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51

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

SEVENTH YEAR. CUMBERLAND, B. C. SATURDAY MAY 20th, 1899

STEVENSON & CO.

Gents' Clothing

If you are thinking about buying a suit of clothes for the 24th, just call and take a look. We have them from $5.00 $18.00.

Ladies' Blouses

We have not many left. This simple fact is a recommendation of their quality, for if they were not right we would have many left. Come early and get your choice.

If You Want Something

Neat and Dainty in an all wool delaine, we have it.

SEE OUR SUMMER CORSETS FOR **Hot Weather.**

STEVENSON & CO.

A Carload of Pianos

Owing to the great demand for and the popularity of the HEINTZMAN & CO., PIANOS, we have now on the way from the factory a CARLOAD of these instruments, included in which is one of their BABY GRANDS.

This will be the FIRST CARLOAD of Pianos to come to Victoria, and the first BABY GRAND of Canadian make imported into the city.

The Heintzman & Co., is used by all the great artists of the day when visiting Canada.

☞ WRITE FOR CATALOGUE.

M. W. Waitt & Co. Agents for Vancouver Island.

VICTORIA, B. C.

For a Goo Spring Medicine

Try a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla.

I have a full stock of all the Popular Medicines.....

finest quality of Stationery, School Supplies. TRY

A. H. Peacey.

Carey Castle in Ruins.

City Taken.

ACCIDENT.

Nanaimo, May 17th.—John Huson a railway employee was badly injured yesterday by being crushed between two cars while making coupling. He was injured internally and his elbow broken.

The mix up over Deadman's Island is now removed to Supreme Court, where it should have been taken in the first instance.

THE ISLAND AGAIN

Vancouver, May 18th.—Theodore Ludgate was about to start work on Deadman's Island for the third time today when served with an injunction obtained by Attorney-General restraining him from cutting timber on the island. A continuation of the injunction will be moved for tomorrow afternoon when new developments are expected. A policeman is still kept on the island. H. M. S. Egeria qas arrived and it is understood she will commence work surveying the island at once.

HANGING MATCH.

London, Ont., May 17th.—Marion Brown was hanged this morning for the murder of Constable Towhey on 24th June 1898. Drop fell at 8:01.

$20.000 DAMAGES.

Victoria, May 18th.—A Seattle dispatch says Board of Inquiry reached conclusion as to collision between City of Kingston and steamer Glenogle on April 23d. In brief, the board finds that the Glenogle was navigated with all due caution and exonerated the officers of that vessel from all blame. The hardest blow falls on pilot Brandow of City of Kingston. In its decision the Board states collision was directly due to giving the starboard signal and putting his engines ahead at full speed. As a penolty for what the Board terms his unskillfulness in navigating his vessel, his license as master and pilot of steam vessel is cancelled. The Glenogle was awarded $20.000 damages.

FROM THE PHILLIPINES.

Manilla, 18th—Trains will be running through to San Fernando in a few days. There are some Piliponos from Macbia who are trading with our troops. At daylight today Lieut. Hill with 25 men, concealed in trenches near Passig, was attacked by a force of rebels who imagined they could capture one of our outposts because only a few rebels had been fired on by Americans. A few volleys put enemy to flight. Rebels lost five killed. The army gunboat Napidan has returned here from the Lake having been disabled by a cannon shot from a rebel possession near Santa Cruz which broke her rudder post.

CITY TAKEN.

Hongkong, May 18th.—The British troops have captured Kow Loon city. Chinese garrisons were disarmed and the British flag now floats over the city no news has been received from the Hinterland expedition.

Hongkong, May 18th.—The British occupied San Chun yesterday without any casualties.

THE PACIFIC CABLE.

London, May 18th—Learned on undoubted authority that Chancellor of Exchequer Sir Hicks Beach is responsible for the form of support offered by Imperial Government to Pacific cable project, but that the High Commissioner for Canada and other interested agents are apparently satisfied from developments of last few days that Secretary of State, who is prepared to do more towards fostering the scheme than some of his collegues, will ultimately prevail on home government to contribute a considerable portion of capitel required for cable.

FROM OTTAWA.

Ottawa, May 18th.—It was again made evident today when House met that government does not intend proceeding with the business of the country until the Redistribution Bill is down.

REVOLUTIONISTS IN TROUBLE

London, May 18th.—Impression is gaining ground here that the alleged plot in the Transvaal was prepared by President Kruger's agents to discredit the South Africa league. They all declare they had not heard a word from their own agents at Cape Colony indicating they added, that the affair was trumped up by Boer police and that in any case the men arrested were irresponsible men with fictitious military titles affixed by the Boers with the object of discrediting British in eyes of Continental Powers.

SURVEYING FOR CABLE.

Vancouver, May 18th.—H. M. S. Egeria starts in a few days to survey the route for the projected Pacafic Cable, sailing from here to the Fanning Islands.

Victoria, 18.—Carey Castletotally destroyed by fire this morning.

Vancouver, 19.— Case against Ludgate dismissed.

COMOX SCHOOL MEETING.

A meeting was called May 16, 1899, for the purpose of electing a trustee in place of W. R. Robb—resigned. At the hour of 11 o'clock a. m. J. B. Holmes was voted to the chair, D. R. Ryan acting as secretary. Moved by G. McDonald, seconded by Wm. Anderton that G. F. Drabble be nominated for trustee for the ensuing term and there being no further nomination G. F. Drabble was duly elected.

VOTERS PRESENT:

R. S. McConell,	Wm. Anderton,
G. G. McDonald,	W.A.Matherson,
J. B. Holmes,	D. R. Ryan.

Before the hour of nomination of candidate closed a discussion took place in reference to the necessity of a high school.

It was moved by G. G. McDonald, seconded by Wm. Anderton that that the trustees of this section communicate with the trustees of the various school boards of the district with regards to their united action in bringing before the department the necessity of establishing a high school in the vicinity.

MAIL SERVICE.

We have it from a reliable source that Mr. McInnes has obtained a semi-weekly mail service between Nanaimo and Cumberland by wagon, weekly by boat, as at present. As soon as Mr. Martin leaves off helping to cultivate Deadman's Island and condescends to give us the long promised road to Nanaimo, we shall be able to enjoy the result of Mr. Mr. McInnes' efforts.

HATS! HATS!! HATS!!!
Trimmed hats for the 24th.
MRS. OSTRANDER.

PROGRAM of SPORTS.

The first event of the day will be the Horse Race at 9 a. m. for which a purse of $35.00 is offered, $25.00 for first. $10.00 to second.

1 Foot ball Match.
2 Tossing the Caber.
3 Putting the Shot.
4 Throwing the Hammer.
5 Boys' Sack Race (under 12 years), 50 yards.
6 Girls' Race (under 12 years), 50 yards.
7 Boys Race (under 16 years), 100 yards.
8 Girls Race (under 16 years), 100 yards.
9 Bicycle Race, (boys under 16), one mile.
10 Running Race 100 yds., open.
11 Old Man's Running Race, 100 yards.
12 Running Race, ½ mile, open.
13 Ladies' Running Race, one mile, open.
14 Three-legged Race, 100 yds.
15 Bicycle Race, (novice), 1 mile.
16 Ladies' Bicycle Race, 1 mile.
17 Human Wheel-barrow Race, 100 yards.
18 Walking Match, ½ mile.
19 Bicycle Race, 3 miles lep.
20 Obstacle Race, 220 yards.
21 Tug of War.
22 Hurdle Race, 220 yards.
23 Running Race, 200 yds., open.
24 Jumping.
25 Vaulting with pole.
26 Running High Jump.
27 Hop, step, and jump.
28 Standing Broard Jump.
29 Bicycle Race, 5 miles, handicap.

Dance in Cumberland Hall in the evening.

Mr. R. Grant will act as starter for the horse race, and Mr. Ryder for all other events.

Judges for the day are: Mr. Mathews, Mr. Bates, Dr. Staples, A. Summerville, and J. Thomson.

Entries for all events must be made with the secretary S. H. Riggs on the grounds, before they come off.

HOTEL ARRIVALS.

UNION HOTEL.—Jno. Bryden, Victoria; Mr. Davis, Carbonado, Wash.; A. Lindsay, Victoria; Thos. Morgan, Nanaimo; Mr. Anderson, Victoria.

CUMBERLAND HOTEL.—Gen'l Hubbard, C. Douty, Jas. Dunsmuir and C. E. Pooley, Victoria.

I Have Received

BY DIRECT IMPORTATION, A CHOICE SELECTION OF

English and Scotch Suitings.

Call and Examine.

P. Dunne

FOR SALE.—A set of Chamber's Encyclopedia. Call at this office and examine the set.

JOHN ARTHUR'S WARD, OR THE DETECTIVE'S DAUGHTER

By the author of "A Woman's Crime," "The Missing Diamond," etc.

Cora and Davlin protested against the doctor's cruel order, but in vain. Mr. Percy made no objections, but kept his eyes open. One evening, the second of his stay at the manor, he saw, while coming up the stairs with slippered feet, the form of Mr. Davlin as it disappeared around the angle leading to the west wing. Then Mr. Percy stole on until he stood at the door of the wing. Satisfying himself that Davlin was actually within the forbidden room, he waited for nothing further, but glided quietly back to his own door, looking as imperturbable as ever and saying to himself:—

"There is a mystery; and we, rather I, am not to see Mr. Arthur at present. Well, I don't want to see him; but I hold the clue to your little game, my fair second wife."

Lucian Davlin went to the city, but he did not set a detective on the track of Celine Leroque. He chose his man, one who had served him before, and set him about something quite different. Then he returned, feeling quite satisfied and confident of success.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

A SLIGHT COMPLICATION.

And what of Celine, or Madeline, as we may call her once more?

She had said, when writing to Olive, that her stay in the city must be very brief. But even her strong will could not keep off the light attack of fever that was the result of fatigue and exposure to night breezes. And the morning following her arrival at the villa, found her unable to rise from her bed.

Dr. Vaughan was summoned in haste, and his verdict anxiously waited for. "It was a slight fever attack," he said, "but the wearied out body must not be hurried. It must rest."

And he forbade Madeline to leave her room for a week at least unless she wished to bring upon herself a return of her summer's illness.

Much to his surprise and gratification, Madeline did not rebel, but replied, philosophically:—

"I can't afford to take any risks now; I will be good. But you must watch my interests."

During the first day of her "imprisonment," as she laughingly called it, Clarence and Olive were put in possession of all the facts that had not already been communicated by letter.

Upon one thing they were all agreed, namely, that it would be wise for Clarence to make another journey to Bellair.

"They won't be able to accomplish much during the week that I remain inactive," said Madeline. "But it will be safest to know just what they are about. Besides, I have reasons for thinking that Henry is growing dissatisfied, and it is to your interest to keep him where he is for the present. Had a suitable opportunity offered, I should have made him aware of my identity. But as it did not present itself, I left it with Hagar to inform him that he was serving me by remaining."

Dr. Vaughan prepared to visit Bellair on the second day after the arrival of Madeline. But almost at the moment of starting there came a summons from one of his patients, who was taken suddenly worse. Thinking to take a later train he hastened to the sick man; but the hour for the last train arrived and passed, and still he stood at the bedside, battling with death. So it transpired that nearly three days had elapsed since the flitting of Celine Leroque, when Dr. Vaughan entered the train that should deposit him at dusk in the village of Bellair.

It had been prearranged by Madeline and Hagar that, in case of any event which should delay the return of the former on the day appointed, the latter was to visit the post-office and look for tidings through that medium. Madeline had been due at Oakley the day before, and so, of course, to-day Hagar would be in attendance at the office.

Dr. Vaughan had written, at the moment of quitting his office to visit his patient, a hasty supplement to Madeline's letter, stating that he was delayed one train, but not to give him up if he did not appear that evening. He would certainly come on the next day's train.

Clarence was somewhat fatigued as he entered the railway carriage, having spent the entire night at the bedside of his patient. He went forward to the smoking car, thinking to refresh himself with a weed. Four men were engrossed in a game of cards not far from him. As they became more deeply interested, and their voices more distinct above the roar of the cars, something in the tones of one of the men caught his ear, reminding him of some voice he had sometime heard or known. The speaker sat with his back to the young man, and nothing of his countenance visible save the tips of two huge ears. These, too, had a familiar look.

Clarence arose and sauntered to the end of the car, in order to get a view of the face that, he felt assured, was not unknown to him.

The man was absorbed in his game and never once glanced up. Our hero having taken a good look at the not very prepossessing face, returned to his seat. He had recognized the man. It was Jarvis, the detective who had been recently employed by him to shadow Lucian Davlin.

It was not a remarkable thing that Jarvis should leave the city on the same train with himself, but the circumstance, nevertheless, set Clarence thinking. Could it be possible that the man had found something to arouse his suspicions, and he was following up the clue on his own account?

Clarence felt an unaccountable desire to know where the detective was going. If he was going to Bellair, then he must be bought over. If he was going to Bellair, he, Clarence, must know it before the village was reached. It was hardly probable that the man's destination was identical with his own, but he had now determined to run no risks.

Throwing back his overcoat, and setting his hat a trifle on one side, Clarence sauntered up to the group of card players, assuming an appearance of interest in the game. As he paused beside them, Jarvis swept away the last trick of a closely-contested game, and, then said, consulting his watch the while:—

"There's for you! I've got just three-quarters of an hour to clean you out, so come on."

Three-quarters of an hour! The exact time it would take to run to Bellair.

Clarence shifted his position so as to put himself behind the two men seated opposite Jarvis. As he did so, the expert glanced up, encountering the eye of Dr. Vaughan. "How are you?" said the young man, nonchalantly.

Jarvis shot him a keen glance of intelligence, and replied, in the same off-hand tone: "High, you bet!"

Jarvis was attired like a well-to-do farmer; and Clarence guessed, at a glance, that his three companions were strangers, two of them being commercial tourists, without a doubt, and the third, a ruddy-looking old gent, who might have been anything harmless. Taking his cue from the "make up" of the detective, Clarence, after giving him an expressive glance, said, easily, "Sold your stock?"

Jarvis cocked up one eye as he replied, while shuffling the cards: "Every horn!"

"Want to buy?"

Jarvis looked him straight in the eye. "Want to sell?"

"Yes, rather."

Jarvis dealt round with great precision, and then said: "All right Cap. I'll talk with you when I get through this game."

Clarence nodded, and presently sauntered away. As soon as his back was turned, Jarvis poked his thumb toward him, saying, confidentially:—

"Young fellow; swell farmer; big stock raiser" And then he plunged into the game with much enthusiasm.

Clarence resumed his seat and, for a few moments, thought very earnestly. The words of the detective had confirmed his suspicion. He now felt assured that Jarvis was bound for Bellair, and if so he was, no doubt, in the employ of Lucian Davlin, for some unknown purpose. What that purpose was, he must know at any cost.

By the time his plans were fairly matured, he observed that the group of card-players was breaking up. In another moment, Jarvis lounged lazily along and threw himself down upon the seat beside him.

In little more than half an hour they would be due in Bellair, and what Clarence desired to say must be said quickly. Taking out his cigar-case, he offered the man a weed, which was accepted with alacrity, and while it was being lighted, Clarence said: "Are you especially busy now?"

"N-o; only so-so."

"Learned anything more in regard to my man?"

"Davlin?" interrogatively.

"Yes."

"No," puffing contentedly; "we don't move in a case after it's paid off."

"I see," smiling; and then, making his first real venture: "Could you do some work for me to-morrow?"

Jarvis looked at him keenly, and Clarence hastened to say, with perfect, apparent, candor:—

"The fact is I have been put back by a patient, and my own personal affairs have been neglected. So I have been unable to look you up at the office, in order to put a little matter into your hands. To-day I am called away unexpectedly." Then, as if struck by a sudden thought, "How long will you be out of town?"

Jarvis shook his head. "Don't know."

"By Jove, what a pity! I'd rather have you than any other man, and I won't stand about money; but my work won't keep long."

The doctor's flattery and the detective's avarice combined, had the desired effect. Jarvis unbent, and became more communicative "Fact is," he said, squaring about, "I don't know my lay just yet"

"No?" inquiringly: "Going far out?"

"No"

"Well," as if about to stop the conversation, "I'm sorry you can't do the job. It's big pay and success sure. The truth is," lowering his voice confidentially, "there are two parties beside myself interested, and both have plenty of money. It's a snug sum to the man who does our work."

The detective looked grave, and then became confidential in his turn.

"The fact is,"—he was fond of using "facts" when it was possible to lug one in—"I am sent out to a small town as a sub"

"A sub?"

"Yes; a substitute. You see, one of our men was detailed to do some work for a chap who came to the Agency from this little town. It was a case of record hunting. Well, the man went out last night all O K; he was a little on the spree when off duty, but a tip-top chap when at work Well, he got into a gambling brawl, and this morning they brought him in, done up"

"Done up?"

"Yes; killed, you know"

"Oh!"

"And so, you see, I am ordered down here to take the instructions of my gentleman, in the place of my pard, who won't receive any more orders here below."

"Then you don't know precisely what is required of you?"

"No; I was packed off at half an hour's notice, and don't even know the name of my employer. I have my instructions and his address here," tapping his breast pocket. "I believe the party lives out of town, at some manor or other."

Clarence was thinking fast. There was but one "Manor" in or near Bellair. He looked at his time-card; there was but one town between them and that village Holding the card in his hand he said:—

"Well, I will try and tell you what I want done; that is, if there is time—how soon do you leave the train?"

Jarvis scented a fat job, and thinking only of getting the particulars of that replied, rather incautiously, as he consulted the time-card in the hand of Clarence.

"By goshen! it's only two stations off—Bellair"

"Oh! Bellair, eh?"

Jarvis nodded ruefully, and then asked: "Where do you land?"

Clarence smiled a little as he replied: "Wait until you hear my business, then you will know where I am going."

"All right; fire away."

And the expert settled himself into a listening attitude. "The truth is, Jarvis, I want you back on the old case."

"What, the gambler's?"

"Yes, Davlin; he is about at the end of his rope, and will, in a short time, be trying to quit the country. Did you ever see the woman who is his partner in iniquity? You heard considerable of her while looking up this business."

"Heard of her? I should think so. Never saw her, though."

"No matter; you may see her soon. You see, they are now at work upon a fine piece of rascality She has actually married an old man, supposing him to be wealthy, and Davlin is figuring as her brother. In reality, the old man, their victim, holds only a life interest in the property. So you see, even if they succeed with the thing in hand, they won't make much And the person who will inherit, after the old gentleman passes away, is aware of their real character and is ready to spring upon them at the proper moment"

Jarvis gave a long, low whistle.

"Now, then, there is another crime—one that occurred some years ago, with which this man and woman are connected, and they are allowed to go free for a little time in order to complete the evidence in this second case"

Jarvis nodded sagely

"So you see there will be double fees, and large ones First, from the heir, and next, from the parties interested in the last case The two are friends, in fact, and work together. Of course, I should expect to act according to the rules of your office, and I know that you are paid by your manager, but—if you can put me in possession of all the movements of Lucian Davlin for the next week, in addition to the salary paid you by your head officials, I will promise you one thousand dollars. If, later, you can supply the missing evidence, it shall be five thousand."

Jarvis looked hastily behind him. "Is he in this train?"

"No."

"Then where the dev—?"

"Wait" interrupted Clarence. "I'll tell you where he is But first you must attend to the business on which you came to Bellair You may obey the instructions you shall receive to the letter But I must know what it is you are bidden to do"

Jarvis knitted his brows and finally said, as if giving up a knotty problem, "Make things plainer; I am befogged".

"Plainly, then," said Clarence, "you are going to Bellair; and," drawing out his pocket-book, "you are not retained as yet for this work?"

"No"

"Well," placing a one hundred dollar bill in his hand, "I retain you for my case, here and now, and you may accept the other fee if you like"

"How?"

"Look at the address of your new client"

Jarvis took from his pocket a number of cards, shuffled them off deftly and, selecting the right one at last, read slowly the name of his unseen employer Then he glanced quickly up at Clarence, re-read his card, and leaning back upon the cushion, shook with silent laughter

"Well, if you ain't the rummest one yet! And I'm your man! Why, bless my soul, you are a lawyer and detective all in one!"

Clarence smiled, but he knew this was the highest compliment that Jarvis was capable of. "Then I may depend upon you?" he asked

"You bet!"

They were nearing the village of Bellair now, and Clarence, who did not intend to let Jarvis know too much concerning his movements, gave him some hasty instructions, and ended by asking: "When do you go back to the city to report?"

"By the next train. Davlin is expecting me, and I shall take his orders and then go back."

"Very well; I'll see you in town to-morrow. Now, as it won't do to risk the chance of being seen together, I will go into the other car." And Clarence sauntered away.

CHAPTER XXXV.

"THOU SHALT NOT SERVE TWO MASTERS" SET AT NAUGHT.

Meanwhile, as they steamed into the village, which was the destination of both, Mr. Jarvis soliloquized, as he caressed his wallet pocket:—

"I know who will butter my bread. Davlin is as slippery as an eel, and will end in trouble Dr Vaughan is a man of his word, and I don't need his bond I'm sure of one thousand, if not of five And I never was over fond of this gentleman gambler"

It may be remarked that Davlin was a man pretty well known by the police and detectives A gambler riding the top wave of success might have found more favor in the eyes of Jarvis But he knew, because of his previous investigations, that Davlin was not "flush" at that time Clarence kept carefully out of sight when the train reached the village Springing lightly to the ground, on the opposite side of the platform, he walked swiftly away, unnoticed in the darkness Once more he crossed the field and knocked at the door of Hagar's cottage, and this time it was Hagar who admitted him

(To Be Continued.)

The Robert SIMPSON Co. Limited

JANUARY WHITE GOODS SELLING

A feature of business in this big store in January is the selling of White Goods—Cotton Underwear, Cottons, Sheetings, Quilts, Muslins, Embroideries, etc. We've prepared a 20-page catalogue, showing the values offered and that'll be sent free on receipt of name and address. Some items from the catalogue are given below, and also specials in other departments for January—

Ladies' Gown, good cotton, made on yoke of insertion and tucks, embroidered collar and cuffs, insertion placquet edged with embroidery..... 90

Ladies' Chemise, English cotton cambric, frill around neck, sleeves and bottom, insertion front, with frill of cambric, full size..... 28

ABLE LINENS

Half-bleach Loom Damasks, superior quality, pure finish, Irish manufacture, in
58 inch ..... .25
60 inch ..... .37½
66 inch ..... .40
69 inch ..... .45
70 inch ..... .50
63 inch ..... .65
72 inch ..... .80

FINE BLEACHED DAMASKS

Full-bleach Table Linen, guaranteed all pure linen and Irish manufacture, special fine make and finish, in a full assortment of floral designs.
58 inch ..... .30
58 inch ..... .35
68 inch ..... .45
68 inch ..... .50
68 inch ..... .60

TABLE NAPKINS

22 x 22 inch, warranted all pure linen and superior satin finish, in a choice range of new paterns, extra fine quality, special per dozen..... .98
22 x 22 inch, Fine Bleached Damask Napkins, Irish manufacture, all pure linen, in a new range of patterns, soft grass bleach, satin finish, per dozen.... 1.25
Size 20 x 20, per dozen, $1.50, $2.. 5.20

WHITE COTTONS

30 inch white cotton, yard..... .4½
36 inch soft finished cotton, yard.. .5
36 inch extra fine quality soft finish, with round even thread, yard..... 6, 7 .8
36 inch American cottons, pure finish, free from filling, standard brands, yard..7½, 8, 9, 10..... .12½
36 inch Horrockses English cotton in either soft or linen finish, yard 9, 10, 11½, 12½, 15..... 17½

FACTORY COTTONS

34 inch factory cotton yard..... .3
34 inch factory cotton yard..... .4½
34 inch fine quality, yard..... .5
36 inch pure round even thread yard .5
30 inch heavy quality, free from specks and filling, yard..6½, 7½ .8½

BLEACHED SHEETINGS

7-4 or 63 inch plain sheeting..... .10
8-4 or 72 inch plain sheeting ..12½ and..... .16
9-4 or 80 inch plain sheeting....15 and..... .17½
10-4 or 90 inch plain sheeting..17½ and..... .20
8-4 or 72 inch twilled sheeting..15 and..... .20
9-4 or 80 inch twilled sheeting..17½ and..... .22½
10-4 or 90 inch twilled sheeting..20 and..... .25
8-4 or 72 inch heavy twill sheeting 13½ and..... .20

BLEACHED SHEETINGS

8-4 or 72 inch plain sheeting..16 and..... .17½
9-4 or 80 inch plain sheeting..18 and..... .20
10-4 or 90 inch plain sheeting..20 and..... .22½
8-4 or 72 inch twilled sheeting..18 and..... .20
9-4 or 80 inch twilled sheeting..20 and..... .25
10-4 or 90 inch twilled sheeting..22½ and..... .27½

MEN'S CLOTHING.

Men's Fine all-Wool Frieze Ulsters, in brown and black, good heavy fancy check tweed linings, good linen and trimmings, high storm collar, tab for throat, half belt on back, size 36 to 40 in. .. 4.00

Men's Fine all-wool Tweed Suits, single and double-breasted, in grey and black, brown small check, with over-pleats and plain heather mixture, best of farmer satin linings, silk stitched edges, cut and tailored in latest style, 33 to 44 .... 6.00

Address mail orders or request for catalogue exactly as below.

The Robert SIMPSON Co. Limited

SECTION 52. TORONTO.

THE BOYS CALLED HIM MIKE.

It Grieved His Mother, but the "Old Man" Thought It Was Smart.

"Where's the boy?" inquired Mr. Spadina cheerily, and it occurred to him that it was about time for his 7-year-old son to bid him good night.

"The boy," replied Mrs. Spadina severely, "is in bed."

"Not sick?"

"No, he is not sick," said Mrs. Spadina in a tone that implied something even worse. "I've been waiting for an opportunity to tell you all about it, but have not had a chance until now. It just means this—that we must move away from this neighborhood. It's no place to bring up a boy, and I just won't stand it. We must get a house in some part of the city where Harold will have nice children to play with."

"But what's the matter?" asked the husband with concern. "What has happened?"

"Well, I'm telling you just as fast as I can. This afternoon when the doorbell rang I was in the hall and answered the door myself, for I saw a boy there. On opening the door the boy said to me, 'Please, can Mike come out and play ball?' I told him that we had no Mike here and said that he had called at the wrong house 'No,' he said, 'I mean Mike, you know—your boy Mike. I guess you call him Harold,' he said.

"Now, what do you think of that? Well, you may be sure I told that boy what I thought of him, and he began to whimper and said that Harold had licked him—that's just what he said—Harold had licked him yesterday for not calling him Mike, and everybody called him Mike at school. And it's worse than that, for they call him Mike Spad—not Harold Spadina, but Mike Spad."

"Well, upon my word!" exclaimed Mr. Spadina.

"I marched out into the dining room, where Harold was eating some bread and butter," continued Mrs. Spadina, "and I went for him, and do you know that child sat up in his chair and said that he'd rather be called Mike than Harold, and that since his chums had started to call him Mike Spad the other gang's afraid of him. Well, I just sent him off to bed at 5 o'clock, and he's there yet. Mike Spad," she added with intense feeling on each word.

"The little scamp!" exclaimed Mr. Spadina.

"We have been talking of getting a better house in some other part of the city for a long time," said Mrs. Spadina, "and I'm sick and tired of this place. We can't send him over to that school any longer, with its rowdy names and its gangs and its fighting. Harold has clearly been fighting, for the boy said as much."

The father was looking silently at the ceiling and puffing at his evening cigar. He generally thought matters over before giving his decision, and Mrs. Spadina cautiously went up stairs, where she found the formidable Mike Spad sound asleep and with the clothing kicked off him.

And Mr. Spadina blew a whiff from his cigar and said, "At school they used to call me Bump." And presently he smiled, and, knocking the ash off his cigar, he chuckled: "There's good stuff in Mike. I wonder how big the boy was that he walloped?"

And the important point is that of the son, the mother and the father one was as true to human nature as either of the others.—Toronto Saturday Night.

No Help Wanted.

Visitor—I say, old boy, you are the most absurdly infatuated husband I ever saw in my life, considering how long you've been married. You praise every dish your wife makes, and yet her cooking is abominable.

Host—Sh! Don't speak so loud. I know her cooking is bad, but if I say a word she gets discouraged and sends for her mother.—Nuggets.

Sure of Himself.

She laid her head against his breast and looked fondly up into his eyes.

"Alfred," she sighed, "are you sure that you will always love me as you do now?"

"Yes," he replied, "I am sure. Your father has promised to endow no colleges, and he hasn't an expensive hobby of any kind."

Now They Don't Speak.

Mrs. Hunnimune—Charles used to tell me he was fond of music, but I think he was only deceiving me. I know he never asks me to play now we are married.

Mrs. Sharpe—Really, I don't see as that proves anything, my dear.—Boston Transcript.

From 20 to 25 large and small establishments exist in New Jersey for the manufacture of nitroglycerin, dynamite and other high explosives and both black and smokeless powder.

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POKER PLAYED BY A DREAM.

The Player Uncertain if Fate Slipped a Cog or if He Is a Chump.

"Brown always swore he wasn't superstitious," said Brown's friend, "but I've seen him twist his second finger around his first when he met a cross eyed man, and I know he has conscientious scruples against going under a ladder. The fact that he occasionally gets up and circles around his chair three times while playing poker may not prove anything, but any man who will lay down a good hand on account of a dream is open to suspicion, and that's what Brown did.

"It seems that Brown dreamed one night of having a tilt with Smith. Smith opened a jack pot, and Brown just hipped him once for luck. He held the eight, nine, ten and jack of clubs, so he had chances of filling either a straight or a flush. Smith drew one card—in the dream—and Brown of course did likewise. He pulled the queen of clubs. Smith seemed to have bettered, too, and they had a nice little tilt. When Smith called, he showed an ace full to kings, and Brown woke up just as he was raking in the pile.

"Well, it happened that a few evenings after this Brown and Smith were in the same game, and after awhile Brown opened a pot with aces and kings. The rest dropped out, all but Smith, and he raised the limit. Brown made good, and each man drew a card. Brown got a third ace, and Smith seemed to be pretty well satisfied with the draw. Then Brown remembered his dream. He held exactly the hand that Smith had held in the dream, and he broke out in a cold perspiration.

"'Dreams go by contraries,' he thought to himself, 'and it's a cinch that Smith has got my straight flush.' Then he bet a white chip, and Smith came back at him with a limit raise, and the limit was pretty high. That blooming fool Brown hesitated for a minute and then laid down his hand with a sickly smile. 'Your straight flush beats my hand,' he said. 'How did you know I had a straight flush?' asked Smith, surprised. Then Brown told about the dream, and Smith laughed fit to kill himself. 'There's your dream hand,' he said as he laid it out. The eight, nine, ten and jack of clubs were there all right, but the fifth card was the seven of spades.

"Of course Brown swore, but as the matter stands now he doesn't figure out just where he's at. Those two hands came so close to the dream that he can't settle it in his mind whether fate slipped a cog that once or whether he was a chump. But I know what Smith thinks."—New York Sun.

THE FRIGATE PELICAN.

It Is a Small Bird With an Enormous Stretch of Wing.

The frigate pelican, or man-of-war bird, is usually found between the tropics. Although when stripped of its feathers it is hardly larger than a pigeon, yet no man can touch at the same time the tips of its extended wings. The long wing bones are exceedingly light, and the whole apparatus of air cells is extremely developed, so that its real weight is very trifling. It flies at a great height above the water, and from that elevation pounces down on fish, especially preferring the poor, persecuted flying fish for its prey.

According to some authors, the name of man-of-war bird was given to it because its appearance was said to foretell the coming of a ship; probably because the frigate pelican and real frigates are equally averse to storms, and both like to come into harbor if the weather threatens. Under the throat of the frigate pelican is a large pouch, of a deep red color, which can be distended with air at the pleasure of the bird. The pouch is larger and of a more brilliant red in the male than in his consort, and the general plumage of the female is not so bright as that of the male.

Although its swiftness of wing and general activity enable it to snatch a fish from the surface of the water or to pounce upon the flying fish before it can again seek the protection of its native element, yet it too often uses its powers in robbing other birds of their lawful prey. It is enabled, in some mysterious way, to find its way home by night, even though it may be 400 or 500 miles from land. The length of the male bird is three feet and the expanse of wing eight feet.

Two Successes.

An honest exchange of compliments is always an agreeable thing. A New England minister recently married had desired one of his neighbors to secure a horse to be driven in the new phaeton which the clergyman had bought with a view to his bride's pleasure.

The minister's wife made her first appearance at church on the Sunday after the wedding and was approved by the entire congregation for her sweet face and simple manner.

The next afternoon the minister took his bride to drive, and, passing his neighbor on the road, he stopped to say pleasantly:

"You bought us a very good horse, and we thank you for that, Mr. Wilson."

"You're welcome," said the parishioner, with gravity, "and you've chosen an excellent minister's wife, sir, which is about as difficult. The whole parish thanks you for that."—Youth's Companion.

Rather Embarrassing.

"Do you know that in China it is considered the height of courtesy to present a man with a burial casket?"

"Yes, but don't you think the emperor of China's relatives are sort of overdoing themselves in politeness?"—New York Journal.

Sterilization In the Country.

"Don't you know it's against the law to pour that water into the milk?" said a passerby.

"I'm only trying to drown the microbes, sir," said the milkman, with a smile.—Yonkers Statesman.

By the term Australia is meant "the south," and by Australasia, "Southern Asia," agreeably to the Latin australis, southern. Previous to its settlement by the British, Australia was known as New Holland, owing to its discovery by the Dutch in 1600.

THE TRAGEDY OF AN EMPIRE.

True Story of the Death of Prince Rudolph of Austria.

Edward A. Steiner contributes to The Woman's Home Companion this interesting fragment of Austrian history which is a prohibited topic in that country:

"The carnival was at its height in gay Vienna. The noisy masqueraders were returning from their revelries and were making the old city ring with shouts and laughter. The sun was struggling through the mists of the January morning, but almost before it had risen high enough to touch the golden cross of St. Stephen's cathedral all Vienna knew that there would be no more dancing during that carnival. The word had gone round that the crown prince was dead; murdered, some declared; fallen in a duel, others conjectured; accidentally killed, said the papers.

"Six years prior to this unhappy night Crown Prince Rudolph was forced by the circumstances of his station to marry Stephanie, the daughter of the king of Belgium, whom he did not love, while his heart was given to the Baroness Vetsera, the most beautiful woman in Vienna. What her character was I do not pretend to know, but the favor of a crown prince is enough to turn the head of almost any Austrian woman, particularly if she has been reared in Vienna, under the demoralizing influence of its court. His disappointment drove him to dissipation, the crown princess wept and scolded, the city was scandalized, and the emperor had to seek a way out of the difficulty. Count Hoyos, an officer in the Austrian army and one of the numerous admirers of the young baroness, was promised promotion in the army and the assistance of the emperor if he would gain her consent to marry him. This the count succeeded in doing. Then came the end. The count and his fiancee were invited to spend the evening of Jan. 30, 1889, with the crown prince in his hunting lodge at Meyerling. Wine flowed freely, and the hours were full of mirth. But suddenly, without warning, Rudolph drew a revolver, shot the count, then the baroness and at last drove a bullet through his own heart."

TWO NEWSPAPER STORIES.

Young Men Who Were Ready to Dare Anything For Fame.

Over in Vincennes, Ind., there lived a young man who, on reading of the destruction of the battleship Maine, became filled with a desire to invade Cuba with the first batch of war correspondents. His name is J. Willoughby Weep, and he is said to have written to Bob Paine, managing editor of the Cleveland Press, as follows:

"For $10 per week I want to go to Cuba as your correspondent and will live with the Cubans, camp with the Cuban army, and, if necessary, fight by the side of General Gomez."

The recipient of the letter is a wit, and in a caustic reply to Mr. Weep inquired what sum would be demand to go and die with the Cubans. He was amazed a few days later to be handed a letter from Vincennes in which the would be war correspondent made this answer:

"Fifteen dollars per week and expenses."

It goes without saying that Mr. Weep was employed, and, most strange to record, he was one of the best men in the field. He is now numbered with the regular writers for the Cleveland Press and at more than "$15 per week and expenses."

About the same time Managing Editor Paine was surprised to reach his desk one afternoon and find a telegram awaiting his arrival on which $1.80 was due. It was a carefully worded application for a job from a young man who resided in Zanesville, O. Such assurance appalled Paine, and he sat down and dashed off an answer in keeping with a popular song he had heard the night previous:

"Read your answer in the stars," read the dispatch, and it was sent "collect."

But on the following day he tore open a second telegram from Zanesville. Here it is:

"The stars say come." Within 24 hours the applicant was on hand in Cleveland, and the editor gave the young man a position on the paper.

Flower of the Family.

Mr. Watson, the postmaster of Willowby, has four sons who inherit their father's amiable disposition, but are wanting in "faculty," that characteristic of the successful New Englander.

"What are your sons doing, Mr. Watson?" inquired a former resident of Willowby, who had not seen the postmaster before for 12 years.

"Well," was the answer, "Jack, my oldest boy, he's a minister without a pulpit. Fred, the next one, he's a lawyer without a client, and William, the third one, he's a teacher without any school.

"But I've got some hopes of Sam, the youngest of the lot," said the head of the Watson family, with commendable cheerfulness. "He's set out to be a farmer without any land, but he's hired out a piece and worked it to halves, and we ate vegetables off it all summer.

"I paid him for supplying our family, and when he'd settled his bill for what he put into the ground to start with, he had within 50 cents of what he owed the boy that had helped him hoe and so on all summer.

"And I handed him over that 50 cents with a real light heart and told him he needn't ever think of it again. Yes, his mother and I feel to be encouraged about Sam; we think in the course of time he'll make a likely farmer."—Youth's Companion.

An Addition.

Smith and Jones were talking one day about their business interests. Smith was a hotel man and Jones was a manufacturers' agent.

"I say," said Jones, "however do you use such an enormous quantity of pears and peaches?"

"Well," replied Smith, "we eat what we can and what we can't we can."

"Indeed!" said the other. "We do about the same in our business."

"How is that?"

"We sell an order when we can sell it, and when we can't sell it we cancel it."—Argonaut.

INDIAN SIGNAL TALKS.

Six Methods by Which They Send Long Distance Messages.

American Indians have a universal sign language without regard to tribal dialects. Long distance signals are sent with lightninglike rapidity, and messages go between distant points quicker than ordinary telegraph messages with the messenger boy attachment. The especial war signals are in six divisions—the pony, the blanket, the mirror, smoke, fire arrows, flint and steel, and we might add drawings and sketches. On a distant bluff a pony and rider begin to run around in a small circle or ring, racing for dear life. As if by magic, the plain becomes alive with red men, who seem to come out of the ground with the commotion of an army of ants. The signalman holds up his blanket by each corner, meaning attention; then, wigwagging his blanket, he says, "The enemy is discovered 1,000 strong." At last he holds up his blanket as a sign for the warriors to disperse, and they at once melt into the earth like falling snow in a lake.

Another signalman, on a distant hill overlooking the village, flashes the news with a small mirror to the old men, war women and wives, not forgetting, however, to flash it to the tepee of his sweetheart, who suddenly finds it imperative to go for firewood in the direction of the well known flash. Two straight lines of blue smoke going upward indicate a victory, two being the Indian lucky number, or maybe at night a tenderfoot notices some falling stars in pairs. "Burning arrows," said our guide.

Among the red pipe clay beds and the bluffs of the Big Muddy river strange sketches of tomahawks and broken pipes, drawn with the points of knives in the soft and pliable clay, appear at intervals, letting us know that war is on. Suddenly coming upon a village, we find that the bucks have returned in the night very quietly, the Indian method of admitting an overwhelming defeat.

In speaking of the mirror signals, an Indian said: "Supposing a few of us were at a talk in the lodge. We got hungry. One said So-and-so had plenty to eat. I go to his tepee and hint that it might be well to cook something, and when all is done I go outside and flash to each friend that it is ready. They come in one by one, as if by accident, and, of course, are invited by the host to eat."—Leslie's Weekly.

A LESSON IN GEOGRAPHY.

If You Are Clever, You Can Supply the Missing Links.

One day my cousin (a city in Maine) said to me, "Let us go fishing for (a cape in Massachusetts)."

"That will be fine," I answered, laying down her new (city in Italy) hat that I had been admiring and upsetting a bottle of (a city in Germany) in my haste.

"But I am afraid to go without a (island near England)," said my cousin.

"Let's ask —— and —— (two capes in Virginia)," I answered.

So I ran across the street for the two who were to accompany us, while my cousin fixed up a small lunch, consisting of (islands in the Pacific ocean), a large piece of (a country in Europe) and an (town in New Jersey) for each of us, and, for a joke, she put in a large (river in Vermont).

It was a beautiful day in (a cape in New Jersey), and we expected to have a fine time. I fed Dick, my pet (islands off the coast of Africa), and we started.

To save time we thought we would go through the barnyard and across lots, but I saw a large (cape in South America) sticking out from behind the barn and refused to go near old Brindle, so we went another way.

As we were passing through the woods all of a sudden my cousin cried out ("a cape in North Carolina)! There is a big (river in Washington)!"

I picked up a piece of broken (a country in Asia) to throw at it, while my cousin eagerly snatched a (city in Ireland), thinking it was a stone. One of the boys had sense enough to throw a (city in Arkansas) at its head, killing it instantly.

We thought our troubles were over now and were laughing and talking gayly, when we suddenly saw a few feet from us and coming for us as fast as its feet would carry it a (lake in Canada).

This was too much. We turned our faces toward home and ran for our lives. In the flight my cousin lost her beautiful new cape, trimmed with (a cape in Florida).

We did not stop running until within a (island belonging to Rhode Island) of our house, where we said (a cape in Greenland) to our companions and went in the house to enjoy a cup of (an island near India).—Philadelphia Press.

The Electric Forge.

One of the astonishing things developed through the introduction of electricity into everyday affairs is a forge, made for bench use, for the heating of soldering irons or light pieces of metal for working on the anvil, where the heating is accomplished by plunging the article to be heated into a tray of water. Nothing could be imagined more contradictory of one's preconceived ideas than this procedure, and yet to the electrician it is perfectly simple.

He makes the proper connections, plunges his iron into the water, and pretty soon the iron will begin to glow under water and then to turn red or white hot, just as he desires it for working. When he gets through working the iron, he may plunge it into the water again and cool it with a "sizz" as expeditiously as he could in any other tank of water.

The Polite Letter Writer.

A man spent three hours in trying to compose a letter to his brother's fiancee, whom he had never seen. He was a man clever with his pen, but the longer he thought of the situation the more serious the undertaking seemed. Finally he wrote:

MY DEAR MARY—I have written you eight letters and torn them all up because of their lamentable inadequacy. You see how seriously I take you. Be pleased and be sure that I welcome you heroically as my sister. Your affectionate brother, JAMES.

—New York Commercial Advertiser.

THE TATTLER.

The Misses Leiter, instead of bidding their sister, Lady Curzon, goodby in England this fall, will visit her at Simla, India, next spring.

Mrs. David Jayne Hill, wife of the recently appointed assistant secretary of state, is said to be one of the best horse women in Washington.

As far as known, Mrs. M. E. Mauser of Newport, Ky., is the only survivor of the 200 girls who scattered flowers before Lafayette when he visited Cincinnati in 1825.

Mrs. Anna Maria Lee, mother of General Fitz-Hugh Lee, who died in Richmond not long ago, was the daughter-in-law of "Light Horse Harry" and sister of John Mason, who was captured from the Trent.

Miss Mary Hoffman, daughter of United States Judge Ogden Hoffman, has begun a course in the Bellevue hospital, New York, from which she will graduate a professional nurse, with the intention of devoting her life to charities.

Miss Anna M. Sackett of Waukesha, Wis., has revoked a legacy of $5,000 to Carroll college in that place, because the trustees persist in permitting the students to play football. Miss Sackett saw one game and changed the legacy.

Mrs. Mabala Bentley of Bloomington, Ills., whose mother was with Boone at the siege of Boonesboro, and whose aunt was the first white child born in Kentucky, has just entered upon the second century of her life and is unusually active.

A movement has been started in Georgia to honor the memory of Miss Winnie Davis by establishing an industrial school for girls. The movement is headed by the Daughters of the Confederacy. The idea originated with Mrs. Hallie Alexander Roundsaville.

Mrs. Edna Nye Martin, tall and slender and gowned in gray, was considered by the delegates at the recent woman's federation meeting in New York to be one of the most beautiful women at the convention. Mrs. Martin was chairman of the nominating committee and announced from the platform the names chosen to form the ticket.

Mrs. Dudley Smith, daughter of the late George Kynoch, member of parliament for Ashton, has made her debut as a professional in the arena of the Birmingham (England) circus. She has been known as a dashing equestrienne for some time, having ridden at agricultural shows and races. Her friends are shocked at her step, which they consider a mistake.

FOR THE ESCRITOIRE.

Crests, if they are heavy and imposing, give an air of richness to plain, yellow or buff paper.

Monograms in silver on a black ground are among the unique novelties in mourning stationery.

Street addresses printed and embossed in clear cut type are placed at the upper left hand corner of the note paper.

A novelty in note paper of small size is colored in deep blue, with a frieze of wedgwood decorations in white across the top.

Decorated note paper having a colored landscape or design is not used now, except for baby's paper, which has a group of busy Kate Greenaway children.

Dainty note paper for the debutante is pale wedgwood blue, with a border of white. An embossed monogram in white on a deep blue ground is effective on this paper.

Dainty shades of pink, lavender, sage green and pearl green are made up for carte de visite note paper, which is the style used in sending acceptances and regrets to invitations.

Pretty and expensive note paper reveals the monogram framed in an oval gilt frame and suspended from the top of the paper with bows and loops of gilt ribbon. The letters are in gold on a contrasting ground.—New York Tribune.

SPANISH OMELET.

Spain has traded real estate for experience.—Puck.

Spain is thinking less of honor and more of money now.—Indianapolis News.

It is believed that if properly approached Spain would consent to have her debt assumed by the United States.—Exchange.

If the Spanish commissioners are as slow withdrawing from the peace tribunal as Spain is withdrawing from Cuba they will die of old age in Paris.—Chicago News.

Jose Echegaray, the Spanish dramatist, says that he will write no more plays, and that his country ought to devote herself to practical things. But don't the Spaniards need a little theatrical amusement to take their minds off their troubles?—New York Sun.

Polavieja is reported as saying it will be necessary to shoot Weyler to save the Spanish throne, and Weyler, on his part, frankly admits that the shooting of Polavieja is the first step toward Spain's welfare. Let the shooting begin!—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

The Happiest Man In the World.

The more nations I make the acquaintance of the more deeply confirmed I get in this conviction that the Frenchman, with all his faults and shortcomings, is the happiest man in the world. Of course the wealthy classes have everywhere found the way of enjoying life more or less, but to the observer of national characteristics these classes are uninteresting. Good society is good society everywhere. For a study give me the masses of the people, and it is among the masses in France that, after all, I find the greatest amount of happiness. The Frenchman is a cheerful philosopher. He knows best of all how to live and enjoy life. Moderate in all his habits, he partakes of all the good things that nature has placed at his disposal without ever making a fool of himself.—Max O'Rell in North American Review.

Bethrothal ceremonies in Russia take place a week and a day before the wedding ceremony, and during these days the bride is obliged by custom to weep and wail and be comforted by her girl friends. This custom is in practice among the Chinese also.

Her First Lesson.

A very little girl in a military cloak and a very big bonnet came into a florist's in Fourteenth street where chrysanthemums were on exhibition one afternoon last week. She held fast to her nurse's hand and her eyes widened to saucer size with admiration as she walked about among the gorgeous flowers. One immense blossom, all a marvel of curled, palest pink petals, pleased her most. She stood before it a long time and eyed it wistfully, till a salesman came up. Then she said timidly:

"Please div me that flower."

The salesman lifted the chrysanthemum, and the little girl held out a bright, new 10 cent piece, warm and moist from the little hand that had held it so carefully. The salesman laughed and put the flower back.

"Why, that isn't enough money!" he said. "It would take ten pieces of money like that to buy this flower."

The little girl looked up wonderingly, and her poor little lip began to quiver. The nurse evidently had no money.

"I wanted it for my muvver," said the child, tears beginning to gather in her big eyes, "and I haven't dot any other penny."

The salesman turned away, and with one last glance at the coveted flower the little girl took the nurse's hand and walked out of the shop. She had received her first lesson in the worth of money, a valuable lesson, and like most other valuable lessons it was learned at the expense of a heartache. Poor baby!—Washington Post.

Ingenious Speculation.

The German mania for collecting pictorial postcards has just been the means of putting a small fortune into the pocket of a clever speculator named Joseph Arminius, formerly of Cologne, but now of Jerusalem.

Herr Arminius advertised in the German papers, offering, in return for a remittance of 2 marks, to send five of these picture cards, posted respectively at Venice, Constantinople, Yafa, Jerusalem and Cairo on the day of the Emperor Wilhelm's visit.

The ingenious advertiser received no fewer than 160,000 subscriptions, for which he had to dispatch 800,000 cards, and after paying all expenses he has pocketed 190,000 marks, or about $48,000, by this rapid speculation.

The writing of the postcards was done at a school in Jerusalem, taking the form of a lesson in dictation to the children.

Sorting Walnuts by Wind.

Recently two walnut shippers of Anaheim county, Cal., found that many of the walnuts in their possession were light and empty, and they cast about for some means to rapidly handle the goods, as it was an almost endless job to do it by hand. They finally evolved machinery to do it with, consisting of a four foot blast fan, 20 inches wide, propelled by a three horsepower gasoline engine.

The fan is set revolving very rapidly, and the nuts are precipitated into a trough leading down to the fan, whence the heavy nuts drop into the bin made to receive them, while the light ones are blown into a receptacle arranged for them farther on. The force of the wind is sufficient to blow the lighter nuts aside, while the good ones fall straight down.—Philadelphia Record.

Patti at Fifty-five.

In view of the recently announced engagement of Adelina Patti to make a third venture into matrimony it is interesting to learn the secret by which she retains at least one of her charms, her gloriously youthful eyes, at the age of 55, for her birth certificate, recently unearthed in Madrid, shows that she was born in 1843. "I never read at night," said she on the occasion of her last visit to this city, "if I can help it. It does not hurt the eyes to cry if you sleep afterward. I bathe my eyes in hot and cold water, as feels best. I do a great many things I am told never to do. But I also observe certain rules. I never read at twilight or when hungry. I sleep fully nine hours, more if I need it. I eat lightly many times a day. I keep my eyes free by not making them tired. That is all."

The Indian Bureau.

The Indian bureau ought to be taken once and forever out of politics. The government should find the man most expert in dealing with the Indians—he may be the present commissioner of Indian affairs—and instruct him to bring the Indian bureau to a close at the earliest possible moment. Once appointed to office for that purpose he should stay there till the work is completed. I believe that in one respect an army officer would be the best fitted for such a post, because he would be eager to bring the work to a close, while the civilian would see a hundred reasons why it should be continued from year to year. His subordinates should be Indian experts and removed only for cause, never for political reasons.—Rev. Lyman Abbott, D. D., in North American Review.

A Fatal Day.

It is said that Saturday has been a fatal day to the royal family of England for the last 185 years. William III, Queen Anne, George I, George II, George III, George IV, the Duchess of Kent, the prince consort, the Duke of Clarence, the Duke of Albany and Princess Alice all died on that day.

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

—ISSUED EVERY SATURDAY.—

Mary E. Bissett Editor.

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

SATURDAY, MAY 20TH, 1899.

THAT HONEST MAN.

Since confederation Canada has seen many instances of political dishonesty in her public men. Those placed in the highest positions in the gift of her people have often basely betrayed the trust reposed in them for the sake of the almighty dollar—a motive surely contemptible enough in itself. Other countries have had a similar experience. But it remained for British Columbia to present the disgraceful spectacle of a man holding the once honorable dignity of Attorney-General of the province prostituting the purpose of his office to vent petty spite on persons who dared, forsooth, to disagree with him in his political opinions.

What are the facts of the case? A deplorable accident took place on a railway line—the only disaster of the kind which ever occurred on that road. An enquiry was held, the company did all in its power to have a full and fair investigation. A verdict in accordance with the facts was brought in by an impartial jury. But that did not end the matter, for the Union Colliery Co., happens to be composed of men with some feeling of humanity in them—notwithstanding all the abuse heaped upon them in some quarters. The Co., and its officials, though not under the least legal obligation to do so, made whatever reparation it was possible towards the families of the unfortunate men. Contrast this course with that followed every day under similar circumstances by owners of other railways.

Now, right here let us ask our readers: Is it reasonable to suppose that it the officials of the Union Colliery Co., (even supposing them so devoid of humanity as not to care for the lives of their employees) had had any doubts in the matter, would they have risked taking over half a million dollars out of the Company through sheer carelessness?

Take into account the above facts and then consider the outrageous action of the Attorney-General in taking up an affair of the kind and trying, by methods too obviously unfair to need specification, to bring discredit and ruin upon men who did their utmost to make reparation for that which was, after all, not their doing.

Is it for the sake of justice Hon. Jos. Martain wishes to prosecute his political opponents? The Attorney-General has never been accused of devotion to the cause of justice. Is he taking the part of the helpless against a powerful and heartless combine? The Company has not acted in a heartless manner and even had it done so, is there anything in the past political history of Mr. Martain to indicate the possibility of his being moved by a superior motive?

And this is the man who rules British Columbia, these the methods that obtain in the political arena of our province.

Attorney-General Martin arrived in Nanaimo by train Saturday and was met by the, to all intents, Premier, Mr. S. Robins, who carted him off in a carriage to which were attached two fiery steeds. There was 'something in the air.,—Enterprise.

What was that 'honest man and good servant of the people' doing lately in the N. V. C. Co's office down in Nanaimo? Getting orders from his master to injure a rival company all he could. And why does that 'honest man' have to obey the behest of a master? Well, were it not for the votes of the members from Nanaimo the Martin Govt. would have a desperate struggle to survive. Said members are subject to the approval of Mr. S.M. Robins. Therefore if Mr. Martin is to continue commander-in-chief of British Columbia, he and his followers must take orders frim the N. V. C. Co's office.

With due humility we beg to ask the Victoria Times, why it was such a grave misdemeanor for Mr. Pooley (who was NOT A PAID minister) to accept a retainer from the E. & N., while it is evidently quite proper for Hon. Jos. Martin to (the paid Attorney-General) to act for a private individual against the province?

Small wonder the Island is accorded scant attention at the hands of the Semlin-Martin combination when the members for some of the most important constituencies have too little spirit to stand up for the Island's interests, but are at the beck and call of private individuals.

The government has no right whatever to withoid appropriations for a road or any other work, after the appropriation has been voted.

Owing to extra work on Souvenir Number we are obliged to issue half-size this week. However, we shall soon resume the even tenor of our way.

LOCAL BRIEFS

Mines Inspector Morgan was up this week.

H. M. S. Icarus and Phaeton will be in Comox, May 29.

Labrador Herrings, Salmon Bellies, at Moore's.

Mr. Geo. Stevens has started a gang of men to work on the new dam at Hamilton Lake. When it is completed, there will be an ample supply of water in the dry season

Oolschans and Bay of Fundy shad a Moore's.

SIDEBOARD FOR SALE, also a few household articles. Apply to MRS. KENNEY.

SACRILEGIOUS BUT TO THE POINT.

A tramp, who said he was out of work temporarily, called at the kitchen door of a residence in Philadelphia lately. He was all ashiver with cold. The servants being away, the mistress opened the door and heard his plea for a "bit to eat." Being a good woman, and remembering the greatest of the three Christian virtues, she brought to the door a half loaf of bread.

"Here," she said to the tramp, "take this, but," she added, "you should not forget I give it to you not only for your own sake, but for Christ's, for this is His day"

"Thank you ma'am," replied the tramp, as he extended his hand and looked this good Samaritan in the eye, "but don't you think that for God's sake you might put some butter on it?"

FOR SALE OR RENT, a house on Maryport avenue, also a lot of furniture at reasonable terms. For particulars call on Alex. Grant,

LETTERS to the Editor.

(This space for Correspondents)

The Editor, Cumberland News:

Kindly give me space in which to make a few remarks in reference to the new liquor license regulations.

The Act provides that in sections where over 50 persons reside a fee of $200 shall be charged. Now, in a city or large town this amount might not be excessive, but in a country district where trade is slim, $200 is an exorbitant sum. Consideo the question merely in a business light. If the hotels are taxed so high that they cannot run a bar, the income from other sources will not bbe sufficient to warrant proprietors continuing the business. Hence, the hotels will be closed, the travelling public will be without accomodation, and, worst of all, illicit traffic in cheap liquor will be inevitable.

This was the result in Norway after the abolition by popular vote of the Gothenburg system. ".....retailing poisonous concoctions appeared in force where the companies' (liquor) had been abolished, and, instead of decreasing drunkenness began to show an increase." The people saw this and the popular vote changed gradually, as the following table will show:

Year	Percentage of vote cast concerning liquor associations: Against	For
1895	59 4	40.6
1896	52.57	47.43
1897	42.16	57.84
1898	41.07	58.93
1899	19 9	80.1

It is no use talking sentiment in this matter. We have to deal with things as they are—not as some of us might wish them to be.

In order that respectable hotels should be maintained, for public accommodation, illicit liquor selling prevented, and consequently, expense of keeping up a spy system and prosecuting offenders be avoided, the most feasible solution is to allow only one saloon in a certain area, to be run in connection with a good hotel, and to grant license at a rate proportionate to the trade—persons wishing to secure such license being elected by popular vote or petition.

There may be objections to this plan, but I give it for what it is worth.

Yours etc.,

TEMPERANCE.

Editor, Cumberland News:

Allow me in all kindness to protest against the Shooting Match to be held on the 21st inst. as not in conformity with the law of God. We should lay aside such recertions as are lawful on other days and do nothing except works of necessity and mercy on the Sabbath. A shooting match is no worse than a sparring or boxing or wrestling match or bull fight, fandango or dance on Sunday. And we have just as good a right to break the fourth as the fifth or sixth Command-

S. F. C.

Sandwick, May 15th, 1899.

FOR
Refreshments
ON THE TWENTY-FOURTH
....COME TO THE....
..Union Hotel..
Temperance Drinks,
WINES, LIQUORS, & CIGARS.
☞ Meals at all Hours.

CORPORATION OF THE CITY OF CUMBERLAND.

Amendment to Sec. 18 of the Trades License By-Law from any transient trader or other person or persons who occupies premises in the city for temporary periods, and who may offer new goods or merchandise of any description for sale by auction or any other manner, or to solicit orders for any goods to be manufactured or made, and ready goods, to be afterwards delivered by himself or any other person in addition to any other license before mentioned a sum not exceeding ($100) one hundred dollars for every six months or part thereof, and not less than ($50) fifty dollars for any six months.

Read 1st time April 10th, 1899
Read 2nd time April 14th, 1899
Read 3rd time May 8th, 1899
Reconsidered and finally passed May 19, '99

WESLEY WILLARD, CHAIRMAN. L. W. NUNNS, C. M. C.

JUST OPENED
—:—AT—:—
The BIG Store
Ten Cases of English, Scotch and German Goods, consisting of Laces, Embroideries, Ribbons, Sunshades, Zephyrs, Searsuckers, Ginghams, Prints, Quiits, and several lines of small wares that are the prettiest and cheapest we have ever had.
Call and See them.
Simon Leiser

Speculation has been rife in town ever since it became known yesterday morning that six of the stockholders of the U. C. Co., had arrived by special boat on Sunday afternoon, and were engaged in solemn conclave over the fate of our town. The visitors were Messrs. J. Dunsmuir, C. P. Huntington, C. E. Pooley, J. Bryden, Lindsay and Broker. It is rumored that Mr. Huntington wishes either to purchase Mr. Dunsmuir's share or to sell his own, but we are unable to vouch for the accuracy of this. In any case it is probable that some definite conclusion was arrived at for the party left yesterday afternoon.—'The Islander."

The Islander's arithmetic is wrong. There were seven gehtleman up in Mr. Dunsmuir's party, but neither Mr. Huntington nor Mr. Broker was here. The names are as follows: Gen. Thos. Hubbard, 1st., Vice-President of the S. P. Co.; C Douty, Esq., Secretary Pacific Improvement Co.; C. E. Pooley, Secretary of Union Colliery Co.; General Manager Davis of Carbon Hill Mines, Carbonado, Wash.; J. Dunsmuir, M.P.P., John Bryden, M. P. P., A. Lindsay, U. C. Co.

As the Islander didn't even know the names of the visitors, readers can readily imagine what that sapient journal's conjectures are worth. Strange as it may appear, neither Mr. Huntington nor Mr. Dunsmuir has yet consulted us about the mines hence unlike our esteemed contemporary we are unable to give any valuable information

FOR SALE.—A number of young pigs, difierent sizes. Berkshires. WM. LEWIS, Courtenay.

What is the matter with our Government Agent that he does not move things in the matter of that Nanaimo Road?

The professional labor agitator is a man Vancouver and British Columbia can do without. Up-country papers declare that several of the men implicated in the outrages in the Coeur d'Alene district are in British Columbia. Five got off at Marcus en route for the Boundary country, five got off at Ymir, and five went through to the Slocan. It is supposed they have come with the object of stirring up similar troubles to those recently raised in Idaho, but they will find that British Columbia miners are a different class of men.—News-Advertiser.

PUPILS RECEIVED....
Mrs. Meyer, Sandwick, receives pupils for PIANO, SINGING, FRENCH, AND GERMAN.

C. H. TARBELL.
DEALER IN
Stoves and Tinware
CUMBERLAND, B. C.

GORDON MURDOCK'S...
LIVERY.
Single and Double Rigs to let
—at—
Reasonable Prices
Near Blacksmith Shop, 3rd St.
CUMBERLAND, B. C.

Esquimalt & Nanaimo Ry.

TIME TABLE EFFECTIVE NOV. 19TH, 1898.

VICTORIA TO WELLINGTON.

No. 2 Daily. A.M.		No. 4 Saturday. A.M.
De. 9:00	Victoria	De. 3:00
" 9:30	Goldstream	" 3:29
" 10:19	Shawnigan Lake	" 4.14
" 10:58	Duncans	4:45
P.M.		P.M.
" 12:30	Nanaimo	6:06
Ar. 12:45	Wellington	Ar. 6 20

WELLINGTON TO VICTORIA.

No. 1 Daily. A.M.		No. 3 Saturday. A.M.
De. 8:25	Wellington	De. 3:10
" 8:46	Nanaimo	" 3:23
" 10:04	Duncans	" 4:37
" 10:42	Shawnigan Lake	" 5:03
" 11:33	Goldstream	" 5.59
Ar. 12 00 M.	Victoria	Ar. 6 25 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.

IF YOU HAVE A WATCH THAT DOES NOT GIVE SATISFACTION BRING IT TO
Stoddart.
OPPOSITE Waverley Hotel.

INSURANCE.
I am agent for the following reliable companies:
The Royal Insurance Company.
The London and Lancashire.
JAMES ABRAMS.

CAN NOT BE BEAT.
Single bed, with spring and cotton mattresses, $7.00; Comode or washstand, $3.00; Two chairs 75c; Rocking chair, $1 00; Stove and pipe, $1 25; Centre table, $1 00.
For these and other snaps apply to R. S Cummings, at the News Office before May 30th.