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THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

NINTH YEAR. CUMBERLAND, B. C. WEDNESDAY, MAY 15, 1901.

SEEDS
FOR THE
GARDEN and FIELD
TIMOTHY, RED CLOVER,
ENSILAGE SEED CORN.

GREAT PROLIFIC SWEET ENSILAGE, is one of the most extensively grown varieties in Canada, as a green fodder dry cured, or prepared as Ensilage. On strong soil will grow from 12 to 16 feet high. It will increase the milk and cream production fully 10 per cent., as well as furnish cheap and acceptable food for the winter, also

Mammouth White Dent.

Prices quoted on application

Simon Leiser,
CUMBERLAND, B.C.

Nicholles & Renouf, Ld.
61 YATES STREET, VICTORIA, B. C.
HARDWARE, MILL AND MINING MACHINERY AND FARMING AND DAIRYING IMPLEMENTS OF ALL KINDS.
Agents for McCormick Harvesting Machinery.
Write for prices and particulars. P. O. Drawer 563.

Furniture.

Many new patterns of Fine Goods in
CARPETS, RUGS,
ART SQUARES.
LACE CURTAINS.
MUSLIN ART DRAPING MATERIALS.

Our Superb Catalogue, containing 1,000 Illustrations all priced, mailed free on application. It will surely interest you.

WEILER BROS.,
COMPLETE FURNISHERS. VICTORIA, B.C.

A NEW BROOM
SWEEPS CLEAN.
We have them from 25 cts. up to 65 cts., just arrived from the manufactory.

We give you BARGAINS every day, but our
SATURDAY BARGAIN DAY
Is the one that tells the tale.
DON'T FORGET AT
C. J. MOORE'S

WHARF NOTES.

Mr. Manson and family took a trip to their farm, about 40 miles from here on Cortez Island.

A dance and supper was given at the Nelson House last week. A number of Denman Island people came over and als some from Cumberland, everyone reported a good time.

Mr. Hudson's cottage is about completed with the exception of another coat of paint.

Miss Tillie Miller has been spending a week with Mrs. Ray.

Miss Emma McDonald, our telegraph operator, has been visiting her mother in Comox this last week. Her sister, Miss Maggie McDonald has been in the office in her place.

Miss Abrams was down spending a week with Mrs. Cameron lately.

The gardens at Union Wharf are beginning to loom up.

During the past week a bicycle with odd wheels from Cumberland, has been almost a daily visitor. Why?

The Kvarven left to-day with 5,000 tons of coal.

The Wellington is expected about the 20th of May. She has been with a cargo of coal to Skagway.

A TALE OF WOE.

What woke me from my first sweet sleep,
When tired nature sought relief,
And made my lovely dreams so brief?
A pigeon.
When I turned o'er for one more nap
When on the roof went tap, tap, tap.
And made me think on the door t'was a rap?
Those pigeons.
At noon day when I sought a rest,
From work and cares that me oppress,
What roused me, that eternal pest,
The pigeon.
I rose at rising of the sun,
And seized my ever trusty gun.
And shot quite slowly, one by one,
Four pigeons.
Sweet is revenge, I felt elate,
Till told that at no distant date
I must interview the magistrate,
About those pigeons.
I always thought the world unjust,
But this is fate's most cruel thrust,
That there should be raised such a dust,
About those wretched pigeons.

SCHOOL BOOKS.

Again we are called on to buy new books for our school children. Barely six months ago there were some new fangled text books to be purchased and now we are again notified that certain histories, geographies and other books are obsolete, and the prospect is that there will be others in mid-summer. Parents are beginning to ask themselves whether it would not be better to keep their children from the public schools and hire a teacher themselves, for the tax for school books is becoming intolerable, and some go so far as to hint that the official who has the regulation of these matters is in league with the publishers and dealers of books to make as many changes as possible. This we do not credit, but we really do think it is high time that the Minister of Education made a most searching enquiry into the system and endeavour to help the public by stopping the needless spending of hard earned cash for school books.

TRINITY CHURCH.

In a letter to Mr. Bate, one of the churchwardens, the Bishop of Columbia informs that gentleman that Archdeacon Scriven will arrive in Cumberland about the 23rd inst. to reside and take church duty. This will be welcome news for the congregation for the Archdeacon is a man most eminently fitted for a place and congregation such as ours—as he is indeed for any—and being most popular with all with whom he is thrown in contest, his coming will be a most enviable advantage to us.

FISH STORY NO. 1.

Crop of 1901.

Our friend J. G. is a pretty good fisherman. We know he is by the story which he gave us and which we give to our readers. "There are some big fish in the lake," said Jack one day to a select circle—ourselves included, who were busily engaged in holding up Simon Leiser's corner. "One day a crowd of us were going up the lake, we had a line out trolling as we went. I was holding the line, and just as we were passing Paddy's milestone, I felt a jerk that nearly pulled me out of the boat. I holliered for the boys to quit pulling and began to haul in. The boat was drawn back steadily, so I was sure we were fast to the bottom of the lake. Presently, after a big pull on the line, and when we were nearly over the spot we were fouled on, the line came free, and when we drew it up we found the entire insides of a big trout hanging to the hook. We had pulled them clean out of him but we could not budge the fish."

The case of Mr. Banks against Mr. F. Nunns for pigeon killing came up and was adjourned until this evening.

The hogs running at large are invading the northern part of the town, there being a drove of them seen several times lately passing up the street by the court house. It is to be hoped that they will find their way to the railway track and be killed so that the people may be freed from a nuisance which is becoming intolerable. If not, steps will be taken to set the law in motion in proper shape. In this connection, it may be as well to inform a certain ill advised person that there is also a law against using abusive language on the public streets which may be inforced if there is a repetition of certain language we heard in connection with our remarks lately in this paper against the law being set at naught by allowing hogs to run at large.

A PURE GRAPE CREAM OF TARTAR POWDER
"DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER"
Highest Honors, World's Fair
Gold Medal, Midwinter Fair
Avoid Baking Powders containing alum. They are injurious to health

LOCALS.

Grape nut at Leiser's.

They keep Lipton's tea at Moores.

Flower pots cheap—Magnet Store.

Invitations are out for a dance Thursday night.

Base ball match Thursday evening, Microbes vs. Mugwamps.

Japanese bamboo ware at the Magnet. Cheap and ornamental.

Work is progressing rapidly on Mr. Leiser's building under Mr. Auld's supervision. The store will be, when completed, one of the finest in the place.

Constabl. Thompson and Mrs. Thompson went below last week upon receipt of the news that Mrs. Smith, Mr. Thompson's sister, was very ill. Since then, news has been received of her death.

Messrs. Marion & Marion, patent attorneys, Temple Building, Montreal, give notice of patent No. 70,911 of a rock drill by H. Burget, Victoria, B.C., and of 70,940 automatic train pipe coupling, W. G. Trethewey, Vancouver, B.C.

The names of Union-Cumberland schools pupils who successfully passed for high school at Courtney are: Mabel Abrams, Wm. Ellis, Mabel Grieve, Agnes Gleason, Annie Hunden, Wm. Harrison, Edith Smith, Jessie Walker.

Mr. Frank Dalby has fixed up his cottage on the Comox road with a neat fence and well arranged garden. The corner is thus immensely improved. Looks like Frank was making plans to catch some pretty bird by the pains he is taking with the cage.

We understand that Messrs. Moran have arranged matters with the custom authorities at Ottawa so that there is now no impediment to their proceeding with the work of raising the Willamette. It is anticipated she will be floated in a week's time, and will most probably be able to proceed to Seattle under her own steam. The various sensational rumors which have been published lately in various newspapers about Moran's working on the wreck, having her floated, and suggestions of the firms attempted piracy of the ship, are all wind, buncome, and Biddy Martin. Mr. Moran says he would not have a chance to do anything of the sort, even if he desired to injure his prospects and reputation by such action.

BE PATIENT!

The longest night has its morning,
Its evening the weariest day;
The bluest of skies will grow filmy
And merge into clouds of gray;
The hot, burning drought will be broken
By showers of gentle rain
And the mists that the showers engender
Be dispersed by the sun again.

The warm winds that drift from the south land
Will follow the icy blast
That sweeps over meadow and woodland
When the snowflakes fall thick and fast.
On the meadows, now brown and barren,
The daisies again will nod,
And the ripe, golden wheat will be gleaming
Where the snowdrifts lie deep on the sod.

The weariest lane has its turning;
The dawn on the darkness waits.
Through death's portal, so dark and so lonely,
We enter the heavenly gates.
Wrong shall by right be supplanted,
And justice shall triumph yet,
And the flowers of freedom shall bourgeon
On the graves of our heroes blood wet.

The hearts that are aching with sorrow
Again shall rejoice and be glad,
The smiles of contentment and pleasure
Illumine the face that is sad.
Time heals every wound, e'en the keenest,
Grief fades like the mist away,
And peace floods the spirit once blighted
As the sunlight makes radiant the day.

L'ENVOI.

So patience, oh, love, yet have patience,
Endure and be silent awhile!
The darkness you walk in will vanish,
And on you the bright sun will smile.
The night that surrounds you is fleeting,
Though the light in the east dawns not yet;
Be patient, oh, love, yet a little,
Be patient and do not forget!

—E. B. Smith in Minneapolis Journal.

SIX YEARS LOST.

A Woman Who Did Not Know the Strength of Her Love.

"What would we live on, Max?" laughed Sydney Vernon, glancing down at her elegant morning dress, with the pretty slipper just peeping from beneath its hem. "It's all very well to eschew the practicabilities of life, but they are somewhat necessary, for all that, and I have never seen any great evidence of economy on your part, and I am quite sure you have not on mine."

Max Bayard tugged impatiently at his mustache as the girl whom a moment before he had asked to be his wife thus answered him.

He had known her long enough to learn to love her with all the strength of his great heart, to worship her beauty, to follow her constantly with his eyes, knowing but one wish, one hope, that she might be his.

And she fancied, not altogether wrongly, that his love had met some return. Her eyes had brightened at his coming, her voice had learned to welcome him, until he felt he must end suspense and gain some assurance; the more so that a Mr. Clayton had lately come upon the scene, a rich and childless widower, who evidently looked with favor upon the belle of the watering place and whom her aunt, under whose care she was, if not the young lady herself, looked upon with favor in return.

"I have never had an incentive to economy," Max said in answer. "I have enough to live on and feed my horses, though my tailor's bill does trouble me now and then, I confess; but, Sydney, I will change all that, dear. I can't perhaps give you all the luxuries to which you are accustomed, but you shall not lack for comforts, that I promise you."

"We should be miserable, Max, miserable, both you and I," the girl answered bitterly. "We have not either of us been reared in a school of poverty. I would cry for cake, while you could only give me bread, and you for ale, while I could give you only kisses. Come, be sensible, and let us be good friends."

"Friends? Never!" he exclaimed. "I am starving, and you throw me a stone. Look into my eyes, Sydney, straight and true, and say you do not love me, and I will go away and trouble you no more."

The long lashes drooped low on her cheek.

"I cannot quite say that," she answered, "but I will say more. I promised last night to become Mr. Clayton's wife within six months."

Max Bayard's handsome face grew white to the very lips. A look of deadly anger, mingled with something like loathing, crept into it. Sydney shrank from it as from a blow.

"Don't, Max, don't!" she cried. "I couldn't help it. I am very sorry."

"You could not help it! You are very sorry!" he repeated very slowly. "Could not help what? Toying with me for your amusement—playing fast and loose with your victim or selling yourself to the highest bidder? Which? You are very sorry for whom? For the man you led on?"

With these words he turned and left her sitting on the sands, the ocean making its low moan at her feet.

"Oh, if it would come on and on and swallow me up!" she wailed in echo. "I love him, I love him! Max, you are right; the man I propose to marry does deserve the pity. But you—oh, my love, you might have spared me your hate! I did it for the best—I did it for the best."

* * * * * * *

Six years had passed—six years fraught indeed with change.

"If she had been but true to herself and me," Max Bayard had thought when but a few months after the event which had driven him from his native land to find forgetfulness in travel a letter had been put into his hand which had followed him from port to port, announcing that he had fallen heir to a fortune which might have challenged Mr. Clayton's in its magnitude.

"If only she had trusted me," he said bitterly again and again in the lonely hours of the night, despising himself that he could not learn to hate her.

A year afterward he married. His wife was very young and very lovely, but there were depths in his nature that her hand never stirred, and even as she lay with her head pillowed on his breast another haunting face would come between and mid the caressing murmur of her words would sound the echo of the "might have been."

But he loved her very dearly and mourned her very truly when, one short year after their marriage, he laid her away in her grave and took up the burden of life again, with the added responsibility of the tiny infant daughter she had left him.

* * * * * * *

"Wanted.—A lady to superintend the education of a little girl. Apply between the hours of 4 and 6 at ——."

It was in answer to this advertisement that, six years after that memorable afternoon upon the beach, a lady stood waiting in the elegant drawing room of the house to which she had been directed.

Her veil was down, and the room was half in shadow from the heavy curtains which draped the window, but for all that she started when a step crossed the hall and a gentleman, his hair slightly tinged with gray, entered.

She had sunk back on the sofa, and her frame quivered with emotion.

"You have come, madam, in answer to my advertisement?" he asked cautiously.

"No, no!" she answered. "There are reasons why it will now be impossible for me to accept the situation offered."

That voice! Had it not too long haunted him to be thus easily forgotten? Would he not know it, even though it sounded above his very grave?

"Sydney! you here?" he exclaimed. "Ah, Mrs. Clayton—pardon me; for the moment I forgot."

Then she threw back her veil. Six years had made little change. It was the same beautiful face, but grown very pale, and the lovely mouth quivered as she spoke.

"Believe me, I would not have intruded myself upon you had I dreamed it was you who had inserted the advertisement. I had not even heard of your marriage."

"My wife is dead," he answered. "But stay," as she arose to go. "Tell me how it happens that you are in necessity. Is Mr. Clayton dead?"

She shuddered.

"You mistake," she said. "I did not marry Mr. Clayton. I am Sydney Vernon still."

"You did not marry him?"

"No. It is a woman's privilege, you know, to change her mind, but my aunt was very angry and at her death she left me nothing. Your advertisement attracted me. I thought I might learn to love a little girl."

"And you will not learn to love my little motherless child?" he asked. "Accept this position, I beg of you, Miss Vernon. It is only that you should see she is not left to the mercy of nurses and that she has some refining care."

So it was at last decided, and Sydney found the old emptiness of life fled since her heart and hands were full.

She rarely saw the master of the house. One day when she had entered on some errand into his study she had seen hanging over his desk the fair, pictured face of Mabel's mother.

"How soon he learned to love again," she thought. "And I—I whom he so cruelly condemned—threw aside ambition and wealth for the idol I could never grasp."

But one evening Mabel stole to the side of the lovely lady who had won all her loyal little heart.

"Papa is ill," she said. "Did you know it, Miss Sydney? Won't you go nurse him like you do me when me is ill?"

"Certainly, darling, if I can do anything."

And with trembling steps she descended the stairs and entered his room.

For hours she sat beside him, changing the cooling bandages upon his brow and fanning his fevered cheeks.

Mabel had come softly in for her good night kiss; then he had fallen asleep, and she had feared to stir, as she might waken him.

"Sydney, why did you not marry Mr. Clayton?"

Had he really spoken or was it her own thoughts which formed the question? No, he was awake now, his eyes resting upon her.

"You have no right to ask me," she said imperiously. "Let the dead past bury its dead."

"No right perhaps—that I admit, but answer me all the same. For the sake of all these starving years let me know the truth."

"Because I did not love him," she answered; then—"because I found myself weaker than I knew."

"Oh, Sydney, if we had known—if we had known! My darling, was there another reason? Was it because you loved me?"

In his voice there thrilled the truth. In that moment she knew herself empress of his heart all these years, and gliding from her chair until she fell back on her knees by his side, with her beautiful head close pressed against his heart, while his kisses rained upon her hair, she whispered:

"Because I shall love you while life lasts."

A month later there was a quiet wedding, when, after six years' cruel waiting, Sydney made the life happiness of the man to whom she gave herself, a royal gift, but they always said, with a sigh of deep regret, that in both their lives they had lost—six years.—Spare Moments.

Power of Rank.

One day at the Kremlin in Moscow Miss Hapgood, an American lady, was favored with an amusing manifestation of the all pervading influence in Russian life of "official" rank.

While looking at objects of interest she noticed a large, handsomely bound book flanked by pen and ink on a side table. As she opened the book an attendant pounced upon her.

"Don't touch that!" he said peremptorily.

"Why not? If you do not wish people to look at this collection of ancient documents—I suppose that is what it is—you should lock it up or label it, 'Hands off!'" retorted the annoyed lady.

"It isn't ancient documents, and you are not to touch it," he said, taking the book out of her hands. "It is strictly reserved for the signatures of distinguished visitors—crowned heads, royal princes, embassadors and the like."

"Then it does not interest me in the least, and if you would label it to that effect no one would care to disturb it," answered the American woman.

Soon after she was joined by one of the powerful officials of the Kremlin who had made an appointment to show the American lady about. As she went from one object to another with the official the attendants hovered respectfully in the rear, evidently impressed with the friendly tone of the conversation. When the round had been made and the official had departed to his duties, the guardian of the autograph album invited her to add her "illustrious" name to the list.

She refused, he entreated and at last fairly dragged her to the table and stood guard over her while she wrote her name. —Youth's Companion.

Types and Spacing.

"You," he cried, "are the type of perfect womanhood."

"And you are the type of perfect manhood," she faltered shyly.

"We are spaced out too much, don't you think?" he whispered.

And as he drew her to his bosom he encountered only the feeblest and most perfunctory resistance.—Detroit Journal.

THE STALE FISH SUMMER.

An Experience With Frightened Herring In York Harbor, Me.

"The last time I was in York Harbor, Me.," said a Boston man, "was in the summer of 1884. In those days the railroad stopped short at Portsmouth, N. H. —12 miles distant—and the balance of the journey you made by coach. It is one of the most attractive places I have ever visited. But I knew it in its stagecoach days, and prejudice has kept me from returning since the railroad reached out and touched it. It was in this summer that I witnessed one of the most remarkable sights it has ever been my luck to see. York harbor is a beautiful circular bay, into one end of which the river runs. Behind the bluff the river forms a small harbor, and then it decreases rapidly in size as you proceed inland. Two miles above the harbor it is scarcely more than a creek. One evening after supper I had taken a couple of young ladies for a row. Dusk found us about a mile from the hotel on our way home. As I was rowing, my back was to the stream. Suddenly the girl steering cried out, 'Gracious me, what's that?'

"Turning, I saw in the gloaming what seemed a wall of phosphorescent water some two feet high. It was rushing toward us, and thinking it must be a tidal wave or something of that kind I grabbed for the oars. There was no time to reach the shore, so I held the boat head on to the advancing wave, at the same time warning my companions to sit perfectly still. In a second it struck us, and it struck us hard. Fish in twos and threes began to jump into the boat, and the frightened girls, screaming, jumped on the thwarts. I implored them to sit down and to keep perfectly still, for the boat rocked fearfully, and we were in imminent danger of upsetting.

"The river was covered with fish from bank to bank, like a gigantic sardine box, and if we had ever gone over among them knowledge of swimming would not have been of the slightest use. The girls finally quieted down, and we were able to watch the spectacle without fear. It was the strangest of sights. Down the stream to the bay the river seemed a mass of living, leaping quicksilver. The head of the line was 100 yards beyond us, a moving, living line of light. Fish by the score jumped into the boat and kept us busy pitching them out. I thrust my oar down into the water, and you could feel their bodies leaping against its entire length. Finally, however, the stream cleared enough for me to row again, and we returned to our hotel.

"The explanation of the phenomenon was comparatively simple," the narrator went on. "Herring have a deadly enemy called, I think, monk fish. They hunt them in schools and destroy the herring by hundreds. When the monk fish get after them, the herring run for it as their only means of escape. A school of herring had been chased into the outer harbor. The monk fish blocked their way back to the sea. Then the herring found the way into the river, and the whole frightened school tore through and up the stream in their wild effort to escape. They died there by thousands.

"The next morning the plot in front of the Marshall House was silvered with their bodies, and both shores of the river for miles presented a similar appearance. Farmers all over the country came there and took the fish away by the cartload to use as fertilizer. But there were fish enough to have fertilized New England, and presently they began to decay. The people stood it for a day or two, but by that time they smelt to high heaven, and every one that could fled as from the bubonic plague. I couldn't and had to stay through.

"It was an awful experience. The water in the river ran like glue and so impregnated the water of the outer bay that bathing for awhile was out of the question. You ate, drank, slept and cursed fish. Fish were in the clear weather and in the storm. The summer of 1884 at York Harbor has since been known as the stale fish summer."

Sympathy on Tap.

"When I hear people describe the nervous strain caused by their work," said a dentist, "I wonder how it compares with that of the young woman assistant. No one expects a dentist to be sympathetic, but curiously enough every one of my patients demands sympathy from my assistant. Can you imagine what a strain that is on her nerves? She must graduate her sympathy in accordance with the sufferings of the patient, and from long experience she has come to be a good judge of character.

"I have just had a big athletic fellow here who had some painful work to be done. It was his first experience in a dentist's chair, and he made a good deal of unnecessary fuss about it. My assistant sized him up. 'Dear, dear,' she said impersonally. 'I don't see how he stands it so well. It is very painful.' As a matter of fact it was not so very painful then, but the big man thought he was a hero. He quieted down, and later when I was working around a nerve he perspired freely, but never even groaned.

"My assistant has to have sympathy on tap all day long, and it must either be the real article or a very good counterfeit of it. Now, wouldn't you call that nerve trying work?"

An Egg Trick.

Speaking of the tricks of his trade, Paul Cinquevalli, the king of jugglers, said that catching an egg on a plate without breaking it is a feat which has elicited as much applause as curiosity as to how it is done.

"It is easy enough when you know how," says Mr. Cinquevalli, "and if you practice it sufficiently. Most people will tell you that if you want to deaden the force of a falling object you must 'give with it' in exactly the same way as one catches a cricket ball.

"Try to catch an egg on a plate by 'giving with it' and you will break the egg every time. The way to do it is to hold the plate sideways and, judging the fall of the egg, bring the plate up to it so as to touch it sideways. Then suddenly turn the plate round so as to bring it horizontal, and the egg will be made to rest on the plate without any trouble."

Her Triumph.

Two little Scotch girls were talking of their respective fathers who had both been in the army.

"Ma faither's got the Victoria cross," boasted one. "The queen pinned it on him with her ain hand."

"Ah," retorted the other, "ma faither's been in dozens of wars, an he's got gangs and gangs of medals and Victoria crosses. An he's got a bonnie wooden leg, an"—with a shrill shriek of triumph—"the queen nailed it on wi' her ain hand!"

An Extra One.

Diner—Now, waiter, what's to pay?

Waiter—Let me see, sir. What have you had, sir?

Diner—Three fish—

Waiter—Only brought you two, I think, sir.

Diner—No, three. I had two mackerel, and one smelt.

A Modern Child.

Small Boy—What do they call a king, pa?

Father—His majesty.

Small Boy—Well, if they call a king "his majesty," what do they call an ace?

They All Came Back.

"Half a dozen of us fellows," said the struggling young author, "held a competition in short story writing. My story won the prize."

"Conceded to be the best, eh?"

"Well, we sent them all to the same magazine, and the editor kept mine longer than any of the others."

Boston Common Incident.

Mr. Goodbody—Ah, little man! Want to see the wheels go round?

Waldo Beanes—Thank you, sir, but I'm perfectly familiar with the mechanism of the modern chronometer.

Nelson was 39 when he won the victory of the Nile. Wellington was only 40 when he opened the Peninsular war. Cromwell was 46 when he won at Naseby.

Attacked by a Turtle.

John Fisher of Romney, W. Va., while following his outline in the south branch of the Potomac, landed two turtles, the larger weighing about 40 pounds. In lifting the latter turtle into the boat the hook broke, and the turtle at once began an attack on Fisher, chasing him from one end of the boat to the other. He had nothing to defend himself with except a paddle. The battle lasted ten minutes, the turtle hissing and showing great viciousness. It finally got back into the water.

Everybody Wants Them.

There is, we understand, a very general desire to obtain the new $5 silver certificate or, for that matter, any other $5 bill.

There Are Others.

Briggs—I see a Wisconsin court has granted an injunction against a young man whose friends don't want him to get married.

Enpeck—I wish to heaven my friends had been so thoughtful!—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Reflections of a Bachelor.

War makes a few heroes, but married life makes all the rest.

There generally isn't very much in a man that can carry an umbrella just right for a woman.

When two women discover that they have hats on that are alike, they begin to hate each other.

A man with a tie on that his wife thinks he looks well in is almost as rare as a woman with shoes on that are big enough.

A Mere Mental Phase.

"What is a winter resort, Uncle Jim?"

"A winter resort? Well, any place you go where you don't let yourself think it is as cold as it is at home."—Detroit Free Press.

At the Theater.

"I think you told me you were to have a speaking part soon."

"Yes, but I've got through here. The manager gave me a parting speak today."

NEW ENGLISH BEAUTY.

Honorable Violet Vivian, the Heroine of Many Novels.

The world is blessed with so much feminine beauty to-day that a young woman must possess an uncommonly fair face in order to inspire widespread popular admiration with the adulation of poets and painters. Perhaps since Mrs. Langtry fairly startle London with her youthful physical perfection no like sensation has been known until the Hon. Violet Mary, sister of Lord Vivian, and daughter of an ancient noble Cornish family, made her debut.

The house of Vivian, old and very honorable though it is, has not, in later times, known great wealth, so that the Hon. Violet and her twin sister, the Hon. Dorothy Maud, made a very modest entry into fashionable society. Almost at once the Hon. Dorothy was selected as a maid of honor to the Queen, and quite as promptly was her sister pronounced by competent judges to be the fairest nymph of every social gathering she attended. It was not very long before the opinion of the social powers was ratified by the artistic side of London, and the Hon. Violet very evidently supplied valuable inspiration for one of the most successful pictures that hung in the Royal Academy last spring. She has been compared to most of the famous beauties immortalized on canvas, and has been acknowledged as the heroine of more than one novel.

THE HONORABLE VIOLET VIVIAN.

Allied to her poetic beauty, Miss Vivian possesses as well a pretty wit softened by extreme sweetness of nature, and because of her very obliging disposition and the desire of dowagers to earn large sums of money at their charity bazaars, she is pursued with requests to serve as a flower vender, stall attendant—indeed, in any capacity where her beauty will serve as a conspicuous attraction, not only to appreciative swains, but equally enthusiastic women.

It is one of the charming features of this beauty's reign that little or no jealousy is excited by her superior perfection, and the attentions she everywhere commands. Women praise her, give place to, her and admire her as generously as the men. By her sex she is conceded to possess the most wonderful head of hair in all England. Its golden chestnut color, rich natural wave and splendid abundance are all unrivaled, and yet to the hand of the smart Parisian figaro it owes none of its splendor. It is inherited from her mother, who was a well-known Welsh beauty when she married Baron Vivian and made her home in Cornwall at stately and romantic Glynn House, which dates from the days of the seventh English Henry.

Oil Lamps in Paris.

Paris' latest innovation in street lighting is oil lamps. They are not the sort of lamps used a hundred years ago, when the cry was "aristocrats a la lanterne," but enormous structures that give out 1,000 candle-power each.

He Had to Change It.

"Yes," said the author, "some objections were raised to my story in Boston. It was pointed out that one of the expressions was very inelegant, and I had to change it."

"What was the fault?"

"Why, in speaking of cooking in the olden days I inadvertently used the word 'spit,' and I had to make the phrase read 'She was slowly turning the expectorate' in order to make the book acceptable in the best circles."

When Sermons Were Long.

Clocks were introduced in 1720 from Great Britain and soon came into common use. Before that time hourglasses were generally employed, and in the churches an hourglass on the pulpit was deemed almost as indispensable an article of furniture as the Bible. The sermon was measured by glasses, and it was frequently known that the preacher "turned the glass" three times in the course of his sermon.

If men could be soft hearted and at the same time hard headed, the world would get along much more smoothly.—St. Louis Star.

AN OBLIGING TEXAN.

His Business With Lawyer Johnson Could Wait.

It was a Texas town, and a long limbed Texan was making across the public square toward the courthouse with a revolver in his hand when he was stopped by a man who asked:

"Are you on your way to the courthouse?"

"Yes, sir; I am," was the reply.

"Going to shoot anybody?"

"Yes, sir—Lawyer Johnson. If it hadn't been for him, I shouldn't have lost my case yesterday. Yes, sir, going to fill him full of lead."

"Are you in any great hurry about it?"

"No special hurry, but when I have shooting on hand I like to get it off my mind as soon as possible."

"Of course, but you see Lawyer Johnson is now arguing a case for me and won't be through for 40 minutes. He's going to win it for sure if not interrupted, and if you will only hold on for awhile you will do me a great favor."

"Why, certainly—glad you mentioned it. No hurry about the shooting, so as it comes off today, and you can count on me. Have a drink with you? With the greatest of pleasure, and if Johnson is a particular friend of yours I'll shoot him as softly as I can and give him every show to die like a gentleman."

M. QUAD.

Those Chicago Divorces.

Mrs. Dearborn (at a Chicago reception)—Is that your husband going out of the room with that blond lady?

Mrs. Wabash—I can't tell. He was my husband when I came here.—Yonkers Statesman.

Dear Sirs,—I have been a great sufferer from rheumatism, and lately have been confined to my bed. Seeing your MINARD'S LINIMENT advertised, I tried it and got immediate relief. I ascribe my restoration to health to the wonderful power of your medicine.

LEWIS S. BUTLER.

Burin, Nfld.

The man who takes no thought of tomorrow is apt to wake up some morning and find it yesterday.

Some people ask questions for the sake of information, and some for sake of starting an argument.

STREET CAR ACCIDENT.—Mr. Thomas Sabin says: "My eleven-year-old boy had his foot badly injured by being run over by a car on the street railway. We at once commenced bathing the foot with Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, when the discoloration and swelling was removed, and in nine days he could use his foot. We always keep a bottle in the house ready for emergency."

Information Wanted.

Bobbs—But even if we could communicate with Mars, what would we ask the people there, anyway?

Dobbs—Might ask them if they had seen Pitt Crowe.—Baltimore American.

Not.

McSwigan—I don't like that goat that comes into our back yard.

Mrs. McSwigan—But—

McSwigan—Exactly. That's why I don't like it.—Ohio State Journal.

Holloway's Corn Cure is a specific for the removal of corns and warts. We have never heard of its failing to remove even the worst kind.

Twenty-eight of the counties of Southern Michigan have lost 40,000 rural population in the last ten years.

A pessimist is never happy unless he is unhappy.

HEART DISEASE

is a symptom of Kidney Disease. A well-known doctor has said, "I never yet made a post-mortem examination in a case of death from Heart Disease without finding the kidneys were at fault." The Kidney medicine which was first on the market, most successful for Heart Disease and all Kidney Troubles, and most widely imitated is

Dodd's Kidney Pills

EXTREME WEAKNESS

RESULTING FROM POOR WATERY BLOOD.

Heart Palpitation, Dizziness and Weakness in the Legs Followed Until the Sufferer Felt that His Case Was Almost Hopeless.

From the Mirror, Meaford, Ont.

No man in Meaford is better known or more highly respected than Mr. Patrick Delaney, who has been a resident of the town for nearly forty years. Mr. Delaney is a stone mason by trade, and has helped to construct many of the buildings which go to make up Meaford's chief business structures. Hearing that he had received great benefit from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, a reporter of the Mirror called to obtain particulars of the cure, and Mr. Delaney cheerfully gave him the following statement: "Last March," said he, "my health became so poor that I was compelled to quit work. The chief symptoms of my illness were extreme weakness in the legs, loss of appetite, and palpitation of the heart. The least exertion would cause my heart to palpitate violently, and if I stooped to pick up anything I would be overcome with dizziness. My legs were so weak that I was compelled to sit down to put my clothes on. The doctor I consulted said I had a bad case of anaemia. He prescribed for me and I took three bottles of medicine, but all the while I actually grew worse until I became so weak and emaciated that it seemed impossible that I could recover. Having read of the cures effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I determined to give them a trial. From the first box I noted an improvement in my condition. My legs became stronger, my appetite improved, and by the time I had used four boxes I felt better than I had done for months. That the pills are a wonderful remedy there is not the least doubt. I can do light work about home without experiencing any of the unpleasant sensations that I once underwent. I feel an altogether different man despite the fact that I am now sixty-seven years of age. All I can say is that I attribute my present good health to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I would advise any other similar sufferer to try them."

To those who are weak, easily tired, nervous, or whose blood is out of condition, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills come as a blessing, curing when all other medicines fail, and restoring those who give them a fair trial to a full measure of health and strength. The pills are sold only in boxes bearing on the wrapper the full name Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. If your dealer does not keep them they will be sent post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

There is no law to prevent a woman from planting herself in front of a milliner's show window and wishing she had a bank account of her own.

The Good Man's Joke.

Two gentlemen of the cloth were standing on a corner the other day. Evidently they were talking about extra services to be held during the week.

"I anticipate a great awakening in my church," said the first speaker.

"My people never go to sleep," said the second.

"Ah, there comes my car," replied the first, and they parted company.—

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

The Useful Telephone.

Two young ladies on St. Paul street went to the theater the other evening, and their father, thinking they had a latchkey, went to bed at his usual hour, and the servants all left. When the ladies returned, they rang the bell repeatedly and beat on the door, but got no answer. Finally they began to despair, when a neighbor who had been awakened by the din appeared in white at his window opposite and asked what was the matter.

"We are locked out and cannot awake papa," came the reply in duet.

"Wait a minute," said the quick witted man on the other side of the street. "Your father has a telephone in his room, and I will call him up." So the central was called.

"Give me number —," said the neighbor.

As soon as the bell sounded in the room of the sleeping father he awoke with a start and ran to the telephone.

"Hello, what is the matter?"

"Is that you, So-and-so?"

"Yes; what is wanted?"

"Your daughters are at the front door trying to get in. Open the door. Good night."

A Chinese Mother-in-law Story.

"The Experiences of a British Pharmacist in China" was the title of an address by Mr. Frank Browne, who was introduced as the government analyst at Hongkong.

As illustrating the Chinese regard for filial piety the lecturer told an interesting mother-in-law story. A man and his wife maltreated the husband's mother. As a punishment the scene of the act was openly cursed, the active agents were put to death, and the mother of the wife was bamboozed, branded and exiled for her daughter's crime. The house in which the offenders lived was dug up from the foundations. Moreover, the scholars of the district were precluded from attending public examinations, and even the magistrates were deprived of their office. These drastic measures were designed to render the empire filial.—London News.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

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

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Things are usually what they seem to be to the dressmaker.

Some young men dress so loud they can't hear themselves think.

In 1880 only four per cent of the people of the United States lived in cities. Today 30 per cent live in cities.

Pale, sickly children should use Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. Worms are one of the principal causes of suffering in children and should be expelled from the system.

The fewer steps a man takes the longer his shoes last.

Brass Band

Instruments, Drums, Uniforms, Etc.

EVERY TOWN CAN HAVE A BAND.

Lowest prices ever quoted. Fine catalogue 50 illustrations mailed free. Write us for anything in Music or Musical Instruments.

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

BICYCLE SNAPS.—A postcard will bring you our price list of new and second-hand wheels. Special discount to dealers. We also want your repair work. Send repairs in now before the rush. We give special and prompt attention to country orders. Andre Arms & Cycle Co., Winnipeg. Successors to Hyslop Bros.

WHEELER & WILSON SEWING MACHINES

Rapidity. Save about one day in three. Quietness and durability without noise or wear. General utility. Best for all kinds of work. 243 Portage Ave., Winnipeg.

United States Cream Separators.

Perfect skimmers. Light running and easiest to wash. Will outlast two of almost all competitors. All round the most serviceable and best value. Everything needed in the dairy kept. Write for catalogues. Shipments of fresh butter wanted.

Wm. Scott, 205 Pacific Avenue, WINNIPEG.

The Only Printers' Supply House in the Northwest

TORONTO TYPE FOUNDRY CO., Limited,

175 Owen Street, Winnipeg.

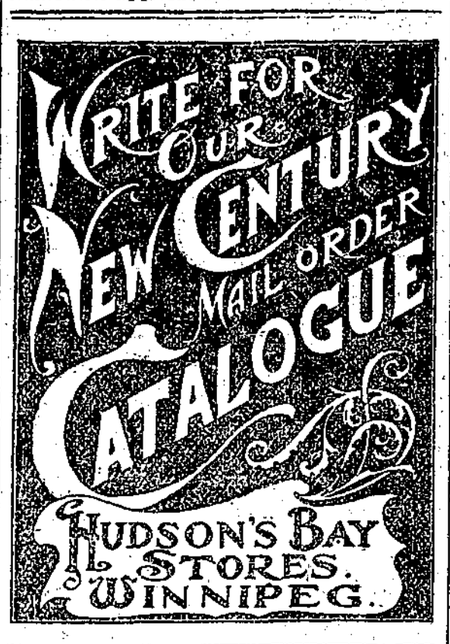
BIG STRAWBERRIES

150 Plants post paid for $1. Send for list.

N. E. MALLORY, BLENHEIM, ONT.

KEITH & CO., SEEDSMEN

WINNIPEG, 479 Main St., opp. City Hall, furnishes choice and fresh Seeds. Catalogue mailed on application.



CEYLON AND INDIA TEA

GREEN OR BLACK

IS ECONOMICAL TEA.

Its greater strength combined with its absolute purity make it the best tea on the market.

If your grocer does not keep it he will get it rather than lose your trade.

ASK FOR IT.

A free sample of delicious SALADA Tea sent on receipt of postal mentioning which you drink—Black, Mixed or Green Tea. Address "SALADA," Toronto or Montreal.

Twentieth Annual Statement

—OF THE—

NORTH AMERICAN LIFE

Assurance Company.

HEAD OFFICE 112-118 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO.

For the Year Ended December, 31st, 1900.

Dec. 30, 1899.	To net Ledger Assets		$3,336,710 21

RECEIPTS.

Dec. 31, 1900.	To Cash for Premiums	$822,929 00	
	To Cash Income on Investments, etc.	183 041 55	
			1,005,970 55
			$4,342,680 76

DISBURSEMENTS.

Dec. 31, 1900	By Payment for Death Claims, Profits, etc.	$304,679 00	
"	By all other Payments	264,493 35	
			569,172 68
			$3,773,508 08

ASSETS.

Dec. 31, 1900.	By Mortgages, etc	$1,282,389 92
	" Debentures (market value $739,199.47)	729,813 10
	" Stocks and Bonds (market value $1,031,680.00)	1,013,799 96
	" Real Estate, including Company's building	389,751 79
	" Loans on Policies, etc.	239,719 38
	" Loans on Stocks (nearly all on call)	91,580 00
	" Cash in Banks and on Hand	26,473 93
		$3,773,508 08
	" Premiums outstanding, etc. (less cost of collection)	163,071 16
	" Interest and rents due and accrued	40,684 59
		$3,977,263 83

LIABILITIES.

Dec. 31, 1900.	To Guarantee Fund	$ 60,000 00	
	" Assurance and Annuity Reserve Fund,	3,362 709 00	
	" Death Losses awaiting proofs, etc.	54,362 44	
			3,477,071 44
	Net Surplus		**$500,192 39**

Audited and found correct.

J. N. LAKE, Auditor.

The financial position of the Company is unexcelled—its percentage of net surplus to liabilities exceeds that of any other Home Company.

New insurance issued during 1900	$ 4,153,150 00
Exceeding the best previous year (except one) in the history of the Company.	
Insurance in force at end of 1900 (net)	24,883,061 00

PRESIDENT

JOHN L. BLAIKIE.

VICE-PRESIDENTS

HON. G. W. ALLAN. HON. SIR WILLIAM R. MEREDITH, K.C.

DIRECTORS

HON. SENATOR GOWAN, K.C., LL.D., C.M.G. E. GURNEY, Esq.
L. W. SMITH, Esq., K.C., D.C.L. J. K. OSBORNE, Esq.
D. McCRAE, Esq., Guelph.

MANAGING DIRECTOR

WM. McCABE, LL.B., F.I.A., F.S.S.

SECRETARY L. GOLDMAN, A.I.A.

MEDICAL DIRECTOR A. THORBURN, M.D., Edin.

The Report containing the proceedings of the Annual Meeting, held on January 30th last, showing marked proofs of the continued progress and solid position of the Company, will be sent to policy-holders. Pamphlets explanatory of the attractive investment of plans of the Company, and a copy of the annual report, showing its unexcelled financial position, will be furnished on application to the Head Office, or any of the Company's agencies.

The Hands of the Worker

And his face also, will of necessity get stained with Oil, Paint, Rust, etc.

The Master Mechanics Extraordinary Soap

Will make all stains disappear, leave the skin white and soft, and the tar of which it is made heals any cuts or bruises.

Sold by all dealers in good soaps.

ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., MFRS., MONTREAL.

If you are tired reading Blue Ribbon Tea advertisements, take a cup of the tea itself and you will be in a good humor again.

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS

Issued Every Wednesday.

W. B. ANDERSON, - - - EDITOR

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

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

WEDNESDAY, MAY 15, 1901

Getting Over Wire Fences.

A wire fence is an ugly affair to cross either by climbing over or crawling under or between the strands. The accompanying cut from The American

STILE FOR WIRE FENCE.

Agriculturist shows a handy arrangement where one must cross a wire fence occasionally and does not wish to lose the tension on the wires by cutting a gateway. This double stepladder can be put together in a few moments and will prove a very convenient affair.

Stack Hay.

Feed stack hay before that stored in the barn to avoid loss. While the hay will dry out nearly as much in one place as in another, there is a far greater loss in feeding value in that put up in stacks due to spoiling on top by the weather, and on the bottom by dampness from the ground. The Colorado experiment station found the loss to be 12.4 per cent in feeding value in stacked hay and but 2.5 per cent in that stored in barns, a difference of 10 per cent. Thus nine tons of hay put in the barn will feed as much stock as 10 tons put in stack. When this test was made, the conditions were more favorable than the average season for feeding stack hay.—American Agriculturist.

Breed From Mature Swine.

The practice of breeding the young sow but once and again selecting a young sow—the produce of a young sow and a young boar—and continuing this will each year show a smaller, more delicate little mother, which will in a few years farrow but two or three pigs so weak that they are all ready for any ailment that comes along and generally avoid the troubles of life by dying at once, says The Prairie Farmer. I would say, then, breed from mature animals, selecting only enough young sows to keep up the required number of breeding animals as the old ones drop out. Feed correctly, breed for two litters each year, thus having two crops of hogs to turn off yearly; treat your hogs as you would any other animal that paid you well, and you will find that the well bred hog, well housed and well fed, will always bring you a large profit.

Weaning Pigs.

A litter of pigs should not be weaned till nearly 3 months of age, and if fed where they cannot be molested by their dam or other pigs from the time they are 4 to 6 weeks old they will never know they are weaned, but will continue to grow very fast and have no setback. Pigs weaned at 6 weeks of age must surely have a hard setback in their thrift, but if not weaned till about 3 months old and fed as above with suitable feed they are almost ready for market any day from this age on to 6 or 8 months. If this practice is followed up for a generation, we would hear but little of swine disease.—Prairie Farmer.

The Legumes.

Representatives of the legume family are found in all climates and countries. The pea and bean grow rapidly, three to four months being sufficient to bring most varieties to maturity, and consequently they can be grown in the short summers of far northern lands, the pea, the most hardy of them, at least as far as 67 degrees north latitude, and, as they also stand high temperatures, they are all largely cultivated in tropical and subtropical regions. The pea is the favorite legume of middle and northern Europe, while in the Mediterranean countries the bean is grown more generally than the pea. In nearly all sections of our own country both the pea and bean are grown extensively and are even exported. Peanuts of a superior quality are cultivated in our southern states. So far as can be learned, the lentil is at present grown in this country only to a small extent in the southwestern portion of the United States.

Fruit Crop Items of 1900.

There has been, according to official statistics, a large production of pears, California alone among the ten principal pear producing states failing to report a crop in excess of the ten year average.

Of the four principal grape growing states New York and Ohio report a production in excess of their respective ten year averages, while California and Missouri fall somewhat below such averages.

RELIEF FUND COLLECTIONS.

Summary of collections to date.

Proceeds of Prof. Payne's Entertainment	$ 72.00
Messrs. Hicks and Riggs on acct. subscription	194 50
Salvation Army, Van	27.90
Donations—	
City of Rossland	100.00
City of Nelson	250.00
City of Westminster	150.00
Mrs. Seaton, Vancouver	4.00
Subscriptions—	
Kamloops	10.00
Rev. J. X. Willimer on account	86.50
Geo. Hetherbell, Hornby	18.00
T. H. Piercy, Denman	46.00
A. McKnight, on acct.	121.50
Mayor of Vancouver	245.25
Geo. McLaughlin, U. B.	100.00
Sale of R. Strang's poems	6.50

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

Subscription, Free Press	$ 214.30
Donations—	
City of Kamloops	150.00
Bank of Commerce	200.00
Messrs. Hicks & Riggs, subscription list	$ 64.00
M. Manson, Union Bay	196 50
Slocan Miners' Union	24.00
Nicholas May, Shopland	5 00
City of Sandon	50 00
City of Kaslo	100 00
City of Cumberland	250 00
Mr. McPhee's sub. list	4 00
K. of P. Cumberland	25 00
Mr. Quennell, Nanaimo	10 00
Rev. W. C. Dodds' sub. list	189 50
6th Reg. Van Band Concert	65 00
Homer Street Methodist Church, Vancouver	8 00
Ladysmith Wharf Hands	51 00
Citizens of Fernie	710 00
Delta Municipal Council	50 00
Colonist Subscription List.	1085 00
Strang's poems	3 50
Miss Bertrum's Concert	122 50
F. Child's sub. list	51 00
J. B. Holmes' sub list	9 50
"Dot" performance, Cumberland	99 55
Subscriber	4 85
Nanaimo miners, &c., contributions	1675 00
Bal. of McKnight's col.	$ 94 50
Col. at Colliery Office	774 25
J Graham, Denman	1 00
H C Lucas	25 00
Rev Wm Hicks	42 50
J McPhee	28 50
Meth. Church Cantata	75 00
Revelstoke Concert	49 00
McLean's sale of Strang's poems	2 75
Colonist cheque	50 00
Mayor of New West	66 50
Royal Bank, Nanaimo	18 50
Messrs. Hicks & Riggs	20 00
Total	$8139.35

Note—Will the members of the executive committee please take notice that the committee will meet every Friday evening in the City Hall at 7:30 p. m.

J. J. B. BENNETT,
Secretary.

TO THE DEAF.

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

FOR SALE—1 good work horse 6 years old.—A Urquhart, Courtney

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

STEVENS

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

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

J. STEVENS ARMS AND TOOL CO.
2070 Box No.
CHICOPEE FALLS,
MASS., U. S. A.

WE WANT YOUR

Job Printing

SATISFACTORY WORK PRICES

UNNECESSARY WASTE.

The Sum of Slight Failures and Small Losses, All Preventable.

Considering causes of unnecessary waste upon the average farm, a Country Gentleman writer says: Chief among these with us this season is loss among hoed crops, due to tardiness with our spring work, in itself perhaps a small loss. But what I mean to emphasize is that we should learn lessons from the small losses and slight failures of the season. We can only progress as we strive to do our work better next season than it was possible for us to do this year. The all wise Creator seems not to be satisfied with that which now is, but always wants something better. Hence we are going to make an everlasting resolve that our spring work for the reception of grain shall not be all done at that time, but rather arranged for in the fall (or the present fall). Our greensward to be used for peas and the land for the oats will be plowed, and then the preparation of those fields in the spring, by the use of the large V shaped cultivators, with all new parts, which cut the foul growth off clean, will be made comparatively short, and the corn, potatoes and cabbage can come in for their proper share of attention and at the right time.

The loss on the late potato crop of our county alone, caused by being a little behind time, amounts to thousands of dollars, while fields planted ten days or two weeks earlier under similar conditions proved all right.

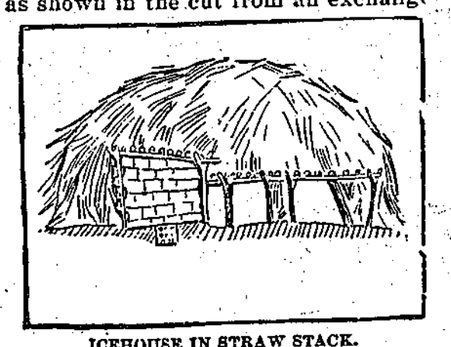
Then if the wheat crop was so materially lessened from the effects of the insect and the newly discovered worm these could be guarded against. The sorts we have could be improved upon by introducing some new varieties. Great savings might thus be made. We are sowing a new variety of red wheat which was raised in close proximity to the white, and this was highly satisfactory.

We incurred loss through many gallons of kerosene in combating the much dreaded pear psylla, when one application of whale oil soap solution at the proper time would have been much more effectual and would have caused less injury to the trees. But we expect to profit by our failures.

Now, if the many who have been sorely troubled to provide food for their live stock on account of the protracted drought will experiment a little with Dwarf-Essex rape and alfalfa I am certain that their efforts will be well rewarded. We sowed a five acre plot, and it has furnished us a great amount of feed for store cattle through the long drought at a time when everything else seemed to be sizzling in the sun.

Straw Covered Icehouse.

Where the straw stack is a farm feature an icehouse, inexpensive, but effective, can easily be combined with it as shown in the cut from an exchange.



ICEHOUSE IN STRAW STACK.

A cheap, rough framework suffices, and the boarding up need not be tight. The floor should be level and drained from meltage water by a trench filled in partly with stone. Outside drainage to carry all surface water away from the stack is also necessary. Entrance is through a long passage arranged with airlocks to prevent currents of air.

RAW FURS

HIDES AND DEER SKINS

SHIP TO

McMILLAN FUR & WOOL CO.

EXPORTERS AND IMPORTERS.

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

Write for Our Circular and See the Prices We Pay.

Union Brewery.

Fresh Lager Beer THE BEST IN THE PROVINCE

STEAM Beer, Ale, and Porter.

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

HENRY REIFEL, Manager

MAHRER & CO.

Wholesale Wine and Liquor Merchants

NANAIMO, B. C.

Direct Import

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

ALWAYS ON HAND—A Carload of.....

Hiram Walker & Son's Rye Whiskies

CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED. P. O. BOX 14.

MRS. PENCELLI, Nurse. House cleaning and Washing a specialty. First Street, Cumberland, B. C.

LADYSMITH

(Extension)

LOTS FOR SALE,
Apply to,
m 5m3 L. W. NUNNS

Sportsmen!

BEFORE BUYING

A Gun,
Rifle,
Ammunition

Or anything in the

Sporting Line

CALL AND SEE

O. H. FECHNER,

Of Cumberland.

He Can Save You Money on all Purchases.

HOME GROWN

Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Roses, Shrubs, Vines, Seeds, Bulbs, Hedge Plants.

Extra choice stock of Peach, Apricot, Plum, Cherry and Prune Trees. New importation of first-class Rhododendrons, Roses, Clematis, Bay Trees, etc. 80,000 to choose from. No agents or commission to pay. Orders dug in one day, you can get it the next boat. No fumigating nor inspection charges. I carry a complete line of bee supplies.

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

M. J. HENRY
VANCOUVER, B. C.

WHITE LABOR ONLY.

Esquimalt & Nanaimo Ry.

VICTORIA COMOX ROUTE.

Taking Effect Tuesday, Oct. 16th, 1900

S. S. "City of Nanaimo."

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

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

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

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

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

Sails from Nanaimo, Saturday 6 a.m. for Victoria and Way ports

FOR Freight tickets and State room Apply on board,
GEO. L. COURTNEY,
Traffic Manager

Black Diamond Nursery

QUARTER WAY, Wellington Road

HUTCHERSON & PERRY.

20,000 Fruit Trees to choose from. Large Assortment of Ornamental Trees, Shrubs and Evergreens. Small Fruits in Great Variety.

Orders by mail promptly attended to.

s12tc P. O. BOX, 190.

70 ACRES of timothy and clover pasture, the best in B. C., plenty of fine water; cows $1; horses $2 per head per month. Bring your stock. Address, S. H. FORD, Sandwick.

77

CORPORATION OF THE

CITY of CUMBERLAND

A BY-LAW.

TO PROVIDE for the early closing of all retail or wholesale shops, stores, or warehouses in which the following goods are offered for sale within the City of Cumberland. Groceries, Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes, Clothing, Men's or Boy's Furnishings, Hardware, House Furnishings, Stoves, Flour and Feed.

Whereas an application in writing has been received by the Council of the Corporation of the City of Cumberland signed by more than three-fourths of the occupiers of shops within the municipality belonging to the classes of retail or wholesale Grocers and dealers in Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes, Clothing, Men's and Boys' Furnishings, Hardware, House Furnishings, Stoves, Flour and Feed, for the early closing of the same as hereinafter determined.

And whereas under the "Shops Regulations Act, 1900," the Council of the Corporation of the City of Cumberland is empowered upon receiving an application so signed to pass the by-law in manner hereinafter appearing.

Therefore, the Municipal Council of the Corporation of the City of Cumberland enacts as follows:

1. From and after the 1st day of April 1901, all shops, stores, or warehouses of the class or classes of Groceries or dealers in Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes, Clothing, Men's and Boys' Furnishings, Stoves, Flour and Feed within the Municipality of the City of Cumberland shall and each of them shall be and remain closed on each and every day between six (6) of the clock in the evening of each day and five (5) of the clock in the forenoon of the next following day with the following exceptions: On Saturdays and during the last sixteen (16) days in the month of December and also the days immediately preceding the following days, namely: New Year's Day, Good Friday, the 24th of May, Dominion Day, Labor Day, and Thanksgiving Day.

An (the said class or classes of shops or stores, or warehouses of retail or wholesale Groceries or dealers in Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes, Clothing, Men's and Boys' Furnishings, Hardware, House Furnishings, Stoves, Flour and Feed shall be and remain closed from eleven (11) of the clock in the evening of the days hereinbefore mentioned as excepted, namely: Saturdays, the week days during the last 16 days in the month of December, and the days immediately preceding the following days: New Year's Day, Good Friday, the 24th of May Dominion Day, Labor Day and Thanksgiving Day until five (5) of the clock in the forenoon of the following day.

2. This by-law shall take effect on the day of April 1901.

3. Any person found guilty of any infraction of any of the provisions of this by-law shall be liable upon conviction therefore to a fine not more than fifty dollars, and not less than twenty-five dollars with the cost of prosecution and in default of payment or sufficient distress therefor to imprisonment for a period not exceeding twenty one days.

4. This by-law may for all purposes be cited as the general merchants "Early Closing By-law, 1901."

Read the 1st time 18th March 1901.
Read the 2nd time 19th March 1901.
Read the 3rd time 22nd March 1901.
Reconsidered, adopted and finally passed by the Council this 25th day of March 1901.

JAS. A. CARTHEW,
Mayor.

LAURENCE W. NUNNS,
City Clerk.

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

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

PATENTS GUARANTEED

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

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

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(Patent Attorneys,)
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KURTZ'S OWN
KURTZ'S PIONEER
KURTZ'S SPANISH BLOSSOM

Kurtz Cigar Co

Vancouver, B. C.

Esquimalt & Nanaimo Ry.

TIME TABLE EFFECTIVE
NOV. 19TH, 1898.

VICTORIA TO WELLINGTON.

No. 2 daily. A.M.		No. 4 Saturday P.M.
De. 9:00	Victoria	De. 4:25
" 9:28	Goldstream	" 4:53
" 10:9	Koenig's	" 5.34
" 10:48	Duncans	6:15
⊙ P.M.		P.M.
" 12:14	Nanaimo	7:41
Ar. 12:3	Wellington	Ar. 7:55

WELLINGTON TO VICTORIA.

No. 1 Daily. A.M.		No. 3 Saturday. A.M.
De. 8:05	Wellington	De. 4:25
" 8:26	Nanaimo	" 4:30
" 9:52	Duncans	" 6:05
" 10:37	Koenig's	" 6:46
" 11:18	Goldstream	" 7:32
Ar. 11:15	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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253 Broadway, New York, U. S. A.

THE Best and Most Influential Mining Paper in the World.

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Weekly Edition...$5.00 per annum, postpaid.
Monthly " ... 1.50 " " "

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

JAMES ABRAMS.

Notice.

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

By order
FRANCIS D. LITTLE
Manager.

JAS. A. CARTHEW'S

Livery Stable

TEAMSTER AND DRAYMEN
SINGLE AND DOUBLE RIGS
FOR HIRE. ALL ORDERS
PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

R. SHAW, Manager.
Third St., Cumberland, B.C

Cumberland Hotel

COR. DUNSMUIR AVENUE AND SECOND STREET. CUMBERLAND, B. C.

MRS. J. H. PIKET, Proprietress.

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

Sample Rooms and Public Hall Run in Connection with Hotel

Rates from $1.00 to $2.00 per day

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50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

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Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain, free, whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Oldest agency for securing patents in America. We have a Washington office. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice in the

SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN,

beautifully illustrated, largest circulation of any scientific journal, weekly, terms $3.00 a year; $1.50 six months. Specimen copies and HAND BOOK ON PATENTS sent free. Address

MUNN & CO.,
361 B'

Livery AND Teaming

I am prepared to furnish Stylish Rigs and do Teaming at reasonable rates.

D. KILPATRICK.
Cumberland

FISHING RODS REPAIRED

CABINET Work done and repaired

Fancy Inlaying in wood and metal.

French Polishing.

Apply

NEWS OFFICE.

That Lossing Gal

BY T. C. DEAN.

In spite of his sad face he conversed with her with easy grace, as he walked beside her. Coming to the creek, which was wide, though shallow, he seemed at a loss what to do.

"Would you think me rude," he inquired, looking into her face with the frankness that was natural to him, "if I carried you through the stream. It will not take me over the tops of my high boots?"

He paused irresolute.

Elizabeth gave him a more penetrating glance than before. Then she stood perfectly still, without replying, but turned a little aside from him.

Very gently and carefully he took her in his arms and waded through the stream. Then he put her down on the opposite shore without coming out of the water himself, but said:

"You see that smoke yonder, near that bluff, that is Godfrey's."

Then he turned to retrace his steps.

"Oh!" she said impulsively, "let me thank you for your kindness to me."

"Don't mention it," he replied, but he did not turn round again.

Elizabeth soon arrived at Godfrey's "ramshackle" of a habitation, nearly at the door of "The Sure Footed Colt." Elsie was immensely glad to see her friend.

That night Elizabeth said to Elsie, after notes of the past years had been exchanged and discussed, and they disrobed to lay down to their virgin sleep:

"Elsie, there is a pale-faced man, with the manners of a gentleman, living in this locality. Do you know him?"

"Know him! Well you can bet your whole pile I do. He is the manager of the Eagle Bill, which is owned by some person out in Switzerland, and papa says he is no good, and is as mean as scrub timber, and he would give half the ore in the "Sure Footed Colt" if he was six or seven feet under the hillside."

CHAPTER V.

ALBERT VALLEYFIELD.

When Albert Valleyfield was 21 years of age, life showered upon him its kindest blessings. He was the only child of rich old Major Valleyfield, who boasting of a long line of noble British ancestors, settled in New York City, U. S., when Albert was a mere lad, in order to the more readily speculate in American securities, which had been a passion with him during the senior years of his life. Though New York was a good enough place for the major to make money in, it was not a good enough place to educate his boy in, so at the age of 13 Albert was packed off to one of the English universities to be schooled after the traditions of his fathers.

Albert had made a mark for himself at Cambridge, and returned to the United States' commercial metropolis when 19 years old, with all the triumph of successful examinations upon him. In New York City, under these conditions, his life was one round of happiness and pleasure. Sought for on account of his own worth, and the "prestage" his father's fortune gave him, he was a social lion and a social success, and his life for a time after he had won his graduation papers was one long ray of sunlight into which the penumbra of care had not yet come. At this time, as a crowning benediction to his other joyous realities, he was engaged to be married to one of New York's fairest daughters, a Miss Clara Humphrey Hawthorne, who boasted of Mayflower distinction in her line of birth.

Albert was deeply attached to his fiance, and believing that she was deeply attached to him, looked upon the success of his suit for her hand as the only remaining drop necessary to fill to the brim his cup of happiness.

How is it that sometimes just before Fate deals us her cruelest onslaughts that is the exact time when she endeavors to make us think grief is the furthest from us?

It was so in Albert's case. Indeed, the invitations had been issued for his marriage in September, when on the fourth day of August his father, the major, died from a sudden stroke of apoplexy and an examination of his affairs by his executors revealed the fact that he was a bankrupt, and that all Albert, his son, possessed in the wide world now, was a property worth some $10,000, left to him by his mother at her death. When the investigations into the affairs of the elder Valleyfield were concluded, it was found that he was not only bankrupt, but that he had left behind him debts to the amount of over $90,000, and to pay these Albert promptly sold his own property and took up his father's paper that his parent might go down to the grave with honor, owing no man a cent. People told Albert he was a fool to do it, but to this he only quietly replied: "There has never been a stain on a Valleyfield yet, and no one has suffered yet from those of my blood, and as far as I can prevent it no one ever shall."

He did this thing easily, as being a vital principle of his being. A much more difficult thing for him to do was the adaptation of himself to the patent fact that his betrothed had suffered her ardor for him to cool, even before his first sharp pangs of grief for his parent's death had subsided.

As soon at the proper time arrived he went to and released her from the tie that bound her to him, and when she accepted the release with scant effort to disguise her pleasure, over the dead embers of the fire of his previous successes rose a sweet incense of satisfaction that he had discovered this beautiful creature's selfish instincts ere he had been inseparably joined to her.

As Albert's father's downfall had come through his speculations in mining stocks, Albert argued, with some reason, that it was to the mines he had a [illegible] future livelihood, yet it seemed a more severe illustration than usual of the irony of fate that the train that had been once selected to bear him away on his honeymoon turned out to be the very train that now took him on his mission for employment among the mountains of the far west country.

Under new and changed conditions he fought the battle of life with indifferent success among the hills of California, and it was not until after three or four years of slavish work that he rose to the position of manager of a small mine called the Eagle Bill, in a new and not very promising mining locality.

He had been in charge of this mine only a short time, when putting his expert knowledge of such matters to good account, he discovered one day a new and extremely valuable lode at the boundary edges of the Eagle Bill, where the ore was so rich that it was very patent to Valleyfield that many immense fortunes lay sleeping here in silence. Strange that this discovery, which should naturally have brought him pleasure and profit, should bring him trouble and care, but it so turned out to be. It was shortly before this particular time that Elizabeth Stanwood became possessed of this mine, and of her determination to inspect it, and her arrival in this mining district the reader has already been informed.

CHAPTER VI.

ELIZABETH MEETS WITH AN ACCIDENT.

Elizabeth had plenty of food for thought on the second day of her arrival in the Little Gulch District, and Elsie soon became aware that her cousin was far more reflective and quiet than when they had been class-mates together. Elsie noticed the change, but as is sometimes the case she attributed it to the wrong cause.

That there was some mystery about her mine, Elizabeth felt sure; yet when she thought of her manager (and she did think of him very much that day), it was of the graceful, and courtly way he had lifted her over that stream, rather than in any other character. The delicate, yet tender, manner in which he had performed what he had regarded as a duty, lingered with her long, and she wondered where his youth had been spent for him to receive that kind of an education.

It did not require much perception on Elizabeth's part to soon discover from what was said in her hearing that the Eagle Bill and Sure Footed Colt were rival mines, and that a perfectly hostile understanding existed between the two claims, but she rightly conjectured that remaining away from her own possession for a time would be the best possible way to allay suspicion, and at the same time enable her to hear all the gossip concerning the property that she here owned.

On the third day of Elizabeth's arrival at Godfrey's, Elsie kept her room and nursed a severe headache, while her cousin passed the major part of the day in galloping Godfrey's mustang over the beautiful but silent country. Near evening she directed him towards a certain stream, let him splash through it and then gallop far up into the woods on the opposite side. Without considering the impulse that swayed her, she passed on to the spot where the pickaxe handles had been made a few days before. All was silent here now, and the touch of loneliness which the view gave her awoke her for the first time to the real reason that had impelled her to take this direction. Feeling a little abased at her own foolishness, she brought her mustang around with a jerk, and by giving him a sharp cut on the flank, evidently desired him to go back much faster than he had come.

But this mustang was not accustomed to such sudden caprices, and he resented the treatment at once by making two rapid jumps forward, then wheeling suddenly.

To be Continued.

Too Conscientious.

"Why haven't you congratulated that bridal couple?"

"Can't do it. I can't congratulate her because I know him, and I can't congratulate him because I know her."

Couldn't Digest It.

Hungry Higgins—Say, honest, I'm dead hungry, lady! Ain't ye got somethin fur me?

Mrs. Housekeep—Oh, you just came in time! Here's an old coat of my husband's that I was going—

Hungry Higgins—Excuse me, lady, but I ain't no goat.—Philadelphia Press.

It's a Short Road from a cough to consumption. Don't neglect a cough—take

Shiloh's Consumption Cure

when your cold appears. The "ounce of prevention" is better than years of illness.

"Words cannot express my gratitude for the good SHILOH's Consumption Cure has done me. I had a chronic cough—was in a dangerous condition. SHILOH cured the cough and saved me from consumption."
J. E. STURGIS, Niagara Falls.

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

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

According to the American Lawyer, there are in the United States no fewer than 250,000 habitual criminals.

PARMELEE'S PILLS possess the power of acting specifically upon the diseased organs, stimulating to action the dormant energies of the system, thereby removing disease. In fact, so great is the power of this medicine to cleanse and purify, that diseases of almost every name and nature are driven from the body. Mr. D. Carswell, Carswell, P. O., Ont., writes: "I have tried Parmelee's Pills and find them an excellent medicine and one that will sell well."

FLOWER AND TREE.

There is a holly tree 600 years old near Pisa, in Italy.

Palms never live more than 250 years. Ivy has been known to live 450, chestnut 860, oak 1,600 and yew 2,880 years.

A good strong dahlia root set away in the cellar in the fall will make perhaps half a dozen plants next spring, as each piece with an eye and a root makes one good plant.

Some persons have periodical attacks of Canadian cholera, dysentery or diarrhoea, and have to use great precautions to avoid the disease. Change of water, cooking and green fruit is sure to bring on the attacks. To such persons we would recommend Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial as being the best medicine in the market for all summer complaints. If a few drops are taken in water when the symptoms are noticed no further trouble will be experienced.

Tears are the diamond tips of sorrow.

Many a sickly fly has spoiled a healthy appetite.

LA "TOSCANA," RELIANCE CIGAR FACTORY, Montreal

Shrinkage.

Reporter—As I understand it, then, the failure of the institution was caused by the shrinkage of its cash assets?

President of the institution—Yes, sir; that and the shrinkage of the cashier.—Chicago Tribune.

Not Plump Enough.

Tess—Miss Scrawney says she just hates to go to the opera.

Jess—Yes, but what she means is that she can't "bare" to go to the opera.—Philadelphia Press.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

Called to an Easier Field.

We wonder if any men with white skins are called to the ministry after the fashion described by Booker T. Washington in his autobiography. He says: "A colored man in Alabama, one hot day in July, while he was at work in a cotton field suddenly stopped and looking toward the skies said, "O lawd, de cotton am so grassy, de work am so [illegible], de sun am not so hot dat I believe dis day am called to preach!"

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

Lost the Opposite.

"When I first married," cried the woman who had been married for her money, "you occupied a low, mental position, but now, thanks to me, your position"—

"Is a hymeneal one," her husband interrupted.—Exchange.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Why His Life Was a Failure.

"Yes, I consider my life a failure."

"Oh, Henry, how sad! Why should you say that?"

"I spent all my time making money enough to buy food and clothes, and the food disagrees with me, and my clothes don't fit."—Life.

His Fervent Hope.

Mrs. Sleepyize—Henry, the alarm clock just went off.

Mr. Sleepyize—Thank goodness! I hope the thing'll never come back.—Ohio State Journal.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, Etc.

THE GAIT OF THE MAN

ONE PLACE WHERE IT BRINGS OUT HIS CHARACTER.

An Old "Chair Warmer" Says That Watching Men as They Cross the Lobby of a Fashionable Hotel Is a Great Study of Human Nature.

"You can tell with probable certainty a man's character, disposition and station in life when you see him cross a hotel lobby," said an old lobby lounger the other day as he sat down in a chair in one of the big hotels.

"Did you ever sit and watch the people pass? It's an interesting study in human character and the result of human experience. Pride, timidity, assurance, weakness, concentration—all walk before you. They say, that these things can be told by a man's manner of walking on the street, or anywhere else, but start him over the marble corridor and see how all his traits are emphasized and accentuated."

Just then two buds of manhood entered the lobby where the lounger sat. They wore high white collars. They walked hard and laughed loud. One of them stopped at the cigar stand to light a cigarette and called to his comrade to wait. Then they deliberately walked directly toward the bar. They did not try to conceal the fact that they were going toward the hotel's barroom. They did it openly. They even advertised it. Probably they were going to get a very wicked drink.

"Do you know," mused the lounger, "that there is a certain atmosphere that can be found only in first class hotels? It is an atmosphere of what might be called sporty gentility. It makes men feel ill at ease unless their clothes are good. To enter the lobby of a fashionable hotel causes some men to talk in words and on subjects that are unusual to them—to put on airs, as it were. Men never hesitate to say:

"'I was in the —— hotel, you know, when I met So-and-so, and he told me,' etc.

"Those two young gentlemen that you just saw enter the bar feel all this. They feel that they would acquire a certain position in the social scale by appearing to be at home in this lobby. But their noisy manner makes it apparent that they wish to advertise their presence, and thus they destroy the impression which they try to create.

"To cross a hotel lobby is something of an event to a man who isn't used to it," continued the lounger, "and that is why personal characteristics stick out all the stronger when he does. Now, the gentleman who is proud of his looks is sure to give a free exhibition of himself as he walks across the smooth floor. He will square his shoulders and hold out his chest and throw back his haughty head and strut like a proud, plumed thing. You can almost imagine that you see hot flames bursting from his nostrils. He glances from right to left to be certain that he is being closely observed. He acknowledges the smile of the cigar girl with a sweeping salute. He raises his hat and bows grandly to the telegraph girl, and when he has reached the counter where the clerk stands there is a feeling in the lobby not unlike that in the street after the circus parade has passed. It is a feeling that all is over.

"Not so with the timid, modest gentleman. He will walk hurriedly, as though glad to have the ordeal past. He does not dare to look about him, but he will probably rub his nose or stroke his chin as a shy man does who walks down a long church aisle. He is ashamed to be making himself so prominent. If you speak to this man afterward, you will find that his voice is mild and his manner self depreciative.

"After all," continued the "chair boarder," "the most interesting sight is that of a man whose feet are at home on grass or plowed ground making a voyage over the marble floor of the hotel lobby. Such a one is impressed with the awfulness of the thing. He is panic stricken to begin with, and, then, the stone is so solid that it gives a shock to each foot as he puts it down, so that he lifts it high with each step, like a chicken walking in the wet grass, and, then, there is the constant peril of slipping. The distance across the lobby seems miles. I have seen a man take it by easy stages—walk first to a chair and sneak into it, and then rise gingerly and grit his teeth and start out again full of grim determination. Such a man is sure to be noticed. Just because he longs to be unobserved unkind fate fastens every one's eyes on him.

"There is one type, however," mused the lounger, "that no one notices. He is the man who lives in hotels. He walks across the lobby with as much unconcern as he would into his own house. In fact, I believe that men who have been guests year after year at the same hotel grow to assume a sort of ownership.

"There is another set of individuals whose habits and character are unmistakable when they appear in the hotels. I belong to this class myself. They call us 'chair warmers,' 'lobby loungers' and other things. In the summer time we fill the row of chairs on the sidewalk in front or sit with our chairs in the street in front and our feet on the edge of the sidewalk. We are always on the shady side of the building and in the path of a breeze, if possible. In the winter time we are in the lobby, where it's warm. You can tell us by one certain sign. We are always sitting.

"And the panorama of the lobby goes on—men who strut fiercely and show that they are petty and vain; men who sly and hurry and show that they are timid and nervous; men who walk anxiously and uneasily, showing that they are new and green; men without concern or thought of themselves, showing that they have had experience in such affairs and have business ahead; men who have a hunted look, as though they hadn't paid their laundry bill; young men who want to be as 'blooded' as the older men; idle men with nothing else to do; bold men, timid men, busy men, vain men, modest men, prosperous men and ne'er do wells—it's a picture that is before me daily as I sit here, an interesting picture that I study and muse upon."

A Ventriloquist.

Probably every one has seen a time when he wished he could administer rebuke impersonally. The Springfield Republican pictures an occasion when it was done.

The "grouchy" individual came from behind his paper and glared savagely at the woman with the crying baby. "Why can't you keep that brat quiet?" he snarled. "What's the matter with it, anyway?"

There was a dead silence in the car, and then a pitilessly distinct voice from nowhere in particular replied. "He thinks your face is the moon and he's crying for it."

The surly one looked about with a deathly stare. Every one was quaking with mirth, but preserved a solemn countenance except the man who was smiling out of the window at the other end of the car.

"There are advantages in being a ventriloquist," he murmured softly to himself.

The Cause of It.

Tess—May Winsum is quite ill, I believe.

Jess—Yes; she's developed chronic hysteria.

Tess—What's the cause of it, do you know?

Jess—Somebody foolishly told her that she looked beautiful when she laughed.—Philadelphia Press.

A Funny Custom.

In southern Italy one of the peculiar customs of the peasants is the wearing of price marks on new suits of clothes. Whereas in other countries the dealer's ticket and tag are removed the moment a suit is bought in the sunny toe and heel of the European "boot" they are fastened on the tighter and worn until they fall off. The object of this, presumably, is to show neighbors that you have new clothes, bought on such a day and costing so much at So-and-so's.

The Real Difficulty.

"Are you suffering from cold?"

"No. My trouble started with a cold, but I took all the remedies my friends prescribed, and they are what I am suffering from now."—Washington Star.

WHEN DISCOURAGED TURN TO DR. CHASE

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

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

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

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

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

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

GOODBY.

Goodby and farewell; I am drifting away
With the love of my life from your love of a day.
The laurels are won and the thousands adore,
And you never will notice one heart less or more.

Goodby and farewell; I shall go from your sight
As the pale stars go out with the dawning of light,
When the sun god comes forth all the dark to illume,
And who gives a thought to the starlight at noon?

Goodby, fare thee well; may life's sun ever shine
With a soft golden glow over thee and o'er thine,
And when length'ning shadows speak softly of rest
May a rose glow from heaven tint the clouds in the west.

—Rose VanB. Speece in Scranton Tribune.

MONSIEUR GIGON.

A SKETCH.

BY MINNIE ROBINSON.

Monsieur Gigon was professor of French and Spanish. We met as teacher and pupil one spring in New Orleans. I saw his advertisement for pupils in the morning paper and wrote to him for terms. He answered in person.

The doorbell of my pension sent a shrill peal across the courtyard. I did not know what a trembling, pale old hand pulled it. Then the gingerbread colored face of the creole maid appeared at my door, and I was told, "Dar be er gin'elmin ter see man'selle."

A slender, white haired, white mustached little old gentleman rose from the corner of a sofa as I entered the low parlor and introduced himself as Monsieur Gigon, professeur.

He wore a dress suit, which, though not exactly shabby, seemed of somewhat ancient cut and as if it had been brought out of some place where it had been neatly folded away for a long time. It had very long, sloping coattails, of which he was extremely careful when he reseated himself.

I sat down opposite him, and the flood of afternoon sunshine pouring through the window behind him showed me a thin, hatchet shaped face almost the color of leather, with a dapper goatee and long mustachios, lately trimmed, and large eyes of so pale a gray that they were almost the hue of glass.

His lower jaw trembled continually, and his long, bloodless fingers shook, too, as he kept folding them one over the other.

He began to talk of the lessons I wished to take, and in spite of the strong restraint that he was putting upon himself, I could not help noticing that once or twice his eyes fairly darkened with eagerness—said that he could give them at my pension or in my classroom the days and hours that would be most convenient to me.

"You have a classroom?" I said.

"Oh, yes," he replied with a pompous sweep of the hand, "quite at your service, mademoiselle."

"And you have no other pupils on Wednesdays and Fridays, at 11 o'clock?"

He paused a moment and pulled his goatee reflectively. "No!" he announced at last in a decided tone.

"Then, I shall come on those days to your classroom, for the parlor here is so often occupied that it would not be convenient to take my lessons at the house."

"Very good, mademoiselle," he replied briskly, rising and making me a profound bow. "On Wednesday, then, and au plaisir de vous voir." It was not the sunshine that so suddenly brightened his eyes and quickened his gestures, I think.

He bowed himself out of the room and down the stairs with so much animation that I had a vague sense of having assisted at some kind of transformation of personality.

On Wednesday I presented myself at the classroom. I remembered Monsieur Gigon's having put it "at my service" with so ceremonious a tone and gesture when I entered. It was merely a 10 by 12 garret, dimly lighted by one small window and door, and furnished with a wooden table without a cover and two or three shelves of uninteresting looking books. There were dust and dirt everywhere, as if the landlady never remembered it in her rounds. I do not think she did, nor him, either, save on rent days. Monsieur Gigon appeared presently, shorn of the splendor of his dress coat and wearing in its stead an odd species of morning jacket that reminded me more than anything else of those short, flowing sacks which French creole ladies in reduced circumstances wear in the forenoon when they are making their "menage."

After a preface of elaborate apologies he begged my permission to put on a little round black cap which he was carrying in his hand and which he said helped his neuralgia.

The cap donned, we sat down to our lesson. The classic I had chosen to read was the "Iphigenie" of Racine, and there seemed a certain correspondence to my surroundings and to the professor in the edition. I had bought it at an ancient smelling secondhand bookshop on Rue Royale, and it had a faded brown cloth cover with mildew spots here and there, and the title in faded ink on a slip of paper, pasted to one side.

On reading the title of the mildewy little book my teacher brightened visibly and remarked with enthusiasm, "Ah, the Greeks, they were a brave people," a speech which he made always with the same warmth at the commencement of each succeeding lesson. If I have yet an undue amount of admiration for the ancients to the prejudice of the moderns, it may be attributed to Monsieur Gigon's persevering inculcation.

He was a very painstaking, patient instructor, plowing through the same phrase with me half a dozen times, to be sure that I had caught the exact sense of it, and encouraging me often when he felt that I had at last mastered it by exclaiming with uplifted pale eyes, "La Fontaine, Racine and Beranger, they were the perfect writers."

If my lessons were finished within the hour, we sometimes had short talks about Mexico, where Monsieur Gigon had learned Spanish. He spoke of that country with quite the experienced air of a great traveler, though it seems that it was the solitary voyage he had made in his life besides the passage from Bordeaux to America. He loved to recall the blue Mexican sky, the warmth of the sun there, the prodigality of fruits and vegetables and the beautiful women. "But there are beautiful women everywhere," he would conclude. This was a little piece of general gallantry that he always aired whenever he had specialized as to the physical perfection of the women of any country, whether they were Greek, French, American or Mexican, from which I inferred, lonely bachelor as he was, that my professor, true to his nation, was a universalist in his admiration of the fair sex.

One morning when I entered the classroom, on whose shelves among the dusty books I began often to see small red vials now, I found Monsieur Gigon before the table, apparently jotting down hieroglyphics in a small notebook and with a pile of new looking class books before him.

"Is he an Egyptian scholar, too?" I asked myself as I laid my copy of "Iphigenie" upon the table.

He looked up in some confusion, then rose, doffed his cap and said: "Mademoiselle finds me at my studies this morning. I am learning Stenography."

"Something harder than French?" I inquired.

"Oh, not so very difficult. I have been not always so easy to get French and Spanish scholars, and it does not pay very well, then. Now, this stenography pays very well, they tell me, and many people are learning it these days. It is the thing to learn, you know. Now, in a few more weeks, when I shall know it better, perhaps I shall be able to form a class and teach it."

He did not look at me as he thus laid bare this perilous ambition of his, but straightened himself proudly in his chair and began to search for the second scene of the third act in "Iphigenie." Monsieur Gigon might be given to the weakness of the repetition of his sentiments on matters in general, but this was the first time in our acquaintance that he had evereallowed me to catch a glimpse of his real circumstances. This had happened by inadvertence now, for I had come in some minutes before my hour. Otherwise his books would have been on the shelf and he waiting to receive me, wearing an air of having nothing in this world to do but devote his mind to commentaries on Racine's verses.

He already was regretting his flow of confidence. I could tell it by the way in which he began to stiffen in expression and attitude. Poor Monsieur Gigon! He had that unhappy gift of picturing himself as others saw him, and he fancied now that I was calling him an old fool in my mind and amusing myself mightily over the thought that he was trying to learn stenography at his age, much less teach a class.

But I was not thinking quite that. It did occur to me that there was not much prospect of his being able to form a stenography class with so many quicker and younger rivals in the field, but my mind was mostly filled with admiration at the persistent determination of this feeble, palsied old man. It is true that there was positively nothing practical in this great effort he was making—the gods, alas, endow so few of us with practicality—but it was such a pitifully heroic struggle toward "gaining the life," as he would express it, that it took one's breath away to think of it, much as if it had been the twelve labors of Hercules.

"Ah, the Greeks were a brave people," he said at length, indicating to me the verse where we were to begin reading, and I took up the fortunes of Achilles' beloved again, apparently remembering nothing of those of my professor.

* * * * * * *

The morning for my last lesson came. I was quitting New Orleans for the summer. Monsieur Gigon was much shaken to give me up, though he was too proud to say so. I fancy that I was really his only permanent scholar, though he spoke vaguely of a young man whose "devoirs" he corrected at leisure moments.

The lesson went rather badly. He did not care at all when I construed an imperfect tense for a past definite one—unheard of indifference on his part. At last, with many an apology, he took down one of the little red vials from a shelf and swallowed part of its contents, then, turning to me, with a pathetic quaver in his dry old voice, he said: "C'as conte cher! You do not know how that costs, my dear!"

After that there was no atempt to proceed with the lesson. I attempted to say a few little things by way of farewell words and spoke of the near future when Monsieur Gigon's class in stenography would no longer be a dream, but a reality.

He looked blankly at me when I said this and shook his head. "There are so many of those signs to learn in the stenography," he said—"so many. One never finishes with them. And I"— A strange, gray pallor spread over his leathery old face. I arose to go. It seemed too pitiful to stand there and see that proud old soul come at last to an acknowledgment of its weaknesses to another person.

"And I," he continued, straightening himself and looking out past the sea of red housetops, "I see the bell towers of the other world yonder."

I held out my hand. He took it, remembered then the part he had to play in life, shook it and said in a gay, cracked old voice, "Bon voyage, mademoiselle, and au revoir."

I wonder sometimes still if Monsieur Gigon has arrived at the bell towers of the other world.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Cold Water Treatment.

Cold water treatments should always be taken with a grain of judicious salt. There are cold water plunges, for instance, without which some persons would feel that they couldn't really begin the day. In spite of the enthusiastic words in favor of the cold plunges, it is very true that not every one can take them with impunity. Whenever a bath, hot, cold or tepid, is followed by a sense of oppression or inconvenience of any kind, it is more likely to have done harm than good. The harm comes from the reckless expenditure of heat. Those who have an abundant surplus of heat, so that there is sufficient to vaporize the moisture besides that needed for ordinary purposes, may wisely cling to cold plunges and shower bath. Those who are suffering from debility will do well to leave them alone. Even healthy persons should substitute a sponge bath whenever they feel a repugnance to the more rigorous style of bathing.—New York Sun.

The "Habit" of Fruit Bearing.

Fruit bearing in trees is merely a habit, for a young tree, taken in hand at the commencement, need only be pruned during the first three or four years after which it will continue to produce fruit spurs of itself, for it must be remembered that fruit bearing is a habit which may be encouraged in trees, and when once they are well trained to do it they will not vary, except in untoward circumstances. Therefore the aim of all pruning, whether of root or branch, of young trees or old is to induce the fruit bearing habit.—Profitable Farm and Garden.

Frankly Expressed.

"I am a man of few words," said the busy citizen.

"I am glad to hear it," answered the caller, with a superabundance of assurance. "I've got a whole lot to say to you, and the fewer times you interrupt me the better I'll be pleased."—Washington Star.

Natural Conclusion.

Waggs—Cleopatra must have been a hard drinker.

Baggs—Why?

Waggs—Well, history mentions that she died of snakes.—New York Sun.

The Greatest Electricians.

A vote was recently taken by The Electrical World and Engineer on the 25 greatest names in electrical science during the last century. The participants in the ballot were 277 members of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers, who were requested to arrange the names in the order of supposed excellence.

The following list, therefore, shows not only the men who were chosen, but also their standing in the esteem of the institute: Faraday, Kelvin, Edison, Bell, Morse, Henry, Tesla, Elihu Thomson, Maxwell, Ampere, Siemens, Ohm, Hertz, Davy, Brush, Wheatstone, Helmholtz, Gramme, Steinmetz, Routgen, Sprague, Plante, Marconi, Oersted and Joule. However, two other ballots were taken for comparison with the one just mentioned.

The opinions of 25 eminent members of the institute were embodied in one and those of 25 professors of electricity in colleges in another. The former group placed Maxwell second and Henry fourth, showed an equal preference for Bell and Edison for fifth and gave Tesla the fifteenth. The college professors put Maxwell third and Edison fourth, were equally divided between Hertz, Henry and Elihu Thomson for fifth, accorded Bell and Morse equal honor and ranked Tesla fifteenth.

A Snug Fortune.

From the whirl of gossip in the financial center, says the Philadelphia Record, comes a little story of the contents of the strong tin box belonging to William L. Elkins. Away down in the bottom of it, according to the story, there is a single certificate of stock of the Standard Oil company which has not been touched for years. The certificate calls for 10,000 shares, which at the present market figure represents a face value of more than $8,000,000. The head of one of the large trust companies practically admitted the other day that the story was true. Twenty-five years ago the Belmont Oil works, which belonged to Mr. Elkins, were absorbed by the Standard Oil company, and the 10,000 share certificate formed a part of the price paid.

Cossacks Are Remorseless Soldiers.

The Russian authorities have always been aware of the usefulness of their Cossack soldiery in quelling outbreaks even in European Russia. Forty years ago these wild soldiers of the steppes were sent to quell the insurrection in Poland. The horrible butchery which has ensued in Warsaw and other Polish towns forms one of the blackest pages in the history of Russia. Only 18 months ago the Cossacks were let loose in the streets of St. Petersburg to restore order among the disaffected students of the university. Riding straight into the bands of students the Cossacks lashed right and left with their long cruel reins loaded with lead, and the students were literally driven into submission.

Tides In the Stars.

Professor Campbell of the Lick observatory reports that the star called Xi Geminorum, which has long been known as a variable, is in reality double, but its two components are so close that no telescope is able to separate them, and their existence is proved by the shifting lines in the spectrum. The variations in brightness, he thinks, can only be due to the attraction between the two stars raising immense tides in their molten or vaporous globes, which through the effects of compression or otherwise displace the spectral lines.

MAKING FIRE BY WOOD.

One Camper Who Tried This Ancient Plan Without Success.

"Hanged if I believe anybody ever made a fire by rubbing two sticks together, all travelers' yarns to the contrary notwithstanding," declared an enthusiastic local sportsman the other day. "I spent a couple of weeks with a camping party last spring, and one morning I got separated from the other boys, and it was night before I found my way back to our shack. I am an inveterate smoker and when I filled up my pipe after wandering around for an hour or two I was horrified to find that my match safe was empty. As soon as I made that discovery my desire for a smoke increased about 500 per cent. If I had had my gun along, I could have started a blaze without trouble, but unluckily I had set out to do some fishing and had no weapon but my hook and line. Naturally the first thing that occurred to me was flint and steel, but I couldn't find any flint, and then I happened to think of the old story about making fire with two pieces of wood.

"Well, I won't tire you with details, but if ever a man gave an experiment a conscientious trial I did on this occasion. I picked up chunks of half a dozen different kinds of wood, trimmed them down with my penknife and tried them all in various combinations, using one hard and one soft stick, exactly as the story books say the Indians do. But, although I rubbed until the pesky things were chafed nearly in two, I never succeeded in getting them even warm. At last I remembered reading somewhere about a scheme of the natives of Java, who are said to lay a flat piece of wood on the ground and twirl a small rod top fashion, on its surface, by means of a cord. I soon made one of the machines, cutting up my suspenders for the string. At the end of half an hour I was redhot and the apparatus was dead cold. But I had gone far enough to convince me that the man who wrote the story was a triple plated liar, and I yearned violently for his gore. I struck camp just about dusk, and the first thing I did was to grab a coal from the fire and put it on my pipe. Later on I discovered four matches in the lining of my vest. I won't repeat my remarks, but my friends asked me why I didn't talk that way in the woods. They say my language would have set fire to a piece of asbestus."

A CRITICAL HUSBAND.

How He Was Thoroughly Tamed by a Woman of Wit.

I dare say there isn't a woman on earth who hasn't a theory on the subject of how to manage a husband, and I have never yet come across a man who was any the worse for a little scientific handling now and then. If I were in the florist business, I'd send a palm to a certain senator's daughter, who has set an example managing wives might follow with profit. She has a husband, this senator's daughter, who is disposed to be critical. Most of his friends are men of great wealth, who live extremely well, and association with them has made him somewhat hard to please in the matter of cooking. For some time the tendency has been growing on him. Scarcely a meal at his home table passed without criticism from him.

"What is this meant for?" he would ask after tasting an entree his wife had racked her brain to think up.

"What on earth is this?" he would say when dessert came on.

"Is this supposed to be a salad?" he would inquire sarcastically when the lettuce was served. The wife stood it as long as she could. One evening he came home in a particularly captious humor. His wife was dressed in her most becoming gown and fairly bubbled over with wit. They went in to dinner. The soup tureen was brought in. Tied to one handle was a card and on that card the information in a big round hand:

"This is soup."

Roast beef followed, with a placard announcing:

"This is roast beef."

The potatoes were labeled, the gravy dish was placarded, the olives bore a card marked "Olives," the salad bowl carried a tag marked "Salad," and when the ice cream came in a card announcing "This is ice cream" came with it. The wife talked of a thousand different things all through the meal, never once referring by word or look to the labeled dishes. Neither then nor thereafter did she say a word about them, and never since that evening has the captious husband ventured to inquire what anything set before him is.

Wanted a Blot.

Before Cecil Rhodes went to Kimberley he was walking near Paarl with Rudyard Kipling on a hill whence a most beautiful view was to be obtained. The outlook, however, was slightly spoiled by three apple trees, and Rhodes decided that they must come down. So he rushed to the nearest cottage and, finding the door locked, broke it in, found an old ax and began hacking the trees down. Kipling sat by in silence. At last the trees fell. Rhodes sat down to enjoy the view. Kipling got up, picked up a piece of dirty rag that was lying on the ground and tied it on a branch of one of the fallen trees.

"What on earth did you do that for?" said Rhodes. "Now I can see the view," replied Kipling. "You must never have a scene too perfect. You must always have a blot, and that is my blot. If you get perfection, you cease to enjoy it."

To Make Haggis.

Haggis is made in various ways, all more or less elaborate. The simplest manner of preparing it is this: Boil the head, heart and liver of a sheep with one pound of bacon for an hour; then chop them, season highly and add sufficient raw oatmeal to make a thick mush. Boil for two hours in a bag and serve in the same, opening it and rolling it back to look as well as you can. This receptacle is less objectionable than that frequently seen in Scotland—a sheep's stomach!

WIPED OUT THE GANG

THE BATTLE THAT EXTERMINATED THE EXELBY OUTLAWS.

A Close Quarters Fight With Guns That Won For Captain Bartlett, Who Was In the Thick of the Fray, the Sioux Name of "Wounded Knee."

"How we wiped the famous Exelby gang of outlaws out of existence has never been told except in official government reports," said Captain Charles J. Bartlett, who used to be a government scout and deputy United States marshal at Deadwood, to a group of friends.

"The gang had struck terror to every Indian on the reservation who had any property and to every rancher [illegible] ta. I was at that time in [illegible] of the Pine Ridge and Rosebud agencies. I had been placed there because of my familiarity with the Sioux country. Only a short time after I arrived I was ordered to exterminate the Exelbys at any cost.

"Affairs reached a crisis when the gang got away with 50 of the ponies belonging to a friendly [illegible] hunting just east of the Black [illegible] in company with a party of his friends. A severe winter was just coming on, and the Indians felt that they had little protection from lawlessness if the troops of Uncle Sam could not stop such bold thefts as driving away all their horses.

"The theft was speedily traced to the Exelby gang. Their stronghold was soon after located on the Little Missouri. We notified the sheriffs at Miles City, Mon., and they caught one of the gang. Four of the ponies were found grazing around his campfire. A special deputy was sent to bring the prisoner to Deadwood, but before he left Miles City he received word that the rest of the Exelbys were lying in wait for him and meant to rescue the prisoner if they killed all the deputies in the country.

"Ryan heliographed for a posse to meet him near Stone's ranch at the crossing of the Little Missouri. I took the Williams brothers, Jack O'Hara, Al Raymond, Doc Babcock and, in a blinding snowstorm, headed the next morning for Stone's ranch. Not often in the history of fights on the frontier has so well known a set of scouts been gathered as rode on that campaign.

"The snow was a foot deep, and we were so cold that before we had finished the 60 mile ride the blood on our spurs was frozen. In fact, we were obliged to use our spurs cruelly to reach there at all.

"We arrived at the ranch about 10 o'clock at night and told old man Stone to care for our horses. He told us all we dared hope to find out about the Exelbys. At Shusters, as the old man called it, there were three habitations, forming a triangle, each about 200 yards from the other. First came Stone's ranch, then the saloon and third the cabin where Shuster lived. Stone had told us that Exelby and five of his men had arrived at the saloon in the middle of the day and had been drinking and carousing ever since. This accounted for their being off their guard.

"We decided to wait till the next morning. About 9 o'clock we saw six of them start with their packs and animals for the road. They put their pack mules ahead as they approached the crossing which bridged the river a quarter of a mile distant. We trapped them in a ravine back of Stone's ranch, calling a halt as soon as we thought that we had them dead to rights. Exelby yelled out something about a warmer climate, but we had no intention of taking his advice and leaving where we were. We were seven to six, anyway, and when he snapped back his retort to our call to halt we opened fire.

"We had hardly pulled a trigger when the bullets began to whistle around us from the other side of the gully, and we woke to the fact that Billy the Kid, who had staid behind in the saloon to fix his saddle, had arrived just in time to join in the exchange of shots. His first bullet killed Jack O'Hara, one of the most famous scouts who ever crossed the plains. The second tore through Jack Williams' shoulder and the third shattered my right knee.

"On the other side, Exelby was killed. Tilly, another noted desperado, crawled with a shattered arm and broken ankle to Shuster's and begged for mercy. When I was hit I fell, but managed to crawl to the top of the ravine and put an extra hole in Campbell's nose. It generally took years to rid the frontier of two such outlaws as these, and I felt that we were working fast. As Campbell fell from the saddle his spur left a deep cut in the leather, which I often show with interest. I have the saddle, the belt and his side arms. The battle was turning in our favor, and after another volley we saw that not another live outlaw was visible. Even the Kid had given up his rear attack and had disappeared. We ran across him alone a few weeks later, and Fred Williams had no scruples about ending his life.

"Doc Babcock bandaged my knee, and we rigged a sled with which we managed to carry Jack O'Hara's body back to Spearfish. Tuttle, one of the worst characters of Exelby's gang, we found only slightly wounded. We took him to Spearfish also, but his lifeless body was found frozen stiff the next morning hanging from a tree. My wound was not painful, and I rode my horse as far as Spearfish. There the doctor said I would have to have my leg amputated. I objected and still have two legs, if one is a little weak."

From the date of the battle with the Exelbys Captain Bartlett was known as "Wounded Knee" among the Sioux.

One on the Clerk.

He thrust the sealed letter through the window and put down the 2 cents.

"Well, what do you want?" asked the stamp clerk gruffly.

"An automobile, please," he replied sweetly.

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

Ed. E. Anderson, Editor.

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

WEDNESSDAY, MAY 15, 1901.

The advantage of hedges to the agriculturist is becoming more and more apparent. As a wind break they are of great value, all through the western country particularly. But their greatest value lies in their being shelters for birds. Some people, when realizing this will say "But they shelter insects also." So they do, but where do these insects come from? They do not come distant forests and far fields to harbor in your hedge; they are from your own fields where nightly they have been eating and destroying hard dollars' worth of grain, root crops, and grass, and again we say that hedges are here a benefit, because there insects congregate about them and so afford the warblers and other insect-eating birds a rare chance to destroy them. When, if they were to seek shelter in the fields and weed heaps, they would mostly escape unscathed. True, the hedge takes up more room than a board fence, or the atrocious barbed wire, but it is better to give a little ground than run a chance of loosing a whole crop. No great expense need be gone into for stock the common spruce of the country makes an ideal hedge and wind break and when planted closely, of fair sized bushes, a couple of years will give a hedge capable of resisting the passage of any animal from a calf or sheep to a poacher. There is a fine evergreen wind and frost break, and a lovely harbour for the little birds who are working for the farmer year in and year out. Contrary to general belief, the spring is the best, in fact the only time to transplant evergreens, and just as the buds begin to start is the best time.

CUMBERLAND RELIEF FUND.

Solicited by Mr. Clinton:

(Continued from last week.)

B Hutchinson	5 00
A Heywood	2 50
R Hodson	5 00
L Howell	2 00
D Haddo	1 00
Jno Horbury	3 00
Jno Harris	2 50
M Hennessy	3 00
Jno Hughes	3 00
Syd Hancock	2 50
Thos Horne	5 00
H Harris	2 00
Jno James	2 00
E W Jones	5 00
Jno Johnston	2 50
Wm Johnston	5 00
Jno Jenkins	3 00
O Johnson	1 00
A James	2 50
Jno Jenkins	2 50
E Jones	3 00
F Jaynes	5 00
Jno Jefferson	1 00

No Chinese are employed in growing, preparing or packing Blue Ribbon Tea.
Are you drinking it?

H Kelly	2 50
C Kubyhret	1 00
H King	3 00
Jno Kesley	5 00
J Laisen	2 00
Jas Law	2 00
H Law	2 00
A Luava	1 00
A Lombardi	2 00
J McWilliams	2 00
Wm McLellan	2 50
Sam Miller	2 00
Alex Maxwell	2 00
Wm Maxwell	5 00
Geo McLean	3 00
Jas Maxwell	2 50
P Morrison	1 00
S McKane	3 00
D McKay	2 00
R McNeven	2 00
F Manicore	2 50
M Mitchell	4 00
W McLean	2 50
J Millwright	2 50
J N McLeod	2 00
R McNeil	2 50
C McPhee	2 00
A D McDonald	2 00
J McCarther	1 00
A McKinnon	1 00
R Marinella	2 00
V Marinella	2 00
Marinella	2 00
P J Muer	2 50
Donald McKay	3 00
H McArthur	5 00
Clyde McNeil	2 50
Chas Maffio	1 00
A McStephen	1 00
Jno Martin	3 00
D Morgan	2 00
W McNamara	3 00
J McGuire	2 50
J McLenhan	3 00
F C McIntosh	2 25
D P McDonald	2 00
H Murdoch	3 00
D R McDonald	3 00
Wm McKay	2 50
J McDougall	3 00
Jos Martin	1 00
D Naismith	2 00
Jas Nelson	3 00
D Nellist	6 00
Thos Nicol	10 00
Jno O'Toole	2 50
Geo Oversby	2 50
Robt Pollock	2 00
Alex Porter	2 00
Tom Pearse	5 00
Jas Potter	2 00
Wm Pollock	2 50
J E Perkins	2 00
Jos Pluto	1 00
L Pannetti	1 50
Jos Phillips	3 00
Jno Penoncella	2 00
Jos Potter	5 00
John Potter	2 50
Isaac Parkin	2 50
Fred Pickard	5 00
Jno Robertson	5 00
P Roblin	2 50
D Roy	2 50
T Ripley	2 00
Jas Reid	5 00
A Rucca	2 50
H Reece	5 00
A Rowan	5 00
D Rosa	3 00
R Robertson	3 00
G Perroni	2 00
Geo Richardson	2 50
A Rocchi	3 00
W F Ramsay	1 00
A Somerville	3 25
C Sheppard	3 00
R Sheppard	2 50

(To be continued)

CARRIER CAPTURED.

Mr. G. G. McDonald, of Comox informs us that he caught a carrier pigeon near the Elk Hotel on the 10th inst., having a ring on its leg marked N. H. 537. If this should meet the eye of anyone who is able to give any clue to the owner's identity a communication to this paper will greatly oblige.

TO THE DEAF.

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

LAZINESS.

(Baltimore American.)

Kinder settin' peaceful like,
Gazin' down below,
Where the river's guggulin'
Solemn like and slow.
Like to be a fishin' thur,
Bet they's bitin' fine;
Feelin' awful lazy though,
Hate to hunt the line.
Kinder rollin' all around
Nothin' on my mind,
Got the softest spot o' ground
Possible to find.
Sun's a shinin' good and hot,
Freckle me, I'm 'fraid;
Feelin' awful lazy though
Hate to hunt the shade.

Stop all selling of game!

Biking caps and shoes at Moores

Remember Moore's big Bargain Saturdays.

Woodmen organized Thursday with charter list of 28.

At creamery meeting at Courtney, the shareholders decided to do without refrigerating machine this year, owing to expense, until the success of the concern is proved.

J. P. McNeil, who left here in March for his home in Nova Scotia, has been injured in Spring Hill Colliery. He was thrown off the trolly cars when going to work and badly cut about the head. He has a good hard head or it would have been all off with him. He is all right again however, and it is expected he will be back among us again next spring.

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

In the Supreme Court of British Columbia.

IN THE GOODS OF W. C. MACHIN, DECEASED INTESTATE.

NOTICE is hereby given that under an order granted by His Honor E. Harrison, dated the 27th day of March, 1901, letters of administration were granted me, as administratrix of all and singular the goods, chattles and credits of the above named deceased. Parties having claims against the said deceased are requested to send particulars of same to me, duly verified, on or before the 23rd day of May, 1901, and all persons indebted to the said estate are required to pay such indebtedness to me forthwith.

MARY PIERCY,
Administratrix,
Sandwick, B.C.

Sandwick, April 17th, 1901. a24td

FOR SALE.

RE WILLIAM C. MACHIN ESTATE.

A Mortgage for $500 at 8 per cent on the farm of the late W. C. Machin, Comox, 90 acres more or less, also chattel Mortgage on animals, implements and effects on the farm.

For particulars apply to
CREASE & CREASE,
Solicitors, Victoria, B.C.

70 ACRES of timothy and clover pasture, the best in B. C., plenty of fine water; cows $1; horses $2 per head per month. Bring your stock. Address, S. H. FORD, Sandwick.

FOR SALE.—1 good work horse, 6 years old.—A Urquhart, Courtney

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Agents, - Victoria, B.C

NOTICE.

GOING OUT OF BUSINESS.

All persons having claims against the undersigned must render their accounts on or before April 30th inst., and all debts due must be paid on or before the same date or such accounts will be placed in the hands of a collector.

R. PLEWS.

Courtney, B.C., April 10, 1901.

If you want a
JACKET or COSTUME
AT HALF PRICE
WRITE TO THE WHITE HOUSE.
67 GOVERNMENT ST. - - VICTORIA, B.C.
HENRY YOUNG & CO. are closing out the Department and are selling their Jackets and Costumes regardless of cost.
$8, $10 and $12 Jackets are going for $2.50

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"BRANTFORD" and "GENDRON"
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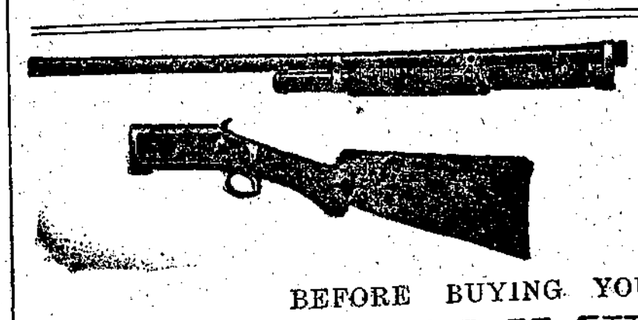

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