THE CUMBERLAND NEWS.

EIGHTH YEAR. CUMBERLAND, B. C. TUESDAY, MAY 22nd, 1900.

Garden & Flower Seeds

FROM THE FOLLOWING NOTED SEED HOUSES:

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

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Sweet Peas (Eckford's mixed), 10 cts. per oz., 3 ozs. for 25 cts.
Nasturtiums (tall), 10 cts. per oz., 3 ozs. for 25 cts.
Nasturtiums (dwarf), 15 cts. per oz., 2 ozs. for 25 cts.
Timothy (seal brand).
Red Clover (lynx) brand.
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Get our prices before purchasing.

All Seeds warranted fresh.

The Big Store.
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61 YATES STREET, VICTORIA, B. C.

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

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

If you want . .

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

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

SAMPLES FREE ON REQUEST.

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

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

Complete Furnishers, VICTORIA, B. C.

NOTICE.

We will close our Store at 7:30 p. m., during the Summer Months, Saturdays and the week following Pay Day excepted.

C. J. MOORE,

Clother and General Outfitter.

☞Full stock of groceries always on hand.

TO THE ELECTORS OF

Comox District.

GENTLEMEN:—

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Yours faithfully,
LEWIS MOUNCE.

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

MAFEKING.

Our burg was a little slow on Ladysmith day; but it was different with the Mulligans when the news of Mafeking came. The boys in the office made the type fly getting out a bulletin, and in an hour from the receipt of the news the whole town was in a jubilant uproar. The shift going on at No. 6 heard the news and promptly played hookey. All places of business were closed, and flags streamed from every building. Enough money was collected in a short time to have quite a little programme of sports and in the evening a large bonfire was started and Oom Paul was burnt in effigy on the top. A few slight accidents occurred to mar the otherwise perfectly enjoyable afternoon. Mr. James Smith's little girl was knocked down and somewhat injured by a bike in the finish of the two mile boy's race. Jolly John Jenkins was knocked down and ridden over by about 6 bikers. He declared that they could not hurt him, and it looked as if such were the case, except that he got a grazed temple and hand. Messrs. Segrave and Richards made a strong black team with banjo and bones, and added not a little to the general fun. They emerge again on the 24th.

During the afternoon the school children, having been given a holiday, upon receipt of the news, formed a procession and marched about singing and cheering with banners, all along the line. Portraits of Baden-Powell and the British generals were displayed everywhere, and the enthusiasm was enough to make Oom Paul's ears ring. The fun was kept up most of the night, but, "Oh! What a difference in the morning."

One incident showed the grit of the true Briton. In the boys' tug of war, one was pulled until the skin pealed of the palm of his hands. He stuck to it until the tug was won, and then had to cry with the pain. The lad is the sort which makes the British soldier.

The following will serve to thank all who have sent gifts from any place in the Province to South African troops:

A letter dated Bloemfontein, March 28, has been received by Mrs. J. R. Anderson from Cecil M. Roberts, of the Canadian contingent, in which he mentions the hard march they had to Paardeberg and Bloemfontein' on helf the rations and a great deal of discomforts from rain and other causes, and that consequently there was a great deal of sickness in the regiment, from enteric fever, etc. He also says: "We only had our overcoats and one blanket between two men and were sleeping out in the open and you can imagine what it is like when it rains, and it can rain out here. * * * Bloemfontein is a very pretty little town, with nice gardens and everyone seems to take things very easily. All the Dutch have cleared out, and every thing in the way of provisions is very dear. * * * It is very good of the ladies of Victoria to take so much time and trouble to work all those nice things for us, and please tell them, Mrs. Anderson, how very much we appreciated their kind thoughtfulness."

LOCAL ITEMS.

A wash-house burned up Saturday down in Chinatown. The boys had a run with the hose cart.

Our readers will notice by his adv. that our old friend Seater is going to start the milk business again. He has solemnly promised us that he will use none but the purest of spring water.

Two bikes were found down Comox road past Bowler's the other day. One a gent's the other—well! it looks as if it would suit a lady. They rolled into the NEWS office looking for their owners.

La grippe had a mighty tight grip on Nob Hill last week, but the boys discovered a good cure and when Crackey got home one day he found them all in hospital. They are better now.

Electors like to know what they are voting for much in the same way as sailors like to know something of the ship in which they are about to make a voyage. An Independent candidate without a platform belonging to no party and giving no pledges, is like a ship without either cargo, compass or rudder.—Sentinel.

The U. S. Revenue Cutter "Bear" called at Union Wharf last week en route for Alaska, and Asia. Dr. Sheldon Jackson, the U. S. General Agent of Education in Alaska and suite were aboard. Dr. Jackson stated to a NEWS reporter that they would do certain work in connection with his office in Alaska, and later on proceed to Russia in Asia, for the purpose of buying more reindeer for Alaska. Being interrogated concerning the reports that the first animals of the sort mostly died, he told us that there were now 3000 of these deer in the territory, from the original band of 500. It was desired that more breeding animals be procured for other stations, hence his mission in quest of them. The Asiatic natives he said, were very hard to deal with. By the Russian Government's concession Dr. Jackson is enabled to barter with them for these animals, but coin being valueless among them trade was the only medium, and when an individual had got all he wanted in goods, nothing would tempt him to part with another animal, even though he had large numbers. Speaking of Cape Nome, the doctor stated, that in spite of all reports to the contrary, it was very rich, and that in his opinion a large tract of undeveloped country would be found to be richly gold producing. He stated that about $5,000,000 were taken out of the Nome and adjacent country last year, and that probably 15 or 20,000,000 would come out this year, with the aid of the quantities of machinery being taken in.

NOTICE.

TO MY old friends and patrons in Cumberland and Union:

On June 1st next, I shall be prepared to supply milk and cream, fresh and sweet, butter eggs, &c., and solicit a resumption of the patronage so liberally accorded me in the past.

A. SEATER.

Courtney, B C., May 22, 1900.

LADYSMITH
(Extension)

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

THE HISTORY OF THE WATCH.

By OPIE READ.

[Copyright, 1899, by Opie Read.]

Broomberry was on his way down town, intending to get off at the Van Buren street station. Just before reaching that point an acquaintance sat down beside him and began to talk about a murder that had been committed just a year before on the North Side, Chicago. Being a city hall man, Broomberry's acquaintance knew a great deal about the murder. He knew old Kloptock, the victim, and in an exceedingly discreet and sunken voiced manner he intimated to Broomberry that he had a pretty shrewd idea as to who committed the deed.

By this time the train had passed the Van Buren street station—was just pulling out, in fact—and Broomberry, determined not to miss an appointment, jumped off the train. He looked at his watch a minute later and found that in jumping off he had broken the crystal. He kept his appointment and then stepped into a jeweler's to get a new crystal.

"Where did you get it?" the jeweler asked when, after completing his work, he handed the watch to Broomberry.

"I got it from a friend of mine. Why?"

"Nothing. Only you've got a rare watch, not in value, but as to number. About 30 years ago a company of men built a factory at a little town called Romney, in Massachusetts, and began to manufacture watches; but, as some sort of disaster befell the concern, only three watches were ever completed, and this is one of them."

"You don't say so!" exclaimed Broomberry. "Well, well, and I should not have known of the rarity of my property if I hadn't broken the crystal in jumping off a train this morning! Do you know what I'm going to do? I'm going to trace this watch back to the factory if I can, and I'm going to write a description of the hands through which it has passed and make a book of it. Won't that be an odd little volume—'The History of the Watch'? I am much obliged to you, sir. You've given me an idea, and, to a man who is so unfortunate as to be compelled to make his living by thinking, an idea is almost a necessity. Ah, but pardon me for not answering your question! I got the watch from Henry Lucas; gave him $45 for it about two months ago. If the history should be interesting enough to print, I'll give you a copy of it. Good day!"

Broomberry called on Henry Lucas. He found his friend absorbed in the work of "running up" figures in an immense book.

"Ah, Broomberry! Sit down!"

"No. I haven't time. Say, where did you get this watch? Only three of them made and all that sort of thing. Just want to get the history of it, you know."

"I bought it from a fellow named Martin Kelly."

"Where do you suppose I can find him?"

"He works in the postoffice."

Broomberry went to the postoffice. He had struck a new line of work and was delighted. Mr. Kelly was easily found.

"I got it from Mark Hammonds," said he.

"The deuce you did!" Broomberry exclaimed. "Why, he was the cause of my breaking the crystal this morning. I was talking to him and paased my station and then had to jump off. I'll go right down to the city hall and see him."

"Where did I get it?" Hammonds replied in a careless sort of a way. "Well, let me see. I got it from J. H. McPeal, a big furniture dealer on the West Side."

"All right. I'll go over there and see him."

The great furniture dealer—a smooth, well fed, baldheaded man—was busy in his office when Broomberry entered.

"Well, sir, what can I do for you?"

"I came to ask you about this," said Broomberry, taking out the watch.

"Don't know anything about it, sir. Good day!"

"Excuse me," said Broomberry, "but my friend, Mark Hammonds of the city hall, told me that he got it from you."

"Ah! Let me see it. Yes, that's so," he added, when Broomberry had handed him the watch, and then, with an air of business, as though he had been rather lax with the ethics of trade and must now, as a recovery of principle, make a show of briskness, he asked, "But what about it, sir—what about it?"

"Nothing. Only I should like to know where you got it."

"Yes, but I am very busy today—exceedingly busy, sir. Can't you call some other time?"

"Oh, of course! But it won't take a minute to tell me where you got it if you know."

"Yes, yes, that's so. But I'm extremely busy. Let me see. We took it in part payment on a lot of furniture—from, let me—Stevens," he called.

A man entered and said, "Yes, sir."

"What's the name of that boarding house woman that couldn't, or rather wouldn't, pay for her furniture in money, and we had to take a watch? What is her name? Quick; I'm busy."

"Mrs. Caddo, sir; 742 Limbill street."

"Yes, that's correct. Good day, sir!"

Broomberry hastened to the boarding house of Mrs. Caddo. She would have talked an hour about the watch, or by it either. She would have told of the myriad of trials that come to the widowed keeper of a boarding house, and she did tell of a certain harness-maker named Sam Haines, who had boarded with her, who was drunk nearly all the time, who positively refused indeed in a most insulting manner to pay his board, but who, after being threatened by the law, and by a certain enormous policeman who knew the widow quite well, consented to give her his watch. This Mr. Sam Haines could be found in Madison street, near Robey.

Broomberry found the harness maker drunk and communicative. He got the watch of a certain pawnbroker, and would neglect his work to go and show Broomberry the place.

"Oh, no! I can find it easily enough," said the visitor, taking down the number.

"But you can't find it as well as if I went with you," the accommodating harness maker insisted. "You bet I'll go with you. Bet your life on that. You're my friend. Bet your life on that."

Broomberry hastened away and heard something that sounded like: "You go to hades, then. Bet your life on that!" as he went out.

The pawnbroker remembered the watch and, turning to his books, said that it had been sold to him by one H. J. Miles, 426 Rockland street.

Broomberry started out to look for the street and soon discovered that there was no such place. He returned to the pawnshop.

"The fellow that sold you this watch must have come by it dishonestly," he said to the broker.

"Very likely, sir. We have no means of finding out, you know. All we can do is to take the name and address, or what we suppose to be such."

"Yes, that's true, I suppose. But do you think you'd know the man if you were to see him again?"

"Yes, I think so."

"Have you ever seen him since he sold you the watch?"

"No, I think not."

"I have," said a boy standing at the back end of the place.

"Good! But do you know where he can be found?"

"I don't know where he stays, but I have seen him go up into a gambling house."

"Well, now, if you will go with me and point him out I will pay you well for your trouble."

Every day for four days the boy went with Broomberry and stood near a narrow stairway on Clark street, and, just

"I don't know whether I will or not," the fellow growled.

as they were about to leave the place on the evening of the fourth day, the boy clutched Broomberry's arm and said:

"That's him going up now."

"All right. Here." He gave the boy $5.

Broomberry went up into the gambling den. He closely studied the man that had been pointed out. The fellow lost his money and went down. Broomberry followed him. He went to a sort of hotel in Canal street, and Broomberry kept him in view. He went into the barroom and sat down at a table. Broomberry approached him—indiscreetly, too—and said:

"Will you please pardon me if I ask you a few questions?"

"I don't know whether I will or not," the fellow growled, but Broomberry, taking no notice of his ill humor, sat down.

"I am about to write a little history," said he, "and think you may be able to help me out on it. I have in my possession a watch which I have traced to you, and I should like to know where you"—

The fellow jumped up, knocked Broomberry down and disappeared through a back door. When the historian got up and brushed himself, he was told that a policeman had caught the fellow—a singular outcome surely.

The fellow was brought back and then, together with Broomberry, was taken to a police station, where the historian related his story, and then there came a sensation. The watch had belonged to old Kloptock, and Broomberry had found the murderer.

Armagh is said to be the apple orchard of Ireland.

DARING PUBLISHER.

ALFRED HARMSWORTH, PROPRIETOR OF LONDON DAILY MAIL.

How He Advanced From Office Boy to Multimillionaire Proprietor of a Successful Daily Paper in London and Scores of Periodicals—An Illustration of How Hard Work Wins.

Alfred Harmsworth, the English newspaper publisher, is in many respects the most remarkable journalist in England to-day. He is only 34 years of age and has a fortune of $20,000,000. Nineteen years ago he was an office boy in the publishing rooms of Tit-Bits, owned by Sir George Newnes. To-day he publishes more periodicals than the next half-dozen largest firms in England combined. He is editor and proprietor of the London Daily Mail, which recently exceeded a circulation of a million copies a day. He also publishes Harmsworth's Magazine, an illustrated monthly with a circulation of over 1,000,000 copies. Another of his periodicals is Answers, a penny weekly, after the style of Tit-Bits, with as great a circulation. In addition he publishes more than twenty other daily, weekly and monthly journals, the combined circulation of which is more than 15,000,000 per week. He is assisted in the business by six brothers, of whom he is the eldest. They all work harmoniously and have responsibilities and profits in the business according to their ages. The late George W. Steevens, who was undoubtedly the most brilliant special correspondent living, had been for the past three years special correspondent of Mr. Harmsworth's Daily Mail, and had helped materially, by his brilliant style, to give it its stupendous circulation among the masses.

But these facts give no idea of the charm of Mr. Harmsworth's personality or of the rapidity with which he has broken through the barriers of English custom and carved out for himself the foremost place in English journalism. One morning, when 15 years of age, young Harmsworth, the son of a London barrister of moderate means, walked down Fleet street, entered the office of the penny periodical, Tit-Bits, and asked for a position as office boy. After a few brief questions he was given the place at the meager salary of 10 shillings

ALFRED HARMSWORTH.

per week. Entering upon his duties the next morning he displayed such energy and industry that in less than six months he was writing for Tit-Bits instead of running its errands. In less than two years he entered the office of the Illustrated London News as editor of one of Sir William England's publications. After a brief but brilliant stay in this office he again set forth for larger fields.

At one time or another he has done practically every kind of newspaper work, from reporting fires and police court proceedings to writing the leaders for London dailies. During the six years from 15 to 21 years of age Mr. Harmsworth displayed not only fertility of schemes and brilliance of ideas in his work, but manifested a strong capacity for finance. He saved every possible penny from his earnings, so that at 21 years of age the young man found himself with a bank account of £1,000. With this in hand he determined to launch out for himself on the sea of journalism, and this decision was hastened by a peculiar occurrence.

One morning, as Mr. Harmsworth lay in bed, he suddenly conceived an idea for starting a penny periodical on entirely new lines. Its chief feature should be questions and answers and its name should be Answers. In a few moments the plan was complet in his mind. Hastily dressing, he went down to the office, severed his connection with the paper with which he was then connected, drew out from the bank his thousand pounds, rented a small office, hardly large enough to turn around in, in Fleet street, and inside a week had issued the first number of Answers. On account of the fertility of ideas contained in it and its absolute newness it was a great success from the start. In less than six months he was compelled to move to larger quarters on account of the startling increase in circulation. In less than three years it had a circulation of half a million copies. Mr. Harmsworth was a comparatively wealthy man; his success was the talk of all the newspapers in England. Then he was joined by one after another of his brothers; he launched out new periodicals at frequent intervals. He broke away from old traditions, took the best ideas of American journalism, and to-day has far and away the largest publishing house in England.

Personally Mr. Harmsworth is as charming as his success has been phenomenal. He was born in Dublin, and overflows with Irish humor and good will. He is one of the hardest workers of the day. On arising in the morning, at 8 o'clock, he works a couple of hours before leaving his bedroom. While opening his morning mail it is his custom to call in his two stenographers and simultaneously dictate articles on two different subjects. He declares that this seemingly remarkable feat is largely the result of habit and can be acquired by anyone. At about 11 o'clock he leaves his town house at 36 Berkeley Square (next to Lord Rosebery's), rides in one of his automobiles down to the Daily Mail Building, superintends the next morning's issue of the Daily Mail and next week's issues of Answers (which he still edits), and is in consultation throughout the day with his assistants.

When I went down to the new Daily Mail Building—which cost over a million dollars and is perhaps the finest newspaper building in the world—I found Mr. Harmsworth in his large and luxurious private office on the second floor. This office is a marvel of beauty and utility. The walls are lined with bookcases containing reference books on all the best that has been said and done since the beginning of history. Beautiful statues adorned tables and niches; large vases of flowers occupied prominent places. On the mantel stood a large photograph of his wife, to whom he ascribes all his success. The central figure in the room, however, was Mr. Harmsworth, who was seated at a large table busily revising the proof of his next morning's leader in the Daily Mail. When I entered he lay back in one of the large easy chairs, invited me to another, and requested me to "fire away" my questions.

"What do you consider the secret of your great success, Mr. Harmsworth?"

"Well," he said, speaking rapidly and intensely, "it is due, first and foremost, to concentrated hard work. I have immersed myself in journalism for the last seventeen years, working at it day and night, continuously and vigorously. It is merely an illustration of the principle that hard work never fails to win. Secondly, it is due to the fact that both I and my brothers have traveled extensively all over the world, studying journalism in every country and selecting from each land the best features of its newspapers. In America I am free to confess that I have gained many of the ideas which have contributed so materially to the success of my journals. In France, also, although in many respects their papers are far behind those of England and America, I have gained valuable ideas. For example, their special writers are paid very large prices for a comparatively small amount of work, thereby enabling them to give the paper the finest quality of material. My dear friend, the late George W. Steevens, was allowed to work on this plan. I paid Mr. Steevens a large salary, and he was at liberty to write exactly what and whenever he pleased. In this way his newspaper articles were gems of literature, and met with a large sale when republished in book form in this country and America.

"In short," said Mr. Harmsworth, "I have studied the science and art of newspaper and periodical production in all parts of the globe. Even in Spain I have learned a good deal. I find Japan has the very latest improvements. One office issues a daily paper with morning and evening editions, containing the very latest news up to the time of going to press, and a splendid Sunday edition, with colored pictures, printed by the most up-to-date American presses."

Speaking of the future of journalism, Mr. Harmsworth said: "I believe there is room in the next century for great development in journalism. I am sure the profession will be an increasingly well paid one for young men. It is far from overcrowded. The expansion of our business, which I consider is merely in its infancy, is limited only by the number of men available. I am always looking out for new men—continually reading stories and articles and tracking writers."

Mr. Harmsworth's chief recreations are automobiles and travel. He has at present six automobiles, which he keeps in almost constant use—two for the city and four for the country. He has fished in almost all parts of the world—caught a tarpon in the Gulf of Mexico and mahseer in India. He owns several fishings in England. He is partial to experiments, and more or less hazardous enterprises—as witness the Jackson-Harmsworth arctic expedition, which he fitted out a few years ago at a cost of $150,000. Mr. Harmsworth has no children, and is now considering the establishment of some great philanthropy which will benefit the common people of England. His ambition does not run in the direction of building palatial residences. Before he was 20 years old he saw most of the great houses of Europe, and has no desire to add to them.

Mr. Harmsworth's latest innovation is the simultaneous printing of two of his newspapers in London and in Manchester. This he accomplishes for the present, by having exact duplicates of each newspaper plant and liberal use of the telegraph wires.

A typewriter girl without any bad spells is a jewel.

STOPPED RUNNING DEER.

The Reckless Act That Nearly Cost an Excited French-Canadian Lumberman His Life.

Antoine Parent, a French-Canadian logger, is now in the Oldtown hospital at Bangor, Me., slowly recovering from the effect of trying to catch and hold a frightened buck deer. He will get well, but it was a close call for him. One day lately the boss of the camp on Tomhegan stream, where Antoine was employed, caught sight of a 200-pound buck in the edge of the clearing and, grabbing his rifle, shot the animal in the leg. The buck went down, but was soon up and racing madly around the clearing on three legs. The boss never thought to shoot again, but, dropping his rifle, yelled to the crew, who were eating their dinner: "Stop heem! stop heem!"

The tables were deserted in an instant, and all hands made a rush for

DOWN WENT ANTOINE.

the buck. Many of them managed to get a grab at him, but that was all—the buck bowled them over like nine-pins and made for the woods. Only Antoine Parent barred the way. "Catch heem!" yelled the boss, and Antoine, spreading out his arms, answered back confidently: "Yaas, I catch heem!"

There was a tackle that beat anything in football history, and down went Antoine and the buck, with the buck on top. The deer kicked like 20 threshing machines, and dug his horns into Antoine's back. The woodsman would have been killed but for the quick arrival of the men from the camp. They made short work of the deer and sent Antoine to Greenville, where a doctor patched him up. The deer's horns had made a hole nearly through his body, but the French-Canadians are tough, and so Antoine will live to chop more logs.

A WELSH CEREMONY.

Recent Remarkable Unsheathing of the Gorsedd Sword of Welsh Bards.

For the first time for centuries, the Gorsedd sword, the mystic weapon of the Welsh bards, was solemnly unsheathed on Saturday in a remote spot and a heavy storm, said the London Daily Chronicle the other day. On reaching the trysting place, all the necessary forms and ceremonies were duly observed, and, after a threatening flourish of the sword, Penfro stood still, weapon in hand, while Cowlyd proclaimed: "Be it known to all the loyal bards of Wales and the arm-bearers of righteousness throughout the earth that the mystic sword of truth, peace and justice is unsheathed, in the eternal Gorsedd of Gair Ionydd." Simultaneously the Gorsedd Herald sent rolling round the mist-hidden hills (and thence figuratively throughout the whole earth) three warlike blasts. Following Cowlyd's proclamation of the existence of a state of war, the Gorsedd bards left the sacred circle (wherein peace is supposed to reign eternally), and, pausing at each stone in turn, Penfro perambulated the outside of the sacred circle, and striking the earth three times with the Gorsedd sword, on the outside of each stone, pronounced the formula. "A naked blade against all falsehood, iniquity and error, throughout the whole earth. God and all goodness." Then Cowlyd, bare-headed, invoked the blessing of the Almighty on British arms in South Africa, in the war against falsehood, iniquity and error, and announced that the Gorsedd sword would never again be sheathed till the triumph of the forces of righteousness over the hordes of evil. In the roaring gale the company dispersed over the hills.

Illuminating the Paris Exposition.

It has just been given out how the Paris Exposition grounds are to be lighted. Along the Champs Elysees 174 direct current arc lamps will be erected. At Port de la Concorde there will be twelve very large lamps and on the cupolas and minerets there will be eight searchlight lamps and sixteen simple reflector lamps. There will be 3,116 incandescent lamps spread out over the monumental structures at the gate. The Alexander III bridge will be lighted by 508 incandescent lamps in candelabra, each of 116 candle-power. On the Champ de Mars the electricity building will be as "light as day" with 5,000 incandescent lamps and eight search lights with colored lenses and four plain projectors. On the Water Palace there will be 1,098 incandescent lamps. The big meeting hall in the Machinery building will be lit with 4,500 incandescent lamps. The two palaces on the Esplanade des Invalides will have 2,136 lights, with additional lamps in certain corners, bringing the whole number up to 12,554 lights.

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS

CUMBERLAND, B.C.

Only Two Loads.

"At the close of the war," said a southern representative today, "a great many negroes in the south refused to leave their old homes. My father gathered his former slaves about him and told them they were free and must leave him. Some went and others remained. Among the latter was an old darky named Eph, who swore he would not leave, but would stay and take his chances. 'All right, Eph,' said my father. 'Just take four or five acres and go in on the three and four plan.'

"'An what am dat, massa, fo' de Lawd's sake?'

"'Why, if you raise three loads of corn you must give me one and you keep two.' So Uncle Eph went to work and raised a crop. At harvest time my father rode over the farm and noticed that Eph had cut his corn. Seeing the old fellow, he rode up and asked him why he didn't do as he had agreed about dividing the corn.

"'Well, massa, yoh said if I raised free loads of corn I wuz to gib yoh one an take two loads myself, an I done only raised two loads.'"—Washington Times.

The great lung healer is found in that excellent medicine sold as Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It soothes and diminishes the sensibility of the membrane of the throat and air passages, and is a sovereign remedy for all coughs, colds, hoarseness, pain or soreness in the chest, bronchitis, etc. It has cured many when supposed to be far advanced in consumption.

Fad.

Today Pluto, the god of the nether regions of Avernus, was disposed to be impatient with his wife, Proserpine. They had been married more than 4,000 years now, and the romance had pretty much gone from their lives.

"I don't object to moderate fads!" Pluto was protesting warmly. "But this fixing Cerberus up to look like a Boston terrier is too much!"

Cerberus, it will be recalled, had three heads and naturally three necks, and the matter of cerise ribbon for these latter was not inconsiderable with winter on and coal $10 a ton.—Detroit Journal.

Remedy for Whooping Cough.

At this season Whooping Cough is very prevalent among some of the children in most families. It is not advisable to stop the coughing entirely, but relief should undoubtedly be sought. Griffins' Menthol Liniment affords more prompt relief than any other remedy. Also in cases of Croup it affords immediate relief. Try it. All druggists. 25 cents.

An Embarrassing Situation.

Dibbs (facetiously)—This is a picture of my wife's first husband.

Dobbs—Great snakes! What a brainless looking idiot! But I didn't know your wife was married before she met you?

Dibbs—She wasn't. That is a picture of myself at the age of 20.—London Fun.

A SUCCESSFUL MEDICINE.—Everyone wishes to be successful in any undertaking in which he may engage. It is, therefore, extremely gratifying to the proprietors of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills to know that their efforts to compound a medicine which would prove a blessing to mankind have been successful beyond their expectations. The endorsation of these pills by the public is a guarantee that a pill has been produced which will fulfill everything claimed for it.

Letting Well Enough Alone.

Bobbs—I see that a man has invented a typewriter that you just sit down and talk to and it writes out everything you say.

Dobbs—I guess I'll keep mine. She doesn't write everything I say, and I'm glad of it.—Baltimore American.

A CURE FOR COSTIVENESS.—Costiveness comes from the refusal of the excretory organs to perform their duties regularly from contributing causes, usually disordered digestion. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, prepared on scientific principles, are so compounded that certain ingredients in them pass through the stomach and act upon the bowels so as to remove their torpor and arouse them to proper action. Many thousands are prepared to bear testimony of their power in this respect.

Spreading Happiness.

"I have but one rule that I follow absolutely in this life, and that is to make other people as happy as possible."

"Well," he replied, "you ought to be gratified then at what I heard a young lady say the other day."

"What was that?"

"She said that whenever she saw you dancing she had to laugh."—Chicago Times-Herald.

"IT IS A GREAT PUBLIC BENEFIT."—These significant words were used in regard to Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil by a gentleman who had thoroughly tested its merits in his own case—having been cured by it of lameness of the knee of three or four years' standing. It never fails to remove soreness as well as lameness, and is an incomparable palmonic and corrective.

Bacon—I know people get seasick, homesick and sick from traveling on the cars, but did you ever hear of one getting bicycle sick?

Egbert—Yes; a friend of mine bought his wheel on the installment plan, and he got sick of it before he had the thing half paid for.—Yonkers Statesman.

Keep MINARD'S LINIMENT in the House.

THE CHORISTERS.

There's a little band of singers
Every evening comes and lingers
'Neath the window of my cottage in the trees,
And with dark they raise their voices,
While the gathering night rejoices,
And the leaves join in the chorus with the breeze.

Then the twinkling stars come out
To enjoy the merry rout,
And the squirrels range themselves upon a log,
And the fireflies furnish light,
That they read their notes aright—
The katydid, the cricket and the frog.

All the night I hear them singing,
Through my head their tunes are ringing—
Strains of music straight from Mother Nature's heart:
Now the katydid and cricket
From the deep of yonder thicket,
Then the croaking frog off yonder drones his part.

By and by the moon appears,
As the midnight hour nears,
And her smiles dispel the low'ring mist and fog;
Then the mirth is at its height,
And they glorify the night—
The katydid, the cricket and the frog.

—Philadelphia North American.

DIVING FOR FRESH WATER.

Immense Springs That Spout From the Bottom of the Sea.

What is believed to be the hottest region in the world is that part of the eastern shore of the Persian gulf which is named after the Bahrein islands that lie near it. On the Bahrein island proper, which is the largest of the group, the thermometer never falls below 100 degrees day or night and often rises as high as 140 degrees in the shade. Only the natives can bear this enormous heat at all, and even they suffer terribly at times because the fierceness of the temperature varies so little and gives them hardly a respite.

To add to the decided discomforts of the region the coast is so dry that borings have been made as deep as 1,000 feet without striking water. There is not a drop to be had except far in the interior, and the condition of water carried for any distance in such heat as this may be imagined. Yet the natives never lack for water that is not merely fresh but actually cool. And they get it in a way that is wonderful. They get it by diving into the sea for it.

Many years ago pearl fishers who dived into the waters off the shores of these islands for pearls, which are plentiful there, discovered that immense springs spouted from the bottom of the sea. Accidentally they found that these springs were of sweet water. Ever since then a regular industry, perhaps one of the strangest industries in the world, has been that of diving for fresh water.

The divers go out every morning. They take with them goatskins, and, weighted with stones to insure a swift descent, they plunge into the depths. At the bottom they hold the mouths of the skins over a spring and as soon as it is filled tie it up swiftly and ascend. The skins are hauled up with lines.

As there are 75,000 persons in that barren group of islands, the industry of diving for fresh water is a large one, and the divers get rich. The water is about 20 degrees cooler than is the atmosphere on land, so it is a boon to the suffering population, and the lucky divers who get to land first are certain of high prices. In fact, the fresher the water is the more the diver earns, and as the submarine springs are only a mile away from shore the water hardly gets time to lose any of its grateful temperature before it is landed, if one can say that water is "landed."

Stumbled, but Won a Wife.

Governor Aaron V. Brown of Tennessee was a Chesterfield for politeness and a Talleyrand for wit. When he, a much admired widower, was paying his addresses, as yet unavowed, to an attractive young widow, he called at her house one day and was ushered into a room darkened to the degree which the prevailing fashion of those days declared to be elegant, and before the governor had familiarized himself with the surrounding objects in the gloom the young widow entered the room. With enthusiastic devotion he advanced to meet her hastily, not noticing a low stool directly in his pathway. Unhappily he stumbled over it and plumped upon his knees directly at the feet of the object of his affections. Before she could utter a word of apology or sympathy the adroit governor, seizing her hand, exclaimed, "Madam, a happy accident has brought me where inclination has long led me." The formal declaration which followed was of course successful, for such ready gallantry could not be resisted.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Pearl Oysters Can Be Cultivated.

Recent experiments by the experts of the fish commission in Washington have demonstrated that genuine pearls of high quality may be grown in aquariums, fountains, fish ponds and in any other pools of water which can sustain mussels, oysters and other mollusks that emit nacre, the beautiful iridescent secretion of which pearls are made.—Indianapolis News.

Spitting in Public.

Paris takes the lead in the campaign against spitting in public. A committee of the town council has recommended the putting up of enameled signs in the principal streets and parks with the inscription, "In the interest of the people and to avoid the spread of contagious diseases you are requested not to spit on the sidewalk."

A Recognition of Genius.

"Well, sir," said the proud parent, "I ain't a bit sorry that I give Bill a good eddication. You know he's been an gone an writ a book."

"Do tell!"

"Hit's a fac'. An what does you reckon? Well, sir, t'other day I ketched a man on a railroad train a-readin of it—jest a-readin of it."—Atlanta Constitution.

A PROMINENT VANCOUVERITE.

Permanently Cured of Asthma, Clarke's Kola Compound Cures.

Mr. F. J. Painton, the well-known proprietor of Painton's Music Store, Vancouver, B. C., writes: "I have been a great sufferer from asthma in its worst form for over four years very often having had to sit up nearly all night. I had consulted physicians both in England and Canada without obtaining any permanent relief and tried many remedies with the same result. A friend who had been cured by Dr. Clarke's Kola Compound advised me to try it. And three bottles have entirely cured me. It is now nearly two years since my recovery, and asthma has not troubled me since. I feel very grateful to Dr. Clarke for introducing this wonderful remedy. I have frequently recommended it to others suffering as I was, and do not know of a single case where the required number of bottles have been taken that it has failed to cure. See that you get Clarke's Free sample bottle sent to any person. Mention this paper. Address The Griffiths & Macpherson Co., 121 Church street, Toronto, or Vancouver, B. C., sole Canadian agents.

Satisfied Her.

Prospective Bride—I know it's foolish, doctor, but to gratify a natural curiosity will you please let me see the form of service you intend to use in marrying us?

The Rev. Dr. Fourthly—It will not be necessary, my dear young woman. I never use the word "obey" in the marriage service.—Chicago Tribune.

A physician calculates that it takes eight times the strength to go up stairs that is required for the same distance on the level.

Chichester cathedral spire is the only one which can be seen from the sea along the coast of Great Britain.

A TIMELY NOTICE.

Dr. Arnold's English Toxin Pills will positively cure permanently and thoroughly the very worst case of rheumatism, poor blood, nervousness, or other germ disease. A trial will prove this. Only 75c a box, small size 25c; at all druggists, or postpaid on receipt of price from The Arnold Chemical Co., Limited, Canada Life Building, Toronto.

Trust.

Hoax—I believe everything my wife tells me.

Joax—On general principles?

Hoax—Yes; I think every man should believe about half he hears, and I prefer to believe the better half.—Philadelphia Record.

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

MINARD'S LINIMENT Lumberman's Friend.

We sometimes meet an original gentleman who, if manners had not existed, would have invented them.—Emerson.

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

Formaldehyde vapor has been successfully used by M. Camille Sumeire in Mauritius for preserving specimens of animals. A guinea pig was kept fresh for 20 days, and the fur was uninjured by the vapor.

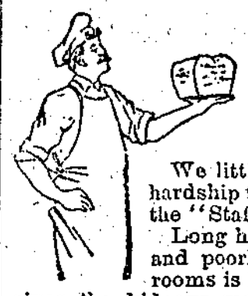
Ask for Minard's and take no other.

A Lingering Homicide.

"Who is that young fellow over there—the one running?"

"That's the Count de Castellane. He is rushing around the corner to kill a French editor—by cablegram."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Bakers' Bad Backs.



We little know the toil and hardship that those who make the "Staff of Life" undergo. Long hours in superheated and poorly ventilated workrooms is hard on the system, gives the kidneys more work than they can properly do, throws poison into the system that should be carried off by these delicate filters. Then the back gets bad—

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

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

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

Western Assurance Company

The annual meeting of shareholders was held at the company's offices in this city on Wednesday, March 7, 1900. The President, Hon. G. A. Cox, occupied the chair.

The following annual report of the directors, with accompanying financial statement, was read by the secretary:

FORTY-NINTH ANNUAL REPORT.

The directors beg to submit herewith the annual statement of the company's accounts for the year ending 31st December last.

The revenue account shows a satisfactory growth in premium income, and after payment of losses and expenses there is a profit balance of $118,642.60 as a result of the year's transactions. Two half-yearly dividends have been provided for at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum, as well as an amount to cover depreciation in securities, and the reserve fund has been increased to $1,100,380.50.

Taking into account the fact that during the year 1899 the fire losses in the United States were exceptionally heavy, the directors feel that these results must be regarded as eminently satisfactory.

For some time past your directors have had under consideration the question of extending the agencies of the company beyond the limits of the North American continent, and shortly before the close of the year arrangements were completed for the establishment of a branch office in London, England, under what appear to be favorable auspices.

Toronto, 26th Feb., 1900.

Geo. A. Cox, President.

Summary of financial statement:

Total cash income	$2,532,741 50
Total expenditure, including appropriation for losses under adjustment	2,414,098 90
Balance	$ 118,642 60
Divident declared	100,000 00
Total assets	$2,321,762 85
Total liabilities (including capital)	1,221,382 35
Reserve Fund	$1,100,380 50
Capital paid	1,000,000 00
Capital subscribed	1,000,000 00
Security to policyholders	$3,100,380 50

The President, in moving the adoption of the report, said:—It cannot fail to be gratifying to the shareholders, as it is to the directors and officers of the company, to note the evidence of the appreciation by the insuring public of the security offered by the Western to its policyholders which is afforded by the growth in the volume of business transacted—the total income for the year having exceeded, for the first time in the history of the company, two and one-half million dollars. It is still more satisfactory to note that notwithstanding the exceptionally heavy fire losses which have occurred in some of the chief cities in the United States—where the business proved generally unprofitable to the companies engaged in it—we are able to show as a result of the year's transactions a profit balance of $118,642. The experience of the year 1899 in Canada was exceptionally favorable, and the diminished fire waste in this country is certainly a matter for congratulation, aside from our interests in the business of fire insurance. It is to be hoped that the introduction of improved fire protection in our cities and towns, and the adoption of more substantial methods in the construction of buildings, will tend to a further reduction of the burden which the payment of some five million dollars per annum by insurance companies for fire losses in Canada imposes upon the community, for I need scarcely say that this has to be provided from the premiums collected from the insuring public. I desire to emphasize what I believe to be a fact—that it is only by adopting measures that will reduce this serious annual waste that any material reduction in the tax which the public pay in fire insurance premiums can be brought about, for it is only necessary to refer to the Government reports, showing the income and expenditure of companies licensed to do business in the Dominion to prove that there has been, during the whole period embraced in these returns, but a very moderate margin of profit to the companies at the rates and under the conditions which have prevailed in this country in the past.

In this connection it may not be out of place to refer to the fact that during the past year a number of new companies have come into the field, offering fire insurance at lower rates than those current with the old established offices. It will be interesting to observe whether these experiments will prove more successful than previous attempts which have been made to afford indemnity against loss by fire on more favorable terms than companies which have been long engaged in the business feel safe in offering. While as insurers we may hope these new companies may have discovered the secret of combining cheapness with security, we cannot overlook the fact that the record of the fire insurance business in Canada during the past twenty years shows a loss of upwards of two million dollars of capital, which was invested in companies organized to transact business at what are termed "cut rates." We may at least feel assured that companies working upon these lines, whose entire cash assets are limited to fifty or sixty thousand dollars, are scarcely in a position to assume any considerable share of the many millions of liability which fire insurance companies are carrying for the protection of merchants and property-holders in Canada, and until it has been shown that, with due regard for the safety of stockholders and the security of policyholders, any material reductions can be made in fire insurance rates in this country, your directors do not feel warranted in advocating any departure from the policy we have been following for many years past.

But to return to the consideration of our business during the year under review, it will, no doubt, be interesting to shareholders to learn that the marine branch, which has been responsible in some former years for rather serious losses, has shown a profit upon the business of 1899, and that the general outlook in this branch appears to be more promising than for some time past.

In our earnings from interest there has been a falling off, such as might naturally be looked for owing to the reduced rates obtainable, particularly upon the class of securities which are held by this company.

There is one matter to which I wish particularly to refer at this time. It is now within a year of half a century since the company commenced business in Canada. Some twenty-five years ago it completed its system of agencies throughout the United States, and I think I am warranted in saying that it is now established over the whole of the North American continent on a favorable footing, with an efficient force of branch managers, special agents and local agents working in its interests. Under these circumstances your directors have turned their attention to the consideration of the question of the desirability of following the example of the majority of the successful British fire offices and embracing a larger field of operations than we at present occupy. In view of the efforts which are being made—happily with no small measure of success—to enlarge the trade relations between the mother country and her self-governing colonies, and to cultivate intercolonial business connections, we have felt that the present is an opportune time for making a similar effort to secure some measure of reciprocity in the business of fire insurance. As a practical step in this direction it was decided to establish a branch office of the company in London, England. This was opened on the 1st of December last, and placed under the management of Mr. W. B. Meikle—a gentleman who, we believe, possesses all the qualities of a successful insurance manager. A Board of Directors has been appointed in London, upon which we have been fortunate in securing the following gentlemen to serve, namely: The Right Hon. the Earl of Aberdeen, G.C.M.G.; the Right Hon. Sir John Kennaway, Bart., M.P., and Mr. James Stevenson of Messrs. Grahams & Co., British and East India merchants, and I am pleased to say that we feel that we have every reason to be encouraged at the start which we have made in the chief metropolis of the empire and at the agencies which have thus far been established in connection with this new branch.

Mr. J. J. Kenny, the Vice-President, seconded the adoption of the report, which was carried unanimously. The election of directors for the ensuing year was then proceeded with, resulting in the unanimous re-election of the following gentlemen, viz.: Hon. Geo. A. Cox, Hon. S. C. Wood, Messrs. Robert Beaty, C. R. R. Cockburn, Geo. McMurrich, H. N. Baird, W. R. Brock, J. K. Osborne and J. J. Kenny.

At a meeting of the Board of Directors held subsequently, Hon. Geo. A. Cox was re-elected President and Mr. J. J. Kenny Vice-President for the ensuing year.

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

Catholic Prayer Books, Rosaries, Crucifixes, Scapulars, Religious Pictures, Statuary, and Church Ornaments, Educational Works. Mail orders receive prompt attention. D. & J. Sadlier & Co., Montreal

LA HISPANIA KHEDIVE AND RED CROSS CIGARS

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

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

GEO. F. BRYAN & CO., WINNIPEG.

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

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

HEIRS TO FORTUNES

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

DUGALD McFARLANE, Box 145, Truro, N.S., Canada.

IMPROVED FARM.

290 acres—150 under crop; good frame dwelling, large frame horse and cattle stables, good well; adjoins station, school and church; fine land, good district; only 20 miles from Winnipeg—$4,000.

NARES, ROBINSON & BLACK, Winnipeg, Man.

LA DUENA CIGAR

Manufactured by THOS. LEE, Winnipeg.

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

OXYDONOR.

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

THE CUMBERLAND NEWS
Issued Every Tuesday.

W. B. ANDERSON, - - - EDITOR

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

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

TUESDAY, MAY 15th, 1900.

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

WAR NEWS.

New York, May 12.—Jeffries won the fight with Corbett, putting his opponent out in the 23rd round with a left hander on the jaw. Corbett fought well and had things pretty much his own way till the knock out blow

London, May 12.—A British Column 3,000 strong has arrived at Vryburg, 100 miles from Mafeking and is pushing swiftly forward. Forty miles south of there is General Hunter's main body moving slowly and with considerable forces. The pick of his mounted men are the 30 000 who are going without wheeled transport and at rate that may possibly bring them to Mafeking on Monday.

London, 12.—The War Office has received the following despatch from Lord Roberts: Kroonstadt, May 12, 2 p.m.—I entered Kroonstadt at 1:30 with opposition to-day when the Union Jack was hoisted amidst cheers from the few British resident

Gen. French's cavalry seized the drift over the Vaalst River last evening just in time to prevent the passage being opposed by the enemy.

London May 14.—Special from Stone Hill Farm, Natal, says, General Buller's advance commenced Thursday, when he left Ladysmith in strength. When within two miles of Helpmaker, the Boers opened a heavy artillery fire and the British guns replied while a portion of Buller's troops worked around the Boer flanks. The British attack was pressed home yesterday by Methuen on the right who ouflanked the Boers whose splendid defensive positions on the Beggarsberg were practically taken. General Buller's march subsequent to the attack was carried out without a hitch. The British are still pushing on

London, May 14.—Durban wires there are persistant rumours here of heavy fighting in Natal.

Kroonstadt, May 13.—The arrival of Lord Roberts was hailed with delight, 300 Free Staters were anxious to surrender. Four hundred Burghers have already given up their arms here and in this neighborhood. All the prisoners again say the quarrel between the Free Staters and the Transvaalers is so acute that the Transvaalers have decided to leave their allies.

Pretoria advices say the Boers supplies of smokeless powder is exhausted and that all attempts to manufacture a fresh supply have been unsuccessful.

London, May 15.—War office has received following from Buller: "We have occupied Dundee. About 2,500 of the enemy left yesterday for Glencoe where they are entrained. The Kaffirs said they were going to Lading's Nek. Almost every house in Dundee is empty and looted."

Drandsdrift, May 13.—General Rundle has completely checkmated the attempt of the Boers to come south again and the enemy are retiring before the persistant advance of the British. Many Boers have been captured or are surrendering. There were 150 of these yesterday and to-day. Among them was President Steyn's brother.

Kroonstadt, 15.—Reported that the whole of the Boer forces are concentrating on the Vaal and withdrawing from Biggarsberg and the south western borders. It is computed that not more than 2,000 Free Staters will fight on the Vaal. Lord Roberts is concentrating his forces and everything is about ready for the onward march. Interest for the moment almost entirely centered in Mafeking whence the wife of the Mayor today received a cablegram saying all well May 5th. To-morrow is expected the relief will take place if all goes well.

Lorenzo Marquese, May 15.—The Boers on Saturday occupied the Kaffir location at Mafeking. They were in turn attacked during the night and found themselves surrounded. Boers lost 7 killed and 7 wounded.

Plumer's Camp, May 15.—Natives who have arrived here say the bombardment of Mafeking May 1st was not heavy. 1,280 refugees from Mafeking have reached here. Patrol's who have returned from the northern borders of Transvaal saw no Boers. All quiet. Boers patrol neighborhood but are not aggressive.

Lisbon, May 15.—It is rumored here today President Kruger has ordered the Portuguese consul to leave the Transvaal republic.

London, May 15.—Special from Lorenzo Marques says it has been reported that a large force of Boers had been captured by the British at Mafeking. Pretoria, it is added, reports on the other hand that Mafeking has fallen.

Alberni, May 15.—Jas. Redferd was nominated here Saturday as a supporter of Martin.

Lorenzo Marquese, May 16.—There is now no doubt that there was fighting at Mafeking Saturday but believed to have gone in favor of garrison. All that can be ascertained of a reliable character is as follows: The Boers using artillery attacked the town on Saturday. Very soon the Kaffir location was in flames, some say as a result of the fight others as the result of treachery. Fighting at close quarters became general and in the midst of confusion Boers gained possession of Kaffir location They brought their guns to bear at close quarters but by a quick movement the garrison succeeded in surrounding the party of Boers who had captured Kaffir location Severe fighting followed but reported Boers still hold the location. The truth is believed that Pretoria authorities knowing the progress of relief column gave orders to storm the place. As soon as the location was in flames Boer bulletins of victory were flying about everywhere to encourage the weak. The Boers who came down here yesterday from Pretoria produced for the ediface of increduluous British, two telegrams by officer one of which was signed by Styman and said: "I was lucky enough to capture Baden-Powell with nine hundred men this morning. There is no doubt about the heavy fighting. Baden-Powell reports all well May 7.

London, 16.—The most important development in to day's war news is the statement cabled from Cape Town announcing that the Boer delegates advised the Transvaalers to surrender if defeated at the Vaal This remarkable announcement is vouched for on good authority.

London, 17—Despatch from Pretoria says the Boer government is holding back some big news. Feverish activity prevails here. President Kruger is working day and night. The latest Boer official bulletin is that the relief column has been defeated with great loss.

London, May 17.—Lord Roberts continues passive at Kroonstadt, his cavalry is stretching like a semi-circular covering many miles with everlapping flanks. The British force advanced this morning 20 miles to north east and took possession of Magnatify Nek, prisoners continue to be taken daily,

London, May.—In the committee rooms of House of Commons this morning, Sir James Kitchen, liberal, announced that Mafeking had been relieved. War Office however, was unable to confirm the announcement,

London, May 17.—Official announcement is made that General Buller reports that 2nd division of his army has taken the Dannhauser, Natal, a little less than half way between Dundee and Newcastle.

London, May 17.—War office has received from Roberts the following despatch dated Kroonstadt yesterday: Rundle yesterday occupied Meguti, Ling Nak and Modder poort without opposition. Hunter has reented the Transvaal and has advanced within 10 miles of Cheystian. Methuen has reached a point 12 miles on the Hoppes road without seeing the enemy. Natives confirm Gen. White's previous reports of the desorganation of Free Staters. The situation here is unchanged.

London, May 17.—The closing day of the drama at Mafeking has been marked by intensity of dramatic interest as unexpected as it is out of proportion to the efforts engaged. The news that the garrison was not only able to repel an attack but to inflict heavy loss in killed and prisoners is reported in the despatch from Cape Town announcing the capture of Commandant Eeloff and 90 men makes Great Britain feel prouder than ever of Col. Baden Powell's little band. War office has received despatch from Roberts saying Hudter has occupied Cheystian Nek. Thus the British have entered the Transvaal.

London, May 18.—9:16 p. m., Mafeking has been relieved.

London, May 18.—Special from Amsterdam says a telegram has been received announcing Mafeking was relieved on Tuesday

Lorenzo Marquize, 18.—Five hundred refugees who arrived here state Mafeking has been relieved. The end of the war is anticipated by the Queen's Birthday, May 24.

Pretoria, 18.—It was officially announced to day that when the laagers and forts around Mafeking had been severely bombarded, the siege was abandoned.

Pretoria, 18.—The siege of Mafeking has been abandoned. The British force from the south have possession of the place. Reported 5,000 British troops have surrounded Christiana and the Landroost and other officials have been taken prisoners.

Dannhauser, Natal 18.—General Buller entered this place this morning.

London, May 18.—It has just been officially announced that Gen. Methuen entered Hoopstadt yesterday and that general's deputy and Dancles and 40 men have surrendered and that General Broadwood occupied Lindley yesterday. It is further announced the Hutton's mounted infantry yesterday surprised and captured by Commandant Botha and 23 prisoners, 30 miles nort western Kroonstadt

London, 18.—From both right and left flanks of British army comes important news that Lord Roberts has brought the two wings of his forces on a level with the main body as shown in his war office dispatch announcing Methuen's entry into Hoopstadt and Broadwood. Cavalry had occupied Lindley the same day and as so many had expected Lord Roberts advance has been promptly resumed.

POLITICAL NEWS.

Vancouver, May 12.—C. E. Tisdall ex-M.P.P. resigned his position this morning as one of the candidates on party line Conservative ticket, says he has not the time to devote to the campaign.

Victoria, May 12.—As a consequence of the result of the Liberal convention held last night in which Martinites turned down all the old board including Geo. Riley president, talk of another Liberal Convention has been heard. Anti-Martin Liberals were apathetic and Martinites drummed up every available man yet they only numbered sixty.

Victoria, May 17.—Martin is expected to reach here to-morrow when he will immediately commence a tour of the Island.

Nanaimo, May 14.—It's announced today as coming from office a source that a government candidate will be placed in the field in this city at once. The name of the man has not been made public.

FOR SALE.

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

$5 REWARD.

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

FOR SALE—Early cabbage and tomatoe plants, home grown and strong. C. E. WILLIAMS, Grantham.

Good Clothes are not expensive, it is the common kind that costs most in the end.

Shorey's Clothing

must be good as every garment is guaranteed and money will be refunded if it is not as represented.

All seams are overcast.
The Cloth is sponged and shrunk.
The Linings are good.
The Buttons match.
The inside, which you cannot see is as good as the outside which you can see. It is sold by reliable dealers only. Made to Fit—not made to Order.

Shorey's

Forbes worsted Trousers
Retail at $3.50
Tailors get $6.00

RAW FURS
HIDES AND DEER SKINS
SHIP TO
McMILLAN FUR & WOOL CO.
EXPORTERS AND IMPORTERS.
200-212 First Ave. North, Minneapolis, Minn.
Write for Our Circular and See the Prices We Pay

Union Brewery.
Fresh Lager Beer THE BEST IN THE PROVINCE
STEAM Beer, Ale, and Porter.

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

HENRY REIFEL, Manager.

MUNICIPALITY OF THE
CITY OF CUMBERLAND
NOTICE.

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

By order of Council,
LAURENCE W. NUNNS,
City Clerk.
Cumberland, B.C., May 8th, 1900. 8t3

LADYSMITH
(Extension)

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

NOTICE.

The Peoples' Candidate.

LEWIS MOUNCE.

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

COMMITTEE.

FOR SALE—Near Courtenay 11 acres. Trees burned off, about 20 acres swamp land.

For particulars apply at this office.

GET OUR PRICES AND TERMS ON
Pianos and Organs
BEFORE ORDERING ELSEWHERE.

M. W. Waitt & Co.
Victoria, B. C.
The oldest and most reliable house in the Province.
Chas. Segrave, Local Agent,
Cumberland, B. C.

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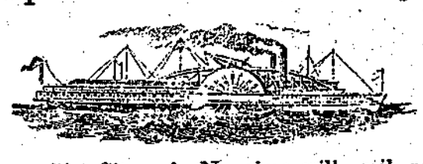

Steamship City of Nanaimo will sail as follows, calling at way ports as freight and passengers may offer.

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

OR Freight tickets and Stateroom Apply on board,
GEO. L. COURTNEY,
Traffic Manager

KIPLING AS A JOURNALIST.

His First Experience as a Reporter on Civil and Military Gazette.

In the autumn of 1882, having finished his course at school, a position was secured for him on the Civil and Military Gazette, Lahore. The Civil and Military Gazette is the chief journal of Northwestern Indian, owned and conducted by the managers and owners of the Allahabad Pioneer, the ablest and most influential of all Indian newspapers published in the interior of the country. For five years he worked hard and steadily on the Gazette. Much of the work was simply drudgery. He shirked nothing. The editor in chief was a somewhat grim man, who believed in snubbing his subordinates, and who, though he recognized the talents of the "clever pup," as he called him, and allowed him a pretty free hand in his contributions to the paper, yet was inclined to exact from him the full tale of the heavy routine work of a newspaper office. But these were happy years. For the youth was feeling the spring of his own powers, was full of interest in life, was laying up stores of observation and experience, and found in his own home not only domestic happiness, but a sympathy in taste and a variety of talent and accomplishment which acted as a continual stimulus to his own genius. Father, mother, sister and brother all played and worked together with rare combination of sympathetic gifts. In 1885 some of the verses, with the writing of which he and his sister had amused themselves, were published at Lahore in a little volume entitled Echoes, because most of them were lively parodies on some of the poems of the popular poets of the day; the little book had its moment of narrow limited success, and opened the way for the wider notoriety and success of a volume into which were gathered the "Departmental Ditties" that had appeared from time to time in the Gazette. Many of the stories, afterward collected under the now familiar title of "Plain Tales from the Hills," made their first appearance in the Gazette, and attracted wide attention in the Anglo-Indian community.

Kipling's work for five years at Lahore had indeed been of such quality that it was not surprising that he should be called down to Allahabad in 1887 to take a place upon the editorial staff of the Pioneer. The training of an Anglo-Indian journalist is peculiar. He has to master knowledge of many kinds, to become thoroughly acquainted with the affairs of the English administration and the conditions of Anglo-Indian life, and at the same time with the interests, the modes of life and thought of the vast underlying native population. The higher positions in Indian journalism are places of genuine importance and of large emolument, worthy objects of ambition for a young man conscious of literary faculty and inspired with zeal for public ends. The Pioneer issued a weekly as well as a daily edition, and in addition to his regular work upon the daily paper Kipling continued to write for the weekly issue stories similar to those which had already won him reputation, and they now attracted wider attention than ever. His home at Allahabad was with Professor Hill, a man of science attached to the Aallahabad College. But the continuity of his life was broken by various journeys undertaken in the interest of the paper, one through Rajputana, from which he wrote a series of descriptive letters, called "Letters of Marque"; another to Calcutta and through Bengal, which resulted in "The City of Dreadful Night" and other letters describing the little known conditions of the vast Presidency; and, finelly, in 1889, he was sent off by the Pioneer on a tour round the world on which he was accompanied by his friends Professor and Mr. Hill. Going first to Japan, he thence came to America, writing on the war and in America the letters which appeared in the Pioneer under the title of "From Sea to Sea," and in September, 1889, he arrived in London. His Indian repute had not preceded him to such degree as to make the way easy for him through the London crowd. But, after a somewhat dreary winter, during which he had been making acquaintances and had found irregular employment upon newspapers and magazines, arrangements were made made with Messrs. Macmillan & Co. for the publication of an edition of "Plain Tales From the Hills." The book appeared in June. Its success was immediate. The reprint of Kipling's other Indian stories and poems speedily followed, and the issue of the new tales and poems, which showed the wide range of his creative genius.

OUR GROWTH IN POPULATION

There were but 5,300,000 people in America when this century opened, says the May Ladies' Home Journal. France had five times as many people; Germany, and even Austria, had four times America's population; Italy had three times as many, and so had Great Britain. Even Spain had double our number of people, and little Portugal was almost our rival in numbers. We have more people now than any European nation except Russia, which alone leads us. We have as many people as live in all Great Britain and France combined. We have one-half more people than Germany. We have, practically, 75,000,000 people in the United States, and 10,000,000 more in our new possessions.

WORK SUITABLE FOR A POET.

Here is a pleasant story that is vouched for as true by the Youth's Companion and will interest all lovers of Walt Whitman. The poet was, as is well known, dependent during most of his life upon the kindness of his friends and admirers for support. A few years before his death one of these friends called upon him in his little house in Camden, a suburban town of Philadelphia.

"Well, Walt," he said, "how goes it this winter? Any subscription needed for Christmas?"

"No," said Whitman; "no, I'm at work now. I'm in the employ of George Childs. He pays me $50 a month."

"You at work! May I ask what is your occupation?"

"Why, I ride in the street cars. I fall into talk with the drivers and conductors and find out which of them have no overcoats, and guess at their size and notify Childs, and then he sends the overcoats. It's not hard work," said the poet, thoughtfully. "And then, you know, it helps Childs along."

A STORY OF DEAN EGAN.

Here is a story that the late Archbishop Walsh of Toronto used to tell on himself. On one occasion His Grace was being driven to the railway station at Barrie by Rev. Dean Egan who is famous for his wit. They were driving at a handsome clip and the Dean observed with just pride: "There is a fine bit of horseflesh, Your Grace!" The Archbishop ventured the opinion that a priest should guard against a tendency to take too much pride and interest in horses. After driving a couple of blocks they met two young ladies to whom the Dean raised his hat, and as they drove on, the Archbishop remarked: "To very comely young women," he said, "and ladylike, too." "Everyone to his taste," replied the Dean, solemnly, "mine's horses." It is said that no visitor ever got away from Barrie with the joke on Dean Egan.

IN HANDS OF FRIENDS.

The farmer had just arrived in town. "What," he asked of his new-found friend, "is a buaco steerer, anyway? I have seen a great deal about them in the papers!"

"Of course," replied his friend, "you know what a bunk is?"

"Certainly," replied the farmer.

"Well, a bunco steerer is merely a man who steers another man to his bunk when he is unable to find it himself. He is a guide, a philosopher, and a friend. And now, that question disposed of, I would like to show you where you are sure of getting not less than $50 for $1 if you follow my advice."

THE SPARKIN' HORSE.

"This here horse," said an old farmer at the Horse Show, "is just what you want, young man. It's a sparkin' horse."

"How do you mean?" asked the young man.

"Well, you see, if you can once get your girl to hop into the buggy behind this horse you can be a mile away in two minutes and a half. Yes, and once you're a mile away you can throw the reins on the dash-board and this horse'll walk till you say so. Out in Peel county we breed and train horses for that kind of thing, and call 'em sparkin' horses."

Benham—I claim that the stage is an educator.

Mrs. Benham—I don't agree with you. You took me to a temperance play the other night, and went out three times between the acts.—Harper's Bazar.

Mrs. Briske—Johnny, did the doctor call while I was out?

Little Johnny (stopping his play)—Yes'm. He felt my pulse an' looked at my tongue, and shook his head, and said it was a serious case, and he left this paper and said he'd call again before night.

Mrs. Briske—Gracious me! It wasn't you I sent him to see; it was the baby.—Tit-Bits.

* * *

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

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

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

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

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

Mourice's following is getting stronger every day and more firmly cemented together.

Esquimalt & Nanaimo Ry.

TIME TABLE EFFECTIVE NOV. 19TH, 1898.

VICTORIA TO WELLINGTON.

No. 2 Daily A.M.		No. 4 Saturday P.M.
Dc. 9:00	Victoria	Dc. 4.25
" 9:23	Goldstream	" 4:53
" 10:14	Shawnigan Lake	" 5.39
" 10:48	Duncans	6:15
P.M.		P.M.
" 12:24	Nanaimo	7:41
Ar. 12:40	Wellington	Ar. 7:55

WELLINGTON TO VICTORIA.

No. 1 Daily. A.M.		No. 3 Saturday A.M.
Dc. 8:05	Wellington	Dc. 4:27
" 8:29	Nanaimo	" 4:39
" 9:55	Duncans	" 6:07
" 10:37	Shawnigan Lake	" 6:45
" 11:23	Goldstream	" 7.3.
Ar. 11:50	Victoria	Ar. 8:00 P.M

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

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

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

WE WANT YOUR **Job Printing** SATISFACTORY WORK PRICES

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

JAMES ABRAMS.

SUNDAY SERVICES

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

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

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

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

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

The NEWS Job Department.

NOTICE.

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

Dated this 25th day of April, 1900.

HENRY WILSON ROSS.

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

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

FOR SALE: Old papers. Apply at NEWS Office.

HIGHEST GRADE **Spectacles & Eyeglasses** IN GOLD AND STEEL FRAMES To Suit all Sights.

STODDART, Watchmaker & Optician.

JAS. A. CARTHEW'S **Livery Stable**

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

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

MRS. J. H. PIKET, Proprietress.

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

Sample Rooms and Public Hall Run in Connection with Hotel.

Rates from $1.00 to $2.00 per day

Fruit and Ornamental Trees,

Rhododendrons, Roses, fancy Evergreens, Magnolias, Bulbs, new crop Lawn Grass and tested garden seeds for spring planting. Largest and most complete stock in Western Canada. Call and make your selections or send for catalogue. Address at nursery grounds and greenhouse.

M. J. HENRY'S Nursery and Greenhouse Westminster Rd., Off No. 604—New No. 3009

COURTENAY Directory.

COURTENAY HOUSE, A. H. McCallum, Proprietor.

GEORGE B. LEIGHTON, Blacksmith and Carriage Maker.

Livery AND Teaming

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

D. KILPATRICK, Cumberland

EGGS FOR HATCHING, FROM HEAVY WINTER LAYERS.

Beack Langshans, $2 per sitting. Black Minorcas, $2 per sitting. Barred Plymouth Rocks, $1 per sitting.

E. PHILLIPS, Grantham, Comox.

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.

O. H. FECHNER, LEADING BARBER and TAXIDERMIST

Keeps a Large Stock of Fire Arms, Amunition and Sporting Goods of all descriptions.

CUMBERLAND, B. C.

NOTICE.

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

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

DAVIS, MARSHALL & MACNEILL, Solicitors for the Applicants.

J. R. McLEOD

General Teaming Powder Oil, Etc., Hauled. Wood in Blocks Furnished.

SCAVENGER WORK DONE

A HARVEST OF TARES.

By Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen

[Copyright, 1898, by the Author.]

"Then let me tell ye something. I'll hunt up your sweetheart for ye if ye'll let me. I'll promise to find him before night."

"But how will you do it?"

"That don't matter, but I'll engage to find him, sure as ye live."

"But you have to work. You can't leave your office."

"I'll get a day off."

"But what excuse will you offer?"

"Oh, I'll invent something or other. Ye trust me for that."

"But why can't you tell me where to go, and let me do it myself?"

Hattie, instead of answering, looked for a full minute at her friend searchingly, as if she were weighing the pros and cons of the question.

"Laws," she remarked, parenthetically, "how stunning ye are!"

Hulda, to whom the compliment was unintelligible, returned her gaze with anxious suspense and repeated her query.

"Why, don't ye see," Hattie explained, "I ain't no account, being homely as mud, and gentlemen wouldn't bother me a bit, and if they did I should know how to take care of myself, for, I tell ye, I can be as cross as a bear."

"Gentlemen wouldn't bother me, surely," Hulda remarked, wonderingly.

"Wouldn't they, though! Then ye don't know them. Ye would make a sensation wherever ye go, get into the newspapers and make no end of trouble for yerself. But I wouldn't be noticed at all, any more than a mouse would that slips out of one hole into another. Then, I know this town by heart, and ye are a stranger. I guess I shouldn't make a bad detective, and it would have to be a mighty smart man who could cover his track in this town so that I couldn't nose it out."

"But, then, couldn't I go with you?"

"No, ye couldn't."

"Why not?"

"I have told ye already—because ye are too handsome."

"I don't understand you at all."

"It isn't necessary that ye should if ye'll only trust me."

"Well, yes, I trust you, and I thank you."

In order to deprive her friend of the chance to reconsider Hattie hastily opened the door, and they went down to breakfast. The matron was already seated at the head of the middle table, and she gave them a rather sourish greeting as they entered. The girls scattered about at the tables sat with dismal faces picking at their food and sipping muddy brown liquid euphemistically styled coffee, whose only virtue was that it was warm. They rose one by one as they had finished and hurried into the hall, where they wrapped themselves in waterproofs, and then plunged into the vast, black, roaring maelstrom of the city. Though Hulda had known Hattie Halloran only since yesterday, she felt a pang at seeing her swallowed up in that black, tumultuous tide of humanity, and she was conscious of a vague relief at being exempt from following her example, for she shrank from rude contact with men with a shrinking that was mental rather than physical. There was to this child of the quiet Norse valley something terrifying in the noises, the deafening turmoil, the vast bewildering confusion of that gigantic modern Babel on the shores of Lake Michigan. She was glad to have a safe refuge, even though it were ever so poor a one, from which she might contemplate and familiarize herself with its hugeness, its blackness, its labyrinthine complication of its interests, its imposing, distracting, alarming metropolitan aspect.

CHAPTER XXI.

Hattie Halloran, having obtained a leave of absence from her office on a fictitious plea, bethought herself of a colleague of hers, a Norwegian typewriter, who was employed in the office of a Scandinavian lawyer. This girl, Annie Halvorson by name, was extremely pretty, and Hattie sagely concluded from her general knowledge of the masculine gender that a pretty girl would be more likely to enjoy the acquaintance of the elusive artist than a homely one. Moreover, Hattie had a vague recollection that Annie had told her of some desperate affair she had had with an artist, and it now occurred to her that the artist might be Olaf Brun. The number of Scandinavian artists in Chicago could not be very great, and any sort of a clue would be sure to lead sooner or later to the one she was in search of. By a happy accident the lawyer was in court when she called, and the two girls sat down and chatted to their hearts' content, exchanging both real and mendacious confidences, but so curiously mixed that they could not be separated. Hattie artfully led the conversation to artists, with whose ways she professed an intimate familiarity, and was fairly aglow with delight when her friend walked straight into her trap and incidentally mentioned a young artist, with whom she declared she had had a "most tremendous flirtation."

"Was his name Brun, Olaf Brun?" Hattie asked, in her glib, thoughtless way.

"Why, how do you know? He surely hasn't been making love to you?" cried Annie Halvorson, in alarm.

"No, not a bit of it. But perhaps it's not the same man we are talking about. The one I mean lives in Division street, No. —."

Hattie mentioned Brun's last address, which she had obtained from Hulda.

"Yes, exactly," cried Annie, guilelessly. "It's the very same one, but he doesn't live there any more. He lives in Halstead street now, No. ——."

"Halstead street! Ye don't say so? Why, that isn't a very stylish neighbourhood."

"No. He's down on his luck. They say he skipped from his last boarding-place. His family at home are very high nobs, but they've gone back on him. He has had two positions, but he lost them both because he couldn't get up early enough in the morning."

"Well, I declare. That's rather rough, ain't it? But I must be going. I can't be sitting here gossipping all the morning. Good-bye. Come and see me soon. I've got such a lovely roommate. Ye'll like her awfully."

They shook hands and kissed each other with the beautiful sham cordiality of girls who care nothing for each other. Hattie felt, however, that kind of supercilious kindness for Annie which we are apt to feel toward a person whom we have outwitted. She was terribly light, this pretty blonde lassie, and Hattie, who was neither light nor pretty, scarcely knew which of these attributes she envied the more.

She reached the designated address in Halstead street in less than half an hour, and having ascertained beyond peradventure that it was correct, returned home to apprise Hulda of her discovery. The latter rose expectantly as she saw her enter, and gave a little gasp, but no sound was audible.

"I have found him," cried Hattie, triumphantly.

Hulda pressed her hand against her heart. She did not trust herself to speak, but walked with subdued agitation across the floor, and stood for a while with her forehead pressed against the window. Then, having mastered her emotion, she put on her hat and cloak, and beckoned Hattie to follow her. The rain had now ceased, but the sky overhead was like a leaden roof, which shut down upon the city, keeping all its smoke and exhalations imprisoned. The tone of the atmosphere was greyish brown, and so dense that you could not see to the end of a block. But though not in a common sense pretty, the scene of the great populous streets was gloomily picturesque. The colossal ten and twenty-storey buildings looming out of the fog and losing themselves above in misty indistinctness, the huge trucks, laden with merchandise, and the endless succession of cable car trains shooting hither and thither, sounding their monotonous alarm in the twilight, combined into a picture the dusky conglomerate immensity of which was tremendously impressive. Hulda, clutching her companion's arm, looked about at the swarming crowds hurrying along the muddy sidewalks, and she marvelled how she could have found her way here yesterday without guidance. She wondered, too, at the extraordinary ease with which Hattie moved through the multitude, gliding along like a fish through water, without jostlings or collisions. Quite content to entrust herself to the leadership of this metropolitan character, she trudged along for a couple of blocks, oppressed with a hopeless sense of alienism, which she fancied she would never be able to conquer. Presently she found herself in a street car, and heard Hattie talking to her with hushed excitement, telling her of the stratagem by which she had outwitted the pretty typewritter. It did not occur to her that there was anything wounding to Olaf Brun's fiancee in this story, and as Hulda only sat looking at her with an enigmatical white smile, showing no sign of offence, Hattie persevered to the bitter end. She had expected a little praise for her ingenuity, and thanks for her devotion, but having waited for awhile in vain was forced to the conclusion that Hulda had scarcely heard a word of what she had been saying. Hulda's heart was full to overflowing, and strange little anxious thrills, joyously doleful and dolefully joyous, kept rippling through her, excluding all other sensations. She had room for but one thought—the thought of him whom she loved, for whose sake she had left home and kindred, whom she was now to see again. She had expected to experience a pure and lofty ecstasy in the mere consciousness of being near him, and glad she was indeed, but yet strangely troubled by forebodings which she could not dismiss.

It was about half past 11 o'clock in the morning when they stopped in front of a brown-painted frame house which turned its gable to the street. A heap of ashes and garbage lay in front of it, and a frightfully malodorous alley separated it from the two adjoining buildings. A slatternly maid with a smudged face opened the door for them, and after a brief colloquy with Hattie was induced to indicate the location of Mr. Brun's room. The stairs and the floor of the hall were covered with a square-patterned oilcloth, in which holes were worn in sundry places, and in the corner behind the street door a pile of sweepings was lying undisturbed, it being evidently the custom of the house not to remove it as long as it did not interfere with the opening of the door.

"Now," said Hulda, gaining a sudden mastery of herself, "I shall have to ask you kindly to wait for me here, or, if you prefer it, you may return to the office. I shall not need you any more now. You have been very kind to me, and I am very grateful to you."

Hattie met this declaration with a blank look of amazement. She had intended to "assist" at the scene of reconciliation, and to participate as the benevolent friend of the heroine in the various chapters of the romance until it ended, and "they lived happily ever afterward." Hulda's dismissal of her seemed therefore, to say the least, ungracious.

"But, surely," she objected, "ye don't intend to have me leave ye here. I shall sit down on the steps and wait for ye."

"Very well. But I think you had better not."

"Oh, shucks! I guess ye may want me yet. Ye needn't hurry on my account."

Hulda walked up the creaking staircase, and paused outside the door which the maid had indicated. Her heart ran riot. Her blood hammered in her temples. A mist gathered before her eyes, and floated slowly away as she gazed at it. She must be strong now—strong, strong. She murmured the word with a passionate intensity, and, pulling herself together, resolved, come what may, not to surrender to any weakness.

She knocked at the door, and with her heart in her throat listened for a response. She could hear some one move about inside in a flurried fashion, stumbling over a chair, and raising or closing a window. She repeated her knock, and after a pause of half a minute the door was opened from the inside, and a young man with tousled hair and a handsome but dissipated face confronted her. He wore a pair of slippers down at the heels, and his slender figure was wrapped in a shabby overcoat.

To be Continued.

A CURIOUS COUNTRY.

AN AMERICAN TRAVELER'S EXPERIENCE IN MOROCCO.

In Tangier the Mules Have the Right of Way in the Streets—A Fearful Punishment For Thieves—A Formidable Navy of One Ship.

Ambrose H. Mullens, a lawyer of Baltimore, made a trip to Morocco a few years ago. He went with a Scotch friend, who was a great linguist. Leaving Gibraltar, they reached Point Tarifa, and thence Tangier. Mr. Mullens thus describes his trip:

So shallow is the harbor itself that even from our little 80 foot side wheeler we had to be landed in rowboats. In this harbor lies the fleet of the empire, consisting of exactly one war steamer of about 3,000 tons burden, flying the blood red ensign of Morocco. Twenty years ago some Scotch engineers brought her to anchor in that harbor, and a month later, not receiving their wages, decamped in a body, leaving the steamer behind them. None of the natives knew anything about machinery, and in consequence from that day to this her engines have never moved.

Like the capital of our most eastern possession, Tangier is a walled city. The streets are of the most narrow description, averaging hardly more than four feet in width. No wheel ever turns in them, and everything is carried either on the backs of mules or on those of the people themselves. So cramped are these streets that if a mule is coming from the opposite direction to that which you are pursuing the only thing for you to do is to retrace your steps until you come to a cross street and then to wait around the corner until his muleship passes by.

The market place lies just outside the walls on the southwest side, and here all the people, saints, dervishes and others, daily gather. As you come ashore your boat passes through a regular gate, like one of those of the Alhambra, in Spain, which is the harbor gate of the city.

The day I entered I found the stout Algerian harbor master sitting on a bench, smoking a cigarette. In reply to a respectfully worded inquiry in my very best French he said: "You're an American, aren't you? Then, for heaven's sake, talk English!" And before I could recover from my astonishment he went on: "Don't bother about that luggage now. Have that porter take it to the Oriental hotel and sit down here and smoke a cigarette and have a talk with me."

He turned out to be a pasha who had been educated at Eton and Oxford, and he had lived some time in Washington. He called on me afterward and was a very charming man.

When I was in Morocco, the emperor was a young boy, only 17 years old, and the great man of the place was the sheriff of Wazan. He was an immensely rich man and had built as a fad the Hotel Oriental, to which my friend, the pasha, had directed me. It was situated down on the wall next to the saluting battery and was run by a chap named Ansaldo, whose mother was English and father Italian. The hotel was absolutely fireproof, had billiard rooms and all sorts of modern conveniences, and a poker game was run there every night.

The table d'hote dinner at the Oriental was a feature. All other meals were movable feasts. But at 7 o'clock sharp you must be on hand for dinner, or you didn't get any. The seat of honor, next to Ansaldo, went to the oldest guest, and when he or she departed the next in order moved into the vacant place.

The richest man in the place was a Greek named Perdicaris. He had made his money in maritime trade. He was an American citizen by adoption and a graduate of Harvard college in the sixties. His wife came from Wilmington, Del. Perdicaris' home in Morocco was enormous—almost as big as the Waldorf-Astoria hotel it looms up in my memory. It had fully a dozen drawing rooms and must have covered two or three acres of ground. The gardens were fully a half mile square.

Every one in Morocco seems to speak English, many of the Moors having been educated in England and other European countries.

The prison of the town is a curiosity. It is a kind of tower situated near the citadel, the esplanade of which is higher than the roof of the prison. In this is a hole through which food can be tossed by the friends or relatives of the prisoners. These are all thrown in together, and as there is no public provision for feeding them you can imagine the scramble and fights that ensue for the food thrown in.

Thieving is looked upon with extreme disfavor in Morocco, a second offense being punished by inflicting blindness. This is done by searing the eyeball with the edge of a redhot sword. The thief is then turned loose to starve or live, as fate shall decree. If the former, it is regarded as for the best, on the theory that it is better to be dead than to be a thief.

About the only good pig sticking to be found anywhere outside of India is in Morocco, but the manner of pursuing the sport differs in the two countries. In India a long lance, which is held in the middle, is used, while in Morocco they use a short lance, not more than seven feet long, which is held by the end. A leaden weight is placed on this end as a balance. It is an exceedingly dangerous form of sport, for if you should happen to miss a boar he would upset your horse as like as not, and once upon the ground you would run an even chance of being disemboweled by his tusks.—New York Tribune.

A Move at Last.

A noted humorist had often petitioned the council of the town where he resided to fill up a mudhole near his house, but without result.

One night he heard a spluttering noise and sundry ejaculations unfit for publication, and, going to his door, he found a respected member of the town council floundering about in the mudhole.

"Good evening, sir. I am glad to see you stirring in this matter at last," and so saying he closed the door and left the poor councilor to extricate himself as best he could.—London Answers.

Kentucky Style.

Kentucky Teacher (of infant geography class)—Tommy Blood may tell us what a strait is.

Tommy Blood—It's jis' th' plain stuff, 'thout nothin in it.—Ohio State Journal.

Over four hundredweight of sealing wax per month is used by the great seal, of which the lord chancellor of England is the official custodian.

Some Indian tribes in Alaska get even with their mosquito tormentors by eating them.

THE CYNIC.

Don't work your friends in the interest of a stranger.

The Lord loves a cheerful giver, and we would, too, if we could find one.

Gossip is conducted on the endless chain lines. When it reaches you, break it.

Every one who owns a dog boasts that his dog knows more than most grown persons.

About the only time the average man shows an interest in domestic affairs is when the rattrap is to be baited.

This getting married means that both are to hereafter raise vegetables and leave the cultivation of flowers to those who are still single.—Atchison Globe.

The Savage Bachelor.

"I hear there is some talk of employing women as census enumerators," said the sweet young thing in her smoothest tones.

"Good idea," said the savage bachelor, to her great astonishment.

"Do you really think so?"

"Yes, I do. If there is anything on earth a woman is fit for, it is the business of finding out about other people's affairs. Didn't think I would agree with you, did you?"—Indianapolis Press.

Unbounded Wealth.

The London capitalist was seated at his desk with a number of mechanical drawings and sheets of paper covered with figures before him.

"Planning another railway?" asked the visitor.

"No. Railways seem rather small to me. I've been reading about the movements of the army in South Africa. What I'd like to have more than anything else is a ferryboat line across the Tugela river."—Washington Star.

DANGEROUS TO STOP A COUGH.

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine Goes Deeper and Cures the Cold--It Is Prompt and Thorough in Action.

Cough mixtures are almost as numerous as drug stores, and many of them are decidedly dangerous, being prepared by persons not qualified to prescribe the proper treatment for disease. True, they stop the cough. But stopping the cough is merely removing the warning which nature gives of the trouble within. And, besides, a cough is stopped by opiates that deaden the nerves and ruin the stomach.

In contrast with the numerous mixtures devised to stop a cough, and so make it more difficult for the system to throw off the cold, Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine stands as a scientific preparation, the prescription of America's Greatest Physician. It thoroughly cures cold and cough together by helping on expectoration, loosening the tightness in the chest and freeing the body of the waste matter which must be discharged, before cure can be effected.

By stopping this discharge, and making it more difficult to cough, many remedies drive the disease deeper and the effort expended in trying to cough tears the delicate linings of the throat and bronchial tubes and sets up congestion of the lungs.

So long as Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine is used freely there is no danger of a cold developing into serious lung trouble. It heals the irritated air passages, keeps the cough loose and radically cures the cold.

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine is the safeguard against pneumonia and consumption in scores of thousands of homes in the United States and Canada. It is mother's favorite remedy for croup, bronchitis, whooping cough, asthma, coughs, colds and throat irritation. 25 cents a bottle; family size, three times as much, 60 cents; at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Cold in the head and catarrh are promptly and thoroughly cured by Dr. Chases' Catarrh Cure. 25 cents a box, blower free.

WEAK, FAINT FEELINGS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

No Two Thumbs Alike.

It is not alone on questions of handwriting that handwriting experts are called upon to testify. Thumb impressions, around which Mark Twain in "Puddin'head Wilson" built his ingenious story, have sometimes formed the basis of very convincing testimony. Conan Doyle said that Carvalho's deductions in the case of the robbery of $25,000 from a package of the American Express company, for nicety of reasoning and extraordinary coincidence, eclipsed anything any one ever dared put into fiction.

In 1894 Asa Guy Gurney was tried on the charge of stealing a large sum of money from the express company. It was proved that Gurney had opened the safe where the package had been placed, taken it out and deposited it in another safe. It was found that a large sum was missing.

The evidence was purely circumstantial. The envelope containing the money bore upon it, however, a thumb impression. Mr. Carvalho testified that the impression on the envelope and several impressions of Gurney's thumb corresponded exactly and contended that there were no two thumbs in the world alike. But such evidence was too subtle for the rural jury which tried the case, and the prisoner was acquitted.

It is to be recorded as a tribute to the accuracy of Carvalho's testimony that Gurney soon after confessed.—Chambers' Journal.

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

Burin, Nfld. LEWIS S. BUTLER.

Jerrold's Wit.

The English have been accused for so long of dullness in their humor that several stories related of the eminent wit Douglas Jerrold may not be out of place as showing that the charge is sometimes untrue. It appears that at a dinner one gentleman who had been eating a dish of sheep's head with great gusto exclaimed as he laid down his knife and fork, "Sheep's head forever, say I!" "There's egotism," said Jerrold.

Sometimes, through a joke, Jerrold conveyed good advice or a word of warning. He was enjoying a drive one day with a jovial spendthrift behind a pair of grays. "Well, what do you think of my grays?" asked his impecunious friend. "To tell you the truth," replied Jerrold, "I was thinking more of your duns."

Quick at a Hint.

Mr. Slyman, the bookkeeper, received a present of $10 from his employer. He expected more and was greatly disappointed. He dropped the money on the floor in the presence of his employer, as if accidentally, and stooped to pick it up.

"Did you find it all?" asked his employer after a few minutes.

"No; I found only $10!"—Fliegende Blatter.

MINARD'S LINIMENT is used by Physicians.

THREE LESSONS.

There are three lessons I would write,
Three words as with a golden pen,
In tracings of eternal light
Upon the hearts of men:

Have hope! Though clouds environ round
And Gladness hides her face in scorn,
Put thou the shadow from thy brow—
No night but has its morn.

Have faith! Where'er thy bark be driven,
The calm's disport, the tempest's mirth,
Know this—God rules the hosts of heaven,
The inhabitants of earth.

Have love! Not love alone for one,
But man as man thy brother call,
And scatter like the circling sun
Thy charities on all.

Thus grave these words upon thy soul—
Hope, faith and love—and thou shalt find
Strength when life's surges maddest roll,
Light when thou else wert blind.

—Schiller.

AN INTERRUPTED ELOPEMENT.

The Bride Wanted a Romance. She Found a Romance, but Not the Kind of One She Looked For.

A young woman came very quietly from the side door of the handsome house and stepped softly down the stone walk and through the gateway. It was a cloudy evening, and her movements were hidden by the shadows. She walked to the nearest street corner and was immediately joined by a young man whose arm she took as they passed along.

"Did I keep you waiting long, Fred?" she asked. "It seemed quite impossible to get away without being observed."

"No," said the young man; "the waiting was nothing. But why is it necessary that you should resort to all this"—he was going to say "nonsense," but wisely checked himself—"this mystery."

"It is necessary, I tell you, Fred. I can't receive you at home, and there is no other way. I have told you many times that my father would never consent to give you my hand. It might be different if mother were alive, but now it is more than likely that father would forbid you the house."

"That isn't possible," said the young man. "I am the son of his oldest friend. He has ever professed a regard for me. Surely there is nothing in my conduct that could prejudice him. I am poor, but my prospects are excellent, and"—

"I tell you, Fred, he intends me for higher game. No struggling architect is good enough for his daughter. But he shall not tear us apart."

"Of course not," said Fred hastily. "But, really, Elsie, I don't like this sort of thing. It seems"—

She drew her hand from his arm.

"Don't like it?" she echoed.

"Of course I like it," he quickly asserted. "At least I like you, which is a great deal more to the point."

The girl took his arm again.

"Let me tell you, Fred, dear," she softly said, "that if it wasn't for this very sort of thing, this secrecy, the opposition of my father, the romance of it all, very likely I shouldn't love you half as much. The more papa slights you the more determined I am to be yours. Funny, isn't it?"

"Delightfully funny," said the young man, and then they switched away from the subject and pursued their secret half hour stroll.

When they returned to the handsome home, the young woman, after a tender though brief parting with the young man, re-entered the side door with a most elaborate effort to be both cautious and noiseless.

The young man walked away softly chuckling.

"This does seem like such a sentimental farce," he murmured, "and yet I must play my part through to the drop of the curtain. I can't imperil my happiness now after waiting for it since boyhood. I think she loved me all the time, but it has taken a very ingenious scheme to bring her to a realizing sense of my attractions and general worthiness. Dear little bundle of romance! Well, I mustn't forget to take precious good care that some romance is introduced and retained in our married life."

The secret meetings were continued, and Elsie assured her lover that the opposition of her father to him was becoming more and more marked.

"Why, Fred," she cried one evening, "papa said he believed you were a mercenary youth and that you had a deceitful face. Why, I felt like rising right up and defending you before all the world and then telling papa that though he threw me into prison I would never, never, never wed any one but you! But I didn't."

"That was wise," said Fred. "It isn't quite time for that."

There was a moment's silence.

"I tell you what it is, Fred," said the young girl, with a little catching in her throat, "the only thing for us to do is to elope."

Fred was not startled.

"It's the very thing I was about to suggest," he quickly said. "What night do you prefer?"

"You dear boy!" cried Elsie, affectionately patting his arm. "There is some romance in you after all."

"Thank you," said Fred stolidly. "What night?"

"I want to wear my lovely new traveling suit," said Elsie, "and it will not be finished until Thursday. Then I must go down to the Friday bargain sales and get a few things that I need."

"Not a rope ladder?" laughed Fred.

"No," said Elsie, with an echoing gurgle. "Fancy a bargain sale with an advertisement something like this: 'A full and choice line of rope ladders for elopement uses. Come early, before the stock is picked over. Only one rope ladder will be sold to each customer.' How's that?"

"Very amusing," said the young man. "But you haven't decided on the eventful day."

"Well, suppose we say a week from next Thursday."

"That suits me," replied the young man. "What are your plans?"

"I have them laid out," replied the young girl eagerly. "My new street suit will be finished Wednesday. It's the loveliest thing you ever laid eyes on. Mme. Summerson never gave me such a fit before."

"I'm afraid we'll soon have to give up Mme. Summerson," said the young man gravely.

"Do you really think so, dear?"

"Yes, love. Marrying a poor but honest young architect is a pretty sure cure for the fits you mention. Of course we can't count for certain on your father's forgiveness."

"Oh, yes, we can! He'll welcome us back with open arms."

"I'm pretty sure we won't deserve it. But go on."

"Well, I'll put on my new dress and go over to Mame Holliday's in the afternoon. I'll manage to smuggle over a lot of things in a paper parcel, and you must come up with a new traveling bag, and we'll pack them all in that. Then you can order the carriage to call for us at 7 o'clock, and we'll take the train over to Craigsville and be married there."

"And you prefer this way to being married comfortably at home?"

"Don't talk nonsense, dear. You know I couldn't be married comfortably at home, at least not to you—unless you disguised yourself and married me under an assumed name. Wouldn't that be romantic?"

"One romance at a time, dear."

The days passed rapidly, especially the ever to be remembered Thursday.

It was not a pleasant day. The sky was o'ercast and late in the afternoon a dreary drizzle set in. It was anything but an auspicious bride's day.

Fred came over early with the new traveling bag, which was speedily packed under the friendly direction of Miss Holliday, who was an expert in the packing line, as well as a very discreet and close mouthed person who was generally understood to have been in love and disappointed.

Promptly at 7 o'clock the carriage arrived, and after a fervent exchange of kisses the would be bride broke away from Miss Holliday and was tenderly handed into the carriage by Fred, and they were soon on their way to the railway station. When they reached the platform, Fred got out to see if the coast was clear. He came back almost immediately.

"We can't stop here, dear," he whispered. "There is a detective on the platform. I wonder if your father suspicioned your purpose?"

"Well, what are we to do?"

"Drive over to the up town station. The train isn't due for 15 minutes yet, and it stops here ten minutes longer."

So they drove over to the up town station and again Fred alighted. He came back in a half hysterical way.

"There's another detective waiting on the platform."

"Well, what of it?"

"Nothing, save that we can't leave town by rail for Craigsville until tomorrow morning."

"Then what will we do? I left them a note, you know, and of course I can't go back."

Elsie's robe of romance was fraying a little at the edges. She looked out of the carriage window at the damp and chilly night and shuddered.

"I know of an eminently respectable home where you can remain tonight," said Fred, "and I will go to a hotel."

"Take me to the house, Fred."

The young man gave the driver the name of the street and the number in a low tone and then rejoined Elsie on the rear seat of the closed carriage.

It seemed like a long and confused drive. The night was very dark and the rain fell steadily. Elsie leaned back in the carriage and answered Fred's remarks in monosyllables. The flower of romance was drooping sadly amid these discouraging surroundings.

"Fred," she suddenly said, "I'm afraid it wasn't right to treat papa in this way."

"It's a little late to look at it in that light now," said Fred.

Then the carriage stopped.

"Wrap your veil closely around your face and take my arm," said Fred, as she followed him from the carriage.

They hurried up the steps, the door was opened for them, they stepped into the brilliantly lighted hall, and there, holding out both hands, was Elsie's father!

"My dear children," he cried, "you are just in time!" And he clasped Fred's hand and kissed Elsie.

Before she could ask what it all meant her wraps were whisked away by a maid and she was led into the parlor. She noticed in a bewildered way that there were many flowers about the handsome room, and that it looked unusually attractive. Then she found herself standing, still by the side of Fred, before a kindly faced man, who, almost before she realized what was happening, had pronounced them man and wife.

Fred kissed her, and her father kissed her, but she said never a word.

And when the kindly faced man, pleading another engagement, had hurried away, her father came and sat by her side and said:

"Well, my dear child, this was romantic enough, wasn't it?"

The tears welled up in Elsie's eyes, and she cried:

"Father, I have been very undutiful."

The old man took her in his arms.

"Here, here!" he cried. "This will never do. Tears on your wedding day! Fie, fie! Everything's all right now, my dear. Here you are with a doting father and the best young husband in all the land."

"But I thought you were so opposed to him?"

"Never. He's the young man of all others whom I should have picked for you. This isn't news for Fred."

Elsie looked at her smiling husband.

"I think you two plotters," she slowly said, "have made a ridiculous goose of me."

"We only plotted to let you have your own way," said Fred. "You surely can't object to that."

"There, there!" cried the old man. "Bygones are bygones. This is certainly better than being married in the stuffy front room of some country parson's home, with your deserted daddy worrying about you 50 miles away. Now you'll stay here tonight and in the morning start on the little wedding journey that Fred and I have planned for you. It is to last four weeks and to take in all the big eastern cities, and I don't believe you will lose anything, my love, in choosing my tour in preference to the one over the romance route. In this envelope, Fred, are all the necessary documents, and here, dear, is a gift from your happy old dad which may add a little spice to the parental blessing." And he handed her a slip of paper.

Her eyes grew large at sight of the figures on the check, but before she could express her gratitude he hastily interrupted her.

"Yes, yes," he said; "it's all right, my dear. I fully understand what you want to say. But come, there's an appetizing little supper awaiting us in the dining room, and I am getting anxious to offer a toast to the blushing bride and another to—to romance! Come, my children."

And he led the way.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

They Were Poorly Raised.

In the train sat a queer old Quakeress. She wore a silver gray dress, snowy collar and such a sweet gray hat. She was a big, handsome woman, and her large, Madonna face beamed with benevolence and love. A ruby or a diamond ornament would have marred her beauty. Two smart commercial travelers stepped into the same carriage with the old lady. After they had discussed the spirit and tobacco trade awhile they looked around at the Quakeress. Then they looked at each other, smiled, and one remarked in an undertone, "Billy, I guess the old lady is inflated with Quaker yeast."

Without lifting her eyes the old lady remarked, so low that the passengers could not hear it, "If thy father and mother had consumed more sweet Quaker yeast and less bad beer and tobacco, thee would have been better raised and better bred." Then it was so still that you could hear the engine pump.—Christian Advocate.

A Lie Nailed.

The Dog—You've got to have a pull to get along nowadays.

The Horse—Nonsense! I've had one all my life, and it hasn't done me any good.—Kansas City Independent.

CHEAP GAS PROCESS.

Being Steadily Introduced in All Parts of Europe.

Within two years a new water gas process has been established in thirty places in Germany, which produce 40,000,000 cubit feeet of gas per day. It is used in all the largest iron and steel works and threatens to supplant other sources of power. For welding, brazing and soldering it is particularly valuable, because the process of its manufacture allows the heat to be much more concentrated and the heating value per volume is 2½ to 3 times higher than produce gas. This new process offers advantages which its users say cannot be equalled by any other kind of fuel. One pound of carbon makes 40 cubic feet of gas, which is more than double the efficiency of other methods. Plants on this system are being established all over Germany and before long will have to be found in all countries that will hold their own in the world's trade.

Age of British Soldiers.

The average age of the British soldier now at the front is nearly two years higher than that of the soldier who fought at Waterloo.

How to Test Wheat Flour.

The genuineness of entire wheat flour may be tested by chewing a small quantity for a few moments. Raw flour made from the entire grain has a sweet taste and a rich, nutty flavor, the same as that experienced in chewing a whole grain of wheat, and produces a goodly quantity of insoluble gluten, while a spurious article tastes flat and insipid, like starch, or has a bitter taste consequent upon the presence of impurities.

IMPERTINENT PERSONALS.

Count Castellane is said to have 10,000 pairs of trousers. The countess—but never mind.—Boston Herald.

The fact that Senator Cullom has been in public office for 40 years should be a great encouragement to homely young men.—Kansas City Journal.

Young Mr. de Bathe has rushed off to the Transvaal. Losing a husband in battle would be quite a novelty to Mrs. Langtry.—Washington Post.

When Missouri's Adonis, the Hon. Webster Davis, stacks up alongside hairy old Oom Paul, there'll be a "living picture" act of "Beauty and the Beast" worth a trip to South Africa for the seeing.—St. Louis Republic.

Now that young Mr. Beveridge has broken the precedent which required senators to observe a modest silence during their first year at Washington, perhaps the youthful Dr. Depew may spunk up courage and make a few remarks.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Why should Kaiser Bill worry so much about getting his legislature to increase his navy? A kaiser who by his simple word can make 99 years a century can surely by the same method make his navy just as big as he chooses.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Fool the Bees and the People.

"People buy comb honey," said a man from the country, "believing that the fact that it is sealed by the honest little bee precludes the possibility of fraud. The fact is that the bees of many professional 'honey' raisers do nothing the livelong summer but pack glucose into their hives from an open barrel that is left standing close by. The bee will not search fragrant flowers the livelong day for a trifling amount of pure honey when he can get glucose. The honey men see that there is plenty of glucose handy, and instead of one pound of pure honey they aid the bees in putting ten pounds of glucose on the market.

"Human ingenuity has not devised a way for making and sealing the honeycomb, or the bee would be dispensed with altogether. In handling the glucose the bees give it a honeyish flavor, and if you complain to the bee man that it is not as sweet and sticky as it should be he will tell you that it is the early crop and that the heavy rains make it thin.

"I know a man who keeps 50 hives of bees on the roof of his store in the city, and by hustling up plenty of glucose he gets enough 'honey' out of the buzzing slaves to do a wholesale business in honey. Why, his bees never saw a flower and would shy at a honeysuckle if they happened to come near one. He will not even let the poor things have a recess to get a drink of water, but keeps a pan of fresh water near the hives for them to drink."—New York Mail and Express.

An Immortal Oration.

The funeral oration of Pericles is pretty nearly what was actually spoken, or else it is the substance of the speech written out in the historian's own words, says James Ford Rhodes in The Atlantic. Its intensity of feeling and the fitting of it so well into the situation indicate it to be a living contemporaneous document, and at the same time it has that universal application which we note in so many speeches of Shakespeare.

A few years after our civil war a lawyer in a city of the middle west who had been selected to deliver the Memorial day oration came to a friend of his in despair because he could write nothing but the commonplaces about those who had died for the Union and for the freedom of a race which had been uttered many times before, and he asked for advice.

"Take the funeral oration of Pericles for a model," was the reply. "Use his words where they will fit and dress up the rest to suit our day."

The orator was surprised to find how much of the oration could be used bodily and how much, with adaptation, was germane to his subject.

Averted the Storm.

A certain congressman went home at a very early hour in the morning. He had made a night of it with some friends. He knew that his conduct would be considered reprehensible by his better half, and so, as he ascended the steps of his modest home, he racked his brain for some plan to avert the lady's wrath. As he entered the hall he saw an umbrella. Instantly it occurred to him that the umbrella might be his salvation.

He carried the umbrella up stairs. Seating himself on a chair in the corner of the bedroom, he raised the rain guard over his head, and then he coughed loudly. His wife awoke and saw in the dim gaslight her liege lord sitting solemnly under the raised umbrella.

"What are you doing?" she asked in natural surprise.

"It is 3 o'clock, my dear," said he, "and I am waiting for the storm."

The congressman's ready wit saved him from a Caudle lecture. He is worrying now, however, to find an equally effective act for the next time he stays out late.—Washington Post.

Force of Habit.

In 1827, just after Dan Dougherty, the Irish pugilist, fought his famous fight with Jem Belcher, the English fighter, on the curragh of Kildare, near Dublin, he became involved in a controversy with an unknown. The latter was not a pugilist, and, not wishing to take any advantage of his opponent, Dougherty consented to fight him with pistols. The two met by appointment, but their seconds, unknown to them, extracted the balls from the pistols and substituted blank cartridges. By the terms of the agreement between the principals Dougherty's opponent was to have the first shot. The natural instinct prevailed even on the dueling ground, and as the fighter's opponent raised his arm to fire Dougherty elevated his right arm, as if to ward off a blow, evidently intending to stop the bullet from hitting him in the face. After this who can say that fighters are not dead game men?—Kansas City Independent.

Wisdom of the West.

"We find," said the foreman of the western jury, "that if, as the prisoner says, the shootin was accidental, then he ought to hang fer in these gun affairs a man oughter know his own mind. It oughter be shoot to kill or no shoot. A man who has accidents happen to him with a gun is dangerous to our society an oughter be put out of the way fer the safety of respectable folks."—Philadelphia North American.

A Forgotten Countersign.

"War with raw recruits in the beginning is apt to lead to many amusing experiences," said the old army officer who saw service in Cuba. "Now, you couldn't ask for better soldiers than we had in Cuba, but a large number of them were new to the business and had much to learn, and, much to their credit, it can be said that they soon learned it.

"I had occasion to leave our lines one night soon after we arrived in Cuba, and upon my return it suddenly struck me that I had forgotten the countersign. I puzzled over it for some time, but for the life of me I couldn't recall the word that had been given out. While I was thinking it over I heard the command:

"'Halt! Who comes there?'

"'Friend,' I answered, thinking that the countersign would come to me in a moment.

"'Advance, friend, and give the countersign,' said the sentry.

"As the countersign had slipped from me completely I walked up to him and said sharply:

"'Call the corporal of the guard!'

"'Gosh,' answered the sentry. 'I knew it was something like that, but I'm derned if I badn't forgotten it! Mosey on!'

"I 'mosied,' but I took the trouble to look up the corporal of the guard and have him give the sentry further instructions regarding the duties of a sentry."—Detroit Free Press.

Chinese Leather.

The process by which the Chinese leather acquires its peculiar characteristics is described as follows:

The skins are put into tubs containing water, saltpeter and salt and after 30 days are taken out, the hair is shaved off and the skins well washed in spring water. Each hide is then cut up into three pieces and well steamed, which is done by passing them several times backward and forward over a steaming oven. Further, each piece is stretched out separately over a flat board and secured with nails, so as to dry gradually and thoroughly in the sun. The smoke of the oven makes the leather black, and if it is desired to have it of a yellow appearance it is rubbed over with water in which the fruit of the so called wongchee tree has been soaked.

Of the offal glue is made by heating it in pans for 12 hours over a slow fire, and the glue so obtained is poured into rough earthen vessels, where it remains three days in order to coagulate. The solid mass is cut into pieces with sharp knives and carefully laid upon gratinglike trays to dry, the time taken in drying varying from 5 days, with a northwest wind, to 30 or 40 days with a southwest.—Boston Transcript.

The Land of the Guitar.

In Portugal men play upon the guitar as naturally as Yankees whistle. The peasants are universally given to the instrument, chiefly as an accompaniment to the voice. In towns and villages the artisans are often expert guitar players and walk in groups to and from their work, enlivening the journey with music and song. The carpenter who comes to your house to execute a small job brings his guitar with his tools, and the blacksmith is a far better performer on the guitar than the anvil.

When the Portuguese day laborer or workman has finished his long day's toil, he does not hie him to a wineshop to squander the few cents he has earned; he does not even lean against a post and smoke or whittle a stick while swapping yarns with his fellows. If he did not bring his guitar with him, he goes straight home and gets it, rests and comforts himself with the music while supper is being prepared. Afterward he spends the evening singing doggerel songs to a strumping accompaniment, tilted back in a chair against his own house or on the doorstep of a neighbor.—Philadelphia Record.

THE JESTER.

The echo is always polite enough to return a call.

A slender girl sometimes gives a young man a plump refusal.

The whistling wind and the whistling woman are seldom able to stop a street car.

J. D. O'BRIEN.
BROKER IN
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Private Wire Connection with all Leading Markets. Grain and Securities Bought, Sold and Carried on Margins. Correspondence Solicited. Private Cypher Code Furnished upon Application.

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

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

TUESDAY, MAY 22nd, 1900.

WE notice a plank in Mr. McPhee's platform which is at variance with the Semlin policy, No 6.—"To increase the daily wage of workmen on all Public Works." One of the first acts of the Semlin Party upon getting into power was to lower the road wages from $2.50, (the Turner wage) to $2.00. But But then, is McPhee a Semlin man? "Whar is he at?"

THE Free Press in speaking of the recent early closing mentioned in this paper, charges the NEWS with neglecting to state whether there have previously been a night and a day shift in the the Cumberland stores. We must apologize for this, and humbly ask the F. P. to deal gently with us in our shortcomings. Besides, newspapers are notoriously careless. For instance, we know of a case where a newspaper continually neglects to inform the public which side of politics it stands on.

WAR NEWS.

London, May 19.—Millions spent half the night in the streets and 5 o'clock this morning groups of men were singing and cheering. The crowd in front of the Mansion House and Marlborough House was tremendous, waving flags and singing national hymns. The Lord Mayor was accompanied by the Lady Mayoress to the front of the Mansion House where an immense portrait of Baden-Powell was displayed bearing the words "Mafeking Relieved!" While the crowds were waving Union Jacks the Lord Mayor addressed the crowds saying, "I wish your cheers could reach Mafeking." Here his speech was interrupted by cheering and the singing of "Rule Britannia." The excitement continued all night long. In fact London went wild.

Cape Town despatches under to-day's date says the relief column entered Mafeking unopposed, the siege having been already raised. The relief column which left Kimberley secretly passed the Toungs and Vryburg Districts without encountering the federals' column. It was 1500 strong under command of Colonel B T Mahon.

Kroonstadt, May 19.—General Hutton with his mounted infantry made a straight dash on Bothavalle and captured three commandants and 19 Boers.

Cape Town, May 19.—The Argus says that 80 of Eloff's patrol were killed and the Irish American brigade was badly cut up at Mafeking and Kroonstadt.

London, May 19.—The whole British Empire has been carried off its feet by news of relief of Mafeking cables from all parts of the world where floats the Union Jack tell of joy and demonstration. The empire is en fete and most of the people in the united kingdom are taking a holiday to day

London, May 21.—Another report has been received from Baden Powell dated 13th, just before relief saying: Before dawn 13th May a storming party 250 strong personally led by Eloff rushed the pickets and reached the protectorate comp. A strong musketry demonstration being made at the same time along the eastern front of our position. Our western posts closed in and stopped the Boer supports, cutting off Eloff's retreat while the town defenses stopped his further advance. His force got divided in the darkness. Fighting continued all day. Soon after night fall one party surrendered and the other was driven out under a fire. 10 dead. 19 wounded of the enemy were left behind and 108 prisoners were taken including Eloff and 9 officers. Seventeen Frenchmen and many Germans were among the prisoners. Our loss 6 killed and 11 wounded.

London, May 21.—The Mafeking relief-column was a force under Colonel Mahon of about 2300 men. They joined Colonel Plumer's force at Jamaistad and then marched into the town. Hunter is pushing up the railway with shpplies for the Mafeking garrison. Methuen has left Hoopstadt to co-operate with this force.

Despatch from Kroonstadt says a British convoy on its way to Lindley was attacked by the Boers and obliged to halt. The result of attack not known but is evident that the Boer in the rear of main British ary are alert and aggressive.

* * *

POLITICAL NEWS.

Albernie, May 19.—James B. Thompson of this city announces he will be the third candidate in the field in that district and he will enter the race as a Liberal-Conser-

NOTICE.

The Peoples' Candidate.

LEWIS MOUNCE.

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

COMMITTEE.

Gent's Furnishings

Do you want something new and up to date in ties, shirts, etc.

We have them and can fit you out swell for the 24th.

Kid Gloves

We carry standard makes, guaranteed $1 and $1.25 per pair.

See our specials at 75 cts. per pair.

Pictures

Of our Transvaal Heroes for sale. We have a few of them left. Don't be too slow in securing one of these fine pictures, worth four times what we ask for them.

Black Satin

What makes a richer looking waist than a nice black satin?

We received on Saturday a sample consignment which we place on sale at 75 cts., $1, $1.25 and $1.50 per yd.

Blouses

These are in many designs and colorings, from 50 cts to $2 50 each.

Parasols

And umbrellas in black and colors of of sateen, gloria and silk. From $1. to $3.50

Boy's Suits

We have just opened a case of boy's clothing, consisting of Fountleroy suits of first class materials, beautifully trimmed and of best workmanship, ranging in price from $2 to $5.50.

Boy's Navy Blue Suits, small sizes, $1.50.

Youth's Suits from $3 to $5.50.

Wash Goods

We have much pleasure in inviting inspection of these goods. We have a

splendid assortment of white and colored piques, fine muslins, dimities and white muslins.

White Sheeting

Those mill remnants of white sheetings and pillow muslins are going rapidly. You can save 20 per cent. on these goods.

A Snap in Millinery

One dozen trimmed hats on sale at $2.

Children's trimmed hats from $1.50 up.

Children's Pinafores

In white and colored muslins It is often a great convenience to be able to get these goods ready to wear.

You will find them here.

NEW VEILING JUST TO HAND.

Remnants of Ribbon

500 remnants of ribbon, 5c., 10c., 15c.

Aprons

White and colored aprons, 25 cts., 50 cts., and 75 cts.

Whitewear

Ladies' white underskirts from 75 cts. up. Ladies' chemises, drawers, white combinations in a variety of styles and at Popular prices.

Ladies' Wrappers

$1.00 and $1.50.

STEVENSON & CO., CUMBERLAND B. C.

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Miner, La Morena,
Interior, Lazette.

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WE BUY IN THE BEST MARKET.
WE SELL ON A CASH BASIS.

We have just received a lot of sample goods which we are offering at a reductionof 25 cents on the dollar.

10 dozen Ladies' Gloves. 20 dozen Ladies' Cashmere, Lisle and Silk Hose. 100 Ladies' Belts. 8 dozen Gents' Underwear. 2 dozen Gents' Belts. Gents' Felt and Straw Hats. A full line of Groceries Flour $1.10 per sack

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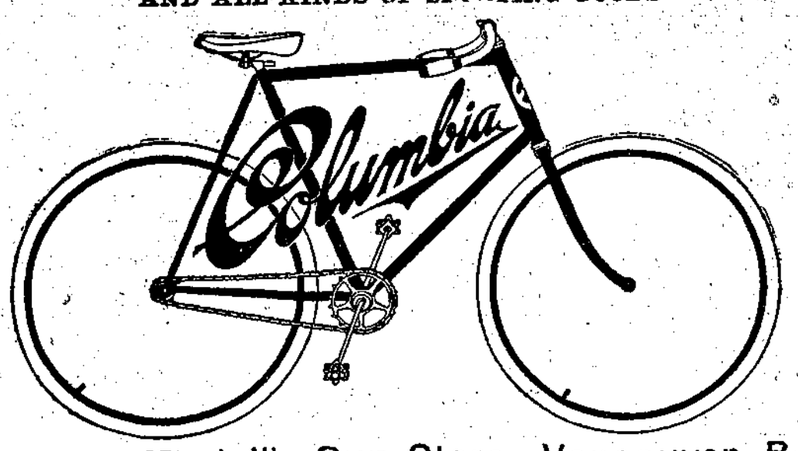

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