THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

NINTH YEAR. CUMBERLAND, B. C. WEDNESDAY, MARCH 13, 1901.

SEEDS
Garden and Field
SEEDS

SWEET PEAS (Eckyord's Mixed) } IN BULK.
NASTURTIUM, Tall and Dwarf. }

A large assortment of Seeds in packets put up by the STEELE BRIGGS SEED Co. and D. M. FERRY & Co.

—AT—

Simon Leiser's

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

COUNCIL MEETING.

The City Council met on Monday, 11th.

Minutes read and adopted.

Accounts—From R. Grant & Co. lumber, $180.75; B.C. Gazette, $2.50 R. F. Pullen, clerical work, $3.25. Referred to Finance Committee.

Reports from Board of Works, re sidewalks. Work progressing and all lumber on ground. That horse had been procured on trial.

Scavenger collections $75.75. Still due $10.75.

Board of Works empowered to inspect horse and purchase if found suitable.

From W. B. Anderson re bad state of alley at back Maryport ave. Received and referred to Board of Works.

Petitions—From Messrs. Moore and Barrett, signed by storekeepers re early closing by-law.

Notice of introduction of closing by law by Ald. Riggs.

Ald Calnan moved that nights of Council meetings be changed from 2nd and 4th Mondays to 1st and 3rd. Carried.

Notice given by Ald. Cessford to extend city limits.

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.

PRESENTATION TO J. ANDERTON

Wednesday evening last, at Comox, the residents of the district presented Private Anderton, lately from the Transvaal, with a gold watch from the people of Cumberland, and a chain, the gift of the good people of Comox. The address was read by our old friend Geo. McDonald, of the Elk, and Mr. Anderton made suitable reply. A large gathering of Comox and Cumberland folk met and passed the evening with the merry dance.

FISH.

It is a pity that people living in a district so long settled as is ours, have such a poor respect for the laws of the land that they cannot refrain from damming up the head waters of the sloughs at Courtney to keep in the shoals of spawning trout so that they may be captured by simply scooping them out of the holes. Yet this has been done right along side the public road. One Sunday lately, there were over 300 fine fish ruthlessly murdered by this sportsmanlike (?) method of fishing. The law should certainly be enforced in these cases.

MRS. COMERFORD DEAD.

Mrs. T. Comerford passed away with shocking suddenness, after a short and painful illness, last Wednesday night. The deceased, who was before marriage Miss Tessa Hanson, had, so to speak, grown up with the place, coming here as a young girl, and living here with her mother, Mrs. E. Jones, almost entirely, until her marriage with Mr. Comerford a few years ago. The young couple went away for a while but have been living here now for some time back. Still in her early twenties she had had her share of the world's troubles. It will be remembered that a few years ago her brother was drowned by breaking through the ice at Maple lake while skating. Last year, she lost a child. Now the young mother goes to join it. All the longer residents of this place will remember how at all dances and other social festivities that were so frequent when Union was younger, and Cumberland did not exist, little Tessa's bright face and sunny presence was there, the gayest of the gay. Ever ready to assist in anything for the common good. May everlasting joy be hers! The funeral took place on Saturday, attended by the members of Benevolence lodge K. of P., of which order Mr. Comerford is a member, and large numbers of friends. After service at the house, the cortege proceeded to the Cumberland cemetery where the last sad rites were performed, Rev. Wm. Hicks officiating. Our sympathy is extended to the bereaved husband, who is left with a little boy to mourn a loving and solicitous wife and mother.

RELIEF FUND MEETING.

At meeting in the Hall on Sunday, the two collecting committees were amalgamated and resolution passed to forward appeals to all principal cities in the Dominion and mining towns.

TWO HURRY CALLS.

Little Charlie — "Please Mr. Peacey, pop wants a bottle of liniment, and mommer wants a bottle of China cement, right away."

Druggist—"All right. What's w ong?"

Charlie—"Mommer hit pop with the sugar bowl."

What might have been a serious accident occurred in a well known candy store in town the other day. It appears the young man in charge of the store ropceeded to charge the gas machine, and not being too familiar with the workings of it, failed to open one of the valves. After an hour or so the machine had generated considerable gas, though it did not seem to be working rightly, so he proceeded to examine it with a naked light—or rather a match—to see if there was any leakage of gas, when suddenly, bang! off it went, and the young man escaped with a slight burn on his arm. He now says that he will get one of the fire bosses from the lake, who, it is said, is very handy with a safety lamp, to examine the machine every day in future. It was also reported that the owner of the store was blown through the window by the concussion, but as the windows are rather small we can hard'y credit that.

A PURE GRAPE CREAM OF TARTAR POWDER

DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER

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

Avoid Baking Powder; containing alum. They are injurious to health

LOCALS.

Barrett is fixing up his fishpole, sure sign of spring!

Letting his mustoche grow too, what does he mean by that?

Mrs. A Walker is opening up a candy store in the Dunne block.

Mrs. Munroe has taken over Mrs. Woodhus' boarding house.

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

Don't miss seeing "Dot, the Miner's Daughter" this evening. The proceeds will go to the Relief Fund.

FOR SALE—Four pure bred Minorca rooster. $1 each. Apply to GEO. HEATHERBELL, Hornby Isd

We are in receipt of a very handsome catalogue of furniture and household requisites from Mrs. Weiler Bros., Victoria, B.C.

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

The Magnet Cash Store has on view a portable acetylene lamp for house use. It is of nickel plate, quite ornamental, and gives a powerful light.

No. 1, vol. 1, B. C. Trade Budget published in Vancouver, B.C., is to hand. Markets, mines, ship building and industrial notes are included, together with much general information and reading.

Mrs. N. Cancina, last week, was notified of the dangerous illness of her mother, Mrs. Pollock, of Ceder Hill, relict of the late Charles Pollock. She and Mr. Cancina at once started for Nanaimo. They were too late, however, as Mrs. Pollock was dead before they reached her home.

During the storm on Saturday last, the Barque Colorado and Glory of the Seas, lying moored in Union Bay, swung in the high wind too close together for safety. Str. Thistle put out from the dock to render assistance. She some how got foul of the Glory and lost her foremast. This was the extent of the damage.

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

A CARD.

I desire to express my heartfelt thanks to all friends who so kindly rendered their assistance and sympathy in my recent sad bereavement. T. COMERFORD.

THE KISS AT THE DOOR.

In the days of the lance and the spur,
When the hero went forth to the fight,
Oft he carried a token from her
Whom he worshiped as lover and knight.
And when fierce surged the battle around,
And when close pressed the merciless foe,
'Twas that token that drove off despair
And gave victory's strength to his blow.

Not a hero of knighthood am I,
But a warrior in industry's strife,
Where the lance that I wield is my pen
And the ladye I serve is my wife.
Yet a token I carry each day,
Full as precious as any of yore,
And it stoutens my heart for the fray;
'Tis my love's morning kiss at the door.

For his faith will the martyr endure,
By the sunset the artist's inspir'd;
At the blast of the bugle and fife
Is the soldier to gallantry fired.
But whatever may others exalt,
For myself I shall ask nothing more
As a prompter to worthiest deeds
Than the kiss that I get at the door.
—E. W. Gray in Newark Advertiser.

THE STOLEN MODEL

How the Plan of a Torpedo Destroyer Was Obtained For the Russian Government.

"Read that, Valini," said the dockyard chief, handing me an official communication from the minister of marine. It ran:

"I have received positive information that the Russian government has in some way obtained possession of the secret of the new torpedo destroyer model No. 7912 and is building according to our model. Please make every inquiry immediately to find out how the plan of the model has come in of its possession. You have full authority to adopt all necessary means. Need I impress the importance of discovering the leakage?"

"It is inexplicable," I said. "No one has seen the model except you and me and the members of the council unless, indeed, the inventor has driven a double bargain or some one has obtained a copy of the model from his workshop."

"I have thought of that," said the chief, "but I think that solution very unlikely. He will probably be here in a few minutes."

"What about the ministers? Could there be any leakage from the council?" I queried.

"I would rather you would suggest that than that I should," he replied dryly. "No, my dear Valini, the responsibility rests on your shoulders and mine, and we must clear ourselves at all costs."

At this moment Brazier, the inventor, entered the room.

"You have sent for me," he said shortly.

"The matter is very important," said the chief, "as a foreign government—no matter which—has managed to obtain a copy of your model No. 7912."

"What, the torpedo destroyer?" exclaimed Brazier.

"We want to know who has access to your models beside yourself," said the chief.

"No one. I am not a fool. I trust no one. I speak to no one when there is a work on hand till I hand it to the government for consideration. No one touches the model but myself. Every model up to the present time that I have submitted has been made completely, from first to last, by myself."

"Could any one enter your workshop," queried the chief, "without your knowing it?"

"Certainly not!" he replied decidedly. "It would be quite impossible. The room in which I work is on the ground floor and built of solid stone, with a concreted foundation."

"How is the room entered?" asked the chief.

"There is only one approach to it through an iron door which opens into my sleeping room, and if the door were opened it would disturb electric bells over my head. So you see, my dear friends, I do not sell secrets without taking care that they shall not become public property first. No, no; the secret did not come from me, my friends. It must have been stolen from you."

"The model might have been sold on the double," remarked the chief.

Brazier drew himself up and said:

"You are an honorable man, and your friend here is an honorable man, but you are, fortunately, not the only honorable men that this country possesses."

The examination of Brazier's workshop only confirmed his view in every point, and there could be no question of the secret of the model having been discovered or got at surreptitiously without the connivance of Brazier himself.

We then called on the minister of marine and, having told him the details of our search, offered to hand in our resignations with our official reports on the search.

"I should not accept them," he said kindly. "This particular matter is, after all, of great importance only that we may detect the leakage, and I leave the matter in your hands, gentlemen. Keep your eyes and ears open and," he added, with a dry smile, "don't give up the search."

Three months had elapsed and had been fruitless when one day Brazier was announced. He came into the chief's room, his face furrowed with thought, but with a triumphant gleam in his eyes.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I have made many experiments to try to find out how my model was stolen. At last I am near success."

"How?" we both queried simultaneously.

"Gently, gently, my dear sirs. It has taken me three months hard work and anxious thought to get on the track. Now is the time to act. No; no questions, but come with me in the [illegible] every one in the [illegible] now I bring my great new invention to show to the ministry. But come armed."

On the next day, when the train entered the station, the chief, Brazier (who carried a red leather case) and I took seats in the corner of the smoking compartment of the car. As soon as the train started a large, burly looking man came in and joined us.

He had a large black leather suit case in one hand, which he carried by a handle, from the center of which rose a little brass knob like a mount. In the other hand he carried a heavy stick. As he sat down Brazier touched his revolver pocket, making a sign to us to be on the alert.

The stranger placed his suit case beside our red case, and we noticed that never once did he take his hand off the handle or remove his fingers from the brass knob in the center.

"Brazier leaned over to us and whispered:

"He steals my models by the Roentgen rays. Mon Dieu, is he not clever? Be ready when I say, 'Now.'"

Whether the stranger heard the words or not I do not know; but, anyhow, he was startled by seeing Brazier whisper to us and sprang to his feet, bringing his stick to the bayonet charge, as if to thrust with it at any one who attempted to approach him.

The chief had his hand on his revolver when the stranger sprang up and, on the instant, covered him with it. Like lightning he struck the revolver with the stick. It burst with a tremendous explosion, shattering the chief's hand and covering me and Brazier with fragments of broken window glass.

When the smoke cleared, we found that the stranger had taken advantage of the confusion, thrown open the carriage door and jumped for his liberty, leaving the suit case behind. We found afterward that it contained a most ingenious variation of the Roentgen apparatus, which would enable a clever mechanician to obtain the working details of any model by photography. The instrument is now in the bureau of the ministry. The stranger we never heard of again, so we presumed he was lucky in his jump and escaped.

The only one who suffered much was our beloved chief, who has never completely recovered from the shock and the operation that followed his share in the discovery of how model No. 7912 was stolen.—St. Louis Star.

Confucius.

Confucius calls himself a transmitter only, not a maker, believing in and loving the ancients. When speaking of himself, he says: "At 15 I had my mind bent on learning; at 30 I stood firm; at 40 I had no doubts; at 50 I knew the decrees of heaven; at 60 my ear was an obedient organ for the reception of truth; at 70 I could follow what my heart desired without transgressing what was right."

Confucius died in 478 B. C., complaining that among all the princes of the empire there was not one who had adopted his principles, not one who would obey his lessons. This shows—what is, in fact, confirmed from other sources—that he himself was not an active reformer, so that while alive he scarcely produced a ripple on the smooth and silent surface of the religious thought of his own country. He was, no doubt, in advance of his contemporaries, but he took his stand chiefly on certain verities that had come down to him from ancient times, and his faith in these verities and in their coming revival has certainly not been belied by what happened after his death.

His grandson already speaks of him as the ideal of a sage, as a sage is the ideal of all humanity. But even this grandson was far from claiming divine honors for his grandsire, though he certainly seems to exalt his wisdom and virtue beyond the limits of human nature.—Max Muller in Nineteenth Century.

The Payment He Asked.

Mme. Meissonier, the wife of the noted French artist, evidently was not overabundantly supplied with tact. It is told of her that one day she sent for the family physician, and he hurried over to the house, thinking some illness had overtaken the artist. It was not the master of the house, however. It was only the lapdog. The doctor pocketed his pride and most zealously attended the patient, which soon recovered. At the end of the year he sent in his bill, but among the items there was none for attendance on a dog. Mme. Meissonier noticed the omission and called the physician's attention to it.

"You must charge for that also," she said. "I insist upon it."

"By no means," was the reply. "I am not a veterinary surgeon. I was very glad to the dog a service, but really I can't be paid for it."

"But I insist upon it!" said the lady.

"Well, then," returned the doctor, "as the hinges on my gate are somewhat rusty, M. Meissonier may bring his brush and paint them for me."

But Meissonier in the role of a gate painter is not known to history.

The Highest Art.

The word "artistic" has been so misapplied that the majority of people suppose it means something rather disorderly and haphazard. How often literature gives us the prim, precise maiden aunt, with her narrow, intense love of exact outline, and the art loving niece, all on fire with raptures over "color harmonies" and contempt for everything which is not picturesque! Let us give our sympathy, however, to the derided aunt. Craze for color is a lower degree of the sense of beauty than appreciation of symmetrical arrangement. Sculpture is a finer achievement of the intellect than painting. Savages and ignorant children can take pleasure in color display, but only an educated mind is moved through effects of form.—Florence Hull Winterburn in Woman's Home Companion.

Kitchener Made Her Tremble.

During the Anglo-Boer war a smart, good looking married woman of about 30 years of age acted as a Boer spy. She was married to a Russian civil engineer resident at Johannesburg, and at the outbreak of war the "slim" Transvaalers sent her over the border labeled "dangerous." She established herself at Cape Town and soon managed to extract information from impressionable English officers. A correspondent who met this clever woman in Cape Town said:

"When Lord Kitchener of Khartum arrived in Africa, she went to meet him, for she knew that if she could get inside his secrets she could learn all things. She made it her business to come casually in contact with the Egyptian sphinx. She ran her eyes over the tall, gaunt figure, the rugged, ugly face. She looked into the prominent, all seeing eyes and knew at a glance that she was face to face with a magnetism stronger than her own, and nothing would induce her to go near him again. 'That is the most dangerous man in Britain,' she said. 'I feel as if I were within the shadow of death when I am near him. He is a man for men to conquer. No woman can reach him to use him. He would read me like an open book in an hour, and I believe he would shoot me as he would shoot a Kaffir if he caught me red handed.' I will try all other men, but not that living death's head. No wonder he conquered in Egypt. I think he would conquer in Hades.'"

Wide Trousers, Narrow Streets.

La Lucha of Havana in a long editorial "giving fits" to American visitors to Cuba generally comes out strong in defense of Cuban trousers and of the narrow streets of the Cuban capital. It says:

"One frequently hears Americans ridicule what they call 'Cuban trousers,' thereby betraying their own crass ignorance. For instance, one of the coolest materials for men to wear is alpaca. To make close fitting trousers of it or of any other thin material would prove disastrous; consequently in all tropical countries the loose trousers are worn, and persons who visit Mexico, Central and South America or India grow rapidly accustomed to them. Furthermore, the shape affected here so much is the height of fashion in France.

"Again, the statement is frequently made that the streets of Havana should be 'widened and made modern.' Gross ignorance is again displayed. All tropical cities are built with narrow streets, as that is the only way in which pedestrians can be given shade during part of the day. By stepping out on to the Prado at 2 p. m. from Obispo or Obrapia the difference in temperature on wide and narrow streets may be noted."

The Pie Foundry.

A man who recently visited a pie factory in Chicago thus describes it:

"The day we were there a special run was being made on pumpkin pies, and I looked in vain for any signs of pumpkin rinds. One of the foremen grinned and told me in strict confidence that real pumpkin was never used in pumpkin pies at present except possibly in a few remote and very primitive New England villages. The substitute was a mixture of sweet potatoes, apples and cheap flour flavored with a chemical extract. I tasted some of the stuff and was satisfied he was telling me the truth.

"Cranberry pie contains only enough cranberries to 'make a showing,' after the manner of the oyster in the church fair stew. The rest is apple jelly colored red and flavored. I have forgotten the other substitutes employed, but these will give you a general idea of the morality of the business.

"The average output of the foundry was one a second, or about 36,000 pies for a working day. The manager told me they were shipped all over the pie belt in specially prepared crates."

German Law of Libel.

The German law of libel is a curiosity. An editor recently said in his paper that a certain gentleman "was an unmannerly boor," in consequence of which a libel action was brought against the paper. The evidence given seemed to show that the only fault with the expression was that it was not strong enough. The case was taken from court to court in the usual way until it reached the highest tribunal. The final decision was that the editor would have been perfectly justified if he had said that the plaintiff "had acted like an unmannerly boor," but since he had said that the plaintiff actually "was an unmannerly boor" he had committed libel. In Germany it is libelous to call a man a pig or an ass, but if you combine the two and call a man a pig ass then there is no libel, because such an animal does not exist. The favorite combination among Germans is, we believe, pig dog—schweinehund.

Our Little Sticks.

Ages ago the Hindoo "medicine man" knew all about disease germs and microbes, although he was jeered at by western scientists because he called them "little worms." And after all when we moderns "discovered" what he had known all along we could find no better name for the new organisms than bacilli, which, being interpreted, is "little sticks."

Up to Date.

Enterprising Advertiser—Pardon me, sir, but I heard you tell the gentleman who just left that you "would wash your hands of the whole affair."

"Well?"

"In case you do may I hope that you will try my patent soap?"—Exchange.

A baby is like a crop of wheat. It is first cradled, then thrashed, and finally it becomes the flower of the family.—New York World.

GOT FIFTY CENTS' WORTH.

But Paying For It Really Came Hard Under the Circumstances.

A young woman walked into a Park row cigar store and pointing to the telephone on the wall said:

"Does that go to Coney Island?"

"Yes, ma'am," answered the clerk.

"Well, what do you charge a word?"

"We charge by the time you talk; five minutes to Coney Island, 25 cents."

"But I'm a very slow talker," she said. "I might not say as much in five minutes as some folks might say in one. You see I came from Cohoes this morning, and I want to talk to a relative of mine who lives at Coney Island, and I haven't seen her in two years, and she would be so pleased to see me that she might talk awhile, too, and if we got to talking we might talk more than five minutes, and I would not care if I had to pay for ten minutes, but if we each talked awhile and the time flew on I could not tell how long we might be talking, and she might not know and you might charge me for what she says, and she might be charged for what I say from the man at the other end, and before we got through talking it might be very expensive, so I would like to know before I start to talk if you could not make some arrangement by which I could know just exactly how much I can say for 50 cents."

"You can talk for ten minutes," said the clerk. "You could probably tell her a good deal in ten minutes."

"Well, what am I to do if she keeps me there for more than ten minutes? Can I be charged for that?"

"Only for the time you hold the 'phone," replied the clerk.

"But I only want it for ten minutes."

"All right," said the clerk, "go ahead."

After much trouble he succeeded in getting the number she wanted, and then she got her friend on the other end of the wire and shouted:

"Hello, Nell, this is me, Nettie; yes. No. Yes. No. Yes. No. Yes. No. Yes. No. Yes. No. Yes. No. Yes. No. Yes. No. No. No. No. No. No. Yes. No. Yes. No. No. Yes.

[Please imagine a quarter of a column more of this.]

"Your ten minutes is up," said the clerk. "If you want to stay there you will be charged more than 50 cents."

She dropped the receiver and said indignantly:

"Why, I haven't said a word. You want to charge me for what my friend had been saying, and I won't pay it, for she will have to pay on the other end too. I certainly will not pay for what I didn't get."

"You had the wire ten minutes," said the clerk.

"That's an untruth, sir. My friend was talking. I didn't say one word."

"All right," said the clerk. "We'll have to stand the loss. We are accustomed to it."

After biting her finger nails and stamping her heel on the floor a number of times the woman handed over 50 cents.

Admiration.

"When yer gives dose clothes away, mister, remember me. I likes yer style."—New York World.

Tippitts' Failings.

Rickwell—I shall have to give Tippitts a talking to. He's too hard on my shirts.

Treadway—Tippitts is your laundryman, is he?

Rickwell—Laundryman? No. He's my valet.—Chicago Tribune.

ETHICS OF FISHING.

A SCIENTIFIC VIEW OF THE ALLEGED CRUELTY OF THE SPORT.

The Creatures Are Most Happy When They Are Hooked—They Have Little Capacity For Suffering and Even Little Pleasure In Eating.

A little boy was fishing for the first time. With the customary luck of a beginner he had bass and perch galore to answer the invitation of his bait.

Presently the impulses of the humane side of his nature made a little hesitating protest against the more savage instincts of the sportsmanlike side. The wriggling of the fish when he caught them troubled him, and he sought to apologize to his conscience for the suffering he was apparently inflicting. He said, "I think the reason they jump so is that they are so glad to get out of that wet water."

Curiously enough, if we may accept the testimony of the scientists, the little boy was quite right. A fish is never so happy as when he is drawn out of the water. The air is to him quite all that laughing gas is to a human being. It gives him a hundred times more oxygen per second than his gills ever got for him from the inhalation of water. It makes him delightfully drunken. It exhilarates him. It fills him with a completeness of physical joy—the only joy he is capable of feeling—wholly unknown to him in his native element. He dies presently, it is true, but he dies in an ecstasy of enjoyment instead of dying in his appointed fashion by suffocation in the maw of some bigger fish.

In a footnote to the thirteenth canto of "Don Juan" Byron denounces Izaak Walton as a "sentimental savage" and characterizes fishing as "the cruelest, the coldest of pretended sports." That only shows how little Byron knew about the matter. His sports involved the sacrifice of women rather than worms.

It is time to set this matter of fishing upon its moral legs, as it were, an end to be accomplished merely by telling the truth about it. A fish is the very lowest form of the vertebrates. It is incapable of any joy except that of getting hooked and thus drawn out of the water, to which its nature condemns it and for a time breathing the air that intoxicates it in delightfully deadly fashion. It has not even the instinct of sexual association except in the case of a few rare species. It knows nothing of companionship, for the scientists tell us that even when fish swim in "schools" it is only because they are engaged in a common predatory pursuit of prey, each endeavoring to snatch from the others the morsels they seek to swallow.

So low in the scale is the fish that even in eating he has no pleasure except that of distending his stomach. For the scientists find no "taste goblets" at the base of his tongue, and every fisherman knows that the fish swallows his prey whole, with no possibility of detecting its flavor. And further, every fisherman who has trolled knows that the fish is so far an indiscriminate gormand in his search for food that he will swallow a coffee spoon with a bur attached as readily as the daintiest bait morsel that could be displayed in front of his greedy eyes and his rapacious mouth.

Still, again, every fish that is caught upon a hook gets only what he deserves. He is caught every time in an attempt to swallow some other creature whole and digest it in slow torture. Indeed the entire life of every fish is passed in a ceaseless endeavor to catch and swallow other fish. So far as science can discover, fish of most species make no distinction even in favor of their own young, their only ground of selection being a consideration for their individual throats in the act of swallowing. On that account alone the severely spined sunfish escapes the predatory perch, and the bullhead the moment his "horns" are hard ceases to be in danger even from the most voracious of pickerel.

The fisherman is not a monster of wanton cruelty. He is merely a descendant of Adam exercising that "dominion" over inferior creatures which God authorized him to exercise.—George Cary Eggleston

A Lunatic's Wit.

As Horace Mann sat in his study one evening an insane man rushed into the room and after abusing him for all kinds of fancied grievances challenged him to a fight.

Mr. Mann replied: "My dear fellow, it would give me a great pleasure to accommodate you, but I can't do it, the odds are so unfair. I am a Mann by name and a man by nature—two against one! It would never do to fight."

The insane man answered: "Come ahead. I am a man and a man beside myself. Let us four have a fight."

Don't Be Slow.

If a child is "slow" around home and takes an hour to dress when only a quarter of that time is necessary, it is a bad habit. The "slow" men and women are those who fail to make a success of life. How often you see grown people tinker about something a half a day that could be done in an hour! They learned the habit as children.

Do you intend buying a rifle or pistol? If so, get the best which is a

STEVENS

Rifles range in price from $4.00 to $75.00. For large and small game, also for target practice. Pistols from $2.50 to $20.00.

Send stamp for large catalogue illustrating complete line, brimful of valuable information to sportsmen.

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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.

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 consolidate certain mining leases of ground situated in and around Dead Gulch, Atlin District of British Columbia and more particularly known as the "Gem," "Lamplman," "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 period 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 miner 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.

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. GOSNELL,
Secretary, Bureau of Provincial Information.

d5m

PATENTS GUARANTEED

Our fee returned if we fail. Any one sending sketch and description of any invention will promptly receive our opinion free concerning the patentability of same. "How to obtain a patent" sent upon request. Patents secured through us advertised for sale at our expense.

Patents taken out through us receive *special notice*, without charge, in THE PATENT RECORD, an illustrated and widely circulated journal, consulted by Manufacturers and Investors.

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TIME TABLE EFFECTIVE NOV. 19TH, 1898.

VICTORIA TO WELLINGTON.

No. 2 Daily. A.M.		No. 4 Saturdays only. P.M.
De. 9:00	Victoria	Ar. 4:25
9:28	Goldstream	4:53
10:9	Koenig's	5:34
10:15	Duncans	6:15
P.M.		P.M.
12:11	Nanaimo	7:11
Ar 12:30	Wellington	De 7:55

WELLINGTON TO VICTORIA.

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

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SATISFACTORY WORK PRICES

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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

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D. KILPATRICK,
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CABINET Work done and repaired

Fancy Inlaying in wood and metal.
French Polishing.

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NEWS OFFICE.

FOR A

WOMAN'S SAKE

CONCLUDED

BY MRS. M. E. HOLMES.

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

"What the deuce does he do there? Let some one ride over and tell him to come here directly."

"I'm afraid he can't come," said Mrs. Scratton, very meekly, "till—till——" She hadn't the strength to say it; but taking up the eccentric epistle she had so lately received, she handed it to her husband. "You had better read this letter, Daniel."

But Daniel was in no mood to read any letter; that is to say, any letter of the trivial character he attached to the one presented to him. He put it aside roughly with the back of his hand.

"What do you mean, can't come? Has the boy broken his leg, or his neck, or what?"

"Worse than that, Daniel!"

"What do you mean?"

The fierce face—and now, for the first time, the frightened woman observed that it was strangely altered—glared round upon her, and the voice was like the snarl of a savage dog.

"Don't stand there shivering and shaking. What do you mean?"

"I mean—— But you'll be angry, Daniel; you'll be more than angry!"

"Out with it!"

"Our son is married!"

"Married!"

The hand, which, as usual, Scratton had raised to his chin, fell suddenly to his side, as the hand of the soldier falls when the bullets of the enemy pierce his heart.

"Married! To whom?"

He asked the question thrice, without receiving any answer, but tears. Then snatching up the letter—to which his wife still pointed with a shaking hand—he glanced at the contents.

One glance of those keen eyes was enough.

With an oath, he crumpled up the paper and cast it on the floor.

"He may rot, perish, die, before he touches one penny of my money! To think that for such a brainless, senseless whelp as this I have made so many sacrifices, to reap only ingratitude as the result! This comes of your teaching, Mrs. Scratton—of your teaching!"

"Mine? Oh, Daniel! I who tried to make him hold his head so high!" sobbed the woman.

"So high, indeed, that the idiot could not see the footfalls dug at his feet!" retorted the husband. "Birth, indeed! Thank heaven, my money's my own; I can leave it where I please, and to whom I please; and it will not be to Adolphus Scratton and his wife, the tavern-keeper's daughter!"

He flung out of the room, and was descending the stairs, when a servant stopped him.

"A gentleman wishes to see you, sir."

"I can see no one!"

"He has come on particular business."

"He must come again. Has Mr. Gritt returned?"

"No, sir."

"When he does, let him come to me in the library directly."

"And the gentleman, sir?" hesitated the servant, still holding out the salver, upon which was a card. "He says he must see you."

"Must!"

Scratton, who was pushing by the servant, stopped and snatched up the card.

His self-command, at all times great, did not desert him even now; but it was with a sickening presentiment of some new, and, perhaps, greater trouble, that he read the name of Cyril Ormsby.

"Is he alone?"

"Yes, sir."

Scratton mused a moment, his hand, as usual, plucking nervously at his chin-tuft.

"Where is he?"

"In the drawing-room."

"I'll see him in the library. Do you hear? Be off with you, and show him up." Then Daniel Scratton reascended the stairs, and passing along a corridor, entered his room of business, there to await his visitor.

CHAPTER XLIX.

GATFORD GAOL.

Great was the change which the last twenty-four hours had worked in Richard Goodeve.

The face was dreadfully haggard, while the features seemed larger and sterner than ever from the hollowness of the temples and shrunken look of the cheeks.

It was in the silence of Gourley's Cave that Silas had thrown himself at his father's feet, and, as he clasped his knees, told him he had been betrayed.

From Richard Goodeve's lips there fell no upbraidings, even when he heard that the written confession was in Cyril Ormsby's hands.

Richard made no answer in words, but, stooping over his son, raised him, and tenderly embraced him.

"What I did was for Miss Willoughby's sake. It was her life that trembled in the balance, and——" his head drooped upon his father's shoulder.

"I forgive you, Silas—forgive you with all my heart."

"And you will fly?" asked Silas, eagerly.

"Time enough to speak of that," was the calm reply. "Mine has been a life of peril, and I am accustomed to all kinds of danger. Have no fear, my boy; I shall pass out of this in safety, be assured."

He had remained thus for nearly an hour, motionless as a figure of stone, when suddenly, and with a sigh of intense relief, he stood erect.

"There is no other way!" he said, for the first time speaking aloud. "Why should I shrink from doing that which ought long ago to have been done?"

It was then he wrote the few lines which brought Cyril to Gourlay's Towers, and in due time, Richard Goodeve to Gatford goal.

Seated on his low pallet bed, the farmer is listening attentively to Mr. Ormsby, who leans against the wall, the light from the small barred window falling upon his face, which betrays much emotion.

"Then he did not deny the robbery?" said Goodeve.

"Denial would have been in vain before the evidence you placed in my hands. The scoundrel's confidence deserted him at once when he saw the receipt."

"You did not trust it within his grasp?" demanded Goodeve eagerly.

"He made one clutch at it," answered Cyril, with a smile, "but it was an action he did not repeat."

The truth was that Mr. Scratton had received not only a violent shaking at the hands of Mr. Ormsby, but one or two kicks so well administered as to reduce him to an abject quietude.

"Is Silas in town, Mr. Goodeve?" asked Cyril, anxious in some way to change the subject.

"He was here but half an hour ago, and will return shortly. The magistrates meet at three o'clock. A good and affectionate lad is Silas. You will care for him when I am gone."

"I were base, indeed, even could I think of such a thing," cried Cyril, warmly. "I am proud to call Silas Goodeve my friend!"

The hot blood rushed, for the first time, into the farmer's face, a glow of pride, that spoke how strong the love that dwelt within his breast.

"Thank you, sir," were the only words he said. "You have given me more pleasure than I can tell."

Cyril Ormsby moved towards the door, hesitated, came back a step, then hesitated again, but for a second only.

"Richard Goodeve," he said, "I cannot leave you thus. I know not what compels me to speak, but speak I must, and will. I have heard your confession, listened to each detail of your most unhappy life, painted by one who disdained to spare himself. A victim to treachery and fraud from the first, harshly treated by those who did not comprehend, and did not seek to comprehend, your better nature, you destroyed, in the madness of a moment, the happiness of many innocent lives."

"It was a madness! I, assure you, sir, had anybody told me, a few minutes before, that I could have been guilty of such an act, I would have laughed in his face, and told him that he lied! And, when the deed was done, I would have laid down my life could I have restored the life I had taken. It was a madness, as you say. May Heaven preserve my worst enemies from so terrible a visitation.

Cyril extended his hand.

"I pity you, Richard Goodeve, from the bottom of my heart!"

With a cry, the farmer sprung to his feet and before Cyril could prevent him, had grasped the outstretched hand, and pressed it to his lips.

"Go, sir, go; I cannot trust myself to speak now."

He waved his hand, and, evidently struggling against strong emotion, turned his face against the wall.

Without another word, Cyril Ormsby, also deeply moved, quitted the cell.

Some short time afterwards, Silas, accompanied by one of the prison wardens, entered the cell.

The presence of the prisoner was required at the Town Hall.

"He's a-taking a nap," said the warder cheerfully; "and he's wise. I've turned the key on a lot of people in my time, and there's nothing like a nap, or p'raps a dram, to freshen up a chap to meet what's coming."

"Father!"

No answer.

"Father!"

No answer.

"He sleeps sound," said the warder, approaching the bed, and giving a louder and merrier jingle to his prison keys, holding them playfully over the stiff face of the prostrate man.

"Stand aside!" and Silas hurled him back with a violence that sent the startled warder against the wall of the cell. "He's dead!"

As he lifted the pendant arm, a small blue phial fell from between the stiffened fingers. It was one of those labeled "Poison," which had attracted the attention of Goodeve on his son's chimney-piece.

A subtle and sure medicine for all earthly ills.

The sleep of Richard Goodeve is sound indeed.

A sleep which no sound on earth may ever break.

We will not judge him harshly—we dare not.

He sleeps sound; and the awakening will be before another Judgment Seat than man's.

Sinning, he was grievously sinned against. He suffered greatly, and was greatly wronged.

To be Continued.

What He Did.

Kentuckian—He called me a liar, sir.
New Yorker—And what did you do?
Kentuckian—I went to the funeral.—

For 50 Years

mothers have been giving their children for croup, coughs and colds

Shiloh's Consumption Cure

Mothers—have *you* SHILOH in the house at all times? Do you know just where you can find it if you need it quickly—if your little one is gasping and choking with croup? If you haven't it get a bottle. It will save your child's life.

"Shiloh always cured my baby of croup, coughs and colds. I would not be without it." MRS. ROBINSON, Fort Erie.

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.

A Morocco Superstition.

In a paper to the Anthropological Institute Dr. Westermark showed from investigations in Morocco that the Arab ginn, or genn, is regarded as a special race of beings created before Adam of no fixed form and assuming, like Proteus, who was perhaps a personage of the same extraction, almost any shape they please. Bad ginns attack men, but are kept away by salt or steel and verses of the Koran. The author supposes that the belief in ginns has come down from a saltless and ironless age, but was absorbed and developed at a later time under the influence of Islam.

THE NEW FURNITURE COMPANY.

The London correspondent of The New York Sun says "that the most promising market is offered in the United Kingdom for American furniture manufacturers," and also adds that "by sending good furniture enterprising manufacturers will find a trade awaiting them which will pay handsome profits." The Canada Furniture Manufacturers, Limited, which came into existence last week, with a capital of $3,000,000, is well equipped to do a very large export trade. It has absorbed the Furniture Manufacturing Exporting Co. of Berlin and Liverpool, and also the Anderson Furniture Co.'s English organization. This will give the new company ample facilities to compete with the United States factories successfully. In connection with this we might add that the Canada Furniture Manufacturers, Limited, offer a portion of preference stock to the public. It is one of the best investments offered.

Deterrent.

"You have not gone to Europe, then, as you expected," said Mrs. Fosdick to Mrs. Spriggs.

"No," was the reply. "It is so difficult for Mr. Spriggs to leave his business, and I really couldn't go without him. And, then, I read the other day about a ship that broke her record. Think how dreadful it would be to be on a ship in the middle of the ocean with her record broken!"

MINARD'S LINIMENT Lumberman's Friend.

The First Fall.

"The snow is quite comprehensive," said Mr. Beechwood to Mr. Homewood.

"Meaning what?" replied the latter interrogatively.

"It covers the ground."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

A Full Day.

Miss Smart—Every dog has his day.

Mr. Bordinghowse—Yes, and every cat has its night.

MINARD'S LINIMENT is used by Physicians.

To Punish Johnny.

Francis Parkman, the historian, had a Mosaic idea of justice. A friend met him one day walking along the street leading a street boy with either hand. "What in the world are you doing, Parkman?" asked his friend. "I found that Johnny here had eaten all of the apple instead of dividing with his little brother. I am going to buy another for the younger boy and make Johnny watch him while he eats it."

Keep MINARD'S LINIMENT in the House.

Proof to Her.

"I am quite certain that poor man has seen better times," said Mrs. Gazzam after giving breakfast to a tramp.

"No doubt," added Mr. Gazzam dryly. "They all have."

"But this poor fellow didn't ask me for broken victuals. He said it grieved him to be obliged to apply for a collation."

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

THE PEANUT FARMER

HOW HE GROWS AND HARVESTS HIS TOOTHSOME CROP.

We Raise Nearly Five Million Bushels In This Country Yearly, or About One-fifth of the World's Product—Uses of the Nut.

Most of the nuts grown in Virginia and North Carolina are the goobers. The goober is to the actual peanut what the quahaug is to the genuine clam. The shell usually contains but two kernels. This is the nut with which the Italians load their wagons and sell in paper bags on the street corners. The real peanut which answers to the Rhode Island clam is smaller than the goober. The kernel is about the size of a large pea, and its flavor is sweeter than the other variety. It is grown principally in North Carolina and Tennessee. Occasionally a few get into a bag of goobers, but very seldom, as they are shelled and sold for from 10 cents to 15 cents a peck more than the others. They go into candy paste and to the oil factories of Europe.

The peanut farmer begins planting as soon as the frost is out of the ground in the spring. The shelled nuts form the seed, and about two bushels are required for an acre. In a few weeks the plant gets above the earth and begins to leaf out. A field of peanuts looks much like a field of clover, and during the war many of the northern soldiers mistook clover fields for peanut patches while hunting for something to vary their rations. The plants grow in rows, very much like potato vines, and are cultivated in the same way. Weeds will soon choke their growth, and the pickaninnies on the farm are kept busy during the summer in weeding out the patches with their fingers. Nowadays the harvesting is done by what is called a plow, made especially for the purpose. It is drawn by one mule and cuts the plants off close to the roots. As soon as enough has accumulated on the plow to form a stack it is thrown off and massed around a short pole stuck in the ground. The stack is formed with the leaves outside, and the vines are wound around it as tightly as possible to protect the nuts from the weather. The plan is somewhat similar to that of binding wheat. About three weeks' exposure "seasons" the nuts and dries the vine, so that the pods are ready to be picked.

The picking is the most expensive operation of all and takes the most time. Whether in the barn or on the field, all the work has to be done by hand. The nuts are thrown into large baskets and the vines made into large stacks or stored away in the loft, for they make a hay which is really more nourishing for the average mule than timothy. The vine is a little too rough for a horse's throat, but it is a luxury to the average southern mule, who will grow fat in peanut hay and nothing else. In all fields some of the vines will be blackened and nuts of poor quality. These are left on the ground, and later the pigs are turned into the field. They eat everything that is left except the roots. The nuts are not very fattening, but they give the porker a very sweet flavor. The famous hams cured in some parts of Virginia owe most of their quality to the fact that the pigs have lived partly upon nuts before being turned into smoked meat.

In half a dozen towns most of the peanut "factories" are located. The factory is merely a place where the nut is shelled or the shell polished for the market. It is a curious fact that peanuts with clean, glistening pods will sell for 15 to 20 per cent more at retail than those with large, dirty looking pods, although the kernels may be just as good, so the nuts intended for the bag trade at the circus and on street corners are scoured in large iron cylinders. Then they are carried to fans, which blow the heavier nuts into one part of the factory and the little ones into another part and at the same time remove the dirt which was not taken off the shells in the cylinders. The dark, partly filled nuts are shelled by machinery and sold to confectioners, while the other ones are carried by a sort of endless chain apparatus into bags, each of which will hold about 100 pounds. As fast as a bag is filled it is sewed with English twine, marked with the weight and proper address and sent to the wholesale peanut dealer. Of late years a quantity of the bag peanuts has gone to manufacturers of cheap coffee, to be roasted and mixed in with the coffee berry and then ground, to be sold in packages as choice Mocha and Maracaibo.

While most of the American nuts are grown in eastern Virginia and North Carolina and Tennessee, peanut fields are cultivated in parts of Louisiana and Nebraska. Many of the fields in North Carolina contain apparently nothing but wet sand. Digging down six or eight feet, however, the farmer generally comes to a loam which retains the rain and other surface water. This nourishes the plant, which requires a very light and porous soil. It also needs as hot weather as corn to properly mature. After raising several crops the average peanut field needs to be heavily fertilized with lime or marl, as the plant exhausts the soil.

During a fair year the American peanut crop will average nearly 5,000,000 bushels, estimating 22 pounds to the bushel. This is but a small proportion of the world's crop, however, which aggregates fully 550,000,000 pounds. It is calculated that we eat about $10,000,000 worth of peanuts yearly, or 4,000,000 bushels of the nuts, either in candy or the original kernels. The shucks, or shells, form also good food for pigs, while, as already stated, peanut vines are a first class fodder for mules.

Very few peanuts are eaten out of the pod in Europe, although fully 400,000,000 pounds are sent to Great Britain and the continent every year from Africa and Asia. They are converted into oil and a sort of flour at factories at Marseilles and several English cities. A bushel of the genuine peanuts shelled can be pressed into about a gallon of oil, which is substituted for olive and other table oils very frequently. It sells at from 60 cents to $1 a gallon, and the meal, or flour, left after pressure is used for feeding horses and baked into a kind of bread which has a large sale in Germany and France.

Quite True.

"You disapprove of some of the conventional fictions?"

"I do," answered Miss Cayenne.

"And yet I have heard you exclaim to a number of people, 'I am delighted to see you!'"

"The remark was perfectly true in each case. I shouldn't care to be blind, you know."—Washington Star.

POULTRY POINTERS.

Laying hens should not have too much soft feed. Some hard grain should be given daily.

One important secret of egg production in winter is warm, dry quarters for the laying hens.

Generally speaking, old fowls should be weeded out. Now is a good time to dispose of them.

Fowls for breeding should not be pushed too fast or overfed. A steady, even development is best.

Keep on culling. Do not winter a single fowl that you have no use for. The profits are greater when the expenses are least.

A poultry house that combines many advantages is built with an open shed on the south, with tight roof. The house proper should have a warm, dry roosting and laying apartment, arranged so as to afford good ventilation when needed and yet avoid a direct draft.

The cellar is no place for poultry. While it may be uniform in temperature and may protect the fowls from severe cold, as a rule the cellar is damp, and the result usually ends with roup. There are few cellars that are perfectly dry, and poultry houses are to be preferred on this account.

ELECTRIC SPARKS.

Wireless telegraphy in the Hawaiian Islands has not proved a success. Communication has been proved successful between some stations, but between others it has not been.

It is proposed to build an electric light plant at Simla, the summer capital of India. It is in the foothills of the Himalayas, and water power is abundant. Kerosene is used at the present time.

'TWAS DR. CHASE WHO SAVED OUR BABY

Croup, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Severe Chest Coughs Cannot Withstand the Soothing, Healing Effects of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine.

It is the mothers who especially appreciate the unusual virtues of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. They keep it in the house as the most prompt and certain cure obtainable for croup, bronchitis and severe coughs and colds to which children are subject. It has never failed them. Scores of thousands of mothers say: "'Twas Dr. Chase who saved our baby."

Mrs. F. W. Bond, 20 Macdonald street, Barrie, Ont., says:—"Having tried your medicine, my faith is very high in its powers of curing coughs and croup. My little girl has been subject to croup for a long time, and I found nothing to cure it until I gave Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. I cannot speak too highly of it."

Mr. W. A. Wylie, 57 Seaton street, Toronto, states:—"My little grandchild had suffered with a nasty, hacking cough for about eight weeks when we procured a bottle of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. After the first dose she called it 'honey' and was eager for medicine time to come around. I can simply state that part of one bottle cured her, and she is now well and as bright as a cricket."

Mrs. F. Dwyer of Chesterville, says: "My little girl of three years had an attack of bronchial pneumonia. My husband and I thought she was going to leave the world as her case resisted the doctor's treatment. I bought a bottle of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine from our popular druggist, W. G. Bolster. After the first two or three doses the child began to get better, and we are thankful to say is all right to-day after seven weeks' sickness."

Mr. E. Hill, fireman, Berkeley St., Fire Hall, Toronto, says: "I desire to say in favor of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine that one of my children was promptly relieved of whooping cough, and as long as obtainable will not be without it in the house, nor use any other medicine."

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine is sold everywhere and is used in more homes than any other treatment for diseases of the throat and lungs. 25 cents a bottle. Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS

CUMBERLAND. B.C.

THE DOLLAR'S POWER.

I may go to mah Malindy when de huskin work
am done,
Wif a song of honey lub to cheer her hyart,
I may tell her of de pumpkins lollin yaller in de
sun
An de golden ears of corn upon de cyart,
But she neber smile so sweetly,
An she neber dance so neatly;
An her eyes dey neber twinkle in dere glee,
Lak dey do when I'ze got money,
An I tell her she's mah honey;
Den de shadders frum de cabin up an flee!

Twill be frosty in de mawnin, an de rabbit mak'
his track;
'Twill be possum time, an, swingin down de
hill,
may bring de fattest feller hangin heavy on
mah back
An call her fer to 'xamine of mah kill,
But she'll tu'n her hade away,
An she won't have much to say,
An she fussy, an she grumpy, an she queer,
But when I rattle money
Den she shorely am mah honey,
An her smile jest fill de cabin wif its cheer!

Went an won a turkey gobble at de raffle down de
road,
An I tuk him home in triumf jest to r'e
How dem eyes of mah Malindy wid dere rapture
would 'xplode,
But she only gabe a cur'ous glance at me;
Neber chuckled at de honah
Dat my luck had brought upon hub;
Ain't nothin fer Malindy I can do
At will set her eyes to flashin,
An her lips in laughin fashion
Lak de dollah wif de sunlight driftin through!

It's de sunlight of de dollah dat can turn de
cabin walls
Into jasper like de castle of a king
An can wake Malindy's laughter; it's de sperrit,
sah, dat calls
Her hyart upon her honey lips to sing!
It can scare de gloom completely,
It can set her dancin neatly,
It can mak' her black eyes twinkle wif dere glee,
An it's when I bring her money
An I tell her she's mah honey
Dat de shadders dey jest rise right up an flee!
—Baltimore News.

C. C. Richards & Co.

Dear Sirs,—Your MINARD'S LINIMENT is our remedy for sore throat, colds and all ordinary ailments.

It never fails to relieve and cure
It never fails to relieve and cure promptly.

CHARLES WHOOTTEN.

Port Mulgrave.

A Two Handed Artist.

Sir Edwin Landseer, the animal painter, had a wonderful command over his left as well as his right hand. Harper's Young People tells an anecdote illustrative of the artist's ambidexterity.

At a gathering in London a lady remarked that nobody had ever yet been able to draw two things at once.

"You are mistaken, madam," said Landseer. "If you will lend me two pencils, I will show you."

The two pencils were produced, and the artist, sitting down before a table, drew with his right hand the profile of a stag's head, antlers and all, while at the same time and without hesitation his left hand produced the head of a horse. Both pictures are said to have been perfect in every detail.

There are cases of consumption so far advanced that Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup will not cure, but none so bad that it will not give relief. For coughs, colds and all affections of the throat, lungs and chest, it is a specific which has never been known to fail. It promotes a free and easy expectoration, thereby removing the phlegm, and gives the diseased parts a chance to heal.

Didn't Look Prosperous.

He—Well, Mrs. Smith is economical anyway. She makes all her own dresses.

She—Yes, and she looks so dowdy that her husband can't get a single one of his friends to lend him any money.

Transformation.

Castleton—Have you seen that oriental trick of making a flower grow in a pot in half an hour?

Clubberly—No: but that's nothing. On the last day of a yacht cruise I've seen a sea serpent double in size in a minute.

One of the most dangerous and repulsive forms of Kidney Disease is

DROPSY

for which Dodd's Kidney Pills are the only certain cure. In Dropsy the Kidneys are actually *dammed up*, and the water, which should be expelled in the form of urine, flows back and lodges in the cells of the flesh and puffs out the skin. Remove the filth which plugs up the drain. Restore the Kidneys to health. There is only one Kidney Medicine

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

HEART PALPITATION.

A QUEBEC LADY RELEASED FROM GREAT SUFFERING.

She Had Tried Many Medicines Without Avail, But Ultimately Found a Cure Through the Use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Few bodily afflictions are more terrible than disease of the heart. To live in constant dread and expectation of death, sudden and with last farewells unspoken is for most people more awful to contemplate than the most serious lingering illness. The slightest excitement brings suffering and danger to such people.

For several years Mrs. Gravel, wife of P. H. A. Gravel, foreman in Barry's cigar factory, St. John's suburb, Quebec, was such a sufferer, but thanks to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills she is again in the enjoyment of good health. Mrs. Gravel says:—

"My general health was bad for several years, my appetite was poor, and I was easily tired, but it was the frequent sharp pains and violent palpitation of my heart which caused me the greatest alarm. I tried many medicines, and was treated by several doctors, but in vain. Finally I became so poorly that I was not able to do any household work, and was frequently confined to my bed. At the suggestion of one of my friends I decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. After taking a few boxes I began to gain new strength and vigor. The pains in my heart were less frequent and less severe, and in every way my health was improving. I continued using the pills until I had taken eight boxes, when I had completely recovered my health. I have gained in flesh, my appetite is good, and I am able to do all my household work without feeling the awful fatigue I was before subject to. I am very thankful to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, for they have truly released me from much suffering, and I hope that others may be induced to try this wonderful medicine."

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

Now They Don't Speak.

Mrs. Nexdore—I notice you've got new paper in your hall.

Mrs. Peppr[e]y—How do you like the design?

Mrs. Nexdore—It seems to me it's rather loud.

Mrs. Peppr[e]y—Yes; that's why we selected it. We thought it might drown the sound of your daughter's piano playing.

$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.

An Illiterate.

Jane—What did you ever reject John Gray for?

Kitty—He was so illiterate.

Jane—Illiterate! Why, I thought he was a man of superior education.

Kitty—Well, he wasn't. He didn't even know the rudiments, for when I told him "No" and thought sure he would read between the lines, would you believe it, the gump picked up his hat and went home!—Detroit Free Press.

LA "TOSCANA," RELIANCE CIGAR FACTORY, Montreal

None Escapes.

"How many boarders does Mrs. Proons take in this summer?" asked Skidds.

"All of them," replied Spudds.

A Candid Maid.

"If any one should call this afternoon, Mary, say that I am not well," said a mistress to her newly engaged servant. "I'm afraid I ate a little too much of that rich pudding for lunch, and it or something else has brought on a severe headache. I am going to lie down."

A few moments later the mistress, from her room near the head of the stairs, heard Mary say to two aristocratic ladies who called for the first time:

"Yes'm, Mrs. Browne is at home, but she ate so much pudding for lunch she had to go to bed."—London Answers.

Didn't Have His Hat On.

Teacher—Why didn't you raise your hat when you spoke to me on the street yesterday?

Tommy—I didn't have me hat on.

Teacher—Nonsense, sir. You did so.

Tommy—No, I didn't. It wuz me brud-er Bill's hat I had on.—Philadelphia Press.

COURTSHIPS OF FAMOUS MEN.

Sheridan's Romantic Wooing of Beautiful Betty Linley.

No man ever had a more romantic wooing than Richard Brinsley Sheridan when he determined to make Miss Linley, the beautiful "Nightingale of Bath," his wife. She counted her suitors by the score, but Sheridan's romantic devotion won her heart. He disguised himself as a coachman merely to have the pleasure of driving her. He escorted her to a French nunnery to rescue her from the persecutions of an odious wooer, with whom he fought two duels in her behalf. And this was but a type of the chivalrous adventures which ultimately enabled him to lead her to the altar in April, 1773.

His second wooing was just as persistent. When Sheridan first met the beautiful daughter of the dean of Winchester, he was a middle aged man and anything but personally fascinating. Miss Ogle could not bear the sight of him and called him "an odious creature" and "a ridiculous fright," but within a short time she was glad to give her hand and heart to the "most fascinating man in England and a husband of whom any girl might be proud."

It was Mrs. Lewis rather than Disraeli who did the wooing, for she made no concealment of her admiration for the rising statesman and pursued him with attentions which in a younger woman would have been indecent. And yet the "dowdy widow" succeeded where mere youth and beauty would certainly have failed, for who can resist the worship of a woman? And she succeeded by a lifelong devotion in winning her husband's heart as well as his gratitude.

Mr. Gladstone's wooing was much more conventional and ceremonious, as might be expected. It was over a dinner table that Miss Glynne caught her first glimpse of the young man to whom she was to devote her life. "Do you see that young man?" a statesman who was sitting next to her said. "Some day he will be prime minister of England."

No wonder the young girl's interest was aroused; and when, in the winter following, they met again in the lovers' land of Italy, what wonder that the wooing proceeded apace and that the foundation of one of the most beautiful married lives in history was laid.

OUT OF SORTS—Symptoms, Headache, loss of appetite, furred tongue, and general indisposition. These symptoms, if neglected, develop into acute disease. It is a trite saying that "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," and a little attention at this point may save months of sickness and large doctor's bills. For this complaint take from two to three of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills on going to bed, and one or two for three nights in succession, and a cure will be effected.

Black Diamonds.

Black diamonds are comparatively rare and correspondingly high priced. They are three or four times as hard as the white ones, and fire cannot harm them, however great the heat, but if a drop of water should touch them while heated they will explode and leave nothing but a little heap of sand in their place.

Their beauty is not remarkable, but on account of their extreme hardness they are invaluable for dressing surfaces impervious to the friction of any other material. The largest black diamonds are set in the end of a round short bar of steel, with a handle of wood, and are used in dressing emery wheels that have lost their "trueness." A black diamond is the only substance that will not be ground away by contact with the emery surface.

Black diamonds are also used as points in scoring pencils which are used by sealers of weights and measures to mark glass receptacles. They are used by dentists for drilling teeth before filling them with gold. In appearance they look more like a shining little splinter of iron or grain of coal than a precious gem, and their chief mission is a distinctly commercial and not an ornamental one.

DYSPEPSIA AND INDIGESTION—C. W. Snow & Co., Syracuse, N. Y., write: Please send us ten gross of pills. We are selling more of Parmelee's Pills than any other pill we keep. They have a great reputation for the cure of Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint." Mr. Charles A. Smith, Lindsay, writes: "Parmelee's Pills are an excellent medicine. My sister has been troubled with severe headache, but these pills have cured her."

What Was Wanted.

"Please, I want a pennorth of—er—er —I want—er—er"—

"Have you forgotten what you came for?"

"Yes; that's what I want."

"What?"

"Camphor."

50 ACRES IN FORT ROUGE less than three miles from Postoffice, will sell at $1,500; easy terms with interest at 5 per cent—biggest bargain in Winnipeg. WALTER SUCKLING & COMPANY, Real Estate Agents and Managers, Winnipeg.

Alloway & Champion

BANKERS AND BROKERS. . . .

362 MAIN ST., WINNIPEG

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

CEYLON AND INDIA TEA

GREEN OR BLACK.

To get clean GREEN tea use the machine-made tea of Ceylon and India. It contains no adulterants, no sticks, no willow leaves—it's all tea.

The same is true of BLACK.

MATRON AND MAID.

Lady Knutsford, the niece of Lord Macaulay, is at work upon a life of Zachary Macaulay, the historian's father.

A cousin of Dr. Livingstone, Mrs. MacQueeny, who was Kate Livingstone, is alive at the age of 104 at Salon, in the isle of Mull.

Miss Bessie MacDonald, who has just been married in Paris to Baron Rudolph de Hirsch, a nephew of the late Baron de Hirsch, is from Chicago, where she was known as a singer.

Miss Arline Peck, the daughter of Ferdinand W. Peck, the United States commissioner to the Paris exposition, will be married to William A. Simms of Dayton, O., shortly after her return from Europe in December.

Mrs. Charles G. Washburn of Worcester, wife of the head of the Washburn Wire works, has agreed to provide a complete furnishing of Slater memorial dormitory of the Woman's college at Brown university as a gift to the college.

Mrs. Mary Little of Philadelphia celebrated her one hundred and first birthday the other day. Her eyesight is good and her hearing is but slightly impaired, while her memory seems perfect. Her voice is marvelous for one of her years.

Miss Pearl Robinson of Chicago is the smallest bride of the year. She measures 35 inches in height when she stands erect and weighs 55 pounds. Her husband is Albert Criqui, a dwarf. Both have been on the museum stage since infancy.

Rev. Ella Groendyke, sister of Rev. Montgomery Groendyke, of Hartford City, Ind., has been sent to Sierra Leone, where the massacre of the missionaries occurred last year. She has already spent four years in Africa and will undertake to rebuild the destroyed missions.

Mrs. Josephine M. J. Dodge, widow of Arthur M. Dodge of New York and eldest daughter of the late Governor Marshall Jewell of Hartford, has presented to the Wadsworth Athenæum in Hartford a statue in marble of "Zenobia, the Queen of Palmyra, In Chains," the work of the well known American sculptor, Miss Harriet Hosmer.

Miss C. A. Duker of Rotterdam, Holland, has received a gold medal for her exhibit at the Paris exposition, and in addition Queen Wilhelmina has conferred upon her the order of Orange Nassau. Miss Duker is the sixth woman in her country to be honored in this way. She has been at the head of the Girls' Industrial school in Rotterdam for 13 years.

DIFFERENCES OF OPINION regarding the popular internal and external remedy, DR. THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL—do not, so far as known, exist. The testimony is positive and concurrent that the article relieves physical pain, cures lameness, checks a cough, is an excellent remedy for pains and rheumatic complaints, and it has no nauseating or other unpleasant effect when taken internally.

DRAWING THE COLOR LINE.

"Do you have much frost here?" asked a visitor of a Mississippi planter.

"An occasional white frost only," replied the native, with emphasis on the word "white."

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

According to J. P. Holland, inventor of the submarine boat, the day of that class of vessel has now arrived.

Wedding Needs.

In our new and handsomely illustrated catalogue you will find full lines and prices of all that is newest in wedding rings, bridal presents, bridesmaids' favors, wedding invitations, etc.

A copy of this catalogue will be cheerfully sent you upon application.

Ryrie Bros.,

Yonge and Adelaide Sts.,

TORONTO.

We prepay charges and refund money if desired.

A WELSH GOLD MINE.

There is one gold mine worked in Great Britain, diggings covering 730 acres in an obscure corner of Northern Wales and known as St. David's. It is a source of vast profit to the owners, as the cost of production is only $2 a ton.

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

Nearly every Chinaman can read, but 90 per cent. of the women are uneducated.

Brass Band

Instruments, Drums, Uniforms, Etc.

EVERY TOWN CAN HAVE A BAND.

Lowest prices ever quoted. Fine catalogue 500 illustrations mailed free. Write us for anything in Music or Musical Instruments.

Whaley Royce & Co., Toronto, Ont. and Winnipeg, Man.

ROSA LINDA CIGAR

Manufactured by THOS. LEE, Winnipeg.

A New Cream Separator.

I am introducing one this year of very superior merit, and if you buy without writing for my descriptive Catalogue, you will be doing yourse f a great injustice.

Wm. Scott, 206 Pacific Avenue, WINNIPEG.

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

The Ontario Northwest Acetylene Gas Co., Winnipeg—

Dear Sir—I have used your machine for some time and am exceedingly well pleased with it. I can say that it is much more simple satisfactory, economical, and more easily managed than any machine that I have seen. I have just put out two other machines that were utter failures. Yours, Rev. Canon Gibbon-Stocken.

Manufactured by Northwest Acetylene Gas Co., 3,2 Princess Street, Winnipeg.

Wheeler & Wilson Mfg. Co.'s Rotary motion and ball-bearing Sewing Machines are ⅓ easier and ⅓ 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

I Recommend

BABY'S OWN SOAP

to all mothers who want their babies to have pink, clean, clear, and healthy skin.

Made of the finest materials.
No soap, wherever made, is better.

THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., MONTREAL
Manufacturers of the Celebrated
ALBERT TOILET SOAPS.

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 13, 1901

COLONIAL FURNISHINGS.

The Fad For Time Worn Relics in Wood, Metal, China, Etc.

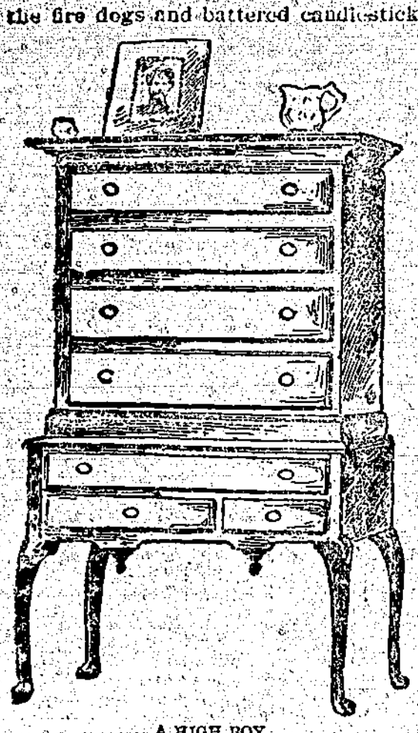
With the revival of the colonial style of architecture so largely seen in the new houses that are being built through the country, as well as the old ones remodeled, the colonial style of furnishing has also come into vogue, and the family that has preserved the solid pieces of mahogany that have been passed along the generations and kept the rungs and legs on its wooden chair, patching over their rickety stage, can now reap full benefit in the admiration and envy of their friends when "our own family belongings" are pointed out in pride and satisfaction.

Indeed, so great is the honor done these old timers that the woman who can boast a four poster bedstead upon which a great-great-grandmother has slept, or, better still, one upon whose ample proportions Washington or Lafayette had stretched his weary limbs, is more to be envied than she who is the possessor of yards of real old lace, growing yellow with age and wrapped away in blue paper and linen with a bit of wax to preserve it.

There are few houses, however, that can make a harmonious showing of these old fashioned belongings from attic to cellar. Usually they are interspersed with more modern pieces, and the owner contents herself with one room, perhaps, into which are gathered all the choice bits of age that can be obtained.

That this fad for time worn relics tends to the hunting up of remote relatives there can be no doubt. Especially is this the case in small country villages. The dusty lumber rooms and attics of fourth and even fifth cousins are ferreted out by the woman who has the "family antique craze," and if she chances to find a rickety table, a broken down bureau or a high back chair on three legs, sometimes on one, they will be regarded as objects of veneration, to command a price that will furnish a whole new set for the best front room of these new found relatives.

It is worth while to have held on to the fire dogs and battered candlesticks



A HIGH BOY.

past their usefulness. Even a broken teapot might be available if the color and shape were all right.

There is another side, however, to this wholesale revival of the old colonial styles. They stood for good, solid worth. There was strength as well as beauty in their designs, and the question of practical utility was the underlying element in their structure. Examine, for instance, says a writer in The Household, whose discourse on old fashioned furnishings is here reproduced, that aristocratic piece of solid mahogany styled a high boy—plenty of drawer room, not too deep to be filled or, when filled, too heavy to be pulled out, with space enough under the legs to be easily reached by dust brush or broom and prevent the dust from rolling up into wads beneath it.

The high, straight back chairs compelled one to sit erect on his own backbone, giving the straight, firm physique impossible to obtain in our easy modern chairs, which encourage lolling and ease and send us to gymnasiums and physical culture classes to obtain what our great-grandmothers got for nothing. The fad would seem to be a sign of the times, an effort to swing back to the rugged simplicity of our forefathers and to imitate them along some of the lines that made them what they were.

TABLE TALK.

Points About Arrangements For a Ceremonious Luncheon or Dinner.

At a ceremonious luncheon beef tea and bouillon are served in covered cups or in small Chinese bowls with saucers. Shell fish, croquettes, broiled chicken, chops and salads are staple dishes for luncheon, with ices, tarts and fancy cakes for dessert. Tea and chocolate are the usual beverages. At a formal luncheon the courses are served as at dinner. The salad may correctly be quite substantial, and lobster, chicken and oyster salads are very favorite dishes.

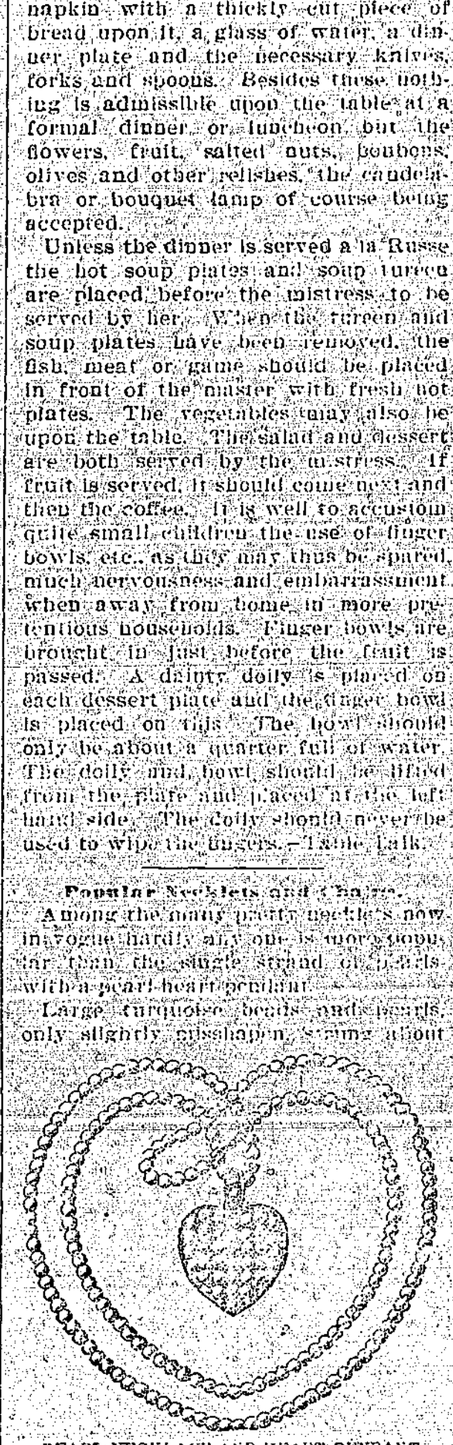
For dinner, after the cloth is smoothly spread, place a pretty centerpiece in the center, and on this a dainty and artistic arrangement of flowers or fruit. The silver for all the courses may be placed on the table when it is set, or it may be placed as required for each course. At each place lay a napkin with a thickly cut piece of bread upon it, a glass of water, a dinner plate and the necessary knives, forks and spoons. Besides these nothing is admissible upon the table at a formal dinner or luncheon, but the flowers, fruit, salted nuts, bonbons, olives and other relishes, the candelabra or bouquet lamp of course being accepted.

Unless the dinner is served a la Russe the hot soup plates and soup tureen are placed before the mistress to be served by her. When the tureen and soup plates have been removed, the fish, meat or game should be placed in front of the master with fresh hot plates. The vegetables may also be upon the table. The salad and dessert are both served by the mistress. If fruit is served, it should come next and then the coffee. It is well to accustom quite small children the use of finger bowls, etc., as they may thus be spared much nervousness and embarrassment when away from home in more pretentious households. Finger bowls are brought in just before the fruit is passed. A dainty doily is placed on each dessert plate and the finger bowl is placed on this. The bowl should only be about a quarter full of water. The doily and bowl should be lifted from the plate and placed at the left hand side. The doily should never be used to wipe the fingers.—Table Talk.

Popular Necklets and Chains.

Among the many pretty necklets now in vogue hardly any one is more popular than the single strand of pearls with a pearl heart pendant.

Large turquoise beads and pearls, only slightly misshapen, strung about



PEARL NECKLACE AND HEART PENDANT

an inch apart, form a singularly attractive chain. Other chains consist of little plaques enameled in the "new art" style and linked together.

The Mirror Does Injustice.

One's reflection in a mirror never does one justice. Comfortable thought for the plain and the pretty alike! Complexion, expression and color are all really better than the shining glass makes them appear. Let not her to whom nature has been sparing of her charms despair. If she would see herself in the deceptive mirror as others see her with the eye, or as nearly as possible, let her hasten to a draper's shop and buy a quantity of soft, pure white material—gauze, if possible; if not, swiss or india muslin will answer very well. Be sure and have it pure white, and, after polishing the surface of the mirror, gather the material at the center of the top and bring it down softly at either side, framing the glass in folds of pure white. When this is done to artistic satisfaction, peep in and see what a transformation. The true tints of the complexion, the expression of the countenance and the eyes, the correct color of the hair, will be very accurately reflected. This is one of the milliner's oldest secrets. Many of the most artful of them drape the glasses in the softest drapery of pure white. It is done with the view of giving their fair patronesses the best view of themselves possible, administering in this way a little subtle flattery.

Utterly Unknown.

Miss Newrich—I know nothing about the world.

Mrs. Chaperon—That is immaterial. Does the world know anything about you?—Indianapolis News.

Lucky the Boss Was Out.

"Is the boss in?" asked the stranger, entering the drug store.

"No," replied the absentminded clerk, "but we have something just as good."—Yonkers Statesman.

HE WAS A BRUISER.

But on One Notable Occasion He Became a Bruisee.

"When we opened a new branch line out in Wisconsin," said the railroad man, "it was found that about every man who traveled between the town of D. and P. was a deadhead—that is, they were miners, sawmill hands and lumbermen—and they seriously told the conductor to go to when he demanded fare. He tried to put two or three of them off his train, but got his nose broken and two or three teeth knocked out as a result. We sent our best men on the branch, but they were licked as fast as they appeared. In this emergency I was instructed to secure the aid of a prizefighter. I went down to Chicago and got some of the boys to put me on to a heavyweight, and at an interview with him I told him what was wanted. He was to act as brakeman and do the knocking down and dragging out for the conductor. When I asked if he thought he could clear out the deadheads, he laughed and replied:

"'It'll be peanuts for me. I'll bum and bang the lot till they'll become as gentle as kittens.'

He was a big fellow and a fighter with a record, and though his terms were pretty high we accepted them and installed him. It was all on the quiet, you know—a little surprise party for the deadheads. On his first run there were nine lusty chaps who refused to come down with the cash, and the train was stopped and the new brakeman called in to do the bouncing. He went in slambang, knocking them right and left, but, alas, he wasn't fighting in the ring! Those men hopped up and sailed in, and our man didn't last five minutes after the real business began. They not only blacked both his eyes, split his nose, damaged his chin and pulled out most of his hair, but drove him into the woods, and we had to send out a searching party to find him. He was the saddest looking object you ever saw when he was brought to me, and when I tried to brace him up he shook his head and backed off and said:

"'No more of that, colonel. I came up here a fighter with a record, but I've been licked by a log roller who never saw a pair of boxing gloves. I guess the best thing you can do is to pull up the rails and let your old branch line to the country for a turnpike!'"

M. QUAD.

Some Georgia Nuggets.

Trouble gives lessons, but we forget all about them in a holiday with joy.

It's a long lane that has no turning, but sometimes it turns mighty sudden.

It always takes a little of the worst to teach a man how to hope for the best.

We look so far away for happiness it is often hard to get back home and find it.

You must take the world as you find it, but some folks are so blind they never find it at all.

Folks who say that this world is not bright enough are in no hurry to see the next one blaze.—Atlanta Constitution.

Humor in the Jungle.

"I hear you lowered the camel's record for a mile dash?"

"Yes, and he'll have to get a hump on himself to beat me."—New York Journal.

A Modern Seer.

"Why, Mrs. Parkinson, whatever in the world induced you to buy that dead black dress pattern? Surely you don't think of giving up bright colors at your age?"

"No, but it was a bargain, and I got to thinking it might come in handy too. My husband's going deer hunting in the Adirondacks."—Chicago Times-Herald.

He Felt That He Wasn't Included.

"See that fellow over there with the pretty side whiskers?"

"Yes."

"Well, he got up and left the audience the other night when the orator said he wanted to talk to the plain people."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Author's Ambition.

Readem—I suppose Riter's ambition is to write the great American novel.

Tellem—Oh, no. He is trying to get the great American dollar.—Baltimore American.

The Fight Would Be Worth It.

Mr. Suburb—My neighbor has a big dog that we are all afraid of. What do you advise?

Lawyer—Get a bigger one. Five dollars, please.—New York Weekly.

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SEA WRACK.

The wrack was dark an shiny where it floated in the sea,
There was no one in the brown boat but only him an me—
Him to cut the sea wrack, me to mind the boat,
An not a word between us the hours we were afloat.
The wet wrack,
The sea wrack,
The wrack was strong to cut.

We laid it on the gray rocks to wither in the sun,
An what should call my lad then to sail from Cushendun?
With a low moon, a full tide, a swell upon the deep,
Him to sail the old boat, me to fall asleep.
The dry wrack,
The sea wrack,
The wrack was dead so soon.

There's a fire low upon the rocks to burn the wrack to kelp;
There's a boat gone down upon the Moyle, an sorra one to help!
Him beneath the salt sea, me upon the shore;
By sunlight or moonlight we'll lift the wrack no more.
The dark wrack,
The sea wrack,
The wrack may drift ashore.

—From "Songs of the Glens of Antrim," by Moira O'Neill.

The Santa Maria Derelict.

BY CHARLES B. LEWIS.

Of all the devilish, cold blooded things done by men you will have read of few to equal what took place aboard of the Spanish merchantman, the Santa Maria, in the year 1862. It was published in the papers at the time, but only a partial account, and as we had war and excitement at home the incident was soon forgotten.

One of the oldest business houses in Mexico up to the date above named was that of the Spanish house of Galera & Co., founded 75 years previously. The business of this house was banking, mining, merchandising and cattle raising. It had a dozen branches in Mexico, and it had dealings with half a dozen countries. In a financial sense it was stronger than the government, and its yearly profits footed up an enormous sum. A son of the founder had succeeded to the management, and when old age came he turned the active work over to a cousin named Alvarez. The new manager was a young man of 25, born in Spain of a fine family, and had been educated for the priesthood. He was a man without a vice. Such was his probity that he was called "Holy Alvarez" even in his youth. At an enormous salary and with autocratic powers young Alvarez took over the management of affairs in Mexico, and almost as soon as he stepped foot on North American soil a change took place in his character. He began to drink, gamble and play fast and loose. At about that time a noted French adventuress appeared at the Mexican capital, and Alvarez speedily became her favorite.

Of course there was gossip about the new manager, and there were those who predicted that his extravagances would ultimately bring ruin to the old house, but there were no official complaints. He knew little or nothing of business, but he did know how to spend money royally, and in a year he had people guessing how much longer it would take him to bankrupt the house. It was after the balance sheets had proved to him that he was spending more than the profits of the house and was a debtor to an enormous amount that he set about preparing a grand coup. The Spanish merchantman was loaded with a consignment of gold, silver, copper, furs and dyestuffs for Spain and the cargo insured to the last cent. Alvarez took into his confidence a young man named Prado, and when the Santa Maria sailed his confederate went with her as supercargo. The ship was manned by a crew of 14 men, all Spaniards. Thirty days after her sailing to the southward the American bark Homeward left the port of Valparaiso homeward bound. We had been out three days when we ran into a dead calm, with the weather so terribly hot that the deck planks smoked in the sun. As we lay heaving on the ground swell a small boat drifted into view. It seemed to be empty, and it had been in sight for two hours and was not over half a mile away when the captain decided to pick it up. A boat was sent off, and when she returned with the stranger we had a sad spectacle under our eyes. There was a dead man lying at full length under the thwarts. He had not perished for lack of food or water, as the boat was well supplied. It was sickness of some sort that had brought his end, and the hot sun had baked and shriveled his body until the sight was not one to look at twice. As there was no evidence that a second person had occupied the boat, we inclined to the belief that a mutinous crew had sent their captain adrift. There were some who thought he might have been blown off the coast, and yet in that case it did not seem as if the craft would have been stocked with food and water as she was.

We gave the corpse burial and hoisted the boat aboard, and two days later the puzzle was solved. We had caught a breeze and made a run of a hundred miles when we sighted a derelict. She was a square rigged ship with all sail taken off her and was driving away broadside to wind and sea. It was plain that she had sprung a leak, but she was by no means waterlogged. We ran down and hailed her, and, getting no answer, the mate was sent to board her. I was one of the crew of his boat, and the sight we saw as we climbed over the rail was one never to be forgotten. Five men lay dead on the decks, and the corpses were in a far worse state than the one in the boat. You could tell at a glance that the dead men were Spaniards, and yet their hands and faces were as black as your shoe, and the bodies had shrunk and shriveled until they were of the size and weight of a boy.

In the forecastle and cabin we found others—enough to make up a crew of 14. There were 14 dead men and not a living thing aboard of the Santa Maria. On the cabin table there were the remains of breakfast, and in the forecastle were the kids with food still in them. Whatever had occurred was in conjunction with the morning meal. As there was no fever smell aboard the derelict, our captain came over to try his hand at solving the mystery. The ship's papers and log were soon found. We got her manifest and port and date of sailing, and the last entry on the log had been made five days before. At that time all was well. The bodies in cabin and forecastle were of course in a better state of preservation, and after an inspection the captain gave it as his opinion that the entire crew had been poisoned. The attitude of each and every man went to prove it. Their eyes were open and rolled back, their fingers clutched and their knees drawn up.

That derelict was a great find for us. Her manifest showed a cargo valued at over $2,000,000, and the ship was all right above deck. As to the water in her hold, we manned the pumps and had it out to the last pint in two hours. Then we made an investigation to find the leak, and we soon discovered that a single auger hole had been bored in her bottom. The orifice had become more or less clogged with seaweed, and it would have taken another three or four days to have filled the ship. We argued that the man in the boat must have come from the ship. As he had got away alone and had provisioned the boat, it must have been after the others were dead. He it was, then, who had brought about the wholesale death of the crew, and he must have had a strong motive. That motive was discovered when some of the boxes of treasure were hoisted out of the lazarette and broken open. Aside from one or two boxes, the whole treasure business was a fake. Lead had been substituted for silver and gold. The furs were a cheat and a fraud, and the value of the dyestuffs was not one-quarter of the sum they were insured for. A second and closer search of the stateroom evidently occupied by the supercargo gave us the key to unlock the whole mystery. He had left behind him a letter of instruction signed by Alvarez at the City of Mexico, and from that we learned that the name of the dead man was Prado. That letter, written in Spanish, was of no aid to us except as far as the two names went, but later on, when translated into English, its contents were of a nature to make a man turn pale. The instructions were to do just what had been done. After the Santa Maria had reached a certain position he was to poison the crew with a certain drug prepared and then scuttle the ship and take his leave in a small boat. It was doubtless figured that if not picked up he could easily reach the coast of Chile; but, as I have told you, we found him dead in his boat. How his death came about I cannot say, as he had food and water and had not encountered any bad weather. I have always believed, however, that in his remorse for the awful deed he had done, coupled with the terrors of his lonely situation, he deliberately drank of the poison which had laid the others low. It was before the crew became too ill to move about that sail was taken off and she was made snug against the weather.

With the auger hole plugged and a part of our crew on board the Santa Maria, we laid our course for the port of Valdivia, and in due time both craft arrived there in good shape. The dead had been given burial, of course, but there was no lack of other proofs. As soon as the plot was unraveled steps were taken for the arrest of Alvarez in Mexico and our claim for salvage was also filed. Governments move slowly in international matters. It was months before they got ready to arrest the man who had plotted this sea tragedy. He had meanwhile continued his career of dissipation and extravagance, depending upon his insurance money to make everything good. News got to him somehow from Valdivia of the derelict being towed in, and he left Mexico and hid away in Bolivia. There he was at last found, but he cheated the hangman by committing suicide. Years later the crew of the Homeward got a few dollars apiece as salvage money. The ship herself was lost at sea with a full crew. You may ask why Prado did not make a thorough job of scuttling the Santa Maria while he was at it. He must have been alone at the time, except for the dead around him, and he had a sharp auger to work with. Had he bored half a dozen holes instead of one the ship would have gone down before being overhauled, and in that case we could have made nothing over finding his corpse in the boat. The fact would have been entered on the log and reported, but would have caused no comment outside of marine circles. Prado was probably in a great hurry to get away from the death ship, and in his haste he bored only the one hole and then fled in something of a panic. Had he carried his letter away with him it would have taken us longer to unravel the mystery, though the cheat in the cargo must have sooner or later been discovered. As a plot hatched against the insurance companies it never had an equal, and as a tragedy of the sea one must believe that young Prado was little short of a devil incarnate to coolly sweep aside the 14 human beings who stood in his path.

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

This Is Awful.

Smith—Who is that distinguished looking man across the street?

Jones—That is Professor Tapham, the eminent bacteriologist.

Smith—Is he an American?

Jones—No; he's a germ-man.—Exchange.

POWER IN WAVE AND TIDE.

Schemes to Harness It Have Been Endless and Fruitless.

With visions of exhausted coal supplies, even though the end be far off, come thoughts of power from other sources than coal—from wind and water and from the restless ocean waves and tides. Of water power there are a goodly number of important installations, principally in the United States, where electric power distribution from them over comparatively long distances has reached a high state of development. In Great Britain, on the other hand, power from waterfalls is a scarce commodity, and not much is to be hoped for in this direction, so that there is something of interest in a recent forecast of the country, with every hill or other point of vantage studded with huge windmills for generating electricity to be subsequently distributed to manufacturing centers. Many years, however, would have to elapse before coal would become sufficiently dear to make such a scheme worth considering in a practical way.

Wave motors and tide power schemes have been almost endless in number. The former have, in a few instances, been used for light pumping work at seaside places, but such pumping outfits have been very far from demonstrating that the wave motor could ever be seriously considered as a prime mover where large powers were demanded—in fact, the wave motor is little better than a toy. As to power from the tides, there is little to be said except that much money has been wasted in vain endeavors to turn it to practical account. The tide power scheme probably always will be alluring and also disappointing.

The disappointment comes from the fact that very few people seem to take the trouble to figure out how much water and how considerable a fall are required to give any useful amount of power. A horsepower for a day of ten hours, for example, would require something like 120 tons of water falling from a height of 100 feet, so that a 500 horsepower factory, say, would need 60,000 tons of water at a 100 foot head. On the basis of 36 cubic feet of water to the ton there would thus be over 2,000,000 cubic feet of water, and this would make a fair sized pond, say about 1,000 feet long, 200 feet wide and 10 feet deep.

There is in these figures something that may help to open the eyes of the tide power plan inventor and of those who are in the habit of putting money into such things.—Cassier's Magazine.

THE SCORCHER.

I come from somewhere up the street;
I make a sudden sally
To knock a copper off his feet
And scuttle down an alley.

I ring my bell to terrify
The walking population,
For when I'm in condition I
Can frighten all creation.

I ring and ring to let them know
There's trouble for them brewing,
For when I come or when I go
There's something always doing.

I ride in front of trolley cars,
And they reverse their power;
I never use my handle bars
At thirty miles an hour.

The children all with terror shriek
When I go past them humming;
Their mothers are too scared to speak
Whene'er they see me coming.

I ring and ring to let them know
There's trouble for them brewing,
For when I come or when I go
There's always something doing.

To splash the mud on passersby
I scorch right through the gutter;
I love to hear the women cry
And hear the fat men splutter.

I jolt men's hats off as I pass
And say I'll see them later
And then bear down upon a lass
With a perambulator.

I ride till I am out of breath,
But that will never feaze me;
I've got the public scared to death,
A fact which well repays me.

I ring and ring to let them know
There's trouble for them brewing,
For when I come or when I go
There's always something doing.

—Morning Oregonian.

Lucky Bird.

"Don't you feel sorry for a bird in a gilded cage?" inquired the sentimentalist.

"No, I don't," answered the short haired man. "A bird in a gilded cage is about the only creature in the animal kingdom that gets its rent, heat, light, food and janitor service without its costing a cent of money or a stroke of work."—Washington Star.

SHOT AT FOR A THIEF

A BOARDING HOUSE COMPLICATION THAT EFFECTED A REFORM.

The Startling Incident In the Life of a Young Tippler That Sobered Him, For Life—A Wronged Mirror and a Considerate Landlady.

"If I should ever appear on the platform as a temperance lecturer," said the man with the red mustache, "I could preach my most effective sermon on a text derived from my own experience. You wouldn't think to look at me now that I had ever been a tippler, but I have been, and it was the incident that turned my appetite away from the seductive bowl that I should work up as the strong point of my lecture.

"I was quite a young fellow then, and I was living in a boarding house in Twenty-third street. This house was a large one, and four of the boarders in it I have special cause for remembering. These four were a man named Donley, who occupied a room on the fourth floor; a Miss Chapman and her maid, Elise, who had a suit on the third floor, and a young dentist named Maverick, who had rooms directly beneath Miss Chapman's. Although she lived in the house six months, the only thing any of us knew about Miss Chapman was that she had magnificent diamonds.

"One night in those days I got in about 2 a. m., more befuddled than usual. I stood on the steps awhile fumbling with the door key, and while thus engaged a man hurried up the steps and addressed me.

"'Hello!' he said. 'How fortunate I am to find somebody else coming in at this time, and somebody with a key too. I went out without mine.'

"Stupefied as I was, I didn't notice the man's appearance. Understanding him to say something about his key, I unquestioningly took him for a boarder, and when the door finally yielded to my patient endeavors I made no protest against his entering the house. He pushed in close behind me and went directly up the stairs. As for me, the efforts of unlocking the door had been too much for me, and I sat down on a chair in the hall to regain my equilibrium. In the few minutes I rested there I must have dozed, for the next thing of which I was conscious was a succession of blood curdling feminine creams from somewhere in the upper regions. Then I realized that something terrible was taking place, but lacking both wit and strength to mount the stairs and offer assistance I left the chair in the hall and stepped into the parlor. I had been standing there only a few seconds when a man's figure stole softly down the stairway and out at the front door. I understood in a dull way that I ought to try to stop the man, but my limbs and tongue were paralyzed.

"In the meantime other inmates of the house were out. Donley, on the fourth floor, happened to have in his trunk an old army revolver of 48 caliber and a foot and a half long. Donley was a light sleeper, and with the first scream he was out of bed and ransacking his trunk for the revolver. He finally found it and started down stairs. The screams issued from Miss Chapman's apartment, and he headed for the door of her sitting room. That entrance was closed, but the bedroom door stood ajar, and he rushed in. Miss Chapman was stretched out on the floor in a faint, while her maid was huddled in a corner shrieking like a mad woman. The carpet was strewn with diamonds which Donley trod upon in his frantic search for the disturber of his peace. Being unable to gain either from Miss Chapman or her maid an explanation of what had occurred, he hurried down stairs. On the second landing he met Maverick. The dentist was as pale as a ghost, and he clutched Donley's shooting arm and held it tight. He said nothing, but with a kind of pantomime that would have been funny if it had not been so serious he led the way a few steps down toward the first floor, then stopped and pointed through the open doorway into the parlor. Just outside the front windows was a street lamp whose light filtered through the lace curtains. In one of the beams of light I stood, motionless with liquor and terror. For an instant Donley and Maverick gazed upon me.

"'Trapped,' said Maverick. Then he released Donley's arm, and Donley raised the army revolver. He was about to fire when he remembered that as a man and a Christian he ought to give even a burglar a chance for his life, and he leaned over the balustrade and asked, 'Who are you?'

"I heard his words distinctly and realized that he was speaking to me, but for the life of me I couldn't reply. Presently he said again, 'Who are you?' I really tried to speak then, but no sound escaped my lips.

"'I'll give you one more chance,' said Donley. 'If you don't answer me this time, I'll blow you into the middle of kingdom come as quick as wink. Who are you?'

"What I suffered in those few moments no mortal can tell. I understood that my time had come if I didn't tell my name, but I was so thoroughly drunk that the enunciation of even one syllable was an utter impossibility. My legs were more pliable than my tongue, however, and as Donley fired they gave way beneath me, and I sank to the floor just in time to escape the budget of ammunition stored away in that capacious revolver. I heard the bullet crash into the big mirror behind me, and then I found my voice.

"'Don't shoot again!' I cried. 'It is I—Donald Webster!'

"I was sick for two weeks after that. When I recovered, they threatened to arrest me as an accomplice of the mysterious burglar, but as Miss Chapman and Elise and the diamonds had disappeared there was nobody to push the suit except the landlady, and she considerately agreed to let me off if I would pay for the mirror which Donley had shot into smithereens. I gladly paid, with the determination never to pay for another under like circumstances. And that resolution I have religiously adhered to, for I had enough of a jamboree that night to last a lifetime."

His Experience.

Mix—I don't like the cold formality of some fashionable women. They ought to put more warmth in their manners.

Lix—Well, you marry one of them, and you'll find out she can make it hot enough for you.

The Musical Prodigy.

"Have you heard the 8-year-old German boy violinist?"

"Oh, yes. Twelve years ago, in Berlin."—Musicians' Herald.

Old Fashioned Cancer Cure.

Take the common sheep sorrel which grows in your yard and which children eat because of its sourness, mash it up into a pulp in some vessel that will save all the juice that would otherwise be lost, then put it into a bag and squeeze out all the juice on to a pewter plate to get some of the acid from the metal, then put this out in the sun and let it dry until about as thick as tar, then put in tight bottle. If the skin is not broken, put a drop of chloride of potash or lye on it to break the skin and then apply the sorrel on the cancer, just covering it with a thin coat. If the sorrel gets too thick, a little water will make it so that it can be handled.

The pain will be severe, but it is otherwise harmless. It will stop hurting in a few hours. Keep up these applications, one every day, until the cancer can be lifted out without pain. It took four days in my case. The sorrel will cook the cancer, but it does not eat it as it does the flesh, hence it eats all the flesh away and lets the cancer loose. When you see the cancer, put the sorrel on it and not on the flesh. When the cancer is out, heal the sore with any kind of healing ointment.—J. A. Wayland in Appeal to Reason.

Bury Their Lepers Alive.

The Chinese have a curiously cheerful way of disposing of their lepers. The relatives of the afflicted person propose to him that they bury him alive, and, such is the fatalism of the Chinese, that the victim readily consents. An extra elaborate meal is served to him in the way of a farewell banquet, and then the funeral procession forms. The man who is about to be immured under the sod follows his own coffin, and when he reaches the grave he takes a dose of laudanum, hops into the box and settles down for eternity.

Dr. Wittenberg, writing on the subject of leprosy in China, states that the pure nerve form is the least common. In such cases, as is well known, the patients may go on for years. As to the mixed form, it is fairly common, but it is a difficult matter to estimate the number of lepers in any given district. The sufferers lead the common life so long as they remain free from destructive lesions. When these occur to any marked degree, the leper is either segregated in a hut or he is allowed to wander about the country, sustaining life by begging. Dr. Wittenberg records cases of direct contagion from mother-in-law to daughter-in-law.

King Humbert's Pine Trees.

King Humbert took great pride in his pine grove and one day, arriving unexpectedly, found a forester preparing to cut down a tree.

"What are you about?" asked the king.

"This pine is growing too tall, your majesty."

"Would you like it if I ordered your feet to be cut off because you are taller than your fellows?"

The hint was enough and the tree left unmolested.—London Telegraph.

A Russell Anecdote.

Lord Russell once presided at a dinner given for Sir Henry Irving on his return from America. While the dinner was in progress Lord Russell suggested to Comyns Carr that he propose Sir Henry's health. "I can't make speeches, you know," he said.

Sir Henry gently replied, "I heard you make a fine speech before the Parnell commission."

To which the pungent Irishman answered, "Oh, yes, but then I had something to talk about!"

Fixed It.

Mamma—Now, Freddy, mind what I say. I don't want you to go over into the next garden to play with that Binks boy. He's very rude.

Freddy (heard a few minutes afterward calling over the wall)—I say, Binks, ma says I'm not to go in your garden because you're rude, but you come into my garden—I ain't rude.

In China criminals and political prisoners are beheaded. Some of the executioners are so expert that they can arrange and behead a man in 18 seconds.

No military parade or drill except in case of war, riot, invasion or insurrection is lawful on election day in New York.

An Insinuation.

Lawyer (examining witness)—Where was your maid at the time?

Lady—In my boudoir, arranging my hair.

Lawyer—And were you there also?

Lady (indignantly)—Sir!—Exchange.

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W. B. Anderson, Editor.

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WEDNESDAY, MARCH 13, 1900

Is it not time that more stringent laws regarding the preservation of our elk, be enacted? Vancouver's Island, of all the British Columbia Islands, is possessed of these noble beasts. They are animals which are easily frightened and driven off by civilization. As the law now is, any trophy hunter may penetrate the uttermost wilds of the Island, slay two bull elk, and frighten the rapidly decreasing band to further off solitudes. Unless elk are absolutely protected for a term of years, they will, in so far as our island is concerned, soon be classed with the buffalo. Besides this, would it not be advisable to set apart a tract of wild land in the central northern part of the Island, as a sanctuary? The main thing now, however, is to protect the animals. Let a ten years absolute immunity be enacted. Now is the time to legislate. Not when they are all shot off, and another thing that should be, is the inhibition of the sale of game. More especially as regards birds. The great charm of our country is the shooting and fishing. Protect these rigidly, if you wish that charm to last.

SCHOOL ACT AMENDMENT.

The Hon. Provincial Secretary has introduced an amendment to the School Act in the Provincial Legislature which contains some important changes, principal of which are—

Candidates for offices of trustees must be registered owners of real estate in the corporation to value of at least $500 as assessed on last preceding municipal assessment roll.

The board of trustees must meet at least once a month.

Salaries of teachers are to be fixed and paid by board of trustees.

All repairs, enlargements to buildings, and incidental expenses to be borne by the city.

In towns of the class of Cumberland, a per capita of $20 is to be paid by the Province.

Board of trustees are to prepare and lay before City Council, before the 1st Feb. in each year, a detailed estimate of sums required for the coming year, which sums shall be paid out by city treasurer as required. Provided that in case of any alterations to buildings or new buildings being required, a by-law to be submitted to ratepayers to enable Council to borrow money to meet the demand.

THE CEMETERIES.

The Japanese burial ground near Cumberland, is enclosed by a neat fence, and kept in as good a condition as possible. Next is that of the Chinese. Also properly fenced and cleared. Further on, we come to the white cemetery. Here the gates are off their hinges and some panels of the farther fence has been removed to allow a throughfare for teams. The NEWS some time ago wrote of this desecration. It seems that the transgressors, not content with using the City of the Dead for hauling purposes, have been too indifferent to even repair the damage they have done. The difference in the conditions of the white burial ground to that of the Japanese and Chinese is too marked to escape notice. But then the whites are civilized, don't you see! Surely there are some trustees whose sacred duty it is to look after these matters.

Last week, the Cumberland Game Association received a shipment of six dozen Viginian quail from Wichita, Kansas. The birds were liberated the same evening between this place and Courtney Most of them were quite lively, there being but two which showed any sign of weakness. The loss en route was sixteen. However, as eight extra birds had been shipped by the dealer gratuitously, to cover losses, the actual loss was eight birds. It is to be hoped that people will unite in protecting the little fellows for some years, when they will afford grand sport. It is the intention of the association to attempt the importation of the English partridge next season, if suitable arrangements can be made.

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.

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RELIEF FUND COLLECTIONS.

Solicited by Mr G. A. McLauchlin, Union Bay:

T L Browne	$ 5 00
G A McLauchlin	5 00
J L Eaton	2 00
F. J. Beveridge	5 00
Capt J Davidson	2 50
C Hooper	2 00
John Ranberg	4 50
T T Ray	2 00
Sydney Peters	1 00
C A McLane	8 00
Andrew McKay	2 50
Arthur Cook	1 50
A S Reid	2 00
J Y Rogers	5 00
Ralph Gibson	5 00
A McLauchlin	2 50
Frank Jones	2 50
John Cook	3 00
Wm Sergenor	1 00
B.C. Brick & Clay Co	20 00
John Peutz	2 50
Officers of bk. Undaunted	4 00
Alfred Rushworth	2 00
John McLauchlin	4 00
Marshall Laird	2 00
Gordon Laird	50
Robert Abrams	1 00
Alex. Cameron	2 50
John McKenzie	2 00
Thos Galleitch	2 00
A Friend	1 00
Total	$100 00

Solicited by Mr. Geo. Heatherbell, Hornby Island:

Geo Heatherbell	$2 50
Edwin Bennett	2 00
M Watt	2 50
Edd Johnson	2 00
John Howe	1 00
Wm. McDonough	2 00
Walter Grant	1 00
Wm. Ford	50
Fred Sutton	1 00
John Skinner	2 50
Total	$18 00

Solicited by Rev. J. X. Willemar, Sandwick:

Mrs. Oliver Duncan	$ 5 00
Mrs. Robert Duncan	5 00
Mrs. Wm. Duncan	5 00
A Friend	25 00
A Friend	5 00
Mrs Wm M Dingwall	5 00
Stafford McKelvie	2 00
Mrs Parkin	2 00
Henry McQuillan	2 00
Mrs James Rees	2 00
J Mundell	2 00
S F Crawford	2 00
Mrs A Milligan	2 00
Wm McKelvey	1 00
John H Williams	2 50
Geo Roe	5 00
Rev J X Willemar	2 50
Sam Piercey	5 00
Wm Harmston	1 00
Wm Rennison	2 00
R Carwithen	1 50
Chas Bridges	2 00
Total	$86.50

CUMBERLAND RELIEF FUND

Summary of collections to date.

Proceeds of Prof. Payne's Entertainment	$ 72.50
Messrs. Hicks and Riggs on acct. subscription	194.50
Salvation Army, Van	27.50
Donations—	
City of Rossland	100.00
City of Nelson	250.00
City of Westminster	150.00
Mrs. Seaton, Vancouver.	4.00
Subscriptions—	
Kamloops	10.00
Rev. J. X. Willimer on account	86.50
Geo. Hetherbell, Hornby	18.00
T. H. Piercy, Denman	46.00
A. McKnight, on acct.	121.50
Mayor of Vancouver	245 25
Geo. McLaughlin, U. B.	100.00
Sale of R. Strang's poems.	6.50

In addition the following amounts have been paid in to the Bank of Commerce, Nanaimo:

Subscription, Free Prees.	$ 214.30
Donations—	
City of Kamloops	150.00
Bank of Commerce	200.00
Total	$1996.45

NOW IS THE TIME TO HELP

The Widows And Orphans

BY SUBSCRIBING TO THE

Relief Fund.

TENDERS.

SEALED TENDERS will be received by the undersigned on or before SATURDAY, MARCH 23rd inst., for the erection of an additional Ward and Operating Room for Cumberland Hospital.

Plans and specifications may be seen at the office of Magistrate Abrams in Cumberland.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

Bonds required.

HENRY F. PULLEN,
Secretary.

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

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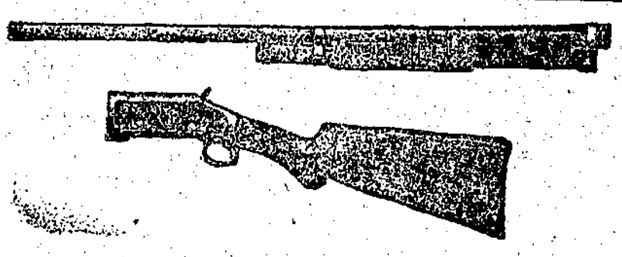
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