Prov Library

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

SEVENTH YEAR. CUMBERLAND, B. C. TUESDAY, MARCH 13th, 1900.

Garden & Flower Seeds

FROM THE FOLLOWING NOTED SEED HOUSES:

THE STEEL BRIGGS SEED CO., LTD,
D. M. FERRY & CO.
JAY & CO., VICTORIA, B. C.

BULK SEEDS:—

Sweet Peas (Eckford's mixed), 10 cts. per oz, 3 ozs. for 25 cts.
Nasturtiums (tall), 10 cts. per oz., 3 ozs. for 25 cts.
Nasturtiums (dwarf), 15 cts. per oz., 2 ozs. for 25 cts.
Timothy (seal brand).
Red Clover (lynx brand).
Austrian Brome Grass.

Get our prices before purchasing.
All Seeds warranted fresh.

The Big Store.
SIMON LEISER.

Nicholles & Renouf, Ld.

61 YATES STREET, VICTORIA, B. C.

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

Agents for McCormick Harvesting Machinery.
Write for prices and particulars. P. O. Drawer 563.

If you want . .

CARPETS, LINOLIUMS, CURTAINS,
WALLPAPERS MATTINGS,
TABLE LINENS,

House Furnishings of all Kinds, in the Latest Up-to-Date Styles, Selected from Leading Manufacturers throughout the world.

SAMPLES FREE ON REQUEST.

Our new Six Story Show Rooms are conceded to be the most elaborate, complete Home Furnishing Establishment in all Canada. Come and see us when in Victoria.

Write to **Weiler Bros.** Samples Free on Request

Complete Furnishers, VICTORIA, B. C.

FOR 15 DAYS

SHOES AT COST.

—ODD SIZES—

Now is your chance to get some good Shoes for little money. Sale commences Pay-day, February 24th, 1900.

C. J. MOORE

Highest premiums paid for Eggs and Butter.

CUT HIS HAND.

Our readers will feel grieved with us to hear that Mr. T. Hudson cut his hand severely Sunday evening while fording Rosewall's River on his return from line repairing. It appears that the river being so high as to cover the seat of the cart when fording he stood up. The horse at the same time fell and Tom was thrown forward, putting out his hand to save himself he happened to strike the blade of the axe which had been strapped to the shaft, edge up. He and his brother who was with him had a hard job saving the horse from drowning. They then drove to Geo. Howe's, 8 miles, where he had the hand tied up, coming home Monday, when the doctor's put him under chlorform and gathered the severed tendons together. He will probably be disabled for some time and perhaps have a stiff hand for life. He tells us that the late floods have washed out French Creek bridge—hence the failure of the mail-carrier to reach here Sunday.

See our carpet samples before buying; the largest and best assortment in town. Estimates given include carpets already sewn, ready to lay on floor. Stevenson & Co.

ONE WAY TO GET A PAIR OF DANCING PUMPS.

At the Marble Bay Concert dance, one of our esteemed residents of Comox Road found that he had forgotten his pumps.

"Where there's a will, there's a way."

Finding a would-be dancer laid out and sound asleep, John quietly removed his pumps, used them for the evening, and replaced them without the unconscious lender being a bit the wiser.

Apropos of this:

Did he loose the boots?

Last chance. Only three days more in Cumberland. Coupon holders must take this opportunity. Coupons will expire March 15th, my last day in Cumberland.

FINLEY,
Photographer.

WHARF JOTTINGS.

The good people of Union Bay celebrated the relief of Ladysmith in good and appropriate style on receipt of the good news on the 1st. They formed into a little procession, marching from the wharf to the Nelson House and all other parts of the town. Bagpipes, tinwhistles and drum made a good band and refreshments were free galore at Nelson House. Mr. Brown's, Mine Host Humphrey's and every other place refreshments, songs and and hurras made the air joyous and the good folks let all within hearing know that they were true Britons. By-the way did not Cumberland fall a little to the rear on that occasion? We certainly should have whanged off a few guns just for luck.

Barge Robert Kerr was in on Monday for a full cargo of coal for the C. P. R., Vancouver.

S. S. Wellington arrived Tuesday from San Fransisco and loaded 2,500 tons coal and sailed Wednesday. She brought a locomotive for Oyster Harbor which was landed and will be shipped by Transfer to its destination.

S. S. Tees called at the Wharf on Friday for a cargo of coal for Skagway. She had a heavy freight and passenger list, quite a shipment of horses and a large number of dogs of all breeds and colours. The wharf was anything but dull so long as the Tees was alongside.

The Tug Lorne brought in the ship Glory of the Seas on Friday. She will load for San Francisco.

The Str. Cutch arrived here on Saturday for fuel on her way from Skagway. She had a light passenger list, the railway being blocked between Skagway and Bennett. No trains have got through for four days and the proseect was it would be four days more before the road would be clear. About 100 Dawson passengers were waiting at Bennett to come out. Capt. Newcomb reports a very rough trip and is in consequence 24 hours late.

The Transfer makes regular trips as usual. Capt. Verge, formerly mate of the City of Nanaimo is now in charge of the Transfer.

Mr. Jas. Millar, the veteran logger, arrived by the City Wednesday to open up his camp at Garvin's Point. Mr. Millar brought his oxen and camp outfit and a crew of men with him and intends getting out out a large quantity of timber this season.

Mrs. Morton, the popular landlady at Brown's boarding house, went down on the City Friday for short visit.

We are pleased to note that Mrs. F. Beveridge and family haue moved to the Bay to join Mr. Beveridge who is employed here now.

If you want a nobby hat at the right price go to Stevenson & Co's Cash Store.

A FISHY PLAY.

BY VICTORIAN SARDINE.

Don Quizote de la Maduro—Ho, Joseph Panza, my trusty squire! some days agone I didst order thee, O Panza! to make me a box; of certain dimensions and divisions. One of which divisions to be cosily padded, upholstered with rarest tapestry and carpeted for mine pet protege. A sample of thy skill as cabinet maker. What hast thou done towards it my squire?

Joseph—Nauthin.'

Don Q.—By my hullabaloo! Thou art a lazy vallet, Panza, and thou so smart! I prithee get to work, or we shall have this caitiff B. C. rabble at our august heels anon. Tell me, what dost intend to do in future?

Joseph—Nauthin'.

Don Q.—A scourge upon thee, idle valet! What didst accomplish when in Sir Knight Sifton's train, my Panza?

Jos.—Nauthin'

Don Q.—Or as squire to Greenway?

Jos.—Nauthin'.

Don. Q—Plague take thee knave! What wast employed at when with Don Pedro Semlin?

Jos.—Cardin' Cotton.

200 pairs Boy's Tweed Pants, splendid value 50 cts. and upwards at Gus Hauck's.

NOTICE.

HAVING severed my interest in the Magnet Cash Store of this City I desire to thank my customers for their liberal patronage.

CORY S. RYDER, JR.

The "City of Nanaimo" last trip had a new mate aboard, Capt. Foote. Mr. W. Verge, who has acted in that capacity for so long, stopping off at Union Wharf to take command of the Transfer which was expected in Wednesday.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Blue-birds were seen here on the 10th—a sure sign of Spring.

For bargains in women's underwear go to Stevenson & Co.

Mr. Orr, sr., is in the Hospital suffering from a rheumatic attack.

Mr. Wm. Rendell, father of M. R. Addison, died at Buffalo, N. Y. on Feb. 8th.

Ladies' tanned brown kid gloves worth $1.25 at 75cts. Stevenson & Co.

John Kuti, an Austrian, was taken to the Hospital Saturday suffering from a kick from a vicious mule.

Remnant Sale of Flannellettes, Prints and Dress Lengths. Don't miss this opportunity.—Gus Hauck.

We understand the Driver's Meeting Sunday resolved to hold out for $2.50. The miners are at work.

We noticed a nice express waggon last week by Mr. Mitchell The workmanship stamps him as a first class mechanic.

The new fan at No. 4 is well on towards completion. It will be of 30ft diameter against the old one's 14ft. The old fan will be moved to No. 6 after completion of new one.

Men's white and colored shirts large sizes, 60 cts., worth $1.00. Stevenson & Co.

A critical operation was successfuly performed last week by Dr. Staples. He removed a ganglion—a swelling, or tumor of the tendons—from the wrist of Mrs. F. A. Anley of this town.

Mr. John McLeod has moved two of the small cabins which stood at the back up to the street line of the lot. They will be joined to form one house which Mr. McLeod will occupy with his family. Mr. McKay is doing the work.

Mr. C. S. Ryder has sold out the Magnet Cash Store to Mr. J. B. Le Feuvre of Nanaimo. We wish Mr. Le Feuvre luck in his new venture and Mr. and Mrs. Ryder all prosperity where ever they may go after their long and acceptable sojourn among us.

Some miscreant had the audacity to burglarize the Maple Leaf Club Sunday, carrying away with them some games and the flag belonging to the boys. President "Punk" ain't saying much but he is studying and it will not be healthy for the perpetrators if they are detected. We think boys should be protected by law against theft as well as grown people.

Mr. R. B. Anderson, we are pleased to hear, has secured the contract of placing acetylene machines in the new hotel at Shawnigan which is being built by a syndicate for a first class summer resort. Mr. Anderson is placing four machines of his own pattern which have been proved to be the best in market. They will aggregate 5,000 candle power.

Germea makes a delicious breakfast in five minutes For sale by Gus Hauck

Certain young people of both sexes have lately been in the habit of meeting at night and annoying people by throwing stones at doors, creating noises in alleyways and courtyards and playing sundry pranks of the kind. Our informants state that the perpetrators are well known to them and that they are young enough to be at home at proper hours and old enough to have some regard for appearances. This is that they may read for their own good.

A HARVEST OF TARES.

By Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen

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CHAPTER XIII.

About eight months after Olaf Brun's departure, Hulda received a letter, which fell into her hands by pure accident. She was taking a walk with her sister along the highway when she met Nils, the groom, carrying the mail bag. Nils, who from shrewd intuition had guessed the true state of affairs, had taken the precaution to conceal in his pocket a letter with American stamps, upon which he had deciphered Hulda's name. The grateful glance with which she rewarded him made him for a moment cherish murderous designs against Mr. Falck, that malicious ogre who, as he fancied, was persecuting her.

It was not clear from Olaf's letter whether he had written any epistles before which had never reached her. Mrs. Brinckman, it appeared, had, as he expressed it, blackguarded him to his uncle, and made him no end of trouble. That lofty functionary had indeed assumed such an insulting tone toward him apropos of his engagement to her that nothing but his grey hairs had saved him from the thrashing whic he had deserved. On the very day, however, when he filled his twenty-fifth year his patrimony, which, on account of the expense of his education, had shrunk to an insignificant sum, had been paid to him, and his guardian, washing himself of all further responsibility, had politely invited him to go to the devil. Unconsciously complying with this request perhaps, he had gone to Berlin, Dusseldorf, and Munich, with the intention of seriously taking up his art studies, but the masters had been so unanimous in discouraging him, alleging that he was too old to accomplish anything, that he had lost heart, and in sheer despair taken passage for America. He had now spent two months rather stupidly in travelling through the Eastern and Southern States, and had finally settled down in Chicago, where he was looking about for something to do.

There were no protestations of affection—no love passages, properly speaking—in the letter, which was wholly occupied with the writer's own tribulations and grievances. He had been unfairly treated by fate, was "down on his luck," in the American phrase, and it seemed to have occurred to him as an inspiration of the moment that this engagement of his, which he had hitherto scarcely taken as serious, might be worth keeping up, after all, as an excuse for confidence, and a solace in affliction. Emotional as he was and lyrically inclined, he may have extracted from it an aesthetic satisfaction and perhaps even persuaded himself that he yet loved Hulda.

This is the way the letter would have impressed an unprejudiced reader, if indeed by the inadvertence of the post-office it had strayed into the hands of so unsympathetic a person. But to the loving eyes of its recipient it was a noble, touching, heart-stirring narrative which conveyed no hints of sordid meaning. She read and reread it a hundred times, and always with fresh emotion. She sat and brooded ever each phrase to extract, as it were, its last drop of sweetness. She exulted, in the thought that, though half the globe separated them, she could yet feel across oceans and continents that harmony of souls which made their hearts beat in unison. It was her duty to be at his side, even though he were too unselfish to ask such a sacrifice of her. But there was no sacrifice in obeying the innermost promptings of her heart, in resolutely seeking the only happiness which life had in store for her. She half wished that some sinister fate might be lying in ambush in her path, putting her to the fiery test, so that she might stand before him as one having endured for his sake contumely, hardship and pain. Then she might perhaps prove herself worthy of him; then only, when having defied distance, adversity and evil scheming, they should meet, crowned with woe, would their cup of joy be full.

In the happiness which she derived from this letter Hulda could no longer feel resentment toward any one, and she became not only conciliatory but almost friendly in her attitude toward Mr. Falck. Mrs. Brinckman noted the change with quiet satisfaction, and Mr. Falck himself began to hum as he walked through the halls and played in his room, instead of "The Damnation of Faust," a Spanish dance by Sarasate which panted and palpitated with joyous abandon. It was late in October, and the weather had for a week been stormy. Nils, the groom, on his way to the stable often stopped under the curate's window, listening in puzzled wonder to the gay strains that escaped into the night, mingled with the storm, and were whirled away into the black space. There seemed somehow (not to Nils, but to Hulda, who was standing wrapped in a rain coat on the balcony, that there was a great passionate pulse-beat in the storm—something nobly wild and free and untamable; and she felt within herself a kindred throb—a tempestuous yearning to break all bonds and live a life of glorious, untramelled freedom.

She was interrupted in these meditations by two men clad in yellow oil clothes who came stamping up the steps and inquired for the pastor. The rain was dripping from their beards

"Can I come in, dear?" he queried gently

and noses, and running in rivulets from the brims of their hats. They pulled off their mittens, and each extended a horny hand toward the girl.

"Thanks for last meeting," they said.

"Thanks yourselves," answered she. "It is rough weather to be travelling in," she added, after a pause.

"Yes, pretty dirty weather, though at this season nothing else is to be expected."

"What do you want the pastor for at this time of night? Is it wedding, baptism, or funeral?"

"My wife is struggling with death," replied one of the men, with slow and solemn emphasis. "I want the pastor to bring her the sacrament."

"You surely don't expect father to cross the fiord in a storm like this!" she exclaimed, aghast.

She did not hear their answer, for the wind drowned their voices, and the rain swept down in such torrents that she had to beat a hasty retreat. She struggled for awhile with a great house door, and the hall was half flooded before the men came to her help and closed it. She followed them into the office, where, besides her father, Mr. Falck was seated, discussing some parish matter. The two peasants, after preliminary greetings and handshakings, stated their errand.

The pastor grew very grave, rubbed his chin, and sat for awhile pondering.

"It wouldn't be right for you to tempt God by returning in such a tempest," he said, at last. "You stay here to-night, and we will all start together in the morning."

"No, pastor," replied the elder man, looking up with a face full of woe. "She can't last till morning, the doctor says, and if you won't come with me I and my son will go alone," and treading the floor nervously with his foot he rose abruptly, walked to the window, and stood for some moments staring into the howling gloom.

"No, my good man," the pastor burst out with half indignant energy, "the Lord does not demand of us that we shall leap straight into the jaws of death and then expect His to rescue us. We must exercise common prudence. We have but one life, and it is a sin against Him who gave it to stake it recklessly."

The two peasants, father and son, stood awkwardly holding their sou'-westers in front of them and gazing at the floor, where a large puddle of water was spreading about each of them.

"I can't answer you with Scripture, parson," began the elder, huskily. "I hain't got much book l'arnin, but if I oculd help a poor soul on the way—"

"Oh, do come, parson," implored the younger, while tears rolled down his cheeks. "She's a-cryin' in agony, and nobody but you can help her."

"She has been a good and hard-yorkin' woman," resumed the father, in broken tones, "and—and—I reckon she hain't go no very bad sins on her conscience. But all the same she's mighty skeered, and she's a-cryin' out for priest and sacrament, believin' as she can't go to Heaven without them. But I reckon—God—He won't be so hard on her. He'll be more merciful to her than you."

Hulda, who had listened, all aquiver with sympathy, here sprang up, stepped up to the old peasant, seized his hand, and with a sob in her throat broke out:—

"Oh, don't I wish I were a priest! I would go with you."

"Child, child," remonstrated her father, feeling acutely the rebuke which her words implied, "you don't know what you are saying."

He began to pace the floor in intense agitation, and was about to address to her a sterner reproof, when Mr. Falck quietly rose and said:—"I am a priest. I will go."

"God bless you for that!" cried the elder peasant, starting forward as if he meant to carry him off bodily.

"I am greatly obliged to you for your willingness, Mr. Falck," ejaculated the pastor, much relieved, "but I cannot permit you to go. I am yet of opinion that it is going beyond what duty demands of us. I would not mind much that your going would be a reflection upon me. But—but—you have duties toward others than yourself."

Falck moved his lips, but could not utter a sound. His eyes were fixed upon Hulda with a sudden intensity of meaning, and there seemed to flare up in her glance a responsive fire which lighted her face with a rare beauty. She felt a thrill during that moment of a sacred flame, and the plain man with the pale, scholarly face who stood before her became miraculously transmuted, revealing the soul of a hero. She knew that it was for her sake and hers alone that he was ready to stake his life. But that in nowise detracted from his heroism. Rather added a romantic touch to it which made it doubly beautiful.

"Good-bye, Hulda," he said, seizing her hand and pressing it hard. "If—if—we never meet again—remember—"

But he could go no further. The pallor of his face deepened, and great sweat drops burst out upon his brow. He dropped her hand and walked rapidly across the floor and out of the room. The two peasants made haste to follow him. The pastor rose once more, went to the window and listened to the spasmodic drumming of the rain upon the panes. He watched the long, straight, slanting lines, obliterated every now and then by a showering charge which deluged everything from top to bottom. He seemed completely absorbed in mournful meditation.

(To be continued.)

HOW TO WIN HER LOVE.

The Interesting Discovery of Mr. Cornelius Hennepin.

"Aha!" exclaimed Cornelius Hennepin. "Here is something that I have long been looking for—'How to Make Your Wife Love You!'"

That was the headline over the article that he had started to peruse. He pulled his glasses out of the case, fastened them upon his nose and cried:

"Virginia! Virginia! Come here. I want to read something to you."

When his wife arrived, he said:

"Here is a little article that may interest you. I haven't read it through, but from the way it starts out I judge that the writer knows what he or she is talking about. 'How to Make Your Wife Love You.' That's the heading. Now, let's see what it says: 'Never come home with a sour look and yell, "Is dinner ready?" as if you were addressing a slave.' I never do that, do I, Virginia? 'Always treat your wife with as much consideration when you are alone as when company is present.' I think I follow that rule, don't I, Virginia? 'Never try to start a cheap laugh by saying that your wife proposed to you or roped you in.' I have never done that, have I, Virginia?" Mr. Hennepin asked. "And yet," he bitterly continued, "you do not love me as you ought to. I am only 22 years older than you, and there is no reason why you should not regard me with the utmost affection. These very words ought to convince you that I am an ideal husband. But let me continue: 'Do not chew tobacco all day and expect your wife to meet you at the door with her mouth all made up for a loving kiss, and, above all, do not grumble if she should ask you for the price of one of those lovely hats in Plumeleigh's window.'"

"Confound these advertising dodges!" exclaimed Cornelius Hennepin. "If the papers don't stop lending themselves to such schemes, I'm going to stop my subscription!"

Late the next afternoon a boy with a bandbox rushed up the Hennepin steps.—Chicago Times-Herald.

THREE CITIES.

Denver has more bicycles in proportion than any other city in the country.

Tacoma is second only to New York in the amount of tea imported and is crowding the metropolis closely.

Seattle's public square is to be the abiding place of a veritable Alaskan totem pole—one of those strangely carved symbols of barbarism and superstition which generally grace the front of Indian habitations in southern Alaska.

This Never Really Happened.

"I don't see why you are so sure his novel will not be a great success."

"Because it was accepted by the first publisher he sent it to."—Chicago Evening Post.

MEN OF MARK.

Dr. Cameron Pestana, the Lisbon bacteriologist who identified the plague at Oporto as the bubonic plague, has died of the disease.

The Marquis of Townshend, who died in Paris recently, was the first philanthropist to take up the question of seats for shopgirls.

Admiral Dewey has given a conditional promise to visit Dayton, O., after his visit to Columbus. The date for the latter has not yet been definitely fixed.

Boston's Cobb twins, Cyrus and Darius, recently sat for a photograph, and when it came home they were obliged to ask the photographer which was which.

John D. Rockefeller has offered to duplicate any amount which may be raised as an endowment for Rochester Theological seminary (Baptist) up to $150,000.

It is not generally known that Punch has a chaplain on its staff. The holder of the office is the Rev. Anthony Deane, a frequent contributor to the journal.

Lord Beauchamp, the youngest governor ever appointed to New South Wales, has taken a Bible class in the parish in Sydney in which the government house is situated.

Lieutenant Henry Canill, who was a member of the staff of General Gomez of the Cuban army, has entered the Law school of Boston university, intending to take the three years' course.

John J. Albright of Buffalo, who recently gave to that city a rare collection of palms and tropical plants, valued at $40,000, is having the new conservatory for the collection erected at his own expense.

Charles J. Capen has taught in the Boston Latin school 48 years and prides himself upon the fact that, though now 76 years of age, no one can yet call him a decrepit old man, nor scarcely a white haired one.

The oldest resident of the town of Emporia, Kan., is J. P. Mather, who is said to be a direct descendant of Cotton Mather. Though 85 years of age, he goes daily to a gymnasium and exercises on the bars.

John Garland Price, who represents Alaska in congress, is a lawyer of Skaguay. He was born in Iowa 29 years ago and is an enthusiast on the subject of Alaska. He believes that a territory should be made of southeastern Alaska.

Dr. O. N. Hartshorn, the founder of Mount Union college, Ohio, celebrated the golden anniversary of his wedding the other day. A banquet was given in honor of the occasion by the alumni and undergraduates of the college at Alliance, O.

Colonel Ian Hamilton of the Gordon highlanders, who has the distinction of being the first named for the Victoria cross in the present South African war, is a strict follower, he says, of Lord Wolseley's maxim, "If you want to be a general, you must do your best to get killed in battle."

COLLEGE DIVERSIONS.

It used to be the strong brain that told in college work; now it is the husky right leg.—Dayton News.

College students will now be obliged to devote part of their time to books and lectures. The football season is closed.—Chicago Record.

If some one will enjoin the newspapers from speaking of a university as a "varsity," the general public will pay the court costs.—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

The football player will now return to his books and by slow and painful educational process endeavor to acquire the arts of civilization.—New York Mail and Express.

There is no football oligarchy in this country. The games of the year have exploded the fancied class superiority of the overweening east.—Duluth News-Tribune.

Still another student has been seriously injured while being initiated into a college secret fraternity. This time it was in Indiana, where the student was given such a severe electric shock that his hearing was destroyed. It is high time for college authorities to put a stop to this sort of thing.—New York Herald.

THE ROYAL BOX.

Alfonso XIII of Spain is not yet 14, but the German emperor has resolved to invest him with the order of the Black Eagle.

One of the amusements of the German empress is to follow the emperor in his hunting trips with a camera and take photographs of the game he kills. She not only "touches the button," but "does the rest" at home with her own hands.

The czar of Russia probably owns a greater quantity of china than any other person in the world. He has the china belonging to all the Russian rulers as far back as Catherine the Great. It is stored in an immense closet in the winter palace at St. Petersburg.

Kaiser Wilhelm is at work on an improvement of Weber's "Oberon." He has set Major Lauff, his private dramatist, to rewrite the libretto, a Vienna decorator will rearrange the scenery and costumes, and a Weisbaden kapellmeister will correct Weber's music.

An Excuse.

A mistress who had just engaged a new cook made a tour of inspection after she had kept her a week and found a policeman locked up in the pantry. "How did this man get here?" asked the lady severely.

"I'm sure I don't know," was the cool reply. "He must have been left over by the last cook."—London Tit-Bits.

Calls Us Avaricious.

"You Americans," said M. de Monvel, the French artist, smiling, "are very avaricious. First you were avaricious of money, then of science, and soon it will be of art. When you have eaten everything," he added, shrugging his shoulders, "what will be left?"

A Well-Known Toronto Traveller Cured of Catarrh After Eight Years' Suffering.

JAPANESE CATARRH CURE CURES.

Mr. R. E. Fleming, the well known and popular Toronto representative of Messrs. Ewing & Sons, Cork Manufacturers, Montreal, writes: "I have been a constant sufferer from catarrh of a severe and disagreeable type for eight years, which became worse each winter, in spite of the hundreds of dollars I spent with catarrh specialists and many remedies, which only afforded temporary relief. I tried Japanese Catarrh Cure about one year ago, and since completing this treatment have not felt the least symptoms of my former trouble." A few months ago I recommended it to a friend similarly affected, and he is now completely cured also. I can highly recommend it to any person troubled with this most annoying disease."

Japanese Catarrh Cure relieves cold in the head in one minute. Sold by all druggists. Price 50 cents. A free sample will be sent to any person troubled with catarrh. Enclose 5-cent stamp. Address, The Griffiths & Macpherson Co., 121 Church street, Toronto.

RULES FOR HUNTERS.

Some Advice Not to Be Taken Too Seriously.

Gunning accidents have become so frequent that it might be well to formulate a few rules for the guidance of those who go forth to slay. How would these do?

First.—When you hand a loaded gun to your companion, always keep the muzzle pointing your way. This may save the fool killer a job.

Second.—Never go hunting with a man who looks like a deer. Don't look like a deer yourself. Look like a mule or something else easy. A man in Pennsylvania was shot by a particular friend because the tuft of hair on his head resembled a partridge. When you go hunting, have your head shaved.

Third.—Don't use a gun that will carry three or four miles. You may drop an innocent cow in the next county. Better stick to grandad's shotgun with the warped barrel. The children in a Wisconsin country school got a holiday on account of one of those long distance guns. Bullet crossed over two townships and hit the schoolma'am in the limb.

Fourth.—If you have any doubt that the deer you are going to shoot at may be your hunting companion, don't yell, "Is that you, Pete?" before you fire. It might alarm the deer—if it is a deer.

Fifth.—If you really want to insure perfect safety against hunting accidents, have your eyes, your nerve and your firearms thoroughly tested before you start out—and then stay at home.

A BULLET IN THE HEART

Some Conditions that Induce Similar Consequences.

Toronto, Dec. 27—A bullet in a man's heart causes death. So does a grain of sand, or anything else that should not be there. So with the other organs of the human body. Take the bladder for instance. Thousands of persons suffer from the disease known as "Stone in the Bladder," while a lingering death ends the agony of thousands more.

That this need not be is proved by the following letter:—

844 Queen St. East,
Toronto, Nov. 24, 1899.

Dear Sirs,—Five months ago, and for three years previous to that date, I was enduring sufferings as severe as man can bear. I endured tortures such as I cannot describe, or you cannot understand. My trouble was Stone in the Bladder. I used one kind of medicine after another, but without getting the slightest relief. I thought I could never be cured, and death would have been preferable to my agony. I was persuaded, however, to try Dr. Arnold's English Toxin Pills. Before I had used three boxes the stone was dissolved and expelled without the least pain. I am now thoroughly cured, thanks to Dr. Arnold's English Toxin Pills, which did what no other medicine in the world could do for me!

A. Stinson.

Dr. Arnold's English Toxin Pills, the only medicine on earth that cures disease by killing the germs that cause it, are sold by all druggists at 75c. a box; sample size, 25c., or sent postpaid on receipt of price, by The Arnold Chemical Co., Limited, Canada Life Building, 42 King Street West, Toronto.

THE HOME REMEDY FOR COUGHS AND COLDS

Discovered by Dr. Chase, the Famous Recipe Book Author--Now Used in Nearly Every Home in America.

No doctor's prescription of compounded drugs can possibly be so effective in relieving and curing coughs and colds as Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine.

The process of manufacture of this great family remedy is so difficult and complicated that it cannot be thrown together in a drug store.

Besides turpentine and linseed, the curative properties of which are well-known, this preparation contains half a dozen ingredients just as simple and yet of incalculable value in positively healing and curing inflammation of the throat and lungs.

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine does not contain morphia, which soothes by deadening the nerves, not only of the inflamed parts, but also the stomach, which it absolutely ruins if taken for any length of time.

As a home remedy for croup, bronchitis, asthma, coughs and colds, Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine is unapproached. It can be used by any member of the family, from baby to grandfather. It is prompt in action and healing and soothing in its effect.

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, 25 cents a bottle. Family size, containing more than three times as much, 60 cents. At all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

AN ENTICING PERSON.

THE SMOOTH TONGUED ENGLISH RECRUITING SERGEANT.

How He Obtains the Raw Material For the British Army and What His Persuasive Manner Adds to His Purse—Military Nicknames.

According to the British system of enlistment, a "queen's shilling" is paid over to every man who enters the service. The "queen's shilling" is so termed because its acceptance from a recruiting sergeant makes the receiver a "queen's man," body and soul.

The British recruiting sergeant—the man who gives the shilling—is generally tall, erect, broad of shoulders, deep of chest, supple of limb, with the bearing of a conqueror, tempered by geniality, and an ideally persuasive tongue. Always in uniform and white gloves, with cap a-tilt on his head and baton continually in evidence, he plays a most important part in the army system of his country. He generally hunts in couples, and his chosen walks are either in the vicinity of some great barracks or in the poorer quarters of the town where he is stationed. The favorite stamping grounds of the London recruiting sergeants are in the neighborhood of the Horse guards and in Trafalgar square, on the sides fronted by the National gallery and St. Martin's church.

Those who take the shilling there are initiated into the service of her majesty at the recruiting depot of St. George's barracks, just behind the National gallery. This is the largest in Great Britain, and probably one-quarter of all the British recruits are there enrolled. Other large depots are found at Woolwich, Hounslow and elsewhere. In fact, there is a recruiting depot in every town of note in all Great Britain.

The recruiting sergeants who work in the square and near the Horse guards have a far easier task to perform generally than those who do duty elsewhere. Under the splendid stimulus furnished by the crack cavalry's appearance the recruits rarely have to be subjected to much persuasion and often offer themselves unsolicited. Recruits are easily obtained also in many places on occasions of great parades. But in ordinary circumstances securing recruits for her majesty's service is not a task to be lightly undertaken.

Fortunately crimping and the press gang are no longer necessary in order to keep the army ranks fairly well filled, but it is true that the recruiting sergeants for the militia and the ordinary foot regiments are sometimes obliged to resort to rather devious expedients. It is also true that a very large percentage of the recruits are picked up in the city slums, where a glass or two of ale and a good jollying from a splendid fellow like a recruiting sergeant are far more likely than anything else to produce the desired results. Recruits obtained in slum neighborhoods are mainly youngsters out of work, often without family ties and sometimes quite willing, if well persuaded, to get away from their present surroundings even if the prospects be fairly favorable for service against half savage native rebels in India, the still more savage blacks of Africa or the Boers, who are more dangerous because of their superior marksmanship than either Hindoos or other blacks. A guarantee of the recruit's good moral character is required ostensibly, but the regulations upon this point are not administered with great rigidity in many instances, and the contingency of rejection upon the moral record of the recruit is remote indeed.

Very many of the men recruited in the more crowded sections of the cities go into the militia, which is about as unlike the national guard here as can easily be imagined and whose members are regarded with less favor by the middle class population of Great Britain than those of any other branch of the service. It has been commonly supposed both in and out of England that the militia could not be ordered to do foreign service, but this is an error. The militia may be sent out of the country if occasion arise, and, furthermore, if its ranks be not filled by "volunteer enlistment," limited conscription may be enforced. This has not been resorted to in 30 years, but the law authorizing it is still on the statute books and would be effective any year in which the customary militia ballot suspension act was not passed by parliament.

Recruiting sergeants are paid 60 cents for every ordinary recruit. For a recruit suitable to enter the Scots guards, the cavalry, the engineers or the artillery, whose qualifications must be of a higher order than those of a recruit for most regiments of foot soldiers, the pay is $1.25. Much more is often allowed for a man fit to be a Life guardsman. The equivalent of $15 is not unprecedented, and there are some other regiments recruits for which bring fancy pay to the sergeant securing them.

The nickname "Tommy Atkins," which outside of the British empire is generally supposed to apply to all British soldiers, in reality applies only to the infantry of the line. To call an artilleryman anything but "gunner" would be to insult him. The enlisted cavalryman would not recognize any title save "trooper," and the engineer is a "sapper."

Should the raw recruit repent he may be bought off within a certain definite period, and British mothers, who hate recruiting sergeants intensely, frequently secure their sons' release in this way. The duties of a British soldier in time of peace are far more arduous than those of the American soldier, a much greater degree of attention being bestowed upon the condition of arms and accouterments, trimness of uniform, etc., than here. On the whole, the cavalryman has more work in peaceful times than the foot soldier, for the cavalryman has his horse as well as himself to keep in condition.

The normal pay is a shilling a day, or 24 cents, while the normal daily ration, varied sometimes to suit conditions, is a pound of bread and three-quarters of a pound of meat. Of course, the actual fare of the British soldier has more variety than this would indicate, but he has to pay for the additions out of his scanty stipend. His clothes cost him nothing, but he has to pay for his washing. It is claimed by the authorities that his "net" is larger than the average artisan class in England. More than one British regiment has mutinied because of poor maintenance, but complaints of insufficient and bad food have been rare of late years. The pay of soldiers serving in India and the colonies is generally supplemented, sometimes doubled.—New

Talking After His Heart Stopped.

Physical conditions which Dr. Lewis Tallman, house physician at the Saratoga hotel, says are rare surrounded the death of Charles Hagenbuck, which occurred at the hotel recently. Mr. Hagenbuck was assistant manager for Chapin & Gore and lived at 7251 Jeffery avenue. He complained of feeling ill, and late in the afternoon he called on Dr. Tallman. He was given a room in the hotel, and his condition was closely watched. Early next morning Dr. Tallman went to his room to see him and found him very weak.

"Mr. Hagenbuck was sinking rapidly," said Dr. Tallman. "Soon after I entered the room I felt his pulse. His heart had stopped beating.

"'How are you?' I asked as I shook him. 'Very well,' he answered, and then he died. It is the third case I have had during my practice of over 20 years where a man's heart stopped beating and he afterward uttered coherent words. His brain and his lungs were still alive, though his heart action had ceased."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Anticlimax in a Mine.

Professor Weed, the noted geologist, recently had a thrilling and hair raising experience in Butte. He was descending a mine on a ladder. When several hundred feet down, the ladder parted, leaving him suspended in the dark. He hung to the round with all the tenacity his being was capable of, determined to strain the very last drop of his vitality in the hope that succor would come. He cried out for help, but the deep, dark walls returned his voice unanswered. His whole life came back to him in vivid retrospection; perspiration dropped from his forehead as he realized that only for a short time could he withstand the awful strain. And then he dropped. Four inches below him he struck a heavy body, which afterward proved to be the earth.

Several Miles.

A Bridgeport (Conn.) man named Four Miles has made application to the court to have his name changed to Frank Miller on the ground that his present appellation is frequently used to hold him up to ridicule. His father had five children, all boys, and instead of giving them ordinary Christian names he called them by the first five numerals. One and Three Miles have already had their names changed by the courts, Two Miles seems to be satisfied with his unique cognomen, and Five Miles cannot take a new name until he shall have become of age.

One Day of Life.

If, invisible ourselves, we could follow a single human being through a single day of his life and know all his secret thoughts and hopes and anxieties, his prayers and tears and good resolves, his passionate delights and struggles against temptation, we should have poetry enough to fill a volume.

The sausage is said to have been invented in Germany in the year 897. It was first made of a goat's stomach stuffed with blood and little pieces of pork. Chopped pork was not used until the tenth century.

There Is Lying Somewhere.

"Figures," said the bookkeeper, "never lie."

"No," replied the expert accountant, "but the people who use them do."

Then he returned to his task of uncovering shortages.—Chicago Post.

A Movable Fashion Plate.

"You manage to keep right up with the modes in the suburbs, Mrs. Plain."

"Yes. When our new cooks come, they always bring the latest styles."—Detroit Free Press.

Very Accommodating.

A lady who has a great horror of the tobacco habit got on a car the other day and said to the passenger next to her, "Do you chew tobacco, sir?"

"No, ma'am, I don't," was the reply, "but I can get you a chaw if you want one."

Rewards and Penalties.

Bobby Rich—My pa gave me a watch and promised me a lickin if I was late to school any more. What did you get?

Johnny Poor—A lickin and a promise of a watch if I was not late any more.—Jeweler's Weekly.

A man who has tried it says that eating candy will cure the drink habit. Whenever the longing for alcoholic stimulus comes on a few bits of candy will satisfy all craving.—Elgin News.

Broke Her Idol.

Edith—Mrs. Mauve appears to be a regular iconoclast.

Bertha—Yes?

Edith—You know she used to say her husband was the idol of her heart?

Bertha—I know.

Edith—Well, by her extravagance that idol is dead broke.

GIVES UP A MILLION.

JAMES EADS HOW GAVE ALL TO THE POOR AND LIVES WITH THEM.

The Passage From the New Testament That Caused Mr. How to Give Up $1,000,000—A Literal and Practical Application of the Text Advising the Rich Young Man to Give All to the Poor.

Passage That Caused Mr. How to Give Up $1,000,000.

And he answered and said unto him, Master all these things have I observed from my youth.

Then Jesus, beholding him, loved him, and said unto him, One thing thou lackest: go thy way, sell whatsoever thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven; and come, take up thy cross and follow me.

And he was sad at that saying and went away grieved, for he had great possessions.

And Jesus looked round about and saith unto His disciples, How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the Kingdom of God.—Mark x, 21.

James Eads How, who spurns his inheritance of $1,000,000 in order that he may obey the command of Jesus and follow his example of living among the lowly, is perhaps the most remarkable example in the United States of the practical application of the doctrines of the Saviour. James Eads How holds that Jesus either meant what He said or He did not. If the Saviour was in earnest there is only one road open to the rich man. If He was not in earnest then the words are mere empty sounds. In fact, says Mr. How, no ingenuity, however stimulated by a desire to blind one's eyes to the truth for the sake of gold, can extract from the verses in Mark any meaning but the one meaning which was clearly in the mind of the Redeemer.

Mr. How is the grandson of James B. Eads, that incomparable engineer who built the great Mississippi bridge that bears his name, and the jetties near New Orleans, which

JAMES EADS HOW.

opened the big river to the deep bottoms of the world's commerce. His father was the late J. F. How, Vice-President of the Wabash Railroad. The young man's share of the family estate is $1,000,000. By one word he could command the luxuries of the world's work and live in all the delights of the flesh. But the verses in Mark are burned into his brain, and he follows in the footsteps of Jesus as closely as it is possible for mere man to do.

He refuses to touch a penny of his immense inheritance. "It is not mine," he says. "I did not earn it." One day not long ago he walked into the office of Mayor Ziegenheim, of St. Louis, the city in which he lives, and tendered that official $100,000 which he wished should be given to the poor. Mr. Ziegenheim nearly fell off his chair. He questioned Mr. How, and found out that his visitor meant business. Then the Mayor rang his bell for Sergeant McGrew, the Cerberus of the executive office. When that giant came in the mayor, who is not a pigmy himself, felt safer. The upshot of the interview was that Mr. How was escorted to Dr. Starkloff, the health commissioner, with the request that he examine the millionaire for his sanity. Dr. Starkloff pronounced the man perfectly sane. Then Mr. How renewed his offer. But the mayor couldn't get over his first fright and wouldn't touch the money. Mr. How came to the conclusion that the influence of Christ's words was pretty dead in St. Louis. He had forgotten that he was the only man in town who takes the New Testament seriously.

Balked at the very threshold of his noble purpose by an economic and sordid age, Mr. How determined to live up to the second part of the Saviour's injunction. He would take up his cross and follow Christ. He went to live among the poorest people he could find, to teach them, to minister to them, to lead them toward the light which he himself saw or fancied he saw. He founded a mission at Washington avenue and Ninth street, St. Louis, and here expounded the gospels after his own fashion. His dress is that of the lowliest, his fare as simple as that of the apostles and his life is ordered in every way to help on his hope of regenerating mankind.

A visiting minister approached him and asked him what kind of Christian work he was doing.

"Trying the best I can to get away from the Christ and the church that you preach and practice," Mr. How replied. "And it is the hardest thing I have to do."

The minister started. "Are you not a Unitarian?" he asked.

"No."

"Then you are not a Christian?"

"I think I am more of a Buddhist than a Christian," the self-extinguished millionaire answered. "Sometimes I think I am more of a Christian than a Buddhist, and again more of a Buddhist than a Christian. I don't know just which."

The minister turned uncomfortably red in the face and walked away sorely grieved. This kind of literal Christianity he was not accustomed to and it made him feel nervous. Mr. How was too deep for him. "That man," the preacher said, puzzled, "is actually doing what Jesus has told him to do."

Mr. How has another crotchet strangely out of joint with the commonly accepted practice of Christian ministers. He does not believe in the wisdom of the saying "They who preach the gospel should live by the gospel." Now, this is radical. Even the Salvation Army follows the universal practice. But Mr. How preaches the gospel and supports himself by the labor of his own hands. He is apt at many trades, and is an excellent and willing hand at "odd jobs." And he finds he can give some of his earnings even to his beloved poor, besides the interest on his fortune, for his needs are few. He is a strict vegetarian, and his apparel is as simple as was that of his divine model.

This anomoly among men entertains no fool's dream that other rich men will follow his example. He is only trying to do the best that is in his power to so live his own life that it will comport with the unequivocal command of Jesus. But he believes that the example of his brotherhood will stimulate other wealthy men to be more careful of the public good. If men will not be so anxious to accumulate wealth the division of wealth will be more equal, he thinks, and poor men will be given an opportunity of doing good otherwise impossible. If a rich man's son would consent to drive a dray—were he unfitted for better occupation—the poor man's son might become a judge. The purpose of the brotherhood is to encourage a feeling of sympathy, and to induce men to help and to love one another. Loving one another is the supreme test set by Jesus of men's merits, and the fruits of that neighborly love are the standard by which Christians are to be known. All the members of the brotherhood earn their bread with their own hands.

Mr. How has not the appearance of a fanatic. He is fanatic in no sense of the world. He is convinced that his only happiness can be found in just the way of life he has chosen. His ascetic, or at least, abstemious habits have given him a somewhat gaunt look, but his face, with its beaminess and its strong humanity, is more Christianlike than half of the Christ's heads painted by the masters. Prominent citizens have taken him up, and will see that his interest money is judiciously bestowed upon the poor, according to Mr. How's dearest wish.

ARCHIBALD FORBES.

The Man Who Won Fame as a Correspondent During the Franco-German War Seriously Ill.

Archibald Forbes, the famous war correspondent, who is seriously ill in London, first sprang into fame during the Franco-German war, and the example he then set has been the inspiration of all his juniors since that time. Forbes was born at Moray, Scotland, in 1838, and was educated at the Aberdeen University. While the odor of pipes and beer was still clinging to his student clothes he enlisted for a lark in the Royal Dragoons. His soldier's life of ten years served him well when he afterwards became a correspondent. Leaving the army, he secured a position with the Lendon Daily News, and when France and Prussia came to blows he was sent to the front. His exclusive and early news of this war made a positive hit, and ran up the circulation of his paper by 50,

ARCHIBALD FORBES.

000 and more. In 1875 he accompanied the Prince of Wales to India. In the Russo-Turkish campaign Forbes did his best literary work. His accounts of the chief events of that war are the most interesting contributions to modern history. His great rides to secure news and send it are subjects for the romancer. He once rode 100 miles in 14 hours. He was the first journalist to ride through Khyhee Pass, and his feats in the Zulu war were no less noteworthy. He has written several books, biographical and historical, and all of them are interesting.

Not Always Rushed.

"I told her that we Americans live too fast."

"What did she say then?"

"She said that, as a rule, we were slow in proposing."

A LA MODE.

Some of the new heavy silks for the winter are extremely soft and pliable and have a lustrous satin finish.

The Roman and Russian and the deep Dewey blues are all notably becoming dyes, and they make up into distinctively smart costumes when fur trimmed.

Very smart and striking are the new deep capes of Russian red kersey, lined with matelasse silk and trimmed with narrow bands of seal, otter or mink fur.

Boas of every sort are still popular. Some of the new varieties are of a rich shade of golden brown ostrich plumage; again, there is a mixture of three colors, like mauve, white and black.

New ulsters are made of large English plaids, a pale and a deep shade of green, reseda and violet, fawn color and Roman blue, almond with two distinct shades of brown or three tints in gray being favorite color mixtures.

For driving, cycling and riding are shown some dogskin gloves in gauntlet style. For general wear there are both glace and suede gloves in Havana brown, mahogany, dahlia, deep shades of red, nasturtium, mouse gray and black.

Fur will not only be much used as a garniture for street costumes, redingotes, capes, jackets, etc., but it will be more than ever patronized as a decoration for choice evening toilets, ermine still receiving a considerable share of patronage.

Satin and taffeta checks in a number of handsome autumn color blendings are much used for shirt waists, with matching revers and collar facings on these costumes, which are formed variously of English serge, ladies' cloth, French camel's hair and vienna.

Two or three beautiful shades in green and blue, the tawny browns called Siam and the richer russet tints, with a gleam of gold in them, known as Cleopatra, are among the most attractive colors in broadcloth, ladies' cloth and similar elegant wool fabrics used for handsome tailor costumes.—New York Post.

CURTAIN RAISERS.

Mrs. Langtry is said to have abandoned the project of writing an account of her life.

Richard Harding Davis is said to be writing a play, which Daniel Frohman will produce if he decides it will do.

Marion Longfellow, a granddiece of the poet, has gone on the stage in Boston, playing a part in the farce "Three Little Lambs."

London music hall players have taken advantage of the British-Boer war to introduce into their sketches nearly every variety of "patriotic" song.

Beerbohm Tree is understood to have been most fortunate in his revival of "King John" in London. It is said the pay will run the balance of the season.

The Earl of Yarmouth, who will be known to the stage under his simpler name, Eric Hope, is already on a tour with the Frohman company, playing "Make Way For the Ladies."

"Lesbia's Sparrow," which was in Rachel's repertory, but has been neglected in the last half century, is to be revived at the Paris Odeon in one of the Saturday literary and dramatic matinees this winter.

ANIMAL LIFE.

In southern Russia camels are much used by farmers for field work. They even stand the climate fairly well further north.

The otter is the fastest swimming quadruped known. In the water it exhibits an astonishing agility, swimming with a speed equal, if not superior, to that of many fishes.

Horses, giraffes and ostriches have the largest eyes of all terrestrial animals, but among marine animals there are cephalopods, or ink fishes, which have eyes as large as a plate.

Of the American bison there are believed to be not more than 200 in existence. "Buffalo" Jones has a few on his ranch in Kansas, there is a herd of 50 in the Yellowstone park, 30 or 40 are distributed among different parks in the larger cities and a small herd is reported to be still running at large in Canada.

POLITICAL QUIPS.

When it comes to politics, Pennsylvania is positively lopsided.—Indianapolis News.

A politician says the result of an election often depends on whether a candidate shakes hands with the ward heeler and says "Goodby" or "Good! Buy."—Chicago News.

The report that a colonial bureau will be established, as soon as congress authorizes it, will undoubtedly make a profound impression on the minds of numerous officeless patriots.—Detroit Journal.

A public sentiment which demands that elections must be inviolate and that corrupt acts at elections must be held in the same category as corrupt acts in business life is absolutely necessary.—Nashville American.

Mixed.

On one occasion the Prince of Wales visited a Hindoo school in Madras. The youngsters had been drilled into the propriety of saying "Your royal highness" should the prince speak to them, and when the heir apparent accosted a bright eyed lad, and, pointing to a prismatic compass, asked, "What is this?" the youngster, all in a flutter, replied, "It's a royal compass, your prismatic highness."

Cruelly Repressed.

"It's a shame; that's what it is!" exclaimed the boy wrathfully. "I can't have any fun at all."

"What's the matter?" asked the sympathetic neighbor.

"Dad says he'll lick me if he ever hears of me fighting with a boy smaller than I am, an' I dassen't fight with a bigger one."—Chicago Post.

A STRIKE AT C. J. MOORE'S!

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Issued Every Tuesday.

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.

TUESDAY, MARCH, 13th, 1900

A KIMBERLEY DIARY.

Shows Good Cause for Rejoicing When French's Cavalry Heralded End of Siege.

Capetown, Feb. 23.—Accounts from Reuter's correspondent at Kimberley give an insight into the trials of the garrison. They are in brief as follows:

January 11.—Scurvy attacks the natives alarmingly. They are dying fast. The anti-Scorbutics are exhausted. Vine cuttings are being tried in lieu of green food.

January 12. Typhoid is very prevalent. Neglect to boil the water is the probable cause.

January 13—Fifty typhoid cases in the hospitals.

January 16—The military authorities have commandeered all the food stuffs and other stores. Leave has been granted to the inhabitants to shoot small birds for food.

January 17—The mules slaughtered are pronounced superior to horse flesh.

January 20—Five hundred shells poured into the town hap-hazard. The hospital, scurvy ground and residents receive proper attention due the defenders each morning.

January 25—A family shell-proof shelter has been dug in nearly every garden.

February 1—Twenty-five hundred women and children were lowered into the mines throughout the night. The men are selecting places of safety.

February 15—All morning there was a heavy crossfire on the British occupying Alexanderfontein. The hundred-pounder and shrapnel are bursting over Kimberley. Everyone is lying low. The shops and banks were closed this afternoon. There was a kaleidescopic change. Hello signals were observed announcing Gen. French's approach towards Kimberley. Clouds of dust with the rapid advance of the cavalry were then seen, and simultaneously the enemy were observed limbering up and fleeing eastwards. The glad tidings spread with marvellous rapidity. From all directions mounted and unmounted men hastened to see the relief column. Those remaining hoisted flags, and there was a universal feeling of joy and thankfulness.

A wealthy farmer at Dordrecht gave his servants a month's notice, telling them he would not require them, as in a month's time he would have English servants to do his work for nothing.

* * *

When the burying parties went out on the day following Magersfontein, writes one of the Cape medical staff corps, they found that every dead man's pocket had been rifled and only two out of eighty had boots on.

* * *

An English resident in France writes: "As to the effusive offers of French hotel keepers to receive our wounded officers, they are well aware that each officer would have his friends and relatives with him, who would largely compensate the 'generous' Frenchman for his 'hospitality.'"

* * *

Professor De Kolbe, lecturing before the Berlin Medical Association, stated that the two republics were possessed of 9,000,000 head of cattle, having a value of £40,000,000. Yet neither he nor Dr. Koch, though they had saved these herds from the rinderpest by inoculation, had received one penny from the Boers.

* * *

"I hold no brief for England: but while she serves God and man I rejoice in her triumphs. For God is served when man is bettered, and wherever England has taken her stand man has been bettered. This is the case in India; this is true of Egypt; it is true of the many little lands she holds round the earth. It will be proved again in Africa when Boer authority yields to her higher civilization."—Professor Hopkins of Yale, in The Forum, New York.

* * *

A Boer shortly after the Jameson raid was loudly asserting that they could easily drive the English before them in headlong confusion. An Afghan, a resident of Johannesburg, quietly remarked: "We understand the great English in our country. You do not. Sometimes we have a little trouble, and they send a few men and we wipe them out. A little time goes on and they send another lot, and we wipe them out, and yet again we wipe out another lot, and we say we have finished with them. All this time the English have had a little book and have been putting it all down. Then they add it up and come to us with a great force, and show us a little account, and say 'Pay,' and we have to pay. You have had Laing's Nek; it is down in the little book; Majuba Hill, that's down in the little book; and Jameson's raid, that's down also. It's all added up now, and you'll have to pay. Oh, we know these English."

THE NICARAGUA CANAL.

London, Feb. 24.—The Spectator, which often voices the government's views, claims it is to Britain's advantage to have the United States fortify the Nicaragua canal, and adds: "If America asks us to give up the clause forbidding the fortification, we ought and most certainly should at once agree to do so."

The Spectator, however, points out that other powers might not be so willing, for though Great Britain in effect has acknowledged the validity of the Monroe doctrine, the rest of the world has not.

A JAPANESE DIPLOMAT.

Washington, Feb. 24.—The Japanese minister to the United States, Mr. Kutaro Komura, has been notified by cable from Japan of his appointment as minister to Russia. He will leave for St. Petersburg about April 15.

BROUGHT YELLOW FEVER.

New York, Feb. 25.—The Lambert and Holt steamer Homer, Captain Cadagan, from Santos, January 23, via Bahia and St. Lucia with coffee, arrived at quarantine to-night and reported yellow fever on board, two deaths having occurred on the voyage from the scourge. They were R. P. Price, fireman, died February 5, and J. Richards, mess-room, died February 9. Both were buried at sea.

THEATRE MAN'S DEATH.

New York, Feb. 22.—Former Congressman Harry C. Miner, proprietor of three theatres in this city, dropped dead of apoplexy this afternoon.

AN EDITOR'S DEATH.

London, Feb. 21.—Mr. Henry Duff Traill, editor of Literature and a well known newspaper man and author, died to-day in this city of heart disease. He was born in 1842.

HALIFAX STORM SWEPT.

The Worst in Years Brings Down All Wires and Does Other Serious Damage.

Halifax, Feb. 23.—(Special.—A terrific blizzard raged here last night and continues this morning. It was the worst storm in years and all over the city hopes were expressed that the troopship Milwaukee would escape harm. Being 24 hours out, there is little doubt but that the vessel was out of its reach. At midnight a hurricane swept the city accompanied by rain, sleet and heavy snow. The electric current had to be closed off early leaving the city in almost complete darkness. Gradually ice formed in tons, around the telephone wires and the fury of the gale with this great weight snapped the telephone poles and over one hundred were down in different parts of the city. The street car service had to close down, the posts supporting the trolley wire having collapsed. Much damage is reported from all quarters of the city and the loss will be many thousands of dollars.

THE PLAGUE IN INDIA.

Deaths in Bombay Nearly Six Hundred in One Week—The Appalling Famine.

London, Feb. 24.—The plague in India continues. There were 583 victims in Bombay city during the week ending February 16. With over 61,000,000 people affected by the famine and about 4,000,000 in receipt of relief, India seems in a bad plight, though the death rates over the famine area are decreasing.

The Indian government has issued a resolution approving of Prof. Hakins' anti-plague inoculation, and the viceroy, Lord Curzon, is advocating its use throughout India, and is paying high tribute to the Professor.

SOLDIERS' GRAVES.

Washington, Feb. 21.—The bodies of 85 soldiers who died in Cuba in the Spanish-American war were buried at Arlington to-day.

FATAL AND COSTLY FIRE.

Philadelphia, Feb. 23.—A fire which broke out at 7 o'clock to-night in the straw goods manufacturing office at 751 Arch street, resulted in the loss of life of a woman employee, the injury of several girls who jumped from the windows, and destruction of property valued at several hundred thousand dollars. The fire extended to the adjoining building and some dozen or twenty firms were burned out. The fire was got under control in about two hours and was confined to the buildings from 751 to 759 Arch street.

THE ATHENEUM CLUB.

London, Feb. 24.—Chief Rabbi Adler has been elected a member of the Atheneum Club under the rule allowing the annual introduction of distinguished litterateurs. From this exclusive body, Thackeray once suffered rejection.

CHILDREN BURNED.

Blackwater, Ont., Feb. 23.—The residence of Pasca Luke, three miles east of here was destroyed by fire. His nephew, aged 13, and daughter aged 10, were burned to death.

A VOLUNTEER'S PATRIOTISM.

Montreal, Feb. 24.—The Elder-Dempster company has offered John Barry, whose brother was killed at Paardeberg, South Africa, on Sunday, and who offered to take the vacant place in the ranks of the Royal Canadians, paying his own expenses, a free passage to Capetown on the Monteray, which will transport Strathcona's Horse to South Africa.

QUIET WEEK AT ROSSLAND.

Merely Nominal Shipments From the Mines—Smallpox Seemingly

Rossland, Feb. 24.—While the health officials are still enforcing vaccination and quarantine regulations as precautionary measures, the smallpox scare seems to have pretty nearly passed away. Only two cases have been detected in the past fortnight.

In mining circles the situation remains outwardly the same as last week. The reduced staff in the Le Roi, War Eagle and Centre Star have been busily engaged all week upon development work, and the other working mines have been promising as usual. There are a good many rumors current of some important changes which are expected to take place during the next week or ten days, but authoritative details are lacking at present. The camp is now enjoying almost spring weather, and the snow is quickly disappearing.

IDEAL HOURS AND REMUNERATION OF LABOR.

Engineering strongly recommends that in manufacturing works the breakfast break should be entirely done away with the hours being from 7 in the morning till 12 noon, and from 1 p.m. to 5:30 p.m. on ordinary days, whilst on Saturdays, the work closes at 12 noon. There are thus 52½ working hours in a week; but the men might still be paid for 54 hours, the extra one and a half hours being added as a bonus when no time is lost during the week. The system is in operation in some cases and gives equal satisfaction to the firm and to the men. A hungry and sleepy man Engineering continues does not usually work any harder than he is obliged to, and the efficiency of the workman in the two hours, which are in this country usually worked before breakfast, is not particularly high. There is, moreover, a direct loss of time on each side of the breakfast break, which can scarcely be less than 10 minutes per day, or one hour per week. In the second place, some firms have adopted the premium plan of paying their men, with the happiest results. It differs, according to Engineering, from piece work in that a time is fixed for a job in place of a price. For every hour a workman can save on the standard time fixed, he receives a premium, which with some firms is as high as one-half the saving effected. Thus, the higher wage the workman makes, the less the cost of the work per piece; whilst with the piecework system the labor cost per piece remains the same, whatever the workman's rate of pay, and as a consequence the latter does no more than is sufficient to earn him the maximum sum which the "office" will permit him to make without being moved to cut prices. The natural consequence of this arrangement is that a certain rate of execution is quickly reached on piecework, and maintained steadily ever after. With the premium system, on the other hand, the fact that the higher wages a man may make, the less his work costs, checks the too often unreasoning craving of the financial department of the management for cutting down the wages bill. The workman, adds Engineering, has therefore every inducement to continuously increase his output.

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STEAM Beer, Ale, and Porter.

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

HENRY REIFEL, Manager.

At Mafeking on January 3, the Boers fired six 9-pounder shells with deliberation into the women's danger. A little girl was killed and several women and children injured.

* * *

January 18 being the first day of the Epiphany (old style), prayers were offered up in thirty Greek churches in Athens for the success of the British arms in South Africa.

* * *

A sergeant of the Essex Regiment writes from De Aar: "My linen consists of one gray-black shirt and one pair of socks with the heels out; my pillow is 100 rounds of ammunition.

* * *

A New Zealander who has suffered from dysentery says he has received great benefit from a teaspoonful of coffee grounds. Angostura bitters are advocated by another correspondent as equally infallible.

* * *

The French government has issued a circular urging all Frenchmen to make themselves expert rifle shots, and points to the Boers as in its opinion keeping the British troops in check by superior skill with the rifle.

* * *

Corporal Downer, of the Imperial Light Horse, who was severely wounded in the attack on Ladysmith, was one of those troopers who, though partially disabled after Elaandslaagte by wounds in the hands, refused to report themselves for fear of being placed on the sick list.

* * *

Trooper Deele says: "I got a bag made of very thin indiarubber sheeting, with a drawing string at the top of it; when I had pulled it on I could fasten it round my neck, and it kept me as warm as several blankets." A useful hint for South Africa.

* * *

The following are some of the items in the menu at an annual veterans' dinner last month at Norwich: Britannia soup; soles, with Rhodes sauce; boiled leg of mutton, with Cronje capers; boiled turkey, with Leydes' tongue; Redvers Buller pudding.

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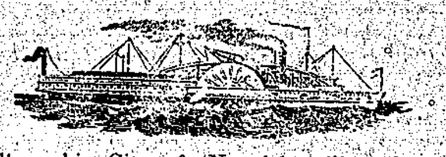

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Friday 8 a.m
Nanaimo for Victoria,
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FOR SALE—A good quiet cow. A good milker. $45.

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FOR SALE CHEAP—And on easy Terms, a house and six acres of land at Comox. Apply at this office.

MEN, RESTORE YOUR STRENGTH!

When a man, young or old, has discovered the existence of a weakness, the first thing done should be to discontinue any excess that might debilitate or weaken the nervous system, after which a proper and safe remedy for the restoration of his lost strength should be employed.

For thirty years I have made a specialty for all these weaknesses, which result from youthful indiscretions and later excesses of dissipation. I cure such in a natural way.

WITHOUT STOMACH-RACKING DRUGS.

I give you nature's own simple restorer, Electricity. I first used the galvanic current in nervous disorders over a quarter of a century ago, and soon saw the need of an electrical appliance which my patient could charge and adjust himself. This led me to invent a portable battery, which developed in my present world-famed appliance, the

DR. SANDEN ELECTRIC BELT FOR MEN,

now known and used in all parts of the world. This appliance is my idea of a perfect treatment. It weighs 5 ounces, but is just as complete as any system of batteries in our great city hospitals. Currents instantly felt, though controlled by wearer with a little thumb regulator screw. Worn at night it cures while you sleep. 1,000 given voluntary testimonial during 1898. Positive pole over kidneys, negative in front at organs, current in going from back to front flows directly through all weakened organs. Beware of imitations and fraudulent free and on trial offers. No belt is genuine but the Sanden. Protected by patents in U.S. and foreign countries.

FREE BOOK—FREE CONSULTATION.

Write for my little descriptive book, "Three Classes of Men," which explains all, or if near by drop in and consult me at my office free of charge. I see all callers and answer letters personally. Office Hours, 9 a. m. to 6 p. m.

DR. C. SANDEN, 474 Main St, Winnipeg, Man.

WAR NEWS.

Cape Town, March 6.—A strong force of British is marching northward from Kimberly. It is expected that crossing the Vaal River there will be a fight at Fourteen Streams where the railway bridge has been wrecked. The relief of Mafeking may be expected at any time.

London, March 6.—War Office received following from Roberts at Osfontein: Gatacre occupied Stromberg yesterday. The lines of railway north we t will now be repaired.

Gen. Buller reports Natal as practically clear of the enemy and that he cannot hear of any formed bodies anywhere. The Boers have left some ambulances full of their sick and wounded, among which the mules had been taken for transport purposes.

Durkredt, March 5.—Gen Brabants scored a complete victory after smart fighting. The Boers fighting closely and contesting every inch of ground ultimately retreated suddenly carrying their guns and waggons. They are in full retreat now. British casualties in two days are 12 killed and 30 wounded.

Astontein, March 6.—Boer position has been located 4 miles in front of British and extending 8 miles. Boer right consists of high long mountain on north side of the river, which Gen. French shelled. Big battle may be expected any time. Gen. White's garrison has began to leave Ladysmith and is arriving at the Moori River camp where troops will remain several days after which they will proceed north.

London, March 7.—Lord Roberte telegraphs from Osfontein: Advanced on March 7th. Enemy in full retreat followed by our troops. Our operations to day promises to be a great success. The enemy occupied positions four miles and eleven miles south of Modder River. The cavalry division succeeded in breaking the enemy's flank, opening a road for the 6th Division which is advancing without being obliged to fire a shot up to the present time. The enemy is in full retreat to north and east closely followed by our cavalry. Our casualties will I trust be few as enemy being attacked by the flank and having their communication with Bloomfontein threatened.

London, March 7.—A special from Durban says a flying column of British troops from Zululand has entered the Transvaal and will be daily skirmishing with stray parties of Boers. The force consists of mounted infantry, native scouts and artillery. They crossed the border on Feb. 6.

Ladysmith, March 7.—There are no Boers within 20 miles of here. Plenty of supplies are now available and the troops are rapidly gaining strength.

Biggersberg, March 7.—Boer Camp federates have fallen back on the Biggersberg chain crossing Natal south of Dundee. The retreat from Ladysmith was due to the mistake of a commandant in ordering his men from the crest of the position without any reason for the movement.

London, March 7.—It is reported Buller has pushed forward along the Harrismith railroad towards Vaan Renau's pass, opening the railway freely for communication. It appears that the Boers intend to take up a strong position in Biggarsberg range although it hardly seems possible that Buller will attempt to force these for the present, but his plans are kept a secret. While waiting for the important developments which are daily expected rumors of peace occur.

London, March 8.—War Office has just published the following from Roberts:

Poplar Grove, March 7.—We had a successful day and have completely routed the enemy who are in full retreat. The position which they occupied is extremely commanding and strongly arranged with a line of entrenchments which would have caused us heavy loss had a day attack been made. The turning movement was wide owing to nature of the ground and the cavalry and artillery horses were about done up. The fighting was practically confined to the cavalry division, which as usual did great work and French reports that the horse artillery did great execution among the enemy. Our casualties were about fifty. Gen. French turned the southern part of the position of Boers who fled leaving a Krupp gun; immense quantities of forage and their tents. He is in pursuit. The Boers on the north bank are also evacuating the positions.

London, March 8.—The military authorities have decided that Gen. Cronjie and his prisoners shall be sent immediately to St. Helena and to remain there until the end of the war.

London March 8.—A special from Molento says the British occupied Burghersdorf last night.

Mafeking, March 8.—Horse meat now composes a considerable part of our rations. There is little grumbling. The first pinch of the siege is over and the town has settled grimly to hold it out. The hospitals are full of sick owing to the absence of vegetables. The garrison is so small it would be criminal to make its weakness known but there is never so much as a whisper.

London, March 8.—The full extent of Roberts' success yesterday is not yet clear but the best informed appear satisfied that it brings peace nearer. The telegrams from Mafeking alone showing any despondency.

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VICTORIA NEWS.

Victoria, March 6.—Considerable excitement has been caused by rumor to the effect that Jim Hill of the Great Northern is behind a scheme to build a railroad ferry to Mainland and to extend the railway to north end of the Island. The objective point is said to be Quatsino Sound, where there is ample room for anchorage and immense coal deposits to fill bunkers for ships.

Victoria, March 6.—Up to-day Martin has been unable to fill his slate. However he is confident. Rumored yesterday that Mr. R. Smith had re-considered his opinions and would accept portfolio in interests of Labor.

Nanaimo, March 6.—Ralph Smith denies the rumor that he had recousidered his opinions and would accept portfolio.

Victoria, March 7.—Still no important change in the political situation. J. C. Brown is the latest to refuse a portfolio. Many members are leaving for their homes to prepare for the forth coming elections.

Victoria, March 8.—It is reported that Neil of Albernia has accepted the position of Chief Commissioner in Martin's Cobinet. Beyond this rumor nothing of any importance has transpired.

Victoria, March 8.—The executive of the Provincial Liberal Association, which met last night, unanimously declared themselves as opposed to the Premiership of Hon. Jos. Martin.

COURTENAY Directory.

COURTENAY HOUSE, A. H. McCallum, Proprietor.

GEORGE B. LEIGHTON, Blacksmith and Carriage Maker.

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ST. GEORGE'S PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH. SERVICES at 11 a.m. and 7 p. m. Sunday School at 2:30. Y. P. S. C. E. meets at the close of evening service. REV. W. C. DODDS, pastor.

METHODIST CHURCH.—SERVICES at the usual hours morning and evening Epworth League meets at the close of evening service. Sunday School at 2:30. REV. W. HICKS, pastor

St. John's Catholic Church—Rev. J. A. Durand, Pastor. Mass on Sundays at 11 o'clock a. m. Sunday School in the afternoon.

Society Cards

Hiram Lodge No 14 A.F. & A.M., B.C
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Visiting Brothers cordially requested to attend.

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Cumberland Encampment.
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CHAS. WHYTE, Scribe.

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TIME TABLE EFFECTIVE NOV. 19TH, 1898.

VICTORIA TO WELLINGTON.

No. 2 daily. A.M.		No. 4 Saturday P.M.
Dc. 9:00	Victoria	Dc. 4:25
" 9:28	Goldstream	" 4:53
" 10:14	Shawnigan Lake	" 5.39
" 10:48	Duncans	6:15
P.M.		P.M.
" 12:24	Nanaimo	7:41
Ar. 12:40	Wellington	Ar. 7:55

WELLINGTON TO VICTORIA.

No. 1 Daily. A.M.		No. 3 Saturday. A.M.
Dc. 8:05	Wellington	Dc. 4:25
" 8:29	Nanaimo	" 4:39
" 9:55	Duncans	" 6:05
" 10:37	Shawnigan Lake	" 6:46
" 11:23	Goldstream	" 7.32
Ar. 11:50	Victoria	Ar. 8:00 P.M.

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

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Nursery and Greenhouse.
Westminster Rd., Old No. 601—New No. 3009.

SCIENCE AND LABOR.

THE EVOLUTION THAT IS WORKING IN THE SOCIAL SCALE.

New Callings Claim the Work of the Men Who Are Displaced by Modern Machinery—Conditions Now and a Hundred Years Ago.

It certainly seems at first sight to be an economic danger this educating of the laboring man and woman to be far too good for laborer's work. Let us cast our thoughts, however, over a wider horizon and see how the decades that bring the peril are also bringing the remedy. Science is steadily sweeping away all those humblest classes of employment. Hardly any man has now to toil up ladders with the hod of bricks upon his shoulder. The donkey engine does the purely animal part of the work. The reaper is replaced by the machine, and the plowman is fast receding as the steam plow makes its appearance. We rarely see long lines of men laden with coal bags running up planks as in the olden days. The need of men to do the work of horses is steadily diminishing.

It is true that science has by no means conquered the whole domain. There is still much scrubbing of floors to be done by men and women on bended knees, and coal is still hewn out with pick and ax and the use of muscle, with but little use of brains. And yet, even in our fertile country, science never works by revolution, but only by progress. One domain after another has gone. Where are now the armies of water carriers and chair porters and night men and sawyers whom our grandfathers used to require? Imagine if ships had still to be moved by galley rowers what millions would be doomed to a beastlike toil.

Some parts of the big domain of unreflected labor will long be left untouched, but the process is going forward, and it is clear that while education is rendering the lower classes unfit for the humblest sorts of occupations, science is steadily sweeping away these occupations. It would be too much to hope that these processes should be at all times strictly proportioned to one another. But in the general drift of things they are compensatory, and if we only give to science a reasonable time it will leave us none of that labor to be done which requires an uneducated laborer.

Then comes the uneasy question as to what is to become of the classes thus deprived of occupation. The working classes themselves often curse the progress of invention and are tempted to look upon it as no friend to their welfare. There are now, it is true, no longer any machine breaking frenzies, but the difficulty often arises in an acute, though silent, suffering. Unfortunately society has always to travel to permanent good through transitory ills. When an army of compositors is dismissed because some one has invented a machine, there is excuse for some bitterness of feeling. And yet there was a time when a whole army of manuscript book copiers had to give way before the advent of the compositor.

But the difficulty is always evanescent, for here, too, there are compensating influences at work. For if science is abolishing occupations at the lower end of the scale, she is creating new ones at the top. Think of the hundreds of thousands of men who in England are now employed in callings that had no existence 60 years ago—the telegraphers and phonographers and machinists of a hundred kinds. In the last decade or two what an army of skilled men has been demanded by the invention of the bicycle, the telephone and the electric light!

As compared with 100 years ago, think of the long array of marine and locomotive engineers, the chemists, the journalists, the draftsmen, the teachers, the postmen, railway porters and tram conductors. What a multitude of callings are there which are either new or else newly stocked, so that, while the population has quadrupled, their ranks have been multiplied a hundredfold. But it is the entirely new employments that strike the mind most forcibly, and any one who runs his eye down a census of the occupations of the people will satisfy himself that in England of the present day one-fifth part of the adult male population find their livelihood in callings that had no existence 100 years ago.

Thus while science takes away with one hand it liberally bestows with the other, but what it takes away are the low class occupations, and what it gives are the high class ones, demanding intelligence and cultivating it. The general tendency is therefore humanizing.

But of course it never happens that the coal heaver, when thrown out of work by the introduction of a steam crane, can go away and get a place in one of the newly created superior callings. He is not such a fool as to waste his time in applying for an opening as an electrical engineer. But there is a gradual creeping up that is always taking place. And yet the transfer is much less effected by the promotion of individauls than by promotion of generations.

No doubt it sometimes happens that the intelligent plumber steps into the new opening for an electrical engineer and leaves a gap which some one of an inferior calling steps into, the gaps being filled in succession until perhaps the riveter, thrown out of work by the introduction of hydraulic machinery, finds a vacancy at last and steps into it. But it more frequently happens that the plumber educates his son to be an electrical engineer, and the carter apprentices his boy to the plumber, and the dock laborer sees his young folks aspiring to be carters.

Thus the general drift of the whole social scale is steadily upward in proportion as science provides intelligent occupations at the upper end and abolishes those that are more or less brutelike at the lower, and so humanity as a whole is the gainer. There is therefore no reason to feel uneasy at a prospect of overeducation.—Nineteenth Century.

The largest bog in Ireland is the bog of Allan, which stretches across the center of the island east of the Shannon and covers nearly 25,000 acres.

A JUMPING BEAN CLOCK.

The Clever Fraud Perpetrated by an Ingenious Jeweler.

A few years ago public curiosity was excited by the curious beans called the "devil beans of Mexico," which shopkeepers placed in their windows. They somewhat resembled roasted coffee beans in shape and color. They were also known as the "jumping beans" owing to the fact that from time to time they made spasmodic movements which propelled them quite a little distance. The beans grew on a small bush in the Mexican mountains, and it is conjectured that they belong to the order euphorbiaceae. The bean really consisted of three similar pods, which formed a single bean. It was usually a third of the bean which was exhibited as a curiosity. On opening the pod it was found that it contained a small larva, something like that frequently found in chestnuts. It is this little occupant which gives motion to the bean by its jerks and thumps against the side of its home. If the bean is slightly warmed, it begins to turn from side to side and perhaps with a sudden jump turns completely over and stands on one end and then, by successive jumps, moves quite a distance.

Those who are not in the secret are often greatly puzzled by this strange bean. An enterprising jeweler devised a scheme of utilizing them to make a magic clock. He accomplished this by imitating the shape of two of the beans, making the dummy beans out of soft iron. One he gilded and the other he silvered. The prepared iron beans were placed with the ordinary jumping beans on a thin white piece of pasteboard outlined and numbered like the dial of a clock, but devoid of the hands. This dial was located over the works of a large clock which was placed face upward on the floor of the store window. He fastened small magnets to the ends of the hands. The works were of course carefully hidden from view. All that was in evidence was the cardboard clock dial and the jumping beans, among which were the gold and silver painted iron beans. These were placed on the cardboard over the concealed hands with the magnets attached. The magnets were moved by the hands of the clock so that they were almost in contact with the cardboard. As they moved around they carried the iron beans with them, thus telling the time of day, and the public was greatly interested by the intelligence shown by the two beans, which distinguished them from their lively associates.—Scientific American.

MADE IT SHORT AND SWEET.

A Preacher's Experience With Cowboys Who Wanted a Sermon.

In the early days of Garden City district, in southwest Kansas, I was camped one night, sleeping under my buggy, in Kearny county, south of Hartland. There were five of us in the party. We were all sleeping, and our campfire had died down, when one of our number was awakened by a cowboy who wanted to know where the big preacher was. I was pointed out and awakened by a shake with his foot. He asked, "Are you the preacher?"

"I am," I replied.

"Well, hustle out. We want you to come to our camp and give us a chapter of the everlasting."

"I will be down in the morning," I replied.

He pointed his gun at me and said, "You will come now."

I immediately answered, "All right."

I hurried out and followed him nearly a mile away to a camp, where I found his comrades were waiting.

"Well, boys, what do you want?" I asked.

"The best you have in the shop, and we want it short and sweet and in old Methodist style," answered the leader.

"Then sit down," I said, "and as I cannot you must sing."

They sang with great vigor "Jesus, Lover of My Soul." When I prayed, I coupled prayer with watching, believing that under the circumstances the two should go together. I then preached them a sermon from Revelation iii. 20, entitled, "The Ladder to Glory." I have often used an hour on this sermon, but as the boys wanted it short I gave it to them in about 12 minutes and then bade them good night and started for camp.

"Hold on, come back here." They all seemed to speak at once. "We never let a preacher go off in that style. Pete, you take up the collection." And Pete seemed to understand his work as steward and turned me over $11.—Rev. A. P. George in St. Louis Christian Advocate.

His Target Practice.

When a warship goes out for target practice, it is the custom to place all glass, chinaware and other fragile articles in the hold of the ship—as close down to the keel as possible—in order to prevent breakage by the concussion that follows the firing of the guns. This led to an amusing incident at Manila after the destruction of the Spanish fleet. Life on board the Olympia was gradually settling down to its accustomed routine and dullness when one day at luncheon Commodore Dewey asked his colored boy, Jim, where some dish that he missed from the table had gone.

"I ain't had no chance to git it yit," was Jim's answer, "since I put it in de hol' just befo' dat target practice you had de udder day, commodore."—San Francisco Argonaut.

The Priority of Standards.

According to an English journal, the yellow and red flag of Leon and Castile is the oldest of any used by the European powers, as it was first flown by Spain in 1785. The French tri-color was first used in 1795, the red English ensign, with the present Union Jack in the upper canton, in 1801, the present Italian flag in 1848, the present Austro-Hungarian flag in 1867, and the German flag in 1871. This would make the stars and stripes the oldest flag of all; but, as a matter of fact, many of the accepted standards of European princes, such as the white and black eagle of the house of Brandenburg, date back to the early middle ages.

A WOMAN WHO WOULD

SHE WAS EQUAL TO EVERY PHASE OF THE EMERGENCY.

The Only Effect Upon Her of a Midwinter Blizzard Was to Sharpen Her Faculties and Make Her Think Quicker Than Usual.

No far search is needed along the wind swept coast of New England to find women of heroic fiber and a fertility of resource as notable as their unselfishness.

During the night of the great "February blizzard" of 1899 one of these good women, living on one of the thoroughfares of the Massachusetts "north shore" kept a light burning and a supply of hot coffee ready for possible need. It was not the first time this "lady bountiful" had watched on wild winter nights lest a sufferer should struggle by her door unseen.

Her husband lay on the sofa, and the rest of the family were abed. The wind shrieked outside, dashing the snow against the panes, and the very house shuddered in the plunges of the storm.

Tree branches broke, telegraph poles snapped and fell, and the drifts in the streets piled higher and higher.

Every little while the sleepless housewife went to the window and looked out. She could see little, for the flying snow was as thick as smoke. Only now and then a flash when the wind blew the fallen electric wires together "made darkness visible" and showed her where the road lay. One of these flashes revealed something that startled her. She called to her husband:

"There's a man wandering round in the snow out on the lawn!"

The drowsy husband thought she might be mistaken.

"There is some one out there, and there's a team in the street stuck fast!"

The husband roused himself and struggled into his boots and ulster. In a very short time he had a lantern lit and was out, capped and mittened, in the storm, while his wife made swift preparations to receive a guest.

It was a sorry looking figure that the man of the house brought in with him—cap and coat, hair, beard and eyebrows powdered white—the effigy of a half frozen teamster who had been stalled in the snow on his way from Marblehead to Salem. The warmth of the room soon brought him to himself, and a few minutes later he was sitting by the fire drinking hot coffee and finding out where he was.

"This is comfort," he said, "but my poor horses—faithful old fellows! I hadn't a thought but I could get home when I"—

"But," interrupted the lady, "we are not going to let your horses freeze. There's a barn at our next neighbor's a few rods farther on."

Her husband stood in his storm rig, thinking of the team, but doubting his ability to extricate it without help.

"My dear madam," said the stranger, "my horses could not be forced a step farther. They're swamped in the snowbank, and the wind in their faces blinds 'em."

"Then unhitch them and bring them up on the veranda and blanket them. They will be out of the wind there—partly at least. No; let me think. We can do better than that," she added. "Lead the poor creatures into the basement laundry. I'll move things out of the way and open the door."

The lady's husband was wondering what would come next. He mildly suggested that the back yard gate was snowed in and could not be opened, but her reply was quick and decisive:

"Lift it off the hinges."

The teamster looked up inquiringly. Her prompt and friendly interest in his case put new life into him. His host was beginning to laugh.

"What she says goes," he exclaimed. "Come, we'll dig out those horses. I never thought before what capital fodder cribs washtubs would make."

After a good deal of floundering the men succeeded in leading the fagged and bewildered beasts to the basement door and stabling them in the laundry. They were a fine pair of grays, and the lady welcomed them with admiring pity. Then another hospitable impulse seized her as she looked at their snow covered backs and sides.

"The poor, dear things! They are cold. Take them into the cellar where the furnace is. Rub them down, and we'll give them a hot supper."

Her husband winked to the teamster. "All right," he said. "It takes a woman to know what a horse wants. But where's the feed?"

"You wait," replied the lady, and skipped up stairs.

"Doesn't she beat all?" remarked the man of the house. "Did you ever see such a woman for expedients? It's always so. I call her 'general caretaker,' for she takes in the whole world. I'm only a private when she commands."

The teamster gave hearty and complimentary assent, but the amused wonder of both men grew perceptibly when the practical woman came down cellar with the "feed" in a big bucket and two big brimmed old straw hats for nose baskets.

"Have you got coffee and baked beans in the pail?" quizzed her husband.

The good wife was laughing now herself, and the hilarity became general when she explained:

"There was only a little Indian meal, but I emptied all the oatmeal, cracked wheat, graham and crackers into the pail and made a hot water mush, and I put in a little salt and a pinch or two of ginger."

But the horses ate it.

When the guest took his leave the next day—as soon as the road was broken out to make travel possible—he felt an embarrassment of gratitude, for his benefactors would take no money.

"After I'd gone to bed last night, thinking of the way you entertain strangers," he said to his hostess, "some of my Bible came back to me, and I told myself I was no angel, but, considering the pains you took for me, I ought to be one. 'Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all.' Goodby, and God bless you, and I only wish women like you could vote!"

And, shaking hands warmly, the honest teamster parted from two friends whom he will never forget. Probably his horses never will so long as they travel that road.

Mixed on the Ball.

A British tourist wandered into the Rustlers' Retreat in an Arizona town recently and languidly asked for a 'igh ball.

"Jake," called the accommodating barkeeper to his assistant, "the gent wants a eye ball. I dunno wat fer, but he wants it. Go out and ketch a Chinaman."

The Farm Beat the Mortgage.

The following story illustrates the resources of a Nebraska farm: A farmer got discouraged because he didn't get rich the first year and, as there was a mortgage of $700 on his farm, was about ready to jump the whole business, but determined to make one more effort and sowed 80 acres in wheat. It happened to be a poor year for wheat and the stand was not very good. Concluding that it wasn't worth harvesting he pulled up his stakes and moseyed back to Missouri, leaving the farm to fight the mortgage all by itself. The farm was equal to the occasion.

The wheat ripened, fell down and deposited the seed in the soil again. Next spring the wheat began to grow lustily. Some of the neighbors were honest enough to write about it down to the fugitive in Missouri, and he got interested enough to come back and take a look. Then he stopped and harvested his voluntary crop. He sold it for enough to pay off the mortgage and the rest of his debts, and had a tidy little surplus over, with which he moved his family back and now declares there is no state like Nebraska.—Lincoln (Neb.) Journal.

Take Care of Your Ears.

Men and women have much to do to keep straight. A hundred nerves and muscles are at work all through the waking hours, giving warning or receiving orders that the body, with its many joints and natural instability, shall preserve its equilibrium, shall not stagger or double up in a hopeless heap. These nerves and muscles are a highly organized signal service, the chief offices of which are in the semicircular canals buried in the "stony" bonework that protects the inner ear. Were it not for these canals a human being would find it difficult, often impossible, to maintain a proper balance either while walking or standing still.

So long as these canals are in healthy working order their reports are trustworthy, but when any undue force has shocked them or any agency, such as sickness, has interfered with their workings their messages are incoherent, and the brain, like the engineer of a battleship in action, when the men above are blinded and bewildered, has nothing to do but let things go.—Berlin (Md.) Herald.

Railroad Slang as Translated.

Extract from report made by head brakeman:

"The con was flipping the tissues in the doghouse. The hind shack was freezing a hot hub near the hind end. Tallow Pot was cracking diamonds in the tank. Eagle Eye was down greasing the pig and I was bending the rails when they hit us."

It was translated by an old timer in the office as follows:

"The conductor was examining the train orders in the cupola. The rear brakeman was cooling a journal. The fireman was breaking coal. The engineer was oiling the engine, and the head brakeman was throwing a switch when the trains came together."—Maine Central.

RAILWAY RUMBLES.

About 3,000 miles of railway must be constructed to complete the line from Cape to Cairo.

There are 1,135 miles of railway in Cuba, 531 miles of which are controlled by British companies.

Twenty-five English railways paid in wages to employees during the first half of 1899 £644,000 more than was paid in the same period in 1898, an increase of 5¾ per cent.

The Batignolles railway tunnel near Paris is to be lighted by lines of ten candle power incandescent lamps. They are placed a meter apart, and they are the same height as the carriage windows, so that if any train is stopped in the tunnel it will be lighted from the outside.

THE ROYAL BOX.

The Prince of Wales, it is said, tips the scales at 207 pounds.

The czarowitz's widow was a telegrapher before her marriage.

For a private audience Queen Victoria is usually plainly attired in black silk.

Grand Duke Frederick William of Mecklenburg-Strelitz has asked the people to take the money intended to be spent for festivities on his eighteenth birthday and give it to the poor.

The queen of Portugal, who is said to have taken up medicine as a fad, became so interested in it that she completed the course and took the degree of M. D. She is now the chief physician of her husband, herself and her children.

Informed.

"Imperial Rome," began the professor, "sat on her seven hills and ruled the world until—until when?"

"Until," replied the thorough student, "the rest of the world sat on imperial Rome."

THICK SOLED BOOTS.

Some With Three, Some With Five Soles, Worn by Marketmen.

The description double soled would doubtless convey to most minds the idea of the thickest soled shoe or boot there is, but as a matter of fact there are made boots with five soles, making altogether a sole an inch or more in thickness. Such boots are worn by marketmen, as, for instance, in Fulton fish market in this city.

There the floor in business hours is always wet. Great quantities of fish are constantly being handled. Excepting those frozen in winter, the fishes that come in boxes are packed in ice. They are always packing fishes here for shipment to the great number of interior points away from the coast that draw their supplies of salt water fishes and fresh water fishes, too, for that matter, from New York, and the fishes shipped are packed in ice. They seem to be forever chopping ice here, and there are fragments of ice scattered around and melting, and there's a constant dripping, more or less, from the many ice packed boxes handled, and they're always washing down somewhere to keep the market clean. So that in business hours the floor is always wet.

The marketman moves about for hours on the wet floor, and to keep his feet dry he wears, it may be, rubber boots or the five soled marketman's boot, whose sole is thick enough to raise his feet clear off the floor sufficiently to keep them dry. Into the bootleg, a convenient place to carry it, he tucks, when it is not in use, the handle of the hatchet which he uses in opening or nailing up boxes of fish.

There is a three soled boot that is sometimes worn by bookkeepers in the market, who might have occasion to leave the office and go out on the market floor to look after receipts or shipments. Five soled and three soled boots are worn also more or less by smackmen and by men on shore in various occupations besides marketmen. They are worn by men working in big refrigerators and in cold storage warehouses and in abattoirs. Truckmen wear three soled boots in winter, putting them on in November and wearing them till spring, to protect their feet from rain and slush and snow.

As compared with shoes and boots of the ordinary kinds, the number of three soled and five soled boots sold is small, but such boots are, nevertheless, articles of regular and steady sale.—New York Sun.

SMOKING A CIGAR.

One Way In Which an Expert Says It Can't Be Done.

"I have a customer who thinks he smokes 25 cigars a day," said a New Orleans dealer. "As a matter of fact he smokes about three-eighths of that number. The other five-eighths represents what he gives away, lays down partly consumed, and a generous disregard of 'butts.' However, he is firm in the conviction that he smokes more actual tobacco than any other man in New Orleans and a boast on the subject in my store yesterday led to a curious bet.

"He declared, to begin with, that he could smoke three ordinary cigars in half an hour, and a bystander remarked that no man alive could smoke even one cigar continuously, until it was consumed, without taking it from his lips. 'Bosh,' said the 25 a day gentleman, 'I do that right along and think nothing of it.' 'I'll bet you a box of perfectos you can't do it right now,' said the other, and in half a minute the wager was made. By its terms the cigar was to be consumed in steady, consecutive puffs and not removed from the lips until burned to a mark 1¼ inches from the tip. A clear Havana, colorado maduro in color, was selected for the test, and the smoker took a seat and began.

"He puffed like an engine for about two minutes and accumulated something under half an inch of ash, and then he began to wabble. He shifted the cigar from side to side, pulled slow and fast and seemed to have difficulty getting his breath between the draws. At any rate he kept moving his head to avoid the smoke and finally got to coughing. I could see he was in torture, but he stuck to it until he got within half an inch of the mark. Then he jumped up suddenly, threw the cigar away and walked out of the store. I paid the bet and charged it to his account, and he told me last night that the very idea of tobacco made him sick. It is not unlikely that the affair will lose me a good customer.

"I doubt whether it would be possible for anybody to smoke even a moderately strong cigar through in the manner I have described."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A Gang of Setters.

"When you work," asked the man in the mackintosh, "what do you follow?"

"Well, by profession," replied the man who had his feet on the table, "I am a printer."

"What are you?" he said to the man with the squint.

"Me? I'm a carpenter—when I work."

"What is your ostensible calling?" he asked, turning to the man with the large Adam's apple.

"I was educated for a surgeon."

"And you?" he continued, addressing the man in the armchair.

"I don't do anything," answered that individual.

"H'mph!" exclaimed the man in the mackintosh, lighting a cheap cigar. "This gang seems to be made up largely of typesetters, sawsetters, bonesetters and setters."

No Use For It.

Uncle Zebulon, from one of the back townships, was on a visit to his nephew in the big city, and the two had gone to a restaurant for dinner.

They had given their order and were waiting for it to be filled, when the younger man, who had been glancing at a paper that lay on the table, said:

"By the way, uncle, did you ever have cerebro-spinal meningitis?"

"No," replied Uncle Zebulon after a few moments' mental struggle with the question, "and I don't want any. I'd rather have fried liver and bacon any day."—Youth's Companion.

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS

CUMBERLAND, B.C.

FRANKLIN'S MAXIMS.

The rolling stones gather no moss.

Diligence is the mother of good luck.

He that goes a-borrowing returns sorrowing.

Rather go to bed supperless than rise in debt.

Creditors have better memories than debtors.

Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labor wears.

Extravagance and improvidence end at the prison door.

If you would have your business done, go; if not, send.

What maintains one vice would bring up two children.

Pride is as loud as want, and a great deal more saucy.

It is easier to build two chimneys than to keep one in fuel.

It is foolish to lay out money in the purchase of repentance.

A life of leisure and a life of laziness are two different things.

Silks and satins, scarlets and velvets, put out the kitchen fire.

If you would know the value of money, go and try to borrow some.

Plow deep while sluggards sleep, and you shall have corn to sell and keep.

Pride breakfasted with Plenty, dined with Poverty and supped with Infamy.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

KITCHEN HELPS.

Fewer dishes will be broken if a small wooden tub is provided instead of the ordinary dishpan.

Never let the boiler be empty. Never put cold water into it if it should happen to be empty, and especially if it should be hot at the same time.

Carafes and water bottles may be kept bright by the use of a handful of fine ashes mixed with the soapy water in which they are washed.

Knives should be scoured regularly every time they are used, and drops of water should never be allowed to dry on the steel blade of a knife, as the mark made is almost permanent.

So rapidly does lung irritation spread and deepen, that often in a few weeks a simple cough culminates in tubercular consumption. Give heed to a cough, there is always danger in delay, get a bottle of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, and cure yourself. It is a medicine unsurpassed for all throat and lung troubles. It is compounded from several herbs, each one of which stands at the head of the list as exerting a wonderful influence in curing consumption and all lung diseases.

One Unmoved Hearer.

"The slow but sure decay of the Latin races," remarked the lecturer on ethnology, "cannot but awaken the profoundly sympathetic interest of the student."

"I wish they would decay a little faster," muttered one of the listeners, a bullet headed young man with cropped hair, "and take their blamed old Latin language along with them!"—Chicago Tribune.

EXCELLENT REASONS exist why Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil should be used by persons troubled with affections of the throat or lungs, sores upon the skin, rheumatic pain, corns, bunions, or external injuries. The reasons are, that it is speedy, pure and unobjectionable, whether taken internally or applied outwardly.

Tarring and feathering was once a legal punishment for theft. It is said to be found in the statutes of both England and France about the time of the Crusades.

Be as pleasant in your own home as you are in your neighbors'.

WEAK; FAINT FEELINGS.

Serious Conditions that Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills can Readily Cure.

One of the indications of serious heart trouble is the sensation of weakness or faintness that comes on at times.

Sometimes it is simply a dizzy feeling that passes off, or it may be a state of unconsciousness with hands and feet cold and countenance ghastly pale.

These symptoms indicate a weakened heart. They are unmistakable evidences of the engine of life breaking down.

Now there's only one reliable remedy for restoring strength and vitality to weakened hearts and relieving all the distressing symptoms. It is Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

The case of Mrs. A. Stratton, Fredericton, N.B., amply proves this. Here is her statement:

"I suffered very much from an impoverished condition of the blood, coupled with extreme nervousness. A dizzy sensation on arising quickly or coming down stairs, often troubled me, and my breath was so short that I could not walk up stairs. The least exertion caused my heart to flutter and palpitate violently and I sometimes felt a smothering sensation on going to sleep.

I doctored back and forth for my weakness, but I got no relief from any medicine until I tried Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and I can say that they helped me wonderfully. Sometimes my face and arms would swell and puff, but all these troubles speedily yielded to the restoring influences of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and I am now strong and well. I did not use them long until I regained the blessing of healthful, refreshing sleep and it will always be a pleasure to me to recommend them to others."

THE OPEN HEART.

Would you understand
The language with no word,
The speech of brook and bird,
Of waves along the sand?

Would you make your own
The meaning of the leaves,
The song the silence weaves
Where little winds made moan?

Would you know how sweet
The falling of the rill,
The calling on the hill—
All tunes the days repeat?

Neither alms nor art,
No toil can help you hear;
The secret of the ear
Is in the open heart.
—John Vance Cheney in Century.

IT IS A LIVER PILL.—Many of the ailments that man has to contend with have their origin in a disordered liver, which is a delicate organ, peculiarly susceptible to the disturbances that come from irregular habits or lack of care in eating and drinking. This accounts for the great many liver regulators now pressed on the attention of sufferers. Of these there is none superior to Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. Their operation though gentle is effective, and the most delicate can use them.

How Things Work.

"New shoes make old ones last better."

"What do you mean?"

"When you know you have a new pair in your closet, you feel like wearing the old ones awhile longer."—Chicago Record.

Making a Collection.

"Is your dog full blooded?"

"Guess he is. He's been samplin th' blood of most of th' neighbors."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

And So He Was.

The goat he ate a rubber shoe,
And softly he would hum,
"Boys, I'm doing nothing new—
I'm simply chewing gum."
—Chicago News.

HOW TO BE HEALTHY IN WINTER.

Winter is a trying time for most people—especially so for delicate ones. Colds, la grippe and pneumonia find them easy victims.

Do you catch cold easily? It shows that your system is not in a condition to resist disease. You will be fortunate if you escape pneumonia.

Nature is always fighting against disease. The right kind of medicine is the kind that helps Nature by toning up the system and enabling it to resist disease. Such a tonic is only found in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. By building up the blood and strengthening the nerves these pills reach the root of disease, restore health, and make people bright, active and strong.

Mrs. R. Doxsee, Gravenhurst, Ont., writes:—"I believe that Dr Williams' Pink Pills saved my life. When I began their use I was so weak that I was scarcely able to be out of my bed, and showed every symptom of going into a decline. I was pale, emaciated, suffered from headaches and nerve exhaustion. I used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for a couple of months, and they have completely restored me."

Sold by all dealers or post paid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville.

The Inquisitive Tongue.

The curiosity of the tongue does not cause the human being so much trouble as the curiosity of the eye. But the tongue, within its limits, is the most curious of all.

Let the dentist make a change in the mouth, let him remove a tooth or replace with his admirable artifice one that has long been absent, let him change the form of a tooth by rounding off a corner or building up a cavity and see what the tongue will do. It will search out that place, taking careful and minute account of the change. Then it will linger near the place. If it is called to other duties, it comes back as soon as they are discharged and feels the changed place all over again, as if it had not explored and rummaged there already.

It makes no difference that these repeated investigations presently cause annoyance to its supposed master, the man. The tongue in nothing more than in this matter proves that it is an unruly member and will not be controlled.

It seems to have an original will and consciousness of its own, and nothing will serve it except the fullest satisfaction of its curiosity. It will wear itself out, perhaps, but it will find out all about the strange change.—Boston Transcript.

The Moon's Atmosphere.

The recent conclusions of the French scientists, MM. Loewy and Puiseux, as to the possible presence of some gaseous envelope on the moon's surface are of very general interest. After giving reasons for concluding that the formidable volcanic eruptions of which the moon has been the theater belong to a recent time in the history of our satellite, they point out that these eruptions must have set at liberty great quantities of gas or vapors, while the diffusion of cinders on the lunar surface to great distances infers a gaseous envelope of a certain density.

Has the time, they ask, which has elapsed since the great eruptions sufficed to bring about the total disappearance of this gaseous envelope? Considering that the already solidified lunar surface could only have absorbed the gases slowly and with difficulty, they conclude that from their examination of the lunar surface there are serious grounds for believing that there exists at the present time a residue of atmosphere of which the detection, surrounded as it is with great difficulties, may yet be realized.

When Jay Gould Wrestled.

John Burroughs, the writer, was in his boyhood days a schoolmate of Jay Gould. To Theodore Dreiser, who tells the story in The New Voice, Mr. Burroughs gave this anecdote of Gould:

He was shrewd, but not a bad fellow at all. I remember that once we had a wrestling match. As we were about even in strength, we agreed to abide by certain rules, taking what we called "holts" in the beginning and not breaking them until one or the other was thrown. I kept to this when we began wrestling, but when Jay realized that he was in danger of losing he broke "holts" and threw me. When I said he had broken his agreement, he only laughed and said, "I threw you, didn't I?" That irritated me, and I kept arguing the original point, but he only laughed the more and covered my taunts with the same answer. He had won, and it pleased him, though I often wondered how he could take any satisfaction in it.

Irishmen are inclined to word perversion; but, says a writer in The Nineteenth Century, the following description of slow speech which often degenerated into a stammer shows that occasionally they use the best words possible in explaining a thing:

"It's a quare sort uv way Martin talks," said Pat. "It's as if he tuk the wurds out uv his mout' an luked at 'em before he gives 'em to yez."

True.

Lecturer—And what man is most apt to reach that elevation whence the earth may be viewed "as one vast plain?"

Voice (in the audience)—The one that works in a powder mill.—Life.

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Quality tells every time! This fact explains why Blue Ribbon Ceylon is fast displacing all other teas throughout Canada.

A PILL FOR GENEROUS EATERS.—There are many persons of healthy appetite and poor digestion who, after a hearty meal, are subject to much suffering. The food of which they have partaken lies like lead in their stomachs. Headache, depression, a smothering feeling follow. One so afflicted is unfit for business or work of any kind. In this condition Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will bring relief. They will assist the assimilation of the aliment, and used according to direction will restore healthy digestion.

THE PEDAGOGUE.

Indians will be admitted hereafter to the University of Oklahoma.

There are today 40,000 negro students in the higher educational institutions of this country.

There are 426 colleges in America, with property estimated at $250,000,000. Girard, with $15,000,000, and Leland Stanford, Jr., with $13,500,000, are the richest.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

ANIMAL ODDITIES.

The deer really weeps, its eyes being provided with lachrymal glands.

Fish are able to yawn. They open their mouths slowly till they are round, the bones of the head seem to loosen, and the gills open.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, Etc.

SCRAPS OF SCIENCE.

Ice will reach a lower temperature than 32 degrees if the temperature of the air is less than that. It will take practically the temperature of the atmosphere.

Engineers say the loss of 90 per cent of the power of coal used is a standing reminder that they have not yet achieved the objects of true engineering science.

For many years scientists have known of the existence of a faint companion to the north star. So close and faint is this companion that owners of small telescopes have often used it to test the power of their eyes and instruments.

Croup Promptly Relieved.

Mrs. J. Simms, Mt. Pleasant, Vancouver, B. C., writes: "One of our children has been subject to croup almost since its birth. We find Griffith's Menthol Liniment always to give prompt relief, and would not be without it in our home. As a liniment we do not think it has any equal. All druggists, 25cts.

THE WRITERS.

Michael Davitt, during his days in parliament, did nearly all his literary work in the house writing room, where silence is enforced, sitting invariably in the same seat.

Paul Bourget has announced his intention of paying a second visit to this country. He will come next spring and gather material for a novel dealing with American social life.

Theodor Mommsen, at the age of 82 years, has published a new work, "Roman Criminal Law," as a companion to his great "Roman Constitutional Law." It is a volume of 1,078 closely printed, large octavo pages.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Never Feared Him.

"If you are the only man in the world," she said emphatically, "I wouldn't marry you."

"Oh, well," he replied nonchalantly, "if I were the only man in the world you wouldn't get me. I'd go in for a pretty girl."—Tit-Bits.

Bakers' Bad Backs.

We little know the toil and hardship that those who make the "Staff of Life" undergo.

Long hours in superheated and poorly ventilated workrooms is hard on the system, gives the kidneys more work than they can properly do, throws poison into the system that should be carried off by these delicate filters. Then the back gets bad—

Not much use applying liniments and plasters. You must reach the Kidneys to cure the back. DOAN'S Kidney Pills cure all kinds of Bad Backs by restoring the Kidneys to healthy action.

Mr. Walter Buchanan, who has conducted a bakery in Sarnia, Ont., for the past 15 years, says:

"For a number of years previous to taking Doan's Kidney Pills I suffered a great deal from acute pains across the small of my back, pains in the back of my head, dizziness, weary feeling and general debility. From the first few doses of Doan's Kidney Pills I commenced to improve, and I have continued until I am to-day a well man. I have not got a pain or ache about me. My head is clear; the urinary difficulties all gone; my sleep is refreshing and my health is better now than for years."

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Thompson's Brome Grass Seeder has adjustable bottom for

all kinds of small seeds. Write for circulars to JOHNSTON & STEWART, Winnipeg, Man.

Bjornstjerne Bjornson lately saw for the first time the statue of himself set up before the National theater in Christiania. He turned red in the face and demands that it be removed, as it is a libel on his personal appearance.

The heaviest winning stable of 1899 on the running turf was that of Bromley & Co., which won $77,854.13. Its chief winning horse was the 3-year-old Mesmerist, who fell just a few dollars short of capturing $40,000 in stakes and purses.

TAKE NOTICE.

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

A Chance to Escape.

"It keeps me poor paying taxes."

"Well, why don't you shove off some of your houses and lots on these returned Manila heroes?"—Detroit Free Press.

Acute Symptoms.

"Are you sure you love that girl?"

"Well, I can't work in the morning until I get a letter from her, and after I get it I can't work."—Chicago Record.

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 and Lyman, of Toronto, have given to the public their superior Quinine Wine at the usual rate, and, gauged by the opinion of scientists, this wine approaches nearest perfection of any in the market. All druggists sell it.

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.
ISSUED EVERY TUESDAY.

W. E. Anderson, Editor

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

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

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

TUESDAY, MARCH 13th 1900

NOTICE TO THE SCHOOL CHILDREN.

The CUMBERLAND NEWS, offers the following to encourage the growth of flowers in Cumberland and Union:

For the best 12 blooms of blotched pansies, one variety and marked alike, $1.50.

For the best 12 blooms, self colored, one variety, one color, $1.50.

For the best collection of pansy blooms, not less than 12, each different, $1.

For the best arranged basket of pansy blooms, all colors, 50 cents.

For the largest single pansy bloom, any color, 50 cts.

Only children under 12 years of age and attending the Cumberland school and who are living in any house in which there is a subscriber to the NEWS on April 1st, 1900, for not less than six months. Flowers must be grown by exhibitors personally. Entries to be made at the NEWS office from 10 to 12 a. m. on June 30th.

When are we to have the elections? No one seems to know, and all we can hear is, "most probably early in June." If so when will the Estimates be passed so that expenditures for the next fiscal year may be available? If polling day is fixed for the first week in June, perhaps the future Administration may be able to get a sufficient rustle on to enable the grants to be made by June 30th, but that is giving them every opportunity to carry on without a hitch, and not taking into consideration the possibility of a defeat and another hurly-burly such as the country is now blasted by. Take our district alone. A large sum of money is absolutely necessary to put most of our roads in anything like passable condition. Bridges are required on the Trunk road, and much ditching and gravelling. During the tenure of office of the Turner party, it was quite possible to begin work on roads in June so that men could draw their pay as soon after July 1st as the money could be sent from the Treasury, and the sums voted were generally large enough to allow the with holding of a contingency fund to meet emergencies, such as the washing out of a road bed or of a bridge, during the winter or spring months. What position do we stand in at the present time? The dyke over the flats is unsafe. The junction is encroaching dangerously on the road. The old plank crossing over the Union Swamp—to avoid which another road was made some years ago—will yet be responsible for horses' broken legs And the trunk road, our only land outlet from the District, has been rendered so bad by the last rains, that the mail man was unable to bring his welcome letter bag from Nanaimo last Saturday, and the worst is that nothing can be done to remed, this state of affairs until the Estimates are passed, for there is none of the last grant left, and no sane man will work and wait for his pay, even if he was sure of getting it, and that he certainly is not, out of the present political Irish stew pot. For; What can working men hope for after their experience of the first month of office of the last Administration when, after beginning the season's work, at the Turner party's wage of $2.50—little enough too—they were, in one breath, and without a moment's warning, cut down to $2 per day and ALL ROAD WORK WAS STOPPED. We will say no more about this at the present, but when the time is ripe, we shall enlighten our readers more on this little transaction, as well as others of most TOUCHING interest. Many a good man in this District who voted conscientiouly for the late Government, at the last elections, have been forced to admit since then that the "Turner crowd was not so bad after all." If they must come let us have the elections. The sooner the better, and whether it be on party lines or B. C. lines, we are "ready, aye ready." Let order be called and let the business of the country proceed, without us having to pay more money as in the last two years for useless and dangerous legislation, and figure-head ministers.

The editorial head felt a little bit inflated this morning. Not with conceit, oh dear no! for we are modest, but with the effects of the late session of the lodge last night. We were billed to write up up a glossary of South African war terms and in consequence of the head we were obliged to religate the job to our chief factotum, the printer's devil, "G'arn," said he, "I kyarnt write nu hin'." However the sight of a club in the editorial fist decided him, and while we sweetly slept he worked. Had it set up too and the paper half run off when we awoke and this is what met our horrified eyes:

Transvaal: A plaice in S. Affricca, made up uv dust and long har'd Boars an' Niggurs, 'Taint wuth a cent nohow, on'y fer diamonds.

Drift: Same as a plaice on a Rivul whar we ust to ketch sukkers back eas'. I guess Buller thot he wuz a sukker when they ketched him thar.

Kopjey's: Fixings wot grows in S. Affricca made uv stones an' bushes an' sich trash. The Boers grows 'em fer to hide in to shoot soljers frum. Kopjeys cum high but Buller he will have 'em.

Baynet charge: A animile used by the soljurs to chase Boars with wen thay get offen thare kopjeys. Boars say thay are hot stuff and thay hain' got no use for them nohow. I wish wun ud get after the ole man.

Veldt: I dunno whut in thunder these air. I guess we Call em medders back fn Muskoka.

Liddyte shells: english soljurs say these smell orful badd wen thay bust but that kyarnt hurt Boars nun cos thay kyarnt notus the smell none wen thay been in Kamp fer a few weeks 'i'thout washin' thurselves

Spruit: A pass or somethin', I dunno ef its a railroad pass er a pass fer a rayse on 4 duces but—oh, darn it all, that's 'nuff enny how, if the ole man will get full I ain't goin to rite fur him, nohow.

We apologise to our readers. The paper was struck before we could stop it. It will not occur again, else the devil will join the happy band.

COMOX CULLINGS.

Judge Abrams had a busy day here on 8th. Frank Indian for being drunk and disorderly was fined $5 and costs. Mrs. Frank, ditto, ditto. The term "disorderly" is perhaps anomalistic for they were too blazing drunk to be disorderly. Frank and his wife had been annoying the Bay people when drunk and Mr. S. Cliffe determined to put them in a safe place. After getting the key of the lockup he went in search of them and found them on the beach. The woman lying at the waters edge, while Frank was up to his chest in water in an attempt to recover his canoe which had drifted off. They had nearly perished when Mr. Cliffe got them. A man named Andersen was fined $50 and costs or four months for supplying. Fines all paid.

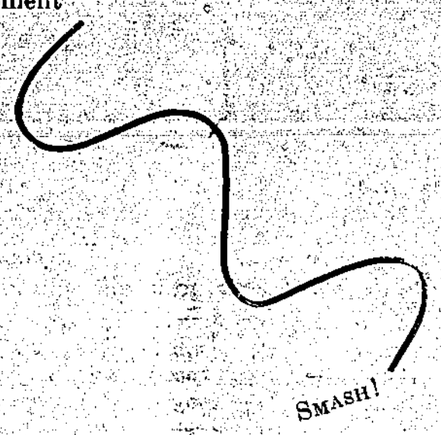
Geo. Mitchell, for assulting Long Tom, was fined $5 and costs. Geo. and Tom got drunk at Cumberland and had a scrap. They have sworn it on a Cumberland man.

A white man and a Jap were prosecuted for shooting ducks out of season, but it being so soon after close of season and they evidently being unaware of the date of closing, were reprimanded and dismissed with a warning. The bench stating that strong steps would in future be taken against illegal shooting.

Miss McDonald is back at her post as operator after being two weeks at Union Wharf in place of the operator there.

If in quest of Footwear go and inspect New Stock of Boots and Shoes at Gus Hauck's.

The course of the late Government



Big stock of Children's straw hats just to hand at 25cts., 50cts. and 75cts. Stevenson & Co.

PASSENGER LIST.

The following were the passengers who came up on the "City of Nanaimo" Wednesday.

Woods, Rev. Willemar, J Miller, P Fraser, P Buglund, Miss Reed, Mrs. Hooper, Bennett, J Miller, C S Moss, F Verdin, McLeod, F McB Young, Mr. Netherby, J Hanesworth, A McMillan, Hawkins, G Murry, J Gloditch F B Febulin, A H Dodds, Miss Forrest.

Mr. Byron Crawford imported by last boat a thoroughbred Holstein bull which is the finest speciment of this popular breed that has been brought to the district yet. He is five years old and tips the bean at 2,000 pounds. His dame has a rerecord of 22lbs butter in seven days. He has taken first prize where ever shown. Mr. Crawford has been raising Holsteins for a number of years and believes the cows have all the requirements for general purposes. Mr. Crawford deserves praise for his efforts in this line.

WAR NEWS.

A Berlin correspondent says: I learn that there is dissention between Kruger and Joubert and that the latter has resigned. Possibly Kruger will assume chief command. Gen Schalkberg and other commandants for similar reason and because Kruger ignored their advance to make peace overtures. The Boers were siezed with panic thus spoiling the whole plan which had been calculated to destroy them. Kruger wept. As the sixth division emerged from a hidden position and appeared on the crest with mounted infantry in skirmishing order the Boers thought the whole earth was covered with soldiers in their front and rear flanks They did not want to void their supportion but fled siezed with a dread that they might share the fate of Cronje. In some quarters French is credited with the design to coral both Kruger and Steyne whose exact positions are difficult to ascertain at that distance. French must be near Bloomfontein now. The War Office is unable to confirm the rumors of relief of Mafeking but the trend of the belief is that the relief will be affected within a few days. Buller is on the move and threatening the Boers at Biggarsberg.

The British are trying to invade the Transvaal from the east through Zululand.

London, March 12.—At present rate of progress Lord Roberts should be in Bloomfontein Wednesday, though all calculation may be upset by the development of more strenuous resistance than the Boers have so far attempted. The distance between Roberts and the Free State capital is now so mall, only 25 miles, that it is apparent tha the Boers either contemplate making a determined stand on the outskirts of the Free State capital or for stragic reasons are allowing Roberts to occupy after merely pressing his advance. Roberts latest despatch announces that Gatacre commands Bethulie Bridge puts the Boers in that vicinity between him and Roberts, however there is a large plain between them and the main body of Boers now confronting Lord Roberts with his ceasless activity may be quite able to cover the retreut of the Boers confronting Gatacre. Once the British are in control of the Ry. from Bethulie to Bloomfontein the junction at the Free State capital of Gatacre and Roberts would be only a matter of a very few days.

STEVENSON & CO.

This is the season of big values and little prices at our store.

Boy's Suits
Do you want a bargain? If so do not delay as they are growing fewer each day. We have them from $1.25 to $3.50. Remember they are cut to about half price.

Boy's Reefers
We have a few yet which are going at half-price. We may have the size you want. If so, you get a bargain.

Boots and Shoes
We have several small lots of children's and women's shoes from 35 cts. to $1.90, worth from 75 cts. to $2.50 We make these ridiculously low prices to clear them out, and all we need say is that you cannot equal them any place else for the money.

Women's Skirts
18 women's black lustre skirts, new design. Seven gored, circular. Extra well finished and lined, $4.25 worth $5.

Women's Underwear
We have a small lot of women's and children's underwear that we are clearing at about half price.

Men's Shirts
If there is one thing more than another which we can give a bargain in it is men's shirts. We have a small lot of white and colored shirts. 60 cts., worth $1 and $1.25.

Top Shirts
Men's heavy wool top shirts at half price.

STEVENSON & CO'S
Cash Store, Cumberland, B. C.

The Singer Sewing Machine
CABINET TABLE, WOODWORK.

Having taken the SINGER SEWING MACHINE Agency I am prepared to sell Machines at the following prices and terms:

Latest improved, double feed, belt-adjuster and most recent self-fitting attachments.

PRICE—$70, $5 cash and $3 per month; no interest. $10 discount for cash within 60 day. Full allowance for old machines.

More SINGERS sold than all others combined. Sale last year, 1,700,000.

Oil and needles and extra parts kept in stock.

T. H. CAREY.

Hospital Benefit

GRAND BALL

Under Auspices of Cumberland Grove No. 3, U. A. O. D. in

CUMBERLAND HALL, MARCH 16.

CORPORATION OF THE
CITY OF CUMBERLAND

Court of Revision,

NOTICE is hereby given that the Court of Revision for the purpose of hearing all complaints against the assessment of 1900, as made by the Assessor of the City of Cumberland, will be held at the Council Chambers, City Hall, on Saturday, the 31st day of March, A.D. 1900, at the hour of 3 o'clock p.m.

By order,
LAWRENCE W. NUNNS,
C. M. C.

Cumberland, 24th Feb. 1900.

VICTORIA NEWS.

Victoria, March 12.—Coal mines arbitration resumes to-morrow, when argument will be heard on evidence taken at Nanaimo and Union. Minister of Mines Curtis leaves to-night for Rossland to endeavor to reach a settlement between owners and miners re 8 hour law difficulty.

Oyster Harbor, March 12.—Collier Benmoher in charge of Pilot Christensen, which relieved the wrecked Miami ran on a reef early this morning off Gallano Island, near Active pass. She had 4,000 tons of coal aboard. She floated later and sailed for Victoria where an examination as to damage will be made.