THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

NINTH YEAR. CUMBERLAND, B. C. WEDNESDAY, MARCH 6, 1901.

AFTER STOCKTAKING

BARGAINS.

SHOES

Gentlemen who wear Nos. 9 and 10 can still find a small assortment to choose from.

Jackets

We offer all Ladies' and Children's Jackets now in Stock at COST PRICE or less. These are all new goods and real bargains.

Simon Leiser

Nicholles & Renouf, Ld.

61 YATES STREET, VICTORIA, B. C.

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

Agents for McCormick Harvesting Machinery.

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

STORE TALK FOR 1901

IF YOU ARE DESIROUS

Of increasing your business there is nothing draws Customers like a Fine Store---the best advertisement.

Let us figure on New Fixtures. Send us a plan and we furnish estimates free of charge.

WEILER BROS.,

COMPLETE FURNISHERS. VICTORIA, B.C.

FISH! FISH! FISH!

Salmon Bellies. Oolachans.
Finest Kippers. Lobsters. Codfish.
Finnan Haddies, Digby Chicks Clams.
Kippered Herrings in Tins.
Morgan's Fresh Eastern Oysters.
Shrimp, Bloater and Anchovy Paste.

Fresh Eggs, 30c. a doz.

—AT—

C. J. MOORE'S

SUDDEN DEATH AT COURTNEY.

Word was received here Monday evening of the sudden death of Willie, the second son of Mr. and Mrs. John Urquhart of Courtney. Later advices say that the little lad who was eight years and some months old, was playing with his two brothers and some other boys at a game of hide and seek. He was hiding behind a log, when a little dog belonging to Mr. Geo. Roe, ran along the log to where he was, and the boy, thinking the dog would betray his whereabouts, reached down to pick up something to throw at the animal. He sank to the ground, partly rolled on his side and expired in a few moments. A neighbor rushed to the spot, being called by the boys, and did whatever was possible, but the poor little fellow was beyond all help. Word was sent at once to the father at the sawmill, and to the mother who was at a neighbor's, and the sorrowing pair arrived on the scene after their little one's death. The funeral will take place at 2 p. m. to-morrow (Thursday) from Courtney to Sandwick cemetery. The bereaved parents have the heartfelt sympathy of all in their affliction.

And closely following the news of little Willie Urquhart's death comes that of the demise of Willie Machin, of Sandwick. His illness began with the grippe, which later developed into pneumonia and resulted in the death of the young man on Monday evening. The poor young fellow, who was thus taken in the very start of life with good prospects ahead, was a universal favorite in the district. He was a son of the late William Machin. His mother, who is also dead, being a sister of Mrs. Jas. Rees, of Tsolum. The funeral takes place at 2 p.m. to-day to the cemetery at Sandwick.

Ceylon Tea is the finest tea in the world. Blue Ribbon Tea is the finest Ceylon Tea in the world.

TO THE DEAF.

A rich lady cured of her Deafness and Noises in the Head by Dr. Nicholson's Artificial Ear Drums, gave $10,000 to his Institute, so that deaf people unable to procure the Ear Drums may have them free. Addres No. 14517 The Nicholson Institute, 780 Eighth Avenue, New York, U.S.A.

WHO WANTS THE ORDER.

The following paragraph in reference to a cheap order sent by Cory S. Ryder, at one time Finance Minister in the famous Martin Cabinet, appears in the Canadian Cigar and Tobacco Journal, of Toronto, Ont.:

Messrs. Dine, Macdonald & Co., the well known London cigar manufacturers, recently received the following order from the "Iron Cash Store," Extension, B.C. After recovering from the blow, they decided to be generous and give some other factory a chance at the good thing, which is herewith submitted to the attention of any cigar manufacturer anxious for business. The writer says:

"I am in search of cheap machine made cigars, the cheapest article that is put up in the shap of a cigar. I can use about 25 M per annum, and perhaps more. I should like them as low as $8 per M, if sach is to be had, but do not want any unless they can be put in at $12 per M, or under. The cheaper they are the more I can use, as I intend to use them among the Chinese, and on an advertising scheme give a box with every $10 purchase. The box could be quite plain, but I would like the words "CHEAP JOHN, Extension B. C." on the cover. If you can put me up these cigars, I would like you to do so, and I could do without the printed matter if that made much difference. Should you be able to fill this order kindly ship by express as early as possible, five thousand. You may ship them C. O. D., if you so desire.

Yours for business,

CORY S. RYDER.

P.S.—If you cannot fill this order and you know of anyone who could, would you kindly forward my letter and oblige.

The above is from Free Press of March 1st. Now this surely beats those 3 cent pencils all hollow! and for Chinese trade too. Oh fie! But if they had been intended for the China trade alone, we could well understand Cory's idea, which would be in keeping with his well known anti-Chinese sentiments, for it would then appear that he wanted to poison them off, but to give them as a bonus to every $10 purchaser, Oh mamma!

POST VALENTINES CAREFULLY.

SANDWICK, B.C., March 1st.

DEAR MR. NEWS.—Perhaps you have not heard the latest. A young business man of your town about St. Valentine's time thought to send a little souvenir to a handsome young woman of the valley. Perhaps because he feared to post it in your town he gave the letter to a friend of ours to take to Courtney to post. After our friend got home he found that his daughter was going that afternoon past where the lady lived, so giving her to deliver it as it would perhaps lie in the office a day or so before being called for. Well, to make a long story short, the letter was delivered, the messenger quite innocently saying to the lady to whom it was addressed: "Here is a letter Mr. —— gave to papa at Union for you." I think there is something in store for the young man who sent it for the valentine was a daisy. I think it would have been better for him if he had posted it.

Yours,

DUSTY RHODES.

Crackey's got a pig! There will will be roast spare ribs, soused head and cabbage, black pudding, and chitterlings, at Nob hill after a while.

A PURE GRAPE CREAM OF TARTAR POWDER

DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER

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

Avoid Baking Powders containing alum. They are injurious to health

LOCALS.

If you don't like Blue Ribbon extracts it is because you've never tried them.

The broken cage in No. 6 was torn loose and hoisted Thursday. Nothing but a small portion of the heavy parts attached to the king bolt came to the surface, and these were but a twisted mass.

The first number of the "North West Mining News," published in Spokane, Wash., is to hand. It is handsomely illustrated, the front page containing a view of a Spokane street. We extend the gladsome hand.

With all the excitement and turmoil of the last fortnight, we have been forgetful of many local events and must apologize to Mr. and Mrs. J. B. McLean for not mentioning the birth of their wee sma' laddie, now a fortnight old. Image of his father!

We regret to be obliged to chronicle the severe illness of Mr. Geo. Stevens, our energetic water works manager. Mr. Stevens was obliged to be out a great deal during the flooding of No. 6 shaft from the waterworks when he was quite un well from la grippe. He was consequently laid up altogether, but is now slowly recovering.

The Blue Ribbon brand of goods are put up by Canadians. No Chinese labor employed.

The body of D. Munro was found at the cave-in No. 3 incline of No. 6 at 4:30 p.m. Thursday. The poor remains were coffined at the bottom of the shaft, and the funeral took place at once at the Cumberland cemetery. Rev. Mr. Dodds officiated.

The body of Munro was much decomposed and was identified by means of a red flannel band round the waist.

The meeting in Cumberland Hall Sunday was fairly attended. The principal business transacted was the appointment of a committee of miners to interview Messrs. Matthews and Clinton relative to collecting from miners for the relief fund. R. Hodgson in the chair, with F. Parkes secretary. A meeting will be held next Sunday, being the only day when the miners can well attend, to which the Mayor and committee now working are invited, and now that things are on a working basis, the two committees will become one in the common interest of the distressed.

A SHADOW OF THE ROCKIES.

The mountains from my window lie outrolled,
Their solemn peaks with coronals of snow
O'er which the fires of dawn and sunset flow
And keen, high ridges by fierce winds patrolled.
With evening comes a mighty shadow cold
Across my doorway as the sun sinks low,
And high above the loftier summits show
Faint; as the twilight tames their outlines bold.
Then from the heights the spirit of repose
Steals earthward, with the peace that long has lain
Secure amid the deep, untrodden snows—
A shadow stream, for which my soul is fain,
That from the towering peak of silence flows
And pours its balm upon the toiling plain.

—Meredith Nicholson in Century.

THE PORTRAIT

How an Artist Was Haunted by a Pale Faced Bride.

Two men strolled together through the galleries on the opening day of the annual exhibition. One was a blond, good looking young fellow of a common type, but the other was one of those men that people involuntarily turn and look at, a swarthy face without a tinge of red in the cheeks, dark, dreamy eyes and clear cut, regular features. The pair stopped before a life size female figure which bore for title the words, "Ad memoriam perpetuam." The picture represented a young woman in bridal dress, with myrtle wreath and veil—a fresh, girlish face of peculiar beauty, with very deep blue eyes and chestnut hair, but pale and woefully sad, as if with a foreboding of death. The contrast between the expression and the youthful beauty and bridal array was a triumph of craftsmanship, and the picture bade fair to make its creator famous.

"The finest thing in the whole show!" exclaimed the blond young man with enthusiasm, stepping back and regarding the picture with half closed eyes. "I don't want to flatter you, my dear sir, but—but I envy you, that's all! It's—it's a poem!"

"And yet, do you know, 15 years ago I couldn't have done such a thing to save my life," said the other. "In fact, for a long time I couldn't do anything worth hanging, and the queerest thing about it is that it was this very picture—or, at least, this subject—that kept me a duffer. It nearly killed me, in fact. Oh, no, it isn't a love affair, but it's one of the things not dreamt of in your philosophy or that of most people. I'll tell you the whole story, if you care for it. It has one advantage over most of such yarns—it's true."

The young man nodded assent, the two seated themselves on a sofa opposite the picture, and the artist told his tale as follows:

"The history of this picture goes back to my early childhood. I am now well on the wrong side of 50, but I remember very well how, when I was a boy and lived with my parents in the little university town of G., I was haunted by a singular vision of the pale little bride over there. She never left me, day or night, waking or dreaming. And in one particular the vision was not like the picture. The bride I saw always had her eyes tightly closed. I do not remember when I saw her for the first time. I only know that at 6 years of age I was already puzzling my brain about her, wondering if I had ever seen her in the flesh, and aware that she robbed me of much of the joyousness of youth. Under her ghostly spell I grew up into a melancholy and taciturn man.

"And I was afraid to tell my secret to anybody, even to my good parents, lest I should be laughed at. When I was 19, I went to the art academy in D.

"By diligent application to work I hoped to get rid of my incubus, but the hope was vain.

"Just when I felt an impulse to do something worth while and seated myself at my easel with a fixed resolve not to think of the vision the pale bride would appear with startling distinctness and take almost tangible shape before my eyes, so that I would throw down brush and palette in excitement and despair. And so all my early pictures were pretty poor stuff, for I was so much under the spell of the uncanny and mysterious vision that I could not concentrate my thoughts on anything.

"Several times when the apparition was especially vivid I tried to fix it upon canvas, hoping to make an end of it in that way. Vain hope! At every attempt the face grew paler and paler until it faded away completely—to reappear as soon as the attempt was abandoned.

"In this way years passed, and of course they brought no improvement in my condition. On the contrary, I became constantly more melancholy and more unfitted for work.

"At last, when I could no longer paint even mediocre pictures, I went to a physician and laid the case before him without reserve. He attributed all my troubles to oversensitive nerves and told me to stop work and go traveling at once.

"I followed the prescription, and it saved me. I tramped through the wonderful legend haunted Black forest, sleeping in village inns and barns and carefully avoiding the railway.

"But through all this delightful vagabond life the pale bride pursued me and oppressed my soul. I was in a very gloomy mood indeed when I reached the [illegible] of E., in Baden, and I little thought as I passed through its mediæval gates that I should there find the solution of the mystery. On the evening of my arrival I betook myself to the only decent looking tavern in search of a glass of wine and a morsel of supper.

"I had been sitting perhaps 15 minutes in the low ceilinged and well smoked public room when a man entered, leading one of the biggest dogs I ever saw. Whether the brute was irritated by my rueful countenance or thought he had some other cause of offense I cannot say, but the simple fact is that he broke away from his master and rushed at me so savagely that I, being unusually weak and nervous, promptly swooned.

"Several days elapsed it seems before I regained consciousness. I found myself in bed, with a bandaged arm, amid strange but not unpleasant surroundings. The dim light that struggled through the closely drawn curtains showed me a quantity of old fashioned furniture, walls covered with light colored paper and several faded photographs framed and glazed. There was one larger picture, an oil painting, that hung directly over my bed, and when I saw it I gave an involuntary cry of astonishment.

"At that instant, however, the door was opened, and a little lady entered, who looked as old fashioned and comfortable as the room itself. She had white ringlets on her temples and wore a black silk dress, stiff and voluminous, which had evidently come down from the days of crinoline. She came bustling up to my bed with a motherly air of solicitude.

"'Do you wish anything, sir? I hope you are feeling better,' she said. 'You have been very ill, you know, but the doctor told me today that you are now out of danger. Thank God!' cried the kind, little lady joyfully.

"During this friendly speech I was rude enough to keep staring at the picture over the bed, and now I said in place of other answer:

"'Will you have the goodness to open the window curtains?' There was something about that picture that fascinated me. When the curtains were opened and the daylight streamed in, I saw that my suspicion was well founded. The picture was an excellent portrait of the pale bride that had tormented me for so many years. There was only one thing about it that seemed unfamiliar—the big, wide open blue eyes, for my bride, as I have said, always appeared with closed eyes.

"The longer I looked at the picture—a fairly well painted one—the lighter my spirits became. The weight that had so long oppressed me seemed lifted by some magical power. Completely forgetting the presence of the little old lady, I impulsively folded my hands and cried, 'Thank you!' It was perhaps the most fervent prayer I ever offered. I was roused from my absorption by the voice of the little lady asking if my arm was still painful.

"'No,' I said, for I was really too excited just then to feel anything so trifling as a mere physical pain, and then she told me that the big mastiff had torn my arm badly and that I had lost much blood. For two days I had been under the influence of opiates. As I was a total stranger in the village I had been taken to the house of her husband, the Lutheran minister. I thanked my pleasant little hostess most heartily and told her who I was. Then my thoughts went back to the picture, and in spite of my physical weakness I determined to learn all about it at once. The minister's wife, knowing me to be an artist, was not surprised at my interest in the picture and its fair original, but she said:

"'It is quite unlikely that you have ever seen her. She was a relative of my husband, and she died a bride.

"'Shortly before her death, which she well knew would soon occur, she had this picture painted. After the death of her parents it came into our possession.'

"'Where did she die?' I asked.

"'In G.' She named my early home.

"'In what year?'

"'In 1846. She was very beautiful, as you may judge from the portrait, and she was buried in her wedding dress. My husband, who attended the funeral, told me he never saw so beautiful a corpse. She lay imbedded in flowers like the snow fairy in the old tale, peacefully sleeping in the crystal casket and awaiting a resurrection to new life.'

"At these words the scales fell from my eyes, and the solution of my lifelong mystery became suddenly as plain as day. In 1846 I lived in G. and was 3 years old. I felt convinced that I, too, had at that time seen the beautiful corpse. Probably my nurse, who, like all people of her class, had no doubt a liking for such scenes, had gone to see the fair young bride in her coffin and had taken me with her. The scene had made an indelible impression on my childish and receptive brain without, however, leaving any clear memory of place, time or circumstance. And precisely for this reason it had become the plague of my later life.

"But now when I had traced the connection of cause and effect and at the same time saw the veritable portrait of the deceased lady the tormenting vision vanished, never to reappear. Wonderful, isn't it, that through the bite of a savage dog I was cured of a prepossession that in all probability would eventually have wrecked my reason? The days of my convalescence in the quiet old house and in the society of these charming old people were so delightful that I was loath to leave and deeply regretted the necessity of parting from my hosts, to whom I felt in a double sense I owed my life. I took a copy of the picture with me.

"And, do you know, I regard that moment as the real beginning of my artistic career. My work at once acquired new strength and life. Before I had painted with my hands. Now I began to paint with my heart and soul.

"The copy lay long forgotten in a portfolio. Fifteen years later, when the whole affair had almost passed out of my memory—I had married and had attained some little reputation as a painter in the meantime—the thing came into my hands by accident. I thought I might make something out of it, and there you see the result. It is a good deal better than I hoped."

As the artist finished his story he looked up and saw that a group had collected before his work and were viewing it with undisguised admiration.

"Well, the pale bride has atoned for haunting you so long," said his young friend. "You will be famous tomorrow."

The last rays of the setting sun at that moment stole through the great west window, fell upon the picture and lent it a new glory. The sad faced painter raised his dreamy eyes to his transfigured work, and in his heart was peace.—Translated From the German For Cleveland Plain Dealer.

THE WINDOWS OPPOSITE

BY CHARLES B. LEWIS.

I had been knocked down by a cab on the streets of Paris and taken to a hospital. I was hurt about the head and shoulders, and, though I had no broken bones to mend, I was so badly bruised that the surgeon told me I wouldn't get out for a month. Hard up though I was in a financial sense, I had enough money in my pocket to get me into a pay ward, and they gave me one of the 14 cots on the third floor front. It was summer, and I was close to the seventh window, counting from the left.

The routine of a hospital for an injured man is a monotonous one. After the first three or four days they put me on full diet and gave me books to read, but I could not leave my bed, and it was against the rules to converse with the other patients. It was read, sleep, think and plan, with one visit a day from the surgeon. I could not see the street from my window as I sat propped up on my cot. The only sight to greet my vision was a quaint old house opposite. The structure was two stories high, and I could see the upper halves of four windows. The house looked to have been built 100 years ago and was in a sad state of neglect and untenanted. I don't know why I should have been interested in that house except that a sick man will turn to the veriest trifle to make a diversion. I saw by the state of the windows that the house was tenantless, and yet I had the curiosity to question the nurse about it.

"That house has been empty for many years," she replied, "and as it is in law it will probably fall down before the heirs come into possession. You cannot see that far down, but the lower doors and windows are boarded up to keep tramps out. I have often wondered if the place has not a ghost."

I fell into the habit of watching those four windows as closely as if I had been employed as a watchman. It seemed that if I waited long enough I should see a face at one of them. When evening came, there was an electric light somewhere which struck the front of the old house, and I would watch those windows until the nurse enjoined me to turn away and go to sleep. It got so at last that I felt certain of making a discovery, and one evening, when I had been in the hospital nine or ten days, the face I had looked for appeared at one of the middle windows. It was that of a man.

The window was 150 feet from me, but by the assistance of the electric light I made out the face very clearly. It came into view gradually, as if the man slowly advanced across the room, and it remained at the paneless sash for a full minute. It was the face of an evil man. It was dark and bearded, and the eyes traveled up and down and across the street as if looking for danger. Whoever the man was he was no tramp, nor had he a lawful right in that house. As he left the window I called to the nurse and told her of his presence, but she laughed and replied:

"Ah, but we are not to concern ourselves about what goes on over there. If it is some prowler who has broken in, the police must take care of him."

I now had something to occupy my full attention, and I gave up everything to watch the windows opposite. Nothing appeared next day, but at about half past 8 o'clock in the evening I saw the same face again. There was more boldness in the way the man approached the window, and he seemed to feel himself more secure as he surveyed the street. If he were not a fugitive in hiding, why should he be taking peeps at the neighborhood? A vagabond, having entered to obtain shelter for the night, would keep clear of the windows. On this second night the man seemed to be looking intently at the sidewalk running in front of the hospital, and by and by he started and turned away as if he had received some signal. When the nurse came, I told her of the incident. She was as much amused as before.

"You certainly have a mind for mysteries," she laughed, "but if you become too interested you will develop a fever and have a pullback. When you are able to leave us, you can tell the police about the man, who will probably turn out to be a shadow."

I gave the windows but little attention in the daytime after that. The face appeared on the third evening at the same hour, and I felt so sure that a confederate made signals from the sidewalk that I took a convalescent into my confidence. He was an old soldier who was being treated for an old wound and was allowed the run of the place. I told him of the face and the confederate, and he was interested at once. It was arranged that he should be in front of the hospital at half past 8 and watch for the confederate and luck attended him. He saw a well dressed but evil looking man make signals to the man at the window. The signals were made with a folded newspaper and would not have been noticed by any one not on the watch for them.

"Now, then," said the old soldier as he returned and reported, "we have a mystery on hand. Luck has thrown it in our way that we may make a few goldpieces. Let us work it out together and share the reward."

None of us in the ward had seen a newspaper for a week. They were not interdicted, but none of the patients seemed to care for outside news. Next morning the soldier went out and purchased the journals for the previous five or six days, and as we looked them over we struck a sensation. A boy 10 years old, the son of a rich iron founder, had been kidnaped and spirited away, and it was stated that the whole police force of Paris was on the qui vive. The kidnaping had taken place three days before. I saw the face at the window, and I was arguing that our mystery could have nothing to do with it when the soldier said:

"It is at least 12 miles from here where the lad was picked up. He was probably hidden somewhere else for a day or two, but the scent got so hot that he was moved. Don't you fear that he is not in the old house opposite at this very moment?"

"Then we should inform the police."

"Pooh! We must wait for a reward to be announced. Never slap luck in the face."

On the fourth night and fifth night the face appeared at the window at the usual hour, and the same man made the usual signals. As the police were yet at fault, those signals must have meant that things were all right for the kidnapers. It was now eight days since the boy was taken, and as no trace could be had of him it was believed that he had been killed or taken out of the country. The papers gave it to the police pretty hot, and it was intimated that the father was ready to pay almost any sum to have his child restored.

"Now we are coming nearer to it," said the old veteran. "What the kidnapers have been waiting for is the reward, but we must be ahead of them. You have some money, but I have none. You must give me enough to take me across Paris to the father."

It had come to be understood in our corridor that we had some scheme, but we refused to answer any questions. The soldier started off one morning, and before noon he was holding an interview with the father of the abducted boy. The distracted man was willing to give his last franc, but the soldier stopped at 20,000. He got a promise in writing that he should be paid that sum when the boy was delivered up, and then he went to the police to find if there was a reward for any particularly desperate character. There was. It was believed in police circles that the kidnapers were two escaped convicts, and there was a reward of 10,000 francs on the head of either. When it had been agreed to give him half the reward, the veteran gave our mystery away. The police waited until evening and then caught the confederate on the street after he had signaled his "All right." Half an hour later they surrounded the old house, broke their way in and not only found the other convict, but found the kidnaped boy a prisoner in one of the rooms. The lad had been fairly well treated, but had been closely guarded every hour since he had come into the man's hands. He had seen only that one man and had been told that he would be set at liberty when his father had paid 250,000 francs as a reward.

The old soldier divided fairly with me, and we were not only enriched by the double reward, but were the means of returning to custody two as desperate criminals as ever broke bars. It was considered an incomprehensible thing around the hospital, and doctor, nurse and fellow patients were never tired of saying:

"How strange! You lie in your bed and look at the windows of an old house across the way, and, lo, there come 15,000 francs rolling in to you!"

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Siberian Cities.

"Perhaps the most curious feature of all Siberian cities and villages is the quiet of them," says Anna N. Benjamin in Ainslee's. "The American finds it depressing. The places seem half dead, yet they are alive and thriving. Our conception of prosperity in new cities is so associated with the clang of the trolley, the smoke of the factory, the weird writhings of the steam siren and the bustle of the population that it is hard for us to realize that prosperity may exist in a place of dead calm.

"Vladivostok, Khabarovsk, Blagovestchensk and Irkutsk all present the same features. Blagovestchensk, in the heart of eastern Siberia, on the junction of the Zeya river with the Amur, is perhaps the most interesting city. On the central square of the city, where the market is, face two large department stores which for size, beauty of architecture and variety of stock would do credit to any American city. The bank buildings, the museum and other business and government houses are of brick or stone. Good schools have been established, so that it is possible for a boy here, as well as in all Siberian cities, to receive a thorough education. In Vladivostok a training school for eastern diplomats turns out graduates accomplished in oriental languages to begin their careers as interpreters or secretaries of legations."

On the Wrong Tack.

Tommy—Grandpa, are kings and queens always good?

Grandpa—Not always, my boy. Not when there are aces out against them.—Brooklyn Life.

BREVITIES

PERSONALITIES.

Ex-Governor Pillsbury of Minnesota and his wife are planning a home in St. Paul for poor girls out of work or disabled by ill health.

Miss Helen Chaddick of England has been astonishing both the whites and blacks in central Africa by her five months' journey into the far interior.

Charles T. Hills, the millionaire who has given so many public buildings to his town of Muskegon, Mich., recently gave a Masonic temple to the Masonic lodge of that city.

One of the reckless extravagances of the maharajah of Bhurtpore, who has recently been deposed by the government of India, was the purchase of a silver coach costing £10,000.

John C. Wingate of Wingate, Ind., owns the famous white beaver hat that helped to elect two Harrisons president. It was made for Mr. Wingate's grandfather, Christian Coon, who wore it to the old Harrison rally on the Tippecanoe battlefield.

President Loubet of France is interested in autographs and has one of the best private collections in that country. On this he spends a great deal of money and the other day gave a large sum for a letter written by Balzac.

Francis T. White of New York city has just given $25,000 to Earlham college, a Friends' educational institution in Indiana, to be added to the like amount given by him a year ago, the whole to be known as the Francis T. White endowment fund.

It is said that Lord Salisbury when in the country recently arose at half past 4 in the morning to read "Monte Christo." He was surprised at Sandringham by the Prince of Wales, also an early riser, who afterward got up at 4 to read the same book, beating the prime minister by half an hour.

Miss Jennie Mather, Mrs. Jane Mather, widow of George Mather, a broker; Mrs. Eunice Mather and William Mather, all members of the Mather family of Jefferson county, N. Y., have given $10,000 to Union college for the purpose of establishing an agricultural department to teach scientific farming.

Lord Roberts has ordered from a London jeweler five watches of the kind known as "ironclads" for presentation to his Indian orderlies. The watches bear the following inscription: "Presented by Field Marshal Roberts to ——, his faithful and unwearied personal orderly throughout the South African campaign, 1900."

One of the closest friendships formed at Washington during the present national administration has been that between Secretary of War Root and Adjutant General Corbin. The latter is an enthusiastic equestrian, and under his tutelage Mr. Root has become perfectly at home in the saddle. The two ride about a great deal together.

THE GLASS OF FASHION.

The latest petticoats are made of satin foulards, glossy and soft.

Louisine armure is one of the new silks and, being glossy, soft and durable, is very desirable for waists.

The new fur muff is long, flat, entirely without stiffening and has two rows of tails, one at the top and one across the lower edge.

Gold trimmings have gone up about 50 per cent in price, a striking commentary on the lavishness with which dressmakers and milliners are using them.

Broad, flat and round is the new toque, in which the crown and brim are so blended that neither is distinctly defined. The entire hat is sometimes made of folds of velvet.

Pure white toilets are to be as popular during the winter season as they have been during the summer and are being prepared in cloth as often as in lighter materials for house and evening wear.

Fall white chiffon boas edged with large soft black chenilles, long strands of the chenille forming the ends, are worn in the evening. These were launched in the spring, but they are more generally in evidence now.

The plain black stocking seems to be losing favor, and in its place are embroidered lacelike novelties and colors in every tint and shade. To be quite up to date and altogether swell the stockings and shoes must match the gown for house and evening wear.

Heavy, lustrous brocades in one tone are once more in fashion, to the unmixed delight of dowagers as well as younger women. In fact, Mme. La Mode is treating the dowagers particularly well this season, and both materials and designs are in the main well suited to elderly matrons.

His Honor Fishes Also.

Judge—The charge against you is drunk and disorderly. What have you to say?

Prisoner—I was fishing and—

Judge (eagerly)—What luck?

(The prisoner talks volubly for five minutes, while the face of the judge gradually hardens.)

Judge—Discharged on charge of drunkness and held for perjury.

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS

CUMBERLAND, B.C.

Comparative Longevity.

It has often been remarked that while nothing is so uncertain as the duration of any given human life nothing is more certain than the aggregate of years which may be assigned to a group of 100 persons or more at any particular age. The expectation of life at a given age, to use the actuarial phrase, differs considerably, as might be expected, in different countries, and Englishmen may be surprised to learn that they are not the longest living among the white races.

At the age of 20 an Englishman in average health may expect to live 42 years, and any life office will grant him a policy based on that probability. The American's expectation is for a slightly longer period. On the other hand, a German lad of 20 can count upon little more than 39 years and a half.

It would seem, therefore, that the restlessness attributed to the American temperament does not necessarily conduce to the shortening of life nor the composure of the German to its prolongation. Possibly the better feeding and clothing of Americans in the lower classes of the population are the principal causes of their greater longevity. Their position is, at any rate, maintained in later as well as in earlier years.

The American who has reached 60 may look to complete 14 years more, while the Britisher's expectation is only about 13 years and 10 months and the German's as nearly as possible 12 months less. Both at 20 and at 60 the Frenchman's prospect is a little better than the German's and a little worse than the Englishman's.—London Globe.

TAKE NOTICE.

During the year the space devoted to advertising MINARD'S LINIMENT will contain expressions of no uncertain sound from people who speak from personal experience as to the merits of this best of Household Remedies.

They Piled It On.

"They do things their own way up in New England," said the tramp on the park bench as he gazed at a big toe peeping through his shoe. "For instance, up in New Hampshire I was crossing a field when a bull took after me. As he was about to pick me up on his horns I dodged, and he went full tilt against a tree and broke his neck."

"Well, what was done?" was asked.

"Why, they arrested me for trespass. On top of that they charged me with inciting a bull to mischief. Then I was held for the worth of the bull, and before they got through with me I was in jail for 11 months. I'd have got another month if there hadn't been a slip. When the bull broke his neck, the farmer's wife fainted away, and they meant to tack on 30 days more to pay the farmer for her lost time while unconscious!"

THOUSANDS LIKE HER.—Tena McLeod, Severn Bridge, writes: "I owe a debt of gratitude to DR. THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL for curing me of a severe cold that troubled me nearly all last winter." In order to give a quietus to a hacking cough, take a dose of DR. THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL thrice a day, or oftener if the cough spells render it necessary.

What She Wanted to Know.

"My dear child, you really should not eat your pudding so quickly."

"Why not, mamma?"

"Because it is dangerous. I once knew a little boy about your age who was eating pudding so quickly that he died before he had finished it."

"And what did they do with the rest of his pudding, mamma?"—Exchange.

Woman's Weakness

A woman's reproductive organs are in the most intense and continuous sympathy with her kidneys. The slightest disorder in the kidneys brings about a corresponding disease in the reproductive organs. Dodd's Kidney Pills, by restoring the kidneys to their perfect condition, prevent and cure those fearful disorders peculiar to women. Pale young girls, worn-out mothers, suffering wives and women entering upon the Change of Life, your best friend is

Dodd's Kidney Pills

Out of the Ordinary.

Nettie—I thought the bride was very composed. What makes you think she was not herself during the ceremony?

Bettie—Because when the minister asked her about that love and honor business she simply said, "I do," instead of replying in her customary way of "You bet your sweet!"—Denver News.

Rather One Sided.

Dixmyth—How do you like your new boarding house?

Hojax—By reversing the order of things it could be made an ideal home.

Dixmyth—How so?

Hojax—What it requires is less hair in the butter and more in the mattress.—Chicago News.

Worms cause feverishness, moaning and restlessness during sleep. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is pleasant, sure and effectual. If your druggist has none in stock, get him to procure it for you.

Ideal Happiness.

She—What was the happiest moment of your life?

He—Well, I think it was one evening last week when I entered the parlor of my boarding house and saw a strange sign on the piano.

She—Indeed! And the sign?

He—Closed for repairs.—Exchange.

The Retort Courteous.

"Oysters are in season now, aren't they, Mr. Bluff?"

"About now, I think, Miss Flint. There is some doubt about it, you know, but there is never any doubt about ice cream soda. Will you indulge in a glass?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

$100 REWARD. $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Halls Family Pills are the best.

The Fickle Thermometer.

"Here, young man," said the old lady, with fire in her eye, "I've brung back this thermometer you sold me."

"What's the matter with it?" asked the clerk.

"It ain't reliable. One time you look at it it says one thing, and the next time it says another."—Catholic Standard and Times.

LA "TOSCANA," RELIANCE CIGAR FACTORY, Montreal

His Dim Idea.

A teacher was giving her class an exercise in spelling and defining words.

"Thomas," she said to a curly haired little boy, "spell 'ibex.'"

"I-b-e-x."

"Correct. Define it."

"An ibex," answered Thomas after a prolonged mental struggle, "is where you look in the back part of the book when you want to find anything that's printed in the frontepart of the book."

DYSPEPSIA OR INDIGESTION is occasioned by the want of action in the billiary ducts, loss of vitality in the stomach to secrete the gastric juices, without which digestion cannot go on; also being the principal cause of headache. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills taken before going to bed, for a while, never fail to give relief and effect a cure. Mr. F. W. Ashdown, Ashdown, Ont., writes: "Parmelee's Pills are taking the lead against all other makes which I have in stock."

And Still She Wept.

Toto was crying. "What's the matter?" asked one of her father's friends.

"I've lost my 2 cents!" she wailed.

"Well, never mind. Here are 2 cents," said the friend.

Soon Toto was crying harder than ever. "What's the matter now?" she was asked.

"I'm crying because if I hadn't lost my 2 cents I'd had 4 now!" was her reply.

HOTEL BALMORAL, Montreal. Free Bus. Am. P. $1.50 up. E. P. $1.00 ea.

Alloway & Champion
BANKERS AND BROKERS. . . .
362 MAIN ST., WINNIPEG

Stocks and bonds bought, sold and carried on margin. Listed mining stocks carried

Osler, Hammond & Nanton
BROKERS, ETC.,
Dominion Bank Building, Winnipeg

Money lent at lowest rates.
Stocks and bonds bought and sold.
Railway and other farm lands in Manitoba and N. W. T. for sale.
Maps and folders sent on application.
Galt coal from Lethbridge.
Prices quoted to all railway points.

PAINS IN THE BACK

FREQUENTLY DUE TO SLUGGISH LIVER OR KIDNEY TROUBLES.

Mr. Frank Walters, of Exeter, Tells of Suffering and How Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Cured Him After Other Medicines Failed.

From the Advocate, Exeter.

Mr. Frank Walters is a young man personally known to most of the residents of Exeter, where he has lived nearly all his life. Talking with the editor of the Advocate recently Mr. Walters said:—"In justice to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I think it my duty, in view of what they have done for me, to add my testimonial to the thousands of others that have been printed. For some months I suffered most severely from pains coursing up and down my back. It was thought that these pains were due to liver and kidney trouble, but whatever the cause, they frequently left me in terrible agony. The pains were not always confined to the back, but would shift to other parts of the body. As a result I got little rest, my appetite became impaired, and I fell off greatly in weight. I tried different remedies suggested by friends, which having no effect almost disgusted me with medicine. Then a personal friend urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I was not easily persuaded because I had about concluded that medicine would not relieve me, but he insisted and finally I decided to try them. I purchased one box at first, and to my astonishment before it was finished I was greatly relieved. Then I got a couple more boxes and these restored me to my former good health. I do not hesitate recommending this medicine that others may profit by my experience, and not suffer tortures as I did."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. If your dealer does not keep them, they will be sent postpaid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A Legal Quibble.

"There is a story," the doctor said, "of a man who was sued for debt not long ago. The case went against him, and the court gave judgment for $300. His lawyer told him he would have to pay it, as he was an unmarried man. He bustled out and in a few hours came back with a wife and a plea in due form that he needed his salary for the support of his family. He got off free."

"I don't believe that was constitutional," said the professor after a moment's reflection.

"Why not?"

"Because it was annex post facto."

Mr. T. J. Humes, Columbus, Ohio, writes: "I have been afflicted for some time with Kidney and Liver Complaints, and find Parmelee's Pills the best medicine for these diseases. These pills do not cause pain or griping, and should be used when a cathartic is required. They are Gelatine Coated, and rolled in the flour of Licorice to preserve their purity, and give them a pleasant, agreeable taste.

Marine Note.

The new reporter had been assigned to a "feature story" on the incidents of seafaring life and discovered this interesting note:

"Captain Yardarm of the schooner Blue Blazes found himself in a peculiar predicament off the coast of Florida last Saturday morning. On Friday night the ship encountered a violent gale, which blew away the wake of the vessel, and it required the hardest efforts of the night watch to arouse the sleeping crew that morning."—Baltimore American.

THE "RYRIE" WATCH.

Not for a year, but for a lifetime. Watches that may be handed from father to son—heirlooms.

The movement of a "Ryrie" Watch is as nearly perfect as possible, and yet, it's not expensive.

That is why it has brought to our store so many buyers who are particular about accurate time.

Let us send you our 1901 Catalogue, showing the many styles of solid gold, fine gold filled, silver and gun metal "Ryrie" Watches in both ladies and gentlemen's sizes.

The "Ryrie" Monogram Watches are particularly attractive.

RYRIE BROS.,
Yonge and Adelaide Sts.,
TORONTO.
DIAMOND HALL, Established 1854.

HERE IS HEALTH FREE

These Four New Preparations comprise a complete treatment for all Throat and Lung troubles, also a Positive Cure for Consumption.

The Food-emulsion is needed by some, the Tonic by others, the Expectorant by others, the Jelly by others still, and all four, or any three, or two, or any one, may be used singly or in combination, according to the exigencies of the case. Full instructions with each set of four free remedies, represented in this illustration.

This is a Positive Cure for all Throat and Lung Troubles, also

CONSUMPTION

THESE FOUR REMEDIES

Represent a **New** system of medicinal treatment for the **weak,** and those suffering from **wasting** diseases, **weak lungs, coughs, sore throat, catarrh, consumption, and other pulmonary troubles,** or inflammatory conditions of **nose, throat and lungs.**

The treatment is **free.** You have only to write to obtain it.

By the system devised by DR. T. A. SLOCUM, the specialist in pulmonary and kindred diseases, the needs of the sick body can be condensed into his treatment by four distinct preparations.

Whatever your disease, **one** or **more** of these four remedies will be of benefit to you.

According to the exigencies of your case, fully explained in the treatise given free with the free medicines, you may take **one,** or any **two,** or **three,** or **all four,** in combination.

The four together form a panoply of **strength** against disease in whatever shape it may attack you.

THE FREE OFFER.

To obtain these four FREE invaluable preparations, illustrated above, simply write to THE T. A. SLOCUM CHEMICAL CO., LIMITED, 179 King Street West, Toronto, giving post-office and express office address, and the free medicine (The Slocum Cure) will be promptly sent.

Sufferers should take instant advantage of this generous proposition, and when writing for them always mention this paper.

Persons in Canada seeing Slocum's free offer in American papers will please send for samples to the Toronto laboratories.

Let no previous discouragements prevent you taking advantage of this splendid free offer before too late.

If money talks it is probably a paying teller.

A double wedding is one kind of a four-in-hand tie.

Do nothing when angry and you will have the less to undo.

In the game of life many a trick is taken with the trump of fame.

If a man has sense he can often make use of a seemingly useless thing.

A woman's happiness may depend on the offers of marriage she refuses.

The head should be educated to think, the heart to feel and the body to act.

GREAT REAL ESTATE BARGAIN—A Lot close to the C. P. R. shops, 27x100, for Fifty Dollars; ten dollars cash and balance $3 per month. You cannot duplicate this, write today, to-morrow may be too late. WALTER SUCKLING & Co., Real Estate Agents and Managers, Winnipeg.

EVERYBODY who Plants a Garden will Buy Seeds, why not Buy PERKINS' SEEDS
THE BEST.
1901 CATALOGUE FREE.
J. M. PERKINS, Seedsman
WINNIPEG, MAN.

TYPEWRITERS

All the Standard Machines, including the latest models, both new and second-hand, sold or rented anywhere. Ribbons, Carbons, Note Books, Pencils, Papers, etc. Repairing a specialty. Two experts employed. Send for Catalogue. THE NORTHWEST TYPEWRITER EMPORIUM, 383 Main Street, Winnipeg.

HOME WORK.

We want the services of a number of persons and families to do knitting for us at home, whole or spare time. We furnish Automatic Knitting Machines free to shareholders, supply yarn free and pay for work as sent in. Distance no hindrance. You can easily earn good wages. Write us at once. Dep. A., The People's Knitting Syndicate, Limited, Toronto, Can.

Brass Band
Instruments, Drums, Uniforms, Etc.
EVERY TOWN CAN HAVE A BAND.
Lowest prices ever quoted. Fine catalogue 50 illustrations mailed free. Write us for anything in Music or Musical Instruments.
Whaley Royce & Co., Toronto, Ont., and Winnipeg, Man.

MI DUETA CIGAR
Manufactured by THOS. LEE, Winnipeg

OXYDONOR.

(Trade Mark Registered November 21, 1890.)

Dr. Sanche agrees to take instruments back at half price if parties using them are not benefitted after using for five weeks.

F. Free, Winnipeg, says: I have used "Oxydonor" for two weeks for Bronchitis and Catarrh of the Head, and I feel like a new man.

Mrs. F. L. Cook, Winnipeg, says: I had suffered untold agonies from Bright's Disease, and it relieved me of Pain, and in six weeks I was cured.

Mr. W. G. Ellworth, Winnipeg, says: I have suffered for 6½ years with articular rheumatism; was in hospital for 5 weeks, and used almost every remedy, including mesmerism galvanism, electric belt, etc. I have used Oxydonor 10 days and received more benefit than from anything else.

Mrs. Gagner Winnipeg, says: I have used it beneficially with my family whenever sick, and it has cured me of severe indigestion and la grippe.

Sub-dealers wanted in every district. Address Wm. T. Gratins, Grain Exchange, Winnipeg. Send for Booklets of grateful reports.

McCulloch & Boswell manufacturers of the McCulloch Racing and Hockey Skates, have removed from 210 McDermott St. to 189 Lombard St., opp. McIntyre Blk., Winnipeg.

Did you ever use Acetylene Gas?
THE ONTARIO
ACETYLENE GAS GENERATOR
Is the best, the only reliable, and the most durable generator in Canada. Works automatically; requires no attention while working.
The North-West Acetylene Gas Company,
312 Princess St., Winnipeg, Man. Agents Wanted

Wheeler & Wilson Mfg. Co.'s Rotary motion and ball-bearing Sewing Machines are ½ easier and ½ faster than any vibrating machine in the world. Agents wanted. Apply to J. E. Brynes, General Agent, 355 Main st., Winnipeg.

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

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS

Issued Every Wednesday.

W. B. ANDERSON, - - - EDITOR

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

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

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 6, 1901.

THE FOOL COBBLER.

HE MAKES A COMBINATION WITH A FRIENDLY UNDERTAKER.

The Intention Is to Boom Business For Both Members of the Agreement, but In Hans' Case, at Any Rate, Business Falls to Boom.

[Copyright, 1900, by C. B. Lewis.]

"One day vhen I don't haf somet'ings to do a man comes in my place und says:

"'Look here, cobbler, we shall go into some combinations. You help me, und I help you. I vhas dot undertaker who starts in peesness on der next block, und I can send you 20 customers a week. Vhen peoples cum to my place, I says to dem:

"'"Do you know dot German cobbler? Vhell, he vhas a rusher, und he vhas sheap prices. You go to him, und he vhas all right?"

"'Und vhen some peoples cum to your shop you should say:

"'"Do you know dot undertaker down der street? Vhell, he vhas boss, und if you patronize him once you vhill be sure to come again."'

"After dot undertaker goes avhay I talk mit my wife, und she says maype it vhas all right. I like it better if it vhas some tailor or butcher, but pooty soon vhen an old man mit a lame back comes in to get a cement patch on his shoe I says:

"'Vhell, maype you vhas going to die dis winter, und it vhas good for you to git der lowest price und der best treatment. I like to recommend my fr'endt Jones to you.'

"Vhell, I neffer saw a man so mad. He calls me names und wants to hit me mit his cane, und he says he shall

"WEY, DOT VHAS ROBBERY!"

drive all my customers avhay und send me py der poorhouse. He makes sooch a big row dot feefty peoples come around und belief somepody vhas killed by der street cars. I can't see why he gets his back oop, but vhen he goes avhay anodder man comes in und cries oudt:

"'Hello, cobbler, but dot combination vhas all K. O. I vhas down to see Jones und look oafer some bargains, und he recommended me to you. He says your work vhas good und your prices sheap. How mooch to put some soles on my shoes?'

"'Feefty cents,' I says.

"'Nonsense! Dot vhas der old figure before der combination. If I can buy a $40 coffin for $28, do you belief I shall pay you feefty cents fur new soles? You make der price 25 cents und go to work.'

"I couldn't do dot, und do you belief dot man shouts und yells und kicks around und says he can lick me in one minute by two clocks? He calls me robber, t'ief und liar, und some more peoples come running und ask where der fire vhas. I like to give oop dot combination right avhay, but I don't haf time to see der undertaker before a fat woman comes in mit an old pair of shoes to be fixed. Dot womans vhas so big und fat dot she can hardly come in der door, und she haf some asthma der worst kind.

"'Vhas you in some combination mit an undertaker?' she asks as she sits down.

"'I vhas. If you like to buy a coffin und haf a pair of shoes fixed at der same time, I can do bully by you.'

"'Dot vhas peesness. Cobbler, I vhas expecting to die eafery day, und of course I like to be buried ash sheaply as possible. While I lif I must wear [illegible] and so you can gif me figures on [illegible] burial. Don't try to swindle [illegible] vhas fat.'

"'[illegible] not. It vhas all der [illegible] or fat. Our goods vhas der [illegible] prices der lowest. I vhill [illegible] for all. If you die in [illegible] difference.'

"'Seexty dollar!' she says. 'Vhy, dot vhas robbery! If somebody don't bury me for forty dollar, den I lay on top der ground! Cobbler, I vhas a fat womans und a dying womans, but you can't swindle me. Make dot price forty dollar, und we shall talk. It vhas forty dollar, und I shall haf seexteen hacks at der funeral.'

"'Seexty dollar vhas der lowest figure,' I said. 'Dot vhas an awful discount, but we like to do peesness und satisfy der peoples. We vhas here to stay. If you come once, you vhill come again.'

"Dot womans vhas some deceiver. She looks like a leetle lamb, but vhen I don't make dot combination for forty dollar she begins to shout und swear und scream und kick, und pooty soon she faints avhay und falls down. More ash one hoonered peoples comes crowding around, und dot cross eyes policemans shumps in der door und pulls me oudt on der sidewalk und slams me around und yells:

"'Here vhas der villain! He shall go by state's prison for life for killing some fat womans!'

"It vhas an awful time. We don't get dot fat woman oudt for an hour."

M. QUAD.

A RADIANT NORTH ROOM.

A Flower Bedroom That Is a Tonic to Every One Within Its Walls.

A beautiful cowslip bedroom, which looks out upon the northern hills, has the effect of being flooded with sunshine; though, as a matter of fact, the sun peeps in for only the briefest early morning greeting. The walls are papered with cream colored cartridge paper, and there is a deep frieze where cowslip blossoms run riot. In a pleasant corner near a window is a broad, low divan, covered with cowslip patterned cretonne, and a high back Quaker rocker is softly padded and covered with the same, as also one easy chair. There are several light cane seat chairs, which have been painted with white enamel, and these have fancy cushions tied into the seats and across the upper part of the backs with yellow ribbons. The cushions of one chair are of white duck, embroidered boldly with conventionalized cowslips; for another they are of white india silk flowered with cowslips.

The toilet table drapery is of simple cotton crape cloth of cowslip color instead of silk. The flounce of the toilet table is like the curtains, of white mull with large polka dots sparsely scattered over it, and yellow silk dots have been worked in the center of the polka dots. This has a very brightening effect and was very little work. The curtains are finished with ruffles and tied with yellow ribbons.

On the divan are several large pillows, one covered with cretonne. One, a large round thing, is of heavy twilled white cotton, embroidered with cowslips, scalloped on the edge and laced together over a puff of yellow india silk. Others have fancy silk covers.

The bedstead is a very simple one of iron, finished in white enamel, but it is made very decorative by a simple drapery at the head of cretonne curtains, which are hung in an ingenious fashion. An old umbrella frame was covered on the outside with cretonne and inside with yellow crape cloth. The handle was, of course, cut off, and the ferrule end was painted white. A brass ring was screwed into it, and it was hung from a brass hook in the ceiling. A ruffle of the cretonne surrounds the umbrella, and underneath it, for three-quarters of the circumference, brass rings are sewed. The curtains hook into these.

We give too little thought to the question of environment and color influence. The latter is upon some natures as strong as that of music and as powerful for good or ill, and we should give careful consideration to the surroundings which may "make or mar" those nearest and dearest to us.

Experience has proved, concludes The Art Interchange, that this room has a truly tonic effect upon its occupants. Its cheerful influence is felt by all, and everybody is happy within its walls. Even a querulous, discouraged and melancholy invalid yielded to the beneficent and subtle sway of its radiant colors and forgot her ailments.

Increased Use of the Dinner Coat.

The increased use and abuse of the dinner coat, or Tuxedo, as it is generally called, are very noticeable in New York this season, according to an authority on men's fashions. Several nights ago in one of the most fashionable hotels in New York at least three men out of five wore dinner coats, not in the cafe, but in the ladies' dining room and in the halls with parties of ladies. When this coat was introduced some years ago, it was not intended as a full dress garment. It was a compromise. The Tuxedo might be worn appropriately for all stag affairs and at informal dinners. On these occasions it should be worn with a black waistcoat and a black tie. A derby hat is the proper headdress with a Tuxedo. The custom of making the Tuxedo more of a dress coat has been growing. At least half of the men noticed the other night wore white ties and white waistcoats with their short coats and not a few of them wore opera hats.

The newest olive rated green Bohem standing clear fro an inch and a half purpose for bonbon

VANITY'S VISIONS.

IN EVENING GOWNS, LUXURIOUS WRAPS AND SMALL ACCESSORIES.

Girl's Ball Gown—Three-quarter Sealskin Coat and Eton Jacket In Broadtail—Crepe de Chine Popular. A Glory of Gold.

The popularity of the plain short coat in the midst of so much that is ornate and heavily garnished is in part accounted for by the fact that it accommodates the fur collarettes and boas nicely, and these are quickly thrown off when one enters a warm room and the jacket is thrown open, whereas the removal and redonning of

DEBUTANTE'S BALL GOWN.

a large fur trimmed wrap are affairs of which one thinks twice. However, the truly luxurious woman must have her heavy furs, and a better example of all that is delicious in this line would be far to seek than a three-quarter sealskin coat of today; for instance, one with the new rolled collar, lined with sable, immense soft revers of sable, scalloped bell shaped sleeves and handsome large tortoise shell buttons. Less imposing but equally stylish is an Eton jacket of black broadtail with great revers and collar of white broadtail and broadtail muff to match.

It is to evening styles that the magic fashion draws us most irresistibly just at this season, for among all vanity's visions are no greater dreams of delight than the confections for the fair young girls whose debut society is now celebrating. One of these appears in the cut—a fascinating first ball gown of net with choux of illusion and pale pink wild roses with dark glossy foliage and garlands of flowers serving as epaulets, while the actual sleeves are in one with the drapery bertha. A girdle and ribbon of pale pink satin complete the corsage.

Crepe de chine is the popular evening gown material in soft shades of blue,

FASHIONABLE FURS.

pink, cream, etc., and very charming is a confection of pale blue crape and silver embroidery.

Although it smacks of repetition to mention gold, such mention is imperative, for gold continues to be the glory of the toilet.

One seam in front and one in the middle of the back mark the newest skirt model.

A welcome revival reported is that of "pinked out" taffeta ruchings among stylish trimmings for gowns in gauze fabrics.

Vegetables Rechauffes.

Cold vegetables, such as peas, beans, asparagus, Brussels sprouts, cauliflowers, etc., can all be warmed up and served a la maitre d'hotel by tossing them in butter over a moderate fire, with a sprinkling of chopped parsley, pepper and salt and the squeeze of a lemon. Boiled potatoes are best served cut in slices and fried as pommes de terre sautees.

RAW FURS

HIDES AND DEER SKINS

SHIP TO

McMILLAN FUR & WOOL CO.

EXPORTERS AND IMPORTERS.

200-212 FIRST AVE. NORTH, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Write for Our Circular and See the Prices We Pay.

Union Brewery.

Fresh Lager Beer THE BEST IN THE PROVINCE

STEAM Beer, Ale, and Porter.

A reward of $5.00 will be paid for information leading to conviction o persons withholding or destroying any kegs belonging to this company

HENRY REIFEL, Manager.

MARHER & CO.

Wholesale Wine and Liquor Merchants

NANAIMO, B C.

Direct Import

of Whyte and McKay, Glasgow Special Scotch Whisky,
Jas. Watson & Co., Dundee, Glenlivet.
R. McNish & Co., Glasgow, Dr. Special.
Al. Demerara and Jamaica Rum,
Guiness' Stout and Bass' Ale.
French Cognacs in the very best qualities.
Port, Sherry, Clarets, Etc, Etc.

ALWAYS ON HAND—A Carload of.....

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Greenhouse plants, seeds, agricultural implements, etc. Largest and most complete stock in the Province. Send for catalogue.

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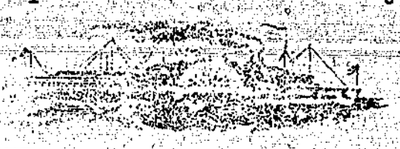

VICTORIA COMOX ROUTE.

Taking Effect Tuesday, Oct. 16th, 1900.

S. S. "City of Nanaimo."

Sails from Victoria Tuesday, 7 a.m. for Nanaimo and Way ports.

Sails from Nanaimo, Wednesday 7 a. m., for Union Wharf, Comox and Way ports.

Sails from Comox and Union Wharf, Thursday 8 a. m. for Nanaimo and Way ports.

Sails from Nanaimo, Friday 4 a.m. for Comox and Union Wharf direct.

Sails from Comox and Union Wharf, Friday 6 p. m. for Nanaimo direct.

Sails from Nanaimo, Saturday 7 a.m. for Victoria and Way ports.

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Black Diamond Nursery

QUARTER WAY, Wellington Road

HUTCHERSON & PERRY.

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Small Fruits in Great Variety.

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s12tc P. O. BOX, 190.

FOR SALE—Cooking stove (wood burner), also Singer Sewing Machine. Apply to A. H. McCALLUM, Cumberland, B.C.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given hat application will be made to the Legislative Assembly of the Province of Britsih Columbia at its next session for an Act to consolidate certain mining leases of ground situateh in and around T d Gulch, Atlin District of British Columbia and more particularly known as the "Gem "Lampman," "Will o'the Wisp" "Engelhardt," "Gordon," "Cousin Jack," "Lancashire Lad," "Louise," "Pure Gold," "Ida," "Clifford," and "Only Chance," together with other adjoining or adjacent properties that may hereafter be acquired by the applicants into one holding with a demise thereof from the Crown for a perion of 25 years from the final passage of the Act with a right of renewal for a further period of 25 years and that the water privileges and easements now held or hereafter acquired by the applicants and in particular the right of diverting and using 2,500 miners inches from 4th July Creek, 5,000 miners inches from Surprise Lake, and 900 miners inches from Moose and Elk Lakes be held, employed, and enjoyed as appurtenant to the whole or any part of the said holdings; and to confirm to the applicants and their assigns the said consolidated leaseholds and water-rights, with power to carry any water that they may divert from Surprise Lake through the said Moose and Elk Lakes for the use of applicants and their assigns solely and with all other usual, necessary or incidental rights, powers, or privileges as may be necessary or incidental or conductive to the attainment of the above objects or any of them.

HUNTER & OLIVER,
Solicitors for the Applicants.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that application will be made to the Legislative Assembly of the Province of British Columbia at its next session for an act to incorporate a company with power to construct and operate a railway from the City of Victoria thence northwesterly to a point at or near Seymour Narrows, Vancouver island, thence by bridge or otherwise to the Mainland of British Columbia thence north easterly alternatively by way of Tete Jeune Cache or Yellow Head Pass or vicinity of Fort George or Pine River or Peace River Passes to a point at or near the eastern confines of the Province and from any point on such line to the northern boundries of the Province or to any coastal points thereof, or to any mining regions or settlements in Cariboo, Lillooet Westminster or Cassiar Districts and branch lines of any length therefrom and with power to construct, acquire and operate telegraph and telephone line (authorized to charge tolls, thereon for the transmission of messages for the public), ships, vessels, wharves, works, waterpowers to supply electric power, light and heat and to expropriate waters and lands for all such purposes and for such other rights, powers and privileges as are usual, incidental, necessary or conducive to the attainment of the above objects.

E. G. TILTON,
On behalf of Applicants.

Dated December 3rd, 1900.

BUREAU OF PROVINCIAL INFORMATION.

IN ORDER that the Government may be in possession of definite information with which to supply those seeking investments in this Province, I am instructed to invite particulars from those who have properties for sale, and who may feel disposed to forward such particulars to this office for the purpose in question.

In view of the proposed early re-organisation of the Agent General's Office in London, England, the desirability of having on file a list of farms and other properties for sale, with full and accurate details, is obvious. Properties submitted may include farms and farm lands, industrial or commercial concerns, timber limits, water powers, or other enterprises affording opportunities for legitimate investment.

It is not proposed to recommend properties to intending investors, but to afford the fullest access to the classified lists and all available information connected therewith, and to place enquirers in communication with the owners.

The fullest particulars are desired not only of the properties themselves, but of the localities in which they are situated, and the conditions affecting them. For this purpose printed schedules, will, upon application, be forwarded to those desirous of making sales.

R. E. GOSNEL,
Secretary, Bureau of Provincial Information.

d5m

PATENTS GUARANTEED

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Vancouver, B. C.

Esquimalt & Nanaimo Ry.

TIME TABLE EFFECTIVE NOV. 19TH, 1898.

VICTORIA TO WELLINGTON.

No. 2 Daily. A.M.		No. 4 Saturday P.M.
Dc. 9:00	Victoria	Dc. 4:25
" 9:28	Goldstream	" 4:53
" 10:9	Koenig's	" 5:31
" 10:18	Duncans	" 6:15
P.M.		P.M.
" 12:14	Nanaimo	" 7:41
Ar. 12:3	Wellington	Ar. 7:55

WELLINGTON TO VICTORIA.

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

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

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

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

WANTED—Capable, reliable person in every county to represent large company of solid financial reputation; $936 salary per year, payable weekly; $3 per day absolutely sure and all expenses; straight bona-fide, definite salary, no commission; salary paid each Saturday and expense money advanced each week. STANDARD HOUSE, 334 Dearborn, St, Chicago.

I Have Taken an Office in the Nash Building.
Dunsmuir Avenue, Cumberland.
and am agent for the following reliable insurance companies: The Royal London and Lancashire and Norwich Union. I am prepared to accept risks a current rates. I am also agent for the Standerd Life Insurance Company of Edinburgh and the Ocean Accident Company of England. Please call and investigate before insuring in any other Company.

JAMES ABRAMS.

Notice.

Riding on locomotives and railway cars of the Union Colliery Company by any person or persons—except train crew—is strictly prohibited. Employees are subject to dismissal for allowing same

By order
FRANCIS D. LITTLE
Manager.

JAS. A. CARTHEW'S
Livery Stable
TEAMSTER AND DRAYMEN
SINGLE AND DOUBLE RIGS FOR HIRE. ALL ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.
R. SHAW, Manager.
Third St., Cumberland, B.C

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COR. DUNSMUIR AVENUE AND SECOND STREET, CUMBERLAND, B. C.
MRS. J. H. PIKET, Proprietress.

When in Cumberland be sur and stay at the Cumberland Hotel, First-Class Accomodation for transient and permanent boarders.

Sample Rooms and Public Hall Run in Connection with Hotel

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Livery AND Teaming
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D. KILPATRICK,
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FISHING RODS REPAIRED

CABINET Work done and repaired

Fancy Inlaying in wood and metal.
French Polishing.

Apply

NEWS OFFICE.

FOR A

WOMAN'S SAKE

BY MRS. M. E. HOLMES.

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

CHAPTER XLVIII.

ADOLPHUS' MARRIAGE.

"I'm so glad to hear that the Gatford people are all wrong, and that Mr. Adolphus doesn't care a bit," said Mrs. Podmore. "But there's no stopping some people's tongues. They even went so far as to say he'd taken to drink because of it."

"That's what my Doldrum threatened to do when I refused to see him, in consequence of a change of complexion engendered by yellow jaundice. It was before our marriage, of course."

"Of course!" emphasized Seraphina Scratton, impatient of an interruption which postponed for a moment her reply to what she secretly considered Mrs. Podmore's impertinence. "But my 'H'Adolphus" (as she was getting angry, Mrs. Scratton's aspirations came out in great force) "has been a leetle too much h'accustomed to the society of h-earls and h'other members of the h'aristocracy to care what any of the Gatford people says, 'igh or low! I've repeatedly urged upon him not to bemean himself by mixing with them who can't h'appreciate the 'onor of his company."

"And he doesn't follow your advice," groaned the cheerful Doldrum, with a reflective shake of the head. "The young folk have no respect for age now-a-days. Never, as my Doldrum says, do they act as they ought, and stick up for the old practitioners."

Whether being classed among the "old practitioners" was calculated to allay Mrs. Scratton's rising anger, we have no means to determine, for Biffen (Mrs. S.'s own maid) entered the room, somewhat abruptly, a letter in her hand; no longer the Biffen of fifteen years ago—shaggy hair, like a Shetland pony, and costumed after the fashion of a scarecrow in a cornfield—but a neatly attired woman, with sharp eyes, and a high complexion, retaining nothing of the past but eccentricity of character, and sharpness of tongue.

"Didn't I always tell you to knock before you entered a room?" said her mistress, turning sharply upon her, glad to get somebody upon whom she could open the vials of her wrath.

"And haven't I been knocking for the last five minutes, till I've as little skin on my knuckles as is on the inside of a biled egg? I s'pose you don't want me to stand on my 'ead and knock with my heels? It is the only way to be heard when you three get a-talkin' together!"

"Leave the room!"

"Well, I'm going; for when one is taken up so sharp, there isn't much inducement to stop."

"I shall pay you your wages this very night, and send you about your business."

"Thank'ee, missus." This with a brisk and graceful politeness. "Money's always welcome; and as my business is to look after you and Master 'Dolphus, you won't have to send me far. That's a letter from him," laying the missive on the table. "My 'art give quite a jump when I saw it fust, for I thought it was a black seal, but it's only the thumbmark of Joe, the boots—Joe, you know, as belongs to the 'Dog and Duck.'"

"I know?"

"Well, he is a very 'spectable young man as only gets drunk once a-week, and that's in church-time o' Sundays." So saying, Biffen took her departure as abruptly as she entered, leaving her mistress with Adolphus' letter in her hand.

"Will you excuse me?" asked the elegant Mrs. Scratton, bowing with stately politeness to her friends.

"Certainly!" cried both together, who, with the crow's instinct for carrion, seemed to scent bad news. "Make no strangers of us, dear."

Mrs. Scratton smiled loftily as she broke the seal.

"My son has been absent from home some days. A great many of his titled college friends are down for the shooting, you know, and they will have him at any price. Blood is blood all the world over."

Poor Mrs. Scratton! Her worst enemies might have pitied her, but they didn't.

She read a few lines of the letter attentively, then her eyes hurriedly scanned the rest.

A stifled shriek! The letter fluttered from her hand to the ground, and Mrs. Scratton fell back in her chair, for once, in a fainting fit that was not shamming. Her bosom friends and chosen gossips rushed at once to the rescue, the one to the door and the other to the bell-rope. They did this, of course? Of course, they did nothing of the kind.

The moment was critical, but Mrs. Podmore, and Mrs. Podmore alone, proved equal to the occasion.

"Put up that bottle!" she said, in a tone of quick authority, as the soft-hearted Doldrum was approaching Mrs. Scratton's chair, with a pint bottle labeled "Drops," which she had drawn from her capacious pocket, which seemed to contain everything from a jujube to a blister. "Put up that bottle!"

In great emergencies, it is the strongest mind that comes to the front. Mrs. Doldrum at once succumbed; and, as fearing another advent on the part of the eccentric Biffen, in a low, but distinct voice, Mrs. Podmore, read the letter she had promptly lifted from the carpet upon which it had fallen.

"Ancient and Honorable!

"You'll be awfully surprised when you read this letter, and I've no doubt Biffen and the rest of them will catch it hot and strong for the next twenty-four hours; but when you've let off the necessary steam, you'll come right, I'm sure, and stand my friend with the guv'nor.

"It is not my fault if I have a proud nature, and a sensitive heart; a member of your family must be constitutionally haughty, and the way my beloved parents were received by the aristocrats of Oakwoods affected me deeply. For the first time in my life I suffered the agonies of mental torture; nor was physical torture altogether absent, but the latter arose out of other circumstances quite beyond my control, and shall not be dwelt upon here.

"You have heard me speak of Miss Cecilia Dawson. Her position in life is not, perhaps, up to the topmost round of man's ambition; neither is she what a fastidious taste would term accomplished. She can play the piano like her illustrious namesake, but I scarcely think an angel with a delicate ear would quit the celestial regions to listen to her. I hate accomplishments! If a woman can mix a bowl of punch, administer a brandy and soda, and fill a pipe scientifically, she fulfills the duty of her sex. Such a sypathetic spirit I have found in Cecilia. I know it was your wish, dearest ma, to see your 'Dolfy married to a duchess. Believe me, I shared that wish, and had anything of the sort been hanging about Gatford, I should certainly have snapped her up; but the article was scarce—in fact, not come-at-able; so, failing the duchess, I proposed to Miss Cecilia Dawson, and we were married this morning." (It was at this stage of the letter that poor Mrs. Scratton fainted.) "You always taught me to look high, and I couldn't look much higher than a sign-board. If you fail to move the guv'nor, and he stops the supplies, my crest in future will be a 'Dog and Duck.'

(Signed) "Your loving son,

"ADOLPHUS."

To this elegant and characteristic epistle there was a postscript:

"I send one of our business cards (please note the address). Sis and I will be always at home between the hours of twelve and four, to receive (when convenient) the parental blessing."

Was it sorrow that expanded the visage of the acute Mrs. Podmore?

Was it sympathy that contracted still more the pinched visage of Mrs Doldrum?

It is with deep regret we feel ourselves compelled to answer both these questions in the negative.

The expansion was a smile. The contraction was an internal enjoyment.

"Why, he's married the tavern-keeper's daughter!" cried the doctor's wife.

"There's an end of all chances for my Hermoine," thought the lawyer's lady; for since the famous Oakwoods rejection, she had secretly nourished the idea of an alliance between her own daughter and the hope of the Scrattons.

Such were her thoughts; her words were very different.

"Poor, dear Seraphina!"—for Mrs. Scratton's eye were now opening. "My dear, dear, friend! what a shock for you! what a disgrace! Married to a common barmaid!—a disgrace which nothing can redeem! My heart bleeds for you! Such a dreadful blow!"

Mrs. Scratton, for the moment quite subdued, looked from one to the other of her friends for pity, but found none.

"You're not going?" she asked faintly, for both ladies were eagerly adjusting their bonnet and shawl.

"Yes, really, dear, we must go. Mr. Podmore expects me back to dinner, and—you know what men are—won't set down to dinner without me."

"For myself," said Mrs. Doldrum, "I oughtn't to have stayed as long as I have done. 'Tis now past two, and I should have taken my pills and mixture at twelve. There's nothing like regularity in such matters," she continued.

Of course the great incentive for this sudden exodus was a desire to immediately propagate the scandal of which they had just possessed themselves.

Mrs. Scratton knew this well enough, but too crushed to do more than mildly protest, she saw her "dearest friends" hurry away like carrier-pigeons, to flutter all over the town, and carry the bad news everywhere.

They had scarcely been gone a quarter of an hour, when a rough hand was laid upon the lock of the door, and Daniel Scratton entered his wife's private sitting-room.

"Daniel," she said, speaking very gently, and with her eyes red with weeping, "I've bad news."

"Have you?" sneered her husband, flinging himself into a chair. "Then you're bringing your pigs to an overstocked market. Where's Adolphus?"

"It's of 'Dolphus I want to speak to you. It's not to be expected Daniel, that we can put old heads upon young shoulders."

"Confound the woman! What nonsense is she talking about heads and shoulders? I'm asking you about a man, not a codfish! Where's Adolphus?"

"At the 'Dog and Duck,'" replied Mrs. Scratton, sadly.

To be Continued.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure

cures coughs and colds at *once*. We don't mean that it relieves you for a little while—it *cures*. It has been doing this for half a century. It has saved hundreds of thousands of lives. It will save yours if you give it a chance.

"I coughed and raised continuously. Could not attend to business. One bottle of Shiloh stopped the cough and restored me to perfect health."

J. J. TAGGART, Toronto.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure is sold by all druggists in Canada and United States at 25c, 50c, $1.00 a bottle. In Great Britain at 1s. 2d., 2s. 3d., and 4s. 6d. A printed guarantee goes with every bottle. If you are not satisfied go to your druggist and get your money back.

Write for illustrated book on Consumption. Sent without cost to you. S. C. Wells & Co., Toronto.

Story Book Land.

In story book land, it is there you will find
The wisest and bravest and best of mankind.
And women who step from perfection's fair mold,
Well worthy of heroes so splendid and bold;
And the villain unblushingly revels in sin,
Proclaiming himself, with a leer or a grin,
It's easy to see all the cards in his hand;
They're fair and aboveboard in story book land.

And fortune awaits, just as fortune should do,
Ere the volume is closed on the good and the true,
And the schemes of the sordid are certain to fail,
The righteous rejoice and the wicked ones wail;
Oh, it's hard to return to the bustle and glare
From the library nook so secluded from care
To the strange struggling world which we can't understand
When we might be so happy in story book land!

MINARD'S LINIMENT Lumberman's Friend.

Something in It.

Dolly Dimples—Do you ever hear a curious buzzing sound in your ears, Mr. Evergreen?

Mr. Evergreen—No, but sometimes I have thought I heard something rattle inside.

Dolly Dimples—Thank heaven! Perhaps there's something in it after all.—Ohio State Journal.

MINARD'S LINIMENT is used by Physicians.

Getting Around It.

"How did Grinner's monologue go at the amateur entertainment last night?" asked the managing editor.

"Flat," answered the reporter. "It would hardly do to say so, I guess." So the next issue of The Morning Light contained this paragraph in the review of the amateur show: "Mr. Algy Grinner delivered a humorous monologue. He held his face perfectly straight even during the telling of his best jokes. The audience was in perfect sympathy with the performer."

Keep MINARD'S LINIMENT in the House.

You need not cough all night and disturb your friends; there is no occasion for you running the risk of contracting inflammation of the lungs or consumption, while you can get Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. This medicine cures coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs and all throat and chest troubles. It promotes a free and easy expectoration, which immediately relieves the throat and lungs from viscid phlegm.

When Bathing Was Rare.

In some old court memoirs of the eighteenth century which have recently been called again to attention it is stated that when George IV was a baby he was bathed only once a fortnight. That was thought to be plenty often enough in those days for a child to be washed. When one of George's little sisters had measles, the royal mother gave most careful instructions that the child's linen was not to be changed too soon, as she feared that some careless attendant would clothe it in garments insufficiently aired and so "drive in the rash." In those days people were much afraid of clean linen and bathing. It was believed the complete bodily ablutions were weakening, yet prince, peer and peasant alike called in at every ailment the doctors of the period, who bled them into a state of weakness and sometimes death.

Is there anything more annoying than having your corn stepped upon? Is there anything more delightful than getting rid of it? Holloway's Corn Cure will do it. Try it and be convinced.

The Captive.

She smiled, but he was adamant;
She pouted, still he didn't care;
He knew not that for him alone
She fastened roses in her hair.

She sighed and quoted poetry,
But still he coyly shied away;
Yet he is kneeling at her feet;
He saw the girl in tears one day.

What a Pig!

They were out driving, and the young man was holding the lines with one hand.

"Sweetheart," he whispered as the moon went behind a cloud, "I wish I had arms like—like"—

"Like Fitzsimmons?" she asked.

"No," he exclaimed; "like an octopus!"—Chicago Tribune.

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

A HISTORIC MARKET.

STRONG ODORS AND GIANT PORTERS ABOUND IN BILLINGSGATE.

Rough and Dirty Treatment That Visitors to London's Famous Fish Mart Receive From the Burly, Boorish Employees.

I reached Billingsgate fish market, London, a little before 4 in the morning and was met by an old gentleman who wanted to act as guide, he calling after me that I had better employ him and so keep my clothes clean. I declined the proffered service, but I would advise accepting the services of the old man.

On gaining the market I looked about, expecting to see women selling fish, but not one did I find. I was disappointed in this, as I had read that it was a great treat to roll a Billingsgate fishwoman and hear her swear. My stock of information was increased almost immediately, for I learned that the saleswomen disappeared from Billingsgate with the retail trade. The women can be found elsewhere today, and they are as vulgar as of yore.

Conspicuously displayed outside the market house were large placards reading, "If any porter shall be guilty of dishonesty or drunkenness, or use any obscene, filthy or abusive language, or commit any assault, or otherwise misconduct himself, he shall have his license revoked."

I copied the above on leaving. When I first read it, I was foolish enough to suppose that Billingsgate was a decent sort of place. I trusted the placards implicitly. They were certainly all one could expect—no "dishonesty" insured against highway robbery, no "drunkenness" insured against assault, no "obscene language," no "filth," etc. Billingsgate must have improved, since the days when Shakespeare and Pope wrote about it.

I entered the great building, which is an acre in extent, and was met by the vilest smell I have ever encountered. My breakfast had not been eaten, and the odors made me seasick. It was nothing but fish, and all fresh at that; but I was smelling the extract from 400 tons, more or less, and the current of air that rushed to the door I opened was doubly laden. Once inside it did not seem so bad.

Everything was hurry and bustle. Devoted entirely to wholesale, the place was not crowded, but here and there, perhaps in 20 places, groups of men were following the auctioneers from one pile of fish to another. The auctioneer would mount a stand and say something, and before I could catch his meaning he would clap his hands as evidence of sale, jump to the floor and go to the next pile. A pleasant faced man approached.

"Come with me," he said; "I'll see you through. Here come the porters. Don't bother them. They are ignorant and vulgar and, while a lot of good fellows, might be unpleasant toward you. You see, the literary world branded us centuries ago, and the men know how they are considered by visitors, and they care absolutely nothing for any one. Those men have 200 pounds of fish each on their heads. They drink a quart of beer without catching breath and eat five pounds of beef a day, usually in five meals, but often in only three."

I admired the men as they filed past and emptied their boxes. I stood to one side, out of the way, when I was disturbed by a huge porter laying his hands on my left shoulder. He deliberately wiped his hands on my back, talking to his companions all the while. I turned, as any one would, when I felt a foot on my leg, and I found another porter wiping his wet and dirty foot on my trousers. The salesman saw the second move, and quick as a flash he was to the rescue.

"The next man who raises his hand against this visitor will lose his position," he exclaimed.

The porters laughed heartily and filed on back to the ships. "About what I expected," said my deliverer. "It's no use to object. It is lucky they did not strike you in the face with a fish. These fellows have no sense. They are the lowest type of English, Swedes and Norwegians, mostly the latter, and there is not a man among them. It seems the handling of fish makes men mean, dirty and brutal. I have seen women get worse treatment than you did, and some of our great wholesale dealers, here on business, often get the same dose right under our eyes. If you take this treatment good naturedly and buy drinks for the crowd, the porters are the best fellows you ever saw. We dare not complain, for the whole crowd would strike, and tons of fish would spoil. I believe these are the strongest men on earth. When you go home, remember that you have visited the nastiest and filthiest place in the world. Perhaps this knowledge will repay you for the treatment you received."

I thought the abuse had its advantages and replied that I would have been disappointed had I not had some disagreeable experience. It was this salesman who told me of the flight of the fishwomen. He also said that upstairs I would find one of the cleanest restaurants in London and I could have a fish breakfast if I was so disposed. I was not and was satisfied with a glance into the dining room.

Billingsgate is the oldest market in the city. It is located on the Thames, immediately below London bridge. The boats wharf at its door. The market was in existence a thousand years ago, and while today only one-third its supply arrives by water bids fair to remain for several centuries more. The fishmongers erected the great market house. They are wealthy and thus far successfully fought the railroads and merchants who would like a more central location for the market. Fish supply one-third the meat of London, and nearly the whole supply enters through Billingsgate.

On leaving I gave the old watchman a penny and told him I was sorry I had not engaged him. He seemed pleased and said that I should try to see the fish train while in London. It is composed of box cars, several of glass, for the convenience of women, who can see their dinner swimming about. An attendant with a dip net lifts the selected fish out and weighs it, while the housewife is thus assured that she is buying fresh fish. I made an effort to see this train, but failed. I heard of it from several sources, otherwise I would have doubted its existence.

Saving Woman.

Mr. Payne—What! Sixty-eight dollars for an evening dress? Why, I thought you were going to have your last year's black lace made over.

Mrs. Payne—I did, dear. I had it made over red satin, and that's what cost so.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Treatment For Sprains.

The prevalence of sprains and strains owing to the indulgence in athletic exercises of all kinds moves an authority on the treatment of these painful accidents to say:

A little common sense treatment is often all that is needed when the strain is at ankle or wrist and without complications. It will swell very alarmingly at first and gradually develop a frightful looking bruise, but from the first it should have complete rest and a treatment of hot and cold douches, the hot being used at first, when the swelling is painful, and the cold later on, as a sort of tonic to the relaxed muscles. The hot must be very hot and the cold very cold, as the tepid water does harm rather than good.

For the first day of a strain, when all the wrenched cartilages and muscles are aching, great relief is found in a poultice of egg and salt. To make it, beat the white of an egg till light, but not stiff. Stir in gradually a cup and a half of salt, or more if needed, to make a thick, pastelike icing. Spread this on a cloth and bandage in place. Cover all with oil silk or a thick bath towel to protect the sheets, since the egg leaks out continually. After this has relieved the soreness begin with hot water fomentations and wear a light, firm bandage, except at night.

A Jovial Pair.

"Mrs. O'Bese is getting awfully stout. I've heard of people spoken of as 'round,' but I never saw any person as round as she."

"Oh, I don't know. There's her husband. He's a rounder."—Philadelphia Press.

WHEN DISCOURAGED TURN TO DR. CHASE

He Cures Every Form of Piles Thoroughly and Well Without the Danger, Expense and Pain of an Operation.

It is surprising what a large number of men and women suffer from the wretched uneasiness and torturing itching of piles. You may be among those who, through modesty or fear of the surgeon's knife, have been prevented from appealing to your physician for a cure. You have tried the hundred and one things that friends have recommended and have become discouraged. You say, as many have said before you, that there is no cure for piles.

Now is the time for you to turn to Dr. Chase, whose famous ointment is recognized the world over as the only actual cure for every form of piles. The real substantial value of Dr. Chase's Ointment has given it a unique position among medicines. It is used in nearly every neighborhood on this continent and has become known by word of mouth from friend to friend and neighbor to neighbor. Ask your friends about it, ask your druggist, ask your doctor. Others have been discouraged, and after years of misery have been cured by Dr. Chase's Ointment. Here is one. Mrs. James Brown, Hintonburg, near Ottawa, writes:—"I have been a constant sufferer from nearly every form of piles for the last 20 years, and during that time, both here and in the old country, have tried almost every remedy.

"I am only doing justice to Dr. Chase's Ointment when I say that I believe it to be the best remedy obtainable for bleeding and protruding piles. I strongly recommend Dr. Chase's Ointment to mothers, or indeed, to any person suffering from that dread torment—piles."

Mr. George Thompson, a leading merchant of Bienheim, Ont., states: "I was troubled with itching piles for 15 years, and at times they were so bad I could scarcely walk. I tried a great many remedies, but never found anything like Dr. Chase's Ointment. After the third application I obtained relief, and was completely cured by using one box." Ask your neighbors about Dr. Chase's Ointment, the only absolute cure for piles.

You can obtain Dr. Chase's Ointment for 60 cents a box from any dealer. If you prefer, enclose this amount to these offices and the remedy will be sent, postpaid, to your address. Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

"O MORS!"

Exceeding sorrow
  Consumeth my sad heart!
Because tomorrow
  We must depart,
Now is exceeding sorrow
  All my part!

Give over playing,
  Cast thy viol away;
Merely laying
  Thine head my way;
Prithee, give over playing,
  Grave or gay.

Be no word spoken;
  Weep nothing; let a pale
Silence, unbroken
  Silence, prevail!
Prithee, be no word spoken
  Lest I fail!

Forget tomorrow!
  Weep nothing; only lay
In silent sorrow
  Thy head my way;
Let us forget tomorrow
  This one day!

—Ernest Dowson in Fortnightly.

THE MILL MYSTERY

The Mills of the Gods Ground It Out at Last.

A vessel had gone upon the rocks of Skull reef and was fast breaking up, they said. A plank washed ashore bore the name Goliath, recognized by some as a whaler which had sailed from Sag Harbor about three years ago. High up on the summit of a sand dune, her wet hair flying straight out behind her, striving to shut out the flying sand and spray and to follow with her eyes the boat as it rose and fell, stood Mad Mary Heath.

She was always down there, roaming about the sands, gathering shells or crouching upon the dunes gazing seaward. Tonight she seemed the genius of the storm, bending, swaying and waving her arms aloft as if beckoning to the sea.

"What ails poor Mary tonight? The storm seems to affect her terribly. She looks a veritable seeress," said Sweyn Yarbourne, who stood among the group of villagers gathered upon the beach.

The mournful sound of the bell buoy on the reef came fitfully upon the wind, and anon, when a rift in the clouds lighted palely the writhing chaos below, the ship might be perceived on her beam ends pounding the reef, and presently she was seen no more. Then all at once, from out the hell of waters, was flung high up the beach, with a grinding crash, the great lifeboat, with its writhing, wriggling crew, only less white and weak than the poor still figure they brought in.

Strong hands clutched and dragged the boat and the falling men far up out of reach of the baffled sea. As they bore the rescued man upon a plank to the boathouse a scream of triumphant laughter rang out over the roar of the tempest, and Mad Mary, who had hovered about the edge of the crowd, flitted away over the dunes, shrieking, "My dream, my dream!"

With a long quivering sigh the pallid figure lying upon the old tarpaulin at length opened its eyes. Matt Rominy stood over him watching for any sign of life and with a commanding gesture keeping the throng back. The eyes, in which consciousness slowly dawned, wandered from point to point and at length rested upon the countenance of the captain of the life savers, and there they rested, growing gradually rounder as a look of horror crept into them.

At length, with a convulsive start, he strove to rise, but, too weak, sank back, screaming, "Keep off; keep off!" waving Rominy away with frenzied gesture.

The face of the latter had assumed an unaccountable pallor, and, with a harsh, broken laugh, he snarled:

"Give him a turn over that keg, men, an git the salt water out of him."

But the fellow, struggling to his feet, ran like the wind straight toward the sea.

He was soon caught and, relapsing into unconsciousness, was carried to the cottage of old Jane Chisholm, about a mile back from the beach.

Yarbourne had been a silent and much puzzled observer of all this. The storm had apparently driven the man insane, he thought.

The rescued man tossed for a week or two in delirium under the rafters of the old salt box hut.

In the small hours one night Goody Garlic, who was hired to watch at his bedside, was aroused from a doze by the voice of the sick man.

"O God, the cruel millstones!" he cried. "They are grinding out blood! Look! Look!" and he would have thrown himself from the bed had not the nurse pinned him down with her sinewy arms.

Three years before the town of East Brompton was roused from its lethargy by one of those happenings which contrasted so sharply with its dreamy life as a chasm opening in a sunlit plain.

One morning when the gray east was shot with red Mary Heath strode into town, wild eyed and drenched with dew, and rapped loudly at Justice Larry Osborn's door.

"There's somethin wrong over t' the mill," she panted in answer to his gruff query. "Has anybody seen Gideon? I been settin up all night watchin for him. He started out last night with the meal bag, an I haven't seen him since!"

"What's the matter at the mill?"

"They's—they's"—she clutched at the door facing—"blood runnin out from under the mill door, an when I looked in the window the hopper was all splashed with it, an"— And she swooned upon the doorstep.

There were nine days of wonder and speculation and investigation. Rominy was at a clambake, he managed to prove, and knew nothing, and Mary Heath still watched and waited in her hovel for Gideon, who came not, but in his place the wolf.

The village beauty, she might have been Mrs. Rominy. The dove might have shared the goshawk's nest and been mistress of the mill, but she married the man of her heart, the penniless son of a once prosperous farmer, a handsome "ne'er do well," and their path had proved more rugged than that of love is usually said to be. Want stared them in the face; hunger perched vulturelike over the door.

One night Gideon started up, his eyes bloodshot with drink and despair, and, swinging his meal bag over his shoulder, staggered forth into the night.

It was one of those white nights characteristic of Long Island, no moon or stars, but more like deep twilight.

Mary stood long at the gate waiting for her husband. Suddenly there was borne upon the night wind the creaking of the arms of the old mill as it turned out its mighty grist. But never had it creaked so loud. Round and round went the great sails in the gloom, and screech after screech pierced the night, and then all was still.

As she craned her neck in startled attention the figure of a man, a sailor by his garb, passed quickly up the lane.

For one instant he turned a white face upon her and pointed to the mill as he ran, speechless with fear. That face was graven upon her memory.

In an agony of fear she barred the door and stared from the window all night long, and when the dawn reddened the east she set out for town.

* * * * * * *

The mills of the gods grind slowly,
  But they grind exceeding small.
With exactness they grind all.

Surveyor Yarbourne murmured these words pensively as he wrought in the deepening twilight to obtain an ensemble of the old mill, whose gaunt arms spread specterlike across the saffron sky.

"But who comes here?"

Seated beside his "bonny," riding slowly up the lane, was Matt Rominy, the ex-mill keeper, for since the tragic occurrence of three years before, still enveloped in mystery, his mill stood there abandoned, like a thing accursed, the evil grist of that dreadful night being the last it ever turned out. Something disturbed Yarbourne's vision. Was his drawing wrong, or had the arms of the mill moved?

High over the crest of the dun hill against the fast fading sky between the rows of sorrowfully trailing billows that stood lamenting over the salt marsh the great wings of the accursed mill were slowly beginning to move, and from its unused hinges came creakings as of a thing in pain.

Faster turned the skeleton arms, and louder came the dismal creaking, which rose to a shriek—a chattering, broken, awful sound, which suddenly ceased as the arms stopped turning.

Yarbourne had risen to his feet and was gazing fixedly, scarce believing his eyes, when a something seemed to issue from the mill and sidle and gyrate adown the hill. On it came, past the salt tarn, under the billows, anon melting in the twilight.

"Pshaw!" said Yarbourne. "It's only Vyler's red calf. Must have got through the gap. Oh, my God, look!"

Not 20 yards from him, hovering limply over the road, was a dark red figure, with flaunting rags and for a moment a glimpse to his bursting eyes of what might have been a face.

As it wavered Yarbourne heard a gurgling cry behind him, and, turning, he beheld the miller on his knees, whiter than stone, with both arms stretched out before him.

"Let me alone!" he screamed. "I won't go along. Oh, look! Where are his arms?" And he fell frothing in the road.

Yarbourne bent over him and shook him. He sat up with a ghastly smile.

"It's nathin, Mr. Yarbourne—a tech of the jimjams, that's all. That Sag Harbor whisky always does it."

He mounted his horse and disappeared in the dusk.

Yarbourne, much shaken, packed his traps hastily and stalked slowly homeward, muttering:

The mills of the gods grind slowly,
  But they grind exceeding small.

A dog howled plaintively as he passed Mary Heath's cottage, and over the dark ridge of its roof hung a gibbous moon.

Yarbourne went that evening to Mother Chisholm's to see the convalescent sailor.

He sat long, smoking and observing him.

Incidentally he mentioned that he had been sketching the old mill.

The man immediately showed so much agitation that the artist became apprehensive and passed him his pocket flask.

"There! Take a nip of that, and you'll feel better."

The sailor did so, and Yarbourne began to talk about the rescue and Rominy's bravery.

"Brave!" whispered the man. "And so's the devil brave, I reckon." And, showing signs of going to pieces again, he took another pull at the flask at Yarbourne's suggestion and, motioning to the door, said:

"Shut it tight an fast an listen to what I tell you. It's been on my mind to make this here deposit for many a day, but I've had no chance. An I'm a gone coon now, being struck by a spar, so make the most on what I says.

"I come from down the island, an about three years ago I was on my way to Sag Harbor to ship aboard the Goliath, a whaler, goin for a three years' cruise. It was night when I passed in the lane by the mill an, bein tired out, perched on a fence to rest a bit.

"I was lookin up at the big mill, when all on a sudden the arms began to go roun' with a terrible creakin, an it seemed to me they was the sound of voices mixed with it. I didn't see no light in the winders, an I walked over thar wonderin why they was workin without any light.

"'Twas what you call a white night. You could see as plain as day, an as I got nearer there was sech a screechin an chatterin as made my blood run cold, 'thout knowin exactly why. I looked in at the winder—give me some more of that. The mill stopped an the noise, too, an, O Lord, that devil of a boat's captain was pullin away from the grindstones the armless body of a man!

"'There!' says he. 'Curse you, you'll steal no more corn, nor sweethearts nuther!' He come creepin out the door, an I hid in the bushes. For an hour he was diggin a hole down the hill, near the swamp, under the forked willow. You kin find it.

"I dasn't move. Pretty soon he went into the mill an come out, draggin the body. He drug it down an chucked it in the hole, an while he was fillin it in I fell over an cracked a dry branch. He come boundin up the hill with a cocked pistol, but I got away without him seein me.

"I passed a woman standin at a gate, but I was too skeered to stop—only motioned back.

"My ship had anchor up an was ready to put to sea as soon as I got aboard, night though it was, as time had been lost the day before. The captain was that mad he wouldn't listen to what I had to tell.

"We had good luck an were nearin home again when the squall struck us that drove us on to Skull reef."

* * * * * * *

That morning, as the mists were vanishing like ghosts before the approaching dawn, Matt Rominy walked past his mill for the last time, with irons upon his wrists.—Minneapolis Journal.

Hope.

Friend—What is hope?

Poet—It's something that wakes you up at 4 o'clock in the morning when the postman doesn't come around till 10.—Syracuse Herald.

FROM THE MYSTERY OF THE MIST.

The Mystery of the mist is calling me
  Across the marshes' silvery solitudes,
  By phantom inlets and gray bordering woods
To surging silence of a hidden sea.

Swathed in a twilight haze of amethyst,
  Beyond the salty sedges lies the verge
  Of immemorial oceans' endless surge,
Entranced by the still Mystery of the mist. * * *

If I might disenchant the spellbound space
  To see beyond the veil that may not move
  For mortals; if my soul and sense could prove
The beauty of her mist enfolded face.

Perchance her loving penalty would be
  To lay a darkness on my earthly sight
  And lead me forth to lands of other light
Far out beyond these marshes by the sea.

—Katharine Coolidge in Atlantic.

A COOL SCOUNDREL

The Peculiar Manner In Which a Burglar Cracked a Bank.

My profession isn't a popular one. There is considerable prejudice against it. I don't myself think it's much worse than a good many others. However, that's nothing to do with my story. Some years ago me and the gentleman who was at that time connected with me in business—he's met with reverses since then and at present isn't able to go out—was looking around for a job, being at that time rather hard up, as you might say. We struck a small country town—I ain't going to give it away by telling where it was or what the name of it was. There was one bank there. The president was a rich old duffer; owned the mills, owned the bank, owned most of the town. There wasn't no other officer but the cashier, and they had a boy, who used to sweep out and run of errands.

The bank was on the main street, pretty well up one end of it—nice, snug place on the corner of a cross street, with nothing very near it. We took our observations and found there wasn't no trouble at all about it. There was an old watchman that walked up and down the street nights, when he didn't fall asleep and forget it. The vault had two doors. The outside one was chilled iron and had a three wheel combination lock. The inner door wasn't no door at all; you could kick it open. It didn't pretend to be nothing but fireproof, and it wasn't even that. The first thing we done, of course, was to fit a key to the outside door.

This was our plan. After the key was fitted I was to go into the bank, and Jim—that wasn't his name, of course, but let it pass—was to keep watch on the outside. When any one passed, he was to tip me a whistle, and then I doused the glim and lay low. After they go by I goes on again. Simple and easy, you see. Well, the night as we selected the president happened to be out of town; gone down to the city, as he often did. I got inside all right with a slide lantern, a breast drill, a small steel jimmy, a bunch of skeleton keys and a green baize bag to stow the swag. I fixed my light and rigged my breast drill and got to work on the door right over the lock.

Probably a great many of your readers is not so well posted as me about bank locks, and I may say for them that a three wheel combination lock has three wheels in it and a slot in each wheel. In order to unlock the door you have to get the three slots opposite to each other at the top of the lock. Of course if you know the number the lock is set on you can do this, but if you don't you have to depend on your ingenuity. There is in each of these wheels a small hole, through which you put a wire through the back of the lock when you change the combination. Now, if you can bore a hole through the door and pick up those wheels by running a wire through those holes, why, you can open the door. I hope I make myself clear. I was boring that hole. The door was chilled iron, about the neatest stuff I ever worked. I went on steady enough; only stopping when Jim—which, as I said, wasn't his real name—whistled outside, and the watchman toddled by. By and by, when I'd got pretty near through, I heard Jim—so to speak—whistle again. I stopped, and pretty soon I heard footsteps outside, and I'm blowed if they didn't come right up the bank steps, and I heard a key in the lock. I was so dumfoundered when I heard that that you could have slipped the bracelets right on me. I picked up my lantern, and I'll be hanged if I didn't let the slide slip down and throw the light right on to the door, and there was the president. Instead of calling for help, as I supposed he would, he took a step inside the door and shaded his eyes with his hand and looked at me. I knowed I ought to knock him down and cut out, but I'm blest if I could, I was that surprised.

"Who are you?" says he.

"Who are you?" says I, thinking that was an innocent remark as he commenced it and a-trying all the time to collect myself.

"I'm the president of the bank," says he, kinder short; "something the matter with the lock?"

By George, the idea came to me then. "Yes, sir," says I, touching my cap. "Mr. Jennings, he telegraphed this morning as the lock was out of order and he couldn't get in, and I'm come on to open it for him."

"I told Jennings a week ago," says he, "that he ought to get the lock fixed. Where is he?"

"He's been a-writing letters, and he's gone up to his house to get another letter he wanted for to answer."

"Well, why don't you go right on?" says he.

"I've got almost through," says I, "and I didn't want to finish up and open the vault till there was somebody here."

"That's very creditable to you," says he, "a very proper sentiment, my man. You can't," he goes on, coming round by the door, "be too particular about avoiding the very suspicion of evil."

"No, sir," says I, kinder modest like.

"What do you suppose is the matter with the lock?" says he.

"I don't rightly know yet," says I, "but I rather think it's a little on account of not being oiled enough. These here locks ought to be oiled about once a year."

"Well," says he, "you might as well go right on, now I'm here. I will stay till Jennings comes. Can't I help you; hold your lantern, or something of that sort?"

The thought came to me like a flash, and I turned around and says:

"How do I know you're the president? I ain't never seen you afore, and you might be a-trying to crack this bank for all I know."

"That's a very proper inquiry, my man," says he, "and shows a most remarkable degree of discretion. I confess that I should not have thought of the position in which I was placing you. However, I can easily convince you that it's all right. Do you know what the president's name is?"

"No, I don't," says I, sorter surly.

"Well, you'll find it on that bill," said he, taking a bill out of his pocket. "And you see the same name on these letters," and he took some letters from his coat.

I suppose I ought to have gone right on then, but I was beginning to feel interested in making him prove who he was, so I says:

"You might have got them letters to put up a job on me."

"You're a very honest man," says he, "one among a thousand. Don't think I'm at all offended at your persistence. No, my good fellow, I like it, I like it," and he laid his hand on my shoulder. "Now, here," says he, taking a bundle out of his pocket, "is a package of \$10,000 in bonds. A burglar wouldn't be apt to carry these around with him, would he? I bought them in the city yesterday and I stopped here tonight on my way home to place them in the vault, and I may add that your simple and manly honesty has so touched me that I would willingly leave them in your hands for safe keeping. You needn't blush at my praise."

I suppose I did turn sorter red when I see them bonds.

"Are you satisfied now?" says he.

I told him I was, thoroughly, and so I was. So I picked up my drill again and gave him the lantern to hold, so that I could see the door. I heard Jim, as I call him, outside once or twice, and I like to have burst out laughing, thinking how he must be wondering what was going on inside. I worked away and kept explaining to him what I was a-trying to do. He was very much interested in mechanics, he said, and he knowed as I was a man as was up in my business by the way I went to work. He asked me about what wages I got and how I liked my business and said he took quite a fancy to me. I turned round once in awhile and looked at him a-setting up there as solemn as a biled owl, with my dark lantern in his hand, and I'm blamed if I didn't think I should have to holler right out.

I got through the lock pretty soon and put in my wire and opened it. Then he took hold of the door and opened the vault.

"I'll put my bonds in," says he, "and go home. You can lock up and wait till Mr. Jennings comes. I don't suppose you will try to fix the lock tonight."

I told him I shouldn't do anything more with it now, as we could get in before morning. "Well, I'll bid you good night, my man," says he, as I swung the door to again.

Just then I heard Jim, by name, whistle, and I guessed the watchman was a-coming up the street.

"Ah," says I, "you might speak to the watchman, if you see him, and tell him to keep an extra lookout tonight."

"I will," says he, and we both went to the front door.

"There comes the watchman up the street," says he. "Watchman, this man has been fixing the bank lock, and I want you to keep a sharp lookout tonight. He will stay here until Mr. Jennings returns."

I saw Jim, so called, in the shadow on the other side of the street, as I stood on the step with the watchman.

"Well," says I to the watchman, "I'll go and pick up my tools and get ready to go."

I went back into the bank, and it didn't take long to throw the door open and stuff them bonds into the bag. There was some boxes lying around and a safe as I should rather have liked to have tackled, but it seemed like tempting Providence after the luck we'd had. I looked at my watch and see it was just a quarter past 12. There was an express went through at half past 12. I tucked my tools in the bag on the top of the bonds and walked out to the front door. The watchman was on the steps.

"I don't believe I'll wait for Mr. Jennings," says I. "I suppose it will be all right if I give you his key."

"That's all right," says the watchman. "I wouldn't go away very far from the bank," says I.

"No, I won't," says he. "I'll stay right about here all night."

"Good night," says I, and I shook hands with him, and me and Jim—which wasn't his right name, you understand—took the 12:30 express; and the best part of that job was we never heard nothing of it.

It never got into the papers.—Argonaut.

Getting Into Tibet.

Mount Everest, the highest mountain in the world, presents to the adventurous explorer the same fascination as the north pole. No one has ever reached the summit of this pinnacle of the earth, but mountain climbers constantly are trying to do so. To reach the eastern side of Everest, the side from which the ascent is most feasible, the explorer has to pass into Tibetan territory. This may be done with perfect safety, as the Tibetans have come to the conclusion that any one who would risk his life to try to reach a place where it must of necessity be exceedingly uncomfortable must be crazy. As crazy men are regarded as holy men in Tibet, the mountain climbers are permitted to pass through Tibetan territory unmolested, receiving, on the contrary, many marks of respect from the natives.

The class of explorer whom the ungentle Tibetans hustle out of his country with more asperity than any other is the naturalist. Before Sikkim was annexed a man of science had been through the country collecting specimens of the animal and vegetable life of the little kingdom, and the Tibetans now are convinced firmly that any man who collects moths is really trying to grab territory. It is safer to cross into Tibet with a drawn sword in one's hand than with a butterfly net.

Siberia Has Department Stores.

Blagovestchensk, in Siberia, is a city of about 40,000 inhabitants. It has many fine buildings, including four or five Greek churches, one of which is a cathedral, and one is in process of construction. Besides a large department store of a German firm, there is a Russian department store which would hold its own in Broadway or Sixth avenue in point of size and equipment. The building is of white stone and stands on one side of the large market square, where daily the country people congregate with their fresh supplies of milk, eggs and butter. The prices may be a little heavier and the variety of stock not so large as in the haunts of our American shoppers, but one cannot help feeling surprised at what can be bought in this faraway part of the world, including a large selection of toys, cameras and photograph supplies.—New York Tribune.

Only Ones Who Know It All.

"How does he happen to know so much about China? He never was there."

"Of course not, but he's a professional politician."

A GAME OF CHESS WITH LASKER.

First Meeting of a New York Man With the Expert in London.

"I was in London several years ago transacting some business for the United States government," said a New York business man. "I had to have a good deal of typewriting done and used to take it to a young woman who had an office in the Strand. Near by there was then, and probably is now, a chess club. It was a bohemian sort of resort and was much frequented by foreign players of the game. I had often heard of the place and that strangers were welcome, so one day while waiting for some typewriting to be finished I went up stairs to the place.

"Shortly after I had entered and was glancing around to familiarize myself with the surroundings a dark young man came up and bowing pleasantly accosted me in broken English. He said that he saw I was a stranger, but that all such were more than welcome there and offered to escort me around the place. He asked me if I played chess, and I replied that I was a member of the New York Chess club, though by no means an expert at the game.

"He then asked me if I would like to play and offered himself as an opponent, saying that as I deemed myself a novice he would handicap himself by playing without the queen. I replied that I would gladly play, but would not accept any odds at first, but that after we had played a few games together he could judge of my ability and we could easily arrange what handicap I should have.

"He sat down at one of the tables and put the men in position on one of the big boards. These boards and chessmen, by the way, have been in use for more than a hundred years, and some of the pieces are so worn that in some cases, despite their size, it is difficult to distinguish a castle from a bishop. I had the white men and started out with one of the regulation openings.

"After a few moves had been made by each of us I noticed something peculiar about his play. He certainly had managed so that he was now on the offensive, but in one or two instances where he might have moved so as to take a piece he deliberately, so it seemed to me, avoided doing so. Yet, notwithstanding his strange way of playing, I could make no headway at all and could not manage to take any of his pieces.

"I castled my king and directed my play entirely on the defensive, endeavoring at the same time to fathom his methods, which by this time seemed almost uncanny. Suddenly he made a move in a direction I least expected and said, 'Mate in two moves.'

"I carefully scanned the board, and it was as he said, and then I fathomed the reason of his peculiar moves. He had checkmated me without the loss of a piece by either of us. I had all mine because he had not wished to take any of them, but he had not given me a show to take any of his.

"I thanked him for his courtesy and asked him if he would exchange cards with me. He immediately took one out of a case, and on looking at it I saw the name, Emanuel Lasker."

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

W. B. Anderson, Editor.

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

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WEDNESDAY, MARCH 6, 1901

DISMISSAL OF PUBLIC SERVANTS.

The member for Nanaimo North is out with a whine about the dismissal of Government officers, and remarks that the CUMBERLAND NEWS expressed sorrow at the dismissal of Mr. McCallum. Yes, we were sorry for Archie, though we do not know the reasons for his dismissal. We are also sorry for the public servant who becomes the victim of personal malice, who is dismissed at the word of any political pharisee who covertly throws mud, and is afraid to stand face to face with the man he is injuring, who is chucked out, perhaps after years of conscientious service, at the first opportunity, at the first evil hiss of any creeping serpent who thinks that servant is having "too soft a snap," without trial, without being given the first chance to defend himself. British Columbia was for long, free from this species of political slime but later years have wrought a change which may end no one knows where. And who initiated this state of affairs? Who began to wield the axe with merciless severity? Was it the present Administration? Was it the old Turner party? No! It was the distorted political nightmare, the travestie on British justice, of Martinism. There are men, and women and children dependent on those men, who will never forget the injustices wrought by the later day Joseph and his associates. Their day will come perhaps, and when it does, the revenge will be as merciless to all the crew as it will be sweet to the avengers. Billy may expostulate, may tear his hair and stamp his feet and roar, but he can never right the wrong that has been done. He has begun his missionary work too late, he should have started on Martin. He it was who sowed the wind. Let him reap the whirlwind.

The appalling loss of life in Diamondville, Wyo., as given in late advices, nearly equals, in numbers that of our own disaster and goes to show that coal mining is a dangerous calling. In the case of the Diamondville disaster, the only man who escaped out of 55 in the mine, tells that he cannot account for the origin or the source of the fire. There does not seem to have been any explosion as in our case but, nevertheless, the fire made such headway the escape was cut off from the imprisoned unfortunates. Anderson nearly perishing before being rescued.

Nanaimo City Council cannot donate money towards the relief fund, as an injunction is threatened if they attempt to do so. Evidently other cities councils are in a far more enviable position, for we perceive that several civic bodies have voted substantial sums.

We respectfully suggest that our M.P.P., Mr. Mounce, introduce a game law amendment at this session to prohibit the sale of all game birds. The prohibition of the sale of ruffed grouse was a wise step and has resulted in the perceptible increase of these grand game birds. The blue grouse, once so numerous on Denman and Hornby Islands, are now nearly exterminated on those islands, due to the persistent shooting, for sale, in season and out, by a few loalers who are too lazy to do fair work. The amendment will mee with the approval of every fair minded man and will certainly be a popular one in this district. Such few as would oppose it are those who make a practice of shooting game for sale, and are not worth considering, worthless plug-, lower than the Indian, whose ancient rights they are usurping.

The Cumberland Game Association have sent to Wichita, Kansas, for six dozen Virginia quail, which they expect to arrive in a short time, and which, should they do well, prove a great acquisition to our game birds. It is to be hoped that Mrs. Carrie Nation will not take it into her head to smash the crates.

PERSONAL.

Jas. Anderton arrived home Wednesday and was in Cumberland on Friday. From a distant glimpse we had of him, we judge he as browned up a bit. We hope to have a chat with Jim before long.

Last Friday saw the exodus of several of our townspeople. "Cuddy" Johnston started for his home in Nova Scotia. F. Purdy, of Stevenson & Co., for Nanaimo; Mr. Rickson being now in charge here. Watson Mounce and K. Sharpe left for Dawson, and while we wish them both luck, we are especially solicitous of the welfare of our old friend Watson. May he return with his pockets bulging. Andrew McIntyre and Jos. Walker went to Nanaimo. J. P. McNeill is off to Nova Scotia.

We are pleased to hear that Mr. F. Nunns is quite well of the severe scald he suffered from

Genuine extract of vanilla is soft and mild. Blue Ribbon vanilla is the only genuine extract of vanilla on the market.

It is reported that a bystander picked a 50 cent piece from the sluice at No. 6 after a water box had been emptied. It is said to have been much blackened and coppery in appearance and badly indented. If it came from the shaft, it must have been floated up with fragments of clothing from the bottom.

WANTED—Capable, reliable person in every county to represent large company of solid financial reputation; $936 salary per year, payable weekly; $3 per day absolutely sure and all expenses; straight, bona-fide, definite salary, no commission; salary paid each Saturday and expense money advanced each week. STANDARD HOUSE, 334 Dearborn, St., Chicago.

Following are the Custom returns for the month of Feb.:

Goods Imported—	
Dutiable	$1126.00
Free	1645.00
Duty collected	341.28
Sick mariners' dues	40.88

We are in receipt of a very handsome hanger from the Drewry Brewing Co., of Winnipeg. It is a reproduction of a painting by Mr. Otto Wix, and represents two famous pointers, Alberta Joe and Bang III. at point on prairie chicken, while the two sportsmen advance. The pose of the dogs is superb, and the picture altogether well executed We congratulate Messrs. Drewry on their artistic taste and judge that their beer is excellent if it approaches perfection as near as does their hanger.

The following is taken from the Free Press' report of the City Council's proceedings re the Union disaster:

Mayor Manson said he had received a telegram from Mayor Carthew, of Cumberland, making an appeal for the widows and orphans by the disaster.

Ald. Cocking moved that $250 be donated towards the relief fund.

Mayor Manson said while the Council could assist personally in the matter, they had no power to use the civic funds for that purpose.

Ald. McCutcheon knew of a ratepayer who would take out an injunction immediately if money was spent for that purpose. It was the duty of every citizen to assist and no doubt they all would.

Ald. Johnson said the Miner's Union would get up a subscription and with the other subscriptions and entertainments, he was satisfied Nanaimo would make a handsome donation.

MUNICIPALITY OF THE

CITY OF CUMBERLAND

NOTICE.

Court of Revision and Appeal will be held at the City Hall on FRIDAY, the 29th day of March, 1901, at 7:30 p.m.

LAWRENCE W. NUNNS,
Assessor.

Cumberland, B.C., March 4, 1901

NOW IS THE TIME TO HELP

The Widows And Orphans

BY SUBSCRIBING TO THE

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EVERY ONE ATTEND THE

MEETING

—IN—

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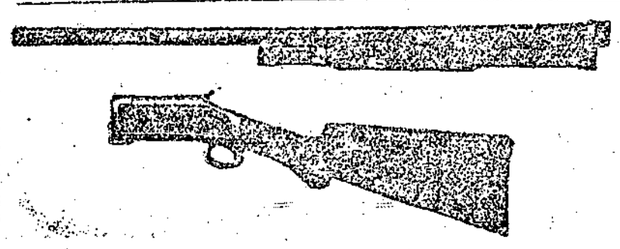

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