THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

EIGHTH YEAR. CUMBERLAND, B. C. TUESDAY, MAY 15th, 1900.

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☞Full stock of groceries always on hand.

TO THE ELECTORS OF

Comox District.

GENTLEMEN:—

At the urgent request of a large number of electors, I consented to allow my name to be placed in nomination for Parliament, and having received such nomination by an almost unanimous vote, I have much pleasure in soliciting your votes and influence in the coming elections. If elected, I will oppose the present Martin Government, running on non-party lines, being prepared to support any good measures that may be brought forward for the benefit of the Province in general, and this District in particular. As regards my more local platform, I will:

1. Urge upon the Government the need of keeping up and assisting Farmers' Institutes and Agricultural Societies by larger appropriations and distribution of the results of expert knowledge on all matters pertaining to agrarian pursuits, and of maintaining the Department of Agriculture at a high standard.

2. TRUNK ROAD.—I will use every endeavor to have this road completed and put in good order at an early date between Qualicum and Courtenay.

3. DISTRICT ROADS.—I will ask for larger grants for our roads than have heretofore been granted for the District.

4. RESIDENT PHYSICIAN.—I will be in favor of a Government grant for a resident physician for the northern parts of the District.

5. POLICE PROTECTION.—I will use my influence to secure better police protection for the outlying portions of the District.

6. UNION AND COMOX DISTRICT HOSPITAL.—I will ask for a grant (special) to build and equip an operating room for the above hospital. The present means being utterly inadequate to the needs of patients and surgeons.

7. U. & C. FIRE DEPARTMENT.—I will urge upon the Government the necessity of increasing the annual grant to the Union and Cumberland Fire Department.

8. RAILWAY EXTENSION.—I will be in favor of a continuous line of railway from Victoria to the northern end of the Island, knowing the same to be of vital importance, as it would afford greater facilities for developing the latent resources of the District.

9. ADDITIONAL MAILS.—There being communication by steamer twice a week by Nanaimo and once by Vancouver direct, I will urge our Dominion member to obtain the carrying of additional mails by these steamers, the present service being insufficient to the needs of the District.

10. CREAMERY.—I think a Creamery would be to the advantage of the District, as the Comox valley is eminently adapted for dairying. And will assist the farmers at any time they may desire to establish the enterprise.

11. I will use my influence to have the Comox Dyke, between Comox and Courtenay, put in proper condition.

12. I will urge upon the Government the advisability of establishing a High School in this district.

In conclusion, gentlemen, I beg to remind you, should you do me the honor of electing me as your representative, that being a local man, I shall be in a position and at all times ready to meet you in discussing matters of local interest.

Yours faithfully,
LEWIS MOUNCE.

Cumberland, B.C., May 11, 1900.

TO THE ELECTORS OF

Comox Electoral District

GENTLEMEN:—

At a public meeting held at Courtenay April 17th inst., for the purpose of nominating a candidate in opposition to the Administration of the Hon. Joseph Martin, it was stated by the nominee and his supporters that he was a firm supporter of the Conservative party, and as such only would he appeal to the electorate. This course having been adopted it became incumbent upon the Liberals to also place a candidate in the field. Accordingly the Liberals in public meeting assembled did me the honor of nominating me as the Liberal candidate in opposition to the candidate already nominated by the previous convention.

Having been engaged in business in your midst for the last quarter of a century, I feel that I am sufficiently conversant with the conditions and requirements of this district to enable me to further your interests in every possible manner.

If elected I shall devote my energies toward the advancement and welfare of every resident and industry in the community, consistent with the public weal. Therefore, as the standard bearer of the local Liberal party and its principles, I beg to submit to you the following platform for your consideration and support:

1. To secure an equitable adjustment of the appropriation for public works in this District.

2. To complete and put into proper condition the Nanaimo-Comox trunk road.

3. To secure an increase of the Government appropriation for public works in this District proportionate to the revenue derived therefrom.

4. To obtain the granting of a subsidy to a resident physician for the Islands within the District.

5. To provide for the construction of new wharves wherever required, and the improvement of the present ones, affording better accomodation to the public.

6. To increase the daily wage to laborers upon all public works.

7. To restore to teachers of public schools the salary previously paid.

8. To secure an amicable arrangement whereby the lands within the limits of the Esquimalt and Nanaimo railway land grant may be opened up for actual settlement.

9. To secure by the enactment of legislation, provision for cheap money to actual settlers, such legislation to be workable and acceptable, thereby affording security for moneys advanced and yet not increasing the burden of the settler or tax-payer.

10. To promote the manufacture within the province of all natural products into the finished product.

I have the honor to be, gentlemen,
Your obedient servant,
JOSEPH McPHEE.

Comox, May 14th, 1900.

There will be a meeting of the Fire Brigade this evening at 8 o'clock. All members are requested to attend.

LOCAL ITEMS.

A friend yesterday illustrated Martin's platform in a very ingenious way and invited a friend to stand on it when completed. The heavy rains however, have made it so soft that it is now too rotten to hold up any one.

At Liberal meeting, May 10th, at Courtney, the following were nominated: J. McPhee, 30 votes; Dr. Millard, 4; J. B. Holmes, 4; J. W. McKenzie, 0. Mr. McKelvey was nominated but excused himself. Mr. McPhee was chosen as Liberal representative. It is not stated whether in opposition to Martin Government or not.

It is our painful duty to chronicle the death of Mrs. G. W. Clinton, who lately went on a visit to her home in Harrisburg, Pa. We learn that the deceased lady contracted a cold on the journey, which later developed into pneumonia resulting in her death at midday, the 14th inst. Mr. Clinton left for Nanaimo en route east upon receipt of the news. A host of sorrowing friends and two little children join him in his heartfelt grief.

The alleged arrangement by which Mr. Ryder was to keep a seat in the Cabinet warm for W. W. B. McInnes comes dangerously close to a conspiracy to subvert the rights of the people. At the time Mr. Martin was entrusted with the task of forming a government, it was hinted that an understanding existed with the Lieut.-Governor that W. W. B. McInnes should be a member of the Provincial Cabinet. Should it transpire that Mr. Ryder has decided to abandon Comox to the son of the Lieut.-Governor, the people will draw their own conclusion as to the game in the wind.—Nelson Miner.

The Herald calls the NEWS' statement re Mr. Semlin's former attitude towards the settlement Bill "false." Would not "incorrect" be a better word? We do not wittingly make false statements even if we are connected with the press, which is saying a good deal. However, we agree to do this. If the Herald publishes a statement from Mr. Semlin that he always opposed the two acts, viz: E. & N., Railway Act, 1875, and Railway Lands Act 1883, we shall either retract our statement, or publish a rebuttal. The NEWS did not say that the N. V. C. Co.'s representative refused to meet a "delegate of Mr. Dunsmuir's, but that he insulted a delegation of business men of Nanaimo who went to see him. The Herald can easily find out that from representative men in the City of Nanaimo, who will smart under that insult to their dying day, and who were working, not for Mr. Dunsmuir, but for the city's good. Mr. Dunsmuir's "proposal" was what we said he would not meet—not delegate.

FOR SALE.

ABOUT 3 acres of land, with sea frontage, at Comox Bluffs. House of 5 rooms. Boat house and other out-houses. Good garden and fruit trees. Apply to MRS. McCONNEL, Comox, or to NEWS Office. m15t2

$5 REWARD.

STRAYED from the premises of the undersigned, about the 16th of April, one small red cow, 3 years old, would calf about 20th. Branded on left hip R. Anyone giving information that will lead to her recovery will receive the above reward. (Signed) JOHN CORNELL, Oyster River, Comox, B.C. m15t4

An Ungrammatical Burglar

He Got Caught on His Grammar. Honest People Will Do Well Also to Speak Correctly.

BY JOHN J. A'BECKET.

It seemed almost too soon for Jack to have returned when Mrs. Dorrance heard him ring. He had forgotten his latchkey again. She must buy him a chain and key ring. The little woman glided down stairs in her soft slippers and was about to open the door when a sudden happy thought led her to ask, "Is that you, Jack?"

"Yes. It's me."

The cheery pitch of the muffled voice might have left doubt. The bad grammar left none. Her Jack could never have made that slip.

Without a word she fled up stairs into Jack's room, grabbed the six shooter out of the top bureau drawer and ran down again, cocking it en route and congratulating herself on having oiled the trigger lately. Jack would be back soon. This man or men must have known he was gone and she was alone.

She got to the door and in as firm a tone as she could command said in a sharp, imperious way, "Now, who are you, and what do you want?"

There was a moment's silence. Then: "If yer open the door, I'll tell yer. I don't mean no harm, missis."

Dot, who knew that her figure could be seen through the glass, put the point of the gun close to it and exclaimed, for her blood was up now, "Move on or I'll fire."

The man seemed disposed to argue the point, for her quick ear caught the sound of hoarse muttering. Then she thought she heard a soft treading step, as of one going away.

But she was mistaken, or else there was a brace of them, for a meanly wheedling voice said: "Missis, I ain't no burglar. I'm jest hungry an only want a bit o' somethin to eat. Can't you gimme a piece of bread? I'll go down by the gate an creak it, an you c'n slip it out quick an lock the door ag'in. I wouldn't hurt a lamb."

"I've no time to talk, and this isn't a bakery," retorted Dot. "If you don't go at once I'll fire, though I don't want to wake my husband up or rouse the neighbors."

Dot thought she heard a suppressed snort at this "bluff," but it was followed by a heavy footfall of one walking slowly down the path. Then the gate creaked audibly, as if the hungry man had no need to disguise his comings and goings.

Fluttered, but content with her debut as a heroine, she started up stairs again. A slight sound came to her from above that made her heart flutter wildly.

She remembered the stout trellis Jack had put up against the wall of the house—she had asked him if he meant to train a banyan tree on it—and the window of her room had been raised about an inch, that the air might do Cuthbert good. Her 2-year-old had been feverish all day.

The recollection of that first retreating step and the parley of the other man flashed across her mind. What if the "pal" had scaled the trellis and was kidnaping Cuthbert?

She flew up the stairs, holding her gun tightly, but not daring to put her finger on the trigger. She knew it was twitching, and she might pull it too soon.

She dashed through the sitting room, into the bedroom where Cuthbert was sleeping the sleep of the just in a subdued light. There was a brawny hand, shiny and villainous, grasping the window sill.

This was no time to dally or measure consideration on any delicate scale. Dot raised her pistol, steadied herself, took deliberate aim and banged away. There was a fierce ejaculation of mingled pain and profanity, and she heard some one leap down into the back yard and then scramble off.

She glanced at Cuthbert. The noise had awakened that honor to babydom, and a wide open pair of eyes like her own were looking at her as she stood with the smoke from the pistol curling in a niter scented cloud about her.

Then as the baby boy came to a consciousness that the tense, defiant figure with the pistol in its hand was his mamma heredity asserted itself in a smile that showed small white teeth and almost wrinkled a diminutive nose.

Dot rushed to him and kissed him frantically, wishing she could afford herself the luxury of breaking down and shedding helpful tears over her game offspring. But she couldn't. She was on duty till Jack returned, and she kept her "gun" tight in her hand.

"Go to sleep, baby. Mamma is here," she said, with an effort at playfulness.

"What you doin?" demanded Cuthbert drowsily.

"Keeping away cats—and things. Lie still and go to sleep, baby, like a little man. Mamma is tired."

Was that a stealthy step on the stairs? She raised herself, trembling, and clutched her "gun" anew. The next moment a man rushed into view in the sitting room, paused, looked in where she was and was about to charge forward when:

"If you stir a step, I will shoot!" cried Dot. She had promptly brought her battery to bear on him and even stepped forward a pace or two, as if with instinct to screen Cuthbert, keeping her blazing eyes steadily on the man's face.

"Don't shoot, ma'am," the fellow said hurriedly. "I heard the pistil shot an thought yer was bein attacked by some burglar, an I broke in the door to come an help ye. I wouldn't hurt a baby, ma'am. All I wanted at first was a chunk o' bread, an then, bearin the gun, I couldn't help comin to a lady's assistance. Don't p'int that gun at me. It might go off, an you'd be sorry to hurt a stranger what had nothin worse about him than a empty stummock."

"I tell you to go down stairs and out of this house, or I will fire, and I don't care whether you are killed or not. Go down and pick up your dead pal. Go anyhow."

Dot felt steadier. If she could only hold out till Jack came back! The man had counted on making a rush on her, but had failed in that. She didn't think he was armed, but she was on the lookout unwaveringly for the slightest movement of his hand toward any weapon, and she was covering him well.

At that moment her heart gave a great bound. In his flannel nightgown Cuthbert had slipped by her and, ambling straight up to the invader, beat him on his legs with his baby fist.

"Go away!" he cried crossly.

Quick as a flash the man bent and had him in his arms, holding him so that the baby covered his head and chest.

"Now, drop your gun, or I'll brain the kid," he exclaimed with savage determination. "Throw it over there, away from yer. Quick!"

She dared not fire. He surely would not kill the two if she obeyed him and cast away her pistol.

But her temper was fully roused. Oh, for one moment in which to get a show at him without imperiling the life of her life!

All this passed quicker than the telling. But in that second of irresolution Cuthbert, who did not take kindly to strangers and had conceived this one as a grossly unwelcome intruder, was bringing his small fists down on the man's head and eyes. The fellow angrily jerked his head out of reach, putting up his arm and pushing the infant assailant to one side.

It was enough. Dot rushed forward, took quick aim and let go. With a groan the fellow's arm relaxed. She had just time to drop her pistol and catch Cuthbert before the man fell in a heap on the floor, very still, the blood from somewhere spoiling Dot's pretty rug.

She sank into a chair and felt that she was going into a faint. But there was another step on the stairs, quick, but light. Was there an army of burglars let loose on the house? And had Jack gone to the Klondike?

She clapped Cuthbert into her rocking chair, his pink legs protruding from his nightgown, the picture of anything but a victorious infant conqueror, and jumped for her faithful "gun." A man rushed into the room.

"Stop, or I'll fire!" she quavered forth.

"Dot! It's me! Chuck that gun!"

She "chucked the gun" and luxuriously fainted in Jack's arms. Cuthbert inaugurated the family retirement from warfare by a lusty yowl, to which Jack, who was busy wetting Dot's face with cologne, loosening her gown and fanning her, paid no attention whatever. He was not a nervous man and had great confidence in his son.

The mother's ears were perchance awakened by that mellow wailing, with its croupy touch. Dot's eyes, with the fire all out, opened, and as she recognized Jack's dear face, which had never seemed so dear, she drew a long, quivering breath and wound her arms tightly about him.

"You're not hurt, Jack?" she said weakly.

"Not a bit. And Cuthbert's roaring like a blast furnace. You'd better brace up, and we'll tidy up the place a bit. Dust out the burglars. Did any escape? Or is the gent on the floor the whole collection?"

"I think there's another in the back yard," faltered Dot in an awestruck tone.

"Well, let's look him up. First, I'll see what trim this fellow is in."

Examination proved that the hungry caller on Mrs. Dot was alive, but not in distressful consciousness. The bullet had remained in his system.

Mrs. Dot hastily restored Cuthbert to his little bed, where, weary with battle, he gave a grateful sigh and slumbered, his pink hands no longer aggressively clinched, but placidly open like rosy starfish.

"He's all right, Dot, I think," said Jack after his examination of the burglar. "He's made a mess of your rug, and I don't know what we are to do with him. I don't care to go out again, and you ought to be in bed."

"We might put him in the spare room till morning," said Dot helplessly.

"Yes, and let Cuthbert mount guard over him till breakfast time," returned Jack sarcastically. "I think it will be better to deposit him gently on the front steps and let nature look after him till we can do something more."

Jack shouldered the unconscious man and, helped by Dot, got him down stairs. He laid him tenderly out on the front step. There was no one to call, and he would not leave his wife alone to go in quest of help for disposing of him otherwise.

Dot suggested that they put a sofa cushion under his head, well covered with a long Turkish bath towel, which Jack remonstrantly did. The next morning the burglar, the bath towel and the cushion were gone to parts unknown.

Then Jack made a hurried trip around the premises. They were littered with no burglars, so, locking the inside door, they went up stairs. Half way up Dot stopped suddenly short and gasped:

"Oh, Jack!"

And she looked at her husband with the queerest smile.

"Well?" said he.

"Do you remember what you said when you dashed in?"

"Why, I told you not to shoot; that as long as it was Davy Crockett at the other end of the gun I'd come down."

"No. Think what you said."

"I said: 'Don't shoot, Dot. It's I.'"

"You didn't," cried Dot merrily. "When I asked the man at the door, 'Is that you, Jack?' he said, 'Yes, it's me.' Whereupon I knew it wasn't and ordered him to move on. Do you see what a narrow escape you had? Oh, Jack," and she snuggled up to him, "do be careful about your grammar."—Criterion.

The Fatal Truth.

"William," said the colored citizen to the man who was to be tried in court, "yoh mus' keep yoh eyes open w'en yoh gits dar, en, whatever yoh does, don't tell de truth! I tole it once, en dey gimme seven years. So look out, William, en go slow!"—Atlanta Constitution.

LIVE TIGER BAIT.

How Sir Arthur Hewitt Was Made Useful by Savages.

Sir Arthur Hewitt was once used as live bait for a tiger trap.

"It happened in Birmania," he said to a correspondent of the New York Herald, "between Prome and Rangun. The country was ravaged at that time by the predatory bands of Nung Gung Geen, the fiercest native chief we ever had to contend with. I headed a scouting party, and, being overtaken by night at some distance from camp, we lighted fires and lay down to sleep. Some hours later I felt myself lifted bodily from the ground. I had been bound and gagged and in a short time was a prisoner in the stronghold of Gung himself.

"The next morning they brought me before Gung. The moment he saw me he leered hideously.

"'At last,' said he, 'here is one of those English who are invading our country and would reduce us to slavery.'

"Gung's followers now blindfolded me I was thus forced some five miles through the jungle and beaten with sticks all the way. Finally they came to a halt. The bandage was removed from my eyes. Growing accustomed to the light, I discovered a tiger trap ahead. I did not immediately comprehend the purpose of my captors. But my uncertainty did not last long.

"The tiger trap was constructed of bamboo. One section of it was cut from the rest by a network of bamboo rods. This formed the receptacle for the bait. The bait was myself. They stripped me of my clothing, thrust me in and bound me with thongs. Then they made off.

"I did not feel very uneasy at first. For two hours I worked for freedom, but in the end I was forced to admit the hopelessness of the task. Insects alighted on my skin and bit the flesh raw. The sun beat down on my head and into my eyes. I grew faint. Suddenly it occurred to me that a tiger might appear at any moment. However, there was some hope, although the hope was slender. A little native girl had, at the risk of her life, given me a drink of water the day before. This was at a spot near Gung's camp. I bade her hurry off and apprise Captain D'Oyley of my peril. But as the hours wore on I grew despondent. Would the little girl have understood?

"My reflections were interrupted by a light footfall. It was for all the world like that of a timid child. When the sound first reached my ears, no suspicion of tigers entered my head. Suddenly a gorgeous shoulder flashed its stripes through the bamboo. One of the largest tigers I had ever seen, and I had seen many, confronted me. The animal must have weighed 500 pounds. As we gazed into each other's face I was overcome with a peculiar feeling of respect for this specimen of physical perfection.

"It flashed across my mind that this might not be a man eating tiger. In that event it would sniff about the trap and do me no harm. One gigantic paw was raised against the outer door of the trap. The door lifted and fell. The tiger was caught. Only a bamboo paling separated us. The bulky mass advanced toward me. Then the animal stood perfectly motionless.

"My whole body had turned cold, except where the insects left their stings. Those raw spots glowed like so many tiny coals. I stared straight into the tiger's face, not daring to wink an eyelid. I felt that the first movement should come from the enemy. It did. With a roar, the tiger dashed her whole weight against the bamboo rods. The great claws were thrust through and barely

SIR ARTHUR AS TIGER BAIT.

reached me. The tips of them scratched three long streaks in my side. A red tongue was stretched greedily through the bars. There was no doubt now. This was a man eating tiger.

"The peril gave me inconceivable strength. I tried to burst my bonds. But I suddenly recollected that bursting my bonds would do me little good. I was in a trap, like my enemy. I grasped the outer bars of the cage. I drew myself together. The animal almost held me. In another moment my portion of the trap would be invaded.

"Suddenly I saw a glimmer of lights. A confused sound of voices reached me. They were coming nearer. I heard my name pronounced. They were calling me. My voice refused to issue from my throat. But I knew in that instant that the little girl had given the alarm. I am glad to recall that my first impulse was one of gratitude to her.

"My rescuers dared not shoot the tigeress. Gung was in the neighborhood. His bands would have massacred our little company in a moment. It was necessary to attack the tiger with bayonets. It seemed every instant as if the trap would give way under the strain of the leaps of the beast. It took almost an hour to effect my rescue. It is strange that the tiger, harassed on all sides, did not turn and kill me with a stroke of its paw. But the animal lost blood from a hundred wounds. It succumbed. They saved me."

The Truthful Prince.

In his book about Persia, "The Land of the Lion and the Sun," Dr. Wills says that he was once conversing with the king's son, and a large circle of courtiers and priests filled the room. The prince narrated his exploits in hunting the antelope the previous day and gravely stated that while pursuing a pair of ahu when riding a very restive horse his headstall broke.

"What should you have done, doctor?" asked the prince.

"I should have tried to stick on as long as the ground was good and, expecting an accident, have awaited it."

"Ah, that was because you were not a prince," he said. "I leaned forward, and, unclasping my belt, placed it in the horse's mouth as a bridle, and, thus directing him, pursued my game and killed both antelope."

All the circle applauded, as of course they were bound to do. Dr. Wills was silent.

"You don't mean to say you don't believe that?" said the prince. "Speak out if you don't. I shan't be offended in the least."

"Well, your highness, I don't believe it."

"Quite right, darogh bood" (it was a lie), unblushingly replied his royal highness and burst into a fit of laughter quite unabashed. The circle of courtiers, of course, were convulsed.

She Smoked.

A patient of one of the leading specialists who treat polypi in the nose and throat is a woman well known for her work in Sunday schools in this city. She has a record as the organizer of a number of anticigarette leagues among the schoolboys. She came to her doctor the other day. He cheered her greatly by telling her he could cure her quickly and without the use of the knife.

"But you must promise to follow my directions," said the doctor, with the suspicion of a twinkle in his eye.

"Oh, I promise," said the lady.

"Without qualification?" asked the physician.

"Absolutely without qualification," answered the lady.

"Well, then, you must smoke cigarettes!"

The lady gasped. Visions of what might happen if she were seen with a cigarette between her teeth by any of her pupils floated before her, and she almost fainted. But the doctor was inexorable. The lady followed his directions, and in a week the foreign growth in her nose had disappeared. But that doesn't mean that the lady is now a confirmed cigarette smoker.—United States Tobacco Journal.

Chinese Inquests.

Coroners' inquests are well known among the Chinese. One of the chief differences between their system and ours is that the Chinese doctors never dissect. In fact, Chinamen have a perfect horror of dissection.

There are few things more absurd than the code of rules laid down for the Chinese coroner. In the first place, he is bidden to make sure that he has a dead body before he begins his inquest. That, however, is less ridiculous than it sounds, for the heathen Chinee is tricky and may demand an inquest on a sham deceased with a view of extorting money from some person who may be denounced as having caused the death.

The preposterous part of the code comes in with regard to the alleged signs which show the cause of death. If the deceased is supposed to have been poisoned, rice is put into his mouth and then taken out and given to a chicken. Its effect on the fowl decides the question. Most of the other methods adopted are even more absurd and fanciful, and, as a result, inquests in China do very little to prevent crime.—Chicago News.

He Won the Bet.

A showman was making great noise at the front of the exhibition of "wonders" he had on show. A man standing in the crowd, with a little dog beside him, cried out:

"I'll bet you a quid you can't let me see a lion."

"Done!" said the showman eagerly. "Put down your money."

The man placed a sovereign in the hand of a bystander, and the showman did the same.

"Now walk this way," said the showman, "and I'll soon convince you. There!" said he triumphantly. "Look in that corner at the beautiful Numidian lion."

"I don't see any," responded the other.

"What's the matter with you?" asked the showman.

"I'm blind," was the reply, and in a few minutes the blind man pocketed the two sovereigns and went away.

OLD SENATORS.

Many of Them Have Passed the Threescore and Ten Mark.

Four of the oldest men in the senate sit side by side in the front row. They are Pettus of Alabama, who is 78 years old; Cockrell of Missouri, who is 85; Vest, also of Missouri, who is verging on 70, and Morgan of Alabama, who will be 70 next June.

Age has dealt lightly with these four old men with the exception of Senator Vest, who is beginning to give evidence of the weight of threescore years and ten upon his diminutive form, says the Washington Post. Pettus is wonderfully well preserved. He is known as the Confucius of the senate because he looks so wise and is so deliberate in his talk. Cockrell is one of the hardest workers in the senate, and his constant watchfulness while bills are being considered is proverbial. Vest used to be one of the greatest orators and debaters in the body, but of late he has participated but little in the proceedings. Morgan is one of the wise men of the senate. He knows everything about everything. When he was a boy and books were scarce, he used to train his memory by learning to repeat each volume, a chapter at a time. His parents wanted him to become a minister, but he drifted into law and then into politics. He is one of the few men in the senate who have the really broad gauge of a statesman.

Very few of the old men in the senate show their age. No one would ever suspect that Platt of Connecticut was 72 or that Cullom of Illinois was 70 last November. Senator Hawley of Connecticut is 73. Gear of Iowa will be 75 next April, and Hoar of Massachusetts is 73. Senator Teller is still vigorous, with his seventieth birthday rapidly approaching, and Frye is a remarkably young man for the weight of nearly 70 years. Jones of Nevada is 69, while his colleague, Stewart, is 72.

Senator Bate of Tennessee, like the late Senator Harris, will not disclose his age. He must be 70 or thereabout, for he was a soldier in the Mexican war, over half a century ago.—Boston Herald.

Pure Liquid Air.

The color of pure liquid air is a beautiful pale blue. Before an eastern college recently was exhibited two samples of liquid air in glass tubes. One was made from air which had been washed to purify it from dust, soot, carbonic acid and other impurities. This, when condensed, was a pale blue liquid. The other sample was made by condensing some of the air of the lecture room in which the audience was assembled and was an opaque, blackish fluid, resembling soup in appearance.

It would appear as if condensed samples of air might afford an easy means for comparing different kinds of contamination. It may be possible some day to supply the hospitals of tropical countries where the natural air supply is bad and the necessity for a better one very pressing with beautiful blue country air guaranteed absolutely pure. This can never be accomplished, however, until some means have been provided for transporting liquid air to considerable distances without enormous losses, caused by its return to its former state.

The Lash In England's Navy.

Flogging is almost unknown in the British navy nowadays, but it has not been abolished by law. The lash is used as a punishment for a limited number of offenses, and not infrequently years pass without a single application of the lash. Recently, however, an incorrigible character on board one of the warships at Cape Town was sentenced to receive 18 lashes. He became unconscious before the punishment was completed and was sent back to his quarters. The affair has created a great sensation in England and may lead to organized agitation for the abolition of flogging in the navy. Fifty years ago a sentence of 18 lashes would have seemed to the public simply a normal penalty for an infraction of discipline and would have occasioned no comment. Today it is described as brutal.—Boston Transcript.

Good Friday was called Long Friday by the Saxons.

J. D. O'BRIEN,
BROKER IN
Grain, Provisions and Stocks

Private Wire Connection with all Leading Markets. Grain and Securities Bought, Sold and Carried on Margins. Correspondence Solicited. Private Cypher Code Furnished upon Application.

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PAY SCRIP FOR DOMINION LANDS AND SAVE DISCOUNT.

If you have payments less than $80 to make at any Dominion Lands Office send us the amount, less 20 per cent., and we will make the payment and return the Land Office receipt to you. Write for prices for large payments.

ALLOWAY & CHAMPION, WINNIPEG

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS

CUMBERLAND, B.C.

ORCHARD AND GARDEN.

Starvation and neglect are common causes of unproductiveness in the orchard.

Begonias for winter should have liberal watering, with plenty of light, and not be too crowded.

The habit of growth should largely determine the distance apart to plant trees when planning the orchard.

One of the best ways of getting rid of ants is to dust their hills freely and frequently with lime or wood ashes.

In setting out trees or plants it is rarely best to shorten the roots. Simply cut off any that may in any way be injured.

In pruning avoid the extremes of too compact or too open heads. Let the top shade the trunk, yet let in air and light.

Repotting of plants becomes necessary at intervals from two considerations—namely, the plant uses up the fertility in the soil, and fills the pot with roots.

Undesirable fruits or those proved unfitted to the climate may be changed to good ones by grafts, which, spread over the heads, will soon form bearing trees.

While the quality of the Ben Davis apple is not the best, yet, because of its large size, bright red color, productiveness and good keeping qualities, it is one of the most profitable to grow.—St. Louis Republic.

A LIFE SAVED.—Mr. James Bryson, Cameron, states: "I was confined to my bed with inflammation of the lungs, and was given up by the physicians. A neighbor advised me to try Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, stating that his wife had used it for a throat trouble with the best results. Acting on his advice I procured the medicine, and less than a half bottle cured me; I certainly believe it saved my life. It was with reluctance that I consented to a trial, as I was reduced to such a state that I doubled the power of any remedy to do me any good.

The Trouble.

"I want you to tell me plainly, doctor," said the man with the fat government position, "what is the matter with me."

"Well, sir," answered the old doctor, leaning back in his chair and looking at his beefy, red faced patient, "you are suffering from underwork and overpay."—Chicago Tribune.

Why will you allow a cough to lacerate your throat or lungs and run the risk of filling a consumptive's grave, when, by the timely use of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup the pain can be allayed and the danger avoided. This syrup is pleasant to the taste, and unsurpassed for relieving, healing and curing all affections of the throat and lungs, coughs, colds, bronchitis, etc., etc.

The Worm.

"I'd like you to meet my fiancee," said Slangiman spitefully to his former sweetheart. "I tell you she's a bird!"

"Indeed!" she retorted. "And I suppose she must be an early one, inasmuch as she caught you."—Philadelphia Press.

A CAREFULLY PREPARED PILL.—Much time and attention were expended in the experimenting with the ingredients that enter into the composition of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills before they were brought to the state in which they were first offered to the public. Whatever other pills may be, Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are the result of much experiment and study, and all persons suffering from dyspepsia or disordered liver and kidneys may confidently accept them as being what they are represented to be.

Peace Loving Woman.

"Did you pay the grocer and butcher, Amelia?"

"No; there wasn't enough to pay both of them. To pay only one would make trouble, so I just took the money and spent it down town."—Indianapolis Journal.

HOW TO CLEANSE THE SYSTEM.—Parmalee's Vegatable Pills are the result of scientific study of the effects of extracts of certain roots and herbs upon the digestive organs. Their use has demonstrated in many instances that they regulate the action of the Liver and the Kidneys, purify the blood and carry off all morbid accumulations from the system. They are easy to take, and their action is mild and beneficial.

Exactly So.

Jack Falltrades—I've got the refusal of the agency in this town for a patent water bucket.

Asket—Are you going to take it?

Jack Falltrades—Don't know. I won't if I can hold my present job.

Asket—I see. The bucket is only to be used in case of fire.—Philadelphia Press.

The healthy glow disappearing from the cheek and moaning and restlessness at night are sure symptoms of worms in children. Do not fail to get a bottle of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator; it is an effectual medicine.

A woman's logic comes out even in her sharpening a pencil. She makes her point in such queer ways.—Philadelphia Times.

Are your corns harder to remove than those that others have had? Have they not had the same kind? Have they not been cured by using Holloway's Corn Cure? Try a bottle.

Wifely Constancy.

"I have been married for 15 years, and my wife never fails to meet me at the door."

"Wonderful!"

"Yes. She's afraid I might go in without wiping my feet."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Keep MINARD'S LINIMENT in the House.

WINNIPEG INDUSTRIAL.

Winnipeg, March 17.—At the first meeting of the Winnipeg Industrial exhibition board held on Friday afternoon, the following were present: Messrs. A. J. Andrews, president; F. W. Thompson, vice-pesident; Ald. Barclay, Ald. Speirs, D. E. Sprague, Stephen Nairn, T. W. Taylor, J. T. Gordon, F. W. Drewry, G. F. Galt, I. M. Ross, J. Arbuthnot and G. H. Greig.

The prize list committee reported and recommended that it having been found impossible to have a creditable exhibit of field roots or garden vegetables at an early summer fair, it was decided to take these classes out of the present prize list, and hold a fall exhibition for field roots and garden vegetables, under the auspices of the association.

A report from the attractions committee shows they have not been idle and this feature will be on a scale beyond anything ever seen before, as $15,000 will be devoted to the purpose of securing the very best class of entertainment in this line.

The speeding events will be as follows:

Free-for-all	$ 700
Ladies' plate	400
Two minute	300
Manitoba Derby	400
3-4 mile dash, handicap	200
The great cross-country steeple chase cup	200
Stallion race, trot or pace	300
7-8 dash, all ages	200
1-2 mile heats, all ages	200
Mixed trot or pace	300
Ponies, 14 1-2, 1-2 mile heats	150
1 1-4 dash, 4 year old and up	250
5 1-2 furlong's dash, handicap	200
2.30 dash	300
1 1-8 mile dash, handicap	300
2.35 dash	300
Hurdle race	200
Farmers' green	100
Farmers' open	100

This is the greatest programme ever presented at any racing meet in Canada.

A BATTLE SCENE.

Arrangements are being made whereby it is hoped the committee in charge will be able to secure one of the greatest spectacular war productions ever devised; the scene being laid in South Africa and will represent something like the relief of Ladysmith or other startling features of the war. It is suggested that double the amount of grand stand accommodation be provided and the manager has been instructed to offer each school pupil a badge to be good for admittance on Monday, July 23. Mr. Heubach will also visit British Columbia and endeavor to have a large exhibit from that province.

The railways will give free transportation for exhibits from Manitoba and the Territories and very low rates from British Columbia and the east.

A Boy's Bad Sprain.

Mr. B. Bennie, of Union Mines, B.C., writes: "My son Samuel Bennie got his leg crushed and bruised in the mines seven weeks ago. The swelling never fully left it until we tried Griffiths' Menthol Liniment. On the first application the swelling and soreness entirely left it, and the muscles began to loosen up so much that the same evening he was able to use his foot freely for the first time. I consider it the best liniment known." All druggists, 25 cents.

SHE KNEW HIM.

Why His Efforts to Square Himself Fell to the Ground.

The little hours had crawled up to the comb of the roof of night and fallen over until three of them were rolling down the far side toward the caves of morning when a solitary footman might have been seen slipping into his own house with his shoes in his hand.

How needless, oh, how needless are oftentimes the devices of man! How nugatory and void are oftentimes his most painstaking efforts!

His wife was wide awake and waiting for him when he entered the sanctified seclusion of their apartment.

"I was so afraid of waking you, dear," he staminered as he let the shoes fall from his nerveless grasp to the floor with a couple of dull thuds so close together they seemed as one.

She asked him in a stone cold voice where he had been to be getting in at that time of night.

He thanked heaven for an opportunity to explain, and he told her a harrowing tale of business and delayed trains and telephones out of order and telegraph wires down and no messengers that would have moved a heart of marble.

She never said a word as she looked straight at him.

"Do you doubt me?" he said as if indignant at the implied suspicion of her silence, and then pleadingly: "Do you doubt me? Oh, Mary, how can you?"

Her face softened, and the fixity of her eyes relaxed.

"No, William," she responded almost gently. "No; I do not doubt you. At first there might have been some doubt in my mind, but now, thank heaven, there is none! Not a shadow, William, and I'm as sure that you are lying as that you are standing before me!"

Then William bowed his head in shame and turned up the gas—at her request—so she could get a better look at him.—Washington Star.

MINARD'S LINIMENT Lumberman's Friend.

CATARRH CAN Be Cured.

Japanese Catarrh Cure

has successfully coped with this most dangerous disease, and cured to stay cured.

Miss A. Knott, of Beachville, Ont., writes: "If we had only known of Japanese Catarrh Cure years ago, my father would have been saved from spending hundreds of dollars, and I would have been free from the constant pain and annoyance of this most disgusting disease. I have had catarrh for years. My head was stuffed up so that I could not breathe through my nostrils. My breath was very impure. I had almost a constant pain in my head and over my eyes. Nothing I could get gave me permanent relief, until using Japanese Catarrh Cure. From the very first it gave me relief, and in a short time had removed the accumulation so that I could breathe freely through the nostrils. The pain left my head and eyes. Its effect upon my breath was truly wonderful, purifying and removing every vestige of the unpleasant odor, and during the past year since using this reme y have not felt th least sign of my former trouble. I can highly recommend it, and know of several others in our neighborhood whom it has cured."

Sold by all druggists. 50 cents. A free sample sent to any address. Enclose 5-cent stamp. Address, The Griffiths & Macpherson Co., 121 Church street, Toronto.

THE CYNIC.

A man's reminiscences are nearly always tiresome.

Men tell their troubles to a policeman, and the women hunt up a preacher.

How long useless, troublesome people hang on! How easily useful people die!

While every one agrees out loud that there is no place like home, he reserves to himself the opinion that homes differ.

When the wind blows a lot of loose hair around a girl's face, it is never as becoming as the description sounded in the novels she has read.

There are too many church people in the world who think that the assurance that "the Lord will reward you for this" is sufficient pay for work done.—Atchison Globe.

A LONG-DISTANCE MESSAGE.

From Dexter to Toronto Welcome News Is Sent.

Toronto, March 19.—An example of the great distance to which good news is carried, in the shortest possible period, is furnished in the letter quoted below. In itself the communication is deeply interesting, as showing how some people face and conquer difficulties of an apparently insurmountable nature.

Dexter, Sept. 8th, 1898.

Arnold Chemical Co., Limited.

Dear Sirs,—Kindly send me, by return mail, three large boxes and four sample boxes of your pills, which I want for friends of mine. Our local physician treated me for three years, and I took so much medicine, without effect, that I believed my case hopeless. Seeing your advertisement, I decided to try Dr. Arnold's English Toxin Pills, and I must say they have made a new woman of me. No woman ever suffered more from irregularities and womb troubles than I did. I often had to quit my work entirely. Finally we all thought I was going into consumption. When I began using your pills I weighed 97 pounds, and was so weak I could hardly stand. Now I weigh 107½ pounds, and am a new woman entirely, all through using Dr. Arnold's English Toxin Pills, which have banished my pains and irregularities—for ever I am confident. Minnie Livermore.

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

An Insinuation.

"I simply had to do it," said Mr. Erastus Pinkly in an apologetic tone. "I had to draw my razzer so's to hol' up my character."

"Did he slander you behind your back?"

"No, sub; 'twas to my face. He axed me what business I was in, an' I says, 'Raisin chickens.' Den he looked at me solemn an says, 'You doesn' mean "raisin," you means "liftin."' "—Washington Star.

Hotel Balmoral, Montreal. Free Bus. Am. P. $1.50 up. E. P. $1.00 up.

Agony of Eczema.

Couldn't sleep at night with the torture.

Eczema, or Salt Rheum as it is often called, is one of the most agonizing of skin diseases, nothing but torture during the day and two fold torture at night.

But there's a remedy permanently cures the worst kind of Eczema—relieves the itching, burning and smarting and soon leaves the skin smooth and healthy.

It is Burdock Blood Bitters.

Mrs. Welch, Greenbank, Ont., tried it and here is what she says:

"B.B.B. cured me of Eczema three years ago and I have had no return of it since. I was so bad that I could not sleep at night with it.

"Being told of B.B.B. I tried it, and two bottles made a perfect and permanent cure."

LUCAS, STEELE & BRISTOL
Importers of Groceries
Write us. Hamilton, Ont.

Circle Teas
L.S. & B. Coffees
L.S. & B. Extracts
L.S. & B. Spices

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

Senator Cox on Life Insurance.

Hon. Geo. A. Cox's speech at the annual meeting of the Canada Life lately has made a most favorable impression in insurance and financial circles. President Cox said: It is a matter of satisfaction that the new business of the year just closed largely exceeds that of the best year in the company's history. From every part of the Dominion came these evidences of approval and confidence.

I think it proper, however, to say that it is not my intention nor of those responsible for the management of the Company to depart from the conservative principles by which it has been so long conducted. I believe in building on foundations that will stand the strain and stress of years. Whether in the securing of business or in making investments, I prefer to look at the matter as it is likely to appear ten, twenty, thirty years hence, and I am content to sacrifice transient success for absolute security and the permanent welfare of those whose interests are wrapped up in this institution. At the same time I think we should not be doing our duty if we did not seek to keep the Canada Life thoroughly abreast of the times, both in its agencies and at head office. "Conservative Progress" will, therefore, be our motto.

The most important matter dealt with in the report, viz., the quinquennial investigation. That is always an eventful period, but especially so on this occasion, for the reason that the life companies are now brought face to face with a most serious practical problem, viz., the readjustment of their finances due to the permanent fall that has taken place in the rate of interest. Many persons who are not familiar with life assurance finance do not realize the important place which interest holds in the foundations of a life company. Without its interest income a life company would soon become insolvent. It is not alone from the premiums, but from the interest as well, that claims must be met, and if interest is likely to fall below what has been assumed then the security of a company's contracts is endangered. Moreover, the securing of a rate of interest larger than that assumed in a company's calculations is one of its main sources of profit. Hence it is of the highest importance that the margin of interest for profit should be maintained.

President Cox here gave illustrations to prove the almost criminal negligence that would be involved in blissfully closing one's eyes to facts before us and gently drifting either into ultimate insecurity or into a condition devoid of earning power. Hence, in face of a rate of interest that has permanently fallen and will in all probability continue for some time to fall, the advocates of an immediate division of a nominal surplus may defeat their own object and prejudice their own interest by impairing the stability of a company from which their children may obtain little because they themselves have already eaten the fruit. Therefore, it becomes at times the bounden duty of those charged with the administration of a great trust to maintain people's interests, even against their own opinions.

Under the amended Insurance Act of last session all the companies must now hold their reserves on new business upon a 3½ per cent. interest basis and must further proceed to bring the reserves on all existing business to the same basis. As generous creditors sometimes do for respectable debtors, the Government has granted an extension of time in which any company, however weak, might easily meet its obligations under existing contracts. But a law which is framed to aid the weak should not be used to blind the strong.

In order to place before our Directors just what was involved in passing to the higher standard, it was decided during last year to ask our Actuarial Department to make a detailed valuation of our 37,000 policies upon the Hm. 3½ per cent. basis. In addition to this, two other full detailed valuations were made, viz., one upon the Actuaries' Table and interest at 4 per cent., and the other upon American Experience 4 per cent. Table. Never has such an exhaustive investigation of its policy liabilities been undertaken by the Company. But the results prove of great value and interest. While the Actuarial Department was busily engaged in measuring up the policy liabilities on different bases, the newly-appointed Treasurer was hard at work taking stock of our assets. When the two sides of our Balance Sheet came together, therefore, it was a matter of great satisfaction that the Company was found in possession of a substantial surplus over all liabilities, even upon the high standard of Hm. 3½ per cent.—the new Government basis.

EXPERT OPINIONS.

In order to have the benefit of independent expert opinion as to how far the Company should now go towards meeting the new Government standard, it was decided to lay the whole situation before two distinguished Actuaries, one English and the other American. The gentlemen selected were H. W. Manly, F.I.A., of London, England, the President of the Institute of Actuaries of Great Britain, and Mr. David Parks Fackler, Consulting Actuary of New York, ex-President of the Actuarial Society of America. Mr. Manly, who, by the way, holds the highest office in the gift of British actuaries, is so strongly convinced of the necessity and advantages of the adoption of the new 3½ per cent. basis that he did not hesitate to recommend its immediate adoption. "After weighing," he says, "all the arguments in favor of or against either of the courses open, I am strongly of the opinion that it would be better for the Company and for the policy-holders generally to make the change at once, even if you have to pass a bonus altogether." Mr. Manly's exhaustive report, as well as that of Mr. Fackler, will be printed for the benefit of our policy-holders.

Mr. Fackler's opinion would have supported a like conservative course, but he also looked favorably upon a proposal that was under consideration by the Directors, viz., the paying of a moderate bonus to policy-holders upon this occasion and then during the present quinquennial period passing to the full 3½ per cent. standard.

Our own Actuary, Mr. F. Sanderson, M.A., A.I.A., F.S.S., who deservedly stands high in his own profession and whom the Directors regard as one of the most able, reliable and conservative Actuaries in Canada, would have preferred the immediate adoption of the Hm. 3½ per cent. standard, but after a careful consideration of the question in all its bearings he was quite in accord with the medium course that has been pursued.

LA HISPANIA KHEDIVE AND RED CROSS CIGARS

Are positively guaranteed Pure Havana Filler, and will please the most fastidious smoker.

The yearly increase of sales proves an appreciative public. Manufactured only by

GEO. F. BRYAN & CO., WINNIPEG.

THE NATIONAL LIFE OF CANADA

Issues a Policy New to Insurers. Take One Out Now.

Nares, Robinson & Black, Managers.
Peter Dickson, Agent for Man. and N. W. T.
WINNIPEG, MAN.

THE GORDON CIGAR
Manufactured by THOS. LEE, Winnipeg.

OXYDONOR.

When the doctors give you up try our Oxydonor. It is better and cheaper than going to California, as it furnishes purest of Oxygen to the system by nature's laws, discovered by Dr. Sanche. Sub-dealers wanted in each town in Manitoba. Address W. T. Gibbons, Grain Exchange, Winnipeg. Mr. John Butler, Winnipegosis, writes: "Your Oxydonor is a wonderful thing and has made a new man of me. I have also cured one man in eight hours of a bad case of lumbago."

We have dozens of similar testimonials.

USE EDDY'S BRUSHES

THE MOST DURABLE ON THE MARKET.

HIGH GRADE PLOWS, SEEDING MACHINES, Carriages, Wagons, Barrows, Windmills, &c. COCKSHUTT PLOW CO., Winnipeg.

HEIRS TO FORTUNES

Persons entitled or expecting to inherit money or estates left in the old countries should know that millions await heirs of their descendants in this country. Book of names sent on receipt of 10 cents.

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THE CUMBERLAND NEWS
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, MAY 15th, 1900

Our standard bearer, Lewis Mounce. The people's candidate. The local man of wholly local interests.

WAR NEWS.

London, May 4.—Lord Roberts has advanced and captured Bradfort. He says "We occupied Beadfort to day without much opposition and without many casualties. The Boer army under Commander Oliver retired in a north easterly direction

London, May 4.—In yesterday's flanking movement Gapt. Towse and fifty Gordon Highlanders were surrounded by 250 Boers who demanded their surrender. Cap Towse ordered his men to fix bayonets and charge with a wild cheer. The Gordons rushed the enemy and swept them with great slaughter. Capt. Towse was blinded in both eyes by the enemy's fire and throughout behaved most heroically.

London, May 4.—News of occupation of Branjotis considered the most important communication received from the front since capture of Cronjie and relief of Ladysmith. Lord Roberts' headquarters are now at Bradfort which 40 miles nearer Pretoria. The Boers have evacuated Thaba Nahu.

Warrenton, May 4.—Cape Colony British gun opened unexpectedly on Boer laager at a distance of seven and a half miles, throwing hundred pound shells with wonderful accuracy and causing retreat of enemy. The bombardment continues to day. The Boers being driven from their shelter and their guns put of action.

Alival North, May 4.—Smithfield was occupied yesterday by Gen. Harbridge. Out of the 150 Boers in the town 25 were captured and the rest decamped.

London, May 5.—War Office posted today the following from Lord Roberts, dated Brandfort: The mounted infantry have gone to the Vet River she rest of the force will reach their destination to-morrow. The railway has been repaired to Brandfort. Hunter reports very satisfactory news that the passage of the Vaal has been carried at Windsortown without opposition.

London, May 5. Lord Roberts is losing no time in following up the advantage gained by the occupation of Brandfort and his whole forces are moving on Winburg Gen. Hamilton seems to be midwuy between Heut Nek and Winburg and Gen. Oliver's commando from Wepener is occupying Thoon Patchet between Thaba Nchu, Ladybrand and Winburg. The country is rough and suited for Boer tactics so the British are liable tr be considerably harassed before the capture of the stronghold. Experts differ as to whether Lord Roberts is bound towards Kroonstadt or Bethlem, the latter place is the terminus of line joining with the Natal railway to Van Runens pass and the capture of that place would compel the Boers to leave the Drakenburg range and open the way for Gen. Bullers advance.

London, May 7.—Lord Roberts wires that he has crossed the Vet River and captured Smalldell. details of the crossing of Vet River by British are as follows: The Boers forces were entrenched on the opposite bank prepared to contest a situation The British guns were brought into play and a terrific hell fire was directed on the Boer lines. at the same time the Queenslanders under a heavy fire dashed across the river and advancing in the open completely turned the Boer line. It was dusk but nothing could stop the gallant Australians. They pushed on again to commanding kopjies and by brilliant movements and continuous rifle fire drove off the enemy in the darkness The first gleam of sunshine this morning found the enemy in full flight and our men after them. By 9 o'clock this morning we entered Smalldell and gained important point. The Boers lost 40 killed, 25 captured and 2 guns.

London, May 7.—General Hamilton has captured Winburg. Been confirmed by War officials. He is giving the Boers no rest and that they are falling back hurriedly. He entered Winburg to-day after a quick fight in which the Boers fell back so quickly that one their guns in addition to maxim was abandoned.

The enemy are in full retreat towards Kroonstadt. The British casualties were 1 killed, 3 missing and 15 wounded.

Lord Roberts is nine miles north of the Vet river now and sixty-nine miles north of Bloemfontein and is pushing towards Pretoria fast as possible.

Gen. Hunter is pushing steadily forward direction of Mafeking aided of the aggressiveness of Bartons and Paget brigades. The critics of afternoon papers view the situation with greatest satisfaction. Word of relief now hourly awaited.

A despatch from Warrenton says the Boers have been driven out of Fourteen Streams and British are now encamped on north bank of Vaal River.

London, May 8—The Boers are everywhere retiring before the British, except on the Natal frontier and at Mafeking they appear determined not to fight until the Kroonstadt hills are reached.

Roberts wires that the railway outside Brandfort is badly wrecked. Every few yards charges of rackarock has been laid under the rails. This might have created loss of life but was discovered by an Australian soldier. In spite of these wrecked railroads the British advance goes on steadily. The outposts advanced 12 miles to-day.

Lorenzo Marquese, May 8—Commandant Smymen is so alarmed at the prospect of having his retreat cut off that he has appealed for permission to retire northward from Mafeking to intercept Col. Plumer.

Cape Town, May 8—Lord Roberts' phenomenal advance is not only utterly demorilizing the Boers but is striking terror into the rebel colonists. The relief of Mafeking is expected at any moment.

London, May 18—The Standard hears that information has been officially received of a plot to assassinate Lord Roberts. The latter was warned and that telegrams are now passing between the authorities and Roberts on the subject. Despatch from Mafeking, April 5 says determined attack took place but was repulsed, the enemy retiring.

London, May 9.—Four thousand British cavalry watered their horses at the Seind River yesterday, 35 miles beyond smalldall, showing the advance continues. The scouts who have been searching country for miles have found no Boers south of the river. The British advance guard is now within 45 miles of Broonstadt. The Free-Staters in expectation that Kroonstadt will become untenable have transferred their government to Heilbron.

London, May 9.—War Office has issued following from Lord Roberts: "General Hutton with mounted infantry, reconnoitered yestereay to the Seind River and found enemy in considerable. General Broadwood's brigade with General Hamilton's force performed the same operation with much the same results. General Hutton reports that he occupied Fourteen Streams yesterday with opposition, owing to dispositions made by General Paget on left bank of Vaal River at Warrenton where his artillery fire rendered the enemy's position practically untenable. A six inch gun was found most useful when the sixth and half of Fifth Brigade of infantry advanced under cover of artillery. The enemy retired, abandoning their clothing, ammunition and personal effects."

Warrenton, May 8.—A British camp is now being formed at 14 Streams. The old railroad bridge can be repaired in a week The Boer prisoners say the Boers who number 10,000 men are now on their way to Christiana.

London, May 8—The besieged at Mafeking calebrated two hundredth days of the siege with horse dinners. Col. Baden Powell sent a message to Lord Roberts expressing hope and says everything runs like clock work and everyone in best of spirits.

According to Pretoria advices the British are nearing Veryburg which is half way between Warrenton and Mafeking. The living force consists of 8 000 men. A Cape Town correspondent learns that an important movement in Natal is expected within the next four days. Gen. Buller is rapidly completing his transport organization.

Smalldael, May 9.—It is reported the federals are quitting Seind River and taking up position at Bosherd, south of Kroonstadt Large number of Kaffirs came in and delivered their musers and horses to British. They affirm that there is a bitter quarrel between Free Staters and the Transvaalers, which is likely to end in speedy surrender of the former.

Cape Town May 10.—It's believed here that on the arrival of the British at the Vaal River a proclamation was issued annexing the Orange Free State to England.

Smalldell 10.—Yesterday General Hutton attempted to seize a Boer convoy that was leaving the Zand River, he advanced towards the river, along which line of wagons was plainly visible. On becoming aware of Hutton's object the Boers stopped their retreat and opened fire with 10 guns. They seemed in great force and threatened Hutton's flank. Presently mounted Boers were seen crossing the dry bed of the river. They circled to the right and began to infilade the west Australian, whilemany of British were hit by Boer shells. The position became serious. The Boers sent re-enforcements placing the Australians in danger of being cut off. Thereupon General Hutton ordered a retirement to Willgau where his convoy was. The Boers continued to shell the retiring troops, but showed no desire to press the attack, meanwhile the Boer's trains steamed away northward blowing up the culverts as they went.

While skirmishing yesterday General Hutton's brigade captured sixty prisoners.

From Boer scouts come a report that in a skirmish outside Mafeking, May 5 Colonel Baden-Powell was wounded.

London, 10.—It's officially announced that the British have crossed the Zand River and that the Boers are being pushed back from their strong positions.

Zand River, March 10.—12:30 p.m.—Enemy in full retreat. Enemy occupied a position 20 miles in length, ours was longer. I hope our casualties are light. The cavalry and horse artillery are pursuing the enemy by three different routes, now 20 miles from Kroonstadt.

London, May 10.—Lord Roberts wires saying: I have received a most cheery telegram from Baden Powell dated 27th April.

London, May 10.—Crossing of Zand River appears to have been sooner than expeceed. The British are sweeping everything before them so far and the advance continues, with rapidity.

London, May 11.—The Boers are now approaching their final agony. Lord Roberts has 50,000 men behind the Zand River, with Gen. Buller there are 30,000 and with Gen, Hunter 10,000. Against the pressure of these various columns, the Boers can make no effective resistance. A collapse must follow the first battle in which the Boers make a determined stand and are well beaten. The advance goes on with rapidity.

London, May 11—Lord Roberts telegraphs from Reitz Spruit as follows: We have had a successful day and have driven the enemy from point to point. Gen. French and other brigades crossed the Zand being opposed continuously by the enemy. Pole-Carew's division and Gordons crossed the river near the railway bridge. Gen. Hamilton's column met with stubborn resistance and Smithson's brigade was engaged some hours in protecting the rear and flank of his force. Casualties light.

Despatch from Reitz Spruit says the gvard of Boers with their guns resisted the advance but the mounted British with two batteries and pompoms cleared the way. Boer loss heavy.

Reitz Spruit, May 10.—Boers opposed British advance holding positions north of second drift along the whole lines from Gen. Hamilton on the east and Gen. Hutton on the west. Artillery was engaged. The Sussex regiment charged a kopjie at the point of the bayonet and the Lancashire captured another. Our loss insignificient. Boers are fightidg half hearteply and Free Staters are sick of war. The enemy has been routed at every point.

POLITICAL NEWS.

Victoria, May 11.—Government party announce Premier will return on May 22nd, not likely to go to Comox. Government supporters say Ryder will have a walk over there. John Bryden aeturned from North Nanaimo last night. He says he feels quite confident from a quiet canvas he conducted of winning there.

Victoria, May 8.—Full court decided judgment in Regina vs. Union Colliery affirmidg the conviction. The case was an appeal from $5,000 awards by Judge Walkem for Trent river accident. Court evenly divided, consequently the conviction will stand.

Alberni, May 8.—A. W. Neill of this place announces he will run as Independent Liberal.

Nanaimo, May 7.—Ralph Smith left for Alberni to-day, before going he said his mission now would be to bring out independent labor candidate for coming election.

Victoria, May 10.—Rumors in circulation to effect that J. C. Brown accepted a portfolio only an arrangement was reached providing in event, Government being sustained premiership to be thrown open and Government supporters asked to decide between Martin and Btown.

Tacoma, May 5.—Str. Tacoma from Yokahama arrived yesterday reports that 30,000 Japs are coming to British Columbia and that ewo thousand more are now on the way.

Good Clothes are worth the price asked for them.

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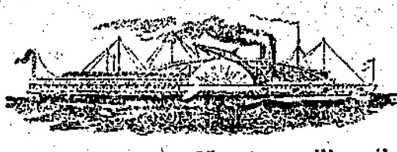

Steamship City of Nanaimo will sail as follows, calling at way ports as freight and passengers may offer.

Leave Victoria for Nanaimo
Tuesday 7 a.m.
Nanaimo for Comox,
Wednesday 7 a.m.
Comox for Nanaimo
Friday 8 a.m.
Nanaimo for Victoria,
Saturday 7 a.m.

OR Freight tickets and Stateroom Apply on board,
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FLAMES MAY LAST CENTURIES.

The most extraordinary feature of the Arctic regions has now been discovered. It is a burning cliff 2,000 feet in height and 20 miles long, the whole of which is a mass of flames and smoke.

This amazing discovery has been made by Professor A. J. Stone, of the American Museum of Natural History, the story of whose explorations along the northernmost coast of North America is interesting and instructive.

Professor Stone visited points of the Arctic never before explored. This may be the reason why the gigantic burning cliff which he discovered has never been referred to in the reports of previous Arctic explorers.

When seen from afar, Professor Stone at first supposed that the great cloud of smoke issuing from the burning cliff was a coming storm. He ordered his party into a stone camp, where all went to sleep. The following morning the cloud was still there. Professor Stone then resolved to investigate, and with two others crossed an ice field approaching the land as night fell.

Then in the darkness it was seen that the party were in the immediate neighborhood of a gigantic conflagration, reflection could be seen from afar. The party camped about a mile out from the shore.

Thousands of glowing apertures extended for miles along the coast. They were at varying levels, from the top of the high cliff to almost the bottom. From them the smoke exuded in puffs and in steady streams. The ice fields around reflected the fire from these blazing furnaces of coal and the hummocks of the ice field gleamed with red and orange fires. Overhead was a great pall of dense black smoke. The smell of burning lignite and sulphur became almost unbearable.

At intervals huge chunks of burning coal rolled down the side of the cliff, and far out onto the ice. These glowing masses blackened as they fell and broke into thousands of pieces, scattering their remnants over the ice and marring its purity with a smudge that had attracted Professor Stone's attention when approaching the cliff. When the wind shifted from the land the smoke was dense and breathing became difficult.

These strata zigzagged their way across the irregular face of the cliff and were seldom more than four or five inches wide, but in some instances a foot thick. The burning material, while largely composed of lignite, is probably made up of several combustible chemical substances. Owing, however, to the impossibility of climbing the cliff, Professor Stone was unable to ascertain the exact composition of the burning material. The cliffs are high and steep and cut into pinnacles and chimneys. These chimneys, not from great black crevices which were burning strata of coal.

As dawn came on the party was able to observe the burning cliff more distinctly. To its great height, almost 2,000 feet, it was afire. From crevices, from the bottom almost to the top, the smoke poured as if from a volcano. Smoke oozed from the soil in puffs and with great regularity, as from a chimney, being intersected with the inflammable strata, have not burned and stand out against the glowing background. They are extremely picturesque and convey the same effect as do the Bad Lands of Dakota, except that the latter are not uncovered and have been created by water erosion, while those in the Arctics have been eaten away by fire.

One of the most remarkable and beautiful features of these miles of burning coast line is the variety of color that they present. Overhead is the pall of dense black smoke; below the blue gleam of the eternal Arctic ice. On the wall of this burning cliff is a variety of rich, warm tones from cream to a deep, rich red, all the shades of terra cotta.

Between the strata of burning coal are layers of clay. The constant burning of the many seams of lignite in the face of the cliff has created sufficient heat to turn the clay into terra cotta. As this has burned it has tumbled down the face of the cliff in vari-colored streams until it assumes the appearance of a wall down which ribbons of every warm and rich color have fallen. During the thousands of years this wall has probably been burning it has been seriously undermined, and this has produced the great chimneys or towers of rock which stand isolated from the mass, but streaked and stained by the fires that have surrounded it.

On top of this burning cliff the country extends far inland in a level plain devoid of snow and ice. This would indicate that the burning coal strata extended for a great distance horizontally below the surface. In places the surface is so hot that a man cannot walk upon it. The smoke and heat exude through the porous soil. It might be asked how the fires could burn so far below the surface and behind the face of the cliff. The hot air from the burning lignite rises, it is supposed, through the earth and creates a vacuum, which is filled by a rush through the crevices left by the burned out coal. The burning seams extend for an unknown distance beneath the surface.

For several days Professor Stone's party followed the walls of burning lignite along the coast of Franklin Bay, and only left them at the Constable River, also discovered by this expedition. From where the burning wall was first discovered until its end, at Constable River, is exactly twenty miles. In this length millions of tons of coal are being consumed almost every day, and the heat and energy generated in them is incalculable, but in the frozen North, surrounded by perpetual snow and ice, these fires are useless and lost.

Where did this coal which perpetually burns in the Arctics come from? The seams are very narrow and imperfect. Professor Stone has an idea that they were formed by great beds of seaweed or kelp. The Mackenzie River, which flows through this country, is one of the greatest on the continent. It is from one to two miles broad and very deep. Its tributaries are all great streams—the Athabasca, the Liard and the Peace. It drains an immense lake system, in which many of the lakes are very large, notably the Great Bar and Great Slave, each of which is one hundred and fifty miles wide. Its small feeders extend to as far as Winnipeg, almost on the northern borders of the United States.

In the far past millions of tons of driftwood went down these streams and into the great sea that washes North America's most northerly coast, and were cast back upon its shores. This is probably where the coal that is burning on the shore of Franklin Bay came from. Or was it left on the shores in the days of the mamoth, thousands of years ago, when the vegetation of the Arctics was as luxuriant as that of the equator of today?

When you have anything to say to a mule say it to his face.—Chicago News.

LAUNCHING JAPANESE SHIPS.

The Japanese apply one of their many pretty ways to the launching of ships. They use no wine, but hang over the ship's prow a large pasteboard cage full of birds. The moment the ship is afloat a man pulls a string, when the cage opens, and the birds fly away, making the air alive with music and the whirr of wings. The idea is that the birds thus welcome the ship as she begins her career as a thing of life.

The Elephant—"Professional life would not be so bad if it were not for the long jumps." The Kangaroo—"Oh, I don't mind them."—Baltimore American.

THE SERVANT GIRL IS HUMAN.

And Should be Treated with as Much Consideration as Other Mortals.

"In looking after your servant do not overlook the fact that she is a woman, and very human, with all the likes and dislikes, the love of pleasure, rest and recreation possessed by other human beings," writes Mrs. S. T. Rorer in the May Ladies' Home Journal. "If she has not had the advantages of education, and knows but little of the world, remember that she is so much the more to be pitied. Women, as a class, from lack of proper training, are not businesslike. The housewife retains the responsibility of all the detail work rather than give it over to her servant; hence the lack of interest and responsibility on the part of the average maid. If the housewife would but allow her servant to become responsible for the great bulk of the detail work much confusion would be avoided. Persons become responsible only by having responsibility placed upon them, and servants, as a rule, feel the importance of their work according to the trust which is reposed in them and the responsibility which is placed on them."

On one of the northern lines there was an old gentleman who had travelled between the same stations for years, and was consequently known by all the porters at the stations.

As he used a "season," he very seldom carried his ticket. One day an inspector, who was new to the district, was examining all tickets. Going up to the old gentleman, he said:

"Ticket, sir, please?"

"My face is my ticket," was the reply.

"Well," said the inspector, baring a brawny arm, "my orders are to punch all tickets."—London Answers.

BEST AGE FOR MEN TO MARRY.

Not Until They Have Passed Twenty-five Should They Take a Wife.

Edward Bok, writing in the May Ladies' Home Journal, on "A Boy for a Husband," contends that "no young man under twenty-five years of age is in any sense competent to take unto himself a wife. Before that age he is simply a boy who has absolutely nothing which he can offer a girl as a safe foundation for life-happiness. He is unformed in his character, unsettled in his ideas, absolutely ignorant of the first essentials of what consideration or love for a woman means. He doesn't know himself, let alone knowing a woman. He is full of fancies, and it is his boyish nature to flit from one fancy to another. He is incapable of the affection upon which love is based, because he has not lived long enough to know what the feeling or even the word means. He is full of theories, each one of which, when he comes to put it into practice, will fail. He is a boy pure and simple, passing through that trying period through which every boy must pass before he becomes a man. But that period is not the marrying time. For as his opinions of life are to change, so are his fancies of the girl he esteems as the only girl in the world to make him happy. The man of thirty rarely weds the girl whom he fancied when he was twenty."

Even the girl who marries for love doesn't always get it.—Somerville Journal.

"Joppo, you make nice, fine garden beds."

"Yes, when my wife sets me to digging I'm mad enough to pulverize everything that comes in my way."

"Is a man influenced more by heredity or by envioronment?"

"Hump! If heredity brings a man money he can make his own environment."

ETIQUETTE OF THE DANCE.

Customs Which Polite Society Approves as Being in Good Form and Quite Correct.

When a man is presented to a young woman at a dance he usually says almost at once, "May I have the pleasure of this dance?"

After dancing and walking about the rooms two or three times the young man may take the girl back to her chaperon and plead another engagement—or better, she suggests that he take her to her place near her mother or chaperon.

The lady is the one to first intimate her desire to stop dancing.

If a man hold a girl too tightly she should drop her hand from his shoulder, so as to bring it between her partner and herself. If he does not take the hint let her stop dancing at once under some pretext so evident that he may realize her displeasure or disapproval.

A chaperon should not be lacking in personal dignity; nor should she dance while her charge is unprovided with a partner.

A girl should be attentive to her mother or her chaperon, presenting her friends to her and occasionally stopping to say a few words.

Both young men and maidens should be careful to remember that their dancing engagements must be kept.

A girl must not refuse to dance with one man under some pretext, and then dance with another; neither should she dance with the same man more than two or three times.

A young man invited to a house should dance as early as possible with the daughters of his hostess, and pay them every possible attention.—Mrs. Burton Kingsland in May Ladies' Home Journal.

Esquimalt & Nanaimo Ry.

TIME TABLE EFFECTIVE NOV. 19TH, 1898.

VICTORIA TO WELLINGTON.

No. 2 Daily. A.M.		No. 4 Saturday P.M.
De. 9:00	Victoria	De. 4:25
" 9:23	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.
De. 8:05	Wellington	De. 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.

For rates and all information apply at Company's Offices.

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

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JAMES ABRAMS.

SUNDAY SERVICES

TRINITY CHURCH.—SERVICES in the evening: REV. J. X. WILLEMAR rector.

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. Fr. Verbeke, Pastor. Mass on Sundays at 11 o'clock a. m. Sunday School in the afternoon.

We have just received a new supply of Ball Programme Cards, New Style Business Cards and a few Nice Memorial Cards. Also some extra heavy Blue Envelopes. Call and see.

The NEWS Job Department.

NOTICE.

ALL PERSONS having claims against Henry William Ross of Comox, B. C., are requested to send the particulars thereof in writing to me at Comox, on or before the 30th day of May, 1900, I will not be liable for any claims sent in after that date.

Dated this 25th day of April, 1900.

HENRY WILSON ROSS.

THE NEWS War Bulletin gives all the latest news of the Transvaal. Subscribe for the Bulletin and keep posted on the war. Price per month $1.00 or 5 cts. per copy.

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Notice.

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NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that an application will be made to the Legislative Assembly of the Province of British Columbia, at its next session, for an Act to incorporate a Company with power to construct, equip, operate and maintain a railway of standard or any other guage, to be operated by steam, electricity or any other motive power, from a point on Johnston Strait, Vancouver Island, a short distance west of Chatham Point, thence in a southerly direction by the most feasible route, to a point on or near Upper Campbell Lake on the said Island, and a further line of railway from a point on said Johnston Strait, a short distance east of Bear River, thence in a southerly direction by the most feasible route, to a point on or near the North end of Bear Lake, and with power to construct, equip, operate and maintain necessary branch lines; and to build and operate tramways in connection therewith, and with power to construct, operate and maintain all necessary roads, bridges, ways, ferries and other works, and to build, own and maintain wharves and docks in connection therewith; and with power to build, construct, acquire, own, equip and maintain ships, steamers, barges and other boats and vessels and to operate the same on any navigable waters within the Province; and with power to build, equip, operate and maintain telegraph and telephone lines in connection with the said railways and branches; and with power to build and operate all kinds of plant for the purpose of supplying light, heat, electricity and any kind of motive power; and with power to acquire the water rights, and to construct dams and flumes for improving and increasing any water rights or water privileges acquired; and to build, own and maintain saw mills, and wood pulp mills; and with power to expropriate lands for the purposes of the Company; and to acquire lands, bonuses, privileges or other aids from any Government, Municipal Corporation or other persons or bodies; and to levy and collect tolls from all parties using, and on all freights passing over any such railways, tramways, ferries, wharves and vessels owned or operated by the Company; and with power to make traffic or other arrangements with railway, steamboat or other Companies, and for all other usual necessary or incidental powers, rights or privileges.

Dated this 14th day of March, A.D. 1900.

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SCAVENGER WORK DONE

A HARVEST OF TARES.

By HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN

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When the clergyman had finished, the matron thanked him most effusively, and assured him that they had had "a most profitable time." Then they sang "Jerusalem, my Happy Home," in which Hulda joined because the air was familiar to her, and no sooner had her pure, rich voice mingled in the somewhat confused strain than the other voices fell away, one by one, from sheer astonishment, and she presently found herself singing a duet with the Rev. Dr. Trump. The effect was so startling that even the reverend doctor could not help perceiving that his hoarse, grating bass was spoiling a rare artistic treat, and in the last verse he abandoned his effort in the second line and allowed Hulda to finish the hymn alone. Hardly had the last lingering note expired than all the hushed and languid girls seemed to wake up and thronged about her, begging and imploring her to sing something else. When at last Dr. Trump and the matron joined in urging her, she seated herself at the piano with all the freedom and ease of one to the manner born, struck a few careless chords, which seemed to vibrate through her own nerves and coax from the maltreated instrument an unsuspected store of melody. Then some strange impulse—the same rebellious impulse of which she had been conscious the first time she sang with Olaf Brun—woke in her, and a sweet, reminiscent emotion swelled within her breast. That deep, strong, imperious craving for happiness which is but the mark of a powerful nature rose again from her soul and lent to her voice an exquisite moving pathos. It was a Norwegian love song she sang, quivering with tender longing and throbbing with noble passion.

It rose in great warm waves like a tuneful flood, inundating the listeners. There was a rich, blood-red glow in it, a pure and fervid intensity, a grand, beautiful simplicity. Tears stole into the eyes of the girls, and each poor starved heart took up the sweet burden of the song and swelled with nameless yearnings. There was something in the quality of Hulda's voice—a certain warm cadence—that went straight to the heart. The wasted, objectless tenderness in their bosoms was vaguely stirred, and with a palpitating eagerness they hugged each other and sighed and writhed with an uncomprehended uneasiness. It was no mere moonshiny sentimentality that found utterance in this song, but there beat in it the pulse of a strong and a living passion. And as she sat there in all the beauty of her noble Germanic womanhood, with the lovely amplitude which nature lent to her type, she looked indeed like a rose among nettles, like a queen among chambermaids. The Rev. Dr. Trump, dull and obtuse though he was, as he regarded her stately neck and the great coil of golden hair on the back of her head, could not help noting the splendid shape of her figure and the richness of the personality she presented amid all these inferior soul-crippled waifs, rescued from among the vast heap of human wreckage. Dr. Trump, as all these things dawned upon him, became conscious of an uneasy stirring of his philanthropic instinct, which was perhaps not unmixed with a purely personal attraction.

"Ah, love of my life, thou hast kindled my soul
With a joy that is deep and abiding,"

she sang, and though the words were Norwegian the sentiment which inspired them is universal and needed no interpreter. As her voice trembled and shook under the strain of the over-charged feeling there was that kind of thrill in it which ripples with delicious shivers down your spine. She heard again the other voice—a smooth, rich baritone—mingled with hers, which rocked blissfully on its heavier tide and rose in joyous companionship and soared in harmonious flight. She was back in the old parsonage again, singing this same song with Olaf. She saw the dear face of her father trying to be stern, but the musical pleasure breaking through the paternal disapprobation. The sense of her loss returned to her with such terrible vividness that her emotion came near overmastering her. A huskiness gathered for a moment in her throat, and the lines,

"Oh, leave me not, love, to pine for thy face
In the night that no dawn can illumine,"

sounded like a cry of a wounded and despairing spirit left in utter desolation. She managed to finish the verse, but then rose hastily and excused herself. A murmur of wonder, admiration and delight broke from all present the moment the door had closed behind her. Dr. Trump was especially enthusiastic, and the matron, who distrusted herself and needed clerical sanction for all her sentiments, echoed him effusively.

"Why, I assure you, madam," he exclaimed, "this girl is a great artist. I never heard so beautiful a voice in all my life. If she wants an engagement in any of our churches I can easily procure her a very profitable one. Think of 'Nearer, My God, to Thee,' sung by such a magnificent voice."

Hattie Halloran, who had constituted herself a sort of guardian over Hulda, made haste to report this remark to her, and was rather disappointed at the listlessness with which she received it. She found her lying on her bed in the dark with her face turned to the wall. Hattie lighted a malodorous kerosene lamp, which she placed upon the toilet stand, and seated herself with beautiful obtuseness preparatory to a long confidence.

CHAPTER XX.

"I guess your paw was rich," she observed cheerfully when all lures to conversation so far had failed.

Hulda only heaved a sigh and turned her a pale, tearless face eloquent with misery.

"I guess ye're used to better victuals," remarked the undaunted Hattie, at the end of another five minutes.

Hulda nodded vaguely, and Hattie, full of encouragement, continued:

"Did yer beau go back on ye, or did ye have a row with the old man?"

The obvious displeasure which this query occasioned made Hattie a bit impatient, and she followed it up with a declaration which was intended as a vindication of her own self-esteem.

"Ye might do worse, I tell ye," she said, vexed at the other's unresponsiveness, "than to talk to me. I ain't no blabber: I can let ye know that. I wouldn't ask nothing better than to help ye if ye would only let me."

"Thank you. I appreciate your kindness," Hulda replied, raising herself on her elbow and scrutinizing the features of her interlocutress with a new interest. It flashed through her brain that perhaps this girl who knew the city and was honest and well-meaning might serve her in many ways. There was something within her, an exaggerated sense of delicacy, perhaps, which made her reluctant to speak of her love to this blunt, rather coarse-grained girl, who could scarcely comprehend her motives and might leap at conclusions. Nevertheless she conquered herself, and with as steady a voice as she could command she said:—

"I came here to marry Mr. Olaf Brun, a young artist to whom I have been engaged for more than a year. Unhappily, he has changed his address, and the letter in which he must have informed me of his new address never reached me. Now I am, of course, very anxious to find him, and if you can give me any good advice as to how I ought to set about it I shall be very grateful to you."

Hattie's grey eyes fairly blazed with excitement as she listened to this thrilling romance. She felt her self-respect heightened at having been thought worthy of the guardianship of so important a secret. But this very sense of being honoured by the confidence of so exquisite a creature made her anxious to prove adequate to the occasion.

"Ye—ye—don't say—ye came all the way from—Sweden just to hunt him up?" she ejaculated, breathlessly.

"No, I came from Norway," said Hulda, quietly.

"Well, from Norway, it's the same thing. Why, ye must care lots for him. And does he care as much for ye?"

She simply revelled in all the details of the affair, and could not bear to dismiss a single one before having extracted from it its full sweetness.

"Yes, he loves me as dearly as I love

"You promised to advise me."

him," said Hulda, with beautiful seriousness, and without a shade of embarrassment. It seemed wonderful to Hattie that she could speak so unblushingly of her relation to a young man, and urged on by a ravenous appetite for the forbidden topic she allowed her curiosity to outrun her discretion.

"Did—did he—ever kiss ye?" she demanded, with half guilty haste, flushing to the edge of her hair.

"Yes, of course. Why should he not?" Hulda replied, with lovely simplicity and a slight heightening of colour.

"Laws! He must have been awful gone on ye," was Hattie's comment as she sat staring at her friend with an abject admiration. As she received no response to this, she remarked, with blunt sincerity:—

"I wish I was a man. Shouldn't I fall in love with ye, though! I never saw anybody so beautiful. I guess ye've had to look out for yerself."

"How do you mean?"

"Well, of course, ye understand. I mean gentlemen have given ye lots of trouble."

"No, not at all."

"That's funny. Then I reckon they must be different in Sweden from what they are here."

"In Norway, you mean. Perhaps they are."

Truth to tell, Hulda failed to comprehend the significance of these remarks, and was at no great pains to decipher them. There was something else which she had more at heart, and she lost no time in broaching it.

"You promised to advise me," she began. "Knowing this huge city as you do, perhaps you might tell me where you would be most likely to find a young artist. What places would he be most likely to frequent?"

"The ——."

Hattie mentioned a rather disreputable music hall, patronized by the jeunesse doree.

"What kind of a place is that?" asked Hulda, innocently.

"Well, I don't know, after all, that it would be much good looking for him there. But artists, you know, they have a bad name," Hattie declared evasively. She had an instinctive feeling that this was anxious to drop it as gracefully as possible. Hulda, dimly divining what was meant, wrapped herself in haughty reserve, and in spite of repeated invitations would not condescend to further confidences. The next morning the girls were awakened at half past 6 by the ringing of a bell, which for five or ten minutes made an ear-splitting din in the hall. Outside the rain was falling in torrents, beating down the smoke, which yet rose with devious contortions through the murky sky. A deadly chill pervaded the house, for the girls could not afford fires in the morning, and the poverty-stricken kerosene lamp made just a little sphere of light about the table, but left the dusk to linger in the corners. Hulda and Hattie were both dressing shiveringly, each behind her screen, and beyond a rather curt "Good-morning" no words had been exchanged. They had both finished their simple toilets, and were about to descend into the dining-hall, when Hattie, standing with her back against the door, asked:—

"Are ye mad yet?"

"No, I am not angry," Hulda replied, with rather a chilly intonation.

To be Continued.

MR. GEO. WYNDHAM

A MAN WHO IS LOOKED UPON AS THE RISING BRITISH STATESMAN.

Undersecretary for War Is Considered to be the Coming Man in England—Began as Private Secretary to His Close Friend, Mr. A. J. Balfour—Sketch of His Subsequent Career.

Mr. George Wyndham, the British statesman who has risen, like a new Hofer, out of the parliamentary crisis, is hailed by many political prophets as the coming man among the Conservatives.

When the present session opened, Mr. Wyndham faced a task which next to that set before Mr. Chamberlain, was the most thankless and unpleasant that could be imagined. Mr. Chamberlain, who is held responsible for the war, was called upon to defend the course to which he had committed the empire. It was Mr. Wyndham's duty to explain why the war had not been successfully conducted.

As undersecretary for war Mr. Wyndham is the spokesman in the House of Commons for the War Office, just as his chief, Lord Lansdowne, speaks for the War Office in the House of Lords.

While Mr. Chamberlain's effort was received with varying comment there was no doubt at all as to the success of Mr. Wyndham's reply. It was a most remarkable speech. It explained the reverses of the British generals in a most plausible way, promised better things for the future and included a patriotic appeal which shook the Commons to the core. For the moment party differences have been silenced and a big majority called to the support of the Government.

For this and other reasons Mr. Wyndham is interesting. He is young. He has the versatility of great genius. He has not only won honors as a statesman, but as a soldier and as a literateur. His career has begun most brilliantly.

Mr. Wyndham is the only son of Hon. Percy Wyndham and grandson of Lord Leconfield, whose wife is a sister of Lord Rosebery. As a youth he passed from Eton to Sandhurst and thence into the Coldstream Guards, with which regiment he took part in the Suakin campaign against the dervishes, receiving both the English medal and the khedivial star for his services.

He left the army to become private secretary to his close friend, Arthur Balfour, when the latter was in

MR. GEORGE WYNDHAM.

charge of the Irish department, and attracted public attention by the controversional letters which he published in the various papers in defense of his chief and of the latter's policy.

He soon made a mark for himself at Westminster and ere long was appointed to the financial secretaryship of the War Department. The period that the Conservatives were out of office—namely, from 1892 to 1895—he devoted to travel in South Africa, and after thoroughly mastering the problem connected with that part of the world attached himself to the fortunes of Cecil Rhodes, acting as the semi-official representative of the latter in the House of Commons.

He likewise championed the cause of the Colossus on the South African parliamentary committee appointed to investigate the Jameson raid and the affairs of the Chartered Company. It was while thus representing Mr. Rhodes that he founded The Outlook, one of the brightest of the London weekly papers, which is popularly supposed to be maintained at the expense of Mr. Rhodes, while its policy is directed and controlled by Mr. Wyndham.

A year ago, when Lord Curzon was promoted from the rank of undersecretary of foreign affairs to the viceroyalty of India and Mr. St. John Broderick was selected to take his place as assistant to Lord Salisbury, George Wyndham was appointed to the under-secretary of state for war, until then occupied by Mr. Broderick.

Mr. Wyndham has distinguished himself in literature by his so-called Tudor translation of "Plutarch" and by his edition of Shakespeare's poems.

Married to the widowed Countess Grosvenor, he is to-day the stepfather of the young Duke of Westminster, who, as the greatest ground landlord in the United Kingdom, commands an immense amount of territorial influence—an influence which naturally, in view of his youth, is calculated still further to increase the importance of his close friend, mentor and stepfather, George Wyndham.

The Depopulation of Peru.

The population of Peru is illustrated by the fact that the valley of Santa, which in the days of the Incas had a population of 700,000, now has only 5,000.

THE GLASS OF FASHION.

Buttons in Wedgwood designs on green, blue and brown are a fashionable feature.

Very elaborate knickerbockers of satin are worn by some women as a substitute for petticoats.

Black velvet slippers and oxford ties embroidered with fine beads are very smart for evening dress.

Among the new French veilings is a very becoming fine white mesh, with small dots of black chenille or velvet.

Charming bows worn on evening gowns at one side of the neck are made of double faced soft satin ribbon in three different pastel colors—green, pink and mauve, for example.

Blouses of white satin embroidered with steel are one of the novelties, and the satin is slashed up from the waist line to show a wide corselet belt of satin covered with rows of stitching.

The new taffeta dress silks show bayadere lines, satin dots and stripes, with pretty flowered designs between, while in the heavier weaves there are some peculiar opal effects which are fascinating.

The new piques are charming both in quality and coloring, the dark shades of blue, dull rose, brown and green being especially fine. They have satin stripes of the same color or polka dots in a contrast, but in either case they are a delight to the eye.

Panne is in full vogue now both for waists and entire gowns, and it is reported that Worth of Paris is making a gathered skirt of panne with a band of fur around the hem for the only trimming. The gathers begin on either side of the front breadth and continue around the back.—New York Sun.

PALE PEOPLE

Have their blood enriched, their heart strengthened and their cheeks rosy by using Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

Insufficient quantity or poor quality of the blood is one of the evil results that usually follow any derangement of the heart.

If the heart becomes weakened in any way it cannot pump the blood to the lungs as it should, there to be purified and impregnated with the life-giving oxygen.

As a result the blood deteriorates. It loses its nourishing, vitalizing, health-giving qualities. The face becomes pale, thin and waxen, the lips bloodless, the hands and feet cold.

There is weakness, tiredness, shortness of breath and palpitation. When those suffering from thin or watery blood start taking Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills they are assured of a cure. Every dose acts on the heart itself, causing it to beat strong, steady and regular.

Every dose, too, introduces into the blood those vital elements necessary to make it rich and red.

Soon the pale cheek takes on the rosy hue of health, there is strength instead of weakness, energy and activity take the place of tiredness and lassitude.

Miss M. Skullion, 50 Turner Street, Ottawa, Ont., says: "I was greatly troubled with my heart, together with extreme nervousness for many years. These complaints brought about great weakness and feeling of tiredness. My blood was of poor quality, so much so that I became pale and languid. Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills cured me after all else failed. They built up my system, enriched my blood, strengthened my nerves and restored me to health."

THE DRESSY WOMAN.

Parisian designers are exploiting the attractions of kilted and plaited skirts in various attractive guises.

The newest girdles have a deep graduated fringe of silk, steel beads or jet falling from the lower edge.

The silk and other fringes with the lower edge forming deep points or rounded scallops are more graceful in effect than the familiar straight edged patterns.

In making up the dressy spring wardrobe it will lack completeness without at least one handsome gown of black crepe de chine, chenille striped barege, silk dotted veiling or plain black brussels net over a silk or satin slip.

A new American "mousseline brilliante," closely copying the French fabric in appearance and exactly duplicating it in colors, is sold in 32 inch widths at the importing houses, as well as at fancy dry goods stores, at a very low price.

Red, running through the gamut of its glowing shades from the royal damask and jack rose tints to light cherry dye, will appear as a favorite accessory on spring costumes of gray, brown, certain shades of green and blue and notably on black costumes, jackets, capes and hats.

In the advance exhibit of summer attire are shown some beautiful effects in printed and embroidered swiss muslins in new and tempting color blendings. Not only are these airy materials brought out in soft, delicate tints, but they are furnished in jet black, in brown, gray, blue and black and white mixtures.

A pretty way to utilize bits of handsome lace edging in honiton, venetian, renaissance and other designs is to cut the lace portions away from the fine net foundation and sew it on applique to the rounded ends of sashes, neckscarfs of chiffon or ribbon to standing velvet or satin collars, sleeve caps, etc.—New York Post.

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

All the people use it.

HARLIN FULTON.

Pleasant Bay, C.B.

BILIOUSNESS AND DYSPEPSIA

Have a Common Origin in Liver Complaint--Dr. Chase's Treatment for the Liver.

Carlyle justly attributed the ill-temper, which made him a monster in the eyes of the world, to a bad liver. He was billious and dyspeptic, suffered with stomach pains and headache, was depressed in spirits and had gloomy forebodings of the future.

How often the kind father becomes a monster and the loving mother as cold through the influence of a torpid liver. Who can tell how many quarrels are brought on and how many happy homes are broken up by this same influence?

Nothing makes one feel more miserable or more gloomy and discouraged than liver complaint, and consequent billiousness and dyspepsia. The kidneys, too, usually become inactive in sympathy with a sluggish liver, and the bowels becomes irregular and constipated.

To strike with one blow at these complicated ills, to make a prompt, effective and lasting cure you must use Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, the most popular remedy known in Canada and the United States today, and the only one that acts directly on both the liver and kidneys.

There is more cheerful, unsolicited testimony in favor of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills than any other pill sold. You scarcely meet a person who has not used them personally or heard of their wonderful powers over disease.

Then you can use Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills with greater confidence than any patent medicine, knowing that they are the most successful prescription met with by Dr. Chase in his immense experience as practicing physician and author of the famous Receipt Book.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills promptly and positively cure torpid liver, liver complaint, billousness, dyspepsia, constipation, kidney disease, backache, Brights' disease, lumbago and rheumatism One pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers or by mail from Edmanson, Bates & Co, Toronto.

For piles Dr. Chase's Ointment is the only absolute and guaranteed cure.

TAKING THE REINS.

At the Lexington meeting in 1901 four races for 3-year-olds will call for $31,000.

Joe Patchen and John R. Gentry have met 26 times, and honors are exactly even.

From present indications Russia will exhibit more horses at the Paris exposition than any other nation.

A horseshoers' school has been opened at Toledo under the auspices of the National Horseshoers' association.

W. G. McLeod will use Edna Simmonds, 2:12½, on the road till spring and will then have her trained for racing.

Russell Marston, who is 83 years old, has just purchased the fast pacing mare Gipsey M, 2:13¼, and is driving her over the road.

The Ontario Jockey club has announced the dates for the spring meeting from May 24 to June 2 inclusive, and no purse will be less than $400.

The best mile over the Terre Haute track up to 1868 was the 2:34 by Billy Barr. The fastest mile ever made was the 2:00½ by Star Pointer during 1898.

The private car of G. D. Wilson, Lexington, Ky., arrived in New York recently, carrying among others five trotting bred brood mares consigned to Theodore Schlessinger, Vienna.

MINARD'S LINIMENT is used by Physicians.

THE LOGIC OF JOHN MILLS, MINER.

A PARTNERSHIP ROMANCE.

BY HENRY J. AMES.

As this is simply a plain story of John Mills, miner, no introduction beyond a statement of the identity of the man is necessary. Mills lived near Rocky canyon and had often aroused the people thereabouts (or within a radius of 25 miles) to a state of interrogative curiosity which had never been fully satisfied. He dwelt alone in a cabin not worth describing, because just such cabins have often been described before. When he first appeared, he had said nothing as to his origin. A tall, silent man of 40 years, he went at once into his chosen field, prospecting, asking advice and giving none.

Mills had a good eye for "leads" and had been moderately successful, for several times he had developed claims until they had begun to assume the dignity of mines, had sold them and moved on. In 1891 he located a claim that seemed promising and for weeks toiled at it single handed. He was strong and skillful, and his progress was remarkably rapid, but occasionally he felt a pang of solitude and thought he ought to secure help, not only for the forwarding of the work, but for the sake of the companionship. One summer day as this mood was upon him he heard a voice at the mouth of the slope marking the spot where he had started into the side of the mountain.

"Hello there," said the voice, "may I come down?"

Mills dropped the sledge just then poised for a blow and turned toward the patch of light. "No," he answered; "I'll come up."

As he walked, curving his long back, he saw outlined against a bit of sky a sturdy figure and a head surmounted by a felt hat, the flapping brim of which had been secured in front, and from beneath which there escaped a wavy mass of hair tossed on the breeze. The miner wondered vaguely why a boy should be so handsome. Emerging from the slope, he straightened himself, taking a full breath of the sweet mountain air. Then he drew from his pocket pipe and tobacco, filled, lighted, absorbed a few satisfactory whiffs and said slowly, "Well?"

"I'm Rube Jackson," said the boy in return, "an I'm here for work."

John puffed on. "Better come to the cabin while I yank a little grub together. I take it," he added, starting down the path, "that ye're prospectin without no stake?"

The boy did not understand this, but he gave an assent and started with Mills, who noticed that the sole of the visitor's shoe flapped at right angles with every step. "I'll cobble it after supper," was his comment.

"But about a job, you know," the boy put in timidly, stepping high on account of the loose sole.

"Oh, that's all right," answered Mills; "ye're hired. Didn't I tell ye?" And they walked on.

In the evening they grew in a measure confidential, though Rube did most of the talking, as Mills cobbled the defective shoe into a state of usefulness. Before bedtime Rube had told of Susie Campbell. She was back in Missouri, where he himself had been "born and raised."

"I didn't have much money after father and mother died," he went on simply, "and Sue—her father has a pile. I'll bet old man Campbell has $2,000 out on mortgage right now." He paused to note the effect. Mills drove another peg, while Rube laughed nervously. "I fell in love with Sue," he continued, "but she wouldn't have it. That is," he corrected, recognizing the awkwardness of the expression, "she didn't seem to be in earnest about it. Not like me, anyhow, but fin'ly she laughed and said that if I'd get a fortune she'd marry me. So I struck out west."

"Must be a fine gal," said Mills. "Hope it ain't serious. Has she got any holt on yeh?"

Rube laughed again. "I wish she had," was his rejoinder, "but since I came away she hasn't written. Sue's just tryin me, that's what she's doin. It's a way women have. When I go back with a pocketful of money, she'll be ready. Oh, I know what women are."

John took a last stitch in silence and held up the reconstructed shoe. Thus began, between John Mills, miner, and Rube Jackson, boyish, hopeful tramp, one of the serene friendships which last until death. Let the limit not be placed even here; perhaps, strengthened and renewed, they last forever.

During the days the pair worked, speaking little. In the evenings they read and talked, or Mills brought out an ancient fiddle, whereon he discoursed melody most fearsome, but duly applauded. The usual theme of conversation was Sue. Gradually the two built up an ideal woman and a home that she was to adorn after the Millennium—for such they had named the mine—had begun to produce. Rube would not listen to any plan that did not involve the membership of Mills in the family.

"P'raps an old feller like me 'ud be in the way," Mills would say, and regularly Rube would rebuke this view.

Yet Sue never wrote. "Mighty long trial an slow verdick," Mills opined once. Rube convinced him that this bordered on treason.

Weeks went by, and the crucial test of the Millennium was at hand. The hole for the "shot" which was to determine the character of the vein toward which they had been laboring had been drilled, the powder tamped about the fuse. It was then, stopping to wipe his forehead, leaving it grime streaked, that Mills delivered a speech which, so far as recorded, was the longest he ever made.

"Rube, boy," he said, "we're pardners. Understand? Pardners. This shot tells whether we find somethin lousy with gold or goes broke ag'in barren rock. In any case, thar's wages due you an a-comin. It wouldn't be no squar deal fur me to git rich and you only to draw pay fer days' work. So thar'fore, I, John Mills, miner, as heretofore and ginerally known, do hereby make over to you, Rube Jackson, a full half interest in the Millennium, to have an to hold, an yer heirs an assigns forever, amen. That's a kerrect form, I guess, and no lawyers needed nor papers neither."

Rube grasped the hand of Mills. "Not a scrap of paper, John," he replied. "Your word's enough for any man, and I thank you. You've been a good friend to me—me and Sue. I"—

"There, there," interrupted Mills, "it's nothin, it's all right." He seemed happy and a trifle embarrassed, concealing his emotions by a sudden display of energy.

Not another word was spoken. Soon all was ready, an open lamp applied to the waiting fuse, and the men retreated to the open.

"In five minutes, pardner," Mills said, as they went along, "we'll be a couple of them capitalist chaps."

"And Sue too," amended Rube.

"Yes, Sue too," assented the senior member of the firm. "You see, she's nachelly one of them 'heirs an assigns forever,' which the document would mention, so be we had one."

He started for the cabin, but Rube lingered. "Better come to grub," counseled Mills. "The old hole won't be fitten to live in fur an hour."

Rube seemed to assent, but he did not follow. As Mills reached the cabin there was a muffled sound, a tremor of rock as the granite mountain quivered, and out from the slope rolled a cloud of smoke. Mills was soon in the cabin getting supper.

In 20 minutes the coffee had been made, the bacon fried, and biscuit were crisping in the oven. Still Rube did not come. "I wonder where he is," said Mills. "Boys is so reckless." And with an uneasy feeling he started back up the trail.

"Rube, come to supper," he called.

His voice bounded from side to side of the canyon, but there was no response. The heart of Mills sank with the thought of impending evil. Calling again and again, he went to the mouth of the slope, out of which an acrid vapor floated, hovering in the air. "I'm afeared Rube went in," conjectured Mills, and, hastily removing his coat, he dropped it in a powder keg of water, swathed it about his face and started blindly down the slope.

At the foot of it, held down by a cruel block, he found Rube, inert, apparently lifeless. With a giant effort he almost hurled the block aside and, taking Rube in his arms, staggered, stumbled, crept to the outer air. Oh, the blessed balm of that air as it touched his face! He took one breath, laid his burden down and fell beside it, prone, motionless. The sun was giving the loftiest peak its farewell caress. Below a bird was singing a good night song. The rosy glow passed; the bird was still; the shadows crept higher. But there lay the dead and the stricken.

The inquest was short, resulting in the finding that Reuben Jackson had come to his death by a dispensation of Providence, "aided and abetted by his own carelessness, for which, he being a boy, we do not blame him."

There was a funeral, too, picturesque and pathetic, where the music was the harping of the wind in the pine tops and the finest tribute the tears of John Mills. Then the grave was rounded over, the participants—all but one—withdrew, and that night the moon shone down on a solitary figure sitting by a mound, his head bowed in his hands. "Too late, too late," the figure murmured. "We're rich, my pardner and me, and it won't do him no good." Nor was Mills speaking idly, for, clutched in the rigid fingers of Rube, John had discovered a fragment of quartz threaded and bound by wires of virgin gold.

The next day Mills was in Denver. His first visit was to a mining expert somewhat familiar with the district. "The Millennium," said John, pointing over his shoulder in the general direction of Rocky canyon, "she's fur sale. The price is two hundred thousand. Take her or leave her."

Next he took his way to a lawyer. "Draw me up one of them papers," he said, "making over to Susan Campbell of Missouri a half interest in the Millennium."

"What consideration?" asked the man of business.

"Consideration? Why, for my pardner, of course."

Necessary explanations followed, and the consideration was placed at $10, which Mills conscientiously took out of one pocket and put into another. "It's best to have everything on the squar'," he thought.

"Want this recorded?" continued the lawyer when the dips, spurs and angles had been described with technical nicety.

"Not fur a spell," replied Mills. "Jest give it to me." An hour later he was on an east bound train.

He reached a little town in Missouri. As he walked the streets he thought with a strange thrill of affection that he was where Rube had been "born and raised." Every villager knew the residence of Henry Campbell, and soon Mills was ringing the bell. The door was opened by a young woman—Sue! But surely not the Sue of Rube's dreams and his own imaginings. She was pretty in a careless way, but her wrapper was begrimed, her slippers, one of which protruded, displayed a hole, and her hair was in papers. Mills was shocked and puzzled. The girl said "Good morning!" and awaited developments.

"I'm from out west," said the visitor; "Colorado." Then, after a pause, conscious of an important omission, he added, "My name's John Mills."

"Colorado," rejoined the young woman. "I knew a fellow that went out there—Rube Jackson. Come in. I suppose you want to see paw. Ever meet Rube?" She almost laughed. "Rube used to think I'd marry him, but gracious, I never thought of it. Come in. Did you say you'd met Rube?"

"Him an me's pardners," answered Mills, quietly.

"Do tell! And how's Rube getting along?"

"Rube? Oh, he's all right. He's had a streak o' luck lately. Thought likely you'd want to hear about it. Well, I must be goin. Goodby."

Once in the street, he took a paper from his breast—a document of legal aspect—tore it into minute pieces and scattered them in the mud of the thoroughfare. "God knows," he muttered, "that I've tried to be squar with my pardner, but it appears Rube didn't leave no 'heirs an assigns forever.'"

"Paw," remarked Susan that evening, "there was an awful funny man called here today. Said he knew Rube Jackson out west."

"Didn't know no good of him," returned the father. "That Jackson place'll never bring the amount of the mortgage."

A few days later Mills was in the office of the mining expert. "The Millennium," he began. "Take her er leave her?"

"Take her," exclaimed the expert, trying to conceal his jubilation. "Here's the papers and your check, all ready to sign. Where in thunder'd you go to?"

"Jest took a little business trip fur my pardner," answered John.

THE DRESSY WOMAN.

Besides the prettily draped "dress" gowns are some new and attractive models with kilted skirts.

French designers are sending out some very beautiful evening toilets, with the soft, clinging draperies arranged in "Neo-Greek" style.

The milliners this season are making greater use than ever of rich furs of various kinds, and all sorts of combinations of velvet, tulle, net, chiffon, fur, lace and flowers are shown.

Rose colored chiffon, cream tinted renaissance lace and black velvet ribbon compose a symphony of colors and a mixture of fabrics that go to make up the fashionable Queen Anne bertha of the moment.

Satin matching the gown is still considered the proper foot wear (if black satin is not chosen), with the finish of unobtrusive little satin bows, which may or may not be enhanced by a small sparkling buckle.

Corduroys and uncut velvets are stylishly used for skating costumes for young girls this season, and the handsome manner in which they are made up and fur trimmed renders them entirely appropriate for various other winter uses.

Dressmakers still continue to recommend the handsome peau de soie silks to those who do not admire the solid, rather garish luster of satin. Peau de soie has rich half lights on its surface, and, being twilled, the silk is more durable than taffeta.

The close, trim little French walking coat, with all superfluous fabric eliminated; the bolero or a bolero effect produced by various modes of decoration, and the use of box plaits at the back of the skirt or long overdress will all be prominent features of coming spring styles.

Many of the hats that milliners consider their masterpieces are even larger than the elaborate summer models, and their width across the front is excessive owing to the long, full ostrich plumes curving right and left above the brim, exaggerating the width of the hat itself.—New York Post.

TOWN TOPICS.

St. Louis has the distinction of being the only city on earth in which philanthropists can donate light.—St. Louis Republic.

The Chicago river will no longer be able to exercise its ancient prerogative of coming in out of the wet.—Baltimore News.

It would be slanderous to say that in Philadelphia the twentieth century will not begin till Jan. 1, 1910.—Boston Globe.

It is said there have been 2,000 mysterious disappearances from Philadelphia during the last year. Could you blame them?—Buffalo Express.

Grade crossings must go, and the sooner the railroad companies undertake to co-operate fully with the city the better it will be for them.—Cleveland Leader.

So bear tracks have been found in the suburbs of Louisville. Well, there are rumors that considerable of the population have been swallowed by bears lately.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

By way of beginning the new year aright New York reformers have inaugurated a crusade against vice. They have undertaken a contract that is likely to afford them innocent amusement for some months to come.—Minneapolis Times.

Chicago will not tolerate any histories in her schools which refer to England as "the mother country." Chicago may have vague and indefinite views about its paternity, but it is very sure that England isn't its mother.—Brooklyn Times.

An End of Hair Powder.

The noblemen and gentlemen who agreed to the Duke of Bedford's cropping proposal a few days ago at Woburn abbey, when a general cropping and combing out of hair took place, were Lords William Russell, Villers, Paget, Sir H. Featherstone, Mr. Lambton, Mr. Ant. Lee, Mr. R. Lee, Mr. Trevors, Mr. Dutton, Mr. Day and Mr. Vernon. They entered into an engagement to forfeit a sum of money if any of them wore their hair tied or powdered within a certain period. Many noblemen and gentlemen in the county of Bedford have since followed the example. It has become general with the gentry in Hampshire, and the ladies have left off wearing powder.—London Chronicle, Sept. 26, 1795.

An Artistic Screen.

An impecunious maiden with artistic tendencies recently found herself in need of a screen to hide the baldness of the necessary washstand, the one disturbing element in an otherwise dainty room. A friend gave her a Japanese screen of dilapidated antiquity, adding that she could recover it and it would then be as good as new.

After pricing the pretty things in tapestry and oriental drapery our ingenious woman decided she must manufacture something herself. She invested in a heavy cartridge paper of a dark gray tone, which she carefully pasted on one side of the screen. Across the bottom she made an artistic scroll design in sepia and then sat herself down to wait for visitors in the artistic and decorative line, of which she had many.

Her first caller was a youth whose drawings have enlivened the pages of many a daily journal. To him she explained her predicament, and he good naturedly produced the ubiquitous bit of crayon and sketched in one of his popular cartoons. Other friends soon came to her assistance, and at the end of a week the screen was finished, completely covered with autographed sketches, all of considerable artistic merit and many of no little intrinsic value as well.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Serving a Club Tea.

One large table may be used for the refreshments and the tea and coffee urns should be placed each on an end of the table and be presided over by some one whose gown should harmonize with the table decorations. Plenty of cups should be placed at each end and a dish of cut sugar and one of whipped cream be easily within reach of the pourer of coffee, while sugar and slices of lemon should be conveniently near the tea urn. Piles of plates and of napkins with any necessary silver should have places on the table. Sandwiches, crackers, fancy cakes, etc., are suitable for receptions, and these alone are sufficient, but any dainty which may be eaten without removing the gloves may be properly served. Young ladies may serve from such a table by passing among the guests with large plates of any food provided, or the ladies may approach the table and take their tea and coffee directly from the pourer.—Inez Redding in Woman's Home Companion.

Watch Her Eat.

No prudent young man would think of marrying a girl until he has seen her eating several times, declares a masculine observer, according to the Philadelphia Inquirer. If she eat her dinner in a lazy, indifferent way, as if she took no interest in the operation, he may be sure that she will not take an interest in his dinner, and, though I have met many men with no hearts, I never met one yet without a stomach. A man admired three sisters so much that he did not know which of them to select for a wife. He was enabled to decide by seeing them all eating cheese on one occasion. One of them ate a little of the rind of the chese. This disqualified her, showing as it did that she was coarse in her tastes. A second girl cut the rind off, but took much of the cheese with it. This cut off her chance, for it indicated a wasteful disposition. The third scraped off the rind carefully and won the day—or the man. It was a near shave, but she scraped into matrimony.

Limit the Bric-a-brac.

We never know until it is forced upon us by comparison how often our houses are overcrowded with bric-a-brac. Cheap china may look well, but it is apt to accumulate with startling rapidity.

A good plan when purchasing bric-a-brac is to buy nothing that has no visible sphere of usefulness, or, if this seems too broad a rule, to purchase only one of a kind of the useless articles.

One tea table is enough for one room, and cups and saucers in a drawing room when not on a tea table are useless.

Avoid a superfluity of match safes, clocks and vases. Elegance consists in having things that are worth having, and just enough of them.

Arrange bric-a-brac artistically and remember that it is not necessary to have two articles of each kind. The day of "matched" mantelpieces is no more.

The Business Woman.

Recently a clever woman read a paper on "The Business Woman In the Home." The speaker contended that a business woman makes a better wife and housekeeper than the woman who has had no training, because a woman who has been out in the world to earn a living for herself knows the value of money. She realizes the difficulty of working to please an employer; therefore she makes a more considerate mistress of servants, and her business experience would make her also a more sympathetic wife, since knowing something of the cares and worries of business life herself she does not think her husband "a mean old thing" because he does not care to talk trifles or go out to a dance after a day of worry and bother at the office. The business woman has learned nothing that unfits her for home life.

THE WRITERS.

It is said that Miss Mary Cholmondeley, the author of "Red Pottage," which is now being so widely read, took three years to write her famous book.

By invitation, Louis Honore Fechette and Dr. William Henry Drummond, two Canadian poets, have recently visited Chicago and given readings from their poetical works.

Jerome K. Jerome takes his vacations on a farm, where he becomes one of the day laborers. He has studied agriculture both from a theoretical and practical point of view and expects to establish a model farm of his own next summer.

Hall Caine has taken a magnificent flat in Rome and intends passing the winter there. There have been indications for some time past that he is making a close study of the conditions of Roman life, with a view to reproducing it in a novel.

SELECTIONS

FEEDING THE GUNS.

How British Troops In Action Are Supplied With Ammunition.

If it were not that there is a very excellent and elaborate system of supplying soldiers with ammunition during the course of a fight, it would be almost hopeless to attack any portion. Modern cartridges are very heavy things to carry. The long bullet, the heavy brasswork of the case and the weight of the wads and powder all combine to produce an article which, though it is of small compass, is very weighty.

When our soldiers are attacking a Boer position, their operations require that each man shall have a large supply of ammunition. This must all be carried forward as the fight progresses. The Boer intrenched upon a hilltop may have the largest supply of his ammunition by his side, and he is not weighted down by it, as our soldiers are when storming a position.

During a protracted fight the British soldier is in most instances compelled to fire away all the ammunition which he is personally able to carry. An ordinary private carries 100 rounds. Just before an action, when heavy firing is expected, this 100 rounds is supplemented by 50 more from the battalion reserve of 77 rounds per man. Thus each private advances into battle carrying no less than 150 possible dealers of death.

Whenever a soldier falls or is wounded he is immediately stripped of his ammunition, and it is at once distributed among the men who are still capable of carrying on the fight. The reserve ammunition for each battalion is carried in four carts and on the backs of two pack mules. When an action appears imminent, a temporary reserve called a "British reserve" is formed.

This consists of two carts taken from each of the four battalions composing the brigade. The special reserve is placed under an officer selected for the occasion. In the event of any of the battalions becoming detached from the brigade they receive their own carts back again.

In addition to the above there is always with the regular ammunition column 77 rounds for each man, and a further supply is carried in the "ammunition pack" of 55 rounds per man. Accordingly the total amount carried in the field for each infantry soldier works out at 309 rounds.

The men who actually bring up the cartridges to their comrades of the fighting line are selected from each company for their strength and agility. The duty of bringing up supplies of ammunition during an engagement is a very arduous one, and only the most physically fit are able to attempt it.

The mules which accompany a battalion are supposed to get within 500 yards of the men in action and the carts to within 1,000 yards.—London Mail.

Safety of Railway Travel.

"I don't know of any safer pastime than railway travel," said Auditor Curry of the Nickel Plate road recently. "The reports of the interstate commerce commission show that out of 2,000,000 passengers one man is killed each year, and that one in 200,000 is hurt. That means all manner of hurts, broken legs as well as broken fingers and an occasional bump from rolling out of an upper berth. Why, more men get hurt walking along the streets by bricks falling on them or by stumbling over stray dogs or being run over by bicycle riders than receive injuries on railroads. Here is the practical result: The accident insurance companies pay double damage to a man hurt on the railways—they know perfectly well the inconsiderable percentage of such risks. And the best risks are commercial travelers. They know exactly how to travel, and for that reason damage comes to a drummer as seldom as teeth to a hen."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Twentieth Century Dates.

The twentieth century, which will begin on Tuesday, Jan. 1, 1901, will have 24 leap years, the greatest number possible. February will have five Sundays three times—1920, 1948 and 1976. The earliest possible date on which Easter can occur is March 12. The last time it occurred on that date was 1818. The latest that Easter can occur is April 25. It will occur but one time in the coming century on that date—1943. The middle day of the century will be Jan. 1, 1951. There will be 380 eclipses during the coming century. In 1935 there will be seven eclipses. There will be eight solar eclipses visible in the United States—1918, 1923, 1925, 1945, 1954, 1979, 1984 and 1994. There will be 12 transits of Mercury. There will be no transit of Venus until 2004.

To Be Expected.

Housekeeper—Call these apples Rhode Island Greenings, do you? Seems to me they are awfully small.

Dealer—Yes, mum. Rhode Island is a small state, mum.—New York Weekly.

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS
ISSUED EVERY TUESDAY

W. B. Anderson, Editor.

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

Job Work Strictly C. O. D.
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TUESDAY, MAY 15th, 1900.

"WORKINGMAN'S FRIEND."

We notice that W. W. B. McInnes in his telegrams referring to the South Nanaimo nomination, says, he will down the Coal Baron and that Dunsmuir must be floored &c. Of course, we all know that Mc. is talking through his hat, and that that hat is a very big one, since the mighty brain began to expand and put the bursting strain on all which would restrain its colossal workings. The pose of "Workingman's friend" is one largely assumed by the sprouting politicians of the present day, but if the claim is a genuine one, how can dyspeptic ravings of this sort be made to consistently mix with the general broad policy which should be the first essential of every true "Workingman's friend?" It would seem to the uninstructed that one most friendly act to the working man would be the providing of some means by which the money held by the "bloated capitalist" would be distributed and made to flow into the hands of the workingman. And in our present unenlightened times, it seems that the best way to arrive at this is by inducing the capitalist to invest in works of some sort which necessitates the employment of a large number of men. These men, with their families soon create a demand for produce and manufactured goods of all kinds. Now Mr. Dunsmuir may be a very bad man. Indeed, if we take the opinion of some people, he must be indeed a devouring monster. But, have those people ever considered the amount of capital he has laid out in British Columbia, and especially in Vancouver Island, in works which provide labor for the working man? Have they ever calculated the number of persons who are dependant upon Mr. Dunsmuir's money alone for their daily bread? They may answer, "Well, I work for what I get, and am not dependent upon Dunsmuir for it." But they are dependant upon him for labor, and without labor they could not exist under present conditions. Take for example, the little town of Cumberland. People live here just about as comfortably clad and fed as in any part of the Province. Business men ply their vocations, and farmers find a ready market for their produce. Let the mines be closed and what would happen? Would the men get money here to buy goods to support the storekeepers, or buy the farmers' produce? No! Would the demagogues who preach the specious doctrine of "down with them," provide labor for the masses whom they thus try to mislead, or would they form an Utopia where all would live in piece and content forevermore? Why in less than a month, there would not be a man left in all Cumberland, and the farmers would have to go farther afield for their market, just as they did in the old days when everthing went to Nanaimo, and, with probably the same transportation as they then had, when they were often forced to sell for what they could get in preference to taking produce home again. A few years ago, a certain farmer, in conversation, began a bitter attack upon Mr. Dunsmuir, among other things saying that he was running the place. "Well," said his listener, "I don't know anything about it. Let us change the subject. Have you any hogs to sell?" "No," he answered, "I have just sold about 40 at 10 cts. per lb., alive." "That is a large price," ventured his questioner. "Yes, it is much more than we used to get taking them to Nanaimo, and no expense in delivery." "Where did you sell them?" "At Union Mines" "Well you were just abusing Mr. Dunsmuir, and yet you sell your hogs at a large advance." "Well," said he, "Dunsmuir does not buy them, it is the men." "But who employs the men?" This seemed unanswerable other than with a laugh. Now this small incident should show thinking people that a comparatively small concern like the Union Mines is of public benefit, and surely the man who places his money in ventures of this sort in a country as new as ours is a public benefactor and not one who should be "downed."

"The undertaker is very jolly this this morning." "Yes. Three hundred new doctors were graduated last night." —Harlem Life.

DRY GOODS NEWS AND NEW DRY GOODS

Having received through the last two weeks an abundance of new stock in many lines we are prepared to show the newest things in spring goods. Celebrating time is near at hand and we can help you prepare for it. Do not wait until the nicest and best are picked up by the wide awake buyers.

Silk Values

The price of silk has taken a sharp advance, but we have a few specials picked up by Mr. Stevenson while in Montreal and New York.

Our 50 cent blouse silks are extra value and only one blouse length of each.

Twelve shades in shot taffetas in newest colorings, 75 cents a yard.

Wash Goods

Last week we received a choice assortment selected from our mammoth stock in Nanaimo. These consist of fancy piqnes, 6 yards for $1.00. Regular 20 cents per yard.

Muslins

Muslins of latest designs and weaves at most popular prices. It will more than pay you to call and inspect these goods before buying elsewhere.

Prints and Galateas

It is often a great source of annoyance to find that after buying a print and making it up, it will neither wear or wash.

We have these in the best quality and colors.

See our galatea cloths for boys' blouses.

20 cents on a Dollar

Is what we can save you on sheetings and pillow cotton. We have just to hand a case of MILL REMNANTS of sheetings First come first served.

Ladies' Waists

See our ladies' white waists, trimmed with insertion and linen collar and cuffs, $1.50 each.

A splendid variety of colored waists from 50 cents up.

Wash Skirts

These are in plain white duck and pique with and without blue trimming.

Black and white with black trimming.

A Wonder

In picture value. We have only a few, not more than 30 altogether, lithogragh and steel engravings of our Transvaal Heroes, Roberts, Kitchener, McDonald, Buller and that more than hero Baden-Powell, 25 cents each, worth $1.00, 19 inches by 30 inches.

Millinery

The 24th of May is coming and every one will want a new hat. Do not wait until the last hour of the last day to get your choice for, well, someone else will have it.

Trimmed hats from $1.50 up. Sailors trimmed or plain from 40 cents up.

Ribbon pulley belts in a variety of colors from 25 cents up.

Special Value

In kid gloves. We have just received a tan glove in all sizes at 75 cents per pair, worth $1.00. This is the best glove value we ever had.

Men's Shirts

New designs and colorings in men's shirts, $1.00 each, worth $1.25.

Ties

The best and newest assortment of men's ties in town.

STEVENSON & CO., CUMBERLAND, B. C.

SMOKE THE

Miner *La Morena,*
Interior, *Lazette.*

A Clear, Long Havanna Filler, Manufactured by the

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Direct from the mills, One Carload of Flour, Wheat, Chop, Bran, Shorts.

ONE CARLOAD OF **GROCERIES**

We are opening out this week a full line of ladies' misses and children's shoes and hosiery, gent's underwear, shirts, ties, collars and hats. A complete stock of the very latest and newest styles will soon be placed on our shelves. We intend to make it worth your while to trade with us. An inspection invited.

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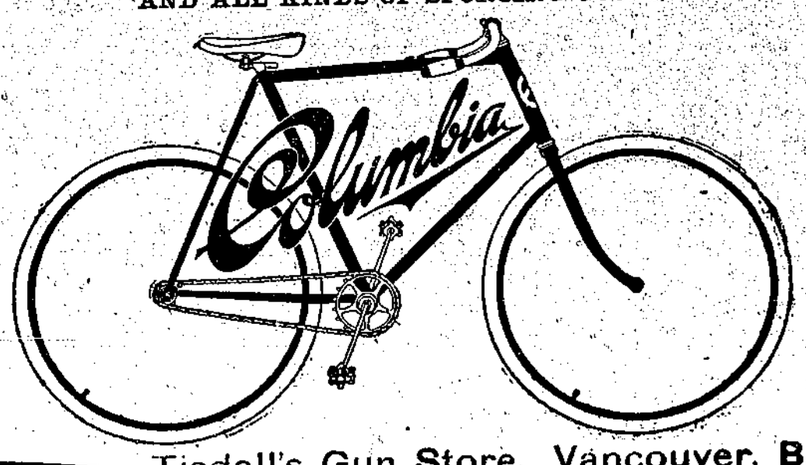
AND ALL KINDS OF SPORTING GOODS



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Miners' Tools and Camp Outfits a Specialty.

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VICTORIA. VANCOUVER. KAMLOOPS.

NOTICE.

The Peoples' Candidate.

LEWIS MOUNCE.

Committee Rooms over Tarbell's Store. All supporters are cordially inaited to attend.

COMMITTEE.

VICTORIA NEWS.

Victoria, May 14—The Hotel Strathcona, new tourist resort at Shawnigan Lake was totally destroyed by fire on Sunday. Loss $25,000. Was to be opened this week. How the fire started is a mystery.

MUNICIPALITY OF THE
CITY OF CUMBERLAND

NOTICE.

BICYCLE RIDERS caught riding on the sidewalk after this date will be prosecuted.

By order of Council,
LAURENCE W. NUNNS,
City Clerk.

Cumberland, B.C., May 8th, 1900.

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