary qualities, while seconds are worth 10 to 12c per pound.

CHEESE—Jobbers are getting 13 to 13½c per pound for cheese. Stocks now in hand are from Ontario.

EGGS—Receipts fell off considerably the fore part of the week and prices went up in consequence. Besides a good local and eastern demand the British Columbia trade has been taking Wanitoba eggs freely, and it takes a lot to supply this demand. For a while this week commission houses were getting 15c per dozen, commission basis, for fresh candled eggs, but as the floods which caused the shortage have now subsided, and eggs are coming in more freely again we quote last week's prices (namely, 12c per dozen, commission basis, or 10c per dozen at country points.

POTATOES—Farmers' loads, delivered in Winnipeg, are worth 20 to 30c per bushel.

The Mace In England.

Every deliberative civil body in England, even down to the town councils, is provided with a mace, which is brought forth with solemn ceremony and placed on the table before the deliberations begin. In one or two city councils a candlestick of silver is added to the mace, and acts passed in the absence of these objects are supposed to be illegal.

Plenty of Clocks.

There are 250 clocks in Buckingham palace, and it is a work of no small importance to keep them going. Some of them are as old as the time of Louis XVI., and the works are still in good order.

Have you noticed that one pound of Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea is equal to a pound and a quarter of any other kind?

Page Metal Ornamental Fence. We now make fence that is ornamental, very showy and surprisingly cheap. It is just what is wanted for door yards, division fences in town lots, grave yards, orchards, etc. It is painted and retails at only 20 cts. PER RUNNING FOOT. Just think of it. Let us send you full particulars. We also make farm fence, poultry netting, nails and staples.

The Page Wire Fence Co., Limited, Walkerville, Ont. 8

ROSS & ROSS, General Agents, Box 633, Winnipeg, Man.

Some men find that Friday is just as unlucky as any other day.

A bird in the hand is permissable—if you have no knife and fork.

THEY NEVER FAIL—Mr. S. M. Boughner, Langton, writes: "For about two years I was troubled with Inward Piles, but by using Parmelee's Pills, I was completely cured, and although four years have elapsed since then they have not returned." Parmelee's Pills are anti-bilious and a specific for the cure of Liver and Kidney Complaints, Dyspepsia, Costiveness, Headache, Piles, etc., and will regulate the secretions and remove all bilious matter.

Dr. Temple, the archbishop of Canterbury, declares that it is not a bad thing for boys to fight occasionally, provided there is no feeling of malice.

TEETHING TIME.

Is the Critical Age in the Life of all Little Ones.

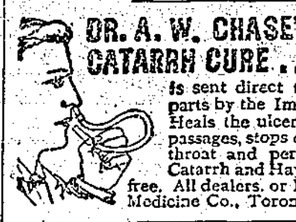
During the teething period great care should be taken of baby's health. The little one suffers greatly; the gums are hard and inflamed and any disorder of the stomach or bowels increases the peevishness of the child and often fatal results follow. Mother's greatest aid at this period is Baby's Own Tablets—the surest of all remedies in curing the minor ailments of children. Among the many mothers who testify to the value of these Tablets is Mrs. R. B. Bickford, Glen Sutton, Que., who says: "My little baby suffered much from teething and indigestion. I procured a box of Baby's Own Tablets and it worked wonders in baby's condition—in fact I believe it saved my little one's life. I sincerely believe that where now many a home is saddened through death of a little one, joy would be supreme if these Tablets had been used. I consider them baby's best doctor and would not be without them."

Baby's Own Tablets when given in accordance with the directions prevent restlessness and nervousness—cure simple fever, diarrhoea, constipation, colic and all stomach trouble. Guaranteed to contain no opiate or other harmful drug. By dissolving a Tablet in water it can be given with absolute safety to the very youngest baby. Sold by druggists, or direct by mail, post paid, at 25 cents a box, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Things we don't want are given to us to console us for the lack of the things we want.

If a man would secure his wife's undivided attention all he has to do is to talk in his sleep.

Because of the poor quality of Russian petroleum supplied it, the Grecian government has ordered in New York 720,000 gallons.



DR. A. W. CHASE'S CATARRH CURE ... 25c.

is sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Blower. Heals the ulcers, clears the air passages, stops droppings in the throat and permanantly cures Catarrh and Hay Fever. Blower free. All dealers, or Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Toronto and Buffalo.

DEATH OF A NOTED MIDGET.

A noted personage has passed away at Cardiff in "General Mite," a midget only 30 inches high, well known to the public of Great Britain and the United States. The cause of his death was acute dyspepsia. The demise of this celebrity took place at the show-rooms in St. John's Square where, with other artists, he had been entertaining the public for some time past. The deceased was born in Washington thirty-one years ago. He was married, and his wife still resides in Washington, but the one child of the marriage is dead.

BEE INDUSTRY.

Every head of clover consists of about sixty flower tubes, each of which contains an infinitesimal quantity of sugar. Bees will often visit a hundred different heads of clover before retiring to the hive, and in order to obtain the sugar necessary for a load must, therefore, thrust their tongues into about 6,000 different flowers. A bee will make twenty trips a day when the clover patch is convenient to the hive, and thus will draw the sugar from 120,200 different flowers in the course of a single day's work.

MINARD'S LINIMENT for Sale Everywhere.

True patriots work for their country's future instead of boasting of its past.

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.

Any man who gets in on the ground floor and stays there has no use for a fire escape.

Cholera morbus, cramps and kindred complaints annually make their appearance at the same time as the hot weather, green fruit, cucumbers, melons, etc., and many persons are debarred from eating these tempting fruits, but they need not abstain is they have Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial, and take a few drops in water. It cures the cramp and cholera in a remarkable manner, and is sure to check every disturbance of the bowels.

Two people may be able to live as cheaply as one, but it depends on whether they are married or engaged.

If a man can live alongside a public school for two years without losing his temper, the recording angel ceases to pay any attention to his actions.

Wise is the prophet who does not allow his predictions to go on record.

Money Saved and pain relieved by a household remedy, Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil—a small quantity of which usually suffices to cure a cough, heal a sore, cut, bruise or sprain, relieve lumbago, rheumatism, neuralgia, excoriated nipples, or inflamed breast.

AN OPEN KITCHEN.

In order to facilitate dietetic treatment for patients with scanty means an 'open kitchen" has been founded by charitable persons at Berlin, and has already a year of useful existence behind it. Portions of food are obtained from the "open kitchen" by tickets, which are sold at a very low price; but some of the out-patient hospitals (policlinics) at Berlin buy a number of these tickets and distribute them gratuitously to needy patients. Charitable individuals have likewise bought the tickets and distributed them to those in want. During the first year of its existence the kitchen provided 36,000 portions of food, some being consumed on the premises and others being sent out hot to patients.

SUNLIGHT SOAP

One ounce of Sunlight Soap is worth more than Two ounces of impure soap.

REDUCES EXPENSE

Ask for the Octagon Bar. If your grocer cannot supply, write to LEVER BROTHERS, LIMITED, Toronto, sending his name and address, and a trial sample of Sunlight Soap will be sent you free of cost.

5

ISSUED EVERY WEDNESDAY.
Subscription, $2 a year, in advance.

W. B. Anderson, Editor.

☞ Advertisers who want their ad changed, should get copy in by 9 a.m. day before issue.

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

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

The Coronation.

Despite the malicious tactics of Opposition in the Legislature, British Columbia will be represented at Coronation ceremonies by Premier Dunsmuir. We think that if a selection had to be made no more truly representative man could have been found. Mr Dunsmuir has immense interests in the Province; the number of his employees on the Island are numbered by the thousand, and on the Mainland he is also largely interested. His most rabid political opponents will concede that the Province could not be represented by a gentleman more worthy of the honour. Mr Dunsmuir left Victoria en route for London on the evening of the 8th inst.

PERSONAL.

L. A. Mounce, M.P.P., and family have returned to their home in Cumberland.

Rev. Mr Cleland and family left on Thursday morning on a visit to Portland, Or.

Mr Henderson, the Dominion inspector of telegraph lines, paid Cumberland an official visit last week.

Master Douglas Collis who has been attending college in England for the past four years arrived here on Wednesday morning to visit his parents.

Mrs Fleet, wife of capt. Fleet of H.M.S. Phaeton. will return to Victoria in time for the coronation celebrations, she having spent the past five weeks at Comox Bay.

Chenille and tapestry lace covers vey cheap at MOORE & Co's.

WHARF NOTES.

S.S. Clayoquot called in for bunker coal on Friday.

S.S. Kildonan and scow was over for a load of coal for the C.P.R., Vancouver.

S.S. Active was in for fuel Saturday. She was bound to the Rock Bay logging camp.

S.S. Flyer and scow was over from New Westminster for a cargo of coal on Saturday.

S S. J. L. Card arrived from the Northern Canneries on Friday, and after taking on bunker coal proceeded to Steveston.

S.S. Cymbeline, captain Smythe, came in for bunker coal Monday. She was bound to Vancouver to load a cargo of oats for South Africa.

The U.S. s.s. MacArthur called in on Monday for bunker coal. She was bound north to Alaska to spend the summer on survey work.

S.S. Wellington, capt. Salmond, arrived from San Francisco Thursday and took a cargo of coal sailing again Saturday afternoon for the same port.

MONSOON

Dear Mrs B——, in reply to your inquiry as to which is the best tea to use, I would say that in my opinion it rests between the Blue Ribbon and Monsoon Packet Teas. If you like rich, strong tea, then Blue Ribbon is undoubtedly the best, but should your taste be for a delicate and very flavory tea I would advise you to call on C. J. MOORE for a packet of Monsoon. Personally, I drink Blue Ribbon in the morning and Monsoon at 5 o'clock, but then, you know, I am a perfect crank about tea.

Yours truly,
SARAH GRUNDY.

S.S. Oscar was in on Thursday for a cargo of fire clay for Victoria.

S S. Tepic and scows made three trips to Vancouver during the week.

Barge Robert Kerr was over on Thursday for a cargo of coal for Vancouver.

The D.G. s.s. Quadra called in for fuel on Wednesday. She was returning from the West Coast of Vancouver Island and the Islands lying off Cape Scott, as far north as Triangle Island, where she had spent ten days searching for wreckage from the missing sealing schooner Hatzic of Victoria. While they found a large amount of wreckage there were nothing among it that was likely to be identified as belonging to the missing schooner. The captain reported very stormy weather on the trip.

The new stern wheel steamer Mount Royal, built for the Hudson's Bay Co. for service on the Stickeen and Skeena rivers, called in for water on Tuesday last. She was bound for Telegraph Creek on the Stickeen river. Mr Jas. Thomson, the manager of the Hudson's Bay Co., went north on her on a tour of inspection of the Company's different posts in the north. From him we learned that it was his intention to have the new boat make four trips between Wrangel and Telegraph Creek, and then she is to go to the Skeena river to finish up the season. This boat has been constructed in such a manner as to draw the least possible amount of water, and it is expected that when fully loaded for the river trip she will not require over twenty inches to float her.

Important Announcement.

We have made arrangements by which our subscribers may secure the "News," together with the "Montreal Family Herald" and "Weekly Star," at a very cheap rate. The two papers, from June 1st, to December 31st, 1902, together with the beautiful coronation pictures of King Edward and Queen Alexandra, for $1.00. Strictly in advance. Think of it! The two papers with supplements for 100 cents. Here is a chance, for people not already subscribing, to try our paper and get the "Star," the most popular eastern journal. Old subscribers, by paying arrears, if any, and the dollar in advance, may take advantage of this offer.

VIOLIN.

D. THOMSON, - - TEACHER

Music for Dances, &c., supplied at short notice. Orders left with Mr E. Barrett, at the Big Store, will be promptly attended to.

CARD OF THANKS.

Mr E. Jones desires to thank the many friends for floral tributes to the memory of his late wife, and for other many kindnesses and acts of sympathy.

NOTICE.

ALL ACCOUNTS due to the late EDWARD ROLLINGS, shoemaker, of Comox, must be paid to MRS JANE ROLLINGS, Executrix, on or before the first day of July, 1902; and all Accounts owing must be presented for payment by that date.

MRS JANE ROLLINGS,
EXECUTRIX, COMOX.

21-5-02

MONDAY, 23RD JUNE, 1902

A GRAND

Evening's Entertainment

FOR THE

FERNIE SUFFERERS,

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE

Cumberland Ladies' Talented Performers.

GOOD MUSIC AND SPECIALITIES.

To Have something Swell.

Take a Dry Sponge and pour on it a bucket of water
It will swell every time sure. ....

BUT we are not selling sponges, our line is——

SWELL BUGGIES

of all kinds. We have just received a Car Load of Open and Top Buggies with Steel and Rubber Tires. Expresses of all kinds with Platform, Half-Platform, Duplex and Elliptic or Hog-nose Springs. Buckboards, Carts, Sulkies, etc., all of the most Up-to-Date Patterns and Finish. Guaranteed for one year by the Makers and ourselves. .. ..

NANAIMO STEAM CARRIAGE WORKS,

3-12-'02 STANLEY CRAIG, Prop.

MAGNET CASH STORE

SEASONABLE GOODS.

READY - MIXED PAINTS,
ALABASTINE, WHITING,
GLUE, WALL - PAPER

Garden Tools, Flower Pots, Etc.

Dunsmuir Avenue, Cumberland, B.C.

A. H. PEACEY, Druggist & Stationer.

FOR THAT COUGH, TRY

WINTER'S
INSTANT
COUGH CURE.

IT'S A GOOD ONE, AND RELIABLE
FOR CHILDREN AND ADULTS.

We are selling our TOILET SOAPS AT COST to make room. Finest GLYCERINE and CASTILE SOAPS AWAY DOWN.

STORE OPEN Sundays from 9 a.m. to 10 a.m., and from 5 p.m. to 6 p.m.

Dunsmuir Ave., Cumberland, B.C.

FOR SALE
MAPLEHURST FARM,
HORNBY ISLAND,
(COMOX DISTRICT),

Containing—
230 Acres. — 200 Acres Fenced.
About 400 healthy Bearing Fruit Trees.
70 Acres cleared up good, and in crops and hay land.
62 Acres cleared up rough, but good pasture.
85 Acres bush—easy cleared.
13 Acres chopped and burned over.

The whole of the 230 acres is excellent land and will grow any kind of grain and root crops. Is suitable for beef, dairy or sheep.

15,000 Cedar Rails in boundary and field fences.

Large 7-roomed house—water in house 2 Story Bank Barn, 32 by 75 feet. Sheep Barn, Hen Houses, etc.

Buildings 5 years old. Abundance of good water. Nearly 1 mile frontage on Lambert Channel. 1¼ miles from Government Wharf.

Good Markets—Cumberland (Union Mines), Nanaimo and Victoria.

Good shooting — Deer, grouse and ducks plentiful.

Price, ... $6000
1-3 cash, balance, 6 per cent.

Also, 246 Acres adjoining—good land, at $8 per acre.

Also, several Good Grade Jersey Cows, Heifers to calve, and Yearling and Heifer Calves.

Apply GEO. HEATHERBELL,
HORNBY ISLAND.

14-5-02

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that sixty days after date I intend to apply to the Honourable the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase the following Crown lands: commencing at a post on the north shore of Otter Bay, Chatham Point, Vancouver Island, thence west forty chains, thence south forty chains, thence east forty chains, thence along the shore to the point of commencement, containing 160 acres more or less.

ALBERT FRANCIS YATES.

Nanaimo. B.C.,
Dated the 4th day of April, 1902.
16-4 02 8t

Advertise in the News.

Baldness Successfully Cured

By PROF. SCHAFFNER
The Old "NEWS" BUILDING.

A remarkable cure effected. Cures baldness of long standing by the use of PEERLESS HAIR RESTORER and ELECTRIC MASSAGE TREATMENT, both of which combined destroy all germs and invigorate the roots which stimulates circulation of the active forces that feed the hair follicles.

From one to two months treatment will Restore Baldness of long standing

Daily Treatment $15 per month.

Parasites cause all hair trouble. Dandruff is caused by a germ which saps the hairs vitality. Vaseline and oils are of no benefit to the hair, as dandruff germs thrive in them, as well as in all grease. To cure dandruff, which is preceded by, and a sure indication of, falling hair, it is necessary that the dandruff germ be eradicated. From one to three bottles of the Peerless Hair Restorer will cure the worst chronic case.

VIOLIN TUITION.

PROF C.H. SCHAFFNER. CONSERVATORY GRADUATE, has decided to locate permanently in Cumberland is prepared to give lessons to a limited number of pupils on the Piano, Violin and voice culture. WHITNEY BLOCK.

LOST between Vendome Hotel and Butcher Shop, on 1st inst., a Lady's BRACELET, made up of 22 Spanish ¼ reals.—Finder on returning same to "News" office will be rewarded.

FOUND, on Comox-Nanaimo wagon road, a Double-Barrelled Breech-loading Shot Gun. Owner can have same by proving property and paying for this advertisement—MARSHALL LAIRD Union Bay, May 6th, 1902.