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THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

NINTH YEAR. CUMBERLAND, B. C. WEDNESDAY, MAY 22, 1901.

To the Ladies of Cumberland and District,

We have now in stock the Mene Sanitary Towels for Ladies.

Antiseptic, Healthy and Clean, 20c. per dozen.

Apply to Miss McDonald.

Perrier Freres & Co.'s noted Olga Kid Gloves, $1.25 per pair.

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 price 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

THE AMERICA CUP.

Now that Sir T. Lipton has again challenged for this his trial cup, and the time draws near for what is thought by experts to prove the best effort yet made to arrest the coveted trophy from America's hands. A brief sketch of the history of this little bit of silver, may be of interest to our readers first won in English waters in 1851, by the American Schooner America, presented to the New York Yacht Club in 1857 as a perpetual challenge cup for foreign nations. 1st challenge made by Mr. Jas. Ashbury of England in 1871 with Cambria. Beaten by Magic out of a fleet of 24. 2nd in 1872 by Mr. Ashbury with Livonia, beaten by Columbia and Sappho—the first being disabled after the 3rd race. 3rd by Canadian Schooner, Countess of Dufferin, defeated by Madeleine. 4th, by Canadian Sloop Atalanta in 1881 defeated by Mischief. Capt. Cuthbert, designer of the Atalanta announced that he would challenge again. This determination caused the deed of gift to be altered in that a defeated vessel could not again challenge until a race with some other vessel had intervened. 5th in 1885 by Sir R. Sutton with Genesta, defeated by Puritan by 1 min. 38 sec. 6th in 1886, Lieut. Henn with Galatea, defeated by Mayflower. 7th the following year by Thistle, defeated by Volunteer.

After this race, a new deed of gift was drawn up by Mr. G. L. Schuyler. 8th, in 1893 by Lord Dunraven with Valkyrie II, beaten by Vigilant. 9th, by Dunraven with Valkyrie III, beaten by Defender. 10th, in 1898 by Sir T. Lipton with Shamrock, defeated by Columbia. The 11th will take place this year between Sir T. Lipton's Shamrock II, and Independence.

WHARF NOTES.

U. S. survey vessels, C. P. Patterson and McArthur were in Friday and left Saturday for the north. It was hoped that some of the crew would visit Cumberland and engage the boys in a ball game, but to the disappointment of both, they were unable to do so, but promise this on their return in the autumn, when they will meet the Cumberland team.

Str. Wellington sailed 17th for San Francisco with full cargo of coal and coke.

Danube called on her way down from Northern ports.

Str. Willamette was successfully floated Sunday, and was towed into the bight for further repairs. It is expected she will be able to steam up by Wednesday.

Mrs. Rushworth is improving her cottage by the addition of a neat verandah, &c.

Mr. Barham is adding to his house.

"Pretty are'nt they?" The toy wagons and baby buggies at the Maguet.

CHILDREN'S DAY, MAY 24th.

The programme on May 24th will consist of patriotic songs and recitations by the school children. Addresses by prominent citizens, hoisting the ensign, sports of various kinds for the children. Baseball, Microbes vs. Mugwumps. Men's match, Old Slope vs. New Slope nine.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Auld who has been very ill, was out for the first time Monday.

Mr. C. E. Stevenson was up on a business visit last Friday.

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.

Friday evening last, the medical committee held a meeting of colliery employees to discuss the advisability of drawing on the fund for the purpose of improving the cemetery. After going thoroughly into the matter, it was resolved that the committee be empowered to draw on fund to enlarge clear and fence the cemetery, and to build a shelter for use in bad weather. Mr. McKnight, chairman of committee, presided. Mr. Clinton, secretary, and members of committee, occupying the platform.

A petition signed by 137 residents, for the extension of the road to the lake, has been handed to L. A. Mounce, Esq. M. P. This is a piece of road that is now indispensable, the greatly increased traffic to that place injuring it. At present, the only means of reaching the lake is by a very crude trail with a heavy grade which can be avoided. Foot passengers are in the habit of using the railway grade, a very dangerous practice, especially for women and children. We trust the matter will receive proper consideration.

T. Piket fell from the pigeon loft at the Cumberland Hotel, while doing some work and broke his arm.

A highly successful dance was held in Cumberland Hall last Thursday, about 100 attended, and the kaleidoscopic scene of pretty faces, graceful feminine forms in handsome dresses, and black and white gentlemen's attire, floating about under the brilliant lights, over the polished floor of the hall, to the ravising strains of the dreamy waltz, was one, which once seen cannot be forgotten.

Effort is being made to induce the Admiralty to remove the naval shooting butts to Esquimalt. We think it is probable that Comox will be considered a superior location.

Every day is a bargain day at Moore's, but Saturday is "the day."

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.

Shamrock the 2nd was beaten by Shamrock 1st in her trial race. She will be remodelled.

The Camp Microbes again defeated the Town Mugwumps Friday by a score of 30 to 9 at ball.

Esterhazy is said to admit authorship of Dreyfus bordereau. Implicates Col. Vandherr.

Efforts are being made to have an excursion from Nanaimo visit us on July the 1st, with a baseball nine to try conclusions with our own club swingers.

President McKinley's western tour will be abandoned on account of Mrs. McKinley's illness in San Francisco.

B. C. does not get one smell of one red cent for railways. Dear! good! kind old Laurier, and sweet self-denying christian Maxwell.

The large hoisting engine for No. 4 slope has been shipped from Chicago and will be rushed through.

Messrs J. and B. Moore are in receipt of news of the death of their aged mother at her home in St. Thomas, Ont.

Nat. History Society presents a prize of $10.00 for best collection of native wild flowers at the fall exhibition in Victoria.

The White Horse Star comes out in a clean shirt—beg pardon! we mean a new annual in the form of a neat quarter sheet pamphlet, well illustrated with views of Yukon scenery and White Horse notables.

Nob Hill Council have issued handsome colored posters with the schedule of events and prizes for Nob Hill sports to be held on the 24th. Among many, the principal will be Tug of War, top of hill vs. bottom. Each side to pull their way. Swimming match open to none but Crackey and Harry.

Rowing match, Butch vs. Nicknac, 4 mile footrace to the Falls and back, Wattie vs. Jackey. Fishing tournament, otter hunting included. Beer and skittles open to all. Mr. Hennessy, starter; C. Strauss and D. McKay, judges. God Save the King.

The flag staff was raised last Monday in the school grounds under Mr. Mellado's able supervision. The staff itself was gotten out in most workmanlike manner by Mr. Olesen. The ceremony of hoisting the flag, which has been presented by Mr. G. W. Clinton, will take place with due honour on the 24th, inst.

BEHIND THE OUTER MAN.

You can't make a soldier with only gold braid,
And nobody thinks you can;
Ere the fine looking suit by the tailor is made
There's much to be done to the man.
You can't make a surgeon with knives and all that,
You can't make a judge with just a silk hat.
You can't make a preacher with robe or cravat
And nobody thinks you can.

You can't make a monarch with only a throne,
And nobody thinks you can;
Ere the actor may sway in a realm of his own
There's much to be done to the man.
You can't make a gentleman out of an ass
Or a boor who is braves in front of his glass
By filling his pockets with pelf; but, alas,
There are people who think you can!

—S. E. Kiser in Chicago Times-Herald.

The Last Twenty Minutes.

A Thrilling Story of Love and Shipwreck.

By ADELINE SERGEANT.

"I should say that she won't last more than 20 minutes."

And as the man spoke he cast a calculating glance at the ship's deck, which lay tilted on one side in a curiously slanting position. The boat had struck upon one of the dangerous groups of sunken rocks in the English channel, and there seemed no likelihood that the vessel, stately and strong as it had been so short a time before, could be saved from destruction.

Roger Winford turned away from the man whom he had questioned with a sharp gesture which he would not have liked any one else to see, so expressive was it of great despair. He was a man in middle life, with dark hair slightly grizzled and a grave, impassive countenance, which did not often betray his emotions.

"Was it for this," he said to himself as he moved away from the sailor, "that I have toiled for so many years and heaped up wealth and denied myself almost every enjoyment that I might perish miserably within sight of home? Is it for this that I have kept silent all this time and refrained from snatching at the good things that dangled within my reach? I have wasted my days; I have been a fool; I have thrown the best part of my life away, and the last 20 minutes of one's life is not a time in which anything can be put right."

As he said the words to himself he came upon a group of women and children, who had been placed in the most advantageous position as regarded safety, and his eye sought instantly for the one face, the one figure, in which he felt a peculiar interest. A girl of some 19 years lifted a pale brave countenance to his for a moment and read in his eyes the confirmation of the fears which had already occurred to her.

"Is there no hope then?" she said to him in an undertone.

"No," said the man, "there is no hope."

"You don't think that we shall be seen from a distance and that the lifeboat will be sent out to our help?"

"No, I don't," said Winford, "and it could scarcely get here in time."

"How much longer?" she asked, and he felt her hand cling to him a little tighter.

"I think—about 20 minutes. That is what the quartermaster told me. He thinks the boat will break up in about that time."

"If only," said the girl, "I could get over to the other side of the deck and comfort poor Mrs. Gaulifle a little!"

"You cannot," said the man immovably. "You must stay where you are. You cannot walk when the deck is at this angle, and a wave may break over it at any moment and carry you away."

He had previously done his utmost for her safety, for he had lashed her to one of the bulwarks, which was wedged in a cleft of the rock, and there was even a possibility that she might be left there when the ship went to pieces and, he thought, ultimately rescued.

"Where's Vivian?" he said abruptly.

"He was here just now," said Molly, "but went to the other side—to see if he could find a lifeboat, I believe."

"For you?"

"No," said Molly, with some little hesitation, "for himself."

"As I should have imagined," said Roger in a harder voice.

"He is young," said Molly softly, "and his life is dear to him."

"Is it not dear to you, too?" said Winford.

"I suppose it is to most of us," she answered.

"I never thought so, for my own part," said her companion, "but in these last few moments I have discovered a certain value in life which I never suspected. I could wish almost to live it over again. In fact, if one could only profit by one's own mistakes, I would do so very gladly."

"Oh, yes," said Molly, with a sigh; "but one can never go back."

She was always a pretty girl, but as Winford looked at her he thought the gravity of her expression, the wistfulness of her blue eyes, made her positively beautiful. She was a little woman, whom people always wanted to caress, for there was something peculiarly soft and clinging about her. But at this moment a deeper intelligence, a stronger spiritual sense, had come to her, and her face was transfigured into beauty beyond itself. There was no fear in it, no sadness, but a brave, calm acceptance of the fact that she was face to face with another world. Winford almost felt as though they had already passed beyond the regions of this earth and might speak, not only face to face, but soul to soul.

There was a perceptible change in his voice when he addressed her. It was low and steady, but seemed charged with purpose, as though he had made up his mind to say or do something which had not occurred to him before. Even in the first trivial question that he put to her Molly recognized the difference of intention and glanced at him inquiringly.

"Are you cold?" he said.

"No, scarcely at all. We are so sheltered here. It seems hardly possible that in a few minutes we shall be here no longer, does it?"

"We ought to make the best of our time," said Winford.

"Shall we say a prayer, then?" said Molly quite simply, knowing perhaps that this was the best thing they could do.

"No, no; wait a minute. There's something that comes before prayer, isn't there? Confession?"

She looked at him dumbly; she did not understand.

"Confession of a wrongdoing," said Winford in a slightly altered tone. "I have always had a notion that it was little use appealing for forgiveness until one had confessed the wrong that one had done. Do you think so? We have known each other for a good many years, Molly."

"Yes, indeed," she said, putting out one hand toward him and drawing as close as she could. "I have depended on you and trusted you all my life, ever since I was quite a little girl, when you told me that you were my guardian and would take care of me. And you have taken care of me, haven't you—very good care, I should say?"

"Until now," said Winford gloomily. "But now I am absolutely useless. I don't feel more useless against the winds and waves than I have felt the whole of the past fortnight, Molly, in knowing that you were giving me up for the sake of a newcomer, who wants to take you out of my care and make you a part of his life. It is George Vivian whom you choose for your protector, is it not?"

"He is not much of a protector now," said Molly.

"What can you expect?" Winford asked her bitterly. "He is young and handsome. He has all his life before him, and he is not likely to want to throw it away. He will make a brave fight for his own life; but, Molly, he won't give his life for yours—as I would do."

Molly was silent, but her hand closed tighter over Winford's arm.

"I am old, I know," continued Winford, "and ugly and uninteresting, and I cannot expect you to care for me so much as for a younger man. But I do want to say a word about Vivian, Molly, because it is possible, you know—just possible—that you may be saved from the wreck, and that I may not, and then you will have nobody to advise you as your old guardian used to do."

"You are not old," said Molly quickly. "And there is no particular need for you to warn me against Vivian."

"Perhaps not, but one is tempted to do unnecessary things sometimes," said Winford grimly. "If you are saved, Molly, you will be a prize, you know, because I have left you all my money, and there is a good deal of it—more than anybody knows—so I want you to be careful."

"I won't live if you die," she cried with a sudden note of passion in her voice.

"Don't say that, my child. The matter is probably not in our hands. It is more than likely that none of us will ever see land again, but there is just this, that if you do escape you must be on your guard against men who want to marry you for your money. Do you understand?"

"I shall marry nobody," said Molly. But the winds and the waves roared so loudly that the words did not reach Winford's ear.

"This is my warning if you escape," said the man. "But I am more concerned about what I want to say if neither of us escapes. If we meet in another world, you know, I think it would be more satisfactory if I had told you the truth now, for I suppose you would know it then. Your father and I were friends, as you have always heard, and that was why I took charge of his child when he died out there in Australia. Every one thought that I was a most devoted friend to him, but there was something which nobody knows, Molly, and which I never intended even you to know. I cheated your father. I robbed him; practically I killed him, for I broke his heart, and that is what it seems to me you ought to know."

Her eyes were fixed upon his face, and the gentleness in them did not waver in the very least. He felt compelled to go on, to say even more cutting and condemnatory things about himself.

"I cannot explain everything just now, dear, but you must take my word about it. It was something about a mine. I knew the worth of it, and he did not. I bought it from him for an old song and made my fortune, while he lived and died destitute. He never reproached me, but I saw he knew the truth before he died, and I never told him, Molly. I never asked him to forgive me."

"But he would have forgiven you," said Molly.

"Perhaps he would. He was a good man. It was for his sake that I took you and did my best for you, but I have always felt that every penny of what I made belonged to you by rights, although he had died of want, heartbreak and fever, away in the scrub, with nobody to give him a helping hand. That was my fault, you know."

"And you have sorrowed for that all these years?" said Molly. "It was not worth while. Don't you know he forgives you now?"

"If you forgive me," the man said, "I think I can believe that your father would. And the worst of it was," he went on, "that I was not content to make the child happy and to give her as many of the good things of this world as I could, but I was idiot enough to grow fond of her—to love her—to feel that my only chance of happiness in this life was lost because she could not care for me. I never meant you to know, Molly. I should have given you to another, if he had been a man worthy of you, without a protest, but here, in these last few moments of our lives, it seems to me that I must tell you all."

Then she turned to him with a cry of joy and hid her face upon his breast. "Roger, Roger," she said; "I shall die happy now, for no one in all the world could be to me what you have been, and in life or death we belong to each other, you and I."

The quartermaster passed them five minutes afterward, holding on to ropes and climbing over shattered bulwarks with the agility of a cat, but with a curious expression of satisfaction upon his weather beaten face.

"There you are, sir, and the young lady, too," he said. And, thank God, we're saved. The tide's going down!"—St. Louis Star.

Counted Against Him.

Pa—Did I understand you to say that the gentleman who called on you last evening and to whom you introduced me was a professional chess player?

Daughter—Yes, pa. He has the reputation of being a great expert at the game.

Pa—Then I most positively forbid his coming to see you any more. I cannot encourage you receiving attention from one of a class of men who take so long to make a move.—Boston Courier.

With Pleasure.

"Look after your own grammar, George Ferguson!" exclaimed the irate Mrs. Ferguson. "You make a business of picking me up on little blunders!"

"On the contrary, my dear," soothingly replied Mr. Ferguson, "I make a recreation of it."—Chicago Tribune.

Buggins and the Bowwows.

"Never again," growled Mr. Buggins, who has no children, "do I take Mrs. Buggins walking on Chestnut street accompanied by her dog. Of course, I'm quite as fond of the animal as she is, but when I am in public I curb my enthusiasm. She, on the other hand, is more enthusiastic in her terms of endearment.

"We were walking down Chestnut street, the three of us, when we came to a toy store, and in the window were several mechanical toys. Among them were a number of little woolly dogs seated in automobiles. These caught the alert eye of Mrs. Buggins, and nothing would do but we must stop. 'Oh, there's one that looks just like Rufus!' she exclaimed. Rufus, you know, is the name of our dog. 'Come on,' I said.

"But she wouldn't have it that way. 'His papa must lift him up and see the little bowwows!' she remarked in indignant and unfortunately loud tones. There was, of course, a crowd around the window, and I got the ha ha all right enough. 'Lift him up, papa, and see the bowwows!' yelled a crowd of messenger boys, following me down the street.

"Isn't that enough to drive an exemplary citizen to drink?"—Philadelphia Record.

Always Willing to Oblige.

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."

An Apology and a Settlement.

When the theater crowd was at its thickest on Broadway on Saturday night, a well set up man of medium size, wearing a glossy silk hat, hurried along. In dodging through the throng the handle of the cane he carried caught the arm of one of two burly persons who were going in the same direction. He half turned as if to apologize, but before he could do so one of the pair smashed his silk hat with a heavy stick.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the man, blandly taking off his battered tile. "My rudeness was unintentional."

Putting back the damaged hat on his head, he dropped his cane and said, "Now I propose to settle with you for a blackguard."

Those on the spot saw a flash of fists. The big man went flat on his back from a clean smash on the jaw.

"If you want any more, I am ready to oblige you," said the other.

The other apparently didn't. The smaller man picked up his stick, took off his damaged silk hat, brushed it and continued on his way down Broadway. And the crowd of spectators, who had gathered as if by magic, broke up with the feeling that they had seen as neat a bit of work as it would ever be their good fortune to encounter.

The Sequel.

Ida—They say she was over the Rhine before their engagement.

May—Yes, and over the washtub after their marriage.—Chicago News.

WHIM-WHAMS.

Chiplets From the Ax of the Yonkers Humorist.

"What is memory, Pat?"

"Sure, it's something a man forgets with when he owes you money."

Bill—My friend Bob hasn't moved in an awful long time.

Jill—What is he—a chess player?

Mrs. Crimsonbeak—Does Mr. Bacon smoke much?

Mr. Crimsonbeak—No; he gave me a cigar the other day, and it wasn't much.

"When a man goes out after dinner, he always wants to toast his friends," says the observer of events and things, "but a woman—let her go to a tea, and after it she wants to roast all her friends."

He—Bostonians always go by contraries.

She—Indeed!

"Yes; if a Boston man misses his pie for breakfast, he's crusty all day long."

"How much do they charge for those strawberries a box?"

"Four dollars."

"Why don't they charge $1 apiece while they're about it?"

"Well, $4 a box is about $1 apiece."

She—Do you believe in this theory about spreading disease by kissing?

He—Well, they say there's something in it.

"Did you ever catch anything by kissing a girl?"

"Yes, once; her father saw me at it."

"What is the charge here?" asked the business man of the telephone collector.

"Oh, that's for a 15 minute conversation your wife had."

"With whom?"

"Her dressmaker."

"There must be some mistake, young man; my wife never got through talking to her dressmaker in 15 minutes in her life!"

Church—You say your boy at college writes for the magazines?

Gotham—Yes; he's written several articles for them.

"I don't suppose he's a professional writer?"

"What do you mean?"

"Why, he doesn't write for money."

"Doesn't he? You ought to see some of the letters he writes to me!"—Yonkers Statesman.

FOWLS AND THEIR FRUIT.

Sunflower and hemp seeds promote a smooth, glossy plumage.

Fowls given a good variety of food do not need artificial stimulants.

The loss of feathers often proceeds from deficient dusting arrangements.

Well fattened, well dressed poultry will bring the best prices from the best customers.

At first the chickens of all make the same growth, but after a few weeks the large breeds begin to distance the smaller ones in growth.

Fowls should never be shut up in such cramped quarters that they cannot take exercise enough to promote digestion. They will soon become too fat to lay eggs.

In damp weather, if the poultry house seems moist, put a pail of air slaked lime on the floor and dust air slaked lime freely about. It will absorb moisture as a sponge does water.

The symmetry of the stock and the size and color of the eggs can be influenced largely by care in the selection of eggs for hatching, using those which are large, dark and from good hens.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Fine, loosely twisted silk, the kind used for knitting, is the best for darning fine woolen garments. The threads should not be drawn tight, nor should they fill the hole as closely as in ordinary darning.

Rubber and leather casters are now frequently put upon furniture which is to be placed on a hard wood or stained floor. Some housekeepers and decorators, however, recommend instead the caster cups.

Bran or oatmeal is valuable for softening hard water. For a bath stir a peck of bran into a tub of warm water. The friction of the loose bran calls the circulation of the blood to the surface of the skin and so cleanses and softens it.

Painted or varnished floors may be kept in good condition by wiping with a damp cloth and then rubbing with a dry woolen cloth. This of course is for floors that do not get badly soiled. Kitchen or pantry floors may be washed with skimmilk; if very dirty, with soap and water. A scrubbing brush should never be used on a painted or varnished floor.

Philologic.

First Student—Can you tell me the origin of the expression giving a man the mitten?

Second Student—It was the ancient equivalent of (k)nit.—Crypt.

Too Technical.

"He thinks it necessary for a poet to know how to starve."

"Yes; he attaches too much importance to the merely technical part of the business."—Smart Set.

A Smart Boy.

Pedestrian—Do you go to school, little boy?

Little Boy—Yep; what do you wish to know?—Ohio State Journal.

Sharing the honor of public attention at present with the new queen of Italy is the Duchess of Aosta, wife of the present heir to the throne. There is luck in the title, for every Savoy prince who has borne it has become king. The Duchess of Aosta is a famous beauty who before her marriage was Princess Helene of Orleans.

THE HORSE SHOW.

The fast Pennsylvania pacer, Dakota Dan, 2:18¼, is a brother to Mattie Patterson, 2:09¼.

C. N. Payne is handling a gray mare, Adell Epaulet, by Epaulet, that is said to show much speed.

There is a green trotter at Sharon, Pa., by St. Vincent, 2:13½, that is said to have gone a mile in 2:12.

Peter the Great, 2:07¼, will not be in the stud this year, Mr. Forbes having decided to have him trained and raced.

Trainer Charles Marvin is now 70 years old and hearty as a buck. He attributes his good health to a cold bath every morning.

Bullman is no longer retained by Sam Hildreth. He will ride as a free lance until ordered to join the stable of Richard Croker.

The pacing mare Samaritina is in training. Before she was sent to the stud she took a record of 2:20¼ and was second in a race in 2:10¼.

Harry Vittitoe, the western jockey, was signed the other day by a representative of an Austrian turfman to ride in Austria this season.

It is thought that L. L. D., 2:08¼, pacer, by Woodford Wilkes, may be able to reduce his record this season. He is owned by Edwin Rice, Boston.

Margaret S, 2:12½, and Roscoe, 2:17¼, make a fast team owned by Thomas Earley of Philadelphia. They can pole together at a clip fast enough to be in the front ranks.

John Kinney has a wonderful bay filly at Penn Valley farm, by Red Wilkes and out of Lizzie H, by Star Almont. She promises to become a great factor in the racing world in the near future.

Jake Holtman, the starter, says T. O'Brien is the most promising jockey at New Orleans, being quick to get away and a good judge of pace. O'Brien is 19 years old and can ride at 100 pounds.

A prominent reinsman thinks that if he could teach his horse to lie down and rest between heats he could win oftener. He does not believe in the old style of walking horses between heats on warm days.

TOWN TOPICS.

When any honors are being distributed, Pittsburg always gets one of the first.—Pittsburg Press.

Not content to rest on her well earned laurels Chicago now boasts that she leads New York in crime.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

St. Louis is now boasting that her exposition is going to eclipse all others, but up to date Buffalo has not applied for an injunction to stop such boasts until the Pan-American exposition is over.—Boston Globe.

Gallatin is the garden spot of the world. There are more pretty girls and more ugly boys, more refined men and women and fewer fools and deadbeats here than in any city of its size in the world.—Gallatin (Mo.) Democrat.

The city council of Chicago has ordered the removal of all uncouth advertising signs of large size within a short distance of any park, boulevard, public place or public building. New York is by no means free from reproach, and it is high time for the city government to use the ax unsparingly upon the abominations which disfigure so many otherwise attractive places in Gotham.

THE SEVEN EDWARDS.

The present monarch is the seventh king of England to bear the name of Edward. His fame as a ruler lies before him.

The first Edward was the greatest sovereign England had subsequent to the conquest. He began his reign in 1272.

Edward II was a weak king. He began his reign in 1307 and was succeeded by his son, Edward III.

The victories of Crecy and Poitiers illumined the reign of the third Edward.

Edward IV was a dashing king who reigned in the fifteenth century. His son, Edward V, met a sad fate in the Tower. His story is sung in child lore, the death of the "little princes in the Tower" being the legend.

Edward VI, who succeeded his father, Henry VIII, died at the early age of 16. He was noted for his gentleness and precocious promise.

MRS. LEASE.

Mrs. Lease has determined not to rescind her motion about getting a divorce from her husband and has gone ahead with the papers. This is another instance of her "changeless mind unchanging still."—Baltimore News.

Mrs. Lease has again broken out with an appeal for release from the unremunerative bonds that nominally bind her to Mr. Lease. For the sake of a long suffering public the judicial hostlers will please pull off the matrimonial blinkers and turn the volcanic old girl loose upon the unconfined ranch reaching from the center all around to the sea. Possibly some unmated and unsophisticated cowboy will round up and corral the ancient maverick, thus affording the weary world a rest.

A Drawback to Amity.

Judge—Well, Mrs. Jopps, what fault have you to find with your husband?

Mrs. Jopps—Now, jedge, it's this way: He's awful good an kind, but he's so oesky unfinanshul.—Detroit Free Press.

Poor Man!

Tom—Pretty nice spread at Topley's last night?

Dick—Oh, yes; I sat through it, but I didn't get a chance to discuss anything but the game.

Tom—How was that?

Dick—I took May Punter in to dinner, and she talked "hazards," "iron shots" and all that from the caviare to the coffee.—Philadelphia Press.

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS

CUMBERLAND, B.C.

HE WAS OUTCLASSED.

But He Made a Very Game Race For It.

When a whole street car load of passengers pat a conductor on the back and tell him in various styles of speech that he is a brick, it is very conclusive proof of universal approval. As the car was passing a cross street up Woodward it was hailed by a loud and commanding voice a third of a block away.

The owner of the voice was evidently dressed for some social function and in a hurry. "Stop that car," he repeated in sterner tones, while the conductor simply looked and grinned, as did the other occupants of the rear platform.

The would be passenger pulled his silk hat down tight and again ordered a halt as he sprinted. The tails of his dress coat fluttered from beneath the short box garment on the outside, and several sporting experts commented upon his wonderful knee action as he made a wide curve on to the asphalt and gamely continued to chase, yelled at every jump for the car to stop. Even after it was evident that he was going out of his class he knuckled down and did his level best, at the same time saying things that are barred from a family newspaper. At last he was so winded that he sat down on the window sill of a grocery store to gasp and shake his fist at the vanishing car.

"Don't you know that he's one of the officers of the road?" asked a passenger.

"Of course I do. I wouldn't care if it was old man Wilson himself. There are no exceptions to the rules. I've run by my own mother under like circumstances, and I'd have given that duffer a race to the end of the road if his wind had held."

I cured a horse of the mange with MINARD'S LINIMENT.

CHRISTOPHER SAUNDERS.
Dalhousie.

I cured a horse badly torn by pitch fork, with MINARD'S LINIMENT.

EDWARD LINLIEF.
St. Peter's, C. B.

I cured a horse of a bad swelling with MINARD'S LINIMENT.

THOMAS W. PAYNE.
Bathurst, N. B.

Appropriate.

"I wonder why caper sauce is always served with leg of mutton?" remarked the observant boarder.

"It is the only appropriate sauce for it," replied the cross eyed boarder.

"How so?"

"It is the leg that does the capering."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Like a Woman.

Mr. Henpeck—No. I don't like him. He has such an effeminate way of talking.

Mrs. Henpeck—Nonsense! His voice is even deeper than the average.

Mr. Henpeck—My dear, you misunderstood me. I mean he doesn't give anybody else a chance to get a word in edgewise.—Philadelphia Press.

His Uses.

One, bolder than the rest, asked the eminent actor, "Do you really need a valet?"

"No," said the great man, paralyzed by the audacity of the question; "but he is so handy to kick after one has read the criticisms!"—Indianapolis Press.

The Only Alternative.

"I do wish you would promise to be an abstainer."

"Couldn't, ma'am. Not built that way. Born in Kentucky, ma'am. Have to be born again, in Ohio or Kansas or some place, before I could promise that."—Life.

Afterward.

She—How did you come to propose to me, Harry?

He—Um—er—I think I came in a street car. I didn't have the price of a cab.—Detroit Free Press.

The Shakespearean Auditor.

Claude—Did you enjoy the Shakespeare play Wednesday night?

Maude—Oh, perfectly! There were so many familiar quotations that I ruined my gloves applauding.—Indianapolis Press.

Lumbago

is Rheumatism of the back. The cause is Uric Acid in the blood. If the kidneys did their work there would be no Uric Acid and no Lumbago. Make the kidneys do their work. The sure, positive and only cure for Lumbago is

Dodd's Kidney Pills

Reflections of a Bachelor.

The first week a man is married he acts most as proud as he did the day he first wore suspenders.

No man can listen to a woman talking baby talk for five minutes and believe in letting women vote.

Probably no butterfly thinks any of the other worms will ever be smart enough to turn the way he did.

You can always tickle a homely woman by telling her how overestimated you think some other pretty girl is.

It's easy enough to get the men to go to church until they get married. After that they get preaching at home.—New York Press.

Strapped.

Poverty had knocked at the door, and Love was struggling with the window latch.

"Alas," sighed the woman. "We are no longer bound together by those golden chains!"

"No; we're strapped together now!" observed the man doggedly.

Love did not pause to laugh at this witty sally, perhaps because the man was not a locksmith.

THE BRIGHTEST FLOWERS must fade, but young lives endangered by severe coughs and colds may be preserved by Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. Croup, whooping-cough, bronchitis—in short, all affections of the throat and lungs are relieved by this sterling preparation, which also remedies rheumatic pains, sores, bruises, piles, kidney difficulty, and is most economic.

Not a Scholar.

As a portly city merchant hurriedly took a seat in his office he wiped the perspiration from his brow. The cares and worries of his business were beginning to tell on him. For some weeks one of his vessels had been missing, and it was the uncertainty of its whereabouts that was now bothering him.

"Come in," he said as a knock sounded at the door.

"Please, sir," said his clerk, entering excitedly, "the Mayflower is in jeopardy."

"Thank goodness!" cried the merchant, heaving a sigh of satisfaction. "But where," he added, jumping up, "is Jeopardy? Find it on the map quickly. Jeopardy. Jeopardy—where is it?"—London King.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, Etc.

Wary.

The agrarian, having read the newspapers, was thoroughly on his guard, and when he saw the man with the black mustache and silk hat putting knockout drops in his gin rickey his suspicions were at once aroused.

"You do this," exclaimed the agrarian, "with a view to telling me some of the bright things your baby has been saying?"

"Oh, dear, no!" replied the other. "With a view to robbing you merely!"

But the agrarian was not to be deluded and ordered apollinaris.

Free and easy expectoration immediately relieves and frees the throat and lungs from viscid phlegm, and a medicine that promotes this is the best medicine to use for coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs and all affections of the throat and chest. This is precisely what Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup is a specific for, and wherever used it has given unbounded satisfaction. Children like it because it is pleasant, adults like it because it relieves and cures the disease.

He Obeyed Her.

"Cyrus Barber, remove you arm."

For, in an apparently careles manner, he had placed it upon th back of her chair.

Stung by the tones of her voice n less than by her words, the youn man flushed deeply.

"Is that the greeting you give me Angeline Ashcraft—you who prc fessed to be so sorry when I wen away to the war, who wept upo my neck and said you would neve have a moment's peace or happines until I returned safely home again who gave me a photograph, which have carried next to my heart frot that day to this!" he exclaimec "Do you remember how you sai you would be true to me, thoug thousands of miles of ocean migh roll between us?"

"Oh, yes, I remember all that."

"Have you forgot how you sai at parting: "Oh, Cyrus, it break my heart! I cannot give you up!"

"I think I did make some such re mark."

"I think you did. Have you fot got how you bade me think of you in camp or on the battlefield, whe the bullets of the enemy were flyin thick and fast around me, and ye the thought that you were prayin for me cheer me in that dark hour?"

"I think I do recollect sayin something of the kind."

"You think you do! Ha! An when I was wounded you wrote t me to get well as soon as I coul and come back to you! Do you hav a dim recollection of doing some thing like that?"

"Now that you mention it I be lieve I did."

"You have changed, then," h said scowling darkly. "You are no the same girl!"

"You have changed more than have, Mr. Barber," coldly she an swered. "You are not the sam man."

"You still insist," he went on with exceeding bitterness, "that remove my arm?"

"I do."

"So be it, then!"

Calmly the young man arose, un screwed his wooden arm, placed it a her feet and turned to go.

When a man's debts amount to a good round sum he should try to square the circle.

A FATHER'S STORY

HE TELLS HOW HIS SON REGAINED HEALTH AND STRENGTH.

Had His Spine Injured, and for Two Years Was Unable to Do Any Work, and For Most of the Time Was Confined to the House.

Mr. W. D'Entremont, a well known farmer living at West Pubnico, N. S., writes: "I believe it is only right that I should let you know the benefit your medicine—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills—have been to my son, Constant, sixteen years of age. For several years he was almost a constant invalid, the result of an injury to his spine while working with his brothers on the farm. He grew weak and listless, had no appetite, and for two years was unable to work and was for the most of the time confined to the house, and for a part of the time to his bed. He suffered considerably from pains in the back, his legs were weak, and he had frequent headaches. At different times he was attended by two doctors, but got no benefit from the treatment. Then I procured an electric belt for him, but it was simply money wasted as it did not do him a particle of good. One day while my son was reading a newspaper he came across an article telling of a cure in a somewhat similar case through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and he then decided to give them a trial. After the second box was taken there was a marked improvement in his condition. He continued the use of the pills until he had taken eight boxes, and they have restored him to health. His appetite has returned, the pain has left his back, he has gained flesh, is able to ride a bicycle, enjoys life and is able to do a day's work as well as any one of his age. This letter is given gladly so that others may learn the merits of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and find a cure if ailing."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure such cases as the one noted above because they create new, rich, red blood, thus strengthening weak and shattered nerves. They do not purge and weaken like other medicines, but strengthen from the first dose to the last. Sold by all dealers in medicine or sent post paid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

TAPS.

France has decided that all the troops in the colonies shall henceforth be armed with weapons similar to those of the home army.

The Naval Register for the year 1901 will show the commendable growth of the navy during the nineteenth century. From a few officers and still fewer ships the navy has grown to a total of 1,838 commissioned officers, 17,500 enlisted men, 2,500 apprentices and 232 ships of all classes, with 61 under construction.

The German emperor has determined that the new rank of grand admiral shall be created in the navy, corresponding to that of field marshal in the army, and carrying with it the right to use a baton. The interim baton, which for a field marshal has the shape of a riding whip, will for a grand admiral consist of a telescope.

LA "TOSCANA," RELIANCE CIGAR FACTORY, Montreal

Accommodating Old Man.

He—I asked your father's consent by telephone.

She—What was his answer?

He—He said, "I don't know who you are, but it's all right."—Harvard Lampoon.

Those Handy Titles.

"I heard you address your intellectual looking friend as 'professor.' What chair does he hold?"

"The third from the end at Biller's barber shop."—Buffalo Express.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

The Easy State.

Old Acquaintance—Why, hello, Jimmy! Been a good many years since I saw you last. I hope you're getting on well in your business.

Jimmy Cracksman—Out o' sight!

Old Acquaintance—Splendid! You don't know how much good it does me to hear that. Let's see, what is your business?

Jimmy Cracksman—Robbing banks in Ohio.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

Those Boston Mammas.

"Oh, ma'am," cried the nurse, "the baby has just fell down stairs!" The Boston lady was terribly shocked. "You should say 'fallen,' Delia," she said and then hastened with calm dignity to the rescue.—Philadelphia Record.

Takes Meals Whole.

"Is there any danger of the boa constrictor biting me?" asked a lady visitor at the zoological gardens.

"Not the least, ma'am," cried the keeper. "He never bites; he swallows his wittles whole."—Tit-Bits.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Did you ever compare Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea with other much advertised brands? Don't you think they owe an apology to the public?

THE ROYAL BOX.

England's new queen is a skillful fencer.

Queen Margherita of Italy takes great interest in social conditions. At her request the court entertainments were given up last year and the money saved in this way given to the poor.

The o'erfat king of Portugal, whose presence at Queen Victoria's funeral was the one touch of comedy, will find it hard work getting away from the Boers if they once get after him in South Africa. He can neither fight nor run.

The Duchess of Coburg, who through the time she was reigning consort in the duchy spent much money on charities and philanthropic institutions, has now made over the whole of her portion as widow of the duke to the same good objects.

King Edward VII is said to be the first member of an English royal family to attend a Jewish wedding. This was in 1881 at the Central synagogue, when Leopold de Rothschild married Mlle. Marie Perugia. He also witnessed the marriage contract together with Baron Alphonse de Rothschild.

King Oscar of Sweden never was without a small and very plain ring which his grandfather, Bernadotte, had brought him in his youth, of which he claimed the possession gave him great authority and power. He was thrown into a state of abject fear if he met a funeral procession. He collected rare prints, engravings, pictures, medals and rare books.

Mr. Thomas Ballard Syracuse, N. Y., writes: "I have been afflicted for nearly a year with that most-to-be dreaded disease dyspepsia, and at times worn out with pain and want of sleep, and after trying almost everything recommended, I tried one box of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. I am now nearly well, and believe they will cure me. I would not be without them for any money.

Better Than Rubinstein.

Potztousend—My friend, it is kolossal—most remark-worthy! You remind me on Rubinstein but you are better as he.

Pianist (pleased)—Indeed! How?

Potztousend—In de bersbiration. My friend Rubinstein could never berspire so mooch!—Punch.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY,

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D., 1886.

{SEAL} A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

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

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Anticipation.

"Now, auntie, you know I want to marry Jack, and you know you are going to leave me all your money so we can set ourselves up nicely."

"But, good gracious child, I am not going to die yet!"

"Of course you're not, you dear old thing, and I wouldn't have you for the world. But didn't you ever get any fun out of anticipation?"—Life.

It Makes a Difference.

"What is the seating capacity of this car?" asked the curious passenger.

"Well, that depends," answered the conductor guardedly.

"Depends on what?"

"On the people. If you want an estimate, I should say that its seating capacity is about 28 men or 16 women."—Chicago Post.

Assured of a Long Life.

Mrs. Knowit—So you are engaged to Miss Sweetleigh? I do not wish to discourage you, but I understand that she has said she has absolutely no wish to know how to cook.

Mr. Wise—That's right. I proposed as soon as I heard it.—Baltimore American.

FAGGED OUT.—None but those who have become fagged out know what a depressed, miserable feeling it is. All strength is gone, and despondency has taken hold of the sufferers. They feel as though there is nothing to live for. There, however, is a cure—one box of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will do wonders in restoring health and strength. Mandrake and Dandelion are two of the articles entering into the composition of Parmelee's Pills.

CHILL SARCASM.

"Is that painter an impressionist?" asked the young woman.

"To a certain extent," answered Miss Cayene. "He is under the impression that he is great."

Take away women—and men would follow.

The high liver may dwell on the ground floor or in the garret.

A true man scorns pleasures that give others pain.

A stand of arms is usually a decided stand.

Next to doing the things that should be done is leaving undone the things that should not be done.

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

DROPS OF WATER.

Two hundred and twenty-four gallons of fresh water weigh a ton.

The river Jordan has its origin in one of the largest springs in the world.

The Caspian sea has only 11 pounds of salt to the ton of water. The English channel has 72 and the Dead sea 187.

The rivers of the Emerald Isle have generally a dark color, owing to the fact that most of them at some point in their course flow through peat marshes or beds, which impart a dark hue to the water.

Hard Luck.

Towne—It worries me to have to go into a china store. I'm so afraid of breaking something.

Browne—That's my case too. I went into one to get a birthday present for my wife and broke something worth $20.

Towne—That so? What was it?

Browne—A $20 bill.—Philadelphia Press.

Trifles light as hair have turned the whole course of many a man's appetite.

A man may be rather slow before marriage, but after the knot is tied he is made fast.

Brass Band

Instruments, Drums, Uniforms, Etc.

EVERY TOWN CAN HAVE A BAND.

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

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

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. Saves about one day in three. Quietness and durability without noise or wear. General utility. Best for all kinds of work. 248 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, 206 Pacific Avenue, WINNIPEG.

NO PROHIBITION

to send your orders large or small to

PAUL SALA Wholesale Wines, Liquors

Winnipeg, Man., 546 Main Street.

Pure Native Port for Invalids, $1.25 per gal., $3.60 doz. bottles.

Best Whiskey, $2.75, $3, $3.50 per gal., $6, $7.25, $9 doz. bottles.

ENGLISH, FRENCH AND GERMAN SPOKEN.

Wanted Agents in EVERY TOWN in Canada to sell our

MADE TO ORDER CLOTHING.

CROWN TAILORING CO., Toronto.

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.

WEDNESSDAY, MAY 22, 1901

DISEASE OF CATTLE.

Charbon, the Sixth Plague of Egypt in the Time of Moses.

Dr. Sidney L. Theard, sanitary officer of the New Orleans board of health, has made a study of charbon, the disease which has killed so many mules, horses and cattle in Louisiana and southern Mississippi during the spring just past and which still prevails there to an alarming extent. He has reached the conclusion that inoculation with the serum of an immunized animal is an absolute safeguard against the disease. He also states that all parts of the bodies of animals that have died of charbon are actually poisonous and says cremation of the bodies is imperative.

Great care must be exercised in handling animals suffering from the disease, as there are a number of instances of human beings contracting it in that way. One negro man died of the poison in the charity hospital at New Orleans, and several others similarly afflicted have been successfully treated there this season.

Nor is the disease confined to the south. It has made its appearance near Chicago within the last two months and report says it is prevalent among the cattle in parts of Iowa and Wisconsin and in central Illinois.

Charbon has been known under various names from the earliest ages and one authority declares that it was the sixth plague sent upon Egypt as a punishment for the obstinacy of Pharaoh in holding the children of Israel in bondage after they had been commanded by God to let them go. It is described by Homer in the first book of the Iliad, and Ovid gives a minute description of it in the ninth book of the Metamorphoses.

In the majority of cases charbon is of miasmatic origin; that is, the spores of charbon exist in the soil. The transmission from soil to animal may occur by cutaneous inoculation, and in a few hours the germs have multiplied so rapidly as to throw the affected animal into a violent fever. It begins as a small dark red spot on which soon appears a pustule or vesicle. It sloughs and spreads rapidly, causing violent fever and speedy death.

The ravages of the disease in Louisiana especially have been very disastrous. Large plantations have been stripped of every horse and mule within a day or two, and the profits of years swept away, while small farmers have been ruined.—Memphis Scimeter.

Expansion in the Sheep Trade.

The present year bids fair to witness a remarkable advance in the interest manifested in flock husbandry, says The Breeder's Gazette. Rising values of wool always turn attention to sheep, and the advance now plainly evident has set farmer and ranchman to planning to take on a few more sheep. The steady growth of the mutton trade, the advance in wool and the comparatively high price of cattle are the chief factors now influencing the expansion of the sheep breeding industry. A keen demand is reported from all over the country. The flocks of breeders will be strongly reenforced by importations. A large number of orders have been placed abroad, chiefly for Shropshires, and buyers now in England are making quite a competition for the top lots. Show sheep are being purchased in liberal quantities, so that it is now well assured that the sheep departments at the leading state fairs will furnish sensational exhibits. A fact of much interest is the selection of a large importation of Rambouillet sheep on the continent. These big bodied, fine wool sheep have been constantly growing in favor, and a demand for them from the ranches to thicken the fleece has made itself manifest. Altogether we are sure to witness much activity in the sheep trade.

Don't Trust Bulls.

Under no circumstances should the bull be trusted, either when being handled by an attendant or when running loose in the yard, as there are so many cases on record where they have become unruly and attacked their attendant without the least warning. A bull a year old or over should always be dehorned and have a ring inserted in his nose, with rope attached for handling by. And whenever it is possible the bull should be handled by a grown up person. He will then receive kinder and firmer treatment than if taken care of by the boys, because they cannot always resist the temptation of teasing the bull, which will be sure to spoil him if he is of a nervous temperament.—Live Stock.

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	47.00
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. 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

THE DEMAND FOR STEVENS PISTOLS IS INCREASING RAPIDLY.

We have been making the TIP UP—.22 Short R. F. $2.00

The DIAMOND, 6 inch blued barrel, nickel frame, open or globe and peep sights $5.00

Same with 10 inch barrel 7.50

The Diamond Pistol will shoot a C. B. cap, .22 Short or .22 Long rifle cartridge.

STEVENS RIFLES are also known the world over. Range in price from $5.00 to $75.00.

Send stamp for catalog describing our complete line and containing information to shooters.

THE J. STEVENS ARMS AND TOOL CO.
P. O. Box ---- CHICOPEE FALLS, MASS.

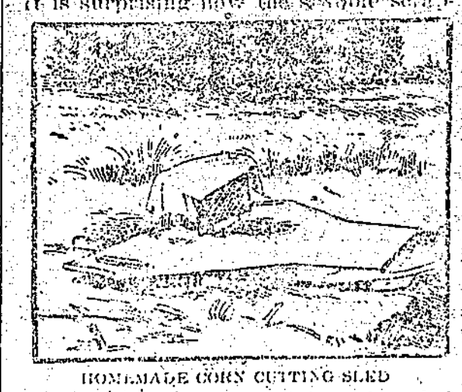
WE WANT YOUR JOB PRINTING

HOMEMADE CORN CUTTER.

A Roughly Built Corn Sled Which Works Satisfactorily.

A corn sled, strength the cut, was used last season with satisfactory results. It is roughly constructed, and was part of an experiment according to a Rural New Yorker correspondent, who gives the following details:

We were so well pleased with it that we shall do no more cutting with a hand knife. It will cut a wide instead. Two men ride it, and any good steady 1200 pound horse will handle it well. In making it we use two 2 by 4 oak scantlings, eight feet long, for runners. We found later that the sled worked better if the forward end were bent slightly; consequently we made two false runners of the same material and fastened them to the forward end. The first runners, which were chamfered so they were about two inches in depth and tapered to a point at the rear. In view of this fact I would suggest that the runners be made of 2 by 6 stuff with the rear tapering to four inches. In some cases it may be found advisable to nail a 4 inch board to the bottom of the runners to act as a shoe. The runners were placed 30 inches apart outside measurement. Across these was nailed a 6 inch and a four board of the required length. At a point about 18 inches back of the front end of the runner the platform makes an angle of a little less than 45 degrees with the runner. The platform is built back, carrying the shaft for about three feet, when it will be about 36 inches from the runner. The platform is then built back squarely for 18 or 18 inches farther. This platform should be built of as sound hard lumber as possible; it is surprising how the sensible scrap-



HOMEMADE CORN CUTTING SLED

ing against the bottom as the sled passes over them after cutting the stalk will wear the bottom.

In making our knives we took an old six foot crosscut saw and cut into two equal parts. Each blade was taken to the grindstone and the back ground to an edge. We were careful to grind only one side, and this the one on each blade that would be underneath when the small end was extended toward the front. At first we tried nailing the blades to the platform, but soon found that this was not sufficient to hold them securely. When they were bolted with round headed bolts, with heads beneath, it was much more satisfactory. In order to hold the blades there should be at least six bolts through each blade.

Dutch Butter Adulterated.

And now it appears that the famous Dutch butter which holds so high a reputation in England is sometimes adulterated. Dealers in London sued for and recovered $250 damages by reason of loss on a lot of Dutch butter which they claimed contained 10 per cent of margarine. It was proved in court that some of the samples shown were adulterated and others doubtful and suggested there that the butter was often so skillfully adulterated that public analysts had great difficulty in detecting the [illegible]

RAW FURS
HORSES AND BEAR SKINS
SHIP TO
McMILLAN FUR & WOOL CO.
EXPORTERS AND IMPORTERS.
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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 withholding or destroying any kegs belonging to this company.
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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[illegible] and Jamaica Rum.
Cognac and Old Ale.
Fine Cognac in the [illegible] Sequalities.
Port, Sherry, Claret, Etc., Etc.
ALWAYS ON HAND—A Complete [illegible]
Hiram Walker & Sons' Rye Whiskies.
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MRS. DINGELL, Nurse. Home Cooking and Washing a specialty. First Street, Cumberland, B. C.

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LOTS TO SALE.
Apply to
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BEFORE BUYING
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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.
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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 Stateroom Apply on board.
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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.
s12w P. O. BOX, 190.

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

CORPORATION OF THE

CITY of CUMBERLAND

A BY-LAW

TO PROVIDE for the early closing 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, Hats and Shoes, Clothing, Men's and Boys' 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 and wholesale Grocers and dealers in Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes, Clothing, Men's and Boys' Furnishings, Hardware, House Furnishings, Stoves, Flour and Feed, for 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, all shops, stores or warehouses of any class or classes of Groceries or dealers in Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes, Clothing, Men's and Boys' Furnishings, Hardware, 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 nine (9) of the clock in the forenoon of the next following day, with the following exceptions: On Saturdays and during the last sixteen (16) days of the month of December and also the days immediately preceding the following days, namely: New Year's Day, Dominion Day, Labor Day and Thanksgiving Day, the said class or classes of shops 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 hereinafter 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 costs 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.

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

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

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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. 1 Saturday P.M.
Dp. 9:00	Victoria	Dp. 4:25
" 9:28	Goldstream	" 4:53
" 10:9	Koenig's	" 5.34
" 10:18	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.
Dp. 8:05	Wellington	Dp. 4:25
" 8:20	Nanaimo	" 4:39
" 9:52	Duncans	" 6:05
" 10:37	Koenig's	" 6:46
" 11:18	Goldstream	" 7:32
Ar. 11:45	Victoria	Ar. 8:00 P.M.

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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With Canadian Supplement

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THE Best and Most Influential Mining Paper in the World.

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JAMES ABRAMS.

Notice.

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

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.
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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

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

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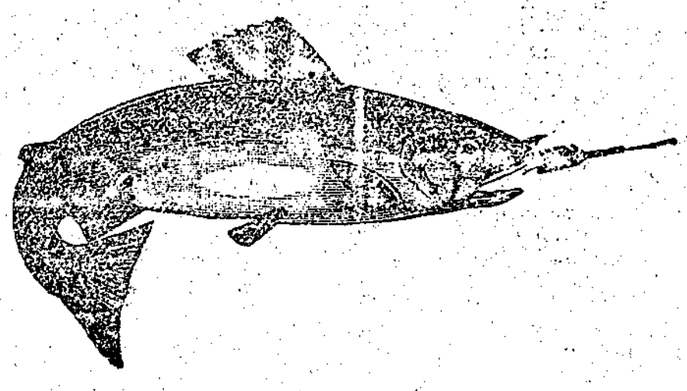


Fancy Inlaying in wood and metal.
French Polishing.

Apply

NEWS OFFICE.

That Lossing Gal

BY T. C. DEAN.

It was some hours afterwards before Elizabeth knew that she had been thrown and badly injured. The stars were twinkling above her when she recovered consciousness, and realized what had happened. There was a dull pain in her head as well as a sharp pain in her left foot, and when she tried to move she could not do so. After thinking for a moment or two and realizing that she was severely injured and perfectly helpless, she decided to call for help, and call she did, her cry echoing far through the still woods. After calling for some time, she began to understand how unlikely it was that her call would be heard. She might be far from any habitation, and if not, it might be so late that all humanity in this region was asleep, and could not be awakened except by a loud cry near by.

Ah! What was that. Yes, she was sure that was an answering "Hello!" to her cry of "Help, help!"

She called again, and this time the answer was more distinct, after which it was not long before the owner of the answering voice was by her side, then she saw that it was her own manager. She explained what had happened, as he bent over her with a miner's lantern in his hand, after which she asked him to raise her up that she might test the extent of her injuries and see if she could stand. No, she could not stand, her side pained her immensely, and her left foot was either broken or badly sprained.

"Let us think for a moment and decide what is best to be done," said Valleyfield; then, after a short pause, he continued: "Would it suit you if I carried you to my own cabin, some few hundred yards from here. There I could saddle my own pony and take you thereon to your friends?"

They thought of other things to do but after many other suggestions by both, this at length appeared to them as being the best move to make. So, lifting her in his strong arms once more, this time more tenderly than when he had assisted her over the stream, he soon traversed the intervening distance, and anon placed her on a sofa in his own "best room." Then he went and saddled his own horse, with the intention of conveying her on its back over to her friends. Upon returning to her, however, he found that she had fainted. Using water as a restorative, he, after little time, brought her back to her senses. Her side gave her much agony, and it soon became evident to both that she could not endure a journey of any kind that night.

"There is a doctor at 'Darcie's,' he said, to console her. "The night is now far spent, and I can have him here shortly after daylight. He will then know what is best to be done. Good thing that your bronco strayed up here and woke me up, or I might not have heard your call."

Drawing up a chair, he continued chatting with her as the night passed, each moment finding her much easier, and in less pain. While she talked to him she had time to cast her eyes about the room. Even in the dim light she could see in the apartment evidences of refinement, and in some sense it put her in mind of her father's "teaching room" in New York City, only it had not the post mortem traditions to her that always seemed to cling to her father's "musical room."

Valleyfield's "best room" was scrupulously clean, a carpet was on the floor, and there were some water color paintings on the wall, while on an easel in a corner there rested an unfinished oil painting, with pigments, and brushes near by. She felt instinctively certain that the man who occupied this domicile was a gentleman by birth and cultivation, though how he came to be a miner was to her yet a mystery.

Towards daylight she fell into a peaceful slumber, and awoke much refreshed after the sun had risen.

The doctor found besides a sprained foot, a splintered rib, that had slightly injured the heart, and he absolutely forbade his patient to be moved for at least a week. Then Elizabeth wrote a letter to Elsie explaining her enforced absence, and the doctor delivered it on his way back "to town," as he laughingly termed it. The Godfreys has been searching for Elizabeth all night, and the letter to Elsie was read with much relief, the doctor assuring them that she was perfectly comfortable and in no danger. Elsie explained in a letter, at once sent back to Elizabeth, that as the Eagle Bill and Sure Footed Colt were hostile claims, it would be quite impossible for her to go to her cousin, but they would receive the doctor's report daily, and send for her just as soon as she was able to be moved.

For the next few days Elizabeth remained indoors, seldom venturing beyond a score of yards from the cabin. She did not feel ill, but felt in that dreamy state of weakness, which comes to us when we are throwing off a severe shock. During this time Valleyfield cooked for her and nursed her as far as she would allow, but Elizabeth was a proud patient and would consent to nothing but the most necessary assistance. During this enforced idle time Elizabeth intently studied her manager, and the more she observed him the more at ease she felt beneath his humble roof. In many ways he reminded her of her father, and where the similarity was lacking it was altogether in favor of Valleyfield. He had a refined dignity of manner which equalled her parent's but beneath that he had the pulsations of his youth and a grave masterful self reliant way that was so extremely attractive.

On the sixth day after her accident Elizabeth awoke from her couch in the "sitting room," which had been given up to her by Valleyfield, conscious that she was once more quite well. She allowed Valleyfield to cook breakfast, but after he had gone to the mine, as was his custom, Elizabeth put on an apron and for the first time in her life (unless you can say that the few days spent with her father's housekeeper in New York City could be so termed) busied herself with the duties of housekeeping. She swept the floor, dusted the pictures and as best she could blackened the stove. When the dinner hour approached she pealed the potatoes (Valleyfield had always cooked them with the "skins" on), and after making some toast, roasted the ham on a skewer before the fire, allowing the fat to drip on the bread. When Valleyfield returned dinner was ready and awaiting his coming. He was much surprised, and for some unexplained cause, turned very white, then he recovered himself and said quietly:

"Do you think you should have done this? Are you quite recovered?"

"Oh, yes!" she replied, "and you have been to kind to me. It would be strange if I could not show my appreciation in a little way."

In the few days that followed Elizabeth took entire charge of the cabin and that gave Valleyfield more time at the mine though his evenings were usually spent with Elizabeth in rambling through the groves and valleys.

These evenings were a source of rapture to both these people. The more the nature of each unfolded itself to the other, the more valued to each other the charactertistics of each nature became. Valleyfield interested Elizabeth with descriptions of the legends of the early mines, which he had heard from the old miners, and the superstitions of the early searchers for silver and gold, while she in turn told him of her travels in Switzerland and of her school days after her mother's death. He never spoke to her on the subject of his early life, and she never mentioned the Glmores to him.

I do not think that either attempted to gauge how sweet these evenings were to them. They lifted the cup to their lips and drank without question. In this beautiful spot, without anyone to say them nay, they drifted down the stream that bore them onward, absorbed in the beauty of a sensation which hitherto they had not known. They seemed removed in such rambles from the sin and pain of earth, and passed down paths which led to the blissful dells and valleys of a new and beautiful Eden in the distance beyond. To the woman this new experience was indescribably sweet. She had been thrown in contact with many masculine natures, as the reader knows, but none had she hitherto met so frank, so true or so noble as this man's was, and the keeping of his cabin for him, and the rambles with him in the evening sunlight brought to her a new, yet ecstatic sensation too absorbing for words, and as Godfreys had not sent for her, she made no effort to take the initiative in this regard. However, she was brought to her senses somewhat rudely one day by the meeting of Elsie in one of the valleys. Then she knew that her companionship with Valleyfield was the subject of much gossip in the land, and that she would have to avoid a scandal. Writing a hasty note explaining that she was now fully recovered, and that her friends had called for her, she left this in the cabin where Valleyfield was sure to see it, then she followed Elsie, and took up her visit at the Godfreys again.

The antagonism displayed by the Godfreys toward Valleyfield aroused Elizabeth's resentment, and she inquired of Elsie as to its cause.

"Why, its just here," answered Elsie. "That fellow Valleyfield found a rich lode in the drift, and was fool enough to want to give the whole benefit of his find to the owners of the mine."

"Found a rich lode," repeated Elizabeth, in surprise. Then, controling herself, "but if he wished the owners of the mine to profit by his management was that not right?"

To be Continued.

Unbiased Opinions.

Some people wouldn't even grow old if it required an effort.

The difference between praise and flattery is that no reward is to be asked when the former is given.

The absent wife who gets a letter from her husband every day, although they have been married for 15 years, may think it is love, but the truth is that she has him scared.

One nice thing about a president's message is that you can say you have read it without being afraid the other fellow will pursue the subject for the purpose of catching you in a lie.

Conditional.

"Will you pull through the holidays all right?"

"I'll pull through all right if my father's leg doesn't give way."—Denver News.

Tit For Tat.

Slopay—I want you to make another suit for me.

Tailor (reluctantly)—Yes?

Slopay—Yes. Now let me see something in the way of a check.

Tailor—All right; but suppose you do the same for me.—Philadelphia Press.

Sore Lungs

mean weakened lungs—all caused by a cold and cough. Weak lungs sooner or later mean consumption.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure

will heal and strengthen the lungs, cure cold and stop the cough.

Mr. Johnson, Manager C. Daniels & Co., King St. Store, Toronto, says: "We sell lots of Shiloh and we recommend it, too. I had a severe attack of Pneumonia which left me with sore lungs and a bad cough. Shiloh completely cured me. Shiloh is *all right*."

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

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

A birdseye view of the sanitary situation of Europe shows that it is the damp, chill, cloudy north which is healthy and the dry, warm, sunny south which is unhealthy.

THE CHARLESTON SHOW.

We have undertaken a great exposition to be held in Charleston next December for the purpose and in the hope of attracting population to our community.—Charleston Evening Post.

The full and varied exhibits of southern resources which will be made at this exposition will contribute immensely to the growth and prosperity not only of the southern states, but of the entire country.—Augusta Chronicle.

The Charleston exposition bill passed the house by a four-fifths majority, as it did the senate, and our friends in the seaside city have reason to felicitate themselves upon this practical assurance of the good will and liberality of the people of the interior.

Life's Victories.

"Thank God, temptation is not sin; there is a very plain boundary line between them. The hymn puts it well:

Yield not to temptation,
For yielding is sin.

My temptation becomes my sin only when I yield to it; my tempter cannot sin for me, or compel me to sin against my will. Eve sinned only when she consented. Christ was sorely tempted, but He did not sin, for His will was not won over. My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not. That is it. Your temptation is your trial, but not your transgression. If, like Christ, you say no, the temptation will add to your strength. The savage believes that the soul of every foe he slays enters into him and increases his power. So it is with every temptation you vanquish."—James Welles, D. D.

Tricks of Immigrant Agent.

It is stated that immigrants to Canada have been diverted from their original intention to settle there by the tricks of Yankee immigration agents. The following dialogue is represented to have taken place between two Yankee agents, who skipped aboard the cars outside Montreal, and began talking to a batch of emigrants:

Agent No. 1.—D'ye mind the cold time we had in Saskatchewan?

Agent No. 2.—I guess I do. Didn't all our stock get froze to death by the summer frosts?

Agent No. 1.—Not all, surely. There was that little red cow that we tried to keep alive in the cellar through the winter. If you remember, she got out somehow, and was froze solid outside, and 'twasn't till July next that we thawed her out."

Agent No. 2.—Thawed her out? No, sir. Why, didn't we milk ice cream from her all that summer?"

He Was There.

He knocked at the back door of a suburban house and the cook opened it. He was a sinister-looking fellow and the cook held on to the door.

Lady of the house at home? he inquired gruffly.

No, trembled the cook.

Master of the house at home?

No.

None of the people in?

None but me, and she tried to shut the door.

Ah! never mind, he growled, setting his foot against it; I'll come in and have a good feed. Let go that door.

She let go the door, and the tramp went in and fell into the arms of a burly policeman who was courting the cook contrary to orders.

A Chicken-Plucking Machine.

A device has been invented by a western packing house for picking chickens. There is a receptacle in which the fowl is placed after being killed, and into this are turned several cross currents of air from electrical fans revolving at the rate of 5,000 revolutions per minute. In the twinkling of an eye the bird is stripped of its feathers, even to the tiniest particles of down, and the machine is ready for another. The hint must have been taken from tornadoes.

RAILROAD SPOTTERS.

THE SECRET SERVICE THAT ONE BIG SYSTEM MAINTAINS.

Members of It In Every Department From Yardmen Up—Curious Complications When Spotters Unknown to One Another Cross Lines.

"Probably the most perfect spotter system achieved by any private corporation," says S. H. Adams in Ainslee's, "is that of one of the big eastern railroads, which is to some extent modeled on the secret service system of some of the eastern governments, though by no means so complex.

"So farreaching and so direct, however, are its lines of communication that the president of the organization is himself kept constantly informed of the trend of affairs and the changes of sentiment among the employees of every division and subdivision of the whole railway system, and that without the knowledge of any other persons but his own special corps of clerks and secretaries.

"Nobody but himself knows the entire personnel of the wonderful service that he has perfected. His agents are drawn from every branch of the road's operating staff. They are engineers, freight brakemen, passenger trainmen, conductors, signalmen, yardmen, station agents, track walkers and even division officials. Should that road have a strike—and strikes are far less likely to occur than they were before the present system was put into operation—the president will have detailed warnings of it from all the storm centers long before the first mutterings find cautious utterance in the newspapers.

"While it also acts as a defense against thefts by employees, this system is intended primarily to prepare, so to speak, a diary of the disposition, character, working efficiency and sentiments toward the road of the men who constitute the vast human machinery of the corporation. The feeling which culminates in a general strike is not the result of one act alone, but a slow growth made up of many grievances, real or fancied.

"To keep track of the shifting mental attitude of his employees is the aim of this railroad president. If a certain division superintendent has made himself unpopular with his subordinates, information to that effect comes 'by underground wire' to the central office, and the matter is taken under advisement. If the newest fireman on the road attempts to stir up discontent by inflammatory talk, his views soon reach the official ear. Every leading spirit in the employees' organization is known to the president, who also knows whether, in case of trouble, the man is to be reckoned upon as a conservative or a radical.

"Sometimes this works out the man's career in a manner quite incomprehensible to him. For instance, Night Watchman Brown is shifted without cause that he can fathom from one division to another. How should he know that rumors of trouble in that division have reached the presidential ear and that he himself, being down in the president's little book as a speaker of weight and a counselor of conservative methods, has been shifted over to act as unconscious agent in checking a dangerous tendency?

"Some of the admiring coworkers of the head of this system declare that in two minutes' refereuce to his collected funds of information he can unroll the family history of the woman who washes the windows of car No. 41144X and tell whether, in her estimation, he himself is an oppressor of the downtrodden or a perfect gentleman.

"Where so many invisible lines radiate from the same office it is inevitable that some of them should cross. Curious complications result from contact between spotters as unknown to each other as they are to those whom they watch.

"Several years ago at a time of general labor troubles a certain railroad got no less than five reports from its confidential men informing them that an employee who was several degrees higher in the secret service of the road than any of them, had they but known it, had been making incendiary speeches.

"This was true. Matters had so shaped themselves that the man accused had to appear as a radical in order to gain admittance to inner councils where the important questions would be finally decided. To the chagrin of the authorities they were obliged to transfer him. Had they not done so the suspicions of the men who make the reports would have been aroused. That spotters should know each other as such is held to be highly undesirable. There is always the chance that they might work in conjunction instead of acting as checks on each other."

The Flight of Time.

A masked man confronted me with a pistol in a lonely spot on the dark road.

"Cough up your chronometer," he demanded gruffly.

I fumbled for my 18 carat timepiece, thinking that my last hour was at hand. When I dared to look up, he had vanished with his plunder.

Even then, such is the incongruity of the human mind, though rejoiced that my time had not yet come, I regretted in my heart that it had gone.

Profits of Ignorance.

"Why don't you bookstore clerks know more about books?"

"Madam, we don't dare be intellectual, for customers would ask us so many questions that we couldn't make any sales."

To a youth of 20 middle age is from 40 to 45. To a young man of 40 middle age is from 55 to 60.—Somerville Journal.

How to Live a Century.

Don't try to use moral suasion on bulldogs.

Don't tell all the funny things your children say.

Don't go down stairs in the dark to hunt burglars.

Don't take everything people recommend to you for the grip.

Don't read original poetry every time you are invited out to dinner.

Don't experiment with the things that are concocted to prolong life.

Don't stay to find out whether the other fool's gun is really loaded or not.

Don't try to show people how gracefully you can jump on or off moving trains.

Don't try to save three-quarters of a second by running in front of a trolley car.

Don't try to see how near you can skate to the edge of the ice before it will break.

Don't try to show that you are used to city ways by leaping out of the elevator before it stops.

Don't slap a large person on the shoulder and yell "Hello, Bill!" until you are sure it isn't a case of mistaken identity. His vaccination may be working.

Absolutely Necessary.

"Oh, yes, indeed. He must have his glass every morning before he goes to work."

"He doesn't look it. I don't believe you."

"Fact, nevertheless. He's a glazier."—Philadelphia Press.

In His Line.

"Do you like a close shave?" asked the idiotic barber.

"No!" thundered the victim. "Handle the razor more carefully. I'm not fond of hairbreadth escapes."—Philadelphia North American.

Dr. Chase Makes Friends of Hosts of Women

By Curing Their Peculiar Ills—Dr. Chase's Nerve Food a Surprising Restorative for Pale, Weak, Nervous Women.

As a result of much confinement within doors, and the consequent lack of fresh air and healthful exercise, most women not only lose much in figure and complexion, but also suffer more or less from serious bodily derangements as the result of thin, watery blood and exhausted nervous system.

More than nine-tenths of the cases of diseases peculiar to women are directly due to a weakened condition of the nerves, and can be cured thoroughly and permanently by taking mild outdoor exercise, breathing plenty of pure, fresh air and using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food to form new blood and revitalize the depleted nervous system.

It takes time to build up the system anew, to fill the shrivelled arteries with new, rich blood, restore the wasted nerve cells, and renew the activities of the bodily organs, but the persistent use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food will accomplish these results and bring health and happiness to weak, nervous and suffering women.

Mrs. Chas. H. Jones, Pierceton, Que., writes: "For years I have been a great sufferer with my heart and nerves. I would take shaking spells, and a dizzy, swimming feeling would come over me. Night after night I would never close my eyes, and my head would ache as though it would burst. At last I had to keep to my bed, and though my doctor attended me from fall until spring, his medicine did not help me. I have now taken five boxes of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and it has done me more good than I ever believed a medicine could do. Words fail to express my gratitude for the wonderful cure brought about by this treatment."

Mrs. Margaret Iron, Tower Hill, N. B., writes: "Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has done me a world of good. I was so weak that I could not walk twice the length of the house. Since using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food I have been completely restored. I can walk a mile without any inconvenience. Though 76 years old and quite fleshy, I do my own housework, and considerable sewing, knitting and reading besides. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has proved of inestimable value to me."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

THE TIME I'VE LOST IN WOOING.

The time I've lost in wooing,
In watching and pursuing
The light that lies
In woman's eyes
Has been my heart's undoing.
Though wisdom oft has sought me,
I scorn'd the lore she brought me;
My only books
Were woman's looks,
And folly's all they've taught me.

Her smile when beauty granted,
I hung with gaze enchanted,
Like him, the sprite,
Whom maids by night
Oft meet in glens that's haunted.
Like him, too, beauty won me,
But while her eyes were on me,
If once their ray
Was turn'd away,
Oh, winds could not outrun me!

And are those follies going,
And is my proud heart growing
Too cold or wise
For brilliant eyes
Again to set it glowing?
No; vain, alas, the endeavor
From bonds so sweet to sever;
Poor wisdom's chance
Against a glance
Is now as weak as ever!

—Thomas Moore.

The Finding of Sheila's Soul.

He saw her first on the brow of the hill standing in the sunset there, on the sky line, her hair "yellow as ripe corn" in the brilliant evening light, while he was still in the shadow of the wood. All was quiet save for the soft sounds which rose from the strings of the violin she held pressed against her chin. Nature herself seemed listening to the strain. Two wood doves were perched upon a bough above her head, their breasts matching the hue of the farthest cloud; the rabbits close to her were unafraid; the very sun seemed to linger, unwilling to lose the gentle harmony. Then, as if tired with its waiting, it fell suddenly behind the hill; the clouds turned from silver to gold and from gold to gray; the shadow of the wood spread till it touched her feet. And then she ceased playing, the pigeons flew away, and he stepped forward on to the heather by her side. When she saw him, she smiled, changing as she did so from the fairy player in a fairy wood to a girl attractive and conscious of her charm. She picked up the hat that lay beside her on the ground, and after the commonplaces of greeting had been exchanged they went down together to the house below. And then, during dinner, she showed him another side of her nature still—like a mischievous child, proud of its power to torment, told her father with glee of his surprise at finding this mad musician on the hill—and when in the evening he asked her to play gave him nothing but airs which seemed to laugh, too, at his discomfiture, for Ronald Greville was both astonished and discomfited. When after repeated invitations he had at last proposed himself for a visit to the man who during his (Ronald's) university days had been known as the "musical don" at Oxford, the fact that his old friend was not only a widower, but had a daughter, had almost slipped his memory. And now it was certainly something of a shock to find this girl, "brought up in the bogs of Ireland," as he put it to himself, not only possessed of rare beauty and rarer gifts, but also of perfect social confidence and a humorous perception of his own surprise. He said something of her talent to her father when she had gone to bed. "Why, I don't know much about music myself, but I do know that I never heard anything in my life that gave me such intense pleasure to listen to. She is a genius, sir. She would be famous wherever she went. And she actually told me she did not remember what she had been playing; that she was only strumming."

"Ah, yes, Greville," Mr. O'Neill answered, "it is all true enough what you say up to a certain point. When Sheila is playing there out of doors, when she is alone with the nature she loves, giving out music like the song of the birds or the whisper of the wind among the trees, there is no one like her. But bring her indoors, give her some human emotion to interpret, some human longing to express, and it is failure, just failure."

As the days of his visit wore on he saw how true his host's words were. Sheila was like a sunbeam about the place, as bright and as careless. The oldest and grumpiest of the villagers would cheer up at her approach, the crossest of the farm dogs wagged their tails as she drew near, the wild animals were tame with her and the tame followed her as her shadow. It had been so, her father said, from her babyhood. Then when some boys from the garrison at the neighboring town came over, as they often did, to spend the day at Clonellon it was clear that she could twist them, too, as the saying goes, round her little finger. And yet all the while she seemed not to care very much for her power, to have very little love for all those people who loved her so well. She laughed and talked with all alike and seemed happiest when alone with her dog and her violin on some quiet hillside, for her music she really loved, and though sometimes she would throw down her instrument like a child in a rage, declaring that as she could not play what she wished she would never touch it again, five minutes later she would be playing her vexation away by a bright melody or some crooning Irish lullaby. And it was in those latter softer moods that Greville liked her best. He felt nearer to her then, and it was in one of them the day he had to rejoin his regiment at the Curragh that he found courage to tell her his whole mind. "You have seen me every day, practically all day, for the last four weeks, Miss Sheila," he said. "You must have seen what my feelings are for you, although it has pleased you to play at ignorance, and you have had plenty of time to show me that you did not want my love if that was so. To keep me like this may be pleasant to you, but I cannot stand it any longer. I am not going to waste my life like some of these boys I see. You know that I want to give you the best thing, however bad it may be, that I have to offer. Will you take it or not? If not, this must be goodby."

It was not like most lovemaking, which is supposed to transport the lovers into a dream world. Instead, it was the first touch of reality in Sheila's life, the first time that the responsibility of womanhood was plain to her. She grew shy suddenly and looked away. The eyes that were so childish filled with tears, and he felt a brute. "Listen," she said. "You are not right, you are not kind to blame me. It isn't my fault. Do you want to marry an undine, a girl without a soul? At least listen first. It is now more than 18 years ago that I was born on All Hallows' eve. Well, perhaps you know—no, of course you don't—that if a newborn babe is not carefully watched on that night the fairies who are always seeking for human souls will come and steal its soul away and give in exchange the mind of one of their own little ones. My nurse, my old Norah, has often told me how she was called away that night just as my mother died, and I was left for a few minutes, alone, unwatched. And then, when she came back, she said there was a wild, frightened look in my face, a look of loss—it may have been caused by the passing of my mother's soul, but she thinks it was of sorrow for my own. Of course she did not tell me this as a little thing, but she would often say when I was paticularly troublesome or thoughtless, 'Ah, but it is not the mavourneen's fault.' And so, when I grew older, I found out why she never scolded me. And you know I think she probably was right. I never was as other children are. I never clung to or cared for those who cared for me. Like them, I never wanted comfort or consoling from human beings. I would always wander out alone into the woods, when I would hear the little people laughing in the ferns, and the birds would come and sing to me. Why, you must see the animals do not treat me as they do the rest of you. They know. And do you suppose the flowers and the leaves whisper you the same stories they do to me? Ah, no! I am better off in many ways. And then I read in books that there is a voice inside people telling them what is right and wrong—I never hear it—and that there is a God above whom we should thank for all our happiness—I can't see why we should not rather blame him if we were unhappy—and that we should love human beings better than animals. Again, I can't see why. Birds are much more beautiful, and they love me just as well. Don't you see how different I am from you? I know nothing, but I should like to learn. If you care to teach me, you may, Ronald, but remember I have warned you. I have never learned to love, and it won't be all my fault if we do fail."

Her speech had not all been made at once—he had stopped her several times with exclamations of doubt and of dissent—but when she had finished he drew her close to him. "I'll take the risk," he said.

But oftener in the summer that followed this spring, while the pale green turned to a darker hue and the cornfields changed the color of their sheen, did Ronald Greville wonder whether he had done well. At the time he had answered with scoffing at the fairy lore, with faith in the power of his love. But sometimes even his heart sank. She was such a child; her moods passed away quickly as the ripples on the water caused by a summer wind. Never did he see her so serious again. Often did he wonder how anything so lovable could seem to have so little love to give. True, when he would snatch some days from his regimental duties to visit them, she would meet him with sparkling eyes and laughing lips, but so, too, would she bid him farewell and welcome the next guest, and never could Ronald convince himself that she treated him otherwise than as a spoiled child might treat some indulgent big brother obedient to her whims, and never could he discern in her music, the only true mirror of her mind, a trace of—

Infinite passion and the pain
Of finite hearts that yearn.

And then the war broke out, and he had to go. He had only one day to spend with her after he received the news that his regiment was next on the list for embarkation. He told her hesitatingly, wondering what she would say to him, hardly knowing what he hoped: whether for a clinging of soft arms and imploring not to go or courage befitting a soldier's wife. She listened, interested as a child in a fairy tale, a little excited too. Then at the end of his explanations as to duty coming first, and so forth, she sang brightly in her clear, birdlike treble:

I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honor more.

"That's about it, isn't it, Ronnie?"

With a quick sound he turned on his heel and left her wondering. The next morning he went away. Other visitors were in the house, so they had little opportunity for private talk, and neither sought it. He was hurt—hurt as he did not think any woman could have power to hurt him—and she—well, she had never seen him angry before and was half frightened. So, womanlike, she flirted outrageously with a boy cousin all through breakfast time and said goodby to Ronald in the front hall—Ladies' Field.

Secret of Baggy English Clothes.

The reason for the "baggy" appearance of English clothes is given by a writer in The King, who discusses what he calls the "absurd theory that a man's clothes should fit. It seems a paradox to say that a good tailor never tries to make them fit, but it is a pregnant truth nevertheless. I remember a worthy tailor holding forth to me with due solemnity on this subject. 'My American customers,' he said, 'sometimes try to persuade me that a good New York tailor is ahead of us Londoners because he gives a better fit. I reply that if I wanted to make my clothes fit the figure I could do just as well as or even better than my American rival. It takes a genius to make them hang well, while the merest tyro can make them fit. Wear a suit that fits you for a week, and it is out of shape and wrinkled. A suit that hangs properly, on the contrary, always looks well and shows the art of its cutter, for it has style, which the other lacks.' That is expert opinion and is suggestive."

Hospitality.

I pray you, O excellent wife, cumber not yourself and me to get a curiously rich dinner for this man and woman that have alighted at our gate or bedchamber made ready at too great a cost. These things, if they are curious in them, they can get for a few shillings in any village, but rather let this stranger see, if he will, in your looks, accents and behavior, your heart and earnestness, your thought and will, what he cannot buy at any price in any city, what he may well travel 20 miles and dine sparely and sleep hardly to behold. Let not the emphasis of hospitality be in bed and board, but let truth and love and honor and courtesy flow in all thy deeds.—Emerson.

Very Taking.

"How do you like this style of cuff?" asked the detective, snapping a pair of slender steel bracelets on the wrists of the confidence trick man.

"I am a good deal taken with it," responded the other.—London Fun.

HEMORRHAGE OF THE LUNGS.

What It Means and How It Should Be Treated.

Bleeding from the lungs is one of the not uncommon symptoms of consumption, occurring at some time in the course of the disease in perhaps two-thirds of the cases. It is often the first indication of lung trouble in a person who has been losing flesh and growing weak without any apparent cause, but it more often occurs in advanced stages of the disease.

There may be one hemorrhage only, or the trouble may recur frequently, and the amount of blood expectorated may be barely enough to tinge the phlegm, or the bleeding may be most profuse, a cupful or even a pint or more.

It very rarely happens that the quantity is so great as to endanger life, yet the blood may be poured into the bronchial tubes more rapidly than it can be coughed up, and so actually drown the sufferer.

The treatment of hemorrhage of the lungs consists first of all in absolute quiet. The patient should be in a cool room, lying down, but with shoulders raised, and should be forbidden to talk. Swallowing cracked ice may be serviceable and also cold applications to the chest, but of course a physician must be called to administer suitable remedies for the control of the bleeding if it is at all profuse.

Quiet, deep breathing is useful, but the patient should avoid any attempt to keep back the blood, for when it has once escaped from the blood vessels it is better coughed up than remaining in the air tubes.

Fear or excitement only makes the bleeding worse, and patients should be taught that the hemorrhage is a usual occurrence in consumption and that it seldom has any effect upon the course of the disease, especially that it does not at all preclude absolute recovery under proper hygienic treatment.

Some physicians tell consumptive patients that they must expect one or more attacks of hemorrhage, possibly quite severe ones, but that such hemorrhage is usually of no great moment.

In some cases indeed, when the spitting of blood is due to congestion rather than to an actual tear of some of the blood vessels, it may be beneficial as tending to relieve the stagnation and so give the circulation a chance to re-establish itself.

An important fact to remember, one which may tend to relieve the sufferer's anxiety, is that the blood which is expectorated is much more often from the throat or nose than from the lungs and may have nothing to do with the fact that the patient is a consumptive.—Youth's Companion.

ENGLISH "RED TAPE."

Circumvented With the Aid of a Telegraph Boy.

"English 'red tape' is a queer thing," observed a well known New York politician who has just returned from a visit to London. "More than once I ran foul of it within the sacred precincts of the British house of commons. One day I had an engagement to meet an Irish M. P. there some 15 minutes before the house opened. I handed my card to the blue coated functionary who guarded the entrance corridor with the request that he hand it to the M. P. in question.

"'Sorry, sir,' said he, 'I cawn't do it. There hain't hany messengers 'ere yet, and my horders is not to take hany cards myself.'

"Persuasion and entreaty were alike wasted upon him. Having had previous experience of the potent influence of a shilling or two judiciously bestowed, I attempted bribery. But he proved to be incorruptible.

"The situation was embarrassing and annoying. My engagement concerned a matter of importance, to myself at least. I knew that the M. P. was within a few hundred feet of me, and there I was effectually prevented from getting at him by a barrier of 'red tape,' as if there stretched stone walls and iron bars between us. At last I noticed that there was a telegraph office in the rotunda just a few yards away. I rushed to it and hastily wrote this message:

"'I am here, but the blank fool of a doorkeeper won't take my card to you.'

"The clerk gravely took my message. I paid as much for its transmission as if it had been directed to somebody in the most remote corner of the British isles. A telegraph boy, being privileged to pass the doorkeeper, conveyed it to the representative of a somewhat turbulent constituency. He responded immediately, and I had the satisfaction of knowing that for once I had circumvented English 'red tape.'"

Teaching the Young Idea.

A Manchester lawyer noticed the other evening that his youthful son, who was studying arithmetic, seemed very restless. Getting impatient, the father broke out:

"What on earth ails you? Why can't you sit still? Wriggling about every minute."

"It's all your fault," murmured the boy.

"Why is it?"

"'Cos I asked you last night how many a billion was, and you said it was a thundering lot. Teacher asked me the same question today, and I gave the same reply. That's why I can't keep still."—London Answers.

A Mystery.

A very striking case of disappearance is told of in connection with a brother of Grimaldi, the famous clown. This brother had left his home and gone no one knew whither for years. On one occasion, however, when playing to a crowded house, Grimaldi was told while at the wings that some one wanted to see him, and it turned out to be his long lost relative. In the very few minutes they had for conversation the brother told him he had returned to England rich and prosperous and resolved to roam no more. With much evidence of affectionate emotion he made an appointment for that night, and he never kept it and was never seen again.

A Deeper Scheme.

Mrs. Greene—When Charles comes home late at night, I always give him a good talking to.

Mrs. Gray—When Jack comes home late, I say nothing, but let him do the talking. In that way, you see, I find out just what condition he is in.

The way to avoid the imputation of impudence is not to be ashamed of what we do, but never to do what we ought to be ashamed of.—Cicero.

Statistics show that lightning kills people five times as often in country places as it does in the cities.—Boston Herald.

"As Mad as a Hatter."

Probably very few persons who frequently use the expression "As mad as a hatter" have any idea as to what it means or why a hatter is necessarily any more subject to fits of anger than a plumber, a blacksmith or a carpenter. The expression is said to have come into use half a century ago, when the manufacture of hats was done wholly by hand. The most striking thing about the process was that of the beating up of the felt. The hatter first dipped the mass of wool and hair frequently into hot water, then, seizing a stick in each hand, he belabored the mass most vigorously, stopping now and then to get his breath, until the material was matted together in a rough sort of felt. The lively beating administered to the felt, as if the workman were actually incensed, gave rise to the familiar simile.

Presidential Interposition.

"Here's a portion of the president's message intended for you, Carolyn."

"Nothing of the sort, Clarence.

"Yes; he advises economy."

Her Reason.

Phœbe—So Miriam wants to be a Red Cross nurse.

Penelope—Yes; she hears they intend to organize a special ambulance corps to attend football games.—Puck.

What He Escaped.

"King Solomon's millinery bill must have been something prodigious."

"Yes, but he died in time to avoid the sealskin wrap age."

Penalty of Delay.

I thought the enterprise too great,
And so I ne'er begun it;
A fool rushed in who saw me wait,
And he it was who won it.

—Chicago Times-Herald.

One on Lodge.

"What do you think I saw when I was coming up in the car this morning?" asked Senator Wolcott of Senator Lodge.

"I don't know—what?" inquired the scholar from Massachusetts, curiously.

"Everything I looked at," chuckled Senator Wolcott.

Senator Lodge silently dived into his vest pocket and handed the Colorado man a cigar.—Washington Special in New York World.

Unhampered.

Hernly—I suppose you have to give much time and work to going through standard books for data in writing your historic novel.

Earnly—Not me. I just make the history as I go along, and then it won't disturb my plot. Realism belongs to the stage, not history

With Impunity.

"Observe," said the fowl roosting on the frozen limb, "how I disregard the fundamental rules of health. I keep my head warm and my feet cool, and yet I never take cold."

So saying, she tucked her head under her wing and went to sleep.

Reversed.

Blackburn — Judge Snyder made a rule some time ago that all women should remove their hats in his court, but I see that the order is not enforced.

Whitehead—No. The women folks appealed to the judge's wife, and she rendered a dissenting opinion.—Denver News.

Getting Full Value.

"I paid an eminent artist $15 for a criticism of my painting."

"What did he tell you?"

"Said it was the worst he ever saw."—Chicago Record.

THE PRICE.

That was a sorry bargain that I made.
You offered me an hour's talk with you
By the great logs that light your chimney place,
An hour's right of looking on your face,
A fleeting smile, a little laugh or two,
How could I guess the price that must be paid?
That was a sorry bargain that I made.

That was a sorry bargain that I made
Outside the wind wailed like a wildered bird;
Against your window flashed the driven rain,
And in its pauses thrilled your voice again;
Little I knew the cost of every word.
That was a sorry bargain that I made—
How could I guess the price that must be paid?

That was a sorry bargain that I made.
For that one hour this is the price I give:
Old days, old dreams and thoughts aforetime free,
The inmost heart, the very soul of me.
Content of all the days I have to live—
How could I guess the price that must be paid?
That was a sorry bargain that I made.

—Theodosia Pickering Garrison in Harper's Bazar.

OLD TIME FARMERS.

Lawyers Note the Difference That Has Come In Farm Life.

They have law offices in the Spitzer. Both came from one of the progressive counties of northwestern Ohio. Both were reared on the farm, and both make frequent trips to see the homefolks down in the country.

"Say, Charley," said Will as he seated himself in the former's office and helped himself to a cigar out of Charley's box, "I've been down on the farm for a couple of days, and I want to say that, although we pride ourselves here in Toledo of being progressive and up to date, the farmers down in our old county can give us pointers that would make us seem like mossbacks."

"What have you struck now, Will?"

"You know what slow work cornhusking used to be. We would husk away all fall and far into the winter, and then often some of the corn would stand in the field until spring. Mighty slow, tiresome work, and you know how our fingers would wear out, and how busy we used to keep the women making finger stalls."

"Well, don't they do the same thing now?"

"Not on your life! They have machine cornhuskers that husk from 200 to 400 bushels a day. Run 'em as they do thrashing machines. Some call 'em man eaters' because they occasionally chew off a hand or an arm, but the average farmer can husk his whole crop of corn in a week and have it high and dry in the crib."

"That isn't all, either. The machine cuts or shreds the fodder and makes it most excellent feed for stock. Cattle and horses eat it all but the hard ends, and, you see, mighty little goes to waste. The farmers feed this shredded fodder and sell their hay, and they're making money out of it too.

"Some of them bale the shredded fodder, as they do hay, and sell it for $5 a ton, and as the fodder will run two tons to the acre there you have $10 an acre for fodder alone, and they can get that price right at their barns.

"Some of these farmers are mighty foxy. One of our neighbors has rigged up a fodder shredder and a feed cutter by his barn, and he doesn't use horsepower to run them, either. He hitches 'em on to a big windmill, and when a good stiff wind blows he lets it shred his fodder and cut his feed for his stock. He is now experimenting with a buzz saw and expects to have that windmill saw his wood."

"Farm work is not as hard now as when we were boys," said Charley.

"Should say not. Now the farmers ride while planting and plowing corn, ride while mowing grass, ride while harvesting wheat; have a hay loader which they hitch to the back of a wagon and which loads the hay, and the hay fork unloads it; ride while they cut corn and tie it into bundles. In fact, they do almost everything by machinery and have plenty of time to see their hogs, horses, cattle and sheep grow into money. They have their mail delivered daily, many of them have telephones in their houses, and, all in all, they are living right at home."

And then Will and Charley wondered if they did not make chumps of themselves when they left the farm.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Great Britain loses on an average 180 people a day by emigration.

Ceylon is waging a war on rats in order to forestall a visitation of the dreaded bubonic plague. During the past year the municipality of Colombo alone has compassed the death of 60,000 rodents.

The pulpy mass called bagasse which is left after the sugar cane has been crushed and squeezed dry of its saccharine matter and formerly was burned and got rid of as a nuisance is now used for the manufacture of paper.

There lives in Paducah, Ky., a blind mechanic who can and does place laths as evenly and drive the nails as truly as any workman gifted with sight. He puts up his own scaffolds and does as much work in a day as any man in his trade.

The greatest bill for darning on record will be presented to the French government for payment when the mending of the state tapestries, just begun, is completed. There are 90 of these valuable artistic properties, and the cost of restoring them will approximate $150,000.

Not Insomnia.

Featherby—I'm arriving at the point where I can't sleep nights.

Weatherby—Insomnia?

Featherby—Insomnia! nothing! It's a lovesick idiot across the street and his accordion.—Exchange.

A Suit.

Bobbs—Clothes do not make the man.

Dobbs—No, but many a lawyer has been made by a good suit.

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

Wm. B. Anderson, Editor.

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

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

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

WEDNESDAY, MAY 22, 1901

CUMBERLAND RELIEF FUND

Solicited by Mr. Clinton.

(Concluded.)

Jas Strang	5 00
Dom Sully	2 00
Jno Stark	1 00
G P Stevens	5 00
Jno Stevenson	5 00
Jas Stark	2 50
Jos Stark	3 00
Jno Smith	2 00
R Strang	3 00
C Strauss	10 00
R Short	10 00
E Tanz	3 00
Jas Turnbull	2 50
Jas Turner	1 00
D Thomson	2 00
T Thomas	3 00
Jas Tubacco	2 00
S Tapella	2 00
Jno J Thomas	5 00
D Tha	2 00
Wm Turner	2 00
R Thorburn	3 00
L Tapella	1 00
Jno Tobacco	2 00
B Vass	3 00
S Vass	3 00
C Vater	2 75
R Vaughan	1 00
A Vettone	3 00
C F Webber	5 00
Jno Whitefield	2 50
Sam Williams	2 50
Jas Watson	2 50
A Walker	3 00
T H Williams	3 00
W C White	6 00
Jos Walker	1 00
W Whyte	4 00
R Wilkie	1 00
Jas Webster	3 00
Nick Walker	2 50
W D Walker	2 25
D Walker	10 00
Jas Walker	2 50
C Webster	2 00
A Wain	5 00
Thos Weir	50
Jacob Willois	3 50
W Wilson	2 75
Thos A white	3 00
Robt white	2 50
Jos walker	5 00
Total	$739 50

Collected by Mr. Manson.

Officers and crew of S. S. Thistle	$32 50
Officers and crew of Pilot and Transfer	15 50
Captain and officers of S. S. Warrimoo	22 00
Captain and officers of S. S. Bertha and crew	6 50
Captain, officers, and crew of S. S. Warfield	70 00
Captain, officers and crew of Tug Lorne	45 00
M. Manson	5 00
	$246 50

Every working man should remember that Blue Ribbon Tea is packed in this country by white labor only. Are you drinking it?

Collected by Geo. Howe.

Geo. Howe	$5 00
Dan McDonald	1 00
John A Hawkins	2 00
Colin McDonald	1 00
	$9 00

Solicited by Rev. W. Dodds.

Grant & Mounce	$100 00
Waller & Partridge	25 00
J Thompson	5 00
D W Richards	2 50
T R Brown	5 00
C H Tarbell	5 00
W C Dodds	20 00
C J Moore	5 00
W Rickson	1 50
John Tha	5 00
Frank Dallas	5 00
H Waller	5 00
Wm R Riley	3 00
E O Fechner	5 00
Hugh Mitchell	3 00
C R Bartrick	1 00
H C Mounce	2 50
D Kilpatrick	10 00

Collected by J. McPhee.

J McPhee	25 00
John Fraser	2 00
R Carter	5 00
D Campbell	5 00
William Lewis	20 00
Isaac Davies	1 00
Geo Leighton	2 00
Fredrick Crockett	1 00
J C Halliday	5 00
W Hodgsgon	2 00
J King	2 00
John Piercy	2 00
Chs. Shoughton	2 00
E Thomas	1 00
J Mason	1 00
D Anthony	2 50
R H Parry	1 00

W G Glennon, free supper and use of piano for "Dot."

Collected by Messrs. Hicks and Riggs.

Gideon Hicks & Co. Victoria	$10 00
Clive A Staples	50 00
J B Bennett	10 00
Jas Carthew	10 00
R S Robertson	10 00
Thos H Carey	2 50
J Richardson	5 00
wm Gleason	10 00
T E Bate	2 00
A H Peacey	10 00
Thomas Irwin	10 00
Mrs Piket	10 00
w willard	5 00
L w Nunns	5 00
T E Banks	2 50
Thos Edwards	15 00
John L Rowe	10 00
Henry F Pullen	4 00
J w Baily	25 00
Mrs M S Baily	5 00
K Shaw	5 00
John Baird	10 00
C McDonald	2 50
John McNiven	2 50
Thomas White	5 00
Jas Abrams	5 00
Morrochi Bros	10 00
wm Hicks	5 00
S H Biggs	5 00
H P Collis	10 00
Gurney Foundry Co Toronto	10 00
E Barrett	3 00
Jas woodlan	10 00
Mrs. J. Matthews	20 00

ASSESSMENT ACT AND PROVINCIAL REVENUE TAX.

COMOX DISTRICT.

NOTICE is hereby given, in accordance with the Statutes, that Provincial Revenue Tax, and all taxes levied under the Assessment Act, are now due for the year 1901. All the above-named taxes collectible within the Comox District are payable at my office, at the Court House Cumberland. Assessed taxes are collectible at the following rates, viz:—

If paid on or before June 30th, 1901:—
Three-fifths of one per cent. on real property.
Two and one-half per cent. on assessed value of wild land.
One-half of one per cent. on personal property.

Upon such excess of income—

CLASS A.—On one thousand dollars and not exceeding ten thousand dollars, one per cent. up to five thousand dollars, and two per cent. on the remainder;

CLASS B.—On ten thousand dollars, and not exceeding twenty thousand dollars, one and one-half per cent. up to ten thousand dollars, and two and one-half per cent. on the remainder;

CLASS C.—On twenty thousand dollars, and not exceeding forty thousand dollars, two and one-half per cent. up to twenty thousand dollars, and three per cent. on the remainder;

CLASS D.—On all others in excess of forty thousand dollars, three per cent. up to forty thousand dollars, and three and one-half per cent. on the remainder.

If paid on or after 1st July, 1901:—
Four fifths of one per cent. on real property.
Three per cent. on the assessed value of wild land.
Three-quarters of one per cent. on personal property.

On so much of the income of any person as exceeds one thousand dollars, in accordance with the following classification; upon such excess the rates shall be, namely:—

CLASS A.—On one thousand dollars, and not exceeding ten thousand dollars, one and one-half per cent. up to five thousand dollars, and two and one-half per cent. on the remainder;

CLASS B.—On ten thousand dollars, and not exceeding twenty thousand dollars, two per cent. up to ten thousand dollars, and three per cent. on the remainder;

CLASS C.—On twenty thousand dollars, and not exceeding forty thousand dollars, three per cent. up to twenty thousand dollars, and three and one-half per cent. on the remainder;

CLASS D.—On all others in excess of forty thousand dollars, three and one-half per cent. up to forty thousand dollars, and four per cent on the remainder.

Provincial Revenue Tax $3 per capita.

JOHN BAIRD,
Assessor and Collector.

Cumberland, B.C., 11th January, 1901.
My 22

NOTICE.

RESERVATION OF WATER.

NOTICE is hereby given that all the unrecorded water in every river, stream or lake, situated within a belt lying between the 49th and the 55th parallels of North latitude, and extending easterly for a distance of one hundred (100) miles from the sea coast, is hereby reserved for the purpose of making provision for supplying power for operating pulp mills, or for other industrial purposes.

The water so reserved may be acquired from the Crown under authority of the "Water Clauses Consolidation Act" by any specially incorporated company, for use for the purposes above mentioned, upon such company showing to the satisfaction of the Lieutenant Governor in Council that it is financially and in other respects in a position to establish and carry on the operation of an industrial enterprise of a beneficial nature, and subject to such terms and conditions as the Lieutenant-Governor in Council may direct.

A record of the reservation of water hereby provided for shall be made by each Commissioner and Gold Commissioner whose District is affected thereby, such record and reservation to be subject to the provisions of section 136 (3) of the "Water Clauses Consolidation Act."

W. C. WELLS.
Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works,
Lands and Works Department,
Victoria, B. C., 23rd April, 1901.
My 22

70 ACRES of timothy and clover pasture, the best in B. C., pleuty 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

GOVERNMENT DISTRIBUTION OF STUMPING POWDER.

Farmers desirous of being supplied with Blasting Powder at cost price for clearing land can obtain blank forms of requisition from the Secretaries of the Farmers Institutes:

Henry Hills, Secretary Farmers' Institute, Alberni.
J. A. Halliday, Comox, Sandwick.
H. McMillin, Cowichan, Somenos.
John Stewart, Nanaimo-Cedar, Starks Crossing, Nanaimo.
J. H. Smart, Motchosin, Motchosin.
C. K. King, Victoria, Cedar Hill.
E. Walker, Islands, Ganges Harbor.
E. A. Driver, Delta, Ladner.
H. Bose, Surrey, Surrey Centre.
A. D. P. Matthew, Langley, Langely.
Alex. Philip, Richmond, Vancouver.
A. M. Verchere, Mission, Mission City.
G. W. Chadsey, Chilliwack, Chilliwack.
Wm. Green, Kent, Agassiz.
J. M. Webster, Maple Ridge, Webster's Corners.
John Ball, Matsqui, Abbotsford.
A. H. Crichton, Okeyoos, Kelowna.
W. P. Hersley, Spallumcheen, Armstrong.
S. M. McGuire, Salmon Arm, Salmon Arm.
J. W. Smith, Kamloops, Kamloops.
H. Percy Hodges, Okanagan, Vernon.

Department of Agriculture, Victoria, B. C., May 8th, 1901.

J. R. ANDERSON,
Deputy Minister of Agriculture.

Saturday! Saturday! Saturday!
is Moore's big bargain day.
Postum Cereal at S. Leiser's corner store.

FINE
Job Printing
DONE AT—
The News Office.

Columbia Flouring Mills Company
ENDERBY, B. C.
HUNGARIAN,
THREE STAR,
WHEATLETS, 10 10
STRONG BAKERS.

R.P.Rithet & Co.,
(LIMITED.)
Agents, - Victoria, B.C.

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. a-24d

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.

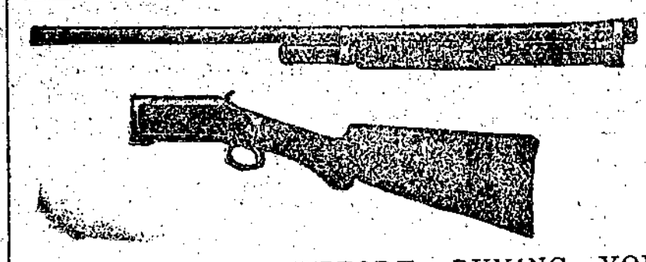
$8, $10 and $12 Jackets are going for $2.50

Poultry Netting

2 Foot,	5c.	per yard
3 "	8c.	" "
4 "	10c	" "
6 "	15c.	" "

Fencing Wire from 5c. to 5 3-4c. per lb.
Bailing " " 5 3-4c. "
3 8 Coil Chain 7 ¼c. "
Navvy Wheelbarrows, $2.50 each.

Magnet Cash Store



Don't miss your deer.

BEFORE BUYING YOUR
GUNS AND AMMUNITION
GET OUR PRICES.

As we carry the largest stock in B. C., and your cheapest freight is from Victoria. Repairs by first class workmen.

JOHN BARNSLEY & CO.
115 GOVERNMENT ST, - - VICTORIA, B.C.